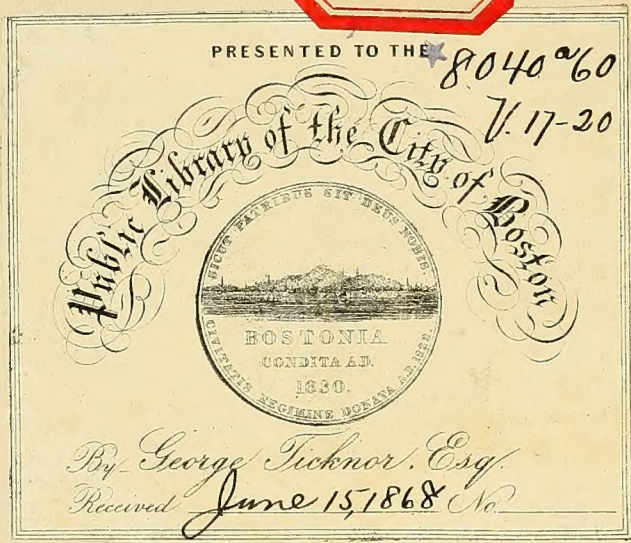



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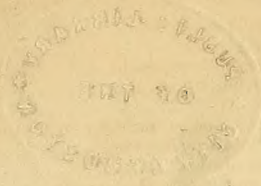
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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

"A Sure Stronghold is our God."

From ELISE POLEO'S "Musikalische Märchen, Phantasien und Skizzen;" translated by FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

An autumn evening, filled with presentiments of winter, was followed by a dull, cold October day; cloudy shadows darkened the fields; an icy wind arose, and pitilessly tearing the fairest leaves from the branches where they clung, half-wearied out, strewed them under the hasty foot of the wanderer. An anxious, expectant sorrow seemed to possess all nature, as though the voice of winter threatened from a distance, and in husky whispers told of the gloomy days to come, the long, dark nights, the ice and snow-flakes. But in the city, where the houses lay huddled together so comfortably in the midst of the vast plain, things looked much more cheerful; defying autumn weather, people had withdrawn to their warm houses; from many windows bright lights shone forth, tokens of social comfort. It was about the year 1732, and the city of which we speak, was called Leipzig. Surrounded by deep moats, high walls, and stately lindens, it was a safe and pleasant city to look on. The houses were almost all narrow and high, with pointed, square, projecting balconies; here and there a little tower arose from the roofs; of church steeples not many were to be seen. In the Cantor-house of the excellent Thomas-school, near the handsomest church in Leipzig, the lights glimmered particularly clear on the above-mentioned October evening; happy voices sounded there, for there was a very united family assembled.

At the heavy oaken table, that stood in the midst of the small room, furnished with large, dark cabinets and curiously carved chairs, sat a man in a smooth suit of black and a large curled wig. His face was round and ruddy; a grave geniality played round the corners of his firm mouth; his forehead was fine and clear; and his fiery black eyes looked out from beneath it with an expression of concentrated power, whose influence it would be difficult to withstand. The heart would beat high in any breast which those dark eyes attracted to themselves; and one might fancy that they had drawn a black veil over the fathomless sea of light that swelled and shone within them. This man, the Herr Cantor JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, was celebrated throughout the city for his fine organ playing. Good people said of him, however, that he was a strange fellow, and often shook their wise heads over his extraordinary, involved figuration, and impossible-to-be-understood fantasias on the organ. But rarely did any one leave the church while the Cantor was playing, and a shudder of awe would pass over his hearers, when the sublime tones rushed forth in full force, as though they would burst the church walls, and bury the listening multitude beneath the falling ruins. At the right side of the Cantor sat his wife, a

fine looking woman with well cut features and gentle eyes, in a snow-white cap and dazzling neckhandkerchief. She held her youngest born, Christopher, a stout baby of about three months old, on her knees.

Other boys of different ages lay round their mother, comfortably eating roasted apples, and playing with their little brother. Bach's oldest son, Friedemann, a tall youth, resembling his father, but without his mild friendliness, stood near the immense earthen stove, and looked thoughtfully on the noisy group of boys. On the Cantor's left, a slender young man had taken his place, whose fine features, thick, black hair, and mild, kindly, brownish face bore the strongest possible resemblance to the head of the family. This was Bach's second son, Philip Emanuel, arrived on an unexpected visit from Frankfort on the Oder, after a long and tiresome journey. He had just been telling his father of the new musical academy, which he had founded, and now directed in Frankfort; he praised the talent and industry of his scholars, and timidly took some leaves of music paper from his pocket. Blushing, he pushed them towards the Cantor with these words: "Dear father, look if there is anything in it."

It was a fine Sonata, that old Bach ran through with joy-bedewed eyes and light movements of the finger, then rolled it up again, and said: "Time will make something of thee, my boy! only get on with the help of God the Lord! Friedemann also moves forward bravely, and does not play badly; good luck go with you both!" Both his eldest sons listened, smiling like children, to their honored father, and gratefully pressed his hands. The conversation was suddenly interrupted by a horse's hasty gallop, and a quick knocking at the little house door. Astonished, both the eldest sons sprang to the door; the children forgot their noise, the mother turned pale, and Sebastian Bach looked calmly on and said: "How can you all behave so? not one of us has a bad conscience; then let him come who will. In a few minutes, a postillion, tired out, covered with mud, appeared; he came direct from the electoral residence, Dresden, desired to speak with the Cantor Sebastian Bach, and handed him a letter from the powerful minister, the much dreaded Count Brühl. The Cantor drew the large oil lamp nearer, shaded his eyes with his hand, and read, while Philip Emanuel politely handed a chair to the messenger.

"My Dear Cantor!—Our gracious elector and lord, Augustus of Saxony and Poland, wishes to hear you, the celebrated organist, Sebastian Bach, at his residence. You must play in the church at Dresden, on Sunday, the 24th of October. Two days after the receipt of this letter, a royal carriage will convey you from Leipzig to the residence, when we expect you with great impatience. Therefore prepare yourself for this distinguished honor, my dear Cantor. I am commissioned by our gracious lord to greet you.

Signed, COUNT BRÜHL.

Bach stood thoughtfully for a little while; irony

and unwillingness spoke in his expression; his eyes glanced from one to the other of his dear ones. Friedemann and Philip were modestly silent. "Herr Courier," said the Cantor at length, slowly but firmly, "inform my lord the minister, that I, Sebastian Bach, Cantor of the Thomas school at Leipzig, will fulfil the command of my prince, and come to Dresden." "I beg you to give me a written document," asked the courier. "Man," thundered Sebastian Bach, drawing himself up to his full height, "what are you asking for? Did you not understand me? Have not I, Sebastian Bach, just given you my word? Do you take me for one of those dishonorable knaves that flourish in the air of the court, and whom a rag of paper will bind closer than a manly word, spoken in the face of God?" "Dear father," began Philip Emanuel soothingly. "Silence, young man, you don't understand any thing about it!" answered his father hastily; then turning to the courier, he said more calmly: "Now you have your answer! tell all you have heard to my lord the count; it will not trouble me." The messenger had retired a few steps, pale with fear. Bach seized him by the collar, drew him towards himself and said friendly: "Now is not this a wholesome lesson for you? Do not forget it as soon as you have left my house. The residence is not every thing. And now, *basta!* if you will help us to despatch the evening soup and a pitcher of beer, it will please me well!" But the courier preferred to take a hasty leave, and the Cantor took his place at the table cheerfully. Then his children crowded anxiously round him, and Frau Gertrude exclaimed: "Ah, my Bastian, would you venture into the wide world, the splendor of Dresden, the city of sin! and oh, the long bitter journey! No, you will not do such a thing for your wife and children's sake!" And then she broke into a passion of tears, and fell sobbing on the neck of her husband.

The children, as soon as they saw their mother crying, began to cry also, clinging to their father's coat; the two sons conversed loudly and hastily about the Count's missive; in short, there was a terrific noise in the little room. At last the full voice of the head of the family overcame the noise; the Cantor cried out: "Wife, take the crazy boys into the nursery! let none but Friedemann and Emanuel remain behind." Then, like a strong-shouldered lion, he shook off the screaming children, and their mother took the little flock to the old nurse. The Cantor began to measure the chamber with long steps, as his faithful wife returned, and took her place at the table with moist eyes. "You must not grieve over the long journey, Gertrude," he said mildly to her, "for if the Lord God does not decree otherwise, I shall be back in my old nest in fourteen days; and, besides, I propose to take these boys with me to the residence. They shall see all the finery, and, above all things, take care of their father." Friedemann and Emanuel thanked him with sparkling eyes. "Yes, my children,

we will knock at the hearts of the worldlings with the strong voice of the Lord God"—so he sometimes called his beloved organ,—“and they shall stretch out their hands in surprise and anguish, and cry *Pater, peccavi!* and master Hasse shall acknowledge that there may be higher, more godly strains than his sweet, wanton Italian melodies.” He looked so glorious as he said this, that his family looked towards him with the deepest reverence. But then he cried out heartily: “Now, mother, let the little squallers in, and fetch us the soup!” The table was covered, a large stone pitcher filled with foaming beer was placed beside the master of the house, an immense loaf of bread was laid near it, and now Father Bach, after he had pronounced a short grace, served carefully out to all, eldest first, of course, while, with ladle and knife, in the meantime, Frau Gertrude helped to the smoking soup; all ate, chattered, joked.

Next day the Cantor visited the rector, in order to obtain the necessary permission to make a journey. This was a difficult step for him, for he avoided, as much as possible, any contact with this person. Rector and Cantor were certainly not friends. The first complained bitterly of his inferior's obstinate disposition and unyielding demeanor, and Bach scolded the rector for a stupid, God-forsaken pedant. There was no fresh branch on this old tree, indeed, with its promise or fulfilment of green leaves; the rector was winter-like, within and without.

Dry and circumscribed in body and soul, he was deeply buried in the thick dust of mouldy pedantry. Fresh flowers never rejoiced him; he counted their stamina, examined their cups, and then threw them from him. Mankind was indifferent to him; he loved no living soul. He called the organ-playing of his refractory Cantor devilish; he withdrew from its influence, and never visited the early service; he had even spread it abroad, that Bach had made a compact with the devil, to blow the bellows for him, when he played the organ. He laid obstacles in the way of his Cantor as often as possible, and rejoiced like a kobold at any sudden outbreak of anger from this giant nature. Willingly would he have overthrown him entirely; but to shake such a rock, needed greater force than his, and he stood alone in his hate; for teachers and scholars looked on the powerful lord of the rolling organ, in silent love and admiration. As Sebastian Bach, very much excited, entered the study of the school-tyrant,—for he had just held a choral rehearsal with the scholars, had been a little impatient over it, and his peruke, as was the custom on such occasions, was in a desolate condition,—the rector rose up in his leathern arm chair, fixed his gray eyes on the visitor, and said majestically: “Now what complaint brings the Herr Cantor?” “No complaint, Herr Rector,” answered Bach, “I only came to inform you that I must take a long journey to-morrow, by command of the Elector, and therefore request fourteen days leave of absence.” “What is this I hear?” asked the rector, breathless with surprise and anger,—“long journey?—must?—Elector?—and I have not been advised about it? Herr Cantor, this is another cunning plan of your genial artist brain? how should the Elector Augustus?”—“I am to play the organ at Dresden,” answered the Cantor calmly, “the

Electoral has commanded it.” “It sounds very improbable to me,” sneered the rector. “No particular time seems to have been allotted to the journey, and I must tell you without any ceremony, that I cannot spare you for the next four weeks. After that, I will not oppose your wishes.” Bach's ingenuous face did not give any symptom of anger during this malicious announcement; his eyes rested quietly on the face of his dwarfish opponent, and a compassionate smile played round his lips. At last he said firmly: “Herr Rector, give me, if you please, a decided answer! Will you give me fourteen days vacation?” “No! no! once more, no!” answered the enraged rector. “Very well, then I beg to inform you that I shall go without permission!” said the Cantor; and turning away, with hasty step he left the chamber of his enraged tormentor, without once looking back.

(Conclusion in our next.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Suessmayr and Mozart's Requiem.

The London *Musical World*, of Feb. 11, says:

The widow of Mozart, for her own gain and profit, permitted the contemptible swindler, Süßmayr, to claim a share in the composition of the whole of her husband's greatest work, and to declare himself the sole author of some of the most beautiful portions of that transcendent masterpiece; having sold the right to print the *Requiem*, she, at a later period, repudiating the first transaction, made a second market of the work, and sold, for a second *honorarium*, the right to print (from Mozart's incomplete sketch, which had been filled up, according to the finished manuscript, by the execrable impostor, who impudently pretended to have co-composed the whole with Mozart) an edition of the *Mass for the Dead*, in which the portions respectively attributed to the true and the pseudo-composer are indicated. The consequence of this course of lawful exercise of right in property was, not only that great doubt arose in the minds of even studied musicians, as to Mozart's authorship of the work—this was of small comparative importance, since as the world possessed a composition, which no man, save one, that ever lived, could have produced, it mattered little whether or not that one was accredited with it—but that a man, whose only claim to notice was his insolent effrontery in putting on the lion's skin, which did not fit him, was allowed the too respectable position of having it doubted that he could have contributed to the chef d'œuvre.

Please read that again, so as to get fully the force of the invective against the unfortunate—but for his peace of mind now happily deceased—Süßmayr.

The catalogue of musical works sent by me to the Boston Library last year shows a collection of nearly all the literature, which can bear upon the history of Mozart's *Requiem*. The *Cæcilia*, containing the Gottfried Weber controversy, the resumé of this under the title of “*Ergebnisse, &c.*” the “*Vertheidigung der Aechtheit*,” by Abbe Stadler, with all the *Nachtrags*, Nissen's *Biographie*, a complete set of the *Leipziger Allg. Musik Zeitung*, &c., &c. I for several years contemplated contributing to the *Journal* a pretty full history of the controversy and the results to which it led. Some doubts as to the correctness of the views which I had drawn from a repeated perusal of the entire controversy, led me to defer writing until I could have the aids which I expected to find in Vienna; and then the expected appearance of Jahn's third volume occasioned another delay. That volume did not reach this part of Mozart's history; but at length the fourth volume too appeared; and his statements, with his discussions of the various points raised, are conclusive. In some points the article which I should have written would have been faulty, though I hardly think that upon the main question any doubts, after reading the controversy above mentioned, could remain. The only difficulty remaining was caused by that score of the *Requiem* found in Count Walsegg's musical collection, which

which was alleged to be in Mozart's hand throughout. This difficulty is now removed entirely. To clear up the entire matter—which through Pierpont's American First Class Book has a romance about it which has become history to millions in our country—I now translate pretty fully those pages of Jahn's work which bear upon the history of the *Requiem*, and which place the zeal of the writer in the London *Musical World* in a rather ridiculous light.

Mozart is now at work upon the *Zauberflöte*, and here the translation begins.

“At this time (July, 1791) Mozart received an unexpected order and in an uncommon manner. A messenger,* a stranger to him—a tall, lean man, clad in gray, with a serious, solemn face,—a striking looking personage, just of the sort to make a strange impression—brought to him an anonymous letter, in which, amid the most flattering recognition of his artistic genius, it was asked at what price he would undertake to write a Mass for the dead, and how soon he could finish it.

“Mozart informed his wife of the affair, telling her that this order was a very welcome one, that he had a great desire to try his powers in that style of composition and to compose with all diligence a work which friends and foes should study after his death. By her advice he declared himself ready to undertake the work, although he was unable to set any time for its completion, and demanded as compensation fifty, according to others, one hundred, ducats. The terms proving acceptable, the messenger came a second time and paid the price agreed upon, adding a promise of something more when the work should be completed. He brought him directions to write entirely after his own mood and humor; moreover he should give himself no trouble to find out from whom the order came, since his pains would certainly be vain. Before Mozart could set himself earnestly at work, about the middle of August, he received a new order, which must be executed at once. At the approaching coronation of Leopold II. as King of Bavaria, at Prague, a new festival opera was to be given. Metastasio's *Clemenza di Tito* was chosen, and it was again the people of Prague who determined to make good what the Viennese failed in; the Assembly called upon Mozart to compose the work. For now unknown reasons this decision had been long delayed; there was now no time to be lost; but a few weeks were left during which Mozart had to compose and rehearse the work. After making but the most necessary preparations, he started for Prague. Just as he was entering his carriage with his wife, the unknown messenger appeared unexpectedly, gently pulled Madame Mozart by the gown, and asked: ‘What was now the prospect as to the *Requiem*?’ Mozart gave the absolute necessity of the journey as his excuse, and the impossibility of giving the unknown any notice of it, but promised that this should be his first labor after his return, if leave of absence could only now be granted; with which the messenger declared himself satisfied.”

[I pass over the account of the production and ill success of the *Titus*, with the aid afforded Mozart by Süßmayr in its composition; the ill effects upon his health of such continued exertion; Jahn's long criticism upon the opera; and the eighty-seven pages devoted to the *Zauberflöte*; and go on with the translation, where the *Requiem* again comes up.]

“After the *Zauberflöte* had been brought upon the stage, Mozart devoted himself zealously to finishing the *Requiem*. His friend, Joseph von Jacquin, came to him with a request to give lessons to a young lady, already an excellent pianiste, and found him at his writing table busy upon the *Requiem*. Mozart declared himself ready to take the pupil, if the lessons could be deferred a short time, as he had a work up-

* The messenger was Leutzeb, steward of Count Walsegg—not to be confused with the hornist.—Jahn's note.

on his hands, which was pressing and lay very near his heart; until this should be finished, he could think of nothing else. Other friends afterwards remembered having found Mozart at this work, which occupied him exclusively until a short time before his death. The constancy with which he devoted himself to this labor, night and day, increased the illness which he had brought with him from Prague. Already, while perfecting the *Zauberflöte*, he had had fainting fits, and now this physical prostration grew greater continually, and with it came a melancholy, which acquired even more complete command of him. His wife, grown anxious upon his account, in vain sought to draw him from his labors and take him into society; he remained sunk in his own thoughts and sad. One day when she rode out with him into the Prater, and they sat there together, he began to talk of death, and said, with tears in his eyes, that he was composing the *Requiem* for himself. 'I feel too sensibly,' continued he, 'that I shall not last much longer; some one has certainly given me poison, I cannot get rid of this idea.' Horrified at this remark she took all possible pains to convince him of the folly of such thoughts and reassure him. Convinced that the labor upon the *Requiem* but added to his morbid condition, she took the score from him and called in a physician, Dr. Closset.

"In fact he grew somewhat better, so as to be able to compose a Cantata for a Masonic festival, which he finished Nov. 15th and directed in the lodge.* Its excellent execution and the applause which it received rejoiced him and gave him new strength and desire to work; he himself now declared his idea of having been poisoned but a hallucination caused by his ill health, which was now dissipated, called for the score of the *Requiem* again, which his wife gave him again without hesitation, and proceeded with its composition. This improvement however was but temporary; a few days later his melancholy returned; he spoke again of having been poisoned; his strength failed more and more; his feet and hands began to swell; he was hardly able to move himself, and a sudden attack of vomiting followed. During the fourteen days that he was confined to his bed, his consciousness remained; death was always before his eyes, he looked forward to it with courage, but not without pain could he part with life. The success of the *Zauberflöte* opened to him the prospect of a nobler appreciation and remuneration than he had hitherto met with; for in these last days a company of Hungarian nobles had subscribed to secure him an annuity of 1000 florins, and from Amsterdam he had received the offer of a still higher sum for a contract to deliver annually a few pieces to be theirs exclusively; now, when he saw himself secure of a handsome competence, and could live for Art alone, he must away and leave his wife and his two little children to a future full of care. But still, on his sick bed, he remained as ever amiable, friendly, never exhibiting the slightest impatience.

"When he became sick," says Sophia Haibl, 'we made him night-clothes, which could be drawn on without compelling him to turn himself, which he was too much swollen to be able to do, and, as we had no idea how sick he was, we made him a wadded dressing-gown, ready against his recovery; with these he was heartily delighted. I visited him daily. One day he said to me, "Inform mamma (Madame Weber, his wife's mother), that I am getting along right well, and that I shall yet get up to the octave in time to wish her happiness on her name-day."'

"With lively sympathy he heard of the repetitions of the *Zauberflöte*, and evenings he would lay his watch beside him following in fancy the performance. 'Now the first act is over; now is the passage: *Dir, grosie Königin der Nacht!* On the day before his death he said to his wife, 'I should like to hear my

Zauberflöte once more!' and hummed, in a voice almost audible, '*der Vogelfänger bin ich ja.*' Kapellmeister Roser, who was sitting by his bedside, arose, went to the pianoforte and sang the song, which enlivened Mozart much. The *Requiem* also continually employed his thoughts. While he was able to work upon it, he was in the habit of singing each number, as it was finished, playing the instrumentation upon the pianoforte. On the day before his death he had the score brought to his bed—it was two o'clock in the afternoon—and sang the alto himself; Shack sang as usual the soprano; Hofer, Mozart's brother-in-law, tenor; and Gerl, bass. They were in the first bars of the *Lacrimosa* when Mozart began to cry bitterly, and laid the score aside.†

"When the sister-in-law (Sophia Haibl) came, towards evening, her sister (Mozart's wife), who usually had such self-command, met her at the door, in despair, with the words, 'Thank God that you have come! He was so sick last night that I thought he would not live the day out; if he is so again he will die in the night.' As she drew near the bed, Mozart called to her, 'Good that you are here. You will remain with me to-night. You must see me die.' As she kept her composure and tried to talk him out of these thoughts, he answered: 'I have already the taste of death on my tongue, I smell death; and who will stand by my Constance, if you do not remain?' She asked him leave to step to her mother, to whom she had promised a report of his condition; when she came back she found Süßmayr by Mozart's bed in lively conversation about the *Requiem*. 'Have I not said that I am writing this *Requiem* for myself?' said he, as he looked it through with tearful eyes. And he was so certain of the near approach of death as to direct his wife that she should not allow it to be known farther until Albrechtsberger was informed of it, for before God and the world to him belonged his (Mozart's) appointment in St. Stephen's church.

"Late in the evening the physician came again and told Süßmayr in confidence that there was now no help possible; yet he ordered the application of cold bandages to his patient's head, which gave such a shock to his system as soon to deprive him of consciousness, which never returned. Still in the dying fantasies of the sick man the *Requiem* seemed to employ his thoughts; he puffed out his cheeks and endeavored to imitate the drums with his mouth. Towards midnight he raised himself; his eyes were fixed; he turned his head towards the wall, and seemed to sink into slumber; at one o'clock in the morning (Dec. 5) he had departed."

† Jahn says in a note, that Mozart not unfrequently was so affected by his own music as to cry, and gives an instance from Hogarth's "Musical Drama."

(Conclusion next week)

(From the London Musical World)

W. V. Wallace's New Opera.

"*Lurline*—Opera in three acts, written by Edward Fitzball, composed by William Vincent Wallace" (London, Cramer, Beale and Chappell; New York Wm. Hall and Son.)

Here we have the English text and piano-forte score of Mr. Wallace's new opera, which—as the first that has been heard from his pen since the production of *Matilda of Hungary* (with Mr. Bunn's memorable libretto), at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1846—presents more than ordinary interest. *Lurline* is said to have been in great part written as far back as twelve years ago; but it requires no such apology, bearing evidence as it does—evidence that springs from a comparison between this opera and Mr. Wallace's previous dramatic works—of having been carefully reconsidered and retouched by the composer from end to end.

The questionable feature of *Lurline* is its libretto, which belongs to a class of melodramatic writing happily now effete. Mr. Fitzball has treated the romantic and famous legend of the *Lurlei-berg* after a manner peculiar to himself. In the legend, the heroine, deceived by a false lover, invokes the spirits of the Rhine, and consents to become the bride of the river on condition of being endowed with gifts of

beauty and fascination that shall render her irresistible to man, whom hereafter it is her intention to lure into destruction by every means at her command. The compact is made, and Loreley, or Lurlei (*Lurline*) becomes the spirit of the whirlpool, with what mission it is unnecessary to remind our readers. Mr. Fitzball finds the lady a spirit, and restores her to earth. She sees Count Rudolph in a bark on the river, falls in love with him, and tempts him to her abode beneath the waves, not to destroy, but, like Melusina, to cherish. Her vexed father (she has a father), the River-King, burning (or rather we should say freezing) to annihilate the rash mortal who has thus intruded on his domain, is frustrated in his desire by the amorous water-spirit, and at length persuaded to let Rudolph depart, loading him with treasures in the bargain, in order that he may be consoled for the loss of his beloved. Aware that the Count's affairs are by no means in good order, and that the emptiness of his purse had led to the rejection of his hand by Ghiva, daughter of a Rhenish Baron, the River-King judges—from a view of mortality, perhaps, common to water-spirits—that no sooner gone than, "out of sight out of mind," Rudolph will forget Lurline, and cast himself and his newly-acquired riches at the feet of the disdainful Ghiva. Lurline, however, with more faith, has promised to give her earthly admirer an interview at the Lurlei-berg, in the course of three days. On Rudolph's return to *terra firma* (how he managed to live under water we are left to surmise), the knowledge of his being possessed of untold wealth acts in the way the River-King had suspected—at least upon one mortal, the mercenary Ghiva, though not upon Rudolph himself. He, poor wight, does nothing but sigh after his lost water-nymph, and actually snubs Ghiva, who, in despair, possesses herself of a ring which Lurline has given him as a pledge, and, in a fit of jealous rage, throws it into the Rhine. True to her appointment, Lurline makes her appearance at the end of the stipulated period, and learning from a gnome (?) that Rudolph has parted with the ring (which, as the spirit of the Rhine, one might have thought she would be the first to know), gives way to unutterable anguish. In her subsequent interview with Rudolph, however, when matters are explained to her satisfaction, she once more, and for the last time, makes use of her supernatural power, invoking the storm-spirits dependent on the Rhine to overwhelm a band of reprobates, who, recently guests of the Count, are now plotting his assassination for the sake of his gold, and ultimately persuades her watery sire, the good-natured, though somewhat illogical River-King, to approve her choice and resign her to her terrestrial lover. Fancy the old Rhine spirit with whom Heinrich Heine held converse at Cologne, expressing himself in such terms as the subjoined:—

"Yes; thy fond father
To Rudolph's hand here cometh to resign,
By love and fate decreed,
His child, Lurline,
Best treasure of the Rhine!" [Joins their hands.

And so, amidst a heap of elaborate vocal divisions, Lurline, "best treasure of the Rhine," expresses her sense of happiness, and the curtain drops. If *Lurline*—which, we understand, was written many years since, may be regarded as Mr. Fitzball's last great work—his *Requiem* (it certainly cannot be accepted as his *Transfiguration*)—why, then, there might be an end of the matter, and no critic, however soured by operatic libretti, would have the heart to be severe; but if, on the contrary, farther preparations of the same description are contemplated, it is as well to warn our composers that the time has passed for the toleration of such performances.

Such a jumble of spirits and mortals, with the special elements of either made apparently common to both—all the *dramatis personæ* being, more or less, amphibious—could only have sprung from the brain of a Fitzball, and justifies the epigrammatic epilogue of a wag, that the mixture of earth and water in *Lurline* accounted for the muddiness of its libretto.

But let us pass to a more agreeable subject—the music of Mr. Wallace. *Lurline* is certainly this gentleman's dramatic masterpiece, and as far superior to *Maritana* and *Matilda of Hungary* as the book of *Maritana* (not that of *Matilda*) is superior to the book of *Lurline*. Mr. Wallace has in every respect made progress, such progress as is rarely noted, indeed, between any two successive works of a dramatic composer. We find the old vein of melody as rich as formerly, with an increased knowledge of resources that gives it a tenfold value. The overture, in the broad and open key of D major, far surpasses, in clearness of design, and vigor of treatment, the orchestral preludes of Mr. Wallace's other operas. The instrumentation, too, is extremely effective, the combination of "wind" in the opening *adagio*, and the introduction, by the whole body of "strings," high and low, the double basses alone excepted, of

* Published with English text in the Journal of Music, Vol. XIII., Nos. 21–24.

the beautiful melody which, in the third act, stands as the theme of Lurline's prayer, being equally points to admire. The quick movement, like that in the overture to Weber's *Oberon*, although the first subject is no more strictly akin to Weber than to the *allegro* in Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, is rather chivalrous than fairy-like. It is vigorous and brilliant from end to end, and among many new touches of fancy may be noted the passage of rhythmical recitative given to the stringed instruments, ushering in the progression which leads back to the principal theme. The second theme (afterwards an episode in the romance of the "Night winds"—Act I.) is essentially melodious, contrasts strikingly with the leading theme, and works in well with the rest. In short, Mr. Wallace in this overture has evidently written his best, and, earnestly bent upon success, has attained it. Although we have only the piano-forte adaptation before us, it may be as well to observe, once for all, that the manner in which the orchestra is handled throughout the opera of *Lurline*, imparting color to and heightening the dramatic sentiment of the various situations into which the chief personages are thrown, while engendering effects the occasional novelty and frequent beauty of which are sure to elicit the attention of musicians, confers infinite honor on the composer, and shows that his studies have been well directed in the long interval during which he has been condemned, in so far as the English public are concerned, to unmerited silence. The introductory symphony (in F major) at the rise of the curtain, where the accompaniment of the violoncellos, to a melodious phrase for the horn, realizes what the Italian musicians designate as "ondeggiando," at once suggests that we are about to be entertained with a spectacle in which some of the actors are fairies, and that the habitation of those fairies will, in all probability, turn out to be rather aquatic than terrestrial. Lurline's romance (Act I), "When the night winds sweep the wave" (in A minor—already mentioned), a most original and beautiful piece in itself, offers, perhaps, the most remarkable example in the entire work of the fanciful treatment of the orchestra in which Mr. Wallace has shown himself so skilled an adept. The accompaniments to this are as uncommon as they are characteristic, and, at the same time, masterly.

The opening of the first scene (after the symphony to which allusion has been made) is somewhat ineffective. No one cares greatly for Rhineberg (an odd name for a king who resides underneath the water,) and no one cares a straw for Zelleck, the gnome (we thought gnomes were earth spirits), whom he wildly invokes in the bold and vigorous air, "Idle spirit, wildly dreaming" (in F minor). So that, however excellent *per se*, and however well given by Mr. Santley, the air and the recitatives that precede and follow it, the last being dialogue, in which Mr. Corri (the gnome) takes part, falls somewhat flat. The "other nymphs" (*vide* book) whom Mr. Fitzball summons "from their shells of opal" (no nymphs having yet appeared), in a pretty choral strain ("Hark, hark, hark,"—A flat) from behind, begin to awaken attention, and the graceful *quasi*-Weberish chorus ("King of the Rhine"—same key) with which, when before the footlights, they greet their dripping monarch, at once imparts life and interest to the scene. The apparition of Lurline, at the foot of a rock, singing to "an antique harp," the confession of her love for Rudolph, is illustrated by a brief concerted piece, in which the other personages, including Liba, a water-nymph (a part, we may here add, very prettily played and very prettily sung by Miss Fanny Cruise, a young and promising beginner), are concerned. The first romance of Lurline ("Flow on, flow on, oh silver Rhine"—E major), in which she begs the river, the flowers, and the spirits to explain her sentiments to Rudolph, is based on a melody sure from its piquant, simple, and unpretending character to become popular, and, moreover, graced with florid cadences and a florid *coda*, or tailpiece, precisely fitted to the peculiar talent of Miss Louisa Pyne, who warbles it exquisitely. The chorus divides the two couplets, and in the second verse the accompaniment is judiciously varied. A scene between Lurline and Rhineberg, in accompanied recitative—a form, by the way, into which Mr. Wallace (a task as difficult as it is thoroughly well accomplished) has thrown all those parts of the opera which would otherwise be spoken dialogue—leads to the delicious romance, "The Night Winds," already described, a revelation on the part of the water-nymph of the history of her love for Rudolph. The chorus that brings the first scene to an end ("Sail, sail, sail"—D flat), in which the principal characters join, though spirited and appropriate, offers no particular point for notice.

In the second scene, where we have to do with simple mortals, the music assumes an essentially dif-

ferent character—as in duty bound. It sets out with a very admirably written duet ("Oh! Rudolph, haughty Rudolph"—D major) for the Baron Truenfels (carefully represented by Mr. Honey, as a decrepid old man, with bent knees and crooked legs) and Ghiva (Miss Pilling) his daughter. This duet, of which, as in many of those of Auber and other French composers, the orchestra claims the lion's share, the voices being often little more than accompaniments, contains a very charming episode, in which a passage occurs on the words, "Oh, soft affection, to thy rest," equally to be admired for its melody and its harmony. The arrival of Rudolph (Mr. Harrison) brings some clever concerted music, conducting to a trio (A major):

"I see by the gray of the sky
That morning is now very nigh,"—

where the composer, by showing how it is not absolutely necessary that the music and poetry in a dramatic composition should breathe the same spirit, has upset the pet theory of Herr Wagner, who, in his *Kunstwerk der Zukunft*, would fuse all the arts into one, and make them inseparable and dependent on each other. Although French in color and in the turn of its leading phrases (the last especially, "Good night, sir, good night,") as, indeed, is frequently the case with the lighter music of Mr. Wallace—this trio may be unreservedly eulogized for spirit and scenic propriety.

The third scene (Rudolph's castle) opens with a drinking chorus, "Drain the cup of pleasure" (D major), in *bolero* measure, cheerful and animated, if not strikingly original, which owes no little of the favor it enjoys (it is always redemanded) to the admirable singing of the chorus (men's voices, of course). Some effective concerted music leads to a romance, with chorus for Rudolph ("Our bark, in moonlight beaming"—D minor), which embodies the legend of Lurline, the Rhine-spirit. Here the ordinary method of treating such matters at the French Opera has not been discarded, notwithstanding which the romance has both character and merit of its own. Though decidedly simple, it is imbued with a feeling of dreamy mysteriousness, entirely in keeping with the sentiment conveyed in the text. The *finale* (beginning in A flat, and ending in F minor), sets out with a harp arpeggio, while snatches from the ballad, "Flow on, flow on, oh! silver Rhine," indicate the approach of Lurline, who shortly emerges from the river and mingles with the noisy guests of her lover. Placing the ring on his finger, which is to be a pledge of mutual faith, no less than a potent charm, and a safeguard in case of subtidal difficulties, she at length, in spite of opposition from Rudolph's associates, lures him into a skiff, which immediately disappears. Rhineberg, with "a host of spirits," is seen among the rocks, vowing vengeance against Rudolph: a storm arises; the skiff is supposed to sink beneath the waters, and the curtain falls. All this is combined with vigorous, striking and picturesque music, and the result is a *finale* which brings the act to a climax in a thoroughly effective manner.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Diarist Abroad.

NOTES, BERLIN, (FEB., 1860.)

Has M—any desire to know about music at court? Here then is a passage from a letter of a friend to his wife containing something on the subject:

"The Soirée and Concert at the Prince of Prussia's was a truly fairy festival. The range of rooms surrounding the concert hall was filled with the most brilliant company, while the passages and smaller rooms were transformed by means of orange trees, palms and flowers into gardens of paradise—this entire world of faerie being enlivened by music, conducted by Meyerbeer. The acme of the concert was the great scene out of Gluck's *Orpheus*, sung by Jenny Meyer and chorus."

The scene is the palace of the Prince of Prussia, now Regent. This building, with the Royal Library, forms a parallelogram, of which the palace fronts are upon Unter den Linden and Behren Sts., the Library looking across a small square upon the Opera House. The Concert hall, as described to me, is a large oval room, with a dome and narrow gallery running back of the Library and forming the connection between the two parts of the palace. The hall has space ample for the full royal orchestra, and a select

chorus from the opera, and an audience of six to eight hundred auditors. I have never seen it. From the gallery we look down into the hall upon the hundreds of women blazing with jewels and dressed in all the magnificence which European clothes-art can impart, upon the hundreds of princes, generals, ambassadors, ministers, professors, and so on, glittering with orders, in all sorts of splendid uniforms, and in short made up for a show; into the anterooms filled with foliage and flowers, and upon the ranks of singers or musicians—such a look my friend describes as beyond all his powers of description. Well, what music was given? A translation of the programme will show you:

"Concert in the Palace of their Royal Highnesses Prince Regent and the Frau Princess of Prussia, under the direction of the General-Music-Director and Court Capellmeister, Herr Meyerbeer, on the 18th of February, 1860.

1. Overture to *Egmont*. Beethoven.
2. Hymn to the Opera "The Vestal," sung by Frau Köster, Fraulein de Ahna and chorus. Spontini.
3. Wedding March from "Summer Night's Dream" Mendelssohn.
4. Air, "Inflammatus," from "Stabat Mater," sung by Frau Köster and chorus. Rossini.
5. Overture to "Struensee" Meyerbeer.
6. Grand Scene from the Opera "Orpheus," sung by Fraulein Jenny Meyer and chorus. Gluck.
7. Scene from "Trovatore," sung by Frau Köster, Herr Formes, (the tenor) and chorus. Verdi.
8. Finale from the Opera, "Count Ory" Rossini.

My friend says that the scene from "*Orpheus*" was wonderful! that it killed what followed, dead, dead, dead!

A. W. T.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Letters on Musical Subjects.

V.

MUSIC A LANGUAGE—A SONATA OF BEETHOVEN.

My Dear Friend,—While our "Philharmonic Society" is forming, I may use the time, to answer some of your questions. And although you may find here many things that you know already, yet it is well sometimes, to look back and arrange familiar things in order.

Now to say, what is the principal and governing element of musical utterance, is a matter of some difficulty. Not, that it is impossible, nor, that it has never been done. All these things have been treated of so frequently, that they are now quite familiar to musical people. But the difficulty lies in the wide ground covered by that question.

A mysterious power, subtle and penetrating, working up all our being, making it throb in sympathetic unison with that of the tone-poet; an agent, now passing through the finest fibres of our being, with a thrill of joy and ravishing bliss, then lulling our senses and feelings into a delicious, dreamlike state of serene satisfaction; now touching us with the magician's wand, and in weird numbers making our flesh creep with darkening awe, then transporting us to regions ethereal, warmed by eternal sunshine; now making us bend low with humblest meekness, then raising us up to a proud consciousness of a majestic grandeur, in our nature; now singing out in trembling accents the half unconscious bliss of new-born, or in longing tones the pangs of unsatisfied love, and, then again, picturing the clash of opposing passions, fierce, unholly hatred; now exciting in us a deep sympathy with the suffering of others, then freeing us from the oppressive load of our own sorrows—such is Music, the youngest daughter of the muses, the friend and comforter of man. Acting upon our innermost being by means of the subtlest of elements, the air, invisible and hardly perceptible unless agitated, it partakes of the nature of this, its medium. And as the gentle breath of balmy Spring pervades us, sending out in every part fresh life and new enjoyment, so music steals in on its wings, and caressing our heart, nestling closely to it, and steeping it in bliss, attunes it in holy harmony to that which is

noblest and sweetest in human nature. Or it assails us in violent outbursts, overawing us, filling us with a perception of the gigantic and terrible, just as the air does, when, hurled along in violent gusts in the tempest, it strikes and cowers us.

It seems an almost fruitless endeavor, to seize this thing apparently bodiless, and yet acting so powerfully on us; to grasp, and become familiar with, the nature of a force, that has greater influence on us than words, the expression of logical thought, or any of the sister-arts. The fable of Orpheus, the stories about the effect of warlike music on the soldier, the experience of our own lives, prove the superior influence of music on our feelings. We know that much. But how are we to account for it?

It is a question that has puzzled man ever since he began to think, that is still as near or as far from its solution, as it was, when the ancient Hindoo and Chinese philosophers were theorizing about it; the question about the ultimate cause of all life. When the question shall once be settled satisfactorily, then the philosopher will have no further difficulty in giving a true account of the reasons, why music thus powerfully influences us. We know, that, entering the centre of nervous action, the brain, on the very shortest route, coming in bodily contact with the central and peripheric part of the nervous system by means of vibration, it is natural, the tone or a succession and combination of tones should affect us more powerfully than a picture or a statue. But why the tone is produced by a stated, countable number of vibrations of the body emitting the sound; why tones of a proportionate number of vibrations, and they in certain combinations only, should affect us pleasantly; how the action on the nerves is produced: these are questions which we may as well despair of ever seeing answered. We had better follow the naturalist, who, satisfied to leave the questions about the first origin of matter, of the final nature of the simplest elements, in their primordial darkness, considers the forms of the actual world of beings, trying to trace them to their elements. By applying his method to our Art, we may be sure to find out, which forms the tone-poet uses to express a sentiment; which is the arrangement of the simplest elements of such forms; and how these forms affect the hearer.

These are points settled, and not now wanting proof or discussion:—that music is the language of our emotions; that it speaks of, and to our feelings immediately, without the aid of the understanding; but that, the feeling having once come to our consciousness, the understanding may analyze, and in some cases, reduce them to a logical narrative of the consecutive order and arrangement of those feelings.

Let us take some examples which will show this practically. You remember the sweet Sonata in G major, op. 14, No. 2, by Beethoven. There is sunshine and youth; not a discordant element mixes with the blissful sensations pictured in the lovely work. There is variety of sentiment; the sentiment is strongly characterized. Yet no one, I think, could prove, why those sentiments follow and ought to follow each other in just the order, in which we find them. Let us take a passing survey of the work. The first movement opens with a prelude (measures 1—8). In measure 9 the first melody comes in, almost like a recitative, running out in tender, graceful runs, which lead us to the second melody in *m* 27, a melody, loving, but only as the first whisperings of unconscious, budding love; not deep yet; half playful, half longing. It calms down after seven measures in *m* 33, and leads over in *m* 48 to the quiet closing phrase of two measures, repeated to the end of the part, in *m* 64. The same elements are worked up in the second part, in *m* 64—125. It is in the nature of the second part of the Sonata-form to be more agitated. And thus the second part shows in *m* 81—115 some excitement. The bass takes the motive of the prelude *m* 1 and 2, while

the right hand accompanies in arpeggi to *m* 99. The prelude is introduced in E flat major, *m* 99—107, and once more the agitation, this time in a strong wayward bass-figure accompanied by hurried runs in the treble, shows itself to *m* 115, from whence, panting as if it were, after resting, the motive of the prelude rouses itself again leading over to the third part, an enlargement of the first, *m* 125—201. The excitement of the second part is not deep nor violent. It is more like a cloud flitting across a beautiful face, darkening it for a moment, but not contorting its enchanting lineaments by the deeper corrugations of passion or anguish.

Serenely the Andante; in *staccato* chords, introduces a melody full of the charming and loving simplicity of innocence, which yet admits of a touch of humor in *m* 17 and 18. In pleasant variations the theme unfolds itself, as if playing with its own loveliness (Var. 1.), not without a taste of an arch but innocent humorous coquettishness (Var. 2) and overrunning with most graceful merriment (in Var. 3). The Scherzo, *Allegro assai*, the third and last movement is brimfull of "real fun;" the lightly skipping, gay motive in *m* 1 filling at least two-thirds of the 255 *m* that make up the part. In *m* 24 a roguish motive follows the first, which comes in again in *m* 43—73. Here it is relieved by a melody of sweetest, graceful, musing happiness, which repeats after a second part, containing the same sentiments to *m* 125, when the first motive enters again, to *m* 185, and from here, in graceful *abandon*, a passage leads to the closing measures 189—255, having the motive of *m* 24 in the bass, and skipping about across the arpeggio-accompaniments to *m* 287, when the first motive closes in frequent repetitions in *m* 255. This beautiful work impresses me like a sweet maiden, just budding into womanhood. With all the roguishness, vivacity, innocent simplicity of the gay and joyous girl mingles a tinge, a sweet foretaste of the coming experience, which will ripen the bud into the loving woman. All the tenderness and grace of that age, where love is just trying its wings, not knowing when and whither it may take its flight; all the youthful loveliness and careless *abandon* of this period; the tender, half-fledged feelings; all find their utterance in this poem. But to say, why these moods follow each other just so, to prove that that they ought to follow thus, is a thing of impossibility in my judgment. It is the play of the feelings in a maiden fancy-free, now assuming this, now that hue. But reasoning understanding cannot follow this play of the feelings, it cannot deduce a series of ideas from them.

In my next letter I shall contrast with this another of Beethoven's Sonatas; perhaps the one in C sharp minor, op. 27, No. 2, the "moonlight Sonata," as it is called; or the one in E flat major, op. 81, which Beethoven entitled: "*Les Adieux, l'Absence et le Retour*," or maybe both, to show, how a logical order of feelings, capable of finding expression in words, may be represented in a piece of music.

Though not a musical subject, yet I may call your attention to an article in the N. Y. *Tribune* of March 24th, on Wilhelm Grimm, the great German philologist, since it is written by the genial "Diarist" of this Journal, whose sensible, earnest, and oftentimes beautiful articles have certainly pleased and instructed you as they have your friend.

Cambridge, March 27, 1856. G. A. SCHMITT.

HOW SPOHR LEARNED TO PLAY THE HORN.—In 1808 was held at Erfurt the famous Congress at which Napoleon entertained as guests his friend the Emperor Alexander and the German kings and princes, his allies. All the curious persons flocked from the neighboring places to have a gaze at the show. I, too, went on foot from Gotha, with some of my pupils, less to see the great ones of the earth, than to admire the illustrious artists of the Theatre Francais, Talma and Mlle. Mars. The Emperor had made these great actors come from Paris, and they were giving every evening some masterpiece or other by Corneille and Racine. I hoped to be able to be pre-

sent with my travelling companions at one of their performances; when I learned, to my misfortune, that they were only intended for the Princes and their suites, and that every other person was shut out. I still hoped to find a place in the orchestra, by the connivance of the musicians; but I was obliged to give up this idea, too, since they were strictly forbidden to introduce any person whatsoever. At last I hit on the expedient of replacing, with my pupils, a like number of musicians, and to be present at the entertainment by playing the music between the acts. By playing, we got the consent of the musicians, who knew that their deputies would replace them creditably. But another difficulty arose—the parts of violin and viola only gave us three places, and as we did not know how to play another instrument, one of us must be obliged to give up the treat. The idea then occurred to me of trying if I could not, in the course of one day, learn enough of the horn to be able to take on myself the part of second horn. I went at once to him I wished to replace, borrowed his instrument, and thereupon set to work. I began by producing frightful noises; but after scarcely an hour, I succeeded in giving out the natural sounds of the horn. After dinner, when my scholars went out to stroll, I at once resumed my exercises, and, in spite of the pain which they gave my lips, I did not rest until I was in a state correctly to play the part of the second horn in the overture—easy enough in truth—and of the *entr'actes* which were to be given. Thus ready, my pupils and I joined our comrades, each carrying his instrument—and got to our post without difficulty. We found the theatre brilliantly lit up, and already filled with the numerous train of the Princes. The places kept for Napoleon, and his guests were just behind the orchestra. Like the unfledged hornplayer I was, I entrusted the conducting of the band to the best of my pupils, taking my orders from him like the rest. Shortly after we had tuned, the august personages entered, and the overture began. The orchestra formed a long line facing the stage; and it was severely forbidden to the players to turn round in the direction of the Princes for the satisfaction of their curiosity. As I had been warned of this beforehand, I had brought with me a little looking-glass, by aid of which I could examine with impunity the arbiters of Europe's destinies, after the overture was done. But I was so rivetted by the admirable acting of the artists on the stage, that I soon handed over my looking-glass to my pupils, giving all my attention to the drama. The agony of my lips increased with every *entr'acte*, and at the end of the performance they were so swelled and bruised that I could scarcely snp. Even the next day, when I got home, my young wife was not a little surprised to see me come back with lips like a negro's. I added to her wonderment by telling her that I was reduced to such a state by kissing the pretty women of Erfurt. But she made famous game of me when the story of my studies on the horn came out.—*Spoher's Autobiography.*

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 26.—More rumors of opera. Rumors assuming a definite shape. MARETZK negotiating for the Winter Garden with success, and actually beginning his rehearsals. FABBRI going to sing with ERRANI, the new tenor, and with Miss WISSLER, a contralto from Philadelphia, said to be very good. Rumors that CORTESE will join the troupe, and that Marezek is prepared to exercise all his energies to triumph over his natural enemy, ULLMAN.

Latter individual to be at the Academy of Music, in second week of April, and to have little PATTI and FREZZOLINI. They say that Frezzolini has completely recovered her voice, and is going to be as great as in her palmiest days.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPS arrived in town the other day, and is at her old stopping place, the St. James Hotel, on Union square. She came from Charleston by land, unable to bear the sea journey. In Havana, she had a serious attack of fever, but is now nearly convalescent.

I learn from a private letter from Santiago di Cuba, that the opera company there, under MORELLI, ASSONI and STEFANI, are meeting with only moderate success. They have given *Trovatore*, *Lucrezia*, *Lucia*, and the *Barber*. GHIONI, one of the singers imported by Ullman, had met with a great triumph

in *Ernani*. She never appeared in a leading rôle in this city. She is a blonde, and envious people say that Signora Ghioni is only an Italianized version of Miss Jones, as Donovan was of Miss O'Donovan, and Signor Maccafarri of Mr. McCaffrey. **LORINI**, the tenor, has been singing with Ghioni—**ALDINI**, a contralto who sang here several times only in the part of *Azucena* in *Trovatore*, also belongs to the troupe, and does the *Rosina* in the Barber.

TIBERINI, the tenor, who sang here a few years ago with La Grange, is trying to get another engagement in this country. He has a wife, one **ORTOLANI** by name, who from all accounts is a fair to middling prima donna—**MARINI** and **BETTINI** are engaged for next year at St. Petersburg. So they won't come here. **BOLCIONI**, who sang the tenor music in *William Tell* better than any Italian singer that has yet tried it here, has been having a quarrel with the manager of San Carlo, in Naples, where he was singing in *Luisa Miller*. So much for our old favorites.

Scharfenberg and Luis have just published Muzio's *Garibaldi Ratanplan*, and the *Adelina* waltz sung by little Patti. Muzio is becoming quite popular here. He certainly patches up an opera admirably, and can compose in the Verdi style, just like the original Joseph Green himself. Did you ever know the graceful name Giuseppe Verdi is, after all (in English,) nothing more than Joseph Green?

The Philharmonic Society gave the last concert but one of the season, at the Academy of Music, on Saturday evening, the programme presenting the following attractions:

Symphony, No. 2, in D, Op. 36. L. Van Beethoven
Scena ed Aria from "Attila," "Dag! immortali vertici,"
G. Verdi
Signor Pietro Centemeri.
Concerto, for piano, in A minor, Op. 85. Hummel
Madame Johnson Graever.
Tasso, "Poeme Symphonique," (1st time) Franz Liszt
Lamento e Trionfo.
Souvenirs d'Hartzburg, "Meditations Musicales," Op. 43.
Litolf
a. Oberthal. b. Witches' Dance.
Madame Johnson Graever.
Romanza, from "Maria Padilla." G. Donizetti
Signor Pietro Centemeri.
Overture to "Der Freyschütz," in C. C. M. von Weber
Mr. H. C. Timm presided at the piano; conductor, Carl Bergmann.

The "Symphonic Poem" of Liszt did not please. It is a harsh, ungrateful thing both to perform and to listen to: the audience manifested weariness long before it was over; although it exhibits a quaint and striking originality that cannot fail to interest the musician. Madame GRAEVER JOHNSON played with taste and elegance, and Signor CENTEMERI gave great satisfaction. He is one of the best baritones in the country, and it is surprising he has not been heard in opera. He sings in Dr. Cummings' Roman Catholic Church in Twenty-eight street, and his solos are among the finest performances that may be heard in that accomplished choir.

There is, at present, quite a feeling in favor of band music, owing principally to the great success of a concert recently given by the National Guard (Seventh Regiment) Band. This was formerly Shelton's band, but now consists of an amalgamation of Noll's and Shelton's band, under the leadership of Grafulla, formerly a cornet player under Shelton. The concert took place at the Academy of Music, and drew such an immense house, that the Secretary of the Mercantile Library thought it would be a good idea to get the same band to give a concert at the same place, for the benefit of the library. So the house was hired, the band performers secured, and Messrs. PERRING and THOMAS, vocalists (there were actually no female singers in town at the time, to be got for love or money,) engaged. It cost the library eight hundred dollars, but the speculation succeeded. The immense Academy of Music was crowded, and the net profits must have been something, if not more.

All this, gave quite an impetus to band music, and greatly enhanced the reputation of the National Guard Band. Now hitherto, Dodworths' band—playing for the Seventy-first Regiment—has enjoyed the precedence over all others. Naturally anxious for their reputation, the members of Dodworths' have decided to give a concert too, and it will come off next Saturday evening at the Cooper Institute. Altogether this is quite an interesting band tournament.

TROVATOR.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 27.—The Harmonic Society's concert, last night, consisted of a miscellaneous programme; English ballads and Italian cavatinas were consorted with oratorio and opera choruses. The solo singing was generally very satisfactory, whether furnished by the professional or the amateur portion of the society's forces; but all of the choruses lacked the requisite power. I was gratified with the singular purity of voice of a certain soprano, who bore a large share in the varied performances. Verily, her singing upon this occasion, was a new revelation—bringing to light the gratifying fact of a voice in our midst, which, in time, must prove a source of pride to all who are interested in the cause of music. The lady in question is said to be diligently pursuing a judicious course of study, under the able guidance of Sig. PERELLI, the eminent teacher of Italian vocalization.

Prof. AARON R. TAYLOR, principal basso on this occasion, acquitted himself in a creditable manner, vocalizing all the parts assigned to him with much feeling, self-possession and flexibility of voice—and displaying, withal, a uniformly tasteful appreciation of subject. The interest and success of this concert were materially enhanced by the participation of Messrs. JOHN J. FRAZER and THOMAS BISHOP, both known as quondam tenors of the Seguin Opera troupe, and now residing here professionally. Frazer sang "My sister dear," with so much of pathos and purity of intonation, as to hold his auditors spell-bound for the moment, and then to evoke thunders of applause, which carried him through a double encore. Nor was Bishop's success less. He, too, received the most enthusiastic plaudits from a public, which has long since ranked him among the very best ballad singers.

Our favorite organist, Prof. M. H. CROSS, accompanied charmingly, as he always does—executing all transient intricacies with nicety, and at the same time, bearing in an admirable manner with the humors of the various vocalists.

We are to enjoy three nights of opera, next week. *Alle gute Sachen sind drei*. **PATTI** and **COLSON** are said to have charmed even the agitated, president-making politicians into something like sentimentality. A certain distinguished exponent of the squatter sovereignty abstraction, is said to have forgotten the ambitious scheme of a life time, in a nightly attendance within the seductive influences of music, as exerted by the two *Lore-leis*, Patti and Colson. The troupe returns to us, flushed with a success, both in Washington and in Baltimore, which has added fresh lustre to its reputation, and plenty of funds to the managerial exchequer. On dit, that **MARETZKE**, who is to open the New York Winter Garden on the 9th of April, has taken the Academy here, for a short season in May. He has been invisible from the corner of Broad and Locust, since a certain night when he and Torriani improvised a grand row with the habitués of that season—and when the indomitable Max is reported to have gone horizontally through a side window, in veritable Harlequin style. Miss **ANNA WISSLER**, who has resided here for several years, and who made a sort of informal operatic debut with the French Opera Comique Company, which humbugged us sometime since, has been engaged as the principal contralto of this Winter Garden troupe. She possesses a magnificent voice, and

a very high degree of cultivation. Her debut is to be made in *Linda di Chamouniz*, an opera assigned to her by the inflexible *impresario*, contrary to her own predilections. On Thursday next, the last **WOLFSOHN** and **HOHNSTOCK** concert is to take place. Those who have attended these delightful classical reunions, will regret their close, but rejoice to learn that the complete success which has attended them, will prove necessary encouragement for another edifying series, next winter. **MANRICO**.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 31, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — We commence to-day the publication of WEBER's wild and exquisite opera *Der Freyschütz*, which we propose to give entire, arranged for the piano-forte. The first instalment of four pages contains the title-page, and an explanation of the plot, with references to each number of the music which will follow. BENNETT's "May Queen" Cantata will be continued alternately with the *Freyschütz*.

Concerts.

MR. B. J. LANG. — The Compliment to this young artist, on Saturday evening, previous to his departure for Europe, was general, hearty, and substantial. The new Hall in Bumstead Place was fuller than it has ever been.—No complaints this time on the score of ventilation; it was simply want of management before.

Moderato and Andante from Quintet in C, op. 8. . . . V. Lachner
Mendelssohn Quintette Club.
Scena and Aria from "Nina Pazzo" Paisiello
Mrs. Long.
Adagio and Scherzo from Sonata in D, for Piano and Violoncello. Mendelssohn
Messrs. Fries and Lang.
Duetto from "Don Giovanni." "La ci darem" Mozart
Mrs. Long and Mr. Wetherbee.
Duo for two Piano-fortes, (8 hands). Moscheles
Andante con moto—Fugue—Finale, Alla Siciliana.
Messrs. Dresel, Parker, Leonhard and Lang.
Moderato and Andante from Quartet in E flat, No. 4. . . . Mozart
Messrs. Schultze, Meisel, Ryan and Fries.
Fantaisie for Piano, on themes from "Belisario" Gorla
Mr. Lang.
English Ballad. "What will you do, love?" Lover
Mrs. Long.
L'Invitation a la Valse, arranged for two Pianos, (8 hands)
Weber
Messrs. Dresel, Parker, Leonhard and Lang.

Mr. Lang was rich in audience and in programme, rich in the friendly aid of other artists, in his own strength, and particularly rich in pianos; since there were two of those superb Erard-like Grands, just manufactured by the Messrs. Chickering. The two pieces performed on these instruments, by eight hands, were indeed the most interesting feature, apart from personal regards, in the whole entertainment. That by Moscheles is a masterly composition, happy in its themes, learned yet not dry in treatment, graceful in forms, keeping the interest alive by seasonable contrasts, and affording fine scope for the combined exercise of such executive and interpretative talents as our city may be proud of in the persons of Messrs. DRESEL, PARKER, LEONHARD, and LANG. A richer body of tone,—of full, yet always clear, upspringing harmony; greater precision of clear-cut outline, or more fineness of light and shade; greater vitality of touch, with perfect unity and aplomb in the striking out of vigorous chords, and sparkling purity and grace in ornamental phrasing, we may seldom hear. Weber's *Invitation*—the very poetry of the waltz—renewed the sensation it produced when played here for the first time last year. For assurance that no musician-ship or poesy was wanting in the eight-hand ar-

rangement, it is enough to know that it was made by Mr. Dresel. (Ditson & Co. have published it.)

Of the contributions by the Quintette Club, the two movements from Mozart's finest Quartet were the cream, of course. As for the Quintet by Lachner, we found our interest in the first movement rather on the wane than growing, while the Andante was soporifically long and tedious.

Mrs. J. H. LONG and Mr. WETHERBEE gave a great deal of pleasure by their singing. The *La ci darem* duet was indeed nicely rendered, and there was no evading a repetition of the ever popular old melody.

In his own person Mr. LANG, besides taking the upper part at one of the two pianos in the eight-hand pieces, gave us in the first place an excellent rendering of the two movements from Mendelssohn's piano and violoncello Sonata, admirably supported by WULF FRIES. We thought him more happy this time in his treatment of the *Allegretto Scherzando*, than he was a few weeks since; but he reversed the order of the movements, taking the Adagio first, and in his few bars of random preluding between, which seemed of the fingers only and to have no connection with the musical intention, failing to bridge the way back from one into the other. With all the excellencies of this rapidly rising young pianist, it is but friendly justice to him to make him aware of this one little unartistic habit which he has of running his fingers unmeaningly over the instrument when he sits down to play something. It is *not* preluding: it does not express a mind full of the music and the meaning coming; it is just an idle or a nervous physical outbreak of the fingers; and often, we have noticed, even fails to modulate into the key in which the piece commences. Mr. Lang will not find such things done in Germany. It is such crudities which make it desirable for a young native musician, be he ever so facile and brilliant an executant, to pass some time in a musical atmosphere like Germany, and get imbued with the artistic tone. Our young friend, no doubt, feels this, and already means to profit by it.

The Fantasia by Goria is one of the brilliant show pieces, in which Mr. Lang exhibited his virtuosity to good advantage. Thalberg's visit, leading us back to the fountain head of these things—a rather shallow spring at best—nearly exhausted their interest. On being enthusiastically encored, Mr. Lang played one of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" with expression enough to command perfect attention.

We hear that Mr. Lang is also to receive a Complimentary Concert in his native place, Salem. With all these expressions of interest and good wishes, which we certainly share, he will go abroad with hope and high artistic purpose strengthened.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The eighth and closing Chamber Concert of the season, was in some respects one of the most interesting, although the programme might have been much better. Here it is.

1. Quintet, in A, op. 108. Mozart
Moderato—Larghetto—Minuetto—Finale.—Tema con variazioni.
Clarinetto Principale.
2. "Souvenir de Haydn." Solo for Violin. Leonard
(Repeated by request.)
William Schultz.

3. Third Quartet, in F. J. C. D. Parker
Allegro—Minuetto—Adagio—Finale—Vivace.
First time.
4. "Possesti Numi," High Priest's Air, from the Magic Flute. Mozart
Arranged by T. Ryan.
5. 12th Quartet, in E flat, op. 127. Beethoven
Maestoso and Allegro—Adagio Molto cantabile—Scherzo—Finale, Allegro.
Second time in Boston.

The Mozart Quintet with Clarinet is always agreeable, although it has become somewhat of an old story. Mr. RYAN's clarinet warbled the variations with its usual glib and mellow volubility. The new Quartet of our townsman, Mr. PARKER, evinced substantial progress in the art of developing themes through the several forms which commonly make up the logical unity of this extended and most subtle, complex kind of composition. The Allegro was clear and graceful; the slow movement by no means dull nor feebly commonplace; the Minuet and Trio particularly happy, as fluent and spontaneous as one could wish. About the Finale we could not feel so clear. As a whole, the work was listened to with pleasure, and did credit to the writer.

Mr. SCHULTZE listened to a not very wise "request" in making his audience again listen to the senseless string of variations upon Haydn, by the Leipzig violinist Leonard. He was perhaps more successful in the rendering this time, and yet not always sure of pitch in the uppermost tone strata.

The arrangement of the "O Isis and Osiris" solo and chorus from the *Zauberflöte*, proved the sterling and enduring quality of that noble music. Sarastro's grand bass solo was taken by WULF FRIES, another 'cello filling out the quartet accompaniment.

The great Beethoven Quartet was better rendered on this second trial, and gained astonishingly upon the liking of the audience. Of course it needs four consummate artists to preserve clear and delicate, with just the right accent and phrasing, all those exquisitely fine divisions into which the motives melt and flow this way and that way in the four parts—subtlest divergence and variety returning ever into lovely, complete unity. This first experiment upon the famous and much dreaded "last Quartets" of the deaf, sublime old master (there are six of them) was truly encouraging, and we would fain take it as an earnest of many more attempt, to make acquaintance with them in another season.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—Here is the programme of last Wednesday Afternoon's concert, which drew an unusually large audience.

1. Symphony. No. 6. (First time in Boston). Mozart
2. Waltz Maiblumen. Herzog
3. Overture. Die Hebriden. Mendelssohn
4. Paulinen Polka. Gungl
5. Potpourri, from Les Huguenots. (By request). Meyerbeer
6. Ypsilanti Galop, (second time.)

The Symphony by Mozart was one in C, (not to be confounded with the "Jupiter")—a much smaller work than that, but yet delightful to listen to. We hope we shall have it again next week. It is full of the genial Mozart sunshine. The *Hebriden* or "Fingal's Cave" is Mendelssohn's best overture; full of poetry and cool sea-shore reverie. Why do we not hear it oftener? It evidently was not lost even upon a popular afternoon audience.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG's Complimentary Concert in the Bumstead Hall, this evening, gives excellent promise. Himself one of the most accomplished vi-

olinists and musicians we have ever had among us, Mr. E. cannot fail to give us a good concert. He will play a violin Concerto by Bach, with the Mendelssohn Quintette Club accompanying; the famous old Sonata of Tartini, called his "Dream," or "*Il Trillo del Diavolo*," with Mr. LEONHARD at the piano; and one of those quaint old curiosities, a dance called *La Pavane*;—also in some concerted pieces of his own composition, viz., three little trios for violin, viola and 'cello, and a Concertino for four solo violins, in which Messrs. SCHULTZE, MEISEL and COENEN will assist. The Orpheus Glee Club will sing a couple of their most taking part-songs; and Mrs. HARWOOD will sing a cavatina from *La Juive* and a *Lied* with 'cello obligato.

On Monday evening a new form of musico-dramatic entertainment invites us, in the "Parlor Operettas" of Mr. and Mrs. DRAYTON, which have found such favor in New York and other cities. The call for chorus singers for the production of Mr. FRANZ KIELBLOCK's opera, "Miles Standish" has met with abundant response. The rehearsals go on vigorously under Carl Zerrahn, and the musical public will have a chance to hear and judge for themselves at the Music Hall next Saturday evening. The Complimentary Concert for CARL ZERRAHN goes on swimmingly; the subscription is already large, and besides Mrs. HARWOOD, Miss WASHBURN and Miss FAX, the pianist, the Orpheus Glee Club volunteer their aid. The concert will take place Saturday evening, April 14. There will be the usual Afternoon (orchestral) Concert on Wednesday afternoon. Meanwhile, too, "Haymaking" is still continued; and the street corners and old walls are covered with the hideous old bonnets of the "Old Folks," black as well as white. The Ethiopians are not to be beaten in such dodges.

The Messrs. CHICKERING & SONS have moved into their new warehouses, in the elegant building just completed on the corner of Avon Place, Washington St. They have most spacious and artistic accommodations there; the place itself is worth a visit, as well as the unrivalled stock of fine pianos. One of their rooms has been constructed purely for a music room, suitable for choice chamber concerts, music parties, &c., and large enough for three or four hundred persons. It is a very beautiful and attractive hall. The Orpheus Glee Club gave a second concert in Brookline this week, and are soon to give one, in compliance with earnest solicitations, at Jamaica Plain. Following the tuneful art in their own quiet, social, independent German way, this Club seems to have excited an appetite for the sound of their voices everywhere in the neighborhood. There was a Band Concert in Providence this week, in which patriotism ran so high, that Mrs. Long sang the "Star-spangled banner" in costume! The papers tell us that the prima donna FABBRI's name is fabricated; that she is not an Italian, but a German. She was born in Vienna, and her original name is Agnes Schmidt. Her wedded name—she was married to a German—is Molder. She ought to be called Agnes Molder.

Music Abroad.

PARIS, Feb. 29.—If some old Roman had been thrown into a lethargic state for a few centuries, like the sleeping beauty, and by the stroke of some magician's wand suddenly transported to Paris, were he to wake up in one or other of the principal lyrical theatres, his astonishment would not be as great as we might expect; for he would find himself surrounded with all the splendor of the pagan ages. At the Théâtre-Lyrique alone, he could one night descend with Orpheus into the dark regions of the lower world, and wander with him in search of his Eurydice; and the next night he could, in the same Théâtre-Lyrique, sup, in company with Philémon and Baucis, in their humble cot, with the great chief of the Olympian deities. The libretto of M. Charles Gounod's new opera is written by MM. Jules Barbier and Michel Carré. It is in three acts. Instead of a grand overture there is a simple introduction, worth-

er of a classical subject and in accord with the subdued tone of the first act, the more striking and brilliant efforts of the composer coming in the later parts of the opera. This introduction is a pastoral, in F, and on its last notes, the curtain rising, we find ourselves in the cottage of Philémon and Baucis, which, poor as it looks, is rendered a pleasant spot by the happiness of the good old couple. In a duet these happy beings celebrate their love, which has resisted time and poverty and age. While they are softly singing this, sounds of quite a different kind are heard in the distance. The other inhabitants of the village, who have lost all fear of the gods, are giving themselves up to their impious saturnalia. The effect of this *ensemble* is striking. Soon, however, the rising sounds of a tempest are heard, and while the storm is raging round the little cottage, two strangers knock at the door, asking shelter. Philémon, who is for the moment alone, receives them. These two strangers are Jupiter and Vulcain. There is here a very good trio, after which Vulcain sings a few stanzas with a very characteristic accompaniment to represent the strokes of a hammer on the anvil. The air sung by Jupiter which next follows, "Allons, Vulcain," is also good. Baucis makes her appearance, and, after a long speech, sings in a manner that proves she can sing as well as she talks. But as Vulcain says, "Supper, not singing, is now the object," and to supper they accordingly go, when Jupiter, by changing their humble fare into a more *recherché* repast, declares himself, and promises to reward Philémon and Baucis for their virtue and piety, but, wishing them to avoid seeing the vengeance he intends taking on the impious villagers, he throws them into a deep sleep, and a *melange* of horns, arpeggios on the harp, and the tremolo of the violins, is a pleasing termination to the first act.

The second represents the people of Sybarites reclining in gala attire, under the portico of the Temple of Cybele. Here the composer strives to assume all the passion and fire such a scene requires. The stanzas sung by Mlle. Sax (a bacchante), "C'est le vin," are not, however, worthy of the rest of the score. In the midst of the dances to which they are giving themselves up, Vulcain appears, and upbraids them. They wish to drive away this bird of ill-omen, when Jupiter appears, and, in a grand and dramatic *finale*, destroys this sacrilegious people. All this time Philémon and Baucis have been sleeping, and, in the third act, the curtain rising to the refrain of the pastoral in the first act, Baucis is discovered in all the splendor of youth and beauty, and in festive attire. Still in a trance, starting up, she seeks Philémon, to whom his youth and good looks have also been restored. Hardly knowing each other at first, the truth then breaks on them, but for a moment their felicity threatens to be troubled, for Jupiter, like Pygmalion, is very nearly falling in love with his own work. Baucis, however, rather than listen to any other voice than Philémon's, implores her gray hairs and wrinkled features may be restored to her. Jupiter, thereupon, like a gentlemanly deity, withdraws his suit, but leaves the happy pair in the enjoyment of their renewed youth. Battaille performed the part of Jupiter, M. Froment that of Philémon, and Madame Miolan-Carvalho that of Baucis, and M. Balanque, Vulcain.

The concerts are going on still. The one given by Kruger on the 10th of February, in the new salons of Erard, was one of the best. Kruger played the grand sonata (Op. 57) of Beethoven, and the duet in D major of Mendelssohn, with the violoncellist, Rignault. He also gave "La chanson du chasseur," "Guitare et marche nocturne." Kruger had just returned from Stuttgart, where he had gone to be present at a festival given in honor of his father, on the occasion of the latter's completing the fiftieth year of his membership of the Chapel-Royal. The violinist, M. Servais, has just arrived here (Paris); he proposes making some stay here. The third concert of the Société des Concerts gave the symphony in E flat of Félicien David, the benediction of the flags from the *Siege de Corinthe*, and fragments from the ballet of *Prométhée*, the *Berceuse de Cherubini*, the Symphony in D of Beethoven completed the programme. The Société de Jeunes Artistes, under the direction of M. Pas de Loup, pursues its course with success. At their third concert some fragments, never played before, of Meyerbeer's opera *Struensee* were given; the "Revolt des Gardes" and "Le bal et l'arrestation" were the titles of these pieces: the overture was also given, but it is well known here. The rest of the concert was equally well composed. To-morrow a concert that is looked forward to with the greatest interest will be given in the *salon* of the Louvre, M. and Mad. Sainton (late Miss Dolby) being the great attraction. Mad. Pleyel will perform on the 7th. M. Jacques Bauer also gives a concert to-morrow at the Salle Erard. A banquet

was given the other day at the Café Vevour, at which many English and French writers assisted. M. Delaporte presided. He is the clever director of the concerts of the French Orpheonists. The object of the banquet was to publish the project that has been decided on, and which will be accomplished in the month of June. At that period 3,000 French Orpheonists will go to England to renew at the Crystal Palace the festival held by them in Paris in 1859. Twelve steamers will convey these artists over. Every one seems to think the company of the Crystal Palace have behaved in the most liberal manner. 200,000 francs is the sum said to have been given to defray the expenses. The Orpheonists stay one week in England, and they will give three concerts. This enterprise has been welcomed in the warmest manner here, and will doubtless prove successful. These are some of the choruses that will be sung: "Le Septuor des Huguenots," "Le Cimbres et Teutons," "Le Psaume de Marcello," "Le Veni Creator," "La Rêtraite, le Départ des Chasseurs," "Le Chant des Montagnards," and "Le Chœur des Prêtres des Mystères d'Isis."

March 7.—Never has Lent been so little kept in this gay city as at present. All goes on actively. New operas are in preparation; new dramas are brought out; and the various "Concerts d'Artistes" have to keep head against the "Concerts d'Amateurs." This latter amusement has extended itself even to the Tuilleries, where the Empress and a privileged few join in this innocent way of passing their time. While waiting the representation at the Grand-Opera of the *Pierre de Medici* of Prince Poniatowski, the *habitués* of this theatre have just had a novelty, in the shape of M. Michot, a tenor, who used to sing at the Theatre-Lyrique. He debuted at the Grand-Opera in the *Favorite*, in the part of Fernand. He sang remarkably well, especially the airs, "Uue ange, une femme inconnue," and "Ange si pure." He was most ably seconded by Madame Barbot in the rôle of Leonora. At the Opera-Comique, *Le Roman d'Elvire*, *Galathée*, and *Don Gregorio*, draw full houses; and the Theatre-Lyrique has no reason to repent of its adhesion to the mythology of the ancients, the receipts being anything but mythological. Roger, after performing in the *Traviata* the part of Alfredo (with Mme. Penco and Graziani as coadjutors) with unbounded success, has concluded his engagement at the Italian Opera; he has now left for Antwerp. Tamberlik will soon be here to fulfil his engagements at the Italian opera. Meanwhile, the rehearsals of *Il Crociato* of Meyerbeer are going on actively under the direction of M. Fontana. M. Merly will have a part in this opera.—*Corr. Lond. Musical World*.

LEIPZIG.—We take the following extract from a letter to the Taunton Democrat:

I hunted up an old friend, a Boston organist, who has come to this place to perfect himself in music, for Leipzig is the centre of the world of music as it is the centre of the world of books. The Conservatorium here is a kind of musical university, and every department of music is taught in it by distinguished masters. But Mr. T. gave me some particulars which are not very encouraging to musical men who think of coming abroad. He, let me premise, was one of the finest organists and pianists in New England, when he came to Leipzig, a year ago. He was at once put back to five-finger exercises, and so commenced at the very rudiments, not because he had a *bad* style, but because he had a *different* style from the Leipzig pianists. Of course this made him neither one thing nor another: his own style was fixed by habit, and the result was that he worked on through elementary exercises for nine months, playing worse and worse all the time, until at last he gave up the Conservatorium, took a private teacher, a very distinguished musician, and is now just beginning to feel that coming abroad will do him good. He thinks the Conservatorium is not the place for a man to enter, without he is a beginner; and that moreover, there the love of getting *numbers* of students is so great that very little time is given to each. Mr. T. told me that not more than seven or eight minutes could be given to each student at a lesson.

There are now little more than twelve American musical students at Leipzig, of various character and attainments, some very steady, hard-working fellows, some very idle, dissolute fellows. One man neglected his lessons to such an extent that he did not know the professor by sight, and on going to him to get his diploma signed, he mistook another gentleman for the professor, and for such palpable ignorance the diploma was refused. My friend Mr. T. will probably go to Berlin, as he says there are advantages greater than he can enjoy at Leipzig, particularly by one who wishes to receive private tuition. A musical student can live at Leipzig for fifteen dollars a month in very good style, and tuition is about fifty cents a lesson from first class men.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 418.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 2.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

"A Sure Stronghold is our God."

From ELISE POLKO's "Musikalische Märchen, Phantasien und Skizzen;" translated by FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

(Concluded from page 2.)

Never had such an assemblage of distinguished men and beautiful women been gathered together in the Catholic Church of Dresden, as on the afternoon of that Sunday, when Cantor Bach had promised to play the organ. Countless cavaliers in glittering court dresses, brilliant ladies in all the splendor of satin and jewels, or decked with the lovelier ornament of youth and beauty, formed a waving, sparkling wreath, in whose centre the princely form of Augustus of Saxony sat enthroned. The carriage of the somewhat elderly prince was still erect, his head upraised; but his features, whose former beauty was still to be seen in the delicate lines of nose and mouth, and the clear contour of the chin, appeared lax and sunken, and the fire of his large eyes was extinguished. Augustus conversed with his favorite Brühl, who stood at his side with the elegant demeanor of a man of the world, listening to the words of his lord with apparent humility. Untamed pride lay on this bold forehead, insatiable avarice glittered in these restless eyes, immeasurable imperiousness sat enthroned on the finely cut lips.

"And so the droll Cantor would not visit the court last evening?" whispered the Elector laughing. "Now I will annoy him again to-day! As soon as the concert is over, I will desire to see him; he shall be taken to the ball and supper, and the prettiest of our court ladies shall ask him to dance." Brühl bowed silently. "We are all, however, very anxious for the arrival of the celebrated organist; expectation sits on every face," continued the prince. "Hasse throws up his black eyebrows impatiently, and the charming Faustina looks as restlessly round the church, as if she were watching for a rival. Only our virtuoso Marchand has not yet laid aside his mocking smile."—"But now, silence! look, Brühl! there are three new figures in the choir! Who are those two young men, with the open, ingenuous faces, who have just taken seats at the side?"—"Those are the eldest sons of the Cantor, your Majesty," answered Brühl. And then the full organ tones, outswelling, filled the church as with a holy incense, purifying all hearts from frivolous emotions. A deep silence reigned; every heart seemed penetrated with devotion, and all eyes looked up. A noble prelude flowed out in a golden stream of sound; on its shores bloomed the flowers of Paradise; it drew the longing soul, on its strong waves, through the noble and glorious choral:

"A sure stronghold is our God."

This powerful hymn of the evangelical church floated down from the choir. With what a happy smile Father Bach accompanied his playing! At this moment, he rejoiced to think that his beloved church could triumph, even in the Catholic

house of God. A crowned conqueror, the fine melody rang through the lofty roof, strong as though countless angel voices joined in the lofty song of praise. And still the stream of harmony flowed on; father Bach's spirit rose higher; while ever the choral's giant voice floated above that rushing sea of sound: at every human breast it beat. The pillars of the church seemed shaken; the sorrowing voice of the entire human race seemed to cry from the deep for mercy; an entire world seemed lifting up its hands for grace. And then, alone, like a soft breath of pious incense, rose the melody again:

"A sure stronghold is our God."

And then a wondrous rush of tones gave answer to the prayer of believing love. At last the beseeching voices seemed to weary; softer grew the prayer; gentler the complaining. And then—oh, wonder! came the great forgiveness. The lofty roof disappeared, the blue and gold of heaven flowed in; the intoxicating breath of spring seemed to float through the church. Sweet, warm tones dropped through the air, and seemed the voice of boundless mercy, promising eternal forgiveness to all sinners. And then a pious delight trembled through those clear sounds, swelling, rising, strong as a million happy human voices, and amid them floated the joyful hallelujah of the angels, the glorious song of victory:

"A sure stronghold is our God!"

The organ was silent. Johann Sebastian Bach sat on the organ bench with folded hands; his face seemed almost transfigured. Pale with excitement, trembling with delight at the triumph of their honored father, his two sons stood near him. A dull murmur passed through the church. Then a side door of the choir opened, and the Elector appeared; behind him entered, at a respectable distance, a glittering crowd. Augustus of Saxony approached, almost timidly, the great man, who, half sunken in a pious reverie, scarcely observed his approach; he feared to disturb such a childlike, religious mood. At last he lightly laid his hand on Bach's shoulder. The Cantor stood up, and openly, laughingly, looked his prince in the face. The great master, full of the glory of God, to whose heaven he had ascended on the wings of music,—how could earthly power and worldly splendor move him in such a moment of holy enthusiasm? It seemed even difficult for him to find the words of earthly speech. "Gracious Prince," he said quietly, after a pause, "I can see that the voice of the dear God has touched your deepest heart! Is it not a strange happiness, and yet a wondrous awe? Is it not as if the sun shone upon you? Does it not seem as if you saw fairer, greater worlds than this grain of dust that bears us? Does not the glitter of earth crumble to nothing before the splendor above? Does not the voice of God give you spirit and life, to bear you there, whence it comes, into the eternal light?"—"Bach," answered the prince with an uncertain voice, approaching him nearer, "as I heard you play, I felt a presenti-

ment of coming death! But the thought rose before my soul like a friendly genius; I lost all fear; I no longer trembled before the face of death, as when, in lonely moments, I pondered on the enigmatical close of all mortal life. Oh, Master, could I hear you in my dying hour!"

Bach did not answer; he looked at the prince with eyes that overflowed with emotion and tender joy. His pious heart rejoiced, at this moment, far more than his artistic pride. There was a rustle at the door; a woman broke hastily through the prince's suite, a woman in the fullest bloom of life, with a noble form and proud Juno-like head; it was Faustina Hasse, the favorite singer, the idolized darling of the entire residence. With wet eyes and glowing cheeks, with all the passion of an Italian, she fell on the neck of the Cantor, and, sobbing, kissed him on both cheeks. "God bless thee, thou beam of His own light!" she cried, in the greatest emotion. Bach did not know what to do; the bystanders smiled: Hasse stepped up, softly drew his wife away, mentioned her name, and pressed the hands of the great master with unfeigned respect. Even the mocking Frenchman, the elegant virtuoso Marchand stepped up; no sneering smile played round his lips; his eyes sparkled with the dew of inward emotion. He silently drew the master's hand to his breast. The prince's suite followed these examples; the charming court ladies were not behindhand; fair hands touched those of the Cantor; sweet lips thanked him. At last the master, shaking off the crowd, cried in a voice that echoed through the church: "Enough! such soft flattery should not be the reward of holy, serious organ-playing! move aside, ye alluring forms, I will not gaze longer on ye! Now I see well enough, that I am in wanton Dresden, and I would I were far from the flowers and the serpents, in my quiet, comfortable house with my wife and children! Gracious prince, said he," turning to the prince, who regarded the scene with a melancholy smile, "let me go! you see, old Sebastian Bach does not feel at home here! he cannot swim in these waters!"—"I will not let you go," answered the prince kindly, "until you have requested a favor from me!"—"You cannot grant me anything, my king! I am richer than you."—"But think of your sons!" proceeded Augustus.—"Well, gracious prince, if you can do anything for my Friedemann" said Bach, drawing the blushing youth forward, "I shall be glad of it; but not for two years to come; I need the boy still; he engraves well on copper, and now we are working at the *Passions-Musik*. My Philip," here he nodded towards his second son, "is already cared for by the dear God; it goes passably with him. I thank you with all my heart, gracious Elector!" The Elector parted with the honored master, after the kindest promises as regarded Friedemann's future, gave his hand to father and sons, and assured them all of his favor. The most distinguished cavaliers pressed forward to accompany the departing visitors, and assisted the plain Leipzig Cantor to his

carriage with as much care and respect, as if he had been one of the loftiest rulers of the world.

As, on the next morning, Johann Sebastian Bach, with his two sons, rolled towards their beloved home; as they passed the princely palace, as the noble Elbe road revealed itself to their eyes, Philip Emanuel cried in an excited manner: "However, dear father, Dresden is beautiful! but the most beautiful of all is—Faustina Hasse!" "Silence, boy," answered the master, while a roguish smile touched the corners of his mouth, "you understand nothing at all about it!"

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Süssmayr and Mozart's Requiem.

(Concluded from page 3.)

[Thus far from Jahn's account of the last days of Mozart. I pass over the burial—the funeral in a terrible storm, which accounts for the loss of his grave, he having been buried among the poor, which graves are dug over every ten years—and go on with the translation where the *Requiem* comes again in question.]

"One of her (Widow Mozart's) next cares was the *Requiem*. Mozart had left the *Requiem* uncompleted. She must expect that he who had ordered it would now not only refuse to accept it and pay the sum still promised, but demand a repayment of that already advanced. In this extremity the idea occurred to her and the friends with whom she took counsel, whether the *Requiem* could not be made complete out of what Mozart had left, with some additions, and thus the order be satisfied. The completion of the work was offered to several musicians; they declined the doubtful undertaking, some for want of time, others because "they could not compromise their talents by a comparison with the talents of Mozart"; very possibly other doubts influenced them. So came the matter into the hands of Süssmayr, who seemed especially fitted for the task; he was at the time Mozart's pupil in composition, had aided his master in *Titus*, had, while the *Requiem* was in progress, several times sung and played the finished numbers through, and Mozart had often talked over the working out of the score with him, and explained the movement and grounds of the instrumentation. 'As Mozart felt himself growing weaker,' wrote the widow to Abbe Stadler, (Nachtrag, p. 40), 'Süssmayr must often sing over what was written, with him and me, and thus he received regular instruction from the composer. And I can hear Mozart now, how he used to say to Süssmayr—"Ei, there are the oxen again at the foot of the hill—that you don't understand by a great sight!"' This expression was one also of which her sister Sophia had a lively recollection. The meaning of it is perfectly clear in the light of Mozart's method of jotting down a composition and working it out, as we have it before our eyes." [Jahn gives here a reference to his third volume, where this is discussed.]

"The first two numbers, *Requiem* and *Kyrie*, Mozart had fully completed and written out in the full score—on these there was nothing to be done. Of the *Dies irae*, he had only, in his usual manner, sketched the score; the vocal parts were completely written out, with the bass occasionally figured; of the instrumentation, he had only sketched the themes in ritornels and interludes and in passages where instruments were to appear prominently in the accompaniment, as hints for the full scoring of the work, which was left to some future time. In this manner the score was laid out to the last verse of the *Dies irae*; with the words:

'Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus,'

Mozart ceased.

"He had not composed the different numbers of the *Requiem* in order, but worked out his conception of single movements according to the mood he was in. For instance, before the completion of the *Dies irae*, he had composed the *Offertorium*, which, consisting of the two numbers, *Domine Jesu Christe* and *Hostias*, was completed and the full sketch of the score written out.

"It is now easy to conceive how Mozart, as he went through the score thus sketched with his pupil at the pianoforte or at the desk, could carry on with him an instructive conversation upon the instrumentation; how he would have him try his hand at it, and then give him minute explanations of the manner in which the work should be executed; and how he himself had thought it out, so that Süssmayr, in fact, in many respects could have formed a lively picture of the complete score, as it was to be, and be fully able in divers points to supply the want of the hand of his master. Of this the manner in which the composition was wrought is a proof. Of the other numbers—the *Sanctus*, the *Benedictus* and the *Agnus dei*—no such score had been sketched.

"Süssmayr's first work was to copy all that Mozart had in this manner sketched out, 'so that two styles of chirography should not be mixed up together,' as the widow wrote to André (*Cecilia*, vol. VI. p. 202), and then he added to his copy the needful instrumentation in such manner and form as seemed to him most perfectly to meet the ideas of Mozart. The original sketches of Mozart came into other hands; the sheets (11—32) containing the *Dies irae* down to the *Confutatis*, and nothing else, Abbe Stadler, at a later period, obtained from the now unknown original owner, and afterward gave them to the imperial Library in Vienna; the rest of the sheets (33—45) containing the *Lacrimosa*, *Domine* and *Hostias*, Kapellmeister Eybler bought and presented to the same library. That these were intended by Mozart to be fully scored and to be united into one work with the *Requiem* and *Kyrie*, is proved by the numbering of the leaves, which is in his hand and is in regular order; besides, there is no instance known in which he ever copied such a sketch of a score before filling it out.

"Süssmayr, according to his own distinct statement, had then written 'entirely new' the close of the *Lacrimosa*, the *Sanctus*, *Benedictus* and *Agnus dei*; only, 'to give the work more unity,' he repeated the fugue of the *Kyrie* to the words *Cum sanctis*.

"The *Requiem* thus completed was now delivered to him who had ordered it—the first two movements in Mozart's original, the rest in Süssmayr's hand, as Stadler relates, (*Vertheidigung*, p. 13.) That the whole should be accepted as the work of Mozart, it was necessary for the score, by its appearance, to be an evidence to that effect. How decidedly it was so is shown by this score itself, which in the year 1838 became the property of the imperial Library. The first impression was and is for every one who sees it and is acquainted with Mozart's hand, that the above was written out by him; hence in the first tumult of delight at the supposed discovery it was published to the world that Mozart's original score of the *Requiem* had been 'discovered. More thorough examination and reflection began to raise doubts; variations from his usual hand, although slight, were found, and to a request for information made to Mozart's widow [then Madame Nissen], she replied (Feb. 10, 1839): 'There could be no complete score from the hand of Mozart, for the *Requiem* was not finished by him, but by Süssmayr.' A comparison with several scores uncontestedly from Süssmayr's hand—a terzet and a bass aria which he had composed as additions to the *Serva padroni* in 1793—solved the riddle. Here was found precisely the same hand, the same striking similarity to that of Mozart, the same slight variations from it which in the *Requiem* had aroused suspicion—in short, no possibility of doubt was left that Süssmayr had written the score from the *Dies irae*;

moreover the leaves from this point are newly numbered, beginning with No. 1, and beginning again with No. 1 at the *Sanctus*. There is one passage too in which the transcriber has betrayed himself by a mistake. The last measures of the *Tuba Mirum* are noted by Mozart in his sketch for the string instruments, thus:

"In copying this passage Süssmayr overlooked the octaves in the violins and the characteristic movement of the viola at the close; what he wrote instead is no improvement on the part of the writer.

"Süssmayr had then, purposely or unconsciously, formed his hand so after that of Mozart, that, except in very slight variations, it was similar, to the point of being easily mistaken for it. This is no solitary case. The second wife of Sebastian Bach wrote so much like her husband that only an expert can distinguish them; and Joachim's hand—at least formerly—was strikingly like that of Mendelssohn. This time this habit or skill was but too opportune to give the manuscript for him who had ordered the work the appearance of an original. There is no doubt that Count Walsegg received and accepted the score as one composed and written out by Mozart—whether he was distinctly told so or whether it was left to him as a natural inference, is no question for us; that the Count's intention was to practise a deception of quite another kind, is curious enough—though it is no excuse for that put upon him."

The farther history of the *Requiem* need not be translated for the present purpose. This is sufficient to prove conclusively that Süssmayr *did* have a share, and no small one, in the production of this famous work, the *London Musical World* to the contrary notwithstanding. A. W. T.

(From the *London Musical World*.)

W. V. Wallace's New Opera.

(Continued from page 4.)

The second act ("Crystal dwelling of Lurline; doors of bronze") begins with a chorus of gnomes ("Behold, behold, wedges of gold," E minor), gloomy, savage, and monotonous, as befits the singers, and leading to an unpromisingly graceful ballad for Lurline ("Under a spreading coral wave"—G major), which Miss Pyne sings charmingly. In the absence of Rhineberg, the water-nymphs disport themselves in dance and song to a very lively chorus (B flat major) at the end of which a compliment to the River-King's sagacity is conveyed in the following language:—

"Though lock'd in your breast, he the secret can find,
'Neath one beam of his eye your poor heart must unclose,
And out floats the truth like the bee from the rose."

This chorus interrupts and mixes with the ballad of Lurline. The sparkling music of Mr. Wallace, however, here once more controverts the dogma of Herr Wagner. Rudolph's debut as a vocalist under water is in a *cavatina* ("Sweet form that on my dreamy gaze"—B flat major), which, though it can boast an elegant melody, is even more strictly noticed for the ingenuity of the accompaniments. Lurline's *brindisi*

(with chorus), "Take this cup of sparkling wine" (E flat major), which obtains an encore every evening, thanks to Miss Louisa Pyne's brilliant singing, is, in its chief feature, a sort of reminiscence of the old English nursery tune, "Girls and boys come out to play." The concerted piece (E flat minor and G flat major), where Liba and her companions avert the watchfulness of Zelleck, intrusted with the guardianship of his master's treasures, is animated and clever.

The introduction here of snatches of the foregoing air is felicitous; and the drinking song at the end (there are too many drinking songs and choruses), "As in this cup the bead flies up" (G minor and major), while in some passages too florid for Mr. Corri's method of vocalization, is eminently characteristic of the situation. Ghiva's ballad in the next scene ("Troubadour enchanting"—F major), almost primitive in its simplicity, is, nevertheless, extremely pretty and attractive. Miss Pilling (the new "contralto") sings it well, and, being invariably called for twice, it helps to lengthen the performance. A chorus of huntsmen ("Away to the chase"—E flat major) is one of the most vigorous pieces in the opera. The introductory symphony, with the unanticipated notes for various brass instruments, modifying the harmony of each section, is of itself remarkable, and the rest fully bears out the promise it entails. Rhineberg's ballad (B major), "The nectar cup may yield delight," (for which Mr. Santley's admirably expressive singing elicits an inevitable "encore"), is one of those model drawing-room ditties certain to gain the favor both of sentimental young gentlemen and sentimental young ladies, the especial delight of music publishers, and of which Mr. Balfe has invented the most admirable and popular specimens. The next piece, an "Ave Maria" (E major) supposed to be sung by Rudolph's friends in a boat on the Rhine, for the soul of their comrade, whom they imagine dead, while Rudolph, from his subaqueous and supernatural abode, actually overhears them, and responds to their appeal, is of a very different stamp. Nothing could be more beautiful of its kind, more ingeniously constructed and impressive.

The *finale* to the second act (chiefly in E major) is superior to that of the first. The incident is the return of the Rhine King, who, at Lurline's intercession, spares the life of Rudolph, and sends him back to his mortal home, loaded with treasures, amid the mutual despair of the lovers, who, resigned to fate, are still loth to part. The music here is thoroughly dramatic, and most skilfully composed, the grand passage of combination (or "ensemble") consisting of a large and energetic melody, upon which (as in some of the operas of Donizetti and Verdi) is brought to bear the united power of chorus and orchestra, while the voice of the [chief soprano (Lurline)] predominates over the rest, in high, prolonged, and resonant tones, until the culminating point is attained (as by the same originals) in a broad phrase of unison, allotted to all the voices, choral and solo, and all the instruments except those of the lower register.

The third act (prefaced by a capital orchestral interlude, in which an episode belonging to the overture, in F sharp minor, is developed with much interest and skill), although quite equal in interest to the others, must be more briefly dismissed. Rudolph's song, "My home, my heart's first home!" (A major) is another improved drawing-room ballad, inferior, however, to the one in which the Rhine King gives gushing expression to the sentiment of paternal love, and at the same time still more nearly shaped on some of the specimens to which Mr. Balfe owes so many laurels. "Gold and wine heal every care" (E flat major) is another extremely effective chorus for male voices, comprising, moreover, one or two novel points—as, for instance, the pauses at the end. As in the drinking chorus (Act I.), and the hunting chorus (Act II.), the execution of this piece confers the highest credit on the singers. The duet which follows, for Rudolph and Ghiva (B flat major), is, in a great measure, like the duet between the baron and the same lady (Act I.), a display for the orchestra, in which the fiddles shine to their heart's (strings?) content, while the voices are too frequently subordinate. It is clever, nevertheless, and would have more pretensions to be styled "original," but for the provokingly Auberish phrase occurring at the end of the second movement ("Telling of fond eyes that weep.") The short chorus of "storm-spirits" (same key), that ensues upon Ghiva's casting into the Rhine the magic ring she has snatched from Rudolph's finger, may pass as a mere allusion. Lurline's grand *scena* (beginning and ending in F major), "Sad is my soul," which includes two beautiful slow movements, the second one (a prayer in A flat major, "Oh, Thou, to whom this heart") to the melody allotted the stringed instruments in the opening of the overture, and terminating with an extremely spirited *allegro* ("As a bounding barque,")

is a very striking composition, in which the voice-part and orchestral accompaniments are alike interesting, while the dramatic feeling is sustained with unabated vigor to the end. This is one of the capital pieces of the opera, and in it Miss Louisa Pyne exhibits her finest singing, whether expression or fluent execution be taken into consideration. Scarcely less effective, while equally well written, is the duet (commencing and terminating in A major) where Lurline first reproaches Rudolph for losing her ring, and then restores it to him. Abounding in passionate phrases, although somewhat too lengthy, for the situation in which it occurs, this duet never once flags in interest. Both the foregoing would gain by being placed somewhat earlier in the opera. There still remain to be mentioned a lively chorus with ballet ("Now with joy each bosom beating"—D major), at the opening of the last scene, which might have fallen from Auber's pen without raising a doubt about its genuineness; and last (in some respects best of all), the unaccompanied quartet, for Lurline, Liba, Rhineberg, and Zelleck ("Though the world with transport bless me"—E flat major), which in every respect fully warrants the enthusiastic reception it meets with from the audience. A genuine English glee, with florid passages and *cadenza* for the principal voice (Lurline), this quartet is attractive enough to have saved a weak opera, and may be accepted as all the more remarkable, considering the effect it produces after so much that is excellent has gone before. In a word, it is a faultless example of vocal part writing, and everywhere as pleasing as it is ingenious. The *finale* to the third act is, according to precedent, the least ambitious of the three. The commencement (in D major), with the accompaniments in triplets for violins, again smacks of Auber. Lurline's exhortation to the Rhine to devote its waters to the destruction of the conspirators (which climbs, by an ordinary sequence of semitonic progressions, from A minor, through B flat minor, to B minor), and the storm-movement (in F sharp minor) that follows, where the first subject of the *allegro* in the overture is presented in the relative minor key, are undistinguished by any very salient characteristics; while the concluding vocal display for the *prima donna* is merely a repetition of Lurline's first air ("Flow on, oh silver Rhine," in the same key as in Act I.—E major*), embellished with ornaments and "bravura" traits to show off the neatness and brilliancy of Miss Louisa Pyne's vocalization. It brings down the curtain, however, with great animation, and is exactly fitted for the place it fills at the end of an opera, which, independently of its intrinsic merits, is the most successful dramatic work of a deservedly successful composer.

*We should have preferred the *finale* in D major, the key of the overture. "Pourquoi?" Mr. Wallace will ask, and we shall be at a loss to answer him. *Nous ne savons pas*; but we should have preferred it. *Voilà-tout*.

Liszt's "Tasso."

The *Century* of last week, after noticing the more familiar compositions given at the last Philharmonic Concert in New York, has the following comments on the new feature in the programme.

Finally comes the Symphonic Overture by Electorate Kapellmeister, Dr. Franz Liszt, which is by no means to be so readily assigned its place as the compositions of Beethoven, Von Weber, and music-master Hummel. The war of opinion still rages whenever the orchestral compositions of this wild son of genius are heard, or even his name mentioned. Whatever we may think or say of the merits of this work, we must at least thank the Society for giving it to us. The production of the compositions of Wagner and Liszt, show, that the directors are determined to keep pace with even the swiftest musical reformers of the age.

The climax of interest at the concert rested in this Symphony. Here was a new champion, a proclaimer of new truths, to be rehearsed after a new fashion—the head of a new school—the vanguard of the composers of "the music of the future."

The chief element of difference between Liszt and the older or classical masters, is in the theory held and acted on by the former that tone by itself is capable of conveying ideas, as ideas, and not as sentiments—that musical phrases may appeal to our *intelligence*, and that they are all-sufficient in themselves to convey their absolute meaning with very little or no aid from words. Therefore, while Mendelssohn, for example, will be content to give us a symphony which shall be a tone poem alone, and shall appeal to us only spiritually, and in a manner not capable of translation into words, any more than the scent of a flower can be so translated, Liszt says: "I will tell you a story by means of *tones*, and will so use the expressional instruments of my orchestra, that, if

you are bright, you may follow me through to the end." So much for the idea upon which the work is based; as to material means, of course he differs as widely in the use of these from such as Mendelssohn as he does in theory. Every instrument is called upon to do its utmost towards the production of the grand effect to be obtained. Whatever individuality or expressional force any instrument possesses, is tortured from it. The story must be told at all hazards, so that he who runs may hear. In the instance before us, the subject upon which this experiment has been made, is the story of Torquato Tasso; and Liszt has attempted to give us a biographical sketch of the life of that distinguished poet. Unfortunately, owing doubtless to a lack of musical intelligence on the part of the world in general, it has been found necessary to accompany the performance of the piece with a printed explanation, pointing out the course of principal events. By this aid the musical intention becomes sufficiently clear, and we are left at leisure to study the means employed in the production and development of the story. Here we find ourselves on new ground. The ear is assailed from every quarter by the most uncouth tones; abrupt sequences of harmony startle and confound us; dissonances of the most complex character vex the ear; discords are hung suspended never to be resolved; the orchestra is a great sea of turbulence and unrest. But out of this storm of discord come the violoncellos to our relief, with a charming little *cantaletto*, taken up again afterwards, and most felicitously, in a quicker *tempo*, and finally leading us into an heroic strain, strongly accentuated, and of much force and spirit. To the sway and pomp of this movement every instrument lends its strength, the kettle-drums being reinforced by their "big brother," the bass drum, and the trombones by their deep-throated friend the Ophicleide. Such a body of tone as is produced by a band of eighty performers so reinforced, is sufficient to carry everything before it—especially where the rhythm is strongly marked—the whole orchestral force bearing upon a single note in the bar, as in this case. At such times the audience feels the sway of the orchestra, and gives its applause freely enough, under the impression that a work that moves it so must certainly be very grand. Such is the ending of "Tasso—the lament and the triumph"—(*lamento e trionfo*.) We are forced to say that, however it may please, it is absolutely and radically a false work—false to the eternal laws of symmetry and beauty; and like all other untruths in art or in humanity, its relations with the beautiful are only specious, external, and momentary. A certain sensuous beauty it may have, just as a picture may have sensuous beauty of color, or a statue sensuous beauty of form; but they can only vitiate the taste that lends itself to their allurements, and must, if indulged in, mar all delicate perception of the calmly pure and serenely beautiful. It is the music of materialism.

The spirituality has gone out of it. The first offence is to take from music its own divine utterance, and to put in its place literalism, which is materialism; the second is to substitute violent color for simplicity of tone, abandoning the effects of melody for those of harmony, and leading the ear captive by splendid exaggerations. This is not the creative faculty which Beethoven had, (with what marvellous simplicity of means!) but the work of man's hands assured of death only, and not of immortality. It is easy to see how a musician of Liszt's power has been led into this error. In the first place, he was not born a creator of new things, but a splendid interpreter of the old. His transcriptions for the piano, of the compositions of others, are confessedly the best ever made; but it is as certainly impossible for a man to become a musical composer by dint of study, or by familiarity with the works of others, however extensive, as it is for one familiar with poetry to become a poet—the divine spark not having been born in him.

But Liszt was not content with the sphere of an interpreter. Having attained the highest living fame as a pianist, he wished to ascend still higher. He was a king at the piano: he did what he would with his audience; he commanded their smiles and their tears as he desired; he conveyed every mood and caprice of his mind to his instrument—swept its keys like a whirlwind, and held his auditors breathless with astonishment at the splendid audacity of his performance. Nothing appeared impossible—everything easy to his marvellous and mysterious power; and the instrument seemed subdued to his hand like a living creature. What wonder that he wearied of his absolute reign, and aspired to more daring conquests? What easier than to suppose that a great orchestra might vibrate to the wild promptings of his will as easily as the passive piano had done? How much grander a field—what exhaustless resources lay within his grasp? What undreamed of mysteries of tone might not be slumbering in the vast and untried

...the instrument, if only a man bold enough dare wave the wand and evoke them? Why might not that splendid *technique* that had worked like a spell of wonder on all hearers, be transferred to a grander arena, and so the author live long after his hand had lost its power, the founder of a new school—the great master who called forth the “music of the future?” Here were the means for the display of the wildest flights of genius—the great orchestra would climb up to heights to which the piano had no parallel, or sink to depths of which its heaviest chords were but a faint suggestion! The prospect was tempting, and the ambition of the man obtained the better of his discretion. We have here one of the results—“Tasso: a tone-poem.” The spirits of the orchestral deep have been evoked, and with a direful confusion of tone they have overwhelmed their would-be master in a surging chaos of sound.

A Letter of Mendelssohn.

[Written at the age of 15 years to Frederik Voigts, author of the book to the opera, *The Wedding of Camacho*, translated and communicated to the London Musical World by his fellow-student and friend, Dr. Ferdinand Rables.]

HONORED SIR,—Excuse me that my thanks for the excellent first act comes so late, as I would not express my gratitude before having acquainted myself thoroughly with its beauties; and having now done so, I find my thanks too feeble for such a masterpiece.

I shall endeavor to imitate your poetry; but feel afraid that I may not be able to express through my music those elevated impressions which it must produce on every one at the first reading, but hope with my ardent desire to try to do the utmost in my power. The first act is so beautiful and charming, that I anxiously wish to be in possession of the second as soon as possible, and beg of you to realize this favor at your earliest convenience.

You will kindly allow me to state the following remarks:

With regard to the verses and the diction of those parts, which are to be set to music, I have very seldom, I may say never, met before with such excellent ones, which in the first perusal have had the power of producing musical ideas in me. They are so smooth, so fitted to the adaptation of music, not too long, and contain all the qualities of a superior opera text.

As the numbers of pieces to be composed are too many, I make use of the liberty you kindly granted me in omitting the following ones, viz.—the arietta of Vivaldo, “My sword, my lyre;” the aria of Lucinda, “How inconvenient is a fortune;” and the immediate following air of Carrasco, “What a running;” because there would be seven music-pieces without an interspersed dialogue, by which the audience would be tired. The choruses of the cousins, in contrast to those which enter with Carrasco, please me exceedingly, and the short advice you give me, shows how I must set them to music.

I also must ask the favor not to divide the opera into three acts, but compress the whole in two, as agreed upon. Lately I saw *Hamlet*, in which a priest comes upon the stage and speaks, so I think we have got over the difficulties we thought we might encounter in bringing the clerical garb upon the scene. Let priest remain priest; but he must not be allowed to sing upon the stage: and the opera an opera in two acts. Amen!

What a fine fellow is Vivaldo, and an excellent part for a tenor singer, and as you will do away with Basilio's going through the air, I do not see any difficulty more in having a good singer for this part also. St. Peter may say, “Let every man have what belongs to him,” and so says the basso Sancho upon his gray mare.

The only favor I have again to ask you is, to let me have the second act, for which I am longing and very anxious; therefore be so good as to send it as soon as possible. I shall not feel happy before then. With my best thanks,

I remain, your obedient servant,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLODY.

P.S.—I wish so much to be in possession of the second act that I cannot commence to compose before I have reviewed the whole of it.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLODY.

Berlin, March 13, 1824.

Spohr's Letters from Paris.

(From Alexander Malibran's *Louis Spohr. Sein Leben und Wirken. Frankfurt am Main. J. D. Sauerland's Verlag, 1860.*)

I.

Paris, 18th December, 1820.

—With beating heart I drove through the *barrières* of Paris; the thought that I should now have the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with the artists whose works had inspired me in my very

earliest years, excited this lively sensation. I transported myself back in thought to the time of my boyhood, when Cherubini was my idol; for I had, through the French theatre, which then existed at Brunswick, an opportunity of knowing his works sooner even than those of Mozart. I recollected vividly the evenings when *Les Deux Journées* was given for the first time; how, quite intoxicated with the powerful impression the work had made upon me, I got the score the same evening, sitting up over it the whole night, and how it was principally this opera which gave me the first impulse to composition. I was now about to see its author, and many other men whose works had exerted the most decisive influence on my education as a composer and a violinist.

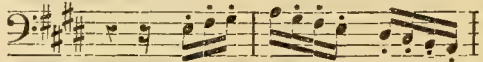
We were, therefore, scarcely housed, before I made it my first business to call upon several of these artists. I was received in a friendly manner by all, and a friendly intercourse speedily sprang up between myself and several of them. I had been told of Cherubini that, at first, he was reserved, nay, gloomy with strangers; I did not find him so. He received me, without my having brought any letters of introduction, in the most friendly way, and invited me to repeat my visit as frequently as I chose.

On the evening of our arrival, Kreutzer took us to the Grand-Opéra, where a ballet, *Le Carnaval de Venise*, with pleasing, characteristic music by himself, was represented. It is evident that the singers and dancers are accustomed to move about in a larger building; they exaggerate too glaringly for their present locality, which is very limited in comparison with the opera-house they have left. Several grand operas, especially those of Gluck, cannot now be given, since it has not been possible to obtain the necessary space even for the whole orchestra. People are, consequently, looking forward with the greatest eagerness to the completion of the new opera-house, which, however, no matter how actively the works are carried on, cannot be ready before the middle of next summer. Previously to the ballet, the opera, *Le Devin du Village*, words and music by Rousseau, was given. Ought we to praise or blame the fact that the French, side by side with the admirable things with which their operatic repertory has been enriched in the last twenty years, still give the very oldest productions imaginable; and is it a sign of an advanced and cultivated taste for art, that we see them welcome the oldest operas by Grétry, in all their harmonic poverty and incorrectness, with just the same enthusiasm or even still greater than the master-pieces of Cherubini and Méhul? It does not strike me so. What a time has elapsed since the operas of Hiller, Dittersdorf, and others of that period disappeared from our repertories, although these, in inward musical value, are far, far preferable to most of Grétry's. It is true that, on the other hand, it is very dispiriting that only what is new, however insipid and incorrect, finds currency among ourselves, many admirable older compositions being cast aside and forgotten in consequence. It is, however, to be considered a great point in favor of the Germans' taste for art, that Mozart's operas alone form an exception, and that, for more than thirty years, they have been given uninterruptedly at all German theatres; because it furnishes a proof that the German nation is at last penetrated with the perfection of these unsurpassable master-pieces, and, being convinced of this, will not be led astray, however far the sweet musical poison, that flows so copiously from the other side the Alps, should extend.

The orchestra of the Grand-Opéra contains, in comparison with other orchestras, the most celebrated and distinguished artists, but is said to be inferior in *ensemble* to that of the Italian Opera. I cannot yet give an opinion, as I have, at present, heard no other. In Herr Kreutzer's ballet, played with great precision by the orchestra, I was delighted with an oboe solo, performed in a masterly manner by Herr Vogt. This gentleman has succeeded in imparting to his instrument a perfect equality of tone and intonation throughout the whole compass, from C of the small octave, to F upon the fifth line of the staff, which is something in which nearly all oboists fail. His style is, moreover, full of grace and good taste.

A few days since, I was less pleased at the Grand-Opéra than on the first occasion. The opera was *Les Mystères d'Isis*. The complaints of Mozart's admirers are only too just of the transformation of the magnificent *Zauberflöte* into this piece of patchwork, which, on its production, was christened by the French themselves *Les Misères d'ici*. We must feel ashamed that it was Germans who committed this sin against the immortal master. Nothing has remained untouched, except the overture; everything else is jumbled together, changed and mutilated. The opera commences with the concluding chorus of *Die Zauberflöte*; next follows the march from *Titus*; and then, first one fragment and then another from

other operas of Mozart, and even a bit from a symphony by Haydn. Between all these, there is recitative, of Herr Lachnith's own manufacture. But worse than all is the fact that the adapters have put a serious text to many light, nay, comic parts of *Die Zauberflöte*, so that the music becomes simply a parody on the words and the situations. Thus, for instance, the Papagena here sings the characteristic air of the Moor: “Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden,” while the charming trio of the three boys: “Seid uns zum zweiten Mal willkommen,” is given by the three ladies. Out of the duet, “Bei Männern welche Liebe fühlen,” they have made a trio, etc. But, worst of all, they have taken the liberty of making changes in the score, thus, for instance, in the air, “In diesen heiligen Hallen,” at the words, “So wandelt er an Freundes Hand,” they have altogether omitted the imitative bass:



which is here indispensable, not only on account of the harmony, but also, referring to the “wandering,” is so characteristic; instead of this, the basses only give now and then the B natural. How flat and bald this passage, so often admired in Germany, thus sounds, you may easily imagine. Furthermore, the adapters have introduced violoncellos and double-basses into the music of the three ladies, where, in Mozart, the third vocal part is only strengthened and supported by the violins, so that the bass lies on three different octaves to these tender passages, treated only in three parts, which is insupportable to a cultivated ear. There are more offences of the same kind. We must do the French the justice to say that, from the very beginning, they decidedly disapproved of this Vandal-like mutilation of a great masterpiece (a mutilation, which, as they are unacquainted with the original, is not known to them in its full extent); but how comes it that, despite of this, the *Mystères* has remained for eighteen or twenty years quietly in their repertory, when the public here, as I see every day, reigns so despotically in the theatre, and can do whatever it likes?

The performance could not satisfy a German, as I am. Even the overture did not go as well as it should have done, when executed by so magnificent a body of distinguished artists. It was taken too quickly, and, towards the end, hurried on still more, so that, at last, the fiddlers could only play semi-quavers instead of quavers. The singers of the Grand Opéra, whose great merit may lie, perhaps, in declamatory singing, are but little fitted to render satisfactorily the tender strains of *Die Zauberflöte*. They sing with a sturdiness which destroys anything like tenderness. The *mise-en-scène*, as regards scenery, costumes, and dancing, is respectable, but not so splendid as I had expected. Yesterday we went to the Grand Opéra, for the third time, and saw *Clari*, a grand ballet in three acts, music by Kreutzer. Little as I like ballets, and little as pantomimic productions strike me as worth the outlay of artistic resources here lavished on them, I cannot deny that the Parisian ballets entertain a person very agreeably, until he is tired by the monotony of mimic movements, and still more by that of the dances. But, even when given as perfectly as it is here, pantomime, on account of the poverty of its signs, which always require a printed explanation, strikes me as being, when compared to declamatory dramatic productions, like a shadowy outline compared to a drawing. However it may be decked out by a golden background and ornamental accessories (as the ballet here is by the magnificence of the scenery and costumes), it merely presents us with outlines, and life is wanting. In the same way I feel inclined to account the drama, when compared to opera, as a drawing compared to a painting. It is through song that the poem first obtains color, and the song only is able, when supported by the power of harmony, to express those indescribable emotions of the soul, of which we have simply presentiments, and at which language must content itself with merely hinting. The music of *Clari* is very successful, and, especially in the second and third act, overpoweringly effective. It very much facilitates, by correct painting of the passions, the task of understanding the story, and contains a treasure of pleasing melodies, which we regret not to see belonging to an opera. Mlle. Bigottini played the principal part, and gave proofs of having deeply studied action and gesture. That, in very passionate situations, she worked up the expression of her countenance to grimace, may, perhaps, be justly attributed to the fact that, until now, she has always appeared in a large building, where, on account of the distance, great exaggeration was necessary. Perhaps, this only seems to me so, from my being a German, for the applause was never more tumultuous than when (so far as my feelings were concerned) she overstepped the limits of the Beautiful and the Graceful.

Before the ballet, they gave *Le Rossignol*, an opera in one act, on which is founded Weigl's German opera, *Nachtingall und Rabe*. The music of the French piece is insignificant, and only interested me by Herr Toulou's masterly rendering of a solo for the flute. It is impossible to hear a more beautiful tone than that which Herr Toulou obtains from his instrument. Since I heard him, it no longer strikes me as so unsuitable as it did for our poets to compare the harmony of a sweet voice to the tone of the flute.

Death of M. Jullien.

JULLIEN, the famous man of "monster concerts," died in Paris, in a lunatic asylum, on the 16th ult. *The Tribune* says: "The closing scene of his life was melancholy. While on the eve of carrying into execution plans for an orchestral campaign, more extensive and magnificent than even his previous exploits—embracing a tour throughout the whole civilized world, accompanied by an army of orchestral performers, vocalists, and men-of-all-work—just as he was collecting his forces at Paris for this purpose, he became harassed with pecuniary troubles to such an extent that first his health and then his reason gave way. In this condition he was conveyed to an Insane Hospital, where he died on the 16th day of March. Jullien was in his 48th year, having been born at Sisteron, an Alpine town, on the 23d of April, 1812. His father was bandmaster of a Swiss Regiment, and from him the boy learned the rudiments of the art in which he was to become renowned. Having lost a voice which was singularly beautiful and strong in childhood, he turned his attention more exclusively to orchestration; first learned the use of the violin, and successively studied the practice and capabilities of every orchestral instrument. When a young man he led a military life, conducting a regimental band, and being present at various battles, at one of which he was severely wounded in the shoulder. Finally, he went to Paris, where, receiving instruction from such masters as Cherubini and Rossini, his peculiar orchestral powers rapidly became developed, and he soon found himself before the public as director of the concerts of the Champs Elysées and the Royal Academy balls. The jealousy of rivals at his instantaneous popularity finally became powerful enough to drive him away from Paris, and he took refuge across the British Channel. Then at London, during twenty years, ensued a series of those grand popular triumphs which only Jullien could achieve, and with which our readers are familiar from their recollections of his late American campaign. It was in 1853-4 that he made the grand tour of the United States, accompanied by a monster orchestra, drawing great audiences, and admirably adapting our national melodies to the purposes of a multitudinous band. There was a marked scorn of conventionalism in his management. If he wished to produce a certain effect, and could only do so by the introduction of gun-shots and boatswain's whistles, the shots and whistles were fearlessly introduced. If his music was not classic, it had at least a certain largeness of combination, and was marvellously effective, as rendered by his own orchestra, under his own guidance. There is something inseparable between our recollections of the man and of a superb waistcoat and the whitest of perfumed gloves; but, for all the manner that seemed affectation and the elation so plainly visible after his conquest of applause, there was a real greatness in the power by which he brought a thousand performers into harmonious action, and carried the listener along, from the delicious fineness of a single violin note, through wave after wave of sound, to the grand clash and clang of the innumerable stringed and wind instruments, bells, and cymbals, and drums, that worked together to overwhelm us with the tempest of their sound."

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 28.—The Chamber Concert Union have given two concerts; one Tuesday of last week, and the other last evening.

PART I.

1. Trio in E flat op. 70. Beethoven
S. B. Mills, Ed. Mollenhauer and Ch. Brannes.

2. Adelaide. Beethoven
Mr. Millard.

3. Rhapsodie Hongroise, (first time). Liszt
William Saar.

PART II.

4. Sonata, in D minor, (first time). Schumann
Ed. Mollenhauer and William Saar.

5. Le Chemin du Paradis, Chanson. Blumenthal
Mr. Millard.

6. { a. Valse, Chopin
{ b. Polonaise in A flat, S. B. Mills.

PART I.

1. Trio No. 2, in F major, (first time). Schumann
Robert Goldbeck, Wm. Doehler and Ch. Brannes.

2. Mary's Dream, Song. Goldbeck
Dr. Guilmette.

3. Variations. (Etudes Symphoniques,) op. 13, (1st time)
. Schumann

William Saar.

PART II.

4. Adagio and Rondo, op. 70. Schubert
William Saar and Wm. Doehler.

5. Pierre L'Ermite, Scène Dramatique. Membree
Dr. Guilmette.

6. Scherzo in B flat minor. Chopin
Robert Goldbeck.

7. Nocturne, (Trio) op. 143, (first time). Schubert
William Saar, Wm. Doehler and Ch. Brannes.

It is greatly to the credit of several of our resident pianists, that they have thus undertaken to make music, of the kind in question, more popular with our public than it has been. I fear, however, that their chances of success are very small, when their first concert called forth, in one of our best papers, the *Evening Post*, a notice like the following, in which I give you, at the same time, a specimen of New York criticism.

The First Soirée of the "Chamber Concert Union" attracted a good audience last evening at Goldbeck's Music Hall, and the programme was adhered to with the exception of the piece of the evening, namely, Schumann's sonata for piano and violin, which Mr. Mollenhauer could not remain long enough to play. We regard the Beethoven trio in E flat as one of the least interesting of all he has written. It was tedious, and the names of the movements were omitted on the programme, a grave error where classical music is performed. Mr. Mills showed that, however excellent as a solo pianist, his playing in concerted music (at least of this character) does not do him as much credit. He played too loudly, and the trip-hammer style of which he is master marred the effect of many passages. Mr. Saar was warmly applauded. Millard was the vocalist of the evening. The programme of the entertainment was, on the whole, rather dry. To please any other than an entirely Teutonic audience, the projectors of this series of "chamber concerts" should not confine themselves too exclusively to composers whose merit every one is willing to acknowledge, but to whose music very few will consent to listen.

Allow me upon this to give my opinion, that the trio, though not equal to some others of the master, is still very beautiful, and that it was rendered by Mr. MILLS in a masterly manner. To me, this was the piece of the evening, although I regretted the omission of Schumann's Sonata, for which many excuses were made by Mr. Goldbeck. Mr. SAAR has improved greatly in his performance; he plays with more force and greater nicety. A little more poetry infused into his rendering of the music he gives us, however, would do no harm. Mr. MILLARD has a fine voice, though no great compass. His enunciation is execrable. He was half through the "Adelaide," before one could distinguish in what language he was singing it. His whole rendering of this gem, indeed, was exceedingly unsatisfactory, too hurried, and too milk-watery. His pronunciation of the refrain "Adelaide," with the third and fourth syllables drawn into one, like *i* in *mine*, was simply ridiculous. Mr. Mills was encored after his last piece, and gave an arrangement of "Hail Columbia," with which he had the good taste not to unite "Yankee Doodle."

The trio by Schumann in the second concert is not one of his clearest, and must be heard more than once to be appreciated. So too the variations. Both were well played, i. e., the first as far as the piano was concerned. Mr. DOEHLER has a clear tone, but not enough force nor spirit to appear to advantage in concerted music. This appeared, too, in the charming Rondo of Schubert, where the piano, rather too loudly played, sometimes almost drowned the violin. The trio by Schubert, quite short, and only in one movement, is charming, and was done justice too in all parts. In Chopin's beautiful scherzo Mr. GOLDBECK appeared to the greatest advantage; he played it admirably, and won the heartiest applause. The "Union" seemed doomed to disappointments, for on this occasion Dr. GUILMETTE had been taken ill, and could not appear. Mr. Mil-

lard kindly took his place, and sang an Italian aria, and a pretty little French song, "*Deux a deux*" from Halevy's *L'Eclair*. The third concert is announced for next Tuesday.

In compensation for the musical dearth of the past winter, we are being overwhelmed with concerts now. Most persons, however, would probably prefer a musical entertainment every week or two during the winter, to one every few days for five or six weeks. Following close upon the first Chamber Concert, was the Philharmonic, last Saturday. The orchestral pieces were Beethoven's lovely Second Symphony, a *Poeme Symphonique*, by Liszt, and the ever fresh and beautiful *Freyschütz* overture.

Of the first and last nothing need be said, except that they were very well played. Than Liszt's composition nothing could be more incoherent and *outré*. The fourth hearing of it brought me no nearer the solution of its mysteries than the first. The analysis, too, given on the programme, only

"Made the case darker

Which was dark enough without."

Mme. GRAEVER-JOHNSON played Hummel's A minor concerto with great precision, force, and spirit. It is a much admired piece, and has many great beauties, but also many tedious passages, and I sigh to think how much Hummel has to answer for, by being the originator of the deluge of modern brilliant "Salon-music" which, in the mere mechanical imitation of one branch of his style, without his genius, has become insufferable. Mme. Johnson also played a couple of insignificant pieces by Littolf, and in answer to an encore, Taubert's graceful little *Campagna*. Signor CENTEMERI, an Italian, with a remarkably fine baritone voice, and good school, was the vocalist of the evening, and sang a couple of arias, by Verdi and Donizetti, which were not quite worthy of a place in a Philharmonic programme.

For to-morrow night Mr. SATTER announces a concert, and next week holds out the prospects of several like entertainments. So you will hear from me oftener for a while than you have lately had occasion to. One thing more: the Philharmonic Society announce the Ninth Symphony for their last concert, with the assistance of the Liederkrantz. Think of our having the whole of the Choral Symphony, with a good chorus, twice in one winter! You had better appoint a delegation to come on and hear it for the Bostonians. — t —

NEWPORT, R. I., MARCH 20.—I wish I could say that the churches in this city, of which there are twelve or fourteen, were all blessed with good music. Some of them, however, are favored in this respect. The Catholic church, of which devotion to art, is characteristic has a very accomplished organist (Mr. PAYNE), and some admirable voices in the choir. Trinity Church (Episcopalian) has a choir of boys, under the direction of Mr. TOURJEE. This, I believe, is altogether a new feature in the church music of our city. It was introduced by Mr. Tourjee, who, possessing great energy and enthusiasm in his profession, has made it quite attractive.

The Philharmonic Society, conducted by Mr. T. W. WOOD, have given us two concerts this winter, and will soon favor us with a third. The Society had crowded houses each time; their performances exhibited very thorough drill and preparation; and their selection of music was of a very elevated character. Mr. Wood, indeed, possessing thorough culture himself, has inspired the Society with great zeal, so that they do not shrink from the most classic music; and, we are happy to say, that, in the execution even of the most difficult pieces, they exhibit great skill and correctness. In this respect we think the Society deserves great credit; for, while the popular ear does not demand the best style of music, they have steadfastly brought forward the most elevated pieces. In this manner, we think the musical taste

of our community has perceptibly improved. It may be mentioned that among the pieces at their last concert were, "Now the Philistines," "Hallelujah Chorus," Benedict's chorus, "Joy, freedom to-day." A duo for violins, by Mr. Wood and his brother, exhibited exquisite time and admirable expression.

There is an Antiquarian Musical Society in this city, the object of which is to revive some of the good tunes of lang syne. Singing, as yet, is not taught in our public schools.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 7, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—By some unaccountable mistake, our last number contained four more pages of the "May Queen" Cantata, instead of the introductory pages of the piano-forte arrangement of WEBER'S *Freyshütz*, which had been prepared, and were announced accordingly. We give them now, and shall continue the opera at intervals until it is completed.

Mr. Eichberg's Concert.

We do not often find a musical entertainment so fresh and enjoyable throughout, as was the Complimentary Concert given in the Bumstead Hall, last Saturday evening, for JULIUS EICHBERG. The programme was choice, classical, happily varied and of just the right length. Indeed the evening, pleasant as it was, seemed short.

1. First Concerto, for Violin, in A minor, (1st time in America.) S. Bach
Mr. Eichberg and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club.
2. Cavatina from the opera "La Juive," Halevy
Mrs. Harwood.
3. Tartini's Dream, a celebrated Sonata, composed in 1690
..... Tartini
Mr. Eichberg.
4. Turkish Drinking Song, (by request,) Mendelssohn
Orpheus Glee Club.
5. { *a. Allegretto*,
 b. Fairy Legend,
 c. Sérénade Genoise, } for Violin, Viola and Violoncello,
 from op. 23. J. Eichberg
Messrs. Eichberg, Meisel and W. Fries.
6. Lied, (with Violoncello obbligato, by Mr. W. Fries. Möring
Mrs. Harwood.
7. La Pavane, (Con Sordino,) Ancient Dance.
Mr. Eichberg.
8. *a. Slumber Song* O. M. von Weber
 b. Beware Girschner
Orpheus Glee Club.
9. Concertino for four solo violins. Eichberg
Messrs. Schultze, Meisel, Coenen and Eichberg.

We have more than once spoken of Mr. Eichberg as the most masterly and artistic violinist whom we have among us. It does not seem quite right that such a classical, high-toned musician should have to earn his bread by the drudgery of preparing and presiding over the cheap, humdrum music of the Museum theatre. Yet it is proof of strength and manliness that he submits to it cheerfully, doing his best within the scope allowed to raise that music, while he is still faithful to his own higher artist aspirations. We could not see, by his performances on Saturday, that any virtue had gone out of him; he played with as much artistic style and earnestness as ever, and gave us satisfactory renderings of noble old works, as well as some interesting specimens of his own original production.

A large, firm, evenly sustained, noble execution is but the natural result of such familiarity as Mr. Eichberg has cultivated with the violin works of Bach and old Italian masters. The Bach Concerto was strong, hearty, honest music; quite as remarkable for hearty, genial, strong humanity, as for the masterly contrapuntal skill with which its unity in variety is preserved. It was finely played, and put one in a sound and whole-

some appetite for what should follow. The "Dream," or *Teufels-Sonata*, of the old maestro Tartini is a famous work, for our only hearings of which here in Boston we have been indebted to Mr. Eichberg, nor could we wish a better interpreter. There is soul and genial fancy in the composition. The devil's part in it, the peculiar freak of virtuosity which gives the sonata its Italian name, *Il trillo del diavolo*, seems an anticipation of the modern showy virtuoso style. This might be called tracing a thing to its first source.

The old dance, called *Pavane*, is a quaint, hurdy-gurdy-ish sort of a thing, with quite a captivating melody, and was nicely rendered. Of Mr. Eichberg's Concertino for four solo violins, without speaking critically, we may say that it proved an ingenious, pleasing and effective piece. There was more richness than we could have supposed in the combination of four such equals, as if it were four prime donne without tenore or basso, and the alternating, commingling streams flowed smoothly and melodiously on. Mr. LEONHARD accompanied at the piano. Mr. E.'s smaller pieces we were obliged to lose, but understand that they gave pleasure.

The part-songs contributed by the Orpheus Club were three of their most captivating. The cunning little *Hüte dich!* (Beware!) still keeps its freshness; it was too good and too short to escape repetition, as it did. The voices sounded better in the hall than they did a few weeks since; this was quite perceptible in the sustained *Pianissimo* of Weber's exquisite little *Slumber Song*, a piece, with all its simplicity, most difficult to render as the Orpheus did it. Mrs. HARWOOD's voice, in her first piece, was overloud for such a hall; yet much was finely executed, and the voice in its middle and lower range is exceedingly rich and beautiful. In the *Lied*, accompanied so feelingly by WULF FRIES, she was very happy, not exerting her organ so painfully. Indeed it was a charming piece of singing. Why do we so seldom hear this lady?

Drayton's Parlor Operas.

We attended the second of these novel and agreeable entertainments, in the New Melodeon, (a very pleasant, clean and airy hall, by the way, with comfortable seats), on Tuesday evening. The audience was not, in numbers, what we had expected or what the entertainment merited. For really it was a very genial, tasteful, easy, natural union of acting and singing, in a very simple, unexceptionable form—but all so cleverly done, so artistically, with so much of a certain French ease and liveliness, as to make it a refreshing rarity in these parts. There is no vulgar clap-trap, nothing coarse or violent about it; it is the genteel comedy of music. A nice little orchestra, about a dozen instruments, play you an overture—new in name, not new in sound, but well enough; the handsome curtain parts to either side, revealing a genteel little parlor scene, and the dramatis personæ, only two in number, Mr. and Mrs. HENRI DRAYTON, proceed to interest you, now by talking, now by singing, in the unfolding of a sentimental comic little drama, the first part of which is called "Love is blind," the second, "Never too late to mend," the lady passing herself off as two characters. They are both very clever actors, and the humor of the thing grows irresistible towards the end.

Mr. DRAYTON, a fine, manly looking person,

full of vivacity, has an uncommonly rich and marrowy bass voice, and is equally good in tossing off a strong and hearty old English song, in expressive sentimental *cantabile* (where he modulates his voice with great delicacy, sustaining and diminishing a note finely), and in voluble *parlando*. Mrs. DRAYTON is a pleasing actress, with a plenty of pretty *espieglerie*. Her voice is very sweet and musical, finely drawn out in high and liquid passages, but with a certain filmy veil over it (possibly the effect of a cold that evening); some low tones surprised by their richness. Her execution is smooth and graceful.

The music itself consists of shreds and straws gathered from all quarters and ingeniously woven into the little bird's nest of an opera; the plot being so managed as to afford plenty of opportunities for "introducing a song." Altogether there is a refined and parlor air about the whole thing, which may not make it popular with a Negro Minstrel public, but must surely win its way with those who like a quiet, genial, home-like sort of evening amusement. The Draytons, in their very limited experiment, do much; while they suggest how much more might be done, with say four instead of two such clever artists; chorus might also be added. Private parlors may well take a hint from them.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

We have already mentioned the concert tour which these five long-united and accomplished musicians are about to make to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, &c. We earnestly commend them to those who have a love for chamber music in those cities. For eleven years these gentlemen have furnished us in Boston with our regular supplies of classical Quartet, Quintet and Trio music. They have made us acquainted with most of the important works in these forms by Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, with not a few specimens of Schubert, Schumann, Gade, Cherubini and many others. We do not call them perfect interpreters; for a perfect Quartet is the rarest thing in the world of music, even in Germany or England. But they have given us many a memorable feast, and have done a vast deal in awakening and cherishing a love for such music both in Boston and the whole country round. In all the musical places of New England they are known and valued.

Of course they will unlock some of their pure classical stores wherever they go. But they are equally furnished and expert in music of a lighter and more miscellaneous character, arrangements from operas, solos, variations, &c. Each of the five is a skilful solo-player, and that skill not confined to the stringed instruments; one can turn his hand to a flute, another to a clarinet upon occasion, and thus they make out a nice little quasi-orchestral accompaniment to the voice, in airs and scenes out of Mozart's operas, and other vocal pieces. This time they take with them one of our best native singers, Mrs. J. H. LONG, who will add greatly to the interest of their concerts. We look for good accounts of their reception in the cities where they shall make known their quality.

Musical Chit-Chat.

To-night, it is presumed, we all "assist" at the first taste of a new American opera, (to be given, however, Cantata-wise—if it were on Sunday evening we should say Oratorio-wise—without scenery or costume), in the Music Hall. American, we mean, in subject, it being Longfellow's "Miles Standish," run into libretto mould by Mr. C. T. CONGDON—and in the fact that its composer, Mr. FRANZ KIELBLOCK,

has for years resided in this country and found his inspirations here, as well as in the musical masters of his Fatherland. The piece has been diligently rehearsed under Carl Zerrahn, and the performance will be conducted by the composer himself. It will be sung by Mr. WEINLICH as Miles Standish, Mrs. HEYWOOD as Priscilla, Mr. C. R. ADAMS as John Alden, Mr. GEORGE WRIGHT, JR., as Elder Brewster, with a large volunteer chorus, supported by the orchestra of the Philharmonic Concerts. We are told that it bids fair to become popular.

The preparations for the Complimentary Concert to CARL ZERRAHN are nearly completed, and all augurs success. The orchestral pieces will be Beethoven's Fourth Symphony (in B flat), and the overtures to *Leonore* and *Tannhäuser*. The Orpheus Glee Club will sing some of their best, and so will Mrs. HARWOOD. . . . The principal features in the Afternoon Concert this week were Beethoven's Symphony, No. 1; the *Hebrides* overture by Mendelssohn, again; the *Lohengrin* finale, and Schubert's "Eulogy of Tears." This was the twenty-second concert of the season, and it is announced that only two more will be given. We trust the public will turn out in such force as to demand a much longer continuance of them. . . . The "Messiah" was performed last week by the Montreal Oratorio Society—choruses and solos good, it is said, but the orchestra consisting of only eight or nine instruments.

The operas in New Orleans during the few past weeks have been, *Martha*, *Il Barbiere*, the *Huguenots*, *Rigoletto*, *Norma*, &c. Mme. GAZZANIGA has given a concert there, with the tenor Tamaro, M. Berthal, basso, of the Orleans theatre, Sig. Albites, and a young pianist, Henry Sanderson, who is much praised. . . . Mme. ANNA BISHOP was creating a sensation in Texas. . . . The New Orleans Classic Music Society gave for its fifth concert Beethoven's "Heroic Symphony," overtures by Weber, Rossini and Mendelssohn, an Andante by Haydn, &c. Both COLSON and PARODI were expected in that city. . . . The Springfield Republican says:

It is a fact, perhaps not generally known, that Springfield people are indebted to the original P. T. Barnum for the parlor operas which were given in this city last week by Mr. and Mrs. Drayton. He hired them in England and brought them over here, and ever since they have been in this country they have been in his employ, though he has been behind the scene. To Barnum's shrewdness may be attributed in part their success, and to that in part his own recovery from his late financial prostration.

The last volume of the new American Cyclopaedia contains an article on Haydn, in which it is said that a French traveller in 1782, wrote the following account of Prince Esterhazy's orchestra:

"Esterhazy's orchestra is one of the best I ever heard, and the great Haydn is his court and theatre composer. He (the count) often engages a troupe of wandering players for months at a time, and he himself, with a few officials and servants, form the entire audience. They are allowed to come upon the stage uncombed, drunk, their parts not half learned, and half dressed. The prince is not for the serious and the tragic, and he enjoys it when the players, like Sancho Panza, give loose reins to their humor. For this man the witty and jocose Haydn, ever ready with new and excellent music, was just the man."

Little PATTI was announced in Philadelphia this week to sing both in *Martha* and in *Don Pasquale*. The "Sicilian Vespers" for Tuesday evening; and on Wednesday the Ullman-Strakosch season was to close. . . . The Cæcilia Society in Cincinnati performed at their fifth concert, March 20, the third scene from the first act of Wagner's *Lohengrin*; an Andante and variations, for two pianos, by Schumann; the Terzet from *Fidelio*; songs by Robert Franz, &c. Herr RITTER is the conductor. The Männerchor in the same city are rehearsing Lortzing's *Czar und Zimmermann*. . . . The young American violinist, H. VAUGHN, of whose successful studies in Germany our "Diary" has informed us, has returned to Cincinnati, which place is his home.

The New York Sängerbund has established a singing school for beginners, which already numbers about 250 scholars, under the instruction of Herr Methfessel. . . . In Chicago a series of six so-called classical concerts has been commenced. The programme of the first contains the name of Meyerbeer three times, that of Beethoven once; also Brahms once, a song by Franz, &c. . . . CARL BERGMANN was to give a concert in New York, the programme including: Schubert's D minor Symphony (a piano-forte arrangement of which by Carl Klauser, of Farmington, Ct., is soon to be published); *Les Préludes*, by Liszt; Beethoven's *Leonore* overture, No. 3; "The Lord's Supper," a biblical scene for male voices and orchestra, by Wagner; and concertos for piano and for violoncello.

The letters of FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY are soon to appear in print in Germany, edited by his brothers, Droysen and Paul Mendelssohn. . . . "LOUIS SPOHR, *Sein Leben und Wirken*" (his life and labors) is the title of the biography just published, written by his pupil, Alexander Malibran. Spohr's autobiography will also soon appear. . . . ELISE POLKO, some of whose charming musical tales and sketches we have been giving to our readers, has published a musical romance, entitled "Faustina Hasse."

One of our young American singers, it would seem, has "taken Holland." She came from Albany, which may account for it. We read:

Miss HINCKLEY, the American prima donna, recently had a great success in Amsterdam. She sang in the opera of *Linda*, in presence of the Queen of Holland, who came and took her by the hand, and thanked her for the great pleasure afforded by her singing. Her Majesty has spoken of the young vocalist very often, and says that she has been dreaming of her ever since, "she looked so pretty." At Utrecht she sang, and after the concert she was serenaded by the students, who came in a torchlight procession, and the lady was called out upon the balcony of her hotel, and saluted with huzzas and fireworks. A banquet was also prepared in her honor. At Rotterdam, also, her success was brilliant.

Fast day in Worcester was to be improved by the performance of Haydn's "Seasons," with selections from Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn, by the Mozart Society, which has received a large accession of members, and has organized an orchestra under the leadership of GEORGE P. BURT. . . . Springfield, on the same day, was to receive a visit from the Hartford Beethoven Society, who were to perform the "Messiah." . . . We congratulate the good people of Springfield on the acquisition of so good a pianist and teacher, and so gentlemanly a man, as Señor CASSERES, the young West Indian, who gave one or two concerts in this city a year since. During his stay in Canada he has gained health and control of nerves, and has now settled down in Springfield for the good, we trust, of numerous pupils. Of an invitation concert, which he gave there on Monday, the Republican says:

The concert was a decided success, so far as it vindicated the high reputation which Mr. Casseres has brought with him from Europe and our own eastern cities. His great excellence consists in the precision and delicacy of his touch, and the taste of his musical articulation. If we were to criticize him at all, we should say that his playing lacks the power which is necessary for brilliant success in the concert room. He loves to let his fingers glide delicately over the keys, bringing out the sweetest harmonies and modulation, as if seeking rather to please himself or a listener leaning over the piano, than to startle and electrify an audience. His playing is eminently sympathetic, and is better calculated to win him reputation in drawing rooms or at a chamber concert, than in rooms as large as the Music Hall. He labored last night, however, under the disadvantage of having only a square piano, which, though a finely tuned instrument, lacked the volume necessary for the room and for the music. An offer of one of Chickering's grand pianos, obligingly made by the manufacturers, came to late, we understand, for Mr. Casseres to avail himself of it. We felt the want of it throughout the evening, and especially in Beethoven's magnificent

sonata in A. flat (the world-famous Opus 26) with which the concert ended. In spite of his fatigue after two hours' playing, Mr. Casseres rendered it admirably, and we were gratified with the impression which this grandest of musical utterances (?) made for the first time on a Springfield audience.

In Montreal they are organizing a Choral Society, partly for the performance of a Cantata, by a resident composer, M. Sabatier, in honor of the approaching visit of the Prince of Wales, and partly with the permanent end of uniting musicians and amateurs in the practice of good music. The COOPER troupe are to open there on the 9th. . . . An exchange paper tells us:

There are now in Florence, Miss Field, Miss Fay and Miss Chapman, of Boston, and Miss Bodenheimer, of New York, as well as others from different parts of the country, in training either as amateur or professional singers. Miss Greenough, gifted with one of those sweet and bird-like voices such as one does not often hear, after some months' instruction there, has recently left for Rome. Of those in training as professional singers, without doubt Miss Chapman promises best, says a correspondent of the Times.

A writer in the Albany Journal, "G. W. W."—the initials of a well-known organist and teacher there—endorses all that was said here last summer of the great organ built for that city by Messrs. Simmons and Willcox. He says:

The Grand Organ in the New St. Joseph's Church is at last completed, and our musicians have already had a taste of its superlative merits, thanks to the kindness of Mr. Willcox, who is one of the builders and also most certainly one of the very best organists in this country. This instrument is by all odds the largest and most complete yet erected in America and is a monument of skill and musical science on the part of the builders, which will carry their fame throughout the continent. This organ was exhibited at the factory in Boston last Spring and brought out such encomiums from the press, including the musical papers, and such an ovation from the profession, that its prestige has made all persons interested in the King of Instruments most anxious to hear it. At this time it will be impossible to describe why this organ is so remarkable, except to say that it numbers the most pipes (especially those of large calibre) all of which are of extra quality of metal and of the choicest voicing. That its mechanism is a wonder and it must be said of intricate simplicity. That it possesses all the modern effects of action, couplings and variety in stops, which have made the celebrity of the large cathedral organs of Europe; in fact, that nothing has yet been done in this country which can be compared on a level with this organ of the new St. Joseph's Church.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* translates the following: March 10.—Last evening, at the Grand Opera, took place the first performance of *Pierre de Medicis*, an opera in four acts and seven tableaux, words by Messrs. St. George and Emilien Pacini, music by Prince Poniatowski. The house was splendid to look at. As it had been announced in the bills that every place was taken in advance, the box-offices were not even open.

The Emperor and Empress, Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde, all the great officers of the Crown, all the ladies of the Court, half of the Senate, all the aristocracy of Paris, all the diplomacy, in fact all that Paris regards as celebrities in letters and in the arts, were present, making the most brilliant public that can be imagined. The ladies were in ball dress, very much décolletées and covered with diamonds. The theatre was illumined by them. The Empress wore a simple dress of lace, with a diadem of diamonds.

Rossini, the master of Prince Poniatowski, and who loves him much, was not present at the performance, but he had been at the general dress rehearsal on Wednesday last. This was the first time he had consented to set foot in the opera for twenty-five years. After hearing the work, the master complimented the Prince and said to him: "Ah, my friend, I was more excited than you, this evening."

Pierre de Medicis, son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, became sovereign of the States of Florence, Pisa, &c., in 1492, on the death of his father. He was a young prince of dissolute habits, very cruel, and yet of weak character. His subjects revolted against him, and his brother, Julien de Medicis, succeeded him.

The scene opens at Pisa. Pierre has come thither,

attracted by his love for the fair Laura Salvati, niece of the Grand Inquisitor, Fra Antonio. Laura is in love with, and is loved by, Julian de Medicis, the duke's brother. The scene represents the grand saloon of the ducal palace, on the triumphal arrival of Pierre de Medicis. After showing himself to his people, he remains alone with the Grand Inquisitor and asks him for the hand of his niece. He sings to him,

"D'elle j'attends son coeur, devous j'attends sa main,"

and for this reward he promises the ambitious monk that he shall share his power with him.

The scene changes to the chamber of the Countess Laura Salvati. Her ladies of honor are preparing her evening toilette. Left alone, she sings a love song. Soon Julien arrives. He tells Laura that Pierre wishes to marry her, and he urges her to fly with him to seek happiness in another land. She resists, and the act closes with this duo.

In the second act, we are in the gardens of the palace of the Dukes of Medicis at Pisa. Pierre is giving a *fête* to the people. In the back ground is a fountain of real water, which obtained a success of enthusiasm. The assembled people are present; soldiers and peasants are playing at a game which turns into a quarrel. Knives are drawn, but the procession which appears stops the struggle and the *fête* begins. This *fête* is a mythological ballet—the loves of Diana and Endymion. Diana, the great huntress, is in turn hunted; Love pursues her and hurls a dart at her. Diana, wounded in the heart, loves Endymion, and shows her love to him in a lively, animated dance. The ballet closes and the gardens of the city of Pisa, suddenly illuminated, are seen. The illumination is made with gas, although it was unknown in the days of the Medicis.

During the *fête*, the Grand Inquisitor informs Pierre that his brother is his rival, and Pierre, to rid himself of Julien, appoints him Grand Admiral and Commander of the fleet which is to go to fight against the infidel. Laura, who learns that all is lost, consents to fly with Julien.

In the third act we are introduced to a fisherman's house on the banks of the Arno. It is here that Laura is to meet Julien. She comes, but she has been followed. The Grand Inquisitor and Pierre de Medicis hasten to prevent her flight. Laura formally refuses the hand of Pierre, who exclaims: "You refuse my hand? Then be the bride of heaven!" Nuns enter, take possession of Laura, and lead her away. The scene changes to the Campo Santo at night time. Julien is at prayer before his mother's tomb, when news is brought to him that Laura has been arrested and thrown into a cloister. Julien's friends surround him and offer to restore the woman he loves. The conspirators swear to conquer or die, and they hasten away to the combat.

The first tableau of the fourth act shows a tavern where some soldiers are drinking, while a party of young girls are dancing the *trescone*. Pierre de Medicis arrives alone, pale, wounded, holding in his hand his broken sword. He has been deserted by his friends in the melee; he has repented what he has done, and wishes to hasten and restore Laura to her father. Will he arrive in time?

The scene changes to a cloister. A procession of inquisitors and nuns passes. Laura appears in the dress of a bride—the bride of heaven. The ceremony of taking the veil takes place. Laura's hair falls under the sacred steel. Suddenly a great tumult outside is heard. The cloister doors, broken down by blows of axes, fall to pieces. Pierre de Medicis, dying, enters, supported by Julien, and cries "Stop!" He advances and restores Laura to his brother; but the Grand Inquisitor, pointing to Laura, stops them with a gesture, saying "she belongs to Heaven." Pierre expires, Julien seems paralyzed with grief; the nuns lead off Laura, and the curtain falls.

The third act is richer than the two preceding, if not in the number, at least in the value of its pieces. It contains among other beautiful things a Prayer to the Virgin, sung by Laura, a trio by Pierre, Laura and Fra Antonio, in which Obin makes a great point, and finally the air of Julien in the Campo Santo, for which Bonnehé was called out. In the fourth act the chorus of drinkers and the finale deserves praise. For the rest, the score is hard to analyze. There is not in it a single piece that does not show happy intentions, interesting details and very skilful instrumental combinations.

The performance was excellent. Mme. Gueymard-Lauters alone would have secured success. Gueymard, Obin and Bonnehé sang very well. Mme. Ferraris danced with infinite talent and success in the ballet of Diana. A young dancer, Mme. Fiocre, is charming in the part of Love.

The work is mounted with great splendor. The costumes are extraordinarily rich, the decorations very fine. The first, second, third and last tableau

produce great effect. The fifth tableau, the Campo Santo by moonlight, is marvellous. It is positively asserted that the *mise en scène* of this opera cost 125,000 francs.

London.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—Dr. Wylde has this year again taken the field early, and again taken the initiative in the great classic performances of the season. The director and conductor of the New Philharmonic Concerts has issued his prospectus, but stands pledged to nothing definite. He intimates persistence in his former course of administration, and proclaims non-interference with the open policy of the Musical Society of London, especially that part of it which holds out a protective hand to the British musician. The first concert of the ninth season was given on Monday evening week. The programme was as follows:

Overture (Abenceragen). Cherubini
Aria, "Parto, ma tu ben mio". Mozart
Concerto in E minor, violin and orchestra. Spohr
Chorus (Ruins of Athens). Beethoven
Romanza ed Aria, "Einst trüme," (Der Freischütz). Weber
Symphony in B flat. Beethoven
Concerto in G minor, pianoforte and orchestra. Mendelssohn
Sarabanda e Gavotte, violoncello. Bach
Madrigal, "In going to my lonely bed". Edwards A.D. 1560
Aria, "Batti, batti". Mozart
Overture (Ruler of the Spirits). Weber
—London Musical World, March 3.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—Probably a larger audience was never assembled in St. James's Hall—which, though calculated to admit two thousand persons, was by no means sufficiently spacious to accommodate more than three-fourths of the amateurs of classical music who applied for admission at the doors—than at the eleventh concert. Many hundreds were unavoidably denied admission, and almost as much money was "returned" as would have made an ordinarily successful evening. The programme was as follows:

Quintet, in A, stringed instruments and clarinet. Mozart
Song, "Soft and bright". H. Smart
Song, "I quit my pillow" (Don Quixote). Macfarren
Sonata, in A flat, pianoforte, "Plus Ultra". Dussek
Sonata, in E flat major, for pianoforte and clarinet. Weber
Song, "Adelaide". Beethoven
A Lullaby, "Golden slumbers kiss your eyes". 17th Century
Quartet, in D major, op. 18. Beethoven
Conductor—Mr. Benedict.

The concert of Monday week, (the first of the new series, the thirteenth of the second season), was one of the greatest possible interest. It was composed entirely of works, vocal and instrumental, of the Italian masters. The selection was as follows:

Quintet, in A major, for two violins, viola, and two violoncellos. Boccherini
Aria, "Resta in pace, idolo mio" (Gi' Orazi ed i Curiazi). Cimarosa
Recitativo e Rondo, "Ah non sai qual pena". Sarti
Scena Tragica—Grand Sonata, in G minor, for pianoforte alone (Didone Abbandonata). Clementi
Duetto, "Cantando un' di". Clari
Aria, "Com'ape ingegnosa" (Tarara). Salieri
Quartet, in E flat (No. 5), two violins, viola, and violoncello. Rossini
Grand Quartet, in E flat major, for two violins, viola, and violoncello. Cherubini
Grand Aria, "Se il ciel mi divide" (Didone Abbandonata). Puccini
Capriccio (Moto Continuo), violin alone. Paganini
Aria—Almaviva—"Io son Lindoro" (Barbiere di Siviglia). Paesiello
Duetto—Almaviva and Bartolo—"O che umor" (Barbiere di Siviglia). Paesiello
Terzetto—Rosina, Almaviva, and Bartolo—"Ah chi sa questo suo foglio" (Barbiere di Siviglia). Paesiello
Trio, for violin, viola and violoncello. Corelli

The selection from the *Barbiere* of Paesiello excited general curiosity. The tenor air (remarkably well sung, by the way, by Mr. Tennant) was at once remembered by the old opera goers as the late Mr. Tom Cooke's duet, "Ah! maiden fair," interpolated in place of the great air, "Ecco ridente," in Rossini's *Barbiere*. In those days managers and directors had but little respect for masterpieces. Paesiello's (not Tom Cooke's) air, however, is eminently graceful. It must be remembered, Paesiello's *Barbiere* was written thirty or forty years before Rossini's. The duet (Mr. Tennant and Mr. Winn) and the trio (the same gentlemen with Miss Susanna Cole) are extremely graceful and quaint, and, no doubt, on the stage, would open a vein of comedy, which they seem to want in the concert-room.

A Beethoven Night was given on Monday, and attracted an immense audience. The programme could not have been better selected:—

Posthumous Quartet, in F major (No. 17). Beethoven
Song, "Ave Maria". Schubert
Air, "Deh per questo". Mozart
Air, "La Pastorella dell'Alpi". Rossini
Sonata Appassionata, in F minor, op. 57. Beethoven
Sonata, in A major, op. 30, for pianoforte and violin. Beethoven
Songs, "Ah, how sweet it is to love" and "On the brow of Richmond Hill". Purcell
Song, "A bird sat on an alder bough". Spohr
Septet, in E flat, op. 20. Beethoven

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THE GOLDEN HARP. A Collection of Hymns, Tunes, and Choruses for the Use of Sabbath Schools, Social Gatherings, Pic Nics, and the Home Circle. By L. O. Emerson. 25

This popular music book for Sabbath Schools has recently been much enlarged. It has been introduced into many large schools, and has in every case given the fullest satisfaction. This is not surprising when a hasty glance at its pages discloses a numerous collection of old favorites, interspersed with so many new pieces that must become equal favorites with the public as soon as known. Individuals whose interests are enlisted in the cause of Sabbath Schools cannot do a better deed for the good of that cause than by examining this work, calling the attention of their friends to it, and introducing it into use in their respective localities.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 419.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 3.

Translated for this Journal.

Mme. Schroeder-Devrient.

(From the Leipzig Zeitung.)

A short time since (Nov. 10, 1859) the public journals brought us the news from Munich, that SOPHIE SCHROEDER, at the age of nearly eighty years. (her maiden name was Bürger, her first married name Stollmers) had excited such a jubilee by her recitation of Schiller's "Bell," as would have been possible to but few of the younger notabilities of the stage. And now (Feb. 9, 1860) we read of the decease in Coburg, of her equally renowned daughter, Wilhelmina SCHROEDER-DEVRIENT, by second marriage Mme. Bock. Five and twenty years younger than her mother, her shorter career has been not less eventful, and not less rich in victories and triumphs. Born in 1805 at Hamburg, in her fifth year she figured on the stage of her native city as an Amourette in a ballet; and then she went with her mother to Vienna, where she first appeared as an actress at the age of fifteen, and in such parts as Alicia in *Phädra*, Louise in *Kabale und Liebe*, Beatrice in *Der Braut von Messina*, did honor to the teaching and example of her great mother. At the same time she received musical instruction from Grünwald and Mozatti, and already in the year 1821 turned her attention to the opera. Emmeline in Weigl's "Swiss Family," Maria in Grétry's "Blue Beard," and *Fidelio* are mentioned as her first and most prominent parts. If the much repeated and embellished story that it was she who first caused the world to recognize the power and beauty of Beethoven's opera, at first so little understood, is wholly untrue, inasmuch as *Fidelio* had maintained its place upon the repertoire of the Vienna opera since 1816, still it is true that in her study of this rôle the young Wilhelmina Schroeder of sixteen did enjoy the personal instruction, and in her performance the fullest applause, of the composer. Thus equipped, she stepped forth into the world. She went first (in 1823) to Berlin; and from there to the court theatre at Dresden, with which she remained connected, notwithstanding all sorts of artistic tours, until her retirement from the stage in 1848. Here she never tired of learning and of making progress in her art; but even when she had long shone as a model, she repeatedly began anew at the foundations, availing herself of the instructions of the celebrated singing master, J. Miecksch. Here she laid the chief foundation to her fame, which after her journeys to Paris, in 1830 and '31, and to London in 1832, '33 and '37, spread over the greater part of cultivated Europe.

Should we undertake to recall all the rôles, in which she appeared during a period of twenty-seven years, we should not wander far from the truth, if we maintained that she had represented all the leading parts in all the operas written and produced before and during her theatrical career. While she revealed to us the perennial freshness in the works of Gluck, Grétry, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, Spontini, she understood how, at the same time, to make Rossini and Bellini, Au-

ber and Donizetti, Halevy and Meyerbeer exceedingly enjoyable to us; and any person who has admired her in the German masterworks of later times, in the operas of Weber, Spohr, Marschner and Richard Wagner, will find it hard to tell how much these masters owed to her and how much she to them. We shall not see such another Armida or Iphigenia, such another Donna Anna, such another *Fidelio*, or Euryanthe, or Rebecca, or Adriana, or any of the great rôles she created for us; we shall not see again that perfect harmony of two geniuses, of the composer and the interpreter, which we have enjoyed in her creations. But perhaps the highest thing in her art was the soul with which she quickened and ennobled weaker and even weak forms. To the end of her stage career she was on this account besieged by an uninterrupted series of those artists, who thought they felt within them the clear call to immortality, but who, not exactly knowing how to find the true and shortest way to their own glory, found it convenient to bespeak the friendly mediation of the disinterested artist woman. Nay, I could name one — composer, who hardly could have believed in his own immortality, whose operas Schroeder-Devrient regularly studied and performed, because, forsooth, the man had expectations not only of a rich operatic, but also of a rich family fortune, and because a prospect opened before him of an *honorarium* from another great court theatre, the moment that his work should pass the ordeal of one stage with applause. "She could help the man," and Schroeder-Devrient was always glad to help where she was able. Most glad, to be sure, when it would really serve the cause of Art. For she had sincere joy in her art; for her it had nothing mechanical, nothing slovenly or careless, nothing done for mere applause or gain. When she made a pilgrimage to Paris and London, to Vienna and Berlin, it was no Barnum raid, but an internal need of finding whereabouts she stood then in her art. It was the need of testing the correctness of her efforts before a strange and a perhaps higher and severer judge; not the desire to take her talents to a richer and more paying market. Hence we do not see her seeking an inexperienced and uncultivated public of backwoodsmen; but we see her going to the places upon which all her great predecessors had stood, where she still found living rivals, where the public had seen and appreciated the highest and best of its time. In fact, her artistic journeys were far more productive of fame, than of any material advantage which she carried home.

The same zeal for Art she always showed towards other talents striving in the same direction.

If it was not possible to carve, as she said, a Schroeder-Devrient out of every piece of wood, yet there were a great number of younger talents whom she taught, and helped to develop, whom she favored, furthered, or at least carried along with her. For, indeed, we must not imagine her instruction to have been any systematic schooling, lessons to be learned and said by heart. Where

no real soul for art betrayed itself, where the capacity to understand and follow her was wholly wanting, there her influence could not of course avail; and, in such cases, she would privately and in her own way advise one to keep on knitting stockings. But where there glimmered any spark of native fire, she knew well how to quicken it, sustain it and cause it to shine out. From Agnes Schebest to Johanna Wagner I could mention a whole list of singers, who, if they would be just and candid, would have to confess, that they must ascribe the best that they have ever done to her, to her example and her teaching.

Her zeal for the aspirations of more recent tone-poets, has been already alluded to. There has hardly been one of any importance, who has lived at the same time with her, who has not sought her acquaintance, been enthusiastic for the genial, gifted woman, and, if he deserved it, won her friendship. She was one of the first to recognize the genius of Richard Wagner; she too belonged to that prophetic artist circle, who did not let themselves be led astray either by the unmistakable excrescences that cleaved to the first works of that master, or by the fault-finding criticism of those days, but who clearly foretold the rising of a new and genuine star; she it was who in the parts of Adriano and of Senta, decided the quick victory of these creations. Nay, for the first representations of the *Tannhäuser*, she undertook the part of Venus.

This was the last creation of her genius; the rôle in many respects was not well suited to a woman then of forty; but we shall not see such another Venus. It was her unmistakable enthusiasm for the composer and his work, that lent a coloring to her performance, which those present never can forget, and which they, who have only seen this opera without her, cannot understand.

It has been my good fortune to have seen and heard this artist often, during many years, in nearly all her famous parts, and that repeatedly; I am aware, therefore, that for all who knew her, there is and can be no description even remotely corresponding to the memory we have of her. And I know just as well, that, since she stands beyond all comparison with any living singers, it is hardly possible for one, who has not seen her, to form any conception of her performances. Who can imagine a *Fidelio*, who, with the first words she uttered seized upon every public, and in the prison scene moved even the actors on the stage to tears? Or a Donna Anna, who, in the brief words of the introduction: *Padre mio!* thrilled every nerve of our being in the deepest manner? Or a Euryanthe, who could breathe such an ecstasy of love into the duet: *Hin nimm die Seele mein?* Who, if he has not — I will not say seen or heard — but if he has not lived it, can form any idea of that cry, with which Rebecca greets the trumpets of Ivanhoe? And who could trust to the same artist, a few moments afterwards, to move him so deeply, as she does with the words of painful gratitude:

Yes, thou hast fought for me, the Jewess!
What more would the poor Jewess have?

We shall again see Clytemnestra rage, and Marie toy in "Blue Beard," and perhaps an Emmeline smile amid tears; and we shall certainly often hear the *Adelaide* and the *Erkönig* sung; and we shall again be thrilled by the imperishable beauty of these strains; but still the highest enjoyment we shall feel in them will and can only be, that the singer falls not too far short of the ideal which has been realized to us once and not again. Such oneness of the artist with her part, such perfection of dramatic expression generally and of each single expression which the situation demands, such a union of splendid resources, of most highly cultivated singing with complete impersonation,—all this we shall never see again in such perfection.

The happy instinct with which she saw and caught the spirit of every rôle and the peculiar meaning of its every moment, has often been a theme of wonder. This, to be sure, was native to her. But the great reason of it was, that she had cultivated her taste to the finest degree, and that she was never weary of proving the task set before her on all sides, and never ceased to study it until she had found the truest expression for it.

As the Devrient was always great and noble in her performances, so too she always set for herself the highest tasks in her art. And thus she has worked for her time, and her name will live through all time.

In announcing the death of the great German singer, Mme. SCHROEDER-DEVRIENT, the London *Musical World* says:

When Madame Schröder-Devrient appeared at Drury Lane for the first time, Pasta was declining from her zenith at the Italian Opera; Sontag had just risen above the musical horizon; and Malibran, from a different point of the hemisphere, was beginning to emit a few brilliant scintillations of that light which was destined in so short time to obnubilate, if not extinguish, all contemporaneous luminaries. That, indeed, may be denominated the great operatic epoch of the age. Season after season brought new singers of celebrity to London, and from Catalani to Grisi may be traced one unbroken line of indisputable queens of song. Madame Schröder-Devrient then had some names and reputations to contend against. The sympathies of the public were either enlisted with Malibran and Sontag at the Italian Opera, or with our own Miss Stephens and Miss Paton, on the English lyric stage; while at the oratorios and in the concert-room were heard such popular and renowned songstresses as Ronzi de Begnis, Camporese, Lalande, Pisaroni, Blasis, and other foreign *cantatrici*. Nevertheless, the great Teutonic artist, who, in all probability, on the Italian stage would not have taken rank among the first singers, achieved an unparalleled success at Drury Lane, and attracted all London for an entire season. Mad. Schröder-Devrient was a singer apart from all comparisons. She possessed very superior capabilities, both vocal and histrionic. Her voice was a high soprano, powerful and sonorous, matchless in the expression of passion and strong emotions, but somewhat deficient in tenderness and suavity. Thus, in the character of Fidelity, not even Malibran, perhaps, gave equal force to the denouncement of Pizarro in the prison scene; while to the Governor's interrogation, "Who art thou?" the answer "I am his wife!" (almost lost, by the way, in the English translation) was transcendent in its energy and earnestness. In the last finale too, Mad. Schröder-Devrient's voice, a real soprano, "towered" above principals, band, and chorus; and the singer never failed to send away her hearers with her last brilliant tones ringing in their ears. As an actress—a serious actress, let it be understood—her powers were of a high order. Indeed, nothing short of the rarest endowments and finest impulses could have enabled an artist to conceive and grasp a character like that of Leonora, at once so domestic and tragic, so natural and so lofty, so simple yet so sublime. Mad. Devrient's figure did not consort well with the male. She had too much *enbonpoint*, and her walk was over-studied and conventional. Every

action and movement, however, was instinct with reality, and became the requirement of the moment and the situation. She was truly absorbed in the scene, and in her abstraction seemed to forget the stage, the footlights, and the audience.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Iphigenia in Aulis.

From ELISE POLKO'S "Musikalische Märchen, Phantasien und Skizzen;" translated by FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

Oh, radiant art of tones, blessed is the head thou surroundest with thy shining glory! Like a powerful talisman, thy light preserves from the insect swarm of every-day mortal cares; happily wander the spirits thou shelterest, over the rough floor of life, and through its darkness; their feet stumble not, and before their prophet eyes all shadows disappear. "Loneliness amid the noisy crowd of life, is true loneliness!" Thus, on a lovely April morning, might any of the fair forms have whispered to themselves, whose glances rested on a serious, thoughtful man, who had taken a place on one of the little seats in the budding garden of the park of Versailles. His upward-looking face was turned away from the glittering crowd; his forehead bore the unmistakable stamp of greatness; his clear, blue eyes shone undazzled by the sunlight, and a smile of heavenly enthusiasm played round his noble mouth. His dress was simple—almost negligent; and its plain, gray color contrasted strongly with the richly embroidered apparel of the French court gentleman; for it was in the year 1774, and Louis the Sixteenth was then king of France. The countless promenaders, who came and went like a swarm of bees, laughing, chattering, and coquetting, scarcely remarked the immovable stranger; the violet sellers, who pounced on every man like a swarm of flies, had grown tired of importuning this apparent petrification, and no longer condescended to direct a look or a smile to him. The crowd gradually thinned; the garden grew quieter, paler gleamed the sunbeams, the blue of heaven darkened, the spring-intoxicated birds sought their nests, and at length all was silence around. Then the lonely man arose and turned homewards; but, walking with upturned glance, he missed the way to the entrance door, and wandered deeper into the centre of the park. Here all was enchanting secrecy; the sweet spring seemed to have hidden herself in those close walks, thickets and bushes; all was bloom and perfume; fountains told their watery legends, and white marble deities peeped through the young green. The wanderer paused and smiled dreamily; but not the beauty of the garden had called forth the smile; it arose from the deepest soul of the silent one; glorious thoughts seemed to agitate him. He lifted up his hands, then let them fall; then went on in haste, humming to himself a complaining melody. Then his expressive face darkened, threatening glances shone from his eyes, and with a full, penetrating voice he sang this recitative:

"Go, seek death at a father's hand! my step shall follow thee to the dreadful altar! there will I lame the arm that threatens thee!"

Then, clinching his hands, and raising himself to his fullest height, he stretched out his arms, and sang with passionate anger:

"Soon shall he be my anger's prey!—
My dagger before him unsheathing,
The altar they're cruelly wreathing,
In the dust shall this 'venging arm lay!"

At this moment, two of the Swiss guards burst like tigers from the bushes, seized the excited stranger by the shoulder, and plentifully showered him with French and German words of abuse. "Scoundrel!" cried one in broken German—"Dare you lift your arms to threaten the palace! Dare you raise a dagger against king Louis? Will you blaspheme the holy church and the altar of the Lord?"

"Look here," panted the other, "the fellow has destroyed the flower-beds of the royal park, and trodden down all the violets and daisies. Off to prison with him!" The accused was motionless for a moment; he stared at his captors in astonishment, threw a glance of surprise on the destruction his footsteps had caused; at last a smile played over his features. "Now then," he said quietly to the tall soldiers, whose eyes angrily followed his every movement, "take me wherever you will! but I desire first to be led before the king; only to him will I exculpate myself." The soldiers made signs to each other that their prisoner was decidedly weak in the upper story; however, they nodded to him affirmatively, and the little procession moved onwards.

As they arrived in the court yard, a splendid gilt carriage, drawn by four spirited white horses, whose heads were decked with blue plumes, drove up, and stopped before the portal of the palace. Officious hands were offered to assist a graceful female form to alight from the elegant fairy equipage, whose seat was covered with nothing less than blue velvet. A black velvet hat, with floating feathers, ornamented the lady's delicately powdered little head; lace and rose-colored satin veiled her exquisite figure. This lovely apparition was Marie Antoinette, queen of France. While the queen's fat companion struggled with difficulty out of the carriage, Marie Antoinette, looking curiously around her, observed the mysterious prisoner, held fast in the grasp of the soldiers. "What is the matter?" she asked hastily, in German, pausing at the threshold of the palace. At the sound of her voice, the prisoner looked up and smiled; a little scream escaped from the rosy lips of the princess. "Oh, Master Gluck," she cried delighted, holding out her hand, "dear, dear Gluck, who ventures to fetter your free spirit in my kingdom?" Gluck's eyes glistened; a glance from the queen dismissed the confounded Swiss guards. "Come, master, follow me," cried the queen, gayly, "you shall not escape! Now I will be your gaoler. Tell me what led you in such suspicious company to the door of our palace; and rest a few moments in the apartment of your former scholar." So saying, she ran in such girlish haste up the carpeted staircase, that Gluck found it difficult to follow her. The assiduous crowd of servants remained, on a little word of command, in astonishment behind. Marie Antoinette passed, with a rapid step, through several handsome, gilded state-chambers, then opened a tapestried door, and stepped, with her silent companion, into a charming, simple little room, with a fine view over the fresh spring garden.

"Princess!" cried Gluck, visibly surprised, "this is precisely the comfortable room of our beloved arch-duchess Maria in the royal palace at Vienna! What a graceful miracle!" "Do you recognize it so well?" answered the queen, handing a soft seat to the master. "Come, sit down by me," she continued with enchanting

grace and cordiality, "we will talk German and chatter about our dear Vienna, shall we not, Gluck? So long as you are here, I am only the cheerful, careless princess Marie, the darling of her noble queen mother, and the awkward pupil of the great master, Gluck." As she said this, she laid aside her rose-colored mantle and her hat, and stood before her former teacher in a pale green silk dress, with a bouquet of orange-blossoms and roses at her breast; a lovely picture to look on. Throwing herself into a large arm-chair, and resting her little foot on a red velvet cushion, she went on: "Ah, Gluck! since I heard of your arrival in Paris, how often I have longed to be back in those by-gone days! but the troublesome court festivals have left me no leisure. I have not seen you since that stiff reception, when you were presented to the king, and brought me letters from Vienna. I scarcely knew you in your court dress; but I was obliged to smile to myself, when I saw your proud greeting, that accorded so ill with your finery. In that hardly visible movement of the head, that set all our courtiers beside themselves, I recognized our Gluck again. Now I like you a great deal better; in this plain gray coat, I find my austere master again." "Gracious princess," answered the master absently, "those were pleasant hours that I passed in the pretty blue saloon of the royal palace at Vienna, and Marie Antoinette was a careful, attentive scholar, anxious to learn, and persevering as few women are." "Not always, Gluck," answered the queen, shaking her head; "do you not remember how cross you were sometimes, when I played badly, because a court ball or a sleighing party was running in my head? And have you forgotten how little I fancied Bach's fugues? and how often you drew me away from the piano, saying,—'Archduchess, such jingling is not to be borne!' and then you would take my place, and thunder away at the fugues, so that I almost lost sight and hearing, and drew back frightened into the furthest corner of the room. Oh, then how you played finer and finer, and I understood the intricate melodies, as I could not before, until the door softly opened, and the queen came in to listen; and then the quiet auditors increased, until the room and the ante-chamber were both full! And you paid no attention to them, but went on with your flights of tone, until some careless listener stumbled against a noisy object, or the fat, tight-laced, court-gouvernante was taken with her spasmodic cough; then you would start up suddenly, and say hurriedly: 'That was finely played, archduchess!' But sometimes you were so strange, that I scarcely dared to speak; then Marie Antoinette might play as she would, Master Gluck heard nothing, did not reprove false chords, unresolved dissonances, heavy allegros, or furious andantes; the eyes of my master were turned on high; his hands played on the piano-lid, he murmured to himself, until at last, he almost sprang up, and whispered with a happy smile: 'Ah, now, now thou art mine, sacred melody!'—and then you would turn to me, as if no interruption had taken place, and say: 'Go on archduchess!'"

Gluck looked with fatherly kindness on his former pupil, and his forehead grew clear under the cheerful, happy influence of her lovely face. "We have not altered, your Majesty," he said, dreamily; "you are still the childlike, careless, gracious princess; I am always the awkward,

odd, absent-minded Gluck." The princess suddenly bethought her of his new opera: "Is it not *Iphigenia in Aulis*? When will it be brought out? Have you commenced the rehearsals yet?" "Ah, your Majesty," answered the Master, "I held the first rehearsal to-day, in the royal garden. Have you forgotten that I promised to give you an account of the way I came to appear in such company before you? I was just flinging to the winds the recitative and grand air of my Achilles, with the suitable gestures, as two of the park guards seized me. The good Swiss supposed that my Achilles, as he raved about his drawn dagger, was threatening the life of their lord, and they strangely confounded Louis the Sixteenth with Agamemnon!"

"Poor ill-treated, unappreciated singer!" jested the queen, "what a good thing it was, that I happened to be queen of France, just at the moment they were slipping off with my dear Master! But tell me seriously, how your *Iphigenia* is getting on, and when will it be brought out? I can scarcely wait for the triumph of my countryman and master over Piccini, Sacchini, and Lulli!"

"I do not even dream of victory," answered Gluck, sadly; "there is yet nothing said of a representation; I have fought unceasingly against the power of secret intrigues that prevent any rehearsals, that prejudice public opinion beforehand, and wound me in a thousand ways. But I will not yield; my work deserves that I should employ all my strength to smooth its way to the hearts of men. And should I sink after the struggle, it would be without a sigh! for then I could say—I have not lived in vain; I have left my trace behind me! Yes, my queen," continued the noble master, with louder voice, and increasing enthusiasm, "it is a good work, this youngest child of my soul, this fruit of consecrated hours! I have displayed in it the noblest movements of my soul, the purest feelings of my heart, and my loftiest thoughts. In this opera is my own being unveiled; here shall posterity see what I am, or rather what I would be. This music is all Gluck! I have not merely felt, I have also thought it; it is a part of myself! Gone forever are my days and nights of error; gone my restless, passionate striving;—the lofty ideal of my soul, unclouded clearness, a glorious simplicity of melody, a godlike truth to nature, all stands now unveiled and eternal before my eyes; my happy aim will soon be gained, the blessed goal reached!"

Gluck was silent; how wonderful was the expression of his classic features, and his glowing eyes, that seemed looking into another world! Marie Antoinette regarded him with wondering reverence. She cried,—"Dear Master, trust in your queen! *Iphigenia* shall be brought out, next week if you will, by our command. With a royal word of power, I will annihilate the cobwebs of envy. To-morrow I will express my wishes to the intendant of the royal opera. You shall not struggle any more; you shall conquer, and I will crown the conqueror myself." Gluck looked kindly, but doubtfully, in the face of his excited pupil, whose lively enthusiasm would probably be extinguished by the next ball; but she met his glance with one so serious and determined, that he, with much emotion, took her pretty hand and pressed it with devotion to his lips.

Near the midnight hour of the 19th of April, 1774, the Parisian opera house rang with such delight as its walls had never before re-echoed. The *Iphigenia in Aulide* of Gluck was just ended; the audience had accompanied every number with increasing applause; but the glorious aria of Achilles raised enthusiasm to the highest pitch; the officers grasped their swords involuntarily; public excitement was displayed in a manner that mocks description, in a manner that we cold-blooded German citizens would have stigmatized as insanity; tears flowed, sobs resounded, Gluck's name was pronounced by a thousand lips, flowers fell in showers on the stage. On the red velvet cushions of the royal box leaned Marie Antoinette, splendidly attired, her eyes glittering and overflowing for joy in the noble triumph of her honored master. Louis the Sixteenth stood near her; his ordinarily pale face, with its kindly eyes, was colored with a slight blush; he looked with lively sympathy on the excited crowd. "Good heavens," he cried suddenly, turning to the queen, "if the feverish flames of delight should be transformed to those of rage, in the breasts of this easily excited populace! What a fearful idea!" Marie Antoinette did not answer; she looked in wonder on the king, shuddered involuntarily, and anxiously grasped the arm of her husband. "Where is Gluck?" she whispered, in a restless and hardly audible voice. He was but that moment breaking away from the embraces and raptures of his admirers, the compliments of his vanquished enemies; and pressing the hand of his generous opponent Piccini, he hurried from behind the scenes, and followed, with uncertain steps, and almost overcome by his feelings, a patient attendant, who led him to the royal box. As Gluck entered, he bowed to the king; but the countless tapers dazzled his eyes with their light, his heart beat loudly; he struggled for breath. The queen approached the hesitating master, and with a lovely smile, placed a full, fresh laurel wreath on the head of the hero of tones. But he, suddenly rising, with burning eyes, passed his thin hand over his pale forehead, and turning to the queen with a look of horror, cried out: "Merciful God, what a fearful sight! Gracious queen, wipe off that dreadful streak of blood that encircles and disfigures your white throat! Who gave you such an ornament? Quick, destroy it! the horrible band grows larger every moment; your head is tottering; it is a stream of blood now! too late, too late, oh, heavenly father!" With this cry he staggered, and fell down in a swoon.

"Does Gluck see ghosts?" asked the king, as pale as death; "this extraordinary excitement was too much for him; the victory was too sublime; too brilliant for body and soul to support." Marie Antoinette trembled all over; like a frightened child, she tore off the precious ruby necklace that encircled her snowy neck, and, recommending the senseless Gluck to the care of her physicians and servants, she left the box, still sobbing and shuddering, on the arm of the king.

Little didst thou foresee, newly arisen Orpheus, that, in this moment of exaltation, thy prophetic eye pierced the veil of the future, as thy lip pronounced those fearful words. That thy spirit overcame time and space in that superhuman hour, and prophesied what was to be.

The unwithering laurel of fame flourished over

thy grave, and between its leaves, blossomed in imperishable freshness those flowers of wonder: *Helena, Alceste, Orpheus, Armida*, and those glorious twin blossoms, thy two *Iphigenias*! Sweetly didst thou rest after thy struggles, and even the worship of posterity no longer reached thine ear; in a happier land cherubim and seraphim hearkened to the transfigured tones of thy purified lyre; then came the fearful fulfilment of thy prophecy.

Nineteen years after thy first glorious triumph, the head of Marie Antoinette sank under the axe of the guillotine, in October of the year 1793.

Music in Southern Seminaries.

FEMALE INSTITUTE, RIPLEY, TENN.

Mr. Editor: What are old-fashioned, conservative people to do in these "fast" times? Or, in other words, what are teachers of music to do, who are expected to accomplish in five or ten months, what used to require almost as many years? I do not mean to say that people have any very definite ideas on the subject; because, as a general thing, it is a matter about which they are profoundly ignorant; but only that, in this comparatively new country, where everything is fresh, unsettled, and full of movement, the teacher who cannot make his pupils, in one or two sessions, rattle off, in some fashion, a number of polkas, schottisches, &c., is thought to be a very poor concern. And, really, where so little time is allowed for laying a foundation, where people want immediate results, it seems to me that a modification of the old slow and sure method of teaching—something analogous to the Ollendorf plan in language—might be profitably introduced.

I have been teaching music for many years, and have been considered, I believe, a successful teacher; but I have been gradually changing my method, and I am now convinced that, in consideration of the peculiar difficulties of the case, my present plan is by far the best. And I throw off these hints for the benefit of my fellow-laborers, especially those who are young and inexperienced; praying them, at the same time, not to misunderstand me; and not to think that I am advocating a superficial method. That be far from me!

Instead then, of keeping my pupils long in the instruction book, hammering away at dull exercises, I take a piece which is an exercise in itself. But, mind now, I do not mean some easy waltz, by some musical sophomore; no, I mean classical music, which will teach a true musical construction, the proper fingering of the scales, and, at the same time, form the taste and delight the ear.

Fortunately, of these little pieces, there is a great variety. My plan is, to write to headquarters, describe the advancement of my pupils, and order suitable music. Mr. Ditson sent me thirty pieces by mail the other day; I could not have selected them half so well myself; he has better opportunities of knowing what is good music than I have, and is probably a better judge.

Now, to make my meaning plainer, let me cite one or two examples. The first, a little girl of about ten years old—has been taking lessons about four months—is here from abroad—and practices at the Institute only the five school days. Now, I take one of the pieces of the "Nebelbilder"—a beautiful collection of 24 pieces, by Oesten, arranged "für kleine Haende." For this little girl I have selected the *Shower of Pearls*. Then I take the instruction book and make her play the scale two or three times in that key, till the key is firmly fixed in her mind. Then I make her play the bass, counting carefully herself every note, and noticing every mark of expression. I explain everything till I am sure she understands it. Then I play with the right hand, while she plays again with the left. Her countenance lights up, she perceives the beauty of the music.

Then I make her play the two parts together. Though she plays it very slowly, to my surprise and gratification, she plays it correctly, and with expression. But with the two hands, I give her a very small portion to practice; this she is to know by the next lesson.

Another case, my own little son, not yet eight years old. For him I selected the "Barcarolle," No. 4 of *Nebelbilder*. I pursued the same plan. He has taken five or six lessons upon it, and now plays it—a little slowly, but almost in time; and with good expression; and really understands it.

One little girl, quite small, who took lessons last year from another teacher, but was interrupted by the two months' summer vacation, has progressed with wonderful rapidity under my present plan. I gave her, as an experiment, No. 5 of the 12 "Fantaisies on German Songs," by Oesten. She plays it beautifully, and her little fingers fly over the keys to the surprise of everybody. When she had conquered that, I gave her a piece of much greater difficulty—in fact, it was more difficult than I supposed—and, by pursuing the same system, she learned it patiently and well.

I could write much more, for my mind and heart are both full of this subject; but my letter is already longer than I intended. Perhaps, at some future time, I may tell your readers how I try to train the voices of the little ones, which have been sadly neglected. There is great love for music in the West, and a good deal of talent. But such ideas as the mass of the people have!

Last summer, while in Mississippi, I carefully drilled a double quartet to sing at an exhibiton of a male school, where heretofore they had been accustomed to the fiddle, played by the boys, keeping time with their feet. I thought, and so did some good judges, that we had very passable music; but at the next exhibition, the boys said that they all liked the fiddle best; and so we let them have the fiddle to their hearts' content.

M. S. B. D. S.

March, 28, 1860.

P. S. Since I closed my letter, I have thought of an anecdote which is too good to be lost. We attended, in Mississippi, a service of our church—the Episcopal—at a place where a zealous missionary was endeavoring to establish regular services. Before church, the clergyman asked me if I would raise the tunes. I told him if I knew what tunes the people could sing, I would lead them.

"Everybody knows Old Hundred," says he, "sing that."

"Very well," said I.

So, when the time came, I started Old Hundred; but not a soul joined in, except the minister, who, after some time, began singing the air an octave below, in a jerky, thumping, staccato style, which would have upset my gravity if I had not been burdened with the responsibility of carrying the tune to the end, or—letting it fall. We dispensed entirely with the second hymn.

After service, I asked my friend why nobody sang. "I thought you told me," said I, "to sing Old Hundred."

"Oh," said he, "they didn't know that was Old Hundred. I didn't find it out for some time, and then I helped you all I could, I'm sure."

And truly, when I heard them sing it after their own fashion, I didn't wonder that they didn't recognize my version of it.

S.

Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from Vol. XVI., page 249.)

No. 71.

L. Mozart to his Wife.

Rome, June 30th, 1770.

Have we performed before the King of Naples? No, we have not. We have not yet got beyond being saluted by the Queen each time she has perceived us. However, the Queen can do nothing for us, and it is

easier to tell you than to write you a description of his Neapolitan Majesty. But you can easily imagine how these sort of things are managed at court. The young violinist Lamotte,* who is in the service of the Empress, and who has been travelling in Italy by her orders and at her expense, had been a long time in Naples, and extended his stay three weeks longer, kept in a state of suspense, as he had been led to hope the King and Queen would ask to see him. Of course nothing came of this. I have a hundred amusing stories to tell you of this court; and I will show you also a picture of the King. I have not yet been able to see any one here. I did not tell you the reason why in my first letter, but as things are assuming a better aspect now, I will do so. You know that two horses and one postillion make three brutes. At the last stage before Rome, the postillion whipped the horse harnessed to the shaft, and who consequently supports the *sedio*. The horse fell rolling in the sand and dust, and fell violently on one side, dragging with him the front part of the *sedio*, which has only two wheels. I held Wolfgang by one hand, so that he did not fall out of the carriage, but the shock dragged me down, and my right leg, which was caught in the iron fastenings of the apron of the carriage, was torn for about the length of my finger to the bone.

No. 72.

The Same to the Same.

Rome, July 4th, 1770.

To-morrow we are going to dine with the Cardinal Pallavicini; the day after with the Baron de Sainte Odile, Ambassador of Tuscany. We are to learn to-morrow a piece of news that will greatly astonish you. The Cardinal Pallavicini has received orders to remit to Wolfgang an order from the Pope with the diploma. Do not say anything about this yet. If the news prove true I will let you know soon. The last time we were at the Cardinal's, he said several times in speaking to Wolfgang, *Signor Cavaliere*; we thought it was a joke. Wolfgang has grown very much since he has been in Naples.

No. 73.

The Same to the Same.

Rome, July 7th, 1770.

What I wrote to you the other day about the order† is true. It is the same order as that which was bestowed on Gluck; in the papers appertaining to it the words written are, *Te creamus aurata militie Equitem*. And he must wear the beautiful gold cross that he has had presented him; you can imagine how I laugh each time I hear him called the *Signor Cavaliere*. We are to have an audience of the Pope to-morrow on account of this.

P. S. de Wolfgang.—*Cara Sorella mia*, I was agreeably surprised to see that you can compose so well; your air is really very fine; try often to do the same kind of thing; send me soon the six minuets of Haydn. *Mademoiselle*, I have the honor to be your very humble servant and brother—Chevalier de Mozart—Addio.

No. 74.

The Same to the Same.

Bologna, July 21st, 1770.

We congratulate you on your *fête day*, wishing you good health, and before all the grace of God. It is the one thing necessary, all the others are added blessings. We have been to hear a mass performed at Civita-Castellana, after which Wolfgang played on the organ. On the 16th we went to Loreto; I bought several relics there; amongst others a splinter of the true Cross. We saw the fair at Sinigaglia; yesterday we came here. We left Rome on the 10th: the Count Pallavicini has offered us here all that we wanted. I accepted the offer of his carriage. If Wolfgang continues to grow as he does, he will be very tall.

P. S. of Wolfgang.—I congratulate my dear mother on her *fête-day*, and hope she may live a hundred years. It is what I pray God for every day, and what I shall continue to ask for her and for my sister in my prayers. I can only offer my mother the bells, the wax candles, the caps and the ribbons, that we bought at Loreto, and which we will bring her. Meanwhile I remain her faithful child.

Io vi auguro d'iddio vi dia sempre salute e vi lasci vivere cent anni, e vi fanno morire quanch'avrete mille anni. Spero che ovi imparerete meglio conoscermi in avvenire e che poi ne giudicherete come

*Francis Lamotte, born at Vienna, in 1751. Acquired while very young a high reputation. He died in Holland in 1781.

†Mozart only wore the Order of the "Cross of the Golden Spur," and which gave him the right to call himself the Chevalier de Mozart, (as Gluck called himself the Chevalier de Gluck) in his younger days, in the imperial towns and in his journey to Paris, by the express orders of his father, in 1770. Mozart was fourteen years old.

ch'egli vi piace. Il tempo non mi permetto di scrivere molte; la penna non vale un corno, ne pure quello che la dirige. Il titolo dell'opera che ho da comporre a Milano non si sa ancora.

I have just received as a present from our hostess at Rome, the "Thousand and One Nights" in Italian; they are very amusing tales to read.

No. 75.

The Same to the Same.

Bologna, July 28th, 1770.

My leg has not got quite well yet; this accident will cost us 12 ducats. It is not very gay work being ill while at an inn; if I had made 1000 ducats at Naples I could easily console myself for the expense of my illness. However, we have always something in hand, and with that, thank God, we live happily.

Yesterday we received the libretto, and the names of those who compose the Opera Company. The title of the opera is, *Mitridate re di Ponto*, and it is written by a poet of Turin, Vittorio Amadeo Cigna Santi by name. The opera was performed in 1777. The dramatis personæ are:—

Mitridate, King of Pontus, Signor Gulielmo d'Ettore, tenor.

Aspasia, betrothed to Mithridate, Signora Antonia Bernasconi, prima donna.

Tipare, Son of the King, in love with Aspasia, Signor Santorini, first soprano, (who played in the last Carnival at Turin.)

Farnace, eldest Son of Mithridate, in love with Aspasia, Signor Cicognani.

Ismene, Daughter of the King of Parti, in love with Farnace, second prima donna, the Signora Varese.

Arbate, Governor of Mijea soprano.

Magio, Roman Tribune, tenor.

We heard Sartorini sing at Rome, we already know La Bernasconi, and Cicognani is also our friend.

The two portraits have pleased us very much, but one must not look too closely at them, for a pastel is not a miniature. They are rather too highly colored, but they lose this looking at them from a distance; and we are satisfied and that is enough.

P. S. of Wolfgang.—Cara sorella mio, Io vi devo confessare che ho un grandissimo piacere che vi avete mandat i minuetti i quali mi piacciono in molto.

(To be Continued.)

THE BLIND NEGRO PIANIST.—If we may credit the reports of the southern papers, the blind slave-boy Tom, of whom we have already given our readers some account, is one of the most remarkable instances of inexplicable genius that has ever been heard. All great men have moments of inspiration that seem to be the effect of some visitation of a supernatural power, rather than the result of mere human intellect, and this, though often evinced at an early age, cannot be called precocity. There have been poets who in early youth have poured forth strains that all their productions of maturer years could not excel. Among musicians and artists there are similar instances, which can only be attributed to some mysterious gift of deity that cannot be explained. This negro boy, Tom, though on a different scale of action, is another argument in behalf of this theory. Though a blind slave-boy, without musical culture, and without even ordinary intelligence on other subjects, he evinces an ability in musical execution that usually requires years of labor and undoubted musical genius to attain.

A few nights ago, in New Orleans, the manager or conductor of his entertainments, requested any one of the audience to play on the piano some piece of music not common or popular. A lady present played a Spanish piece of some length, and rendered more difficult by elaborate variations. As she played the boy listened, leaning his elbows on the end of the piano, with his hands clutched in the wool over his ears, his sightless eyes rolling upward, and his whole body writhing and twisting as if in pain. When the lady finished he played the piece so as to astonish everybody. But the lady detected a few faults, and, on being requested, again played the selection. Tom listened again, and afterwards played it without a single mistake. A few days after he remembered it perfectly, and played it again when asked.

With Tom this is rather an exercise of memory than of absolute musical talent, for his memory is as great, though less intelligent, in other things. If a long sentence is said to him in any foreign language, he will at once repeat it just as it was spoken, but without really understanding a word. So it may be with his music. He probably does not understand it, though in this case the facility with which he can find the right notes on the piano is as marvellous as the memory which can retain the piece after one or

two hearings. Mozart had this memory when he heard and reproduced on paper the music of the *Miserere* at Rome; only, his was an intelligent memory, cultivated in the art of music, while Blind Tom's memory is a gift, of which the lad cannot appreciate the extent.

As Tom is a slave, his owners will probably be afraid to exhibit him in a free state, so that it is doubtful whether the New York public will have any ocular or auricular proof of the reported talent of this singular boy.

CHINESE MUSIC.—The musical scale of the Chinese consists of only five notes instead of seven, and their music is not written on five lines like ours, but in perpendicular columns, like the characters in their books. The elevation or depression of tones is indicated by distinctive names. They have no semi-tones, and hence arises a tedious monotony of sound. There is said to be a resemblance between the Chinese melodies and the ancient Scottish airs. If this be so, Scottish music in the days of Ossian must have been much ruder than it has ever yet been represented, for of all unearthly sounds Chinese singing is the most unearthly. There is no noise like it. Those who have attended a genuine Chinese theatrical performance, have had a specimen of how the men acquit themselves in song; but Chinese music can only be heard to perfection by strolling through the narrow streets of a Chinese town. Men, women and children all strain their voices to the utmost pitch, and give out a sort of double-fortified squeaking falsetto. The singers are usually accompanied by the viola, and sometimes by the pig-skin drum likewise. One's tympanum throbs and thrums as though a dozen fairies were beating upon it. Yet the Chinese have their Jenny Linds, Grisis and Sontags; their Lablaches and Tamburinis. They have their "infant phenomena," too; who, if they keep their lungs whole until arriving at mature age, certainly deserve the name. You are frequently called upon to admire what in another place than a Chinese town you would suppose to be an imitation of the piteous complaint of a pig jammed under a gate; being all the time in a state of nervous excitement, lest the warbler should break a blood vessel in your presence.

Unlike our private singers at home, the Chinese need no pressing to "favor" a company with a song. On the contrary, the performances are generally voluntary, and the performers never give the excuse of cough or cold. In truth, a slight cold is rather an improvement upon their style. The willingness with which they entertain you in this respect is only equalled by the evident vanity of the singers, or the exulting pride of the bystanders of celestial origin. "That booty?" she will ask; and others, "How you likee dat?" "What you tinkee dat?" "Merican side can sing so booty?" To all of which it must be your invariable rule to give the expected answers, or you will immediately find yourself involved in a discussion in their horrible lingo, called pigeon-English, of which you are sure to have the worst, for the odds are too strong against you.

So long as a Chinese songstress can keep herself surrounded by listeners she will sing, and I believe really that singing in a Chinese town, like the reveille and tattoo of Great Britain around the world, never ceases. Their favorite hour is just at the close of twilight. When all else is still, and silence would reign with darkness, howls and squeals begin to float upon the air; at first low and indistinct, but soon loud, confused and piercing. Almost every other door-step is thronged with noisy musicians (your pardon, Euterpe!) and their eager and admiring listeners. From windows and casements come the tones of more delicate and retired singers, beating a select party within. Every group has at least one "infant phenomenon," the gentle cadence of whose voice is occasionally heard, followed by exclamations of astonishment and delight, repeated perhaps for the hundredth time. Be the theme of any song plaintive or gay, the tune seems to be much the same, and at times a hideous chorus will startle you into the belief that fiends are let loose upon earth.—*Knackerbocker.*

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, APRIL 2.—GUSTAV SATTER gave a concert last Thursday at Dodworth's Hall, which was quite a *rara avis* in these days, so unprosperous for entertainments of the kind. It was not only exceedingly well attended, but the audience was evidently a *paying* one. Most of the familiar faces belonging to the genus "dead-head," and which compose a usual New York concert assemblage, were among the miss-

ing. One must congratulate Mr. Satter upon his success in bringing about a gathering so original.

The programme contained several very attractive numbers. A Prelude and Fugue by Handel, (originally composed for the organ); a beautiful Sonata, by Beethoven, (in E flat—the companion to the Moonlight Sonata); and Schumann's Andante and Variations for two pianos, were the finest. The first two Mr. Satter played admirably; in the third he was ably sustained by Mr. TIMM. His wonderful arrangement of the *Tannhäuser* Overture concluded the programme, and was far more satisfactory than Liszt's arrangement, for two pianos, of *Les Préludes*. All the defects and inequalities which, in Liszt's orchestral works, are glossed over by the richness and gorgeousness of the instrumentation, are painfully observable in the more meagre form of a piano arrangement. The only other instrumental piece was a Quintet, for piano, two cornets, horn, and baritone, by Mr. Satter, which, though excellently rendered, did not produce a very deep impression.

Mrs. BARCLAY, a lady with a pleasing mezzo-soprano voice, but very little school, who made her début in public during the past winter, sang Cherubini's *Ave Maria*, but seemed to be laboring under great nervousness, and, I should judge, hardly did herself justice. Mme. JOHANNSEN took a more prominent part in the entertainment. She sang a couple of songs by Mr. Satter—one of them, "Bird in the forest," a pretty, humorous little thing, imitating the warble of various birds, but hardly appreciable by those of the audience who did not understand the words. Schubert's *Barcarole* Mme. Johannsen sang exceedingly well, but I should advise her not to rely too much upon her own skill in accompaniment. She nearly spoiled the whole by a gross error in the piano part. There still remains to be mentioned the very satisfactory performance, by Mr. SCHREIBER, of Spohr's "*Rose, wie bist du so reizend und mild*," for cornet-a-piston. This gentleman is perfect master of his instrument, and the long drawn notes of the beautiful melody seemed just suited to the soft, mellow tones which he knows how to produce.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 2.—Last week was almost destitute of musical novelties. The only feature was a rather deplorable one. A person, who advertised himself as a "new Spanish tenor" and bore the name of Señor ALSINA, gave a concert at Hope Chapel, assisted by two pianists and a violinist—all "youths to fortune and to fame unknown." The entertainment, I am told, was about on a par with the musical efforts of boarding-school misses, and the young men with pale faces, no-colored hair and tea-spoonful-amount-of-voice, which abound in every community.

WILLIAM H. FRY has written an overture. Mrs. Bateman has recently dramatized Longfellow's poem "Evangeline," for the purpose of giving her daughter Kate a good part in which to re-appear on the stage after several years' retirement. For this play Mr. Fry has written an overture, or rather an overture for the poem; for the lady dramatist has taken most startling liberties with the original, and makes the principal trials of Evangeline's life and her subsequent meeting with Gabriel at the hospital in Philadelphia only a dream, so that the play ends in the conventional happy lover style.

Now Mr. Fry's overture only expresses the poem in its originality. The first theme is for the cornet-a-piston; and is followed by a motive arranged as a duet for the flute and bassoon! Then there is a solo for violoncello, a strain for two horns, a long solo for violin (admirably played by Mr. Mollenhauer.) The overture closes without the customary *allegro*, and for that reason appears somewhat unsatisfactory and unfinished. Yet in closely adhering to the sentiment of the poem, the composer could have done nothing

else. Had he followed the play, he could have ended with the expected climax. It is for this reason that the overture has not been a great success with the majority of those who heard it. It bears about the same relation to the conventional overture that a poetic recitation does to a drama.

Mr. Fry's *Leonora*—I believe the only one of his operas that has been played here—evinces much talent, and though the airs do not display much originality, the recitatives and bits of concerted pieces are effective. He has several other operas in manuscript which would be worth producing, from what I hear. At present Mr. Fry is so engrossed in politics that he pays no attention to music.

The "Chamber Concert Union" is giving a series of moderately successful soirées at Goldbeck's Music Hall, a snug little box of a room in Broadway. To give an idea of what is done at the concerts, I append a copy of the programme of the concert for to-morrow evening:

1. Trio in C minor, Op. 1.....Beethoven.
S. B. Mills, Wm. Doehler and Ch. Brannes.
2. Mary's Dream, Song.....Goldbeck.
Dr. Guilmette.
3. Fantasia on a Russian Air, (Flute).....Helmeyer.
Mr. Eben.
4. Scherzo Eroico.....Goldbeck.
Robert Goldbeck and Wm. Doehler.
5. Pierre L'Ermite, Scène Dramatique.....Membre.
Dr. Guilmette.
6. Campanella. Etude.....Liszt.
S. B. Mills.
7. Serenata, Op. 41, (Flute and Piano).....Beethoven.
Mr. Eben and William Saar.

Next week we shall have the two opera troupes, which commence operations simultaneously, *Martek* at the Winter Garden and *Ulmann* at the Academy of Music. TROYATOR.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 3.—The performance of Flotow's *Martha*, last night, on the occasion of *Ullman* and *Strakosch's* *réentrée* at the Academy, was by no means such as might have been expected from the abilities of the individual artists of the troupe. There was a carelessness manifested in almost every portion of the charming music, which displayed a great want of respect for the audience. *Imprimis*: STRAKOSCH, who was the conductor, whether through a want of mental concentration upon the task before him, or through imperfect rehearsal, presided over the orchestra so unenergetically, that many portions of the accompaniment seemed like a grand scrub race, in which each of the contestants appeared laboring after a prescribed goal, by a special method of his own.

JUNCA, as Plunkett, sang fairly, but displayed such an utter lack of the *vis comica*, as to cause much surprise that he should ever undertake a rôle, which affords so much scope for pleasant points. His countenance seemed, throughout, like that of a solid Quaker, meditating over the curse of slavery, at an abolition meeting. Splendid looking son of Apollo, nevertheless—superb in all rôles demanding dignity and imposing presence!

BRIGNOLI treasured his power throughout the first two acts, for his *pièce de résistance* in the third—the *M'appari*, which lies in his best tones, and in which his *Marta, Marta!* gushes forth, as though his whole soul were gliding through his mouth into the hearts of his auditors. Of course, he made not the slightest attempt at a delineation of the character; so far from any mental conception of that, he was not even able to go successfully through the mechanical part of the spinning wheel scene.

Mme. STRAKOSCH is said to have been much out of her regular health, and her singing substantiates the truth of the rumor.

PATTI looked most charmingly, with a red mantle thrown over her little shoulders, *a la* Red Riding Hood. Her success here has been immense. I cannot help thinking that the rigorous demands of the management upon her services, must, if persisted in, wear her out, physically and musically, ere she shall have attained that status of art development, to which she certainly seems destined by her "natural gifts," (in the words of Hawkeye.) It seems to me that,

even already, cavatinas which, a few months ago, seemed to flow as spontaneously from her pretty lips, as the spring from the mountain rock, now cost her physical exertion quite premature. If she be judiciously treated, her future reputation must become world-wide. The young men in shining patent leathers, who stand in the door ways of the Academy, in a *blasé* attitude, as though it was not worth their while to secure seats for that which is as familiar to them as their own billiard balls, throw to her an extensive assortment of bouquets, each night; a procedure which has placed Brignoli and a sensitive portion of the public in antagonistic positions. When the troupe was here in December of last year, the handsome tenor found himself, one crowded opera night, hissed with much malignity, from the neighborhood of the family circle, for the imaginary offence of refusing to stoop in his tights and pick up about a wheelbarrow load of bouquets, which a couple of young English lords, sojourning in this latitude at that time, had cast at her tiny feet. Then arose the most dire confusion—a storm of mingled plaudits and hisses, in which, however, the former far outweighed the latter. Tenor stood upon his dignity. On the following morning, the newspapers commented upon this bit of comedy—some of them berating the metallic-voiced singer in unmeasured terms, and others eulogizing his independence, on the score of European precedents, which, according to them, render it unnecessary for the artist to lower himself beyond the first bouquet. Indeed, this subject has been the theme of controversy in polite circles ever since. Last night the bouquets fell, as usual, in copious showers; Brignoli maintaining his first principles. An attempt was made to hiss him again—but the thundering storm of applause which rose above it, endorsed the action of the lackadaisical Brignoli, and settled, once for all, so far as the Quaker City is concerned, the absurdity of an attempt to convert a romantic tenor into a serving bouquet gleaner, to the imminent risk of his tights. Imagine Amodio stooping to pick up three score, or thereabout, of these votive offerings. MANRICO.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 14, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Opera, *Der Freyschütz*, by C. M. von WEBER, piano-forte arrangement, commencing with the Overture.

Mr. Kielblock's "Miles Standish."

It is not to be wondered at that Mr. FRANZ KIELBLOCK, a cultivated German musician, living in New Bedford, and among descendants of the pilgrims, a man of poetically sensitive nature, readily enamored of Longfellow's poem and its hero, full of the music of his fatherland and wont to see and feel things through a musical medium, unconsciously perhaps translating his experiences into tones,—should have been moved to make an opera of "Miles Standish." It was a bold task, and a formidable, for a beginner in large forms of composition; one in which few succeed, even with the public of a day; and in which the fewest of the few achieve a real success. Creative genius, marked, significant originality, is heaven's rarest gift. Yet one may properly indulge the impulse to produce, without imagining himself a Weber or a Mozart. The misfortune is that, leaving the final great rewards of genius out of the account (and they come usually quite tardily, after long outward failure), the other prizes (of immediate popular success), the "lucky hits," are much more apt to fall to coarser and more superficial talents, coupled with worldly enterprise, than to much finer powers, which feel, appreciate, aspire to what is highest, yet fall short of genius. The

new composer of a new opera, therefore, necessarily meets a sceptical public; or rather does not meet it at all; used to hearing the world-famous works, the public waits to be pre-convinced of the excellence of a thing, before it troubles itself to go out and listen to it. At least this is true of a half-musical American public, which only trusts, and is only tempted by either that which is "classical" or that which is "popular." Mr. Kielblock, therefore, might well take it as encouraging that the great Music Hall was more than half filled, last Saturday evening, with eager and respectful listeners to the first necessarily imperfect trial of his work. Among these was a very large delegation from New Bedford, whose interest in the occasion speaks exceedingly well for the estimation in which Mr. K. is held among his familiar friends and neighbors. Most of the audience testified their gratification, as the work proceeded, by looks and frequent applause, even to the end of a three hours' performance.

The impression of the music suffered from two causes, extrinsic to itself. In the first place, what was written for the stage was given as a Cantata, which of course made much of the recitative tedious, and robbed the whole of vitalizing dramatic explanations and connections. In the next place, the libretto, however fine poetically (and much of it was in the very words of Longfellow's admirable poem), seemed not entirely plastic in the hands of music. Some sentences and phrases sounded very oddly; thus Priscilla's "Why don't you speak for yourself, John," though treated as well as it could be, perhaps, in the only possible form, that of Recitative, seems to lie entirely out of the sphere of music; and many other verses were too complete as word-thoughts, to require or not to lose by musical interpretation. Some of the songs, a prayer, &c., expressly written by the librettist, were much to the purpose.

On the part of the performers, the thing did not much suffer. On the contrary, they for the most part did themselves and the composer credit. Much is due to the earnest rehearsals under CARL ZERRAHN, who gave his heart and best skill to the work of conducting. In the lady who sang the part of Priscilla, (Mrs. LIZZIE HEYWOOD) we had the fresh sensation of a new soprano voice of uncommon purity and beauty, and great compass; besides a natural, refined, easy way of using it, although there may be room for schooling; but the part of the Puritan maiden was simply and expressively presented. Mr. ADAMS, tenor, sang of course sweetly, although with not great energy (how far due to the music and how far due to him we feel not sure), the part of John Alden. Miles Standish had a German for a representative, Herr WEINLICH, with a powerful bass voice and a good singer. But his German accent aggravated the awkwardness of some of the recitative. "A wonderful man was this same Julius Cæsar" sounded oddly, whereas in the poem it is simply quaint and characteristic. Mr. GEORGE WRIGHT gave the parts of Elder Brewster and the Captain of the Mayflower passably. The chorus, of near 200 voices, was excellent. The orchestra, too, was well at home in its work.

And now for the composition. Of course we do not fully trust the impression of a single hearing. We should say it was pleasing, striking, even beautiful in parts, and those occurring pretty frequently;

but that it seemed to lack central vitality, unity, proportion, and also directness, concentration, as a whole. There were many striking, beautiful beginnings which somehow ended in the vague, or in familiar sounding commonplaces, or seemed helplessly prolonged to tediousness. The most natural thing in the world, no doubt, with a first work. Equally natural was it that the music should seem to abound in reminiscences, should often sound exceedingly familiar. One writes of course, honestly, out of his own musical consciousness, his own musical life;—and how much that is made up of commingling vibrations of all the music one has heard and loved! Once in a while, very rarely, a positive original genius insinuates a new element of its own amid the reflected influences, and then we have a Beethoven, a Schubert, a Rossini. We cannot say the work contains no fresh ideas; at the same time we cannot say we felt the presence anywhere of a decided, new creative genius.

The work is melodious, flowing, smooth, for the most part, even to the point of seeming more Italian than German sometimes; or at least suggestive of that class of German composers, who are sometimes called Italian Germans,—the Lortzings, Flotows, Kückens, Abts, &c. Some of the concerted pieces, trios, &c., which were really pleasing and effective, struck us in this way. The best parts, to our ear, were the choruses; and those had so much life and vigor, that we could have wished one or two introduced nearer the beginning of the work. The chorus of sailors and people, opening the second part, was quite effective; and particularly the chorus: "Over the billows morning is dancing," interested by its buoyant, billowy rhythm.

There were not a few happy orchestral ideas. The first half of the overture, for instance, promised finely; the chorale strain by flutes and reeds alone, answered by the brass, making a good episode; but the last part seemed weak and common. The figurative accompaniment, where Priscilla is heard singing "Old Hundred" from within, was quite poetic, full of birds and blithe wood sounds. The agitated figure, too, kept up through the whole length of John Alden's first solo: "Must I relinquish," was suggestive of the tumult within, but grew monotonous by length. The orchestral introduction to the second part, scene by the sea shore, was striking, yet hardly continued so well as it began. One merit the work may claim, both in the instrumentation and the song parts, to-wit the absence of extravagances, of "new school" strainings after novelty by "o'erstepping the modesty of nature" and the bounds of Art. The worst sin seemed to lie in some indulgences in certain modern effects, which have grown to be commonplace, such as certain of the Verdi sort of dying harmonic cadences on the prolonged key-note (in the bass) after a period seems fairly ended.

Melodies of marked novelty or interest we cannot recall, although the work generally is melodious. The greatest fault however, of the opera, was excessive length, not merely as a whole, but length of almost every part, seeming as it were a chronic infirmity. It needs abridgement, concentration, pruning; especially for such undramatic mode of performance. The first of the three parts lasted more than an hour and a half, and it was a real refreshment when the chorus came in for the first time at the end of it. Miles Standish's first air: "Look at these arms," was long and wearisome, and empty. That could be spared, perhaps, to advantage. The tedium of the first part injured the impression of the second and third, which really seemed better written, more direct, sure, and to the purpose. Plainly the first part was overlabored; painfully and doubtfully worked out; the rest was written quickly and went more straightly to the mark. Here was skill gained upon the way, and this is certainly encouraging.

On the whole "Miles Standish" shows musical temperament and culture, a ready flow of ideas, whether original or not, a good deal of facility in the handling of instruments and voices, and poetic feeling and conception. Who has not heard many an

opera, by idols of the day, that contained less to interest one or to be commended? But most of the popular operas, however false or trashy, show a certain dramatic skill and directness, which we shall fear that this new work wants, until we shall be convinced to the contrary by a performance on the stage. Mr. Kielblock has surely done himself no little credit; and we trust he will give the public a better opportunity to judge his effort, by producing it again in a somewhat abridged and condensed form.

CARL ZERRAHN.—We trust we do not need to remind any good music-lover of the Complimentary Concert to our excellent Conductor, which comes off in the Music Hall to-night. We shall say nothing of the public debt to him, which all acknowledge. But just look at the programme. Can we afford to lose a chance of hearing Beethoven's warm and love-inspired Fourth Symphony, and his great overture to *Leonore*; together with the *Tannhäuser* overture, the choice part-songs by the Orpheus Glee Club, and Mrs. HARWOOD's singing?

ORCHESTRAL UNION. The twenty-third concert, last Wednesday afternoon, offered the following selections, which a large audience appeared richly to enjoy:

1. Symphony. No. 9. (First time in this country.) Mozart.
2. Waltz. Die Flotten, (by request). Lanner.
3. Overture. Uriel Acosta. Schindelmesser.
4. Cavatina, from Belisario. Donizetti.
- Sung by Mr. C. R. Adams.
5. Polka. La Favorita. Strauss.
6. Soldier's Chorus. Prayer and Barcarole. From the North Star. Meyerbeer.
7. Galop. A Summer Night in Denmark. Lumbye.

The concert for next Wednesday is announced, we are sorry to say, as the last. Why not continue them indefinitely? Surely the public appetite has only grown with what it has fed on.

The Diarist Abroad.

BERLIN, FEB. 17. — Concert of LAUB, the violin virtuoso, aided by LIEBIG's orchestra, DREYSCHOCK, the pianist, and Fraulein HEBBE, a young Swedish singer. Laub is certainly one of the greatest of violinists. In the general estimation he bore the palm completely away from Viextemps, who had just been giving concerts in one of the theatres, not only in the character of the music he played, but in the execution, the deep feeling and beautiful tone of his playing. This evening the grand piece was Beethoven's Concerto, the others show pieces, among them a prelude by Bach, a sufficient proof that they were not mere show pieces. Of violinists whom I have heard but one is before him, Joachim. Even in this case, the difference — judging from recollections now of four years' standing — is one not of execution but of style; Joachim's style being of the grand and majestic order, Laub's of the more beautiful and elegant. Hence, on the whole, I had rather hear Joachim play the Concerto, because his conception of it happens to please my taste more; others would prefer Laub's. A small, quiet, unpretending man is Laub, full of music and transfusing all he plays with his own feeling; his tone delicious, his execution wonderful; in all respects a greater player than I have ever heard in America. He has had offers to induce him to come to America, but none of them were such as he could accept without positive loss, since a few months in Russia and Holland are worth more to him than has been offered for a year in our country.

Feb. 25. I hear from Leipzig that several American students, among them a young lady, have withdrawn from the Conservatory, choosing the loss of the tuition (which they have paid for a year in advance) rather than to remain connected with the institution. I can of course record no ex parte statement of the questions at issue, cannot decide as to the wisdom and propriety of the step which they have taken; but, granting the facts as represented to me, without hearing what the directors have to reply, it is their wisest course. Certainly grave charges are made, and such that no American student should come there to the school, especially a young lady, without ample inquiry made and a satisfactory answer received.

My personal observations in Leipzig four or five years ago led me to the views several times expressed

in *Dwight's Journal*, that a young man or woman, who has already made considerable progress in music, would do better in all respects to make Berlin his or her place of study; while for quite young students, those who are at the early stages, the Conservatorium is the place — and this on the general ground of the advantages of pursuing a general course of study in a school with a corps of teachers over private instruction; just as I would have a young man in a law school a few terms before going into an office, so I would have a beginner in music in a music school at first. I wish, for the benefit of the many young men and women at home, who think of coming abroad to study music, that some one or more of those interested, would give the Journal the facts in the case, or at all events their statement, and thus give the other side an opportunity to reply if thought worth the while. For any young man or woman, who leaves home to go away three thousand miles and spend ten or twelve hundred dollars and two or three years' time, the question is one of grave importance.

March 4. In leaving Berlin a note is proper as to what our American musical students are doing. PAINE is still at work perfecting himself in organ playing and composition. HOWE, of Brookfield, Mass., after overcoming the evils of acclimating himself to wet, gloomy, disagreeable winter weather, is taking up the organ with the energy which promises success; and PEASE, of Cleveland, O., is making rapid and excellent progress, I learn, in mastering the pianoforte. These are all the musical students, whom I saw, but I believe the number is to be increased in the course of the spring. A. W. T.

Music Abroad.

Germany.

LEIPZIG.—The operas performed in the month of January were: *Santa Chiara*, by the Duke of Gotha; "Merry wives of Windsor," Nicolai; "Jewess," Halevy; *Zauberflöte*, Mozart; *Prophète*, Meyerbeer; *Freyschütz*, Weber; *Der Templer und die Jüdin*, Marschner; the "Vale of Andorr," Halevy; *La Dame Blanche*, Boieldieu; *Belmonte und Constanza*, Mozart; *Don Juan*, Mozart; *Undine*, Lortzing;—in all 12 operas in 12 performances.

Mme. Bürde-Ney sang at the 12th Gewandhaus concert a scena and aria by Beethoven, and Mendelssohn's *Lorelei* finale. The orchestral pieces were the overtures to *Leonore* (Beethoven) and to the story of "the fair Melusina" (Mendelssohn), and Schumann's first symphony (in B flat); also a concert piece for chorus and orchestra, called *Frühlings-Botschaft* (Message of Spring), by Gade.

In the 14th concert the selections were: Symphony No. 12, Haydn; Adagio and Rondo from Chopin's E minor Concerto, played by Fräulein Jenny Hering; Overture, Scherzo and Finale, by Schumann; Symphony, No. 4, Beethoven.—In the 15th Concert: overture (op. 115), Beethoven; Recitative and Aria from Carafa's *Valet de Chambre*, and Schubert's *Wanderer*, by Herr Julius Stockhausen; Spohr's 9th violin Concerto, by Herr Lauterbach, from Munich; Songs, by Robert Schumann; and Rubinstein's "Ocean" symphony.

BERLIN.—At the last symphony concert of the Roy al band, the music to *Orpheus* was performed. Notwithstanding the favorable manner in which it was received, I cannot call the choice judicious. Gluck's music is always beautiful, but the scenic effects are absolutely necessary. Those who had often heard the work within the same walls in its entirety, could not feel perfectly satisfied with the result. The whole opera would, I presume, have been given, were Mlle. Johanna Wagner not temporarily incapacitated from taking her rôle. The other pieces were Mendelssohn's magnificent overture to *Ruy Blas*, and Beethoven's second symphony. It need scarcely be added that everything was superbly executed. With such a band, and Taubert at its head, it could not well be otherwise.

The Dom-Chor has been giving three extra *soirees*, which have only served to strengthen my opinion as to the incomparable excellence of this renowned body of choristers. The chief director (Neithardt) is suffering from severe indisposition, and the choir may flatter itself that its second director (Herr von Herzberg) is no unworthy substitute. The following was the programme of the last concert:—

1. Gloria. Palestrina.
2. Crucifixus. Palestrina.
3. Agnus Dei. Caldara.

4. Sonata, Op. 29, G major. Beethoven.
 5. Requiem Eternam. Nic. Jomelli.
 6. Motet. J. S. Bach.
 7. Chorale. Melchior Frank.
 8. Motet. Schicht.
 9. Sonata, Op. 70 (Le Retour à Paris). Dussek.
 10. Ave Verum. Mozart.

A young composer had just been introduced to the public, whose future career, if rumor is to be credited, will be worth looking to. He is called Heinrich Bellerman, son of the professor of that name. He directed a number of his own compositions in the Sing-Akademie, the chief of which was a setting of Goethe's *Mahomed*.

More important for the musical world, however, than Bellermann's production, is Herr Blumner's new oratorio, *Abraham*, which was performed, for the first time, on Thursday last, and which is to be repeated this evening. A detailed account of the performance we must postpone till our next, and will dismiss it now by saying, that it has been unusually well received; in fact the critics are unanimous in its praise.

At the Royal Opera nothing new. Graf Redern's *Christine* was, however, given on Sunday, for the third time, with the substitution of Madame Köster for Mdlle. Wagner as the heroine. The change has given great satisfaction; and will in all probability save the opera from a doom we most sincerely believe it does not deserve. At the Victoria Theatre, Mdlle. Artot continues to attract full houses. *Il Barbiere* has given place to *Rigoletto*, in which Signor Carrion is very effective. There is a sad want of good male singers at the opera, particularly of tenors and basses.—*Corr. London Musical World*, March 8.

VIENNA.—Two main stays of sound musical taste in this city are the "Philharmonic Concerts," and "Hellmesberger's Quartet Soirées." The latter are said to be models in their kind, both in selections and in execution. The Philharmonic Concerts are given by the orchestra of the opera under Carl Eckert's direction. Their selections have been mainly from well-known classical works, as symphonies of Mozart, Mendelssohn, and especially Beethoven. But Schumann, says the *Signale*, is the name of greatest musical influence in Vienna.—Schumann, who 20 years ago was only known there as the husband of the wonderful pianiste Clara Wieck. The programme of the third Philharmonic Concert contained Schumann's Overture, Scherzo and Rondo, op. 52; and Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony. Something from Handel was to be given the next time.

Clara Schumann gave three subscription concerts here in March. She is still as uncompromising as ever in the classical purity of her programmes. On the first evening she played her husband's D minor Trio (with Herren Hellmesberger and Röber); Beethoven's Sonata in C, op. 53; and R. Schumann's series of little pieces called the *Carnaval* (*Scènes mignonnes*). The intervals were filled up by songs of Schubert and Schumann, sung by Fräulein Krauss.

In the third of Herbeck's "Gesellschafts-Concerts," Liszt's *Prometheus* Symphony provoked a warm battle between the clappers and the hissers. The most opposite thing possible, Mozart's G minor Symphony, was placed in the same programme.... Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" was soon to be brought out at the Court theatre.

London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE was to open with Italian Opera on the 10th of April. These are the attractions held up in the manager's prospectus:

ENGAGEMENTS.—Mdlle. Piccolomini (her farewell nights previous to her final retirement from the stage). Mdlle. Vaneri, Madame Laura Baxter, Mdlle. Maria Brunetti (from the Grand Opera Paris, her first appearance in this country), and Madame Albani; Mdlle. Lotti della Santa (her first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre), Mdlle. Dell'Anese, Mdlle. Nardi, and Madame Maria Cabel (Prima Donna of the Opera Comique, Paris); Madame Borghi Mamo (her first appearance in this country), and Mdlle. Titiens; Signor Mongini, Signor Belart, Signor Corsi, Signor Mercantini, Signor Soldi, Signor Giuglini, Signor Everardi (of the Imperial Italian Operas of Vienna and St. Petersburg, his first appearance in this country), Signor Aldighieri, Signor Fellar, (his first appearance,) and Signor Sebastiano Ronconi, (of the Regio, Turin, La Pergola, Florence, &c.); Signor Gossier, Signor Castelli, and Signor

Violetti. Directors of the music, Composers and Conductors—Mr. Benedict and Signor Ardit. Principal Violins—Herr Molique, and Mr. Henry Blagrove. Leader of the Ballet—Signor Bollilli (Musical Director for the Theatre Bologna.) The Military Band of the Grenadier Guards, under the direction of Mr. D. Godfrey. Suggestiore—Signor Fontana. Regisseur—Signor Grua. The carefully selected and highly trained Chorus under the direction of Signor Vaschetti. The Corps de Ballet will include several additions from the continental theatres.

It is the intention of the management to produce during the season the following:—Weber's grand romantic opera of *Oberon*, which has been for a long time in active preparation, and will be produced on a scale and with a completeness worthy of this great work. The minor as well as the principal parts will be effectively filled. The scenery and dresses are being prepared with great care, and will present features of special interest. The whole will be produced under the immediate superintendence of J. R. Planché, Esq., Author of the Libretto, by whom several changes and modifications have been made, while the whole of the original music has been carefully preserved. The recitative expressly arranged by M. Benedict, pupil of the composer of this great work. Beethoven's *Fidelio*, Leonora, Mdlle. Titiens. A new and original opera by Maestro Campana, in which Mdlle. Piccolomini will appear. Rossini's opera of *Otello*.—In consequence of the enthusiastic reception accorded to Mme. Borghi Mamo, at the Italian Opera in Paris, the above opera will be produced early in the season, with the following cast:—Otello, Signor Mongini; Rodrigo, Signor Corso; Elmira, Signor Violetti; Iago, Signor Everardi; Desdemona, Mme. Borghi Mamo. And about the middle of May, Rossini's *Semiramide*, with the following powerful cast:—Semiramide, Mdlle. Titiens (her first appearance in that character); Arsace, Madame Albani (her first appearance this season); Idreno, Signor Belart; Oreo, Signor Violetti; and Assur, Signor Everardi. Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro*, with an unprecedented cast. Also Weber's opera of *Der Freischütz*, in which Signor Mongini and Mdlle. Titiens will sustain the principal characters. Mdlle. Brunetti will arrive at the end of April, and make her first appearance at the early part of May, in Verdi's opera of *Rigoletto*. Madame Albani will make her first appearance about the middle of May, as Arsace in *Semiramide*. Mdlle. Titiens will appear on the opening night Tuesday, April 10, in conjunction with Signor Giuglini. Madame Borghi Mamo will make her first appearance in this country on Thursday, April 12, as Leonora, in *La Favorite*. Madame Marie Cabel (from the Imperial Opera Comique, Paris), will appear during the season in several of her favorite characters. The season will commence on Tuesday, April 10, when will be performed (for the first time at this theatre) Flotow's admired opera of *Martha*. Lionello, Signor Giuglini (his first appearance this season); Plunkett, Signor Violetti; Lord Tristano, Signor Sebastian Ronconi; Nancy, Mdlle. Vaneri; Lady Henrietta, Mdlle. Titiens (her first appearance this season). On Thursday, April 12th, *La Favorite*. Fernando, Signor Giuglini; Alfonso, Signor Everardi (his first appearance); Baldassare, Signor Violetti; Leonora, Mdlle. Borghi Mamo (her first appearance). On Saturday, 14th April, will be performed Verdi's opera of *Il Trovatore*, Manrico, Signor Giuglini; Ferrando, Signor Violetti; Conte di Luna, Signor Aldighieri; Azucena, Madame Borghi Mamo; Leonora, Mdlle. Titiens.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—The season closed with March, and with continued success of *Lurline*. In a valedictory address of the managers (Louisa Pyne and Wm. Harrison) their achievements are summed up as follows:

"In three seasons we have produced four English operas and one operetta by native composers, namely—*The Rose of Castille* and *Satanella*, by Mr. Balfe; *Victorine*, by Mr. Alfred Mellon; *Romance*, by Mr. Henry Leslie; and *Lurline*, by Mr. Vincent Wallace. Also *Martha* and *Dinorah*, and a repertoire to whose merits the public approbation has been the best test.

"Again we request English composers, who have works complete, or in a state of preparation, to acquaint us with the same, in order that we may make our arrangements accordingly.

"We have been the means of introducing to the English operatic stage the following English artists: Miss Parepa, Miss Corelli, Miss Pilling, Miss Thirlwall, Miss Fanny Cruise, Mr. Santley, Mr. Ferdinand Glover (an artist whose love we much deplore), Mr. Patey, Mr. Grattan Kelly, Mr. Wallworth, Mr. Honey, &c., &c. During the three seasons we have expended, for artists, authors, rent, &c., the sum of £79,788.

Special Notices.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Though I sing. (Tra la la.) Gordigiani. 25

One of Gordigiani's popular Neapolitan Songs, one of the songs that is heard sung and hummed in the streets of gay and sunny Naples, full of life and mirth.

The Flowers. Ballad. Silcher. 25

Adapted to the beautiful melody of "Loreley." Very easy.

God bless the sailor on the sea. B. Covert. 25

Will have a large sale, like the same author's fine song, "Jamie's on the stormy sea."

This heart of mine. (Das arme Herz) Reichardt. 25

A gem. This is a song of that class which Stigelli renders so finely.

On the mountain's airy summit. Kücken. 25

A joyous melody after the Tyrolean pattern, for voices of moderate compass. Will do for very young beginners.

By the banks of the Genesee river. Song and chorus. R. S. Taylor. 25

A good minstrel song with an effective chorus.

Across there at the window. Song with Violoncello (or Flute or Violin or Cornet) obligato. Möhring. 25

A charming little song, first introduced by Mrs. Harwood at Mr. Eichberg's concert a fortnight ago, and repeated by her to-night at Zerrahn's benefit. Just the thing to delight everybody. Easy for voice and instruments.

Instrumental Music.

Victory Polka. J. Wright. 10

Reminiscences militaires. Polka brillante. C. W. Sanderson. 25

Marion Polka. L. O. Emerson. 25

Le Billet doux Polka Mazurka. H. Prince. 50

Come into the garden, Maud. Transcription. Brinley Richards. 40

A charming arrangement of Balfe's popular song, which has met with as much favor in England as the song itself.

Books.

THE NEW GERMANIA. A collection of the most favorite Operatic Airs, Marches, Polkas, Waltzes, Quadrilles, and Melodies of the day. Arranged in an easy and familiar style for four, five, and six instruments. By B. A. Burditt. 1,25

A very desirable collection of instrumental music; one that the musical community have long required, and one for which the thousands of small bands and amateur clubs throughout the country will be very thankful. The Melodies are of that class which the great mass of the people, both as performers and listeners, at once adopt as their own and stamp as "favorites." They are very finely arranged, and, as the title indicates, in a style easy, familiar and acceptable to all. Mr. Burditt has been long and favorably known as the leader of one of the best Bands in this city, and as a composer and arranger of this class of music. His long experience has enabled him to determine correctly as to what was wanted in a collection of this kind, and how it was wanted; he has therefore acted understandingly in the preparation of this volume.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 420.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Letters on Musical Subjects.

VI.

MUSIC A LANGUAGE. — SONATA IN E FLAT
BY BEETHOVEN.

My Dear Friend,—In my last letter to you I made the statement, that music, though speaking to our feelings directly, without the aid of the understanding, and in its expression not necessarily following a logical order, (as shown in the G major Sonata, op. 14, No. 2), may yet depict emotions in an order so logical, that the understanding may reduce them to words. Such works present the closest union of the feelings and the understanding, and by thus summing up the principal and ruling powers in the nature of man, show us the Art of Music in its highest and ultimate development.

Such a work we have in the E flat major Sonata, op. 81, by Beethoven, which he entitled "*Les Adieux, l'Absence et le Retour.*" The origin of it, or rather the time and ruling events in Beethoven's life leading to it, are not known to me. But the meaning is nevertheless clear, though we are not able to prove how the work was rooted in Beethoven's life. A speedy publication of his life, for which the "*Diarist*" has been collecting materials so long and with so much indefatigable zeal might help us to find out its connection with Beethoven's own experience. Fortunately we do not need such an explanation. The poet speaks to us in Nature's own tones, unmistakeably; and our sympathy as well as our understanding are equally interested in the development of the beautiful work.

The Sonata opens with a thoughtful Adagio, two-four time, E flat major, which is the Introduction. Its first two measures contain the principal motives of the first and second movements of the Sonata. The first three tones (in the intervals of a Third, a Fifth, and a Sixth) are the music to the title of the movement: "*Lebewohl,*" fare thee well. This motive we shall meet frequently in all the various gradations from loving tenderness to bitter anguish. M 2 in inversion we shall find again as the principal motive of movement two. This introduction, beginning cheerfully, immediately changes to plaintive questions, as if the loving woman were asking: "Must you go; can not you stay with me here, where arms of love embrace you?" It closes *pianissimo*.

You may remember an engraving, representing a young wife tying the white ribbon around the arm of her Huguenot husband, who is about leaving her, never to return. There you have these 16 measures represented by the hand of the painter. It is the same sad, loving face, tenderly looking up to the man of her heart; our poet made it speak her love and anguish.

In the first two measures the *Allegro*, 2-2 time, bursts forth in bitter grief, calmed down in trusting and loving chords in m 3 and 4. Measures

5-15 express the loving emotions, that chase away that first grief, which however, is to return presently. M. 16-18 lead to a mournful duet of the lovers which in both parts repeats the motive first of the introduction, changing in m 30-33 to assuring tenderness. Half in grief and half in love m 34-41 represent the mixed feeling so natural at parting, and in m 42-49 the part closes, followed in 50-53 by that first motive leading back to the beginning. After the repetition follows the second part, m 54-95, which is shorter than usual, and, like the second part of the last movement, quiet instead of being full of motion and increased life. The reason is obvious. With artistic taste and true to nature the poet here represents the height of grief, as in the last movement the sum of bliss, both of which are silent, by soft, sweet sighs, and by happiest, tenderest forgetfulness of self in the embrace of each other in the last movement. Hence the character and size of the second parts of both movements. Thus this second part consists of the first motive accompanied by the second, which in the Introduction and in the second movement is so expressive of grief and sorrow, mostly on diminished seventh chords. Only in measures 74 and 76 the Soprano sighs out a sweet lament, and in 77-79, diminishing from a forte, the single assuring phrase in this part occurs, similar to m 1-4. The rest to m 93 is grief, sighing, almost sobbing. After two leading over measures the third part repeats the first to m 147 entire, and in m 148-166 the m 1-11 of the same part come in again, when they are followed by the Coda m 167-241. The violence, the bitterness, the desolation of grief are yet moderated, and so represented in this movement, by the presence of the departing friend. And the painful emotions are charmed away by the hope of his return. He is not going to leave forever; these eyes shall yet rest on his beloved face, these arms shall yet embrace the dear form, this heart yet beat against the heart of the returning friend. And so sweet hope mingles with the parting "*Lebewohl,*" fare thee well. This the Coda says, when that first motive is accompanied by cheerful, loving runs now in the bass, now in the treble. The pen despairs of describing all the shades of feeling, which the music sings out in most perfect truthfulness. Not even the inspired poet were able to fill us with those emotions, which the tones excite in every sympathetic heart. And thus, without attempting any further description, I leave it to you, my dear friend, to feel the love and the sorrow, the doubts and the assurance, which the tone-poet sings out in sweetest tones, and which will wake an echo in your own bosom. I remark in conclusion, that Beethoven with perfect consciousness and fitness, makes strange chords mingle, as those farewells mingle in one accent though uttered by two voices. You will at once see these Dominant and Tonic chords sounding together in m 18-20. Critics (they severely remarked of course on this violation of harmonic laws, when the work was first pub-

lished) do not always feel the truth of nature. The feeling, sympathetic heart does.

It would be equally useless to attempt a description of the second movement of the Sonata, headed, "*Die Abwesenheit (l'Absence),*" *Andante espressivo*, C minor, 2-4 time. It is not even necessary to state the two elements that make up the movement, utter desolation of grief and tenderest, most loving remembrance of the absent friend. The meaning is obvious. And yet it takes a heart well skilled in bearing ill, a heart that had to suffer bitterest anguish at the hands of Fate, a heart rich in experience and in sorrows, to feel all the grief, all the love, that speak to us in this movement. Alas! he had suffered much himself. Alone, with his soul burning with love for a being, he might call his own; alone, after he had loved so deeply and tenderly, with no one to share his joys, to bear his troubles with him: a lonely man and well versed in sorrows, he might write such a lay. Here is a counterpart to his "*Adelaide*" or to the *Allegretto* from the eighth Symphony. In m 1-36 those contrasting emotions are described. The principal motive of the movement fills the m 37-42.

These last six measures lead over without a stop to the last movement entitled "*Das Wiedersehen (Le Retour)*" in 6-8 time, *Vivacissimamente* in E flat major. An introduction m 1-10 ascending and descending on the Dominant-seventh chord in quickest, impetuous runs fitly represents the whirl of an overwhelming joy at meeting again. A simple motive of three notes alternating on a few chords, now sung by the Soprano, then by the Basso, the latter accompanied by a graceful figure in the Soprano in m 11-28 and runs on the Tonic and Dominant chords in m 29-36 picture the loving joyous emotions of the re-united couple. Short tones on two chords m, 37-44, much like joy too full for coherent speech, represent the feeling naturally following the first outburst of blissful happiness, that namely of half doubtful, half assured certainty. "Is it you, yourself again?" they seem to ask. As if sobbing with very bliss, the Soprano in short and tender cries accompanies the same chords in m 45-52. Here a melody of simplest structure, counting two measures only, enters, which represents the feeling of being one-in-one again, sweetly, dreamily. It is a duetto, the voices proceeding in contrary motion, and is accompanied by a trill in the middle in m 53-56. A cadence on quick runs m 57-60, leads to the same sweet melody m 61-64, followed by the same cadence, this time in the basso, and is succeeded by a phrase calling back the tender longings of the time of separation most feelingly, m 69-72. Four measures, melody and harmony the same as in those sweet measures 84 and 85 from "*Adelaide,*" on the words: "One day, O wonder, on my grave a flower will spring from the ashes of my heart," follow, an expression naturally of the same loving emotions; and in m 77-81 strong runs form a satisfactory close to the first part.

The second part of necessity assumes a more quiet character, since the first and third parts of this movement are so full of motion. It begins in *m* 83—88 with similar doubts and reassurance, as we found in *m* 37—44 of the first part, leading over in a most simple and loving succession of chords *m* 89—94 to the same sweet melody we found in the first part *m* 53—56. In *m* 104—110 the second part closes and is followed by the third, which in more animated treatment repeats all of the first part to *m* 177. In this *m* the *Coda* begins *poco Andante*, repeating in *m* 177—185 the motive of *m* 11 in various harmonic changes, simple and in loving thirds; *m* 186—191 bring a variation on the same motive. It is a thoughtful, blissful reverie as it were; and lovingly, as if a symbol of the happy reunion, in contrary motion, yearning for each other, the chords ascending and descending towards each other in thirds and fourths pause on the Dominant-seventh in 191 *poco ritardando*, whence in the original quick tempo the piece comes to a happy close in *m* 197.

Here we have a poem of the most perfect truthfulness to nature, in noblest expression describing a succession of emotions as they necessarily follow and derive from, one another. So two hearts feel in actual life at parting, in separation and on their blissful reunion again. There is a psychological necessity in the succession of those feelings; and this series may be represented in words or it may form a subject for the brush of the artist or the chisel of the sculptor.

This work is one of those, as I said at the beginning of the letter, that show us the two sides of the nature of man, sentiment and understanding in closest transubstantiation, in oneness; one of those boundary stones of the Art, to overstep which is impossible.

I might have chosen for illustration almost any of the Quatuors of Haydn and one of the last by Beethoven; or a Symphony by Mozart, such as for instance the lovely first, contrasting it with the third or fifth or seventh or ninth of Beethoven. But not knowing whether they would be as accessible to you as these Sonatas, I made them serve my purpose.

In the next letter we may try to find the elementary forms made use of to express a sentiment, and speak of the manner in which to find them, to make them apparent to the eye and through it to the understanding. Meanwhile I am, as ever, your friend,

G. A. SCHMITT.

Cambridge, April 7th, 1860.

Review of Marx's Beethoven.

(From the Atlantic Monthly.)

Ludwig van Beethoven. *Leben und Schaffen*. Herausgegeben von Adolph Bernhard Marx. 2 vols. 8vo. Berlin, 1859. pp. 379, 339.

Beethoven died March 26, 1827, and thirty years passed away without any satisfactory biography of him. The notices and anecdotes of Seyfried, (1832), Wegeler, and Ries, (1838), the somewhat more extended sketch by Schindler, (1840, second edition 1845), and what in various forms, often of very doubtful veracity, appeared from time to time in periodical publications, musical and other, remained the only sources of information respecting the great master, and the history of his works, available to the public, even the German public. Wegeler's "Notizen" are indispensable for the early history of the composer; Schindler's "Biographie," for that of his later years. Careful scrutiny has failed to detect any important error in the statements of the former, or in those of the latter, where he professedly speaks from personal knowledge. Schindler is one of the best-abused men in Germany,—perhaps has given sufficient occasion for it,—but we must bear this tes-

timony to the value of his work, unsatisfactory as it is. Seyfried and Ries give little more than personal reminiscences of a period ending some twenty-five or thirty years before they wrote. The one is always careless; the other died too suddenly to give his hastily written anecdotes revision. Both must be corrected (as they may easily be, but have not yet been) by contemporaneous authorities. Their errors are constantly repeated in the biographical articles upon Beethoven which we find in the Encyclopædias, with one exception, the article in the "New American," published by the Appletons.

A life of Beethoven, founded upon a careful digest of these writers, combined with the materials scattered through other publications,—even though no original researches were made,—was still a desideratum, when the very remarkable work upon Mozart, by the Russian, Alexander Oulibichef, appeared, and aroused a singular excitement in the German musical circles through the real or supposed injustice towards Beethoven into which the hero-worship of the author had led him. We had hopes that now some one of the great master's countrymen would give us something worthy of him; but the excitement expended itself in pamphlets and articles in periodicals, in which as little was done for Beethoven's history as was effected against the views of Oulibichef.

Another Russian, however, Wilhelm von Lenz, came to the rescue in two works,—“Beethoven et ses trois Styles,” (2 vols. 8vo. St. Petersburg, 1852,) and “Beethoven, eine Kunststudie” (2 vols. 12mo. Cassel, 1855). A very feeble champion, this Herr von Lenz. The first of his two works—in French, rather of the Stratford-at-Bow order,—consists principally of an “Analyse des Sonates de Piano” of Beethoven, in which these works are indeed much talked about, but not analyzed. The author, an amateur, has plenty of zeal, but unluckily, neither the musical knowledge nor the critical skill for his self-imposed task. We mention this book only because the second volume closes with a “Catalogue critique, chronologique, et anecdotique,” in which the author has, with great industry and care, and for the first time, brought together the principal historical notices of Beethoven's works, scattered through the pages of the books above noticed and the fifty quarto volumes of the “Leipziger Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung.”

The first volume of “Beethoven, eine Kunststudie” is a “Leben des Meisters,” a mere sketch, made up from the same works as the “Catalogue,” with a very few additions from other sources. As a biographer, Lenz fails as signally as in his capacity of critic. Much original matter, from one living so far away, was not to be expected; but he has made no commendable use of the printed authorities which he had at hand. His style is bombastic and feeble; there is neither a logical nor a chronological progress to his narrative; moreover, he is not always trustworthy, even in matters personal to himself;—at all events, a very interesting account of a meeting between him and Mendelssohn, at the house of Moscheles in London,—apropos of nothing,—has called out a letter from the latter in a Leipzig musical journal, in which the whole story is declared to be without foundation. In our references to Lenz, we shall consider his “Catalogue” and his “Leben des Meisters” as complements to each other, and forming a single work.

Lenz's “Beethoven et ses trois Styles” was avowedly directed against Oulibichef, and called out a reply from that gentleman, with the title, “Beethoven, ses Critiques et ses Glossateurs,” (8vo. Paris and Leipzig, 1857,) in which poor Lenz is annihilated, but which makes no pretensions to biographical value. It contains, indeed, a sketch of the master's life; it is but a sketch, so highly colored, such a mere painting of Beethoven as he existed in the author's fancy,—not in real life,—as to convey a most false idea of him and of his fortunes. The introduction is an admirable sketch of the progress of music during the first twenty-five years of the present century,—a supplement to his famous view of modern music in his work upon Mozart. His analyses of such of Beethoven's works as met his approbation are masterly and unrivalled, save by certain articles from the pens of Hoffmann and our own writer Dwight. With the later works of the composer Oulibichef had no sympathy. Haydn and Mozart had given him his standards of perfection. We can forgive Beethoven, when at times he rises above all forms and rules in seeking new means of expression; Oulibichef could not.

But it is not endless discussions of Beethoven's works which the public—at all events, our public—demands. We wish his biography,—the history of his life. What has been given us does but whet the appetite. We wish to have the many original sources, still sealed to us, explored, and the results of

this labor honestly given us. None of the writers above-mentioned have been in a position to do this, and their publications are but materials for the use of the true biographer, when he shall appear.

It was therefore with a pleasure as great as it was unexpected, that we saw, some months since, the announcement of the volumes named at the head of this article. They now lie before us. We have given them a very careful examination, and shall now endeavor to do them full justice, granting them much more space than has yet been accorded to them in any German publication which has come under our notice, because out of Germany the reputation of the author is far greater than at home,—whether upon the old principle, that the “prophet is not without honor,” etc., we hope hereafter to make clear.

Some particulars respecting Dr. Marx may find place here, as proving that from no man, perhaps, have we the right to expect so much, in a biography of Beethoven, as from him. We draw them mostly from Schilling's “Encyclopädie der gesammten musikalischen Wissenschaft,” Vol. IV., Stuttgart, 1841,—a work which deserves to be better known in our country. It is worthy of note, that in this work, of which Mozart fills eight pages, Handel, Bach, Haydn, and Beethoven seven to seven and a half each, Gluck six and a quarter, Meyerbeer four, and Weber four and a half, Marx, eighteen years since, occupied five.

Adolph Bernhard Marx was born at Halle, Nov. 17, 1799, and, like so many of the distinguished musicians of recent times, is of Jewish descent. He studied at the University of his native city, choosing the law for his profession, but making music the occupation of his leisure hours,—the well-known contrapuntist, Türk, being his instructor in musical theory and composition. “He [Türk] soon saw whom he had before him, and told Marx at once that he was born to be a musician.”*

Soon after finishing his legal studies, Marx removed to Berlin, as the place where he could best enjoy the means of artistic culture. “For one quite without fortune, merely to live in a strange city demands great strength of character; but to go farther and fit one's self for a career and for a position in the future, which even under the best auspices is of very difficult attainment, and beside all this, to have others dependent upon him for the necessities of life,—what a burden to bear! . . . By a very intellectual system of instruction in singing and in composition, and, at a later period (1824—31,) by editing the “Berliner Allgemeine Musik-zeitung,” and several theoretical and practical musical works, he earned the means of subsistence. Never was a periodical more conscientiously edited. It was for Marx like an official station, and his seven years upon that paper were in fact a preparation for the position of Public Teacher, to which in 1830 he was appointed, in the University at Berlin, after having declined a judicial position offered to him, with a fair salary, in one of the provinces. Honorably has he since that period filled his station, however great the pains which have been taken in various quarters that it should not be said of him, ‘Virtus post nummos!’”*

“The diploma of Doctor of Music Marx received from the University at Marburg; and thereupon (?) obtained the greatest applause for a course of lectures, in part strictly scientific for the musician, and in part upon the history of music, its philosophy, etc.; also, as Music-Director of the University, he has brought (1841) the academic choir into such a flourishing state, both as to numbers and skill, as to be adequate to the most difficult music.”†

Again we read,—“We remember, that, some time since, Fétis, at Paris, pointed out Marx as the one who had introduced the philosophy of Kant into music.” Were this so, so much the more credit to Marx, who, at that time, we are informed, had never studied the works of the philosopher of Königsberg, and his basing music upon the Kantian philosophy is therefore but a proof of the profundity of his genius.

From the same article we extract the following list of his productions:—1. A work on Singing, in three parts; the second and third of which “contain throughout admirable and novel remarks.” 2. “Maigrass” (Maygreeting). “This pamphlet, humorous and delicate, yet powerfully written,” calls attention to certain novel views of its author in regard to music. 3. Articles in the “Cäcilia,” a musical periodical. 4. Essay on Handel's works. 5. A work on Composition. 6. Several biographies and other articles in Schilling's Encyclopædia,—“indeed, all the articles signed A. B. M.” 7. Editions of several of Bach's and Handel's works. To these we may now add his extensive treatise upon Musical Science, in four volumes, his “Music in the Nineteenth Century,” and the work which is now before us.

*Article in Schilling.

†Ibid.

Of musical compositions we find the following noticed:—1. Music to Goethe's "Jery und Bätely,"—which, in theatrical parlance, was shockingly *damned*;—but then "its author had made many enemies as editor of the 'Musikalische Zeitung,'" and the singers and actors embraced this opportunity of revenge. 2. Music to the melodrama, "Die Rache wartet," (Vengeance waits,) by Willibald Alexis, the scenes of which are laid in Poland at the time of Napoleon's fatal Russian expedition. "This background was the theme of the music, which consisted of a little more than the overture and *entr'actes*, but was held by musicians of note to be both grand and profound. The character of the campaign of 1812, especially, was given in the overture with terrible truth of expression. Still, however, the work *did not succeed*." 3. "Undine's Greeting," text by Fouqué, with a festive symphony, composed on the occasion of the marriage of the present Prince Regent of Prussia. This was also *damned*,—but then, it was badly executed! 4. Symphony,—"The Fall of Warsaw,"—still manuscript. "The music paints most touchingly the rash, superficial, chivalrous character of the Poles, their love of freedom amid the thunder of cannon, their terrible fall in the bloody defeat, their solitary condition on strange soil, the awful judgment that fell upon that people." We are sorry to add, that the Berlin orchestras will not play this work,—preferring Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven. 5. A Choral and Organ Book,—"one of Marx's most interesting works." 6. "Nahib,"—a series of songs, the music of which "is gentle, tender, and full of Oriental feeling." 7. "John the Baptist," an oratorio,—twice performed by the University choir in one of the churches of Berlin. "A great charm is found in the peculiar sharpness of characterization which distinguishes this music. The solos and choruses, being held throughout in spirited declamation,—the music not being aggravated in conventional tone-masses, but developed vigorously after the sense of the text,—are distinguished from those in the works of recent composers." Unfortunately for Marx, the public preferred the solos and choruses of such recent composers as Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, and Schumann to his. A few songs and hymns completed the list of his works at that time.

"At present," (1841,) says our authority, "Marx is laboring upon an oratorio, 'Moses,' for which he long since made studies, and which in its profound conception of character will have but few equals."

The "Moses" was long since finished, and was performed in several places; but the public has not proved alive to its merits, and it fares no better than did Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in its no-nage.

We have perhaps quoted somewhat too largely from the article in Schilling; but have thought so much necessary to give the reader the basis of the great reputation which Marx has, particularly in England and the United States;—for, singular as the fact may appear, we are unable to recall the name of any young composer who has appeared and gained any considerable degree of success, since Marx began to teach, whom he can claim as his pupil. Most of the younger generations are from the schools of Hauptmann, Haupt, Dehn, the Schneiders, and the Vienna and Prague professors. Marx's reputation, then, is that of an author,—a writer upon music.

There is one fact, however, worthy of mention in regard to the article from which we have quoted, which, while it exhibits the modesty of Marx,—modesty, the ornament of true greatness,—may (or may not) add weight to the extracts we have made from it,—namely, that the article was written for Schilling by Marx himself.

We have, then, a man of three-score years, whose youth and early manhood fell in the period of Beethoven's greatest efforts and fame; a musician by profession, and composer, but, through "the opposition of singers and musicians and the scandalous journalism" of Berlin, forced from the path of composition into that of the science and literature of the art; for thirty years lecturer on the history and philosophy of music; professor of the art in the first of German universities, a position, both social and professional, which gives him command of all the sources of information; dweller in a city which possesses one of the finest musical libraries in the world, that, too, in which the bulk of the Beethoven papers are preserved,—a city, moreover, in which more than in any other the more profound works of the master are studied and publicly performed. Certainly, from no man living have we the right to expect so much, as biographer of Beethoven, as from this man.

We have no extravagant ideas of the value of the so-called Conversation-Books of Beethoven. We are aware that they seldom contain anything from the hand of the master himself,—being made up, of course, of what people had to say to him; but one

hundred and thirty-eight such books,—though in many cases but a sheet or two of foolscap doubled together, generally filled with mere lead-pencil scribbling, now by his brother, now by the nephew, then by Schindler or the old housekeeper, upon money matters and domestic arrangements, but often by artists, poets, and literary men, not only of Vienna, but in some cases even from England, and in one from America—must contain a great mass of matter, which places one amidst those by whom the master was surrounded, makes one to "know his goings-out and his comings-in," and occasionally facts of high importance in the study of his character, and the circumstances in which he spent his last years. For some twelve years these books have been in Berlin and at the disposal of Marx. The numerous files of musical periodicals and the mass of musical biography and recent musical history preserved in the Royal Library must be of inestimable value to the writer on Beethoven,—a value which Marx must fully appreciate, both from his former labors as editor, and his more recent ones as contributor of biographical articles to Schilling's Encyclopædia.

As we take up this new life of Beethoven, then, the measure of our expectations is the reputation of the author, plus the means, the materials, at his command. And certainly the first impression made by these two goodly volumes is a very favorable one; for, making due allowance for the music scattered through them with not too lavish a hand, by way of examples, we have still some six hundred solid pages of reading matter,—space enough in which to answer many a vexed question, clear up many a dark point, give us the results of widely extended researches, and place Beethoven the Man and the Composer before us in "Leben und Schaffen,"—in his life and his labors.

In the first cursory glance through the work, we were struck by an apparent disproportion of space allotted to different topics, and have taken some pains to examine to how great an extent this disproportion really exists. We find that in the first volume, four works,—the First, Second, and Third Symphonies and the opera "Leonore" or "Fidelio" occupy 136 of the 375 pages; in the second, that the other five Symphonies and the "Missa Solemnis" fill out 123 of the 330 pages. Bearing in mind that the works of Beethoven which have *Opus* numbers—not to speak of the others—amount to 137, and that, in some cases, three and even six compositions, so important as the Rasoumowsky Quartets, for instance, are included in a single *Opus*, the disproportion really appears very great. We notice, moreover, that just those works which are most familiar to the public, which have for thirty years or more been subjects of never-ending discussion, and which one would naturally suppose might be dismissed in fewest words,—that these are the works which occupy so much space. What is there so new to be said of the "Heroic Symphony" that fifty pages should be allotted to it, while the ballet "Prometheus," still strange to nearly every reader, should be dismissed in three?

We find it also somewhat remarkable that Marx thinks it necessary to give his own notions of musical form to the extent of nineteen pages, (Vol. I. pp. 79 *et seq.*) preparatory to his discussion of the greater works of the master, and yet is able to condense the history of Beethoven's first twenty-two years—the period, in our view, the most important in making him what he was—in sixteen! We have not space to follow this out farther, and only add, that, were this work a mere catch-penny affair by an unknown writer, we should suspect him of "drawing out the thread of his verbosity" on topics where materials are plenty and talk is easy, in preference to the labor of original research on points less known.

In reading the work carefully, two points strike us in relation to his printed authorities: first, that the list of those quoted by Lenz in his "Catalogue" and "Leben des Meisters" comprises nearly all those cited by Marx; the principal additions being the works of Lenz, Oulibichef, and A. B. Marx,—the latter of which he exhibits great skill in finding and making opportunities to advertise;—and secondly, that, where the Russian writer, through haste, carelessness, or the want of means to verify facts and correct errors, falls into mistakes, the Berlin Professor generally agrees with him. As it is impossible that a gentleman who for nearly thirty years "writes himself, in any bill, warrant, quitance, or obligation," Extraordinary Professor of a great German University, should simply adopt the labors of an obscure Russian writer without acknowledgment, we can only suppose these resemblances to be coincidences. These coincidences are, nevertheless, so numerous, that we may say in general, what Lenz knew of the history of the man Beethoven and his works is known to Marx,—what was unknown

to the former is equally unknown to the latter. Marx, however, occasionally quotes passages from Schindler, Wegeler, and Ries at length, to which Lenz only gives references. We will note a few of the coincidences between the two writers.

Here is the first sentence of the biography:—

"Ludwig van Beethoven was born to his father, a singer in the chapel of the *Elector Max Franz*, Archbishop of Cologne, Dec. 17, 1770." (Marx, Vol. I. p. 4.) Beethoven was fourteen years old when this Elector came to Bonn. Max Franz is confounded with Max Friedrich,—a singular mistake, since Wegeler writes the name in full. It may, however, be a typographical error, or a *lapsus penne* on the part of Marx. We give him all the benefit of the doubt; but, unluckily, we read on p. 12, that the Archbishop, "brother of Joseph II.," called the Protestant Nefce from the theatre to the organ-loft of the Electoral Chapel,—this appointment having in fact been made four years before the "brother of Joseph II." had aught to do with appointments in that part of the world. Lenz confounds the two Electors in precisely the same manner.

Both Lenz and Marx (p. 9) relate the old exploded story of the child Beethoven and the spider. The former found it in the "Leipziger Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung," and probably had not authorities at hand to correct it. Had Marx sent to the Library for Disjournal's "Arachnologie," the work which he gives as *his* authority, he would have found, that, not Beethoven, but the French violinist Berthame, was the hero of the anecdote, as, indeed, is also related in Schilling's Encyclopædia, not many pages after Marx's own article on Beethoven in that work.

That Lenz should misdate Beethoven's visit to Berlin is not strange; that Marx, a Berliner, should, is. Nor is it remarkable that Lenz knows nothing of Beethoven's years of service as member of the Electoral orchestra at Bonn; but how Marx should have overlooked it, in case he has made any researches into the composer's early history, is beyond our comprehension.

Schindler has mistaken the date of certain letters written by Beethoven long before he had any personal intercourse with him, the notes to Julia Guicciardi, which he dates 1806. Both Lenz and Marx follow him in the date; both quote Beethoven's words, that the lady in question married Count Gallenberg before the departure of the latter to Italy; both coincide in overlooking the circumstances related in the "Leipziger Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung," that, before June, 1806, a grand performance of music, composed and directed by Gallenberg, took place at Naples in honor of Joseph Bonaparte; proof sufficient that Beethoven could not in July of that year have addressed the lady in these terms: "Mein Engel, mein Alles, mein Ich!"

Both Marx and Lenz relate the following anecdote. Haydn, meeting Beethoven, praised the Septet of the latter; upon which the young man exclaimed, deprecatingly, "Ah, it is far from being a 'Creation'!" To which Haydn replied, "That you could not have written, for you are an atheist!"

That the absurdity of making Beethoven, then a man of thirty and supposed to be possessed of common sense, hint at any comparison of a piece of chamber-music with one of the grandest of oratorios, and that, too, to the author himself, should not have struck Marx, is strange; nor is it less so, that, in the course of his researches, he has not met with the correction of the story, by the late Alois Fuchs of Vienna.

In fact, the ballet "Prometheus," in which the progress of man from a state of rude nature to the highest culture and refinement is depicted, and the "Creation," were both given for the first time within a few weeks of each other. The affinity of the subjects is clear, and the remark of the young man, "Ah, dear papa, it is far from being a 'Creation'!" is only natural. "No," said Haydn, "it is indeed not a 'Creation,' nor do I think its author will ever reach that!"

In the dates given by Marx to Beethoven's compositions he generally coincides with Lenz, in his "Catalogue," particularly when the latter is wrong, and when he differs from him, he is as apt to be wrong as right. Any person who has both works at command may easily verify this remark.

But we cannot dwell longer on this point.

(To be Continued.)

The Diarist Abroad.

VIENNA, MARCH 22.—A few days since I had what may be called a musical holiday. In the morning I was at the room of one of the finest pianists of Vienna, although he does not set himself up as a virtuoso. Some members of the great orchestra were

there and the business was to try a few pieces of chamber music and select one for a concert. Of the pieces played, one is well worth attention by our Quintette club, if still unknown in Boston. It is a Quintet for Pianoforte, violin, viola, violoncello, contrabass, by Schubert, op. 114. The first movement is not remarkable, though good; the second is an Andante, not very deep or grand, but of exceeding beauty; the third a very fine Scherzo; fourth, variations on the "Forelle," exquisite; the finale (Allegro giusto) a worthy close to the work. Schubert's fault of spinning out his movements too long for the musical idea contained is not at all prominent in this work, which is one that I think would become a favorite—perhaps already is—in Boston.

At midday I went to the opera house to hear Handel's "Israel in Egypt." The choir was piled up on the stage; the huge orchestra, nearly all string instruments, in the usual place. Where I sat the choruses sounded smothered and dead; but notwithstanding this, I could fully sympathize with an American friend who now heard an oratorio for the first time in his life, and whose voice choked and tears ran, as he, in the intervals, endeavored to express his feelings at the effect of those mighty combinations of tones. The choruses were sung by a young society, which has not yet attained full command of such music—but in spite of all drawbacks it caused "my soul to mount upon the wings of eagles." Argue as the Bachists may, Handel and Beethoven are still for me the two greatest of all the composers.

In the evening, at Herr Ferdinand Luib's, I heard the little Julia Swoboda, of whom I have before spoken, play the pianoforte again. She is so small that she has to rest her feet upon a stool when playing. I discussed with Mr. Wessely the question whether her great execution, her power and delicacy, her musical conception of the works played, or her extraordinary memory, is her strong point, and we were alike unable to decide the problem. Of the pieces which she played us from memory, I remember Beethoven's Sonata, op. 27, No. 1, his Polonaise, op. 89, a Gigue by Mozart and one by Bach, an Allegro by Handel, Schumann's piece "Am Abend," and two beautiful pieces in modern style by a young composer, Jungmann, who was present, viz., a "Gracioso" and "Spanier Händchen." These are all I remember. Then we had divers things for four hands, and two movements of Beethoven's E flat Concerto for pianoforte. For this latter the little girl had the notes before her, but seldom looked at them. I advised Mr. L. to pay Boston and New York a visit with her—which I certainly should not do if she had nothing but mechanical dexterity.

Two or three years since this Journal contained a notice of MICHAEL GLINKA's death. OULIBICHEFF thus speaks of him and of his Russian opera.

"Der Freyschütz filled our young (Russian) musicians with enthusiasm, and our first operas, a medley of devil scenes and popular melodies, were the prelude to the master work of Michael Glinka, "Life for the Czar," one of the greatest productions of our century, as I dare believe, and in general one of the most important forward steps in dramatic music. In this work it was not alone his purpose to combine the dramatic and popular song, as Weber had done, without melting the two into one, but to characterize two different nations in giving the melodies from the beginning to the end, even in the most affecting tragic situations, their proper polish and Russian coloring. This is a problem, which at the time when I was engaged upon my Life of Mozart, I considered incapable of solution, and yet Glinka has solved it with a talent and happy result, all the more extraordinary because no one had written, who in any respect can be considered as his model. The work is therefore a new creation and its author a genius. The Russian composer never reached his brilliant

success by following the steps of Weigl in his "Swiss Family;" means insignificant in their nature were intolerable to his artistic soul, and little events could have found no proper place in the grand framework of his plan. On the contrary, Glinka chose the broadest forms of modern music, and proved himself equally great as a melodist, instrumentist and contrapuntist; and in all showed himself more thoroughly a Russian, than any other on our stage; and for the first time our national music was adequate to the historic grandeur of the nation and the moral greatness of the people."

This passage is from Oulibicheff's work on Beethoven, which, though very interesting reading, gives a shockingly distorted view of the great German composer, both in his character and his history.

A. W. T.

Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 20.)

No. 76.

The Same to the Same.

Bologna, August 4th, 1770.

I shall be surprised if my illness costs me less than 20 ducats, if it is even as little. With the help of God, if one keeps one's health let the devil take the money! Mislinetschek*, who has just paid us a visit, has the first opera for the Carnival of 1772, to do at Milan.

P. S. of Wolfgang.—I am truly sorry for poor Martha, who still continues ill, and I pray every day for her return to health; tell her from me not to agitate herself, and to eat a great many salt things. Apropos! Have you given my letter to Robini? You have said nothing about it; when you see him tell him he has quite forgotten me. I cannot write better than this, as my pen is made for making notes, not for letters. I have got fresh strings to my violin, and I play every day. I only tell you this because my mother wished to know if I still played on the violin. I have had the honor of going alone at least six times to different churches, and assisting in some magnificent ceremonies. Meanwhile I have already composed four Italian symphonies, besides five or six songs, and a motet.

Does your M. Balordo come often? and does he still honor you with his interesting discourses? and Monsieur Charles Noble, of Vogt, does he still condescend to listen to your insupportable voices? Tell Mr. Schidenhofen to help him often to compose minuets, or else he shall have no more bons-bons. My duty would be, if I had time, to inflict on MM. de Moelle and Schidenhofen a letter, but I have not a minute to spare. I pray them then to excuse me, and reserve myself the honor for another time. My sole amusement consists in the somersaults I permit myself from time to time. Italy is a country for making one sleep, and one always feels sleepy in it.

No. 77.

The Same to the Same.

A Country House near Bologna, Aug. 11th, 1770.

We are living here in the house of the Marshal Pallavicini in a most princely manner; we have a valet and a footman always at our orders; the first sleeps in our ante-chamber, so as to be always within call; we have the coolest rooms next the Sala terrena. The young Count, who is exceedingly well brought up, and has much talent, is the best of friends with Wolfgang, who loves him tenderly. They never allow me to stand, they insist on my being seated on one chair, with my leg supported on another. Indeed, to-day, in the chapel, during mass, which is performed every day at noon, two chairs had been thus arranged for me. The young count, who is only the same age as Wolfgang, is already Chamberlain to the Emperor, and he assists in the mass, after which they say the chaplet, the litanies, the Salve Regina, and the De Profundis.

Wolfgang goes out in the carriage with the old countess and her son, I with the old count. We shall stay here until my leg is quite healed.

No. 78.

The Same to the Same.

Bologna, Aug. 21st, 1770.

We are still in the country, at the Croce del Biacco, which belongs to the Count Bolognetti, but which has been rented of him for several years by Count Pallavicini. The 30th they will celebrate in a mag-

*Composer born near Prague in 1737, and that the Italians called *Il Boemo*. He died in Rome in 1781, after having struggled against poverty a long time. He only received from his operas 50 to 60 sequins, that is about 16 pounds.

nificent manner the annual fête of the Philharmonic Society of Bologna; there will be high mass, vespers, &c.

P. S. from Wolfgang.—I am still living, and always gay; to-day I had a wish to ride on a donkey; it is the fashion in Italy, so consequently I thought I must try it. We have the honor of knowing a certain Dominican, who passes for a saint; as for me I don't believe a word of it, because I see him take at breakfast, first a good cup of chocolate, and then on the top of that, a large glass of Spanish wine. I have had the honor of eating in the company of this saint, who, besides drinking freely during the repast, finished it up with a large glass of the strongest wine, two good slices of melon, peaches, pears, five cups of coffee, a plate of little cakes, and a lemon ice. Perhaps he did all this on a system of "mortification," but yet I should have some trouble to believe that; it would be too much at a time, and then, besides his dinner, he takes too good care of his supper.

No. 79.

The Same to the Same.

Bologna, Aug. 25th, 1770.

We are still in the country! We have a Dominican friar here, who is a German (from Bohemia), which has enabled us to perform our devotions in the parish church; we have confessed, taken the communion, and made a little pilgrimage to the cross together. At noon we were at mass in the chapel in the castle. You may certainly prepare two beautiful golden relic boxes for your husband and son, as we shall certainly be saints by the time we come back. My friends must forgive me for being such a poor correspondent. To give credit is not to cancel a debt—better late than never—are two proverbs that come as excuses for my idleness; and then, in travelling, one has a thousand things to occupy one's time. My books and my collection of music are most notably augmented. Everything is getting too small for Wolfgang; the silk rolled round his diamond ring has been unwound, only a little wax remains; his limbs have become larger and stronger; he no longer has any voice for singing, neither high notes or low ones, not even five pure notes. This vexes him, because he can no longer sing his own compositions, which he was very fond of doing.

No. 80.

The Same to the Same.

Bologna, September 1st., 1770.

Still in the country! The 30th we heard the high mass and vespers of the Philharmonic Society, at which ten maestros had worked. The Kyrie and the Gloria were by one, the Credo by another, and so on; each composer superintended his own work; but to do that, one must be a member of the Academy.

No. 81.

The Same to the Same.

Bologna, September 8th, 1770.

Do not forget to tell me about the ecclesiastical council who have arrived in Salzburg; of whom this congress is composed, and where it is held. If you do not know, ask of one another.

We shall soon leave for Milan. As we have not been able to go to Leghorn, I shall make a little excursion from Milan to the Borromean Islands, which are quite worth visiting.

P. S. from Wolfgang.—I add a few words to accomplish my duty—tell me to what brotherhood I belong, and what are the prayers I have to say. I am reading at this moment the second volume of Telemachus.

(To be Continued.)

Musical Correspondence.

VIENNA, JAN.—The Christmas and New Year holidays I have just spent with dear friends in Berlin and in Dresden, and have by this opportunity heard the renowned Berlin and Dresden operas and concerts; of course to a very limited extent, yet that little will I chronicle. Here in Vienna, the cradle of music and of musicians, we are continually told that one must go to Berlin to hear good music well played and sung; the taste of the Viennese is low and the standard of the musicians accordingly. I was curious to see and hear in the great Prussian capital.

Christmas evening we went to the very handsome opera-house, to hear *Don Juan*; for though we were warned that the singers were old and pretty poor, we still thought that this great opera would offer suffi-

cient enjoyment, through its orchestral music, its concerted pieces and its choruses, in short through its intrinsic beauties. You will hardly believe that we had a very stupid time, yawned and longed to go away. I think TAUBERT, of whom we hear so much, directed; but if not, DORN, the other Kapellmeister, is also renowned. The orchestra played and the singers sang and the leader led, but, with one or two exceptions, they performed their parts with as little life and feeling as is possible. The orchestra had not a *piano* or a *forte* apparently; nothing was shaded, no *diminuendo* or *crescendo* was to be heard; the leader looked as if he were going to sleep; the choruses and concerted pieces were most slovenly given; the Don Juan, Herr SALOMON, dawdled about the stage; the Zerlina, Frau TUCZEK, was awkward, romping, and terribly vulgar, with no idea of decent singing; the Elvira was most melancholy to behold, voiceless and lifeless; the Governor, a poor old blind man, who should have given up singing long since (want of a strong, effective voice is in this part death to it); the Masetto miserable; the Ottavio well-meaning but entirely ineffective and misplaced in such a character; the Leperello very vulgar, but not much better than the others; and lastly the Donna Anna, Frau KOESTER, very good indeed. This was indeed the single point which saved the entire performance from damnation before any other than an infatuated and self-admiring Berlin audience. Frau Köster conceives this part, as indeed "Fidelio" and all others, to my knowledge, with great understanding and fire. Her voice, it is true, has suffered much with years, and yet I was surprised to find so little difference between the present time and seven years ago. Yes, she was very excellent indeed, and that is about all that I can say for *Don Juan* in Berlin.

We saw one ballet, which was very pretty and very well put on the stage; and we heard and saw *Cosi fan tutte*, of Mozart; it was better, but again Frau Köster was the only redeeming feature of the evening. The singers in Berlin have become old in service, and have not been replaced by new. They have just engaged a new tenor, with a great voice it is said, and have, besides those already mentioned, JOHANNA WAGNER, still great without doubt, and Herr FORMES, a tenor brother to Carl Formes. These two must be good, as perhaps a few others; but the want of life and care in orchestra and in chorus is not for a moment to be pardoned. It proves great neglect on the part of the management and of the leaders, Taubert and Dorn.

We went to hear LIEBIG's orchestra one afternoon with your old Berlin correspondent, but were forced to go away from want of room. The hall was jammed with little tables and chairs, and was for the greater part, filled with ladies knitting and drinking coffee or chocolate. The little that we heard was very good, though Liebig ought to put more life into his orchestra. The programme was long and very excellent; the playing very precise; all that one needed was more musicians and more life. Liebig does a deal of good in Berlin by his Symphony concerts; in that respect Berlin has a great advantage over Vienna.

In Dresden we saw some tableaux, with music of the great masters and with declamation; saw a little comedy, with DAVISON, one of the first German actors, and heard "Abu Hassan," a little opera of Weber's; it is very pretty and characteristic. Another evening we saw EMIL DEVRIENT, also a leading German actor, who has trodden English boards, and Frau BAYER-BUERSCH, (the best German actress to my knowledge and ranking next to Rachel, I think), in a comedy of Freytag's (the author of *Soll und Haben*). *Die Journalisten*, as it is called, was put upon the Dresden stage in 1853, was excellently played and received then, and has apparently remained a favorite comedy to the present day. It is given now

and then here too. Why should not some one translate it for the stage at home? for it would certainly please.

Lastly we heard *Rienzi*, one of Richard Wagner's earliest operas, I think; it was excellently played and sung. The Dresden orchestra proved itself to us far better than that of Berlin; but I very much doubt, if either of them can equal (at all events not more) our Kärthner-thor orchestra. The old tenor, TICHATSCHKE, a man of fifty and more, sang with a beauty and a fire, which hardly any one is able or will soon be able to rival. Mitterwürger, also an old singer, sang the baritone part. Frau KREBS-MICHELES, the wife of the opera director, Krebs, took the mezzo-soprano part, and Frau KRALL sang *Rienzi's* sister charmingly. The whole performance was excellent; Mitterwürger is an old singer, but always pours much feeling and understanding out with his beautiful voice, added to which he is an excellent actor. Frau Krall is a quite young and to me a new singer; she has a very fair soprano voice, sweet and warm, with considerable power, though a little thin in her highest notes. Of the opera "Rienzi" I shall take an early opportunity to speak in detail.

We also heard a concert given by MANSFELD'T's orchestra at the Linkesches Bad (a great hall on the right bank of the Elbe, in a suburb). The programme was very long and excellent; it was as follows:

1. Overture caracteristique. Beethoven.
2. Aria from Hans Heiling. Marschner.
3. Die Werber. Waltz. Lanner.
4. Variations. Op. 80. Beethoven.
5. Overture. "Night Sounds" from Ossian. Gade.
6. Finale from Don Juan. Mozart.
7. Overture to Armida. Gluck.
8. Symphony No. 7. (A). Beethoven.
9. Overture to Elise. Cherubini.
10. Allegro from the Military Symphony. Haydn.
11. Flowers of Fancy. Waltz. Gungl.
12. Ella Polka. John Strauss.

No one could easily find fault with this programme, and the execution of it was capital. J. L.

NEW YORK, APRIL 16.—Last week the double opera season opened. After a couple of months of operatic destitution, we are suddenly flooded by a great inundation of opera. *Prime donne* march in upon us in hordes, and opera singers chirp along our streets like crickets upon a very crickety hearth.

It's the funniest thing in the world to note the bearing of the two opera managers towards each other. ULLMANN is a perfect St. Simeon Stylites of dignity. He mounts upon a towering pillar of conscious power and pride, and claiming to superintend the legitimate opera, of New York, does not bestow a word of notice, even an expression of contempt, upon the new comers at the Winter Garden.

At this latter establishment MAX MARETZKE has fairly entrenched his forces. He claims to be a sort of opposition to monopoly opera. You know Marezek cut his throat a year or so ago. I don't mean he severed his jugular with a razor, but he cut his operatic throat by a sharp speech on the stage of the Academy, after one of his operatic seasons, when he took occasion to say some severe truths about the stockholders. Of course the stockholders couldn't stand this. They paid once for their seats, but now are to all practical purposes the most defunct of dead-heads. "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," and earth no more unrelenting demon than your snubbed dead-head—especially if he be rich, and feels it is rather mean to be one. So the wrathful subscribers or stockholders never forgave the verbose Marezek.

Of course Marezek would have preferred the Academy, but, as he couldn't get it, he suddenly became impressed with the great advantages of the Winter Garden and so pitched his tents there.

Ullmann opened his campaign last Monday, with PATTI, BRIGNOLI, SUSINI and FERRI, in the *Barber*. Immense crowd, excellent performance, great applause and volleys of bouquets.

Marezek opened his campaign Wednesday, with the GASSIERS and ERRANI in *Lucia*. Gassier and his wife are good, popular singers and were well received, but the attendance was rather poor. Errani the new tenor has a sweet but worn voice, with power, and a good method. He belongs to the class of second-rate tenors, along with Sbriglia, Stefani, Lorini and others. The same night Ullmann produced *Don Pasquale*, in which Patti sang and acted and looked charmingly, and Brignoli gave the serenade in an utterly unsurpassable style. The favorite tenor is now at the very zenith of his popularity and power. He has for five years been the most admired tenor in the country, and has survived triumphantly the rivalry of many new comers of greater fame.

Thursday night the Gassiers and Errani sang at the Winter Garden in *Sonnambula*. Friday night *Don Pasquale* was repeated at the Academy, to not so good a house. On Friday night at the Winter Garden, FABBRI made her debut in *Traviata*.

Fabbri is a German lady, far from an infant in years, and with a voice of great power. Her real name is Mulder, and her husband, Richard Mulder, a pianist of some eminence in Germany, conducts the orchestra when she sings. In acting Mrs. Mulder uses the intense French melodramatic style, and consequently created a greater sensation in the last act than in the previous ones, her style, both of figure and manner, being too heavy for the light, fanciful gaiety of the Violetta of the first act. In the dying scene she was painfully elaborate in all the "make up" and in the coughing, hand-clutching and other peculiarities of a consumptive. She also sang this act throughout rather *sotto voce*, as though her very voice were impaired by her illness; an idea that is certainly appropriate to the situation, although it precludes her from making any of those startling points in which Gazzaniga was so effective. Fabbri is quite good, very original, and will appear to better advantage. To-night she appears in *Ernani* with STIGELLI.

The engagement of this tenor will be a great card for Marezek, for Stigelli is deservedly popular, though he will not draw an audience like Brignoli. Stigelli did not like the idea of playing second fiddle to the "handsome tenor." He complained that he was only brought forward when Brignoli was sick or tired, and so he would rather leave. Ullmann shrugged his shoulders and let him go, and so Marezek snapped him up. The indomitable Max certainly is not niggardly in making engagements. He has, besides Fabbri and Gassier, secured the services of FREZZOLINI, who sings on Wednesday in *Lucrezia*, with Miss WISSLER, the Philadelphia contralto. He will give a series of German operas in which Stigelli, Mrs. Mulder (alias Signora Inez Fabbri) Mrs. Van BERKEL and WEINLICH will take part. The first of these operas will be Flotow's *Stradella*. Marezek advertises it in the German papers only, and affectingly appeals to the Teutonic population of New York to support this attempt to realize the long cherished idea of a German opera in New York. But the majority of our Teutons are more addicted to lager, and Hoym's Theatre, than to the music of even the German composers.

At the Academy, in the meantime, Ullmann and Strakosch are preparing novelties. Little Patti is as delightful as ever, but still there must be something new; so a Signora PANTI, from Lima, will shortly make her debut in *Trovatore*, with ADA PHILLIPS, who has improved while in Havana, they say, and will sing in *Favorita* before the end of the season. It is thought that the management will bring out Verdi's *Nabucco*, if any new opera be produced this season.

Of course the German critics will be rampant at the idea of another dose of Verdi. TROVATOR.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 16. — I send you the programme of CARL GAERTNER's third classical soirée

of the present season. He was assisted by CHARLES JARVIS, Jr., the most promising pianist of our latitude, and by Mr. CHAS. SCHMITZ, violoncellist.

1. Grand Sonata, for Piano and Violin, Op. 20. Dedicated to the Emperor Alexander I. Beethoven.
2. Song. Wanderer. Schubert.
3. Polonaise, for Piano, Op. 22. Chopin.
4. Concerto, No. 3, Violin. De Beriot.
5. Grand Trio: Piano, Viol. and 'Cello, Op. 97. Beethoven.

This really excellent soirée took place last Thursday evening, and afforded unqualified delight to the rather limited circle of connoisseurs assembled. Gaertner is a highly cultivated musician, whose *penchant* is toward the old masters, and whose efforts to awaken an interest here, for the solid works of these, are entitled to the grateful appreciation of all those who cherish a love for the purest styles. His violin performance on this occasion showed a true sense of Beethoven's individuality, as well as of the emotions which may be supposed to have prompted him in the composition of the Sonata, and of the fine Trio. Gaertner has one fault in his rendering of such compositions; namely, a lack of that mental composure which is so essential to a proper development of rhythmic effects. He is excitable, and at times splashes the smoothly flowing current of melody.

In other compositions, such as De Beriot's Concerto, in the second part of the programme, this restless excitability is not so much amiss. Altogether Gaertner's achievements elicited the warmest praise. Not less were the auditors gratified with the piano performance of Mr. CHARLES JARVIS, of whom I made a slight mention to you in a former letter. Indeed, his conception of Chopin's spirituality and poesy, as evinced in his rendering of the *Polonaise*, Op. 22, was, of itself, sufficient to substantiate the most flattering auguries of his abilities. Mr. Jarvis's manner and style are essentially like those of Thalberg—quiet, graceful, and displaying singularly liquid manipulation; eschewing, at the same time, all oscillations of the body, or undue motion of the arms. The very sight of his performance is a pleasure. Add to this, that his appreciation is keen and that his execution never fails of exactitude in fingering, as well as in power and rapidity when necessary, and you will begin to realize that we have a pianist, who is an honor to the city. His *repertoire* is not circumscribed by any individual inclinations toward certain composers or styles, but comprises, literally, everything that is worthy of the student's attention. I have heard him play Bach's and Clementi's fugues; Beethoven and Mozart sonatas and symphonies; all of Thalberg's fantasias; the compositions of Wilmers, Dreyshock, Stephen Heller, and Liszt: all of Chopin's Valses, Preludes, and Polonaises; the piano-forte works of Mendelssohn, Schumann, and others; in short, I have seen him wandering through all the flowery fields of art, and picking up its beauties with an æsthetic discrimination, which has excited not only my own admiration, but that of all those who know him well. He has furthermore, been studying harmony, diligently, under the guidance of Dr. LEOPOLD MEIGNEN, who reports the progress of his pupil to be exceedingly rapid.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB (from Boston,) are displaying their posters, and several portraits. I think, from present appearances, that they will be successful here. MANRICO.

NEW YORK, APRIL 16.—I regret that I can merely send you the programme of the last Chamber Concert, as indisposition prevented my attending. The fifth of the series takes place to-morrow evening, when Sig. STIGELLI is announced to sing.

1. Quartet in B minor, Op. 3. Mendelssohn.
William Saar, Wm. Doeblér, M. Reyer, and Ch. Branner.
2. Duet, from "Der Freischütz". Weber.
The Misses Gellie.
3. a. Au Bord d'une Source,
b. Air de Don Juan, transcrip. } Liszt.
William Saar.

4. Sonata in D minor, (Piano and Violin). Gade.
S. B. Mills and Wm. Doeblér.
5. Duet—Ich wollt' meine Lieb' Mendelssohn.
The Misses Gellie.
6. Fantasia in F minor. Chopin.
S. B. Mills.

On Saturday night we had MASON's second Soirée. It gave great satisfaction to an audience just large enough to fill the smaller of Chickering's pretty concert rooms, which is preferable to the larger one on account of being more quiet. But though the audience was small, it was quite as appreciative a one as graces all these concerts. The programme was excellent. Mozart's D minor Quartet was so beautifully played that one could only regret that it was the only one that we were to hear. The Trio in D major, which ended the list, was also rendered in an admirable manner. These were the two *pièces de résistance*. The minor numbers were two songs by a Madame de LUSSAN, and solos by Messrs. MASON and THOMAS. The vocal pieces were "Voi che sapete" and Schubert's *Ave Maria*; Madame de Lussan has a fine voice, but hardly more cultivation than is common to industrious amateur singers. She sang with considerable taste, however, except occasionally indulging in the abominable habit of inserting ornaments which the composer never meant to have sung in his piece. Mr. Mason played a *Nocturne* and a *Barcarolle* and *Ballade* of his own, besides a "Danse Rustique" in answer to an *encore*; all pretty, striking pieces, vastly superior to and more valuable than the flood of "Fantasias," "Brilliant Variations," etc., which inundate the musical world. The most interesting number of the programme was certainly Bach's *Chaconne*, very ably interpreted by Mr. Thomas. I remember recording the impression received from the same piece, as played by the same artist, in one of my letters some years ago. It was only renewed on this occasion. It is a wonderful composition, of which familiarity with it alone could give one a just appreciation. Mr. Thomas does his best to make the listener understand it—he brings out the finest points, and plays the whole with remarkable fire and spirit. He is decidedly one of the best violinists we have in the city. —t—

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 18.—An exhibition of the splendid organ, just erected in the church of the Holy Trinity, Rittenhouse Square, by the Messrs. Hook of your city, took place last evening. Need I add that the audience were delighted with this noble specimen of that successful firm's handiwork? You have already published a schedule of its stops, &c. I can assure you of its immense power, faultless action, and voluminous diapasons. Its powers were splendidly tested by a number of our leading organists. Mr. JOHN A. DARLING, who is to preside over the instrument, led off with an original *Marche religieuse*, with *pedal obligato*. The construction of this piece displayed a knowledge of harmony, such as cannot fail to make the young composer acceptable as an organist, so the members of that church, and to lovers of solid organ playing, generally. The *Marche*, barring a little flurry in several movements, was finely performed.

Then followed Mendelssohn's overture to *Athalia*, superbly executed by Prof. H. G. THUNDER, who subsequently furnished an impromptu arrangement of several themes from Donizetti's *Poliuto*, which delighted a majority of the audience. Mr. Thunder's achievements in this line display an intimate acquaintance with the resources of the organ, and fine talent for the production of dramatic effects.

MICHAEL H. CROSS, organist of the Arch Street Baptist Church, and a performer of much celebrity, entertained the audience with an original fantasia, on an air of Dr. Arne's, abounding in brilliant execution and fine combinations. Mr. Cross possesses an agile finger, exquisite taste, and that calm self-possession, so essential to satisfactory organ performances. Af-

ter him, FRANCIS T. S. DARLEY, of the Calvary Presbyterian Church, proceeded to improvise upon the popular old melody, *Adeste fideles*. After ingeniously disguising its time-honored strains in harmonic sequences, modulations and suspensions, the devotional movement, borne upon the full power of the organ, finally burst grandly upon the spacious interior of the massive edifice, in all its beauteous simplicity. Prof. BENJ. CARR CROSS next assumed the seat, and successfully interwove some very florid solo passages with occasional bursts of solid harmonies, upon the great organ. This gentleman has been for many years identified with the progress of music in our city. Besides being one of our ablest teachers, he has successfully filled divers organ situations with great credit, and has led, successively, the quondam Philharmonic Society, and now the Handel and Haydn.

Thus, you will perceive, Mr. Hook's noble instrument had its qualities fairly tested, last evening. There was but one expression, that of unqualified admiration. MANRICO.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 21, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Opera, *Der Freyschütz*, piano-forte arrangement.

Concerts.

COMPLIMENTARY TO CARL ZERRAHN.—The concert, (Saturday evening,) was a genuine success. The Music Hall was full of people and enthusiasm; the programme excellent; and the bronze Beethoven seemed to look down over the heads of the orchestra approvingly, as much as to say that this was one of his occasions: did not the opening and concluding pieces make it so?

1. Symphony No. 4, (B flat major). Beethoven
2. "Der frohe Wandersmann" Mendelssohn
Orpheus Glee Club.
3. Aria: "Ah! con lui," from the opera "Saffo," Pacini
Mrs. Harwood.
4. Overture: "Tannhäuser" R. Wagner
5. "Hüte Dich," Girschner
Orpheus Glee Club.
6. Song: "Across there at the window," Möring
(With Violoncello obligato, by Wulf Fries.)
Mrs. Harwood.
7. Overture: "Leonore," (No. 3). Beethoven

The only drawback was the necessary absence (from the city), of several important members of the orchestra, (the first clarinet, first oboe, first bassoon, &c., the latter being replaced by a violoncello). The substitutions both weakened the strings,—already too weak for that great *crescendo* near the end of the *Leonore* overture, or for the doubly divided violinism of the *Tannhäuser*,—and disturbed somewhat the usual smooth and perfect fusion of the warm tone-colors, in a piece in which reed instruments have so much individual prominence. Under these circumstances the Symphony was more expressively brought out than one knowing them could have dared to expect. The slow movement was particularly enjoyed. It was a happy thought to give us just this Symphony, this warm and glowing one, the tenderest and loveliest of the nine, inasmuch as it had not been played during the whole past year. It reminded us of the many-sidedness of Beethoven. After more frequent hearings of the fifth and seventh, it was like Romeo and Juliet after Lear or Hamlet. The audience listened entranced by its beauty. And so they did to *Leonore*, with its more exciting and dramatic progress. The trumpet part was excellent.

What was most wanting was a body of strings equal to the grand proportions of the musical design. The *Tannhäuser* overture was still keenly relished; and it was placed happily in contrast with the Symphony and other pieces.

We never heard the Orpheus voices sound so well together. They were uncommonly well blended, and free from dull or harsh sounds. They took the house by storm, and were not let off without additional contributions. Mrs. HARWOOD's selections were in the best range of her fresh and beautiful voice, and she sang them exceedingly well.

Mr. ZERRAHN must have felt gratified and cheered by this general and hearty turn-out; and we are glad to learn that the concert was not without solid material benefit. May it suggest to him, with no illusive confidence, the policy of still continuing in good works another year. We understand that the musicians have held several meetings with a view to organizing a Philharmonic Society, which will place the matter of Symphony concerts, we hope, on a more permanent and profitable footing.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—This week we have had the twenty-fourth and last of the Wednesday Afternoon Concerts. "Classical" and "popular" were mingled in the following proportions:

1. Symphony, No. 4.Mozart
2. Waltz, "Philomela".Strauss
3. Reminiscences of Flotow's "Martha".Heinecke
Germania Band.
4. Overture. Yelva.Reissiger
5. Potpourri. From "Les Huguenots".Meyerbeer
6. Scena and Aria. From "Macbeth".Verdi
Germania Band.
7. New Gallop. "Ever of Thee." (First time.Zerrahn

We heard only the Symphony, which proved to be that greatest one of Mozart's, by some called the "Jupiter," in C. It was rather too grandiose a work, and too full of contrapuntal complication for so small an orchestra when put to extra shifts to supply absent reeds, &c., and therefore did not sound as well as usual. These Concerts have done us one great service this winter. They have added three to our old stock of three (the best and best known) Mozart Symphonies. And if the new acquaintances are not as great works as the "Jupiter," and those in G minor and in E flat, they have been at least positive acquisitions of beauty and imaginative genius. One or two of them have made a very decided impression and will be called for frequently in future. Such concerts are just the right occasions for bringing forth some of the obscurer works of men of real genius.

The audience this time was very large, so that late comers could not drop into seats without some searching. This would seem to show that the "Union" are leaving off just as the tide is turning in their favor. The musicians probably have earned small wages by these concerts thus far; but they cost little; and in long continuance, and frequent, lies the gain of such popular and simple enterprises. Now bright Spring days invite the young crowds out, and what place so pleasant for an afternoon hour or two as the Music Hall?

THE DRAYTONS.—The "Parlor Operas" of these two capital singers and actors are continued nightly at the Melodeon. They need only to be known to conquer the reserve of Boston; and they now attract such audiences, in point of numbers and refinement, as they really deserve. Mrs. Drayton proves herself more and more a charming singer—in spite of hoarseness—and one of the cleverest, gracefulest and most versatile of actresses for such nice little pieces. Mr. Drayton has one of the richest of baritone voices, sings with taste and feeling, and has a manly, hearty, humorous way withal. All their pieces are amusing, but do not fail to see "Love's Labor Lost."

ARTISTS' RECEPTION.—The third and last of these occasions, which took place in Bumstead Hall, on Wednesday evening of last week, was the most successful and delightful of the three. The hall was beautifully decorated with evergreens and the greatest profusion of flowers; the green brought out the other beauties of the hall, especially those hanging baskets of light, most happily; the display of paintings and sculpture was uncommonly interesting; the lighting admirable; and the company, crowding floor and galleries, one of the finest that could be collected. The character, intellect, and beauty of Boston could scarcely have been better represented.

The stage end of the hall made a fine appearance, with the colossal Venus of Milo for a central figure in front, and a copy of the Faun of Praxiteles (which Hawthorn has just made so interesting), Brackett's grand bust of John Brown, and works of Ball Hughes, Stephenson and others upon either side. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club, on the stage, embowered, discoursed whole scenes of *Don Juan* and other choice music. Paintings and drawings invited one within the recess. We had scarcely a chance to look at half of the fine paintings on the walls. Among those which did awaken in us a desire to see them often were "Maud Muller" and "Pocahontas" in Ames's warm and glowing colors; a couple of very striking Italian scenes by Brown; a most beautiful "Dawn in Tuscany" by Miss Clarke; a fine little landscape by Mrs. Darrah; several of the best productions we have yet seen by Champney, Ordway, Williams, Morioiler, and others; a charming little crayon picture of a child, the "Street-sweeper," if we remember rightly, by Staigg; and an elaborate allegorical drawing, called "Charon" (founded on a modern Greek poem), by Neiffen.

The artists did the right thing in letting the ornaments and works of Art remain, over the next evening, for a promenade concert given by the Quintette Club. The concourse of people was not quite so thick, and there was better opportunity to see the pictures.

These "Receptions" have been productive of great good, immediate and permanent. They bring the artists into pleasant and direct relations with their proper public; make the doings of the artists known and educate the Art-lovers; and they have set beautiful and refreshing examples of a mode of social intercourse in which not fashion and folly, but the Muses themselves preside, and in an atmosphere as free and recreative as it is mentally inspiring.

OPENING OF A NEW ORGAN. On Friday afternoon, April 14, there was a large assemblage in King's Chapel, eager for a first hearing of the Organ which has just been built by Messrs. SIMMONS & WILLCOX, to take the place of the venerable instrument which has stood there over a hundred years. The diapasons, mixtures, and some other pipes of the old instrument have always been admired, and time had only mellowed them. These pipes have been wisely retained and incorporated in the new work, of which the contents are as follows:

There are Three Manuals extending from C, 8ft to g3—56 notes.

Compass of Pedal, from C1 to d—27 notes.

GREAT MANUAL. *1. Contra Diapason, 16 ft. 56 pipes. 2. Open Diapason, 8 ft. 56 pipes. *3. Stop'd Diapason, 8 ft. 56 pipes. 4. Hohl Flute, 8 ft. 56 pipes. 5. Viola da Gamba, 8 ft. 56 pipes. 5. Quint, 5-13 ft. 56 pipes. 7. Octave, 4 ft. 56 pipes. 8. Flute Octavante, 4 ft. 56 pipes. *9. Twelfth, 2-2-3 ft. 56 pipes. *10. Fifteenth, 2 ft. 56 pipes. *11. Mixture, 4 ranks, 224 pipes. 12. Trumpet, 8 ft. 56 pipes.

SWELL MANUAL. 1. Bourdon Bass, 2. Bourdon Treble, 16 ft. 56 pipes. *3. Open Diapason, 8 ft. 56 pipes. 4. Stop'd Diapason, 8 ft. 56 pipes. 5. Viol d'Amour, 8 ft. 56 pipes. 6. Octave, 4 ft. 56 pipes. 7. Flute Harmonique, 4 ft. 56 pipes. *8. Mixture, 3 ranks, 168 pipes. 9. Contra Trumpet, 16 ft. 44 pipes. *10. Trumpet, 8 ft. 56 pipes. 11. Oboe, 8 ft. 56 pipes. *12. Clarion, 4 ft. 56 pipes.

CHOIR MANUAL. 1. Aeolina, 16 ft. 56 pipes. 2. Dulciana, 8 ft. 56 pipes. 3. Korauphor, 8 ft. 56 pipes. *4. Stop'd Diapason, 8 ft. 56 pipes. 5. Dolce, 4 ft. 56 pipes. *6. Flute d'Amour, 5 ft. 56 pipes. 7. Mixture, 2 ranks, 112 pipes. 8. Corno di Bassetto, 8 ft. 56 pipes. 9. Contra Fagotto, 16 ft. 44 pipes.

PEDAL. 1. Open Bass, 16 ft. 27 pipes. 2. Bourdon Bass, 16 ft. 27 pipes. 3. Quint Bass, 10-2-3 ft. 27 pipes. 4. Violoncello Bass, 8 ft. 27 pipes. 5. Posuane Bass, 16 ft. 27 pipes.

[The case of this Organ and the stops designated in the foregoing description by an asterisk, were made in London, A. D. 1755, by Adam Smith, and were renovated, transposed, and incorporated in this instrument built by Messrs. Simmons & Willcox, from a specification prepared by F. C. Loring, Esq.]

The trial consisted of vocal pieces by a select choir, and of organ selections and improvisations. In the latter Mr. WILLCOX showed to great advantage the many very beautiful and powerful stops of the instrument, as well as his own rare skill in combining them. The reeds and flutes were singularly sweet and individual in their quality. And there was no lack of richness, grandeur, good proportion,

prompt speaking, and ready control of the full forces of the multitudinous instrument. It is in all ways worthy of the high reputation of these makers.

Among the selected pieces were the "Pastoral Symphony" from the "Messiah"; an organ Fantasia and Fugue, by Hesse, (played by Mr. WILLCOX and Mr. HOWARD, organist of the Chapel), and the overture to *Zampa*. The latter, we must say, seemed to us peculiarly unfitted for the organ.

We know not when or where we have heard so satisfactory specimens of quartet choir singing as on this occasion. The choirs of the Chapel and of St. Paul's were united, consisting of Mrs. FOWLE, Miss WHITEHOUSE, soprani; Mrs. SHATTUCK (Miss Humphrey) and Miss CLOUTMAN, contralti; Messrs. ADAMS and STONE, tenors, and Messrs. BALL and UDDERWOOD, basses. The Motet by Haydn *Insane et vana cura*, with eight voices, was a very interesting composition, anticipating in one place one of the striking effects of modulation in Mendelssohn's "Rain Chorus." Spohr's sextet: "As pants the hart," the Quartet from "Elijah": *O come every one that thirsteth*, and a *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, by Deitch, were also admirably sung. For solos, Mrs. Fowle sang "With verdure clad," and Mr. Adams: "If with all your hearts" (from "Elijah"),—both to great acceptance.

A GOOD DISTINCTION. The April number of the *Crayon* has the beginning of an admirable article entitled "Thoughts on Poetry and its Varieties," by JOHN STUART MILL, one of the most profound and philosophical of English writers, whether he discuss economical and moral problems (witness his treatise upon Liberty, which ought to be republished here), or problems of Poetry and Art. In this article he makes a distinction between Poetry and Eloquence, which, as he applies it also to Music, strikes us as singularly suggestive and to the purpose in its bearing upon present controversy. He says:

Poetry is the natural fruit of solitude and meditation; eloquence, of intercourse with the world. The persons who have most feelings of their own, if intellectual culture has given them a language in which to express it, have the highest faculty of poetry; those who best understand the feelings of others, are the most eloquent. The persons and the nations, who commonly excel in poetry, are those whose character and tastes render them least dependent upon the applause, or sympathy, or concurrence of the world in general. Those to whom that applause, that sympathy, that concurrence are most necessary, generally excel most in eloquence. And hence, perhaps, the French, who are the least poetical of all great and intellectual nations, are among the most eloquent; the French, also, being the most sociable, the vainest, and the least self-dependent.

If the above be, as we believe, the true theory of the distinction commonly admitted between eloquence and poetry; or even though it be not so, yet if, as we cannot doubt, the distinction above stated be a real *bona fide* distinction, it will be found to hold, not merely in the language of words, but in all other language, and to intersect the whole domain of Art.

Take for example, music: we shall find in that art, so peculiarly the expression of passion, two perfectly distinct styles; one of which may be called the poetry, the other the oratory of music. This difference, being seized, would put an end to much musical sectarianism. There has been much contention whether the music of the modern Italian school, that of Rossini and his successors, be impassioned or not. Without doubt, the passion it expresses is not the musing, meditative tenderness, or pathos, or grief of Mozart or Beethoven. Yet it is passion, but garrulous passion—the passion which pours itself into other ears; and therein the better calculated for dramatic effect, having a natural adaptation for dialogue. Mozart also is great in musical oratory; but his most touching compositions are in the opposite style—that of soliloquy. Who can imagine "Dove sono" heard? We imagine it overheard.

Purely pathetic music commonly partakes of soliloquy. The soul is absorbed in its distress, and though there may be bystanders, it is not thinking of them. When the mind is looking within, and not without, its state does not often or rapidly vary; and hence the even, uninterrupted flow, approaching almost to monotony, which a good reader, or a good singer, will give to words or music of a pensive or melancholy cast. But grief taking the form of a prayer, or of a complaint, becomes oratorical; no longer low and even, and subdued, it assumes a more emphatic rhythm, a more rapidly returning accent; instead of a few slow equal notes, following one after another at regular intervals, it crowds note upon note and often assumes a hurry and bustle like joy. Those

who are familiar with some of the best of Rossini's serious compositions, such as the air "Tu che i miseri comforti," in the opera of "Tancredi," or the duet, "Ebben per mia memoria," in "La Gazza Ladrà," will at once understand and feel our meaning. Both are highly tragic and passionate; the passion of both is that of oratory, not poetry. The like may be said of that most moving invocation in Beethoven's "Fidelio"—

"Komm, Hoffnung, lass das letzte Stern
Der Müde nicht erbleichen;"

in which Madame Schröder-Devrient exhibited such consummate powers of pathetic expression. How different from Winter's beautiful "Paga fui," the very soul of melancholy exhaling itself in solitude; fuller of meaning, and, therefore, more profoundly poetical than the words for which it was composed—for it seems to express not simple melancholy, but the melancholy of remorse.

If, from vocal music, we now pass to instrumental we may have a specimen of musical oratory in any fine military symphony or march; while the poetry of music seems to have attained its consummation in Beethoven's Overture to Egmont, so wonderful in its mixed expression of grandeur and melancholy.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

The Grand Opéra continues to be one of the greatest points of attraction, and the success of *Pierre de Médicis*—*La Pierre de Médicis*, as some of its now-admirers call it—has gone on increasing. M. Bonneheé, who filled the part of Julien de Médicis, is about to take a holiday of two months duration, on account of the state of his voice, and will be succeeded by M. Dumestre. The *Semiramis*, of Rossini is to be given in September, not in June, as was first said. The two sisters Marchisio will make their debut in this opera, and M. Obin, I believe, will play the part of Assur. Next year the *Tannhäuser* of Richard Wagner will be given. As Richard Wagner is the musician of the "future," it is not to be wondered at that this opera is spoken of so long ere it will be given. The *Galathée* of Victor Massé, still keeps good her ground at the Opéra-Comique, and though the part of Pygmalion seems to me utterly unsuited to the voice of Mlle. Wertheimer, Mad. Cabel is such a favorite that the little opera always goes off triumphantly, with a never-failing encore for Mad. Cabel in the drinking song, "Verse encore ce vin généreux." Before M. and Mad. Faure leave the Opéra-Comique, M. Faure-Lefèvre is to play the principal part (Rita) in an unedited work of Rossini's, the libretto of which is written by M. Gustave Vaësy. Afterwards M. Faure is engaged to sing at Covent Garden with Madame Miolan-Carvalho in the *Pardon de Ploërmel*. Madame Faure, they say, is going to St. Petersburg; meanwhile several revivals are projected at this Opéra, amongst others, *Le Jugement de Midas*, by Grétry, and *Masaniello* of Carafa. At the Théâtre-Lyrique, Madame Carvalho, who was most warmly received on her re-appearance in *Philemon et Baucis*, will enjoy a little rest if they bring out, as they talk of doing, the *Fidelio* of Beethoven, Mad. Viardot performing the principal part. The *Crociata*, of Meyerbeer, was given last night at the Opéra.

When I think of all the concerts given lately, I hold my pen poised in the air with despair—where and with whom to begin, and where shall I end or what select. So that to mention two or three is all that one can do: I will begin with the one given at the Tuilleries. The first of these *concerts d'artistes* was composed of the artists from the Opéra-Comique, the second of those from the Italian Opéra, and the third of the artists of the Grand-Opéra; the selections of pieces were from *Pierre de Médicis*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Les Huguenots*, *Vêpres*, *Trouvère*, and *Herкуланне*; the pianist was M. Hans Bulow, and Franc-homme, on the violoncello, was clever as he always is. Meanwhile the Emperor's private concerts go on wonderfully, and some two or three "bright particular stars" attract considerable admiration and attention. Haydn's *Seasons* was the principal performance in the programme of the concert given on Sunday by the *Conservatoire*. The performance both instrumental and vocal, was in every way worthy the work, though Roger, who had come from Belgium expressly to sing at it, was already beginning to feel the effects of the influenza, that has since prevented his singing at a concert at Amiens, which has been put off in consequence. At Brussels, Roger was received in the warmest manner; and one representation, got up entirely in honor of him, brought in a sum of 6,000 francs.

The second concert for the performance of modern music for piano and voice was given last Wednesday,

in the Salle Beethoven. The rooms were crowded. The programme was exclusively (as regards instrumental music) reserved to the modern classical style—that is to say, modern music written in the style of the ancient masters. Fifteen pieces on the piano were given, and the three last, performed by M. Louis Drenier, were as warmly applauded as if the young virtuoso had given them at the commencement of the evening. M. Padlike, in the andante of the fourth concerto of Herz, and Fissot, in the *prière* of Stephen Heller, deserve especial mention, also the vocal part of the programme was ably interpreted by Mlle. Remaury, M. Richer Cremont, and M. Bieval. Mlle. Playel gave her second concert on Monday, and her playing of the *Serenade* of Mendelssohn, the *Flüwe* of Litoff, the *Truite* of Stephen Heller, and the *Etudes* of Jules Cohen, was admirable. Tagliafico's singing and Sighicelli on the violoncello completed the programme.—*Corr. London Musical World*, March 28.

London.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—At the second concert, on Monday week, there was even a better programme than at the first:—

PART I.—Overture, "Isles of Fingal"—Mendelssohn. Aria, "O del mio dolce ardor"—Stradella. Concerto in E flat, pianoforte—Mozart. Aria, "Pensa alla patria"—Rossini. Pastoral Symphony—Beethoven.

PART II.—Overture, "Masaniello"—Auber. Chorus, "Away, the morning freshly breaking"—Auber. Song, "The first violet"—Mendelssohn. Fantasia, violin, "Hongrois"—Ernst. Aria, "Robert, toi que j'aime"—Meyerbeer. Hungarian March—Berlioz.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The instrumental pieces last Monday were from Beethoven, and the song from Mr. W. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*. A better programme has been seldom presented:—

PART I.—Grand Septet, in E flat major, Op. 20—Beethoven. Song, "Sally in our alley," 1620. Song, "Oh! the oak and the ash," 1650. Sonata, in E major, Op. 109, for Pianoforte Solo (First time)—Beethoven.

PART II.—Romance, in G major, Op. 40. Violin Solo (First time)—Beethoven. Song, "At her cottage door," 17th Century. Song, "Kitty, dear Kitty," 1605. Grand Sonata, in A, Op. 47, for Pianoforte and Violin—Beethoven.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—The third concert was one of the best ever given by the choir. The programme (the first part of which was unusually interesting) is worth citing:—

PART I. The Forty-third Psalm, "Judge me, O Lord." For an Eight-Part Choir. No. 2, Op. 78—Mendelssohn. Motet for Quartet and Chorus, "Source of all light"—Hauptmann. Sonata for Pianoforte, in D minor, No. 2, Op. 29—Beethoven. Motet, "Pater noster"—Meyerbeer.

PART II.—Madrigal, "Sweet flowers"—T. A. Walmisley. Vocal Duet, "When birds are singing"—Henry Smart. Part Song, "Welcome, Spring"—Henry Leslie. Air, "O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me?"—harmonized by Harrison. Part Song, "Home"—Benedict. Countryman's Song—Dr. Rimbaud. Fantasia, Pianoforte, on Airs from "Maritana"—W. V. Wallace. Part Song for Male Voices—J. L. Hutton. Madrigal, "In the merry spring"—Ravenscroft. Part Song, "Oh! who will o'er the downs"—R. L. Pearsall.

Hauptmann's "motet"—clever and well written as it is—was placed at great disadvantage in coming immediately after Mendelssohn's Psalm, an incomparable masterpiece, and executed in the most finished style imaginable. Meyerbeer's impressive setting of the Lord's Prayer, a sacred composition in the strictest application of the term, was not so well sung, the voices dropping more than a tone before the conclusion, and the intonation not being always perfect. It was, nevertheless, encored.—*London Musical World*, March 31.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The last two concerts, Saturday the 17th and Saturday the 24th instant, did not present any novel points of interest. At the former the instrumental pieces comprised Haydn's symphony in B flat, and the overture to *Melusina* (Mendelssohn) and the *Flauto Magico* (Mozart). Madame Sainton-Dolby and Miss Parepa were the vocalists, and M. Sainton played two solos of his own composition on the violin. The ladies were encored severally in Mr. Balfe's ballad, "The green trees whispered low," and the cavatina from *Victorine*, "Oh, bright were my visions;" and M. Sainton was loudly applauded in both his performances, chiefly in his *Lucrezia Borgia*. There was a good attendance.

At the concert, last Saturday, Mr. Augustus Manns, not satisfied, let us suppose, with the reception accorded at the concert on the 10th instant, to Robert Schumann's symphony in B flat, introduced it a second time, and announced in the programme its repetition as by "special desire." This, no doubt, referred to a few individuals, lovers of the music of Robert Schumann, who, with great philanthropy, would convert all to their own way of thinking. The symphony did not much improve on closer acquaintance. [So says the *London Musical World*.]

Special Notices.

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THE SONG FESTIVAL: A Compendium of Music of every variety; Psalmody, Songs, Ballads, Duets, Trios, Quartets, Glee, Sacred and Operatic Choruses, suited to the wants of Choirs, Singing Classes, Glee Clubs, Musical Conventions, Chorus Societies, and the Drawing-Room. By Virgil C. Taylor. 50

When this work appeared—some months ago—the most devoted friends and admirers of Mr. Taylor's music would hardly have dared to predict for it a success so flattering as its increasing popularity and constantly extending use has already established. If any one feature may be specified as particularly characterizing the work, it may be said of it—there are no pieces contained in it designed only to "fill up" the book—each piece has a specific character, which renders it difficult to decide which, if any, could be dispensed with.

Of the Psalmody department, while there are many tunes of a plain and easy form which come within the scope of singers but of ordinary attainments to execute, we feel constrained to say, we doubt whether, in the same space, the book can be found, which contains as many gems, of a strictly classical and artistic make, as this. The most fastidious Quartet choirs of city churches would hardly desire anything in the shape of Psalmody more intrinsically select and beautiful than the tunes Lawren, Reeves, Jerauld, Piper, Dexter, Bodstein, Yinton, and others similar; while the Secular department is again equally choice in its varied contributions of Songs, Duets, Trios, Quartets and Choruses, both of the Oratorio and Operatic order. The Quartet, "Moonlight on the Sea," is not only a rare production, even among its many competitors in the work, but is a composition upon whose merits may justly be based the claim of celebrity for its author to a degree challenging comparison with the most brilliant efforts of European composers. To commend music of such a character to the numberless musical societies through the country who are in quest of that which is truly desirable, is but an act of public good; as, not only the very existence of all such associations depends, in part, upon the perfection of the music performed, but the general advancement of the cause of music will be in correspondence with the salient qualities of that which is practiced, the character of which will go to form the public taste.

The familiar arrangement of "Joy! Joy! Freedom to-day," in the Opera Chorus Book, from "The Gipsy's Warning," will be found in the "Song Festival," in a new and attractive garb; in place of the too lengthy and slow Trio for Tenors and Bass in A flat in the original, Mr. Taylor has substituted a most brilliant duet; together with other changes and alterations, which render the piece, according to his version, one of the most stirring and popular choruses of the Opera kind extant. Without extending our notice of the work unduly, we will call attention to but one more piece, the last in the book and extending over nine pages, "Tis Song makes Fresh the Wary." The style of this Chorus is eminently operatic throughout. The first movement being an Allegretto in six-eight time, and followed by a Tenor Solo in A flat, accompanied by a Trio for male voices. This latter portion of the piece not only excels anything else from Mr. Taylor's pen in the book, but in point of elaborate structure as well as classical music, is hardly surpassed—by anything of a similar strain—by the standard operas of the day.

In view of the unusual merits of this work, it is but expressing what a universal cultivated musical taste, upon becoming acquainted with its true character, would heartily endorse, to say, that the diffusion of a musical literature like that composing the pages of the "Song Festival," is the planting of seed in musical soil, which will not only prove prolific of an abundant harvest, but will be preeminently instrumental in refining and elevating the musical taste of the country to a most desired degree.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 421.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 5.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Leonora.

From ELISE POLKO'S "Musikalische Märchen. Phantasien und Skizzen;" translated by FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

"A victory over the heart is great,—
I honor the brave who wins it;
But he who conquers by means of his heart,
From me gains the loftiest honor!" —SCHILLER.

The merry inhabitants of Vienna, busily, restlessly as they hasten from one day to another, fond of change although they may be, have displayed in one particular manner a true seriousness and depth of feeling; I mean, in their sympathy with their great musicians. The Viennese is, and always was, as proud of every one of them, as of his being, and of his Prater. If the Viennese did not always take care that their dear Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven possessed full purses and comfortable dwellings, we must not blame them for it; every true Viennese has enough to do to take care of himself. But every one of them rejoices from the bottom of his heart, when he hears a piece by one of his darlings, wishes "long life" to them (with the glass in his hand, be sure!) and would swing his hat to the earth, if either of these renowned men fell in his way. Don't smile; for even that is a great deal! How many lofty spirits in commonplace bodies go past men, and no one gives them a kind glance, or even a "thank you" for what they have created. And yet such glances and thanks penetrate the soul like a spring sunbeam, and no man, however high he may tower above the rest, can live without them, and not suffer from the want.

In the uncommonly fine month of June of the year 1822, at the same hour of the afternoon, a man might have been seen walking up and down the so-called "water-glacis," from whose path every one moved respectfully. This lonely promenader came neither earlier nor later; always at the same hour; neither heat nor rain caused him to accelerate his pace; slowly, proudly, and securely he walked on, his glance turned earthwards, his hands crossed behind him. Thick grey hair hung roughly round the thoughtful forehead; he did not trouble himself, if the wind tossed it about or drove it over his eyes. No one could pass him by unmarked; the stamp of the extraordinary was visibly imprinted on his brow; the power of genius drew a glory around his bended head. Every child could say "that is LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, who has made such splendid music," and would cease playing, stop the ball that was rolling under the Master's feet; hide his whip, or knock down his humming-top, when the grave man passed by. Old and young, high and low, stepped aside, or greeted him respectfully, without hoping that the greeting would be returned.

Charcoal carriers, bending under heavy burdens, stopped patiently until the wonderful dreamer had passed; each and all honored him in his own manner. Just at that time, the Viennese

felt more interest than ever in the venerated apparition; Beethoven had finished his first and only opera "Leonora," (he afterwards named it "Fidelio") some months before, and had so far obstinately refused to bring it out. Stubborn, deaf to all entreaty, he kept the precious score locked up in his desk. "I cannot find the Leonora I want," said he to his friends, who untiringly besought him to produce the work. "To be sure, there are plenty of songstresses, but not the one for me. My Leonora shall not fling out a single trill, or break her neck over senseless runs; neither will she change her dress ten times; she need not even be exceedingly handsome; but something she must have besides her voice, and what that something is I will not tell you, for you would only laugh at the 'mad' Beethoven more than ever. Let the opera rest, and don't trouble yourselves about it!" But his impatient friends would not let it rest; they worried the great musician every day, sent him one songstress after another, and at last began to get seriously angry. Beethoven waited patiently. One evening, however, some visitors came hastily in, and told him wonderful things about the first appearance of a young songstress, with whom all Vienna was enraptured. She was the daughter of the great actress, SOPHIE SCHROEDER, not yet seventeen; she had lately come with her parents from Hamburg to Vienna, where they talked of settling. As Mozart's Pamina, every one had been delighted with her voice and figure; a great future was prophesied for her; all this was told to the Master, and then they said that every one hoped this fair hand would bring the hidden treasures of his last work to light. Then Beethoven cried out: "What? trust my jewel to a child, a creature just from school? I think you must be dreaming, or else curiosity has robbed you of your senses. No, Ludwig van Beethoven did not compose his Leonora for a thing of seventeen! But I am tired of all this annoyance, and I declare to you, once for all, that I will burn my opera, if any one asks me another question about it!"

His anger was so imposing, his eyes blazed so resolutely, his voice grumbled so deeply, and so many storm-clouds gathered on his broad forehead, that his friends slid off without a word; and from that time the Master no longer heard the name "Leonora" forever ringing in his ears. It had happened for some time, that the great master, on his return from his daily walk, met, at a little distance from the city, a fair-haired young girl. She usually wore a simple white dress, a plain straw bonnet, and a dark red shawl. Like all who were in the habit of meeting the composer, she stepped respectfully aside; but she did so with a peculiar grace, at the same time fixing her great eyes on the master's face. Those were eyes that had power to bind and set free! eyes that could wake up a dreaming soul, attract, and hold it fast! eyes of very dark blue, with thick lashes and brows, eyes of impassioned gravity, and fathomless depth. Only the dreamer Beethoven could have so long withstood the fixed

glance of such eyes; many times he passed by the young girl without observing her. Her delicate lips trembled as he strode by; it seemed as though she wished to speak, but could not; she looked after him with a mixture of admiration and pain, and then returned slowly back to the city. One day, toward five o'clock in the afternoon, a heavy storm blew up. The thunder rolled nearer, lightning began to pierce the clouds, the birds fluttered anxiously around, and every one out hurried to reach a shelter. Gusts of wind blew at intervals, but as yet no rain fell to cool the sultry air. Just then Ludwig van Beethoven, looking like a prophet, was returning from his walk. With his head upraised, his brow clearer than ordinary, he seemed to enjoy the fine spectacle. He surely understood the sublime speech overhead, for he smiled when the thunder rolled, and looked undazzled at every flash of lightning. For him the roaring of the storm was the mighty trumpet tone of a great symphony of Nature; the wind that tossed his hair, seemed almost to bear him aloft; the grave man then raised his arms in a glad, silent enthusiasm, and it seemed as if he was expecting an angel to visit him on the path of the lightning. Oh, that the angel would bring a gigantic harp, so that he might storm forth those sublime conceptions, that now filled his soul to overflowing! Indeed, Beethoven really thought he saw an angel before him; a form clad in white stood near; he stared at it, expecting a miracle. But the supposed angel tremblingly stretched out her hands to him, murmured a few unintelligible words, and looked imploringly in his face. He gazed astonished at a pale girl. This charming face and figure impressed him like a remembrance; surely he had seen her before? Probably in a dream? He could not be certain. "Child," said he at last, kindly, "you should not be out in such weather. Are you belated, or have you lost your way?"

"I was only going to you," she answered with a mild and yet firm voice.

"To me? and what did you desire from me?"

"Your—Leonora!"

Beethoven drew back. "Who are you?"

"Wilhelmina Schröder. I have come here several days with this prayer, but never before dared to breathe it."—"And did you not see what a cloud was gathering? Are you not afraid?"

"I only fear one thing; that my prayer will be denied!" The master answered not a word—he looked friendly into the eyes of the maiden. She did not cast them earthwards, but, blushing warmly, she returned his glance with one as firm. Then seizing her little hand with his strong grasp, Beethoven breathed deeply, and quietly said: "Take courage, and come and see me to-morrow my child; I think I have found my Leonora. But now, let me conduct you home."

She took his arm with a beating heart, glowing cheeks, and a happy smile; the fulfilment of her wish was approaching. The storm had broken, the flashes of lightning were fainter, and the rain

was beginning to fall. At the city gate, Beethoven handed the young girl with fatherly care into a passing hackney-coach, and Wilhelmine Schröder gave him her mother's address. With childlike enthusiasm she kissed the master's hand as she bade him farewell; he turned to go. But he must look back once more—and then he saw the young girl's charming face turned towards him from the carriage window. Pale with emotion, her serious young brow overshadowed with waving golden hair, she bowed to him, while her magical eyes looked their farewell. Ludwig van Beethoven felt a soft warmth stream over his heart; a happy, yet melancholy presentiment thrilled him; he thought to himself: "This woman will shed another ray of sunshine over my path, but it will be the last!"

And on the following morning, the young songstress, WILHELMINA SCHROEDER, stood near Beethoven at the piano. The score of his "Leonora" lay open before them. He explained to her the text of the opera in a few words, then passing over the first numbers, for Jaquino and Marcellina he hummed Leonora's part in the quartet, "Tis marvellous to me," beating time with one hand, and accompanying with the other. The young girl followed every tone with deep attention. At the trio, "Well done, my son," her blue eyes lit up gloriously; but when the fine tone-painting of the great air, "Monster, whither hastenest thou," was unfolded to her, a thrill of emotion ran through her whole being. With every number the young listener's admiration increased, the master grew more enthusiastic, and she scarcely noticed that the voice, which carried these noble things through her ear to her soul, was harsh and broken. She did not know, that at the duet of the second act, "Now quickly on, the grave dug freshly," the tears were rolling down her cheeks; she did not raise her eyes from the inspired composer, whom she venerated with all her heart. What a picture the frame of that poor room contained in these two figures, of grave and glorious autumn, and of smiling spring! The master in his fur-bordered dressing-gown, with glowing eyes and expressive brow, buried in his own creation, and but occasionally glancing up seriously to his young listener; the maiden, her face, with its pure lines, glowing redly with spring freshness, while sunbeams seemed to play in the hair that waved along her cheeks, and was gathered in a low knot behind. Beethoven went on faster and faster; his hand hurried over the keys. "Now comes the moment of highest emotion," said he; "in it is collected every ray from the other parts of the opera. Observe this cry, my child, for here is the place to show whether I am deceived in you or not." And now, with thrilling enthusiasm, he intoned that famous cry, "first kill his wife!" Now Wilhelmine Schröder first fully comprehended what a gigantic gift it was, for which she had stretched out her hands. Pleasure and fear alternately filled her breast. "First kill his wife!" This cry re-echoed through her soul; she heard nothing more, and the brilliant finale went by her like a dream. But when Beethoven rose, closing the score, she said, solemnly: "Give me your blessing, before I venture on this attempt, so that I may succeed in it!" She bowed her head, the master thoughtfully laid his hand on her fair locks, and a smile of satisfaction played over his face, like an autumn sun-

beam. Before the young girl slept that night, she folded her hands, and closed her morning prayer with these words: "O God, let me become such a Leonora as he has dreamed of, so that I may bring one more joy to his heart."

Some weeks after this scene, WILHELMINA SCHROEDER made her first appearance in the opera of "Fidelio" at Vienna, and became the embodiment of that highest ideal of heroic love, which Beethoven's genius had created. The composer sat in a small, dark box near the stage. Alas, the powerful and pleasing tones that streamed from the young singer's breast penetrated but in part to his already almost closed ear; but he saw the glow and inspiration of her expressive face, he saw the impassioned eyes, the abandonment and enthusiasm that awakened so much delight in the audience, that their applause, in its outbreak, resembled the roaring of an ocean. The second act proceeded; the faithful wife descended to the gloomy dungeon, reached out the bread to her starving husband, ran through every degree of soul-martyrdom, until that wonderful point of light, that mighty outcry, "First kill his wife!" Beethoven rose feverishly when the chord was struck, his breath was suspended, he trembled all over, and his eyes hung on the lips of the songstress. A second only, she seemed to hesitate, then drawing herself up, in truly sublime beauty, the now famous B flat thrilled through the souls of her electrified hearers, in a tone vibrating with the loftiest passion. And, as if endowed with miraculous power, this strong, soul-ful tone broke through all barriers, and penetrated, like a missionary of light, to the closed ear of the master. Suddenly all seemed clear within him, golden tone-waves streamed over his soul; his Leonora sang and sounded aloud; in the glorious overpowering B flat that he heard, the whole seemed mirrored, as all things may be reflected in one clear drop of water. Nameless joy, unbounded satisfaction filled his heart; he had not been disappointed in his Leonora! Long buried wishes, long slumbering hopes arose as from the repose of death, and looked smilingly at him. But body and soul were only inured to sorrow: the sudden feeling of overpowering joy subdued the man, strong only in suffering and resignation; Ludwig van Beethoven sank back, almost fainting. This representation of "Fidelio," was indeed the last, but probably also the brightest sunbeam that fell on the gloomy path of the great composer. But what was that "something," which Beethoven wished the representative of his Leonora to possess, and which he found in the young girl's blue eyes?

Wilhelmine Schröder made "Fidelio" famous, all over the world. How is it possible for any one, who has once heard her matchless personation of Leonora, ever to forget her? Hundreds of songstresses have sung Leonora since; but which of them took the soul captive like her?—Was no one, then, so handsome as WILHELMINA SCHROEDER DEVRIENT? Had no one so powerful a voice, or such captivating grace?—Charming women clothed themselves in the shabby male attire of Fidelio; splendid voices sang the air, "Monster, whither hastenest thou?" Mistresses of the art of representation lavished all their strength on this creation; but did the outcry, "First kill his wife!" ever ring half so sublimely, so thrillingly, from any lips, as from those of that

fair-haired woman? And why was it so?—Wilhelmine Schröder Devrient possessed the rare charm that overcomes and conquers the world; that mysterious gift, which, in our prosaic, cold-blooded days, is fast becoming a tradition; that costliest earthly treasure, that fairest blessing of Heaven,—a warm heart!

Review of Marx's Beethoven.

(From the Atlantic Monthly.)

(Concluded from page 27.)

The English or American reader, whose only biography of Beethoven has been the translation of Schindler's work by Moscheles, will be pleased to find scattered through Marx's two volumes a number of interesting extracts from the "Conversation-Books." These are not always given exactly as in the originals, although the sense is proved intact. For instance, (Vol. I, p. 341,) speaking of the original overture to "Leonore,"—afterwards printed as Op. 138,—Marx says, "It shows us, as in a mirror of past happiness, a view of that which is hereafter to reward Leonore and raise Florestan from his woe. Yes, Beethoven himself is in theory of this opinion. In his Conversation-Books we read the following:—"*'Aristotle, in his "Poetics," remarks, "Tragic heroes must at first live in great happiness and splendor.' This we see in Egmont. Wenn sie nun [so] recht glücklich sind, [so] kommt mit [auf] einem Mal das Schicksal und schlingt einen Knoten um ihr Haupt [über ihren Haupte] den sie nicht mehr zu lösen vermögen. Muth und Trotz tritt an die Stelle [der Reue] und verweigen sehen sie dem Gesckicke, [und sie sehen verweigen dem Gesckicke,] ja, dem Tod in's Aug.'*"

The words in brackets show the variations from the original; they are slight, but will soon be seen to have significance.

Again, Marx says, (Vol. II, p. 214, note,) "In one of the Conversation-Books Schindler remarks, '*Ich bin sehr gespannt auf die Characterisirung [der Sätze] der B dur Trio. . . . Der erste Satz träumt von lauter Glückseligkeit [Glück und Zufriedenheit]. Auch Muthwille, heiteres Tändeln und Eigensinn (mit permission—Beethovenscher) ist darin.'*" [Should be "und Eigensinn (Beethovensche) ist darin, mit Permission."

On page 217 of the same volume is part of a conversation between Beethoven and his friend Peters, dated 1819. The Conversation-Book from which it is taken is dated, in Beethoven's own hand, "March and April, 1820."

But enough for our purpose, which is to prove that Marx knows nothing of the Conversation-Books from personal inspection, although he always quotes them in such a manner as to impress the reader with the idea that the extracts made are his own. Now, 1st, all his extracts are in the second edition of Schindler's "Biography;" 2d, all the variations from the original are found word for word in Schindler's excerpts; 3d, the first of the above three examples, which Marx takes for an expression of Beethoven's views, was written by Schindler himself, for his master's perusal! But though a biography give us nothing new in relation to the hero, still it may be of great interest and value from the manner in which well-known authorities are collected and digested, and the facts presented in a picturesque, fascinating, living narrative. Such a work is Irving's "Goldsmith." Such a work is not Marx's "Beethoven." It is neither one thing nor another,—neither a biography nor a critical examination of the master's works. It is a little of both,—an attempt to combine the two, and a very unsuccessful one. Biography and criticism are so strangely mixed up, jumbled together,—anecdotes of different periods so absurdly brought into juxtaposition,—chronology so oddly abused,—that one can obtain a far better idea of the man Beethoven by reading Marx's authorities than his digest of them; and as to his works, those upon which we want information, which we have no opportunity to hear, which have not been subjects of criticism and discussion for a whole generation,—on these he has little or nothing to say.

But the extreme carelessness with which Marx cites his authorities is worthy of notice; here are a few examples.

Vol. I, p. 13. Here we find the well-known anecdote of Beethoven's playing several variations upon Righini's air, "Vieni Amore," from memory, and improvising others, before the Abbé Sterkel. Wegeler is the original authority for the anecdote, the point of which depends upon the fact that the printed variations were a composition by Beethoven. Marx here and elsewhere in his book attributes them to Sterkel.

Ib. p. 31. Speaking of the pleasure Van Swieten took in Beethoven's playing of Bach's fugues, and of the dislike of the latter to being urged to play, Marx quotes as follows: "He came then (relates Ries, who became his pupil in 1800) back to me with clouded brow and out of temper" etc. To me,—Ries—a boy of sixteen,—and Beethoven already the composer all of whose works half a dozen publishers were ready to take at any prices he chose to fix! Ries relates no such thing. Wegeler does, but of a period five years before Ries came to Vienna; moreover, he relates it in relation to Beethoven's dislike to being urged to play in mixed companies, the fact having no relation whatever to Van Swieten's weekly music-parties.

Ib. p. 33. Beethoven is now twenty-five. "At this time, as it seems, there has been no talk of ill health." Directly against the statement of Wegeler.

Ib. p. 38. The Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, Op. 15, "Probably commenced in 1800, since it was offered to Hoffmeister, Jan. 5, 1801." He relates from Wegeler, that Beethoven wrote the finale when suffering violently from colic. How is it possible for a man to overlook the next line, "I helped him as much as I could with simple remedies," and not associate it with Wegeler's statement that he himself left Vienna "in the middle of 1796"? This fixes the date absolutely four or five years earlier than Marx's probability. He is equally unlucky in his reading of the letters of Hoffmeister; for the Concerto offered him Jan. 5, 1801, was not this one, but that in B flat, Op. 19.

Ib. p. 186. The Sonata, Op. 22, "Out of the year 1802." If Marx will turn to the letters to Hoffmeister again, he will find this Sonata offered for publication with the Concerto.

Ib. p. 341. "Schindler, who, however, first became acquainted with Beethoven in 1808, and first came into close connection with him in 1813." Compare Schindler, 2nd ed. p. 95. "It was in the year 1814 that I first became personally acquainted with Beethoven." In 1808 Schindler was a boy of thirteen years, in a Gymnasium, and had not yet come to Vienna.

Vol. II. p. 36. Sonata, Op. 57. "The finale, as Ries relates, was begotten in a night of storm"; and on this text Marx discourses through a page or two. Ries relates no such thing.

Ib. p. 179. "Once more, relates Schindler, the two (Goethe and Beethoven) met each other," etc. For Schindler, read Lenz.

Ib. p. 191. "The Philharmonic Society in London presented to him... a magnificent grand-pianoforte of Broadwood's manufacture." Schindler says expressly, "Presented by Ferd. Ries, John Cramer, and Sir George Smart." Cannot Marx read German?

Ib. p. 329. We give one more instance of Marx's method of citing authorities,—a very curious one. It is an extract from a letter written to the Schotts in Mayence, signed A. Schindler, containing an account of Beethoven's last hours, and published in the "Cäcilia" in full. Here is the passage:—

"When I came to him, on the morning of the 24th of March, (relates *Anselm Hüttenbrenner*, a musical friend and composer, of Grätz, who had hastened thither to see Beethoven once more,) I found his whole countenance distorted, and him so weak, that, with the greatest exertions, he could bring out but two or three intelligible words." *Anselm Hüttenbrenner*!

Throughout these volumes we find a certain vagueness of statement in connection with the names of musicians with whom Beethoven came in contact, which raises the question, whether Marx has no biographical dictionary in his house, not even a copy of Schilling's *Encyclopædia*, for which he wrote so many biographies, and "indeed all the articles signed A. B. M."? At times, however, the statements are not so vague. For instance,—in the anecdote already referred to, Marx makes the two Rombergs and Franz Ries introduces the "fifteen-year-old virtuoso" to Sterkel,—that is, in 1785 or '86. At that date, (see Schilling,) Andreas Romberg was a boy of eighteen, Bernard a boy of fifteen; moreover, they did not come to Bonn, until 1790, when Beethoven was nearly twenty years old. In 1793-4 Marx makes Schenck "the to him [Beethoven] well-known and valued composer of the 'Dorfbarbier,' " which opera was not written until some years later. In 1815 died Beethoven's "friend and countryman, Salomon, of Bonn, in London." It is possible that Beethoven may have occasionally seen Salomon at Bonn, but that violinist went to London as early as 1781, after having then been for several years in Prince Henry's chapel in Berlin.

These things may, perhaps, strike the reader as of minor importance, mere blemishes. So be it then; we will turn to a vexed question, which has a literary

importance, and see what light Marx throws upon it. We refer to Bettine's letters to Goethe upon Beethoven, and the composer's letters to her, the authority of which has been strongly questioned. Marx gives them, Vol. II. pp. 121-135, and we turned eagerly to them, expecting to find, from one who has for thirty years or more lived in the same city with the author, the *questio verata* fully put to rest. Nothing of the kind. He quotes them from Schindler with Schindler's remarks upon them, to which he gives his assent. As to the letters of Beethoven to Bettine, he has not even done that lady the justice to give them as she has printed them, but rests satisfied with a copy confessedly taken from the English translation! Of these Marx says, "These letters—one has not the right, perhaps, to declare them outright creations of fancy; at all events, there is no judicial proof of this, no more than of their authenticity—if they are not imagined, they are certainly translated... from Beethoven into the Bettine speech. Never—compare all the letters and writings of Beethoven which are known with these Bettine epistles—never did Beethoven so write... If he wrote to Bettine, then she has poetized [überdichtet] his letters, and she has not done even this well; we have in them Beethoven as seen in the mirror Bettine." He adds in a note, "In the highest degree girl-like and equally un-Beethoven-like are these constant repetitions: 'liebe, liebe; liebe, liebe; liebe, gute; bald, bald!'"

What does Marx say to this beginning of a letter to Tiedge: "Jeden Tag schwebte mir immer folgende Brief an Sie, Sie, immer vor"? Or to these repetitions from a series of notes written also from Töplitz in the summer of 1812? "Lieben Sie wohl, liebe, gute A." "Liebe, gute A., seit ich gestern," etc. "Scheint der Mond... so sehen Sie den kleinsten, kleinsten aller Menschen bei sich," etc.

And so on this point Marx leaves us just as wise as we were before. There is a gentleman who can decide by a word as to the authenticity of these letters of Beethoven, since he originally furnished them for publication in the English translation of Schindler's "Biography." We refer to Mr. Chorley, of the "London Athenæum." Meanwhile we venture to give Marx's opinion as much weight as we think it deserves, and continue to believe in the letters; more especially because, as published by Bettine herself in 1848, each is remarkable for certain peculiarly Beethoven-like abuses of punctuation, orthography, and capital letters, which carry more weight to our minds than the unsupported opinions of a dozen Professors Marx.

Justice requires that we pass from merely biographical topics, which are evidently not the forte of Professor Marx, to some of those upon which he has bestowed far more space, and doubtless far more labor and pains, and upon which, in this work, he doubtless also rests his claim to our applause.

On page 199 of Vol. I. begins a division of the work entitled by the author "Chorische Werke." In previous chapters, Beethoven's pianoforte compositions—sonatas, trios, the quintet, etc., up to Op. 54, exclusive of the concertos for that instrument and orchestra—have been treated. In this we have a very pleasing account of the gradual progress of the composer from the concerto to the full splendor of the grand symphony.

"The composer Beethoven," says Marx, "was, as we have seen, also a virtuoso. No one can be both, without feeling himself drawn to the composition of concertos. These works then follow, and in close relation to the pianoforte compositions of Beethoven, with and without the accompaniment of solo instruments; and to them others, which may just here be best brought under one general head for notice. From them we look directly upward to orchestral and symphonic works. To all these we give the general name of 'choral' works, for want of a better, a term which in fact belongs but to vocal music, and is exceedingly ill adapted to a part of the compositions now under consideration. The term, however, is used here as pointing at the significance of the orchestra to Beethoven."

Marx's theory of Beethoven's progress, taking continually bolder and loftier flights until he reaches the symphony, must necessarily be based upon the chronology of the works in question,—a basis which he adopts, but evidently, in the case of two or three of them, with some hesitation; yet the theory has too great a charm for him to be lightly thrown aside.

We will bring into a table the compositions which he is now considering, together with the dates of their composition, that we may obtain a clearer view of their bearings upon the point in question.

Concerto in C for Pianoforte and Orchestra, op. 15. 1800.

(See p. 38.)

Concerto in B flat, op. 19. 1801.

Concerto in C minor, op. 37. Not dated.

Six Quatuors for Bowed Instruments, op. 18. Published in 1801-2, but "begun earlier."

Quintet, op. 29. 1802.

Septet, op. 20. Not dated.

Prometheus, Ballet, op. 43. Performed March 28, 1801.

Grand Symphony, op. 21. 1799 or 1800

Grand Symphony, op. 35. Performed 1800.

A glance at the dates in this table throws doubt upon the theory; the doubt is increased by the consideration that all these important works are, according to Marx, the labor of only three years! But let us turn back and collect into another table the pianoforte works which are also attributed to the same epoch.

Pianoforte Trio, op. 11. 1799.

Three Pianoforte Sonatas, op. 10. 1799.

Two do. do. op. 14. 1799.

Adelaide, Song, op. 46. 1798 or '99.

Sonata for Piano and Horn, op. 17. 1800.

do. Pathétique, op. 13. 1800.

Christus am Oelberg. Cantata, op. 85. 1800.

Quintet, op. 16. 1801.

Sonata, op. 22. 1802.

do. op. 26. 1802.

do. op. 28. 1802.

From this list we have excluded works which Marx says were published (*herausgegeben*) during these years, selecting only those which he calls "aus dem Jahre,"—belonging to such a year.

Marx himself Vol. I. p. 246 *et seq.* shows us that the works above-mentioned, dated 1802, belong to an earlier period; for in the "first months" of that year Beethoven fell into a dangerous illness, which unfitted him for labor throughout the season.

We have, then, as the labor of three years, three grand pianoforte concertos with orchestra, six string quartets, a quintet, a septet, a grand ballet, and two symphonies, for great works; and for minor productions,—by-play,—nine pianoforte solo sonatas, one for pianoforte and horn, a pianoforte trio, a quintet, the "Adelaide," and the "Christ on the Mount of Olives," a productiveness (and such a productiveness!) not surpassed by Mozart or Handel in their best and most marvellous years.

But these twenty-eight works, in fact, belong only in part to those three years. The first concerto was finished before June, 1796; the second in Prague, 1798; the third was performed late in the autumn of 1800. A performance of the first symphony is recorded at least ten, of the second at least three months before that of the ballet. As this, the "Prometheus," was written expressly for Vigano, the arranger of the action, it is not to be supposed that any great lapse of time took place between the execution of the order for and the production of the music. In fact, Marx has no authorities, beyond Lenz's notices of the publication of the works in the above lists, for the dates which he has given to them; none whatever for placing the works of the first of our lists in that order; certainly none for placing Op. 37 before Op. 18, Op. 29 before Op. 20, and Op. 43 before Op. 21 and Op. 36. And yet, at the close of his remarks upon the septet, Op. 20, we read, "Each of the compositions here noticed" (namely, those in the first list down to the septet) "is a step away from the pianoforte to the orchestra. In the midst of them appears the first (!) orchestral work since the chivalrous ballet, to which the boy (?) Beethoven in former days gave being. It was again to be a ballet, 'Gli Uomini di Prometeo.'" Then follow remarks upon the ballet, closing thus: "On the 'Prometheus' he had tried the strength of his pinions; in the first symphony, 'Grande Sinfonie,' Op. 21, he floated calmly upon them at those heights where the spirit of Mozart had rested."

No, Herr Professor Marx, your pretty fancy is without basis. Chronology, "the eye of History," makes sad work of your theory. Pity that in your "researches" you met not one of those lists of the Electoral Chapel at Bonn, which would have shown you that the young Beethoven learned to wield the orchestra in that best of all schools, the orchestra itself!

Three chapters of Book Second (Vol. I. pp. 239-307) are entitled "Helden Weihe," (Consecration of the Hero.) "Die Sinfonie Eroica und die ideale Musik," (The Heroic Symphony and Ideal Music,) and "Die Zukunft vor dem Richterstuhl der Vergangenheit" (The Future before the Judgment Seat of the Past). Save the first fourteen pages, which are given to Beethoven's sickness in 1802, the testament which he wrote at that time, and some remarks upon the "Christ on the Mount of Olives," these chapters are devoted to the "Heroic Symphony," its history, its explanation, and a polemical discourse directed against the views of Wagner, Berlioz, Oulibichef, and others.

The circumstances under which this remarkable work was written, the history of its origin and completion, are so clearly related by Ries and Schindler, that it seems hardly possible to make any great blunder in repeating them. Marx has, however, a very happy talent for getting out of the path, even when it lies directly before him.

"When, therefore, Bernadotte," says he, "at that time French Ambassador at Vienna, and sharer in the admiration which the Lichnowskis and others of high rank felt for Beethoven, proposed to him to pay his homage to the hero [Napoleon] in a grand instrumental work, he found the artist in the best disposition thereto; perhaps such thoughts had already occurred to his mind. In the year 1802, in autumn, he put his hand already to the work, began first in the following year earnestly to labor upon it, and, with many interruptions, and the production of various compositions in the mean time, completed it in 1804."

From this passage, and from remarks in connection with it, it is clear that Professor Marx supposes Bernadotte to have been in Vienna in 1802-3, and to have ordered this symphony of Beethoven. Schindler's words, when speaking of his conversation with the composer in 1823, on this topic are, "Beethoven erinnerte sich lebhaft, dass Bernadotte wirklich zuerst die Idee zur Sinfonie Eroica in ihm rege gemacht hat" (Beethoven remembered distinctly that it really was Bernadotte who first awakened in him the idea of the "Heroic Symphony"). On turning to the article on Bernadotte in the "Conversations-Lexicon," we find that the period of his embassy embraced but a few months of the year 1798.

It seems to us a very suggestive and important fact toward the comprehension of Beethoven's design in this work, that the conception of it had been floating before his mind and slowly assuming definite form during the space of four years, before he put hand to the composition. Six years passed from the date of its conception before it lay complete upon the table, with the single word "Bonaparte" in large letters at the top of the title-page, and "L. Beethoven" at the bottom, with nothing between. And what, according to Marx, is this product of so much study and labor? A musical description of a battle; a funeral march to the memory of the fallen; the gathering of the armies for their homeward march; a description of the blessings of peace. A most lame and impotent interpretation! Marx somewhere says, that Beethoven never wrought twice upon the same idea; hence the funeral march of the Symphony cannot have been originally intended in honor of a hero,—we agree with him so far,—for this task he had once already accomplished in the Sonata, Op. 26. But then, if the first movement of the Symphony be a battle-piece, how came its author to compose another, and one so entirely different, in 1812?

How any one, with the recollection of Beethoven's fondness for describing character in music, even in youth upon the pianoforte,—with the "Coriolanus Overture" before him, and the "Wellington's Victory at Vittoria" at hand,—and, above all, with any knowledge of the composer's love for the universal, the all-embracing, and his contempt for minute musical painting, as shown by his sarcasms upon passages in Haydn's "Creation,"—can suppose the first movement of the "Heroic Symphony" to be in the main intended as a battle-picture, passes our comprehension. It may be so. It is but a matter of opinion. We have nothing from Beethoven himself upon the point, unless we may suppose, that when, four years later, he printed upon the programme, at the first performance of the "Pastoral Symphony," "Rather the expression of feeling than musical painting," he was guarding against a mistake which had been made as to the intent of the "Eroica."

We have no space to waste in following Marx, either through his exposition of his battle theory, his explanations of the other movements of the Symphony, or his polemics against previous writers. His programme seems to us little, if at all, better than those which he controverts. Instead of this, we venture to offer our own to the reader's common sense, which, if it does not satisfy, at least shows that Marx has not put the question forever at rest.

"Rather the expression of feeling than musical painting" seems to us a key to the understanding of this, as well as of the "Pastoral Symphony." Mere musical painting, and the composition of works to order—as is proved by the "Wellington's Victory," the "Coriolanus Overture," the music to "Prometheus," to the "Ruins of Athens," the "Glorreiche Augenblick," to say nothing of minor works, such as the First and Second Concertos, the Horn Sonata, etc.,—Beethoven could and did despatch with extreme rapidity; but works of a different order, for which he could take his own time, and which were to be the expression of the grand feelings of his own great heart,—the composition of these was no light holiday-task. He could "make music" with all ease and rapidity; and had this been his aim, the extreme productiveness of the first years in Vienna shows that he might, perhaps, have rivalled Father Haydn himself in the number of his instrumental compositions. His difficulty was not in writing music, but in

mastering the poetic conception, and finding that tone-speech which should express in epic progress, yet in obedience to the laws of musical form, the emotions, feelings, sentiments to be depicted. Hence the great length of time during which many of his works were subjects of meditation and study. Hence the six years which elapsed between the conception and completion of the "Heroic Symphony."

Beethoven passed his youth near the borders of France, under a government which allowed a republican personal freedom to its subjects. He was himself a strong republican, and old enough, when the crushed people over the border at length arose in their terrible energy against the King, to sympathize with them in their woe, perhaps in their vengeance. What to us is the horrible history of those years was to him the exciting news of the day; and it is not difficult to imagine the changes of feeling with which he would follow the political changes in France, the hopes of humanity now apparently lost in the gloom of the Reign of Terror, and now the rising of the day-star, precursor of a glorious day of republican freedom, in the marvellous successes of the cool, determined, energetic, stoical young conqueror of Italy, living, when Bernadotte fired his imagination by his descriptions of him, with his wife, the widow of Beauharnais, in a small house in an obscure street of the capital.

To us, then, the first movement of the "Heroic Symphony" is a study of character. In the "Coriolanus Overture" we have one side of a hero depicted: here we see him in all his aspects; we behold him in sorrow and in joy, in weakness and in strength, in the struggle and in victory,—overcoming opposition, and reducing all elements of discord to harmony and order by the force of his energetic will. It may be either a description of Napoleon, as Beethoven at that time understood his character,—we are inclined to this opinion,—or it may be a more general picture of a hero, to which the career of Napoleon had furnished but the original conception. The second movement is to us the wail of a nation ground to the dust by the iron heel of despotism,—France under the old regime,—France in the Reign of Terror,—France needing, as few nations have needed, the advent of a hero. The scherzo, with its trio, is not a form for minute painting of how the hero comes and saves; nor is this necessary; it has been sufficiently indicated in the first movement. We hear in it the awakening to new life, from the first whispers of hope, uttered mysteriously and with trembling lips, to the bright and cheering expression of a nation's joy,—not loudly and boisterously,—(Beethoven never gives such a language to the depths of happiness,)—in the exquisite passage for the horns in the trio. We agree with Marx in feeling the finale to be a picture of the blessings of that peace and quiet which the hero once more restores,—but peace and quiet where liberty and law, justice and order reign.

One fact in relation to the finale of this symphony has caused Professor Marx no little trouble. The movement is a theme and variations, with a fugue, and was published by Beethoven as a "Theme and Variations for the Pianoforte," Op. 35, dedicated to Moritz Lichnowsky. The theme is from the finale of the "Prometheus." Now what could induce Beethoven to make this use of so important a work, as such a finale to such a symphony, is to our Professor a puzzle. It troubles him on page 70, (Vol. I.) again on page 212, and finally on page 274. The same theme three times employed—he may say four, for it is one of the six "Contredanses" by Beethoven, which appeared about that time,—and the third time so employed! Lenz happens to have overlooked the fact,—and so has Marx,—that the Variations for the Pianoforte, Op. 35, were advertised in the "Leipziger Musikalische Zeitung," already in November, 1803. How long Beethoven had kept them by him, how long it had taken them to make the then slow journey from Vienna to Leipzig, to be engraved, corrected, and made ready for sale, we are not informed. A very simple theory will account for all the phenomena in this case.

A very beautiful theme in the finale of "Prometheus" is admired. Beethoven composes variations upon it, and, to render it more worthy of his friend Lichnowsky, adds the fugue. The work becomes a favorite, and the theme being originally descriptive of the happiness of man in a state of culture and refinement, he decides to arrange it for orchestra, and give it a place in the new symphony. How if Lichnowsky proposed it?

A large proportion of the three chapters under consideration, as indeed, of many others, is directed against Oulibichef,—"Oulibichef-Thersites," as he names him in the Table of Contents. The very different manner in which he treats this gentleman, throughout his work, from that in which he speaks of Berlioz, Wagner, Lenz, is striking; but Oulibichef

is dead, and cannot reply. Some of the Russian's contrapuntal objections to the "Heroic Symphony" are well answered; but, as we are satisfied with the poetic explanation of the work by neither, we must confess, that, after the crystalline clearness of Oulibichef, the muddy wordiness of Marx is not to edification.

We turn now to the chapters devoted to the opera "Leonore," afterwards "Fidelio,"—one of the most interesting topics in Beethoven's musical history. Here, at length, we do find something beyond what Ries and Schindler have recorded,—no longer the close coincidence in matters of fact with Lenz; indeed, the account of the changes made in transforming the three-act "Leonore" into the two-act "Fidelio" we consider the best piece of historic writing in the volumes, the one which gives us the greatest number of new facts, and most clearly and chronologically arranged. It is really quite unfortunate for Professor Marx, that Professor Otto Jahn of Bonn gave us, some years since, in his preface to the Leipzig edition of "Leonore," precisely the same facts, from precisely the same sources, and in some cases, we had almost said, in precisely the same words. The "coincidence" here is striking, as we cannot suppose Marx ever saw Jahn's publication, since he makes no reference to it. In the errors with which Marx spices his narrative occasionally, the coincidence ceases. Here are some instances. According to Marx, one reason of the ill success of the opera at Vienna, in 1805-6, was the popularity of that upon the same subject by Paer. The Viennese first heard the latter in 1809. Again, at the first production of the "Fidelio," in 1814, Marx says, the Leonore Overture No. 3 was played because that in E flat was not finished. Seyfried says expressly, the overture to the "Ruins of Athens." Marx speaks of the proposals made to Beethoven in 1823 to compose the "Melusine," and still another text, and so speaks as to leave the impression, that, from the "fall of the opera" in 1806, the composer had purposely kept aloof from the stage. Does the Professor know nothing of Beethoven's application in 1807 to the Theater-Direktion of the imperial playhouses, to be employed as regular operatic composer? of the opera "Romulus"? of his correspondence with Koerner, Rellstab, and still others? It appears not.

We must close our article somewhere; it is already, perhaps, too long; we add, therefore, but a general remark or two.

To many readers Marx's discussions of Beethoven's last works will be found of interest and value, though written in that turgid, vague, confused style, "words, words, words," which the Germans denominate by the expressive term, *Geschwätz*. This is especially the case with his essays upon the great "Missa Solennis," and the "Ninth Symphony."

We cannot rise from the perusal of this "Life of Beethoven" without feeling something akin to indignation. Were it a possible supposition, we should imagine it to be a thing manufactured to sell, and, indeed, in some such manner as this: The labors of Lenz taken, without acknowledgment, for the skeleton of the work; Wegeler, Ries, Schindler, and Seyfried at hand for citations, where Lenz fails to give more than a reference; Oulibichef on the table to supply topics for polemical discussion; a few periodicals and papers, which have come accidentally into his possession, to afford here and there an anecdote or a letter; the works of Professor A. B. Marx supplying the necessary authorities upon points in musical science. As for any original research, that is out of the question. Why stop to verify a fact, to decide a disputed point, to search out new matter? The market waits, the publisher presses, so, hurry-scurry, away we go, and the book is done! Seriously, such a book, from one with such opportunities at command, is a disgrace to the institution in which its author occupies the station of Professor.

When Schindler wrote, Johann van Beethoven, the brother, and Carl van Beethoven, the nephew, were still alive, and feelings of delicacy led him to do little more than hint at those domestic and family relations and sorrows which for several years rendered the great composer much of the time unfit for labor, and which at last brought him to the grave. When Marx wrote, all had passed away, who could be wounded by a plain statement of the facts in the case. Until we have such a statement, none but he who has gone through the labor of studying the original authorities, as they exist in Berlin, can know the real greatness, perhaps also the weaknesses, of Beethoven in those last years. None can know how his heart was torn, how he poured out, concentrated all the love of his great heart upon his adopted son, but to learn "how sharper than the serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child." Nothing of all this in Marx. He quotes Schindler, and therewith enough. Long as this article has become, we have referred

to but the more important of the passages which in reading we marked for comment; enough, however, we judge, to show that the biography of Ludwig van Beethoven still remains to be written.

The New Singers.

FREZZOLINI—FABBRI—MISS WISSLER.

(From the Tribune.)

The Winter Garden—or, in other words, the Spring Opera-House—appears to be made for Madame Frezzolini, and Madame Frezzolini for the Winter Garden. Within its graceful and sonorous lesser circles there has been given a memorable entertainment in the production of the opera of *Lucrezia Borgia*, Madame Frezzolini administering the dulcet decoctions of music and arsenic. All that Rossini and Donizetti and Verdi have said of Madame Frezzolini and her poetic style, will be found to be true in seeing this performance. We do not claim for her the voice she had fifteen years back. But she is a great artist—with the great traditions of Italian singing—traditions established before it was found politic to spoil good and sustain bad voices by two cornets and three trombones playing in unison with it—the traditions of style which came down from classic heroisms, from the divine Greeks—without which we would be a compound of snifle and angle, devoid of grace or manners—of a style which personates the entire artist, in dress, port, action, gesture, as well as in refined pronunciation of language and of sympathetic musical utterance. The genius of Italy lies in circles. What distinguishes her painting as well as music is this line of grace. The transcendental analogies, about which yet nothing has been written, show that Italian grace is a unit of all things. The poetry is half music, and so the composer has but half duty to perform. The very structure of the verse forbids the jagged, halting, which some other languages incite to music. When an artist is educated up to the point of giving this verse and this music, has an aristocratic bearing necessary to lyrical representation—and now that Madame Rachel is dead—is the best dressed woman on the stage—there ensues an entertainment worth seeing and listening to—one which we can speak of positively, though the voice—as in the case of Ronconi—is not in its first youth.

To represent an historical duchess is no joke. The artist must look one to begin with. So does Madame Frezzolini. Her bearing is superb. In that regard she has no equal on the lyrical stage, and we question if on any stage. It has no pretense, no swagger—and the new rich woman can swagger as well as the man—but it has the inherent breadth and style of unconscious good breeding and nobility. This is one phase of her acting. Another is her exquisite delicacy of poetic and musical phrasing. Every line is a study. In these days when men are called composers, and critics praise them, who have not the first idea of vocal divisions and symmetries without which music is disheveled rubbish, when so-called artists, whether singers or public speakers, are turned out with eccalebion speed and sputter, it is satisfactory to find the perfect appreciation by the auditory of the great artist in question. The character of *Lucrezia Borgia* is the very best for Madame Frezzolini. It is a pity she did not appear originally in it, but took that of *La Sonnambula*, which now is not her forte.

On the same occasion at the Winter Garden there appeared an American debutante, a Philadelphia young lady, Miss Anna Wissler, as the contralto. It is an abominable breeches part, in which no woman can exhibit any divinity, but is simply out of place from first to last. Miss Anna Wissler is a full, deep contralto voice, ranging from E below the line up for more than two octaves. This is, we believe, the second time she ever appeared on the stage. There is every reason to suppose that with the Italian method she already possesses, experience will place her in a superior position.

(From the Albion.)

To return to Mme. Fabbri, who is the town talk: Her debut in "*Traviata*" was unqualifiedly triumphant; she has since appeared in "*Ernani*," and the first enthusiastic impression has been more than justified. What are her especial merits? These;—she can sing better than any purely dramatic artist who has ever been to this country, and her voice is equal to any six of her predecessors. It is of astonishing volume, and the rarest quality. Her conception of a character, too, displays marked originality. In the "*Traviata*" she was different to any one else that we have seen in the same part. Without purposely avoiding the excellencies of Gazzaniga she more than equals them. To speak briefly and clearly, she is not only a remarkable singer, but an astonishing actress. The last act of the opera to which we have

referred, has never been interpreted with so much pathetic earnestness. It was a sad and tender picture of the regrets and dying yearnings of a human creature conscious of a mis-spent life.

Madame Fabbri's voice is a pure soprano, particularly rich in the upper part, and somewhat less opulent in the lower. She has special vocal excellencies, such as the trill or shake; the clear execution of the ascending scale, and the knowledge of how to use the mezzo-voice. Facility is not a characteristic of a purely dramatic voice; emphasis and overwhelming power take its place. Madame Fabbri, who belongs entirely to the new school, is nevertheless remarkable for her facility. She has more than sufficient for its requirements, and her triumphs will undoubtedly extend to many works which are now regarded as purely lyrical. In the first act of "*Ernani*" on Monday, she created a perfect *furor*, and in the third her voice rolled out in such magnificent volumes that after being called out twice, the finale had to be repeated.

On Wednesday Mr. Maretzek produced the somewhat familiar opera of "*Lucrezia Borgia*," and infused into it new life by an extremely effective distribution of the parts. Mad. Frezzolini was the heroine; Signor Errani the *Gennaro*, Miss Anna Wissler the *Orsino*, and Signor Gassier the *Alfonso*. Regarded simply as a reputation, Mad. Frezzolini is decidedly one of the best now before the public. Rossini wrote extatically about her powers, and Verdi showed his appreciation of them by composing the part of *Leonore* in the "*Trovatore*" expressly for their illustration. An objection to be urged successfully against Mad. Frezzolini must be based not on the question of reputation, but simply on the broad and universal grounds of voice. Much of the former splendor remains, but Mad. Frezzolini's organ no longer responds to the fervid impetuosities of dramatic art. Although still beautiful in quality, it is weak, especially in the lower register, where the best modern effects are now made. When we have said this (and even to cold criticism it is an ungrateful task) the worst is told. In every other point of view her reputation is as deserved now as it was ten years ago. She is so thoroughly and essentially an artist, that it is impossible for any one familiar with the secrets of the prison house to refrain from a burst of enthusiasm at the repeated feats of skill which, with careless grace, she performs. The Winter Garden being better adapted to her present powers than the Academy of Music, we notice an improvement in all that pertains to success; moreover, we are informed that the lady was sick when she appeared in Fourteenth Street, and is now well. Certainly her performance on Wednesday was better than any preceding one in our recollection. All the slow movements were superbly sung, with a delicacy of phrasing, and a nicety of emphasis, which left nothing to be desired.

Errani, of whom we have already spoken, was very good in this opera, and justified the high approbation expressed of him in the Havana papers.

The principal interest of the cast attached, of course, to Miss Wissler, who was not only a debutante but an American. Considering the latter circumstance, her reception was cold and distrustful; but, as the lady ultimately obtained a decided success, this circumstance will probably not disturb, but tend rather to brighten the pleasures of her triumph. We do not often hear a voice like Miss Wissler's—so full, so rich, and so distinct in character and color. The pure contralto voice like the baritone, is "trained up" so much in these days that it has become lost in the indistinguishable mazes of the mezzo-soprano. Alboni was unquestionably the purest contralto we have had in America, as she was the greatest artist. With the exception of this superb singer we can remember no one who could boast of the voice of Miss Wissler—which is magnificent, both in quantity and quality. The lady's debut in the part of *Orsino* was naturally a success, but it did not by any means exhibit her full capabilities. She will, we are persuaded, be heard to much greater advantage at the *Matinée* to-day. A first night with its hopes and fears, is a fierce ordeal for any one to pass through; doubly so for a young woman who sings for the first time before a strange audience and in a strange language. Miss Wissler appears to be a good artist, and already possesses much facility of execution. The compass of her voice does not appear to be great, and is limited in the upper part—stopping at G for practical purposes; in the lower it is remarkably full and equal. She has of course much to learn as a singer; and as an actress she has but taken her first lesson. All that she needs to know can be acquired easily under the manager with whom she is now engaged, and then we shall undoubtedly have to speak of one of the greatest of living contraltos.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, APRIL 23.—The opera war continues. During the past week the Academy of Music has relied entirely on the attractions of Miss PATTI, giving on Monday *Lucia*, and on Wednesday *Sonnambula*. Friday evening there was no opera.

The way of it was this. A month ago one Signora BANTI, a very beautiful prima donna as to looks, (though as to musical ability I cannot say,) arrived here on her way from Lima to Paris. She was engaged by Muzio to sing once at least, and if she pleased the public, she was to receive further engagements. Under these circumstances Banti awaited her debut. But it was postponed from day to day till last Friday night, when she was announced for *Norma*. Madame STRAKOSCH was sick however, and the opera was changed to *Ernani*, but in the evening the tenor MACCAFERRI was taken sick, and the Signora declining to sing with SCOLA, the house was closed, and numerous people went away in disgust.

But this was not all. Bills were posted announcing the indisposition of Signora Banti, as the cause of the disappointment. This aroused the ire of the lady's husband, and cards were published in the papers next day stating that Signora Banti was not indisposed, but was ready and willing to sing.

This Signora Banti is a native of Bologna, about twenty-three years old, and of an elegant stage presence. She is a pupil of the favorite tenor SALVI, who is now living in domestic repose at Bologna.

Ullmann announces for this week PATTI in *Puritani* and *Martha*, with ADELAIDE PHILLIPS in the latter opera. He has in rehearsal Rossini's "*Moses in Egypt*."

MARETZEK in the meantime has made several hits. His new prima donna, FABBRI, turns out to be a sensation singer with a powerful voice, enormous dramatic intensity and fair execution. But she is neither young nor pretty. She sang the other night in *Ernani* with STIGELLI, and made a great hit. In the second act her dress caught on fire from the foot-lights; but Stigelli extinguished it, and Fabbri with amazing presence of mind went on singing as though nothing had happened. Fabbri and Stigelli have since sung in Flotow's *Alessandro Stradella*, which was given in German to an immense and Teutonic audience.

Last Wednesday evening, we had a treat in the return to the stage of FREZZOLINI, who sang in *Lucrezia*. Her voice is much decayed, but she is such a consummate artist, such a noble actress, and so majestic in every form and gesture, that her performance was a splendid lyric treat—such as has been but seldom offered to our operatic public. Max Maretzek says of her: "Frezzolini is the greatest artiste ever heard in this country. You say she has no voice. I know she is but a ruin, yet we go to Athens and Rome to see ruins, and acknowledge them to be greater than all our modern architecture."

In my opinion, Frezzolini is a more satisfactory and enjoyable lyric singer than any of the loud-voiced sopranos that are now so popular. Gazzaniga, Cortesi, Fabbri are all good, but one act sung and acted by Frezzolini is better than a whole opera by any of those just named.

The sixth concert of chamber music takes place Tuesday evening at GOLDBECK'S Hall, with the following programme:

1. Trio in D minor, Op. 49. Mendelssohn
Miss Pauline Eichberg, Messrs. Doehler and Brannes.
2. Romance from "*Louisa Miller*". Verdi
Mr. W. H. Cooke.
3. L'Ilusion, Fantaisie sur "*Norma*" (Flute). Fuerstenau
F. J. Eben.
4. Ballade in A flat, Op. 47. Chopin
Miss Pauline Eichberg.
5. Sonata in F minor. Saar
William Saar.

6. "Thou'at stole my heart away;" Ballad. Cooke
W. H. Cooke.
7. Rondo, (Op. posth.) for 2 pianos. Chopin
S. B. Mills and William Saar.

The last Philharmonic Concert takes place on Saturday night; Beethoven's Ninth Symphony being the great feature. TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, APRIL 23. — We are almost overwhelmed with music, good music, and well interpreted, at the present time. Two opera troupes of equal attraction, and no end to the concerts. The past week brought us two of the latter that were charming—that of the Chamber Concert Union, and Mason's third. At the first Mr. GOLDBECK played a Trio, No. 2. of his own, which, at first hearing, was not as attractive as his first Trio, which we heard several times some years ago. Still, he is evidently an aspiring artist, and his works are full of ideas, though not always the most original ones. His playing, too, in this piece as well as a Rhapsodie of Liszt, was very fine. Mr. DOEHLER inaugurated a new violin—new in looks and decidedly new in tone—by playing a fantasia of Vieuxtemps. The young artist evidently took the greatest pains, but the crudeness of his instrument did not permit him to do himself justice. Mr. SAAR and Mr. BRANNES gave us three little pieces "im Volkston" by Schumann, for piano and violoncello, which seemed rather insignificant. The chief feature of the evening was the appearance of Signor STIGELLI, who was in excellent voice and mood, and sang as if he gave himself up entirely to the charm of the snug little hall and small though appreciative audience. He sang, as the programme announced, two of his own compositions, the "Tear" and "Isolina," both of the higher (not of the highest) order of modern songs; but the real enjoyment came when, in answer to vehement *encores*, he substituted the "Poet" and the "Fisher Maiden" of Schubert. Never before have these been sung in this country as he sang them. They made one long for the privilege of listening to Schubert's songs from him for just one whole evening.

And while upon this subject, i. e., Signor Stigelli, let me tell you of the new laurels he won by his representation of *Stradella* on Friday night. Contrary to the gloomy predictions of "Trovator," this opera proved a greater attraction to "our Teutonic population" than lager-beer and Hoym's theatre, and they had turned out in numbers sufficient to produce the largest audience that Maretzek's opera has yet drawn. Great, but good-natured disappointment was manifested when it was announced that Sig. Stigelli was suffering from a severe cold, but would nevertheless do his best to sing, and only craved the indulgence of the public. That this was no mere excuse, was painfully apparent at the commencement of the opera; but the artist managed his voice so skilfully, that before the third act, one had forgotten that any apology had been needed. The part is a fatiguing one, as there is much to do, and something most of the time; but instead of seeming worn out, the singer appeared only to have rubbed off the rust as he warmed up, and in the last scene he really surpassed himself.

FABRI is fast becoming a general favorite—her voice is uncommonly fine, and her acting so thoroughly artistic, that it makes one forget some slight deficiencies in her manner of singing. She seemed to enjoy her German part thoroughly, and though it does not admit of any very vivid action, she threw so much light and shade into it by her singing, her gestures, play of feature, etc., that she made the very most of it, and appeared quite charming. Her exterior, at first glance, is not prepossessing, her figure stout and heavy, and her face very plain; but she is never awkward in her movements, and her features are so mobile, so full of life and expression, that you soon find them more interesting and attractive than the most faultless outline could make them. The opera was, on the whole, well given. The other solo

parts, the two robbers and the guardian, were in the hands of Messrs. MUELLER, QUINT and WEINLICH, who all did their best, though they are by no means first-rate singers. The first two were particularly good in their first duet, into which they infused all due humor and spirit, thus making it irresistibly comic.

On Saturday night we listened with the greatest pleasure to MASON & THOMAS' delightful Soirée. The choice of instrumental pieces was unexceptionable, and they were, for the most part, admirably played. Only in one passage in the Quintet, I think, did Mr. Thomas' violin sound rather harsh. The concert commenced with Schumann's Quartet in A major, op. 41; next came the Trio in C minor, op. 66, by Mendelssohn; and lastly, Beethoven's exquisite Quintet, op. 29. These were separated by a couple of vocal numbers by Mrs. MOZART, of whom I need hardly tell you that she has a beautiful voice, but not much method. Her choice was hardly fortunate; "O mio Fernando" did not suit the occasion as well as many other compositions of like character might have done; and "When the Swallows homeward fly," though very advantageous to the singer's voice, and a sweet melody, is entirely too hackneyed to be sung at any public concert of the present day.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 28, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Opera, *Der Freyschütz*, piano-forte arrangement.

ELISE POLKO'S MUSICAL SKETCHES.—We have not, as a general thing, much partiality for romantic tales and fictions dressed up out of incidents (not always authentic) in the lives of great composers. Indeed we have for the most part little patience with such trash, and stand already editorially committed against the introduction of such into our columns, as being calculated to deceive, or to convey namby-pamby, sentimental and absurd impressions of the lives and characters of great and simple men. But there may be exceptions; nor is literal truth of history always essential to that more inward moral truth, the truth of mind and character, which may be conveyed through an imaginary picture or tissue of incidents and conversations. It all depends upon whether the romancer can do it well; can seize the spirit of his subject, and reproduce, if not the literal facts, at least the character from history that is to figure for a brief spell on his little stage. And we do not see why it is not quite legitimate to use the salient commonly reported traits or incidents of such lives as Gluck or Beethoven, for the nuclei of such little fictions as would in any case be worth the reading from their geniality and cleverness.

The little pieces which we have given lately, translated by Miss Raymond, from the German of Elise Polko (whether the name be any more real than her stories we know not), have seemed to us to fall within these conditions. They are not works of genius, to be sure; not very remarkable perhaps in any way. But they are clever; they are readable; they set forth the lives of some of the great masters, singers, artists, in an instructive and for the most part true light; preaching by example some of the truths of Art; holding up the true, the high, the noble as more worth and more attractive than the glittering shams of a to-day's success. It is understood that they are fancy pieces, and hence no one

will look to them for biographical authority. Our friend the "Diarist," with that terrible memory of his, no doubt could riddle them full of holes—historical flaws, anachronisms, and what not. But take them for what they are, and are they not pleasant, and not altogether unprofitable reading? That which we print to-day, will be read with peculiar interest, after the reminiscences which have been called out by the decease of Mme. SCHROEDER-DEVRIENT.

Concerts.

OTTO DRESEL.—This gentleman, who has more of the artist in him, and more perhaps of what may fairly be called genius, than any of our resident musicians, has greatly tantalized those who knew this fact by his equally well-known insuperable aversion—almost Chopin-like—to playing in public. Yet on Friday evening of last week, he so far yielded to the desires of many of the good people of Cambridge, as to give a concert in Lyceum Hall, almost beneath the venerable elms of Harvard University. Classical Cambridge, by the way, should have a better hall for concerts; naturally one would imagine Cambridge one of the chosen haunts of chamber music, and of all music that goes by the name of classical.

As it was, there were some four hundred people collected, filling the room almost completely; and it was an audience to inspire an artist, containing as it did the President and many of the Professors of the College, with their families, with most of the cultivated society of Cambridge and a numerous delegation from Boston. We are the more moved to note the fact, in the hope that it may prove the forerunner of many such occasions henceforth in the old University suburb. There should be stated provision for this branch of culture there, with a good music hall, as well as noble libraries, museums and observatories. And we know of no artist who could make periodical, or at least occasional, visits to such a place with more inspiring influence than Mr. DRESEL, and of no body of the "sons of harmony" who could accompany him with greater certainty of welcome than our German ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB. At least so it proved on this occasion.—The programme was singularly appropriate and choice.

1. Chorus from *Œdipus*. Mendelssohn
2. Piano Solos. a. Duet. Mendelssohn
b. Hungarian March. Schubert
3. Four-Part Songs: a. In der Ferne. Robert Franz
b. Rheinwein Lied. Robert Franz
4. Piano Solo. Rondo, op. 16. Chopin
5. Chorus from *Antigone*. Mendelssohn
6. Piano Solos. a. Gondoliera. Mendelssohn
b. Scherzo. Mendelssohn
7. Songs. a. Remembrance. Robert Franz
b. O welcome fair woods. Robert Franz
8. Piano Solo. Polonaise, (A flat). Chopin
9. Chorus from *Antigone*. Mendelssohn

The three Greek choruses were certainly in place; they were greatly relished by the audience, and especially by the genial President, late Greek professor, whose administration might well signalize itself by the production some day of an entire tragedy of Sophocles, with Mendelssohn's noble music, by the students under his charge. His enjoyment would have been still more perfect, no doubt, had the choruses been sung in Greek instead of German. The singing was admirable; we know not when the Orpheus have acquitted themselves better; and that in spite of the cavernous place into which half of them were

crowded and their voices shaded out of all proportion with the rest. It was pleasant to see some of our most scholarly Germans in the singing ranks. The part-songs by Franz are among the best things of the kind ever written, not yielding the palm even to Mendelssohn, and they were sung with life and understanding. Mr. KREISSMANN, too, their leader, was very happy in his rendering of the two beautiful Franz songs.

Mr. Dresel's playing of the piano pieces excited the greatest enthusiasm. The clearly contrasted, singing quality of the two voices in the Mendelssohn Song-without-words ("Duet"); the fiery, persistent on-sweep of Schubert's "March" (Liszt's arrangement?); the crisp delicacy of the fairy "Scherzo;" and above all, the dreamy, pure, poetic rendering of the "Gondola Lied," gave a rare variety of exquisite sensations. The larger pieces, by Chopin, were responded to as such music seldom is when played before so many people. Being recalled, Mr. Dresel only increased the appetite by playing, or rather causing the instrument to sing, his own charming little "Lullaby."

CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL.—Tremont Temple has been the scene, thrice over, during the past two weeks, of a crowded and interesting exhibition of choral training under the direction of Mr. EDWIN BRUCE. With four hundred masters and misses, the Bowdoin Street choir of seventy voices, the boys of the Church of the Advent, and good assistants in the solo department, and with a very good selection of operatic and popular music, he has furnished forth quite an enjoyable feast, which may serve at the same time as an encouraging landmark of the progress made in "singing among the million," under earnest, able teachers like himself. The chorus-singing of the four hundred children was certainly marked by a good deal of precision and of light and shade. Here is what was done:

1. Prayer. From "Masaniello".....Auber.
By the children.
2. Quartet. Lovely Night.....Chwatol.
Messrs. Adams, Howard, Gilbert and Wright.
3. Song.....
Mr. Adams.
4. Chorus. From "Lombardi".....Verdi.
By the children.
5. Aria. From the "Magic Flute".....Mozart.
Mr. Wright.
6. Trio. Magic Wove Scarf.....Barnett.
Mrs. Heywood, Messrs. Adams and Wright.
7. Anthem.....
By boys from the Church of the Advent.
8. Chorus. From "Wm. Tell".....Rossini.
By the children.
9. Cavatina. Anna Bolena.....Donizetti.
Mrs. Heywood.
10. Duet. From "Martha".....Flotow.
Messrs. Adams and Wright
11. Chorus. From "Moses in Egypt".....Rossini.
By the children.
12. Solo. Piano.....
Mr. Baumbach.
13. Hail Columbia.....
By the children.

Musical Chit-Chat.

In the long review of Marx's work on Beethoven, which we copy in this and last week's number from the *Atlantic Monthly*, our readers will not be slow to recognize the hand of "A. W. T." Whether he do full justice to Marx or not, he certainly has made an interesting and a valuable article, and one which deserves a permanent place in company with so much other interesting Beethoven matter in the volumes of this journal. The review was written in May, 1859, and was by press of matter crowded out of the *Atlantic* until now. What is said in it about Marx hav-

ing furnished the sketch of his own life in Schilling's Lexicon, is founded, we are assured, upon a printed statement signed by the editor of the Lexicon, Dr. Schilling himself.

The Concert Season here in Boston seems to have come to a full stop. The Orpheus Glee Club have been regaling the ears of the suburbanians in various quarters, as Jamaica Plain, Brookline, Newtonville, &c. Last evening two of their principal sweet singers, the brothers SCHRAUBSTAEDTER, were to give a concert in the latter village, assisted by the Orpheus.

Our MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB have reaped unqualified praises—if nothing more material—in their southern tour. On the way they stopped to treat the Worcester people to one hearing. Brinley Hall was filled, and everybody ("Stella" says) delighted, especially with the Andante to the Fifth Symphony. Mrs. LONG sang Gluck's *Che farò*, but her ballads appear to have been more appreciated. In Philadelphia they have played twice, and, after visiting Baltimore and Washington, were to return there and give a cheaper concert in the large Musical Fund Hall to-night. Here are the impressions of the Philadelphia *Bulletin*:

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club, of Boston, gave their first concert in Chickering's Saloon, last evening, and it is discreditable to Philadelphia taste, that the audience was small. Those that were present were delighted; the performance was pronounced perfect, and we are quite sure that no stringed quintet equal to this has ever been heard in Philadelphia. Mrs. Long sang in excellent style and was much admired.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club, of Boston, gave their second concert in Chickering's Saloon, last evening. They played Beethoven's quintet in C, (op. 29); an andante from a posthumous quartet of Schubert's, and Mendelssohn's first quintet in A, (op. 18). Each piece was played in perfect style, and was warmly applauded. Mr. Schultze played on the violin a brilliant fantasia on themes from *Lucrezia*, by Sauton, and few solo players could have surpassed his performance. Mrs. Long has deservedly won the admiration of her hearers, as one of the best concert-singers in the country.

Another Soirée took place in the early part of this month, at the close of a term, at the Mendelssohn Musical Institute, in Pittsfield, Mass. Mr. EDWARD B. OLIVER, the earnest principal of the institution, is very careful always that his pupils sing and play no trash; witness the following programme, in the execution of which we are told that the young ladies surpassed all their previous efforts:

- * 1. Fantasia and Sonata, Op. II.....Mozart.
Misses A. F. Warner and E. C. Tombs.
2. Das Ständchen, (Serenade).....Schubert.
Miss M. A. Wilson.
3. Rondo Favorite.....Hummel.
Miss H. A. Carson.
4. Two-Part Song, Mai Glückchen, (May Bells.)
Misses Wilson and Warner. Mendelssohn.
5. Illustrations Dramatiques.....Ascher.
Miss A. F. Warner.
6. Terzette, L'Esperance, (Hope).....Rossini.
Misses Wilson, Warner and Tombs.
7. Cællian Walzer.....Strauss.
Misses Wilson, Carson and Warner.
- Grande Sinfonie Pastorale.....Beethoven.
Misses M. A. Wilson and M. W. Merrill.

Music Abroad.

Germany.

VIENNA.—Wagner's *Fliegender Holländer* (Flying Dutchman) is to be brought out at the Kärntnerthor Theatre with the following cast: Holländer, Hr. Beck; Dolland, Hr. Schmidt; Erick, Hr. Ander; cockswain, Hr. Mayerhofer; Senta, Frau Dustmann; Martha, Frä. Sulzer.

Leopold de Meyer gave a concert March 17, in the hall of the *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde*, with a formidable programme all his own; to-wit;

1. *Grand Nocturne romantique*, dedicated, &c., composed by L. von Meyer, and performed on two pianos by Frä. Therese Fiby and the concert-giver.
2. *Grande Fantaisie originale*, composed and performed by L. von Meyer.
3. *Lieder*, sang by Frä. Frankenberg.
4. *Das Zaubermärchen* (the magic story), characteristic tone-picture, L. von Meyer.
5. Declamation.
6. a. *La Mélancholie*. b. *Ein kind des Glücks* (a child of fortune), L. von Meyer.

7. Aria, sung by Frä. Frankenberg.

8. Grand Duo in motives from *Robert le Diable*, composed by L. von Meyer, for two pianos.

The Italian Opera troupe, which opened on Easter Monday at the Theater an der Wien, consists of the following members: *Prime donne*: Mmes. La Grua, Lafon, Charton-Demour; *Contralto*, Signora Tati; *tenori*: Graziana, Sarti, Bianchi, Ballerini, Lanneri; *baritoni*: Beneventano, Varesi, Fagotti; *bassi*: Benedetti, Rekitansky, Milesi, Macani; *buffo*, Fioravanti. Between April 9 and the middle of June, 46 performances will be given, and the following operas are promised: *Don Juan*, *Siege of Corinth*, *Semiramide*, *Norma*, *Poliuto*, *Elisir d'Amore*, *Crispino e la Comare* (Ricci), and *Traviata*. Salvi is the impresario.

At the Imperial Court Opera the pieces during the last week of March were: Monday, *Leonore*; Tuesday, *Diana von Solange*; Wednesday, *The Jewess*; Thursday, *The Chimney sweep of London* (ballet); Saturday, *Trovatore*.

Clara Schumann and Hans von Bülow are both in Vienna giving concerts. Of Leopold de Meyer a Vienna paper of March 19, says:

"He has lost nothing of the fire and energy of his delivery, nothing of the humor and freshness of his conception. His playing has still that elasticity and delicacy of touch, that wonderful fullness of tone, which have marked him as one of the foremost pianists. And he still holds his place in public favor. If we perceived any change in the artist, it was one for the better; it is a certain shadow of wild earnestness which mingles himself with his otherwise too bright tone-colors. This subdued tone is impressed upon his latest compositions, especially the piece *La Mélancholie*. In his Polka-fantasia: 'A child of fortune,' on the contrary, he gives free reins to his old jovial humor."

WEIMAR.—An after-celebration of Mozart's birthday has taken place, when the performance began with a festival composition, with music and *tableaux vivants*, entitled *Die Tonkunst und vier Deutsche Meister*, by Dr. Julius Pabste. Then came *Don Juan*. The house was crammed, and the poem, as well as the suggestive and admirably arranged *tableaux*, was tumultuously applauded. When, at the last, the four stars, in which shone the names of Gluck, Beethoven, Mozart, and Weber, were visible on the horizon, when in poetical juxtaposition, the figures out of *Iphigenie*, *Fidelio*, *Don Juan*, and *Preciosa*, appeared beneath the sky, and the godlike, ever-youthful music of the *Past* was heard, we wondered whether, in another hundred years, the masters of the *Future*, now so often named, would be greeted and worshipped with equal enthusiasm.

The *Oedipus in Kolonos*, of Sophocles, was performed lately in the presence of the Grand Duke and the Duke of Altenburg. The choruses were finely rendered by the Gymnasial choir under music-director Montag. The noble music by Mendelssohn made a great impression. The part of Oedipus was read by Councillor Schöll, a thorough Greek scholar and translator of Sophocles. The other parts found satisfactory representatives in various ladies and gentlemen.

LEIPSIC.—C. Reinecke is named as the probable successor of J. Rietz, appointed Hof-Capellemeister at Dresden. Nothing has yet been heard from Breslau on the subject.

HANOVER.—A letter to Vienna states that Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, in spite of a splendid outfit, has made a complete fiasco here.

ULM.—A new opera, by Kühner, *Das Kätzchen von Heilbronn*, has been received with favor.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The season opened on the 10th, starting at the same instant with the rival company at Her Majesty's Theatre, of which we have already given the prospectus. The *Musical World* says:

The prospectus of the Royal Italian Opera, besides

announcing the re-engagement of most of the old favorites, promises two new singers of eminence, two operatic revivals of great importance, and one or two works that have not been heard before. Mlle. Lotti della Santa, and Mlle. Marai, no longer appear in the list of artists; but Mlle. Rosa Csillag, if report does not err, will more than atone for the loss of the former; while, if Mad. Miolan-Carvalho fills the part of Marguerite de Valois, in the *Huguenots*, and Mlle. Rosa Csillag that of Elvira in *Don Giovanni*, formerly sustained by Mlle. Marai, there will be nothing to complain of. Other contemplated changes will be equally for the better—as, for instance, Madame Penco, *vice* Mlle. Lotti, in *Ninetta* (*Gazza Ladra*), and M. Faure, from the *Opéra-Comique*, *vice* Signor Graziani, as Hoel (*Dinorah*), and if the Italian language and Italian music are familiar to him, *vice* Signor de Bassini, in Fernando (*La Gazza Ladra*). Mlle. Csillag and M. Faure are both unknown to the English public. The lady, it is true, appeared at one of the Philharmonic Society's performances last season, with very considerable success; but little can be predicted of her talent as a dramatic singer from this solitary exhibition in the concert-room. Mlle. Csillag comes from the Imperial Opera of Vienna, where she holds a distinguished post. She will make her first appearance in *Fidelio*. If M. Faure creates as favorable an impression at the Royal Italian Opera as at the *Opéra-Comique*, he can hardly fail to become a valuable acquisition to Mr. Gye's company.

Among the ladies we find two unfamiliar names, viz.: Mlle. Rappazzini and Mlle. Giudita Sylvia. Of these, knowing nothing of their antecedents, we can say no more than that the latter, a contralto, is to make her first essay with Madame Nantier-Didié's part in *Dinorah*, on the opening night, and that the former is entrusted with one of the subordinate characters in the same opera.

While on the subject of new comers, we may cite Signors Patriossi, Vairo, and Rossi, as baritones, or basses, about whom no rumors have travelled to cis-Alpine regions—unless, by the way, Signor Rossi should happen to be the gentleman who played Don Pasquale and other *buffo* parts at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1857 and 1858.

Madame Grisi "is engaged for twelve nights;" which may be interpreted, that she is at length *definitively* to take leave of the stage. Why the prospectus does not speak more explicitly on this head, we are unable to say. Perhaps the remembrance of 1854 may have something to do with it. Before the Norma of Normas, the Lucrezia of Lucrezias, the Semiramide of Semiramides, the Anna Bolena of — (but space warns us to desist) abandons us forever, we should like to be assured of a competent successor. The prospectus further relates that "she will appear in those parts which have chiefly contributed to her great popularity, during her long-continued and brilliant career." Nevertheless, we find no mention of *Ninetta* (*La Gazza Ladra*), *Elvira* (*I Puritani*), *Norina* (*Don Pasquale*), *Semiramide* and *Anna Bolena*—to one and all of which, it will scarcely be denied, some of those laurels are due. Mad. Miolan-Carvalho is evidently intended to fill up the dreary vacuum created by the loss of Angiolina Bosio. Besides *Dinorah*, she is to appear as *Rosina* (*Barbiere*), and *Zerlina* (*Fra Diavolo*)—two of Madame Bosio's most renowned impersonations—in addition to *Amina* (*La Sonnambula*), and *Marguerite de Valois* (*Les Huguenots*). That Madame Carvalho will make an admirable *Zerlina*, and an admirable *Marguerite*, we cannot for a moment doubt, and only hope that her essays in Italian opera proper will be to match. Madame Penco, is not only put down for *Ninetta* (*La Gazza Ladra*), but for *Lady Henrietta* (*Martha*), *Gilda* (*Rigoletto*), and one of the two sisters in *Cimarosa's Matrimonio Segreto*. Madame Nantier-Didié, although (for reasons unexplained) she does not (at present at least) re-assume her favorite part of the Goat-herd in *Dinorah*, for which Meyerbeer graciously composed the new air, "Fanciulle che il core" retains her post as principal contralto. The name of Madame Tagliafico, too, re-appears as *comprimaria*.

The tenors are precisely the same as in 1859—Signors Mario, Tamberlik, Gardoni, Neri-Baraldi, Luchesi—a strong and gallant company. The basses and baritones we have still to name are—Signors Graziani, Polonini, and Tagliafico, M. Zelger, and last, not least, Signor Ronconi.

The repertoire for the season embraces twenty-four operas, of which two are novelties and four revivals. The novelties are M. Flotow's *Stradella*, and M. Victor Massé's one-act operetta, *Les Noces de Jeannette*, under the Italian title of *Le Nozze di Jeannette*. In the former, Signor Mario will sustain the principal part, while the latter is to be produced especially for Madame Miolan-Carvalho—the original Jeannette

at the Théâtre-Lyrique—and Signor Ronconi. The "revivals" include Beethoven's *Fidelio*, for Mlle. Csillag and Signor Tamberlik; Meyerbeer's *Prophete*, with Mlle. Csillag as Fides, Signor Tamberlik as Jean of Leyden, and ("perfunctory") Madame Miolan-Carvalho as Bertha; and Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*. There is a report that M. Félicien David's *Herculanum* will be given; but respecting this we can state nothing definitely beyond the fact that M. David has arrived in London. Upon the revival of the *Prophete* the management is determined to expend all the means at its disposal. If, as is probable, the magnificence of former days is revived, Meyerbeer's grand lyric drama will be the most brilliant feature of the season. The cast of the *Matrimonio Segreto* includes Mesdames Miolan-Carvalho, Penco, and Nantier-Didié, Signors Ronconi, Gardoni, and Graziani. The ladies are well placed, and from Sign. Ronconi's Geronimo, great things may be expected.

Four grand concerts are announced—one, "at least," to take place in the New Floral Hall. At the second concert, Gluck's *Orfeo* will be performed, with costumes, scenery, and decorations.

"The full orchestra and chorus of the Royal Italian Opera," and Mr. Costa, as "director of the music, composer, and conductor"—these are items which speak for themselves.

Paris.

The wonderful C sharp of Tamberlik—the force, the passion with which he sends out this note—electrifies the public at the Italian Opera. Under the aspect of the terrible Moor he has once more made his appearance amongst us. And with the Borghini-Mamo as Desdemona, the success could not fail to be great. But in the *Trovatore* his voice comes out as pure and sweet as the notes of a flute. One can hardly imagine the wonderful tones to which, as the opera goes on, the voice will rise. Last night he was called on after the air of "Di quella pira," three times; he sang it twice. An accident which occurred in this Act threatened to bring the opera to an untimely end. Just as Tamberlik draws his sword to rush off and save his mother, whom he sees from the window they are preparing to burn on the pyre, Mad. Penco, who plays the part of Leonora, frantically implores him to stay. In approaching the foot lights in one of her movements, the long tulle wedding veil she had on took fire. Mad. Penco did not perceive it, but fortunately two of the chorus-soldiers threw themselves on their knees, gathering her dress round, and extinguished the flames. It was a moment of breathless excitement in the house; and poor Madame Penco was so overcome by terror and emotion, that before the curtain drew up for the last act, the stage-manager came on, and begged for a few moments' indulgence for her. As it was, she cut out the air "D' amor sul all' rosa." It was most fortunate for Mad. Penco that the dress she had on was a silk moire trimmed with ermine; for, had she worn a tulle dress, it would have been impossible to save her. There was some unknown person who performed the part of the gipsy mother; but it would be better to touch lightly on so painful a subject. Where were Madame Albini and Borghini-Mamo? The revival of *Galathee* at the *Opéra-Comique* has brought nightly receipts of 5000 francs, so it is likely to be continued. *Jocoste*, with M. Faure as the hero, has also been revived with entire success. Madame Miolan-Carvalho will appear in *Philemon et Baucis*.

The concerts are going on with unabated vigor. Last Thursday a Concert d'Artiste was given at the Tuilleries. MM. Tamberlik and Graziani; Mesdames Penco and Albini. The Princess Clotilde presented Mdme. Albini with a magnificent fan to replace a paper one she had made herself on account of the great heat. Alard played on the violin; Prudent, on the piano. The Concerts d'Amateurs at the Palace are still kept up, and equally successful. The Comte de Morny and the Préfet de la Seine are also giving concerts. Mad. Pleyel will give some more of her charming concerts. The Société de Jeunes Artistes gave, the other day, another of their concerts under the direction of M. Pas-de-Loup; it gave great satisfaction. The symphony by Charles Gounod, that in C major by Beethoven, and the overture to *Semiramis* were remarkably well performed. Faure sang the solo in the benediction scene of the flags in the *Siege de Corinthe*. Last Thursday the Salle Beethoven was the spot chosen for an excellent concert, in which MM. Brimer and Paldike greatly distinguished themselves. There is a great deal of talk about building a new Italian Opera, and not before it is wanted; anything more uncomfortable than some of the boxes it is impossible to conceive, and amidst all the wonderful improvements taking place, it would be impossible to leave this alone unregarded.

Special Notices.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 422.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 6.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Beethoven's Music for the Opening of the National Theatre in Pesth.

There is a promise expressed or implied in some notes printed in this Journal upon the "Ruins of Athens," some two or three years ago, to return at some future time to the topic. If it be true that we are no longer to look to the energetic Carl Zerrahn for our feasts of grand Orchestral music, what better plan can be devised to supply the want next winter, than that often urged in our columns; viz., the combined strength of the Handel and Haydn Society, the Harvard Musical and the Music Hall Associations, to arrange and carry through a series of concerts combining vocal (choral) and orchestral music? For such a series of concerts the two works of which we are to speak are exceedingly well adapted, both from the character of the music and its great variety, and from the fact that neither would occupy too large a portion of an evening.

In 1811 the building of the New Theatre at Pesth, in Hungary, was so far advanced that no doubt existed as to its being ready for opening upon occasion of the public celebration of the birthday of the Emperor Francis in the February following. It was determined by the proper authorities to spare no efforts nor expense to make the occasion one of great magnificence, both in the celebration of the day and the opening of the Theatre. Accordingly in May, 1811, they applied to Kotzebue, then in the height of his reputation, to prepare a "Trilogie" or triple drama, upon subjects taken from the history of Hungary, adapted to the occasion. The first was to be a "Vorspiel," or prologue, in one act, with overture and choruses; the second a regular drama; the third an after-piece, also with instrumental and vocal music. For the music they applied to Beethoven, whose Overture to Collin's *Coriolan*, and dramatic music to *Egmont* were then fresh proofs of his vast powers in this department of his art. Both poet and composer accepted the commission without hesitation. Kotzebue was soon at the end of his task, and the pieces were placed in the hands of Beethoven.

The title of the Prologue, is, "*Ungarns erster Wohltäter*" (Hungary's first benefactor) as found in Kotzebue's works; but the full title upon Beethoven's score of the music is: "*König Stephan, Ungarns erster Wohltäter; Prolog in einem Aufzuge von Kotzebue, Musik von Ludwig van Beethoven, geschrieben zur Eröffnung des neuen Theaters in Pesth, am 9ten Februar, 1812*," (King Stephen, Hungary's first Benefactor, a Prologue in one Act by Kotzebue, music by Ludwig van Beethoven, written for the opening of the new Theatre in Pesth, Feb. 9, 1812.) This Stephen — known in Austrian and Hungarian history as Saint Stephen — was born in 977 at Gran. His father having been baptized in 973, Stephen was educated in the Romish religion, after ascending the throne in 997, carried on the work of christianizing his people, and introduced a form of

government, founded upon the forms of other European nations. Having married the sister of Henry II., then Emperor, that potentate was induced to recognize his brother-in-law as King of Hungary, the previous title having been that of "Herzog" or Duke. Afterwards, at the instance of Otto III., Pope Sylvester II. acknowledged and confirmed his new dignity and sent him a crown, which was placed upon his head with all due solemnity, at Gran, in 1001. It is this point in the history of Stephen, which is made the subject of the prologue.

Let us fancy ourselves in the theatre at Pesth on that evening, when it was first performed. It has been a general holiday, and the edifice is crowded to its utmost capacity with an audience in no disposition to listen to the deeper inspirations of a great master, whether poet or composer. Beethoven has understood this, and has therefore composed a light, stirring overture adapted to the occasion and to the slight drama — if it be worthy the name — which is to begin the performances of the evening.

The curtain rises. The scene is an open field near Pesth, upon which a lofty throne constructed of shields is seen, bearing Stephen with uncovered head. Another and smaller throne, adorned with green twigs and flowers, is near. A band of Hungarian nobles surrounds the prince. A thick mist forms the background of the scene. The prologue begins with a bass solo and chorus of men's voices, sung by the band of nobles:

No. 1, in C, 4-4, Andante maestoso e con moto.

Ruhend von seinen Thaten
Hat uns der Fürst herufen,
An des Thrones Stufen
Heil der Völker zu berathen;
Und im dichten Kreise
Sammelte uns der Held
Nach der Väter Weise
Auf diesem freien Feld.

[Resting from his deeds,
The Prince hath called us,
Around the steps of the throne
To consult for the weal of the people;
And in close circle
Hath the hero gathered us,
After the manner of the fathers,
Here on this free field.]

At the conclusion of the chorus Stephen rises and in twenty-eight lines of rhymed verse speaks of the conversion of his nation from idolatry to Christianity, through the efforts and influence of his father; during which speech the thick clouds in the background gradually disappear, leaving but a thin mist, through which the city of Pesth is darkly visible. The chorus pursues the thought:

No. 2, (for men's voices), C minor, then major, 4-4, Allegro con brio.

Auf dunkeln Irrweg in finstern Hainen
Wandelten wir am trüben Quell,
Da sahen wir plötzlich ein Licht erscheinen —
Es dämmerte — es wurde hell!
Und Sieh', es schwanden die falschen Götter,
Dem Tage wich die alte nacht;
Heil deinem Vater! unserm Retter!

Der uns Glauben und Hoffnung bracht.

[Through devious ways in darksome forests
We wandered by a troubled spring;
Then suddenly we saw a light appearing —
The morning dawned — the day grew bright!
And lo! the false Gods all had vanished,
And ancient Night gave place to Day;
Hail to thy father! our deliverer!
Who brought us this new faith and hope.]

Enter here a warrior announcing the defeat of the wild horde of the Moglut and the capture of their prince Gyula. A grand march in G from the orchestra to which Hungarian warriors come upon the stage conducting their heathen captives in fetters, with Gyula at the head, to the throne, at whose foot the trophies are deposited. Of course every spectator understands what now follows; viz., a dialogue in excellent stage, we do not say dramatic, poetry, between Stephen and the captive, in which the former conquers the latter by his kindness, &c. &c., descends from his throne, strikes off the fetters and gives him freedom. Of (stage) course, Gyula falls at the great man's feet, with "I am thine forever." Here now is an opportunity for some one to pay Stephen an astounding compliment; the Bavarian ambassador, who has followed the war-party upon the stage, embraces it, and gives him one which, in London English, might be called "a stunner." Whereupon Stephen asks whether "the pious Gisela, whom my wise father's love selected for me," &c. — in short, asks if she will have him? and is informed that she is close at hand, approaching, surrounded by noble women "whose song mingles with the breath of the flute," which is a hint to Beethoven. So as soon as Stephen has had the last word, two horns and two clarinets sound softly a long drawn note, string instruments fall in, *pizzicato*, and in the third bar, a flute solo begins. Dancing children spring upon the stage, and at the 11th bar, 2-4, Gisela, veiled, and her attendants appear, singing.

No. 4, Female chorus, A major, 2-4, Andante con moto alla ingarese.

Wo die Unschuld Blumen streute,
Wo sich Liebe den Tempel erbaut,
Da bringen wir im treuen Eeleite
Dem frommen Helden die fromme Brout.

[Where Innocence fresh flowers hath strewn,
Where Love hath built itself a temple,
There do we faithfully conduct
The pious bride to the pious hero.]

Stephen prevents Gisela from kneeling, unveils her, and finds her "all his fancy painted her," whether the spectators do or not. We are at the play, not in it. Have we not seen a stage hero, a man between sixty and seventy, who had a soap factory on Staten Island, desperately in love with a Daughter of the Regiment, who made up for her lack of youth by her abundance of flesh — say two cwt.? They were in the play.

Stephen's speech of four long lines, and Gisela's reply of equal length, are accompanied by harmony, No. 5, in the orchestra, at the close of which he conducts her to the other throne amid the rejoicings of a full chorus.

No. 6, in F, G-8, Vivace.

Eine neue strahlende Sonne
Lieblich aus dem Gewölke bricht;
Süsse Freude! selige Wonne!
Wenn die Myrte den Lorbeer umflieht.
[Now a new and radiant sun
Breaks all lovely from the clouds;
Sweet delight! heavenly rapture!
When the myrtle clasps the laurel!]

Introduced by flourishes of the wind instruments, here follows a speech from Stephen, of which the elevation of the Hungarians from being a tribe of nomads to the condition of a Christian European state is the topic. One thing is still wanting; namely, a written code of law, and this he now hands to the nobles, with a few appropriate words, to the sound of harmony (*maestoso*) from the orchestra, the thin veil of mist gradually disappearing and leaving Pesth in full view at the back of the stage.

Nineteen bars of solid harmony, *pianissimo*, from the string band, to which, near the close, a long drawn note from a single horn is added, follow, during which a band of priests from Rome enter, bringing a crown and the Pope's greetings to Stephen as king.

Chorus, Allegro con brio.

Hail, hail to the King!

Stephen places the crown upon his head and is immediately seized with a spirit of prophecy. Entranced, he sketches in few words the future, to the sound of music in the orchestra. Where the name of Matthias Hunyades comes up in order in the melodrama, the dawn appears reddening the horizon, by which it would seem that the action of the piece takes place in the night — or very early in the morning. At the point where the sun rises and floods the stage with light, the king has just reached the name of Maria Theresa.

At this name nobles, Romans, warriors, the women of Queen Gisela, all who crowd the stage are transported with enthusiasm, and break in upon Stephen's speech in the Final Chorus in D.

4-4, Presto.

Hail emsern Enkeln! sie werden Schauen
Was der prophetische Geist erkannt!
Es wird ihr kindisches Vertrauen
Der Krone schönster Diamant!
Wohlthaten spendend, täglich neue,
Vergilt der König in ferner Zeit
Die unwandelbare Treue,
Die sein Volk ihm dankbar weiht.

[Hail to our children! they shall see
What the prophetic mind foretold!
Their childlike trust shall be
The fairest diamond of the crown!
New benefits each day bestowing,
The King rewards in distant times
The unchangeable fidelity
His grateful people cherish toward him.]

As this majestic chorus, worthy of the great master, closes, the curtain falls.

In 1241, during the reign of Bela IV., the Mongols invaded Hungary, drove the king into exile, and for a year and a half plundered and devastated the country. This event in Hungarian history was selected by Kotzebue as the subject of the drama for this evening, which was completed and sent to Pesth; but, "aus besondern Rücksichten" (for special considerations), say the newspapers of the day, it could not be given. It will not be very difficult for us to guess what these 'considerations' were, when we remember

that Napoleon in 1804 and again in 1809 had driven the Austrian emperor away from his capital, and that his wife, the Empress of the French was the daughter of Francis. Hence "*Bela's Flucht*" (Flight) was laid aside and a piece in one act, the "Elevation of Pesth to the rank of a royal free city," substituted. The time of this drama was the year 1244, and gave the audience an exceedingly interesting picture of their city, as it rose from its ashes, after the invasion of the Mongols. Whether this piece was from Kotzebue's play-factory, we are not informed — we think not — but his idea of making King Stephen a prophet was parodied by putting a sketch of the future history of Pesth into the mouth of the actor, who played the part of Burgomaster in it.

Now comes the afterpiece. We need not describe it here after the analysis by Mr. Macfarren, which will be found copied into our Journal. [Where?]

The performances, which we in fancy have been hearing, Feb. 9, 1812, were repeated to full houses on the evenings of the 10th and 11th. From that time the music to "King Stephen," except the Overture and Grand March, seems to have rested until about 1841, when it was again given complete in Vienna, with an illustrative poem. With the "Ruins of Athens" it was otherwise. The principal numbers have been always before the public, as favorite concert pieces, and the entire music with an illustrative poem has gone the rounds of the concert rooms of the principal German cities. More than this the piece was revived for the stage during Beethoven's life. The occasion was the opening of the new theatre, in the Joseph-stadt, a suburb of Vienna; the time Oct. 3, 1822; Hensler, the manager, knew Beethoven well and easily gained his consent to give his music to the "Ruins of Athens" for the purpose, and to make such alterations and additions as would be rendered necessary, by a new text appropriate to the occasion and place. The author of this text was Carl Meisl, a popular Vienna writer of the day. We have never been able to obtain a copy of it nor any distinct account of the changes made in the music, save two numbers, of which we shall speak presently.

One Vienna contemporary newspaper says after the performance: "Our unrivalled master was willing, from friendship to Hensler and from his interest in the occasion, to recompose nearly all the music," (which we think was by no means the fact) "and so a masterpiece was produced, which, it is true, was not by all duly appreciated."

Meisl's text bore the title "*Die Weihe des Hauses*," and, according to the best of our present information, was adapted to the music as it already existed — was in fact, except at the close but an adaptation of the old text to the new occasion. What we know as being newly composed by Beethoven is, the magnificent overture, published as opus 124, and a closing chorus with dances, and solos for voice and violin. A part of this text is as follows:

Chorus.

Wo sich die pulse jugendlich jagen
Schwebet im Tausche das Lehen dahin,

Air, Soprano.

Lasst uns in Tanze das flichende Leben
Neckend erhaschen dem Winke entschweben
Ist es im Herzen arglos und jung

Ist selbst das Sterben zur Ruhe ein Sprung.
Chorus.

Ist es im Herzen, &c.

Solo.

Paartsich im Tanze die Anmuth im Blicke
In den Gebährden die Grazien mild
Wird es ein Bild des verschönerten Lebens, &c.

[Where the youthful pulse is bounding,
Life in dances floats away, &c. &c.]

The solemn march and chorus, No. 7, in the printed score, as may be seen in Breitkopf and Härtel's "*Thematisches Verzeichniss*" of Beethoven's works, was originally printed separately as from "*Die Weihe des Hauses*;" it belongs however, to the original music, as may be seen by comparing its text with the "Ruins of Athens" as printed in Kotzebue's works.

The two overtures, "King Stephen" and "Die Ruinen," have been great stumbling-blocks to the critics. When Beethoven sent them to the London Philharmonic Society, they were not thought worthy of performance, and Ries says expressly he considers the latter unworthy of the composer. When the former was first played at Leipzig, people could hardly trust their ears, could hardly believe it to be the work of the author of the symphonies, of the overtures to *Coriolan*, *Egmont*, and *Leonore*, (*Fidelio*). It is clear, however, from passages in the composer's letters, that he by no means despised these children of his brain. He felt them to be the right thing for the occasion upon which he had written them. We are reminded of Goldsmith's sarcasm on Dr. Johnson; "If you were to write a fish story, you would make your little fishes talk like great whales." Beethoven had the wisdom to avoid this. We admit, however, our surprise that he should have sent his "little fishes" to the Philharmonic Society. This fact is more surprising than that people should have expected nothing but "great whales" from his pen.

Among the unprinted works of the great master still remain the magnificent Finale to the "*Weihe des Hauses*," and the entire music to "King Stephen," save the overture and march.

The "Ruins of Athens," we are informed, remains, to a great extent, upon the hands of the publisher. What hope, under these circumstances, is there, that he will be induced to give the world the unpublished manuscripts?

Loud is the outcry because many of Mendelssohn's manuscripts are withheld from publication; will the musical public render possible the publication of the far more important relics of Beethoven's genius, which still lie hidden in cabinets and boxes? A. W. T.

How to Enjoy Classical Music.

(From MacMillan's Magazine, March, 1860.)

Not many years ago an orchestral symphony or a stringed quartet were luxuries hardly to be indulged in by those Londoners whose guineas were not tolerably numerous. Times are changed for the better; and not a week passes, even in the dullest season of the year, that some good music is not to be heard at a cheap rate in London. A symphony or a concerto forms an attractive item in most programmes, and it has of late been found that the stringed quartet (a form of composition demanding the most delicate execution on the part of the players, and considerable refinement of taste on the part of the listeners) commands a sufficiently large audience to make a moderate price of admission remunerative. * *

In short, the demand for music, whether it be the cause or the effect of this enlarged supply, has of late years considerably increased. We can hardly go to a concert without meeting some enthusiast like ourselves, ready to gloat with us over a finished performance of a quartet, or to compare opinions as to

the reading adopted by some new pianist. By some freemasonry we easily detect such a brother fanatic, and are not ashamed, though he be a stranger, to open our heart to him on the subject of the music we are listening to, or even on musical matters in general.

But, notwithstanding this, there remains a multitude of educated persons who, by their want of appreciation of the best music, are shut out from the enjoyment we experience. * * *

Setting aside then the people who hate music and those who have a contempt for it, there remains another class, with whom we have much more in common; but who, on that very account, make us feel the more conscious of living in a world by ourselves. Have we not probably some intimate friend—a man possibly of the highest culture in all that regards the sister arts—very likely possessing an accurate ear for music, and altogether, as we think, more fitted to appreciate the beauty of a great musical work than ourselves; with whom there is but one topic which is tabooed, and that topic music; who on all other subjects has opinions which we can agree with or can combat, but who, on music—on our music—has no opinions at all? * * *

And yet this man perhaps likes music, has some pet opera or oratorio which he never misses hearing, for the sake of a special air or piece. * *

If we are very much bent upon his conversion, we select some attractive programme, and make him sit it out. We don't enjoy it much ourselves, for we are engaged all the time in watching his face, and wondering whether he is not finding each movement interminable. We always feel that the experiment has been a failure, although our patient, seeing that we are disappointed, tries to console us by expressing considerable pleasure at some points. He almost always ends, however, by acknowledging that such music always strikes him as "heavy," in consequence he alleges, of his want of the "science" necessary to appreciate it. We ask ourselves, how it is that whilst we can, to a limited extent, appreciate our friend's favorite paintings, or buildings, or poetry, and can find new beauties in them whilst hearing him expatiate thereupon, he should be so utterly incapable of partaking of our musical pleasures. *

Let us now examine the reasons which those persons with these notions of music usually give for their distaste for classical music. They allege, either that a difference of organization exists between them and the classicists, which prevents them from appreciating the devices of harmony used in classical compositions, or, as we have before observed, that what they term the "heaviness" of such music makes it intolerable to those who have not acquired a certain amount of science.

As to a difference of organization, we doubt whether it exists; for we discover that those we are speaking of have as strong a dislike as ourselves to a scale without a leading note, or to an improper resolution of a discord, and so far as we can judge from analyzing our own sensations, it is upon a few simple likes and dislikes of this kind that the power of appreciation of the greatest musical work mainly depends. We believe that every ordinary educated European, listening to any piece of music, recognizes the necessity of the key and mode, to which the sounds he hears are to be referred, being determined without much delay by certain unambiguous chords; and is sensible, when the ear is satiated with the sounds belonging to one key, of the pleasure and almost the necessity of being led by artistically conducted modulations into keys nearly related to the original key (*i.e.* into keys containing many notes in common with the original key). Further, the ear relishes occasional artifices whereby it is baulked of the sounds which it desired, and is either introduced suddenly into some key entirely unexpected, or made to wait for some time before the expected sounds are duly heard.

Combinations producing effects such as these are contained in the accompaniment to the simplest ballad; and the very same devices, and no others, are used for the very same purposes, though a little more freely and a greater length, in the most elaborate instrumental composition. It seems therefore difficult to conceive such an organization as should render a man capable of perceiving the beauty of those combinations in the one case and incapable of appreciating the same things in the other case. If indeed the assertion be that a difference of organization prevents the recognition of the beauty of the melodies employed in classical music, it is hard to meet the objection directly. If a man declares that he finds a particular succession of sounds distasteful to his ear, no argument will have any effect in convincing him that such succession is pleasing. But in many cases we think that this assertion is made without the preparatory process of listening to the predominating

melodies having been gone through. We believe that in any page of an instrumental work by one of the great masters, it would be easy to select a melody, which, simply played on a violin, would be recognized even by the most uncultivated listener as a pretty tune. And the variety of forms of melody in such compositions is so great, that a sonata, a quartet, or a symphony can hardly be listened to with common attention without some airs being met with which suit the taste of any one, whether his taste incline to the pathetic, the solemn, the impassioned, or the joyous style of tune.

Next, what is meant by the "science" we so often hear of as necessary before pleasure can be derived from classical music? * * *

The fact seems to be, that the real science required, if science it can be called, chiefly consists in a knowledge beforehand of the kind of thing we are going to hear. This knowledge is acquired almost intuitively by the act of listening attentively to a certain amount of music of a high order, selecting at first compositions of a tolerably simple character, in which the design may be easily perceived; but it may be useful to give a slight sketch of the usual form of these compositions, and some idea of the mode in which the leading ideas are generally worked out. The music of which we are principally about to speak is that of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and chiefly of their instrumental works, because, as far as we have observed, this kind of composition is the most difficult for the untrained listener to appreciate, partly on account of the various tones of the different instruments confusing him at first, but principally because he has no comprehension of the fixed plan on which the greater part of them are written.

In its most complete form, an instrumental work, in the style of the above composers, consists of four distinct pieces, called "movements." The first and the most important of these, both in length and dignity of subjects, is invariably an allegro movement of considerable length, sometimes led into by a short and solemn introduction. Then usually follows the slow movement, which is also of some length, and which is relieved by a piece of a light, joyous character, termed the minuet or the scherzo. Although the minuet was originally a grave dance, it has been the habit of composers, while preserving the rhythm of the dance, to direct its performance at a quick pace, in order probably to contrast with the solemn movement which precedes it. Beethoven indeed abandoned at times the form of the minuet altogether, and called the light movement which replaced it a scherzo. But whether minuet or scherzo, the movement, like almost all dance tunes, includes a second part in a different key from the key of the first part, and which second part is called—for what reason it is not very easy to see—the trio. After the trio, the minuet is repeated. The concluding movement is generally very rapid, and, though usually extremely elaborate in its construction, is of a lighter character than the opening allegro. The form here described is that assumed by the majority of instrumental compositions; and, in particular, the symphony for full orchestra and the quartet for stringed instruments almost invariably contain the whole of these movements. In works in which the pianoforte takes part, one or more of these is often omitted, and the modern overture consists of a single allegro movement of the same character as the first movement of a symphony.

The plan of the more important of these instrumental movements, which since the days of Haydn has been universally adopted, may be shortly described as follows:—

The movement commences with a melody, say in the key of C, which is called the first subject. After this has been thoroughly impressed upon the ear, a modulation is effected into the scale of the dominant, a fifth higher, in this case G, in which key a second subject altogether different from the first is presented. This forms the first part of the movement. The first subject is then recurring to in its original key, and the movement closes with the second subject in the same key (in this case C), and not in the key in which it first appeared. This is the merest skeleton of a modern movement, as in practice many episodes are often introduced. Still the principal modulation into the dominant scale always takes its proper place, and the reappearance of the second subject in the original key is always adhered to. (It should be mentioned, that if the first subject is in the minor mode, a greater latitude as to the key of the second subject is allowed.) But to impress the subjects on the ear, it is usual to repeat the whole of the first part of the movement, and at the beginning of the second part a train of elaborate modulations is almost invariably introduced before the first subject makes its reappearance in its original shape. A coda or finale is also sometimes made use of, in which the first subject is again resumed at the end.

This slight description will perhaps give some idea of the general structure of most instrumental movements. Some, particularly slow movements, and occasionally finales, are in the form of simple airs with a series of variations, and minuets and scherzos have a simple form of their own, which has been adverted to, and which has no analogy with that just described; but, generally speaking, if these leading features be borne in mind, there will be slight difficulty, after a little experience, in understanding the design of a symphony or quartet.

Another qualification which enhances the pleasure of listening to instrumental music is a power of recognizing the tones of different instruments. We have often found that persons who have not been in the habit of hearing orchestral music fail to detect the difference in character between the sound of instruments somewhat similar, as the clarinet and oboe, or the trumpet and horn. Of course this delicacy of ear is only to be acquired by listening attentively for a time to orchestral music, but it is very soon gained. The musical memory is soon improved, also; and when a subject reappears after some little time in a movement, we derive pleasure from the effect produced by its being given, say, to the oboe, when we recollect that on its first appearance it was played on the flute.

Armed with no more "science" than may be gathered from the above sketch, a man of ordinary musical intelligence is, we think, prepared to enjoy the higher kinds of instrumental music. Of course, if he does not pay close attention, he will find it "heavy," for, in this sense, good music is heavy. It requires to be listened to, and to be listened to with attention. To do otherwise is to say, "I want to have my years tickled with a pretty tune whilst I am thinking about something else,"—is as though one were to stand before a painting, and say, "I will please my eye with the contrast of color, but I will not exert my brain to discover the subject of the picture." In fact, as in the last case, the required satisfaction of this kind (which is, in its way, a perfectly legitimate satisfaction) would probably be found in a higher degree by gazing at a pretty pattern of regular form than by the sight of a picture properly so called; so the sharply defined and unchanging rhythm of a dance tune is better adapted to please the ear, while the brain is otherwise occupied, than one of Beethoven's sonatas. But we cannot for any length of time listen to the same polka, or gaze at the same geometrical pattern. The ear and the eye soon grow weary of these purely sensuous pleasures. *

We have spoken of the necessity of some training for the ear. Let us in conclusion recommend to those in whose power it is to help such in training, not to neglect to do so. Well-chosen and well-played extracts from the great composers would, we are sure, be as favorably received from amateur musicians of the higher class as the wretched fantasias which such musicians generally select when they have to perform before a mixed audience; and if our young ladies, who after all are the principal interpreters of our domestic music, would accustom their fathers and brothers to hearing a little bit of Beethoven or Haydn occasionally, the training of the ear in the forms of melody employed, and in the structure of the kind of works spoken of, would be accomplished without effort, and the listeners would soon be prepared to hear the same kind of things with delight when they happened to come across them at a concert. M.

Religious Music.

Extracts from two discourses by the Rev. Horace Bushnell and the Rev. Thomas M. Clark.

Our first extract is from Dr. Bushnell's discourse:

Let me also suggest, in this connection, the very great importance of the cultivation of religious music. Every family should be trained in it; every Sunday or common school should have it as one of its exercises. The Moravians have it as a kind of ordinance of grace for their children; not without reason, for the powers of feeling and imagination, and the sense of spiritual realities, are developed as much by a training of childhood in religious music, as by any other means. We complain that choirs and organs take the music to themselves, in our churches, and that nothing is left to the people, but to hear their undistinguishable piping, which no one else can join, or follow, or interpret. This must always be the complaint, till the congregations themselves have exercise enough in singing to make the performance theirs. As soon as they are able to throw in masses of sound that are not barbarous but Christian, and have a right enjoyment of their feeling in it, they will have the tunes and the style of the exercise in their own way, not before. Entering one day, the great church of Jesus in Rome,

when all the vast area of the pavement was covered with worshippers on their knees, chanting in full voice, led by the organ, their confession of penitence and praise to God, I was impressed, as never before, with the essential sublimity of this rite of worship, and I could not but wish that our people were trained to a similar exercise. The more sorrowful is it that in our present defect of culture, there are so many voices which are more incapable of the right distinctions of sound than things without life, and which, when they attempt to sing, contribute more to the feeling of woe than of praise.

The remaining extracts are from Dr. Clark's discourse :

Music, above every other art, seems to be capable of unlimited advance. We can conceive of perfect sculpture, but not of perfect music. Whatever art is purely imitative, must have a limit ; but music is not imitative : it is, in its higher forms, the expression of a thought, and it is strangely, incomprehensively, powerfully suggestive of thought. Where there are no words used, it suggests words to the mind, or rather, the material out of which words are made ; it enkindles emotions, which no language can stir. Why it is, we cannot tell ; but we find it to be the fact that certain qualities and combinations of sound open the flood-gate of memory, revive what was long forgotten, excite the deepest thought, make the blood tingle, lift the soul out of the body, carry it above the clouds, and bring us close to the great throne of the Almighty.

And yet, some will ask, what is the use of music ? They might as well ask, what is the use of color, or of any thing which makes the world a glory and a beauty ? Why was not the landscape clothed in drab ; and the evening cloud always of a leaden hue ? Why are there any flowers in the fields, or birds in the air with crimson plumage ? Why is the shell of the beetle so radiant with glory ? Why is there so much of magnificence in nature, even where the eye of man never penetrates ? Gorgeous grottoes hidden in the earth ; fragrance and splendor in the solitary wilderness ; things animate and inanimate in the bottom of the sea, exquisite in form and glistening in gold and vermillion ? It should be a part of our religion to appreciate the beautiful, and that religion which separates itself from these symbols of God, is so far forth a defective and a false religion. Whatever tends to elevate man, to unsensualize him, to lift him out of the domain of mere appetite, to take him away from himself, and give him grand emotions, high aspirations, good thoughts ; whatever makes him feel—what I fear very many do not feel—that he is a soul and not a body, created for something more than to make money and feed himself and become a man of note in society ; whatever impresses him with the feeling that he is immortal, that he cannot die, that he has capacities which ten thousand worlds like this could never fill, powers which assimilate him with the angels, with the sons of God on high, with God himself ; whatever does this belongs to religion, and cannot be despised, without casting contempt upon the Author of all things.

And this is done by music : it refines, elevates, spiritualizes, widens the range of vision, and binds this existence to the eternal. For music will outlast speech. Articulate language may be needed no longer after we have done with the body ; but the essential elements of musical expression are eternal. Language is arbitrary and therefore temporary : music is the product of fixed laws, and therefore must be permanent. Even in our present state, we find that it can express more than words ; and the fact that it is composed, before it is rendered, and that one skilled in music may read this composition with pleasure, without hearing an audible sound, shows that it is essentially independent of instruments and voices. I say then, here we have an argument for immortality ; for here is a power, belonging to us, which is independent of the body ; you can sing without the mouth and hear without the ear and have music in your soul, when there is no movement in the air ; and the melody may therefore continue and grow more full and sweet and entrancing, after this earthly instrument has turned to dust !

It is still the fact, that, in many of our churches, nothing but sacred associations render the music endurable. As it regards both the poetry and the music, our popular psalmody is behind the secular standard of culture. There is still a melancholy amount of poor prose split off into verse, and labeled as sacred hymns. There would be as much propriety in undertaking to sing a mathematical demonstration or an extract from "Edwards on the Will," as there is in rendering into song some of our didactic and doctrinal hymns. We would not assert that every hymn should be strictly lyrical, but it would seem to be proper that it should express some sentiment or emotion.

As there is a style of poetical composition appropriate to worship, not only in respect of the subject, but also of the metre and rhythm, so there is of musical composition and performance. There is an *ecclesiastical tone*, which is altogether peculiar. It is hallowed by peculiar associations, and suggests peculiar thoughts, and has a peculiar sacredness. It has been used "in the ages all along," and has nerved the souls of confessors and martyrs in ancient days. It has a majesty and a dignity which can never be imparted to music snatched from martial airs, or operatic strains, or the secular songs of the day, which some would like to sanctify with sacred words.

The highest idea of church music is, with most people, *that to which they have been accustomed*. There is a certain set of tunes, with which they are familiar and these they would like to hear constantly repeated. It is indeed no real improvement, when the solid old tunes of ancient composers are all set aside, to make way for the lighter and more fanciful music of the day. But it can hardly be expected that our choirs should be content to travel the same round of familiar chants and tunes, month after month and year after year ; and every individual should try to remember that there are other tastes to be consulted beside his own.

The art of sacred music is with us now in its infancy, and there are few people who have the slightest conception of the improvement which it might receive. The popular taste is, in a great measure, formed after vulgar models, and it can be rectified only by slow degrees. A higher style must, if it can be done in no other way, be forced upon the community, and they will gradually learn to appreciate it.

Our parishes must also be willing generously to contribute "material aid," if we would materially advance the art of sacred music ; there must be a sufficient pecuniary inducement held out to persons of musical taste, to induce them to discipline and cultivate their powers. In former years, there has existed a strong prejudice against the practice of music as a profession, and one was looked upon as throwing away his life, if he devoted his time exclusively to this science. With just as much propriety, we might object to the profession of a sculptor, a painter, or to the practice of any ornamental trade. We often make an improper distinction between the elegant and the useful, as if the ornaments of life had not their use. Music is something more than an elegant accomplishment, it is no frivolous pursuit ; it ought to have, and if rightly studied, it would have a purifying, elevating, ennobling influence upon character. It has a power, which is peculiarly its own ; it can find its way where nothing else can penetrate ; it can enkindle thoughts and feelings, which are impassive to every other touch ; it will outlive all other arts ; it is the most profound of sciences, and perhaps the only one which is essentially eternal.

Shakespeare's Birthday.

Sixty gentlemen, members of the Century Club of New York, sat down on Monday night at a dinner given in commemoration of the birthday of Shakespeare. The company included many distinguished for station, talent and culture, while the banquet itself and many of its accessories were at once novel and tasteful. The large ball-room of the Century, the state apartment of the Club house, was tastefully decorated with American and English flags, surrounding a transparency painted by Lang, and representing Shakespeare surrounded by those actors of his own time who first gave to the public and the world his words yet warm and glowing with the pulsations of their originator. The faces and figures have been carefully studied and were supposed to represent with accuracy this interesting subject. A bust of Shakespeare, crowned with laurel, looked down on the festival. The whole fête was conceived and conducted in the same spirit. The President of the Century, Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck, is an eminent Shakespearian commentator himself. The Rev. Mr. Hudson and Richard Grant White, Esq., were, if we mistake not, the only guests of the evening, and they are well known, wherever Shakespeare is studied, as two of the ablest of his appreciators, the one more especially noted perhaps for his verbal criticisms and textual labors, the other for his elaborate and eloquent disquisitions upon the spirit and thought of the great dramatist.

The tables were decorated by flowers, the offering of ladies belonging to the families of club members, these flowers being exclusively those mentioned in Shakespeare's plays. The more ordinary table ornaments consisted of statuettes of Miranda, Perdita, Hamlet, &c. A boar's head, with a lemon in its mouth, and decked with the traditional rosemary, was placed in front of the President, and flagons of sack were passed around, from which each one, rising,

drank in his turn. The bill of fare which was offered, was evidently the result of much study and taste. It is unique in its way. The programme of toasts and speeches introduced Wm. M. Evarts, Esq., the Rev. Mr. Hudson, who was extremely original and felicitous, both in thought and expression, and "often set the table in a roar" with his "flashes of merriment." Mr. Grant White made a few remarks, half earnest, half playful, and conceived in excellent taste, the burden of which was an entreaty to his listeners to read Shakespeare, and not his commentators ; an entreaty to which, in its entirety, after last night, they are less inclined than ever to accede. James T. Brady was, as usual at a dinner, genial and eloquent, displaying his peculiar genius, as he always does on such occasions, more decidedly even than in a court-room. Mr. J. H. Siddons, the grandson of THE Siddons, made some appropriate and interesting remarks on "the Players." Mr. Gourlie responded warmly, and as if his heart were in it, for the "Century," and Mr. Van Winkle was a substitute, and a not inefficient one, for Mr. O'Gorman, who, only, disappointed the company.

Besides these regular speeches, which were quite up to the level of after-dinner orations, the volunteer toasts called out the venerable President, who related some charming reminiscences of Kean and Siddons, and Talma and Cooke, and Cooper ; Mr. Folsom, the President of the Athenæum, who bewailed the decline of the Shakespearian drama ; Judge Daly, who bewailed nothing, but complimented, pertinently, Mr. Sanderson, the originator of the festival, and the only man who, in this country, has raised gastronomy into anything like the dignity or position of an art. It is to this gentleman's labor and thought and taste that the eminent success of the occasion is chiefly to be attributed. When it is known that he prepared the bill of fare and the programme of toasts, those who were not lucky enough to be present may imagine the spirit in which the celebration was planned and performed. The music was absolutely delightful ; Mr. Richard Willis, Mr. Simpson the exquisite tenor, Mr. Thomas, bass, and sometimes Mr. Lang "discoursed most eloquent," singing (the songs all appropriate) as those who have had the luck to listen to them may readily suppose. Artists and authors, men of taste and intellect, were present in abundance ; good things were said on every side, as well as eaten ; jokes were cracked as well as nuts ; geniality flowed as free as the wine ; yet with all there was a vein of earnestness that gave character and dignity to the occasion. It was not more brilliant than some other dinners have been, in the one particular of intellectual display, but in the elevated tone that characterized it throughout, in the well bred mirth and refined taste which were its distinguishing features, the Century Celebration of Shakespeare's Birthday was honorable to the Club where it was so worthily solemnized.

Festival
commemorative of the birth of the immortal
"BARD OF AVON,"
held at the rooms of
The Century,
Monday, April 23d, 1860.

BILL OF FARE.

"Have a care that your bills be not stolen."

FIRST COURSE.

"Continue in * courses till thou know'st what they are."
Oysters on the Half Shell.—The East River
"Sends
This treasure of an Oyster."
"Set a deep glass of Rhenish wine."
Gumbo Soup. The Sanderson Soup.
"—expect spoon-meat."—"Something too crab-bed."
"Thou lack'st a cup of Canary."
Kennebec Salmon, boiled, with lobster sauce.
"Th' imperious seas breed monsters ; for the dist,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish."
North River Shad, broiled, sauce remonade.
"A very fresh-fish here."

Bermuda Potatoes boiled.
"Let the sky rain potatoes."
"From the still vex'd Bermoothes."

Fresh Cucumbers.
"For this, be sure, to night thou shalt have cramps."
SECOND COURSE.
"—great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

Spring Lamb, roasted, with mint sauce.
"—innocent
As is the sucking lamb."
Roast Capons, stuffed with truffles.
"You cannot feed capons so."
Veal Sweetbread, larded, with tomato sauce.
"Veal," quoth the Dutchman, "is not veal a calf?"
Spring Chickens, broiled, with Steward's sauce.
"You would eat chickens i' the shell."

Livers of Geese, with Madeira sauce
"This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a deity,
A green goose a goddess."

Wild Squabs, stewed, with vegetable sauce.
"—which he will put on us,
As pigeons feed their young."

Asparagus, with butter sauce.
"Who comes so fast in silence of the night?"

Green Peas, with sugar.
"I had rather have a handful or two of pease."

Sweet Corn, Indian style.

"The gods sent not corn for the rich men only."

Onions, stewed with gravy.

"An onion will do well for such a shift."

"Daylight and champagne discovers not more."

THIRD COURSE.

"What'er the course, the end is the renown."

English Snipe, broiled on toast.

"I should time expend with such a snipe."

Blue-winged Teal, roasted.

"Oh! dainty duck."

"With wings as swift as meditation."

A Wild Boar's Head, garnished with spears.

"Like a full accorn'd boar, a German one."

Boston Lettuce, with mayonnais sauce.

"We may pick a thousand salads,

"Ere we light on such another herb."

"Run nothing but claret wine."

FOURTH COURSE.

"—the fruits are to ensue."

"And any pretty little tiny kickshaws."

Rum Pudding.

"—bless'd pudding."

"The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns."

Quince Pies: "They call for quinces in the pantry."

Tartelettes of Apples

"Car'd like an apple tart."

Cream Kisses.

"Kissing-comfits and snow eringoes."

"The last of many doubled kisses."

Tutti-Frutti Ice Cream.

"Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes."

DESSERT.

"A last year's pippin, * * with a dish of Carraways."

"Four pounds of prunes, and as many raisins o' the sun."

"The fig of Spain, very good."

"There is a dish of leather-coats for you"

"Give * this * orange to your friend."

"And fetch the new nuts."

"My cheese, my digestion."

"Go, fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in it."

"And good store of fertile Sherris."

"Some aqua-vitæ, ho!"

AUBER'S AND SCRIBE'S "GUSTAVUS III."—We fancy this anecdote, concerning Scribe's libretto of Auber's "Gustavus" will be as new to most of our readers as, we confess, it is to us.

It is said that when Rossini had just contracted with the French Government an engagement by which he was to give once a year a new opera to the Grand Opera, he began by arranging "Maometto" ("The Siege de Corinthe") and "Mose" for the French Opera to give him time to produce an original work. He wanted a "book," and this the French Government agreed to give him. Mons. Scribe was applied to. He set to work and was delighted with his labor when he wrote "The End" on the last page of the MSS. "book." A few days after he had given the "book" to Rossini, Mons. Scribe paid him a visit and expected the composer would highly compliment him upon the "book," for he felt he had never succeeded better. Rossini did congratulate him highly, and told him the drama was exceedingly interesting, but after exhausting all the formula of eulogy, Rossini declared he could not write the score. Mons. Scribe's feelings were hurt. He suspected Rossini (whose reputation for caustic wit is at least as great as his fame as a composer), of jeering him when he declared the "book" admirable and at the same time refused to write an opera score for it. Rossini, however, was sincere, and he ended his remarks by saying: "Your drama, I repeat, is excellent. Its only fault is, the interest is too concentrated. We Italians are not accustomed to write scores for pieces where the situations come so close upon each other as to leave no repose to the spectator whose attention, absorbed by the incidents of the piece, has not an instant to give to the music. We require pauses in the action that we may develop our pieces without raising the impatience of the audience. Mons. Scribe gave the "book" to Mons. Auber who wrote his well known opera on it.

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 30.—Business engagements prevented me from noticing your admirable MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, last week. They gave a final concert, at the Musical Fund Hall, on the evening of the 28th—with a price reduction to fifty cents, an accommodation which the public nevertheless failed to appreciate, for the saloon presented a meagre array of auditors. I am ashamed to record this, inasmuch as the undoubted merits of this body of musicians had been fully and disinterestedly set before the people, both in the press and in social circles, so that the inference deducible from the sparsity of their audiences, is unmistakably an apathy to classic music and the performance thereof. Well,

let that be as it is;—those who did display taste by their attendance, received a valuable *quid pro quo* for the paltry sum invested. It would be superfluous to pen an analytical critique in these columns, upon the merits of the Quintette Club, whose performances have been so often and so ably been reviewed through the same medium, by yourself. You know them better than we. Here is the programme of last Saturday night's concert.

1. Quintet in A, Op. 108, (Clarinet Principal)...Mozart. Moderato—Larghetto—Minuetto—Finale, Tema con Variazioni.
2. "Ah mon fils" from the "Prophet".Meyerbeer. Mrs. J. H. Long.
3. Fantasia for Violoncello ("Sonnambula")....Kummer. Wulf Fries.
4. Rec. and Air, "Non fu sogno," "Lombardi" ...Verdi. Mrs. Long.
5. Andante vars. from Quartet in A, Op. 18....Beethoven.
6. English Ballad.....Glover. Mrs. Long.
7. Quintet B, Op. 87.....Mendelssohn. Allegro—Allegretto—Adagio—Allegro vivace.

A rare musical feast of a verity; and enjoyed with infinite zest by all present.

The Quintettes were rendered with a unity of action and of feeling such as I have never observed before. It was faultless, and afforded an ample realization of the powers of the mighty intellects by which these splendid compositions were conceived and developed. It is only when such like works are performed by a band of musicians equally perfect with the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, that the hearer finds their beautiful points and fanciful effects properly unfolding themselves in pleasing array, to his edification and delight. These musicians point out niceties of expression, and subtlety of thought, and ingenious mathematico-musical formulas, in the works they illustrate, just as a great painter might initiate an ordinary art-lover into the actual beauties and delicate points of a Raphael *chef d'œuvre*, thus intensifying his delight, and quickening his perceptions for future studies. The soloists of the above programme merit the warmest encomiums; Mr. RYAN for his tasteful performance of the *Clarinetto Principale*, is Mozart's Quintet in A. His execution thereof was clean, fluent, and graceful, and displayed a keen appreciation of Mozart's easy, sprightly, and cheerful style. WULF FRIES, too, who offered a *Sonnambula* Fantasia by Kummer, admirably performed by him, came in for a large share of enthusiastic applause, although I must confess that the morceau spoken of, is the most unsatisfactory composition of Kummer's, with which I have ever met. Mrs. J. H. LONG acquitted herself with great credit, and seemed to please generally. I think that she sings with much ease, judgment, correctness of intonation and artistic finish—a trifle too methodical, which implies a lack, passion and warmth, perhaps. It seemed to me as though her spirits were dashed, by a contemplation of the long ribs of unpopulated benches, glistening in the mellow light of the chandeliers. We have all formed a most favorable impression of her, in this latitude. SCHULTZE's violin playing has certainly lost none of the sweetness, purity, and finish, which characterized him years ago, when, as the leader of the old Germania, he was wont to captivate all the hearts of the gentler sex. He is a fit leader to this perfect band of art interpreters. Let us hope that their visit, if not financially productive, may at least have given the sluggishly growing taste for the purest classical models, an impetus in the right direction. Would that they were with us always!

MANRICO.

The operas in New Orleans during the month have been: *Trovatore*, with Gazzaniga, Tamaro and Berthal; *Fille du Regiment*, with Colson; the one-act opera, *Le Maître de Chapelle*; *Lucresia*; *Favorita*; *Lucia* (with Colson); *L'Etoile du Nord*; Halevy's *Charles the Sixth* (for the benefit of Melchisedec, the baritone); *Rigoletto* (benefit of Mathieu, the tenor); *Huguenots*; Halevy's *Mousquetaires de la Reine*; Adam's *Si j'étais Roi* (with Colson).

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 5, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Opera, *Der Freyschütz*, piano-forte arrangement.

Music in New York.

(EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

SATURDAY, APRIL 28.—It must have been some fifteen years ago that the announcement of the first attempt in this country to bring out Beethoven's Ninth Symphony attracted us to this great Babel of a city. We heard it then in the vast space of Castle Garden, performed by an immense and somewhat heterogeneous orchestra, hastily assembled, and with but slight rehearsal on the part of most of them. The thing was called, if we remember rightly, a Beethoven Festival, and the object was to commence the formation of a fund for the building of a music hall for Philharmonic concerts. That purpose failed, and the performance of the Symphony was crude enough, and most indifferently appreciated by the great mass of the audience. Yet to us, with all the imperfections, the great outlines of the work, its sure and glorious working out of one great thought, developing it to a world-wide significance, all summed up in the one word JOY, considered as the transport of a thoroughly inspired, united brotherhood of all Humanity, stood out so boldly and spoke so eloquently to every inmost hope and inspiration, that it was impossible not to wish to know the Symphony more thoroughly, and to be thankful ever after for whatever opportunity of hearing it and studying it even through the roughest rehearsals and the coarsest performances. Great things are sure to survive all that, if you once seize the key to their meaning; and each imperfect hearing still prepares you for a better. Since that time, we have had creditable interpretation of it, four or five times, with our small orchestra, in Boston. To-day we have had cause to thank our stars that brought us once more, though on business not entirely musical, to New York. It has been a whole day's musical festival. We were just in time for the last morning rehearsal and for the fifth and last evening Concert of the Philharmonic Society, both of which were held in the Academy of Music.

The rehearsal at 11 A. M. was attended by as large an audience as one sees at home in any concert. We proceeded to a quiet corner in an upper circle, whither the sound ascended clearly, and where we had leisure to note the composition of the noble orchestra, arranged upon the stage in rising tiers. Think of the luxury (to Bostonian ears) of listening to a body of sixty-four strings! There were Thomas and Noll and Mollenhauer, and other finished violinists, to the number of sixteen first and sixteen second violins. There was our old friend BERGMANN, (one of the conductors of the Society, and one of the ablest, if not the ablest we have ever known for symphony music), heading the violoncellos. There were eleven double basses, which told right grandly in those almost speaking soliloquies which precede the entrance of the Joy chorus. The reeds were in a row by themselves behind and above the rest, which served to give them more of that individuality and contrast which they always have in Beethoven's orchestra. And

beautiful the reeds were, especially the bassoons. The horns too were beautiful, especially that of Schmitz, which sang with a promptness, precision and delicacy in those all important passages in the Trio of the Scherzo, and in that cadenza in the Adagio, such as we never heard before. The admirable trumpet, too, of Herr Schreiber should be noticed. High in the rear of all, too, it was pleasant to discover the President of the Society, Mr. TIMM, doing artistic service at the great bass drum; that was the true spirit. At the conductor's desk stood THEODORE EISFELD. We could not but think of the strange ups and downs of human fortune, when we thought of him but yesterday picked up from the ocean, senseless, life nearly spent, in the wreck of the burning Austria, and to day, on the top wave as it were of glorious excitement, conducting the Joy symphony of Beethoven.

Himmel-hoch jauchzend,
Zum Tode betrübt:

might be said of it, only reversing the order of the lines. — But speaking of the Philharmonic orchestra, is it not worth while to record here their names? We copy from the bill of the concert:

VIOLINS.—G. Bahls, J. G. Beisheim, A. Bernstein, A. Besig, G. F. Bristow, W. Doehler, J. Freising, J. Godone, E. Grill, N. Hagen, C. Hahn, G. Helfenritter, F. Herwig, U. C. Hill, J. Kehl, I. E. Meyer, E. Mollenhauer, J. Mosenthal, J. Noll, H. Otto, C. Pazzaglia, M. J. Pfort, H. Prahl, H. Reyer, G. Schneider, C. Schmidt, M. Schwarz, C. Siedler, T. Thomas, G. Weingarten, J. Windmüller, A. Zeiss.

VIOLAS.—A. Boucher, F. Chevalier, T. Goodwin, G. Haupt, A. Hirschmann, S. Johnson, T. Lotze, G. Matzka, E. Pauli, R. Schullinger, J. Unger, E. Weber.

VIOLONCELLOS.—F. Allner, C. Bergmann, F. Berghuer, C. Brannes, T. Groenevelt, F. Harbordt, H. Lühde, W. Rietzel, D. Walker.

DOUBLE BASSES.—W. Blake, C. Bartels, C. Billhardt, C. Heinecke, C. Herzog, C. Jacobi, J. Leis, G. Lo Bianco, C. Preusser, F. Rehder, C. Schutz.

FLUTES.—F. Rietzel, E. Wiese.

PICCOLO.—C. Siedler.

OBOES.—L. Ohlemann, C. Mente.

CLARINETS.—E. Boehm, F. Starck.

BASSOONS.—P. Eitz, F. Hochstein.

TRUMPETS.—C. Rehm, L. Schreiber.

HORNS.—S. Knäbel, H. Schmitz, G. Schmitz, G. Trojst.

TROMBONES.—G. Daga, J. Lacroix, F. Letsch.

BASS TUBA.—C. Billhardt.

TYMPANI.—J. Senia.

TRIANGLE.—Goodwin.

CYMBALS.—

BASS DRUM.—H. C. Timm.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE 18TH SEASON.—H. C. Timm, President; Theo. Eisfeld, Vice President; L. Spier, Secretary; D. Walker, Treasurer; C. Pazzaglia, Librarian; Wm. Scharf-enberg, Carl Bergmann, J. P. Cooke, Chas. Brannes, Jos. Noll, Geo. F. Bristow.

The rehearsal—great a luxury as it was to us to hear such an orchestra—did not, we must confess, augur the best things for the evening's performance. Parts were happy in the rendering, but other parts were somewhat unclear or dull, and lacking some of those vitalizing and expressive *nuances* which distinguish a routine from an inspired, imaginative rendering. The vocal solos, sung by Mme. JOHANNSEN, Mme. ZIMMERMANN, Herr STIGELLI, and Herr PHILIP MAYER, worked badly enough together; and the chorus were entirely absent; indeed we understood that at in no one rehearsal had *all* the elements been brought together.

But in the evening we were, agreeably disappointed. The orchestral movements, for the most part, went finely; especially the Scherzo and the heavenly Adagio, which appeared to take great effect upon the majority of the vast audience. The toying and twining together of the two naive little themes in the Trio, as they

circle about from bassoon and horn, to clarinet, to flute, to oboe, &c., &c., was made delicious in the clear certainty of outline, easy, natural sequence, and warmth of well blended coloring. The sound of such a mass of strings, especially in the middle parts—the weak point of our Boston orchestras,—was very rich and satisfying.

The choral movement, naturally, was less understood and less enjoyed by the many. It would have been so, we suppose, in any case; and the difficulty was of course increased by great imperfections in the performance. The double basses did their part nobly in the sentences of recitative, which summon up one by one and impatiently dismiss the themes of the preceding movements. Herr Meyer gave the introductory vocal recitative (bass) with considerable power and expression; but the other solo voices appeared weary and inadequate for passages which task the fullest powers of the very greatest singers. The choruses were reasonably well sung,—the German Lieder-kranz part quite unexceptionable; but we have had them more effective in Boston, by the larger choir of the Handel and Haydn Society.—Take it all together, however, we have never heard the Choral Symphony to such advantage, and we count it an event in our life to be always thankful for, that were we here to listen to this last performance of that one of all great musical creations to which we always listen with, we may truly say, more emotion than to any other,—no symphony, nor opera, nor oratorio excepted. For is it not the summing up of *all* Beethoven's symphonies? the fullest and completest utterance of the great word of his life? the glorified expression of the struggle and the triumph, not only of the life of one great soul, but of Humanity itself, of the whole race, in the prophetic unfolding of whose godlike destiny a great soul like Beethoven loses and forgets,—or rather, for the first time *finds*—itself?

We must not forget the first part of the Concert, which preceded the Symphony and gave much satisfaction. It opened with a superb rendering of the *Zauberflöte* overture, and consisted for the rest of a few vocal pieces—a wise abstinence before such a Symphony. Herr Meyer sang a Lied by Abt: *Ich denke nur an dich*, with rich baritone voice and good style, accompanied *obligato* by Herr Schreiber's cornet. The latter was finely played; but we cannot reconcile ourselves to sentimental melodies upon brass instruments. It is against their nature, which is properly heroic, and sounds maudlin. Perhaps the brass band concerts have spoiled our ear for such things. Mme. Johannsen sang a famous aria by Weber, which we have long wished to hear: *Ocean du ungeheuer*—("Ocean, thou mighty monster,") from *Oberon*. The orchestral part was more edifying than the vocal upon this occasion.

The singer in certain passages,—the softer ones—often suggests fine singing; but the voice proved unequal to great exertion. The music itself is in the best vein of Weber, wonderfully dramatic and imaginative, and the whole construction of the piece, in its successive movements, is strikingly analogous to the more familiar scena in *Der Freyschütz*. It needs a Jenny Lind to sing it. Stigelli was set down for the tenor air in the "Magic Flute;" *O cara imagine*, but sang instead, and with exquisite expression, a couple of songs by Schubert: *Trockne Blumen* and *Die Post*. The Lieder-kranz (Mr. AGRIEL PAUER,

director), sung a couple of part-songs with very fine ensemble and precision, and were enthusiastically recalled.

The audience was immense, filling the parquet and three circles of the great Academy completely; besides a goodly number of the more earnest symphony-lovers, who sat, for the sake of better sound and quiet, above the noisier crowd of fashion, in the upper gallery of all, or amphitheatre. Thither a good instinct led us also into fortunate companionship. There must have been between twenty-five hundred and three thousand persons present; and we understand that nearly \$1,000 were taken by the sale of extra tickets, over and above the regular subscription, many paying \$1.50 for a ticket. When shall we in Boston have a Philharmonic Society, and one so eagerly supported?

NEW YORK, MAY 1.—Last Tuesday the Chamber Union Concert gave their last Soirée, making it very satisfactory to as large an audience as the tiny hall could hold. The programme presented two novelties—the first of which was the name of a debutante, Miss PAULINE EICHBERG. The young lady, although she has been in the country over a year, appeared in public for the first time on that evening, and it was evidently from this cause that she was rather nervous, and a little inclined to hasten the *tempi*. Miss Eichberg is a pupil of the Leipzig Conservatoire, very young, and of uncommonly pleasing, lively appearance. She played Mendelssohn's D minor Trio, and the Ballade in A flat of Chopin, and, when encored, a song without words by Mendelssohn. Her style is characterized by a great deal of vigor and spirit, and an entire absence of effort. She won much applause, and may be sure of being gladly heard again by any one. The other new feature of the programme was a Pianoforte Sonata by Mr. SAAR, played by the composer. It is very rarely that we have occasion to welcome a composition of this kind from a modern composer, and most heartily do we welcome it in this case. It is a proof of more than ordinary aspiration in the young artist, and the manner in which the child of his genius was received here, where such compositions usually fall dead upon a concert audience, must have been very gratifying to Mr. Saar. His sonata is a decidedly original work—yet without being at all farfetched and overstrained. It is somewhat new in construction—the usual repetitions being omitted, and the themes carried on under somewhat different treatment, instead. The first movement, Allegro Agitato, is hardly more than an introduction—a preparation for what follows, but based on very pleasing *motifs*—the Larghetto is so beautiful as to make one regret its brevity, though the Scherzo soon absorbs one entirely. This movement is perhaps the most original of the four, though the finale evidently contains much matter than cannot be thoroughly appreciated, and judged of at a first hearing. In it the interest, which, through the whole, has been gradually rising, reaches its highest point, and the hearer is quite carried away by the wild intensity of this movement. It is a piece that makes one wish to hear it again and again, feeling that every time of listening will make him discover new merits and new beauties. Of course, as the work of a very young composer, (it was written, I understand, some years ago, while Mr. Saar was studying abroad), it is not faultless; but where the good points are so predominant, it is best to judge leniently of error which a longer experience will avoid.

Chopin's beautiful posthumous rondo was very finely played by Messrs. Mills and Saar, and Mr. Eben performed a flute solo with his accustomed skill. The vocal portion of the entertainment was the least successful; Mr. W. H. COOKE sang a ro-

manza of Verdi's, and a very insignificant ballad of his own, in a manner that left the audience quite cold, in spite of the gentleman's fine tenor voice.

I leave the account of our last Philharmonic Concert, and the first night of Halevy's *La Juive* to your own able pen, which will do them far more justice than I could, besides having the merit of being that of an impartial outsider. With a protest against your printer's making me call Schubert's "Post" a *Poet*, I remain as ever, — t —

NEW YORK, MAY 2, 1860. — Last Monday evening Maretzek produced at the Winter Garden, Halevy's *La Juive*, an opera which has been promised by other managers for years and which was announced at the opening of the Academy of music season by Ullmann and Strakosch. *La Juive* is a grand work, and probably as enjoyable as any opera destitute of melody can be. It is remarkable that a man of real musical ability could write a long five act opera and get so little melody in it, as in *La Juive*. There is scarcely a solitary air that can be carried away in the memory and hummed afterward. The nearest approach to such a strain is the passionate phrase, *Oh, ma fille chérie*, and the succeeding duet in which both Rachel (soprano) and Eleazer (tenor) take part.

The libretto of the opera — written by Scribe — is far superior to the majority of lyric stories. The following is the

ARGUMENT.

Leopold, a prince of the empire, returning from the wars, is violently smitten with the beauty of Rachel, daughter of Lazarus, the Jew. To win her favor he pretends to be an Israelite, and in the guise of a painter makes an easy conquest of the maiden's heart. Occasional exercises of influence, however, in matters where only the high could have successfully interposed their authority, excite the suspicions of Rachel, and she soon discovers that the Samuel (as he calls himself) of her error is none other than Prince Leopold, and the husband of the Princess Eudoxia. Overcome with rage and indignation, she publicly accuses him of his crime, and the offence, punishable with death, is considered so heinous, that the Cardinal pronounces his malediction and excommunication on the culprits. Rachel, Lazarus and Leopold are placed under arrest to await execution. During this brief period, Eudoxia, the right full wife of Leopold, intercedes with Rachel, and by exhibiting how unselfish is her rightful love, induces her Jewish rival to relent in her hatred, and to intercede for the life of Leopold. This she does by pronouncing her former statement a fabrication of mere jealous frenzy, and devoid of truth. The noble prisoner is at once banished, but Rachel is again condemned to death with her father for conspiring against the life of the man whom, by this fiction, she had just saved. Lazarus, whose sturdy faith and hatred of the Christians have supported him throughout, cares nothing for dying, but determines to be revenged on the Cardinal, who not only has pronounced his fate, but is the head of the Church which he hates. In a narrative he relates that the daughter who has just suffered death is not his own, but one by adoption, plucked from the burning ruins of the Cardinal's palace, at Rome, during a catastrophe there, and the Cardinal's own child.

The music is elaborate and scientific, at times rising to real sublimity, but not maintaining its hold on the hearer's attention. There were many expressions of weariness last Monday evening, and a number of persons left without waiting for the fifth act. Some that did not leave fell asleep.

But the opera *La Juive* is one that must be heard several times to be at all appreciated or understood. At first hearing it appears grand but heavy, and it is impossible to give or even gain an idea of the merits of the work from one hearing.

La Juive was admirably sung, especially by FABRI and STIGELLI, and put on the stage with great care. On its success Maretzek stakes the prospects of his season.

At the Academy of Music Rossini's *Mose in Egitto* is announced as the next novelty, and it will be produced next Monday evening, with Patti, Brignoli, Ferri, and Susini in the principal parts.

TROVATORE.

Musical Chit-Chat.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB have returned home after their Southern tour which has been to them a pleasant one and has added not a little to their fame as artists. We take pleasure in copying some notices of their concerts. We cannot agree with the criticism of Mrs. Long, by the way, and should like to see the hall in Philadelphia too large for her to sing in.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club gave their last concert on Saturday evening, at the Musical Fund Hall. The attendance was better than that of the previous concerts, but still not at all what it should have been. The instrumental performance was transcendently good, and the audience were thoroughly delighted. Mrs. Long's selections were unsuited to her, and her singing does not sound to the same advantage in a large hall as it did in Chickering's Saloon. The Quintette Club return now to Boston. Although their concerts have not been crowded, they have made many friends here, and we think that we can promise them greater success if they should be induced to visit Philadelphia again. — *Phil. Eve. Bull.*, April 30.

The concert given recently by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston, on their way to Southern cities, has been pronounced by many of our citizens of acknowledged taste, "the best ever given in this city by any artists." In accordance with the general desire of those who heard them, they announce, on their return home, another concert, when they will again have the assistance of Mrs. Long. The opportunity to hear the best music, rendered by performers of the highest standing, does not often occur out of the larger cities, and we doubt if Brinley Hall will be found large enough to hold those of our citizens who would enjoy the performances of the Club, and testify to their appreciation of real excellence. — *Worcester Pall.*, May 2.

INSANITY OF M. JULLIEN. — The Paris correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* relates the following sad anecdote of Jullien's insanity: "One day he entered his house armed with a large knife. 'Come here,' said he to his adopted child, a girl about eighteen years old, 'I am going to let you hear the angels sing.' He was going to cut her throat. She had presence of mind enough to reply: 'Willingly; but, before I go, let me hear you play on the flageolet, that I may compare your music with theirs.' Jullien thought the idea excellent, and went to get his flageolet, — while he was gone the child called the servants, the unhappy madman was secured and carried to a private mad-house, where he died a few days afterwards."

TRINITY CHURCH CHOIR, NEWPORT. — A Newport correspondent of the (New York) *Churchman*, pays a fine and well merited compliment to this choir, which we copy below with pleasure:

At Trinity the music was very fine and appropriate for the occasion. The boys sang finely and very spirited, and one great feature in the music was, that the time was precise; the solos were finely rendered by Masters Dunmore and Vernon, whose voices are exceedingly well calculated for that part of the Service. This young choir has improved greatly since last summer. No pains have been spared on the part of the organist, to make the choir compare favorably with the choirs of larger cities. The musical portion of the Services for Easter consisted of extracts from the celebrated masters of church music, Bridgewater, Chappell, and Tallis, a chorus by Haydn, and a carol of Mozart. The responses were sung with great precision, and the Gregorian tones effectively rendered. This choir has had but nine months' practice, and their proficiency in Church music is truly surprising. The boys are very anxious to hear the choirs of Trinity, the Madison Street Mission Chapel, Trinity Chapel, and the Holy Communion, as they have heard so much spoken of them, and it is quite possible that they may visit the great metropolis this Spring or next Fall, if suitable arrangements can be made to that effect; and I have no doubt that the benefit would be great for all of them, especially if the choirs of the city could meet at Trinity Church for full Choral Service.

A remark which has been made of our Italian operas here, — namely that most of the singers are not Italians — seems to hold good this season of the opera in London. The *Musical World* says:

One important consideration arising from an examination of the programmes of both operas, is the decline of the vocal art in Italy. How else account for the fact that in both houses the chief parts are filled by foreign singers. At Her Majesty's Theatre, the *prima donna assoluta*, Mlle. Titiens, is a German; while two others — Madame Marie Cabel and Mlle. Brunetti (Brunet) — are French. At the Royal Italian Opera, Mlle. Csillag is a German, while Mesdames Miolan-Carvalho and Nantier-Didié are French. At Her Majesty's Theatre, Signor Everardi (M. Everard), Signor Violetti (M. Violetti) and M. Gassier, are French. At the Royal Italian Opera, M. Faure and Signor Tagliafico are French, while M. Zelger is a Belgian. Furthermore, one theatre opens with a Russian, and the other with a French opera.

NEW ORLEANS. — Parodi as *Norma*, at the Amphitheatre, brought back to us the recollections of this superb artiste, on her first appearance in this country, nine years ago, when she so successfully and triumphantly divided the favor of the American musical public, as she had previously that of London, with Jenny Lind. The favorite pupil and adopted daughter of the great Pasta, who found in her her own "voice and dramatic spirit renewed," there is no one on the Italian operatic stage, not even Grisi, who can be considered as a truthful interpreter of that large and grandly dramatic school of singing, of which tradition has handed down Pasta as the founder. The last performance of the rôle of *Norma*, in Italian, we had heard prior to Parodi's, Wednesday night, was that of Grisi; and we have no hesitation whatever, in saying that Parodi's far excelled it. It is related that when, at the close of a twelve month's residence with Pasta, at Como, Parodi was about to enter upon her career, her great teacher embraced her and addressed her in these words: "My child, God has endowed you with a noble voice! I have done for you all that I can do, or that you now need. You are ready to appear before the world. My blessing go with you! I shall live to behold you the first singer of Europe!" And so she did.

We do not find any great deterioration of voice in Parodi, comparing her with our first recollections of her. Perhaps there are not so much fullness and force in the middle notes of her register, but the fine pure upper notes, and those, so marvelously deep and sonorous, in the lower part of the scale, are still in all their pristine vigor. — *N. O. Picayune*, April 27.

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. — The theatre re-opened on Tuesday evening, with a very different aspect from that which it presented during the temporary reign of English Opera. Indeed, two theatres could hardly offer more distinct appearances than Covent Garden under Mr. Gye, and Covent Garden under Miss Louisa Pynce and Mr. W. Harrison.

The opera was Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, to use the English title; *Le Pardon de Plörmel*, the French; or, *Il Pellegrinaggio*, the Italian. Last year, *Dinorah* brought the season to a triumphant conclusion, and having been given six times only was no doubt looked for by the subscribers and the public, more especially as Madame Miolan-Carvalho was again to be the heroine. The cast differed from that of last year in two important instances — M. Faure filling the part of Hoel (*vice* Signor Graziani), and Mlle. Giudita Sylvia that of the male Gotherd (*vice* Madame Nantier-Didié). M. Faure was an improvement; not so, Mlle. Sylvia.

M. Faure, who succeeded M. Battaille at the Opéra-Comique in Paris, as Peter in Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*, speedily won the favor of the public. So satisfied was Meyerbeer, that he wrote the part of Hoel expressly for M. Faure, who more than confirmed the impression made by his previous impersonation. Italian baritones being scarce, the director of the Royal Italian Opera was naturally anxious to secure the services of so admirable an actor and singer, to strengthen the cast of a work which was so eminently successful last season. Mr. Gye engaged M. Faure not merely for Hoel, but to undertake the repertory never officially represented since Tamburini abandoned the stage. That the French baritone is an accomplished artist there is no question. His voice, powerful and of unusual compass, is equally telling throughout its register. His expression is intense and varied, and his method undeniably good. He is, indeed, a greater master of his resources than most singers of his class; his shake is admirable, and his facility equal to all demands. If M. Faure's voice has not the sympathetic quality of Signor Graziani's, it is more than counterbalanced by superior acquirements as a singer and actor. A more striking performance than that of M. Faure, in Hoel, we have not witnessed a long time on the operatic stage. If we desired to be hypercritical, we might adduce an occasional tendency to exaggeration — as in the romance, "Sei vendicata assai" — which, after all, belongs to the school rather than to the singer individually.

Mad. Miolan-Carvalho is more admirable than ever in *Dinorah*; more vocally finished — the result of having made herself mistress of the acoustic properties of the house, and adapting her voice to its requirements, and as histrionically perfect — (she could not be more perfect). There is no need to describe Mad. Carvalho's performance in detail. Enough that all the old points were given with the same facility and the waltz movement of the "Shadow Song" (magnificently executed) was encored with acclamations.

The new contralto, Mlle. Giudita Sylvia, was evidently too nervous to do herself justice. That she possesses a good voice, we believe; but beyond this we can say nothing. Her appearance is decidedly prepossessing.

Another new singer, Mlle. Ruppazini, who has announced for the female Goat-herd—Mlle. Marai's part last season—not having put in an appearance, the duet, "Sui prati tutt' in fiori," in the last act, was omitted, by no means an improvement; while the "Pater noster" was utterly ruined by the inefficiency of two chorus singers, to whom were allotted the parts sustained last season by Mlle. Marai and Madame Nantier-Didiée. Signor Tagliafico was never at his ease in the hunter's song, while Signor Neri-Baraldi was less successful than formerly in that of the Mower. But these and worse drawbacks would have been more than atoned for by the excellence of the rest, not forgetting the absolute perfection of the orchestra, under Mr. Costa's direction.

Dinorah was repeated on Thursday, and will be given for the third time to-night; and on Thursday next Mlle. Rosa Czillag makes her first appearance as Leonora in *Fidelio*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The season was inaugurated with *Marta and Fleur des Champs*. The cast of the opera, with one exception (Madame Lemaire for Madame Borchardt), was the same as last year at Drury Lane—Mlle. Titiens being Lady Henrietta; Signor Giuglini, Lionel; Signor Violelli, Plunket; and Signor Castelli, Lord Tristan. The performance was greatly superior to that of last year, owing entirely to the improved quality of band and chorus, with Herr Molique and Mr. Blagrove heading the violins. Mlle. Titiens sang magnificently, but Signor Giuglini was afflicted with sore throat and could with difficulty finish the part. Madame Lemaire gave the music of Nancy most carefully. The audience, somewhat frigid at the commencement, warmed towards the end, and when the curtain descended the singers were summoned, and a call was raised for Mr. Smith, who, however, did not obey the summons.

La Favorita was given, with Madame Borghi-Mamo as Leonora, and Signor Everardi as Alfonso—the first appearance of both in England—Signor Mongini being Fernando (*vice* Signor Giuglini, indisposed), and Signor Violelli, Baldassare. At present it will be sufficient to state that the new comers were eminently successful, the lady worthily supporting the high reputation she enjoys abroad, and the gentleman proving himself one of the most accomplished baritone basses who had been heard for years in this country. Signor Everardi's voice is of fine quality (pure Italian quality, be it understood, although he is, properly speaking, a Belgian), powerful and flexible—one of those *Rossinian* voices, in short, so rare of late. His style and method are in the best school, his taste and expression undeniable. Add to the foregoing a good stage face and figure, and it cannot be denied that Signor Everardi is likely to prove a valuable acquisition. Madame Borghi-Mamo's voice is a *mezzo-soprano*, of great compass, fine clear tone, and flexibility only surpassed by Madame Alboni. A thorough artist, and a genuine Italian singer, Madame Borghi-Mamo knows how to make the best of her means, exceptional as in many respects they are. Signor Mongini surprised every one in Fernando, a part which many anticipated would not suit his vigorous style. He sang finely throughout and with exceeding judgment, never once indulging in those vociferous outbursts hitherto the bane of his performances, and which have often neutralized the effect so splendid a voice must otherwise inevitably produce. His most striking display on Thursday night was the romanza, "Spirto gentil," which was encoored with enthusiasm. Signor Violelli gave the music of Balthazar with power and judgment. The chorus was excellent, and the band, under the able direction of Mr. Benedict, thoroughly efficient, although some addition to the strength of the violins and other stringed instruments, to make head against the overwhelming power of the brass, was generally pronounced advisable.

Paris.

April 4th.—Last week the Italian opera gave us a "revival," in the shape of Meyerbeer's opera, *Il Crociato in Egitto*. It is now thirty-seven years since it has been played here, and it is said that it is against Meyerbeer's advice that it is revived now. It was brought out when Rossini was manager of the Opera here, and Meyerbeer, who was then unknown, and of course nervous and doubtful, as to his success with the Parisian world, told Rossini it would be a failure. Rossini replied it would be a success, and bet him five hundred francs about it. Meyerbeer accepted

the bet; and, as the piece proved successful, was no doubt only too happy to pay. This work, belonging quite to the youth of Meyerbeer, and framed almost mechanically on the Italian model, with pieces composed invariably of an *adagio*, then an *allegro*, *cavatinas* and airs *d'obbligé*, and *rondos*, with all the usual concomitants of *fiorituras* and *cabalettas*, so different to his present style, still gives a slight foretaste of the genius that was one day to give us the *Huguenots*; and there are also some very striking airs; the song of the "Crociato" is one, and the well-known trio for female voices, and in which the principal *motif non fidarti o ginor cor* recalls the music of Bellini, are among the rest. The finale of the first act is very fine, and in the last death-song, sang by Merly and the chorus, are also remarkable. Mad. Borghi-Mamo performed the part of the Crociato, and Mad. Penco, Alboni, Signors Merly and Angelini filled the remaining principal parts; but, notwithstanding the excellence of the performance, the revival has not been met with any monstrous enthusiasm. At the Grand-Opéra, *Pierre de Medicis* has been alternated with a performance of the *Huguenots*, Mad. C. Bartot filling the part of Valentine, Gueymard and Obin Raoul and Marcel. The Opéra-Comique, finding that old pieces answer so well, contentedly keeps to them. The Théâtre-Lyrique, however, has brought out a comic opera in five acts, a thing almost unheard of, Mozart being nearly the only one who had ever brought out one so long. The libretto is by MM. Jules Barbier and Michael Carré, the music by M. Theodore Semet, and the subject is taken from some of the numerous adventures of Gil Blas. Mad. Ugalde fills the part of the hero to the great delight of the public, for whatever charm may now and then be found wanting in her voice she supplies by her animated acting, and carries the piece through triumphantly. The music is gay, sparkling and original. The least successful parts are the choruses. The best airs in the opera, are, Gil Blas' drinking song, "Bacchus est le vrai médecin," the grand duo buffo of the second act, the marriage chorus, "rondo pastoral," the finale of the fourth act; but nothing is equal to the song he sings before the door of the inn where the villagers are feasting, accompanying himself with a mandoline. He is expressing the hunger he feels, and when they will not listen to him he changes his tone to diabolical menaces. The air was rapturously encoored. Mesdames Faure, Moreau, Vade, MM. Wartel, Lesage, Legrand, Votel, Serene, Leroy, Gabriel, Giradot, fill the other parts. There has been some talk for the last few days of a probable change in the management of the Théâtre-Lyrique; M. Carvalho retiring, and M. C. Retz, who has been, up to the present moment, Secretary-General of the Theatre, filling his place. However, nothing is decided yet. The Bouffes-Parisiens, though like the little frog in the fable, it tries occasionally to approach the dimensions of the ox, has yet good sense enough to know at what point to stop. Its last production is a sort of field-flower, in the shape of a patois-pastoral, entitled *Daphnis and Chloé*. A pretty little actress, Mlle. Juliette Beau, débuted in it. The music is by the indefatigable M. Offenbach. In Paris some novelty must always be going on; people cannot rest on their oars here, and even now, before *Fidelio* is brought out at the theatre, they talk of an opera with much scenery by M. Charles Gounod, entitled *La Reine Balkir*. M. Gott, also—of the Théâtre-Français—has written an opera in four acts, the music by M. Mempré, under the title of *Le Moine Rouge*, though whether it is to be played or not I have not heard.

There is little new this week at the theatres. The concerts continue with unabated ardor, of which the best, the eighth and last concert of *Jeunes Artistes*, took place on the 1st. Fragments of Meyerbeer's *Struensee* were given. "La revolte des gardes," a polonaise, "La Bal," was very good, and the bacchanal chorus from *Philon et Baucis* was encoored. And thus with all these entertainments Lent is passing—indeed has almost passed away. It certainly this year has not been a season of fasting and mortification, and the ladies of the great world have rushed with equal ardor to their church in the morning and dressed in "gorgeous array" for their ball in the evening, thinking one neutralized the other, and thus reconciling the claims of religion and of the world to their consciences in that comfortable manner only French people can. Talking of the crowding of churches, there is one thing very necessary, and that is—more church-room for the people. There is not enough for the population of Paris, and the scenes, the pushing, the rudeness and quarrelling, that take place in a crowded church here, is more fit for the crush-room of a theatre than a spot dedicated to divine worship.—*Corr. London Musical World.*

Special Notices.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 423.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 7.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Diarist in Vienna.

FROM 5 TO 7 P. M., MARCH 29.—A party of five Beethoven enthusiasts—Madame L., possessor of that fine, poetic bust of the composer, modelled by Prof. Schaller for the late Carl Holz; Prof. L., Dr. Gerhard von Breuning, Hof Sekretair Walther, and myself. We drove through the city, out at the Schotten Thor, across the Glacis and to the Schwarzspanier house. We ascended the two broad flights of stone stairs, whilom devoted to the dignitaries of the church and the heads of the old convent. The servant maiden opened the door into a range of apartments now for a few weeks empty, and we passed through two ante-chambers into the large main room, whence one has so fine a view of Glacis, city and suburb.

Thirty-three years ago to-day, the Hof Sekretair, then a young man, and Dr. Breuning, then a child of thirteen years, were here for the last time—it was the day of the funeral of Beethoven. In yonder corner had stood the bed on which he died.

"There," said the doctor, "I piled the forty volumes of Handel's works upon the dying man's bed. Here stood the two grand pianofortes, that by Graf, and that which came as a present from London. There stood the book case; in that smaller room were his writing desk, and the table where he composed. Once only did I see him in the act of composition. On this spot stood my father and Schindler, when they urged upon him the propriety of making his will."

And the strong man, overcome with his emotions, turned away to the window—and we were silent. We passed through the eight rooms, large and small, which belong to the range of apartments, all of which the composer had hired. Our conversation was in low tones, and there could be but one topic. The empty rooms, sounding to our steps, became again the abode of the sick man. We saw him lying there patient and composed, heard him reply to the written questions of doctor, brother, or friend, saw the old house-keeper or the servant girl coming at the sound of his bell—in short lived over again with Breuning those last months during the winter of 1826–7. We lingered long and then, with touched hearts, left the house and drove out to the church yard at Waehring—but a mile or two away. Spring had not yet come, and the place looked drear and desolate. But the simple granite monument, with the one word,

BEETHOVEN

upon it, was spring enough for us, and we clustered round the slab, which covers his ashes, and exchanged thoughts, feelings and recollections upon the great soul that once had dwelt in them. Madame L., had brought a wreath of immortels. We each took a few of the unfading flowers, in remembrance of the day, and attached the wreath to the willow, which shades the grave; and then I was touched as she knelt, while we

turned away, and obedient to the poetic superstition of the Romish church invoked in silent prayer a blessing upon the departed soul.

A pleasant little poem was then read to us by Herr Walther. We gathered a few buds and leaves of evergreens which lay there, and left the grave—some of us probably never to see it again.

NOTES.

APRIL 1.—April Fool's Day—the proper time for me to read this Vienna news, which *Dwight's Journal*, of March 17, has just brought me. I cannot quite make it out; that is, whether some one has been playing a trick upon the editor, or has undertaken to make paragraphs out of German papers, his studies in the language still leaving him in the dark as to the difference of form in the past, present and future tenses of the verbs. In fact Salvi's Italian opera, so far from having opened with Rossini's "Siege of Corinth," and having been followed by Norma, Semiramide, (with Alboni) and Favorita—does not open until the 9th of this month! As to the new operas by Dreyschock and Randbartiger at the Kärnthnerthor, the list of performances during the season, which is herewith enclosed, contains no such names. Whether Madame Schumann is to take up her abode here is also a question. One of the papers last week expressed the wish that she would do so.

Handel's "Alexander's Feast," by the Sing Akademie. My first hearing of it. It is one of the works on which Beethoven founded his opinion that "Handel was the unequalled master of all masters."

On a certain Saturday morning in May 1849, I leaped from the deck of the old ship Roscoe, upon the quay at Antwerp, and hurried off to seek my way through the intricate streets to that glorious cathedral tower, which since the morning before had been visible over the Belgian plains, as the vessel made its slow way up the Scheldt. I found it. I for the first time passed into a cathedral worthy the name, and felt emotions, which language cannot describe. On leaving the church, I crossed the small triangular place before the grand western entrance, and just as I turned a corner I looked back upon that tower, the most beautiful thing in architecture which I have ever seen, and a strange delight filled all my being and sent the tears gushing into my eyes. And it was precisely this feeling, which the ineffable beauty of this music aroused within me, and which found relief in the same manner. It is easy enough to understand how tragic music, or that in which the depths of sorrow and pity are expressed, should bring one to tears. We weep in such cases, as we do at passages in fiction or upon the stage, where our sympathies are excited by sorrows, which for the moment are real to us. But why should mere beauty affect us so? Why should the opening movement of Beethoven's overture, Op. 124, why choruses expressive of triumph and joy in the works of Han-

del awaken emotions, which open the gateways of our tears? What have we not lost in Boston, that the "Alexander's Feast" remains still unknown! It would not be too long to give at a mixed concert, provided the symphony be a short one.

APRIL 2.—As the *Journal* is a paper of Art and Literature, will not some of its correspondents—there are many, who can do it—aid in forming an American Schiller Bibliography? A magnificent volume has been prepared by Dr. Constant von Würzbach, and printed at the Imperial press in Vienna, containing a most extensive and complete catalogue of Schiller's works in all sorts of European editions, collective and separate; but the labors of our scholars and publishers find little place. I think we have no cause to be ashamed of American translations from, or editions of, his works.

In 1806, appeared a periodical at Weimar, devoted to criticism principally, entitled "Elysium and Tartarus;" i. e., most of the numbers were headed with the former word, some of them with the latter, in which unfortunate would-be-poets, and pseudo artists, were rendered unhappy. Here is a complete title—noticeable because Goethe had something to do with it.

1806.

(Vignette.)

No. 49.

ELYSIUM.

Zeitung für Poesie, Kunst und neuere Zeitgeschichte.
Mittwoch, den 2 Juli.

In this number is a continuation of Art-news from Rome, a passage of which, being interpreted, is this:—

"An American Artist, Washington Allstone, has just finished a landscape, which, from its style of execution, is very remarkable. One notices in the works of Garafalos and many old masters a freshness and liveliness of color, which leave later works far behind. Washington believes that he has discovered the secret of that style. He, in a landscape, and Schick, in his excellent portrait of the young baroness von Humboldt, have employed this method very happily. The secret is said to be the use of asphaltum. [Literally, *lacing* with asphaltum.] This landscape, which has no middle ground (for a lake fills the plain surface), has through this treatment in its coloring an extraordinary force of effect. Two groups of trees, in one of which they are straight, full of foliage and of a deep green, in the other irregular, wild looking trunks on a base of rocks, shut in the view at the sides. The dark green, the gloomy glades, have something grand and at the same time strange. The view is taken from lake Lucerne. Mt. Pilate rises from the water, a small island swims upon the waves, mighty, snow-crowned mountains close in the distance. Without being particularly excellent as a composition, something grand speaks to us in the picture, which effect is increased by its striking lights and the extreme transparency of its strong colors. The trees have a strange air (they are very green and flat) and appear to be of Amer-

ican growth. Diana, with her nymphs and dogs, is hunting upon the shore of the lake. The background is rather gray (*fällt ins Graue*), the clouds are heavy still the character of the mountains is well expressed and handled with understanding. The drawing of the trees, which is also somewhat heavy, has much of Ruisdael's manner."

I find the following in an old number of the *London Harmonicon*, June, 1820:

Mozart's celebrated Symphony, "Jupiter," newly adapted, &c.

This splendid Symphony derives the name of Jupiter, now first publicly given to it upon anything like authority, from a very distinguished orchestral performer, who, unpremeditatedly in conversation remarked, that such a title would well denote its majestic grandeur. We record this little anecdote, for the purpose of saving Mozart from any future charge of vanity that might be advanced, should it ever be supposed, that he himself gave so high-sounding an appellation to one of his own works.

The late German opera season of the Kärnthner theatre in Vienna, began July 1, 1859, and closed March 31, 1860, nine months. The number of performances was 248, viz.:

Operatic (regular).....	180
" for Charities.....	3
Ballets.....	54
Ballet and Opera.....	11
On the one hundred and eighty-three operatic nights were given thirty-nine operas by twenty-two composers, as follows:	
Beethoven—Fidelio.....	6
Mozart—Schauspieldirector.....	8
" Don Juan.....	7
" Zauberflöte.....	5
" Hochzeit des Figaro.....	3
Meyerbeer—North Star.....	5
" Prophet.....	4
" Robert the Devil.....	9
" Huguenots.....	7
Weber—Der Freyschütz.....	14
" Oberon.....	3
" Euryanthe.....	1
Glück—Iphigenia in Tauris.....	2
Flotow—Martha.....	4
" Stradella.....	2
Lorzing—Czar und Zimmermann.....	5
" Wildschütz (new here).....	8
Conradin Kreutzer—Nachtlager von Granada.....	7
Spohr—Jessonda.....	2
Nicolai—Merry wives of Windsor.....	6
Duke of Saxe-Coburg—Diana von Solange.....	2
Wagner—Lohengrin.....	8
" Tannhäuser (new).....	13
Spontini—Cortez.....	2
Rossini—Tell.....	4
Adam—Alpen Hütte.....	4
Donizetti—Lucrezia Borgia.....	6
" Don Sebastian.....	2
" Linda.....	2
" Lucia.....	2
" Favorita.....	4
Herold—Zweikampf (Duel).....	3
Auber—Masaniello.....	7
" Ballnacht.....	4
Boieldieu—Weisse Dame (La Dame Blanche).....	1
Verdi—Ernani.....	1
" Troubadour (new here in German).....	9
Halevy—Die Jüdin.....	9
Balte—Bohemian Girl.....	1

All these operas are given in the German language—being originally to German texts or translated.

On the sixty-five ballet evenings were given by

Gauthier—Gisella.....	7
Borri—Carnevals Abenteuer.....	17
" Kaminfeger von London (new).....	18
Taglioni—Satanella.....	10
" Verwandelten Weiber.....	5
Hoguet—Robert and Bertrand.....	8

A. W. T.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Stabat Mater Dolorosa.

From ELISE POLKO'S "Musikalische Märchen, Phantasien und Skizzen;" translated by FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

"See Naples and die!" These words must have rung in the ears of every one whose glance fell on the noble landscape around Naples, on a brilliant October morning of the year 1735. There she lay, the fairy city, with her countless cupolas and towers, over which hung the radiant golden veil of early dawn! There arose on high the mighty, cloud-crowned cupola of the greatest of cathedrals—the summit of Vesuvius! And the lovely Bay! rocking hither and thither, it rested on the proud breast of earth, like a heavy golden drop, fallen from the floating sea of light above. A warm, rosy air trembled above the thick myrtle and orange woods; played among the slender vine-branches, as they friendly reached out their green hands to each other, and danced along the garden of the road; and kissed the large flowers and creepers, that covered the ground with a colored net. It seemed as though the breath of God floated over this fairest spot on his earth; as though peace, joy, and beauty must dwell here forever.

On the gentle slope of a flowery hill, hidden behind a luxuriant growth of laurel-roses, overshadowed by platanos and olive trees, half overgrown with magnolias and tender vines, stood a large crucifix of stone, with a figure of the afflicted Madonna at its feet. Probably some strange accident had brought the group hither, and pious faith had sought to save the treasure from destruction in this humble asylum; for its workmanship was of astonishing beauty, and deserved a place in the proudest church. In every line of the life-sized figures the hand of a master could be traced, whose genius had transformed the hard stone to a soft mass, breathing life and soul; it was the victorious hero of faith, whose form hung on the cross, and not the dying martyr. The noble features were calm, holy, almost transfigured; the beautiful body lay in the unconquerable stiffness of death; nowhere a trace of pain or conflict. But Maria, the mater dolorosa! A glorious form, not sinking, but crushed under a weight of woe! a wondrous face! on which a vast sorrow was petrified; a picture of pain that hath no end. Stony tears—how fearfully heavy!—hung from the eyelids, and the fine mouth was cramped with a misery that could find no consolation in heaven or earth. Fresh green leaves softly nestled against the drapery of the sufferer, and sweet flowers, outspringing, close to the body of the crucified one, softly covered the wounds. Seldom did a pious wanderer discover this group, seldom was a knee bowed before this cross.

On the above-mentioned October morning, however, it happened that a pale young man threw himself before the holy group; his face was a serious and suffering one, fatigued and sorrowful were his eyes, weak and bent his tall fig-

ure; with a deep sigh he looked up towards the crucified One. He saw the heavenly peace of the great dead, and a shudder of involuntary belief came over him; he saw the angelic features of Maria, the nameless grief they expressed, and drew back from the influence of such immeasurable woe. Pity seized his soul; he longed to draw forth the sword that pierced this mother's breast; it seemed as though the stony tears cried aloud for mercy. The ills he had brought hither disappeared before the giant weight of this silent pain; all complaint hurried back to his heart, he forgot the consuming troubles of his breast, and humbly bowed his head.

At this moment a clear *Ave Maria* rang through the air, sung by two lovely female voices; a pair of sisters, whose sick mother the Madonna had graciously healed, approached, bringing the queen of heaven their daily thank-offering of fresh flowers. They were two fair forms, one tall and full, with a proud glance and cheeks glowing with life; the other blonde, tender, with black eyes and soft, delicate features. They laid their fragrant flowers at the foot of the crucifix, prayed softly, and then moved away. But the fair-haired maiden turned her pretty head to look after the lonely youth who still knelt there, praying.

He then looked up and cried: "Madonna, have pity on me! I am alone and suffering in this fair world! Give me a heart to love me, and heal the wound of my sick breast!" Then it seemed as if a veil fell from his eyes; the figure of the Madonna appeared to move, the fire of life streamed over the face of the mother of sorrow, and her stony mouth breathed; "Bring to my immeasurable woe a *worthy* sacrifice, soften these stony tears, so that they flow gently, and lessen the weight of my martyred heart, let my stiffened wounds bleed sweetly, and thy prayer shall be heard!"

When the thoughts of the amazed youth returned to their ordinary course, the noon-day sun was shining in unclouded splendor, and all living things were seeking a shelter from its hot breath. But he heeded it not; his cheeks burned, his eyes flamed, a happy smile played round his lips; with an unsteady step he hastened back to Naples.

And on another day the fair sisters came back again in the clear morning sun, and again sang their pious, childlike *Ave Maria*, in which the silvery soprano of the tender blonde contrasted and harmonized exquisitely with the rich contralto of the lovely brunette. And again they found the young man with the dark locks and the earnest face; but this time he was not kneeling before the crucifix; he lay on the slope of the hill, and sometimes his glance wandered hither and thither, and sometimes he wrote with a pencil on a leaf which he held in his hand. Then there was so much enthusiasm in his face, that Lauretta almost forgot to lay her bunch of roses before the Madonna, while gazing, surprised, on the glowing face of the young stranger. At last the sisters went away; but Lauretta dropped the little bunch of orange blossoms that decked her bosom, at the feet of the youth.

And so they saw each other every day; neither rain nor wintry storm prevented their pilgrimage. The glance of the fair Lauretta grew ever gentler, the words and tone of her soft greeting more timid, the rapt expression of the

serious stranger's face became more and more striking. At length came March, a month of delight in Italy, with its sprouting buds, its fresh leaves, and mild airs.

But Lauretta did not see, that in spite of the enlivening influence of the breath of spring, the youth's step became heavier, his cheeks more hollow than before; for a deceptive red colored his face, and his eyes glowed with an unearthly fire. He asked them one day: "May I bring you a song to-morrow; a song of praise to the Madonna? Will you sing it for me with your clear, sweet voices, and so help me to bring a sacrifice to her? Madonna desires such a sacrifice, and has promised me a noble reward. How I long for its fulfilment! Help me to keep my vow! sing my song next Sunday at the foot of this crucifix, and you shall be witnesses of the wonder Madonna will work in my behalf. Lucia nodded friendly to him, Lauretta laid her trembling hand in his, while a tear fell silently from the precious night of her eyes.

It was on the sixteenth of March, a Sunday evening, that their three figures reached the crucifix together; Lauretta supported the tottering step of the young man; a crown of violets hung from her arm. He knelt down, and raising his waxen hands, cried out, in a passionate tone: "Holy mother of sorrow, accept my sacrifice!" And then ascended, like the incense of sound, the voices of the sisters, firmly, clearly, seriously; they sang the words:

"Stabat mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem, lacrimosa,
Dum pendebat filius."

Not a breath of air moved through the leaves; no sound stirred; there was a holy silence around, as though nature listened to the true religious sublimity of this song. A soft, deep melancholy trembled in the maidens' voices. With indescribable anxiety, with feverish expectation, the young man watched the face of the Madonna; and as these words ascended:

"Quis est homo, qui non fletet,
Christi matrem si videret
In tanto supplicio?"

and floated, like the breath of sympathy, from the lips of the pious songstresses, the face of the Mater dolorosa appeared to soften; a heavenly repose touched the fine mouth; the stony tears melted and flowed down; the wounds of her transfixed bosom sweetly bled, and the warm drops fell on the head of him who sacrificed. Then the wild, gnawing pains of his body seemed calmed, his breast heaved with full, free breath, a delicious weariness overcame him, he stretched forth his arms—Lauretta bent down towards him, they exchanged a happy smile—GIOVANNI BATTISTA PERGOLESI was dead!

The crucifix with the figure of the weeping mother has long since fallen to decay. Jessamine and aloe bushes cover the spot, and the body of the youthful, immortal master rests in the cool cathedral of Besorato. But at the foot of the hill, against whose slope the crucifix once leaned, rises a flower-covered grave, sinking under the heavy foot of time, and overshadowed by cypresses. If shelters the once fair frame of the loving heart that the Madonna promised to her petitioner; the earthly remains of the gentle Lauretta.

Chopin's Mazurkas.

(From the London Musical World.)

"Chopin's Mazurkas," in eleven books, complete, with a *Biographical and Critical Introduction*—edited by J. W. Davison (Boosey and Sons). * *

Probably among the numerous productions of Chopin, the Mazurkas are the most genial and characteristic. The natural offspring of his peculiar idiosyncrasy, they breathe his spirit, reflect his sentimentality, and are the truest *media* of communication between his inner self and the outside world, which he, like all men specially gifted, men of genius, in short, was born to delight. We verily believe that there is more of the genuine spirit of Chopin in one of these brief Mazurkas, than in the whole of his concertos, sonatas, and larger compositions put together. Whereas, in his elaborate compositions, he was stilted, mannered, and catachrestical, in his Mazurkas (and the minor effusions) he is nearly always spontaneous, natural, and, therefore, *sympathetic*. With this conviction, we can endorse, without reservation, the words with which the editor, whose labors are now before us, sums up the paragraph in which he briefly glances at the entire production of Chopin:—

"That Chopin, however, excelled less in works of '*longue haleine*' than in those of smaller pretensions, will hardly be denied. His *Etudes*, his *Preludes*, his *Valses*, his *Nocturnes*, and above all his Mazurkas, are quite enough to save him from oblivion, whatever may eventually become of his concertos and sonatas. The variety with which in the Mazurkas he has said the same thing some fifty times over, will go further than anything else to prove that Chopin's genius whatever its eccentricities and failings, was decidedly *inventive*. The best of the Mazurkas are without question those that smell the least strongly of the lamp, those which, harmonized in the least affected manner, are easiest to play, and bear the closest affinity to (in some cases are almost echoes of) the national dance tunes of his country. Some of them are gems, as faultless as they are attractive, from whatever point of view regarded: others, more evidently labored, are less happy; but not one of them is wholly destitute of points that appeal to the feelings, surprise by their unexpectedness, fascinate by their plaintive character, or charm by their ingenuity." * *

Mr. Davison's preface, contains almost as much of biographical and anecdotal as of critical and analytical matter; and, had we space, we could entertain our readers with no end of *ana*. We must, however, be satisfied with one or two extracts. Here is a paragraph about Chopin's early love:—

"Chopin never married; but he cherished, it is said, an attachment all his life. This Dr. Liszt informs us was for a young compatriot of his hero—'*belle et douce jeune fille, comme une Madone de Luini*,' &c." It appears that this '*belle et douce jeune fille*' loved Chopin with an earnest love to the end, and really, in examining the scanty incidents of his life, it is difficult to assign any reason why he should not have married her. She was faithful to his memory after death, and wasted her maidenhood in constant care and solicitude for his surviving parents. She made a portrait of him, which Chopin's father would never allow to be replaced by any other; and in a thousand various ways exhibited her devotion."

The origin of the Chopin-Mazurka may be cited as a corollary to the foregoing:—

"But Chopin, who (like Steerforth) was very popular at school, became intimate with Prince Borys Czetyrtynska and his brothers. At their house, where music was assiduously cultivated, he saw and knew the Princess-mother, '*belle encore*,' and of an '*esprit sympathique*,' whose saloons were the most brilliant and *recherchés* in Warsaw. The Princess-mother was, nevertheless, only a monad in the new sphere which now became Chopin's universe. 'At her house Chopin often met the most distinguished ladies of the capital; he became acquainted with those *seductive beauties* whose renown was European, at a time when Warsaw was celebrated for the *éclat*, the elegance and the grace of its society. Through the intervention of the Princess Czetyrtynska he had the honor of being introduced to the Princess Lowicz, at whose house he became intimate with the Countess Zamoyska, the Princess Radziwill, and the Princess Jablonowska, *enchantresses*, surrounded by other beauties less illustrious."

"The conception of the Mazurka, as Chopin understood it, here took place in his perplexed brain. Let this important period be described here at length, with the apology that Dr. Liszt's French is not easy to reduce into English:—'Still very young, it fell to the lot of Chopin to govern their steps by the chords of his piano. In these reunions, which might be likened to assemblages of fairies, he was no doubt often enabled to discover, suddenly unveiled in the whirl of the dance, the secrets of those aspiring and

tender hearts; he was able without difficulty to read in their souls, which leaned with friendly sympathy towards his adolescence, and saw of what a mixture of *levain* and *pâte de rose* (of — and —; but the original is inimitable) of saltpetre and angel's tears (!) was kneaded the poetic ideal of his country. When his fingers unconsciously ran over the keys, and drew from them a succession of touching harmonies, he was able to divine in what manner the secret tears of enamored girls and young neglected wives were shed; how the eyes of men both given to love and jealous of glory became humid with emotion. How often must some lovely girl, petitioning for a simple prelude, have leaned her beautiful elbow on the instrument, to support her dreaming head, and allowed Chopin to guess from her look the strain her heart was singing; how often must a group of *nymphes folâtres*, in order to coax out of him a waltz of vertiginous rapidity, have besieged him with smiles that placed him in unison with their gaiety! There he saw unfolded in the Mazurka the chaste graces of his magnificent countrywomen,' &c., &c.

"Chopin used to recount in his peculiar manner (he did everything in a 'peculiar manner') that here he 'understood for the first time what sentiments the melodies and rhythms of the National Dance were capable of expressing.' Here, too, he learned how to set high value on that noble and reserved deportment, united to vivacity of sentiment, '*qui préserve la délicatesse de l'affaissement, qui empêche la prévenance de rancir*—' which Dr. Liszt may translate for himself. At all events, the Mazurka—Chopin's Mazurka—was the offspring of these reunions, which at the same time may account for the reason of his leaving the '*belle et douce jeune fille*,' who sketched his portrait, to pine away in loneliness, while he wasted his manly vigor in the enervating saloons of enervated capitals."

And as corollary, No. 2 (the early love still figuring in the back-ground), a paragraph may be added relating to Chopin's intimacy with the Baroness Duvant (George Sand):—

"A professed hater of women-authors, Chopin had a great inclination to make the acquaintance of Mad. Georges Sand, with whom he subsequently, however, formed an intimacy which for some years wholly absorbed him. In 1837, this celebrated lady accompanied Chopin to the island of Majorca, where he had been ordered by medical advice, and where he remained, tenderly nursed by the authoress of *Lélia*, during an alarming and protracted illness. 'The remembrance of the days passed in Majorca,' says Dr. Liszt, 'was graven on the heart of Chopin like that of a rapture, an ecstasy which fate accords but once to the most favored.' 'He was not' (it is probably Mad. Sand who speaks) 'on earth; he was in an empyrean of golden clouds and perfumes; his fine and exquisite imagination seemed drowned in a monologue with God himself, and if perchance, on the radiant prism where he forgot himself, some accident caused the little magic lantern of the world to pass, he would experience most frightful uneasiness, &c., &c.' (the rest to match). However, Chopin's residence in Majorca was beneficial in every respect, and his 'admirable nurse,' Mad. Sand ('herself a great artist,') embellished every incident of his sojourn.* Under these circumstances, what chance was there (it may be asked) for the '*belle et douce jeune fille*,' pining in the land of Mazurkas?"

For an account of the incidents connected with Chopin's death, and with the friends immediately about him at the time; for a description of his funeral obsequies at the Madeleine (Paris); for an elaborate analysis of Chopin's talent, as pianist and composer, including observations on his social qualities and individual character as a man, together with comparisons between him and other musicians; we must refer our readers to Mr. Davison's preface, which leaves few points of any importance undiscussed. We can only find room for a passage or two concerning Charles Filtch, whose early demise (at the age of fourteen) deprived the musical world of an undoubted genius. Speaking of Chopin's play, Mr. Davison thus alludes to the talent of his pupil:

"It must, however, be admitted that the pupil, Charles Filtch (who died at the early age of fourteen), surpassed the master, inasmuch as while preserving all the ethereal grace and delicacy of Chopin's play, all its variety of tone and passionate impulsiveness, Filtch superadded a certain vigor and unity, which endowed it with a more consistent vitality—rare (almost unprecedented) instance of a copy excelling the original, and the more wonderful considering the extreme youth of the copyist."

Here is an instance of Filtch's extraordinary memory:

*Chopin lived, however, to be separated from the accomplished novelist, which separation he often declared was equivalent to his death-knell.

"Filtch passed the season 1843 in London. How intimately he was versed in the music of his master, may be gathered from a fact which occurred under the notice of the writer. Engaged to perform Chopin's second concerto in public, the orchestral parts not being obtainable, Filtch, nothing dismayed, wrote out the whole of them from memory."

Mendelssohn of course knew Chopin (whom did Mendelssohn not know?); and with a Mendelssohn paragraph we must be satisfied to close our budget: "Mendelssohn, in speaking of one of the *Preludes* of Chopin, expressed himself in terms of such unqualified admiration, as to elicit a query from an interlocutor, unable to understand the cause of the great master's enthusiasm. 'I love it,' replied Mendelssohn, with unusual warmth; 'I cannot tell you how much, or why; except, perhaps, that it is something which I could never at all have written.' On the other hand, questioned about the finale of one of the sonatas, Mendelssohn said, briefly and bitterly, 'Oh! I abhor it.' When Chopin was first in Paris he took lessons on the pianoforte of the late Kalkbrenner, whose reputation as a professor then stood very high. This fact, for some unfathomable reason, used to be kept a secret by Chopin, and was openly denied by some of his friends, indisposed to believe that such a wayward and fitful genius could receive any benefit whatever from the tutelage of a musical drill-sergeant. It is, nevertheless, true; and equally so that Mendelssohn, with whom at the time Chopin had contracted a friendly intimacy, expressed his astonishment, on being told by Chopin himself that he had come to Paris expressly to study under Kalkbrenner. 'Why,' said Mendelssohn, always quick to appreciate talent in others, 'you play better than Kalkbrenner.'"

And so he did, as all can testify who ever heard him, even when sickness weighed him down, and he was scarcely more than a shadow. Chopin's play, indeed, was so original and individual, that his music, performed by almost any of the great pianists, his contemporaries (Filtch alone excepted), seemed to want something, which though undefinable, was indispensable to its perfect interpretation.

Richard Wagner in Paris.

(Translated from French and German papers for this Journal.)

I. A CRITICISM BY BERLIOZ.


The concert began with the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," a two-act opera, which I saw performed, under the direction of the composer, in 1841, in Dresden, with Mme. Schröder-Devrient in the principal rôle. This piece made the same impression on me then, that it does now. It begins with a powerful orchestral effect, in which one from the outset seems to recognize the howling of the storm, the screaming of the sailors, the creaking of cordage and the tempestuous roaring of the angry ocean. The commencement is splendid; it exercises a commanding power over the audience; it carries you away; but as the same process is continually applied, as one tremolo, one chromatic passage follows after another, without a single ray of sunshine breaking through the black storm clouds and everlasting torrents of rain, without the slightest melodic motive brightening up the murky harmonies, the attention of the hearer flags, he loses courage and succumbs. You find already expressed in this overture, which seems to me excessively expanded, the tendency of Wagner and his school to make no account of feeling (*sensation*), and to keep in mind only the poetic and dramatic idea, unconcerned whether the expression of this idea compel the composer to overstep the musical conditions or not.

The overture to "The Flying Dutchman" is powerfully instrumented, and the composer understood how to derive an extraordinary advantage in the beginning from the use of the pure Fifth. The introduction of this chord produces a singular, shudderingly mild impression.

The great *Tannhäuser* scene (march and chorus) is a brilliant, grandiose piece, the effect of which is heightened by its key, B-flat major. The rhythm, which is never hemmed in or disturbed in its course by the juxtaposition of other opposed rhythms, has a knightly, proud, straight-forward character. Without seeing the stage action one is sure, that such a music accompanies the movements of bold, strong

men in complete armor. This piece, contains a clearly outlined, elegant, but not very original melody, reminding you in form, if not in accent, of a famous theme in *Der Freyschütz*. The last return of the vocal passage in the grand *tutti* is still more energetic than at the beginning, by means of the entrance of the basses, which play eight notes in the bar, while the upper voices have but two or three. To be sure some rather hard and exceedingly condensed modulations occur in it; but the orchestra brings them out with such power and authority, that the ear meets them unresistingly beforehand. On the whole the piece is a masterwork and instrumented, like all the rest, with a skilful hand. Wind instruments and voices are animated with a mighty breath, and the violins, written with a wonderful lightness in the highest passages, send out over the whole a dazzling sea of sparks.

The *Tannhäuser* overture is in Germany the most popular of Wagner's orchestral pieces. Power and strength still predominate in it; but for me at least the plan which the composer has prescribed to himself in it is productive of an uncommon weariness. It begins with an Andante Maestoso, a sort of chorale of fine character, which returns toward the end of the Allegro, accompanied by an obstinately persistent violin passage in the high register. The theme of this Allegro, which consists of only two bars, has not much interest in itself. The developments, for which it serves as a pretext, are, as in the "Flying Dutchman," over-sown with chromatic passages and exceedingly hard modulations and harmonies. When finally the chorale makes its appearance again, its theme advancing slowly with long steps, then necessarily the accompanying violin passage must repeat itself in all its terrible persistency. In the Andante we have already heard it twenty-four times; at the conclusion of the Allegro we hear it one hundred and eighteen times, making one hundred and forty-two times in the overture. Is not that possibly too much? Moreover it occurs quite often again in the course of the opera; whence I must infer that the composer ascribes to it some peculiar significance, with regard to the action, which to me is quite enigmatical.

The fragments from *Lohengrin* shine by still more salient peculiarities than the preceding works. In my opinion there is more in them that is new, than in the *Tannhäuser*. The introduction, which supplies the place of an overture, is an effective invention of Wagner's. One might give a general idea of it through the figure . It is in fact an immeasurably slow *crescendo*, which arrives at the highest point of sonorous power, then in inverse progression returns to the starting point and loses itself in a scarcely perceptible harmonious murmur. I know not what relations exist between this form of the overture and the dramatic idea of the opera, but, independently of that, as a symphonic work I find it wonderful in every point of view. There is, to be sure, no properly musical movement in it; but the harmonic intertwinings are melodious, enchanting, and in spite of the length of the *crescendo* and the *decrecendo* the interest does not flag for a moment. At the same time it is a wonder-work of instrumentation in the tenderer *nuances*, as well as in the stronger coloring; and one remarks at the close, while all the other parts go downward, a diatonic ascending bass, of which the idea is extremely suggestive. Above all, this beautiful piece contains no sort of hardness. It is as lovely, as harmonious, as it is great, strong and sonorous. To me it is a masterwork.

The grand march in G major, which opens the second act, has in Paris, as in Germany, produced a genuine excitement, in spite of the vague thought in the beginning and the cold indecision of the episodic piece in the middle. These colorless measures, in which the composer seems to grope about and

seek his way, are only a sort of preparation, to come at a powerful, an irresistible idea, in which one must recognize the proper theme of the march. A phrase of four bars, twice repeated, each time a third higher, forms the impetuous period, to which, as it regards superb *elan*, and force and brilliancy, there is perhaps nothing comparable in music. Crashing forth in the *unisono* of the brass instruments, the strong accents (c, e, g), in the beginning of the three phrases, are like so many cannon shots, which cause the hearer's breast to tremble.

The effect would in my opinion have been still more uncommon, had the composer avoided tone-conflicts like those in the second phrase. The fourth inversion of the chord of the great Ninth, as well as the suspension of the Fifth by the Seventh, produce double dissonances, which to many people (me included) are intolerable. This march introduces the chorus: *Freudig geführt ziehet dahin*, which one is surprised to find in this place, so small, I might almost say, so childlike is its style. Its effect upon the public of the Salle Ventadour was the smaller, in that its first bars remind one of an insignificant piece in Boieldieu's "Deux Nuits: " *La belle nuit, la belle fête*, which has passed into the vaudevilles and is known to every one in Paris.

I have not yet spoken of the instrumental introduction to the last work of Wagner: *Tristan und Isolde*. It is strange that the composer had it performed in the same concert with the introduction to *Lohengrin*; for he has followed the same plan in both. We have again to do with a piece in slow tempo, which begins *pianissimo*, rises to *fortissimo*, and again subsides to its starting point, without any other theme than a sort of chromatic moaning, full of dissonant chords, which are the more painful to the ear, that commonly long fore-notes take the place of the real note in the harmony.

I have read this peculiar piece over and over, I have listened to it with the greatest attention and with the liveliest wish to understand it; but I must confess that I have not the least idea of what the composer meant by it.

II. BERLIOZ DEFINES HIS OWN POSITION.

.... If the "School of the Future" says:

"Music, at this day in the fulness of its youth, is emancipated, free; it does what it will.

"Many old rules are no longer valid; they were set up by inattentive observers, by people of routine for other people of routine.

"New wants for mind, heart and hearing pledge us to new experiments, and even in certain cases to the overstepping of old rules.

"Various forms have become too much worn out, to be any longer allowable.

"All is extremely good and all is bad, according to the use one makes of it, and according to the reason for the use.

"In its union with the drama, or only with words sung, the music must always stand in direct relation to the feeling expressed in the words, to the character of the singing person, even to the accent and the vocal inflexions, which are felt to be the most natural in the words as spoken.

"The operas should not be written for the singers; on the contrary, the singers should be educated for the operas.

"Works written for the exclusive end of exhibiting the talents of certain virtuosi, are of a merely secondary nature and of comparatively little value.

"The executants are only more or less intelligent instruments, to set the form and inner sense of the works in the right light. Their despotism is at an end.

"The master is still master; it is for him to command.

"Tone and sonority stand below idea.

"Idea stands below feeling and passion.

"Rapid vocalises, colorature, trills in the voice part, a multitude of rhythms, are irreconcilable with the expression of all earnest, noble and deep feelings.

"It is therefore absurd to write for a *Kyrie eleison* (the humblest prayer of the Catholic Church) runs, which are scarcely to be distinguished from the screams of a pack of drunkards in an alehouse.

"Equally absurd is it to use one and the same music for an invocation of idolaters to Baal and for a prayer of the children of Israel to Jehovah.

"And still more monstrous, to make an ideal being, the daughter of the greatest poet, an angel of purity and love, sing like a harlot!"—

If this is the musical code of the School of the Future, then I belong to it, body and soul, from deepest conviction and with most ardent sympathy.

But then all the world belongs to it. Every one to-day confesses more or less openly, in whole or in part, to these principles. Is there a great master who does not write *what he will*? Who still believes in the infallibility of certain rules, except some timid gentlemen, who would be frightened at the shadow of their own nose, if they had one?

I go yet farther: it has been so for a long while. Gluck himself belonged in this sense to the Future school, when he wrote in his celebrated preface to *Alceste*: "There are no rules, which I did not think I ought willingly to sacrifice in favor of effect."

So then we all belong, in this regard, to the School of the Future. But if this School of the Future says to us:—

"One must do the opposite of what the rules teach him.

"One is weary of melody and melodic outlines, of arias, duos, trios, and especially of all pieces in which a theme is regularly developed; one is satiated with consonant harmonies, with simple, prepared, resolved dissonances, with natural and artistically regulated modulations.

"One must take account only of the idea, without the least regard to feeling.

"One must despise that impudent baggage, the ear, and roughly maltreat in order to tame it. It is not music's problem, to be agreeable to it. It must accustom itself to everything: to ascending and descending minor Sevenths, winding in and out among one another like a knot of hissing serpents; to threefold dissonances without preparation or resolution; to middle parts, which are forced together, without harmonic or rhythmic agreement, tearing each other's flesh; to modulations that make one shudder, that introduce one key into one corner of the orchestra, before the preceding key has withdrawn from another corner.

"One must pay no sort of regard to the art of singing, and not trouble oneself either about its nature or requirements.

"One must limit himself in an opera to setting the declamation in notes, even if one employ the most unsingable, the roughest and most hideous intervals.

"There is no difference between a music, which a musician shall read off quietly from his desk, and a music which is to be sung by heart upon the stage by an artist, who has to attend at the same time to his dramatic rôle and to that of his fellow actors.

"One must not trouble himself about the possibility of executing a piece.

"If the singers have as much difficulty in remembering and making themselves at home in their parts, as they would in learning by heart a page of Sanscrit, or in swallowing a handfull of nut-shells—so much the worse for them. They are paid, that they may labor; they are slaves.

"The witches in Macbeth are right: 'Fair is foul, and foul is fair:—'

If this is the really very new religion, then I am very far from being one of its professors. I never did belong to it, do not now belong to it, and never shall belong to it.

I hold up my hand and swear: *Non credo.*

I firmly believe in the opposite: Fair is *not* foul, foul is *not* fair. Music has not, to be sure, for its exclusive problem to be agreeable to the ear; but it has a thousand times less for its problem, to be disagreeable to it, to put it on the rack, to murder it.

(To be Continued.)

HUMOR AND MUSIC.—When humor joins with rhythm and music, and appears in song, its influence is irresistible; its charities are countless, it stirs the feelings to love, peace, friendship, as scarce any moral agent can. The songs of Beranger are hymns of love and tenderness; I have seen great whiskered Frenchmen warbling the "*bonne Vielle*," "*Soldats au pas, au pas*," with tears rolling down their moustaches. At a Burns festival, I have seen Scotchmen singing Burns, while the drops twinkled on their furrowed cheeks; while each rough hand was flung out to grasp its neighbor's; while early scenes and sacred recollections, and dear and delightful memories of the past came rushing back at the sound of the familiar words and music, and the softened heart was full of love, and friendship, and home. Humor! if tears are the alms of gentle spirits, and may be counted, as sure they may, among the sweetest of life's charities. Of that kindly sensibility, and sweet, sudden emotion, which exhibits itself at the eyes, I know no such provocative as humor. It is an irresistible sympathizer; it surprises you into compassion; you are laughing and disarmed, and suddenly forced into tears. I once heard a humorous balladist, a minstrel with wool on his head, and an ultra-Ethiopian complexion, who performed a negro ballad, that I confess moistened these spectacles in the most unexpected manner. They have gazed at dozens of tragedy queens, dying on the stage, and expiring in appropriate blank verse, and I never wanted to wipe them. They have looked up, with deep respect be it said, at many scores of clergymen in pulpits, and without being dimmed; and behold, a vagabond with a corked face and a banjo sings a little song, strikes a wild note which sets the whole heart thrilling with happy pity. Humor! humor is the mistress of tears; she knows the way to the *fons lachrymarum*, strikes in dry and rugged places with her enchanting wand, and bids the fountain gush and sparkle. She has refreshed myriads more from her natural springs, than ever tragedy has watered from her pompous old urn. —*Thackeray.*

(From the Boston Traveller.)

CHIMES.—Mr. Jonathan Phillips, who has given a chime of bells to Dr. Gannett's church, is a gentleman who performs so many noble and liberal deeds, that no one is surprised on hearing of an instance of his munificence; but in this case he has evinced as much taste as generosity, and set an example that should be extensively followed. That there should be so few chimes of bells in this country is matter for wonder; for as accessories to religious worship they are of the very first order, and men who seek to show their sense of the importance of that worship can never do better than to confer them upon churches. Nothing so attunes the mind to devotion as the chimes, and the most powerful intellects have confessed their strong yet sweet influence over them. Napoleon admitted that the sound of the church bells of Ruel, which came upon his ear as he walked in the grounds of Malmaison, at the evening-hour, had much to do with his restoration of the religious institutions of France. Southey says of the church chime, that "it is a music hallowed by all circumstances, which, according equally with social exaltation and with solitary pensiveness, though it falls upon many an unheeding ear, never fails to find some hearts which it exhilarates, and some which it softens." George Herbert, in "*The Church Porch*," admonishes men to

—"Think, when the bells do chime,
'Tis angels' music."

Music Abroad.

London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—On Saturday (April 14) *Trovatore*, with Mlle. Titiens, Mme. Borghi-Mamo, Giuglini and Aldighieri. Wednesday, *La Traviata*;—the first of five farewell performances of Mlle Piccolomini. Mongini as Alfredo. The *Musical World* (April 21) says:

Rossini's *Otello* was produced on Thursday—the first time at Her Majesty's Theatre for many years. The director having found a suitable *tenore robusto* in

Signor Mongini led no doubt to the revival of that opera. Another motive, however, was to introduce Madame Borghi-Mamo in Desdemona, a part in which she had recently won the suffrages of all the *dilettanti* in Paris. Madame Borghi-Mamo did not disappoint expectation, singing magnificently throughout the opera and acting with great energy and feeling. The lovely air in the last scene, "*Assisa a piè d'un salice*," given to absolute perfection, was encored in a tumult of applause. In the first scene (Rossini having written no *cavatina*) Madame Borghi-Mamo interpolated "*O quante lagrime*" from *La Donna del Lago*—Malcolm Graeme's air—and sang it with extraordinary fluency. This air, originally written for a contralto, was re-arranged by the composer for Pasta, when she first appeared as Desdemona in Paris. To conclude, Madame Borghi-Mamo's success was triumphant and the audience enthusiastic.

Signor Mongini's *Otello* is admirable from every point of view. He sings the music with immense vigor, and gives a striking embodiment of the Moor. Not to descend to particulars, we would select the scene with Iago, in which the duet "*Non m'inganno*," occurs, and the whole of the last act, as worthy very high praise. The quick movement of the duet, as matter of course, was encored. Signor Mongini giving it with an energy that nothing could resist.

Signor Everardi sang the music of Iago like a thorough artist, and has added to his reputation by this second essay. His ease and facility permit him to execute the florid passages without effort. His acting, if not subtle, like Ronconi's, was manly and straightforward. The encore awarded to the duet in the second act owed much of the honor to Signor Everardi.

Signor Vialetti was an excellent Elmiro, and Signor Belart most effective, as far as singing went, in Rodrigo.

The band and chorus, under the direction of Mr. Benedict, were highly efficient throughout the opera.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The first appearance of Mad. Czillag, in *Fidelio*, on Thursday, if it did not attract a large assemblage of "fashionables," brought together all the real lovers of music in London, anxious not only to welcome a new Leonora—so difficult to find at all times—but to hear Beethoven's wondrous music executed by the Royal Italian Opera band and chorus, under Mr. Costa's direction. The great reputation of Mad. Czillag at the Imperial Theatre of Vienna was not unknown in England.

Mad. Czillag's dramatic singing belongs to the grandest school. Her voice is of great power and compass, metallic and resonant, and of that peculiar Teutonic quality so effective in the utterance of strong emotions. It is a magnificent rather than a beautiful organ, and consequently well fitted for the music of Leonora. On certain notes Mad. Czillag has more power than any singer we remember except Malibran; and in some other respects indeed resembles that extraordinary artist, however wide apart their general capabilities. As a singer, Mad. Czillag, like most Germans, is more attentive to outline than detail, and produces her effects by bold strokes rather than fine touches of art. Where passion invokes physical force to its aid she is invariably triumphant. In tender passages, too, Mad. Czillag hardly appears to less advantage. In what may be called "abstract singing," she is less successful. Her voice does not appear to possess remarkable flexibility—scarcely to be wondered at, considering the school to which she belongs. As an actress, Mad. Czillag is perhaps even more finished than as a singer. She has studied her art deeply, and possesses all the intelligence to enable her to attain the highest results. Her energy and fire are irresistible, her instincts always correct, and her expression admirably true.

The audience, unusually cold at first, gradually recognized the presence of a great artist, and after the quartet (canon) in the first scene—which, by the way, strange to say, for the first time, passed without a hand—applauded all her efforts, and at the conclusion recalled her twice with enthusiasm.

The cast, in the other parts, comprised Mlle. Corbani in Marcellina; Signor Neri-Baraldi in Florestan; Signor Tagliafico, Pizarro; M. Zelger, Rocco; and Signor Luchasi, Jacquino. The weak point was the tenor. Mlle. Corbani, who made her first appearance for several years, sang the music of Marcellina with the utmost expression as well as artistic correctness. This clever lady's return to her old post will cause general satisfaction among the patrons of the Royal Italian Opera.

The band and chorus were splendid throughout, and the grand final hymn, as it is called, was never given with more powerful effect. The opera was preceded by the overture to *Fidelio*, in E (taken at an unprecedentedly rapid pace), and between the acts the grand *Leonora* overture (in C) was played mag-

nificently, created a perfect *juror*, and was encored with acclamations.

Fidelio will be repeated to-night and on Thursday, and on Tuesday Madame Grisi makes her first appearance, with Signor Mario, in *La Favorita*.

NEW PHILHARMONIC.—The third concert took place on Monday evening, in the presence of an audience that filled St. James's Hall in every part. The following was the programme:

PART I.—Overture (Coriolan), Beethoven. Recit ed aria, "Che farò" (Orfeo), Gluck. Aria, "Dalla sua pace" (Don Giovanni), Mozart. Symphony, "The power of sound," Spohr. Chorus, (Enryanthe), Weber. Duo, "Ciel! che veggio" (Lucrezia Borgia), Donizetti. Overture, (Midsummer Night's Dream), Mendelssohn.

PART II.—Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, in E flat., Beethoven. Aria, "Ecco ridente" (Il Barbiere), Rossini. Aria, "Il mio ben" (Nina), Paisiello. Overture (Ray Blas) Mendelssohn.

Conductor—Dr. Wyld.

In Beethoven's Concerto Mr. John F. Barnett made his first appearance for two years. During his absence, we are informed, he has been travelling through Germany, giving concerts occasionally, and as we are able to judge from his playing on Monday evening, studying and practising with zeal and determination. Mr. Barnett has made great progress, particularly in his execution, which, when we last heard him, was by no means finished.

FLORENCE.—There was recently a great success at the Pergola, an opera new at Florence, though known in other parts of Italy, by Peri, of Reggio, "Vittore Pisani." The plot is taken from a story of the great days of Venice, and the scenery, chiefly of that city, was really wonderful. The music, though rather florid, is still not "Verdiesque," and was very well sung by a French prima donna, Laborde, and Alfonsi and Cettini.

BELGIUM.—The Minister of the interior of Belgium, in a report to the King, proposes that, in order to encourage native musical composers and dramatic authors, certain sums shall be awarded to every original musical or literary work of merit represented at any theatres in the country, and that the awards for pieces in the French language shall be higher than for those in the Flemish, in consequence of the former having to struggle against the competition of pieces by popular authors borrowed from France. The King has decreed that the proposition of the minister shall be acted on, and the sums to be accorded have been fixed as follows:—200f. for an opera in four or five acts; 150f. for one in three; and 75f. for one in one or two acts, if brought out at Brussels; and 140f., 100f., and 50f., respectively in other towns; 100f., 75f., and 40f., for a comedy in French, according to the number of acts represented at Brussels; and 70f., 50f., and 25f., in other towns. For dramatic works in Flemish, 200f., 150f., and 75f., according to the number of acts, at Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp, and Bruges; and 150f., 100f., and 50f., in other places. The minister has further decided that if an opera or piece produced in one town shall subsequently be played in another, it shall receive half the aforesaid sums for each new representation; also that the music of ballets shall be paid at the same rate as dramatic pieces. Finally, to obtain these sums the works must be completely original, accepted by a committee regularly constituted, and be performed at least three times consecutively.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 12, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Cantata of the *May Queen*, by STERNDAL BENNETT, continued.

Halévy's "Jewess."

We had the pleasure in New York last week of listening twice, for the first time in our life, to Halévy's very famous and best opera, *La Juive*. The performance, *mise en scène* and all, under the management of MARETZKE, with ANSCHUETZ for conductor, at the Winter Garden, was for the most part excellent. It was in some sense a new experience. We had not heard an opera with which we could exactly class it. If not a work of genius in a very high sense, if not a work to live forever in one's feeling and imagination like *Don Juan*, *Fidelio*, *Tell*, or the *Frey-schütz*; if not as gushingly melodious as Bellini,

or as elaborately strange as Meyerbeer, it is at least something quite complete and genuine in its way, refreshingly free from sentimental sweetness on the one hand, and from the ear-storming, over-frequent emphasis and climax of the Verdi school. It impressed us as a thoroughly dramatic opera; one in which the music well fulfils its office of illustrating the progress of an uncommonly well constructed tragic plot. Though it does not abound in striking or ear-haunting melodies, yet all its phrasing is melodic as well as declamatory, and there is a pleasing flow and natural development in the harmonic blending and intertwining of the various voice-parts and instruments. The thing is consistently and beautifully woven. It is at once a musical and a dramatic whole. And we must say we listened to it with much pleasure. We enjoyed it more than we do most of the ingenious immensities of Meyerbeer, or than we do any of the startling attempts of Verdi; and as we have already hinted, we have even found it refreshing for a change after the "linked sweetness long drawn out" of Donizetti and Bellini.

"The Jewess" is a grand spectacle opera, laid out on the broadest canvass, a five-act affair; instrumented with all the sonorous fullness and elaborateness of treatment, only without the brassiness and the extravagance, of the most modern instrumentation. It reproduces on the stage the Romish pomp and splendor of the Council of Constance, beginning with a great procession (the music of the march is very striking) and ending with the vast parade of a martyr's execution. French enough, to be sure, and appealing to that love of the terrible, which in works of fiction delights the vulgar now as gladiator shows did the Roman populace of old. All this is little to our taste, and in itself wearisome. Indeed the great length of the opera, its dazzling shows, involving lengthy intermissions, was fatiguing to the last degree. Yet there was enough of interest in the music as such, enough of richness and felicity of treatment, enough of lyrical truth and fitness throughout, to mingle a rare amount of enjoyment with the aching of fatigued limbs and senses. Such a work comes naturally into comparison with "William Tell," with "Masaniello," with the broad and crowded canvasses of Meyerbeer. We must say, that any one of the latter, at all events the *Huquenots* and *Prophète*, overcame us with more drowsiness. Halévy's work is not so desperately heavy. It may have in it less thought, less invention, less of concentrated brain-work, and may be the product of a brain less large and fertile; but it seems to us conceived in a happier vein, and answering its purpose quite as well or better. As for comparing it with "Tell," or even with "Masaniello," in respect of real musical creative genius, we shall not be guilty of the absurdity. But it does strike us as one of the best operas which have been added to our repertoire on this side of the ocean for a long time. It has the advantage, too, of an uncommonly good libretto,—one of Scribe's best. Musically, we doubt if it can become popular here; the spectacle, and the occasional scope it gives for the loud, muscular kind of singing, or musical declamation, are the chief popular elements in it. Some of its choral as well as instrumental effects remind one much of Verdi; yet it was written fifteen years before any of that author's well known works.

As to the performance, which we have isid

was mainly good, one could not but remark the curious circumstance of a French opera, sung in the Italian language, by singers all of whom were German, and before an audience mostly of Americans and Jews. Mme. FABBRI (who is German, and the wife of a gentlemanly and musician-like German, Herr Mulder) really surprised us by the power and truth and beauty of her singing and her acting in the part of Rachel, the Jewess. To be sure, the part does not give her enough to do in the way of mere singing to enable one to measure her ability as a *cantatrice*. Scarcely any florid passage work, and not much extended melody falls to her share. The rôle is altogether dramatic, mostly declamatory; but there are fine concerted pieces in which none but a true vocal artist could have borne her part as effectively as she did. Her voice is one of the first magnitude and quality; exceedingly powerful, especially in the highest tones, where it always told with perfect certainty and truth of intonation, and with thrilling pathos. The sound was pure and musical as well as loud; it was soul-ful and refined. A true artistic feeling and intelligence pervaded all; it was not a mere muscular energy either of song or action. Her's is just the splendid organ, just the artistic feeling, that should have been employed in the high and difficult soprano solos in that performance of the Choral Symphony.

The central and important rôle in "The Jewess," is Lazarus, the old Jew father, in which STIGELLI did his best. We have seen and heard him in no part for which he was so admirably fitted. His usual crouching attitude and awkwardness of movement only helped out the impersonation. His voice seemed in its best condition, and in his masterly use of it conveyed all the fire, the tenderness, the sweetness of a music which seemed made for just such a tenor. The part was originally written for Duprez.

Mme. BERKEL, as the princess Eudoxia, had more of florid and bravura work to do. The feeling was right, but the power wanting; much was done finely, but such was laudable effort only: what a relief and joy to the ear was the clear high note of Fabbri ringing in as its turn came! Herr WEINLICH, for the Cardinal, had a heavy basso, of rather coarse quality, which he did not use with any great skill. Herr QUINT did much, for one of his limited vocal endowments, and some things over-much. Herr MUELLER was as portly and as dignified and faithful to his task as ever. There was immense enthusiasm, with shouting, clapping, callings out and bouquets on the part of the audience—particularly whenever any singer was delivered of an uncommonly loud note. Indeed the lobby crowd appeared to watch the whole thing like a vocal prize fight.

Musical Chit-Chat.

RICHARD WAGNER, as our readers have seen, has been stirring up more controversy about his compositions and his "Music of the Future" principles, by the four concerts which he has been giving in the great critical world of Paris. He does not like to be held accountable for the invention of the term "Music of the Future," and has written rather a pungent letter about it to HECTOR BERLIOZ, in answer to some criticisms of his, which appeared in the *Journal des Debats*, after the first concert. We thought it would be interesting and instructive to our readers to peruse these documents, and perhaps some others,

in an English dress. Accordingly we translate and present to-day the principal portions of the article by Berlioz, and shall give Wagner's letter in our next.

A series of pianoforte matinées, in private parlors, by OTTO DRESEL, has occupied the last four Saturday afternoons of a select subscription audience in a most delightful manner. Beethoven's Sonatas, Concertos of Mendelssohn, (arranged for four hands, with Mr. LEONHARDT), choice works of Chopin, Schumann, Schubert, &c., and songs of Franz, sung by Mr. KREISSMANN, composed the programmes. Such poetry of music, so interpreted, and in such company, it is indeed a privilege to hear.

We learn that Miss S. LORRAINE RAYMOND, who will be by many pleasantly remembered as the fine contralto singer at Dr. Gannet's church, took passage, (accompanied by an elder sister,) on Saturday last by the Vanderbilt, from New York to Southampton, on her way to London, for the purpose of availing herself of the instruction of the celebrated Garcia, previous to a stay of some years in Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. STOEPEL (Matilda Heron) sailed last week for Europe, to be absent four or five months. Mr. Stoepel, we understand, designs bringing out his symphony of "Hiawatha" in London, at a concert to be given by the London Philharmonic Society, and to do it also in the provinces. Mrs. Stoepel doing the reading part. From England he will go to France, thence to Germany, and then back to New York in time to resume the musical directorship at Wallack's at the opening of the fall season.

WHEN ITALY IS FREE.—The foreign correspondence of the Boston Transcript contains the following anecdote of the Emperor Napoleon:

At the close of a late *soirée musicale*, given at the Tuileries, his Majesty, engaged in conversation with the artists, asked Tamberlik when he intended to revisit Italy. "Alas, your Majesty, I fear not for some time—not until the Italian question is settled." "Then you will not have long to wait," was the Napoleonic reply. "But tell me," he continued, "in what condition have you found the opera in Milan?" "Excellent, as far as enthusiasm is concerned, execrable with regard to talent," said Tamberlik. "When Italy is free, her talents will illumine the world," exclaimed Napoleon, with unusual energy, which called forth applause from the delighted artists.

MASON and THOMAS give the last of their Classical Soirées in New York, at Chickering's saloon, this evening. BERGMANN, MOSENTHAL and MATSKA are the other members of the string quartet. The programme contains a Quintet by Haydn; Sonata, in F minor, op. 57, by Beethoven; *Reverie et Caprice*, by Berlioz; and a posthumous Quartet, in A minor, op. 132, by Beethoven. . . . The Philadelphians are getting up a complimentary concert to Mr. CARL SENTZ, the leader of their Germania orchestra, who is about to visit Europe. . . . Mme. GAZZANIGA was, by last accounts, giving concerts in Richmond and in Petersburg, Va. Sig. TAMARO (tenor) and Mr. SANDERSON, an American pianist, accompany her. . . . Mr. GEO. WM. WARREN, the lively, public-spirited and popular organist and teacher in Albany, is about to remove to Brooklyn, having been called to take charge of the music in the Church of the Holy Trinity, with a large salary and liberal appointments. His loss will be sorely felt; for he was a stirrer up of musical enthusiasm in others.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MAY 8.—The competition between the rival opera companies has been satisfactory to the opera going public if to no one else, for it has necessitated the production of new operas at both houses. At the Winter Garden *La Juive* has proved an artistic rather than an operatic success. It has been played only four times, and has brought laurels for FABBRI and STIGELLI. The other singers were second and third rate. WEINLICH, the basso, was enough to give one the tooth-ache, and QUINTO tried hard to be agreeable, but was only partially successful. The opera was splendidly put upon the stage, and certainly deserved a greater success. It will be succeeded by Verdi's *Nabuco*, in which Fabbri is said to be remarkably effective.

At the Academy of Music, Strakosch has produced

Mosè in Egitto, and certainly Rossini's great opera is brought out in a very creditable style. It contains few long solos and no show pieces for the voice, but is replete with noble choruses. The edition published for, and used by the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, is entirely different from the work as placed on the stage. The opening chorus of the Boston edition only occurs in the second act of the opera, and the music is otherwise so transplanted and misplaced as to render this Boston copy a nuisance rather than an assistance at the operatic performance.

Miss PATTI was the prima donna, and while the music of her rôle presents little opportunity for vocal display, especially of the kind for which she is noted, there was yet enough chance to do herself credit. In the great air of the fourth act she was admirable, and her voice in concerted pieces was heard above the others, clear and distinct. This shows that little Patti's voice is gaining in power.

She looked charmingly on the stage, as Anaïde. Her costume was quaint and curious. Around her head was a huge white turban, through the folds of which strayed her coal black curls. At first sight this huge head-dress appeared cumbersome and awkward, but after the eye was accustomed to it, the effect was as graceful as it was singular. This little Patti is a wonderful singer, and is going to make a great artist.

BRIGNOLI sang only so—so, and FERRI was rather poor than otherwise. SUSINI made a magnificent Moses, and sang just as superbly. He is a real treasure for an opera company. About three weeks ago he came within an inch of leaving the Academy, and joining the Maretzek forces at the Winter Garden.

At both houses the opera season will close in about two weeks. It is already too warm to attend, and close plush velvet seats are mere instruments of torture.

Patti will give a concert at Brooklyn during the week. The talk about her going to Europe is hushed up.

BEAUCARDE and ALBERTINI left for Europe last Saturday, after an unappreciated visit to this country. They were both really admirable artists.

TROVATORE.

ST. LOUIS, MAY 4.—Decidedly the most successful concert ever held in this city, was given on Thursday evening last, at the Library Hall, by the choir of Trinity Church, assisted by the best amateur talent which our city affords. The object was to raise funds for the purchase of an organ for their new church, now in process of erection. When I say, that a week before the performance, more than two thousand tickets had been sold, at one dollar each, and that on the evening our immense hall was literally packed full, many going away unable to obtain even a standing place, you may form some idea of the interest felt in the performance. The programme was excellent, and with a few exceptions, was rendered admirably.

1. Overture.—Zampa. Full Orchestra
2. Bass Solo.—"Il Flauto Magico," . . . Mr. E. C. Catherwood
3. Trio.—Ave Maria, (B. Owen). Miss Anderson, Mrs. Barnett and Mr. Keller.
4. Soprano Solo.—"Qui La Voce," Puritani. Miss Annie Dean
5. Violin Solo.—Airs from "Lombardi" . . . Mr. J. Anderson, (pupil of Mr. A. Waldauer.)
6. Alto Solo.—"O Salutaris," Cherubini. . . . Mrs. Barnett (with Quintet Accompaniment.)
7. Sextet.—from "Lucia," (with Orchestral Accompaniment) Miss Anderson, Miss Cutter, Messrs. Crowell, Erskine, Drake and Catherwood.
8. Overture.—Masaniello. Full Orchestra
9. Duet.—For Voice and Flute; Aria, from "Preciosa." Miss Dean and Mr. Dabney Carr.
10. Soprano Solo.—"Robert, toi que j'aime," . . . Miss Anderson
11. Quartet.—Rigoletto, "Bella Figlia," . . . Miss Dean, Mrs. Barnett, Messrs. Crowell and Catherwood.
12. Grand Duo.—Flute and Piano, Boehm. Messrs. Carr and Balmer.
13. Baritone Solo.—"As I view now these scenes," Sonnambula. Mr. Drake
14. Grand Scene.—from Trovatore, "Miserere," . . . With Organ and full Orchestral Accompaniment.

Mr. A. WALDAUER, the accomplished conductor of the orchestra at the St. Louis Theatre,—one of the finest musicians in the country, not only leading his forces, but composing and arranging all of his music,—with most of the members of his orchestra and other non-professional performers, made an excellent orchestra, and played the overtures to *Masaniello* and *Zampa* in a creditable style. Considering the limited number of rehearsals, and the fact that most of the performers never played in an orchestra before, the rendering was admirable, and merited the hearty applause and encore which they elicited.

We would suggest to them the propriety of meeting again and studying something finer and more calculated to be of lasting benefit to them. Our city is entirely destitute of any musical society, orchestra, quintet, or in fact anything of the kind; but, as has been proved, not from lack of the necessary talent. Mr. E. C. CATHERWOOD, who made the first bow in a "Basso Profondo" solo, from the "Magic Flute," has the most wonderful voice I have ever heard, and, if he would study and practice, would make his mark. His lowest note, which I have heard him sound frequently, is B-flat—"clear down." His organ is very powerful, clear and resonant—and for volume of tone and depth of compass can hardly be excelled, even by the great Formes himself. Mr. C. has been contemplating a trip to Europe to study; but we begin to doubt whether his well conceived intention will ever be carried out. It is a pity that one with such natural advantages should hide his light under a half bushel.

The various solos, by Miss DEAN, Miss ANDERSON and Mrs. BARNETT, were very finely given, astonishing as well as delighting many of their listeners who were not aware what amateur talent we had.

Miss Dean has fine execution and a very clear voice, much more powerful than that of Miss Anderson, whose organ, though sweeter and better adapted for a parlor, does not produce so much effect in a larger room.

Of course, as amateurs in their first appearance, they were thoroughly frightened and in their first piece hardly did themselves justice; but on a re-appearance, having recovered from their nervousness, they gave ample satisfaction.

Mr. DABNEY CARR certainly excels on the flute, which instrument he has practised for years, until he has attained remarkable proficiency, blowing a clear tone, in which no respirations are heard. We deem him fully the equal of Kyle or Eben of New York. We would remark that Mr. BALMER introduced a shake and a half too much in a fortissimo passage in his accompaniment, which somewhat marred the beauty of that charming passage. Where all was good it is perhaps invidious to notice a few, where we have not space for all; but those named particularly distinguished themselves and received showers of bouquets, which were not "bought for the occasion." The sextet from *Lucia*, with the quartet from *Rigoletto*, did not go well—timidity changing the key in some instances—which only the loudest blast from flutes and clarinets could restore. The performers have great reason to congratulate themselves on their success, and if, as we have heard intimated, the concert is repeated, the same ovation will probably await them. PRESTO.

Musical Intelligence.

WORCESTER, MASS.—There is a rich feast of classical music in store on Friday evening. Mr. B. D. Allen offers the public a rare opportunity of hearing music from the greatest composers. Selecting our best resident vocalists and instrumentalists, he has for the past few months been earnestly working for this occasion; rehearsing the forty-second psalm—"As the Hart pants," by Mendelssohn, with orchestral accompaniments. Its solos will be given by our best singers, and the orchestra is a good one. In the

programme will be found trios by Beethoven and Mozart, to be rendered by our excellent "Beethoven Trio Club," with other selections. The proceeds are to be added to the "High School Piano Fund."

—*Palladium*, 9th.

The concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, on their return from their Southern tour, filled Brinley Hall with an appreciative audience—such a one as the Club will in future command whenever they will honor our city with a visit. The programme was good—for a popular one, and its best features so well worthy of remark, as to compensate for the solos, variations, &c., which although not to our taste, were enthusiastically received by the majority of the audience. The *Tell* overture, always good, was played with telling brilliancy and power. The Andante from the Fifth Symphony, (repeated by request,) was even better performed than at the previous concert. Familiar as it is, it is impossible to hear it too often. It was received—how gladly we write it! with silence that seemed almost breathless. It is said that Beethoven is not appreciated by "the many." True: but "the few" is getting to be a larger circle than it has been; and when we see hundreds hanging upon each note of the great master's music, we take heart for the future, and wish good and great music were oftener to be heard. The adagio from the 2d Quintet of Mendelssohn was new to us, but for a first hearing we found it rich in musical thought and expression. The crescendo passage was exceedingly fine, and that delicate pianissimo ending of the quintet so softly shaded that in truth we might say of the last note that

"Nothing breathed 'twixt it and silence."

Mrs. Long sang an air from *I Lombardi*—better than some of the best prima donnas have sung it, a couple of English ballads, and best of all, Cherubini's Ave Maria. The greater the music the better we like the singer—equal to the highest in her art as she almost invariably is.

We would say a good word for our "National Band." There is no occasion to speak of the need of a band in a city as large as Worcester, but we would pronounce this, since its recent organization, a musical association of unusual merit. We have little liking for "brass music," but the fashion, we trust, will change like all fashions, and the good old days of a mingling of reed with brass instruments return. Of the orchestra it is a pleasure to speak. Numbering fifteen or twenty members of acknowledged musical taste and skill, with the patronage it merits it might soon become an honor to Worcester.—*Ibid.*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The work on the Brooklyn Academy of Music is advancing rapidly. The walls at both ends, and the rear walls, are up to the third story, and the front wall is up to the second story. The front is to be constructed with the best kind of pressed brick, with stone trimmings, and the work throughout is expected to be completed by the 1st of December next.—*Musical World*.

THE PHILADELPHIA HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—The annual re-union at the close of the season's performances of this Society took place on the evening of May 1. The *Evening Bulletin* appends to a report of the proceedings the following remarks:

The true mission of such associations is second in importance only to that of christianizing the heathen. It is their fortunate privilege to socialize, humanize and genialize the masses at large; to oppose the influences of a soothing art to the grosser passions and vicious tendencies of depraved nature. Moreover, the gradual improvement of such a society's performances affords to the people at large constant opportunities of hearing the works of the best masters, executed with a proper development of the nice points, intellectual subtleties, and refining tendencies of these. Out of this grows a pure taste, slowly but surely—a gradual progression of musical intelligence, which brings forth individual talent into bold relief in many instances, and leads many a soul to yearn involuntarily for the pleasurable delights of music.

The influence of such societies as these may be classed as *positive and relative*; in the former sense, so far as they exert a direct and happy influence upon those for whose entertainment and edification they are designed; and *relatively*, as they tend to the improvement of the members themselves. As years progress, cases of individual talent will surely loom up from the sphere of these associations, and command the admiration of all music lovers. Cases of this kind will attest the *relative* influences of our *Handel and Haydn* and *Harmonias*. The Vanderbilt, which sails next Saturday from New York, is to take out Mr. J. Remington Fairlamb, of this city, who goes to improve a musical education, happily com-

menced in our midst. He has already given evidence of much taste and imagination in composition. We mention this, because the talented gentleman in question has been identified with our home societies, with the quondam *Musical Union*, and latterly with divers other organizations. Who can doubt that the impetus to his musical enthusiasm is, in large degree, ascribable to the beneficial operations of the various musical societies, with which he has been identified. Let the Handel and Haydn continue its energetic career! It cannot fail to secure the hearty coöperation of the intelligent and refined citizens at all times.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The following notice of a Mendelssohn Concert is too rich to be lost to our readers, who shall have it *verbatim et literatim*:

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club gave one of their agreeable and classic "Chamber Concerts" last night to a highly pleased auditory. The programme was a good one. It contained some of the most select gems from the musical bouquet, and displayed a variety of talent as charming as one could well wish. In the several harmonies and accords, the symmetrical effect of sound was sustained to a high degree of art, whilst the individual voices of one or two of the corps rose to a clear melody above every chorus and combination. Mrs. Long, for example, is a very sweet singer, and will not fail to please every ear, especially so in that pretty little ballad the "Sky Lark." The rest of the company paid full duty to the spirit of Orpheus, and the evening passed off very pleasingly indeed. To-night they give a second concert. It will be equal to the first and worthy a musical assembly. The series of pieces are well chosen, and the performance of last evening gives an assurance of an equally good one on this.

NEW ORLEANS.—The *Courier* speaks not so favorably as some of the papers of the Amphitheatre Opera Company, and says of Parodi as *Amina*:

Parodi surpasses all those whom we have heard, with the exception of Sontag. She not only sang the part with that soul-stirring effect so peculiar to the vocalism of the Italian cantatrice—the irresistible effect of *il cantar che nel anima si suole*—but there is a buoyancy and warmth in her intonation which captivates the hearer and disarms criticism.

Parodi is the only artiste of the troupe who claims the serious attention of the critic. The axiom, *nil nisi bonum*, is one which it is ever pleasing to observe, but when coupled with its complement, *atque verum*, we confess that we but reluctantly conform ourself to its requirements. Hence it is that we must be content with having given our attention wholly to Parodi, of whom we can say both what is good and what is true; but, as regards the other members of the troupe, save perhaps the baritone, Gnone, there is much good which we would be disposed to say, but much more truth which we would wish to conceal. We have said, and we again repeat, that as these artistes are but transiently with us, and as they are but strangers in the community, they are entitled to our highest deference, and it is in this view that we are disposed to shield them from the barbed shafts of a serious criticism. We cannot, in good conscience, bestow upon them the euphuistic praise to which certain so-called critics have recourse. We have a higher appreciation of the aims of criticism; and whilst we will ever be prompt to resist the morbid taste for scurrility and abuse, so prevalent with the *quondams* of criticism, we will not allow ourself to be led away by the allurements of inordinate praise.

HAVANA.—Letters from Havana announce that the Tacon Theatre has been taken by Signor Volpini, with an Italian Opera Company. He engaged the sisters Fanny and Agnes Natali, and Signor Rocco and Testa, the latter an Italian tenor. Florenza, the baritone, was also of the company, and Signor Volpini and his wife are also singers. The season began with great brilliancy, on the 16th of April, with *La Figlia*, in which Fanny and Testa had a great success. On the 19th, Agnes appeared as *Norma*, with Fanny as *Adelgisa*, and the sensation created was immense. The Havanese declare that they have had no *Norma* equal to Agnes since Steffanone. Their enthusiasm surpassed anything ever seen in the States. The opera was repeated on the 22d, and again on the 23d, with similar success.

On the 22d of April, Miss Fanny Natali was married to Signor Enrico Testa, the tenor. The marriage took place in church and with much ceremony. Signor Renaldi gave away the bride, acting as proxy for her father.

On St. Agnes' Day, many valuable presents were sent to Agnes Natali, who has become a great favorite with the Havana public.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Bridegroom. J. Blockley. 25

Poetry from Tennyson's "Idyls of the king" The music written to this and other passages from Tennyson's last poem, has been much admired in England.

Possenti numi. (Jehovah guide us). Air for Bass. "Magic Flute." 25

Celebrated air of the high priest, with men's chorus, ad libitum. It has been sung frequently here, first by Formes, then by Junca, and now is or ought to be on the repertoire of all the "bassi profondi" This Air must not be confounded with the other Song of Sarastro: "Qui sdegno, or, Who treads the path," which has less of the sacred character and no chorus.

Popping the question. Song. L. W. Wheeler. 25

Alonzo the brave. New medley song. S. Cowell. 60

I will and I won't. T. Farrant. 25

The Tea-tax. B. W. Wow. 25

Four comic songs, some new, some revivals of old favorites, all sure to please, and none difficult to sing.

Sardinian National Hymn. Song and Chorus.

A stirring song, which in the course of recent events has figured largely. It is now the Italian Marseillaise, and all musical people should know it.

Winnie Bell. Song and Chorus. Franz Nava. 25

Faithless Rosa. Ballad. " " 25

Two Minstrel songs, of English origin, destined to become popular.

Instrumental Music.

Como Polka. J. G. Callcott. 35

Vasa Polka. C. A. Ingraham. 25

Talisman Polka. S. T. Shaw. 25

Nothing more Polka. J. von Joel. 25

Fancy Polka. R. B. Taylor. 25

Le Congé. Polka brillante. O. J. Shaw. 50

The Archers Polka. D'Albert. 25

A string of pretty Polkas, from which every one can suit himself.

Auld lang Syne. Transcr. Brinley Richards. 35

Blue Bells of Scotland. " " " 35

Tasteful transcriptions, novel in form and rich in effect.

A te o cara. For Cornet with Piano accompani. 35

The first of a series of arrangements for this instrument, which has of late found so much favor with amateurs. They are designed for the drawing-room, moderately long, easy and melodious, and will meet a long-felt want.

Books.

THE CONSTELLATION. A collection of Anthems, Choruses and Sacred Quartets, Selected mostly from the works of the Great Masters, and adapted to the wants of Conventions, Choral Societies and Social Practice. 75

So fully does the title of this work represent its contents that nothing need be added to convey an idea of its merits. It is a most capital collection, and one that is so much needed by those for whom it is designed, that it will be heartily welcomed, and at once become an established favorite in their musical libraries.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 424.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 8.

Richard Wagner in Paris.

(Translated from French and German papers for this Journal.)

III. WAGNER'S ANSWER TO THE CRITICISM OF BERLIOZ.*

MY DEAR BERLIOZ,—When fate brought us together five years ago in London, I flattered myself on having so far the advantage over you, that I could fully understand and appreciate your works, whereas you on your part could form but an imperfect idea of mine, since you did not know the German language, to which my dramatic creations stand in so intimate a relation.

To-day I see myself compelled to renounce this modest advantage. For eleven years I have had no opportunity of enjoying the interpretation of my own works; and I have had quite long enough the satisfaction of being the only German, who has not yet heard a performance of the *Lohengrin*.

No ambitious plans, no hope of pecuniary gain have induced me to entreat a hospitable reception for my works in France. I have been actuated solely by the wish of seeing my musical dramas brought out here with a French text; and if the public had the friendliness to lend its sympathy to one, who has to take so much pains only to bring his own works for once to a hearing, I should surely also have on my part, my dear Berlioz, the satisfaction of being understood by you.

The article in the *Journal des Débats*, which you have had the kindness to devote to my concerts, contains not only very flattering things for me, for which I render you my thanks: it gives me also the opportunity, which I embrace with eagerness, of laying before you some summary explanations about what you call "Music of the Future," with which you have felt called upon to entertain your readers in so serious a manner.

You think then that this name really represents a school, of which I am the head? That I, one fine day, proposed to myself to lay down certain principles, certain theses, which you divide into two categories: of which the first, accepted unconditionally by you, includes truths that have long been recognized by everybody; of which the second, which meets your disapproval, consists of a mere string of absurdities?—To tax me with the ridiculous vanity of undertaking to give out old principles for new, or with the foolish presumption of setting up as irrefragable principles things which in all languages are called absurdities, is at the same time to mistake my character and to insult the small mite of intelligence which Heaven has allotted to my share. Your explanations in this regard, allow me to say it, have seemed to me not altogether clear; and since I perfectly well know your friendly sympathy, you certainly will deem it desirable that I should extricate you from your doubt, (with all respect) your error.

*We have to take it from the German version in the *Leipzig Neue Zeitschrift*. It appeared originally in *La Presse Théâtrale*, Feb. 26.

Learn, then, my dear Berlioz, it is not I, but much rather Professor Bischoff, of Cologne, who is the inventor of the "Music of the Future." The occasion for the origin of this empty expression was afforded by the publication of one of my works under the title: *Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft*, about ten years ago. This book springs from a time when serious events had for a considerable time forbidden me the exercise of my art: when my mind, strengthened by experience, gathered itself up in the deeper study of the Art problems, whose solution had at all times been my aim.

But I was led to writing in the following manner: In the year 1848 I was confounded by the incredible want of appreciation which the Revolution brought to light for Art, which, had the social reform succeeded, would have been ended at a blow. When I searched into the causes of this under-valuation, I found, to my great astonishment, they were almost the same which lead you, my dear Berlioz, to let no opportunity slip by, without giving loose reins to your ironical humor in the domain of public Art arrangements; and I shared without more ado your own conviction, that it is the institutions of this art, the Theatre in general and the Opera in particular, which in their relation to the public depend upon influences, which run directly counter to all pure, true Art. There Art in fact is only a pretext, under which, with all due maintenance of outward decency, one may profitably flatter the most frivolous lusts of a metropolitan public.

I went further. I asked myself, what would have to be the conditions, under which Art might inspire the public with an irresistible esteem; and, not to venture out too far in the investigation of this problem, I took my point of departure in ancient Greece. There above all I met the work of Art *par excellence*, the Drama, in which the idea, be it ever so exalted, ever so low, can express itself with the greatest clearness, in the most comprehensive and most spirited manner. No wonder we in our day are astonished, how thirty thousand Greeks could follow with an abiding interest the tragedies of Æschylus; but when we seek for the means, whereby we might attain to similar results, we find that it lies in the union of all co-operating arts to one common end, namely, the creation of the complete and only true Art work. That led me on to study the single branches of Art in their relations to one another, and after I had found in this way the relation that subsists between Sculpture and the Mimic Art, I sought for that between Music and Poetry: out of this investigation there suddenly broke forth rays, which totally dispelled the darkness that had hitherto disquieted me.

I perceived, that just at the point, where one of these arts comes against insuperable limits, just there with strictest certainty the efficacy of another art begins; that consequently through the union of these two arts one can express with most apprehensive clearness that which each art by itself would not have power to represent;

that on the contrary every attempt to reach by means of one of these arts what could only be executed by the two united, must necessarily lead to obscurity, and in the next place to confusion, and then to the degeneracy and corruption of each separate art.

Accordingly I sought to point out the possibility of producing a work, in which whatever of deepest and of highest the human soul can apprehend, may be brought near to the most ordinary understanding, without any need of reflection or of critical expositions—and that is what I designated by the name: *Kunstwerk der Zukunft* (Art-work of the Future).

Judge then, my dear Berlioz, what I must have felt, to find now, after a period of ten years, how—not one of the light and superficial people, one of the dealers in conceits, the word-manufacturers, the bravos of literature, no, but how an earnest man, a prominent artist, a critic of your insight and your culture, of your *noblesse*, nay more, how a *friend*, could be so strangely in error about the meaning of my ideas, as not to hesitate to label my work with that ridiculous name: "Music of the Future."

Well now, my dear Berlioz: since my book in the original, as it stands, will probably remain an unknown thing to you, please do me the friendly service to trust me on my own plain word, that it contains none of those absurdities, which have been ascribed to me, and that I have in no way spoken in it on the question of musical grammar. My thought reaches somewhat further, and since I am no theorist by profession, I had to leave it to others to treat this subject, as well as the childish question whether it is permitted or not, in matters of harmony or of melody to discover a new turn (*faire du néologisme*).

To-day, I confess to you, I am almost tempted to regret the publication of that book. And if, as I have just again experienced, the best informed and most enlightened critics can let themselves be so far carried away by the prejudices of ignorant dilettantism, as, during the performance of works thus submitted to their judgment, to insist that they perceive nothing in them but things which are not found there, while the essential and fundamental idea escapes them—how can I hope that the philosophically cultivated artist, the æsthetic thinker can be any better understood by the public, after he has not even been understood by Professor Bischoff in Cologne.

But I have already said too much on this head. I have explained to you what "Music of the Future" was. I hope that we shall soon, under perfectly equal conditions, understand each other mutually. Allow this hospitable France to afford an asylum to my musical dramas; I on my part await with the liveliest impatience the production of your "Trojan Women," with an impatience which is thrice justified; first by the inclination which I cherish toward you; then by the significance which your work will no doubt assume in the musical world of the present; and finally, still more by the peculiar weight which I attach

to it in relation to the ideas and principles which constantly have guided me.

RICHARD WAGNER.

Spohr's Letters from Paris.

(From Alexander Malibran's Louis Spohr. Sein Leben und Wirken, Frankfurt-am-Main. J. D. Sauerland's Verlag. 1860).

II.

Paris, 31st December, 1820.

A very agreeable fortnight has elapsed, since my first letter was despatched, and we have heard and seen much that is beautiful since then; but, for the present, I must content myself with writing to you only about what is more immediately connected with my art. I have now made my *début* before artists and *dilettanti*, connoisseurs and laymen, as violinist and composer—first at Herr Baudiot's, first violoncello of the Royal chapel; the next day at Kreutzer's; and then at three parties. On the first two occasions, hardly any person but artists were present: at Kreutzer's especially there were nearly all the distinguished composers and fiddlers of Paris. I gave several of my quartets and quintets, and, on the second day, my *nonetto*. The composers paid me a great many compliments on my compositions, and the fiddlers on my play. Of the latter, Viotti, both the Kreutzers, Baillot, Lafont, Habeneck, Fontaine, Guérin, and many others, whose names are not so well-known in Germany, were present; so you perceive that it was a grand occasion, and that I had to exert myself to the utmost, to do honor to my countrymen. The parts for the wind instruments in my *nonetto* were played by the five artists, of whose masterly execution of Reicha's quintets you must often have read in the accounts from Paris. I had the pleasure of hearing them play two of these quintets, but shall defer writing to you in detail about them, till I am acquainted with more of them. At the unanimous request of the artists present, we were obliged to repeat my *nonetto* the same evening; and if my fellow performers had surprised me the first time by the readiness with which they played this difficult piece of music a *prima vista*, they satisfied me far more when the piece was repeated, by entering into and rendering its spirit. The young pianist, Herz, of whom, also, you must have read in the musical chit-chat of Paris, played twice in the course of the evening—first, variations of his own on a theme from *Die Schweizerfamilie*, and then Moscheles' well known variations on the *Alexander March*. The extraordinary manual skill of this young man is astonishing; but in his case, as well as in that of all the young artists here whom I have as yet heard, technical culture seems to have preceded mental cultivation; he would otherwise have given something more sterling than these break-neck, tricky things, in a society where none but professionals were present. It is, however, a striking fact that all here, old and young, endeavor to distinguish themselves only by mechanical dexterity; and people in whom, perhaps, there are the germs of something better, devote all their powers, for whole years, to practising a single piece of music, which, as such, frequently does not possess the slightest value, in order to perform it in public; that, by such a course, the mind must be killed, and that such people can become nothing much better than musical automata, is easily conceivable. The consequence is that you seldom or never hear a serious, sterling piece of music, such as a quartet or quintet of our great masters for instance; every one rides his own hobby; there is nothing but *Airs variés*, *Rondos favoris*, *Nocturnes*, and such like trifles, while the singers give you only romances and little duets; and, however incorrect and insipid all these things are, they never miss producing their effect, provided only they are rendered smoothly and sweetly. Poor in such pretty nothings, I come second best off with my serious German music, and in such musical parties I feel, not unfrequently, like a man speaking to people who do not understand his language; for though I often hear the praise which is awarded, by some one or other of the audience, to my play, extended to the composition, I cannot be proud of it, since, immediately afterwards, the same eulogiums are bestowed upon the most trivial things. I blush at being praised by such connoisseurs. It is exactly the same in the theatres; the great mass, who set the fashion, are completely unable to distinguish the worst from the best; they hear *Le Jugement de Midas*, with the same ecstasy as *Les Deux Jounées*, or *Joseph*. One does not require to be here long, to come over to the oft-expressed opinion that the French are an unmusical people. Even the artists here think so, and frequently reply, when I speak of Germany in relation to this point: "Ay, music is loved and understood there, but not here." This explains how, in Paris, good music may be unsuccessful when connected with a bad piece, and wretched music

prove a great triumph when united to a good piece. This fact has deprived me of all the desire to write for any of the theatres here, as I formerly wished to do; for, apart from the fact that, as a young composer, I should have to begin again, since, with the exception of a few things for the violin, my compositions are little or not at all known here, and, furthermore—apart from the fact that I should have to battle my way through a thousand cabals, which, would be doubly formidable, on account of my being a foreigner, before I could get my work produced—I should, after all, though conscious of having written good music, not be certain of the result, which as I have already said, depends here almost entirely upon the book. This is evident from the criticisms in the papers on new operas, where the writer speaks for pages about the libretto, while the music is merely mentioned casually in a few words. Were it not so lucrative to write for the theatres here, it is long since any good composer would have devoted himself to the task. On account, however, of the large sum an opera, if successful, brings in a man for his lifetime, new works are produced nearly every day; poet and composer are thinking incessantly of new effects; but, meanwhile, they do not neglect to work the public, by means of the papers, for months, to provide on the evening of representation a due number of *claqueurs* in the pit, in order, by all this preparation, to secure for their work a brilliant reception, and, by frequent performances of it, to obtain, in the end, rich profits. Were only half as much to be gained by an opera in Germany, we should soon be as rich in distinguished composers for the stage as we now are in instrumental composers, and it would no longer be necessary to transplant to our stage foreign productions, frequently so unworthy the artistic education of Germans.

That, after a stay of three weeks, we have visited each of the theatres repeatedly, is a matter of course. I am doubly glad of this, since, on account of the increase of my acquaintances, my engagements for the days and evenings have so accumulated, that we should be able to dedicate very few evenings in the course of the next fortnight to the theatre. I do not write anything about the Théâtre-Français, the Odéon, and the four small theatres, because they offer nothing remarkable in a musical sense. In the first two, you hear only *Entr'actes*, and in the two others scarcely any thing but vaudevilles. That pieces of this kind (which, thanks to Apollo and the Muses, have as yet been translated to no other country) are here so exceedingly popular, that four theatres play them almost exclusively, proves most convincingly that the French are unmusical; for the sacred art cannot be abused more shamefully than in these songs, which are neither sung nor spoken, but blurted out in intervals, diametrically opposed to the melody marked down, and to the accompanying harmony. All Frenchmen of taste, though, agree in saying that these vaudevilles, formerly given at one theatre only, smother, by their extension, the feeling for true music more and more, and thus exert a highly injurious effect on artistic progress. We have visited each of these theatres once, in order to see the celebrated comic actors, Brunet, Pothier, and Perlet, but we shall not, I think, make up our minds to pay a second visit, since the enjoyment these artists cause, by their wit and inexhaustible humor, is too dearly purchased by hearing such bad music. A thing which I found very remarkable in these theatres was the skill with which the bands manage to follow the singer, who does not pay the slightest attention to the tune, or the value of the notes. But this is their greatest merit; in other respects they are but middling. We have, however, been to the Italian Theatre several times, and had many an artistic treat there. Yesterday we at last heard *Don Juan*, after it had been allowed to lie by for rather a long time. The house was crammed, as at the previous performances, hundreds being unable to find places, even half an hour before the opera began. I was inclined to think the Parisians had, at length, comprehended the classic excellence of the work, and thronged, in continually increasing crowds, to enjoy it; but I soon relinquished this opinion, on perceiving that the most magnificent pieces in the opera, the first duet, the quartet, the grand sextet, and many others, passed over without producing any effect on the audience, while only two pieces were greeted with tumultuous applause, which, however, was intended more for the singers than for the composer. These two pieces, which were asked for *da capo* on each occasion, were the duet between Don Juan and Zerlina: "Reich mir die Hand, mein Leben," and the aria of Don Juan, "Treibt der Champagner," the first, because Herr Garcia wants depth, transposed to B flat, and the latter actually a tone higher, to C. Mad. Mainville-Fodor, who, no doubt was well aware that Zerlina's pieces would please the Parisians more than anything else in the

opera; very wisely chose this part, and the result shows that she calculated correctly. What does it matter to her that the opera is cast most faultily, if she is only greeted with tumultuous applause? This, however, the connoisseur can only allow her to merit by forgetting that she plays the part of a peasant girl, and by entirely renouncing all truth of portrayal, for she decks out the simple strains of her part with a number of high-trotting ornaments, which, however magnificently she executes them, are here doubly exceptionable, firstly, because they are altogether out of place in Mozart's music, and secondly, because they do not agree with the character of her part. If we leave these out of consideration, it certainly is an unusual treat to hear this part, which, in Germany, is generally given to the third lady, sung here by the first, and one, moreover, so distinguished. Herr Garcia, as Don Juan, gave us too much of a good thing. Whenever he can, by any means, manage it, he is ready with some ornament an ell long. Such ornamentation is most out of place in the serenade, where the figured mandolin accompaniment forbids even the simplest. In spite of this, however, he runs about in the wildest fashion, and, in order to do so, has the *tempo* taken very slowly. To make up for this, however, he sings his air, "Treibt der Champagner" incomparably, and I confess I never heard it so well given. The fluent Italian language is, however, of great service to him, and instead of his breath failing him, as it generally does our German singers, his strength goes on increasing to the very end.

The other parts were, on the whole, well cast; at any rate, none were badly so; and it must be thankfully allowed that every one exerts himself to the utmost to do honor to the work. We may, too, be very well satisfied with the performance, if we only forget what we have a right to expect from such a distinguished body of artists. Thus much, however, soon becomes evident to a German, namely, that these singers, who give modern Italian music, especially Rossini's, with the greatest perfection, cannot execute Mozart's with the same degree of excellence—it is of too different a sort. The effeminate, sweet style, quite in keeping with the former, weakens too much the energetic character, which is more peculiar to *Don Juan* than to any other of Mozart's operas.

The orchestra, which the Parisians always call the first in the world, displayed, at any rate, some few weak points this evening. In the first place, the wind instruments were twice most strikingly deficient, and, secondly, the whole body was so unsteady, several times, that the conductor was obliged to have recourse to beating time. I am now still more strengthened in my conviction that a theatrical orchestra, however excellent, should not, on account of the great distance between the two ends, be conducted otherwise than by beating time, and that it is not advisable for the conductor himself to play, not even when, as Herr Grasset did, he continually marks the time by the movements of his body and by his violin. The orchestra is, however, justly celebrated for the discretion with which it accompanies the singers, and might, in this respect, serve as a model for all the other Parisian orchestras, as well as for many German ones.

The chorus, also, is admirable, and produced an especially strong and magnificent effect in the concluding allegro of the first finale. But why was this allegro, here too, as in most other places, taken with such immoderate quickness? Do conductors never reflect that they only impair instead of increasing its strength, and that the triplet-figures of the violins, which are intended to give life and movement to the broad masses, can no longer, with such frantically rapid time, be brought out distinctly and vigorously, so that all the public at last hears consists merely of skeleton-like outlines, without anything to fill them up, instead of the living whole?

When any one hears the effect of so magnificent a piece of music lessened by a false tempo, he must again feel an earnest wish that, at length, the marking of the *tempi* should be universally determined in Mälzel's or Weber's manner (or, still better, in both). It is true that the conductors would then be obliged to conform conscientiously to this plan, and not, as they do at present, unreservedly follow their own feeling.

Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 28.)

No. 82.

Wolfgang Mozart to his Sister.

Bologna, September 22nd, 1770.

I hope that our mother is well, as also yourself; and I desire for the future that you will answer my letters more regularly, for it is easier to answer than to find things to say of one's own.

The six minuets of Haydn please me more than the first twelve. We have been obliged to play them very often to the Countess, and we should like to introduce the taste for German minuets into Italy, for their minuets will soon become as long as entire symphonies. Forgive me for writing so badly; I am in haste, otherwise I am capable of doing better.

No. 83.
Mozart to his Wife.
Bologna, September 29th, 1770.

We are extremely sorry to hear such bad news of our good Martha. I pray God to strengthen her. But what is to be done? We think of her all the day long.

Wolfgang has commenced to-day the recitatives of his opera.

P. S. of Wolfgang.—I will add a few words just to fill up the letter. I pity poor Martha with all my heart, ill for so long a time and yet so patient. I trust, with God's help, she will recover her health; if not, one must not grieve too much, because God's will is always best, and God knows better than us, whether it is best for her to stay in this world or to go to the other one; let her cheer up then, but who knows but that she may suddenly see the same change for fine weather.

No. 84.
The Same to the Same.
Bologna, Oct. 6th, 1770.

We have been in town for five days; we were at the fête of St. Petronius, which is celebrated magnificently here in the immense church dedicated to this saint. A musical service is got up, in which all the musicians in Bologna take part. We ought to have left here on Tuesday for Milan; but there is something here which will detain us. It is "something," if it comes to pass, will do great honor to Wolfgang.

The father, Martini, has received the method for violin that you sent him; we are the best friends in the world. He has finished the second part of his work; I shall bring back the two parts. We go every day to see him, and have long dissertations historical-musical.

So you have had three concerts, and have not invited us! Very well. We should have appeared like phantoms, and vanished in the same style.

P. S. from Wolfgang.—Why was I not with you, to amuse myself with you! I hope Martha is better. I played the organ to-day at the Dominicans; my remembrances to all the small Theresas.* To all our friends inside the house, and out of it, my compliments. I should like to hear the symphonies of the Berehl Garden and contribute my quota of trumpet and fife. I saw and heard the grand ceremony of Saint Petronius at Bologna. It was fine, but long; they were obliged to bring trumpets from Lucca to play flourishes, but they played in an abominable manner.

*The 15th of October, St. Theresa's day.
(To be Continued.)

Musical Intelligence.

WORCESTER, MASS.—"Stella," of the *Palladium*, this week, tells us:

The Mendelssohn Choral Club, consisting of twenty-four voices, gave a concert on Friday evening, at Washburn Hall, for the purpose of assisting the High School in its purchase of a new piano. It was under the auspices of Mr. B. D. Allen, who conducted the performances with signal success. The 42d Psalm of Mendelssohn was given exceedingly well for an amateur society, with piano, harmonium and orchestral accompaniment, and lacked only the important requisite of a larger hall for so powerful a chorus. The solos were well sung—although we like not so much of the *tremolo* as obtains among many singers—and the choruses were taken with readiness. The work is dramatic in character, and has an air of oriental magnificence which we often remark in much of Mendelssohn's music, very pleasing at first, but we do not yet know how well calculated to endure. The full choruses need the help of distance between choir and auditor to bring out their entire significance. They do not carry us along with them like those of Handel, by force of grand, natural eloquence in which the art of the composer is best seen where most concealed. Instead, we find ourselves having a care lest even the singers themselves get entangled in the mazes of counterpoint and fugue. Still, we were glad to hear the work and, for it, thank Mr. Allen and his effective Choral Club. The Fifth Symphony was performed as a piano duet by Mr. Allen and Mrs. Dame, who gave it most effectively. One seldom hears such piano

performance of Beethoven. Each movement, phrase, and shade of expression, was distinct and clear. The Meditation upon the 1st Prelude of Bach, for violin, harmonium and piano, a meritorious work of no small interest, opened part third of the programme, and was followed by a Bolero by Chopin, gracefully, artistically performed; a pretty song by Möhring, with violoncello obligato, and portions of a very beautiful sonata of Mozart with string accompaniments, which concluded this concert so highly creditable to Mr. Allen and his associates.

NEW YORK.—Fry, in the *Tribune*, thus remarks on the production at the Academy of Music of "Moses in Egypt,"—which opera, by the way, was given many years ago in Italian here in Boston, by the first Havana troupe, with Mme. Ranieri, Sig. Perelli, Vita, &c.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—ROSSINI'S MOSES IN EGYPT.—The drama when it was favored by the Church presented many religious subjects, with a mythological objectivity which would now startle the spiritual sanctions of a Protestant community. The church, in this, however, was a rival of the secular drama which never died out as all the received authorities on the dark ages tell us, but flourished under the Troubadours and Minstrels in a simple child-like form. In these early church dramas, as in the ecclesiastical paintings, no immaterial character, however awful, even Omnipotence itself, was deemed beyond the sphere of representation in the flesh. But with the growth of Protestantism the religious drama was extinguished and the Oratorio took its place. It was deemed impious to offer Biblical characters on the stage, but in the concert-room in citizen's dress they could be represented. The first attempts to invade this Anglo-Protestant custom shocked the sense of the American audiences. Mehul's "Joseph" was denounced, in so far as its characters were drawn from the Scriptures. Rossini's "Moses" was at first inadmissible on the English stage, and was given as an oratorio, for which it was not designed. The plastic character of our people, however, made them by degrees accept Biblical subjects in the opera. "Moses," with certain of the mysteries left out, was played in English in several American cities beside being performed by the operatic pioneers of the United States, the French company in New Orleans. Its success in English on the stage was very halting, and it was withdrawn. After an interval of many years it has been brought forward at the Academy in the Italian language. The version differs somewhat from the original score, which opens with the scene of the darkness spread over Egypt. The plot is very simple, or rather it is no plot at all, the libretto being very feeble. The miraculous events consecrated with the efforts of the Israelites to effect their exodus, are mixed with a watery love-story, devoid of life or logic in such company, and as out of place as a declaration in a pew. If Brignoli cannot make love—as Pharaoh's son—in the middle of such difficulties, he is not to be blamed: and if Miss Patti, as a sugar-plum of a Jewess, dressed in the most heart-rending style, can only hang down her head, or raise it to emit a lot of fast notes—but cannot effect characterization, it is not her fault, as there is nothing to represent. If Pharaoh has no dramatic action, Ferri is not to be condemned. The only approximation to a character is Moses by Susini. The presence of this artist is magnificent, and his efficient declamation and singing leave nothing to be desired. The music of the whole opera is very admirable and beautiful; the composer has compensated himself for the defects of the poet. Never was the illustrious Rossini brighter or more fluent than in this work. He has exhibited the style of florid music which he perfected, for he gave new life to the style which Gluck essayed to kill—namely the ornate, or many notes to a few syllables—in contradistinction to the declamatory, which is a musical note for each syllable or thereabouts. With this basis, and with the highest gift for melody, Rossini ruled the musical world of Europe. But in those, beside the florid, there is as beautiful music of various styles, recitative, and large and grand strains, as was ever imagined. The lyrics assigned to the Prophet are without flaw. The quartet *Mi manca la voce* is of incomparable beauty in its kind; the finale of the third act is immense for its vigor. Great and various merits are found through the instrumentation. In addition to the artists mentioned, the charming Miss Patti, etc., the good success of Mme. Strakosch as Mrs. Pharaoh may be indicated. She looked the Egyptian-imperial. The orchestra is excellent—led by Mr. Muzio. There are some picturesque scenes. The miracle of the Red Sea is good except the waves, which are too much of the pointed order of damp architecture. The wave-makers should take a few lessons in salt-water. The scene of the land of

Canaan is a charming view, and might inspire equally emigrants now as then.

ESSEX, MASS.—A music teacher in this town communicates to the *Salem Observer*, the following account of an "infant musical prodigy."

Martha Story is a child of Mr. Andrew Story 2d, of Essex, and was three years of age the 16th of November last.

I am a music teacher, and have boarded in Mr. Story's family since last September. Previous to that time little Martha had never heard playing on the piano or melodeon, though she had one of the latter instruments. She could sing well at the age of one year. When I had been with her a few days, I observed her trying to play the air of "Greenville." It struck my fancy that I might teach her to play it, with both hands, in the course of two or three months; but instead of months it was only two or three days, when by my playing it over a few times with her fingers, she could play it alone. I taught her two or three tunes in the same way; and in a month she commenced to play by imitating what she heard played; and showing her on the bass she improved every day. On the 11th of January, she ran from her play to the Melodeon—stood, and blew the bellows with her foot, and played "Oh Susanna," for the first time, with both hands, as well as any one could, and at the same time looking out of the window. She can now play almost any tune she hears in the same way. She never looks on her hands while she is playing. Her time and accent are very good. She has played tunes by only hearing them two or three times, and can play on any key and get the right bass the first time.

She has quite an idea about composing;—almost every day she will play chords of four parts, (or as she calls it, "making up tunes,") and give strains that are very pleasing. She has made eight or nine tunes that are very pretty; and she could play in the dark or blindfolded.

She could play a March on the key of "C natural;" and while I was giving a lesson to her sister on the same March, in a duet in the key of "F, one flat," Martha jumped into her sister's lap, and played it with me in the same key that her sister had been playing, without making any mistake.

She can lie in my lap, with her head thrown back, and looking away from the Melodeon, play the air, while I play the bass, and change her hands several times in the tune,—that is, play one measure with the right, and the next with the left hand, and not break the time of the tune.

She has played in public three or four times to large audiences, and seemed quite indifferent to the people, looking at them all the time while she played.

A concert was given in this town on Fast-day evening, for the purpose of showing her. She played about thirteen or fourteen times, with as much willingness as an older person, almost every time blowing the bellows herself, sitting in a chair or standing. She ended the concert by playing "Good night," while the others sang.

She seems very bright in other things;—has great power of imitation, and a good memory—if we wish her to play a tune we have only to tell her the name.

Foreign Correspondence.

BERLIN, APRIL.—A flood of concerts, far worthier of notice than last winter's, has poured through the season, especially in March; but there have been almost more concert-givers than auditors, and nearly all the virtuosos from abroad have gone off disappointed, empty in purse and uncheered by applause. That was partly because so many little singing societies had been formed, and every society wanted to produce itself in public; particularly each director, like a little Pope-ling, longed to taste the pleasure of flourishing the baton, like a triumphant, at the head of a dozen picked up chorus singers, to the envy possibly of rival societies, and of serving up his own firstling composition to an "invited public." They all here want: 1, to direct; 2, to compose; 3, to teach singing; 4, to produce themselves with their achievements before the public. The poor concert-giver has perhaps had his head turned by a couple of old aunts, telling him how finely he composed or sang; and then indeed it is too tempting to taste the sweetness of publicity, so swiftly changed to bitterness, especially considering the perpetual conflict with

the proverbial capriciousness of the Berliners; for commonly after a year's time you hear nothing more of the newly baked director, or of his society, which soon falls asleep. In Berlin, it is easy enough for a child to call a new thing into life; but to keep it alive, in an age so blasé, lifeless, and characterless, is harder than to hold quicksilver in the hand.

The Royal Opera had learned two new works: *Christine von Sweden*, composed by the Hofintendant Count von Redern, a dilettante who deserves well of music; and who must be regarded with indulgence if he once more vouchsafes to the public the effusions of his leisure hours; and the comic opera, *Die Weiber von Weinsberg*, by Schmidt, Theatre-kapellmeister in Mayence. The latter work contains many proofs of talent and routine musicianship; on the other hand the melodic thoughts are seldom held and carried out, so that one is not quite allowed to enjoy them. The comic pieces are the happiest and best rounded off; the instrumentation scarcely ever lifts itself above the ordinary kapellmeister routine. On the whole, the music does not reach that of Lortzing, still less that of Dittersdorf.

In Spontini's *Vestalin* Fräulein de AHNA sang the high-priestess in the place of Johanna Wagner. The pure, correct and telling quality of her voice, particularly in the upper register, was in her favor. On the contrary in freedom of characterization, in vital warmth of expression, in classical repose of play and dramatic soul she was far behind her predecessor. In the *Prophete*, Fräulein de Ahna played Fides for the first time. The voice sounded young and fresh, and agreeable, and developed a large compass, the upper tones full and beautiful. At first she had to contend with embarrassment and uncertainty of dramatic situation. The simple, heart-felt motives sounded beautifully; but her bearing and mimic expression remained much too cold. In the duet with Bertha and in the scene in the cathedral there were single moments which rose to real artistic significance; especially where the Prophet compels the mother to kneel, the lively applause, which rose to the pitch of calling out, was fully justified.

The performance of Mozart's *Zauberflöte* could, in the principal parts, be called a success. Herr FRICKE's rendering of Sarastro, by its dignified coloring, supported that night by his peculiarly sonorous and flexible voice, won him a call before the curtain. Frau KOESTER, as the Queen of Night, was in less fortunate condition; especially by the side of the sweet and musical voice of Frau WIPPART in Pamina, the roughness of her (Koester's) voice gave the Queen only the faded splendor of her dignity. The bird-catcher, Papageno, found a capital representative in Herr KRAUSE. The Tamino of Herr KRUEGER has developed itself into much more freedom, but more uniformity of singing and of action is still to be desired. The execution of the splendid male choruses was masterly and received lively applause.

In *Die Stumme von Portici* ("Masaniello"), the part of Masaniello remains one of the best of Herr FORMES. Just this certain downright manner is suited to him and makes his rendering of the plain fisherman very natural. The slumber song, so difficult because it follows right after a longer arduous part in the fourth act, Herr FORMES sang with the most melting tenderness of his fine voice and with faultless delivery. Frau TUCZEK took all pains to do justice to the part of the Princess; but her voice (after an astonishingly long and distinguished service) leaves her now so often in the lurch, that the struggle with the intractable organ becomes painful. The great chorus *a capella*, the prayer before the outbreak of the revolution, was sung remarkably well and made as usual the liveliest impression on the public. In spite of Auber's often frightful awkwardness in instrumentation, especially in the working out of themes, &c., this opera remains unquestionably his most genial conception, and has already, through

its exciting melodies, given an impulse to three revolutions, to-wit, in Warsaw, Brussels, and Paris or Dresden.

In *Fidelio* Frau Koester exhibited again the most inspired abandon; and the freshness, indeed voluptuousness, of an organ which has been exerted for so many years was astonishing. Always victorious, it is just in this opera that it puts almost all others in the shade, since Beethoven's manner of writing for the male voices is a most unfavorable one; also the too symphonic treatment of the orchestra splits up the vocal forces too much and too seldom suffers them to tell with their full tone. Only our old veteran, Herr ZIESCHE, as Rocco, remains unshattered; on the contrary, of Herr SALOMO, as the Governor, we remark very little, with the exception of his masterly acting. The same of Herr Krüger as Florestan, who with his fine, voluptuous tenor voice holds too much back and seldom becomes animated enough to cause his hearers any real enjoyment. He would be a much more useful singer, with his otherwise so good intention, if he would every time first sing his voice into good working order before coming upon the stage; for it usually begins to acquire metal and clearness only in the third act, (and unfortunately there is none in *Fidelio*).

The performance of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" is commonly a festival for the worshippers of Shakspeare and Mendelssohn; but it has unfortunately lost much in comparison with what it was ten years ago. Not only did the two pairs of lovers play in a terribly tedious and unpleasant manner; but the scenery also was so neglected, that a multitude of awkwardnesses disturbed the eye and for the most part dissipated the illusion of the ethereal halo which both Shakspeare and the, at that time, still fresh youth of Mendelssohn, in the exuberance of fancy, lent to this lovely dream picture. The female singers employed for the fairy chorus, instead of being disguised from head to foot, presented themselves in all their solid everyday reality; instead of seeking out the thinnest voices for the soli in the chorus, the first solo especially was taken by a singer, who spelt it off with her incongruous voice, bit by bit, in the most homespun fashion. Moreover the Kapelle (orchestra), so often decimated by the economical system of our royal management, was guilty of frequent carelessness and confusion, especially in the splendid march.

The Italian opera, at the new Victoria theatre, as luxuriously built as it is already deeply in debt, closed its performances with a ragout from four different operas, with a crowded audience, after competing very successfully through the greatest part of the winter with the Royal Opera. If the new Italian singing school no more affords such full, significant voices, as the once celebrated old conservatories, still their flexibility, intonation and declamation on the one hand, and the fire they breathe into the most trivial and absurd librettos, may be commended to the imitation of German singers. Signora ARTOT and the tenor de CARRION distinguished themselves particularly; also Signor FRIZZI is a genuine Italian buffo; while one or two German make-shifts, for example, "Signora" HUEFFEL and "Signora" ENIG made an ominous contrast to the real Italians. We also heard a Frau SAEMANN de PAEZ from Venezuela, formed in the Italian school—a German beauty, by the way, born in Königsberg. She too found many admirers, (as the Germans labor under the dangerous infirmity of praising all that is foreign, if it only imposes somewhat on them; and hence a German singer is only esteemed when he has been formed—or deformed—in Paris). And so Frau Sämann excited enthusiasm in various ways, what with her brilliant neck-breaking throat facility, although in the *cantilena* she cannot sing a single measure entirely through, unmarred by some brilliant flash or other.

In the flood of concerts the most important have

been the four subscription concerts of music-director RADECKE, eked out with virtuosi from abroad; for instance, DAWIDOFF, violoncellist from Moscow, HARLWIGSON, pianist from Copenhagen, the violinists DAVID and DREYSCHOCK from the Leipzig Conservatoire. The most noteworthy was the performance of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven under Radecke's genial, sure direction,—far more successful than that monster performance of this remarkable creation some years ago in the opera house. The pianist DREYSCHOCK, from Prague, brother of the violinist, electrified by his bold as well as sure and fine playing in salon pieces. In classical works he failed sometimes by his too superficial, brilliant conception.

Prof. MARX, our greatest living theorist, has so overworked himself that he is now beginning only slowly to recover under the most careful nursing of his wife. His pupil, ZORFF, has commenced popular lectures upon musical form, which meet with lively interest; for Berlin contains a great number of passionate lovers of Symphony soirées, who until now have vainly sought an opportunity to inform themselves about the structure of the orchestral works there heard. *Jf.*

Music Abroad.

Paris.

(From Correspondence of New Orleans Picayune, April 9.)

The Italian Opera has given us "Il Crociato in Egitto," by Giacomo Meyerbeer, and as Mons. Fiorentino has related the history of the piece, you must let me translate the story for you:—In 1820 (the same year in which Rossini gave his opera "Edward and Christine") a handsome young German composer, who was popular in the best social circles of Venice, brought out there with very great success an opera composed by him in the style and form then at the height of fashion. The new score was entitled *Emma di Resburgo*, and soon went the rounds of Italy. It was applauded everywhere and the composer, all *Tedesco* as he was, carried *alle stelle*. But this unexpected triumph raised disagreeable echoes in Germany, and the object of it came very near being regarded in his native land as a traitor and a renegade. Musicians hid their faces. Newspapers clamored scandal. "What," said they, "is the composer of *Emma di Resburgo* the same Meyerbeer who was trained and nurtured in the purest scholastic doctrines, the same great Prussian pianist, who, when ten years old, was Hummel's and Clementi's rival; is it the austere disciple of Abbé Vogler who sacrifices to the sensual and frivolous school of melody, who abjures his undivided worship of fugue and counterpoint, who writes well for voices, the wretch! and becomes more Italian than Rossini!" This was the language of the jealous and the inimical; Meyerbeer's friends were thrown into a state of consternation. His comrades hung down their heads when they heard anybody speak of the author of *Emma di Resburgo* or of *Romilda e Costanza*. They pitied him, but they dared not defend him. None of them were wounded more cruelly by this unnatural defection than Charles Marie Weber. He could not get over it. He was at first full of sorrow, then he became excessively angry, then he became animated by a fierce desire of vengeance, and the better to exhibit the apostasy of his old fellow-pupil, he made the manager of the Dresden Opera House bring out again The Two Caliphs, a little comedy opera Meyerbeer composed in his nineteenth year. The Two Caliphs was written in strict accordance with every rule, but being as tedious as possible, The Two Caliphs were as powerful, so far as putting auditors to sleep was concerned, at Dresden as they had been at Vienna five or six years before. Nevertheless, the immortal author of *Der Freyschütz* and *Oberon* was in earnest; he did prefer The Two Caliphs (how passion blinds us all!) to all the operas Meyerbeer had written, *Emma di Resburgo* included. He had The Two Caliphs played, not to annoy Meyerbeer, but to allure him back within the pale of the true church. Meyerbeer was mortified to death by this resuscitation. He heard of it in the midst of his greatest successes at Milan, Turin, Rome and Naples. He would have given anything in the world to prevent the impertinent resuscitation. He was seriously angry with Weber, for having disinterred, without the least necessity, this old, thin opera which cast a shadow on

his rising glory; while Weber could not pardon Meyerbeer for having quitted his primitive dryness and stiffness for the flowers, feathers, fillets and festoons of the Italian school.

Some time afterwards the two pupils of Abbé Vogler (who had not ceased to love each other,) forgetting their dissensions and discussions, fell into each other's arms. Meyerbeer had, in the meantime, been again successful—Margherita d'Anjou had been received with the greatest favor at La Scala, and as success makes men good natured and conciliatory, they never mentioned the Two Caliphs again. The return of the prodigal son was celebrated by feasts. Weber was as kind as could be to his young friend, who, as a return for all this kindness, promised to give but one more opera in Italy, (which he was under contract to give,) after which he would resume his German career and leave it no more. This we learn from a very curious letter written by Weber at this period of time. "Last Friday," says he, "I had the great pleasure of having Meyerbeer a whole day with me; didn't your ears tingle? 'Twas really a happy day, just like those happy days we spent at Mannheim. It was late at night when we parted. Meyerbeer is going to Trieste to bring out his 'Crocio.' He will return to Berlin before a twelve month expires, where he will write, perhaps, a German opera. God grant it! I appealed and appealed to his conscience!" You can imagine Weber's scruples and supplications—the assurances and promises of Meyerbeer. He set out the next day—not for Trieste—for Venice, where "Il Crociato in Egitto" was played for the first time, the 26th December, 1826. The principal parts were played by Velluti, Lablache and Mme. Méric Lalonde. The opera was brilliantly successful, and the composer was not only called out, he was crowned on the stage. The following year "Il Crociato" was performed at the Paris Italian Opera. Pasta played the crusader's part, Donzelli the part of Montfort, Levasseur the part of Aladin, Mlle. Mombelli the part of Palmide. The other artists are not worth being mentioned. Who would have said that forty years after this had taken place Meyerbeer would experience the same annoyance, the same mortification, the same fears in consequence of the resuscitation of "Il Crociato in Egitto," he formerly felt at the disinterment of the Two Caliphs, and that the genius and reputation of this great master would rise to such a height he would be obliged to disavow for a youthful indiscretion one of the most brilliant operas which honored in its day the Italian lyrical stage?

As soon as Meyerbeer heard of this unlucky idea, he declared that if he could not legally oppose the performance of a work whose copyright had expired, however averse he might be from its performance, he would protest with might and main against the performance; that while he would not disown his work, he would declare that before it was worthy of appearing before the eyes of the public he ought at least to retouch some pieces which have faded with age; that the public now has no taste for *characteresques* poems: and lastly, that "Il Crociato in Egitto" would be in no wise successful, and that the only profit the Italian Opera would derive from it would be to give the composer serious displeasure. The managers of the Italian Opera replied that Meyerbeer's name was an honor and a fortune for a theatre, and an irresistible attraction for the public; that the Italian opera singers regretted they were unable to appear in Paris in the operas of the illustrious *maestro* translated into their tongue, while they appeared in them everywhere else; that "Robert le Diable," "Les Huguenots," "Le Prophete," were freely performed at La Scala, La Fenice, La Pergola, at San Carlo, but that in France these operas belonged to the theatre of the grand opera and were banished forever from the Italian opera; that "L'Etoile du Nord" and "Le Pardon de Ploërmel" are the exclusive property of the Opera Comique, but at the same time enrich the theatres of London and St. Petersburg; lastly, that the Italian Opera was tired of being the only theatre unable to place the radiant name of Meyerbeer on its bills, and that unless the celebrated composer entered into a contract to write a new opera for the Italian company, it would exercise its legal rights, and intended to make the performance of "Il Crociato in Egitto," as brilliant and as careful as it was possible, and to give the three female parts to three singers of the very foremost merit, such singers as Mesdames Borghi Mamo, Penco and Alboni. The disinterment of this defunct opera proved a signal failure; leave the dead in their graves—there are their places.

Pierre de Medicis brings excellent receipts to the Grand Opéra; that is, I suppose, the criterion of the success of a piece. Prince Poniatowski gave the banquet the Saturday before Passion Week to the "administration" and all the principal singers and dancers of the Opéra, and a gracious remuneration

to the choristers; so you can imagine that with them the opera is popular also. Monsieur A. Royer goes on actively, however, with his design of bringing out the *Sémiramis* of Rossini, which Méry has just finished translating into French. Putting aside the great musical outline of the composer, which, of course, will be preserved, it is in many ways thrown almost into a new form—a general re-arrangement of the text and recitatives having been found necessary for the French stage. The decorations will be gorgeous. There is some talk of Méry taking the part of Assur. On Thursday, Friday and Saturday of Passion Week all the imperial theatres were closed: the Italian Opera was the one exception, but it was to give the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini that the doors were opened. The Emperor and Empress had the same artists to perform it also in the chapel of the Tuilleries. Mesdames Alboni, Penco, Battu, and MM. Tamberlik, Badiali, Morini, and Manfredi, sang this great work. The parts that gave the most pleasure were the quartetto, "Quando corpus morietur," sung by Alboni, Mad. Penco, Tamberlik, and Badiali, and "Fac ut portem Christi," sung by Alboni. At the Opéra-Comique, the *Roman d'Elvire* is again being played, as Mlle. Monrose is better. *Galathée* is given on alternate nights. I told you last week of the probability of M. Carvalho giving up the management of the Théâtre-Lyrique. Since I wrote, all arrangements have been concluded, and M. Réty has assumed the reins of government, while M. Carvalho has gone to London with his wife. The Théâtre-Lyrique thus loses its greatest ornament in losing Mad. Carvalho.

London.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The programme of arrangements for the seventh season, commencing the 1st of May, has been issued by the Company, and a goodly list of amusements is announced. The directors appear to have brought all their former experience of the wishes of the public to bear upon the forthcoming season. On Friday, the 4th of May, there will be a festival for the inauguration of the colossal statue of Mendelssohn, in bronze, subscribed for by the friends and admirers of the composer, and sculptured by Mr. Charles Bacon. The principal feature of the festival will consist of a performance of *Elijah*, when the band and chorus will comprise nearly 3000 performers, under the direction of M. Costa. The ceremony of unveiling the statue is to take place at six o'clock, and this will be followed by a torchlight procession. The directors have completed their arrangements for a series of opera concerts, which will take place on Fridays, the 11th of May, the 1st of June, and the 15th of June. The principal artists at Her Majesty's Theatre will perform on these occasions. A morning concert, with the programme selected from the compositions of Mr. Vincent Wallace, will take place on Saturday, the 19th of May. Arrangements for other important concerts are in progress, and will be made public as the season advances. There will also be performances by the children and members of the Tonic Sol-fa Association, on Wednesday, the 16th of May; and by the Metropolitan Schools Charity Society and the Metropolitan Charity Children, early in the same month. The Saturday concerts will be resumed in the Autumn, the same as last year. The performances of the Société des Orphéonistes, a French Choral Society, will take place on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, the 25th, 26th, and 28th of June. The number of these Orphéonistes will, it is supposed, be between 3000 and 4000, and they will be conducted by M. Delaporte, the founder of the society.—*Novello's Mus. Times.*

(From the *Musical World*, April 28.)

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—*Israel in Egypt* was performed last night, for the first time this season, the principal vocalists being Miss Parepa, Miss Fanny Rowland, Madame Sinton Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, and Signor Belletti.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mlle. Piccolomini gave her second farewell performance on Saturday, when the *Traviata* was represented, and, being a subscription night, the theatre was crowded. The *Traviata* was given for the third time on Tuesday.

On Thursday, a new opera was produced, entitled *Almina*, composed by Sig. Fabio Campana, favorably known, in England, as the author of light vocal pieces for the drawing-room. Sig. Campana, too, we are informed, produced in Italy, some years ago, one or two operas, of which we know nothing. The story of *Almina* would not interest our readers if recounted in detail. Enough that the heroine loves one man and is married to another, that she is supposed to die of a broken heart, and is buried; that her lover, reported killed, returns from the wars and breaks open her tomb; that she is restored to life, and flies with her deliverer to a foreign land; that

they revisit their native country; that the husband reclaims his wife, and that the lady takes poison, and dies. There are some good dramatic situations, of which such a composer as Signor Verdi would doubtless have made good use. Signor Campana, however, is wanting in dramatic fire, which, above all other qualities, *Almina* requires. Mlle. Piccolomini was well suited in the part of Almina—being invariably earnest and passionate, and often real. The music, however, was not so suitable to her means, and her singing did not always produce its wonted effect. Signor Giuglini, as the lover, Blondello, on the other hand, sang better than ever, and carried away the vocal honors of the evening. He was encored twice, and was in finer voice than we have heard him for a long time. Signor Aldighieri sustained the part of Walter, the husband, with his customary vigor, and more than his customary judgment.

Taking applause as a criterion, the success of *Almina* was triumphant. After the first act, the principal singers were recalled, and then Signor Campana was compelled to appear, when he was not merely received with tumultuous acclamations but *fêted* with bouquets and laurel-wreaths. At the fall of the curtain, too, he was summoned to the foot-lights twice, when the demonstrations were renewed, and no doubt the composer left the theatre perfectly satisfied that his opera had achieved a great and legitimate triumph. First nights, however, are not always precedents—the *Barbiere* of Rossini to witness.

Last night *Lucrezia Borgia* was given with Mlle. Titiens as Lucrezia, Madame Borghi-Mamo as Maffeo Orsini (her first appearance in the part), Signor Mongini, Gennaro (his first appearance in the part), and Signor Sebastiano Ronconi, Duke Alfonso (his first appearance in this country).

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—*Fidelio* was repeated on Saturday, and attracted a much larger attendance than at the first performance. Madame Cisslag more than confirmed the impression she made on Thursday. The indisposition of Signor Tagliafico necessitated the omission of Pizzaro's only air. In other respects Beethoven's great masterpiece was given to perfection.

Grisi and Mario made their *reentrée* on Tuesday in *La Favorita*. Of course the theatre was crowded, the public being always desirous to hail the first appearance of these deservedly admired performers. M. Faure, too, was Alfonso XI., and lent another attraction to the performance. Grisi still maintains her place. Her upper notes may have lost some of their brilliancy, and her execution some of its fluency; but the voice still possesses the exquisite quality of old, and her style retains all its unrivalled charm. That Grisi should act still better and better, is a matter of course. In this respect, at all events, we can discover no change, unless that she has become more subtle and more finished, as indeed we were inclined to think on Tuesday evening, when she transcended her former achievements, especially in the last scene, which has never been surpassed for intensity and pathos. Mario, too, appeared to act better than ever, which *a priori* was all but an impossibility, and to sing as nobody else but he can sing, when in the vein.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The season was inaugurated on Monday. The following was the selection:—

Symphony, "The Seasons," in B minor..... Spohr.
Song, "A questi avventuri infami" (Il Seraglio), Mozart.
Concerto, violin..... Mendelssohn.
Scena (Der Freischütz)..... Weber.
Overture (Egmont)..... Beethoven.
Symphony, "Jupiter"..... Mozart.
Duet, "Se la vita" (Semiramide)..... Rossini.
Overture (Oberon)..... Weber.

Of the symphony of Spohr, we have more than once spoken at length. It is enough to say in this place, that it is not one of the most inspired works of the great master. The execution, considering the difficulties presented, was marvellous, and Professor Bennett and his orchestra covered themselves with honor.

The violin concerto, as performed by Herr Becker, was in many respects entitled to the very highest commendation. Exceptions, nevertheless, might be taken in several instances; the reading generally was not in strict keeping with the directions of the composer. Herr Becker, nevertheless, played so splendidly, that he was recalled at the end and received with enthusiasm.

The execution of Mozart's symphony and Beethoven's overture was inimitable in every way, both performances being received with tumultuous applause, and the overture to *Oberon* was a splendid finale.

Signor Belletti sang the superb song from Mozart's too much neglected opera with faultless taste. Mlle. Louise Michal, a Swedish *prima donna* of reputation

in her own country, gave the grand scena from *Der Freischütz* with great power and facility, but in too studied and artificial a manner to create any unusual effect.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The third concert was given on Wednesday, and was alike characterized by excellence and variety, as the following selection will show.

Overture, (The Isles of Fingal), Mendelssohn
Air, "Jours de mon enfance," (Pré aux Clercs), Hérold
Symphony Concertante in B flat, op. 63, two Piano-fortes and Orchestra, Dussek
Recit. "By him betrayed," M.S. Opera, J. Benedict
Air, "Thus I am doomed,"
Overture, (Lurline), Vincent Wallace
Sinfonia Eroica (No. 3), op. 55, Beethoven
Duo, "Di qual città sei tu?" (L'Etoile du Nord), Meyerbeer
Overture, (Gustave), Auber

MR. SIMS REEVES'S BENEFIT CONCERT.—Other artists may have their special merits, some excelling in sacred, some in secular, some in dramatic music, but of Mr. Reeves it may be said with truth, that in every branch of singing he is pre-eminent. In the majestic strains of Handel, the solemn recitative, the pathetic air, the vigorous declamation, he stands unapproached; while there are many airs that he has made, as it were, his own. Who, for instance, can sing, "Call forth thy powers," "Sound an alarm," "The enemy said," "Then shall the righteous," "Comfort ye my people," "Total eclipse," like Mr. Reeves? Not to multiply instances (as we might *ad libitum*), it is sufficient to say that, as an oratorio singer, Mr. Reeves is unequalled. Nor is it alone in sacred music that his great talents are conspicuous. His dramatic performances are no less admirable—the dashing brigand in *Fra Diavolo*, the ill-fated Edgardo in *Lucia*, the love-lorn Elvino in *La Sonnambula*, Florentin in *Fidelio*, Manrico in *Travatore* (wide as the poles asunder)—all differing so largely in style, and all alike excellent in conception and execution—stamp Mr. Reeves as immeasurably the first of our English operatic artists. In the concert-room, again, he is at home with all the composers—Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, alike finding an interpreter worthy of their best inspirations; and no tenor, in our recollection, has ever done such ample justice to their compositions. It is no wonder, then, that the announcement of Mr. Sims Reeves's benefit at St. James's Hall, on Monday evening, should have attracted the largest audience that has ever been seen in that building. Had the room been double the size, it would scarcely have sufficed to accommodate the numbers who sought admission, undeterred by the wretched weather, and anxious only to be present at one of the best of the many good selections with which the Monday Popular Concerts have familiarized the public. As it was, many were the disappointed applicants turned reluctantly away from the doors. Mr. Reeves chose four pieces for the display of his genius, each a perfect gem in its way, although different in style. In the touching recitative, "Deeper and deeper still," from *Jephthah*, and the lovely air which follows, "Waft her angels through the skies," our eminent tenor showed himself a perfect master of the highest style of vocal music. Beethoven's "Adelaide" has lately been frequently sung by Mr. Reeves, but never more exquisitely than on this occasion, the piano-forte accompaniment being played by Miss Arabella Goddard with that delicacy and refinement in which she is unrivalled. A perfect furor of applause followed, and Mr. Reeves had twice to return and bow his acknowledgments, wisely resisting an encore. The air from *Don Giovanni*, "Dalla sua pace," afforded Mr. Reeves an opportunity of exhibiting his appreciation of Mozart; and as a further proof of his versatility, so much humor was infused into the elegant little air of Beethoven, "The stolen kiss," that an irresistible demand for its repetition ensued. It is a very long time since Mrs. Reeves has been heard in a London concert-room, and the public, not forgetful of an old favorite, accorded her a hearty welcome. Mendelssohn's "Frühlingslied," and Spohr's duet from *Jessonda*, evinced those musician-like qualities which have always characterized Mrs. Reeves's singing. Madame Sainton-Dolby also selected a song of Mendelssohn, "Night," and was warmly applauded for her highly effective and most expressive rendering of Mr. J. W. Davison's setting of Shelley's words, "False friend, wilt thou smile or weep?" (*Cenci*).

The instrumental selection constituted a worthy companion to the vocal; Beethoven's so called "Posthumous Quartet," in F major, Op. 133, was heard for the third time at these concerts, and with increased interest, and Rossini's Quartet, in G major, No. 1, although but a bagatelle in comparison with that of the giant tone-poet, was nevertheless sufficiently interesting to warrant its introduction. The executants in each instance were Messrs. Sainton,

Goffrie, Doyle and Piatti, and both quartets were played to admiration.

One of Mozart's Sonatas in F major, for piano-forte alone, was given for the first time and when we say that this beautiful composition was performed by Miss Arabella Goddard with all her admirable taste, faultless mechanism, and incomparable expression, our readers have a guarantee that no word other than "perfect" can apply to it.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The concert on Saturday, one of unusual interest, was a "Shaksperian Selection," why given on this occasion we have not been informed. The notion and poetry of every piece, however, was referable to the works of the great poet. The performance commenced with Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the principal singers being Miss S. Wells, Miss Eyles, Mr. William Cummings, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Land, Mr. Lawler—all members of the London Glee and Madrigal Union—and a chorus under the direction of Mr. Smythson. Mendelssohn's music was followed by a miscellaneous selection, including two overtures—*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, by O. Nicolai, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, by J. Street—and comprising compositions by Sir Henry Bishop, Sir John Stevenson, Dr. Callcott, Dr. Wilson, and Stevens. The single encore of the concert was awarded to Stevens' glee, "Blow thou wintry wind," sung by Miss Wells, Miss Eyles, Mr. W. Cummings, and Mr. Lawler. The concert-room was crowded, and nearly four thousand persons were assembled in the building.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 19, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Cantata of the *May Queen*, by STERNDALE BENNETT, continued.

Wagner and his Critics.

The literary passage-at-arms between RICHARD WAGNER and BERLIOZ, which has sprung from the concerts recently given by the former in Paris, is curious, if nothing more. Berlioz, with Liszt, have been commonly regarded and quoted as the two who make up with Wagner the glorious trinity of founders and of rulers in the new world called the "Music of the Future." These were Wagner's two main stays: Liszt, his chivalrous exponent and defender; Berlioz, by instinctive sympathy of purpose and direction, working somewhat from the same principles and by the same means, but from his own original suggestion, naturally converging toward him. Exiled from Germany in '48; not permitted to bring out in person or to hear his own works, which have a certain currency in the chief German cities, scouted of course by English prejudice against everything that is new, excluded until now from France, Wagner at last is called to Paris and has an opportunity to give a taste of his productions (in a fragmentary manner) to the critical and dilettante world there, wielding the conductor's baton in his own person. Of course the feuilletons are full of it the morning after the first concert. There are all manner of critical opinions and expressions; there are plenty of ignorant admirers, who are not critics, and praise for the only reason that they like a thing; there are not a few too of admiring critics, who give him credit for genius, for originality, but find much fault, both with the music and with the theoretic principles on which he is presumed to have composed it.

But of all the men to whom Wagner must have looked with full assurance not only of a generous welcome, but even of an earnest advocacy, as to a brother hero and apostle in a common cause, Berlioz, the new school composer and

the critic, the wielder, like himself, of mighty orchestras and of the pen, was certainly the man. What then must have been his surprise, the morning after the concert, at reading in the *Journal des Debats* the singularly diplomatic criticism which we have translated in last week's paper! He is flattered, to be sure, by what is said in detail of several of his compositions; but when it comes to principles, to theoretic dogmas, to the central ideas of the whole Art-gospel of their common apostleship, for which they have labored and suffered, battling with the prejudices of a world bed-ridden by "the classics," when it comes to the essence of the whole matter, presto! our Frenchman has doffed the friend and donned the diplomat; deals cautiously as with a foreign power; "does not quite understand;" "if it means so and so, pleads off, rejects it utterly, "lifts up his hands and swears: *Non credo!*"

Here then the "Future" has become already a kingdom divided against itself. Its chiefs and founders quarrel. One of the Three, in his public capacity of critic, declines to commit himself. Two alone are left: Wagner is great, and Franz Liszt is his prophet.

One who has heard any of the instrumental music of Berlioz cannot but note the curious fact, that in his criticism he takes Wagner to task for the very same uncouth peculiarities which abound in his own works. The "weariness" and consequent avoidance (perhaps native lack) "of melody"; the "satiety with consonant harmonies, with simple, prepared, resolved dissonances, with natural modulations"; the "ascending and descending minor sevenths, winding in and out like a knot of hissing serpents;" "middle parts forced together without harmonic or rhythmical agreement;" "modulations that make one shudder," and so on;—are we not kept on the rack by these sort of extravagances, these bold arts of effect, as much while listening to Berlioz, as while listening to Wagner? Our knowledge of them both, we own, is limited: but is not this the general impression justified by what little of the symphonic music of Berlioz has found its way into the concert rooms on this side of the ocean? The difference seems to be that Wagner is a man of genius, and Berlioz but a man of talent. Wagner has ideas, creative power, and Berlioz is but an ambitious setter forth of barren inspirations with an imposing breadth and pomp of instrumental combinations. In the one we see something like growth from within, which is characteristic of the works of all men of genius, all creative artists, old or new, classic or reformers, in the other it is a building and clothing upon from without. And yet while Wagner seems to have creative genius as compared to Berlioz, he is far, very far from having made good his claim in that respect to a place upon the same level with the great tone-poets, the Mozarts, Beethovens, &c.

But Berlioz no doubt is honest in his criticism of Wagner. It is a criticism from his own proper stand-point. Berlioz is above all the technical musician; he is great chiefly in that character. Wagner is less so; he is a man of ideas, an artist. Berlioz criticizes him grammatically, and Wagner is willing to leave the question of musical grammar to others; his work, as he conceives it, is to build up, to explain by word and example the "Art-work of the Future," in which Music shall be but one co-operative factor with

the other arts in realizing a more rich and universal Art. It must have been mortifying, with these high views, to have his "dear Berlioz" meet and judge him as a mere musician. To be regarded as a *musician*, must, to one of these great prophets of the "Future," seem almost as insulting, as to be called a *musikant*, or common fiddler.

After all it strikes us that the only real question was as to the musical and artistic worth, the beauty, the inspiration, the power, the significance of Wagner's music. All that Berlioz says, as to wherein he agrees and wherein he differs with the "Zukunft's" creed, or theory, is gratuitous. Probably Wagner himself would condemn all that Berlioz condemns, in the form that the latter supposes the ideas presented. And probably what is most vital to the thought of Wagner, and of all his critics, is that in which all true artists have agreed and ever must agree. The great question that we have about a composer relates not to his theory, but to his practice, to the reality and quality of his genius, to the beauty and inspiring influence of his works. We care not whether he be old school or new school; whether he follow in the beaten paths, or strike out new paths. If he have genius, if he have poetry and music in him, he will show it, whether he keep in old forms, or feel forth after new ones. The more of genius a composer has, the less will he trouble himself about forms theoretically. His genius may find the best scope, and the most convenient channels in the so-called classical and strict forms, or it may best express itself in freer modes; in either case we feel the genius, the soul that animates and moulds the form, and either form becomes poetic, beautiful, instinct with life. It is not in the power of any Berlioz, Liszt or Wagner—or even of our friend Fry—to differ more widely from "classical old-fogyism" generally, than Chopin's lovely inspirations differ from the Sonatas of Beethoven or the Fugues of Bach: and yet Chopin is a welcome presence in all feasts, of music that are most classical and choice.

Musical Chit-Chat.

FERDINAND HILLER's new oratorio "Saul," is to be performed this evening, for the first time in this country, by the New York Liederkranz, conducted by Herr Paur, in the Academy of Music; the principal solos by Mme. Zimmermann, Stigelli, and others. . . . The Ullman-Strakosch troupe were to perform "Moses in Egypt," oratorio-wise, in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, on Thursday evening. . . . GAZZANIGA has returned from her wanderings and come back to the Academy, where she has sung this week in *La Traviata* and in *Don Giovanni*. Major SUSINI was to appear as the Duke in *Lucrezia Borgia* last evening, and also sing "the song of the Zouave after the battle of Solferino," one of Sig. Muzio's patriotic effusions. This afternoon "the season definitely closes" with a "grand matinée." . . . Maretzek's company, who were announced as to be in Philadelphia this week, are still at the Winter Garden, where Verdi's *Nebuchadnezzar* has succeeded to *La Juive*, with Mme. FABBRI, and a new basso, Sig. MIRANDOLA.

In Philadelphia there is eager expectation of MARETZKE, with his FABBRI, FREZZOLINI, STIGELLI and the rest. Is ULLMAN coming here, we wonder? Why can not our new-named Boston Academy give us the two companies in turn? Or is it necessary to the very existence of two Operas, that they should stay in the same place and fight each other? . . . The

Philadelphians have given a grand complimentary concert to Mr. CARL SENZ, who is soon to suspend his Germania Afternoon Rehearsals and make a visit to Europe. CARL HORNSTOCK, the excellent violinist, is also turning his face the same way, and is to have a farewell concert.

Mr. S. A. BANCROFT, the organist at Dr. Kirk's church, and Mr. B. J. LANG, our accomplished young pianist, sailed in the Canada, on Wednesday, with the pleasant prospect of a five months' tour in Europe before them. They will spend a month in London, now in the height of the musical season, and will divide the remaining months between Germany, France and Switzerland. May they hear plenty of fine music, and return refreshed in body and in mind; for who needs such refreshment more than a hard-working teacher of music, and who can be musician in this country without being teacher?

Messrs SIMMONS & WILLCOX, of this city, have just finished another admirable organ, destined for the Church of St. Ignatius (Catholic) in Baltimore. It has three manuals, including a Swell down to the 8-feet C, and a Pedal organ; and has upwards of thirty stops. The case is of pure Corinthian design, to correspond with the interior of the church. For an organ of its size, its power and volume are remarkable; the full organ, with the mixtures, &c., is rich and well balanced, the diapasons round and satisfying, the imitative stops beautifully characteristic, the swell quite perfect in its operation. Opposite to this instrument in the Manufactory, as we saw it, stands another large organ, which is nearly finished, for St. Paul's Church, in Louisville, Ky., where Mr. E. W. GUNTER is the organist.

"Juvenile Operas, Cantatas," &c., seem to be more and more the fashion over the country. Such things are easily produced, and easily performed, and if they happen to have a little cleverness, are sometimes good speculations for the "professors" who compose them. The Manchester, N. H. *Mirror* speaks enthusiastically of a new one, called the "Fairy Grotto," lately written and brought out by Mr. STRATTON, of that city.

The great event next coming in New York will be the reception of the Japanese Embassy, who are to be can-onnized, paraded round, palavered, feasted, danced to, sung and played to, and bored, bewildered, dazzled by all sorts of entertainment which may serve to show that this is the greatest nation on God's earth. Why not among other things give them a grand sample of the "Music of the Future"? Where are Fry, and others who compose symphonies at an hour's warning? There is our good old friend, Father Heinrich, whose brain always teems and whose heart always swells with patriotic inspirations, world-wide and generous, who has already set the glorious theme to music: He has composed, we understand, a symphony in honor of the occasion. Why are not the Committee stirring? Here is the title:

Grand Symphony in Three Parts.
For full Orchestra.
AMERICA'S WELCOME TO ASIA.
Presented through the Most Honorable Japanese Embassy,
to the
KINT-SIUSAMA,
OR
Celestial Lord of Japan.
PART I.
Grand Historic Overture.
Opening of the Sealed Gates
To American Commerce.
Exultation of the two Worlds, expressed by a
Grand Heroic March.
PART II.
The children of Sensio—Dai—Sin
embark on
The Ocean of Peace
for a voyage to the
Land of Washington.

PART III.
Rejoicing of Columbia.
Composed by
Anthony Philip Heinrich.

We read in German papers of two musical festivals to be held this summer on the Rhine. The first will be at Pfingst (Whitsuntide), first of June, at Dusseldorf, under the direction of Ferdinand Hiller. The programme for the first day (Sunday) will be: Handel's "Samson" oratorio, and Schumann's symphony in B flat major; second day (Monday): Overture to the *Wasserträger*, by Cherubini, *Ver Sacrum*, by Hiller; seventh symphony by Beethoven. Third day: Artist's Concert, with the co-operation of Frau Bürde-Ney, Frä. Franziska Schreck, and Herren Schnorr, Stockhausen and Joachim.—The other is the fourth Middle Rhine Festival, to be held at Mayence on the 22d and 23d of July. "Israel in Egypt" (Handel), the *Walpurgisnacht* (Mendelssohn), choruses from Gluck's *Alceste*, and two choruses from Mozart and Palestrina will be performed.

W. H. FRY says, in the *Tribune*, of *La Juive*:

"*La Juive*" is one of the operas produced in Paris between 1830 and 1840, which inaugurated a new school, in so far as the plot was neither the old-fashioned draughts on Lempière's classical dictionary touching the woes of Orpheus and Euridice, or Medea, nor yet the light-hearted pleasantries of "*La Dame Blanche*" or "*Fra Diavolo*." The peculiarities of this school are a large, well developed serious or tragic modern or medieval subject, requiring much stage display, and not content with less than four or five acts for its scope. There were several contestants for supremacy in this school. Auber in "*Masaniello*," Rossini in "*William Tell*," Halévy in "*La Juive*," and Meyerbeer in "*Robert le Diable*." Of these works, the plot of "*William Tell*" is poor, the soprano part poor; but the excellence of the tenor part, first in the hands of Nourrit, then of Duprez, added to various musical merits, made it succeed. "*Masaniello*," though not remarkable in its solos, has an excellent stirring plot, charming situations, many original popular choruses, barcaroles which have traveled round the world, and a memorable duet. "*Robert le Diable*," though not successful here, by the aid of Taglioni's dancing and some fine concerted music,—especially the final duo and trio—to which may be added wonderfully fine scenic effects, and a fine idealistic poem of Good and Evil running through it, triumphed in Paris. It is not very fluent, vocally. "*La Juive*" has the advantage of a concise plot, strong situations, and excellent suggestions for stage display. The composition of this work appeared to exhaust M. Halévy, for his subsequent productions have been positive or comparative failures. When it was first brought out in Paris, Duprez was in the height of his renown, the chief tenor part being drawn to suit that vocalist. Duprez was renowned for strength and facility in the extra upper notes of his voice, and the composer, who knew his trade, and rounded off the approaches to ultimates with these sonorous inflations, could promise himself a successful scene. Halévy is not, in a proper sense, a great melodist. In *La Juive* he has some happy phrases; but we cannot point to a first rate, complete, spontaneous melody, in the whole work. Yet by a judicious knowledge of effect, aided by capital situations, he made a success in Paris for the first order. The finale to Act I. is an example of this. The vocal writing is, to the last degree, judicious and effective; and yet the melody, as a whole, will not compare with the best; but it has particular measures that are admirable and exalted. The same may be said of other portions of the opera.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER was expected daily in London, where he intends to pass the season. RONCONI had arrived there. . . . A grand concert will be given in May or June, in the Crystal Palace, for the benefit of Mr. W. V. WALLACE, to consist entirely of music taken from his works, vocal and instrumental.

Musical Correspondence.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 14.—Presuming that you will not be at all averse to having some little account of how matters in general, but musical matters in particular, progress in this sometime-to-be-great city of the western coast. I take pen in hand to enlighten you to the best of my ability; and in commencing let me say that the arrival of the "Journal of Music" by each steamer is one of the greatest sources of pleasure derived by myself and brother, far away as we are from all that we hold greatest and best in the way of music. No, not all, for we can still have Beethoven, Chopin, Mendelssohn and others, if we are inclined to be satisfied with what the piano can supply; for have we not TRENKLE with us?—and surely it would be unreasonable in us to expect more pleasure than we can derive by passing an evening with him. San Francisco seems not just the place for one so ill as he is, but he feels obliged

to remain here, I presume, on account of pupils, &c. I wish he would go back into the country and stay for awhile, it might invigorate him. But we hope for the best. He keeps up good spirits.

Next to Trenkle among our musicians, comes GUSTAVE A. SCOTT, who is one of the finest executants that I ever heard and an admirable musician. Besides these excellences he possesses that of being a boon good fellow, kind-hearted, and always ready to render assistance where it is needed, and without remuneration. He is a universal favorite and deservedly so, being always ready for a good time. Some rare performances take place in his room, which looks out upon Montgomery St., the Washington St. of San Francisco. The "Anvil Chorus" is frequently brought out in a style that would astonish the sober people of Boston; in fact it rather astonishes Californians, if we may judge from the crowd that invariably assembles on the opposite sidewalk during the performance. Scott has a fine grand piano, on which he executes the orchestral passages, the chorus of blacksmiths consisting of from four to eight of certain individuals, of whom your humble servant and brother form a part, armed with watering pots, tin pans, sheets of zinc, air-tight stove, coal-hods, tin pails, &c., and the way that the strikers "put in," would astonish even the Lynn mob. The effect is very grand, of course, and is properly appreciated by the crowd in the street. So much for fun; but every Monday evening a quartet of us have some pleasant glee singing, at the same place. Orchestral talent is scarce, as you may suppose when you know that TRENKLE, who proposes giving a concert soon and wishes to play a trio or quartet of Beethoven or Mozart, is prevented from so doing by the lack of a violoncellist. "Oh, if Wulf were only here!" groaned he in despair, the other evening. I echoed that wish, you may be sure. But it is too early yet for Beethoven to be appreciated here, so, I suppose we must not look for getting the "Quintette" out here at present.

We have a society gradually improving in chorus singing, that we hope will one of these days become an Oratorio society. The "Pacific Musical Society" is the name of this promising club, consisting of about fifty members, under the charge of Mr. ELLIOT, the best tenor singer and one of the best amateur musicians amongst us. Like Scott, he is always ready for a good time, particularly if music is connected. He formed the present Club some few months since, taking simple glees to commence with. The book now in use is the "Opera Chorus Book," and many of the choruses are rendered very excellently. The credit is due to Elliot, who conducts and has trained them well, and Scott, who is in this affair to help all he can and to "do the orchestra." I think, too, that the "Handel and Haydn Society" might profit by the example displayed by this little society in point of attendance. I have known three of the prominent lady members to leave company at home to attend rehearsal. That's the true spirit, is it not? I wish it were possible to get up the "Messiah" for Christmas next. We may do it yet, but oh, for Zerrahn! You will hear more of our little society hereafter.

We have recently had opera here. Opera! only think of that. LEACH, ROSALIE DURAND, GEORGIA HODSON, &c. were the opera-tors. I went one evening to hear the *Trovatore*. With difficulty I stayed through the first act and part of the second, but having endured all I could, I left and made place for others who possessed greater powers of appreciation than myself. I see by this morning's paper that we are to have LUCY ESCOTT and troupe. They will at least be an improvement on the others. Madame BISACCANTI is here still, but appears but seldom in public. I believe she is singing at one of the churches. A Mr. Evans is likewise here and has played at one or two concerts. How long he will re-

main is not known. He plays the fine organ at Dr. Scott's church, but though he shows ability and perfect control of the instrument, I fear that Bach or Handel would be horrified at finding that noblest of instruments treated after his manner. He loves to show it off, but he has no true appreciation of its grandeur. Trenkle is the man who should play that organ; I hope he may yet be there.

Now do not judge from what I have said, that music is scarce in *Frisco*. On the contrary, we are convinced each evening that nowhere in the States is it more plenty. If we go out of an evening, we hear, first, two drums and a fife playing most merrily on one side of the Plaza; on the other, the same instruments, with the addition of a couple of sax horns and a trombone will discourse on another subject, while, at a short distance, in another direction, "Bobbin' around," with "My Mary Ann" will add to the attractions, particularly when the organ which discourseth is a little wheezy. From each drinking saloon as we pass (which we always do) we catch the sound of a fiddle (not a violin) and piano, with occasionally a flute. On such occasions we cannot refrain from giving utterance to our feelings of emotion as we exclaim gratefully: "Who says we don't have music in San Francisco!" When, added to all this, I make you acquainted with the fact of our lodgings being in a Chinese neighborhood, enough has been said. No matter, it would be strange indeed if music had reached a proper standard in so young a city. One of these days you will find a different state of things.

Well, so much for gossip. I thought you might possibly feel an interest in knowing what was the condition of things here, and I have said my say. I hope the time may come when "Dwight's Journal of Music" may be looked for as eagerly by all as it now is by your very humble servant. W. H. D.

CINCINNATI, MAY 7.—During the past week, Lortzing's charming operetta, "*Der Czar und Zimmermann*," was twice given, at Pike's opera house, by the Cincinnati Maennerchor, under the direction of Prof. CHARLES BARNES. This is an entirely domestic enterprise, and as such deserved the united support and encouragement of dilettanti and philharmonists. This society has successively sung this opera at their locale, at the German theatre, and the National, with success; flattered and encouraged, they engaged the opera house. But the audience was too small to insure the permanence of the enterprise.

We cannot understand how a city can style itself Art-loving, in the face of so many failures of this kind. The sculptor's creation yellows in his studio, the painter's efforts are crowned with the dust of his atelier, and the poet-musician, finding neither pecuniary nor other recompense, sees the utter uselessness in laboring. Not the creator only, but the performer and interpreter feels the same want of encouragement; for instance, Mme. Gazzaniga, universally acknowledged to be one of the finest lyric actresses of the day, had to restrict an engagement of four nights to one.

Though the rendering of Lortzing's opera was not faultless, it was certainly fine. The ensemble pieces were the best I have ever heard, and far superior to those of the Strakosch troupe. Particularly fine were the sextet in the second, and the quartet in the third act, which merited and received an encore. The part of Mary was well sung and acted, as was also that of the Czar, and of Iwanow. The burgo-master failed in his singing, but his acting was faultless. The distinct enunciation of the words was a praiseworthy feature of the performance. I am sorry I cannot give you the names of the singers, as their modesty prevents them from giving them to publicity. On the whole the affair was an honor to the city and creditable to all engaged in it—except the ballet girls. W.

Special Notices.

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Performed at the last Afternoon Concert of the Orchestral Union. A capital galop, pronounced by some unhesitatingly the prettiest galop of the season.

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Two salon pieces of moderate difficulty, good for teaching.

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Camille Schubert has for years provided the ball-rooms of Paris with a multitude of charming dance-pieces. Some of his compositions have retained a place upon the lists. Among them is this waltz and a few more, which are to follow soon.

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These studies should be in the libraries of all advanced pianists. They not only contain highly valuable matter for the technical development of the hand and fingers, but each of them is a charming piece in itself, with an original and significant motto. Some of these studies are now known everywhere, for instance, "If I were a bird," which is unsurpassed in its way.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 425.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 9.

Italian and German Singing.

[We translate the following sensible remarks from an article in the Vienna *Deutsche Musik-Zeitung*, by Alfred Freiherr von Wolzogen. He takes his texts from certain passages in the autobiography of the German tenor singer, Franz Wild, who died on the first day of the present year, and of whose artistic career we have already given a brief sketch. The writer fears, and very reasonably, that Wild's account and recommendation of his own practice may lend an undue currency to some false maxims in the vocal art.—Ed.]

.... First, we read in Wild's autobiography the following confession: "Scales I sang but little; but I practised with unwearied zeal prominent passages of parts, to the perfect rendering of which I attached great importance."—"Without syllables, without words I had no voice. For this latter excellence (??) I had to thank the strictness of my singing teacher at the Court Capelle, Herr Körner, who was the only one who ever taught me in my art," &c. It is scarcely possible to show more strikingly in fewer words, that Germany is not the land of singing as an art: that in our country one can much more acquire the fame of a great dramatic singer, without possessing the least apprehension of the peculiar essence of the art of singing. Capable lungs, a strong, metallic voice, a good stage figure and intense endowments for theatrical representation: these are the qualities with which one can make a *furor* as a singer in all the German theatres, and with which one is equally sure to make an utter failure everywhere, where singing as an art is understood, unless besides all these fine qualities he also learned the trifling matter of *having a voice without words or syllables*, i. e., of being a real singer; and this he only can become and can remain through daily practice of the *scales*. Now if Wild assures us that he always conceived his tasks as a *singing actor*, that he studied above all the character of the rôle he had to represent; realized to himself the situations which it offered; and sought to bring not only his looks and gestures, but even the color of his voice into accordance therewith; and if this is all quite fine and good, in learning to carry a vocal part through effectively, still these rules and confessions do not reveal to us the inmost heart and kernel of dramatic singing. They only show how right Rossini was—Rossini, that completest, finest judge of all the qualities which go to make up genuine dramatic singing—when he advised the artist (at Paris in 1824) to go for at least a year to Italy, there to complete his vocal studies.*

Certainly a dramatic singer must regard himself as a *singing actor* and must strive to enter into the character of every rôle as deeply as possible; but the principal means, which stands at his command in such a representation, must always be the artistically cultivated voice; and that is what we find too often misunderstood and

*Wild, to be sure, expresses himself as if Rossini's advice and that of the Direction of the Italian Opera in Paris only meant, that he should go to Italy in order to acquire a faultless pronunciation of the Italian language; but any one who knows enough to divest this passage of its euphuism, will surely construe it as we have done.

unappreciated in Germany, even by the very best stage singers. Even stars of the first magnitude, as respects beauty of organ, and perhaps also the gift for acting, evening a Milder-Hauptmann, a Bader, a Johanna Wagner and a Wild, are not to be compared to the highest artistic appearances in the Italian operatic firmament, to a Manuel Garcia (who was the first Don Juan in the world!) a Pisaroni, Malibran or Grisi, a David, Rubini, or Lablache; for these were not mere singing actors, but dramatic singers in the fullest meaning of the word; their art proceeded not from syllables and words, but from scales and solfeggi. They before all things controlled the organ, upon which their calling for the opera was grounded, and through which they had alone the power to work effectively within its most essential element, the *musical*. For what does all his ever so natural and intelligent action avail the opera singer, when the inmost nature of his art demands as the first requisite, that he shall represent the special states of soul, which his part gives him to express, *through his singing*, through the deep and searching truthfulness of his tone and his delivery?

And in fact this prime condition has been the most completely fulfilled by all really great dramatic singers, whether of Italian or of German origin; for not the *land* begets the artist, but the *method*. It is not true that it is never within the power of a German throat to reach the perfect development of an Italian one, and that therefore the German singer must look to other means for producing an effect upon the stage, than those prescribed by the great Italian singing masters from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century. The truth is, rather, that only the old Italian school of singing, the school of a Pistocchi, a Bernacchi and a Porpora has been able to form really great dramatic singers: and that Italy has produced more distinguished singers than our northern home, because it naturally occurred more frequently in Italy that singers formed themselves upon this true method, derived from the very constitution of human nature, whereas Germany cannot boast of ever having discovered a distinctive school of singing, though she could at all times point to a great number of bad teachers. But those of our German singers who have gone through the true Italian school, our Raff, our Fischer, our SONTAG, these have without doubt been fully peers of their trans-Alpine colleagues; and so too, on the other hand, the many Italians now traversing Europe, whose culture rests upon the modern method branded by the great Catalani as the "*piccola scuola*," show that they lack the genuine art, whereby Pacchierotti at the age of fifty, and past the physical bloom of life, still knew how to enchant all by the nobility of his tone, and the searching power of his delivery.

But granting even that the old masters of dramatic singing in the high culture of their throats neglected the study of action somewhat,

and only knew how to embody their parts song-wise upon the stage; granting that Wild was right in his prescription, first of all to study the character of a part and to postpone the scales to this study, then against this preconceived opinion (quite opposed to our own experiences of Grisi, of Lablache, &c.) we might offset the weighty testimony of Addison, who in the thirteenth number of his *Spectator* speaks as follows of the playing of the then famous contraltist Nicolini*: "I have often wished, that our great tragedians" (at this time Barton Booth and Colly Cibber still stood at the zenith of their fame, and Thomas Betterton had just closed his eyes, Garrick had not yet opened his) "would copy after this great master in action. Could they make the same use of their arms and legs, and inform their faces with as significant looks and passions, how glorious would an English tragedy appear with that action, which is capable of giving a dignity to the forced thoughts, cold conceits, and unnatural expressions of an Italian opera?"

Wild was certainly a remarkable talent in every respect, and even the weak sides of his character and of his artistic culture will never blot out the remembrance of the strong sides, which he has had opportunities frequent and brilliant enough of presenting to the public during a theatrical career of nearly forty years. Nature had equipped him with a wonderfully beautiful and powerful voice, and with sufficient powers of feeling and of understanding, to achieve something significant also as an actor. Moreover his organ possessed so much flexibility, that he could command many of the technical specialities of singing, such as a respectable *coloratur*, without much difficulty; but he was far from being a great and finished singer after the order of Farinelli, Caffarelli, Pacchiarotti, Taccinardi, &c.; otherwise he could not possibly have had the *naïveté* to bequeath this non-scale-singing as a particularly useful recipe to the singers of posterity.

*His real name was Nicolino Grimaldi, and he first appeared in London, in Handel's *Rinaldo*.

(Conclusion next week.)

More Letters of Spohr.

[We are enabled to present our readers with some letters of Spohr, from London and Paris, written at the same period of his life, and addressed to his friend, Speyer. They have never been made public. Herr Speyer gave these interesting documents, unconditionally, to Herr A. Schindler, at the latter's reiterated request. We, in our turn, are indebted to Herr Schindler for them.—*Land. Mus. World.*]

I.

London, the 27th March, 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have purposely deferred writing until now, in order that I might be able to tell you something both of my circumstances here, and of the way in which art is cultivated. At present, after a stay of four weeks, I am sufficiently at home to be able to pronounce a decision with certainty. If, however, my procrastination has been the cause of your being at all alarmed by a piece of information in a Paris paper, which reported we were lost during the passage from Calais to Dover, I should blame myself for not having at once let you know that—though obliged to venture on, crossing at the stormy period of the year, when, according to the returns of the Exchange, more than 150 ships were either lost or driven aground on the English coast—

we arrived safe and sound, and soon recovered from the fright and illness of the transit. In the first place, then, you must know that I have been most cordially received by all those persons to whom I brought letters of recommendation, as well as by all the artists on whom I have called, and that Herr Pensa is perfectly right in saying that the English are far more agreeable at home than on their travels abroad. In the next place, I must inform you that the way in which Art is cultivated here offers great contrasts (most glaringly prominent in large cities especially); that, side by side with much that is admirable and worthy of praise, you hear the most wretched performances, and that, in a word, it is very plain the English have no vocation and no true feeling for music. It is true that they cultivate music seriously, as they do everything, but it is soon evident, as in the case of English travellers, when visiting the treasures of Art and antiquities in Italy, that it is more a labor than a source of enjoyment for them, and that, at the conclusion of a concert, they may well be supposed to say, like their compatriots, after an Art-visit in Rome, "Thank heaven, this is all over!" The very fact of their being able to sit out and listen attentively to concerts, four, and frequently five, hours long, with only a short pause, proves that music does not force its way to their hearts, for, if it did, they would be exhausted before the end of the first half. The fact, too, that they listen with equal interest, on the same evening, to the most wretched compositions; that they can, in the same concert, hear a classical piece of music by Mozart, and encore a vulgar English street ballad, without the slightest artistic value, proves them to be utterly incapable of distinguishing good music from bad. Of course this is true only of the ordinary concert-goers, for there are naturally in a city with 1,200,000 inhabitants, some few who must be allowed to form honorable exceptions, and possess the power of judging matters of Art. That, being convinced of this, I should, three weeks ago, on my first appearance (when I played my *scena* at the first concert of the Philharmonic Society) have felt very nervous, I can only explain by the presence of Viotti and several other distinguished professionals, whose perhaps too great expectations I had to satisfy, and although they, as well as the general public, applauded me very much, I was but little satisfied with myself, and looked forward impatiently to my second appearance. A week ago, I played at the second concert of the Philharmonic Society, my "Quatuor brilliant" in E major, with such success that, from that time, I have enlisted every one in my favor. Last Wednesday, too, when I played for the third time at Drury Lane Theatre, in what was called an oratorio, my "Pot-pourri," in B flat, I was greeted, both on my appearance, and when I had concluded the piece, with marks of approbation, such as seldom fall to the lot of a foreign artist. At the third concert of the Philharmonic Society, I am going to conduct, and shall make my *début* with a new grand symphony in D minor, which I began immediately after our arrival, and finished a day or two ago. You may easily believe I am indescribably delighted that this work, which I conceived and brought forth in a spirit of the greatest enthusiasm, is to be performed for the first time by so magnificent and full a band as that of the Philharmonic Society (28 violins, 12 double basses, &c.), and in so noble a place as the New Argyle Rooms. I shall afterwards produce my old symphony, as well as my overtures, which have not yet been performed here.

Whether we shall make anything considerable here, the future will show; that it will be something, I know already, for I can calculate pretty nearly the expense of living. Up to the present time, we have engagements, either for us both, or for me alone, to play for remuneration at three concerts. I have also begun to give lessons. It is not certain whether or no the King will hear us; he has not yet returned to town. Our benefit-concert is fixed for the 8th June; I think it will be tolerably successful. I will write to you next time about the professionals here; a concert of Mad. Mara, who is seventy, was interesting. My change on the violin has turned out excellent; the violinists here are already beginning to imitate it.

LOUIS SPOHR.

II.

London, the 17th April, 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—How can I thank you sufficiently for having, by a speedy refutation of the frightful report of our death, spared my parents and mother-in-law days of grief! But for your letter, what would they not have suffered until they had read the denial of the report in the newspapers? I shall never forget this friendly act of service on your part. We are receiving, from all parts of Germany, congratulations on our escape; these, as proofs of the interest taken in us by a great many good men,

have caused us great joy. I cannot, however, even now, understand how the report of our having perished can have arisen, since we were in London long before the outburst of the storm, which destroyed so many vessels.

You received, no doubt, soon after you despatched your own, my first letter, in which I informed you of my appearance at the first two concerts of the Philharmonic Society. Since then, I have played three times in public, and conducted the third concert of the Philharmonic Society, rising, I am fully justified in asserting, more and more in the estimation of the public,—at least the latter have given me the most unmistakable proofs of this at each successive appearance. In the first place, I played in a so-called oratorio at Drury Lane Theatre, my *pot-pourri* in B flat major, then, at the last Dilettante Concert at the London Tavern, in the City, a sonata with my wife, and, in the second part, my *scena*; and, lastly, at the so-called Vocal Concert, in a very fine room in Hanover Square, a new concerto in A major, which was especially successful. My wife, who on her first appearance here, where there are so many good masters of the harp, quite astonished and put me to the blush, for I was much more timid than she, created a deep sensation by the originality of her grand play and was highly praised by all the professionals that evening. That this success of our efforts as artists greatly enlivens our sojourn here, you may easily imagine.

The greatest pleasure was, however, that caused by the reception of my new symphony. Previously to my arrival in London, not one of my orchestral compositions had ever been given, either at any of the Philharmonic, nor, as far as I am aware, at any other concert; and I looked forward anxiously for an opportunity of enabling professionals and amateurs to hear some of them. This opportunity presented itself. Among other very sensible regulations there is one to the effect that, during the series of concerts, the members shall execute, on two evenings, before a small and select audience of professionals and amateurs, only compositions (mostly symphonies and overtures) with which they are unacquainted, and decide, by the applause of those present, whether the pieces thus played are or are not worthy of being played publicly at one of the subsequent concerts. At an ordeal of this kind, I gave them my published symphony and two of my overtures, that from *Alruna* and the new one. The enthusiastic applause with which these were distinguished (it is true they had to contend with only very weak productions—a symphony by Soliva, the composer of the opera *La Testa di Bronzo*, and another, still weaker, by a native composer) impelled the directors to ask me to have the published symphony performed at the next concert. This, however, I declined, telling them I had intended for my *début* as a composer a new symphony, written here in London. My proposition was accepted, although the directors seemed to think the new symphony would scarcely please so much as the old one did. But they changed their opinion, even on the first hearing of the piece at rehearsal. The band, whose good-will I had already gained, by small acts of attention and politeness, at the performance of my other things, exerted themselves to the utmost to execute the symphony in a way that would meet with my approval. They were accustomed more, also, to my mode of conducting (for I had been called on to conduct at the trial of the new compositions a week previously), and found this a great help, so that not only my symphony, but all the other pieces produced at this concert (the symphony in C with fugue, by Mozart, and the overtures to *Fidelio* and *Medea*) went with much more precision than usual.

The manner of conducting at the theatres and concerts here is the most preposterous which can be imagined. With two conductors figuring away, there is really not even one. He who is styled the *conductor*, in the bills, sits at the piano and plays from the score, but neither marks time nor gives the *tempi*; this the *leader*, or first violinist, ought to do. As he has, however, merely a violin part before him, he cannot help the orchestra, and, therefore, contents himself with playing away his own part, and allowing the orchestra to get on in the best way they can. Artists here had perceived the defect of such an arrangement, and the impossibility of an orchestra of fifty or sixty persons ever working well together with it, before I spoke to them on the subject; but they do not dare to make an alteration, because what is once established is regarded as sacred and inviolable, for, after all, with all his political freedom, an Englishman is the most abject slave of etiquette. I conducted, however, at rehearsal, in my old and usual manner, from the score; and in the evening, when the *conductor* is obliged to figure behind the piano, I knew the thing so by heart, that I was enabled to help the orchestra even without the score. My symphony was,

consequently, executed with more precision and nicety than I could expect, after one rehearsal, and that rather a hurried one, and it is to this, no doubt, that I am indebted for the fact that it was received by the public with greater enthusiasm than any other orchestral composition during my stay here. The minuet or scherzo was encored, and applauded after its repetition even more than before. This successful result is doubly gratifying, because it encourages me to hope that I have not yet gone back as a composer; for I dare not trust unconditionally my own opinion, according to which this symphony is the best thing I have done in the way of orchestral music, partly because one is always fondest of one's youngest children, and partly because a man is only too unwilling to confess to himself that the creative power of his youth is on the decline.

Of the other concerts and musical performances we have attended, I cannot say much. The Italian Opera is, at present, altogether bad. We were so fearfully bored there, that, till now, we have been unable to make up our minds to go there a second time. Among the singers, there was not a single one who distinguished himself. The band, conducted in the mode I have just described, is continually wavering, and you fear that it will break down every instant. The choruses are beneath criticism. Of the benefit concerts, the most interesting (but not on account of its goodness) for us was that given, at the Opera House, by Mad. Mara, who is seventy years of age. She had, probably, hoped that curiosity to hear once again as a matron a singer who had been admired here in her prime, forty years ago, would attract the English in large numbers to the theatre, and that she would once more, in her old age, make a great hit; but she was woefully mistaken. The house was empty, and, on account of the enormous expenses (the theatre alone cost 100 guineas), she will, in all probability, be something out of pocket. If, without being compelled to take such a step by the greatest want, she has, by thus appearing in public, rendered herself ridiculous, and damaged her well-merited reputation, she richly deserves having been punished by the unfavorable result. If, however, it is true that, as it is here and there asserted, she lost all she possessed at the burning of Moscow, we must give all our sympathy to a poor old lady, who, at so advanced an age, has been compelled, for the sake of what she might get, to exhibit publicly the last remnant of her once so celebrated artistic capabilities. What was heard of the latter on the evening of the concert was far too little for any one to form a judgment of her, and she escaped, probably, general ridicule only by causing it to be announced before she appeared that she was extremely hoarse and must crave the kind indulgence of the audience. Not merely has she scarcely any voice left, but everything she attempted on this unfortunate evening was so uncertain, out of tune, and even in such bad taste, that it was impossible to gather from it any idea of her former excellence.

The same evening two or three other things happened which could occur only in England. One of Cramer's pupils was to play Mozart's grand pianoforte concerto, with trumpets, kettle-drums, and a numerous band; it turned out, however, that the piano was so high, that none of the wind instruments could be employed. In any other city such a concerto would have been previously rehearsed, and then the tuner would have been able, between the rehearsal and the performance, to tune the instrument properly; here, however, this had not been done. I expected that the concerto would be entirely omitted, and that the pianist would substitute something else without accompaniment; not a bit of it; this piece, to which the wind instruments are so essential, was played without them, the first oboe and first bassoon part being merely taken by a violin and a violoncello. How the *tutti*, especially, sounded in the large Opera House, you may imagine. I did not observe, however, that any one among the audience resented such a profanation of a magnificent masterpiece. Did they fancy, perhaps, it ought to be given in this way? Cramer, the violinist, performed in the second part a violin concerto by Martini, which is, at least, 120 years old! It would be difficult to find anything in the world more wearisome! How a man can play such a thing in public is to me incomprehensible. If it were not done here, I do not think it would be done anywhere else. As a remarkable fact in London, it was not, therefore, without interest for me; I again felt, too, very vividly, that though in Martini's time there was vocal music, instrumental music has, at any rate, been created during this last fifty or sixty years by our heroes at Vienna. On the other hand, I heard, with the greatest pleasure, *glees* at several concerts, the so-called *glees* or four-part songs for male voices, of the same period. These are the only specimens of national music the English possess.

There are some, especially by Webbe and Smith, which are really admirable. It is, by the way, impossible for such songs to be sung more perfectly than they are sung by Messrs. W. and C. Knyvett, Vaughan and Bellamy. I never before met with such perfect equality of voice and such perfectly correct intonation. People here, however, do not seem to attach much value to these compositions, and I have always been looked at with astonishment when speaking in terms of ecstasy about them. Here, as well as elsewhere, a cavatina by Rossini is more certain to set the hands of the audience in motion.

At one of the last vocal concerts a *Te Deum*, by Graun, was sung. Scarcely, however, had the singers sung the first words, after the very long prelude, before all present rose, and remained standing as long as the piece lasted. This struck me as doubly ridiculous: in the first place because the English thus only pay the Almighty the same outward respect they pay the king—for, as is well known, "God save the King" is always listened to standing, whether the king be present or not; and in the second, because they regard as though belonging to the ritual of the church a piece of concert-music, which, just like all the others, is merely performed to afford artistic enjoyment to those present, who behave as though they were at church. The seriousness and gravity with which Englishmen observe the frequently absurd rules of etiquette always strikes me as exceedingly comical, and I can scarcely reconcile such conduct with the intelligence and love of freedom which they boast.

I have received from Berlin the intelligence that the vacant post of *Capellmeister* will not be filled up. I have, therefore, no reason for keeping my opera back any longer, and beg you, therefore, to have the kindness to forward the score and *libretto*, together with the enclosed letter, by the first post, to Count Brühl.

During the magnificent spring weather, we have commenced making excursions in and about London, to see whatever is worth seeing. Last Sunday, for instance, we went to Richmond, which is situated 13 English miles off, in a perfect paradise. I cannot describe to you how delightful it was to see the first green and the first blossoms on the trees, and once again to breathe the pure air without the unsupportable coal smoke. But this merely caused our chests to suffer more acutely as we approached the large mass of stone. Town is growing more lively every day, and the winter season will now at length begin with the blossoms on the trees. Is it possible to meet with greater contradictions than in London?

In my next letter, I will describe to you how music is cultivated in most private houses. The mode in which this done is, also, quite English, although some houses form honorable exceptions to the rule. For instance, I played yesterday at the Duke of Hamilton's in the presence of the Duke of Sussex, and a very select assembly. I cannot sufficiently praise the stillness and attention of all present, during the music, nor their polite behavior towards us artists. The English, especially those who have travelled, can make themselves very charming.

Farewell. Most cordial remembrances to your family. Let us soon have the pleasure of receiving another letter from you. Ever yours,

LOUIS SPORR.

Madame Clara Novello.

(From the London Musical World.)

Among the lady vocalists whose talent has given lustre to their art, compelled the world to forget the fact of their English origin, and drawn forth the acknowledgment, not only of Continental Europe, but even of their native country, no one has reached a higher pinnacle of fame, and no one has more richly merited her elevation, than Madame Clara Novello. Memories that are still green, are stored with impressions of Paton; the generation is not extinct which treasures the recollection of Stephens and Maria Tree; we have men among us who remember with rapture the singing of Salmon and Dickens; and the career of the transcendent Billington was not beyond the experience of many who live to speak of her unparalleled excellence. The warmest enthusiast, however, for any or for all of these remarkable singers, has found it impossible not to admire, not to own, the rare powers of the lady who at this moment ranks in the highest class of European singers, and who is, in a few months, to be lost to us for ever. It is not so generally known as it will be universally regretted, that Madame Novello has determined to take a formal and final farewell of the public in

November next; but it will readily be believed—such is this lady's known integrity—that, having so determined, she will abide by the resolution, and not (as has before now been the case with songstresses whose professional position should have held them above the capability of trifling with the world's esteem) make this occasion the first of a series of leave-takings. It will not be until the end of the London season that she can arrive in England; she will then sing, possibly for the Sacred Harmonic Society, perhaps at the Crystal Palace, certainly at the two provincial festivals, and in farewell concerts at the chief towns throughout the kingdom, and lastly, at one or two performances in the metropolis.

The very frequent fact of the value of a treasure being unestimated until after the treasure be lost, occurs not in the instance of Madame Novello; her importance to the station she holds, without a rival, is felt; and the unlikelihood is equally recognized of her having a successor who can satisfactorily replace her. Great as are the requisites for a dramatic singer, the excitement of the scene in which she appears, and the effect of the accessories by which she is surrounded, tend materially to draw forth her best qualities, and, at the same time, to influence her audience. It is a higher grade of artistry, that can enable a singer in an oratorio to control the sympathy of her hearers; since the sentiment she embodies is, for the most part, if more exalted, less generally congenial, and she has not the advantage of action to assist her to enforce its expression. Her greater difficulty than that of a theatrical *prima donna*, indeed, is twofold; first, in conceiving the deeper purpose of the work she has to perform; secondly, in impressing a less ready audience with her conception. Whatever have been Mad. Novello's continental successes on the stage, it is in the more arduous duties of a singer of sacred music that she is best known in England, and it is in this capacity that her retirement will leave a blank which at present appears irreparable. Her grand style, her clear enunciation, and, above all, her exquisite voice, which is wonderful for its magnificent power as it is admirable for its delicious quality; these are the characteristics which every one recognizes in the lady of whom we speak; these are what endear her to the lovers of the highest class of vocal music, and these are what render her aid indispensable to our greatest performances. Who that has heard, in the execution of "God save the Queen," at the Crystal Palace, her beautiful, bright, clear, ringing notes, pealing above the massive sound produced by the thousands of choristers and instrumentalists, distinctly audible at the remote extremes of that colossal building—who that has heard, can recall the remembrance without as much amazement as pleasure? Who that has heard, in the Hymn of Praise, of Mendelssohn, her unparalleled delivery of the phrase, "The night is departing, departing," can ever believe that such perfect loveliness of sound, so beautiful in itself, and so true to the marvellous idea of the composer, can ever be realized by a successor? These are, perhaps, the two most remarkable instances of the display of Madame Novello's unique excellence; but no one who reads our remarks will be unable to swell the list by many examples he must have witnessed, which, surpassing everything else he has experienced, are yet surpassed by these two. It is as natural as it is common, to feel a strong interest in the personal career of an artist, who has professionally pleased us.

Clara Novello first saw the light—to use a figure of speech which is scarcely compatible with that optical delusion, whereof she must have proved the fallacy during her sojourn in the brightly sunny south—in Oxford-street, London; she saw, on that occasion, at least as much of the light as ever can penetrate our misty atmosphere, for the event occurred when the air is at its clearest, and the sun is at its brightest, a fortnight before midsummer, in the year 1818, upon the beaming 10th of June. Thus it will be seen, firstly, that she is a genuine Englishwoman; and that this much musically maligned land of fogs and consequent rheums, catarrh, and influenzas,

has yet to boast, in her organ, of its power of producing voices of equal beauty to those raised and nurtured in the Land of Song. It will be seen, secondly, that she will leave forty-two years behind her, when she quits this busy scene of ever-renewed excitement for the private seclusion of her own homestead, having still a natural prospect of a very long term, for the enjoyment of that repose to which she retires by choice, not by compulsion, to give her family the benefit of her maturity.

The father of this esteemed songstress, Mr. VINCENT NOVELLO, was among the most highly respected musicians of his generation in this country. Why should we say was? The respect he first earned, some half a century since or more, is still due and still paid to him, though the advance of years now checks the active exercise of those talents which have called it forth. Mr. Vincent Novello is one of the most highly respected English musicians of the age in which he flourished, and he lives in the full enjoyment of his honors, and the proud witness of those won by his daughter. He lives, one of the last of those worthies who maintained the art in this country during the first half of the present century. Attwood, Crotch, the elder Horsley, the still older Callcott, S. Wesley, F. Cramer, and his far more famous brother, J. B. (famous for playing and teaching the pianoforte, for his eternal book of studies, and for the embellishment of the facia of a great house in Regent-street with his name), Bishop, Cooke, and how many more of his co-laborers, have passed from the field of their activity. Mr. Novello is the composer of many admired, chiefly vocal, compositions; the best known of which are those written for the service of the Roman church. His name is even more familiar as an editor, his arrangements of Haydn's and Mozart's Masses being in use in every Romanist chapel throughout the kingdom, and in every family circle in which, whether with a religious or an artistic feeling, this class of music is practised; and his arrangements of Handel's Oratorios being in circulation by thousands and thousands of copies. He was one of the original members of the Philharmonic Society, an institution which has had an influence above all value upon the progress of music in England; in the old days, before the functions, or even the title, of a conductor were known among us, he used, in turn with his compeers, to "preside" at the pianoforte (as the phrase went) in this society's concerts; in later times, when, through his exertions and the efforts of others, music had made some advance, he filled the more honorable because the more responsible, office of conductor. He has stood high among organists, having been engaged for very many years in this capacity, at one or other of the chief Romanist chapels in the metropolis, and having been one of those who filled the post at the great Westminster Festival of 1834. It is said that his father was an Italian who came to London in the capacity of cook to one of the royal family; that, having set many a dainty dish before the king, he retired from office into the privacy of a confectionery shop, gladdening there the taste of the British public by the fabrication of those same delicacies which had erewhile delighted those princes and rulers, and that, while he still practiced the art of pastry the infant Vincent emulated rather that of the blackbirds, which may or may not have been sung at the opening of the kingly pies his sire had been wont to amalgamate. It is said that in a back parlor of the confectionery, young Vincent used to practise the pianoforte, and that being overheard in his pursuit of intellectual sweets, through the world of physical sweets that surrounded him, by a frequenter of his sire's emporium of dainties, this man of twofold taste perceived his talent and encouraged it, became his patron, and furnished the means for his receiving the best musical education the country could afford. We vouch not for the truth of either of these sayings, though we know of no reason to disbelieve them; if they be true, however, so much more creditable are they, both to the talent and assiduity of Mr. Novello, to whom such faculties have been as wings, whereupon he has soared into a position of high

consideration in an art which makes the greatest demands upon the intelligence of its votaries.

Mr. Novello throve in his profession, gained the esteem of men, married an English wife who was the very main-spring of the family activity, and begat sons and daughters. These, his progeny, are all, more or less, distinguished in one or more department of intellectual cultivation; Mr. J. A. NOVELLO is known as a vocalist, still more as the secretary of the society for abolishing taxes on knowledge, and most of all as the originator of the reduction of the price of musical publications; Mrs. COWDEN CLARKE is a novelist of deserved repute, and she has rendered a still greater service to literature, than by her clever original works, in the production of her elaborate "Concordance of Shakspeare"; Mrs. SERLE was a singer at the English Opera House, when it was directed by Mr. S. J. Arnold, and she closed her rising career, on her retirement into private life, when she married, but too early to prove to the world the extent of those abilities which her friends knew her to possess; Miss SABILLA NOVELLO made considerable progress as a vocalist; since she resigned which profession, she has been successfully occupied in translating theoretical works upon music; and, chief of her fraternity, Madame CLARA NOVELLO needs no comment of ours to prove her preëminence in the art she brightly adorns, and from the practice of which she is too soon to retire. Thus much for the parentage of our heroine, which proves her to be both of English and of musical origin, which shows her family to have risen by the merits of its members to that most honorable of all aristocracy, the nobility of their own creation; and which evidences the influence they must mutually have shared, whatever it may have been, the influence that prompted all of them to aspire, and neither of them without success.

It is quite beyond the limits of this notice to do justice to the circumstances and the surroundings which combined to develop the rare qualities, social and artistic, moral and intellectual, of the distinguished lady whose career we have undertaken, however imperfectly, to chronicle. We must briefly state then, as a point of far too great consideration to be disregarded, that her father's house was a gathering place of many of the most eminent literary men of that notable literary period in which her early years were passed, from whose sparkling, imaginative, and profound discourse her mind must have received impressions that may well have affected its entire constitution. Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Keats, the transcendent Shelley, were the more or less frequent guests of her paternal home, and others, not less renowned for wit and wisdom were members of the brilliant circle; Charles Lamb, for one, as unmusical as he was humorous, enjoyed the meetings, though he had no sense for the occasional music, which, to some, was their chief attraction, and, in his wonderful "Chapter on Ears," describing these very reunions, has everlastingly immortalized his own unimpressibility by that art, of whose effects poets as a race are, as they should be, always most susceptible. In avowing his own total unorganization for music, the exquisite Elia gives testimony to the character of the parties at the residence of Mr. Novello, (the N. of his irresistible essay to which we have alluded) and proves them to have been the occasion of such an intermixture of all that a lover of intellectual beauty would most wish to have witnessed, that we may well believe them to have constituted the most valuable school for our young artist's budding mind. Reared in an atmosphere of which poetry, and music, and love were the component gases—the hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon of the soul—should it be wondered that the powers of the future songstress were stimulated by the nourishment they inhaled, drawing thence a quickening impulse which may well have induced their utmost expansion?

(To be Continued.)

WEIMAR.—The first performance of Lassen's new opera, *Frauenlob*, text by Pasqué, was postponed a week from Easter, on account of the illness of Frau von Milde. . . . Liszt has brought out a new orchestral work: "Mephisto-Walzer."

Musical Correspondence.

VIENNA, JAN. 15.—It was a great day for us all. The Kärnthnertheater orchestra had determined to give, under the conduct of Herr ECKERT, four great concerts in their own opera-house. These concerts were a little delayed by the illness of Herr JOSEF HELLMESBERGER, the orchestra director. (Your readers will pardon me, if I here explain once more that the leader of an orchestra, with opera, oratorio, or without any vocal music, is called in Germany *Kapellmeister*; the first violin player, who sees to the true pitch of the instruments, and in general looks after the orchestra, is called *Concert-meister* or orchestra-director.

To return: the first Philharmonic concert, as they are called, was given this morning at half-past twelve o'clock, and we have had the good luck to get seats together in the fourth gallery, the best place. The stage was so arranged that the music would sound as well as possible, a closed chamber being formed with scenes. Punctually at half-past twelve the musicians appeared with Eckert, and were warmly greeted by the audience, for this orchestra is a great favorite with the public. The instruments had all been tuned outside, and as the temperature of the theatre was pretty low, it was not necessary to tune again. The programme was:

Overture to "Anacreon".....	Cherubini.
Aria with orchestra, taken from "Die Entführung aus dem Serail".....	Mozart.
Fée Mab.....	Berlioz.
Concert Aria, with orchestra.....	Mendelssohn.
Seventh Symphony in A major.....	Beethoven.

The overture was new to me, and pleased me very much; the working up of the themes and the instrumentation, as in all of Cherubini's music, is excellent, and proves his right again to rank with all but the greatest musicians. The overture is difficult, and in places demands really bravour in the violin players, but served merely to show the excellence of the orchestra, for it was played with perfect precision, and with great understanding and fire. One saw in five minutes that the men all knew each other entirely, and were all playing with their whole souls. It was first-rate, and the applause rewarded them fully. ANDER, the first tenor of the opera, sang the Mozart Aria very well; his strong point is (thank Heaven!) in his head and heart and not in his voice, which is losing with his increase of years; he is a rare singer indeed. Next came Hector Berlioz's *Fée Mab*; one cannot call it a musical composition; it is the effect produced by very remarkable and very ingenious instrumentation. This effect is extremely interesting and striking; very characteristic and at no time unpleasant; one feels transported into some fairy region, just as Berlioz desires.

The Mendelssohn Aria is brilliant and perhaps beautiful; I did not particularly like it. The Frau DUSTMANN sang it very well, and the accompaniment was as good as in the former pieces. There are very few good concert-arias; indeed it is very hard to compose them, for they must have real worth and beauty, and yet much attention must be given to effect, and much allowance be made for the singer, that he or she may show what the human voice can accomplish. Mendelssohn's music is often a little cold, and it is a hard trial to place him between Mozart, Cherubini and Beethoven.

At last, to crown all, came the great symphony. After all, when I think about it, there is not much to say; for probably your readers know the symphony quite as well as the writer of this letter. May they hear it as splendidly played as we did then and there! It was as if the orchestra had still kept their talents back in order to show how well they could play. Eckert is often, and not always unrightfully, charged with taking the time too quickly, but this day he did not. All played like one man, or more

properly like many men with one soul. The shading of the whole was beautiful, the precision perfect, and the real, deep-seated glow without which Beethoven cannot possibly be rendered, was there and was felt in all its intensity. Of course one or two movements were demanded for repetition, as all were very warmly applauded, but Eckert had the good sense to keep on without delay of any kind. The orchestra properly played of itself when not accompanying a singer; for pages Eckert neither beat time nor did he give a sign of any kind to the instruments, which enter and cease here and there. This is as it should be, for an intelligent and well-trained orchestra of real musicians do not need a human pendulum in constant movement before them.

At the end of the concert, as at the end of every orchestral number, the whole orchestra bowed in return for the applause; it was fitting that they should. But one opinion was, as far as I know, expressed of the whole performance; every one was delighted, even to a musician-friend of mine who is constantly finding fault with Vienna and everything in it, especially the artists. It was the best playing that has ever met my ears; of the programme you can judge for yourself.

APRIL 13.—The above was left unfinished, from want of eyes and time to complete it. We have now heard the other three Philharmonic concerts, and a fifth which has been added to them.

In the second concert was given:

Symphony in D minor.....	Schumann.
Walpurgisnacht, for solo singers, chorus and orchestra.....	Mendelssohn.

In the third concert:

Overture to Coriolanus.....	Beethoven.
Overture, Scherzo and Finale.....	Schumann.
Symphony in A major.....	Mendelssohn.

with an aria from the *Vestala* by Spontini, sang by Frau Czillag, and a quintet from Mozart's "Cosi Fan Tutte," sung by Frau Czillag, Fräulein Krauss, and Herren Walter (tenor), Irabaneck, and Mayerhofer, (basses) all from the opera.

In the fourth concert:

"Israel in Egypt".....	Handel.
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The solo parts were sung by the opera singers, Frauen Dustmann and Czillag, and Herren Ander, (tenor) and Schmid (bass); the last was the only singer really good.

The second and third concerts were as perfect as the first; the fourth, from want of time and voices on the part of the Sing-Akademie, was not so good. The opera-house is very badly built for hearing, and in addition the position of the chorus was from force of circumstances poor. Everything went well enough, but the spirit of the thing was not equal to that of the other concerts.

The fifth concert, given on Easter Monday, was wonderfully good and successful again. The programme:

Overture to "King Stephen" in E flat major. Beethoven.	
Concerto for the piano, with orchestral accompaniment, played by Mad. Clara Schumann.....	Schumann.
Aria, sung by Ander, opera singer, first tenor in Vienna.....	Stradella.
Symphony in A minor.....	Mendelssohn.

The overture, though not so great as some of Beethoven's, is still extremely pleasing. Madame Schumann played her husband's only Concerto as well as it deserved, which is saying a great deal; she is a great favorite in Vienna, as she deserves to be.

The aria was well enough sung, and has the same religious tone as all of Stradella's music. The symphony is too well known in Boston to allow of any comments. Suffice it to say, that it was played with a fire and expression and taste not easily found again. Eckert was for a long time a pupil of Mendelssohn, and, thorough musician as he is, was well qualified to direct it. The rehearsals were very carefully held, and led to a perfect concert. The piano of

the orchestra was beautiful, and was, as is needful, often and much used. The great work was poured forth to an enthusiastic audience. Movement after movement was warmly welcomed; the scherzo, so deservedly popular, was more bewitching than ever; the andante, which is usual given in a sentimental tone, was played in an earnest and manly manner; the finale was triumphant enough for any one, and lastly the coda was splendid. The four horn players blew so fully and strongly, that I sprang to my feet in order to see if they were crazy or were reinforced by four more. It was the last great concert of the season. May every year end as well here! The members of the orchestra presented to Eckert a memorial as a token of their respect and thanks for his unwearied pains and zeal in their service. Next year the orchestra will give ten concerts, and thus enrich themselves a little, and give great pleasure to the music-loving public of Vienna. J. H.

VIENNA, APRIL 21.—Since my last the Italian opera company, promised us by MATTEO SALVI, a music-teacher, (is he not the tenor of former days in America?) has made its appearance. As before mentioned, the Italian season of three months in the Imperial opera-house, which has been customary for many years, was in the fall given up in order (as we hear) to save expense. When this became known, Salvi, who has established a large singing school here, applied for leave and assistance to collect an Italian company. He got all that he wished: the Theatre an der Wien, which is the largest and handsomest in Vienna, was taken, and the boxes subscribed for during a season of forty nights. The Emperor also granted a subsidy. Thus protected from great loss, Salvi engaged the best singers, male and female, that he could. On Monday, the ninth of April, was the season to have begun; but instead of the expected play-bills on the walls of the houses, we saw, the day before, the unwelcome notice that Signora Charton-Demeur and Signora La Grua were unwell, and that Signora Lafon was ill. No one wondered, for we have all been suffering for six weeks from colds and sore throats in consequence of this disagreeable spring weather. However, in a few days "The Barber" was given; Signora Charton de-lighted her audience, as she has done for years in Vienna, and the other characters were fairly enough given, it is said, excepting the count's. An unfortunate man, named Ballorini, undertook this part, but was so hoarse (doubtless from a cold too) that many people left the theatre in disgust. It was a bad beginning.

The third day, *Norma*, with Signora LA GRUA, BIANCHI as Pollione, and BENEDETTI as Orovoso, was advertised. Signora La Grua was some years since engaged at the Imperial Opera here, and had left behind her, especially with the musicians, a good reputation, as singer, as actress and as a woman. The musicians are hard to please, for they see through the sham and tricks of the stage, and know the possibilities of the different parts; so I expected a great deal from Signora Emma La Grua.

Everything was favorable. The "Theater an der Wien" is capitally built as regards hearing. The orchestra was fair, the chorus fresh and pretty well trained (the chorus is made up of Salvi's scholars from his academy). Benedetti appeared and made a favorable impression in the first five minutes by means of a sonorous voice. Then came Pollione, and though he is not a born tenor, he still sang his first scene well enough. One mistake he did commit; as he first appeared, he had a full black beard of imposing dimensions, but on returning from a little walk to the back of the stage, our Roman consul showed much more of his face; his cheeks and throat had freed themselves totally of their covering. It was laughable enough. In a minute however came the Druids, male and female, and we put up our

glasses to examine the latter half of the chorus, for it is rare to find fresh, pretty faces among these accompaniments of the opera. Some of them were pretty enough. Then came Norma, and the first real applause of the season was heard from the whole as a welcome to the old favorite. And, she instead of the usual rush to the footlights with deep courtesies and sweet smiles, simply bowed her head in acknowledgment.

It is useless for me to go through the opera, for every one has heard it many times, and almost every one thinks, as I did, that come what may, there's nothing to interest an audience in it, more especially an audience to whom Grisi has sung this part. A moment showed the exterior of the Norma. She is a little above middle height, gracefully made, a head placed beautifully on her shoulders, a lofty gait, a dark complexion with like hair and sad brown eyes full of meaning, a handsome nose and a slight moustache. She is, if I mistake not, of Jewish extraction, and bears the marks as Rachel did, only she is of a darker hue and has much more beauty. Her voice is properly a mezzo-soprano, of beautiful quality, but not strong. By means of careful study she has managed to reach very high tones with ease, as any one knowing Norma must see.

Her singing of the *Casta Diva* was wonderful, mostly piano; and such a piano! so clear, so low, so true. She was a little hoarse, but it made little difference. Her scales, her ornaments, her singing seemed a matter of course, and her acting equally so. All came of itself. The opera went on; the Adalgisa appeared, displayed an excellent, strong, well-trained voice, looked like a "Bohemian cook," as a friend said to me (for Bohemian read Irish), without making any particular impression good or bad. The Norma was the sole figure of the evening, and she was wonderful. One thing after another proved her incontestible right to the highest rank among singers and actresses.

One of her earliest admirers, a young musician in the Imperial Opera orchestra, said to me: "How she came by this contempt for the notes which she has to sing, I cannot understand!" She sings the part as a whole, and as to paying the slightest attention to the ornaments and scales of one brilliant aria, to the right expression of another, in short to any portion of the mechanical, or even the intellectual part of her character, it never occurs to her. Her movements are perfectly graceful, and her acting is really second to that of no one unless of Rachel. Indeed it were not possible to play Norma better than she did: give her a greater part, and she might equal Rachel.

To compare Grisi with La Grua is useless—the former is a child to the latter. In cultivation of voice, I have never heard an approach to her. Not every singer, but every good singer has a *forte*, a *mezzo-piano*, a *piano*, a trill, and execution graceful and distinct; but La Grua has many shades of each. Her voice has a thousand different tones and expressions, just as the voice of Rachel had. Her contempt was not expressed by the curling lip; every girl can do that. Her love was not given by a shriek or even by a loud tone. It burst forth from within, and glowed fearfully. One saw how a real strong woman might and could love; only now and then do we have a chance to see so deep into the secrets of the human heart. It made me warm and cold in the same moment, for there is something fearful in such feelings. Let one but consider the terrible void of a heart rendered desolate as is the heart of Norma, by the desertion of Pollione, and it is impossible not to shudder. The audience burst forth in unpremeditated applause every moment, but our "Norma" took no notice of it; she, acting and singing thus, could not disturb the illusion by any acknowledgment of approbation from our hands; indeed it was a mere relief to our overwrought feel-

ings. In her duets we distinguished so easily her voice not by its strength, but by its size and character. You will hardly understand me perhaps; her voice is a large, broad voice, and in the middle regions is strong, but not throughout. It does not compare in strength with many voices here in Vienna, and yet it always gives me the feeling of size, breadth, fullness.

Frau Czillag, Fräulein Tietjens, Fran Bürde-Ney, and many other singers have far more voice from nature than Signora Emma La Grua, but no one of them has known how to develop it as the latter, and no one of them, nor any singer ever heard by me, has learned to sing so wonderfully as she.

In the third act we saw that the poor thing was suffering from increased hoarseness, and yet her management of her voice under these circumstances only showed her wonderful art. If you remember the part well, you have not forgotten that trying passages are constantly occurring in it; but I could hardly find them that evening. In the last act, from the moment when she appeared standing by the gong until the fatal veil was thrown over her, she again enchained her audience. It was splendid to see her stir up the Druids in the chorus where they demand a sacrifice. This chorus was demanded again, and it was worth noticing how she waved the priests and priestesses, (they did not know whether to sing it again or not) into a circle again. Her entire quietness and self-command on the stage is astonishing. Altogether her appearance was to me an epoch in my musical and theatrical experiences. More, much more. No doubt many have felt, behind great delight at the singing and playing of any considerable and noted artist, an atom of dissatisfaction at this or that little thing. Many must have had the thought, doubtless, as I did on seeing Rachel. "I knew that was possible, and at last I have it before me. I knew that a woman could be so terrible, could burn so, could be so splendid, and more than all could be charming and fascinating; but no one of them will let her nature forth so that I can see it. All other acting is all very nice, and agreeable enough, but it is nonsense compared with this reality." Entire satisfaction, stilling of the old longing, was the result. And even so is Signora La Grua. Other singers have here and there given me an insight into the possibility of being or becoming what La Grua is, and none of them more than our much prized darling, Signora Bosio. She was a singer by the grace of God; most are singers, male and female, by accident; a fine voice, a handsome face or figure, a little poetic feeling, and the like.

I went the next evening but one again to hear *Norma*, and watch even more carefully the whole performance. Signora La Grua was plainly ill, and coughed continually throughout the evening, but she was as enchanting, as wonderful as ever. She was indeed "Norma," only one saw that "Norma" was suffering from vile winds, rain and cold; as all Vienna was.

Signorina La Grua is a native of Dresden, is therefore a German and not an Italian singer. As before said, she was engaged here some years since in the Kärnthnertheater; the musicians say that her Fidelio and Donna Anna in *Don Juan* were wonderful. She has been some years in Rio Janeiro, and returned about a year ago, since which she has sung in St. Petersburg, and, I believe, in Berlin. Next week we are to see her as Lucrezia Borgia.

Signora Lafon, who was here last year, and became a great favorite, is ill, and we fear not likely to sing this year. It is most unlucky for us. Frau Czillag is singing in Covent Garden, London.

J. S.

NEW YORK, MAY 22. — The long opera struggle has proved a pecuniary loss to both houses, though it is supposed that Maretzek lost the most; for,

though he had some good houses, as a general thing the attendance was very small, and this notwithstanding the production of new operas and the brilliant successes of FABBRI. This admirable singer is achieving a very great popularity, and seems to improve both in the finish and vigor of her performance. Maretzek has brought out Verdi's *Nabucco* in excellent style and with more than ordinary care. It has pleased immensely, and, though not superior to *Ernani*, must hold a high place among Verdi's works. Only, it has the fault—an unusual one with the skillful composer—that it is not worked up to a good climax; the last act is the weakest and the first, the best. Then there is, strange to say, no tenor part in it, or not enough to speak of, for the tenor has only about ten bars of solo and takes part in two or three concerted pieces. MIRANDOLA, a good basso, with a pleasant, musical voice, though not very powerful, has been brought to the surface by this opera. Where he came from, or who he is, nobody knows, but he turns out to be a good, true singer, and acts with dignity. Maretzek still continues his season indefinitely and promises to produce *I Masnadieri*, written by Verdi for Jenny Lind (?), and *Il Bravo*, by Mercadante. ERRANI, the tenor, will appear, and there are a number of new singers engaged; though, like Fabbri, they are names that have never been heard of here before. May they turn out to be such consummate artists!

Signora CORTESI has taken the Academy of Music and expects to open shortly with some new operas, including the *Medea* of Pacini, and *Gemma di Vergy* of Donizetti. MUSIANI, the tenor of whom Havana fame speaks highly, will be one of the chief attractions of the company.

GAZZANIGA leaves here this week for Boston, whence she will sail in the Europa for Liverpool with her sister. She has been bidding us farewell for several years.

ADELINA SPERANZA is the unfortunate young prima donna imported by Maretzek, and the same who failed on her debut in *Traviata*. It appears she was sick, and a number of artists have offered her a complimentary benefit; but as if to insure a losing affair they select the hacknied opera of *Trovatore*, to be played by GAZZANIGA, WISSLER, TAMARO and DUBREUIL, a cast, with the exception of the prima donna, much inferior to what is usually offered to the public. If the benefit turn out a substantial one, it will not be owing to the attractions of the programme.

The Harmonic Society has been rehearsing Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen," and next week expect to perform it in public. TROVATORE.

NEW YORK, MAY 16.—On Saturday MASON and THOMAS gave their fourth and last Soirée, with a very short, but choice programme. There were but two concerted pieces and two solos. The former were a lovely quartet by Haydn, op. 64, in D, and one of Beethoven's last masterpieces, the quartet, op. 132. Besides these, Mr. Mason played the *Sonata Appassionata* of the last-named composer, and Mr. Thomas a *Reverie* and *Caprice* of Berlioz. It is a great rarity to hear so much good chamber music in one evening, and to hear it done justice to in such a degree as on this occasion. The contrast between the compositions of each kind, too, was very striking. Two different worlds are represented in Haydn and Beethoven in his latest works—each in its way so beautiful—while the wonderful, ever-glorious Sonata, as compared to the weird and rather far-fetched, though still interesting fancies of Berlioz, set at rest all doubts as to the real "Music of the Future." With this Soirée we bade good-bye to this association of artists, to whom we owe so much enjoyment; but only, we hope, to give them a hearty welcome again next winter.

MAY 22.—An interesting novelty was held out to the musical public last Saturday evening, in the shape

of HILLER's new oratorio, "Saul," sung by the German Liederkrantz at the Academy of Music. It proved a success in every way. The house was full, the solo parts were well sustained, and the choruses uncommonly good. The principal solo parts were Saul (Mr. WEINLICH), David (Sig. STIGELLI), Michal, (Mme. ZIMMERMANN), and Samuel (Mr. URCHS). Mr. Weinlich had taken the part of Saul at very short notice, instead of Mr. Philip Mayer, who was too ill to sing. It is a difficult and elaborate part, and Mr. Weinlich deserves the highest credit for the manner in which he acquitted himself. The music of David is not only thoroughly representative of the character, but admirably adapted to the powers of Sig. Stigelli. I have never heard him appear to more advantage. A beautiful little Romanza, his first number, in which David longs for his paternal roof, his flocks, etc., won him the most rapturous applause, and an impetuous *encore*. The sweet singer, David, was never better represented. Madame Zimmermann (why not call herself by her husband's name, Mad. Anschütz,) surpassed herself, and surprised every one by her excellent interpretation of the part of Michal. This lady is so unassuming and keeps herself so much in the background, that her powers are little known. She has of late years been heard only in secondary parts, as, for instance, the second soprano in the ninth symphony, at the last performance of which, by the way, she was the only one of the quartet who did really well. The music of this oratorio is very beautiful,—lively and interesting throughout—but there is too much of it for one evening, and although pleasing and grateful to the ear, it has too much depth to be thoroughly judged of and analyzed at one hearing. After the trouble evidently taken by the Liederkrantz in practising it, we may hope for another performance, till which I defer all farther details.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 26, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—WEBER's Opera, *Der Freyschütz*, piano-forte arrangement, resumed and continued.

ITALIAN OPERA AGAIN!—Yes, *Trovatore*-opera. The anvils are to be beaten in the Boston Theatre (we beg pardon, the Academy of Music) on Monday night, and the gypsy, with the fire in her brain, reflected and foreshadowed gleam of those roastings alive, which give this tragedy-comedy a hold upon the sympathies hardly inferior to the bloody Sayers and Heenan business, is to go singing round the stage her reeling, whirling, fire-waltz melodies. The favorite opera of the Verdi-ists has not, we presume, yet lost its popularity. The *Trovatore* fires still smoke and smoulder round the old stake; let the crowd gather, and there are magicians, (singers) who will blow them up again to bright and crackling flames. For Verdi's music many claim a politico-revolutionary meaning. Perchance the *Trovatore* hath a hidden sense; perchance the burning gipsy must be taken as a type, an emblem of the wrongs and the revenge of Italy:—is that the notion? The five letters, which compose the name of Verdi, have been found (wonderful hint of destiny!) to be just the initials of Vittore Emmanuele Re d'Italia. Can there be a doubt about it, that he is also the predestined man and that the *Trovatore* doth contain a charm, potent for the upheaval of dark old dynasties, as well as for the filling of opera manager's pockets? Yes, Verdi shall be Victor.

But to return to our Academy. It probably is

not the charm of the opera, the music in itself, which is relied on to draw us within those walls next week, so much as it is the attraction of certain famous singers' names. Mme. CORTESI, "the great lyric tragedienne," who whilome appeared here in that dreary opera "The Martyrs," having returned from Havana, rented the Boston Academy for one week, for the benevolent "purpose of introducing to the American public the GREAT tenor, and only rival of Tamberlik, Signor MUSIANI, who has made an immense sensation during the late opera season in Havana and other theatres in Cuba." He will be the Troubadour on Monday, and no doubt there will be curiosity to hear him. The Signora Impresaria herself will be the Leonora. Our own ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, the best of the contralti, good in every thing, will do the gipsy part as finely as it can be done, so say all the lovers of the opera who have seen and heard her in it. Sig. AMODIO does the cruel business, in his old part of Count di Luna. By lucky chance, too, Mme. GAZZANIGA comes to Boston to take her departure for Europe in the steamer of next Wednesday, and she too will sing once, of course on Tuesday, kindly reserving for us the *real* farewell. Other singers posted on the bills are Sig. SUSINI, Sig. TAMARO, BARILI, &c., &c. Sig. MUZIO, the Verdi man, is the conductor, and Sig. DUBREUIL stage manager. What the pieces after Monday night will be is not yet (while we write) divulged; but we are assured that there shall be a change of opera every night.

A STRIKE FOR HIGHER MUSIC.—It seems that the magical five letters, *V-e-r-d-i*, are the watchword of insurrection and of popular rights not only in Italy and in politics. The spell has penetrated even to New England singing societies. The Norwich (Conn.) *Courier*, of May 17, devotes a leading editorial to the internal politics of a local society, called the Norwich Choral Union. An apple of discord has fallen among them—green apples, of the Verdi sort, have proved so appetizing to the many, that they have rebelled in favor of the forbidden fruit against their leader, who has used that autocratic power, with which it has been commonly found best to clothe all musical conductors, to the exclusion of the Verdi music in his selection of the pieces for practice. Accordingly after rehearsal one night, some one of the disaffected rose and proposed to rescind the rule whereby it was made the duty of the conductor "to select the music to be performed." The resolution succeeded, and the discomfited conductor at once resigned his place. What his peculiar tastes were in regard to schools and styles of music, or what more classical standards he upheld against the revolutionary tide of Verdi, we have been at a loss to gather from the following statement in the article referred to:

As an instance of the unsatisfactory working of a regulation which gives authority to the conductor, against which there is no appeal, we may state what has been told us by good authority. It seems that some of the choruses in Verdi's operas are favorites with the members of the Choral Union, and that the desire has been expressed for their rehearsal; but the conductor's opinion of the musical skill of the great composer being unfavorable, he has refused, point blank, to assign the wished for morceaux for rehearsal. His preference—as our public well know—and as we have ourselves once kindly, but plainly, hinted—has been for musical selections belonging to the general fugitive school, remarkable for nothing so much as their rather poor taste, and their adaptation to an association in an advanced state of "caducity"—(vide Worcester, Webster and Caleb Cushing,) which the Norwich Choral Union is not, and, by help of its energies, does not intend to be. We have good musicians in Norwich; refined judgments and tastes in music; excellent foundations on which to build up

skill in execution; a little more ambition among our amateurs than what originates from merely primary school musical accomplishments; and these judgments, tastes and qualifications have some right to speak for themselves, and to be heard and respected. The public appreciation comes in to support this claim of right, and the public verdict is proverbially superior to the dictum of an individual—no matter how highly titled or qualified as a Mentor he may be, or assume to be.

There is democracy for you! But pray what is meant by "the general fugitive school" of music? Does it mean *fugue* music possibly, and was it an issue between classical and popular, the learned and the entertaining? Or does it mean light, transitory, fugitive in the same sense as when we speak of "fugitive poems," small ephemeral chirpings in the "poet's corner" of a newspaper? Perhaps "original" productions, of the conductor's own composing, "caducous" as the apple-blossoms of this blessed week of May, if not as fragrant. The majority, it appears, preferred green apples in hand to such mere blooming promise. But we are curious to know what was dismissed as "fugitive," when Verdi was selected as the type of what is solid and enduring.

A German paper gives the following characteristic answers, alleged to have been made by JENNY LIND, HENRIETTA SONTAG, and WILHELMINA SCHROEDER-DEVRIENT, when they were asked how they regarded the stage decorations in their performances. Jenny Lind said: "For me there exist no decorations; I do not even know to what end they are there. I step forth and am conscious of nothing but that I sing and must sing." Sontag answered: "In my performance I constantly regard the decorations as just what they are; but I strive, as discreetly and as zealously as possible, to use them for my artistic ends. I think and feel myself into them until they can inspire me in their turn, but never so that I become no longer conscious of their presence." Schroeder-Devrient answered: "That is all stuff and rubbish to be sure, but it has to become what I will. It must have life breathed into it, until it actually lives to me and becomes plastic. In the next moment again it is mere naked rubbish; but for the time being the trees have rustled for me, the flowers have scattered fragrance, the cascades have foamed, the stars have shone, the clouds have lightened and thundered. One to whom that cannot happen, cannot flash and thunder himself."

Mme. COLSON has been singing in New Orleans in Albert Grisar's French fairy opera, *Les Amours du Diable* (originally produced at the Theatre Lyrique, Paris, on the 13th of March, 1853, and at the Theatre d'Orleans, March 24, 1856.) Uriel, in this piece, is pronounced the best of this fascinating prima donna's parts; Colson has also appeared with Melchisedec in the one-act opera of Paër, *Le Maître de Chapelle*. Halévy's "Charles the VI." was given at the same theatre, with Melchisedec as the King, and Mlle. Geismar as Odette.

In Philadelphia, CARL HOHNSTOCK was assisted in his farewell concert, Thursday evening, by Mme. Johannsen, the singer, Messrs. Wolfsohn and Warner pianist, and Carl Sentz, with his Germania orchestra increased to forty. The programme contained: the overture to *Oberon*; a song composed by Satter, *Die Sommernachts Legende*; Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, played by the concert giver; Thalberg's *Don Giovanni* fantasia, played by Mr. Warner; a "Symphonic Fantasia" for grand orchestra, called *Sur la Mer*, composed by Hohnstock; Verdi's *Bohémien*, sung by Johannsen; Liszt's *Les Patineurs*, from the *Prophète*, played by Wolfsohn; a violin solo, "*Fantaisie heroïque sur la Marche de Ferdinand Cortez*," composed and played by Hohnstock; a song by Schubert; and the "*Fredonia Overture*," by Hohnstock.

The marriage of Miss Balfé to Sir John Crampton, late English Minister at Washington, and now representing Queen Victoria at St. Petersburg, has excited some interest among Sir John's numerous acquaintances in the United States, and justifies the publication of the following bit of biography, copied from the *Philadelphia Press*:

Lady Crampton, who is a remarkably pretty wo-

man, is twenty-three years old, having been born in the Rue de la Victoire, Paris, on the first of September, 1837. Her mother is a French *prima donna* (Mademoiselle Sona Rezer) who married Michael William Balfé, the well-known Irish composer and singer. His operas are well known everywhere, from "The Siege of Rochelle" and "The Bohemian Girl," down to "The Rose of Castille" and "Satanella," his latest productions. Even in childhood, Victoire Balfé showed great taste and feeling for music. Her voice, a pure *soprano*, was developed under the instruction of Emmanuel Garcia, and subsequently in Italy, under her father's care, with the aid of eminent masters. Her first appearance upon any stage was at the Italian Opera House, London, (Mr. Gye's) May 28, 1857, as Amina, in "La Sonnambula," in which opera she was supported by Madame Tagliafico, Signor Ronconi, and Signor Gardoni. Her success was great, and was *real*. Her voice proved to be a high soprano of great flexibility and even sweetness, ranging from low C to C in *alt*. She subsequently sang, the same year, at the opera in Turin, and, returning to England, in 1859, at the Italian Opera, Drury Lane Theatre, where one of her greatest hits was in the role of Arline, in "La Zingara," (her father's "Bohemian Girl" Italianized,) in which she gave wonderful effect to the air: "I Dreamed that I Dwelt in Marble Halls," or "*In Una Reggia Splendida*." Her voice, which is remarkably sweet, rather than powerful, was scarcely able to fill such a large theatre as that of Drury Lane. Last year the young lady accepted an engagement at the Opera in St. Petersburg, where the event has occurred which happily converts Victoire Balfé into Lady Crampton.

Music Abroad.

London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The first performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*, on Friday night last week, although not belonging to the subscription, attracted a full attendance. Signor Everardi was the Duke; Signor Mongini, Gennaro; and Madame Borghi-Mamo, Maffeo Orsini. Mlle. Titiens' *Lucrezia* was as grand as ever. Her "M'odi, m'odi," in the last act, as an example of brilliant vocalization, could hardly be surpassed. *Lucrezia Borgia* was repeated on Thursday, this time Signor Violetti representing the Duke.

On Saturday *Almina* was performed for the second time, and on Monday, for the third and last time—the occasion being Mlle. Piccolomini's farewell appearance. The theatre was not so crowded as might have been expected. Every place, however, was paid for, and the stalls, pit, amphitheatre, and gallery were filled.

Mlle. Piccolomini's career has been equally brilliant and unaccountable. Perhaps no artist with such slender means ever before achieved so great a reputation. That a good deal of the sensation must be attributed to her energy and command of expression will be admitted; but still more, we fancy, should be referred to the entire originality of her style. It was impossible to compare her with any one else, and thus she was exempt from a judicial process often dangerous to questionable reputations. Mlle. Piccolomini may not perhaps be greatly missed from the lyric boards; but years are likely to elapse before so decided a favorite with the general public is seen again.

Otello was given for the second time on Tuesday, and attracted a full attendance. Madame Borghi-Mamo sang even better than on the first night, and was again rapturously encoined in "*Assisa a pied d'un salice*." Signor Mongini (*Otello*) was as striking and vigorous as before, and the quick movement of the duet, "*Non m'inganno*," with Signor Everardi (*Iago*)—was encoined with acclamations.—*Mus. World*, May 5.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—On Saturday, *La Favorita* was given for the second time. The performance offered no new feature, with the exception that Signor Mario sang with greater command of voice than on Tuesday.

On Tuesday, *Fra Diavolo*, presented for the first time since 1858, brought back Sig. Ronconi as Lord Allcash. The cast has undergone some changes, Mad. Miolan-Carvalho being substituted for Mad. Bosio in Zerlina, and Mlle. Corbari for Mlle. Marai in Lady Allcash. The other characters are sustained as before. While some parts of the opera went to perfection, we confess to have heard a better performance of *Fra Diavolo* at the Royal Italian Opera. Mad. Miolan-Carvalho feeling, perhaps, the responsibility of coming immediately after Mad. Bosio in one of that lamented singer's best parts, and consequently did not do her eminent talents justice.

Nevertheless, she evidenced her supremacy as a *bravura* singer of the French school, and created the greatest sensation of the evening, in an interpolated air (Act II.) her execution of which for brilliancy and fluency could not be surpassed, and which obtained the only encore of the evening.

LIVERPOOL.—The fourth grand subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society, took place on Tuesday night. The great feature in the programme was Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, with Mozart's additional accompaniments. Madame Hayes took the part of Galatea; Mr. Perren that of *Acis*; Miss Fanny Huddart, Damon; and Mr. Weiss, Polyphemus. Mr. Weiss, in the recitative, "I rage, I melt, I burn," was most effective. Mr. Perren's "Love in her eyes sits playing," was tastefully sung. That charming air, "As when the dove," sung by Madame Hayes, was rendered in that rich, expressive style for which she is so remarkable. The instrumental music throughout the serenata was of the very best description, and nothing could be finer than the manner in which the accompaniments to Mozart's duet from *Il Seraglio*, (sung by Mr. Perren and Mr. Weiss) was performed by the orchestra. Miss Huddart, in Hullah's "Storm," received a well-deserved *encore*. Of Madame Hayes' singing of "The last rose of summer," it is needless to speak. A "fantasia violoncello," by Mr. Collins, was very much applauded. The manner in which the overture to *Dinorah* was performed testified to the ability of Mr. J. Z. Hermann as conductor.

DUBLIN.—The University Choral Society's Concert took place on the 17th April; the programme was made up of *Jephtha*, the last oratorio of Handel; Spohr's 84th Psalm (first time in Ireland); Mozart's motet "Ave verum corpus" (adapted to English words), and also his fugued chorus "Pignus future" (from the Liturgy in B), together with the following pieces by Mendelssohn: "Da nobis pacem." "It is enough" (*Elijah*); "Be thou faithful" (*St. Paul*); three sacred songs with chorus, from the catalogue of Simrock, in Bonn, adapted to English words, by Mr. Broadley. Mr. Lockey was brought on to sing the tenor music; the soprano and bass were allotted to Miss Julia Cruise and Mr. R. Smith, of Dublin; Dr. Stewart conducted. Spohr's "Hymn to St. Cecilia," which was produced at the previous University Concert, and the 84th Psalm at the present one, were given with effect, and were hailed as great additions to the stock of available choral music.

Germany.

COBURG.—An extract from a letter in the *Signale* states: "The basso Carl Formes, who has lately given several performances in Gotha, was presented by the Duke with a fine building spot in our city, and it is supposed that the distinguished artist will take up his permanent abode here."

LEIPZIG.—The twenty subscription concerts at the Gewandhaus were completed on the 29th of March. The programme of the eighteenth contained Gade's fourth symphony (in B-flat); Recitative and Aria, with basset-horn obligato, from Mozart's *Tito*, sung by Frau Krebs-Michalesi, from the royal opera at Dresden; *Fantasia Appassionata*, by Vieuxtemps, played by Concert-meister R. Dreyschock; a couple of *Lieder*, by Capellmeister Krebs; overture to Shakespeare's "King John," by Robert Radecke; aria from *Semiramide*; Capriccio for violin, by Rietz, played by Dreyschock; overture to *Der Wasserträger*, Cherubini. Radecke's overture is spoken of as musician-like, but not particularly rich in fancy. One critic wonders what it has to do with Shakespeare's tragedy, and says "the *What* must never be allowed to shield the *How* of a descriptive composition." It was not very warmly received; the composer himself conducted. The singer of the evening is highly praised, though she is said to have lost something of the freshness of her voice.... In the nineteenth concert the orchestra played Beethoven's eighth symphony, and Schumann's *Manfred* overture, with rare perfection. Herr and Frau Milde, from Weimar, sang airs from *Nozze di Figaro* and *Fidelio*, and a duet from Wagner's *Fliegender Holländer*, to great acceptance. Weber's Clarinet concerto was performed by Hr. Landgraf, and Mendelssohn's piano-forte concerto in D minor by Mr. John Francis Barnett, from London, just graduated from the Leipzig Con-

servatory, who won much credit....The twentieth concert was the last appearance of Rietz as conductor, who takes the post of Kapellmeister at Dresden; and he was greeted with a *Tusch* from the orchestra, and a *Hoch!* from the audience; at the end, too, he was called out with enthusiasm and pelted with flowers.

The programme reflected the tastes of the retiring conductor; it was historical-classical, and true to the motto of the Gewandhaus hall: *Res severe verum gaudium*. The *Neue Zeitschrift*, while describing Rietz as a man of perfect musical culture, great energy, decided force of will, &c., complains of him as one-sided, prejudiced against the more modern efforts in musical production, and also as not governed by a very intelligent principle in making his historical selections. A *Suite* by Bach (played by David) was followed by "I know that my Redeemer liveth" (sung by Frl. Ida Dannemann.) Then came Gluck's overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*; then a motet by Haydn; and a trio by Mozart, in G major, (piano, Frl. Hauße; violin, F. David; violoncello, J. Rietz). Beethoven's C minor symphony formed the second part.

The performances of church music by the boys at the Thomas Church,—on every Saturday and oftener—offer always opportunities of hearing motets, anthems, &c., by old and modern masters seldom heard elsewhere. For instance: *March 17, 3½ P. M.*, Motet: "Praise the Lord," by Döles. *March 24*, Motet: *Misericordias Domini*, by Durante; *Nimm von uns, Herr Gott*, by Hauptmann; *March 25*: "Holy," by Hummel. *March 31*: Motet: *Gross sind die Wagen*, by Richter; *Seele, was betrübst du*, Rietz; *April 1*, Passion Music by Handel. *April 4*, Final chorus from "The end of the righteous," by Schicht. *April 5*: "Behold the lamb of God," by Homilius. *April 7*: "Why do the heathen rage," Motet, by Mendelssohn; "Thanks to the Lord," Romberg. *April 8, 8 A. M.*, Mass, by A. André; *Te Deum*, by A. Hasse. *April 9*: "Great is the Lord," hymn by Handel. On Good Friday, Bach's Passion music was performed.

DRESDEN.—In the concert on Palm Sunday, Beethoven's ninth symphony and Mozart's *Requiem* were performed. Julius Rietz entered upon his new kapellmeistership, as Reissiger's successor, by conducting the symphony. The *Requiem* was conducted by Kapellmeister Krebs.

Paris.

(From Correspondence of New Orleans Picayune, April 26.)

The theatres are all busy and driving good business. Will you let me begin my account of them by telling you of a projected marriage which is raising a great many smiles? The bridegroom is none other than your quondam acquaintance, Sir John F. Crampton, the bride Miss Balfé, the opera singer. He met her at St. Petersburg, where he represents Her Majesty, and where she is representing the *Bohemian Girl*, *Lucy Ashton* and other interesting and distressed creatures. Presto! he fell in love with her over head and ears and reason, and sues for her hand. Talk of Greek fire for its unextinguishable vehemence, but give me love: here's a fellow whom neither the freezer of diplomacy, nor the frost of years, nor the ice of the Arctic Circle have been able to make love proof. If that isn't as good as a play, write me down an ass. The Grand Opera is in some embarrassment from a serious indisposition of M^{me}. Lauters-Guymard, which checkmates *Pierre de Médicis*, and came very near proving fatal to her. To do the best they could, they give us operatic roast beef, those old resisting pieces, which, let appetites be never so hungry, may be carved and carved without being cleared. What do you think of "Gul-laume Tell" being served up for the three hundred and ninety-fifth time, and "Robert le Diable," four hundred and seventy-five times? Deny their powers of resistance! We have Michot's appearances at the Grand Opera; he is a singer of excellent voice, but unpolished person, who is popular. Adolphe Adam discovered him and pushed him forward; since his death Michot has been pushing himself forward by

most persevering study, and will go far before his voice breaks. They had the other morning at the Grand Opera, their semi annual dancing review. There are three or four dancing schools attached to the Grand Opera, where the prettiest girls to be found are gratuitously instructed in Terpsichorean tactics: every six months there is a review of them, and the most skilful or prettiest are promoted to the agility of ballet girls, and I have been a wretched tutor if I have not taught you by this time that feminine beauty behind footlights is fortune made. Judge of their emulation! It is a great favor to be allowed to witness these reviews, and one ardently sought, for beauty in stocking-net has irresistible attractions here. Few persons are allowed to see them; the most inveterate frequenters are old Dr. Veron, Mons. Fould, the Minister of State, Count de Morny, the Aguados, Count Walewski, &c. The judges were the other day M^{lles}. Taglioni, Ferraris and Livry, the stage manager and ballet masters; these were on a platform. On one side of the room were the mothers of the girls, on the other side were the amateurs. It is always a pretty sight. The Grand Opera is busy getting *La Muette de Portici* ready for Michot to play *Masaniello*, and *Semiramis* for the two sisters Marchiso, who came near being swindled a few days ago. They received a letter through the post telling them unless they sent 2000f. to one Nesini, he would be at the pains to have them hissed down when they make their appearance. Doubtless thinking it a great hardship to be obliged to pay not only the regular *claqueurs* for applauding, but volunteer guerrillas for not hissing, they asked advice from the police, who bade them trouble themselves no more about the matter. The police wrote a letter to the address indicated by Nesini, and when he claimed the letter he was arrested. I am afraid he will scarcely have a chance to hiss soon in a theatre. If the police would only send to similar cells other people here who levy black mail on artists, we would require a new jail. M^{lle}. Taglioni, the Taglioni, has been appointed professor at the Conservatory: the ballet she has written for M^{lle}. Livry, will be brought out next winter. Faure and his wife, sometimes M^{lle}. Lefebvre, have quit the Opéra Comique, and, rumor says, France, too, for some time. He is in London, singing the *Pardon de Ploërmel* in Italian: he is to return here to sing in Boieldieu's *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge*, and then he is to go to St. Petersburg for years. His place of professor at the Conservatory has been given to a man named Paulin, an excellent musician and singer; but his voice is thin, while he is as thick as poor Dixon H. Lewis was; the consequence of which contrast was, whenever he appeared on the stage, the audience would roar with laughter to see such a tiny mouse of a voice issue from so large a mountain of flesh. He was obliged to abandon the stage for teaching, by which exercise of talents he has made a comfortable income. The walls are posted with Government notices, announcing the Grand Opera house is to be built opposite the rue de la Paix; the city of Paris is to build it, the Government giving it as the price of construction Louis Philippe's beautiful park of Monceaux, the loveliest park near Paris, the Bois de Boulogne not excepted; it is not much known, however, for even now there is no admission to it, save by ticket. A portion of the park will be sold for building lots, the remainder thrown open to the public. Workmen are busily engaged on two new theatres, situated Place du Châtelet; it will be eighteen months before they are finished. The Italian Opera draws near its close; the season has been extremely brilliant; they say the manager, who has lost one thousand dollars at least every year since he took it, clears this season the enormous sum of eight hundred dollars! I think you know he is a wealthy Cuban, who finds the best mode of enjoying his millions of dollars is to expend the interests and leisure it affords him in governing Italian singers of both sexes.

Mons. Carvalho, the manager of the Theatre Lyrique, has surrendered the reins to Mons. Charles Rety, after a dictatorship of four years, and with \$30,000 debts and \$80,000 costume, scenes, &c., for he has lavished money in "getting up" his pieces with prodigal hand. He has had one of the best companies in Paris, and sometimes gave us his wife, (M^{lle}. Miolan), M^{me}. Ugalde and M^{lle}. Duprez, together in the same opera. He has given us some of the best music ever heard in Paris—*Marriage de Figaro*, *Der Freyschütz*, *Oberon*, *Orphee*,—he discovered M^{me}. Marie Cabel's talents and placed Messrs. Gounod and Felicien David in a better light than we had seen them. The new director is a mere puppet in the hands of Prince Poniatowski, and a banker: the Prince manages the music—the banker, the money.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 426.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 10.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Shepherd's Song of Complaint.

(From the German of GOETHE.)

On brow of yonder mountain
A thousand times I've stood,
On my crook so sadly leaning,
And gazed o'er field and wood.

I follow my flocks as they're grazing,
My dog he watches them well,
I come to the foot of the mountain,
Yet how, I hardly can tell.

And, strown with beautiful flowers,
The meadow before me lies;
I gather them all, without knowing
On whom to bestow the prize.

In rain, in storm, and in tempest,
I stand there under the tree,
But ah, 'tis all an illusion—
Yon door never opens for me!

Above the lowly cottage
A rainbow stands to-day—
Yet she, alas, has departed,
Has wandered far away.

Far over the land and farther,
E'en over the sea she's gone—
Pass on, ye sheep, pass onward,
Your shepherd is sad and lone.

M. A. R.

Italian and German Singing.

Translated for this Journal from the *Deutsche Musik-Zeitung* of Vienna.

(Conclusion.)

Amongst all really great singers and teachers of singing there never could have been a doubt, that the study of the Scales, continued regularly through all phases of the artistic career, afforded the only means of developing and building up the voice for great performances, such as the stage requires; the only means by which the voice can acquire and permanently maintain all the qualities essential to the artistic tone. This study involves by no means the mere alphabet of singing, it extends to its highest reach of perfection. Only by this is it possible for the singer so to mould the natural rough ore of tone to his control, that both the speaking and the singing voice shall become independent of all accidental peculiarities and defects of the organism, and absolutely subservient to the proper ends of Art. Upon the Scales is based the production of a beautiful, large, noble tone; the equalizing of the registers; the *messa di voce* and the *Coloratura*;—all things never found in full perfection in the cradle even of the most gifted natures. Only through the Scales is a singer in a state to use his instrument like a master and transmit the feeling that dwells in him to his hearers. Finally, by them alone is the natural formation of—what is so absolutely necessary to tenor voices—the *Falsetto*, with its peculiar carriage of the air, made possible; the *Falsetto*, which, properly developed, is so indispensable to the preservation of the chest voice, and which Wild first learned to

use in the year 1825, through the instructions of Rossini. But how far from perfect this study had been with him, is proved by the remark he adds: that "in the use of the Falsetto he always had to seek a word which contained the *e* or *i* (Italian sound), and carefully avoid making the transition from the chest tones to the falsetto between immediately consecutive tones; but he contrived his ornaments so that they should end in falsetto after leaping over several tones." This frank confession would deserve all credit, had the autobiographer designed thereby to show the faultiness of his own culture and to warn others against like faults; but since he adds, that he writes down these communications upon the history of his vocal development "with especial reference to young and striving singers," as kindly counsels, "which they may profit by and be rewarded, like himself," it becomes too clear that he labored under a certain self-deception as to the degree of culture to which he had attained as a singer. That the practice of the Falsetto, as he says, unless it be undertaken with caution and under the guidance of an experienced teacher, may easily prove the ruin of an originally fine voice, certainly admits of no doubt; but it is equally certain, that he personally had acquired the artistic use of it only very imperfectly, and therefore does wrong to set up his own culture as a pattern to younger generations.

Every voice, the deep bass as well as the high soprano, has a falsetto register, which connects immediately with the highest chest tones; and nothing but the undeniable difficulty of rightly binding the two registers together has induced the false opinion, so deeply rooted in many so-called singing teachers, that the Falsetto cannot be developed in all organs. This opinion—if we may not refer to the example of the *yodling* natural singers of the Tyrol—is refuted by the single fact which C. G. Nehrlich makes prominent in his "Art of Singing" (2d edition, Leipzig, 1853, page 142), that all great singers formed in the classical school, of earlier and of later times, have possessed the Falsetto; the sopranis, Mara and Catalani, as well as the alti, Pisaroni and Pauline Garcia; and Handel's best basso, Montagnana (who had all the tones from *E* in the great bass octave to the once-marked *a* in the treble in equal beauty), as well as Ludwig Fischer, Carl Stromeyer in Weimar and Louis Lablache*; not to speak of the great tenors, in whom the necessity of the falsetto culture is self-evident. The chief restriction put upon it by incompetent teachers is this: that, instead of allowing the use of the falsetto where it naturally comes in after the three tetrachords of the chest and the two middle registers, they are accus-

tomed to force out a few more throaty tones with the same management of the breath as in the second middle register, which they call "forming the height of the pupil," but which in reality leads only to his ruin. Nehrlich is right then, when he says that "Nature produces nothing useless and superfluous, and that therefore the well formed falsetto in all classes of voices is the true means of preserving the highest chest tones to the latest years; because, according to natural laws, the working of organic bodies, as here in the production of tones, not only depends on the harmony of the organs themselves, but this harmony is a necessary furtherance of the whole, although in the natural state a product of the organic bodies; and if by the neglect of any part Nature is hindered in her legitimate requirements and conditions, the whole organism must suffer, as well as the result it is intended to produce."

From this we may easily conjecture to what Wild's inability to join the falsetto to his chest voice immediately, without leaping over an interval, was owing. Plainly he never in his life had sung the Scales sufficiently, or at least not in the right way; and if he was obliged to avoid the vowels *a*, *o* and *u* entirely in using the falsetto, then he has disregarded another principal rule in the Scale practice, namely this: that one must sing them not merely upon one, but upon all the vowels, at first upon *a* and *e*, and then upon the rest, with the help of the syllables in use among the French and the Italians, *do (ut)*, *re*, *mi*, *fa*, *sol*, *la*, *si*.

I shall rejoice if these cursory remarks may find a place in the *Deutsche Musik-Zeitung*, which makes it the most essential problem in its programme, to farther the grand mission of the German people in the realm of music in its widest sense. But to a worthy solution of this problem it belongs above all, that the attention of the nation so distinguished for universality, and so quick to assimilate all good things offered from abroad, free from all prejudice, should also be called to the shadowy sides of its musical capacity and culture, that is, to the very points where it may really learn from others. Think what we will of the Italian opera, one thing we must never forget: that in the *art of singing* we stand far behind the Italians, and that, not merely for the artistic rendering of an air of Verdi or of Donizetti, but also for the reproduction of our own masterworks, even to the fugues of Bach, we cannot dispense with that great, old Italian singing school, which nowadays becomes less and less understood, as the passages just cited from the biography of one of our country's greatest singers show too painfully.

The common assertion that the Italian school is only suited for soulless bravura pieces, but not for the feeling delivery of the deeper German music, is perfectly absurd; for that is just the chief advantage which the Italian singer enjoys over the German, that he, formed in his school, whether it be sustained or ornamented music, sings with far more soul than the latter, who so

* Compare P. Scudo, *Critique et littérature musicales, deuxième Série*, p. 382, (Paris, 1859): "Above his chest-voice, Lablache possessed still five or six silvery falsetto notes, with which he loved to sport in certain scenes of high comedy. When he wished to wanton with his falsetto voice, he would jet forth caprices of vocalization, each more ingenious than the last, and he could vie to pretty good advantage with the inspired bravura of a Malibran," &c.

seldom sees not only that Scales and Solfege are a necessary evil for the technical formation of the voice, but, what is far more important, that they also serve the soul, since they first put into the student's hands, by the pure tuning of his instrument, the æsthetic means of expressing the ideal feelings which he would impart to his hearers. A singer, who ventures upon great dramatic parts, before he has been most thoroughly drilled in the A B C of the Scales, and has brought his voice completely under his control, without the addition of words, is like a child that would dance a ballet before it has learned to walk. Our theatres and concert halls are swarming with such ballet dancers; and so it is really no wonder, that Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti and Verdi, even in this our own land, so often carry off the victory in the opinion of the public over Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven and Weber. It is not alone the sensuous ear-tickling of the sweet Italian melody that causes a result so shaming to us. Hear a Lucrezia or Semiramis, a Barber or a Norma rendered by cold, stiff, perhaps naturally musical, but hardly half-formed German opera singers, and the effect, which this music produces on the masses, will really be no greater, than when the eternal masterworks of German art, a *Don Juan* or a *Freyschütz* come out upon the stage in equal imperfection. On the contrary, let even a *Trovatore* or a *Rigoletto* be produced by real singers, and by their side an *Iphigenia* by bunglers—and what wonder that the mass should feel itself more drawn by a poor music, which seems raised to finest effect by the art of the singers, than by a good music done to death by the unskilfulness of the performers! Is it then so hard to understand, that sterling music, which deals not merely with superficial forms and therefore falls not so easily into the ear, needs doubly accomplished singers to give it its legitimate and full effect? What German could ever have completely seized the wonder-world of Mozart's *Don Juan*, until it had been opened to him by Italian singers? Where have we had such an Ottavio, or Don Giovanni, or Leporello, as Rubini, Garcia and Lablache have shown us in their presentation and—their singing of these parts?

But we repeat it, not the land makes the singer, but the school; and our German singers therefore ought at last to begin once more to fashion themselves in the only saving Italian school, for the great tasks, which their immortal national composers have left them as a sacred heritage. So, and only so, will they be in a condition to compete with their Italian colleagues, by whom they are now everywhere beaten from the field; so may they surpass them as much as the works, which they have to interpret, are superior in value to the ordinary parade-horses of an Italian opera stage. But as matters now stand here in Germany, in regard to singing, this goal certainly lies very far from us, and we shall yet have to wander many a year to the new Babylon, to Carvalho's Théâtre Lyrique, to hear our own Mozart, Weber and even Gluck sung by Frenchmen, as we cannot hear them on our German stage.

The Right to Hear.

A good deal of talk, of one kind and another, bellicose, critical and philosophic, has arisen out of the rebuke administered, in no very gentle terms, by Baron Bramhall, a London judge, to a young English officer, for disturbing the audience during the

performance of an opera, by loud talking. Commenting on this affair, our cotemporary of the Philadelphia Press, Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, has some remarks, which seem to us to be of such general applicability that we make no apology for concluding our chapter of chat with them, to-day:

The practice of chattering at musical or dramatic performances is extremely irritating, uncourteous and ill bred. Every member of an audience is entitled to hear, and it is low breeding to prevent his enjoyment of this right. If people want to chatter, they should take a suitable time and place for performing that process. To have an under-current of small talk droning in your ears, before or behind you, at a theatre or opera house, distracting the attention and making you hear only one word or one note in ten, is an abomination which cannot be sufficiently reprehended, and the sufferer has a right, beyond all doubt, to speak to the offending parties, in a tone of grave remonstrance and quiet rebuke.

The late Duke of Cambridge—the dinner-eating Duke—was a constant and flagrant offender in this way. He had very little taste for music, and had a box at the opera, simply because it was the fashion. A great man was he for presiding at public dinners, at which he would eat as much as five and drink as much as ten ordinary people. Leaving the table, full of beef and flushed, but scarcely flurried, by an enormous quantity of wine, this Royal Duke—uncle to Queen Victoria—would drive to the opera, probably arriving during the last scene, and, wholly regardless of the performers, would call out to his friends, across the house, "Ah, Devonshire, glad to see you!" or "Cardigan, I shall breakfast with you to-morrow," and so on. Being a "Royal Highness," he was actually tolerated. One night, when Jenny Lind was performing the rôle of *Amina*, in "*La Sonnambula*," the old and portly Duke went on in this manner. Disturbed by his talk, the vocalist suddenly paused, and the Queen, who was present, stretched a little out of her box, to ascertain the cause.

Jenny Lind simply looked at the Duke's box, and the Queen turning round, followed her look, and saw the culprit, who was speaking loudly to some people in a neighboring box. The eyes of all the audience were directed, at once, to the Duke of Cambridge, who certainly then became fully aware that he was "spotted" by several hundred persons. He continued talking, however, as if to brave it out. A gentleman in the pit jumped up on his seat, and in a loud voice and in an earnest manner, called out: "Who disturbs the audience? Who but that old man with the star upon his breast? Do we pay him £40,000 a year to annoy the public in the opera house? Three groans for the Duke of Cambridge!" The call was unanimously complied with, every eye being fixed upon the portly prince, and at last he sneaked out of his box, followed by his wife and daughter, and not until then did Jenny Lind resume her singing. It was said that the Queen was greatly annoyed with her uncle's rudeness, and told him so. It is certain that, ever after, he avoided going to the opera, and behaved very well when compelled to attend.—*N. O. Picayune*.

Church Music.

The *Republica* has said a good deal first and last upon the subject of church music—much that the churches by their acts have shown that they do not agree with. More than six years ago we expressed the conviction that the country was not ready for congregational music. It was admitted that it was very fine in theory, but utterly impracticable in the present stage of popular musical culture in this country. We wish to recall attention to this point. With religious papers, and a general movement in the religious world to help the thing along, we believe there is less congregational singing to-day than there was two years ago, and we do not know of a congregation that practices it and is not sick of it. Rev. Mr. Parsons' church in this city tried it, with the organ and a precentor, and gave it up for a choir; so did the Unitarian society, after a longer experience; and the various congregations of the city are settling down upon the conviction that the best, and, in the long run, the cheapest, way for them is to have a small choir, the principal singers in which are paid. This is what the North church in this city has had for the last seven years. This is what the South church has had for two or more years, having made a thorough experiment with a large volunteer choir. This is what, after various experiments, the Olivet church has just adopted.

The people do not all understand the reason of the movement that has been so strenuously pushed forward for the adoption of congregational singing. They know very well that it has not originated with them, save in some instances, as a matter of economy.

The truth is that the whole fever has been worked up by book-makers. A set of hungry men, who have been accustomed to get out a book of church music every three years, found the market glutted, and wished to get a new market. Having worked for choirs all their lives, they became at once converted to the theory of congregational singing. All they had done thus far was a mistake. They published articles in the secular and religious papers, they delivered lectures, and they succeeded by various means in turning the minds of the churches in the direction they sought. Then they put out their books, and the market is now flooded with congregational tune-books—not because the churches called for them, but because it was for the interest of these men, as it was their regular business, to make books. Just as soon as the working of this comparatively new vein ceases to be profitable, it will be abandoned, and we shall find our enterprising friends, the book-makers, developing the popular mind in another direction.

There is a general idea among the churches that the music of a paid choir costs too much; but a congregation may as well pay their money, as a choir spend their time. A volunteer choir, with any ambition to sing creditably, assume a great burden. They assume, first, the burden of always being at church, whether they may be sick or well. They assume the expenditure of a great deal of time for rehearsals. They assume a thousand vexations. They expose themselves to the criticism of those who will not touch their burden with one of their fingers. Who blames free men and free women for refusing to become the slaves of others? We have known those who voluntarily carried the burden of the music of a church for many years, as a Christian duty, and we give them all honor; but we have no right to ask it of them—no more right, really, than to ask a minister to give us his time for nothing, "and find himself." It is very pretty for a congregation to gather and hear good singing, and not have it cost them anything; but the fact is, all good singing—all singing worthy of the house of God—costs somebody something—nay, costs somebody a good deal. Why should a choir bear the whole of this cost, and the congregation none of it?

Those who devote their lives to music are those best calculated to perform acceptably the music of the sanctuary. We should add to this class all who by the expenditure of abundant time and money have become excellent in this accomplishment. To the first of these, music is the instrument by which they win their livelihood; to the last, it has been a costly thing, and they deserve return. It is just as reasonable, and just as legitimate, for a man to sing God's praise for a living, as it is to preach God's truth or lead in any other department of Christian worship for a living; and a church or a parish which shrinks from assuming its part of the burden of church music, can only justify itself by the plea of poverty or constitutional meanness.

One reason for the difficulty which churches meet with in their music is the fact that it is intrusted to the hands of incompetent committees. We do not know why it is, but the music committee of a church almost invariably contains one man who cannot tell "Old Hundred" from "Yankee Doodle." If a parish can find a man who is utterly stupid and stolid—a man who has no music in his soul and none anywhere else,—they will be sure to put him upon the singing committee. There is nothing which assues feel themselves so competent to manage as church music. Such men and such committees are always disgusting singers, making trouble in choirs, introducing the most senseless changes, and raising a row generally. The best singers in a congregation make always the best and the only competent singing committees, and the further the number on such a committee is raised above one, the worse for all concerned.—*Springfield Republican*.

Mme. Borghi Mamo.

Madame Borghi-Mamo—or rather Mlle. Borghi—manifested at a very early age a genius for dramatic singing. She was not twelve years old, when, having taken her to a representation of Rossini's *Tancredi*, her parents were astonished on the following morning to hear her repeat all the most striking melodies from that opera, among which we may be sure the celebrated "*Di tanti palpiti*" was not forgotten. Nor did the little girl recollect the music alone. Every scene, with the dramatic action appropriate to each, had impressed itself upon her memory; and a few days after this visit to the Opera, which must be regarded as one of the most important events in Mlle. Borghi's life, her father and mother, returning home unexpectedly, found their drawing-room converted into a theatre, and their child declaiming and singing on that portion of it which represented the stage.

The youthful Adelaide's passion for the Opera was so evident, that her parents, who had no sort of liking for theatrical pursuits, resolved, if they could not restrain it, at least to do nothing in any way that could stimulate it. But Adelaide studied in secret, and, one happy day, succeeded in prevailing upon a friend to take her to the house of Rossini, where the great master heard her sing several of his compositions, himself accompanying her on the piano. The young artist—which by instinct and intelligence she already was—trembled with excitement, as she awaited the decision of the illustrious composer respecting her capabilities and chances of success in the career for which she felt so strong a vocation. Rossini did not keep her long in suspense, but embracing her affectionately, said with enthusiasm—"You will one day be a great singer!"

The Borghi family, however, seemed determined to prevent little Adelaide from following the path she had chosen. Rossini was informed of this, and consoled the interesting aspirant by explaining to her that her parents, when they became sensible of her great talent, would see the propriety of abandoning her resolution. They were more inflexible, however, than the *maestro* had supposed, and did their utmost to impede the child in what was really the fulfilment of her destiny.

Adelaide Borghi's passion for singing was so strong, and it was so obstinately thwarted by her father and mother, that the consequence was a nervous fever, beneath which the poor girl was near succumbing. In her delirium she constantly repeated the name of Rossini, and exclaimed, in accents of despair, that he had told her she never would be a great singer. Adelaide's interview with Rossini appears to have been kept a secret from her relations; but the doctor, finding that her brain was tormented with ideas which Rossini alone could dispel, called upon the composer, who lost no time in returning with him to his patient's bedside. There he repeated to her, again and again, that she would indeed be a great singer, and his assurances and general kindness had the effect of allaying the delirium of the sick child. Rossini then convinced the parents of the inutility, not to say cruelty, of ignoring—from a feeling which, however conscientious, was, after all but a prejudice—an inclination that was irresistible, and which, properly directed, might lead to the happiest results.

Thus the admirers of Borghi-Mamo owe a double debt of gratitude to Rossini: first, because it was in his operas that she learnt to sing; secondly, because, but for Rossini's personal influence and interference, she would probably never have lived to be, in his own words, "a great singer."

After opposing their daughter's wishes until it was unreasonable to do so any longer, Adelaide's father and mother showed their parental affection by carefully watching over her during the difficult period of her *debut*. She had been singing, however, only a few years when she lost them both, and she was already an orphan, then in Malta, where she had a three years' engagement to fulfil, when she accepted the hand of M. Mamo, a member of one of the most respectable families in the island. Madame Borghi-Mamo left the Malta Theatre, where she had very lucrative "appointments," for the Scala at Milan. Here she received a smaller salary, but at once established a reputation which has since become European.

For several years after her first appearance, Mlle. Borghi, naturally of a delicate, fragile organization, was so slender, being at the same time somewhat diminutive in stature, and her voice was so powerful, that she used to say of herself: "La Borghi is heard, but is not seen." Fortunately however, she is heard and seen too, for she is not only one of the most accomplished singers, but also one of the finest actresses on the lyric stage.—*London Musical World*.

Music for the Japanese.

An agent of the Opera, from New York, is at Washington, "arranging preliminaries," as one of the correspondents says, "with the Japanese, about the national music of that country."

As a grand musical entertainment will doubtless be part of the festivities that will brighten the visit of the Embassy to this city, it is important to know with what order of melody they are best pleased. They will, of course, appreciate the compliment of a performance of their home airs, although the soft strains are not well adapted to our instruments, and, as far as our information goes, no one of our resident musicians is possessed of a samsie or a tom-tom. But, after all, the strangers will care more to hear our own characteristic music. We suggest that a grand whistling chorus be a chief feature of the programme at the Academy.

Trivial as the suggestion may seem at first, it is

strengthened by plain fact. The Japanese are utterly incapable of the tuneful pucker. Our Special Correspondent informs us that they received no attention with more genuine and unmistakable satisfaction than the simplest whistling. They gathered together and listened, with absorbed attention, to the national airs as they were propelled from active lungs over flexible lips. At the close of each air, which they heard without the slightest interruption, their expressions were grateful and joyous, and they instantly put their own mouths to great trouble to emulate the example of their instructors, with effects more or less ludicrous.

On the contrary, the music of the brass bands brought a very small amount of comfort to the hearts of the uncultivated heathen. That which accompanied the Philadelphia to their reception from the ocean steamer, and discoursed violently at short intervals on the way up to the capital, was regarded with a sort of awe. Our Correspondent was unable to detect the touching of a sympathetic chord in a single Japanese bosom, and at times, when the brass was particularly obstreperous, and the drums rattled heavily, a light shade of disappointment passed over the faces of the Orientals.

We believe a piece of whistling would enrapture the Japanese, and certainly no more national music could be offered them. Where are our most talented whistlers, then? Let them be called from the echoing streets! Let them gather from the cars and the public saloons where their shrill tones are ever heard! There should be a daily rehearsal, under the direction of some master of the ventose science, and novel and curious effects might be introduced.

Will the committee who have the melodious affairs in charge heed this suggestion? It will be wise to strictly consult the taste of the Japanese; and, however much we may affect to despise it, whistling is really our musical gift, as a people.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*

A Prediction.

(Translated from Elise Polko's "Tales, Fancies, and Sketches, about Music," by FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

In the lovely land of Saxony lies Tonsdorf, in the midst of Upper Lusatia. With its pretty white houses and neat roofs, it looks like a peasant girl in her Sunday clothes, over luxuriant meadows and large bleaching grounds. About eighty years ago, however—and this is the time of which I am about to speak—it looked like a beggar-child by the road-side. A few poor little houses were strewn about; a little church stood by on guard, and dark fir woods frowned above the village: the whole landscape had a mournful, oppressed aspect. Only one little spot looked gay, and this was a green meadow not far from the village; it belonged to the most industrious man of the neighborhood, served as a bleaching place for yarn, and was then the only bleaching ground far or near. On a May afternoon there might have been seen a pretty *genre* picture; young girls were spreading out in the clear sunshine the yarn they had themselves spun, laughing and jesting the while. They were all robust women, in dark woollen dresses, black hoddices, with neatly turned-up white sleeves, and handkerchiefs closely folded over the bosom. The priestess among them was, without doubt, the daughter of the owner of the meadow—as fresh a maiden flower as ever bloomed in Saxony, where, it is well known, pretty girls flourish as plentifully as weeds. On account of her long, fair hair that almost reached her knees already, though she was only sixteen years old, people called her "Gold Mary." With kindly blue eyes, red cheeks, a little turned-up nose, a laughing mouth, a slender, yet well-rounded figure, she was the very picture of a village rose, who reigned queen over many a heart, and turned many a head. Now, this general favorite was by no means a paragon of understanding and extraordinary gifts; she was simply good—good through and through; never did harm to living creature, generous enough to give the bread from her own mouth, a true, industrious daughter, the support of her father since her mother's death, a pious, harmless maiden. Whoever saw her now, laughing, springing about among her companions, all besprinkled with water, and heard how clearly she sang her merry songs, would rejoice at the sight, and say to himself—"God protect her innocent soul!" Work was over; the girls began to think of returning home, gathered spring nosegays, and then sat down to rest, and to eat their vesper-bread. As the first shadows of evening fell on this animated group, an ugly old woman hobbled from the adjoining fir-wood. The foreign dress, the tarnished yellow turban, the glowing southern black eyes, betrayed a child of Bohemia's wandering race—she was a gipsy. The girls were silent as soon as they saw her, and drew nearer together in an alarmed

manner. "Let me drink from your pitcher," said the old woman, in a tone half-beseeching and half commanding: "I have wandered far, have yet farther to go, and I am so thirsty." She pointed, as she spoke, to a half-empty pitcher of milk that had passed from one fresh mouth to another. But the girls, frightened, murmured—"No we cannot drink with you; it would bring us misfortune." One of them drew the pitcher toward her, and covered it with her spoon. Gold Mary had hitherto said nothing; but now, rising, she took the pitcher from her companion with a look of displeasure, and, turning to the gipsy, she said—"Drink, poor woman, and may God make it a blessing to you!" The old woman smiled, took a long draught, gave back the pitcher, and said—"Charitable maiden, I will tell you your fortune in return; give me your hand!" And as Gold Mary, blushing, held out her strong and rather large hand, the gipsy followed the lines in a careful manner, shook her grey head significantly, and murmured the following words in a singing tone—"You have no lover to-day, but he will soon come a courting; of a merry tailor's race is your husband, and yet one that can neither stitch nor mend; your first son will be a general, and yet he will carry no weapon of iron or steel; he will command with a look and a nod, and bring fame and good luck to his house. The second son—"

"Himmel kreuz million schock donnerwetter-r-r-r," rattled out an endless oath behind the prophets. Gold Mary jumped back with a cry; her father stood beside her. He was a short, broad shouldered man, with a good-natured, red and brown face; was dressed in knee-breeches and a short jacket, and carried a pipe in his mouth; thick gray hair hung over his shoulders from under his broad-brimmed hat. "Will you be silent, old woman," scolded he, "and stop putting such rubbish into the girl's head; as if I would throw her away on a tailor, who does not understand his business. And the first young one is to be a soldier? No, no! she shall have a bleacher, and no one else; and the young ones shall be bleachers, too. We'll see who is right—an old vagabond witch, or I, John Praise-god Hanisch, of Tonsdorf. And now, march off home, girls!" The young people hastened away; Gold Mary cast a stolen glance behind her, but the gipsy had vanished without a trace. Her father scolded on the subject all the way home: yes, even until bed time.

It was the year 1794; ten years had passed since the gipsy's May-day prophecy. And what had become of pretty Mary! We find her again in a little village near Zittan, in old Gersdorf, as the wife of the Cantor and schoolmaster, John Praise-god Schneider (Taylor). He was an excellent man, and played the organ so finely, that the women cried in the church when they listened to him, and the men waited till service was over to shake hands with him.

Many thought that his organ-playing was far more useful and better than the pastor's sermon; but people only whispered this together. The fortunate Cantor had won the greatest treasure of his existence by his organ playing; his good, true wife, Maria Hanisch, of Tonsdorf. She went once to visit an aunt in Zittan, when, on a fine Sunday morning, Johann Praise-god Schneider, the schoolmaster from New Wattersdorf, a village near her home, came to play the organ for the city Cantor, who had been taken suddenly ill. When the service was over, and the people had gone out, the schoolmaster sat down again, and sent up a tone-prayer for his sick friend; and such a prayer has stronger wings than any other, and flies straight into Heaven. But not God and the Angels above, alone, heard this prayer; a rosy maiden, who remained behind the rest, prayed also, flew with the tone-prayer into Heaven, and gave away her heart for ever to him who had borne it so high. Then followed a season of tears and silent heart sorrow; for secret love always brings trouble with it. But her kind aunt understood how it was, and brought the young people together—and then the modest Cantor's heart soon glowed with the purest and warmest flame. And then came new trouble; pretty Mary's father would not hear of a musician as a son-in-law, who was called Schneider (Taylor), too, and brought back to his mind the gipsy's prophecy; and it was only the consideration that the Cantor might assist him in his commercial relations abroad, that induced the lord of the bleaching-ground to give his final consent to the marriage. Schneider had formerly been a ticking-weaver's apprentice, and had exchanged the weaving-stool for the organ bench, on account of his unconquerable love for music. The Cantor was almost adored by the people of the place where he dwelt; the children whom he taught hung on his soft eyes, and obeyed him more willingly than father or mother, while he loved them almost as much as his own children. He had now three

sons, but the eldest, his grandfather's image, was the pride of his heart. His grandfather tried to make a bleacher of him, while his parents would not hear of such a thing; his mother cast many a stolen glance on the soldiers that paraded through the village, thought of the gipsy's word, and rejoiced in her heart. His father, however, had very different views, which he kept to himself. Mary took the children to Tonsdorf every summer to see their old grandfather, who took little Christian Frederick to the bleaching in his arms, laid him on the grass, let the sun shine upon him, and the merry girls sprinkled him with water. How the old man laughed in his heart when the strong child crowed, kicked, and shouted. "He shall be my heir," he would say to himself; "all my work will not have been in vain." At Christmas time he brought the child playthings, resembling the utensils used in bleaching, and would willingly have adopted this first-born, had father and mother permitted him. When two more sons appeared, the regular visits to Tonsdorf were, of necessity, discontinued; but Christian Frederick often visited his grandfather, whose especial darling he ever remained. But the father secretly rejoiced, from the bottom of his heart, in the musical talent of his children, whom he carefully and patiently instructed in harmony and piano-forte playing; and when his eldest son, scarcely eight years old, brought to him, on Christmas eve, his first written-out musical idea, the Cantor entered his own chamber, and fell on his knees; with overflowing eyes, he returned thanks to God. He then initiated the boy in the art of organ-playing, made him study the construction and mode of playing the violin, viola, flute, clarinet, fagotto, hautboy and horn, and allowed him to teach his younger brothers. Thus prepared, he entered his son, when in his twelfth year, in the gymnasium at Zittan. He procured him lodgings at a master shoemaker's, and recommended him to the then music-director and organist Meyer, as well as to the latter's assistant, Flaschner. But these gentlemen could not have failed to remark so eminent a musical talent, even without recommendation. In a short time Frederick became prefect of the chorus, practised himself in directing, gave pianoforte lessons industriously, and composed to his heart's delight in his leisure hours. Soon the modest village boy became a welcome guest in the first families of the city; every one was glad to hear him play, all rejoiced in his talent, and at length no musical meeting was thought complete without him.—The most flattering reports reached the Cantor house at Old Gersdorf, and shed sunlight around; then they wandered to the staunch bleacher, who would hear nothing of the kind, and declared that the boy was only losing his time over such stuff; he was too strong a fellow for a musician. When the holidays came, and the student returned to the house of his parents, he related to his father all that he had learnt and heard, and played new melodies to his mother and brothers: all was joy in the Cantor's family. And then the hearty, cheerful young man went over to Tonsdorf, and became, during the last half of vacation time, a bleacher. So passed weeks, months, and years, until a messenger came to Old Gersdorf with a special invitation to the Schneider family from the Musical Society of Zittan, to a large concert that was to be held on the following Sunday: so, on the appointed day, every one of them—father, mother, brothers, and grandfather, wandered off on the two hours' journey to Zittan. It was already evening when they arrived, and, without delay, rest, or refreshment, the expectant family entered the concert-room, and modestly took their places in a corner. The father looked anxiously around for Frederick; and now an overture by Cherubini commenced; but who directed? The father saw, with a thrill of joy, that it was a bashful young man, Frederick Schneider, of Old Gersdorf. But once at the conductor's desk, the movement of his hand was firm and assured; the glances of his eye were serious and quick. Then came a mass by Lotti; it was executed in a masterly manner; and, finally, the young director sat down to the piano, and produced three sonatas composed by himself. Loud applause was the reward of the pianist and composer: the Cantor folded his hand—he could no longer see his son in the orchestra; the lights of the hall, shattered into a thousand points of light, danced before his sight—not his eyes alone, his whole heart swam in tears of joy. The other boys looked delightedly on: Mary bowed her head, and whispered to her husband—"See how well our son commands; now I know what the old woman meant; our Frederick is a true general, God bless him;" and John Praise-god Hanisch whispers—"She was right, after all!"

This day was the commencement of Frederick Schneider's fame. The firstlings of his creative muse,

those three sonatas, soon appeared in Leipsic as "Work 1st," published by Breitkopf and Härtel, and were universally praised, even by the most critical musical judges. In the year 1805, Schneider entered the University of Leipsic, and there obtained the appreciation and love of the famous Cantor Schicht, of the Thomas School, and the friendship of many celebrated men. The Schicht Singing Academy was soon given up to him entirely; and he also obtained the position of singing master in the Platonian free school. In the year 1807, Schneider first became organist of the Church of the University; two years later he was director of the Seconda Opera Company, and finally Music-director of the City Theatre. Now he worked on all sides in a truly happy manner. The organ-bench always remained his favorite position, and church-music the peculiar field of his exertion. He composed several masses and organ pieces; and, in 1819, brought out his "Last Judgment," which placed him in the rank of great oratorio composers of all time. The first representation of this remarkable work obtained for him that comfortable resting place in friendly Dessau, which also, according to the will of God, became his eternal place of rest. Under the protection of an art-loving Prince, he brought out his latter compositions—the oratorios of "The Deluge," "Pharaoh," "The Infancy of Christ," "Gethsemani," "Golgotha," "Gideon," and "Absalom;" besides his fine chorales, psalms, and masses. Schneider also made happy essays in secular composition—symphonies, sonatas, cantatas, songs, and many overtures, in which he tastefully introduced the well known melodies, "Gaudemus," "God Save the Queen," and the "Dessauer March." Enthusiastic recognition rewarded him; his works were universally brought out, principally under the composer's own direction: Frederick Schneider's name was one of good report. Yes, pretty Mary's genial son became a commander; not only lord of counterpoint and master of orchestra and chorus, but also a powerful and wise king in the empire of tone. Who has not seen the excellent master, Frederick Schneider, (now resting in God,) as he stood at the director's stand, his hand raised with the baton, his eyes commandingly fixed on his musicians? Who does not remember his face, surrounded with gray hair, and of an uncommon brown and red complexion? His coloring was an ineradicable memorial of the bleaching experiments at good old grandfather Hanisch's, in Tonsdorf.—*N. Y. Musical World.*

M. CHEVÉ'S SYSTEM.—The following interesting account of the success of M. Chev  s new system of musical instruction, is translated from a Paris paper:

"One evening, a few weeks ago, Monsieur Wagner presented himself at Monsieur Chev  s music class, and handed to the professor some choruses which he had just composed, and wished to hear read. Monsieur Chev   asked his son to go on with the lesson he had himself begun, went into another room, wrote Monsieur Wagner's music on the black board and had it brought in to the pupils. Instantly, the whole class, without the help of any instrument, without any other indication than the tone by the tuning-fork, sang Monsieur Wagner's music—note, Monsieur Wagner's music!—with such a perfection of intonation, such a solidity of rhythm and indication of the principal shades of expression as to produce the effect of a performance, not a reading at first sight. Monsieur Wagner went away confounded with astonishment, after having thanked the unique choristers and their admirable professor. He had never witnessed such a feat in his life.

"Such results are truly extraordinary. Pupils of a course where hundreds are taught together, where all who present themselves are received without any choice whatever, do what artist choristers of the conservatoire society, and of the opera, could not do. But, some will say, such results can be obtained only after years of labor. We answer: the pupils of the course held by Monsieur Chev   at the Polytechnic School, as we ourselves witnessed, read at first sight in parts after a very few lessons. After a few months they were able to read at sight, without any hesitation, all the pieces of the r  pertoire of choral music."

Classes on this system are in operation in this city, at 835 Broadway. In the second number of our paper we called the attention of our readers to this interesting and important fact. Mademoiselle Sauvageot, from Paris, where the system originated, devotes herself to the promulgation of music among the masses. We commend her and her subject to all who have reflected on the great uses of music in furthering the development of the race.—*Herald of Progress, New York.*

Decline of Italian Opera.

Does legitimate Italian opera border on dissolution?—is a question which must have presented itself

frequently of late to those who regard the subject as one of no little importance. If Italian opera goes, the art of singing, distinguished from that of vocal declamation, must go with it. There are some who maintain that such a catastrophe would in no way affect the interests of music in an intellectual sense, and that the great masters would retain their influence just the same if the vocal art, from the earlier Italian point of view, were irretrievably lost. We cannot agree with their premises or deduction.

It is notorious that those who have been nurtured in the Italian school of singing are also the best interpreters of the classic German models, and equally so that the voices of the Italians of the last and preceding generations were more *enduring*, and preserved their vigor and freshness far longer, than those of the present age. Not to travel, however, from our own time, compare Alboni's execution of the airs in *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni* with that of any singer whose youth and adolescence have been chiefly devoted to the operas of Signor Verdi. The one is even, flowing, well-balanced, natural, and expressive—artistically faultless, in a word; while the other, with here and there a fine point, springing from the successful embodiment of a happy impulse, is unequal, anti-rhythmical, strained, and convulsive. The existence of such manifest disparity between singers, perhaps equally endowed by nature, leads to a consideration of its origin. Why does Alboni sing "Batti, batti," "Voi che sapete," all the airs, in short, of Zerlina and Cherubino to absolute perfection, while Madame or Mademoiselle —, with real genius, artistic fire, and a voice as beautiful in quality, and wealthy in tone, as it is extended in register, comparatively fails? The only inference to be drawn is, that one has learned to sing by the proper method, and has exercised herself in the proper music, while the other, with all her magnificent endowments, has done neither. The method was the Italian method, the music, the music of Rossini and his immediate predecessors. So that even those one-sided thinkers, who refuse to see the extraordinary musical merit of Rossini's purest Italian operas, must perforce admit that, as a means towards a most desirable end, they are indispensable.

Rossini's florid music has done the same thing for Italians as Handel's *bravura* songs (which have as frequently been condemned by prejudiced critics) did for our own greatest singers, from the time when Handel wrote Italian operas to that of our own Sims Reeves, a great part of whose unrivalled excellence is attributable to his constant practice in Handel's florid airs. But where did Handel obtain this particular secret of his art?—during his travels in Italy, of course, and from the Italian singers whom, from time to time, he brought over from Italy, to aid him in that enterprise which, though it resulted in his temporary commercial ruin, was a powerful auxiliary towards the attainment of that excellence which ultimately left him without a rival.

We must be careful, too, while rejecting altogether one side Rossini's art, not to fall into the error of Herr Wagner, whose *Art-work of the Future* supports the paradox that music cannot exist independently. If we are never to look for anything in vocal music but the natural expression of words (as in a great measure did Gluck), we clip off one of its wings. Music can be occasionally a minister, but never a slave; and it may be accepted as certain that one reason why Gluck set up his intolerant theory was a consciousness within him of not being sufficiently a master to invent such music as would delight on its own account, without reference to words or even to situations—music conceived and realized exclusively of all conditions but such as regulate its own plan, development, and symmetrical proportions as independent art-work.

Whether this privilege of creating absolute forms and varieties of forms for itself should be denied a composer for the voice, while it is unanimously (the dogma of Herr Wagner is an exception which the more firmly establishes the rule) granted to a composer for instruments, is worth an argument. We hold such a binding of the musician to his words to be as cruel and tyrannical as the fastening of Ixion to his wheel. It is also unnatural, inasmuch as it prevents the free play of the musician's fancy, and thus deprives the world of one half the rich gifts he would have it in his power to bestow. There is a great difference between violating expression and multiplying its resources. Mozart might have set "Una voce poco fa" in a very different style from Rossini, and yet both have been truly natural and expressive. We will go even so far as to say that the florid mode of expression, when skilfully used, is just as legitimate as any other; and that Handel, when he set "Rejoice greatly," set it in the florid style as most appropriate to the sentiment of the text he had to illustrate. And if the voice is to be deprived of this

peculiar medium of display, why accord it to instruments? Why tolerate "passages" (so-called) in concertos and sonatas, for the violin or pianoforte? When Beethoven lays out an ordinary chord, in arpeggios, from one end of the keyboard to the other, it is quite true that what he has to say would be all expressed if the harmony were simply struck at once; but his aim was to convey it in a brilliant and peculiar manner, and this was only to be effected by the device to which he had recourse. Mozart, too, in many of his airs (for example those awarded to one of the supernatural personages in *Die Zauberflöte*,—Astriaflamente, Queen of Night) resorts to the same appliance with similar consistency and the like success. Half the art of early Italian vocalists consisted in their florid exhibitions; and though often, we are aware, absurd, or employed illogically (and therefore ineffectively), they have as often revealed to us what the musician had to convey by means of his art, far more completely than could have been accomplished through any other expedient. That the sentiment belonging to the verbal text of "Una voce" or "Di piacer" could have been more felicitously expressed than by Rossini we are wholly indisposed to admit. In their way these songs are just as perfect as those of Zerlina and Cherubino.

But if this one side of Rossini's art had only tended to educate singers (like Handel's florid music), and enabled them to continue singing, year after year, without disparagement to their voices, it would possess sufficient claims not merely to respect but to admiration. These things it has effected; and what is more (as we have hinted), by giving the singer a ready and invariable command of his resources, has made him a more thorough master of styles, from the florid *bravura* to the simply expressive, than he could otherwise possibly have been. With these strong convictions we are disposed to view with alarm the phase through which the Italian vocal art is passing (a phase of transition we may hope—but transition to what better state?) The art of singing is no longer taught in Italy; and now even in this vast city of London, where the Italian Opera has flourished for a century and a half, it seems impossible to obtain a company of Italian singers, or to compose a repertory of Italian music. Look at our two great houses, this year. On the first night, at Her Majesty's theatre, the opera was by a Russian composer, the *prima donna* was a German, the *seconda donna* a Belgian, and the *primo basso* (why do we employ the Italian idiom?) a Frenchman; at the Royal Italian Opera, on the same occasion, the opera was by a German, while the *prima donna* and *primo basso-barytono* were both French. What is threatened at Her Majesty's Theatre in a short time, is still more extraordinary, viz., *Semiramide*, the most essentially Italian opera *seria* by the most essentially Italian composer, with four out of the five principal characters sustained by non-Italians: *Semiramide*, by a German (Fraulein Titiens); *Assur*, by a Belgian (M. Evrard); *Idreno*, by a Spaniard (Senor Belart); and *Oroe*, by a Frenchman (Monsieur Viallette).—*Lon. Mus. World*.

Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 58.)

No. 85.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, October 20th, 1770.

We arrived here on the 18th, after staying a whole day at Padua. The Philharmonic Academy of Bologna has unanimously admitted Wolfgang among its members, and delivered to him the letters patent. This was done without all the usual forms and preliminary ordeals. On the 9th September, at four o'clock in the afternoon, Wolfgang was obliged to appear in the hall of the academy. There the *principes academiae* and the two *censors* (who are all old-chapel masters) gave him an anthem from the *antiphonary*, which he had to arrange for four voices in an adjoining apartment to which he was conducted, and shut up under lock and key by the *apparitor*. When he had finished, it was examined by the *censors* and all the chapel masters and composers, and the votes were taken with white and black balls. All the balls came out white. He was called in; at his entrance the applause was general, and congratulations greeted him from every side. After the *principes* had intimated to him his admission, he returned thanks, and the thing was done. During this time I was shut up in another direction, in the library of the academy, with the persons who accompanied me. Every one was astonished that he should have executed his task so rapidly, seeing that many have been three hours finishing an anthem of three lines. But you must know that it is by no means an easy matter; for this species of composition excludes a number of things which cannot be admitted into it, of which he was informed beforehand. He had finished

in something more than half-an-hour. The *apparitor* brought us the diploma of the establishment. Among other things it contains these words—"Testatur Dominum W. A. M. inter Academicæ nostræ MAGISTROS compositores adscriptum fuisse."

P. S. from Wolfgang.—My dear Mamma, I cannot write, my fingers ache with writing recitatives. I beseech, you dear mother, to pray for me that my opera may succeed, and that afterwards we may all happily meet together. I kiss your hands a thousand times, and to you, dear sister, I shall have a thousand things to say. But when? God knows, and God alone. If it be God's will, I will open my heart to you, and that ere long, I hope. Meanwhile, I embrace you a thousand times. And so we have lost poor Martha. We shall join her, with God's help, in a better world.

No. 86.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, October 27th, 1770.

We shall leave Milan, with God's help, after the middle of January. We shall proceed to Venice by way of Brescia, Verona, Parma, Vicenza, and Padua, and await at Venice the end of the carnival and a few concerts during Lent, which is, they say, the best time for making one's appearance. I should like to return through Carinthia, for I have seen the Tyrol, and have no pleasure in travelling the same road twice, like the dogs.

We often had a visit from Misliwetschek, at Bologna, and frequently went to see him. He wrote an oratorio at Padua, and is starting for Bohemia. He is a man of honor, and we have contracted a sincere friendship with him.

P. S. from Wolfgang.—All-beloved sister! Thou knowest I am a great chatterbox, and that nevertheless I have abandoned you. What is to be done? I no longer speak, and only make signs, for the son of the family is deaf and dumb. But my time is chiefly spent in writing my opera. I am very sorry I cannot serve you for the minuets you desire; however, if it be God's will, you shall receive them at Easter and myself into the bargain. I know nothing more. Adieu, pray for me.

No. 87.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, November 3rd, 1770.

Wolfgang thanks you for all your good wishes on his anniversary, and he hopes, when God shall permit, to see each other again to become your joy and happiness, by realizing all that you desire concerning him.

For the rest there is nothing new. We await with impatience the new year, or at least Christmas. Until then there will ever be something to be done, something to think of, something to apprehend; a failure may perhaps await us—oranges instead of bouquets—and consequently anxious and agitated days. Patience! So many enterprises have succeeded with us, God be praised, and have turned to our honor. We shall, in like manner, with God's assistance, pass safely through the annoyances and inevitable grievances which every chapel-master has to endure from the rabble of *virtuosi* (*virtuosencaille*.)

P. S. from Wolfgang.—All beloved little sister of my heart, thanks for your good wishes! I am consumed with longing to see you again at Salzburg. To return to the subject of your congratulations. I almost suspected it was M. Martinelli who had drawn up your Italian phrase. But as you still preserve your character of Mother Prudence, and have had the sense to subjoin immediately after, in Italian, the compliments of M. Martinelli, I was ashamed of my suspicions, and I said to papa, "Good Heavens, when shall I possess as much wit and wisdom as my sister?" "Yes," replied my father, "it is true!" Whereupon I rejoined, "I am sleepy." "Well," said he, "then lay down your pen;" The which I am doing. Adieu. Pray God my opera may succeed. I am, your brother, tired of writing.

No. 88.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, November 10th, 1770.

When from time to time my kind friends add, as they lately did, a piece of pleasantries to their letters, they really perform a work of charity, for Wolfgang is at this moment so seriously occupied, and, therefore, so serious, that I am glad when anything amusing falls into his hands. Let my friends pardon my silence. I am less apt at writing than ever. Thou wilt be astonished one day at the large share of presence of mind, prudence, and foresight required of us to escape safely out of the storm. We have, God be thanked, gained the first battle, and beaten an enemy who betook himself to the *prima donna*, with the

pieces which she was to sing, persuading her to refuse those of Wolfgang. We have all these pieces here. They are quite new. Neither she nor ourselves knew who has composed them. She refused them all at the hands of this plotter, and she is beyond herself with joy at the pieces which Wolfgang has composed for her according to her wishes and desires; her Maestro Lampugnani, who has rehearsed her part with her, praises it unceasingly to the skies. Another storm is gathering in the theatrical horizon, which we can deservly afar off. We shall weather it with a little dexterity and help from Above. But do not get wondering at all this; these are inevitable occurrences which happen to the greatest masters. Provided we keep our health, the rest is nothing. All this is not to be taken too much to heart.

No. 89.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, November 17th, 1770.

Wolfgang has had his usual cold.

Between this and yesterday we have encountered the second storm. Whatever may yet happen, and all sorts of difficulties are likely to arise, we are full of hope. It is a piece of good fortune to see in Italy an opera gain the approving votes of every one. Too many factions exist to prevent it. One thing is certain, however, that we have surmounted many obstacles. We shall also get over the storm actually raging. We usually go out a-walking in the afternoon, for I will not have Wolfgang write after meals, except under the most pressing necessity.

You imagine the opera is finished—you are greatly mistaken. As regards our son, he would have had time to finish two operas. But in Italy everything goes to the devil's content. The *primo uomo* does not arrive till to-day. Wolfgang is waiting for him to write his second air; he does not want to have double work, and prefers that he should be here, in order to make the coat to his measure.

No. 90.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, 9th December, 1770.

This evening, after the Angelus, we shall have the second rehearsal of the recitatives. The first went so well that the pen had only to be taken up once to change a letter, *della* instead of *dalla*. This does great credit to the copyist, and every one was much astonished at it. I wish the instrumental rehearsals may proceed in the same manner. As far as I am able to judge, apart from paternal leanings, I find the opera a good one, and written with much spirit. The singers go on well. Now the thing depends on the orchestra, and at the end of the reckoning, on the caprice of the audience; consequently, in all this, there is much uncertainty—it is a perfect lottery.

No. 91.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, December 13, 1770.

On the 12th we had the first rehearsal with the orchestra, consisting however, of only sixteen persons, to ascertain that all was correctly written. On the 17th, the first rehearsal with the whole orchestra will take place, which consists of fourteen first and second violins, two harpsichords, six double basses, two violoncellos, two bassoons, six altos, two hautbois, two flutes, to be replaced, if necessary, by two hautbois, four French horns, and two clarinets, consequently, sixty performers.

Before the first rehearsal with the small orchestra, there were not wanting folks whose satirical tongues cried down beforehand Wolfgang's music as something which must necessarily be puerile and wretched, and who prophesied a defeat, maintaining that it was impossible a child of fourteen, and especially a German, could write an Italian opera: admitting him to be undoubtedly a great *virtuoso*, they did not think he could have had that intelligence and knowledge of the *chiaro ed oscuro* necessary for theatrical success. All these people, since the first rehearsal on a small scale, have become dumb. They have ceased to utter a word. The copyist is enchanted, and this is a great guarantee in Italy, because if the music succeeds, the copyist often gains more by sending away and selling the pieces than the maestro by his composition. The singers, male and female, are highly satisfied; the *prima donna* and *primo uomo* are delighted with their duo. Now all depends on the caprice of the public. Saving a little vain glory, it is a matter of no great concern to us. We have already undertaken many things in this queer world of ours, and Heaven has already assisted us. We are now at the last stage of an affair of which circumstances conspire, perhaps, to aggravate the importance. God be our protector!

On St. Stephen's day, a good hour after the Ave

Maria, you may picture to yourself Maestro Don Amadeo, seated at the harpsichord in the orchestra, his father in a box above him, and you will please in your heart to wish us a fortunate performance, adding thereunto sundry Paternosters.

(To be Continued.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 2, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — WEBER'S Opera, *Der Freyschütz*, piano-forte arrangement, continued.

Italian Opera.

The first taste of the new troupe, organized under the auspices of Mlle. CORTESI, was enjoyed last Monday evening at the Boston, instead of at the New York, Academy of Music. The crowd was immense, and the demonstrative enthusiasm, that of the bravo, hand-clapping kind, as loud and long and frequent as on any such occasion that we can remember. It was like a Presidential campaign caucus. What was the occasion? The opera was *Il Trovatore*, which in itself offered nothing new and needs no remark; nor was the music thereof as a whole brought out so well as we have sometimes heard it. But there were new singers; and especially a new tenor, MUSIANI, young and fresh, and laden with fresh laurels from Havana, in whom all were prepared to find a *tenore robusto* of (to us) unexampled power and compass. Here was a phenomenon indeed rare, long looked for as it were despairingly, and now vouchsafed to little Boston—the American debut of a new great tenor! Nothing could have so stirred up the quid-nuncs; for is not he the greatest man who has the greatest voice? and is it not the greatest of all Art experiences to hear it—and for the first time too—yes, and even before the New Yorkers! All things have their audiences, and the most curious thing to study at an opera is the audience. It is indeed curious how the audience, how the enthusiasm, how the whole tone of the house differs on various nights. Last Monday night we seemed to be sitting in a New York theatre. It was the applause that made it seem so, the screaming enthusiasm upon small provocations, measured by any standard higher than the physical and the external.

Now once upon a time it happened—but a few years since—at the Grand Opera in Paris, that a tenor singer, Duprez, singing in Rossini's "William Tell," astonished everybody by the full, clear ring of an uncommonly high note, actually taken in the chest voice; which startling phenomenon instantly became the topic of all Paris and the world which Paris covers. The "*Ut de poitrine*," "*Do di petto*," C in the chest-voice, was all the rage. Night after night Parisians thronged the theatre, not to hear music, not to admire Rossini's wonderful creation, but to wait for the new phenomenon and realize a highest pitch of momentary ecstasy when *ut de poitrine* should ascend and cleave the skies. It was the Paris fashion; and rumored Paris fashions tantalize, torment us all until we can import them. And here now was a most rare opportunity—the actual first advent on these shores of "*Do di petto*!" In the bills of the evening it was especially set forth as the central and principal attraction, that Sig. MUSIANI, in his great solo in the last part of the third act, would use

the famous, his famous *Do di petto*. Of course all were on the *qui vive* till that came. The singer might have done beautiful things, expressive things, have shown traits of a most rare artistic feeling and refinement, have sung sweeter than an angel, or than Mario, earlier in the evening; but all that would have passed unnoticed, save as by some extra robust signs it nourished and confirmed the expectation of the great climactic note. All very well, Mr. Verdi; capital music, no doubt; hot and strong as we old toppers like; all very well, but we shall see; pray give us a high C, and give the man a chance. The eventful moment came; and all were breathless. Well, he did it; did it honestly and well; there certainly was no mistake about it; they who wondered how they were to know high C from any other, or feared it might have passed them in their ignorance already, were suddenly and startlingly relieved. Everybody was delighted with the note, and still more delighted that he recognized it.

In truth it was a splendid, pure and telling note, and set the crown upon a voice of most extraordinary power and volume. It was a pleasant incident in the performance; but when it sent the whole crowd into screaming enthusiasm, when it became the paramount and central interest of the evening, did it not furnish a measure of the artistic taste and feeling of the audience by no means very flattering? Does the possession of a strong voice, with an extra note or two, prove a man an artist? Doubtless it gives him a great advantage, if he has learned to use it not for its own sake, like an exhibition of a feat of strength, but in subordination to the expressive ends of lyric art. In itself it is no more merit of his, and no more deserves applause, than the holding up of six fingers on one hand.—Observe, it is the audience we criticize, and not the singer; it is the making much ado about what is really nothing in an artistic point of view.

And now as to the singer himself. Signor Musiani, as first heard, in his guitar song behind the scene, made us aware of a voice very voluminous and powerful, but not sweet, ripe, sympathetic—nay, even a little pinched and strained in the higher tones. The tone at first was not entirely pleasant; the singing somewhat cold and stiff. But the impression went on improving; the power and richer quality developed by degrees. Some parts, in the last acts particularly, were beautifully, as well as simply, sung. In general it was plain and honest singing, with little ornament or straining after false effect. One enjoyed the luxury of a really large, well-nourished tenor voice, adequate to any demand of trying and impassioned music. That he is yet a very finished singer, or that the soul and feeling in his singing claim as much regard as the mere organ in itself, is more than we are prepared to say. There can be no doubt, however, that Signor Musiani made a decided mark that evening.

But he was not the only object of enthusiasm. The reception of Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS was as warm as it was worthy—a refreshing act of justice. For her Azucena was in truth the artistic feature of the evening. Although her health is not yet perfectly recovered, her rich, warm contralto warmed us all as ever, and her execution of the music was as finished and as beautiful as it was chaste and expressive. We

hardly know a better example now upon the stage of the true, the older, unperverted Italian school of singing, than this earnest pupil of Garcia and faithful follower of Jenny Lind's advice affords us. The only drawback is a slight organic trouble, now indeed in a great measure but not entirely conquered,—a certain thickness in her utterance. But expression, truth of conception, faithful and felicitous embodiment of character in each and every moment, she never lacks. Her acting is admirable; and there is the charm of heartiness and nobleness of nature in it all.

Mlle. CORTESI has a certain earnestness in tragic parts which goes a great way, and a good stage presence. But there is a painful overdoing in her singing and her acting. Her efforts to give voice to impassioned crises overstep the bounds of music, and offend the ear too often. Nor does the intensity, the energy of her action redeem it from coldness. The brave AMODIO occupied no less than his usual share of the scene, and was in good voice for the Count di Luna. Of course he sang well, and he looked as jealous and as cruelly revengeful as he could. The gentleman who strutted as Ferrando, Signor NANNI, seemed somewhat of the Beneventano order; *va superbo*! But with a solid, powerful baritone and much energy he made more than usual of his secondary part. The second lady, too, was an improvement upon the Mme. Morras, &c., that we have had. Chorus and orchestra were powerful, but the ensemble was not always quite so smooth or clear as one could wish. Signor MUZIO perhaps has not had his present forces long enough under drill.

Tuesday evening gave us GAZZANIGA in her great rôle of *Sappho*, which she has made peculiarly her own. The interest of the occasion, too, was heightened by the fact that it was really her farewell to America. She sailed for Europe, in the Europa, the next morning. Her reception was justly enthusiastic, although the audience was not quite so large as on the previous evening, or as both the character of the prima donna and of Pacini's beautiful opera deserved. The music is certainly of the most pleasing, genial, and in parts delicious, of any written by Italians since Rossini. If not strikingly original, it is at least natural and fluent, expressive, and free from modern extravagances. It is good to listen to occasionally, but not too often. This time the rendering, as a whole, was not so fortunate as it was last winter. The ensembles particularly were rough and overpoweringly noisy.

Mme. Gazzaniga looked the part of *Sappho*, the inspired improvisatrice, and the loving woman, now denouncing a false lover, and now sublimely sacrificing herself in friendship for her rival, to a charm. The open, intellectual fervor of her countenance, the classic dignity and beauty of her poses and the movements of her arms, the birdlike thrill and heart-earnestness of her penetrating and sweet voice, so fine and lyric in its quality, her subordination of all mere execution to the expression of the character and of the moment—every thing indeed, except the one misfortune of a clumsy gait, made her a true impersonation of the part. It is the most complete thing that she does; symmetrically developed from the beginning to the end. It is true, she is not a finished vocalist as compared to Lagrange

and others; but she has a beautiful voice, much facility of execution, and something like *genius*. She has her inspired moments, when her singing is all you can require, for you are carried away with the expression of the part: the poetry of the thing is what enchants you, the music of the soul. Gazzaniga was in good voice, and seemed to give herself to her part with a right good will. She was applauded and recalled heartily and often.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS seconded her admirably in *Climene*. The innocent and tender melody of the part, as well as the rapturous and florid passages, were beautifully executed. The duet with Sappho in the second act was exquisitely done on both parts, and had to be repeated. Signor TAMARO, the tenor, made but a feeble Pharon, though his singing is not without merits; and Sig. BARILI's vocal presentation of Alcandro, the high priest, seemed like a shadow painfully striving to become substance.

On Wednesday evening, owing to the illness of CORTESI, Mlle. PARODI took her place as *Lucrezia Borgia*, having been sent for from New York. SUSINI, of the noble voice and bearing, was the Duke, and ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS was Orsini. Signor TAMARO, Gennaro.

Further announcements (as we write) are *Norma*, for Thursday, with Parodi; the "Barber of Seville," Friday, with Miss Phillipps as Rosina; and a *Matinée* on Saturday.

The Leipzig Conservatoire.

Doubtful rumors and opinions are afloat about the present character of this institution, which has hitherto enjoyed the reputation of being the most excellent among the musical schools in Germany. Consequently there is much questioning and running to and fro among those young Americans, who have been thinking of becoming pupils there, and we have been not a little puzzled how to answer those who have sought our advice as to the best place in Germany for musical instruction. Disparaging reports from certain dissatisfied pupils at Leipzig have found their way into newspaper correspondence here; and whether the fault lay in the pupil or the institution, who knows? Our "Diarist," too, has evidently had his mind wrought upon unfavorably with regard to Leipzig. We only hope that his informants have been too active, and that he and we shall hear the other side of the matter brought out convincingly. We wish it clearly understood that we espouse no side in the controversy, and that what we have published in this Journal we have given simply as reports, without endorsing them. Our columns will be most gladly open to any honest refutation of the charges. For our part, we have not yet seen sufficient proof that the Leipzig Conservatory is not still as desirable a school for the study of music as anywhere be found. Meanwhile here is a letter just received from an American pupil in that institution; we do not know the writer personally, and it must pass for what it is worth.

LEIPZIG, MAY 10, 1860.

MR. DWIGHT,

Dear Sir,—You can hardly imagine the astonishment produced in the small circle of American music students here resident, by the article on Leipzig which (extracted from the *Taunton Democrat*) appeared in your worthy Journal of March 31st. I hope you will allow me the privilege of saying a few words in relation to some most unfounded statements which it contains, and which I, as an American, should be very sorry to see pass unrefuted. Those concerning the *Conservatorium* it is quite un-

necessary that I should notice any further than by remarking that, instead of being kept for so long a time as "Mr. T." complains of on elementary exercises, each pupil advances in proportion as he has talent or industry; it being thus plainly only the fault of the gentleman designated as "one of the finest Pianists and Organists in New England," if he was kept on "five-finger exercises" for a space of nine months. The little anecdote respecting the pupil who neglected his lessons to such an extent that upon going to his teacher for his diploma he mistook another gentleman for him, is certainly very funny, with the exception, however, that instead of being an American at the Conservatorium, (where diplomas are given only by the Board of Directors,) it happened to be a German student at the University.

Finally, regarding those American Music-students alluded to as "idle and dissolute fellows," as far as my knowledge extends, they exist only in the fertile imagination of the gentleman who furnished the information contained in that not over-truthful article.

Very respectfully yours,

O. W., of Albany, N. Y.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The principal musicians of our Boston orchestras have organized a society, to be called the "Boston Philharmonic Society," for the purpose of placing the business of symphony concerts henceforth on a more permanent basis. THOMAS RYAN is their President, and F. SUCK, Vice President. They will probably make Mr. ZERRAHN their first conductor. . . . The DRAYTONS hold their Parlor Operas just now in Worcester. . . . Little PATTI, with the STRAKOSCH family, have been concertizing of late in Cleveland, Buffalo, and other cities on the lakes.

RICHARD WAGNER has been repeating his Paris programmes in Brussels, and was expected to do the same, with one of them, in Basle, on the 15th of April. . . . Mme. SZARVADY (Wilhelmina Clauss) has given three concerts in Paris the past season, in which she played, of Beethoven: Sonata, (op. 2, no. 3), Trio, (op. 70, no. 2), Sonata, op. 111; of Mozart: Sonata in A (piano and violin); Haydn: Trio in G major; Bach: Prelude and Fugue for Organ, with pedal; Rameau: *Les niais*; Mendelssohn: Sonata, op. 55, (piano and cello), *Rondo capriccioso* and *Presto scherzando*; Chopin: two Nocturnes, Impromptu, Fantasia Impromptu, and Etude (C sharp minor); Schumann: Quintet, Quartet, op. 47, and Symphonic Etudes; Stephen Heller: No. 14 from *Frucht-und Dornenstücken*, and *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*. Also in another artist's concert she played the great B flat Trio of Beethoven, and the F minor Sonata of Bach (piano and violin). . . . CLARA SCHUMANN has taken leave of Vienna, having played in her last concert things by Mozart, Bach, Chopin and R. Schumann. . . . The music of SEBASTIAN BACH seems not to lose its freshness for the Germans, but to be continually opening new charms. His great Oratorio, the Passion-music, was performed both in Cologne and in Leipzig during Passion week. . . . Beethoven's great *Missa Solennis* (in D) was performed in Leipzig, in the Thomas Church, by Riedel's singing society, on the first of April.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this Society was held last evening, at the rooms of Chickering & Sons, on Washington street, the President, Col. Thos. E. Chickering, in the chair. The annual report of the Secretary was submitted. The number of persons admitted into the Society the past year was 25; number of persons discharged, 29. Three oratorios have been performed in public during the past year, and the Society did not pay its expenses at either performance. It costs not less than \$500 to bring out an oratorio in a successful manner, without engaging outside talent. The report was accepted and placed on file.

The report of the Treasurer was also presented, by which it appears that the receipts of the past year amounted to \$4189.10; expenditures \$4476.60—making a deficit of \$287.50.

There is also a note against the Society, which falls due in August, for \$1200, which makes the total amount of the indebtedness of the Society \$1485.50. The financial condition of the Society is not so good

as it was at the last annual meeting. The report of the Librarian was also submitted.

The following officers were then elected for the ensuing year: President, Thos. E. Chickering; Vice President, Oren J. Faxon; Secretary, Loring B. Barnes; Treasurer, Matthew S. Parker; Librarian, George H. Chickering; Trustees, George Fisher, John A. Nowell, George W. Hunnewell, Thomas D. Morris, Theophilus Stover, Ephraim Wildes, George W. Palmer, James Rice.—*Transcript*.

Music Abroad.

Germany.

MUNICH.—Haydn's "Creation" was performed on Palm Sunday. The last subscription concert of the season gave Mozart's G minor symphony, an aria from Gluck's *Iphigenia*, an Octet for wind instruments by Mozart, three part-songs by Mendelssohn, and Beethoven's overture to "King Stephen."

BREMEN, APRIL 3.—Our cyclot of "private concerts" was brought to a close last Tuesday, on which occasion we had an eminently classical programme, Haydn and Mozart, Beethoven and Cherubini, Spohr and Weber, being represented in it. The old master, Bach, also, was included in the band of illustrious deceased composers, and only one piece reminded us that we belonged to a later age. We allude to the violin concerto, performed by our visitor, Herr Joachim. This valuable and comprehensive composition has not long been completed. It was performed for the first time, not a fortnight since, before a large audience in Hanover. But it is not merely written in the Past, and conceived in the spirit of the age; it will also produce its effect on the public of the Present; it is far from being Music of the Future, inasmuch as it will not have to wait till the Greek Kalends before its success is decided. There are, perhaps, not many modern musical compositions which, while so conscientiously carried out, and so carefully avoiding clap-trap, produce so immediate and constantly increasing an effect. But there is also a future in store for it. We feel that this composition contains many treasures, which will be completely appreciated by the hearer only when he has heard it repeated several times, and since, on account of the great technical qualification it demands, qualifications which few of our present violinists, besides its author, possess, it cannot be repeated very often, it will not soon cease to be new. This concerto, which bears the title "Nach Ungarische Weise," consists of three movements—an allegro, a romance, and a finale, "alla zingaresa" ("in the Zingaro fashion"). The last transports us, by its very title, to Hungary, but, even on the second movement, the Hungarian rhythms are perceptible, while in the first allegro, as well, the motives present the same character. As is well known, Joachim was born in Hungary, and thus it was an easy task for him, guided by the reminiscences of his youth, to give the music a natural color, without borrowing any particular melodies. The work is far from being calculated for the exclusive display of virtuosity, as the composer has done full justice to the claims of the orchestra. In the first movement, indeed, the orchestra, to a certain extent, predominates, expressing, in a pleasing introduction, nearly the whole melodious substance of the movement, before the violin chimes in and develops what has been thus performed; even in the interesting and elaborate cadence the solo instrument feels lonely, and calls to its aid some gentle sister instruments from the band. In the romance, however, this subordination ceases, and the orchestra and violin, as equal powers, enter on a course of beautiful melodic rivalry, at last combining in graceful harmonic unity; while, finally, in the third movement—the impulsive, sparkling, foaming *presto*, as restless as the inconstant Zingaros themselves—the violin, as a matter of course, assumes completely the upper hand; it decidedly takes the lead, although, even here, a few strains from the orchestra, now and then, mingle most charmingly in the musical maze. Both the composition and its rendering were received most warmly by the audience, and, after the second piece played by our guest—the songful *adagio* from Spohr's seventh concerto, given with the most feeling tenderness—the applause was so unusually great, that, in return, he could not avoid making such a return as only he is capable of making. He played one of Bach's *chaconnes*—the same which he introduced on a previous occasion. Whenever Herr Joachim performs one of these compositions, we think that greater perfection of execution is impossible, but every repetition seems to prove that such an opinion is erroneous. Even in the *cha-*

conne, the delicate threads of this marvellous web of tone appeared finer and clearer than ever.

The selections from Mozart and Haydn were again confided to Madame Engel, who sang with good taste and her usual neatness, an air from the latter composer's *Creation*, and an air from the *Idomeneo* of the former (an air which is easily recognizable from its similarity to the Tamino air in *Die Zauberflöte*). The concert opened with Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, in which our orchestra is well up, and which it played once this winter at one of the "Symphonic concerts." The symphony was admirably rendered. Of the two overtures, that of Cherubini to *Medea* was but coldly received, while that of Weber to *Der Freischütz*, enthusiastically executed, produced its accustomed exciting impression.

London.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The performance of *Israel in Egypt* on Friday week does not call for any lengthened comment, inasmuch as its right to rest on the same basis as the *Messiah* has long been accorded by the public, who evidence their appreciation of its excellence by the enormous attendance invariably present whenever and wherever it is performed. Exeter Hall, therefore, presented its usual appearance on the night in question; every part being densely crowded long before the commencement of the oratorio. To speak first of the choruses, which occupy by far the largest share of the work, it is sufficient to remark that they were given generally with that precision, combined with due attention to light and shade, which their recent training under Mr. Costa has led us to expect, and produced the customary effect upon the audience, who loudly endorsed the "Hailstone chorus," and were frequent in their applause. Mr. Sims Reeves declaimed the terribly trying air, "The enemy said," with such tremendous energy that it was impossible to resist the calls for its repetition. Mlle. Parepa did her best with the only air affording her an opportunity for display, "Thou didst blow," but, whether it was owing to the recollection of Madame Clara Novello (whom we are so soon to lose), did not altogether satisfy the critical ear. Mlle. Parepa has fine natural gifts, but has not yet learned all that is necessary to make a Handelian singer. Of Madame Sainton-Dolby we have only praise to utter, delivering the air, "Thine hand brought forth," in her most ingenious and finished manner. Miss Fanny Rowland sang with excellent skill and judgment, although her voice was somewhat overweighted by the more powerful organ of the composer. The duet, "The Lord is a man of war," met with the customary encore, and was sung by Signor Belletti and Mr. Santley without straining after that violent effect which generally makes this piece a shouting match rather than a vocal performance. Perhaps it might be owing to the fact that neither gentleman can be considered a "basso profundo," being, strictly speaking, baritones. At the next performance Haydn's *Creation* is to be performed.—*Musical World*, May 5.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The Hanover-square Rooms were crowded on Monday night, at the second concert, and yet the programme contained scarcely a new feature, as the following will show:

Sinfonia, No. 7..... Haydn
Recit. Aria (Figaro), Mr. Santley..... Mozart
Concerto, No. 1, pianoforte, Herr Ernst Lubeck..... Mendelssohn
Scena (Oberon), Mlle. Parepa..... Weber
Overture (Buryanthe)..... Weber

PART. II.

Sinfonia Pastorale..... Beethoven
Aria (Siège de Corinthe), Mlle. Parepa..... Rossini
Berceuse, Tarantelle, pianoforte, Herr Lubeck..... Ernst Lubeck
Duetto (Agnes), Mlle. Parepa and Mr. Santley..... Paer
Overture, (Pré aux Cleres)..... Herold
Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.

If any proof were wanting that the Philharmonic Concerts owe their fame, and must be indebted for continued longevity, to the influence of a certain series of acknowledged great works, the success of last night's entertainment would suffice. Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, Cherubini, Weber, Spohr, and Mendelssohn—with proportionate examples from the vocal music of the Italian masters, and occasionally, where incontestable merit warrants the innovation, an instrumental or vocal piece by one of our best English writers—would suffice to sustain the Philharmonic Society for another half century. The Musical Society of London and the New Philharmonic Concerts may find it in their interest to produce novelties, while the Monday Popular Concerts—the most remarkable institution of the kind ever established in this country—can afford to be universal, and to ransack the libraries of chamber music, both ancient and modern; but the Philharmonic Society has an exclusive mission; that of periodically afford-

ing its subscribers the opportunity of hearing, well executed, the most unblemished masterpieces of the art. And, after all, it is hardly too much to listen to the symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven (not to go further into particulars) once a year, or once in four-and-twenty months.—*Mus. World*, May 12.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—At the fourth concert of the second season, which took place on Wednesday night in St. James's Hall, this new and flourishing society—which contains among its members nearly all the chief professors and amateurs of music, foreign and native, residing in the metropolis—furnished a programme in strict consonance with that element of its constitution which principally distinguishes it from other associations of the kind. It will be seen, by the following, that a new work of importance, from the pen of an eminent living composer, was one of the prominent features in the selection:

Symphony in G minor..... Mozart
Cantata, "Christmas," [First time of performance]..... G. A. Macfarren
Concerto in G, Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé..... Beethoven
Aria, "Cangio d'aspetto" (Admeto), Madame Sainton-Dolby..... Handel
Grand Air, "Je suis sauvée enfin," (Le Domino Noir), Madame Lemmens Sherrington..... Auber
Overture, (Guillaume Tell)..... Rossini
Conductor—Mr. Alfred Mellon. *Ibid.*

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The entire programme of last Monday was devoted to Mendelssohn and as the musical public but a few days previous had been presented with a performance of the immortal master's *Elijah*, on by far the most important scale that has yet been attempted, so the selection of this evening formed, as it were, an appropriate pendant, by affording an opportunity of listening to some of the choicest selections from the chamber music of the ever-to-be-lamented musician. The instrumental portion comprised, among other things, two quartets, E flat major (Op. 44) and F minor No. 6 (*posthumous*)—the latter for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts; together with the Trio in D minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, also for the first time. Sainton, Goffrie, Doyle, Piatti, and Charles Hallé (pianoforte), as executants, were a guarantee for a performance of the highest excellence, and the hearty applause of the audience bore testimony to the thorough appreciation of their efforts. In addition to this, Mr. Charles Hallé gave two solos in his most masterly and finished manner; the fantasia in F sharp minor, dedicated to Moscheles, and a selection from the *Lieder ohne Worte*, played so exquisitely that the second and last were unanimously redemanded. Mr. Sims Reeves was also encoired in "The Garland," and "The Hunter's Song," both, we need hardly say, sung to perfection. A like compliment was also paid to Miss J. Wells and Mr. Cumming in the duet "Zuleika and Hassan." The London Glee and Madrigal Union, under the direction of Mr. Land, contributed "The Lark's Song" and "The Nightingale," and, the former being encoired, most unaccountably substituted a glee by the late Mr. Horsley. Mr. Benedict, as usual, showed himself a first-rate accompanist.—*Ibid.*

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—During the first week in May, Grisi and Mario, with Madame Csillag (as Azucena), sang in *Il Trovatore*. Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* followed on Saturday. Of the next performance the *Musical World* says:

On Tuesday the first representation of *Il Barbiere* for two years attracted the most brilliant audience of the season. The fact of Mario having resumed his old part of Count Almaviva—his most finished and admirable impersonation in the opinion of many—gave additional interest to the performance: while the first appearance of Mme. Miolan-Carvalho, in Rosina, was anticipated with general curiosity. On no former occasion have we heard the great Italian tenor sing the music so exquisitely. So thoroughly does it suit him, that it is unaccountable how, under any circumstances, Mario should have resigned the part of Almaviva to another.

Another powerful attraction was Ronconi's Figaro, a masterpiece of a different kind, but no less incomparable than Mario's Almaviva. The singing and acting of the two in the famous duet, "All'idea di quel metallo," could not have been surpassed; and without entering into further details about the performance of the prince of Figaros, we may state that Ronconi was in the true vein, and sustained the character of the mercurial barber with wonderful animation and *esprit* from "Largo al factotum" to the end. Mme. Miolan-Carvalho was a charming Rosina, acting with infinite *nouvelé*, and singing with wonderful brilliancy; but her voice being a high *coprano*, she was scarcely so much at home with the music as with that of *Dinorah*.

Special Notices.

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This will prove a very acceptable volume to those for whose special profit and amusement it is intended. The songs are all excellent and highly attractive; the elementary portions of them from their easy and progressive nature will render the acquisition of a primary knowledge of vocal music free from those difficulties which often attend the efforts of the young. For these reasons the Nightingale will be found a volume of superior worth for children at school or at home.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 427.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1860.

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Seed Time.

Now, by the rose's crimson heart,
And the robin's brooding wing,
There never dawned on the waiting earth
So full and fair a spring!
For the splendor of uncounted Mays,
Through many a century fled,
Beams in the eyes of the latest-born—
Heir of the lovely dead.

O, the odor of the opening leaves
Comes like a breath divine,
And the mountain air is a richer draught
Than Hebe's rosiest wine!
The dells are blue with violets,
And, over the garden wall,
At the lightest waft of the south wind
The apple blossoms fall.

Thank God! we breathe the balmy air,
We hear the soft winds blow,
And our hearts are glad at the violet's blue
And the apple blossom's snow;—
So, lightly down, through shower and shine,
To the Summer-Land we go.

Yet more! God's dearer fields of Truth
The centuries have ploughed,
As, over them, through calm and storm
His laborers, toiling, bowed;—
What shall we plant in the furrows wide
Beneath His sun and cloud?

They cry to us, the glorious Dead,
"Why do ye linger so?
The soil was never so warm above,
So mellow and moist below;—
We wrought to clear the cumbered ground,
And yearn till the grain shall grow—
Till the weeds are crushed in the garden bowers,
And the rose and the lily blow."

O helping God! we long for Thee!
Our hearts are all a-glow!
And the deeds of a loving life shall be
The precious seed we sow,—
For Hate may kill, but only Love
Can make the roses blow!—
Then gladly on, through shade or shine,
To the Harvest Land we'll go!
—Independent. DEAN.

Wagner's Music and the Art of Singing.

BY A SINGER.

(Translated for this Journal from the *Deutsche Musik-Zeitung*, of Vienna.)

Caspar. Thou know'st my respite is nearly up.

Samuel. To-morrow!

Freyschütz.

The scene from the Wolf's Glen in Weber's *Freyschütz*, beginning with the words above, was constantly floating before me lately, when I heard and saw for the first time the *Lohengrin*.

The painful situation, into which Caspar has fallen in regard to Samuel and to difficult intonation, seemed reproduced continually with rare interruptions, and I could not help fancying that this extremely characteristic little scene had furnished the model for Wagner's intention. It seemed to me to be the grain of mustard seed, which had struck its roots so deep in Wagner, until

there stood out an exotic tree at last, of which the Future is to pluck the fruit, although to many it seems like the Upas tree, the breath whereof is deadly.

I purposely held no text (libretto) in my hand, either before or during the opera; I was even sorry that I knew the subject beforehand. My object was to receive an *immediate* impression; I had a right to expect that from a composer who makes so much account of the genius of the word.

But I did not fully understand the text.—Unquestionably Wagner's reformatory ideas with regard to the purification of the Opera from many disturbing incongruities are great; the genius of the German language especially has much to thank him for. But in his battling for the word, he has become its slave, and with him too the bearer of the word—the singer.

If Wagner's intention is to sacrifice melody and rhythm in favor of the word, and if in spite of the best efforts of the singers I am unable to understand the text precisely, than I have lost that very commentary to his music, for the sake of which he has sacrificed specific melody.

If I find myself condemned in the opera to understand nothing of the text, shall I not gain by going to another opera where I may at least hear melody and singers? Or else I must learn the text by heart and hear the opera repeatedly, to catch the intentions of the composer.

In the midst of the opera the odd thought occurred to me: "Were it not better if Wagner wrote an opera merely for ballet, that is to say, for mimics? Then there would be no sort of disturbance; the words sung, which one never rightly seizes on account of the eternal *obligato* reflection of the instruments, would be replaced by a printed programme, and programme music is just now flourishing in full bloom.

For Wagner the singer is merely an instrument, a speaking-trumpet of his tones, whom you may actually—with the text before you—understand. But why trouble oneself with this last tradition of the opera, the singers—so easily replaced by mimics and a printed programme? Put it boldly out of the way, this last one; make an *opera without singers*, and lo! the Art-work of the Future stands before you!

The singer, as the interpreter of Wagner's music, who merely has to bring the commentary thereto—the text (with suitable mimic action of course), surely does not deserve so much regard, as to be allowed to come to words, when he is no longer allowed to come to melody. Or is that melody, perhaps, which falls like crumbs from the rich table of the instrumentalists?

If Wagner has a melody, it is commonly a mere harmonic accident, a melody not self-subsistent, begotten by the over-richness of his harmony; and if one of them happen to stray into a singer's mouth, it is for the most part a declamatory chance melody thanklessly dragged after the word.

Wagner strives, as it is well known, to blend

the two historically recognized and well settled facts: Recitative and Cantabile, into one, and produce a unique style; and what will be the result? An abortion—neither fish nor flesh—a Recitative that tries to be Cantabile, a Cantabile that tries to be Recitative—an Arioso—everything you please, but which is nothing but specific Wagner Music of the Future.—From Wagner's excessive puritanism also springs his anxious surveillance of the singer element, a despotism quite as little justified as the despotism of the singers was in the preceding century, as opposed to the better conviction of the composer. The technical qualification of the singer has ceased to be of any account; the capital of his voice lies unproductive. The singer must be actor, pantomimist, declaimer, must have strong voice and lungs, health and long life, if possible. All this the singer may and must have; if he have this, he may make his tedious *mordente* this way and that way; but the melting charm of a Sontag's or Lind's voice must pass for little;—that would disturb the *ensemble*, would divert the public from the composition in favor of a cultivated, noble voice; the composer might for a moment be ignored; the Art-work might be sullied, the principle profaned.

If it is made out, that the old, genuine art of singing is lost, and must be re-discovered, it is equally true also, that salvation for it is not, surely, to proceed from Richard Wagner. Already there are many singers, who can sing only Wagner, which on one side *seems* an excellence, but which in fact proves, that the idea of a pure *cantabile* has already become a real rarity.

If to a composer like Wagner we hear attributed the most accurate knowledge of instrumentation, yet in many quarters it is maintained, not without justice, that he is a second voice-murdering Verdi.

It was with real satisfaction that I heard the sparingly introduced song-oases loudly greeted by the public; the callings out were doubtless intended in the second place for the singers, when they succeeded in solving their ungrateful problems; the public knows how to respect such cheerful sacrifices.

There are signs and wonders just now, which may well confound the most inveterate *Zukunfts* man. In Berlin the back-sliding public listens to the seductive sounds of a—Rossini, from the mouths of technically cultivated Italian song-artists; in Berlin the most incredible things occur; the idolatrous people dance there about the golden calf of melody.—Who will wonder if the thirsting people yield themselves confidently to melody so long denied them, gushing from what they had believed a dried up spring, because a man, from obstinate riding to death of principles (if not from poverty) had thrown away the good with the bad, and had humbled the bearers (interpreters) of his operas (to speak with Berlioz) to the condition of his slaves!

O divine Mozart, should'st thou come back to earth, thou surely wouldst not, even as a man of

the future, deny thine own nobility of genius; and even if it were with newly enlarged means of modern instrumentation, thou wouldst not forget to write thy operas for thy singers.

Ready-made Puffing.

The author of the *Biglow Papers* wished to save the world the trouble of criticizing his performance, and inserted, at the opening of the volume, a series of newspaper commentaries. He made them himself; and they were at least as impartial and as apposite as they would have been if they had been the genuine expression of newspaper criticism. The example set in fun on the other side of the Atlantic has never been seriously followed on this side, but very near approaches have been made to this culminating stroke of puffing. Here, however, the publisher, and not the author, generally undertakes the business. The opinions of the press are collected and clustered beneath the advertisement of the book's title. There are many stages in the art with which this is done. The lowest stage is scarcely distinguishable from the method adopted by the author of the *Biglow Papers*. Those of our readers who have purchased books at railway-stalls may have observed that one of the most enterprising purveyors of that kind of literature fills the initiatory pages of his volume with accounts of other books he has published, and that the titles are followed by disjointed criticisms to which the name of no paper whatever is attached. Certainly there is no fraud in this. Rather there is a sublime contempt for the public in inserting criticisms which do not even pretend to be the criticisms of any one. What a curious trade it must be to have the composition of these irresponsible bursts of admiration! Their author and the poet retained by Messrs. Moses must survey life from the oddest point of view. For both do their work well, and yet they must have the most fixed conviction of the inexhaustible folly of the world. Their fellow-creatures are so constituted as to be sure to be tickled by the most palpable devices and yet are worth tickling neatly. There must be a kind of cynical and monotonous fun in penning these criticisms. A new novel, for example, is written by A. B. and is put into the puffer's hands. He invents a number of little epigrammatic sentences which seem to have come from half the newspapers in England, and are ranged in a series under the advertisement of the novel. "A. B. has eclipsed himself." "Here we once more have our favorite, A. B., with his old quiet pathos, and more than his old aptitude for adventure, passion, and philosophy." "Pregnant, practical, precise," and so on. The next stage in this branch of puffing is to add the name of a paper no one ever heard of. The *Ross Sentinel* thinks "A. B.'s book a better realization of the ideal of fiction, than we have seen since the days of *Pelham* and *Tom Jones*." The *Inverary Freeman* considers that "A. B.'s novel may safely lie in the lap of youth and on the toilette table of beauty." We believe it to have been a well directed contempt for the panegyrics of these obscure journals that drove the publisher to whom we have alluded into the simpler and honester plan of having no journals mentioned at all. Then comes the stage in which the puffs are real extracts from real criticisms, but, the context being entirely omitted, the praise is rather invented than borrowed. For example, the critic has perhaps really said, "A. B.'s novel is well written, considering that, as he tells us, he only took a month to compose it, but this foolish haste and his inherent vulgarity have spoilt his plot, which he has borrowed from a well-known French tale, and which in itself is very interesting." In the puffing advertisement this criticism is somewhat abridged, and appears thus—"A. B.'s novel is well written, and the plot is very interesting." Of course, really respectable publishers who insert newspaper criticisms in their advertisements deal quite fairly with the public, and only repeat what has been actually said, but the advertisements followed by literary criticisms which proceed from such houses form but a small portion of the whole.

But what is an author to do who is unknown, or who cannot get his publisher to do all this for him? How is he to help himself? We can tell our readers exactly what, as a matter of fact, authors have adopted as their best engine of puffing. They print on separate pieces of paper, about a dozen short, telling extracts from their work, taking care to put the full title of the book at the tail of each extract. We have lately received a packet of such extracts, and the volume from which these extracts came bore the magnificent and imposing title of *Grossmith's Government upon First Principles*. This packet was accompanied by a letter from the author, intimating that these extracts might be conveniently inserted in a review of the book, and that, if this were done, he

would do us the favor of advertising in our columns. Only to think of a man writing on *First Principles* and going in for such a little job as this! Certainly it is a disappointing world. In his volume, nothing is half good enough or great enough for Mr. Grossmith. He finds fault with the British Constitution and the Established Church. He wants to establish a pure theocracy; he cannot put up with any government unless it is "based upon the pure, innocent, and good." He has got a scheme for paying off the National Debt in two years. He asks a quantity of questions easier to ask than to answer. For instance, "Why have not the State and Protestant Church adopted Plato?" He is a learned man, and knows Hebrew, and Sanscrit, and Greek, and in fact almost every language, except perhaps English. And yet the end of it all is, that he offers to advertise, if the right extracts are inserted in a review. The worst of it is, that we cannot suppose that these pages of extracts were printed merely to be used once. These telling paragraphs must have been offered elsewhere, and the author of a theocracy has, we fear, inaugurated the advent of "the innocent and the good" by a sly attempt at wholesale corruption.

Among the thousand shades of puffing, these newspaper criticisms from no newspapers, and these extracts offered with a pledge of advertising, are perhaps the coarsest; but they make us think of the nicer and finer shades from which it is so much more difficult to free ourselves. The most innocent, and yet in some ways the most dangerous, form of puffing is that which takes the form of habitual, lavish, indiscriminating praise. We do not find fault with mere friendly criticism. Critics are men, and cannot avoid having tenderness for their friends. We may all honestly overrate the performances of a person whose works have much more beauty and meaning for us than for others, because we can see in them traces of character that we know and like. It is not dishonest to deal gently with the faults in our friend's book that we cannot help seeing. We do not even seriously quarrel with such an infantine audacity of friendship as recently prompted the author of a book on British novelists to include in the list his friend who was only going to write a fiction. But what we dislike is the habit of being evenly and universally civil to everybody. The same fear of small evils and hopes of small gains which prompts the coarser efforts of puffing prompts also this civility. Perhaps the critic is sometimes sincere. He likes namby-pamby writing, provided it accords with his school of theology, or betrays the power of catching his favorite smartness of language. But very often the critic allows himself to think so because he fears, if he reflected further, he might have to say things which would raise up enemies to himself personally, or to his friends, or to the publication in which he is interested. Thus he becomes encircled in a conventional sphere of laudatory platitudes. He is also haunted by a fear lest he should discourage a writer who, like himself, is trying to write his best, who has done as well as he could, and has to make his way.

All this runs into puffing. A critic has nothing to do with the feelings or prospects of a writer. If a book is a bad book or a foolish book, it is his business, so far as he can, to prevent it having influence or success. If soft hitting will not effect this, he must hit hard. It is not by any means a pleasant thing—and, at the moment, it is by no means an improving thing—to sit down and think how an attack on a book can be made as telling and severe as possible. But a bad book is a critic's enemy; and there is no use in firing with blank cartridge at a foe that it is our duty to get rid of. Fifty years ago, criticism was much more sharp and stinging than it is now. We do not wish to return to the sharpness and pungency of that time, because the fierceness and the attack then originated in the fact that the critic and the criticized belonged to different political parties. We have become wisely tolerant of difference of opinion; but in doing so, we have become unwisely tolerant of difference of merit. On the face of it, all this uniformity of favorable opinion is absurd. Every second book that is published, at least, meets with what is called a welcome from the press; and yet every one agrees that most books published are very bad.

People like our friend of the *First Principles* do good in their way, and by a kind of accident. From time to time they bring some peculiarly bad sort of puffing into contempt. They expose the machinery by which a stupid trick is worked, and for the future the public is so far more fastidious as to require machinery of a finer and more delicate construction. Henceforth, when we see an extract from a book no one ever heard of stuck between two accounts of gigantic cauliflowers, we shall know that it is all mere "Grossmith," and shall look to the advertisement sheet to see if the compliment to Plato and pur-

ity has been paid for. Soon the public will begin to disregard the flattering encomiums from anonymous panegyrists that accompany the additions to Railway Libraries. Already we have got so far that the illustrative anecdotes that go to prove the unrivalled excellence of some sort of snuff, spectacles, or pills are generally required to be paid for and proclaimed as advertisements, and not inserted, as formerly, among pieces of public intelligence. The whole character of the English press gradually improves. If we take the exceptional instances, and contrast them with the highest standards, we find much to condemn and regret. There is an infinitude of twaddle, of prejudice and bigotry in nine-tenths of English newspapers; but still it is not only much the best press that has ever existed, but it is a great deal better than any other country could produce. If we compare it during any two periods, can we doubt that it becomes more decent, honester, and better informed? What it fails in is in power and freedom of thought. Puffing in some shape or other has too strong a hold of it. It sings in a very mild way the praises of all the sects and cliques and interests that occupy the country. It puffs whatever an orthodox majority thinks worthy of being puffed in politics, society, and religion. This puffing acts as a lamentable hindrance to independent thought. But, in the end, we have little doubt that independent thought will master it. It ought to be acknowledged that puffing is only one side of toleration. Praising everybody is a silly exaggeration of enduring everybody. Toleration is the great lesson of the present day; but, as it is purely negative, it will, we may hope, be followed by something that is fit to fill the vacant place which toleration has cleared. What we now think the finer shades of puffing may then perhaps seem as absurd as the imbecile stratagems of an author who expects, by forwarding a bundle of extracts, to procure a favorable notice of a book beginning with an inquiry into the Sanscrit name of the Deity, and ending with a plan for raising a revenue of four hundred millions a year without any one feeling the burden.

Mr. Macfarren's "Christmas" Cantata.

The cantata of *Christmas* (produced for the first time at the last concert of the Musical Society of London*), will undoubtedly add to the high reputation already enjoyed by its composer, whose *May-Day* (originally produced at the Bradford Festival of 1856) created so lively an impression at one of the performances of the Musical Society of London, last year. That *May-Day* was a work of remarkable ability, was universally admitted; but that *Christmas* has still greater merit is, we think, unquestionable. On the whole, it may be unhesitatingly stated, that no English musician, from the time of Purcell to the present epoch, has written anything in its way more genuine and masterly. With the poem, Mr. Macfarren has been quite as fortunate as in the instance of the Bradford cantata. The subject may be less essentially dramatic, but it has been treated by Mr. Oxenford so ingeniously that, in the absence of any *bona fide* story, we have a stirring dramatic scene, every incident of which is more or less interesting. The cantata opens with an antiphonal chorus, in which the two choirs alternately celebrate the dark and the bright side of winter. The grumblers begin:—

2nd Choir.—"The trees lift up their branches bare
Against the sky:
Through the keen and nipping air.
For spring's return they seem to cry,
As the winds with solemn tone
About them sadly moan."

Whereupon the advocates of the frost period retort:—

1st Choir.—"Old Winter's hand is always free,
He scatters diamonds round,
They dart their light from every tree,
They glisten on the ground.
Then who shall call the branches bare
When gems like those are sparkling there."

At the conclusion of this Penillion-like contest, the opponent minstrels chime together—in song, at least, if not in sentiment:—

2nd Choir.—"Come in, and closely shut the door
Against the wintry weather;
Of frost and snow we'll think no more,
While round the fire we sit together."

1st Choir.—"Rush out from every cottage door,
'Tis brave and bracing weather;
A madder throng ne'er met before,
Than those which now have come together."

The music expresses with great felicity the contending feelings suggested by the words—the strains allotted to the proselytes of winter being as energetic and jovial as those in which its detractors give vent to their antipathy are lugubrious. This fine choral introduction is succeeded by a recitative and romance for soprano, "Welcome blest season"—an apostro-

ple to Christmas, the general tone and purport of which may be gathered from the opening lines of the second division:—

"Christmas comes; and friends that long have parted
Meet to change the loving grasp once more;
Many who have wandered, weary hearted,
Gladly seek the old familiar door."

The soft and soothing character of this piece is in thorough keeping, and rarely have the endearing associations connected with the subject been wedded to more graceful melody. The romance gives way to the famous old English "carol," first given in unison by the chorus; then with harmony, on which two sections of the choir are engaged, while the other two sing the tune; and lastly, in combination with a new subject, in a different measure, allotted to the orchestra, the theme of the "carol" being sustained by the entire choir as a plain song. The effect of all this is as fresh and vigorous as the contrivance is masterly. The next division consists of a "Christmas tale"—for contralto solo, with chorus—

"A bleak and kindless morning had broke on Althenay,
Where, shunning Danish foemen, the good King Alfred lay."

This is built upon the story of King Alfred, on the eve of a victory over the Danes, relinquishing his last loaf of bread in favor of a mendicant pilgrim—and is so admirably treated in the poem, that had we space we should be tempted to cite it *in extenso*. We must be content, however, to add that the music is worthy of the poetry, and that in the introductory recitatives the imitation of the old English style of melody—which, by the way, is a prevalent and characteristic feature of the whole cantata—is here most signally successful. The burden, at the termination of each verse,—

"The heavenly King who reigns on high
Bless him who hears the poor man's cry,"

first delivered by the solo voice, and then echoed, in full harmony, by the chorus, has something analogous to the response of the people in Mendelssohn's *Elijah* (Part I.), when the prophet petitions for rain, the serene loveliness of which, however, it modestly emulates, without in the slightest degree being open to the charge of plagiarism. An exquisite little duet for women's voices "Little children, all rejoice"—agreeably contrasts with the foregoing. The words remind us that to manhood the enjoyment of to-day may be checked with anxious thoughts for the morrow, while, to childhood, the happiness of the moment is all in all, tempered by no sad experience, weakened by no conflicting doubt. The contrast is well presented in the last four lines:—

"There is not a joy so true,
But we dread its change to sorrow;
Ah, it is not so with you,
Having days without a morrow."

Nothing can be more unaffected and spontaneous than the music to which Mr. Macfarren has wedded this duet. The *finale*—in chorus throughout—represents a festive celebration of the Christmas day's amusements, the various incidents that make up the sum of its substantial cheer and innocent sports being successively portrayed in brief and appropriate terms. The mistletoe, with its envied privileges, is, of course, not overlooked. Here the chorus again assumes the antiphonal form, the first choir giving a (useless) warning:—

Nay, be cautious, gentle maid,
As you pass that hanging bough
With the berries white arrayed;
For there's one has made a vow
That those lips he will invade:
And he'll keep it, we're afraid."

To which the second choir emphatically retorts by repudiating the idea of mistletoe-law ever being abolished. Perish the thought! The wassail-bowl, blind-man's buff, snap-dragon, &c., *ad infinitum*, are all remembered; and the subjoined "general chorus" brings this merry *cantata* to an end:—

"Varied sports the evening close,
Dancers form in busy rows;
Hoodwink'd lovers roam about,
Hope to find the right one out,
And when they fail how merry is the shout!
Round you flickering flame of blue
Urchins sit—an anxious crew;
Dainties rich the bold invite.
While from the fire the timid shrink with fright.
Welcome all, welcome all.
'Tis merry now in the vaulted hall,
The mistletoe is over head,
The holly flaunts its berries red,
The wassail-bowl goes gaily round,
Our mirth awakes the echoes round,
All eyes are bright, all hearts are gay,
Thus ends our Christmas day."

In setting this concluding scene, Mr. Macfarren has produced a most effective and exhilarating climax to a composition that does him equal credit in an artistic and a national sense; the thoroughly English tone which he has maintained from first to last—while only interpolating one existing melody (the "carol")—being no less worthy of admiration than its abstract musical beauties, or the ingenious

contrivance and successful treatment for which it is everywhere remarkable. A question might be legitimately raised as to whether, when—the subject-matter being national—the aim of a composer is to preserve a strictly national feeling, the point of view should be, invariably and as a *sine qua non*, taken from the English melody of between two and three centuries ago? No one will deny that the Italians, French, and Germans, have a national style of music at the present time; and yet Rossini, Auber, and Weber—who may fairly be accepted as types of their respective nationalities—have little or nothing in common with their harmonious ancestors of ages back. Christmas is as appropriate to the nineteenth as to the sixteenth century; and Mr. Oxford might with quite as much justice have parodied the vernacular of Spenser and Jonson as Mr. Macfarren the melody that prevailed in the time of Elizabeth, or during that which succeeded the Restoration. We are bound to add that in *Christmas* this imitation of the elder melody is not slavishly done, and that several numbers—instance the romance (for soprano), the song about King Alfred (for contralto), and the charming duet for women's voices—while quite as English as the rest, are the unquestionable inspirations of an Englishman, by the side of whom even Sir Roger de Coverly would figure as an ancient. But in his choruses, Mr. Macfarren seems to have considered it indispensable to seek his tune at the same well as his forefathers. Were we not convinced that this gentleman is one of the few capable of writing music, neither Italian, French, nor German, nor even a mixture of the three, but purely English, and at the same time English of the period in which we live, we should have refrained from these remarks, and indeed from any critical objection, satisfied with awarding well-earned praise to a composition of distinguished merit and originality.

The performance on the whole was remarkable—considering that the work had only the benefit of a single rehearsal (a fact, by the way, of which the Musical Society of London, while professing so much, has no reason to brag). The principal singers—Madames Lemmens, Sherrington and Sinton—were all the composer could possibly have desired, both in their solos and in their duet. The band, too, under Mr. Alfred Mellon, as usual, did wonders; but the chorus was by no means as efficient as might have been wished on such an occasion as the first public trial of a new and important work by an English composer. The audience, however, thoroughly delighted with the music, were not merely indulgent but enthusiastic in their applause. There is, indeed, every reason to believe that this performance will prove the forerunner of others, and that *Christmas* is destined to add one more to the brief catalogue of lasting musical works which our national repertory can boast."—*London Musical World*, May 12.

THE PARIS OPERA.—A plan relative to the construction of a new opera-house in Paris has been exposed to public inspection at the Mairie of the 9th arrondissement, in the Rue Drouot. The following history of the French opera will interest some of our readers. The French opera carries us as far back as the poet Baif, who, under the reign of Charles IX., assembled together a musical company, exclusively devoted to religious compositions. They held their meetings in a house in the Rue des Fosses Saint Victor, and were protected by the king. It was not until the ministry of Cardinal Mazarin, that the opera was in earnest introduced into France; at that period the words and music were Italian. The first opera in the French language was produced at Vincennes, and afterwards at the Hotel de Nevers, in 1659. It was a "Pastorale" in five acts—the words by Abbé Perrin; music by Gambert, organist of Saint Honoré, and composer to the queen mother. Ten years afterward the Abbé Perrin obtained letters patent, authorizing him to "establish in Paris, and other towns of the kingdom, musical academies for singing in public, as carried out in Italy, Germany, and England." A theatre was soon opened in the tennis grounds of the Rue Mazarine; the opera of "Pomona" was represented, but without success; and the establishment was threatened with complete ruin, when Louis XIV. by new letters patent, invested Lulli with the privilege of founding in Paris, on the largest scale, a royal academy of music. It was on the tennis-grounds of Bel-Air, in the Rue de Vaugirard, near the Palace of Luxembourg, that Lulli placed his theatre: it was opened on the 15th November, 1772, by the first representation of "Les Fêtes de l'Amour et de Bacchus." The death of Molière having left the theatre of the Palais Royal unoccupied, Lulli transferred his opera there. On the 5th April, 1763, a terrible fire destroyed the opera-house; and the 24th January following, the singers took possession of the "Théâtre des Machines," which formed part

of the Palace of the Tuilleries. In the meanwhile the reconstruction of that of the Palais Royal proceeded actively, and the inauguration took place on the 26th January, 1770, by the reproduction of Rameau's opera of "Zoroaster." A new conflagration reduced the building once more to ashes. "On the 8th June, 1781," says Mercier, "a rope of the proscenium took fire by coming in contact with one of the lights, set fire to the curtain, the curtain to the scenery, which spread the flames throughout the boxes. All the theatre was consumed."

In seventy-five days a temporary house was constructed on the Boulevard Saint Martin, under the direction of Lenoir, (called Le Romain), an architect of some talent. This theatre, actually that of the Porte Sainte Martin (in which the "Closier de Gènes," a *chef d'œuvre* of the modern French drama, is now nightly represented), was first opened to the public by the first representation of "Adèle de Ponthieu," an opera in three acts, the words by Saint Marc, music by Piccini. In 1794, the opera quitted the Boulevard, and was installed in the theatre built by order of La Demoiselle Montansier, in the Rue de Richelieu, opposite the Bibliothèque Impériale, where it remained twenty-four years. On the opening representation in this house, for the first time benches were placed in the pit. The present French Opera-house was built on the spot formerly occupied by the Hotel de Choiseul, by M. Debret, architect.

La Juive.

The New York *Musical World* gives the following abstract of the plot of Halévy's famous opera, which has been attracting so much attention in New York, as produced by Maretzek at the Winter Garden.

The scene of the celebrated opera is laid in the city of Constance; the time about the year 1414.

The curtain rises and displays a representation of a public square; on the right are seen the doors of a church; on the left stands the store of Lazarus, the Jewish goldsmith and jeweler.

The first act introduces us to Leopold, Prince of the Empire, who has but just returned from a campaign against the Hussites, and if *incognito*, awaiting a public reception which the ecclesiastical and lay authorities have vouchsafed to him.

He is discovered in the disguise of an humble painter, hunting for the habitation of Lazarus the Jew, with whose daughter, Rachel, he has become violently smitten.

The day is full of interest. It has been proclaimed a general holiday, and a grand procession of princes and prelates is about to enter the city for the purpose of holding a grand council. The nation has recently been vexed by infidels; and he retires, and the council is convened to determine in what way the ascendancy obtained in late victories may best be maintained.

Lazarus, who is not only a thrifty and industrious type of his tribe, but a Jew, proud of his ancient faith, disregards the general holiday, and pursues his labor as a goldsmith.

Ruggiero, an over zealous magistrate of the city, who has just read the proclamation to eager masses of holiday loving citizens, perceives that Lazarus and his daughter Rachel heed it not. Indignant at this apparent disrespect to his authority, he orders their arrest, on the ground that they are contumacious infidels. Lazarus pleads that being an Israelite he is exempt from Christian laws. Ruggiero cries out that he thus imprecates the Christian faith, and Lazarus replies sternly that he has cause to do so, seeing that his children have perished upon the pyre by its edicts.

Ruggiero condemns them to death.

At this moment Cardinal di Brogni, president of the grand council, enters, and the prisoners are placed before him. He recognizes in Lazarus the features of a man who had witnessed the destruction of his wife and daughter, in a conflagration of his palace at Rome, before he, the Cardinal, was a follower of the Cross. The goldsmith recalls the circumstances to the Cardinal's mind, and touched by the remembrance of the agony he then endured, the latter pardons the Jew, appeasing the populace by saying that if rigor and violence made him hate the Christian faith, it is but right that forgiveness and clemency should be allowed to reclaim his heart.

Lazarus accepts the Cardinal's mercy with ill-favor, and retires to his store.

The crowd having dispersed, Leopold once more comes on the scene, and sings a serenade to Rachel.

The laws which separated Christians from Jews in those days were of the most stringent character. The penalty of intercourse was death to both. For this and for other religious reasons, the Jews were

especially cautious of any intimacy between the members of their own families and those of Christians.

Leopold, fully aware of these circumstances, yet eager to gain the smile of Rachel, pretends to be an Israelite, and assumes the name of Samuel.

An interview takes place between the maiden and her lover, and Rachel finally makes an appointment to meet him at her father's house on an approaching holy feast, when all the sons of Israel are received under his hospitable roof with kindness and equal favor.

The interview is then interrupted by the return of the populace, who assemble in the square to witness the grand procession which is about to enter the city.

Rachel, and her father, Lazarus, pressed by the increasing multitude, strive in vain to find a place of safety. To protect themselves from the passing throng, they ascend the steps of the cathedral, thinking that there at least they may be secure for a moment or two.

Ruggiero, the magistrate, already once foiled, and anxious for revenge, no sooner sees this than he excites the people to avenge what he calls a profanation of the temple.

Lazarus, and his daughter Rachel, are now menaced by the populace, and in imminent danger of their lives. They are so near being sacrificed to the blind fury of the mob, that Leopold, unmindful of his disguise, rushes in with his drawn sword and gives them protection. He is recognized by the officers, who fall back, and as the grand procession now begins to move, the people soon forget one excitement in the promise of another.

Rachel and Lazarus, stupefied at this instance of power possessed and exercised by Leopold, whom they believe to be of their own tribe, retire to their dwelling, and the scene closes with a gorgeous spectacle of mediæval splendor.

THE ENTRY INTO CONSTANCE.

The second act conducts us to the abode of Lazarus, the Jew, where friends and co-religionists are assembled at table, and about to partake of the sacred feast of unleavened bread. Leopold is also there, but when the moment arrives for sharing with his host the hallowed morsel, throws his portion away. The act is observed by Rachel, whose suspicions, already excited, are heightened by this strange circumstance. For the moment her inquiries are stopped by the arrival of the Princess Eudoxia, who has called to purchase a jewel of great repute and value which Lazarus possesses. The suddenness of the arrival of this distinguished lady, and the magnificence of the retinue which she brings with her excite the alarm of the Jew, and he asks Leopold, whose prowess he has witnessed in the first act, to remain with him. Leopold does so, and to his astonishment recognizes in Eudoxia his own wife.

The situation is peculiarly striking. On the one hand, a faithful wife sacrificing her little all to procure a suitable gift for the victorious husband who is about to return to her arms; on the other, a perfidious man secretly pursuing a wrongful passion in disguise, and smitten dumb with this proof of affection of his own wife.

No mutual recognition ensues, but Leopold, overcome with remorse and agony, speaks a few words with Rachel, and follows Eudoxia from the room. Lazarus, who has observed his confusion, is embarrassed at its meaning, but suspecting nothing, invokes the blessing of Heaven on his child, and retires.

Overwhelmed with conflicting emotions Leopold returns and passionately divulges to Rachel the secret of his faith—that he is not a Jew but a Christian; prays that she will fly with him to some obscure retreat, where all the troubles of the world may be forgotten in solitude and love, and promises even to renounce the faith if she will do so.

Rachel, although sorely distressed and agitated by his recital, is on the point of yielding, when Lazarus, who has overheard the project of flight, surprises them. Leopold once more proclaims that he is a Christian, and the Jew, unable to restrain himself, or pardon the affront put upon his tribe, pronounces a deadly curse upon the head of the deceiver.

The whole of this eminently dramatic scene is powerfully wrought both by composer and author.

In the next act we are transported to the magnificent gardens of the emperor, prepared with lavish display to give welcome to Prince Leopold on the occasion of his return from the wars.

The festivities in honor of this event are progressing, when Lazarus and Rachel enter, bringing with them the jewel purchased for the occasion by the Princess Eudoxia, which they lay at her feet. The Princess receives it, and in the name of the Emperor, of honor, and of love, bestows it on Leopold, her husband and her lord.

Rachel who thus hears for the first time that Leopold—whom she has recognized—is a married man, tears the proffered gift from his neck, and in an agony of rage derides him as a coward and a thing unworthy of a badge of honor. Unmindful of the consequences, she publicly accuses him of her ruin—an offence punishable with death.

The intense consternation which this declaration produces, finds at length a voice in the Cardinal, who pronounces the anathema of the Church against the offenders, and accompanies the malediction with the sentence of death.

This scene is regarded by the ablest critics as one of the most powerful in the entire repertoire of modern music.

In the fourth act, Eudoxia, whose love for her husband warms with the recollection of his valor, and the knowledge of his peril, seeks an interview with Rachel—now in prison—and beseeches her to disarm the merciless judges, who have condemned Leopold to death, by declaring that her statement was false, and suggestive jealousy. At first Rachel is deaf to these pleadings of her disconsolate sister; but when she finds that they are purely unselfish, that she sues for Leopold simply that his life may be spared, and not that she would see him again, her pride is touched, and she resolves that a follower of the Christian Faith shall not, in liberality of soul, surpass a Jewish maiden. When the proper time arrives, she promises to save him and to die.

The Cardinal interposes his charitable offices, and endeavors to persuade Rachel to become a convert to the Christian religion, in order that her young life may be spared. It is in vain, and equally vain his essay with the sturdy Lazarus. The latter spurns the proposition, and scornfully laughs at the terror of death. But, if die he must, he would revenge his sorrows on one of the Christian faith.

For this purpose he relates to the Cardinal the particulars of the destruction of the latter's palace at Rome—referred to previously in the first act—when his wife and infant child were destroyed. The Cardinal, unable to bear the narrative, begs that the unhappy past may be buried in oblivion, and not recalled to agonize his soul.

"All was not lost," replies Lazarus; "a child was saved, your child, and still lives; but no one knows who saved her, and where she is, but myself."

The Jew's revenge is to die with this secret on his lips, but undivulged.

It is in vain that the Cardinal implores him to reveal the name of the conservator of all his hopes.

Lazarus is inflexible, and tauntingly tells the Cardinal that it was he who decided that the secret should be buried in the grave.

In the final act—that of the execution—Rachel and Lazarus are alone brought in, Leopold having been banished by supreme decree. Lazarus demands why the deceiver should thus be permitted to live, and the object of his deception compelled to die. He is told that a witness worthy of credit has declared Leopold to be innocent.

Rachel steps forward and says that she was the witness.

The moment of death approaches, and the Cardinal once more solemnly entreats Lazarus to reveal the secret of his lost daughter's whereabouts; to point out to him that only child who was surely saved from the flames to be restored to her father's arms.

An exclamation suddenly directs their attention to the place of execution.

"She is there!" shrieks Lazarus, pointing to the boiling caldron into which Rachel has just plunged.

The Cardinal, overwhelmed with emotion, falls on his knees; the Jew proceeds firmly to execution.

BLIND TOM AND THE JAPANESE.—A Washington correspondent of the *Philadelphia Bulletin* writes:

The Japanese are very fond of children, and caress all that they meet in the halls of the hotel. They have lately been in the habit of going out in groups of two or three, and sometimes singly, walking the whole length of the avenue, visiting shops, and gratifying their curiosity concerning our affairs. Usually they are attended by lads that have made their acquaintance, and they walk along, holding their hands, and smiling on their young white-faced friends, as if perfectly happy in their society. At a private concert in Willard's saloon, last evening, little Tommy was surrounded by Washington boys, and he sat with an arm around the neck of each of the two next him, evidently proud of his young American acquaintances.

The concert, which was for a short time attended by the head men of the Embassy, was a singular one. It was given to introduce to the Washington public

the blind negro lad "Tom," ten years of age, whose marvellous talent as a pianist has been frequently spoken of in the Southern papers. "Tom" belonged to a gentleman of Georgia, in whose family were some proficient in music. No pains were taken to teach him, but, one day, according to my informant, the family were startled at hearing some one play with remarkable correctness and brilliancy, and going into the parlor, found "Tom," who had got possession of the piano, and without ever having touched it before, was playing a piece he had heard his young mistress play. This is the story given: as his showman says, "it broke out on him like the small-pox." True or not, the child is a marvel. He plays with great force and freedom, requiring to hear a piece only once to be able to re-produce it with great exactness. His touch is strong, his fingers are thin, tapering and flexible, his hands small, and he holds them with a natural ease and grace that a master cannot always give to a seeing pupil. His playing is not by any means faultless, but for a blind, untaught boy, it is astonishing, and his memory is utterly beyond all comprehension. A day or two ago, he was taken to a private house here, where two young ladies played a four-handed arrangement of the overture to Rossini's *Semiramide*, which he had never heard. When they had finished, he took the place of one of them, and played it correctly from beginning to end, without missing a bar, and actually correcting his accompanist, when, by turning over the leaves accidentally, she was playing wrong. The boy is the blackest and ugliest of negroes, and has shown no especial talent for anything but music. His nervous organization is excessively sensitive, and he weeps whenever anything annoys him. Last evening, after playing two hours, he cried bitterly at being taken from the piano. His other passion, besides music, is sugar-plums, and these will reconcile him to almost any disappointment. He has had no instruction, and has heard no great pianists. If he could do this, it would be of great advantage to him. He sings ballads in a hard, unpleasant soprano voice. Last evening he played at one time Fisher's Hornpipe with the right hand and Yankee Doodle with the left—for bar and perfectly well. This is only wonderful as the work of a blind child. The Japanese looked on and listened with stolid indifference, and it is pretty plain they have no enjoyment of our music.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

April 18.—The performances at the Grand-Opéra, of *Pierre de Médicis*, have been interrupted, by an indisposition of Mad. Gueymard-Lauters. *Guillaume Tell* was given last week. Meanwhile, the sisters Marchisio have arrived in Paris, and the rehearsals of *Semiramide* have commenced. There is some talk of Mlle. Marie Sax, of the Théâtre-Lyrique, being engaged here. The *Château Trompette*, of M. Gavaert, that had been put back at the Opéra-Comique in its rehearsals by the serious illness of M. Coudere, is now rehearsing, with Mocker in Condere's part. The *Roman d'Elvire* is being played. The *Belle Chocolatière*, in one act, by M. Paul Dupuch, is also in rehearsal, and there is also some talk of the *Petit Chaperon Rouge*, of Boieldieu, being given ere Madame Faure-Lefèvre leaves. Mlle. Marmion, of the Théâtre-Lyrique, has been engaged at this opera. The privilege of the Théâtre-Lyrique, which was to have expired in a year, had recently been renewed by M. Carvalho till February, 1867. M. Réty will thus have nearly seven years of managerial career before him; and more, in 1861, he will inaugurate the new Théâtre-Lyrique, as the foundations of this building are already begun, and it is to be terminated by the 12th of next December. Madame Viardot's benefit will soon take place, and Tamberlik will probably sing at it. Madame Viardot is going to sing one act of *Armide*, and the sleep-walking scene in the *Macbeth* of Verdi, with Graziani. After Beethoven's *Fidelio*, the *Reine Balkir*, of Charles Gounod, will be given.

April 26.—The great question as to building a new opera-house for the French operas is at length quite decided. The building will be erected at the beginning of the Rue de Rouen and a street that is to run between the Boulevards des Capucins and the Chaussée d'Antin. The direction of the works is confided to M. Ronault de Fleury. The general plan was deposited the 15th of this month, at the Mairie of the Ninth Arrondissement, in the Rue Drouot, and where for twenty days all observations of the public relative to the plan of the building will be received. As it is an undertaking that will probably cost twenty millions of francs, the pros and cons of the site cho-

sen cannot be too attentively studied. Meanwhile, in what will be some months hence the old Grand-Opéra-house, all goes on actively. Mad. Gueymard, who has recovered from her late indisposition, is gaining fresh laurels in *Pierre de Médicis*. The Sisters Marchisio are already studying their parts in *Sémiramis*; the part of Assur is definitively given to Obin: indeed it is probable that the singers will be ready long ere the scenery is. The latter is on a scale of unwonted magnificence, and Ancient Babylon is to be resuscitated in all her splendor in this modern Babylon. We can thus judge, which is the most preferable—I should say the latter. Decidedly, operas written by princes are windfalls to a theatre. The illustrious composer of *Pierre de Médicis* has presented M. Dietrich, the leader of the orchestra, with a magnificent platinum chain; to M. Vaudrot, leader of the singing, a diamond ring; and to M. Victor Massé, director of the choruses, diamond sleeve buttons. Such brilliant tokens of gratitude are not to be disdained, though often a few words of heartfelt acknowledgement possess greater weight and more real value. Amongst such, we must cite the letter of Mad. Girard, the widow of the late chef d'orchestre, at this house, to the artists of the Conservatoire, thanking them for the concert they gave for her benefit, and in memory of the old chief. In a short time the Italian Opera will be deserted, and the foreign nightingales, that have so often charmed us there, will have taken wing. Last week, Tamberlik appeared in the part of Poliotto, in Donizetti's opera of the same name; Mesdames Penco and Merly filling the other characters. It was a grand "succès" for Tamberlik, who, with Mad. Penco, was recalled several times. Last Friday, Mad. Viardot's benefit took place at the Théâtre-Lyrique. Mad. Viardot sang the duo and sleep-walking scene of Verdi's *Macbeth* with Graziani, the third act of Gluck's *Armide*, and an air of *Somnambula*. It were needless to add how brilliant was the success of her benefit, the many recalls, or the frantic applause—due, not only to her great talents, but also to the courage with which she has fought against the invasion of common place and second-rate music on the stage. Who, after her fine creation of Orpheus, or her acting and singing in *Armide*, could tolerate the evanescent trash with which we are overwhelmed?

The concerts are still going on. Last week Duprez gave a concert, in which an opera entitled *Jeanne d'Arc*, the music by himself, the words by M. Edouard Duprez, was given. It was in three acts, with choruses, orchestra, decorations, &c. Mlles. Maria Bennet, Battu, and Monrose, and M. Lefranc, sang the chief parts; the whole evening went off very successfully. The Association of the Musical Artists of France are preparing a solemnity of a new kind, to begin at the end of this month. It consists—not of a concert, but of a series of concerts, to be perpetuated from year to year. M. Beaulieu, of Nivet, is to be at the head of this. By his wish the concerts are to consist of the vocal music of the great masters not usually performed in public, because it is not thought attractive enough. The music will be drawn from all schools, styles, and kinds, and the execution will be as fine as is humanly possible.—*Corr. of Lond. Mus. World*.

BERLIN.—On Palm Sunday the *Messiah* was performed by Stern's society, with Frau Bürde-Ney in the soprano, and Krause in the bass solos. On Monday, *Die Versöhnungsleiden*, by Schnöpf's society. On Wednesday, Graun's *Tod Jesu*, by Schröder's society, and on Friday, at the Sing-Akademie, Bach's great *Passion* music.

London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—It was shrewdly said, by a great living musician in our hearing, "If you want to show your connoisseurship at a new opera, ask, Why do not they give 'Don Juan'?" The question might be answered conclusively in this wise. "Where is the *Don Juan*?" The right man has not alighted on our Opera-sphere since the days of Garcia—the next best to him having been Signor Tamberlini. The essay of Signor Mario amounts to a feeble and unsuccessful usurpation, in spite of his charming physical qualifications. But no canonical Opera-season can go round without the work being given,—no matter how unfit for the music be the singers. If we do not share the regulation raptures over every revival of this new opera, it may be for the same reasons as make us deprecate a "King Lear" shabbily cast, and prefer not to see "Antony and Cleopatra," if *Miss Petowker* is to perform "the serpent of 'Old Nile.'" There are fresh audiences every year. We know people who would prefer to hear the opera sung anyhow, to not hearing it at all. For both classes we must report on the two-hundred-

times-told tale. Mr. Smith's novelties in the cast of the opera are as follows:—His *Don*, Signor Everardi, is less efficient than we had hoped that gentleman might prove, after seeing him in "La Favorita." There is no want of good-will in his performance; he is "up" in his part (as the phrase is), but his personation wants grace, and his voice depth. Mr. Smith's *Zerlina* is Madame Borghi-Mamo. She sings the music as it is written; but it is too high for her voice. There is many a high *soprano* able to sing the *contralto* repertory, so far as producing the notes goes; but the want of the quality is certainly to be felt. The music of *Zerlina* should be played with; under the circumstances ease is impossible. Her performances are announced to have closed for the season; we suppose in consequence of the arrival of Madame Alboni. Madame Titiens is *Donna Anna*, Mlle. Vaneri *Donna Elvira*, Signor Giuglini *Don Ottavio*, Signor Violelli *Leporello*, and Signor Mercuriali, whose peculiar voice (as has been heretofore said) should be turned to better account, *Masetto*. It would only be so much lost time and needless vexation to point out in detail why, with this conjunction of singers, the music of "Don Juan" fails, somehow, to produce its wonted effect at *Her Majesty's Theatre*. For this evening "Rigoletto" is announced, to introduce Mlle. Brunetti, yet another French lady, and Signor Sebastiano Ronconi.

A spirited performance of "Il Barbiere" was given on Tuesday evening, at *Her Majesty's Theatre*. The admirers of Madame Borghi-Mamo (and she has many) have so commended, not merely her acting, southern accent and expression, but her execution, too, of Signor Rossini's music in "Otello," that to hear her in one of the *maestro's* operas became a matter of interest. But our account of her *Rosina* would be "It is the old story." Vocal proficiency is not to be snatched up in one part—laid down in another. The artist who cannot execute a scale on Tuesday, will not do so on Thursday; the organ incompletely developed will not grow to completeness in a couple of nights. Madame Borghi-Mamo has had a delicious voice, a *mezzo-soprano* of the "sweetest south" quality; but the voice, save by fits and starts, is no longer true. In the few opening bars of the Neapolitan "Santa Lucia," which was introduced in the lesson scene, we felt all the charm. The rest of the opera was, to our apprehension, a clever attempt at disguise—or rather, to make a want of finish pass for finish. Thus, for awhile, flourished Signor Fornasari; but the partial success of all such attempts—of all such simulations (not hypocritically meant, we concede, but inevitable as the consequences of careless training) is too dangerous to Art to be passed over. Madame Borghi-Mamo, here, as in Paris, dashes at every thing, *gruppetti*, scales, chromatic and diatonic; but here, as in Paris, we have failed to hear a true, *cleanly*-delivered passage from her lips. In vocal accomplishment, as compared with Madame Alboni, she is what Madame Stoltz was as compared with Madame Viardot. Signor Everardi's *Figaro* is clever, busy, and well sustained. M. Belart's *Count Almaviva* extremely good; the music (to return upon our theme) honestly sung by him, without stint or unreality,—the acting an advance on former essays at acting.—*Athenæum*, May 19.

MUSICAL SOCIETY.—The publication of Mr. Macfarren's new cantata "Christmas" (Cramer & Co.) coincident with its performance by that spirited body the Musical Society, on Wednesday last, enables us to speak with less hesitation on a new work than might have else been the case. It was a happy thought to have chosen "Christmas" as the subject of an English cantata,—but the choice, we are constrained to say, is better than the execution. The divisions are these:—a double chorus by way of introduction—a romance for soprano—a Carol, "A Christmas Tale," for *contralto* and chorus—a duettino for two Ladies, and a finale describing a Christmas party. So far, well and good; but we cannot think that the verse is always suggestive, and in one point it is open to serious objection. Mr. Oxenford has failed to recollect that there are many good things to say (and to eat) which are not fit themes for music. We English have not become used to the familiarities of common life as connected with the art. A chorus that began, "How do you like this east wind, Mrs. Jones?" would rather puzzle a composer. We cannot reconcile ourselves to hearing of "goose," "turkey," "pudding," and "the lemon in the bear's jaw," in conjunction with flats and sharps. Why not "sage and onions," and "apple sauce"? There must be some discrimination in these things—there may be, as Moore, and Bayly, and Mr. Planché have shown, when writing for music, without the writer getting up on stilts. Mr. Oxenford has too much tact and scholarship not to avoid this defect, when its importance has been pointed out to him. It is one of first consequence to his partner; and, indeed, we can

not but fancy it has been here felt so. On the present occasion, clever, and interesting as is Mr. Macfarren's music, it is forced in many places; as if structure had been thought of rather than the spirit of melody. The opening chorus, a winter scene, has more of the crudity, which we had hoped its author had laid aside, than is agreeable. The close, where the two choirs cross and reply to each other, is careful, if, in some of its progressions, too harsh to please the ear—but the leading ideas might have been turned to better account. In No. 2, the recitative is not well set. The melody of the *Romance* is elegant. The final *cadenza*, however, is an example of difficulty driven to its last point. It can hardly be executed neatly, save under exceptional conditions. No. 3, the Carol, is treated with great ingenuity, but the number is a long one; and at the risk of being anathematized henceforth and for evermore by those who, because a ditty is ancient, hold it to be therefore good—we must assert that the melancholy minor tune, so utterly at variance with the

Tidings of comfort and joy!—

which form the burden of the song—however curious and venerable—has too much in it of the "frozen-out gardeners" to be welcome in such a place, were it twenty times as old English as it is. As if to make up for this, how is it that Mr. Macfarren has allowed such a modern German or modern French (?) garniture to the Christmas legend of Alfred in Athelney? The chorus that has asked for a tale should listen. Here, after having, without much ostensible reason, borne up one verse (not burden-wise) with a "Fal-lala," in the last stanza, they do all but anticipate the catastrophe by following so close on the heels of the narrator that narration is unnecessary. The *Duetto* No. 6, is very elegant. The *Finale*, No. 7, is robust and jovial, with some good orchestral effects. On every ground is it to be wished that a more favorable account could have been given as a whole of a work by two superior men; but seeing that English music is now struggling up towards a point higher than it has occupied—say since Purcell's time—on every ground is it necessary to speak plainly and clearly, as the duty owed by persons of honor to persons of honor.—*Ath.*, May 12.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—Every week will now for some weeks to come, be fuller and fuller of concerts, in the quality and variety of which there is obviously a rise. Dr. Wyld, the *Amateur Society*, the *Vocal Association*, and Mr. Hullah (not to speak of the great gathering of children at the Crystal Palace), have appealed, within the last seven days, to the public, all with claims above the average. Pity that such simultaneous appeals must of necessity imply conflict. A musical digestion of *forty-ostreich* power is insufficient for the demands of this London May. Only artists of extraordinary merit can escape from being borne down and overlooked. Last week we spoke of Herr von Lübeck as a good pianist; to-day we may offer welcome to another, M. Theodore Ritter, who introduced himself on Saturday last. This young artist seems to us to have a capital pair of hands, directed by an intelligent head. The English have justifiably become hard to please in Mendelssohn's second *Trio*, his rendering of which, however, greatly pleased us—so distinct was every florid passage; so well delivered, without exaggeration, were the more expressive phrases. In Weber's *Rondo*, in E flat, M. Ritter was light, sparkling, and very elegant. So far as we heard his own music, originality in point of creation is yet to come. He was assisted by M. Paque, and by M. and Madame Sainton-Dolby. The lady, by the way, has got a new ballad by Miss Gabriel, "The Skipper and his Boy," which she may possibly establish as companion to the "Three Fishers" of Mr. Hullah. Among the benefit Concerts of this week have been those of Miss Laura Baxter and Mlle. de Villar. Of Herr Hager's oratorio, produced, on Wednesday, at St. Martin's Hall, we must speak on some future occasion.—*Id.*, May 19.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JUNE 5.—Quite suddenly, and unexpectedly, Max Maretzek has collapsed. With scarcely a word of preliminary notice, without any of the "last night" gag, he has left Winter Garden and, from being the manager of an Italian opera, condescends to lead the orchestra at Niblo's, where Nixon, the lessee, is about starting a series of what he calls "midsummer entertainments." Instead of directing the performance of Halévy's majestic opera, *La Juive*, Max will henceforth conduct a small or-

chestra, which plays the accompaniments to English songs sung by Mesdames VON BERKEL and ECKHARDT. What a fall was there, my countrymen!

The fact is, that last season both operas were losing money, and did not attempt to disguise it. But the rival managers each took a fiendish delight in supposing that his opponent was losing the most. How this may be, I cannot tell, but certain it is that the Academy folks "caved in" and beat a retreat the first. Maretzek was however too much exhausted by the contest to survive his victory very long. During the past week he ran *La Juive*, which, notwithstanding the magnificent singing and acting of STIGELLI, failed to draw good houses. Verdi's *Masnadieri* was twice advertised and withdrawn—the second time no notice of the withdrawal being given till the audience assembled before the closed theatre to be greeted with an announcement about the indisposition of Maretzek. It was however produced with some new singers at the *matinée* on Saturday, and, I am told, signally failed, owing to the utter inadequacy of the performers.

Mr. Ullman, who has been sick for weeks, is out again, and has, he states, already made arrangements for his fall season, to commence at the Academy of Music next September. He has engaged for *prime donne*, FABBRI, COLSON and ADELINA PATTI; for tenor, BRIGNOLI; for baritone AMODIO, and for basso, CARL FORMES. He expects to revive *Le Prophète*, *Huguenots*, *Sicilian Vespers*, and *La Juive*.

Little Patti at last accounts had given a successful concert at Pittsburg, assisted by Brignoli, who offended the critics by his lazy indifference, and by JUNCA, who delighted them with his dignified bearing and careful singing. There are amusing rumors afloat about Miss Patti's musical abilities. Some folks, who know her personally, say that she can scarcely read a note, and that to learn a new part, all the services of her entire family have to be called into requisition. Each passage is played over and over to her, till she is quite familiar with it, and thus by hour after hour of incessant labor on the part of her instructors—including Muzio—she gradually masters her rôle. This is a bit of gossip, like that which said that LA GRANGE used to learn an opera in two mornings, while taking her chocolate and muffins in bed. There is some more gossip about Brignoli, this time. They say he is remarkably well satisfied with this country, and declares himself to be that miracle, a "perfectly happy man." And why not, pray? He makes twelve hundred dollars a month, the greater part of which he lays up, till he has now hoarded between twenty and thirty thousand dollars. He allows himself five hundred dollars a month for his personal expenses, on this sum living (when in New York) at the Everett House, and keeping his horse and light carriage. His popularity is as great as ever; but it is altogether on account of his exquisite voice, for his manners are not calculated to win the regards of the public.

The concert season is now fairly over, and a weaker one has not recently occurred. The Philharmonic concerts offered nothing of special interest. MASON has given a few classical soirées, and the Harmonic Society has had a faint musical ebullition. There has been no genuine musical excitement, excepting the debut and success of Adelina Patti.

TROVATOR.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 9, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — WEBER'S Opera, *Der Freyschütz*, piano-forte arrangement, continued.

A New Musical Society.

With all the opportunities enjoyed in Boston for hearing the best music of all kinds, one great want has been felt and constantly expressed. One all-important problem remains to be solved. The want, the problem is a permanent organization, or orchestra—what is commonly called a Philharmonic Society—for the unfailing supply, at stated periods, every winter, of the best possible concerts of instrumental music, in which the Symphonies of the great masters shall, above all,

become familiar to appreciative hearers, and in which the number of appreciators shall continually increase by hearing. It is not enough that we get chance supplies of what in a truly musical community is so indispensable; that every season brings its new experiment, corporate or individual, like those of Carl Zerrahn, which saves that season from being counted musically a blank. This constantly reorganizing the whole thing from the beginning, every year, without building upon any *terra firma* won the year before, and with capricious change of plan, adhering to no one policy until the tree is old enough to yield its proper fruit, grows more and more discouraging, alike to concert-givers and to concert-goers. It unsettles faith in any plan. It reduces the whole thing to mere dollar and cent calculations, until such enterprises get to be regarded among many people just as they regard any other mere pecuniary speculations, and they support them or neglect them according to the most momentary impulse of amusement. They cease to feel an interest and pride of Art in them. Such concerts fail to make the music-loving public feel itself responsible for their continuance and for their character. It is plain, too, that all concerts in which the first spring and principle of life is simply pecuniary profit, all concerts in which business is first and Art is only secondary, show and must show a constant gravitation downwards to a lower tone and standard. They inevitably *cater*, where they ought to lead, to educate and lift the audience above itself.

The lover of true Art in music will of course find many a chance gratification in the promiscuous programmes offered him in this way; but how much better would it not be if the best taste and love of music in a community should organize *itself* into some sure, efficient system of supplies of what it really needs and wants!

Such a proposal is of course vague and general. It needs some handle by which it may be taken hold of. The "musical public" is not a determinate, organic body, with its primary elections and its lists of voters, which can choose its representatives and agents. The leaders must be found out by their leading. There must be some one or several to go forward, taking the responsibility of the first steps and assuming management, which will sustain itself just so far as it is truly representative of the real musical want and feeling of the community. The natural leaders in such a movement seem to be those who are themselves artists and musicians, those who are to make the music, those who are supposed to be the best types of the real musical culture of the community in which they live. These men, if they have really the soul of artists, need such an organization for their own good—not their material, but their artistic good—need it to keep alive, encourage mutually, and elevate their own artistic tone and standard. They should form such a union as a mutual guaranty among them of artistic character and standing. And they need it at the same time as a medium for communicating their own artistic feeling, conscience and enthusiasm to a surrounding, ever-widening, sympathetic sphere of amateurs and earnest listeners and lovers. The Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipzig, the concerts of the Conservatoire in Paris, must be a great good for the musicians engaged in them, independently of all thought of material remuneration. Such concerts must afford to

their own musical lives such sustenance, as the Alps or the White Mountains furnish to the landscape artists. They had better pay for them themselves than not to have them. It was a great thing for artists and for Art in London, too, when some of the principal musicians came together and organized their Philharmonic Society; for without that, Beethoven and Mozart would not perhaps be living influences to this day in England. And so, too, of the Philharmonic Society in New York. Fortunately, it was not started as a mere pecuniary enterprise, to give the musicians *business*. It was a league for Art, as the first end; for mutual material aid and comfort secondly, the incidental fruit quite sure to follow upon prudent management.

And now we have the good news that the same problem has been taken in hand by the principal instrumental musicians here in Boston. A BOSTON PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY has been actually organized. On Friday, May 25th, thirty-four well-known members of our recent orchestras met together, signed a constitution, and elected officers as follows:

THOMAS RYAN, *President*.
F. SUCK, *Vice President*.
C. EICHLER, *Secretary*.
WM. SCHULTZE, *Treasurer*.
CARL ZERRAHN, }
— DE RIBAS, } *Associates*.
— SCHLIMPER, }

We have not seen the Constitution, but we understand that membership is strictly limited to actual performers, who can only be admitted by a three-fourths vote, and who must in every instance pass muster as thoroughly competent according to a high standard, and must pledge themselves to the punctual and faithful performance of their respective duties, upon penalty of prompt discharge. The office of conductor is not limited to one person; but the government may use their judgment in appointing more than one, and in inviting individuals from outside of the Society, when it shall seem expedient. So far well. The objects of the Society are stated to be: "To advance the interests of the science of music in Boston, and to benefit pecuniarily its members." This is putting the two things in the right order, at all events. And now follows what seems to be the heart and kernel of the plan:

"Concerts will only be given when a sufficient sum shall have been secured to cover all expenses, and guarantee to each of those who may perform at a particular concert (and only those who do perform can receive compensation,) the sum of *twelve dollars*. By way of preparation for each concert, *four rehearsals* will be given (held?), of which *two will be public*."

This feature of the plan, as we find it reported (whether in the actual words of the constitution we know not), leads almost too naturally into another, unobjectionable enough in itself, but slightly suspicious in this connection:

"Such programmes for performance will be selected as will combine pleasure with a cultivation of the popular taste, independent of *schools* in music, and with a view to granting the public the entertainment for which they are pleased to pay their money, and to which they are willing to give their support."

What public? The public that will *pay best*. And therefore what entertainment, what music? Why, that which will *pay best*. And if it should

happen to appear that Negro Minstrelsy would pay better than Beethoven and Mozart, and that a band of brass, without any fiddles, would pay better than the best symphonic orchestra, would the Philharmonic Society perhaps be willing to accept that level, and, following up a thriving business wherever it might lead, still leave the *Philharmonic* problem as unsolved as ever? We do not of course fear anything so bad as that, but we suggest the worst to indicate what seems a questionable tendency in the very egg about to be hatched.

Of course every friend of music must rejoice in everything that adds to the material prosperity of the musicians. They work hard for our pleasure, and as a general thing are meanly, miserably rewarded. They exercise the common right, the common duty, when they seek like other men to make that industry to which they devote their lives support them. Concert playing costs much time and labor, and is too apt to prove a poor pecuniary investment of such poor man's capital. All this we too well know, and there are few things which oftener touch our sympathies than the worldly fortune of musicians. No one can wonder or can blame them, if they insist on jealous stipulations against loss of money and of time, when they are called upon to minister to public pleasure and instruction. It behoves them not to lose sight of the economical side of the matter. But there is such a thing as an economy which is penny-wise and pound-foolish. There are cases where one gains by freely giving; and in all cases one must give to acquire *character*, on which all gains in the long run depend. Now we should have more faith in a Philharmonic Society which organized itself firstly and principally for the purpose of keeping up among its members a high artistic tone and character; of mutually guarantying one another against the artistically demoralizing influence of the daily pursuit of music as a mere *business*; of creating for themselves opportunities of uniting in the performance, the interpretation of really noble and inspired works, as an offset to daily and nightly drudgery, in theatres, in street bands, in lessons, in whatever tends to drag them down from the high character of artists to the condition of mere hack musicians; and then, secondly, and as a natural complement to this, for the purpose of interpreting such noble works to others and of thus building up a large society of listeners and lovers in communion with them. To any musician it is really worth the while, even in an economical point of view, to do this even without assurance of a farthing of immediate pecuniary profit. It is better that such things be done in faith, than for mere wages. It lends the enterprise a better spirit; the public feels the finer temper of it, trusts it more, is more attracted to it, as to a thing that has a real magnetism, a body with a soul in it. If a number of musicians form a business company just for the sake of earning certain wages, by catering for a few hours now and then to fancied public tastes and appetites, what does the public care about it, save as any one may feel disposed at any time to indulge in the amusement for the time being? Why should it interest the friends of music more than anybody's private business does? But if musical artists associate themselves in the name of Art, for Art's sake, then at once they have a claim on all who love and value Art; then sympathy and

support naturally flow to them from all sides: their success becomes the common cause; the character of the union is kept up, continually improving; and the result is, (the more sure, because it is made only incidental) that generous material support is never wanting.

For this reason we should have been glad had our musicians, in laying out their plan of concerts, been content with simply guarding themselves against possibility of pecuniary loss. It would look more as if the motive of the thing were really artistic, and would inspire more confidence. Why the "twelve dollar" condition? Why stipulate for any wages, and so trifling an amount at that? If one can give the hours required for each concert with its four rehearsals for twelve dollars, can he not almost as well afford to give them for the pure artistic satisfaction of the thing? And this we take to be the very meaning of a "Philharmonic" as distinguished from a mere business society for music. This is what the friends of music want when they call for a Philharmonic Society. Give it the real Philharmonic character first, and then trust to the natural working of it for pecuniary returns. Show us a tree all beautiful with blossoms, and then we may expect fruit.

Musical Chit-Chat.

OPERA. The CORTESI company closed their season, according to programme, at the Boston Academy after one week's performances, with a *Trovatore* matinée on Saturday, when *Do di petto* made his third hit. On Thursday evening *Norma* was rendered rather shabbily, with PARODI as *Norma*, who has neither truth of intonation nor of expression; MUSIANI, for the consul, whose large voice lent not much interest to the part; SUSINI, stately and sonorous as *Oroveso*; and for *Adelgisa*, a young lady, Miss MONTMORENCY, (her first appearance), with a pleasant mezzo-soprano voice, not without feeling, but timid in the use of it. On Friday Rossini's genial and delightful music of "The Barber" gave fine scope to the rich voice and finished execution of ADELAIDE PHILLIPS. TAMARO, too, as *Almaviva*, and BARILLI, as the barber, won approval; but the Don Bartolo was thought inferior, and fat AMODIO sacrificed the music of *Basilio* to broad farce.

Next Tuesday evening, (it is hinted in newspaper paragraphs, though we as yet see no proper advertisement of the fact), a new troupe is to commence a series of operas at the Academy. It is said to be a combination of artists from Ullman's, Maretzek's and the Havana troupes, who will begin with *Ernani*, the cast including Mme. FABBRI (who we are sure will please), and MUSIANI, SUSINI and AMODIO. Some say that Maretzek is to be the head, and that the new pieces recently given at the Winter Garden, "The Jewess," *I Masnadieri* and *Stradella*, will be brought out. If they give *La Juive*, let us suggest that it be made somewhat shorter than it was in New York, — at all events that there may not be unnecessarily long intervals between the five acts.

What was the meaning of the simultaneous appearance in several of our Boston papers last week, of the following opinion expressed with slight variations? Why did not the new Sappho wear the laurels?

"The part of *Saffo*, in which Gazzaniga has been so successful is now thought to be without a representative in this country capable of imparting to the character the effect it requires; but those who indulge in such a supposition are in error, for Madame Cortesi has won laurels for the ability which she has displayed in the opera of 'Saffo' elsewhere. A strong desire exists among her Boston friends to compare her performance with that of Gazzaniga, and we

hope she may be induced to accede to the public wish before she leaves us."

Whether she can sing *Saffo* or not, CORTESI has at least one unqualified admirer. "Ada Clare," of the New York *Saturday Press*, airs her enthusiasm thus:

"See Cortesi and die," is now the manner in which I render the old adage of 'See Naples and die.' Not but what it would be better to see Cortesi and live, since she vastly enhances the pleasure of living; but one should not die without having seen her, for I doubt, indeed, whether the upper spheres would be capable of making up her loss. These remarks read like extravagance, but it is bad to temper one's admiration, and the Cortesi is not a person to be coolly reasoned about. For me, she is the most superb exponent of the lyric art, whom I have ever met. She is one of those deep and grand natures which expands the capacities of the lyric stage to the expression of all that is large and lofty in human intellect. For a woman not to admire Adelaide Cortesi would be gross ingratitude; for she is one of those talents that vindicate the ability of our sex; she redeems in her own proud self the miserable weary little nonsenses which form the whole lives of most of us.

"It is only on the stage that woman has outstripped the utmost efforts of man, and grandly triumphed over him in the uttermost sense of the word. In that kingdom of this globe, the highest honors, the proudest triumphs, the chief part of the world's worship, and the largest pecuniary profits, belong to women.

"I think I know how to explain this fact. It is only on the stage that the woman is taken out of the world's straight-jacket, and left with free limbs and free soul. The actress, the singer, may put away convention, cant, and hypocritical moralities as very small worms whose crawl is too insignificant to be noticed. Her beauty, her talent, her instinct, her oratorical or vocal powers, her grace, her passions, are all to be used to their utmost and most godlike extent. She is to go forth and be great without illustrating any moral tract.

In literature, in science, in the other arts, the opposite principle prevails; the woman who attempts to work, must wrench out all that is truly passionate from her nature, before she can be considered the respectable and useful worker.

O! fools, fools, fools, that we are! We sacrifice the one sublime gift that nature gives us to cope with men—Instinct; beautiful, sacred, heaven-given instinct. * * * * *

"I have spoken of the superiority of the woman to the man on the stage. I think as proof that I need but mention the names of Cortesi, of Ristori, of Rachel, of Grisi, of Fabbri. These names are more eloquent than any words I could write."

Fine, all this, in the abstract, as applied to some imaginary and ideal prima donna; but if such a sun did actually rise before us all, how strange that only Ada saw it!

Musical Intelligence.

NEW ORLEANS. The opera still outlives its season. We glean from the *Picayune* of various dates.

May 10. Verdi's "Jerusalem" was given at the Opera House Thursday evening to a good house, in most commendable style. The mounting of the opera was as superb and imposing as the cast was strong and capable. Giesmar, who has all the season been going on from triumph to triumph, making every newly assumed role an improvement, even on the last, made a great hit as *Helene*. Mathieu was fine as *Gaston*, and, in brief, the performance was one of the most decided successes of this highly successful season.

May 23. There was a good, but not over-crowded house, at the opera, Monday night, to enjoy another performance of the glittering show-piece, in which Colson is so charming, "The Loves of the Devil."

The season will close on the 3d of June. Meantime, Mons. Philippe, the first tenor of the Orleans theatre, who, with Mathieu, is to sustain the tenor roles in grand opera here next season, will give one or two performances of *John of Leyden*, in Meyerbeer's "Prophète."

May 24. There was a remarkably nice performance of the "Norma" Tuesday night, at the Opera. Geismar was, as ever, fine in the role of the *Druidess* and was most ably seconded by Pretti, as *Adelgisa*, while Mathieu gave to the part of the Roman Proconsul a most admirable interpretation. Vanlair as

Oroveso was effective, and so was the chorus. There was a good house, and the opera went off amidst judicious, and at the same time constant and enthusiastic, applause.

As we near the close of the season we are more and more deeply impressed with the value of Geismar as a member of the company, and, moreover, with the conviction that the management cannot leave her out of the programme for the next season. She has great versatility as well as abundant talent—now appearing with credit as the stately *Norma*, and now as the simple peasantess, *Rose Friguet*, in the "Dragons de Villars," with equal success. By all means, let us have Geismar next winter.

This evening, for the benefit of Mr. Gennibrel, the popular basso, we are to have a great cast of the "Don Juan" of Mozart. Colson is to be the *Zerlina*; Melchisedec, the *Don Juan*; Ecarlat, the *Ottavio*; Pretti, the *Donna Anna*; Dalmont, the *Elvira*; Gennibrel, the *Leporello*; Vanlair, the *Commendatore*, and Chol, the *Masetto*.

May 27. So far as Mmes. Colson and Debleye, and Messrs. Melchisedec and Dutasta were concerned in it, the performance of the "Fille du Regiment," at the Orleans theatre, Friday night, for the benefit of an unfortunate artiste, was very well worth sitting out a warm evening to witness.

They entered into the spirit of their several roles, sang as well as they were permitted to do by circumstances, and carried off the opera, upon the whole, very successfully. Colson was particularly sparkling and effective in the role of the little vivandiere, and Melchisedec made about the best *Sergeant Sulpice* we remember to have seen, saving and excepting Edward Seguin. Dutasta and Debleye, as the stupid old duchess and her steward, made a good deal of fun. But as to all the rest, Tonio, the chorus, and the orchestra, "Come thou, expressive silence, muse their praise."

At the Opera, last evening, Mme. Colson gave us another performance of her fascinating part of *Uriel*, in "Les Amours du Diable."

This evening Mmes. St. Ange and Marechal present an attractive programme for their joint benefit; a drama and musical interlude.

Monday evening M. Philippe, the popular first tenor of the company lately singing at the Orleans theatre, and who has been engaged by Mr. Bodousquie for the next season, will make his first appearance on these boards, in the role of *Fernand*, in the "Favorite," that other favorite artiste, Mlle. Geismar, being the *Leonora*.

Only one week remains to us, now, of our opera season. It has, on the whole, been a brilliant one. The new Opera House has commenced its career most auspiciously, and fully realized to the public the flattering promises made in its behalf by the enterprising manager. And now, as his first season draws to an end, he has good reason to be satisfied with the success of his experiment. Of the artistes brought over by him, last fall, two only have failed to earn and to maintain to the close the favor of the public, and they have, some time since, returned to Europe. But Geismar, Mathieu, Melchisedec and Gennibrel, all of whom are reëngaged, we believe, stand firmly entrenched in the good opinion of our music loving public. Besides these, we learn that Mr. Boudousquie has positively engaged the excellent grand tenor, Philippe, and Cabel, the favorite tenor leader of the late Orleans theatre company. What other engagements he has made for the next season, we do not learn exactly; though there is a rumor of negotiations pending with a very talented prima donna, now in Paris.

Before the next season comes, the auditorium of our new and beautiful Opera House is to be elegantly decorated; the best company, operatic and dramatic, possible to be procured, will be engaged, and every effort will be made to make the next an improvement upon the last season, excellent as that has been. Already the greater part of the sittings have been engaged, for the Tuesday and Saturday nights and a very large number for the Monday and Thursday performances.

May 30. The Opera House was filled to overflowing, Monday night. The special attraction was the great performance of the favorite tenor, Philippe, on that stage. It was painfully evident from the commencement that he was not in good condition. His voice was palpably uncertain, and he seemed to be afraid to trust it. He got on very well, however, under the generous encouragement of an audience evidently greatly prepossessed in his favor, until the trying fourth act of the "Favorite." The beautiful aria, "Ange si pur," ("Spinto gentil,") he sang with much less than his usual force and effect, and in the great duet which follows, his voice gave way at the most trying point. Mlle. Geismar, with admirable self-possession and presence of mind, took up her

part in the duet, and gave it with brilliant effect, amidst the warmest plaudits of the audience. On the repetition of the passage, Philippe rallied bravely, and gave the required note with the full force of his fine organ. He was called before the curtain, as both he and Geismar had been several times during the progress of the opera, and seemed to feel sensibly the indulgence of the audience.

To-night, two acts of "Si j'étais Roi," in which Cabel and Colson appear, and the entire "Trovatore" with Ecarlat, Melchisedec, Dalmont and Geismar; the evening's performance to be for the benefit of Mme. Dalmont and M. Cabel.

NEW YORK. The magnificent opera of "The Jewess," which created on its presentation in Paris as much genuine popular approval as any work ever produced there, is now being performed in capital style at the Winter Garden. We have never heard more intense applause bestowed on artists than that excited by Mad. Fabbri and Mr. Stigelli in various points, especially at the conclusion of the first act, and in his superb aria and scena. The manner in which this work is given—the liberal and elegant stage arrangements, the splendid costumes, the excellent orchestra, the capital singing, ought to make the fortune of a season; and if New York be not satisfied, it will wait a cycle without such delectation. But this is not enough, so we have yet another new opera—one by Verdi—one at least not known here—founded on Schiller's "Robbers," the principal part written for Jenny Lind when she appeared in London.

It requires vast labor and professional experience to urge upon the stage so many operas as have been rendered this season at the Winter Garden, and by all the usages of reward for superior efforts and deserts, the houses should be crowded; for the city is full of people, resident and travelling, who should have the taste and means to attend these entertainments.—*Tribune*, June 4.

CLEVELAND, O. On Friday evening, June 1st., there will be a Grand Concert under the management of the favorite manager Strakosch. The star of the evening will be the celebrated Miss ADELINA PATTI, the "bright particular star" of the New York Academy of Music. She will be assisted on the occasion by Madame Strakosch, Brignoli, Ferri, Junca, and Maurice Strakosch himself.

PHILADELPHIA. THE GERMANIA.—The last rehearsal of the Germania was held on Saturday, and was attended by an immense assembly, even ladies being obliged to stand in the avenues. The season ended brilliantly, and every thing encourages the orchestra to keep together and continue their instructive and interesting rehearsals in the autumn. Much good has been done by the Germania to the taste of our citizens in instrumental music, and the change is clearly perceptible from the time when the afternoon concerts scarcely attracted five hundred people, to the present day when two thousand are crushed into the Musical Fund Hall to enjoy the finely selected programmes.

We are enabled to state that Mr. Sentz will resume the leadership of the orchestra as soon as he returns from Europe, if circumstances should permit him to take his contemplated voyage.—*Fitzgerald's City Item*.

ROXBURY, MASS. The organ in the Unitarian Church at Jamaica Plain has recently been enlarged by adding another manual—the Choir Organ—and nineteen stops, at a cost of \$2000. It is now one of the most complete church organs in New England, having 13 stops in Great, 8 in Choir, 13 in Swell, which extends throughout, and 5 in Pedals. Having been favored with a hearing of this instrument we found it fully up to the high standard which Messrs. Hook have established. In equality and purity of tone and power it rivals their best achievements in organ building. The society worshipping there are delighted with this new evidence of skill and faithfulness of Messrs. Hook, and the opening was commemorated by a sermon from the Pastor, and a well sung Te Deum by the Choir.—*Evening Gazette*.

HAVANA.—Letters speak of the continued success of the Italian Opera at the Tacon Theatre, where the Sisters NATALI, of Philadelphia, are the chief attractions. Although the fashionable season was past, they continued to have fine houses, and the enthusiasm of the public was immense. *Norma*, the *Trovatore*, and *Lucresia* had been played a number of times, and they had brought out *Il Giuramento*, which had been performed three times with immense success. Agnes took the part of Elisa, Fanny that of Bianca, Signor Testa (the husband of Fanny) that of Viscardo, and Florenza that of Manfredo.

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A companion to the universally popular "Maiden's Prayer." A beautiful strain of a devotional character, imbedded in ornamental passages of the most pleasing kind. Medium difficulty.

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A parlor waltz of more than ordinary merit, evincing talent and scholarship.

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A melodious and effective "morceau de Salon."

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 428.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 12.

Madame Clara Novello.

(Continued from page 68.)

The circumstances by which the infancy of Madame Clara Novello was surrounded, were singularly propitious for the development, if not for the germination of the true artistic spirit; for elevation of mind to the comprehension of lofty subjects, and thus for her qualification to the special position she holds as a singer of sacred music. We have dwelt at some length upon the associations of her childhood, because, however indirectly, these must have influenced her entire career, and thus constitute an essential, though perhaps an undesigned, portion of her intellectual education. It would have been of comparatively small value that she was gifted with a voice of such loveliness and power,—that her mind was prepared for the perception of the subtlest beauties in the art to which she was devoted,—had not her natural organ been brought, by training, so completely under control as to enable her fully to realize her own conceptions. In this respect her advantages were as great as in the other two; for her scholastic education was fully as fortunate as the general circumstances from which her mind received its first bias.

In 1824 her family was residing at Paris, where she received musical instruction from M. Fétis, at present director of the *Brussels Conservatoire*, author of the *Biographie Universelle de Musiciens*, together with many didactic works, and composer for the church and the theatre. M. Fétis was at that time professor in the *Conservatoire* of Paris. By his advice his young pupil became a candidate for admission into that institution, where, instruction being entirely gratuitous, there is a limit to the number of students; and as vacancies arise they are filled up by the most promising candidates who may compete for the advantage. It was somewhat adventurous to bring forward a child of six years old to contend with girls of double or threefold her age, at an election in which physical and mental powers, voice and intellect, were the qualifications for success. Choron was the head of the department to which the friends of little Clara desired her to be admitted; and to this eminent master she was accordingly taken for examination. The piece chosen for the display of her ability was a *bravura* from Arne's *Artaxerxes*, "The Soldier tired." Time was, but is now no more, when this song was regarded as the infallible test of vocal proficiency in England; the pretensions of any singer were acknowledged who could pass the ordeal of the volleys of triplets she had to fire through in "The Soldier tired," and whosoever ventured not to essay the voluble divisions of this proof of skill was classed derogatorily as a ballad singer, and esteemed accordingly. Twenty years having elapsed since *Artaxerxes*,—the only English opera which till then had held permanent ground through successive generations of singers and listeners,—has been witnessed on the stage, they whose memories extend not farther back have no chance of recollecting "The Soldier tired," except through the trumpet of Mr. Harper, whose remarkable execution, while it proves what he can do as a trumpeter, shows also how much (or how little) was expected of a *prima donna* in London, previous to the year 1840. Now "The Soldier tired" appears to have been admired in England alone; its merits, such as they are, and its elements of vocal display, such as we were wont to esteem them, escaped the appreciation of the Paris professor. This effort of the young aspirant failed to convince the commentator on Albrechtsberger of her precocious talent, and he required another specimen of her ability in a style with which he was more familiar. Clara,

who was not to be discomfited by Choron's anti-Anglican predilections, now sang the "Agnus" from Mozart's Mass in F, in her performance of which she displayed such genuine musical feeling, and such singular promise, that she was unhesitatingly preferred over nineteen competitors. You may, if you will, suppose her success in this beautiful air to have been in some degree, due to her life-long familiarity with ecclesiastical music, the practice of which constituted her father's chief professional avocation, since its style must have become, from constant association, as a second nature to her. You may, if you will (and, though not fatalists, our will must coincide with yours, if you be thus willing) regard this infantine triumph as an augury of the distinction as an interpreter of the greatest works of the first masters of sacred music, which the little girl, who had not then cut her wisdom teeth, was destined to attain.

Clara Novello's studies in the *Conservatoire* were principally directed to sacred music, in which her rapid progress won the admiration of all who witnessed it. Here we trace a cause, as we have just supposed a prognostic, of her excellence in that department of her art in which she will be especially missed when she retires from public life. Such was her early proficiency that she was soon capable of sustaining a part in the performances of the students; but as it was out of all propriety that so small a person should be ranked with her unproportionable associates, accordingly, as the only means to fit her to take her stand beside them, she took it on a stool, and thus was raised to an elevation of stature approximating to her elevation of talent. For six years she continued the course of instruction afforded by the *Conservatoire*, whence she derived that solid foundation in the principles of the vocal art which may well be supposed to have secured her first success and enabled her not only to maintain, but consolidate it. In 1830, however, occurred the famous July revolution, which, while it changed the dynasty, greatly disturbed the arrangements of all institutions dependent on the monarchy, and, among others, the *Conservatoire de Musique*. This fact, combined with other circumstances, induced the removal of Clara Novello to London, and here, in her native city, began a new epoch in her education.—*London Musical World*.

(To be Continued.)

The Mendelssohn Statue Festival.

CRYSTAL PALACE, SYDENHAM.—There is on record the career of no musical artist, creative or executive, which can be compared with that of Mendelssohn, as regards love, hope, joy, success, prosperity, intellectual cultivation, immediate recognition,—all that makes a heaven on earth. A more complete life than his, till within a very short time before the dark veil fell around him, is not to be imagined. When has a death been so mourned? It might be almost said that the love of survivors has shown itself in passionate excess, as regards his music,—in this country at least,—so unceasing has been the reference and return to it. The enthusiasts in England could be numbered by hundreds—what do we say?—by thousands, who will not admit that an uninteresting note or a weak bar is to be found in any music bearing his name.—Never were concert compositions more incessantly played and sung. Never has a great work (not an opera) been so instantaneously placed on its high pedestal as "Elijah" in England. The celebration of yesterday week, if regarded with these considerations may be characterized as unique. It was one for all those who knew and loved Mendelssohn (and who that knew him did not love him?) to take part in, and to recollect with no common feelings. "How he would have enjoyed it!" was ever present as a thought,—without regard to the incoherence of such fancy. For all that was festive, heart-

felt, picturesque, who that ever lived had a more exquisite relish than he? He was reconciled to the miserable execution of his "Lauda Sion," in St. Martin's Church at Liège, by the evening sun streaming through the windows on the circle of richly-clad ecclesiastics who sate to hear the sermon,—by the curling fumes of the incense,—by the bell in time that marked the rhythm of the last chorus as the Sacrament was displayed.—A few days later, when he was made a freeman of Cologne, how delighted was he from his balcony to see the lanterns ("fire-tulips," he called them) of the serenaders winding out of a crooked street, leading into the *Malzbüchel*, and when the music was over, dancing away somewhat unsteadily,—for, sooth to say, the serenaders had supped jovially on Rhine wine! How would he have enjoyed the beautiful May-scene of yesterday week.—A more beautiful May-day and May-night could not have been bespoken! Along the road and rail from town, the trees, sprinkled with late but most delicious green,—the heaps of white fruit-blossom,—the bright sky,—the gracious air,—all helped to make symphony for a holiday, to the fresh and cheering influences of which none would have been more sensible than the poet mouldering in the narrow house, in whose honor the day was kept.

Such a day is so full of memories, yearnings, affections, running throughout all its beauty as a sweet though mournful undertone,—that to record its events coolly is not an easy task. But it must be tried;—unless for record rhapsody were to be obtruded; and to be content with the latter would amount to irreverence to one of the most just, while most liberal, judges of his own art with whom the world has been conversant. Let us, therefore, attempt to convey the impressions made by the performance of "Elijah."

These on the myriad audience were various, dependent on the place of the auditor, his power of taking into account matters whether accidental or essential, the kind of expectation raised in him, his willingness not to exact precisely the same emotions from every pleasure in which he partakes, and, because some familiar delights are wanting to close ears and sympathy to others. We were prepared for what every one must have found, that the music of Mendelssohn bears presentation on this vast scale less well than that of Handel. Not only are many of the delicacies of modern orchestration lost under such circumstances, but the manner in which instruments and voices are combined implies loss of power. Then, at the beginning of the Oratorio, the vast body to be manœuvred, which it had been impossible to assemble for full rehearsal (one of the inevitable difficulties of such celebrations) was shy. Nevertheless, the effect was more rich and noble than could have been anticipated. Ears are ears—precise definition is hard to settle. Many complaints that the piano passages were inaudible wandered about the Crystal Palace. Our impression is precisely the reverse, that in the gentler portions of choral music the presence of multitudes spread over so wide a space was to be felt, and we fancy that had we been introduced blindfold into the place, the sound by its quality would have made us aware of the presence of numbers. Thus, in the first act, the responses in the final scene, where the Prophet prays for rain, were more effective than the chorus, "Thanks be to God" (which Signor Costa urges at too fiery a speed), since then the stringed instruments are next to lost. In the second act, heard from distant and various portions of the building, the choruses that succeeded the best were "Be not afraid," the celestial unaccompanied close to "He watching over Israel," and the "Holy, holy." Here the antiphony of the four female voices to the full choir, and in the latter the successive entrance of voices after voices were as distinct as we have ever heard. A suggestion may be thrown out to reconcile conflicting testimonies. The effort of attention is inevitably greater in a large than in a limited locality.

After it has been asserted by no one else before the world save Signor Costa could such a performance have been conducted to a close with such smoothness and precision, a word must be said concerning the singers. Miss Parcpa, whose first essay at "Elijah" this was, covered herself with honor. She sang the music well—her voice told; so did Madame Sauton-

Dolby's, more than on any former occasion,—Miss Palmer's better than we had expected, that of Mr. Sims Reeves as of old, Signor Belletti's the least well; and *Elijah* is the predominant part. The other singers (to complete the list for the sake of history) were Miss F. Rowland and Mr. Lewis Thomas.

The story of the after celebrations of the day must be cut short. The unveiling of the statue on the terrace was the one failure. Surely something better than the penny-trumpet call which announced it should have been devised. Of the statue itself we may speak on a future day. Then came, at the foot of the statue, some good German part-singing of the songs which Mendelssohn wrote with so much enjoyment for the German Societies at home to sing in the wood at Schwaneheim, near Frankfurt, and elsewhere,—things to make full the hearts of those who remembered past days and festivities "when the fear of Death was not." Afterwards, his Marches were played by wind bands. Later in the evening the moon got up, and the Palace was illuminated, and the Torch Procession emerged from among the trees, winding round the great central fountain—the mixture of fire, water, colored vapor, with a lovely May-night for canopy and background—the dim thousands of spectators capriciously dispersed, and the charming landscape features of the Sydenham garden,—making a scene not to be forgotten. We cannot close the above notes of it without repeating "How he would have enjoyed it!"—*London Athenæum*, May 12.

The Study of Music.

(From Oliver's "Musical Transcript," Pittsfield, Mass.)

We are informed by an eminent member of the legal profession, that such reforms and improvements in law practice have obtained within the last ten years, that a case, which would formerly have occupied months of time and reams of paper, can now be got through with in as many weeks or even days, and with the use of as many quires of paper.

We are all too happy, also, to acknowledge the fact that although less than twenty years ago, a practitioner in the healing art was not willing to visit a patient without leaving behind a prescription containing a dozen or more items, the preparation of which involved the use of as many bottles, pill-boxes and plasters; now, a little wholesome advice as to exercise, diet, etc., or at the most, a single powder or tincture, serves abundantly the purpose of the former doses, and with much more satisfactory results. As in these departments, so also in those of mechanics, agriculture, etc., improvements have been made, and all tending to strengthen, systematize and simplify.

The art and science of music have not been left behind in this advance, but appear rather in the front rank, thanks be to the faithful and earnest strivings of such men as J. N. Hummel, Theodor Uhlig, and others, who have succeeded in convincing all who are desirous of keeping up with the times, that a man may sooner become a thorough and skillful performer, as a pianist, for example, by three hours of practice each day, combined with the necessary writing and theoretical study, than in the old fashioned way of twelve to fifteen hours of mechanical drudgery, and mere finger work at the instrument.

Justice should also be done to the name of Francois Hunten, (whose originally valuable book, by the way, has been, for money-making purposes, so badly mutilated by publishers,) who said, more than twenty years ago, in the preface of his method for the piano, speaking of theoretical studies as compared with mere mechanical exercises, "these things make the musician, the latter the mere player." This, then, being the unquestionable fact, hard though it may be for some, especially unthinking people to believe, or, believing, to act upon, it becomes our duty to ascertain and communicate what we can of the opinion and practices of the best masters, with regard to such a method of education.

The treatment of this subject has been greatly simplified, whether in connection with the voice or any mechanical instrument, and may be considered under three departments, viz: The cultivation of the eye, which includes the reading of notes, and all the various terms and characters employed by composers in expressing their ideas and intentions. Secondly, the cultivation of the judgment, the understanding and taste, which God has given to every man, whether he wishes to sing or not; the study of the grammar of the musical language, the listening to the performances of good music, etc.; and, lastly, the department of mechanism or finger work, for the development and equalization of the powers, and the acquisition of those elementary means which form the substance of all musical compositions. For example, passages for five fingers, Diatonic, Chromatic, Harmonic scales and the like, without the knowledge

or possession of which no one ever did or can play, and with which, every one possessing a musically cultivated eye, judgment, mind and taste, can play everything.

To secure the object first named, the cultivation of the eye, however young the pupil may be, he immediately commences to write notes, copying little pieces, prefixing the name to each note—after first learning their names, on, above and below the staff, with certainty. Then, the intervals are written, natural, large, small, redundant and diminished; upon the same principle that a child in learning to read first learns a-b ab, b-a ba, and the like. Next, the scales in all the keys, minor and major, are carefully and intelligently written, that perfect and equal familiarity be acquired with all. Then the pupil is taught to transpose in writing, simple pieces at first, then more difficult ones, into different keys, then back into the original, to prove the correctness of the work. All this is done for the education of the eye, with respect to the position of notes and nothing else. Czerny, although he has deluged us with such a torrent of mechanical exercises for the piano, says: "One-half hour spent thus daily, will do more for the young pianist, than three hours spent at the instrument;" and Spohr says the same with regard to the violin.

Again, cultivating the eye with respect to the duration or value of notes, is a separate department, requiring different instruction. Rhythmical exercises are written—the pupil invents them himself, in all the varieties of time-measure, with two, three, four, five, six notes in a measure, in all possible designs and permutations. We know of pupils, with less than six months practice, during half an hour a day, in such exercises as these, who will comprehend and read correctly at a glance a formidable and complicated measure, that some skillful pianists will puzzle over for ten minutes, and then not be able to time the notes to their satisfaction. To go more fully into particulars, in regard to this fascinating and valuable department of musical study, the limits of this article will not allow. Thus much is necessary to qualify even the ordinary singer or instrumentalist. More necessary, however, if possible, is it to him who, possessing some musical genius, wishes to understand what he plays, and appreciate what he hears, and possibly, by and by, to express even his own thoughts in the language of this glorious art.

To read and understand what we read in this, as in any other language, one first learns how the letters are formed into syllables, syllables into words, words into sentences, &c., &c. That is, first learns what is possible to be made in melody with two notes—three, four, five, six, and so on, making application of all the rhythmical changes learned in the exercises in rhythm before mentioned, extending these primitive forms afterward to monophonic phrases, ascending and descending in simple and compound retrogressions, &c. (See A. B. Marx's *Kompositionen Lehre*.)

Then follows the study of harmony, or the finding what chords are possible with combining two, three, four notes, &c., three-fold and four-fold chords, common and extra, fundamental and derivative, in all their positions, inversions and permutations. (See Weber's *Theorie der Ton-Kunst*.) Afterwards the employment of these in making those wonderful resolutions, progressions and modulations, which, as illustrated in the works of Bach, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, have made music what it is, the greatest, noblest, most glorious of all God's earthly gifts to men.

The second branch of our subject brings us to the cultivation of the judgment, understanding and taste, which is chiefly through the ear. It is of the utmost importance that this organ be thoroughly instructed, that it may be known what is right, and how to enjoy, approve and appreciate it, and what is wrong, how to avoid and condemn it.

As Thalberg says, "whether a person wishes to sing or not, he should, at least, as a part of a good musical education, thoroughly cultivate the voice, to develop equally, to strike accurately, to sustain uniformly, and to connect purely all its tones." It is God's own instrument, given to every creature who is not absolutely mute. All music is made up of tones, comparatively long or short, high or low, loud or soft, and there is not one individual in a million, who can hear at all, but can distinguish one tone from another in either of these comparative relations. The rest is a matter of practice, experience and cultivation. And these are all necessary to the student, whether of the Piano, Trumpet or Violin. If he learns to sing, so much the better; if not, at least, he has received that benefit and improvement to his judgment and understanding necessary to him as a musician. The ear should be cultivated also by affording it opportunity of listening

to good music.

As in connection with the foregoing, here, also, the exercise of good common sense is indispensable. The right application of that informs one readily when listening to what is called singing, if the performer slides about from one note to another, strikes below it and howls up to the written note, or does anything but what is indicated by the composer, he knows that is not singing, his judgment disapproves, his taste condemns it. If in a performance upon the piano, the keys be dropped like hot iron, depriving the notes of half their value, or the foot be pressed down upon the open pedal, so that not one sound is distinguishable from another, by the light of common sense, his judgment disapproves, and his taste condemns such a performance. If in church music the organ be permitted to predominate over the voices, secular melodies are introduced, senseless combinations of the stops employed, his ear tells him that it is wrong—his judgment disapproves—his taste condemns it. If in orchestra or band, one instrument or class of instruments prevail over another, if some snap off the tones before half uttered, and others come lagging in one after another, common sense says wrong again; the judgment disapproves, the taste condemns.

Good music, well performed and well listened to, instructs the judgment, develops the understanding, and refines the taste. Lastly, let us consider the department of mechanism or finger work, as the means employed to bring all this into personal use, practical application, in a word, to make it all our own, of ourselves and within ourselves. It is remarked in this connection that every well formed hand has five fingers upon it, and it suggests itself at once to all intelligent minds, that to perform well upon any keyed instrument, equally facility in their action is requisite. The first desideratum then, is to enter diligently into the development of the strength, elasticity and nimbleness of the weaker fingers, that as soon as possible all shall be equal in these qualities. The practice of those exercises, scales, &c., before mentioned, in all their various forms of position, combination and permutation, compasses every difficulty presented in the most elaborate composition, whether for the Piano, Violin, Flute, Trumpet, or any other instrument.

With respect to the bowing of stringed instruments, and the embouchure of the latter, these are perfectly and correctly established under the direction of a good master, before anything mechanical is attempted.

All these things are what is meant by the great and good Hummel, and Czerny, and hosts of others, when they say that, "three or four hours of daily practice, in connection with proper theoretical study, will do more in five years to make a good musician, than twelve or fourteen hours of mechanical labor merely, during a lifetime."

If one sets out with the determination to become a concert player, a mere mechanist, that is another thing; there are enough of that class, but they are not musicians. Let them spend twelve or fourteen hours a day in mere mechanical exercise, they can do nothing else, they can neither appreciate the works of others, nor interpret them. They may call themselves composers, but they are not, they are mere arrangers, dressing up popular melodies with their torrents of trills, cascades of scales, and avalanches of arpeggios. As Bach says, such compositions are "old shoes, fitted to one common last," and worthy only to demonstrate the sleight of hand tricks peculiar to their authors.

Music is a language—an art—a mystery; and whatever powers one may naturally possess, whether physical, mental, or intellectual, he cannot read it, he cannot understand it, he cannot interpret it, he cannot enjoy it, without having first studied it. A pleasing melody, or some simple harmony, with strongly marked rhythm, as a polka, march, or the like, he may enjoy listening to as a whole, as he would enjoy the smoothly flowing measure of some poem in a strange language, though it is otherwise wholly unintelligible to him.

In our favored America, we claim to be smart, and we are, in commerce, agriculture, in mechanics, etc., and it often seems, as in the case of Lord Timothy Dexter, of glorious memory, that the less a man knows about anything, the better qualified he is to succeed in it. Upon the strength of this, Americans are disposed tacitly, if not otherwise, to claim that the less one knows about music, the more one is entitled to exercise, as an inalienable right, his untaught judgment in expressing and enforcing opinions about musicians, their compositions and performances, without regarding honest pride, feeling, sensibility, or common justice. We do not object to people's saying, "I like this or that,"—"I think so or so,"—it is different from declaring "that is a fine

piece,"—"he is an excellent teacher,"—"you have an excellent piano," etc., etc.,—*knowing* nothing of those things, they have no right to exercise the influence, by such language, which wealth, power, or social position may give them. If they are right in doing so, then, indeed, it is true that the less a person knows of a thing, the better right he has to talk about it, and express his opinion; and all knowledge, all education, all aspiration and pursuit after things higher and better, are vain,—earth only is a reality, and heaven a myth,—all wisdom is folly, and ignorance alone is bliss! But no! a thousand times no! Solomon was right in his denunciations of the self-sufficiency of the human heart. "Fools," are they, "who hate knowledge, and despise wisdom and instruction." Let then those who would venture to talk about music, *study* it, that they may know whereof they speak! Let those who profess to teach music, *study* it, that their pupils may not squander their time in mere finger work and drudgery! Let those who play, *study* music, that they may enjoy the wonderful poetry and understand the glorious beauty of its language! Let those who sing, *study* it, that they may sing with the heart and with the understanding, and that those who have some cultivation of judgment, sensibility of feeling, and refinement of taste, may be spared the torture to which restraint in the sanctuary, and courtesy in the drawing room, compel them too often to submit! Let organists *study* music, that we may be saved from the senseless, uncouth, and unhallowed abuse of that noble instrument, which is unavoidably the result of mere mechanical performance upon it! Let our orchestral leaders and band masters *study* music, that they may avoid making ill-assorted and unhappy marriages between strings, wood and brass; that they may avoid the promiscuous and wrong association of copper and brass in military parades. All this is well understood in Europe, and rests upon principles of taste, which are fixed and underlie the whole. Let music publishers, and arrangers, and self-styled composers, *study* music, that we may be protected against, and they saved from perpetrating, the mutilations and abortions to which now in the church and Sabbath school, concert room and theatre, and in the social circle, we are daily subjected. Let newspaper critics *study* music, that the stereotyped verbiage and senseless, meaningless laudation of unworthy performances may be abated, that they may know to distinguish between right and wrong, and withhold their praise and commendation from the quacks and mountebanks who forestall the public opinion through them, and leave the Labordes, Sontags and Vieuxtemps, who come to our country with modesty and real genius, relying for success upon true merit, to pay their own expenses, without encouragement from the public.

Finally, let *all study music*, that peace, harmony and good will may be preserved. It has been said that musicians are quarrelsome—it is not true! It is because they are not *true* musicians, and have no music in their hearts. Let their souls be imbued with the true spirit of music, and their hearts will be filled with love to all men. As light dispels darkness, as good counteracts evil, as falsehood is to be overcome by truth, as death is to be swallowed up in life, so truth shall and must prevail over error in music, and as the sons of God in the beginning sent up their shouts of praise to the great Creator of all things, so in the end shall all perversion, folly and wrong doing in music be overcome, and buried far, far beneath the swelling harmony of the harps and voices of the just made perfect before the throne of the Almighty!

The Invention of the Harmonica.

Translated from the German of ELISE POLKO, for the Saturday Evening Post, by FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

On a gloomy November afternoon, in the third story of a plain house in the city of London, a cheerful fire sparkled on the hearth of the prettiest corner room one can imagine. It seemed to laugh in the face of the surly winter, who threw handfuls of ice and snow flakes at the windows, raging and howling like an imprisoned bear. The twilight had already begun to wrap the immense city in a gray veil; only the dome of St. Paul's and the giant form of the Tower struggled with the coming darkness, and rose above the clouds that sought to envelop them. The lanterns were alight in the streets, and fought their usual battle with daylight. The corner room was already half in shadow, and the firelight danced up and down the walls, ran over the floor, played on the ceiling, and while doing these expeditions, it touched alternately the faces and forms of four persons who had assembled there. The most remarkable figure in the little group was that of a man who sat close to the fireplace in an arm-chair, with his head resting

against its back. He was dressed in black, and wore no wig, although such was the fashion of the time, but simply his own thick gray hair, combed smoothly from his temples. And what fine temples, what a forehead! One could not imagine a human face with a handsomer brow; the dreams of a great soul were inscribed upon it, and two clear and intelligent eyes stood beneath as interpreters of those dreams. Who that regarded this head would care to notice whether the features were fine, if youth had passed from cheek and lip, or that the mouth, with its fascinating smile, was regularly formed? His form was not remarkable, but every movement was firm and noble. And his name? Benjamin Franklin! the friend of mankind, the honest American citizen, the renowned scholar. Scientific business had brought him from Philadelphia at the end of the year 1762, to London, where he intended to remain some months. His first visit had been to his respected relative, the excellent Mistress Davies, who had resided in the great capital of the world, in a very retired manner, with her two talented daughters, Mary and Cecilia, ever since the death of her husband. Franklin scarcely remembered the young girls, whom he had only once seen, when they were very young children, and was not a little astonished when two grown up, charming maids of 18 and 19 approached to greet him with all the cordiality of relations. The lively Cecilia clasped him round the neck; her elder sister Mary simply gave him her hand, trembling and blushing as she did so. They could scarcely believe that the great man, on whose renown their mother had fed them, so to speak, really stood before them. Scarcely a day had passed without some conversation between them about him. The glory that surrounded the name of him whom Heaven had placed nearer to them than to any others, was as sunshine to the little family. The extraordinary preëminence of this intellect, the true nobility of this soul, was nowhere more deeply and inwardly recognized, than in the third story of the simple London house. Every event in the life of Franklin was related to her daughters by Mistress Davies; all the doings of the great man seemed unimpeachable to the three women. His first love for the beautiful Miss Wells, his separation and after union with her, who had in the meanwhile become the wife of another, had a great attraction for the young girls. Mary could not understand how a maiden, who had been loved by *such* a man, could give her heart to another; while Cecilia remarked very correctly, that Franklin, while courting the charming Miss Wells, was not the *renowned* Franklin.

"Oh, had I only been Miss Wells!" sighed Mary; whereupon her sister answered, a little sharply:

"How can you wish to be old and ugly, and no longer able to sing?"

"Oh, to be loved by him, I would give everything, even my voice!"

"Children, cease your nonsensical chatter!" With these words Mistress Davies interrupted the conversation. "Our distinguished relative is now old and married, and when you see him, neither of you will dream of falling in love with him."

Among those rare and varied species of woman's love, which no scholar has yet thought of reducing to a system, there is one of more common growth, certainly, than the marvellous flower of world-defiant passion, but yet touching and attractive in its nature. It is the secret, enthusiastic tenderness, that, with its finger on its lip, follows in the track of distinguished men. At the feet of lofty palm-trees, and strong oaks, this modest flower unfolds its chaste leaves, desiring nothing more than such a position. It is nourished by the sunshine that falls on the head of the tree; her fine roots becoming gradually entwined with his; she feels and suffers with him, although he is not aware of it; and when he dies—she must die with him. But no one, standing in awe, beside the overthrown oak, mourns for the violet, crushed by its fall. It would not be difficult to point out the existence of such lovely blooms, in the lives of all great men. Mary Davies was one of the loveliest among them. The news that Franklin was really coming to England, and would remain some months in London, naturally aroused a perfect storm of delight in the Davies' house.

"We must sing to him, often sing to him," cried Cecilia, "so that he may see that there is also something to admire in us!" And the charming maiden was right; her singing, and that of Mary, was worthy of admiration; attention had been drawn to the sisters, even in the great city of London, by the rare union of uncommon musical talent and enchanting beauty, with childlike unconsciousness and modesty. The names of the sisters Davies sufficed to fill any concert room.

At length came the time, when he, the long desired renowned guest, was really with them, and when he sat with them almost every evening, in the little cor-

ner room we described at the commencement of our story.

Mistress Davies, a stately, kind-hearted dame, tripped restlessly hither and thither, drew back a chair here, smoothed a table-cloth there, pushed forward a vase, moved from window to fireplace, and said twenty times, half aloud, "It is almost dark!" She was one of those busy natures that cannot understand the sweet enchantment of the dreamy twilight hour, and she never permitted this dangerous indulgence to her daughters. Since the arrival of their distinguished relative, her patience had been severely tried, for Franklin had a particular fancy for the twilight hour. The girls talked in an under tone at the window. Cecilia sat on a stool at her sister's feet, her pretty arms resting on the other's knees. The rosy face was turned upwards, her thick black curls fell back from her round cheeks, over her well-turned shoulders. She chattered, questioned, and laughed, as a girl of eighteen will chatter, talk, and laugh; but Mary listened absently to the pretty nonsense; her eyes were fixed on Franklin's noble face. Mary was a true daughter of old England; a wondrously lovely creature, with waving golden hair, and a dazzlingly brilliant complexion, all red and white. In her slow movements, in her slender form, in the slight bend of her head towards the left side, lay an indescribable charm; in the slow uplifting of her black eyelashes, in the finely contracted corners of her delicate mouth, an observing eye would have detected the sign of a too-sensitive heart.

"You must sing something for me to-day, my dear girls," said Franklin; "and let it be in the twilight; music has never so sweet, so powerful an effect as then."

The sisters rose; Mary opened the piano that stood at a little distance from the window, and Cecilia pushed the stool towards her. The slender fingers of the eldest sister ran swiftly over the black, rattling keys, that never sounded so harp-like, however, as when Mary played. She accompanied her sister's singing. Cecilia's voice was one of astonishing richness and flexibility; a fine soprano. She sang an aria by Handel, with great finish. If voices could be compared to colors, then Cecilia's voice was a sparkling, heavenly blue. The room was too small for the sounds that streamed from this young breast. When she had ended, Franklin turned cheerfully to Mistress Davies, and said,—

"Now, is it still dark here, Fanny? I bathe in light!"

Afterwards, Cecilia said tenderly to her sister, "Come, Mary, sing us one of your old ballads; no grand aria to-night, but one of the little Scottish songs, that no one in the world can sing so well as you!"

And Mary, turning her head once more towards Franklin, shook back her curls, struck a few melancholy chords, and sang in a wonderful, deeply sorrowful tone, an old English song of farewell—

"Then fare-thee-well, my own dear love!"

In his arm-chair, Franklin bent over his folded hands; the young girl's voice penetrated his inmost heart. He felt himself carried back to the days of his childhood; the voice of his mother fell on his ear; pictures of childhood floated by like shadows of clouds. As the tones grew softer, sorrow overcame him; a vain, endless longing, the longing for his lost youth. At this moment he would have given up everything, name and fame, for the bloom of a youth of twenty. Then he might have pointed to the tears that streamed down his cheeks, and of which the elderly man was almost ashamed. There was something overpoweringly touching in Mary's voice. It trembled out and vibrated like moonbeams on a silent lake, and its peculiar, veiled quality had an indescribable charm. Franklin struggled with his emotion; for his powerful nature was also a delicately organized one. As Mary ended her simple and mournful song, he rose to approach her; striking his forehead suddenly against the mantel-piece, the skin was broken, and a few drops of blood ran down his left temple. This unforeseen accident greatly excited the little family. Cecilia called for a light, Mistress Davies hurried to assist Franklin, who, under the effects of emotion, and the sudden pain, had almost fainted; but poor Mary stood helpless in the middle of the room. When the servant girl entered with a branch candlestick, and she heard her mother say, "Come and help me, Hannah, and then run for Doctor S——!" she cast a look of regret towards Franklin, and silently left the room. She ran down stairs, opened the street door, and stood in the snow-covered street. The icy north wind, that blew over her burning cheeks and played with her hair, thrilled her one moment with a cold shudder; then she hurried forward, pursued by the thought—"He may die and my voice will have been the cause of it!" And then she hated her own voice. Like a shadow she

glided past the houses; and now only two streets lay between her and the dwelling of their old friend and physician. There was a sudden noise in a little side street; she did not observe it. A crowd of young men issued forth; the flame of a lantern fell on her lovely pale face; frightened, she drew back into the shadow, but in vain; they surrounded and addressed all sorts of insulting remarks to her. Collecting all her strength, she said with a firm voice, while her heart beat audibly: "For God's sake, let me go! I was fetching the doctor for a dying person. Doctor S—— lives not twenty paces from here." Her death-pale face, her anxious eyes, the tone of her voice, bore so plainly the impress of truth that her tormentors involuntarily drew back. Like a roe pursued by the hunters, she reached the doctor's house, rushed into the old gentleman's study, and with the cry, "Franklin is dying," she fell fainting before him.

Benjamin Franklin had long recovered from what he laughingly called "his little nervous attack;" while the dark angel of death still lingered by Mary's bed. That evening walk, and the strong excitement of the occasion, had brought a severe illness upon the delicate young girl, from which she very slowly recovered. When, at last, to the great joy of her mother and sister, she was well enough to sit up, and supported on the arms of her revered friend, she ventured to walk a few steps once more; when she saw his kind and serious care, she blessed in her heart the unfortunate evening that brought her a joy she had not known before, the joy of being cared for by him. Poor Mary! she had as yet no idea what that evening had taken away. A few weeks later she discovered, with unspeakable sorrow, with a grief that almost overpowered her, that she had lost her voice. Doctor S—— was the only one who was not surprised at the consequence of that imprudent evening walk. "This, which you call a misfortune, is scarcely worth talking about," said he; "Mary's life was in question!" He could not understand what made the women weep so despairingly, for Mary's mother and sister grieved scarcely less than herself. Ah! he who possesses not the heavenly gift of song can never fully understand what a source of pure joy, of sweet comfort it is, or how the heart finds in it all which else it must ever long for in vain! He who can sing sings every joy more deeply into his soul, and finds a lullaby for even the bitterest woe. A thousand sweet secrets float to the surface of song; in its tones the heart trembles, weeps, rejoices, discourses of warmest love and longing, and no one dare complain or punish it then.

When, after every possible endeavor to recall the lost treasure, Mary Davies saw that it was indeed gone forever: she did not certainly sink into a hopeless melancholy, but she faded, slowly and silently, like a flower deprived of sunshine. Her artistic piano playing no longer gave her any joy. "It only makes me feel what I have lost, more deeply!" said she, and would only play to accompany her sister. At first she wept whenever Cecilia sang; but she grew more tranquil at last, or at least appeared so. She wished to convince her revered friend of a resignation that, in spite of every effort, she did not feel. But Franklin was not deceived. He put off his return to Philadelphia from month to month, and came as usual, almost every evening, to the Davies' house. Only he seemed growing thoughtful and absent-minded, and scarcely joined in the conversation that Mistress Davies and Cecilia addressed to him. He would not hear music; and so the little piano remained closed while he was there. But when Mary spoke to him, with her soft, broken voice, he would kindly reply; even when she only moved he would glance towards her, no matter how deeply sunken in thought he might appear. He followed her with his eyes; no sigh, no secret tear, no shadow of pain floating over her brow, escaped him. But he said nothing about Mary's loss.

So week after week slipped by; summer prepared for departure: the first leaves began to fall. One evening Benjamin Franklin came later than usual to the little corner room. Mother and daughters sat round the small table; Cecilia was reading, Mistress Davies working, Mary dreaming. She looked with surprise on their visitor; an unspeakable happiness brightened his eyes, and overflowed her heart, as she met his glance, with a warm feeling of joy. He stepped up to her, and took her hand. "Dear, dear Mary," said he softly, "you lost for my sake your sweet voice, whose tones I shall never forget; to-day I bring you an indemnification for it; you shall sing again, although not with your lips; stay here patiently, while I step into the next room, and listen attentively to the tones that will reach you." Expectantly, and almost trembling, the women crowded together; the door of the adjoining room remained half open. A short pause—then flowed rippled

tones of the sweetest nature over the ears and hearts of the listeners—tones of so sweet, so soft, so touching a quality, that neither flute, nor harp, nor any instrument with which the women were acquainted, could be compared to it. They were sounds belonging to another sphere, tones of a transfigured human voice, an angelic song, that it was almost impossible to hear without tears. The listeners felt pleasure and sorrow at the same time; their hearts were almost melted within them. And as the wondrous music swelled more loudly they all recognized the bitter-sweet melody of the old English song, the last that Mary sang—

"Then fare-thee-well, my own dear love!"

And then they thought they really heard Mary's voice; that rich, soul-full, heart-moving voice, now dead forever. The women sobbed aloud, and Mary, no longer able to contain herself, flew, with a long cry of painful rapture, into the adjoining room. Franklin sat before a strange instrument, placed on a cylinder that rested on a pedestal. To this cylinder, half globes of glass, of regularly graduated dimensions, were attached, in such a manner that the edge of each half-globe rested above the next one. Franklin placed his finger-tips on the rims of the glasses, and, setting the cylinder in motion by a movement of his foot, the magical tones were produced. "It was thus you sung, Mary!" cried he, to the surprised and excited maiden. "And now, come and let me teach you to sing again; and when you sing on this, my soul will sing with you. I have found your voice for you again!"

It was the lovely Mary Davies, who afterwards astonished the world with this wonderful new invention of the renowned Franklin. The Harmonica, he called it. By means of an untiring perseverance, she attained unheard of dexterity on this extraordinary instrument. When she had bidden farewell to her worshipped friend—a personal farewell, only, for her soul was in his hands—when Franklin returned to America, she travelled; first to France, and then through Germany, and was heard in most of the large cities as a harmonica-player. No one has played it like her, since; her whole soul poured through her slender fingers, when she touched the glasses. She was so beautiful in such moments, so carried away by enthusiasm, so sparkling with secret delight, that those who looked and listened, were seized with a sympathetic rapture. Many could not bear the tones; ladies fainted, or burst into tears; but crowds attended the short concerts of the pretty Englishwoman, and regarded them as festivals. When Mary's mother died, and her sister Cecilia began to make a noise in Italy as a distinguished songstress, she returned to London, and then discovered this second voice had injured her health far more than it was possible for the first to injure it. Alone, separated from those who were dearest to her, Mary saw the days come and go, without hope, but also without complaint. She was even cheerful; for she could still sing on her instrument; and—his soul sang with her! And this voice, which she had received from him, remained still young and wondrously fine, even when Mary's curls had turned white, and the hard hand of time had disfigured her blooming face. But whither did she seek to waft those exquisite tones which she allured from her beloved harmonica every evening? Who could tell?

The physicians were astonished that this fragile life still held out; they could not understand what sustained it, they had foretold Mary's death for years. Surely there was some power on earth impossible to withstand, that retained this soul firmly in its shattered covering.

It was the 27th of April, 1790, when Mary desired them to lead her once more to the harmonica; with a happy smile she touched the glasses; the melody of the song

"Then fare-thee-well, my own dear love!"

sounded beneath her still beautiful hands. Suddenly she arose, listened, leaned back, and ceased to breathe. The thread of her feeble existence was broken.

At the same moment, but far from that silent chamber of death, across the wide ocean, the angel of death bore aloft a great, strong soul; the soul of Benjamin Franklin.

Rossini and his Imitators.

(From Hogarth's Musical Biography and Criticism.)

Mose in Egitto was brought out at Naples in 1818. In this piece Rossini has attained an elevation of style which is not to be found in any of his other productions. The choruses are grand and majestic. The sublime prayer of the Hebrews, when preparing

to cross the Red Sea, was an after-thought. Notwithstanding the transports with which the opera, in general, was received, the attempt of the machinist to represent this scene never failed to excite the risibility of the audience. This continued during the first season.

"The following season," says M. Stendhal, "this opera was resumed with the same enthusiastic admiration of the first act, and the same bursts of laughter at the passage of the Red Sea. The following day, one of my friends called about noon on Rossini, who, as usual, was lounging in bed with a dozen of his friends about him; when, to the great amusement of everybody, in rushed the poet Tottola, (the author of the drama,) who, without noticing any one, exclaimed, 'Maestro! I have saved the third act!' 'Well, what have you done, my good friend?' replied Rossini, mimicking the half-burlesque, half-pedantic manner of the poor son of the muses: 'Depend upon it they will laugh at it as usual.' 'But I have made a prayer for the Hebrews, before the passage of the Red Sea,' said the poet, pulling a bundle of papers out of his pocket, and giving them to Rossini, who immediately began to decipher the scrawl. While he is reading, the poet salutes the company all round, whispering every moment in the composer's ear, 'Maestro, I did it in an hour.' 'What! in an hour!' exclaimed Rossini; 'Well, if it has taken you an hour to write this prayer, I engage to write the music in a quarter of the time: here, give me a pen and ink.' At these words, Rossini jumped out of bed, seated himself at the table *en chemise*, and in eight or ten minutes composed this sublime movement, without any piano, and without minding the chatting of his friends. 'There,' said Rossini, 'there is your music; away about your business.' The poet was off like lightning; and Rossini jumped into bed, and joined in the general laugh at his parting look of amazement.

"The following evening I did not fail to repair in good time to San Carlo. The first act was received with the same transports as before; but when they came to the famous passage of the Red Sea, the audience showed the usual disposition to risibility. This, however, was repressed the moment *Moses* began 'the new and sublime air, 'Dal tuo stellato soglio.' This is the prayer which all the people repeat after Moses in chorus. Surprised at this novelty, the pit was all attention. This beautiful chorus is in the minor key; *Aaron* takes it up, and the people continue it. Last of all, *Elcia* addresses the same vows to heaven, and the people answer. At this moment they all throw themselves on their knees, and repeat the same prayer with enthusiasm; the prodigy is wrought; the sea opens, to present a passage to the people. The last part of the movement is in the major key. It would be difficult to give an idea of the thunder of applause which resounded from every part of the theatre. The spectators leaned over the boxes to applaud, exclaiming, 'Bello! bello! O che bello!' Never did I behold such an excitement, which was rendered still more striking by its contrast with the previous merry mood of the audience."

The present Italian composers are mere imitators of Rossini, and are much more successful in copying his defects than his beauties. They are, like him, full of mannerism; with this difference, that his manner was *his own*, while theirs is *his*. They occasionally produce pretty melodies, a faculty possessed, to some extent, by every Italian composer, however low his grade; but in general their airs are strings of common-place passages, borrowed chiefly from Rossini, and employed without regard to the sentiment and expression required by the scene. Their concerted pieces are clumsy and artificial; and their loud and boisterous accompaniments show a total ignorance of orchestral compositions. This general description applies to them all.

A French Critique on "Fidelio."

(From the London Musical World.)

In a city, where no less a man than Hector Berlioz lives and writes, some curious master in the shape of musical criticism frequently peeps out from the columns of the public press. Beethoven's one opera has recently been produced at the Théâtre-Lyrique—being the last of M. Carvalho's sacrifices at the shrine of legitimate art. Unluckily, however, with M. Carvalho has departed the *prestige* of the establishment, which bids fair to sink once more into the position of mediocrity from which that gentleman, with indomitable spirit and eminent ability, delivered it. Had *Fidelio* been brought out at the Théâtre-Lyrique while he was manager, success—nay triumph—would have been a matter of certainty; but he having seceded, that sudden rage for the classical repertory which seized the Parisians some time since, and with which they themselves were even more aston-

ished than their neighbors, has abated. Now everything not French is intolerable, and even Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber—even Gluck (not to add M. Gounod) will be voted bores. A few passages from a notice of *Fidelio*—in the columns of a journal, the name of which we shall not mention, and from the pen of a critic whose name is Delatouche, will illustrate our argument.

"Six years ago the *Fidelio* of Beethoven was performed without much success, at the Théâtre-Italien. Notwithstanding the talent displayed by Mlle. Cruvelli in the principal part, the work of the German master had no success. I fear it is likely to be the same with *Fidelio* at the Théâtre-Lyrique."

For "six years ago," read *nine* years ago. It was in 1851—when Mr. Lumley was *impresario*, and Ferdinand Hiller musical director, at the Théâtre-Italien—that *Fidelio* was performed, with Cruvelli as Leonora. The success it achieved, it is true, amounted to no more than what our turbulent neighbors call a *succès d'estime*; but it must be remembered that a *succès d'estime* is a success after all, and (which is better), a success that lasts, and (which is worse) a success very rarely obtained in Paris—the way of the Parisians being either fevered enthusiasm or freezing apathy. But to *retoucher* Delatouche. The critic of the—likes not the story of *Fidelio*. Hear him describe it:

"Let us speak first of the poem—it is absurd, anti-historical, and tiresome (*ennuyeux*). We are near the end of the fifteenth century. Ludovic Sforza has caused his nephew, Jean Galeas, to be imprisoned in a fortress, and commissions the gaoler to poison his charge. The gaoler consents, and brings with him into the poor Duke's dungeon, a very young man—*Fidelio*—enamored of his daughter.* That young man is Isabelle de Naples, wife of Galeas. She makes herself known to her husband at the moment when Ludovic approaches to kill his nephew.† To prevent this murder she seizes a bar of iron, with which she threatens Ludovic. The latter retreats terrified, and escapes. But the daughter of the gaoler comes to release from their prison *Fidelio* and Jean, who go and throw themselves at the feet of the King of France, Charles VIII., just arrived at Milan."

The foregoing, be it understood, is not *Fidelio* as the Teutons know it, but "*d'après*" MM. Michel Carré and Barbies—a barbers' and Gallie *Fidelio*. No wonder Delatouche should be dissatisfied. *Ecoutez ce gaillard*:

"Do you not see the improbability at once? How could Galeas have thrown himself at the feet of Charles VIII. when history tells us that he died, poisoned, before the arrival of the King?"

Good; but the authors of operatic books (ask M. Scribe) are not invariably the most historical of poets. They worship Clio somewhat gingerly. We have no wish, however, to defend them in this instance, but leave them, willingly, to the trenchant *style* of Delatouche. *Ecoutez encore ce gaillard*:

"I have also a little observation to make. Since Madame Viardot (*why not Fidelio?*) "held Ludovic (*why not M. Guard?*) "why did she not taunt him incontinent? This would have deprived us of the last *finale*; but where would have been the harm?"

There would have been no harm anywhere to the audience of the Théâtre-Lyrique (with M. Réty as manager, be it clearly understood; the Théâtre-Lyrique with M. Carvalho was quite another thing), who can afford to do with as small a dose of Beethoven as might well be administered, and by whom the loss of a *finale*—even that incomparable *finale*—would be looked upon in the light of a *bonus*. Delatouche, nevertheless, is too modest in calling his observation "a little observation"; on the contrary, it is a big "observation," and mightily to the purpose. But now that we have examined Delatouche in *re* Barbier-Carré, their book, let us examine Delatouche in *re* Beethoven, his music:

"The music embroidered by the immortal Beethoven on this pale canvass—"

["*Music embroidered on a pale canvass!*"]—Here is a muddling of idioms!

"The music embroidered by the immortal Beethoven on this pale canvas is as *pale* as the canvass itself (!) The melody of the master is a soft melody, not noisy,* which expands itself *en nappe* (sheetwise?); all tranquilly and without *fracas*; the *nappe* becomes a blue and limpid lake in which one mirrors oneself at one's ease, and as there is no worse water than stagnant water,† so there is no music more detestable at the theatre than music which sleeps—and induces sleep."

There reader! you have an original criticism of *Fidelio* at last. Delatouche should be endowed with a beard of gold and vermillion whiskers, also with thigh-rings and a high-heeled boot (like Mario's). If there was an E less in his patronyme, he might be anagrammatized as HOT CAUDLE; but happily there are two. *N'importe*.

"*Sonate, que me veux-tu?*" asked a certain philosopher (also a Frenchman) of a certain sonata that,

nothing it not audible, intended him no harm in making itself heard (according to its entelechy), under the fingers of a "*hammer-virtuose*" as Wagner would say. Delatouche, too, has his notions of a sonata, and thus unburdens himself:

"One likes to hear a sonata of Beethoven's between an air of Rossini's or of Verdi's, and a *chanson* of Nadaud's. This broad and tender music relaxes, so to speak, the soul, and reposes it after the comic and brilliant. It is like an opium-pill, discreetly administered to a sick person after a day of agitation. Give to the sick person ten pills of *extrait thébaïque* (ver-nacular-opium), and you run the risk of killing your unhappy patient. Thus does the *Fidelio* of Beethoven. In short—except the chorus of sick persons (*chœurs des malades*), the introduction to the third act—a sort of march in the style of that of WEBER in the *Enlèvement au Serail*! (Mozart's "*Seraglio*!")—together with the two prayers sung by Madame Viardot and Guard—and the rest is not worth the honor of being cited, nor even of being heard."

Then follows a *critique* of the performers. "Madame Viardot," it appears, "completely failed in the final sextuor—which, to say truth, is wanting both in color and charm." We take the first half of the sentence to be as exact as the last, but no more so. The "tag" of the article we shall present to our readers in unadulterated Delatouche:

"*Quelqu'un me disait en sortant de la première représentation: Voilà une musique qu'adorent les Allemands, et rien n'est plus naturel: ils s'amuseaient beaucoup quand ils s'ennuient. S'il y avait samedi des Allemands au Théâtre-Lyrique, ils ont dû joliment s'amuser.*"

‡ In what part of *Fidelio* is this to be found?

THE "KIST OF WHISTLES."—It appears that there has been for eight years past a melodeon in St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, employed for the purpose of leading the choral devotions of the congregation. This instrumental addition to the simplicity of Scotch Psalmody was greatly enjoyed by the younger and more musical part of the congregation; but gave proportionate offence to the more conservative elders. The Presbytery, however, sustained the melodeon; alleging in its favor a reason which seems rather poor, though often used to blunt the edge of domestic misfortunes among the crockery—that it had been done a long while. But at a late Synod of the Kirk, lately held at Kingston, the matter was formally submitted to its decision, on appeal from the Court below on a memorial of Mr. John Robertson, who stated that conscientious objections to the use of the melodeon had induced him to give up his attendance at St. Andrew's Church. The Synod heard several learned divines for and against the music, and at length passed a sentence such as the Courts do when a nuisance is to be abated—that the melodeon should be removed from the church without any unnecessary delay. The vote for this judgment was 36 to 7. The Free Church Synod, we think, some years ago came to a similar decision. The idea somewhat antiquated, as some may think, which governs this decision, is, no doubt, that every act of worship must be performed by a reasonable creature, and the objectors cannot understand how music from an instrument can be so described. On the other hand, it is said that the music is, though not devotion itself, an aid to the devotion of reasonable creatures; not only making the outward manifestations of praise more perfect, but even stimulating and governing the movements of the feelings and affections.—*Montreal Herald*.

DO-DI-PETTO IN NEW YORK.—Wednesday, "Il Trovatore" and the *ut de poitrine*, the *C di petto*, the *C in alt.*, or whatever you choose to call it. More logically the performance would be entered in memory's books, judging by the noise made, as *ut de poitrine* and "Il Trovatore."

I object to the *ut de poitrine*. I set my face resolutely against the *C di petto*. Give me not the anatomy or the physiology of the gamut. Yet I do not cry out against the *C* itself; considered absolutely, it is a well meaning note enough, and not unpleasant to the ear. But why should it appear on all the dead walls of the city?—Why be printed in execrable English on the playbill?—Why be advertised as the feature of the evening? I must say it, the *ut de poitrine* performance of Wednesday was the most exquisitely comical thing lately done in public. The announcement of the impending feat smacked of the tan and saw-dust. I should not have started to see a ring-master enter upon the Academy stage, got up in the astonishing full dress peculiar to that gay creature, and with a flourish of his whip open his mouth to the following speech:—

"Ladies and Gents: On behalf of the management I have to thank you for your kind attendance here this evening, and for your hearty applause. I am desired to announce that this unrivalled troupe will perform every evening, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons till further notice, when a series of entertainments will be presented worthy of your ap-

proval, and we pledge ourselves that nothing shall occur to offend the most fastidious. I have now the pleasure of introducing to you Signor Musiani, the eminent lyric acrobat, who will conclude this evening's programme by flinging his celebrated *ut de poitrine*, a feat never before attempted in America, and performed by him only—

SIGNOR MUSIANI!"

On second thoughts, his address would not equal the foregoing in elegance, but the idea would be expressed.

Now all this is entertaining enough if one has no feeling for the art or the artist. But Musiani ought not to be so treated. The public ought not to be so treated. They are not, all and singular, idiotic. Although a liberal measure of approbation was given to the tenor's early songs in the "*Trovatore*," it was clear that the audience was waiting for the *ut*; and when the end of the third act approached, for there we had been kindly informed to expect the phenomenon, you might have detected the feverish excitement always preceding some novel exploit or occurrence, whether it be the tight rope passage of the Niagara, or the hanging of a man.

When the deed was really done, the entire house sighed in token of relief, and burst into joyous shouting. No one heard the concluding bars of the act; they were delivered amidst the noisiest clamor. Musiani appeared before the curtain, and received his tribute: still the shouting went on. We will have the *ut de poitrine* again, cried the people. So up went the curtain, out came the tenor, this time without the *Leonora*, once more resounded the *C di petto*, once more ascended the cries, and again before the curtain came the tenor.

Well, an *ut de poitrine* is a good thing to have. But it is not all of life, and it materially interferes with the symmetry of a performance, especially when engineered by the management as on Wednesday.—*N. Y. Albion*.

Musical Correspondence.

VIENNA, MAY 5.—On Friday, April 27, Herr JULIUS EPPSTEIN, pianist in this city, gave a concert. Like many of the prominent musicians at the present day, this gentleman is of Jewish origin: he comes from Agram, the principal city of Croatia, which is one of the largest Austrian provinces and is peopled by Slaves. He has been in Vienna nearly ten years, and is now twenty-six years of age. He had attained very considerable facility in playing during his boyhood, but was not intended for a musician; hearing Liszt inspired him so, that he resolved upon this course. He had at first but few friends, and was thus forced to study and to make his way under considerable difficulties; which is, in Vienna, no easy matter for a musician, if he have not a fair portion of impudence or perfect self-reliance—or friends.

His piano teacher was Anton Hahn, the first instructor here, and his composition teacher was Johann Kufnatscha, a gentleman very favorably known in Vienna, in this sphere, and as a composer of great merit.

Herr Eppstein gave some years ago a private concert in order to show himself to the world, and got in consequence many and excellent lessons in the first houses of the city. He also played now and then in smaller concerts in Vienna and the neighborhood, and accompanied singers and musicians playing on other instruments than his own, a very difficult and thankless task. In the year '57-'58 he accompanied in Rubinstein's concerts, from good-will towards the latter artist, with whom he is befriended; then he played with Piatti, the eminent violoncellist from London (in one concert was given a trio of Schubert, Ludwig, Strauss, Piatti and Epstein performing), and won himself much praise thereby. Later he played with Laub, the renowned violinist from Berlin, and in the last concert of Laub, they played a sonata of Beethoven with great success.

In the year '58-'59, Herr Eppstein was requested by Herr Josef Helmesberger to play in his quartet concerts. These are the best chamber concerts given in the city, are always supplied with the best mu-

* The "poor Duke's" daughter!

† Just now, the nephew was to be poisoned by the gaoler.

‡ Who imprisoned *Fidelio*?

* If it is soft?

† "Il n'est pire eau que l'eau qui dort."

sicians, and are frequented by a very severe audience. Hence it is the test of a musician to let him play in them, and a pianist is especially exposed to trying companions; for Rubinstein, Clara Schumann, Drey schok and any other eminent pianist who has been in the city at that time, have played in them. Professor Rickhart of the Vienna conservatorium, and Herr Dachs also of Vienna, had been the two regular quartet-concert players up to that time. Eppstein played a sonata of Beethoven's, in G major, with Helmesberger, violin, and met with very great applause, as he indeed deserved. He played later in the winter again with Helmesberger a sonata of Mozart's, and had still greater success. Besides that he played with Herr Cossmann, violoncellist from Weimar, (who performed that winter in the quartets) and in many other concerts. To end the winter he played at the invitation of "The Society of the Friends of Music," (*Gesellschaft der Musik-freunde*,) in their last orchestral concert, given in the Imperial Redouten-saal, Beethoven's concerto in G major, for piano-forte with orchestral accompaniment. The hall is very large and not well built for hearing, so that it is very difficult for a pianist to penetrate without hammering on his instrument; but Eppstein celebrated his most complete triumph on this occasion: he played very beautifully indeed and delighted his audience.

The year 1859—60 brought him once more before a public, already favorably inclined towards him, but which demands continual progress. He was most sorely tried by severe illness during the whole fall, and was enabled to rally sufficiently in order to play in January, in one of the quartet concerts, a sonata of Beethoven with Helmesberger again. In February he played a trio of Schubert, with Helmesberger and Röver, the violoncellist of the quartets, and showed more especially in this than in his first appearance during the winter, a decided gain on the former year in firmness and tone. People had said perhaps with justice, that he had not quite physical strength enough in his play; in this trio he showed sufficient. And now we come to his last concert, April 27. His programme was:

Quintet for piano, violin, viola, violoncello and contrabass, opus 114, A major, performed by the concert giver, Herren Helmesberger. Schubert
Blumen-rache, ballad sung by Herr Förchtgott. C Löwe
 Scherzo, performed by concert giver. Mendelssohn
 Märchen, performed by concert giver. Eppstein
 "Du bist wie eine Blume," song given by Fräulein Weinberger. Schumann
 "Rheinisches Volkslied," song sung by Fräulein Weinberger. Mendelssohn
 "Auf dem Berge," song sung by Fräulein Weinberger. Lindblad
 "Nachtstück" (Nightpiece), for horn, played by Prof. Richard Lewy. Kässmayer.
 Sonata for piano and violin, played by concert giver and Herr Helmesberger. Beethoven

This quintet had not been played for a long time in public, and was a very interesting item on the programme. It is a cheerful and light-hearted composition, not so great as some of Schubert's things, but it makes no claim to greatness, and is quite delightful enough with its happy, healthy mood. The first movement is the least important of all; the others are beautiful, and especially the third which is the song, "The Trout" (*Die Forelle*) of Schubert's, with variations for the different instruments. Any one knowing this song, will see at once how well it is adapted to being varied; to be sure, Schubert has brought nothing new here and has not improved his opportunity, as Beethoven would have done; but the variations are charming and were most delightfully played. Herr Eppstein was quite at home here, for he particularly excels in light and graceful passages. The ballad of Carl Löwe is wonderful, and was very beautifully sung and accompanied by Herren Förchtgott and Eppstein. Does any one ever sing any of these ballads in America? If not, it is a great pity, for they are very original and fine; utterly unlike

anything else in music known to me. Herr Förchtgott is a young man, who, without great means of voice, has reached a high point as song and ballad singer; but he is especially practised and excelling in Löwe's ballads. He has much understanding and fire, and a fine musical sense in regard to the delicacies and shadings. He is quite a favorite here.

The *Scherzo* of Mendelssohn, as well as the *Mährchen* of his own, were charmingly given; the latter piece together with a *Scherzo* from Eppstein too, have met with considerable sales in Vienna and in Germany.

The three songs sung by Fräulein Weinberger pleased me very well; many of the audience complained of a lack of voice. It is quite true that her voice is weak and thin, but she sings with great taste and feeling, and was, two years ago at her first appearance, a favorite. The songs in themselves are charming, more especially the two former; the latter is well enough too. Schumann writes not unfrequently very short, but always beautiful songs.

The "Nightpiece" by Kässmayer was composed by him for the occasion. He is a first violin player in the Kärnthnerthor orchestra, and has composed several string quartets, some piano pieces and other smaller things which are much liked here. I shall refer to him later. This composition was partially excellent, and partially rather forced, it seemed to me; at least not clear enough. One must however have indulgence with all occasional compositions, for it is utterly impossible to command at will ideas and the necessary frame of mind for composing; and this was really so prepared for want of something suitable. Professor RICHARD LEWY is well enough known here, and had in former years a reputation throughout the most of Europe; but he is in the Kärnthnerthor orchestra, was a professor in the conservatorium, and had withdrawn himself almost entirely from the world. This piece he played very well indeed, and brought in a very nice cadence of his own, which displayed his command over his instrument and the delicacy of his playing.

The Sonata by Beethoven was truly a masterpiece of playing; only the two performers, used as they are to each other's play, hurried the last movement very much. The whole concert was most successful, and was well attended, although the season was far advanced, and the musical public weary of the sight of concert programmes.

I copy from the *Wiener Zeitung*, the criticism of one of the most important critics here.

"A very favorite artist and without doubt the most considerable of the Vienna pianists. Herr Eppstein has, within a few days, given a concert in the Conservatorium Hall. The programme was for our taste a little too innocent; the boldest piece was Beethoven's sonata for piano and violin, opus 12. Herr Eppstein's style of playing is known; a soft touch, truthness and purity of execution, a delicate (or fine—French *fin*—) musical understanding, and finished elegance."

If one adds to this, that he has real warmth, great conscientiousness in rendering, great industry in preparing, dislike of all tricks and sh in delivery, perfect clearness in play, a remarkably light hand, and strength increasing and sufficient for all good music, one sees that the result must be excellent. He will not play the stuff of which we hear so much now-a-days, although he can do so perfectly well and can produce most effect with it; he prefers to give us the great musicians' works, and anything that is worthy, of the younger musicians. But a very great virtue to me is his entire objectiveness in playing. Your old correspondent, Thayer, said to me while listening to the quintet: "He plays it just as Schubert meant it should be played; he feels himself into it entirely." And this is true in his rendering the music of Beethoven, of Mozart, of Mendelssohn, of Schumann, of Bach, of Chopin.

Is not objectiveness what we seek, and rarely find? For most players, whether of the piano, or of any other instrument, are anxious to show themselves and their fingers by means of flashy clap-trap. Shall not we be thankful to an *artist* who is content in doing his duty towards the great priests of the art? Herr Eppstein is essentially a pianist to live in one city, not to travel from one capital to another; and the former is in Vienna at least much more difficult, for a pianist must be very good, who can be compared with all the great players, and still retain his place firmly with a highly educated and severe public. If he were not so pleasantly situated in Vienna, he might easily win much reputation and money by a journey to the principal European and American cities. Let us hope that we may see him one day in Boston!

J. L.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 16, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — WEBER's Opera, *Der Freyschütz*, piano-forte arrangement, continued.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Of operas and concerts there is nothing to record. But we have been enjoying what was even better—every one of us, we trust—a week of perfect June, most musical to all the senses; and to the heart too, divinely grateful and inspiring, or the heart is sick indeed. There is no music that can "minister to a mind diseased" if such June days, fresh, lifesome days of summer not yet past its height, cannot. Verily it is a delicious interlude, more exquisitely musical than Mendelssohn's most fairy-like *Midsummer Night's* dreams. We thank God for an interval of rest between the round of fashionable music and the hot season of brass bands and hand organs. Now the birds have it all their own way; and a right pleasant way it is, worth noticing. One has only to go out three miles from Boston in any direction, where there are trees,—in fact only to walk upon our once more grassy and green shaded Common,—to hear the little songsters. Let the sweet season linger while it may, and let not the hot, rude military music come too soon to dispel the influence!

But there are many, no doubt, who will like to alternate the music of Nature with the music of Art; and some will prefer Italian singing birds to those of our own elms and hemlocks. The promise of Italian opera for this last week failed; but now we have it definitely announced for next week. Mme. CORTESI, with her troupe, returns to re-open the Academy of Music next Wednesday evening, June 20. Her company includes, as before, herself; Miss PHILLIPS; the *do-di-petto* tenor, MUSIANI; TAMARO, SUSINI, AMODIO, &c. But best of all, the manager (Sig. SERVADIO, who is said to be the husband of CORTESI, and who seems to have a genius for Card making hardly second to that of Ullman) announces also "the best lyric and dramatic Artiste ever introduced in America," Madame INEZ FABBRI, who is to sing on Wednesday in Verdi's *Nabuco* (Nebuchadnezzar), with Susini, and on Friday in Verdi's *Ernani*, with Musiani and Susini. Whether "the best" or not, Mme. FABBRI is certainly admirable, one of the best, in voice, in singing and in lyrical impersonation. Is it too much to hope that she may also appear here in her great part of the Jewess in Halevy's opera,

and with Stigelli, as we heard them in New York? On Thursday, CORTESE will sing in *Poliuto*, with Musiani, Amodio and Nanni. The conductorship is shared between Sig. MUZIO and Herr MULDER (husband of FABBRI). Wade sells the tickets, and is ever ready to oblige.

The BOSTON MUSIC HALL ASSOCIATION held its annual meeting Wednesday afternoon. The old board of officers was reelected. The Treasurer's report showed the receipts during the past year to amount to \$10,407.66; expenses \$7,918.28; balance, \$2,489.38.

The directors of the famous Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipzig have invited FERDINAND HILLER, of Cologne, to the post of conductor, vacated by Rietz; but Hiller, probably the best man in all Germany, unfortunately declines. It is thought that REINICKE, a young and promising musician of the Leipzig school, will have the place. . . . A rumor has reached England, but not fully confirmed, of the death of the brilliant Russian pianist and composer, RUBINSTEIN.

We have a letter from another young American at Leipzig, recently a pupil at the musical Conservatory there. The writer protests against certain reports unfavorable to the moral character of that institution, alluded to by the "Diarist" in our journal of April 14, in these words:

Feb. 25. I hear from Leipzig that several American students, among them a young lady, have withdrawn from the Conservatory, choosing the loss of the tuition (which they have paid for a year in advance) rather than to remain connected with the institution. I can of course record no ex parte statement of the questions at issue, cannot decide as to the wisdom and propriety of the step which they have taken; but, granting the facts as represented to me, without hearing what the directors have to reply, it is their wisest course. Certainly grave charges are made, and such that no American student should come there to the school, especially a young lady, without ample inquiry made and a satisfactory answer received.

Upon this our present correspondent remarks that, although he himself is one of those who have left the Conservatory, he has never in any way called in question the moral character of the institution, and his motives in withdrawing were entirely different from those hinted in the above extract. He intimates moreover, that the "Diarist" derived his information from a young man, one of the disaffected, who is very desirous of entering into a personal quarrel in the musical journals. The "Diarist" has been misinformed, too, he says, about the motives which actuated the young lady referred to, and several others, in withdrawing from the Conservatory. We trust these persons will set our friend's mind right, and that in due time we shall have the explanation from him; and that henceforth we shall hear no more suspicions as to the musical and moral fair fame of the Conservatoire at Leipzig. We fear the institution has been made to suffer by the personal quarrels of some of its pupils; and we trust that is all.

A member of the government of the recently formed BOSTON PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY informs us that, in our article last week, we mistook the spirit and intention of the *twelve dollar rule* in their constitution. It is simply intended as a check upon the government, who otherwise might have the power to draw the society into rash and improvident concert enterprises. It is therefore provided that the government shall announce no concerts, until the subscription thereto shall guaranty the musicians against loss of money, and of time, which to many of them is daily bread. We are promised a sight of the constitution itself, and after we have seen it we may have more to remark. Meanwhile we wish it to be understood, that we do not at all blame the members of the orchestra for wishing to make themselves pecuniarily

whole for such time and labor as they may expend in giving us good concerts. That is their own affair. But our affair, as speaking for the lovers of classical instrumental music, is, to find out the best means of securing to ourselves good and permanent supplies of what we feel to be so indispensable. Then the question is, what kind of a society will best promote the end? Can we expect what we want from a company exclusively composed of actual performers, of professional musicians, of those and only those who earn their bread by playing on some instrument demanded in an orchestra, and who, by the hard lot of their profession, are compelled to look at every musical enterprise in which they may engage with a principal reference to wages? Or will it not be more likely to come from an organization composed of leading artists and amateurs generally, who, looking chiefly at the artistic side of the matter, shall get up concerts and employ performers? A society may take the name "Philharmonic" and yet not be Philharmonic, in the accepted meaning of the word. It may be a mere trading company, trading in the business of giving concerts; and then the laws of trade will govern it; it goes into the market, and of course soon learns to carry there what will best pay, whether it meet the *Philharmonic* end or not. All we ask for is a Philharmonic society, one true to that aim and spirit; and we doubt not many, if not all, of the musicians would be thankful for the privilege of coöperating in such a league for the upholding of their own artistic character and standard with that of the musical community.

A concert was to be given last evening, in Worcester, Mass., by Miss ADELINE LESERMAN, announced, like many others, as "the American prima donna," and said to possess a voice of unusual brilliancy and power. She is assisted by several artists from the Academy of Music, New York, viz., Mme. Zimmermann, mezzo soprano, Sig. Morino, baritone, and Herr Wm. Doehler, violinist, and Carl Anschutz as conductor. . . . A Miss TILLINGHAST is giving a series of "Classical Organ Concerts," in Chicago—an example which we would gladly see followed by the best organists in all our cities. Two have already been given, in St. Paul's church, with excellent success, apparently, and with these programmes:

May 31.

1. Overture to Prometheus. Beethoven.
2. Andante—From Sinf. No. 9. Mozart.
3. Stradella's Prayer—(Pieta Signore). Stradella.
Mr. De Passio.
4. God save the Queen—with Var. for the Organ. . . . Rink.
5. Hear, sweet spirit. Beethoven.
Mrs. Mattison.
6. Sonata—For the Organ. Mendelssohn.

June 7.

1. Overture to Samson. Handel.
2. Ave Maria. Owen.
Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Mattison and Mr. Bird.
3. Concerto for the Organ. 1. Allegro Maestoso. 2.
Adagio. 3. Rondo Allegretto. Rink.
4. Hear Sweet Spirit, (by request). Beethoven.
Mrs. Mattison.
5. Symphony No. 10. 1. Allegro Vivace. 2. Andante
di molto. Finale, Allegro. Mozart.
6. Gloria in Excelsis. Mercadante.
Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Mattison and Mr. De Passio.
7. Andante con moto, from Symphony No. 5. Beethoven.
8. Fugue, with obligato Pedal. Schellenberg.

Our friends of the ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB are now earnestly practising some of their best part-songs, for the festival of German Singing Clubs, which is to meet at Buffalo in the last week of July, and to picnic at Niagara.

The DRAYTONS had a benefit concert at the Boston Theatre, this week, while *en route* for Canada. . . . A farewell concert is to be given on the 21st to Mr. G. W. WARREN, at Albany, on the eve of his removal to Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. J. H. LONG will assist. . . . A complimentary concert was given week before last at Bumstead Hall, to Mrs. LIZZIE HEYWOOD, the singer who gave so much pleasure in her

rendering of the principal soprano part in Mr. Kielblock's "Miles Standish."

Music Abroad.

London.

(From the *Musical World*, May 26.)

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—In the music assigned to Maffeo Orsini only one phase of Madame Alboni's talent has a chance of being completely revealed; but as this is probably the phase most readily appreciated by the mass, there can be no reason to wonder at the popularity it has enabled her to win. The instant her well known figure, draped in that singular tunic (if tunic it may be called) which her excessive "embonpoint" compels her to wear—was detected, mingling with the crowd (in the first scene of the opera), a burst of applause from all parts of the house proclaimed the satisfaction of the audience at seeing their favorite once more. The legend recounted by Orsini to his friends brought forth in all their beauty those pure contralto tones which have so often charmed the public, and, sung, as usual, to perfection, elicited the warmest demonstrations of approval. The "triumph," however, was of course reserved for "Il segreto per esser felice," which Madame Alboni never gave with more spirit and vocal facility, the incomparable "trillo" (*shake*—to employ our own less elegant vernacular) preceding in each couplet the resumption of the genial melody to which Donizetti has allied the words exciting the accustomed marks of admiration. It is almost superfluous to add that the *brindisi* was enthusiastically redemanded, and repeated with undiminished effect.

We need not recapitulate the many fine points that make the Lucrezia of Mademoiselle Titiens one of that lady's most striking and admirable performances; nor dwell upon the characteristics of Signor Mongini's Gennaro, which wants only a little softening here and there to be as irreproachable as it is earnest and impulsive. The merits of these and of Signor Violetti's very careful impersonation of the Duke have been more than once discussed. On the present occasion the interest naturally centred in Maffeo Orsini, and at the conclusion of the opera, when Mademoiselle Titiens and Signor Mongini had been summoned before the curtain, there was a general call for Alboni, who, after some delay, made her appearance, and was honored by such a greeting as is never accorded but to artistes standing highest in public esteem.

The house was crowded in every part, scarcely a vacant place being perceptible in gallery, boxes, pit, or stalls.

On Monday, an extra night, the *Trovatore* was given for the third time; on this occasion Madame Alboni taking the part of Azucena, allotted in the two previous representations to Madame Borghi-Mamo.

On Tuesday *Semiramide* was performed for the first time at Her Majesty's Theatre for several years. The cast was as follows: Semiramide, Mlle. Titiens; Arsace, Madame Alboni; Idreno, Signor Belart; Assur, Signor Everardi; and Orore, Signor Violetti. The character of Arsace,—upon which Rossini has lavished all the florid graces of his melodic invention, and which in one sense stands apart from every other personage in the lyric drama—affords the practised vocalist ample opportunity for display. It was in Arsace that Madame Alboni (at the opening of the Royal Italian Opera, 1847) first elicited the admiration of the English public, and since that memorable occasion it has always been regarded as one of her greatest, if not, indeed, her very greatest performance. If the voice has not quite the same depth and richness as of old, it has gained in other respects, being now so equal in volume and quality throughout the register, that it may be compared to a crystal without a flaw. For mellowness and even suavity of tone it is wholly unrivalled, the notes succeeding each other with such natural fluency, that it is impossible to detect a weak place or single out a "break." An instrument thus perfected enables the singer to articulate every phrase and passage set down with such unvarying ease, that any idea of difficulty never presents itself to the hearer, and the *ars celare artem* is realized to the letter. More faultless examples of vocal efficiency than the two airs, "Eccomi alfine in Babylonia," and "In si barbara sciagura"—as sung by Madame Alboni, could hardly be cited; or purer specimens of vocal declamation than the recitative belonging to the first, or than the duet with Semiramide (Act II.), including the delicious slow-movement, "Giorno d'orrore."

Mlle. Titiens, as Semiramide, is unequal—at times dramatic and superb, at times constrained, and therefore less entirely satisfactory.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The programme of the fourth concert on Monday last was unusually rich in material, and attracted a very large audience to the Hanover Square Rooms:—

Overture—Scherzo—Song with Chorus, "You spotted snakes," (Miss Augusta Thomson and Mlle. Jenny Meyer)—Notturmo, March, and Final Chorus ("A Midsummer Night's Dream"), Mendelssohn Air, "Du village voisin," Madame Rieder ("Le Serment"). Auber Concerto, Violin, No. 8, Herr Kömpel (Scena Cantante). Spohr Recit. and Air "Nur einen Wunsch, nur ein Verlangen" ("Iphigenie in Tauris")—Mlle. J. Meyer. Gluck Overture, "Anacreon"—Cherubini Sinfonia in F, No. 8. Beethoven Scena, "Ah me! he comes not," Miss Augusta Thomson ("Fair Rosamond"). Barnett Trio, Madame Rieder, Miss Augusta Thomson and Mlle. Jenny Meyer ("Azor and Zemira"). Spohr Overture, "Zauberflöte". Mozart

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The series of Subscription Concerts was continued on Friday the 18th, with Haydn's *Creation*. The work, by far the lightest in the repertoire of the Society, was, generally speaking, well performed. The band executed the Overture ("Chaos") in admirable style. The accompaniments were likewise worthy of commendation. The chorus showed their familiarity with the work, and were steady and correct as usual.

The soprano solo was undertaken, for the first time, by Miss Parepa, who did herself infinite credit. Indeed, the part suits her better than any sacred rôle she has attempted. "On mighty pens," was particularly effective, the ascending passages being delivered with accuracy and brilliancy of tone. Mr. Sims Reeves was never more favorably heard than "In native worth." The purity of his singing is exceeded by none of his contemporaries; while he renders this (and many other airs) with a manliness which is all his own. Signor Belletti has not yet quite recovered from his recent indisposition. He took infinite pains, however, with his music, and, in "Rolling in foaming billows," created a marked sensation. The room was crowded in every part.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—The concert on Wednesday last, the fifth of the season, was quite up to the standard which Mr. Leslie seems to have set up, and above which he will not go on any account. Glees, madrigals, and part-songs sung in a style nearly approaching perfection will always command an audience; but the interpolation of indifferent fantasias on operatic airs is simply distasteful to the musical public, whose opinion neither Mr. Leslie nor any one else can afford to despise. Last season we had sonatas, pianoforte and violin, and pianoforte and violoncello and other works of equal importance. This matter should be looked to. The motet of Hauptmann, "Source of all power and light," Wilbye's madrigal, "Sweet honey-sucking bees," "Hear my prayer" (Mendelssohn), trio canone, "Placido Zeffiretto" (Cherubini), were the noticeable features. A vocal duet, and a four-part song, by Mr. Henry Leslie, were sung with much effect. Both compositions are agreeable and well written.

MADAME PUZZI'S CONCERT.—A large and fashionable assembly attended the annual concert of Madame Puzzi, which came off at the Hanover Square Rooms on Monday morning. The programme was more than usually varied. The artists included Mesdames Borghi-Mamo, Lemmens-Sherington, Parepa, Rudersdorff, Everardi, Lemaire, and Rieder; Signors Mariano, Neri, Solieri, Ciabatta, Dragone, M. Désprét, and Mr. Patey, vocalists; and M. Leopold de Meyer (piano) and Signor Pezze (violoncello), instrumentalists. The special feature of the concert (to quote the *Morning Post*) "was the first appearance this season of the great 'lion-pianist,' Leopold de Meyer, who executed a new fantasia on original themes, of his own composition, with extraordinary effect. We never heard him play with more brilliancy, power, delicacy, and finish." Being unanimously encored, he returned to the instrument and repeated the last half of the fantasia.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—Out of eight pieces in a programme devoted to various masters, no less than five were heard for the first time at the concert of Monday last.

The instrumental novelties comprised two quartets,—Mozart's in D minor, and Beethoven's in F minor; both played to perfection by Messrs. Sainton, Goffrie, Doyle, and Piatti; Mendelssohn's trio in C minor (No. 2), in which the first and last named gentlemen were joined by Herr Lubeck, who also gave Beethoven's sonata in C sharp minor, best known as the Moonlight Sonata.

On Monday next—an Italian night—Miss Arabella Goddard, Miss Laura Baxter, Mlle. Parepa, Herr Becker, &c., will appear. The selection (except one air repeated by desire) will be entirely new.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—On Saturday *Il Barbiere* was repeated. On Tuesday *Il Don Giovanni*

was given, with Madame Grisi as Donna Anna; and on Thursday *Il Trovatore*.

La Gazza Ladra will be produced to-night, with Madame Penco as Ninetta (her first appearance in this part in London), and M. Faure as Fernando (first time of performance), with Madame Nantier-Didiée as Pippo, and Signor Ronconi as the Podesta.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.—Lovers of sacred music, choral societies, and others having like tastes and tendencies in the Art, will receive the promise of the re-issue of *Latrobe's Selections*, just put forward by Mr. Lonsdale, with great interest. Though the works of Mozart and Haydn, from which Latrobe drew some of his specimens, are now better known than in the days when the work was in publication, our acquaintance with the good sacred Italian music of last century has retrograded more than should have been allowed in catholic times like ours. While turning over the fourth volume, forwarded to us, the value of such men as Caldara, Jomelli, Hasse, has been recalled, and we have felt that we have lost something in narrowing ourselves within exclusive devotion to the writers of the German school,—however naturally that was a consequence of a great period, full of fascination and novelty. This fourth volume, again, includes the "De Profundis," by Gluck, which is almost, if not altogether, the solitary piece of sacred music by which that great master is remembered. As interest in this master's works is on the return, would it not be worth while for Mr. H. Leslie's or some other choir to take it in charge?

A comic opera, by Herr Pentenrieder,—of which the English title is "A House to Sell,"—has been lately, say the foreign journals, played at Leipzig, with marked success. Years ago, we heard at Munich of Herr Pentenrieder, as a composer of the highest promise. What is the disease in the life of such young men that seems to arrest their powers in production? One, two, three—twenty we could name, who "have lived and made no sign."—A more disappointing case is that of Herr Dessauer,—one of the freshest and most distinct men of genius belonging to his country, that has flourished there since Schubert's light was eclipsed. He, too, has been inactive, if not supine, for years; but we see with pleasure that a new opera by him "Dominga," has just been produced with success, at Vienna. By this time, since Herr Dessauer's visit to England, made in the golden days of Miss Adelaide Kemble (whose "Earl's Daughter" will never be forgotten by those who love the Laureate's ballad, consummately sung)—he ought to have showered *lieder*, romances, chamber vocal music of every quality and form on the world.

The subject being gentle and characteristic chamber-music, we are led thereby to note with sadness and regret the death of GORDIGIANI, which, we are told, has just taken place at Florence; to our thinking, the latest—surely, we trust, not the last—Italian creative genius in music. His is an eminent instance of a quiet man, in a quiet walk of Art, winning his way to a great reputation, without "chariots and horses, and fifty men to run before him." There is no great science in his songs; there are no snatching effects in them; nothing to hold the common ear, to play on barrel-organs, nor out of which *polkas* can be got; but there are in them a certain selectness, an elegance, a truth to the text, which will keep many of them afloat, so long as singers of any country care to sing Italian chamber music. Gordigiani wished to try opera, but had no (or small) opportunity for doing so, and thus failed to break the barriers stormed down by Signor Verdi, with his Jerichoblasts of trumpets. As a man, he was gentle, unpretending,—interested in every one's music besides his own. Among recollections it may be permitted to recollect an interview at which he sang his *Canzoni* to M. Meyerbeer, and M. Meyerbeer his *Melodies* in return; and when the two men, true musicians, met in that mutual interest which implies universal sympathy.

The version of "Fidelio," given at the *Théâtre Lyrique* of Paris, with Madame Viardot for heroine, does not seem to have been fortunate. The opera is one which can conceal the worst singer, and betray the best one; with music obviously alien to the register of Madame Viardot's voice; and we are sorry that she has yielded to its dramatic temptations.

A correspondent at Rome mentions a "Hamlet," about to come out in the Eternal City, opera-wise, the music by Signor Moroni. The Danish prince will be presented by Signor Coletti. Shakspeare's hero, from a distance, seems too delicate and metaphysical to be possible in music, even for German opera. The one chance, in our time, for "Hamlet" on the musical stage, was during the reign of Mlle. Jenny Lind—marked out by nature, country, voice, and genius, to be *Ophelia*.—*London Athenæum*, May 19.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Silver Moon. Song and Chorus. R. S. Taylor. 25
Very pleasing. Suitable for the parlor.
Not a drum was heard. John Barnett. 35
A song in the descriptive style, for a baritone voice.
The earth it loves. Quartet for male voices. Abt. 25
My fatherland. " " " 25
The Soldier's Adieu. " " " 25
Love's Greeting. " " " 25

As Gentlemen's Glee Clubs after the fashion of Germany are becoming more plentiful all over the country, the want of available good music is severely felt. The above part-songs of Abt, who has cultivated this branch of musical composition with great success, will be found pleasing to all.

- Little Urchie. Ballad. F. Pannell. 25
A pretty, simple song, for young singers.
Hey, the bonnie breast-knot. Scotch. 35
Well known to lovers of Highland music as one of its nicest gems.
Merrily we'll laugh and sing. Quartet. J. W. Turner. 25
For the Social Circle or Amateur Clubs. It is easy to sing, and will please all lovers of plain, musical fare.

Instrumental Music.

- Arizona Quickstep. G. W. Stratton. 25
Strongly marked and not lacking in vivacity or striking melodies. Just the thing for a brass band to get arranged and play for marching.
The Soldier's Adieu. A. Lindahl. 25
A sentimental Nocturne of medium difficulty, a great favorite in England, where many editions have been sold.
Spray Waltz. Lottie M. Wheeler. 25
Masquerade Polka. J. Hilton Jones. 25
Greenwood Polka. L. O. Emerson. 25
Merry Chimes Polka. H. S. Saroni. 25
Royal Waltz. S. H. Long. 25
Fresh dance music, not difficult. Good Recreation pieces for scholars.
Wigwam Grand March. Comer. 25
This piece is dedicated to the Hon. A. Lincoln and has his portrait on the title-page. It is a fine, spirited march.

Books.

- THALBERG'S L'ART DU CHANT. (The Art of Singing applied to the Piano.) Handsomely bound in Cloth. 3,00

The piano cannot render that which is most perfect in the beautiful art of singing, namely, the faculty of prolonging sounds, but the player may overcome this imperfection with address and skill. How this may be done, the great Player has shown in twelve Transcriptions of melodies from the masterworks of great composers. The melody is engraved in large notes, so as to stand out and be recognized easily. They are all figured, and are as invaluable to the accomplished pianist as to the student, who would get at the root of the marvellous effects which Thalberg produced in his playing.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 429.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 13.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

To a Beautiful Voice.

Lovely voice, in rich vibration
Through the listening silence spreading,
Ecstasy's intoxication
O'er my raptured senses shedding, —
Voice, like perfume penetrating,
And yet keener, subtler, sweeter, —
Voice, like light illuminating,
And yet clearer and completer, —
Which doth charm me most divinely
Scarce I know — when, softly stealing
O'er mine ear, thy tones float finely;
Or, when through the broad sky pealing,
Rich they run in golden gushes;
One is like the tremble tender
Of a star, 'mid sunset-blushes;
And the other, like the splendor
Such a star might shed, asunder
In a radiant heart-burst riven, —
An aerial fount of wonder,
Scattering light o'er earth and heaven.

When about thee other voices
Their harmonious charms are throwing,
How my listening heart rejoices
In thy full or faintest flowing!
Ever soul-full, ever single,
Like the spirit of the chorus,
Thou dost float apart, to mingle
Only with the azure o'er us.
Whence those tones, O rose of voices!
Though so cloudless, yet as tender
As a morning that rejoices
In the Spring's returning splendor!

As a streamlet lovelier showeth,
When through lovely banks it passes,
So thy liquid sweetness oweth
Half its charm to what it glasses;
Life's true wealth in ample measure,
Love, and Charity, and Meekness,
All a gentle spirit's treasure,
Simple Wisdom, clad in weakness, —
Which a virgin warmth of passion,
Throbbing, swelling deeply under,
Trembles through in fervid fashion;
Thrilling me with pleasant wonder,
E'en as though, some evening stilly,
'Mid the greenwood's balmy hushes,
I should find a lonely lily,
Blushing with the rose's blushes.

Wild with eager life and gladness,
Airy, winged, restraint disdaining,
And, if touched at all with sadness,
But of over-joy complaining;
Clearer, fresher than the ringing
Of untainted crystal fountains,
Filtered fine through flint, and flinging
Light and laughter down the mountains;
Can I hear that voice, awaking
Joy in all things that surround it, —
Propheying rapture, making
Eloquent the air around it;
So enchanting, so endearing,
Half disarming grief of grieving, —
Can I hear, nor lose, while hearing,
In all ill, my faint believing?

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

Popular Music of the Olden Time.*

(From the Quarterly Review.)

To persons who judge social phenomena by standards taken within the limits of their own actual experience, the taste for music that is so conspicuous in modern England seems a remarkable novelty, not altogether compatible with the national character. Scarcely thirty years have elapsed since the normal John Bull was supposed to entertain a manly abhorrence against the singing that delighted more frivolous foreigners, and the present generation has not yet forgotten the animadversions of the Chesterfields and Stevenses, who encouraged, in fashionable and literary circles, the want of sympathy with sweet sounds, already to be found in the multitude. But now music is the rage everywhere, — if, indeed, the word "rage" can be applied to a steady predilection, which extends over all classes of the British public, and gives no signs of evanescence. Two opera-houses, and sometimes three, compete with each other for the patronage of those persons who love the dramatic form of the art; nor does the employment of the Italian language diminish the enjoyment of a large mass who would consider themselves very respectable scholars if they possessed a grammatical knowledge of their own tongue. The epicure, who seeks those delicacies less appreciated by the *profanum vulgus*, finds a series of *soirées* and *matinées* sufficient to occupy his mind with instrumental music of the most *recherché* kind for at least three months in every year. The lover of sacred music is content to pass three summer hours in a large uncomfortable room, as one of a dense crowd that listens to an Oratorio by Handel or by Mendelssohn. The humblest connoisseur who frequents music-halls, where smoking and drinking season the pleasure afforded by song, would not be content unless some specimen of a higher class of composition varied the ordinary Irish air and Nigger melody. Nor are people content to be hearers only; they want to play themselves and to sing themselves, after another fashion than that of their fathers, who loved what was called a "good song" with a lusty chorus, after the now obsolete supper. The fashionable young gentlemen, who lounge and sip about drawing-rooms in the London season, are commonly proficient in more than one musical instrument, and often make a respectable figure in part-singing. The masses that constantly flock to receive instruction in the classes of Mr. John Hullah, prove how deeply a desire to become accomplished in music has penetrated the less opulent portion of the community. Music is at present the art that, *par excellence*, is loved and respected by all conditions of Englishmen; and though, of course, the love is in some cases affected, such affectation is only analogous to the proverbial homage paid by vice to virtue in the shape of hypocrisy.

All this looks very odd to people who fancy that the English character is to be tested by the evidence of the last seventy years; but the antiquary, who carries his glance further back, is perfectly aware that the phenomenon, far from being a modern innovation, is the revival of a musical taste that existed in this country for centuries without interruption, and that the anti-musical tendencies which were so highly developed in the last century simply denoted an exceptional state of the British mind. As well might the Frenchman, born during the prevalence of the Revolutionary Calendar, regard the substitution of "1805" for "XIV.," and the transformation of the 10th Nivose into the 31st of December, as

* A Collection of Ancient Songs, Ballads, and Dance Tunes, illustrative of the National Music of England. By W. CHAPPELL, F. S. A.

the introduction of an unheard-of novelty, as the Briton express astonishment at the passion for music manifested in his native island about the middle of the nineteenth century.

The very valuable and copious addition which Mr. W. Chappell has made to the history of popular music — and, we may add, of popular lyrical poetry — in England, expands into a bulky chronicle of facts the simple proposition that this is naturally the most musical of lands. We cannot go back far enough to ascertain when the English love of music began; we must come down to a very modern period before we find it in a lukewarm state.

As for the Welsh, they have notoriously gone harping on from time immemorial, and they have their harp-contests still. So different were the notions of the ancient Cambrian legislators from those of Lord Chesterfield, who allowed his son to pay for fiddlers, provided he did not fiddle himself, that, by the *Leges Wallicæ*, the possession of a harp and ability to play on it belonged to the essential attributes of a gentleman. He who was not a gentleman could not own a harp, as he would thus have been unduly exalted; he who was a gentleman could not be deprived of the instrument on account of debt, as he would thus have been unduly degraded.

Among the Anglo-Saxons, the connexion between the harp and the pedigree was equally close. The poet Cædmon, being of lowly origin, was unable to play the noble instrument. On one occasion, when in high company, he was expected to take his turn and accompany his song with tuneful strings; he left the feast, and going out, went home. So says the Venerable Bede: "Surgebat e mediâ cenâ, et egressus ad suam domum repedabat." But this cold narrative of the fact did not satisfy King Alfred, who, in his Saxon paraphrase of "Bede," states the poet's feelings as well as his retreat. "Arras he for sceome" (he rose for shame), said the royal translator, himself a perfect musician for his age.

But we have no need of more anecdotes to show the proficiency of the Anglo-Saxons, as Mr. Chappell's well-attested account of Aldhelm, Abbot of Malmesbury, who died in 709, will amply prove:

"The first specimen of musical notation given by the learned Abbot Gerbert, in his *De Cantu et Musica Sacra*, a *prima ecclesiæ ætate* (i. 202), is to a poem by St. Aldhelm, in Latin hexameters, in praise of virginity. This was written for the use of Anglo-Saxon nuns. The manuscript from which it is taken is, or was, in the monastery of St. Blaise, in the Black Forest, and Gerbert dates it as of the ninth or tenth century. It contains various poems of St. Aldhelm, all of which are with music, and the *Paschale Carmen* of Sedulius, one of the early Irish Christians, which is without music. Many very early English and Irish manuscripts were, without doubt, taken to Germany by the English and Irish priests, who assisted in converting the Germans to Christianity. St. Boniface, "the apostle of Germany," and first Archbishop of Mentz (Mayence), who was killed in the discharge of his duties in the year 755, was an Anglo-Saxon whose name had been changed from Winfred to Boniface by Pope Gregory II. "Boniface seems always to have had a strong prejudice in favor of the purity of the doctrines of the church of his native country, as they had been handed down by St. Augustine: in points of controversy he sought the opinions of the Anglo-Saxon bishops, even in opposition to those inculcated by the Pope; and he sent for multitudes of Anglo-Saxons, of both sexes, to assist him in his labors." (*Biog. Brit. Lit.*, i. 315). He placed English nuns over his monastic foundations, and selected his bishops and his abbots from among his countrymen. His successor in the Archbishopric was also an Englishman. To revert to St. Aldhelm — Faricius (a foreign monk of Malmesbury), who wrote his life about the year 1100, tells us that he exercised himself daily in playing upon the

various musical instruments then in use, whether with strings, pipes, or any other variety by which melody can be produced. The words are, "Musica autem artis omnia instrumenta que fidibus vel fistulis aut aliis varietatibus melodiæ fieri possunt, et memoria tenuit et in cotidiano usui habuit." (*Faricius*, Col. 140, vo.) The anecdote of Aldhelm's stationing himself on the bridge in the character of a gleeman or minstrel, to arrest the attention of his countrymen who were in the habit of hurrying home from church when the singing was over, instead of waiting for the exhortation or sermon, and of his singing poetry of a popular character to them in order to induce them gradually to listen to more serious subjects, was derived by William of Malmesbury from an entry made by King Alfred in his manual or note-book. Aldhelm died in 705, and King Alfred in 901; yet William of Malmesbury, who flourished about 1140, tells us that one of the "trivial songs" to which Alfred alludes as written by Aldhelm for one of these occasions, was still sung by the common people. The literary education of youth, even of the upper classes, in Anglo-Saxon times, was limited to the being taught to commit the songs and literature of their country to memory. Every one of gentle blood was instructed in 'harp and song,' but it was only thought necessary for those who were to be priests or minstrels to be taught to read and write."

Nor were the Danes a whit behind the Saxons. About sixty years after Alfred's well known visit to the Danish camp, Anlaf, king of the Danes, retaliated the stratagem on King Athelstan, and, though he was discovered in spite of his disguise, this was not on account of any musical shortcomings, but through the very unprofessional circumstance that he buried the money which had been given him as a reward. The Norman, Taillefer, who marched in front of the army at the battle of Hastings, gained for himself a broad renown; but the fact is not to be overlooked, that on the evidence of Fordun, the English spent the night before the battle in singing and drinking.

Under the kings who immediately followed the Norman Conquest minstrelsy flourished much—so much, indeed, that the more rigid monks began to be jealous of the honors lavished upon the professors of the seemingly frivolous science. Henry II. and still more notoriously Richard I. were patrons of the kindred arts, poetry and music, and in the reign of John one party of minstrels did such good service, that their posterity retained an honorable name long after minstrelsy in general, fallen from its high estate, had degenerated into a calling for the lowest vagabonds. Ranulph Earl of Chester, being besieged in his castle of Rothlan, in the year 1212, sent for help to De Lacy, constable of Chester, who making use of the minstrels assembled at Chester fair, brought together a vast number of persons, who under the conduct of a gallant youth, named Dutton, so completely terrified the Welsh besiegers, that the siege was speedily raised. As far down as the reign of Elizabeth, this Timotheus-like use of music was held in such honorable remembrance, that when minstrelsy was treated by legislators as a vulgar nuisance, only fit to be put down, an exception was made in favor of the Dutton family.

Although the very doubtful tradition that Edward I. extirpated the Welsh bards, and drew down upon his head the imprecations of the wordy old gentleman immortalized by Gray, places him in no favorable relation to the harper's profession, one of the most satisfactory records on the subject of old English minstrelsy refers to an event that occurred during his reign. This is a roll (printed for the Roxburghe club), containing the names of those who attended the *Cour plénière* held by the king at Westminster, and at the New Temple in the Whitsuntide of 1306. The six chiefs of the minstrels who figured on this occasion were all, like the magnates of the Herald's College, "kings," though by no means equal to each other in rank, for whereas four of them received an amount equal to about 50*l*. of the present day, the sixth, "Le Roy Druet," was obliged to be content with a pittance of 2*l*. As the importance of minstrels increased, not only did these gifted persons abuse their high privileges, but impostors started up, hoping to share the bounty bestowed upon authorized talent. Both the realities and the "shams" were restrained

by a royal decree of 1315, by which it was ordered that none should resort to the houses of prelates, earls, and barons, unless he were a minstrel, and that even of the suitable professors there should not come above three or four minstrels at the most in one day, "unless he be desired of the master of the house." The three or four, we may presume, had a right to play and to feast, whether invited or not, and this privilege seems to have descended, with modifications, to the organ-boys and artists on the hurdy-gurdy, who cause so much indignant letter-writing on the part of newspaper correspondents.

The glory of the minstrel presupposed a predilection for one kind of poetry and music among gentle and simple; consequently as poetry became learned and music became recondite, the ancient craftsman fell into rapid disrepute. Richard Sheale, one of the last of the race, who died in 1574, could not make people believe that he had been robbed of sixty pounds, on Dunsmore-beath. The "chant" in which he describes this calamity, and which may almost be called the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," shows how far less profitable was poetry than retail commerce.

The numbers of poor Sheale are not very melodious, but he bears an honorable name, as the reputed preserver of "Chevy Chace."

At the time when the minstrels, who had delighted crowned heads and courts, were degraded into "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," the proficiency of the English in music was a theme of universal commendation. *Britanni, præter alia, formam, musicam et lautas mensas proprie sibi vindicant*, says Erasmus, in his "Encomium Morie." Singing at sight was a common accomplishment among the courtiers of Henry VIII., who was himself a musical composer. He even patronized ballads and songs of the popular kind in the early part of his reign, though when they were used as weapons against the Reformation, he did all he could to suppress them. It is to an Act of 1533 against "such books, ballads, rhymes, and songs, as be pestiferous and noisome," that Mr. Chappell partly attributes the fact, that printed ballads of an early date are not now to be found.

When Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne, the musical taste of our ancestors reached its culminating point, nor was it in any way diminished during the whole of her long reign. At the beginning of the present century, when the connoisseurs of music had to make out for themselves a case against the disciples of the prosaic wits who guided the preceding generation, they were wont to heap up innumerable citations from Shakespeare, to show that there was a high authority on their side; but in point of fact Shakespeare uttered no more than the general sentiment of his age, and the grave corporation of London was advertising the musical abilities of boys educated in Bridewell and Christ's Hospital, by way of recommending them as servants and apprentices, while the Bard of Avon was expressing his abhorrence of all those who were not "mov'd with concord of sweet sounds." "Never trust a tailor that does not sing at his work, for his mind is of nothing but filching," says an old fellow in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, and Tusser, in his "Points of Huswifery," published in 1570, says for the benefit of country matrons—

"Such servants are oftentimes painful (i. e., painstaking), and good,
That sing in their labor, as birds in the wood."

But the moral obligation of learning music is most clearly set forth by Byrd, in his collection of Psalms and Sonnets, dated 1588:—

- 1st. "It is a knowledge easily taught, and quickly learned, where there is a good master and an apt scholar."
- 2nd. "The exercise of singing is delightful to nature, and good to preserve the health of man."
- 3rd. "It doth strengthen all parts of the breast, and doth open the pipes."
- 4th. "It is a singular good remedy for a stutting and stammering in the speech."
- 5th. "It is the best means to procure a perfect pronunciation, and to make a good orator."
- 6th. "It is the only way to know where nature hath bestowed a good voice; . . . and in many that

excellent gift is lost, because they want art to express nature."

7th. "There is not any music of instruments whatsoever comparable to that which is made of the voices of men; where the voices are good, and the same well sorted and ordered."

8th. "The better the voice is, the meetter it is to honor and serve God therewith; and the voice of man is chiefly to be employed to that end."

"Since singing is so good a thing,
I wish all men would learn to sing."

The extent to which the very air of London was impregnated with melody and harmony in the Elizabethan epoch is thus vivaciously described by Mr. Chappell:—

"Tinkers sang catches, milkmaids sang ballads, carters whistled; each trade, and even the beggars, had their special songs; the bass viol hung in the drawing-room for the amusement of waiting visitors; and the lute, cittern [a species of guitar strung with wire], and virginals, for the amusement of waiting customers, were the necessary furniture of the barber's shop."

The barber, however, must not be dropped at once. He was as important in London, during the reign of Elizabeth, as he was at Bagdad under the "Commander of the Faithful," and we therefore extract Mr. Chappell's account of his connexion with popular music:—

"One branch of the barber's occupation in former days was to draw teeth, to bind up wounds, and to let blood. The parti-colored pole, which was exhibited at the doorway, painted after the fashion of a bandage, was his sign, and the teeth he had drawn were suspended at the windows, tied upon lute-strings. The lute, the cittern, and the gittern hung from the walls, and the virginals stood in the corner of his shop. "If idle," says the author of "The Trimming of Thomas Nashe," "barbers pass their time in life-delighting musique" (1597). The barber in Lyly's "Midas" (1592) says to his apprentice, "Thou knowest I have taught thee the knocking of the hands, like the tuning of a cittern," and Truewit, in Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman," wishes the barber "may draw his own teeth, and add them to the lute-string." In the same play, Morose, who had married the barber's daughter, thinking her faithless, exclaims, "That cursed barber! I have married his cittern, that is common to all men." One of the commentators not understanding this, altered it to "I have married his cistern," &c. Dekker also speaks of "a barber's cittern for every serving man to play upon." One of the "Merrie-conceited jests of George Peel" is the stealing of a barber's lute, and in Lord Falkland's "Wedding Night," we read, "he has travelled and speaks languages, as a barber's boy plays o' th' gittern." Ben Jonson says, "I can compare him to nothing more happily than a barber's virginals; for every man may play upon him," and in "The Staple of News," "My barber Tom, one Christmas, got into a Masque at court, by his wit and the good means of his cittern, holding up thus for one of the music." To the latter passage Gifford adds another in a note. "For you know, says Tom Brown, that a cittern is as natural to a barber, as milk to a calf, or dancing bears to a bagpiper."

The music that occupied these various amateurs was naturally of a popular kind; for, in the scholastic compositions of the age, harmony alone was considered, and that of a recondite kind that did not appeal to the uncultivated—we may almost say—the unsophisticated ear.

(To be continued.)

Handel and Haydn Society.

FROM THE SECRETARY'S REPORT, MAY, 1860.

Though we have derived no pecuniary advantage from our public performances, it is believed that the Society has rarely, if ever, passed through a season with more credit to itself than the one just closed; for, though we have appeared before the public but three times, we feel that the commendations, so generously extended to us by the public press, are deserved. The first performance of *Samson*, on the evening of Nov. 27th, may be instanced as one of the best ever given by our Society. The chorus was more evenly balanced than usual, and prompt to a degree unsurpassed by any previous efforts of the Society. Madame Anna Bishop, one of England's most gifted vocalists, was engaged in its performance, and yet the receipts were not equal to the expenditures.

In answer to this, it is said by some whose opinions, it would seem, ought at least to be entitled to

respect, that the public demand novelties, and that if the Handel and Haydn Society expects to be supported, it must produce something novel; something out of the beaten track; something that is good; something that will excite laughter and loud applause; and if it be on Sunday night, so much the better; for, in their opinion, that night of all the seven is the one which should be chosen for amusements of the description named.

We do not understand what is meant by *novelties*, as referring to performances of a Sacred Music Society—though in the opinion of some there is no such division as sacred and secular in music—but if it has reference to the performances of selections from the Operas, interspersed with comic or vulgar songs, we prefer to leave that to an Opera troupe, and allow them to reap the reward of such exhibitions.

But is Sacred Music, then, to be rudely thrown aside as a thing that was, but is not, and our Handel and Haydn Society to be offered the alternative of engaging in Operatic performances, or Negro minstrelsy, to perpetuate its existence? Are the great organ compositions of John Sebastian Bach, and Rink; the Te Deums and Anthems of Dr. Croft, of Tallis, of Purcell, of Boyce, of Crotch, of Blow, of Chard, of Beckwith—but the list is too long to enumerate—whose soul-stirring strains have reverberated through the vaulted domes of the cathedrals of Old England for centuries; are the Oratorios of Handel, of Haydn, and of Mendelssohn, all, all, to pass for nothing in these latter days of *progress*? and must we fall down and worship Italian Opera in order to be considered fashionably musical, and see no good in anything else?

We believe that the glorious promises of our Saviour, as embodied in the immortal *Messiah* of Handel, are worthy of our consideration and regard, at least; that the story of the prophet Elijah, as presented to us in the impressive melodies and closely woven harmonies of Mendelssohn, is one that will be listened to with reverence and with love, so long as a Christian people shall continue to acknowledge the Bible, from which the text of this Oratorio is taken, as the revealed word of God, or the ears of the multitude shall remain true to all that is lovely and inspiring in the heavenly art of music. Away with such shallow arguments for novelties; they are the inventions of the shallow-brained, and we will not heed them. Let us remain true to ourselves and to the great objects of our organization, and we have nothing to fear, though a cloud may for a time obscure our pathway.

Sacred Music—without going into any quibbles of argument to prove precisely where the line of demarcation between it and the secular begins, and where it ends—is, according to the general acceptance of the term, that which is written for, and used in, the Christian churches of the world; or those other great works, known by the name of Oratorios.

This Society was originally intended, and so named in the act of incorporation, as a Sacred Music Society, and the hope may be expressed that we may never depart from that intention and pledge to the public. But there is nothing that I am aware of, to deter us from an occasional meeting for practice of that which is termed secular, whenever it shall seem advisable to do so. Secular does not necessarily imply the frivolous and worthless. It may include much that is elevating in sentiment that would be found valuable to us in many particulars, and it may be well to consider the propriety and expediency of sometimes resorting to it.

Gentlemen of the Handel and Haydn Society;—this beautiful hall, so admirably adapted to the purposes for which it was intended, and so elegant in design and finish, has, with that liberality which has always characterized the name of CHICKERING, been placed at our disposal by the worthy successors of that old and true friend to our Society, who has long since passed on to that bourne from whence no traveller returns, but whose kindness of heart, and liberality so generously extended to every worthy cause, has been handed down to those bearing his name and filling the place made vacant by his decease.

This beautiful hall is given to us without money and without price, where we may sojourn for an indefinite period, free from all the annoyances necessarily attending the occupation of a public hall, where all classes and all associations who may, for the time, be in possession, have equal rights and privileges with ourselves.

By this arrangement our annual expenses will be materially lessened; and a still further reduction is desirable, if it can be effected without detriment to our efficiency.

Our Society is the oldest, and by far the most efficient of any similar organizations; and it should be our pride and ambition to so conduct its affairs, that it may maintain the enviable position it now occupies

among the Sacred Music Societies of the country. But this can only be done by the most thorough discipline and the constant attendance of each and every member upon all meetings of the Society, whether for purposes of rehearsal or for business.

When this Society was first organized, and for a long period of years thereafter, it was the only channel through which the great works of the greatest composers that have ever lived could be conveyed to the ears of the public; and the consequence was that it met with very considerable success, pecuniarily, in its public performances, and enjoyed a degree of popularity unexampled in the history of any similar association, here or elsewhere.

Its concerts were thronged with the *élite* of the city, and there it was that the great sacred compositions referred to above, were heard for the first time by a large majority of those who frequented them.

To this fact may be attributed, in no small degree, the high state of musical culture and appreciation which has always characterized our community.

The public now, in its more advanced state of musical experience, demands a more perfect interpretation of those great sacred compositions than it formerly did, before music was so generally taught as it is at the present time; and if we would not be left behind in this age of progress, we must use every exertion to keep pace with the requirements of the times, and not be content to repose on our laurels, or be ambitious to appear before the public in any other capacity than as a Sacred Music Society whose sole energies are devoted to the most perfect rendition of such compositions as have been named above. Let us not be lured away from our proper course by any clamoring for novelties, but rather leave those things for others, and let us hope that whenever we do appear before the public, we shall have that support and encouragement we so much need, and which we should strive to deserve.

It may not be inappropriate in this connection, for the benefit of those interested, to state, that the expenses attending the performance of a full Oratorio, with orchestra, are very large, say, ordinarily, Five Hundred Dollars; and this without any assistance other than that which we have at hand. We furnish to the public the best available vocal talent, a complete orchestra, and the largest and most effective body of choristers in this country, with a highly accomplished and experienced conductor, and ask the people to fill our hall to hear this body of musicians in the "*Messiah*" or the "*Elijah*," at an admission fee of only one half a dollar,—and we too often find that we have labored in vain, and not only given our time, but our money, for the gratification of having done a good thing well. I know this sounds like complaining, but it is nevertheless true; and yet, we need not despair. The Oratorio in England is, perhaps, the most popular species of amusement, if amusement it may be called, though to the thoughtful it is a sermon; and "the most impressive one I ever listened to," said an eminent writer and scholar, at the close of a performance of Handel's *Messiah* which he had sat through, drinking in the soul-stirring strains of that immortal composition.

Is it too much to hope for, that the Oratorio will become popular in this country,—that, in this city, where there is so just an appreciation of everything that is high in art, such musical feasts as the Handel and Haydn Society can alone furnish, will be liberally sustained? We think it is not; and we also believe, that at no distant period, no matter what else may be popular among us, the Handel and Haydn Society will be the acknowledged head of everything that is good in that department of art, if we but remain true to ourselves.

The Italian Opera is popular, and always will be so under proper management, but that need not affect us. Ours is a distinct and special province. We need not be so blinded by prejudice as to see good only in the light and graceful flow of Italian Opera, neither should we eschew everything that is not Handelian. Can we not admire a beautiful summer landscape, with its waving fields of corn, and listen to the low murmurs of the bubbling brook, as it glides along to the great ocean, and the next moment be awed into wonder and astonishment at viewing some majestic pile of mountain scenery frowning down upon us in all the native grandeur of its immense proportions?

We trust the days of such follies are rapidly passing away, and that a more rational view of matters and things musical will take the place of the narrow-minded views now expressed by some.

FROM THE LIBRARIAN'S REPORT.

I have a complete catalogue of the music now owned by the Society.

Of the works complete in score, vocal and instrumental parts, the following is a list, which I offer, thinking it may be of interest to those members of

the Society unfamiliar with the contents of the Library:

Creation, (The).....	Haydn.
David,.....	Neukomm.
Eli,.....	Costa.
Elijah,.....	Mendelssohn.
Engedi,.....	Beethoven.
Hymn of Praise,.....	Mendelssohn.
Hymn of the Night,.....	Neukomm.
Israel in Egypt,.....	Handel.
Jephtha,.....	"
Judas Maccabaeus,.....	"
Martyrs, (The).....	Donizetti.
Messe Solenne,.....	Beethoven.
Messiah, (The).....	Handel.
Moses in Egypt,.....	Rossini.
Mount Sinai,.....	Neukomm.
"Requiem" Mass,.....	Mozart.
Saint Paul,.....	Mendelssohn.
Samson,.....	Handel.
Seven Sleepers,.....	Löwe.
Solomon,.....	Handel.
Stabat Mater,.....	Rossini.
Transient and Eternal, (The)....	Romberg.

We have forty-two scores of different Oratorios or other works, many of which are duplicated, making the number of volumes of scores, eighty. In addition to the above, we have a large collection of Miscellaneous music, consisting of detached Choruses, Anthems, Hymns, &c.

I have the pleasure to announce that since the last annual meeting of the Society, two valuable additions have been made to our Library. These are the full vocal and instrumental parts of Mendelssohn's "*St. Paul*," and Handel's "*Jephtha*," together with two scores of each oratorio.

These truly valuable works were presented to the Society by Mr. Theron J. Dale, whose generosity was acknowledged by a vote of thanks from the Government. The members of the Society proved their appreciation of Mr. Dale's gift by the interest they manifested in the rehearsals of *St. Paul*.

The Diarist Abroad.

NOTES.

VIENNA, MAY 12.—Ah, here comes the "*Journal of Music*," of April 28th. Welcome, old friend! (So the leaves are cleanly cut, and the man with the "terrible memory," now reclines on the lounge with his back to the window, and opens to the first article. As he reads he smiles; then he begins to look cross; at length, like Mercutio's soldier, "he swears a prayer or two" and reads on; then he gets so disgusted he can hardly continue; at last, the matter becomes so ridiculous that he only laughs; at the end he begins to soliloquize.)

Well! here is the climax of absurdity! and Frau Elise Polko of the little city—but big fortress—of Minden in Westphalia, has put her cap top of it. The first edition of her musical chaff was enough for me eight years since, so I was not aware that she had carried her exhibitions of ignorance quite so far as this proves. A note must be made upon it; however, as I see there is an editorial warning, the note shall not be one of mere "historical flaws and anachronisms," such for instance as,—

1. That "during the uncommonly fine month of June, 1822," Beethoven did not live in Vienna, and therefore could hardly have walked daily on the Wasser glacis.

2. That the entire description of the man's personal appearance and bearing, save that his hair was thick and already pretty gray, is utterly false to the recollections of the many with whom I have talked, who *knew him personally*.

3. That, all this about the "wonderful dreamer" and "venerated apparition" is drawn from a sadly weak imagination.

4. That, at the time when according to Polko, Minna [Schroeder] in the midst of thunder and "the roaring of the storm," in June, 1822, could talk with Beethoven in a "mild, firm voice," the brother, the nephew, Schindler, Peters, Breuning, all his friends, whose strong manly voices had been familiar to his ear for many years, were obliged to communicate with him, even in the quiet of his own chamber, in writing.

5. That just at this time the Viennese did not feel a special interest in the composer on account of the finishing of his new opera,—and so on. No, upon only one point will I make the

NOTE.

"Wilhelmina Schroeder made 'Fidelio' famous all over the world," says E. Polko. Beethoven had finished it a few months before June, 1822, and kept it back from the stage because he could find no adequate "Leonore!" says E. Polko. And Miss Raymond translates, and Dwight prints divers columns of stuff, founded on these two texts, by the said E. Polko. Very well. Fact one. Beethoven wrote the part of "Leonore" expressly for a certain songstress—viz., Anna Milder. Fact two. She sang it in Vienna three times in 1805. She sang again three times in 1806. Fact four. That an edition of the music without the overture and finales was printed in 1810, and a second complete soon followed. Fact five. That in 1814, the text was by Treitschke newly written, and the music revised by Beethoven, and it was again put upon the stage in Vienna with Milder. Facts six, seven, &c., that it was sung in Vienna in

1814.....	22 times.
1815.....	10 "
1816.....	10 "
1817.....	9 "
1818.....	5 "
1819.....	3 "

The opera in its old form had been carried to Wiesbaden before 1815, by the operatic company of Joseph Seconda, which had given it also certainly four times in Leipzig. In its new form it established itself in Berlin in 1815; in Leipzig the same year; about that time C. M. von Weber gave it for his own benefit in Prag; it appeared in Königsberg in 1820; in Munich in 1821. Here we see how little known "Fidelio" was; how it was kept back by the composer; how true it is that he threatened to burn the score if any one "asked him another question about it," and that "his anger was so imposing, his eyes blazed so resolutely"—pfui, Teufel! and how true that the world is indebted to Minna Schroeder, and the rest of this gospel of E. Polko. Still, asks Obadiah, was it not the Schroeder that made it popular? As to that, this:—Revived with Milder, May 23d, 1814, and given in the space of nineteen months, thirty-two times. Revived with the Schroeder Nov. 3, 1822, and given, five times that year—three times the next—in fourteen months, that is eight times. And so endeth the note to this "sweet, pretty story" of Frau Elise Polko, of Munden, in Westphalia, to whom, with this charge of grape shot (a cannon against a tomtit) I bid a tender, affectionate, and eternal farewell.

In the preface to the "Freyschütz" now publishing in "Dwight's Journal" I read that the first scenes are not given in America. They are not given anywhere. Kind, the author of the book, urged Weber by every consideration, that he could bring forward, not to omit them, but was unable to overcome his stubbornness. The consequence is, that the catastrophe is blind to all beholders, and of all whom I have asked, and they are many, to explain by what agency the result is supposed to be produced, in other words the "story" of the last scene, I have never found one that could give an intelligible answer, unless he had read the play as published by Kind. How many, who have only seen the play on the stage, know that a bunch of consecrated roses have any connection with the salvation of the heroine and the destruction of the villain of the play?

In the article on Marx a gentleman has called my attention to an error, which, though it does not weaken the force of the argument in fact, had better be corrected. It is just one of those annoying lapses

of which one is so easily the victim if he writes—trusting to memory, far away from his books of reference.

The mistake is in saying that the "Creation" of Haydn, and the "Prometheus" of Beethoven, were both given within a few weeks of each other for the first time. Any sketch of Haydn's life almost will tell us that it was first publicly performed in the theatre, March 19, 1799, that it was given December 22d and 23d of that year for the Musicians' Fund, &c.

The point of the argument however is, that the "Prometheus," with a somewhat analogous subject was produced, while Haydn's "Creation" was the fresh topic of admiration in all musical circles. And this, was so.

A. W. T.

Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 78.)

No. 92.

Leopold Mozart to his wife.

Milan, December 22, 1770.

On the 19th occurred the first rehearsal on the stage.

The preceding one on the 17th was gone through in the assembly room of the Ridotta. Heaven be thanked, all went off well. Yesterday there was a rehearsal of the recitatives. To-day there will be a second rehearsal on the stage, and on Monday a full rehearsal.

As regards the 26th, the day fixed for the first performance, what consoles me is that I can see the actors (recitanti), and the orchestra as well, are pleased; and I have still, God be thanked, my ears left me. During the rehearsal I posted myself quite at the back, under the principal entrance, that I might hear the effect quite at a distance. Perhaps my ears were too partial. Meanwhile we see all our kind friends rejoiced and satisfied, and all congratulating my son. The ill-disposed are positively dumb. The best esteemed maestri of the city, Fioroni* and Sammartini†, are our true friends, as also are Lampagnani‡, Piazza Colombo.§ On this account envy, incredulity, and prejudice against the productions of our child will have no injurious effect. At least, I hope it will not have the sad fate of Jomelli's, whose second opera at Naples fell completely flat (*a terra*), so much so that it is to be withdrawn for another. Yet he is a renowned maestro, about whom the Italians make a terrible noise.¶ On the other hand it was a folly on his part, perhaps, to compose two operas in the same year for the same theatre, especially when he saw the first had no great success. Since the 16th we have been every evening, after the *Ave Maria*, at the opera until eleven o'clock, Friday excepted.

No. 93.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, December 29, 1770.

God be praised! The first performance of the opera took place on the 26th, with complete and universal success, and with circumstances which have never before occurred at Milan; to wit, an air sung by the prima donna was, contrary to all usage on the *prima sera*, repeated a second time, whereas at a first performance they never cry *fuorà*; and in the second place all the airs, except a few *delle vecchine parti*, were greeted with extraordinary applause, succeeded by cries of *Evviva il maestro! Evviva il maestrino!*

On the 27th the two airs of the prima donna were repeated, and it being Thursday, and consequently advancing towards Friday, it was necessary to finish quickly, otherwise the duo would have been repeated also, for they were already beginning to make a noise. But the majority of the public wanted to return home, in order to have something to eat again, and the opera, with its three ballets, had lasted six good hours. To-day we give the third *recita*.

As Hasse is called *il Sassone*, and Galappi *Busanello*, our child is called *il cavaliere filarmonico*.

*Born in Pavia, 1704; died 1799. Chapel master of Milan Cathedral, in the archives of which this learned composer's works are preserved.

†Born in Milan. Chapel master to the convent of Santa Maria Magdalena. He composed 2200 works, and has been designated the father of Haydn's style.

‡Born at Milan in 1706; died 1772. Wrote for the church and the stage.

§Born at Segni. Attached to the Pope's chapel at Rome in 1775. A good composer of church music.

¶Born in 1714 in the kingdom of Naples; died in 1774. More than forty operas of his are extant, and an infinite number of motets.

No. 94.

The Same to Father Martini, at Bologna.

Milan, January 3, 1771.

At the same time, Very Reverend Father, that I write to wish you a happy new year, I have to inform you that my son's opera has met with a very good reception, in spite of the cabals of our enemies and those who envied us. Before they had seen one note of the work, they spread it about that it was impossible such barbarous music, without method and without depth, could be executed by the orchestra; and to such effect had they bestirred themselves, that they had persuaded half Milan that instead of an opera they were about to hear merely a poor compilation. They had even taken to the principal cantatrice several airs and a duo, composed by the Abbé Gasparini of Turin, and wished to persuade her to introduce them into the opera, and to accept nothing from so young a man as my son, and one so incapable of writing a good aria. But the prima donna declared herself satisfied, and more than satisfied. Notwithstanding this, the calumniators of my son ceased not to cherish the most injurious prejudices against his work. The first rehearsal with instruments, however, so completely closed the mouths of these pitiless babblers, that not a word was heard more. All the professors declared to the orchestra that the music was clear, intelligible, and easily played, as the singers had previously pronounced. The first opera of the season at Milan has generally the ill luck not to attract many people; they always wait for the second before they come to the theatre. Up till now, however, and for the last six representations, the theatre has been always full; each night two pieces have been redemanded, and all the others vigorously applauded.

We hope, dearest Father, to receive favorable news concerning your health. I do not yet despair of receiving the *Miserere* which you promised, as well as the music for sixteen parts. M. Joseph Prinsechi will not fail to settle what is required for the copy, and I shall take care, as soon as I am returned home, that is to say, about Easter, to send you whatever may prove agreeable. My son kisses your hands, and I am with respect and esteem,

Your devoted servant, LEOPOLD MOZART.

(To be Continued.)

(From the Cleveland Plaindealer.)

Artemus Ward hears Patti.

The Sage of Baldwinsville favors us with the following critical notice of Patti's concert last evening:—

"The moosic which I am most use to is the inspirin stranes of the hand organ. I hire a artistic Italy unto grind fur me, paying him his vittles and close, and spose it was those stranes which fust put a moosical taste into me. Like all furriners he has seen better dase, havin formerly bin a Kount. But he aint of much akount now, except to turn the organ and drink Beer, of which bevridge he can hold a churnfull easy.

Miss Patty is small fur her size, but as the man sed about his wife, O Lord! She is well bilt and her complexshan is what mite be called a Broonetty. Her iz is dark bay, the lashis being long and silky. When she smiles the awjince feels like axing her to doo it sum moor, & to continner doing it 2 a indefnit ixent. Her waste is 1 of the most bootiful waistis ever seen. When Mister Strackhorse led her out I thawt sum pretty skool gal, who had ject graduatid frum pantalets and wire hoops, was a coming out to read her fust compersishum in public. She cum so bashful like, with her hed bowd down, & made sich a effort to arrange her lips so thayd look pretty, that I wanted to swaller her. She remindid me of Susan Skinner, who'd never kiss the boys at parin bees till the candles was blow'd out. Miss Patty sung suthin or rather in a furrin tung. I dont know what the sentiments was. Fur awt I know she may have bin denouncin my wax figgers & sagashus wild beasts of Pray, & I dont much keer ef she did. When she opened her mowth a army of martingales, bobolinks, kanarys, mockin birds, etsettery, bust 4th & flew all over the Haul.

Go it, little I, sez I to myself, in a hily exsited frame of mind, & ef the kount or royal duke which you'll be pretty apt to marry 1 of these dase don't do the fair thing by ye, yu kin always hav a home on A. Ward's farm, near Baldinsville, Injanny. When she sung Cummin threw the Rye, & spoke of that Swayne she deerly luvd herself individooally, I didn't wish I was that Swayne. No I guess not. O certainly not. [This is Ironical. I don't mean this. It's a way I have of goakin.] Now that Maria Pickehomy has got married [which I hope she likes it] & left the perfeshun, Adeliny Patti is the champoness of the opera ring. She karries the Belt.

Thar's no draw fite about it. Other primmy donny's may as well throw up the spunjie first as last. My eyes don't deceive my earsight in this manner.

But Miss Patty orter sing in the English tung. As she kin do so as well as she can in Italyun, why under the Son don't she do it? What cents is thar in singing wurd's nobody don't understan when words we do understan is jest as handy? Why peple will versifferusly applawd furrin langwidge is a mystery. It reminds me of a man I once knew. He sed he knokt the bottom out of his pork Barril, & the pork fell out, but the Brine dident moove a itch. It staid in the Barril. He sed this was a Mystery, but it wasn't misterior than is this thing ime speekin of.

As fur Brignoly, Ferri and Junky, they air dowl-less grate, but I think such able boddied men wood look better tillin the sile than dressin themselves up in black close & white kid gluv's & showtin in a furrin tung. Mister Junky is a noble lookin old man & orter lead armies on to Battle instid of showtin in a furrin tung.

Adoo. In the langwidge of Lewis Napoleon when receiving kumpany at his palls on the Bullyyards, "I saloot yu."

A. WARD.

June.

Skies of deepest azure,
Dance in mountain streams,
Glittering in the brightness
Of the noontide beams,
Scent of apple blossoms
Filling all the air,
Cowslips in the meadow,
Violets everywhere.
Floods of golden sunshine,
Trailing robes of green,
Gayer than the garments
Of the proudest queen;
Seas of crimson clover,
Choirs of singing birds,
And the blessed charm of
Happy children's words.
Soft melodious whisperings
In the tasseled trees,
Joy of tell-tale breezes,
Hum of honey bees;
Unrestrained resplendence,
Universal cheer,
Beauty all unbounded
Tell us June is here:
June, of bloom the fairest:
June, of song the rarest
Of the changeful year.

Musical Pitch.

(From the London Athenæum, June 2.)

The Committee appointed a year ago by the Society of Arts will make the following report to a meeting of the Society of Arts on Tuesday next.

The General Meeting of musicians, amateurs, and others interested in Music, called together by the Society of Arts to consider the present state of Musical Pitch in England, found, after a little inquiry, that their attention would have to be directed to three principal points:—1. Whether a uniform musical pitch was desirable. 2. Whether a uniform musical pitch was possible. 3. Supposing a uniform pitch to be desirable and possible, what that pitch should be.

1. With the first of these considerations the General Meeting was not long occupied, all testimony going to prove the frequent inconvenience to which musical performers, vocal and instrumental, musical instrument makers, musical directors, and even instructed hearers, were alike put by variations in the pitch, whether of individual instruments or of entire orchestras. The Meeting came early to a unanimous resolution that a uniform pitch was desirable.

2. The second question, "Whether a uniform pitch was possible?" was not found to admit of so ready an answer as the first. That a uniform pitch is never for any length of time maintained is well known to all practical musicians. The effects of temperature on musical instruments are so great and so rapid, that a difference in pitch of at least a quarter of a tone has often been remarked between the beginning and the end of the same concert; and instruments not required at the beginning of a performance are frequently tuned to a higher pitch, in order to meet this anticipated elevation. In theatres,

instruments to be used on the stage are systematically tuned sharper than those to be used in the orchestra, to compensate for the difference of temperature before and behind the scenes. Still, though the maintenance of a certain pitch may be difficult, or even impossible, the definition of it is not. A point of departure, if nothing more, would be in the highest degree convenient to musicians. No great practical inconvenience has ever been found to result from any change of pitch possible during a single performance. It is against the gradual elevation, consequent on the absence of any recognized standard, that musical practice requires a security. Physical science is, happily, enabled to afford this, and to bring to the aid of musical art more than one process by which such a standard may be adjusted. Musical pitch is not a matter of mere comparison. A sound is not merely acute or grave, in relation to another; its pitch is capable of exact measurement, and that measurement once recorded, it may be reproduced at any distance of time, without reference to any other sound whatever. In short, the number of vibrations per second due to a given sound can be ascertained with the same certainty as the number of square yards on a given estate, or the number of tons burthen of a given merchantman. Several methods of counting vibrations have been adopted by men of science at different periods, by one or other of which the pitch of certain notes (generally either C or A) in this or that musical establishment has been recorded; so that a body of evidence exists, in addition to, and independent of, that of tuning-forks, bells, and other instruments least susceptible of change, by which the variations of pitch, at different times and in many different places, may be ascertained with certainty. Under these circumstances the Meeting came to a resolution, that a uniform pitch was not only desirable but possible. It remained for them to consider "what that pitch should be."

3. On this question such very wide difference of opinion was expressed, and, indeed, such very conflicting evidence was adduced, that the Meeting, as a prelude to further operations, thought it advisable to devolve on a Committee the task of ascertaining the grounds of these opinions, and of investigating this evidence.

Several meetings of the Committee have been held, in the course of which much valuable information has been collected, and many valuable opinions have been weighed. The Committee are now in a condition to report.

Their inquiries and considerations have been brought to bear on the following points:—1. The pitch, or varieties of pitch, obtaining at foregoing periods of musical history. 2. The pitch, or varieties of pitch, obtaining in the most eminent and important English orchestras at this time. 3. Pitch, in its relations (1st) to voices, (2nd) to artificial instruments. 4. The difficulties likely to impede a change of the existing pitch, were any change thought desirable. 5. What pitch it is advisable to recommend for general adoption.

1. With regard to the pitch in the early days of modern music, the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, some uncertainty prevails; indeed, not only would it seem to have been liable to all those temporary and slight variations inevitable perhaps at any time, but the evidence of musical composition would suggest the simultaneous existence of more than one pitch, and that of these the "church pitch" was, contrary to more recent experience, the highest. Of the pitch, or rather of a pitch common in orchestras, in the first half of the last century, evidence is somewhat more reliable. Several tuning-forks, of the authenticity of which there is no reason to doubt, exist, and many musical instruments have been preserved which would go to prove that the opera pitch in England at the time of Handel (1720–59), was about a tone lower than that at present in vogue. No scientific record of this fact has come before the Committee, but the presumptive evidence in its favor is strong. On the state of the pitch during the first half of the present century, a body of evidence exists which is absolutely irrefragable. Whether during the second half of the last century the pitch rose gradually, or whether a sudden deviation took place on the introduction to this country of the first great works of the modern symphonic school (c. 1790), is uncertain, and perhaps unimportant. But it has been ascertained, that from the year 1813 to the year 1841 or 1842, a tuning-fork, of which numerous duplicates have been preserved, was authorized by the directors of the Philharmonic Society, the pitch of which is about a semitone higher than that of the tuning-fork said to be Handel's, and about a semitone lower than the pitch now obtaining in that same Philharmonic Society. This Philharmonic fork of 1813–42, gives 433 vibrations per second for the note A, equal to 518 2-5 for the note C.

2. Various observations (made principally during the last season at the Italian Opera, at the Philharmonic, and other orchestral Concerts) have established the fact that, at the present time the pitch has reached an average of 455 vibrations per second for A, equal to 546 for C. So that the C and A of 1859 are identical with the D flat and B flat of 1840. *the pitch having risen in less than twenty years, a semitone.* This extraordinary result has been brought about by a variety of causes. The advent of certain foreign vocalists, gifted with voices of exceptionally high register, may have been one; an opinion entertained by many instrumental performers, that increased "brilliancy" of *timbre* is attained by increased elevation of pitch, may have been another; but, perhaps the present high pitch is due less to these and like causes than to the simple fact that it is always possible to raise, and often impossible to lower, the pitch of an instrument, and, therefore, that if one important instrument (e. g. oboe or clarinet) in an orchestra is found to be higher than all the other instruments, accordance is rarely obtained by lowering it, but almost always by raising them. With an exciting cause like this always in operation, and no authoritative standard to which reference could from time to time be made, the wonder is that the pitch has not risen more, rather than that it has risen so much. Nor is it unreasonable to anticipate still further elevation, unless some such standard can be agreed upon by reference to which this upward tendency might be kept in check.

3. Before entering on the consideration of "pitch in its relation to voices and artificial instruments," the sub-committee thought it advisable to try and agree upon some principle by which they might be governed in their choice of a particular pitch, supposing any discrepancy in the interests of vocal and instrumental music to appear. Nothing is more certain than that while artificial instruments admit of, and receive, continual modification and improvement, the powers of the human voice have now been thoroughly ascertained. There is not the slightest evidence to justify the belief that the average soprano of our own time differs, or that the average tenor of the twentieth century will differ from the average soprano or tenor of the eighteenth century. While, therefore, among other qualities, the pitch of artificial instruments admits of alteration to almost any extent, for the simple reason that the instruments themselves admit of alteration to almost any extent, the pitch of the voice, like the voice itself, admits of no alteration, but at the will and by the hands of Him who made it. If voices and instruments are to remain—as to the delight of all human kind they have remained so long—allies, their pitch must be identical; and if any pitch is possible to instruments, and only one pitch possible to, or rather fit for, voices, the pitch of instruments must be that of voices. At one of their first meetings the Committee passed unanimously the following resolution:—"That, as the basis of any recommendation of a definite pitch, the capabilities and convenience of the human voice in singing the compositions of the great vocal writers should be the first consideration." Some impediments stand in the way of ascertaining directly the effects of the present high pitch on the quality and probable duration of the voice. A remonstrance in respect of it on the part of a singer might be too readily interpreted into a confession of weakness; and a premature decay of physical power might be imputed to an artist who remonstrated against the gratuitous exertion which an extravagantly high pitch obliges him to undergo. Such evidence, however, as the Committee has been able to collect directly is, without exception, to the effect that the present pitch taxes unfairly, if it does not seriously impair the powers of the most gifted and skilful artists; while the evidence of several directors of choral societies goes to prove that, not only is the quality of sound produced by large bodies of voice seriously depreciated by the present high pitch, but that false intonation is an increasingly frequent result of it. Certain it is that entire movements are now frequently transposed, because it is found impossible, by artists whose powers are acknowledged to be in their zenith, to execute them as they were written, at the present pitch; and choral practices are not unfrequently made in keys lower than those in which the music so practised will have to be performed. The depreciation in effect and inconvenience caused by transposition in these cases require no comment. The inquiries of the Committee as to the effect of the present high pitch on musical instruments have had reference to organs, pianofortes, the stringed instruments, which form the basis of the orchestra, and the wind instruments of wood and of brass. No strong opinion appears to prevail among organ-builders, or piano-forte-makers, in respect to the advantages of any particular pitch. They are, without exception,

desirous that some uniform pitch should be established, but it has not been asserted that an organ or a pianoforte gains or loses by a higher or lower pitch.

With respect to stringed instruments, the Committee have ascertained that there is a decided feeling, especially among violinists, in favor of a high pitch, as contributing to increased "brilliance" in the *timbre* of their instruments. This feeling, expressed as it has been by artists of great experience and acknowledged skill and taste, is entitled to much respect and grave consideration. On the other hand, however, it is contended that elevation of the pitch of a violin or cognate instrument, is necessarily attained either by the use of thinner strings, or by tension so increased as to necessitate, sooner or later, the strengthening of the instrument, by processes which of necessity decrease its volume and, as it would seem, its power and richness in like proportion. The Committee have not found many advocates for high pitch among performers on, or makers of, wind instruments. To some of the former a lower pitch than the present would be acceptable. The higher notes of the trumpet and the horn have become, as the pitch has risen, more and more difficult of access; the rise, however, seems to have been easily met by the other wind instruments, whether of wood or brass. It has not been contended that any advantage in the power or quality of wind instruments results from high pitch; on the contrary, a strong opinion has been expressed by an eminent manufacturer that wind instruments would be greatly improved in these respects were their pitch lowered a semitone.

4. On the practical difficulties attending any change of pitch, the Committee find opinion unanimous. The violins, violas, violoncellos, and double-basses, now in use in orchestras, though many of them old instruments, have gradually been habituated, so to speak, to the present pitch, and would, it is said, suffer greatly from, and require alteration to meet, any considerable change. The wooden wind instruments (flutes, oboes, clarionets, and bassoons) are mostly new, and have in every case replaced others of which the ventages were adjusted with a view to a lower pitch. Similar inconvenience would occur in respect to the keyed brass instruments; but the other brass instruments would find a change easy.

5. What pitch is it advisable to recommend for general adoption? It has been customary, in treating of acoustical science, to assume, as the simplest possible point of departure, the existence of a note corresponding to one vibration per second; the various octaves of which will be represented by 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, &c., vibrations, being a series of powers of the number two. This *theoretical* note is found to agree so nearly with the musician's idea of the note C (the simplest fundamental note in a *practical* point of view), that writers on acoustics, it is believed without exception, have agreed to consider them as identical, and have thus established what may be called a *theoretical pitch*, or definition of the note C. Thus, the C produced by a 32 ft. organ-pipe is assumed to be the result of 16 double vibrations (or 32 single ones) per second. The octave above, or the lowest C of a grand piano-forte, of 32 double vibrations; the lowest C of a violoncello, of 64; tenor C, of 128; middle C of the piano-forte, of 256; and the C on the treble staff, of 512 double vibrations per second.

The divisions of a musical string, necessary to produce a major scale, are as follows:—

C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
1,	8-9,	4-5,	$\frac{3}{2}$,	2-3,	3-5,	8-15,	$\frac{1}{2}$.

The number of vibrations due to each sound (being in inverse ratio to the divisions of the string) at the pitch alluded to, will therefore be as follows:

C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
256,	288,	320,	$341\frac{1}{3}$,	384,	$426\frac{2}{3}$,	480,	512.

In the year 1842, at the suggestion of a member of the Committee, a tuning-fork regulated to the above pitch by means of an instrument called the *sirène*, was made and published. Duplicates of this tuning fork have been circulated to a very large extent; it has served, for years past, as the standard for many choral societies, and been adopted by piano-forte-tuners for instruments not intended for public performance; several large and important organs also have been adjusted to it. It is certain, however, that the simplicity of the figures which by the octaves to C, and the scale, are represented at this pitch, would be a very insufficient recommendation of the pitch itself to musicians, were its adoption found to be practically injurious to musical effect. That this has not been found to be the case two very remarkable facts will serve to show.

1st. The Commission recently appointed to report on the pitch in France, who appear to have been governed by considerations of a purely practical kind (their report ignoring mathematical convenience en-

tirely), have decided on a pitch, certainly not identical with the pitch of 512 vibrations, but differing from it only to the extent of ten vibrations per second. The following are the numbers of vibrations of each note of the scale of C, according to the French normal diapason:—

C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
261	298	5-8	$326\frac{1}{2}$	348	$391\frac{1}{2}$	435	489

It is needless to say that the difference between this (French) pitch and that of C 512 is practically not greater than that frequently produced on the same instrument by a few minutes' change of temperature.

2nd. On testing the A tuning-forks, said, on irrefragable evidence, to represent the Philharmonic pitch of 1813—42, they are found to be the result of 433 vibrations per second=C at 518 2-5; still nearer than the French to the pitch of C 512. This result again is strongly in favor of the latter pitch; seeing that, like the French, the Philharmonic pitch was avowedly decided upon without reference to any mathematic or scientific test whatever. A few eminent practical musicians consulted together, and came to agreement among themselves that a certain pitch was a convenient mean, neither too high for voices nor too low for instruments, and for thirty years their decision was never impugned. The authority, therefore, of practice as of theory—of art as of science—belongs alike to the pitch of C 512; seeing that a pitch closely approximate has been adopted at different periods by many different persons having no concert or communication with one another, and having been led to its adoption by very unlike processes and objects. On grounds of abstract propriety, therefore, the sub-committee would willingly have recommended the pitch of C 512 for general adoption. They are, however, withheld from doing so by certain practical considerations, which it is impossible for them to ignore. Those, to which some allusion has been made already, it now becomes necessary to enter upon more fully.

(Conclusion next week.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 23, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—BENNETT'S Cantata: *The May Queen*, resumed and continued.

The Philharmonic Society Again.

Through the kindness of one of the officers of the new Society, we have seen its Constitution. It is but justice to say that in some essential features it was not truly represented in the report in another paper, from which we derived the impressions under which we wrote a fortnight since. In the first place, it states a single object in the formation of the Society, namely, "to advance the cause of music in Boston," and does not add: "and to benefit pecuniarily its members." In the next place, it does not contain a word about the character of the programmes of the concerts, or about "granting the public the entertainment for which they are pleased to pay their money." It was the immediate following of this statement upon the "twelve dollar" article, which reflected such a money-making light upon the whole plan, and led us to fear that the Society might come to cater to the public taste instead of leading it, with an eye more to what is marketable than to what is *Philharmonic*.

We are very glad to learn that we were misled by the abstract referred to, and only regret that we did not sooner see the real document, in which the spirit, plan and methods of the Society are embodied. We have already explained, that the rule requiring at least twelve dollars compensation to each performing member for each concert, was designed as a check upon the government, to prevent their running the Society into debt by giving concerts rashly.

We are sorry to learn that our remarks have caused unpleasant feelings among some of the musicians. The precise nature of the complaints

we hardly know, since they have not taken open form; they only come to us as *on dits*, vaguely. But we wish it to be distinctly understood, in the first place, that we have not objected to the musicians' forming and managing a Society in their own way, and for their own purposes. We have not denied their perfect right to do so.

Secondly, we took it for granted, in all our comments, that no one would or could suppose that we did not sympathize with our musicians in every attempt to give us good music, whether they succeed or not in striking out the best plan of organization. We should pay a poor compliment to their intelligence and their disinterested love of Art, if we refrained from honest criticism of their plan through fear they would not take it kindly. The question of a Philharmonic Society, or a permanent organization for the supply of classical orchestral music, is one which concerns us all, musicians, amateurs, and music-lovers alike. We are all interested to secure the *best* plan, to have as little time and means and faith as possible wasted upon ineffective efforts. We assumed that the musicians shared this general desire; and that the question whether a Society should be organized by others employing them, or by others with them, or by themselves alone, was a matter of comparative indifference to them, so that the true ends of a *Philharmonic* were only secured. Indeed we had always understood that the musicians generally preferred that others, music-lovers generally, or some committee of that class, should undertake the organization, management and risk of concerts, instead of themselves.

But as it is, the musicians themselves have taken the initiative. They have organized a Society composed and managed exclusively by professional musicians, actual performers in the orchestra. We doubt whether this is the thing most wanted; we doubt whether *such* a society will be the most likely to succeed in securing constant public support for the best kind of music. We think a society of another kind is still needed. But it need not be one to at all interfere with this, nor have we any objection at all to this in itself considered. If we cannot have the Society which seems to us the most desirable, then we shall try to be thankful for what we do have; and whatever sympathy and support it is in our power to give, we shall most cheerfully give to this new effort of our musicians. We trust they will be liberally encouraged; and we urge it as a duty upon all who hunger and thirst after great symphonies and overtures to subscribe to their concerts, give them full houses, and place them in a position that shall enable them to do their best, both in the selection of programmes and in the interpretation of the masters from whose works they select. We are sure that a good support to concerts on the part of the true music-lovers, will prove the sort of sunshine that will ripen *any* plan into usefulness. And for the performers themselves, how can it possibly be doubted that we, that all true friends of music, earnestly wish that they may reap rich recompense for their artistic labors?

At the same time we must, in all honesty and kind feeling, say, that we do not think the real Philharmonic problem is yet solved; and we shall take another occasion to point out the way in which we think it might be done—and that without injury to, perhaps to the advantage of the orchestral society already formed by the musicians.

ITALIAN OPERA.—The rain, which fell in torrents all day Wednesday, and all night, was unpropitious for the opening at the Academy by the CORTESI troupe. But a goodly number were assembled, and it was a positive triumph for Madame FABBRI, the new prima donna. The opera was *Nabuco*, or "Nebuchadnezzar," of whose history we remembered little, save that he "went to grass," which being interpreted into the Verdi dialect of music appeared to mean "went to brass;" for a brassier and a noisier opera we have not heard, since the days when the brave and burly Beneventano went to grass in it here some ten or twelve years ago. Still, noisy as it is, we must confess that we found many portions of this opera of Verdi's quite grand and imposing. The opening chorus (prayer) is decidedly so; and so is the solo which follows it, of the Hebrew high priest, in which, as in the whole part, Sig. SUSINI exerted his superb voice to the very best advantage, and with no end of applause. The Quintet with chorus, at the end of the first act, is one of the finest of all Verdi's ensemble pieces. There is more freshness and vigor in *Nabuco* than in his later works, although it contains plenty of his peculiar common-places, unison choruses, &c., in the same style with *Ernani*, and sometimes almost identical in phrase and motive. The great fault is that the *fortissimo* is kept up almost continually; you are allowed no rest, no alternation; your musical sense is hammered upon until you are well nigh stunned. And yet for purely brass music it is some of the best; and accordingly it has served the purposes of the street bands largely.

FABBRI, as she first appeared as Abigail, in armor, sword in hand, with indignant lip curled and eyes flashing, was a form clad in terrible beauty. Her face is full of soul and quick expression, and there is a fine glow, a charm of inspiration in her movements. She is one of the very best dramatic actors and dramatic singers that has ever appeared on our stage. Her voice is magnificent in power, with a thrilling vitality in every note, even to the brilliant highest ones, which, loud and penetrating as they are, and full of concentrated passion, are yet always musical and satisfactory to the ear; she flings of a flashing highest note sometimes with the same birdlike audacity and spontaneity as Jenny Lind. As to mere vocalization, she is not perhaps one of the most finished singers; but she has a great deal of execution; and expression, inspiration, something like genius make up for the rest. She makes a living, true and thoroughly lyric whole of her part from first to last. Trilling too long now and then was the only violation of good taste that we noticed. In the expressions of various emotion, in the soliloquy of Abigail when she discovers herself to be a slave, in her haughty triumph afterwards, in her despairing revenge melting to forgiveness finally, she showed lyric qualities of a most rare order. It must be that she will make a great mark here, and will draw crowds as she goes on.

Sig. BARILI as Nabuco sang and acted with expression, and Mme. GAROFOLI made a pleasing impression in the part of Fenena. After what we had heard of hasty and imperfect rehearsal, we were agreeably disappointed in the effective working together of orchestra and chorus. Herr MULDER (the husband of Fabbri) has certainly proved himself a very capable conductor.

ROSA BONHEUR'S HORSE FAIR.—We trust no lover of Art or of horses, of live life and nature, will fail to go and see this truly great painting, which is on exhibition for a short time at the rooms of Messrs. Williams & Everett. The engraving, which we see about, fine as it is, does not begin to give an adequate conception of the power, the truth, the beauty, the thorough individuality and genius of this picture. It is one of the rare opportunities of a life time.

Musical Correspondence.

ST. LOUIS, JUNE 18. — In contrast to the musical dearth which has reigned here during the entire winter, we now bid fair to become surfeited. I mean we folks who don't care much for music, who attend to be fashionable, but who have to make an investment of a dollar and carry a family of daughters each and every time. And this class of people compose about four-fifths of our regular concert goers.

The first excitement was the repetition of the Trinity church concert, which although not so great a pecuniary success as the first one, was all that its most sanguine friends expected. The same performers mainly, who assisted at the first performance—Mr. E. C. CATHERWOOD, much to the surprise of his friends and supporters, who had from some peculiar reasons come to consider him rather indolent, if not positively lazy, learned a new song for the occasion, and gave us "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," by Knight, in a very satisfactory manner, transposing it only an octave lower, giving us B flat for the "deep," which is pretty well down. Mr. JOSEPH ANDERSON—son of our well-known banker—played a fantasia on the violin, from De Beriot, exquisitely, quite astonishing the audience as well as his friends. A Duet for flute and piano, by CARR and BALMER, was the gem of the evening. Mr. Balmer really outdid himself. He is one of the most remarkable readers at sight I ever knew, racing over Beethoven's Sonatas, Chopin's Studies, or Mason's difficulties, all the same, literally "stopping at nothing."

A new Organ was exhibited a short time since, built by Erben, of New York, for St. George's church. Mr. GOODSON, one of our most accomplished organists, displayed its best points in a programme so strictly classical that I am sure you would be pleased to even see it; but we confess to a partiality to the organ put up by Hook, of Boston, in Dr. Post's church, a little before. It is sweeter and fuller; the reeds are purer; and it is better voiced throughout.

A concert was given on Tuesday evening by the various artists of the city, as a complimentary benefit to Mr. S. M. BROWN, who leaves this week for several years' residence in Europe, for more study in his art. Mr. Brown studied for several years in New York, under Curtis, Gottschalk and Mason. Poor health, however, compelled him to abandon his favorite project of visiting Europe, and he came here. Recovering to a great extent his former vigor, wasted by incessant practice, he now starts, intending to remain until his bank breaks. He was assisted by Mrs. CUTLER, our finest resident vocalist, Messrs. CARR and TOMLINSON on the flute; several of his pupils: Mr. BALMER, Mr. HEWITT, Mr. CATHERWOOD, Mr. SCONCIA, &c. Miss IRVIN, a pupil of Mr. Brown, played Jaell's *Norma* very finely. She in by all odds the finest amateur lady player in this city, although only about sixteen. In scales, trills and light appoggiatura passages she excels, having an exquisite touch and fair appreciation. When years and practice shall give her more confidence and firmness, we predict for her a fine position.

Dresel's arrangement of Von Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz" was rendered magnificently by Miss Mary SPARR, Miss IRVIN, Messrs. HEWITT and BROWN. Miss Louise Sparr displayed a delicate manipulation and fine execution in a difficult duet for two pianos, from *Traviata*, with Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown played (to please the people we judge from his selections) the "Last Hope," of Gottschalk; the "Rustic Dance," a perfect gem; and *Walse de Bra-voura*, by Mason. Mr. Balmer accompanied the songs and flute with his usual fine taste.

ADELINA PATTI has been making a great stir by two concerts given last week. Both were crowded

full of delighted listeners. But we confess to great disappointment in the divine Patti. Her voice is decidedly thin and unsympathetic, and though quite clear in her high notes, very husky at times when singing within the reach of ordinary performers. From the innumerable excellences given to her by her sagacious brother in the tallest kind of judicious advertising in New York, I expected to hear the combined virtues and accomplishments of Sontag, La Grange, Jenny Lind, yea, even Alboni; but to our disappointment, we must say that she has neither the faultless finish of the first, the execution of the second, the purity and immense compass of the third, nor half the power of a dozen others. Still she is a great singer, great indeed, but not exactly what we anticipated. Whether Strakosch slighted several of our papers here, or whether they speak from a firm conviction of the truth, I know not, but they are sharp upon her this morning. A Quartet from *Martha*, by JUNCA, BRIGNOLI, Madame STRAKOSCH and PATTI, was superb; really the finest rendering of that or any other quartet I ever heard. Patti's voice is particularly fine in this position, and we can readily believe that in opera she would be "immense," as from its peculiar quality it can be heard clearly above all others. I modestly inquired of "Maurice" if she were going to Europe to study. You should have seen the astonishment depicted on his intelligent countenance. *She go to study! to study!* why, my dear (*dear* is an adjective used only to writers for the press) fellow, she is going there to teach them. Well! we thought so the moment we heard her. When increasing years and practice shall give her organ more fullness, and make her execution more perfect; when she comes to conclude that singing a piece *faster* than any one else ever sang it, is not necessarily singing it better, we predict for her a position second to no living singer.

But the length of the article precludes further remarks. We presume that you disagree with us in our opinions; but my opinion is that of most of our critics. **PRESTO.**

They are agitating the project in London of an Organ with a *sixty-four feet* sub-bass, for St. Paul's Cathedral:—as if a thirty-two feet pipe were not deep enough for the basest human understanding! ... In the programme of one of the "Monday Popular Concerts," in London, appear the names of the following Italian composers of an older school than is now generally cultivated: Boccherini, Paisiello, Jomelli, Clementi, Salvatore Rosa, Paer, Cherubini, Piccini, Salieri, Blangini, and, lastly, Rossini, who appears in the form of a quartet for stringed instruments, and who under any form is fast becoming an ancient in these Verdi days.

CHICKERING'S PIANOS.—Since the commencement of the manufacture of these instruments by the late Jonas Chickering, in 1828, over *twenty-three thousand* have been made, and they are now known and celebrated all over the world. The great prize medal of the World's Fair, London, and thirty-eight other prize medals taken at other exhibitions where they were competitors, attest the excellence of these Boston instruments.

Music Abroad.

Germany.

LEIPZIG.—The operas given in the month of April were: Wagner's *Lohengrin*, twice; Mozart's *Schauspiel-director*; *Dies Haus ist zu verkaufen*, by Pentenrieder; Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, five times; *Huguenots*; *Die Verlobung bei der Laterne*, by Offenbach; and *Don Juan*. Madame Bürde-Ney completed her engagement on the 1st of May in the part of "Fidelio."

At the musical evening entertainment at the Conservatoire, April 27, the following pieces were performed: Sonata, for piano and violin, by Beethoven, op. 12, in E flat; Quintet, for piano, violins, &c., by Schumann, op. 44, E flat; fifth piano-forte concerto by Moscheles, op. 87, C major, first movement.

At the Thomas Church, April 28, the boys sang: Mendelssohn's Motet; "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace;" "Glory and praise to thee belong," by Haydn; and on the 29th, a Mass by Hummel, and a Hymn by Mozart.

BASLE.—The twenty-ninth Swiss musical festival was held here from the 6th to the 9th of May. Handel's "Jephtha" was performed in the Minster; also a festival overture by A. Walter; a concert aria by Mozart; a church aria by Stradella; the violin concerto by Beethoven; the first act of Gluck's *Alceste*, and the ninth symphony of Beethoven.

PRAGUE.—In the concerts of the Conservatoire this year there have been performed: Symphonies: No. 6, by Beethoven, "Ocean" by Rubinstein, and Spohr, in C minor; Overtures: Spohr's, to second part of the "Last Judgement," one by Ambros ("The wonder-working Magus,") and three by pupils, one of which by Carl Scheber gives promise. F. David and Bülow have appeared in the concerts.

London.

[From the Athenæum, June 2.]

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Two novelties in the Covent Garden cast of "La Gazza Ladra"—Madame Penco as *Ninetta*, and M. Faure as *Fernando*—are worth dwelling on. The lady illustrates the school of Italian vocal decadence. Her voice too often vibrates; her execution is too often unreal; and hence, if she be compared with any singer trained on the grand old method, twice as long on the stage as herself, the impression often produced by her must be one of a singer with impaired powers. It is discouraging to observe how the majority of Southern artists coming forward are unfit to take the places of a Pasta, a Pisaroni, a Rubini, a Lablache. Light *soprani* are always attainable, and will be, possibly, so long as M. Duprez keeps a class open. But *Norma*, *Semiramide*, *Medea*, where are they? Incompetence strips the best Italian music of half its luxuriant beauty, on the pretext of the same being "*rocco-co*." Madame Penco, however, sang more satisfactorily in "La Gazza Ladra" than she has sung in most of her former operas. Insufficient in "Di piacer," acting weakly in the interview betwixt the *Podesta* and her father, the Deserter—she rallied in the latter trial scene, and gave its concerted music with firmness and agility. Her shortcomings have nothing to do with distinction of presence, with natural powers of voice. In both attributes Madame Penco surpasses Madame Persiani. It is command of art that establishes the difference among artists, a truth to be maintained in face of the known Italian adage, defining that the ninety-nine requisites of a singer are voice, and nothing but voice. Madame Penco's new companion in the cast—M. Faure—is to be appraised by a different standard. He has full use of his voice, according to the conditions and practices of French vocal cultivation; but his voice, we fancy, may become fuller in the course of practising music of the broader Italian school. He is a capital dramatic artist. Nothing has been seen better than his bearing and byplay in the scene at the table, already referred to, where the Deserter, his daughter and her evil genius, are grouped; nothing better than in the trial scene. Signor Tamburini sang the music of the part with richer organ and rounder vocalization; but the dramatic reality of M. Faure almost establishes a balance to Signor Tamburini's qualities as singer. No man in our experience has been less hampered by a strange stage, and by unfamiliar music, than this new comer. Madame Nantier-Didié was excellent; the best *Pippo* in our recollection, the orchestra superb, delivering the overture to perfection. But what music, as compared with the operas of Bellini or of Signor Verdi! It must have been a pleasure to conduct, or to play, or to sing in "La Gazza;" it was a pleasure to hear it, small (if not slow) though the story be, though no spectator of the troubles of *Ninetta* may possibly be (as Byron put it) "innocent of stealing a silver spoon," and may be thus unable to accredit the truth of the acting by experience.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—Among benefit concerts, Herr Molique's is not to be passed without a word of regret, on grounds totally opposed to any such as might be created by impression of disappointment or incompetency on the part of the concert-giver, referring rather to his modesty in being so chary of himself as a composer on this occasion. Not that his programme was wanting in novelty. To the majority of his audience one of the composers whose music he introduced was a total stranger—M. Leon de St. Lubin. To ourselves this writer has been long known as a composer of some chamber music superior in quality. His Pianoforte *Trio* in G minor may be

specified as a vigorous and original work. Herr Molique was assisted by his very clever daughter, Mlle. Anna. A certain hardness of hand is the only thing which stands between her and first honors as a pianist. Few women surpass her in execution. The singers who took part in the concert were Madame Hayes, M. Depret, and Mr. Santley. Benefit Concerts have likewise been given by Miss Emma Busby, Herr Oberthür, Herr Lidel, Mr. Allan Irving, and that intelligent *contralto*, Miss Palmer. The amateur who could fancy that the above liberal catalogue did in the slightest degree represent the concert music of the week (twixt Epsom and Ascot) in London, would "reckon without his host-s," with no common inadvertence.

As falling in with a suggestion long since offered, the *Italian Concerts* at the *St. James's Hall* are entertainments of more than ordinary interest to us. That on Monday included instrumental specimens by Scarlatti, Boccherini, Clementi, Cherubini, and vocal music by Salvator Rosa (of course the canzonet "Vado ben spesso"), Jomelli, Paisiello, Piccini, Salieri, Paer, and Blangini. The singers were Mr. Tennant and Mr. Santley, Mlle. Parepa and Madame Laura Baxter. The ladies were *encored* in a duet by Paer; the first-named one, by her firm and fluent execution of the old variations on "La Biondina," took us back to the days of Catalini, for whom the show-piece (type of so many that have since come) was arranged by the Parmesan composer. Though Signor Rossini extinguished Paer (as many an audacious borrower has done from the days of Handel downwards), the earlier *maestro* had great merit, and much of his music is worth disinterring.

On Wednesday Mr. Gye's first *Opera Concert* took place in the *Floral Hall, Covent Garden*. On this entertainment, which, like similar ones given at the *Crystal Palace*, was made up of familiar operatic music, there is no need to descant in detail. The sonority of the new glass room is excellent; to ventilate it may prove the difficulty. Mr. C. Halle's *First Pianoforte Rehearsal* had a skillfully varied programme; among other matters, including a noble *Sonata* by Clementi, in D major, the third of the set dedicated to Miss Blake. Parts of the opening *adagio* and *allegro* are almost symphonic in their grandeur and brilliancy. The *adagio* introducing the final *allegro* is expressive, delicate, and new to a wish, and the *allegro* aforesaid sparkles with vivacity; the canonical episode and the close are especially to be recommended for their force, science, and originality. A nobler *Sonata*, save by Beethoven, is not in existence. Yesterday, in the morning, was held the second *Opera Concert*, at Sydenham, this year dependent on *Her Majesty's Theatre*, in the evening, the first of a new series of *Quartet Concerts*, headed by Mr. Blagrove; and by the *Sacred Harmonic Society*, "Elijah," with Mr. Santley as the principal *basso*, and for *soprano* Mlle. Parepa.

Paris.

There seems to be no end of the quarrel betwixt M. Emile Chev , who teaches sight-singing, by the use of figures and numerals, and less new-fangled professors, who cannot conceive instruction in Art is simplified by pupils having to learn two alphabets instead of one. The strife has been raging fiercely in Paris. M. Chev  has his aids and abettors; though among those signing a memorial, dated the 10th of April, in which the plea is advanced for giving the scheme a trial, we find only three musical names of any value, those of MM. David and Gevaerts and Herr Neukomm. (How the last, seeing that Herr Neukomm died some years ago?) Among the signatures to the "counterblast," otherwise protest, in distrust of a method which doubles the difficulties of learning under pretext of simplifying them, are those of MM. Auber, Carafa, Clapisson, Gounod, Hal vy, Meyerbeer, Niedermeyer, Thomas, Berlioz, Dietsch, D'Ortigue, and Signor Verdi. This is an emphatic list, as emphatic as common sense. Many tests are proposed on both sides. The simple one is, what will the people brought up on

8 d : d | 9 - h . . | - d 2 | & c.

make of a score or a stave printed in the accepted fashion? Is all music to be *unprinted*?—and have we not here a repetition of the visions of those who, in the "Ponetic Nuz," fondly dreamed that they were going to make reading easy?

On the 8th of next month, a Festival is to be held at Zwickau, in commemoration of Schumann, the day being the fiftieth anniversary of his birth.

M. Poug  continues his pleasant services to French musical literature, by commencing in the *Gazette Musicale* a series of articles on Mondonville, the composer, among other operas, of "Titon et Aurore," a work which had considerable Parisian fame in its day, and not fame without desert.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

I wish he would make up his mind.

W. J. Wetmore. 25

Comic song, intended more particularly for ladies.

Strike for the right. Song and Chorus.

E. W. Locke. 25

A song introduced by the author at a number of meetings in and around Boston and received with much approbation.

The lark may sing her sweetest song.

V. C. Taylor. 25

Sleep on, my gentle lady.

A Bell. 25

The old brown cot.

E. Clark. 25

The Grecian daughter.

T. H. Hopkins. 25

Pretty and easy parlor-songs, all original.

O 'tis pleasant in our home.

Julius Becht. 25

My own dear mountain home.

Adolph Hasse. 25

Adapted to favorite German melodies. Both very suitable for young singers.

Come, oh come with me. (Vieni meco.)

Guglielm . 25

A charming song, in the style of the generally admired Serenade, "La notte   bella," of the same composer, but suitable for a baritone voice.

Instrumental Music.

Japanese Embassy March.

W. H. Fry. 50

A musical tribute to the Lions of the day by one of our most noted composers. It will not fail to attract attention, as it is striking in rhythm and harmony, and not very difficult.

Ladies' Delight. Concert Polka. Carl Hause. 50

One of the best and most effective compositions of the author, whose reputation as a player of first excellence is well established in this vicinity. The polka is difficult.

Ever of thee. Arranged for a Brass Band.

B. A. Burditt. 1,00

This favorite melody makes a beautiful serenading piece in Burditt's arrangement, even more so than the well-known "Departed days." No band should be without it.

Les Perles. Melodies for the Young.

Rimbault, each 15

Containing: Partant pour la Syrie: Nobil donna; Do they miss me; Hoop de dooden doo; Tu m'ami; A te o cara; Tutto   sciolto; Com'   gentil; Wedding March: La donna   mobile; Vi ravviso; Ah, non giunge; Fra poco; I'm leaving thee; Wait for the wagon. Pieces which may be given to the first beginners. They will instruct and interest the pupil, and make teaching easy.

Books.

LIBRETTOES OF "Marriage of Figaro," "Robert le Diable," "Sicilian Vespers" and "L'Elisir d'Amore." Each 25

Four new numbers of the Series of "Ditson & Co.'s Handbooks of Standard Operas," each with Italian and English Text and the music of the principal airs. This elegant set of Librettos is rapidly approaching completion, about twenty being already issued, and the remainder nearly ready. In general correctness, convenience of size and fair appearance they are not surpassed, and must speedily become the only edition sought for by Opera-goers.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 430.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 14.

Popular Music of the Olden Time.*

(From the Quarterly Review.)

(Continued.)

While the music of the learned shrank from all contact with that of the people, the literary poets carefully avoided all similitude to the ballad-writers, whom they regarded with an uneasiness similar to that experienced by Wilhelm Meister, when, having embraced the profession of an actor, he watched the evolutions of a party of low acrobats in the street, and could not help the unpleasant thought that they were a sort of fellow-craftsmen after all. The most celebrated poets of the people in the days of Queen Elizabeth were Elderton and Deloney; and the representatives of the old minstrels were blind harpers and fiddlers, who sang words composed by others, and made themselves useful by playing dances.

The literary poets were not content merely to shun the ballad-writer's art and to avoid his metre,—they pursued him with acrimonious censure, reviled his habit of life, ridiculed the expedients by which he sought to make his line fit the melody. The termination "a," that has now long sunk into disuse, but of which there is still a monument on the stage in the shape of Autolycus's song,—

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a,"

—was regarded with especial abomination.

"If I let passe the un-countable rabble of ryming ballet-mongers, and compylers of senceless sonets (who be most busy to stuff every stall full of grosse devises and unlearned pamphlets), I trust I shall with the best sort be held excused. For though many such can frame an ale-house song of five or six score verses, hobbling upon some tune of a *Northern Jigge*, or *Robyn Hode*, or *La Lubber*, &c., and perhappes observe just number of sillables, eight in one line, sixe in an other, and therewithall an 'a' to make a jercke in the end: yet if these might be accounted poets (as it is sayde some of them make meanes to be promoted to the lawrell), surely we shall shortly have whole swarms of poets; and every one that can frame a booke in ryme, though, for want of matter, it be but in commendations of copper-noses or bottle ale, wyll catch at the garlande due to poets, whose *poeticall* (poeticall I should say) heades I would wyshe, at their worshipfull commencement, might, in steede of lawrell, be gorgeously garnished with fayre greene barley, in token of their good affection to our Englishe malt."

So spoke William Webbe, in "A Discourse of English Poetrie," dated 1586; but the songsters who used the objectionable appendage could write with ease and liveliness, as may be proved by these stanzas from a popular song of the seventeenth century, written by Martin Parker, and sung to the tune that is now associated with the far-famed "Sally in our Alley":—

"Although I am a country lass,
A lofty mind I bear-a,
I think myself as good as those
That gay apparel wear-a:
My coat is made of comely gray,
Yet is my skin as soft-a
As those that with the choicest wines
Do bathe their bodies oft-a.

What though I keep my father's sheep,
A thing that must be done-a,
A garland of the fairest flow'rs
Shall shield me from the sun-a:
And when I see them feeding by,
Where grass and flowers spring-a.
Close by a crystal fountain-side,
I sit me down and sing-a."

Though the musical taste of the people in Queen Elizabeth's time was distinct from that of the erudite composers and their patrons, it was equally remote from the mere love of boisterous

noise which characterizes the so-called "harmonic meetings" of the humbler classes of our own days. Tinkers, tailors, smiths, colliers, not only were known to sing in parts, but their talent in this respect is the subject of frequent allusion in the works of our old dramatists. Nay, Deloney, who wrote a history of the "gentle craft," mentions an unlucky wight who tried to pass for a shoemaker, but was detected as an impostor because he could neither "sing, sound the trumpet, play upon the flute, nor reckon up his tools in rhyme."

The nonsensical words which often terminate the verses of our comic songs, and which are sung in unison with so much delight by a jovial company of the lower class as the solo vocalist arrives at the successive stages of his narrative, are the disreputable relics of a primitive harmony. The burden in early English songs was not a mere supplement, but was sung throughout as a bass or undersong, and the singer of this part was said to "bear the burden," the word itself being a corruption of the Norman word "bourdon," denoting a "drone-bass." In "Sumer is icumen in," which is considered by Mr. Chappell to be the earliest secular composition in parts known to exist in any country, and is assigned by him to the middle of the 13th century, we have one of the plainest examples of the burden properly so called. The words of the song, as originally written and modernized, are as follows:—

"Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing, Cuccu!
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And springth the wde nu.
Sing, Cuccu!
Awe bleateth after lomb,
Lhouth after calve cu,
Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth,
Murie sing, Cuccu!
Cuccu! Cuccu!
Wel singes thu, Cuccu!
Ne swik thu naver nu."

"Summer is come in,
Loud sing, Cuckoo!
Groweth seed, and bloweth mead,
And spring'th the wood now.
Sing, Cuckoo!
Ewe bleateth after lamb,
Loweth after calf cu,
Bullock starteth, buck verteth,*
Merry sing, Cuckoo!
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Well sing'st thou, Cuckoo!
Nor cease thou never now."

During the whole progress of this song, the words "Sing, Cuccu, nu! sing Cucco!" were sung by two voices as a bass or burden. Sometimes a proverbial expression—as "Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all"—served as text to the burden; sometimes unmeaning syllables, assembled together for no other apparent purpose than that of tickling the ear, as "Hey, nonny, nonny no!" or "Hey, down, down, derry down!" Of this more illustrious nonsense the "Tol de rol" and "Fol de riddle" of modern times are the inglorious progeny, while the burden itself now begins at the end of the verse, instead of being sung as an accompaniment. Harmony, indeed, once belonged to the distinctive characteristics of our island. "The Britons," says Giraldus Cambrensis, who wrote towards the end of the 12th century, "do not sing their tunes in unison, like the inhabitants of other countries, but in different parts," and he embraces in his commendation the northern English. When Thomas à Becket went to Paris to negotiate the marriage of the English prince with the daughter of King Louis, he entered the French towns preceded by two hundred and fifty boys on foot, in groups of six, ten, or more together, singing English songs, according to the custom of their country. So says the saint's biographer, Fitz Stephen. But we obtain a still more striking proof of the early

proficiency of our countrymen in part-singing from an Animadversion on the Church music, written in Latin by Aelredus, Abbot of Rivaulx in Yorkshire, who died in 1166, and translated by Prynne into the following nervous English:—

"Let me speake now of those who, under the shew of religion, doe obballiate the businesse of pleasure; who usurpe those things for the service of their vanity, which the ancient Fathers did profitably exercise in their types of future things. Whence then, I pray, all types and figures now ceasing, whence hath the Church so many Organs and Muscull Instruments? To what purpose, I demand, is that terrible blowing of Belloes, expressing rather the crackles of thunder, than the sweetnesse of a voyce? To what purpose serves that contraction and inflection of the voyce? This man sings a base, this a small meane, another a treble, a fourth divides and cuts asunder, as it were, certaine middle notes. One while the voyce is strained, anon it is remitted, now againe it is dashed, and then againe it is enlarged with a lower sound. Sometimes, which is a shame to speake, it is enforced into an horse's neighings; sometimes, the masculine vigor being laid aside, it is sharpened into the shrillnesse of a woman's voyce; now and then it is writhed, and retorted with a certaine artificiall circumvolution. Sometimes thou mayst see a man with an open mouth, not to sing, but as it were, to breathe out his last gaspe, by shutting in his breath, and by a certaine ridiculous interception of his voyce, as it were to threaten silence, and now againe to imitate the agonies of a dying man, or the extasies of such as suffer. In the mean time, the whole body is stirred up and downe with certaine histrionical gestures: the lips are wreathed, the eyes turne round, the shoulders play, and the bending of the fingers doth answer every note. And this ridiculous dissolution is called religion; and where these things are most frequently done, it is proclaimed abroad that God is there more honorably served. In the meane time, the common people standing by, trembling and astonished, admire the sound of the Organs, the noyse of the Cymbals and muscull instruments, the harmony of the Pipes and Cornets; but yet looke upon the lascivious gesticulations of the singers, the meretricious alternations, interchanges, and infractions of the voyces, not without derision and laughter; so that a man may thinke that they came not to an oratory or to a house of prayer, but to a theatre; not to pray, but to gaze about them; neither is that dreadful majesty feared before whom they stand, etc. Thus, this Church singing, which the holy Fathers have ordained that the weake might be stirred up to piety, is perverted to the use of unlawfull pleasure."

Notwithstanding the importance of cittern, gittern, lute, and virginals during the Elizabethan days, the human voice was considered the chief organ of secular music. With the accession of James I. began that widely extended taste for the purely instrumental part of the art which is conspicuous in so many *matinees* and *soirees* of the present day. So anxious indeed were people to play, that they had recourse to the music they were once accustomed to sing, and madrigals were sent forth with the new recommendation that they were apt for viols as well as for voices. For the names of the instruments employed at this period, the inquisitive reader may turn over the pages of his Bible, for when the Old Testament was translated into the vernacular, equivalents for the Hebrew instruments were found in the implements rendered tuneful by British lungs and fingers. There is, moreover, a passage in Drayton's "Polyolbion," printed in 1613, which to the inquirer into the antiquities of English music may be almost as serviceable as Homer's catalogue of ships to the student of ancient geography:—

"The trembling lute some touch, some strain the viol best,
In sets that there were seen, the music wondrous choice.
Some, likewise, there affect the gamba with the voice,
To show that England could variety afford.
Some that delight to touch the sterner wiry chord,

* A Collection of Ancient Songs, Ballads, and Dance Tunes, illustrative of the National Music of England. By W. CHAPPELL, F. S. A.

*Frequents the green fern.

The cithren, the pandore, and the theorbo strike;
The gittern and the kit the wand'ring fiddlers like.
So were there some again, in this their learned strife.
Loud instruments that lov'd, the cornet and the flute.
The hoby, sackbut deep, recorder, and the flute.
E'en from the shrillest shawm unto the cornamute.
Some blow the bagpipe up, that plays the country Round,
The tabor and the pipe some take delight to sound."

The patronage once enjoyed by the minstrels was now bestowed on skilful instrumentalists, and Richard Braithwait, a writer of the times of James I., who has drawn up "Some Rules for the Government of the House of an Earl," enjoins the model nobleman to keep five musicians, who are not only to play themselves, but to teach the Earl's children to play upon the bassviol, the virginals, the lute, the bandora, and the cittern. Nor does this patronage of musicians begin with the formation of the instrumental branch of the art. In the time of Henry VIII. and of Elizabeth, there were wealthy merchants who retained as many musicians as the nobles who flourished under James I.

When the act of Elizabeth had proscribed "minstrels wandering abroad" as "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," the itinerant musicians were enjoined to wear cloaks and badges, with arms of some patron, individual or corporate, to denote in whose service they were engaged. Thus equipped, they were exempt from the operation of the act, and they seem to have abused this privilege much after the fashion of their more romantic predecessors, thrusting themselves into all companies, without waiting the ceremony of an invitation. However, there was plenty of legitimate work to be done by them, and at every species of festivity (not excluding funerals) their services were required. In the case of weddings there was a regular routine to be gone through. First, the bride was to be awakened in the morning by a "hunt's up;" next, music accompanied her to church; then music accompanied her from church; then there was music throughout the wedding dinner; and as for the singing and dancing in the evening, that was, of course, *ad libitum*.

The "hunt's up" was doubtless, in the first instance, a musical invitation to join the pleasures of the chase, but the meaning of the phrase was soon extended to include every kind of song that, in Hibernian fashion, might be described as a *morning serenade*, and when Juliet complains that the lark drives away Romeo "with hunts up to the day," she no doubt uses the expression in its most general sense. We have a very pretty specimen of the amatory "hunts up" in the following song taken by Mr. Chappell from a MS. in the possession of Mr. Collier, and possibly as old as the time of Henry VIII.:

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady free,
The sun hath risen from out his prison,
Beneath the glistening sea.

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady bright,
The morning lark is high to mark
The coming of day-light.

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady fair,
The kine and sheep, but now asleep,
Browse in the morning air.

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady gay,
The stars are fled to the ocean bed,
And it is now broad day.

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady sheen,
The hills look out, and the woods about
Are dressed in lovely green.

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady dear,
A morn in Spring is the sweetest thing
Cometh in all the year.

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady sweet,
I come to thy bow'r, at this lov'd hour,
My own true love to greet."

Great, however, as was the demand for musical talent in old London, when each ward had its musicians, besides those of Finsbury, Southwark, and Blackfriars, and the waits of London and Westminster, who were far more imposing personages than the miserable wretches who startle Paterfamilias out of his first sleep in the nineteenth century, this demand was exceeded by the supply, and England in the seventeenth cen-

tury was the great exporting country of tuneful artists. The famous John Dowland, after travelling through divers lands, became lutenist to the Christian King of Denmark, and, when he returned home, the King begged that Thomas Cutting, another English lutenist, might be allowed to succeed him. Peter Phillips settled in the Netherlands, as organist to the Archduke of Austria, with the Italianized Pietro Philippi; while John Cooper, visiting Italy, became Giovanni Cuperario. The practice of converting English into foreign names is sometimes followed by singing and dancing artists of the present day, but they differ from their professional forefathers in this respect, that they become pseudo-Italians in order to impose upon their fellow-countrymen, not for the sake of conforming to the land of their adoption.

We have incidentally alluded to the "Waits." "They seem," says Mr. Chappell, "to have been originally a band of musical watchmen, who proved their watchfulness by piping at stated hours of the night." Their duties in the Court of Edward IV. are thus officially described:—

"A WAYTE, that nightly from Mychelmas to Shreve Thorsdaye pipethe watche within this courte fower tymes; in the Somer nightes three tymes, and makethe *bon gayte* at every chambere doare and of fyce, as well for feare of pyckers and pillers. He eatethe in the Halle with Mynstrelles, and takethe livery at nighte a loafe, a galone of ale, and for Somer nightes two candles [of] pitch, and a bushel of coles; and for Winter nightes halfe a loafe of bread, a galone of ale, four candles pitch, a bushel coles: Daylye whilst he is presente in Court for his wages, in Cheque-roale [Exchequer-roll], allowed *iiiiid.* or else *iiid.* by the discresshon of the Steuarde and Tressorore, and that after his cominge and deservinge: Also cloathing with the Houshold Yeomen or Mynstrelles lyke to the wages that he takethe. An he be sycke, he takethe two loaves, two messes of great meate, one galone ale. Also he parteth with the houshold of general gyfts, and hathe his beddinge carried by the Comptrolleres assignment; and, under this yeoman, to be a Groome-Waite. Yf he can excuse the yeoman in his absence, then he takethe reward, clotheinge, meat, and all other things lyke to other Grooms of Houshold. Also this Yeoman-Waighte, at the making of Knightes of the Bathe, for his attendance upon them by nighte-time, in watchinge in the Chappelle, hathe to his fee all the watchinge clothing that the Knight shall wear upon him."

When applied to the musicians of towns and corporations, the word "wayte" became less definite; but some of the significance of the ancient office was retained, and exists to the present day in the custom of rousing people in the mornings immediately preceding Christmas.

(To be Continued.)

Madame Clara Novello.

(Continued from page 89.)

Madame Novello's public career began at a remarkably early age. In 1832, when but fourteen years old, at the time of life at which in the ordinary course of nature the voice is unformed, —at a period when most singers are looking forward to the commencement of their studies, this notable artist appeared before the world, with powers naturally matured and highly cultivated. She sang at the Ancient Concerts—a series of performances these twelve years discontinued, which at that time, and for very long before, held the very first place in general consideration of all the concerts given in England; she sang at the Philharmonic Concerts, being the youngest vocalist that ever appeared in the performances of this society; and she sang at the great provincial musical festivals. The enumeration of these very important engagements is as good as a certificate of her success in their fulfilment. Singing is not, like other branches of musical proficiency, dependent only on the mental qualifications and the diligent study of an artist; it requires also a certain condition of physical development, which is rarely attained at so youthful an epoch as that at which Clara Novello was already acknowledged a deserved favorite in the most important musical institutions in the country. Well may we wonder, then, at this brilliant com-

mencement of her career, no less than admire the singular capability which qualified her to command it.

At the famous musical festival held in Westminster Abbey in 1834—from which may be dated the progress if not the origin of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and thus the germ of the colossal performances in the Crystal Palace, which are the marvel of the world,—on this occasion of signal consequence in the history of the art, Clara Novello was one of the principal singers. It is of no little importance in the consideration of the most subordinate persons engaged in that famous festival, to remember that they were concerned in an event which may be believed to have induced an entire revolution in the state of music in England; with satisfaction greater in proportion to the greater responsibility she held, must one of the chief executives in that celebrated performance—the initial step of the great advance of music in this country—regard her participation of an artistic labor to which, and to the impression it created, so very much is to be ascribed. We naturally link the memory on this occasion with the idea of the more recent great musical occurrences in which Madame Novello has been engaged, and we observe with pride that, whereas at Westminster she was one among thirty of the greatest singers in Europe whose co-operation was supposed necessary to an efficient performance, at Sydenham she was the one soprano in all the world whose presence was indispensable, but sufficient in itself to secure all that was required for the solo pieces of Handel's master works.

Mendelssohn, in his first visits to London, was a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Vincent Novello, who was one of the quickest to perceive, and one of the warmest to acknowledge, the greatness of his genius. Music was the ruling spirit of that artistic home, and the first musician of his time was especially in his element when surrounded by a family, every member of which sympathized with his all-pervading feeling, admired his singular powers, and took part with him in the execution of the choicest works the art possesses.

It is said that in summer weather, parties were frequently formed, of which he was one, and Malibran was another, for excursions into the fields round London—those charming spots where, after an hour's walking, one may suppose oneself a long day's journey from the turmoil of the city and its dust,—those spots justly celebrated by the so-called "Cockney poets," who, we have shown, were also constant guests of the Novello family. On these occasions, as on all others, music was essential to the day's enjoyment: accordingly the masterpieces of the great Italian and English vocal writers form the necessary baggage of the caravan of pleasure; and with these spread out before them, seated on the grass beneath the shade of hedgerows, and beyond the chance of interruption, the cheerful groups would sing the madrigals or the motets, the part-songs or the anthems, which delighted their forefathers, and with the melodious art rivalled the choristers of the grove at least in the cordial pleasure they felt in their own performance. Here was abundant opportunity for Mendelssohn to discover the natural and the acquired powers of our heroine; fully estimating which, he invited her to Leipsic to sing at the famous Gewandhaus Concerts then under his direction, whither she went in the autumn of 1836. The extent of her success, in Leipsic—at that time rendered by the presence of Mendelssohn, and by his influence, the most musical city in Europe—may be supposed from the great composer's reply to a request of our Philharmonic directors that he would recommend them some singers to engage for their series of concerts: "The greatest singers in Germany," answered Mendelssohn, "are Miss Clara Novello and Mrs. Alfred Shaw." The very great merit of the latter lady is as well remembered as her loss to the public is regretted: the former is still, and will be till November next, before the world; and her powers and the popular appreciation of them have constantly increased, from the time

when Mendelssohn so spoke of her until now that she is about to leave us.

From Leipsic she proceeded to other German cities, and carried her success with her wherever she sped. In Berlin she was received with remarkable favor, and so especially pleased the King of Prussia that he gave her letters in his own hand to his sister the Empress of Russia; upon the strength of which valuable introduction Miss Clara Novello visited Petersburg.

It would seem that Apollo, as if to make up to the dwellers in the frozen North for his scanty allowance of warmth and of light, had gifted them more freely in comparison with the other domain of his godship, endowing them with an extraordinary love of music, or at least—what is perhaps of equal importance to the advancement of the art—an extraordinary liberality in paying for it. There is no place on which the sun shines where musical executants are so warmly welcomed or so munificently remunerated as in the Muscovite capital; and there is no singer who has more fully proved the Petersburg power of patronage than Miss Clara Novello. We may refer to any of the records of the troubles that have been showered upon each and every of the singers and players who have exercised their ability in the North Eastern Empire for testimony of the openhandedness of the princes and nobles of the land reviled for its despotism: let them read this testimony, and let them understand that neither the praise nor the pay lavished on the most fortunate of others were withheld in the case of Miss Clara Novello.

From Petersburg, with its shining honors thick upon her, she returned to London to resume her career of triumphs, which seemed to flow with still greater force than before, as though in consequence of its interruption by her absence abroad. She sang here for a season at all the principal musical performances, and then went with her father and her brother to Bologna, to consult Rossini as to the desirability of her devoting herself to a yet untried branch of her profession, the art of dramatic singing. The great master was delighted with her voice and charmed with her talent; he earnestly encouraged her inclination to go on the stage, but advised her that she must go through a course of special instruction to fit her for the new artistic character she purposed to assume. Accordingly she went to Milan, where she became the pupil of Micheron, the master of the greatest theatrical singers of the day, and applied herself to diligent study under his teaching for an entire year. It was no little act of forbearance to retire from the admiration her every performance elicited, and to seclude herself from the opportunities of applause for so long a period; but self-reliance gave her confidence in still greater success when she should become qualified to be a candidate for it, and this was amply sufficient to compensate her for leaving thus long uncultured the laurels which she knew were everywhere ready for her to gather. She was well repaid for all she denied herself in this year of study, by the result. On her re-appearance in public, she entered upon a new course of success that exceeded all she had previously achieved.

(To be continued.)

Musical Pitch.

(Report of the London Committee.)

(Concluded.)

It is certain that a change from the present pitch of C 546 to C 512—a change of about a semitone—could not be made without great inconvenience and pecuniary loss to the body with whom the adjustment of the pitch practically rests—our orchestral performers. Such a change, too, would fall heavily on musical instrument makers, probably to the extent in many cases of rendering the great portion of their existing stock valueless. This objection, it is thought by some even of those who are most anxious for a great depression of the present pitch, would be fatal to any proposition which did not in some way meet it. Information has reached the sub-committee that considerable difficulties are found in enforcing the new musical diapason in France, and that authority such as never would be sought for or obtained in this country has found a powerful antagonism in

"the inexorable logic of facts." Why, it has been asked, should we not profit by this experience, and abandoning the chase after that which others, with more advantage than ourselves, have as yet found unattainable, turn our attention to that which would seem to be within our reach. For, it is believed, though so great a change of pitch as that involved in the descent from C 546 to C 512 would experience an amount of opposition which there is no means of overcoming, a change smaller in amount, while it would afford considerable relief to the vocal performer, would not be unacceptable to the instrumental, since it could be carried into effect without appreciable injury to, certainly without the destruction of, his instrument.

It is well known, that neither by the committee called together by the Society of Arts, nor by the Commission appointed by the French Government, has the attempt to deal with the now intolerable evil of an extravagantly high pitch, been made for the first time. Among other attempts, that of a Congress of Musicians at Stuttgart, in 1834, has attracted the most attention. This body recommended a pitch of 528 for C, = 440 for A, basing their calculation on a 32 ft. organ-pipe, giving 33 vibrations per second instead of 32. The following would be the scale at this pitch—the only one yet proposed which gives all the sounds in whole numbers:

C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
264	297	330	352	396	440	495	528.

This pitch, of which the C is 16 vibrations per second higher than that of C 512, and 18 vibrations lower than the Cat the present pitch (of 546), is as near as possible half-way between the two latter, and, therefore, a quarter of a tone above the one, and a quarter of a tone below the other. To lower the stringed instruments to this pitch would obviously be attended with little difficulty. Depression to the extent of a quarter of a tone is said to be easy with the brass instruments and possible with the wooden wind instruments—the flutes, oboes, clarionets, and bassoons—now in use. Few organs exist of higher pitch than the Stuttgart, and the raising of those which have been tuned to C 512 would not be attended with serious difficulty. The Stuttgart pitch, then, if not the very best that could be conceived, may be regarded as the one which, with many recommendations, would have the best chance of attaining the general assent of contemporary musicians.—Though higher than the pitch of 512, the Philharmonic pitch, or the diapason normal, the Stuttgart pitch is but a few vibrations higher than the last two of these,—one of which experience has proved to be a good pitch for instrumental music. It is a quarter of a tone below the present pitch, by general consent voted intolerably high. Its adoption would involve little, if any, inconvenience, or pecuniary loss to instrumental performers or makers of musical instruments. It would, therefore be likely to meet the support of the majority of those interested in the question of pitch.

The Committee, in bringing their inquiries and discussions to a close, cannot but express an earnest hope that whatever recommendation of a pitch may be adopted by a General Meeting, it will be received by professors and amateurs of music in a spirit worthy of an attempt to deal with a question in which every musician must have a strong interest, and with that respect which must ever be due to a conclusion not arrived at without much patient labor and very serious consideration.

List of the several pitches referred to in the foregoing report:—

Handel's Tuning Fork (c. 1740).....	A at 416	—C at 499 1.5
Theoretical Pitch.....	A at 426 2.3	—C at 512
Philharmonic Society (1812-42).....	A at 433	—C at 518 2.5
Diapason Normal (1859).....	A at 435	—C at 522
Stuttgart Congress (1834).....	A at 440	—C at 528
Italian Opera, London (1859).....	A at 455	—C at 546

P. LE NEVE FOSTER, Secretary.

The Dusseldorf Festival.

The Lower Rhenish Music-Festival (the 37th anniversary, has passed off amid its accustomed genuine and unostentatious enjoyment. They always select the "merrie monthe of Mayo," "ces bons Allemands," as their (and our) encroaching (and "lively") neighbors call them; and this time, as from time out of mind, the 27th, 28th and 29th were devoted to the glad event. Dusseldorf, the garden-city of the "river of Rhene" (or Rhine), was the favored locality, Köln (or Cologne), the City of the Magi, having been thus distinguished the year before, and Aachen (or Aix la Chapelle) the City of Carlo Magnus (or Charlemagne), the year before that.

These triennial music fêtes, on (or near) the edge of the stream with which the satiric poet (or poetic satirist) Heinrich Heine, commended and sympathized, in some degree resemble our own triennial gath-

erings in the Cathedral towns; only that while the cider-drinking people give charity a voice in their rejoicings, the Hoch-quaffing Rhenish burghers make theirs a mere bond of harmonious brotherhood among the triple populations. The Dusseldorf meeting derives additional interest from the fact that Mendelssohn at one period chose Dusseldorf as his headquarters; and that at Dusseldorf, in the same month of May (1836), he first brought out his immortal *Paulus*. There is no Mendelssohn now to direct the performances, and consecrate the festival by the presence and example of genius; but in place of Mendelssohn, there is Mendelssohn's fellow student and intimate friend, Hiller—Kapellmeister Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne, whom—for some reason only known to his amiably whimsical self—Mendelssohn would at the *Paulus*-fete, invariably salute as "Hiller's Studies." "Here comes Hiller's Studies," he would say to some English friends, on spying out his old "chum," while a smile would light up that countenance which was rather the countenance of an angel than of a man, and show the bright side of the angelic nature at its brightest. Ferdinand Hiller, Principal of the Conservatory at Cologne, is also an admirable musician, as all musical Europe knows; and a capital fellow, as is best known to his friends. Since Mendelssohn deserted the Rhine, to walk in the shadow of John Sebastian Bach—at Leipsic, the city of the *Thomas-Schule*—no such popular chief has been known to Dusseldorf, Cologne, or Aix, as Hiller.

On the whole, to judge by our correspondence, the 37th Niederrheinisches Musik-Fest was not one of the most brilliant on record. Dusseldorf looked as gay and animated as of yore, it is true; and the morning rehearsal in the Ton Halle as busy and exciting. The programme, however, does not appear to have afforded unanimous approval. At the first performance, concert (Sunday), which began at 6 P. M., (what would our late dinner "fashionables" have said to that?) the selection comprised Robert Schumann's orchestral symphony in B flat, and Handel's oratorio of *Samson*—*Samson* according to Mosel, one of the meddlers who have re-adjusted the giant's proportions. Of Schumann's work, a correspondent writes:—

"With regard to Schumann's symphony much cannot be said, for a more chaotic composition, I should think, was never heard; and had it not been performed by a remarkably fine orchestra, nobody would have sat it out."

This opinion, however, must be accepted with great reserve, inasmuch as, further on, the same correspondent, who adopts the pseudonyme of "Philomousos," shows himself a not very competent authority. Take the following as an example:—

"Music is certainly in a state of anarchy in Germany at the present day owing to the endeavors of the Zukunfts party (that which the present will not acknowledge, and the future will not believe to have existed), who state that they are to be the great reformers of music, the chief members being Franz Liszt, R. Wagner, Schumann, (before his death), and the French composers, Berlioz, Gounod, not forgetting Litolf, and the Belgian, Gewaerts."

"Philomousos" speaks only by rote. At any rate, his light is at best a rushlight, for it has not helped him to the knowledge of some very important ("patent") facts; among the rest, that M. Hector Berlioz has indignantly protested against his name being associated with the Zukunfts party, and that Mr. Henry Litolf broke his stick at Weimar, (not over the head of Father Liszt, but as a symbol of his rupture with the anarchists). Then, to rank such helpless innocents as formed the Gaul, and Gewaerts, the Walloon, among this formidable tribe of savages! The composer of music to *Le medecin malgré lui*, and the composer of music to a book on *Quentin Durward*, illustrating the "Art Work of the Future," is too comical. On the contrary, they much more properly belong to the *past*. Herr Wagner would scout them.

Of the execution of Handel's *Samson*, our Correspondent writes (allowing for some necessary abbreviations) as follows:—

"All the choruses were magnificently executed; but unfortunately this was not the case with the solos. The Germans go upon the economical system: thus the solos were not in the hands of first-rate artists. It is a case of '*Mes beaux jours sont passés*' with Madame Jenny Burde-Ney, her singing now being little better than screaming. Fraulein Schreck (*alto*) sings carefully, and has some very good notes. The tenor, Herr Schnorr, must have been suffering from a cold, for he literally *snores* through his part. If he be the 'most magnificent tenor singer in Germany,' bad must be the best. Herr Stockhausen, the bass, is the artist to whom one can listen with pleasure. But the Dusseldorf fanatics attach too much importance to the abilities of all these singers. Mr. Hiller has made additions to the instrumentation of some of the airs in *Samson*; and no less than five were introduced, restored, that have always hitherto been omitted. *Bearbeitung und Verbesserung!* There is no organ in the Dusseldorf Music Hall, nor is it customary in Germany to give Handel's choruses with organ accompaniment. If people wish to hear Handel's compositions thoroughly well performed, they must go to England."

On Monday, when the concert began at the same hour, the subjoined was the programme:—

1. Overture, "Wasserträger";..... Cherubini.
2. Ver Sacrum, oder die Gründung Roms;..... F. Hiller.
3. Selection from "Iphigenia in Tauris";..... Gluck.
4. Symphony in A major (No. 7);..... Beethoven.

The overture of Cherubini was, it appears, admirably played. Indeed, the orchestra at this festival, if the ear of "Philomousos" may be accredited with sharpness, carried all before it. Read the subjoined, in reference to Beethoven's symphony:—

"No words can sufficiently express the praise due to all the members of the orchestra for their attention to nuances. The *crescendi* and *diminuendi* were perfect."

Gluck seems not to have fared so well, however:

"The selection from *Iphigenia in Tauris* was but a poor affair. The whole went astray; as did also Hiller's composition," &c.

What follows is a tirade of the most abusive character, directed not only against Hiller's *Gründung Roms*, but against Hiller himself; not only against the literary share which Herr Bischoff (of the *Köln-Zeitung* and *Niederrheinisches Musik-Zeitung*) had in the *Cantata*, but against Herr Bischoff himself. Hiller is accused of every conceivable artistic sin, while Herr Bischoff is thus dismissed: "*The text is rubbish, although the idea is fine.*" We must be excused from printing any part of this criticism, and are too glad to pass on to the third and last performance, which took place on Tuesday, at the same hour of 6 P. M. Mendelssohn's overture to *Fingal's Cave* was as finely played as the other instrumental pieces; and Mdlle. Schreck (the contralto) very successful in an air from Bach's *Passion Musik* (violin accompaniment by Joachim). The other vocal pieces were a trio from *Fidelio*, an air from Boieldieu's *Fête du Village Voisin* (Herr Stockhausen); the hacknied scena from *Der Freischütz* (Madame Ney-Bürde); a tenor air from *Euryanthe* (Herr Schnorr); *Lieder*, by Schumann, Hiller, and Schubert (Herr Stockhausen); Venzano's *Valse* (Madame Ney-Bürde); and the concluding chorus from *Samson*. There were two overtures, Spontini's *Olympia*, and a concert-overture by Herr Tausch of Düsseldorf; Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat, played by Herr Tausch, and a couple of violin solos by Joachim, viz., his own, on Hungarian melodies, and one of Beethoven's Romances (which of the two our correspondent does not state).

About this concert we subjoin the remarks of "Philomousos," abridged as expedience may have suggested:

"Joachim's violin solo was beautifully executed: Mozart's 'Ave verum,' could not have been better given, whether by orchestra or chorus. In fact, the weak points throughout the whole festival were owing to the mediocrity of the solo singers. Herr Tausch's concert overture was a childish affair; the composer, who directed its performance as a conductor, more childish still, and yet he holds the appointment of *Stadt Musik-Director* in Düsseldorf. Herr Tausch is a pupil of F. Schneider, brother to the man who tortured the people in 1852 with an interminable organ fugue at Exeter Hall. The concerto of Beethoven was nicely executed by Herr Tausch, and well interpreted. The even manner in which he gave the rapid passages deserves praise; but as a pianist, he can't play, and never will be able to play, like Miss Arabella Goddard or young Mr. Barnett.

"Beethoven's *Romanza* was divinely executed by Joachim, whose pure style must always be admired. Indeed, it is impossible to overpraise Joachim in this admirable performance, which so affected the audience that many of them were in tears! Madame Jenny Ney-Bürde, to a certain extent, vindicated her reputation in Weber's *Serenade*.

In defence of the "Bearbeitung" (adaptation) and "Verbesserung" (amelioration) of Handel's *Samson*, which has been commented upon in a hostile spirit, let one of Herr Hiller's advocates in the *Kölnische Zeitung* speak:

"It is by no means the intention of Herr Hiller to bring *Samson* before the public in its complete and unabridged form, since neither the work nor the audience would benefit thereby. Mosel, in the arrangement through which the oratorio has acquired universal favor, has cut in freely with a very powerful knife, and in performing the operation has evidently gone too deeply into the flesh. But in spite of all that Handel fanatics say about the injustice done to this work, which should have been handed over to the world unutilized, the adaptation is preferable to the original score. The latter, besides recitatives, contains sixteen airs and one duet more than have been heretofore published. Among these Herr Hiller has selected those which he considered the best suited to give prominence to the chief supporters of the action—*Samson* and *Delila*. He has fitted these pieces to a German text, and made necessary additions to the instrumentation, and it is not to be doubted that the work has been thereby enriched."

So deep is the feeling of spite evinced by "Philomousos" against Hiller, that he even allows himself to be led into a *non sequitur*:

"Portraits of Hiller are being sold in all the booksellers' shops, as if he were Beethoven returned to the world again—which accounts for the vanity of the man."

The worthy Kapellmeister of Cologne may console himself with the *lapse* involuntarily committed by his detractor. The artistic stature of Ferdinand Hiller is not diminished one hair's breadth by such inconsiderate attacks. May his shadow be never

the less—and "Hiller's Studies" the name by which he is remembered when the trenchant shears of the *Parcae* cut the thread of his existence. He who was the friend of Mendelssohn, and is the friend of Rossini, may laugh at an obscure *Philomousos*.—*London Musical World*.

Reed Stops in the Organ.*

The reed stops are the third great class of registers. We will not speak of those that are called *free reeds*, because their application is too exceptional, but of the stops with reeds which beat, of the reed stops which are altogether classical, and in general use; the bright sound of which has also a certain metallic roughness, because the tongue of metal vibrates with considerable violence, and at each vibration beats against a reed, which is also of metal.

This kind of register, the introduction of which has completely changed the former character of the organ, on account of the vigor of its sounds, and their great majesty as compared with other registers, in certain combinations and on some occasions, is used in church music, even when it is required to be most solemn and impressive. It embraces in its scale all the degrees of tone, from the six-inch pipe to the thirty-two feet; and hence it gives the sound of all reed wind instruments, from the largest to the smallest. The six-inch reeds lay claim, moreover, to the high-sounding title, and it is not an unworthy ambition, of *vox humana*, while the sixteen-foot reeds represent the *trombone* and the *bombarde*, this last being an old reed instrument of the sixteenth century; though they represent it perhaps more in the name than in reality; and the thirty-two feet reeds, which are commonly not more than twenty-four feet in fact, represent the *contra-bombard*, called by the Italians the *bombardare*, as they have made *trombone* out of *tromba*.

The grave inconvenience of reed stops, considered instrumentally, is that the treble notes overpower the basses. This arises from the fact that the depth of tone depends on the increase in the size of the tongue and reed. Hence the lower the sound descends towards the bass, the stronger does it of necessity become. The tongue, on the contrary, becomes smaller as it ascends higher into the treble notes; and therefore, also, the sounds produced by it become thinner or weaker and out of all proportion with the fulness in volume of the sounds of the bass. This is also so much the case, that for the full effect of the higher sounds, reed stops by themselves are not enough, but require to be strengthened with some member of the flue-pipes. There are, indeed, some builders who, not being able to obtain sufficient power with their reed stops in the higher octaves, make use of flue-pipes for this purpose instead of reeds, and voice them as keen and clear as possible. More commonly, however, the organist, in order that the two or three last octaves of a reed stop may be heard distinctly, combines with it a very forcible mixture called a *cornet*, which, when it is well managed, decreases in power in proportion as it approaches the bass, and therefore gives additional strength to the treble notes of the reed stop only. None of these plans, after all, are quite equal to the task of raising the reed stops to exactly the same position as the flue stops, because, when they are added, they make a complete change in the quality of the register, of which it is intended they should be only a continuance; in fact, they do nothing more than cause it to break off abruptly at a given place, and from that place put themselves instead of it.

The character, then, of reed stops is exactly the reverse of flue stops, since these last yield piercing sounds in their treble notes, and are, comparatively speaking, veiled in their sound in their basses. The consequence of this opposition makes itself especially felt in the song of the Church in both of these stops. In France, where the national character is lively and positive, the common way is to make use of the reed stops in accompanying the ecclesiastical chant; and as

the trebles would naturally be covered by the vigor of the basses, it is these basses that are used to intone the melody of the Church,—namely, the plain chant. It would be easy to show to such persons as do not see it for themselves, that to make in this way a bass of a popular chant is wholly at variance with the original intentions of the composers of this chant; for the voice of the people is not a bass voice. It could be easily shown also that the counterpoint, the best of its kind in this odd sort of music, in which the treble, used as the accompaniment, is made to take the place of the bass, and the bass that of the treble, is rather an offence against common sense than a counterpoint at all.

It is in accordance with the rules of harmony to give the melody to the right hand and its accompaniment to the left; but then the reed stops must not be employed. The French fashion of making use of the reed stops on all occasions, even in the most simple form of recitative, that of the ecclesiastical chant, has caused this chant to become coarse, harsh, and insupportable; and the French organ has most commonly abjured all its more mellow tones for such as are hard and without expression. Our builders, as regards soft stops, have, to speak generally, remained stationary; while the German builders, on the contrary, have not ceased a moment from creating the most delicate variety of sounds in all shades of tone in this kind of stop. But let us take courage: for some years past our most eminent builders, though they are but few, have set to work to imitate the delicacy of the Germans in these matters; and where the French begin by imitating, they generally end by surpassing.

Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 100.)

No. 95.

Leopold Mozart to his wife.

Milan, January 8, 1771.

Yesterday we had a little concert at Count Firmiani's, where Wolfgang had a concerto—a very fine one, and quite new—given him to play. Next Monday we shall go to Turin, where we shall spend a week. Our son's opera marches onward amidst universal approbation, and as the Italians say, it is going up to the skies (*alle stelle*). Every one is curious to behold the *maestro* and to speak with him.

During the three first performances Wolfgang sat at the first harpsichord, and the *maestro* Lampagnani accompanies him on the second. Now it is the latter who plays the first, and the *maestro* Melchior Chiesa the second.

No. 96.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, January 12, 1771.

The Philharmonic Academy of Verona has admitted our dear son among its members, and the *Cancelliere dell' Accademie* is busy preparing the diploma to send it to us. God be thanked! the opera is so attractive that the theatre is crammed full every day.

P. S. from Wolfgang.—It is long since I wrote, I have been so busy. Now that I have more time I shall attend better to my duty. The opera, God be thanked, pleases, for the theatre is quite full every night, which astonishes every one, as every one says that in Milan no first opera ever drew such a crowd. We are well, and I hope at Easter to be able to tell everything in detail to you and our good mother. A *propos*—yesterday the copyist came to see us, and to tell us that the court of Lisbon had asked for a copy of the opera. Keep yourself in health, my lady sister.

I have the honor to be and eternally to remain,
Your faithful brother.

No. 97.

The Same to the Same.

Venice, February 20, 1771.

We arrived here the Monday before Shrove Tuesday. We go every night to the opera and to the other places of public recreation. The former *impresario*, Crosa, miserably drest, crawls about the streets of Milan a beggar. God thus punishes the deceitful.

I have yet to tell you, about our stay at Milan, the following fact:—we heard a thing which will seem to you incredible, and which I thought I never could have heard.—N. B. in Italy. We heard two poor people, a man and a woman, singing together in the

* From *L'Orgue, sa Connaissance, son Administration, et son Jeu* (22nd Etude), by M. Joseph Regnier, of Nancy.

streets, and singing entirely in fifths, without missing a single note. This is what I never heard in Germany. From a distance I thought at first that two persons were singing separately. As we drew near we found that it was a duo in pure fifths.

I cannot sufficiently lay stress on the politeness of M. Wider, the merchant to whom I have been recommended, and on that of all his family. It is impossible to give them too much praise. I have learnt a little to read the men of this world; but I have seen few, very few, so obliging as these,—frank, kindly, and open, at the same time that they are polite, well-mannered, and free from pride. They have invited us to dinner every day that we have no other engagement. We shall soon have had enough of our journeys in gondolas. To-morrow we dine at Catarina Cornero's, Sunday at the Patriarch's, Monday at Dolfin's, next week, almost every day, with other nobili.

P. S. from Wolfgang.—I am still alive, God be praised, and in good health. Do you know what it is to receive the *attacca*? In order to become a true Venetian, you must allow your hinder part to be brought violently in contact with the ground. It was decided that I should be initiated. Seven women laid hold of me, and they succeeded in bringing me—how shall I say?—around.

No. 98.
The Same to the Same.
Venice, March 1, 1771.

We are constantly invited out, now at one place now at another; there is always some lordly gondola before our door ready to carry us to the Grand Canal. On our return we shall have to make a stay for a few days at Vicenza, the bishop of which, who belongs to the Cornero family, will not allow us to pass through the city on any other condition; the same with Verona. I am vexed that we shall only have melancholy fast days during our whole journey. We may, perhaps, reach Reichenhall on Good Friday, where we shall hear the usual opera of the *Passion*. I will relate to you all we have seen; the arsenal, the churches, the hospitals; there are a thousand things to admire here.

We shall not bring the opera back with us. It is still in the hands of the copyist, who, like all the copyists of Italy, will not let the original of an opera go out of his hands as long as he can make a profit of the copies, in order that he alone may have the benefit of it. When we left Milan the copyist had made five complete copies, one for the *impresa* (management), two for Vienna, one for the Duchess of Parma, and the other for the court of Lisbon, not to speak of the single pieces of which he had many copies to make. He has not executed all his orders yet.

Tuesday there is a grand concert; Sunday we go to the Imperial ambassador, Monday to Maffetti's.

No. 99.
The Same to the Same.
Venice, March 6, 1771.

We are so plagued and dragged at in every direction, that I cannot say who, of all that ask us, will succeed in getting us. It is a pity we could not have stayed longer here, for we have made a wide acquaintance with all the nobility, and everywhere, in the drawing-rooms, at the dinner table, we are so overwhelmed with honors, that not only are we fetched and brought back in gondolas by the secretary of each house, but the master of the house himself accompanies us home, and they are among the first people in Venice, the Cornero's, Grimani's, Mocenigo's, Dolfin's, Valiers, &c.

I am afraid we shall meet with very bad roads, for there have been frightful rains. *Basta!* we must take things as they come. All these things do not interrupt my repose, so long as we are in health.

No. 100.
The Same to the Same.

Vicenza, March 14th, 1771.
We had made everybody believe that we should start a day earlier than we meant, in order to have a day to ourselves, and to have time to pack up. But the trick was nosed out, and we had to dine once more with Cotari, and with Cornero, who presented us with a handsome snuff box, and some fine lace cuffs. We saw all that we could contrive to visit in Padua in one day, for there we could get no rest either, and Wolfgang had to play in two places. He also found some work there, for he is to compose an oratorio for Padua. We paid a visit to the Maestro Padre Valotti* *al Santo*, and then Ferrandini,

where Wolfgang had to perform. Lastly he played to perfection on the organ of the incomparable church of San Giustiniano. To-morrow we stay over another day—not without cause.

No. 101.
The Same to the Same.
Verona, March 18th, 1771.

I am informed from Vienna that a document will reach me at Salzburg, which will astonish you, and confer immortal honor on our son.†

No. 102.
The Same to the Same.
We are near our journey's end. Thursday, I hope to be in the midst of you.

No. 103.
The Same to the Same.
Verona, August 18th, 1771.‡

We stayed an entire day at Ala, with two Piccinis, that we might go to church in our travelling attire, which it was easier to do than at Verona. We have plenty of entertainment in the way of music. We alighted here at Luggiatti's.

P. S. from Wolfgang.—I have only slept half an hour, for I do not like sleeping after meals. You may hope, believe, think, fancy, figure to yourself, be satisfied, and live in confidence, that we are in good health. As for me I can give you positive intelligence to that effect. Ask M. de Heffner if he has not seen Anna Mindl.

No. 104.
The Same to the Same.
Milan, August 24, 1771.

We have been here since the 21st. The poem has not yet been sent from Vienna. The archduke arrives on the 15th of October, and the marriage will take place on the same day.

P. S. from Wolfgang.—We were overcome with heat on the road; the dust followed us up most pertinaciously and impudently to such a degree, that we should certainly have been stifled and have died, had we not had the good sense to do nothing of the kind. Keep your promise to me; you know very well what I mean. O thou all-beloved, I beseech thee; I shall most certainly be beholden to thee.

At this moment I am suffocating! I open my waistcoat. Addio. Overhead we have a violinist; there is one below us; in the next apartment there is a singing-master giving lessons; opposite to us there is a colonel. This is an amusing state of things when you are composing, it gives one ideas.

No. 105.
The Same to the Same.
Milan, August 30, 1771.

The poem has come at last. As yet Wolfgang has done nothing but the oversure, to wit, a tolerably long *allegro*, an *andante* which is to be danced to, but only by a few persons. Then instead of the concluding *allegro* he has written a sort of *contredanse* and chorus, which is to be sung and danced to. We shall have a pretty good deal to do this month. We are going to see M. Hasse, who has just arrived.

We went to see the Princess, the betrothed of the Archduke. She was extremely gracious; not only did she chat a long time with us, but, moreover, gave us the most charming reception, for as soon as she caught sight of us, she advanced quickly to meet us, drew off her glove and presented her hand, and began to address us before we could say a word to her.

P. S. from Wolfgang.—I have already in your honor eat lots of pears, peaches, and melons. My sole pleasure is talking in signs with the dumb people, for I can do it to perfection. Let me recommend to you my prayer for the other, so long as there is another, you understand.*

No. 106.
I received your few lines; it was a most economical idea to write only a little on the first page and scarcely anything on the second; for so many thousands of letters might add such weight to the epistle, that it would require six horses to convey it to Milan. Heavens, what an amount of postage! Blank sheets are always less costly to be conveyed than those which are covered with writing.

†Count Fiomiani wrote to him from Milan, in the name of the Empress Maria Teresa, to confide to Wolfgang the composition of a grand serenade for the stage, to celebrate the marriage of Archduke Ferdinand. It was called *Ascanio in Alba*. The opera composed on the same occasion was entrusted to the eldest of the chapel masters, the celebrated Hasse.

‡Mozart returned in August to Milan, with his father, to compose his serenade, and work at an opera at the same time.

*A young lady, a favorite with the young composer, and who was shortly about to be married.

Our heads are quite full. We received the poem very late, and even then it still remained some days in the hands of the poet, that he might make all sorts of changes. I hope it will have a good success. But Wolfgang has a heap of things to write, for he is also obliged to compose the music for the ballet which connects the two acts, or the two parts of the serenade.

I did not think it at all extraordinary that the Archduke Maximilian should have become a canon of the Cathedral. I everywhere, and on all occasions have said it, since my return from Italy to Salzburg, that it would happen. We shall see the rest: patience. I am sorry I cannot write all I have to say. Salzburg is not the sole motive for this first step.

No. 107.
The Same to the Same.
Milan, September 13, 1771.

Wolfgang will, I hope, with God's help, have finished the serenade in twelve days; it is properly speaking an *azione teatrale* in two parts. The recitatives, with and without accompaniments, are all finished, and the choruses also, five of which are sung only, and three others sung and danced to at the same time. We attended to-day the rehearsal of the dance, and we admired the zeal of the two ballet-masters, Pick and Fabier. The first tableau represents Venus emerging from the clouds, accompanied by Genii and Graces.

The *andante* of the symphony is danced to by eleven personages, eight Graces and three Goddesses. The last *allegro* of the symphony is a chorus of thirty-two choristers, eight *soprani*, eight *contralti*, eight *tenors*, and eight *basses*, and at the same time danced to by sixteen personages, eight women, and eight men.

There is another chorus of shepherds and shepherdesses; and besides chorus of shepherds alone, that is *tenors* and *basses*; next there are choruses of little shepherdesses, that is of *soprani* and *contralti*. In the last scene they are all together, Geni, Grazi, Pastori, Pastorelle, choristers, dancers of both sexes, and all dance together to the final chorus. In the above enumeration are not included the solo dancers, namely, M. Pick, M^{me}. Binetti, M. Fabier, and M^{me}. Blache. The small solos which intervene between the choruses, sometimes between two *soprani*, sometimes between *alti* and *soprani* &c., are intermingled with solos by dancers of both sexes.

The personages of the cantata are: La Venere, Signora Falchini, *seconda donna*; Ascanio, Signor Manzuoli, *primo uomo*; Silvia, Signora Girelli, *prima donna*; Aceste Sacerdote, Signor Tibaldi, *tenore*; Fauno Pastore, Signor Solzi, *secondo uomo*.

N. B.—We have already in hand our Venice affair for 1773.

(Here follows in Italian the agreement for an opera to be performed in Venice at the Carnival of 1773, and requiring the presence of young Mozart in that city from the 30th of November, 1772. The terms are seventy sequins.)

P. S. from Wolfgang.—I shall write only for the sake of writing. I am not very well. I have a cold in my head and chest. Tell M^{lle}. de Moelk I am greatly rejoiced at the idea of returning to Salzburg, if it were only to receive for my minuets such a present as I received once after a certain concert,—she will know well enough what the present I mean was.

(To be continued.)

Musical Correspondence.

CAMDEN, N. J., JUNE 23. — Although we are not accustomed to share our musical treats with the readers of the Journal, yet we presume you will be pleased to hear from an old friend. We were not a little surprised a few days since by the announcement of "A Grand Concert to be given in the Court House, Friday evening, June 22, by the Camden Sacred Musical Union." The selections were from Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Romberg, Möhring, Fesca, Speyer and other eminent composers, and were performed with much credit. We would particularly mention: "The Heavens are Telling," from Haydn; the air for soprano: *Deh, se piacer me vuoi*, from "Titus," by Mozart; the "Hunter's Song," by Kücken; "The Wanderer," by Fesca; Air for soprano: "Angels ever bright and fair," from "Theodora," Handel; a solo and chorus from the "Power of Song," by Romberg; "Rest in Peace," by

*A cordeller monk, a chapel master, and the greatest organist of his time. Born at Vercell, 1697, died at Padua, 1780.

†Antonio Ferrandini, born at Naples, 1718, author of a *Stabat Mater*, considered a masterpiece; died in poverty, 1779.

Möhling; and a charming Quartet by Foster. We should be unjust did we not also mention the Piano Solos; especially the introductory one from C. M. von Weber, performed by Mr. JACKSON, the conductor of the Association. It convinced us that certainly there was one excellent pianist in Camden. Mr. J. has done much for music here, and we are glad to learn he is reaping the fruits of his labor from a good number of pupils, and the high esteem in which he is held by all the lovers of good music here. The Hall was well filled by an appreciating and attentive audience, who expressed their pleasure and satisfaction by frequent and hearty applause. The Society was organized in October last, and is composed of the best talent in Camden. We trust they will continue their rehearsals, for we are sure, if they can draw so large a house, this very warm season, as was assembled last evening, they cannot fail to meet with even greater success during the winter months.

Our residence here has been short, yet we have been gratified to hear so much good music both in Camden and Philadelphia, and we are promising ourselves many happy hours from music here, which we have so often enjoyed in Boston.

NEW ENGLAND.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., JUNE 26.—The HARVARD GLEE CLUB, assisted by the MENDELSSOHN QUINETTE CLUB, gave their sixth concert at Lyceum Hall, Cambridge, on Wednesday evening, June 20th. Nothing could be more unpropitious than the weather; the rain had been pouring in torrents all day, and only increased as the hour for the commencement approached. But at eight o'clock every seat was taken, and the ladies were somewhat in the majority, proving the popularity of the music of the Club. Here is the programme:

PART I.

1. Quintet in B flat, op. 87, Allegro and Adagio. Mendelssohn
2. The Cheerful Wanderer. Mendelssohn
3. Polonaise, op. 26, for Piano. Chopin
4. Wandering Song. Mendelssohn
5. Thema, and Variations, from the Quartet, in A, op. 18. Beethoven
6. Possenti Numi, Song and Chorus from the "Magic Flute," Mozart

PART II.

1. Song written for the Germans at Lyons. Mendelssohn
2. Souvenir de Sonnambula, solo for Violoncello. Kummer
3. Turkish Drinking Song. Mendelssohn
4. Wanderer's Night Song. Lenz
5. Scena and Aria, from "Le Pré aux clercs," Herold
6. Summer Song. Mendelssohn
7. College Songs.

The Glee Club, not the Quintette, as is seen in the bill, gave prominence to Mendelssohn. They have made him a study the past year, and with excellent success, if their performance be taken as the result; the involved parts were rendered with great clearness and self-possession, and there was none of that nervous hurry so often incidental to an amateur performance. This was the more creditable, since the class of music was of a higher standard than they have ever before attempted. After the Club had recovered from the throat-parching effect of the first piece, the voices came out clear and brilliant. The great successes of the evening were No. 6, in the first part, and No. 3, in the second part. Both were received with great enthusiasm, and repeated. The "Turkish Drinking Song." I preferred to the same as performed by the "Orpheus," because there was not that excess of light and shade by which some of the tones are lost in a vanish, and there is a freshness and brilliancy in the young voices of the Harvard which is very pleasing.

The Quintette were an inspiration to the singers, and must have been refreshed in performing to such a cordial and appreciative audience. Too often the instrumental part is counted a bore, when compared with the vocal, but the performers were twice re-

called; the last time they could not refuse, and so they repeated part of No. 5 in the second part.

During the whole evening the audience seemed to forget there was such a thing as weather. We are very sorry to hear that this is the last time the Club will appear. It seems that the "powers that be," with the advice of the musical instructor, have decided that the Club is detrimental to the interests of College music, and so have dissolved it.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 30, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—BENNETT's Cantata: *The May Queen*, continued.

The "Philharmonic" Problem.

The problem is, to organize some system, sure, efficient, permanent, whereby those who really love and thirst for great orchestral music, such as the Symphonies, the Overtures, &c., of Beethoven, of Mozart, of Mendelssohn, of any master who has power to interest us and inspire us as these do, may rely from year to year upon stated and sufficient supplies (concerts) of such music. The problem is, in short, the organization of the highest class of instrumental concerts, with a single view to true musical culture and the maintaining of a high standard of taste. ART, and not mere amusement, not material profit found in catering to amusement, is the main thing to be sought. A musical society, springing from this motive and with this end, is what has commonly been understood in older cities by the term "*Philharmonic Society*." It is a society which ministers to a true love of Music as an *Art*, by furnishing frequent opportunities of hearing and enjoying the *best* works of the great composers (not of course too narrowly restricting itself to these).

Now there are several methods by which we may get such concerts. One is to trust entirely to private enterprise, to managers and companies, who may come to us from abroad, or who may spring up at home, and who find their interest in catering to a manifest appetite in the community. Such appetite of course manifests itself in its readiness to patronize and pay for such things: and if the appetite be high, be classical, if classical music *pay* best, then classical music we shall have offered us on all sides by competing speculators in the article. This method we have tried abundantly; enough to know that it is exceedingly uncertain for all good purposes. They who speculate in concert-giving always seek to create a feverish and unwholesome appetite in the public. They care not for the kind of audience, they care only for the largest. Anxious to attract and please the many, they find they can afford, at least, for the time being, to overlook to a great degree the wishes of the real music lovers,—those on whom, in the long run, the entire support of music really depends. If they can get up an excitement *now*, and draw great audiences, and reap large profits, what care they if the fire burn over the soil and leave it dead and barren for some years to come! Much good music we do surely owe in Boston to these chance enterprises. But we cannot rely on them, amid the factitious and capricious tastes and preferences of a half musical or wholly unmusical public.

A second method is for the musicians who compose the orchestra, and who reside among us, to organize themselves into a society, (as they have just done), and manage the whole thing themselves for their own profit, as a matter of business, and for the artistic profit of the music-lovers so far as this may coincide with their own profit. There may be mingled with this business motive a great deal of the disinterested, higher motive, of love of Art for Art's sake, as there doubtless is in many of the musicians who have organized the "*Boston Philharmonic Society*." Of course, many of them, perhaps the most of them, are even more anxious to have such a union as a mutual guaranty of the artistic tone and character among themselves, than as a new means of professional employment. It depends upon the individuals composing it in the first place, and secondly upon the degree of interest and confidence their union can inspire among the real music-lovers, whether they can serve the true ends of a Philharmonic society. The plan is perfectly legitimate, even on the lowest ground of a mere business corporation; and we cannot deny that, from the higher view, there is much ground of confidence in many of the gentlemen who have formed the new society. But here lies the danger and the doubt: it is composed of and managed by the actual performers in the orchestra exclusively; it must embrace those who are available for actual service on the instruments required, whether the artistic spirit be strong in them or not; it is wholly and exclusively under the control of those who earn their livelihood by playing on orchestral instruments, and who unfortunately are so placed that they must look to every means of multiplying occupation for themselves. The majority of course govern. Where then is the guaranty that those members who have the real cause of Art at heart may not be at any time outvoted by those who only look to profit, and who play at "*Philharmonic*" concerts, just as they play in bands or theatres, merely by the hour for wages?

A third method (and this is what we had hoped would at least be tried, and what might still be tried without any interference with the other) is for those who really love and want classical orchestral music, to organize their want themselves, by forming some society in which music-lovers, amateurs, orchestral performers, and musical artists generally shall have a voice and influence, and so pledge themselves to its support. Let the musical taste of the community organize *itself*, as it were, into some permanent, effective system for the furtherance of its desires. To this end it would seem most natural, as a first step, after the thing has been sufficiently talked about in chance ways, here and there, in private, to have a meeting called, for conference, of the leading friends of music (of course we mean the lovers of orchestral music in the highest sense). Such a meeting should include the leading friends and patrons of such music; the persons of most taste, musical character and enthusiasm; such actual performers in orchestral concerts, as feel a paramount interest in music as an art, and not chiefly as a business; also amateur performers, who might be useful in the counsels, and perhaps even in the working rank and file of the orchestra; and above all, the leading musical *artists* in the city, whether engaged in orchestras or in other departments of the art. In a word, it should

be a meeting of just those persons who constitute the musical character (in the best sense) of the city. A full and candid conference, or series of conferences of such a company—the more informal the better—would naturally lead to the appointment of a committee, in which all the above named classes should be represented, who should study the problem together in earnest, and report at an adjourned meeting the outlines of a plan of a Philharmonic Society, to be composed not merely of actual performers in the orchestra, but of those who have the cause of the best music most at heart, and who will pledge themselves to the work of securing both subscribing audience and orchestra year after year, upon a permanent system, which may grow in strength and efficiency as it goes on. This plan should not be adopted until after it has been thoroughly and critically canvassed. It will have the merit of placing both the artistic control and the pecuniary responsibility of the concerts in the hands of those who really want the concerts. The society, so organized, may either organize an orchestra of its own, from time to time or permanently, as shall seem most expedient; or it may employ any orchestra already in existence, such for instance as our musicians have been forming. But the control and the responsibility will rest with those who want the concerts, in other words with those who look to the artistic end, instead of with those who take it up in the routine of their own professional business.

Of course this is only hinting the initiatory steps, together with the spirit that should govern such a movement. The working details of the plan would soon suggest themselves.

ITALIAN OPERA. — The CORTESI Troupe brought its brief season to a close on Wednesday, with a benefit performance of *Saffo*, in which Mme. CORTESI took the part of Sappho, with Miss PHILLIPS as Ismene and MUSIANI as Phaon. We were not present, and therefore had to lose the satisfaction of witnessing what the announcement styled the "greatest rôle of the greatest lyric tragedienne," as well as the repetition of the "famous *ut-de-poitaine*, which has placed Musiani in the front rank of living tenors," or something tantamount to that. By the way, "Vanity Fair" has cleverly translated *ut-de-poitaine* (or *Do-di-petto*) into picture; we know not whether the hearing or the seeing gave us the most pleasure.

The audiences generally have been not large. FABBRI has gained in general esteem as really an admirable artist, of a truly lyric stamp. In her second performance, in *Ernani*, her very powerful voice appeared a little harder and less genial than in *Nabucco*; and it has been justly observed that her middle tones are weaker and of less positive character than her splendid, ringing highest tones and the solid, satisfactory tones in the contralto region. The middle register in fact betrays the German quality of the voice. Mme. Fabbri's first career was German, under her maiden name of Agnes Schmidt, and in the great German rôles, as Fidelio, Agatha, Iphigenia, as well as in Meyerbeer's operas. It is only within the last two years that she has sung in Italian. She is not, as we have said before, one of the most finished of mere singers; and on that account it rather pains us when she undertakes much ornamental or bravura work. Her trill, for instance, is rich, reedy, penetrating, birdlike, but not even, and she indulges in it too much. But she has the lyric fire, a true dramatic quality and power. Her Elvira was fine, but hardly as impressive as her Abigail. We thought, too, that she over-dressed the part. MUSIANI's tenor rang more powerfully than sweetly in

the music of Ernani. SUSINI was as largely and musically sonorous in voice as he was dignified and grand in bearing, as the old Silva. The union of three principal voices of such extraordinary power was something rare; and accounted perhaps for the excessive loudness of the orchestra, wherever drums and trombones had a chance. It was an over-loud, otherwise an uncommonly good performance of *Ernani* as a whole. Sig. BARILI put more than usual vigor and expression into the part of Don Carlos, though his voice was hardly adequate.

We have not had the pleasure of hearing FREZZOLINI in either of the two parts she has taken here, Lucia and Gilda in *Rigoletto*. But on Saturday afternoon she sang, between the acts of *Nabucco*, the crazy scene: *Qui la voce*, from *I Puritani*, giving evidence of a voice of sweetest and most feeling quality and cultivated to a very high point of perfection; but style and feeling could not overcome the painful impression of the great labor with which the voice is now used. She must have been a very admirable singer, and there is lady-like refinement in her look and manner; but she lacks the strength and freshness now to make a positive impression. FABBRI was all herself again that afternoon as Abigail. On Tuesday evening she sang the *Traviata*, we are told, with great success. Mme. FABBRI is engaged by manager Ullman for his next Academy season, when we trust she may be heard in music better worth her talent than mere operas of Verdi.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The Maennerchor and young Maennerchor Societies of Philadelphia had a picnic and concert in the woods last Monday, at Hestonville. The music consisted of an overture by the Germania orchestra; chorus of priests from *Zauberflöte*; the *Rienzi* chorus by Wagner; part-songs by Kreutzer and others. . . . ULLMAN has engaged FABBRI, PATTI, BRIGNOLI, SUSINI, FERRI, for the next season. AMODIO goes to the Brazils. . . . The "infant musical phenomenon" of three years old, MARTHA STORY, of Essex, Mass., who plays more than fifty tunes, and does other extraordinary things, is about to give daily exhibitions next week in this city. This is done, we understand, to raise the means of giving her a musical education. See advertisement.

The report of RUBINSTEIN's death is contradicted. . . . Liszt is about to marry a Russian princess. "The German journals," says *The Gazette Musicale*, "announce the approaching marriage of Franz Liszt with the princess Wittgenstein. The dispensation so long expected has arrived from Rome. The ceremony will take place at Fulda, and will be performed by the Bishop."

Music Abroad.

Germany.

VIENNA. — The *Musik-Zeitung* sums up the musical performances of the whole season of 1859-60. As it may interest our readers to see how much and what music may be had in a German city in one season, we translate the article.

The concerts, public or semi-public, which have taken place during the past season, are:

5 *Philharmonic Concerts*; 4 of the *Society of Friends of Music*; 2 of the *Singverein*; 3 of the *Sing-akademie*; 2 (repeated) "Academies" of the *Ton-künstler Society*; 3 Concerts of the orchestral *Euterpe*; 3 private performances of the *Orchestral Union of the Musical Association*; 2 Concerts of the *Männergesang* and 2 of the *Academie Gesang-verein* (besides other such societies); 10 Quartet Concerts of Herr Helmesberger; 2 by Vieuxtemps; 4 Trio soirées of Herr Dunkl; 3 Quartet performances of Hr. Hoff-

mann, and 4 Soirées of Hr. Carl Debrois van Bruyck. Moreover, there have appeared, either independently or in other concerts: the violinists Vieuxtemps and Poznansky, the pianists Dreyschock, Carl Meyer, Freiber, Boscovitz, De Lange, Dachs, Epstein, Hans von Bülow; and the singers Herren E. v. Soupper, S. Marchesi, Stockhausen, besides many resident artists and dilettanti. Moreover the ladies: Clara Schumann, Frl. Suck, Fiby, J. von Asten, Th. Kress, H. Fritz, and others. As composers: Herren C. D. v. Bruyck, Mögele and F. Mair.

In these concerts the following works of importance were performed:

A. For Chorus and Orchestra.

HANDEL: "Israel in Egypt." "Timotheus." A chorus from "Deborah."

S. BACH: Cantata "Shepherd of Israel." * Extracts from the "Matthew Passion." *

HAYDN: "The Seasons."

BEETHOVEN: "Ruins of Athens." "Christ at the Mount of Olives."

MENDELSSOHN: "Walpurgis-Night." 95th Psalm. * 98th Psalm. *Lauda Sion.* * Athalia. Chorus from *Christus*.

SCHUMANN: 4 Ballads of the Page, &c. "Manfred." "Pilgrimage of the Rose."

LISZT: "Prometheus."

B. Vocal Choruses.

1. Religions, mixed choir, by: Allegri, Gabrieli, Arcadelt, Frank, Eccard, Schein, Esser, Fr. Lachner.

2. Secular, by: Mendelssohn, Schumann, Taubert, Gade, Berg, J. Maier.

3. *Männerchöre*, by: Zelter, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, Otto, &c. &c.

C. Symphonies.

HAYDN: in D major.

MOZART: A major, D major, G minor.

BEETHOVEN: C major, D major, A major (twice), F major (No. 8), D minor (Choral), twice.

SCHUBERT: C major.

MENDELSSOHN: C minor, A minor, A major.

SCHUMANN: D minor, Overture, Scherzo and Finale.

GADE: B major.

D. Overtures, Marches, &c.

S. BACH: *Toccata*, instrumented by Esser.

MOZART: "Titus." *Maurerische Trauercantata*.

BEETHOVEN: "Egmont." "Coriolanus." "King Stephen."

WEBER: "Abou Hassan."

SCHUBERT: instrumented by Liszt.

SPOHR: "Macbeth." *Berggeist*.

WINTER: "Tamerlane."

CHERUBINI: "Anacreon."

MEHUL.

BERLIOZ: Scherzo *Fée Mab*.

MEYERBEER: Schiller Fest march.

WAGNER: Introduction to "Tristan and Isolde."

E. Concertos, with and without Orchestra.

S. BACH: Italian Concerto (twice). Concerto in D minor, with strings.

MOZART: in D minor.

BEETHOVEN: C major, C minor, Eb major for piano.

WEBER: *Concertstück*.

MENDELSSOHN: G minor (twice).

SCHUMANN: A minor.

Single movements from Concertos for Violin by Beethoven, for Clarinet by Weber, for Piano by Sterndale Bennett.

* Those with a star had only a piano-forte accompaniment.

F. String Quartets, Quintets, &c.

1. Quartets:

- HAYDN: D major, G major.
 MOZART: B flat major, A major, D minor.
 BEETHOVEN: A major, F major (op. 59), F minor, C sharp minor, A minor, B flat major (op. 130), F major (op. 135).
 SCHUBERT: D minor.
 MENDELSSOHN: F minor.
 SPOHR: E minor.
 SCHUMANN: A minor (twice), F major.
 HAGER: B minor.
 RAPPOLDI: } in manuscript.
 KESSMAYER: }

2. Quintets:

- MOZART: C major, G minor, D major.
 SCHUBERT: C major, with 2' cello.
 MENDELSSOHN: B flat major (twice), A major.
 RUBINSTEIN: Manuscript.

3. Double Quartet:

- SPOHR: E minor.

G. Piano Trios, Quartets, &c.

- S. BACH: Sonata with Violin, in F.
 HAYDN: Trio in A major.
 BEETHOVEN: Trios in E minor, D major, and E flat major. Sonatas with violin in E flat major, C minor, A major, A minor (op. 47); with 'cello, in A major, C major, and D major (op. 102).
 SPOHR: Quintet and Trio.
 SCHUBERT: Trio in B flat. Quintet in A.
 MENDELSSOHN: Trio in C minor.
 CHOPIN: Trio.
 SCHUMANN: Sonata with violin, op. 121. Trios in D minor, F major, G minor. Quintet in E flat.
 CLARA SCHUMANN: Trio in G minor.
 STERNDAL BENNETT: Trio in A.
 RUBINSTEIN: Sonata with Viola. Trio in G minor. Sextet (originally Octet).
 C. REINECKE: Sonata with 'cello.
 GADE: "Trio-Novelletten."
 HILLER: "Trio-Serenade."
 GOLDMARK: Quartet.

London.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The fourth concert of the season took place on Monday evening, "by command," and was honored by the presence of Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, the King of the Belgians, and the Princesses Alice and Helena. The royal party entered the Hanover Square Rooms shortly after eight o'clock, and the National Anthem was played by the band, both on the arrival and departure of the illustrious visitors. The programme, although it included two symphonies—namely, the so-called *Italian* of Mendelssohn, and the *Eroica* of Beethoven—(both finely executed under the able direction of Professor Bennett), was much shorter than usual, and included but one novelty, the first appearance at these time-honored concerts of Mlle. Ariôt, a young French singer of remarkable merit, possessing a very fine voice, and much musical feeling of the best kind. Mlle. Ariôt sang the intensely dramatic "Ah mon fils" of Meyerbeer, and the divine air "Deh vieni non tardar," from Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, and in both instances met with well-merited success. The other pieces in the programme were the fine overtures to the *Ruler of the Spirits* and *Ruy Blas*, to each of which ample justice was done by the unsurpassable band of the Philharmonic Society. The Rooms were crowded.—*Mus. World*, June 9.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The programme of the twenty-fourth concert, last Monday, was selected from the works of various masters. The instrumental pieces were; quartet in G major (Op. 61) Dussek; *Sonata Appassionata*, Beethoven; quartet in E minor (Op. 44), Mendelssohn; a trio in F (No. 2), Spohr. Of these Mendelssohn's magnificent quartet—introduced by general desire—created the greatest effect. Dussek's quartet was played for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts, and was quite as successful as its companion in E flat, introduced by the directors on a previous occasion. The one in B flat (No. 2) will doubtless come next; and this will exhaust the string-quartet repertory of this master. Herr Lubeck was recalled after the sonata of Beethoven, which he played in his accustomed style. The players in the quartets were M. Sainton,

Herr Goffrie, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti, whose performance in both instances merit the highest praise. Spohr's trio did not go well. The singers were Mlle. Jenny Meyer (who has a lovely *mezzo-soprano*), encored in Gluck's "Che farò," which, as also Schubert's "Ungeduld," she sang with the utmost purity of expression; Herr Hermanns, a young German singer, with a superb bass-voice and great declamatory power, who was encored in two songs "An dem Sturm," (*Carl Evers*), and "Falstaff's song" (from Otto Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*) for which he substituted "In diesen heiligen Hallen" (*Die Zauberflöte*); and last not least Mr. Sims Reeves, who was encored in Mr. Howard Glover's exquisitely beautiful setting of Shelley's "I arise from dreams of thee," and in Rossini's "Gita in Gondola" (*soirées*), accepting the compliment in the first instance and courteously declining it in the last, both songs being given to perfection. Mr. Benedict accompanied the vocal music with masterly skill. Although this was the twenty-fourth concert, of the second season, St. James's Hall was crowded in every part. And yet some will insist that "the people" don't like good music.—*Ibid.*

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—By far the finest performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* that has been heard for a long time was given last week at Exeter Hall, before one of the most densely crowded audiences we remember. Indeed so great was the demand for places that the Society have found it advisable to announce a repetition of the oratorio, although this was intended to be the last of the season, and *Elijah* will consequently be heard again on Friday, the 25th instant. Lately we had occasion to comment on its performance, by 3000 performers, at the Crystal Palace, when, owing to acoustic difficulties, impossible to overcome, much of the effect was lost. At Exeter Hall, however, it is a different thing; the 700 are quite sufficient (more than sufficient as far as the brass is concerned) to carry out the intentions of the composer, and every note is distinctly heard, not only of the vocal, but the instrumental parts, which is absolutely necessary to a proper understanding of the work. The principal soloists were Miss Parepa, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Miss Palmer, Mrs. F. Lucas, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Santley, and Patey.—*Ibid.*

THE CHARITY SCHOOLS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The entertainment given on Wednesday by the children of the Metropolitan Charity Schools, was partly in consequence of the Annual Meeting at St. Paul's Cathedral being prevented taking place this year on account of the repairs being made in the interior of the building, and partly because the friends of the children were desirous to give them a holiday, and repeat the festivals of 1858-9, which were found so eminently successful. No less than forty-six schools sent their juvenile choirs, and the whole force amounted to nearly 4000. Mr. G. W. Martin, to whose beat the children are familiar (and who has succeeded to the position vacated by Mr. Bates), conducted; Mr. James Coward presided at the organ; Mr. T. Harper was first trumpet; while, to strengthen the accompaniments (which some of the pieces in the programme required), there were a second trumpet, two horns, four trombones, and the gigantic drum played by Mr. Chipp. The following was the selection: "The Old Hundredth Psalm": Chorus, "Lord of Heaven and Earth" (Haydn); Chorale, "Come sound his praise abroad" (G. W. Martin); Chant, "O sing unto the Lord"; Chorale, "Martin Luther's Hymn"; "Hosanna," for three trebles (G. W. Martin); "God and King of Jacob's nation" (Costa); Chorale, "God that madest earth and heaven" (T. B. Southgate); Psalm, "O praise ye the Lord"; Chorale from *St. Paul*, "Sleepers awake" (Mendelssohn); and "God save the Queen." The performance on the whole was most admirable, more especially in the unison pieces, in which the singers felt no timidity, and sang with their hearts as well as their voices. There were three encores, the Chorale, "Come, sound his praise abroad," the "Hosanna" for three trebles (both by Mr. Martin), and the Chorale from *St. Paul*, "Sleepers awake." At the end of the Concert, when the National Anthem had been sung, there was a tremendous demonstration on the part of the singers as well as the audience. First the audience clapped their hands sore, and then the children roared themselves hoarse, and then both joined issue and screamed and applauded in unison, until fairly wearied, the juveniles holding out the longest. At last the schools retired from the orchestra in military order, and were soon seen swarming over the terraces and walks, where the Upper Fountains were made to play for their gratification; and here we must leave them, having no doubt that they enjoyed themselves heartily, and went home happier than princes, potentates, or members of the House of Commons.—*Ibid.*

Special Notices.

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 Easy and pleasing parlor ballad.

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Adapted to a melody in the instrumental piece of the same name, with which just now all pianos resound. It makes a very pretty and taking song and will have a great sale.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 431.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 15.

The Summer Shower.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

Before the stout harvesters falleth the grain,
As when the strong storm-wind is reaping the plain
And loiters the boy in the briery lane;
But yonder aslant comes the silvery rain,
Like a long line of spears, brightly burnished and tall.

Adown the white highway, like cavalry fleet,
It dashes the dust with its numberless feet,
Like a murmurless school, in their leafy retreat,
The wild birds sit listening the drops round them
beat;
And the boy crouches close to the blackberry wall.

The swallows alone take the storm on its wing,
And, taunting the tree sheltered laborers, sing,
Like pebbles the rain breaks the face of the spring,
While a bubble darts up from each widening ring;
And the boy, in dismay, hears the loud shower fall.

But soon are the harvesters tossing the sheaves;
The robin darts out from his bower of leaves;
The wren peereth forth from the moss-covered eaves
And the rain-spatter'd urchin now gladly perceives
That the beautiful bow bendeth over them all.

A Musical Sketch of the Days of '76.

Poptown, July 4, 1860.

[TO JOHN S. DWIGHT, ESQ.—

Dear Sir,—On this sacred day—the anniversary of the birthday of our glorious and blessed nation—I am moved to send you a sketch appropriate to the occasion, which for reasons hereafter given has lain for some time in my desk, and which requires a word or two of introduction or preface.

One of the principal ornaments of the literary society of this place, where it has pleased Providence to cast my lines, as a dispenser of the Word and a fisher of men, is a young lady, first assistant in our high school—of great talents and virtues, and of the Methodist persuasion. Of the writers for the *Evening Budget*, which is read at the meeting of the "Social Lyceum," none is more sure to meet with profound attention, elicit hearty applause and be afterwards the subject of sincere commendation than she. Her name is Elizabeth Polky—but we all know her as Miss Lizzy Polky—indeed her pieces are signed "Lizzy." Formerly most of her communications were poetical, but during the past winter, she has neglected the poetic muse, giving us however an ample compensation in a series of tales and sketches founded upon incidents in the history of our glorious Republic.

True, in these she sometimes departs from the literal truth of history, but as you well observe in a recent number of your valuable journal, "it is understood that they are fancy pieces, and hence no one will look to them for biographical (historical) authority." Equally well do you say, "nor is literal truth of history always essential to that more inward moral truth, the truth of mind and character, which may be conveyed through an imaginary picture or tissue of incidents and conversations," wherein you have expressed my own opinion exactly.

I have for some time been desirous of aiding Miss Polky to find a publisher for a volume of these tales and sketches, but have been discouraged from taking any active steps by the ineffable stupidity of the publishers, as shown in their want of appreciation of the volume of sacred poetry, concerning which I wrote under date of Feb. 28, 1859. Can you credit the fact that not an application has been made to me for our manuscript hymns arranged from the great poets! Consequently the church is deprived of their

use, and deacon Malachi has sold his sorrel colt to a racing sinner on Long Island. (It is a gratifying circumstance to me that the nag has approved my judgment in horseflesh, by taking the cup at the last meeting on the Long Island course.)

However, my regard for Miss Polky and my earnest desire that her talents should be known to and appreciated by an enlightened public, induces me to swallow my own disappointment, and send you as a proof or sample of what she can do, a sketch read by her with unbounded applause in the *Evening Budget*, of Feb. 27th, for insertion in your paper. For my own part I consider it equal to any of those with which you have lately favored us, translated from the German, besides having the advantage of being national in subject, patriotic in spirit, and American in sentiment. In which Mr. Esel fully concurs.

In the hope, sir, that you will not refuse this sketch a place in your columns,

I remain with all respect your servant,

HABAKUK LOT,

Pastor at Poptown.]

SCENE I.

In the uncommonly fine month of June, 1776, between five and six in the afternoon, a man might have been seen walking up and down the broad and beautiful lawn in front of a handsome but modest house, with a long and deep verandah. This lonely promenader walked on slowly, proudly and securely—at all events no danger was apparent—occasionally raising his eyes to drink in the glorious view of the broad and placid bosom of the Potomac, which lay before him, but mostly with his glance turned earthwards, and his hands crossed behind him. A wig, with a broad military cocked hat, partly concealed his thoughtful forehead. No one could have passed him by unmarked; the stamp of the extraordinary was visibly imprinted on his brow; the power of genius drew a glory around his bended head, his wig and his cocked hat. At times the proud look gave way to one of anxiety; but the strong, firm, steady martial tread belied the expression of his features—that is at these exceptional moments. At the upper end of his promenade, where, as he paced back and forth, he drew near the house, the little negroes would stop their fun and frolic, the old ones respectfully take off their remnants of hats, until the back of the master was again turned.

At this precise moment, the hearts of all America felt a most intense interest in this venerated apparition—which had become a solidity of bone and muscle, that might seem to render this term somewhat inappropriate. The Continental Congress, under the head of John Adams, who according to his rival Jefferson, was the Atlas of the Revolution, and to the great disappointment of Hancock, had a few days before elected this man to the awfully responsible station of commander in chief of the armies raised and to be raised for the great struggle with the mother country. And now Washington had come home once more to his beloved Mt. Vernon, to arrange his private affairs, before departing to Cambridge and Bos-

ton in Massachusetts, upon a mission, which was to detain him, he knew not how long—perhaps forever! This might be his last view of his glorious Potomac. Never more might he behold the sun sending his pointed rays from the heights of the Blue ridge ascend over hill and valley, forest and meadow and the river's bright bosom. He had "passed the ruby corn," as the village gamblers express it, when trusting their all to the chances of the red and white kernels of maize, and it was darkly hidden in the womb of the future, whether he was to be hung in chains and go down in history as the rebel, or was to return triumphant, and after ages place under his portrait the legend "Peter Patriæ."

And now all his domestic arrangements were made. "On the morrow," said he to himself when

"envious streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East,
Night's candles are burnt out and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops,
I must be gone."

What emotions swelled that manly breast, who can tell!

It was now near sunset, and as he again drew near the house he called his favorite servant Tom. "Tom," said he arousing himself with an effort from the thoughts which had oppressed him, and drawing himself up to his full, majestic height; "Tom, we must be early away to-morrow morning. Call the people from the fields. I would fain see them once more together, speak a few parting words, and give them my patriarchal blessing." In half an hour all were assembled upon the lawn, neatly dressed and faces shining with soap and water,—all, from the aged man, who now lived upon his master's bounty, whose only labor was the amusement of cultivating his own little garden, down to the boy who lay in the sun and played with his comrades the live long day; from old Joyce Heth resplendent in a bright bandanna turban—she who had nursed the master in infancy and now lived the imperious and haughty old mammy of the estate, down to the little black girl, who played baby with a corn-cob, on which some benevolent nigger had marked a face like his own with charcoal.

All were there.

I shall not undertake to describe the interview between Master and people; there are scenes in which the tender sentiments conquer the sterner qualities of the man; when the hero becomes a child again. Such scenes are sacred!

Tears flowed in the verandah where Madame Washington and the Custis children, with a few friends from neighboring plantations were assembled. Tears flowed on the lawn, where the people stood and heard the words of their beloved Master. Those words were few, but they came from the heart and went to the heart.

"And now," said he at last, "enjoy yourselves this last evening, and let me during these remaining hours be surrounded by none but happy faces." There was a joyous shout at these words, Harry the musician produced his fiddle, and with

that changeableness of temperament so characteristic of the negro, of children, indeed of all, who live without ease and anxiety for the morrow, in a moment every tear was dry, shouts of laughter arose on the soft evening air, and the light fantastic toe was tripping it in the mazes of the merry dance.

[I think this is a very happy passage.—H. L. O.]

But the joy rose still higher, when the Master snatching the instrument from Harry's hands, played as no other on the plantation could, one of the contra dances then *en vogue*; and reached its acme, when returning the fiddle to Harry, he seized the hand of his wife, and they too with friends and children stepped upon the lawn, and trod a measure to the sound of the music. But among these dances was more of sadness than hilarity. They felt it to be for the last time!

SCENE II.

The scene changes to Cambridge, in autumn, where, at the same hour of the afternoon, the tall form which we saw pacing the lawn at Mt. Vernon, may be seen walking up and down that part of the Mt. Auburn road included between the Craigie and the Lowell places. He comes neither earlier nor later; always at the same hour, after dinner; neither heat nor rain causes him to accelerate his pace.

On the particular afternoon to which we now refer, he might have been seen often looking at his watch and timing his steps so as to be at the Craigie house, his head-quarters, at a particular moment. As he now drew near the gate, he looked keenly down the road towards the Colleges, with the expression of one who is expecting a visitor. Seeing no one he drew his watch again from the deep fob in his knee breeches, and glancing at it remarked "still two minutes to the time."

[A characteristic touch this, for Washington was remarkable for punctuality.—H. L.]

Even as he spoke a lame man came in sight turning the angle in the road a few rods below the Vassal place. He too had drawn his poor, old pinchbeck watch from the fob, and seeing that he had a minute or two to spare, relaxed his pace, but looking up and seeing the "venerated apparition" of the commander in chief, he hastened forward. As he approached, the General noted that, though a man in the prime of life, fate and fortune seemed to have used him hardly. Besides his lameness, one arm was nearly useless and one eye was forever darkened. His iron-buckled shoes were shabby; his stockings much darned; his knee breeches had cheap buckles, not mates, and were clearly the worse for long hard usage; the coat had become one of many colors; the wig had lost its curl, and the cocked hat upon it, (to quote the antique and horrible conceit of the great Jo,) was rather a specimen of hard-wear than of dry goods. And now he stood before the commander in chief with his hat in his hand, veneration and awe marking the expression of his one eye.

["Marking the expression"—a finely turned phrase!—H. L.]

"You are the man I expect at this hour?"

"Yes, your excellency."

"And your name is —?"

"William Billings, at your Excellency's service."

"Come in with me Mr. Billings, you are the man."

The tall form of the Generalissimo, accompanied by the halting steps of Billings, might now have been seen—perhaps was indeed—moving up the gravel walk shaded by those elms, then young, which a few years ago in their age became food for worms—as we also must in turn—entering the broad portal of the house, where Tom relieved his revered Master of his hat, cane and sword, up the broad stairs where the old clock stood ticking

"Never, forever—
Forever, never,"

and so into the private room of the commander. Giving Tom orders to allow no intrusion upon him, upon any less occasion than an attack by the redcoats upon the American lines, he motioned the composer—for every reader must have recognized in this Billings, the great American contemporary of Mozart, Haydn, Gluck and Beethoven—who stood trembling with the excitement of a private interview with the godlike hero—to take a chair, who, not more by his position, than by the dignity and nobleness of his union, impressed every one with a sense of

"such divinity [as] doth hedge a king"—
to be seated.

[How eloquent is this!—H. L.]

After a moment of pause the General began.

"I learn Mr. Billings that the army is indebted to you for both the words and the fiery music of that favorite canticle,

"Let tyrant's shake their iron rod
And slavery clank her galling chains"—

"Me," interrupted Billings,—

"We fear them not, we trust in God!
New England's God forever reigns!"

Yes, your Excellency, that is mine, both words and music and so is the new anthem. "By the rivers of Watertown, there we sat down, we wept when we remembered, thee oh, Boston!"

The grave features of the commander in chief relaxed into a smile at the composer's enthusiasm, and he continued:—

"It is recorded in history, Mr. Billings, that a great man once observed, 'another might make the laws of a people, if to him was left the composition of their songs and ballads.' In our day the laws have a greater relative importance, but the song has not lost its power. Your own patriotic hymns and anthems are doing a great work in keeping alive the right spirit."

Billings's eye gleamed and his face flushed with pleasure at this encomium from the great Virginian.

"I observed," continued the General, "during the campaigns of Frederick of Prussia, where I studied the art of war in my younger days—this sword was presented to me by him after the battle of Kunersdorf—how important an effect was produced upon the common soldiers, in raising their courage almost to enthusiasm, when the bands struck up their national Dessauer March, and the charge was sounded. We need something of the kind. For my own part, I think the best thing for our purpose would be a tune of a lively character and striking rhythm, which would serve both as a song for the men to sing and as a march for our fifes and drums—something like the "Malbrook" of the French. Now, speaking in confidence, uttering which words, he gave Billings a look that showed how dangerous it would be to trifle with this confidence, "I know the charms of music, and many a lonely

hour have I beguiled with the wild strains of my violin."

"Oh, God bless your excellency," cried Billings, "if our New England folks could only know that, they would love you as they now respect and venerate you!"

[Another touch of true nature! For may we not read Shakspeare thus and say,

"One touch of music, makes the whole world kin"?—H. L.]

"No," said the great man with a half suppressed sigh, "this must not be. In foreign lands none too high to love and study art. How often did King Frederick, spend an hour or two at head-quarters, after the day's march, with his Capellmeister in playing the flute. And how this raised him in the affections of men! But in our land it is different, and were it known that I am in my small way a musician, no one would believe that I am capable of aught else."

"Too true," said Billings sadly, "they call me a vagabond because I devote my life to art!"

"Mr. Billings," and a half indignant, half contemptuous look accompanied the General's words, "do you know the verses made by one of the British generals about us?"

"Yes indeed," replied Billings, indignation burning in his eye and cheeks, "and there is not a man in the army, who would not be glad to thrust them down the throat of the man, who made them at the point of his ramrod, especially one verse."

"And that is?"

"That about your Excellency,

"And there was Cap'n Washington
With gentlefolks about him,
They say he's grown so 'tarnal proud
He will not ride without 'em.'"

"Ah the people are angry at this, are they?"

"Yes, your Excellency; it has been the common talk all through camp. True, I can't be any thing with my poor, battered body but a baggage wagon driver, but my music enables me to know everybody even if we whigs were not all one as good as another. And I can tell your Excellency, the men, if you would only lead them into Boston at the point of the bayonet, would show them that when 'Yankee Doodle' comes to town, John Bull will have to evacuate to 'Chevy Chase.'"

"Perhaps a time may come," said the General, smiling at this display of zeal, "meantime we can be preparing for such an event, and one preparation, Mr. Billings, is a tune to those words!"

"A tune to those words," cried Billings aghast—a tune to those words!"

"Certainly. They are written to burlesque and ridicule us. Many a man is impassible to all else, but the fear of ridicule, or the desire of revenge upon one who has made him a laughing-stock will carry him to the cannon's mouth. It is human nature, Mr. Billings.

"So it is," replied Billings, with that illumination of face, which shows the instant comprehension of a new and valuable idea, "you are a great man. I see, give the men a tune to which they can sing those words and they would march against all the redcoats in creation, if only to sing Yankee Doodle in their faces. By the hoky!" added he in his enthusiasm, forgetting in whose presence he was, and springing from his chair, "if we could beat the British twice on Breed's hill with nothing but duty before us, what couldn't

we do, if we at the same time were scoring the Yankee Doodle account on their hides."

And here, as well as his lame leg would allow, Billings marched across the chamber, his eye blazing like that of a hero. But catching a sight of the smile on the face of the General, he was recalled to himself, and blushing with confusion he again seated himself, quite out of countenance, at the lengths to which his zeal had carried him.

"Never mind, Mr. Billings, your zeal is as honorable to you as was that of Corporal Trim to him."

"And who was he, your Excellency?"

"A celebrated English soldier, though only a corporal. But to our business."

"What sort of a tune would your Excellency like?"

"I think," said the General, humming a lively strain, "that something of this kind would be appropriate."

Billings' quick ear caught it instantly, and begging to be excused a moment, he drew a piece of coarse music paper from his pocket and went to the window, where he stood a few minutes, looking out over plain and river to the range of hills then covered with forests, from Corey's in Brookline round to what is now Mt. Auburn, and all now lighted up by the slant rays of the setting sun.

And now he began to write. A moment more and that wondrous inspiration, which was, before a century had passed away, to be known through out Europe as the then national air of the then not existing United States of America, was noted down in the enlivening key of *si be mol!* Returning to his seat he sang a stanza or two in a full manly voice, of the well known

"Father and I went down to camp"

the Father of his country beating time and humming a passage occasionally.

"That is excellent, Mr. Billings," said the general, "you have caught my idea perfectly. I am greatly pleased with it, and only wish it was in my power to reward you adequately."

"Reward!" exclaimed Billings, half indignantly, "Yankee as I am I should spurn any other reward on such an occasion than the approbation of Your Excellency, and of my own conscience. Is it not my slight offering for the cause for which you offer and risk everything? No, God forbid!"

[I had the honor of suggesting this stroke to Miss Polky, for I thought none had done justice to the sweet singer of the days of seventy-six.—H. L.]

"And now, Mr. Billings, one thing more. Suppose a time should come, when we should meet the enemy in the field and victory should perch herself upon the pine trees of your New England banners, would not the first impulse of every true American heart be to give the glory to the higher power which guides and directs the affairs of men?"

"Yes, after your Excellency," said Billings.

"Mr. Billings," said the General, with some sternness, "I can allow no such remarks, I am but an instrument."

"True, though, any way," muttered Billings.

"Now, picture to yourself" continued the other, not noticing the interruption, "that moment. The enemy fly—the field is ours—and after the pursuit the army is drawn up into close

array, and the voices of the chaplains are heard giving thanks to the Most High. In foreign lands grand Te Deums are sung in honor of victories. We want a Te Deum, but one which is simple, yet noble and majestic, which all who can sing at all can execute, which shall be a universal popular melody, and go down to future generations wedded to the words of our long metre doxologies, such as,

"From all that dwell below the skies"

or

"Be thou, O God, exalted high."

I desire you to give wing to your imagination, fancy yourself on the victorious field, and under such inspiration compose such a tune. Should you succeed to my satisfaction, of which I have no doubt, that shall be our Te Deum. Be in no hurry. Let the tune come from the heart and it will reach the heart."

After some minutes of silence Billings said, "But how to make these tunes known through all the army is the question."

"I have thought of that," replied the General, "You must select a few men from all the various regiments, who have good ears and voices, say to the number of a hundred, and having taught them, they in turn must be the teachers of others. Those whom you select shall be free from all other duty whenever you require their presence."

SCENE III.

Day is just beginning to break, but a thick fog buries city, village, plain, river and harbor in impenetrable darkness. Silently the American troops are concentrating in large bodies, at the extremities of Boston and Charlestown Necks, of the Milldam and the Cambridges. [This is a rather strong anachronism, I must allow, since the bridges were not built until some years later. But as they are necessary to the finale, and Miss Polky is not writing history, I think we may let them stand.—H. L.] Putnam and Prescott, Ward and Heath, Dearborn and Hull, all are passing along the columns under their charge, encouraging their men and telling them to put their trust in Providence, and especially in their bayonets and in Washington. They remind them of Breed's hill; of Lexington and Concord; of the sufferings of the poor people of Boston; of the glorious hopes of the future if they now are strong and of good courage; of the Declaration of Independence, and the pledges given to support that document. The emulation of each division is excited to outdo the others. No! a man in the army, who cannot picture to himself the broad pastures and fields, which at that time crossed the western slopes of the hills at the foot of which, on the other side, the town of Boston was built, and who does not see with his mind's eye, the fortified top of Beacon Hill, and the British Cross and Lion floating in the breeze above it. To this point, every column must urge its way, and the glory will be to that division which shall cause that proud flag to stoop. In all silence the attacking columns are to advance, and not until the command is given are the fifes and drums to strike up their music; and an order has been given that at this command, the new tune to the British doggerel, now familiar to every man in the army, shall be the only one played.

And now all is ready. A rocket is seen on a distant hill in Roxbury, and a moment afterward the boom of cannon is heard from Dorchester heights, and a heavy ball crashes into the decks

of a British vessel of war in the harbor. This is the signal for the onset. In Boston all is in consternation. Before the redcoats can form in battle array, the American troops are pouring out of boats, which have been silently borne by the tide across the river, under cover of the fog, are rushing across the bridges, and carrying the forts and batteries of their enemies. There was no resisting the impetuous onset. A hundred fifes with their shrill voices were heard in all directions in the thickness of the darkness, playing the exciting melody of "Yankee Doodle," and keeping step to its inspiring strains, the sturdy farmers and mechanics of the American army rushed upon their foes like the veterans of the Prussian king.

Consternation seized the redcoats. They remembered Breed's hill, and fled for refuge to the town, in whose narrow streets they were brought by their officers to a stand. The crown of Beacon hill had carried and when the sun had dissipated the mists and the landbreeze had cleared away the smoke of the fight, Washington was already there, calmly surveying the scene. The British general had stationed himself upon the top of Fort Hill, and was examining the condition of affairs with a critical and gloomy eye. The cannon still boomed upon the heights of Dorchester and the position of the English fleet was evidently untenable. Howe and Burgoyne were in deep consultation. The two armies had rested from their fearful occupation and stood face to face, the Americans having the advantage of being above and looking down upon their enemies, the latter that of being defended by the buildings and streets of the town. To dislodge the enemy the American commander saw would involve the destruction of the town. To fight with the Americans the British generals saw would involve the destruction or the departure of their fleet, so securely had the New England men intrenched themselves upon the heights of Dorchester, whence every shot told upon the ships in the inner harbor.

"Burgoyne," said Howe, "this is a bad business! Your Yankee Doodles and Cap'n Washington have most decidedly come to town!"

"Yes, Howe, and in a way I never dreamed of; the rascals have made a tune to those words, and march to it like so many demons. It is what I call a decisive demon-stration."

"How can you be jesting and punning at such a moment," said Howe, sternly.

"I should rejoice with an exceeding great joy, if I knew what else under Heaven there is for me to do just at this moment," said Burgoyne, bitterly.

Howe wrote a few words and calling his aid de camp sent him with all the speed his horse could make, with the white flag in his hand, across the hollow to the height of Beacon, where Washington was deep in consultation with his chiefs as to the best steps now to be taken. The British army was in his power, but only as it seemed at the sacrifice of the town. On the other hand, how his raw and undisciplined troops, who, under cover of the fog and darkness, had surprised and driven the enemy into the streets of the town, would behave in such a conflict as would follow an attack upon the British troops in the light of the bright sun; this was a question of deep import and difficulty.

Howe's messenger now approached and presented a note addressed to "G. Washington, Esq."

The General instantly returned it. "Go tell your masters," said he, "this is no moment to insult a victorious general. I will permit one half hour of truce. If in that half hour a shot be fired, a dwelling be set on fire, wo be to you."

The messenger, who had approached with a cavalier air, turned pale at the voice and manner in which he American spoke. He was awed before this Republican as an Englishman usually is only in the presence of a member of his royal family. Before the half hour had passed he came with quite another air and with due respect delivered the note now addressed to "His Excellency, General Washington, Commander-in-chief of the Forces of the United Colonies." The note contained an offer on the part of the British Generals to evacuate the town, immediately, without damage to person or property, providing they were allowed to do so unmolested and take all stores and munitions of war save those won by the American army in course of the morning; but declaring their determination in case these terms were not allowed to sell their lives as dearly as possible amid the ruins of Boston.

The offer was of course satisfactory to the American chiefs. The signal was given to the forts on Dorchester heights to suspend all firing; while on the British side the embarkation began immediately.

The sun set on that day upon an extraordinary scene. Ten thousand American troops stood around the lone height on Boston Common, soon to bear the bronze statue of Washington on his noble charger, while from its top the venerable pastor of the Old South Church, so long used as riding school by the British cavalry (the church, not the Pastor) poured forth in chosen language, mostly from sacred writ, in prayer, their thanks for the victory of the day.

Then arose on the calm evening air from all that multitude in a mighty chorus

"From all that dwell below the skies"

to the grand strains composed since the interview at the Craige house, in that grand and majestic key of *la*,—those strains, which so long as our country lasts, will be known in memory of Billings and his century of singers as the psalm tune of the Old Hundred!

LIZZY POLKY; of Poptown.

Madame Clara Novello.

(Continued from page 106.)

Madame Clara Novello made her theatrical *début* at Padua, and chose the character of Semiramide for the occasion. Her success was complete, and this even increased as the experience she gained in her after engagements gave her greater familiarity with the special requirements of the stage. She appeared, in course of time, at Rome, Bologna, Fermo, Milan, and other places. Triumph walked in her footsteps, and the rich Italian language was almost exhausted in epithets of admiration, and taxed to the utmost of its sweetness to furnish poems in her praise. The Musical Antiquarian Society, established in London for the resuscitation of the works of early English composers, was at this time actively carrying on its operations, and, as a means to its end, collecting a library of works that might illustrate its purpose. It may or may not prove Mad. Novello's Italian popularity, to state, that her father contributed towards the accumulations of this institution a very extensive series of the laudatory verses addressed to his daughter, enjoining that, in case of the dissolution of the society, the entire collection should be transferred to the library of the British Museum, where the poems were accordingly deposited when the Mu-

sical Antiquarian was broken up, and where they will for all time be open to the examination of whomsoever may be interested in them.

The public performance in Paris of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, some ten years or more after the production of his last opera, gave a new impetus to the universal esteem of this composer, and added a fresh laurel to his evergreen crown. The work was immediately transplanted to London, and reproduced in every musical city in Europe. It was first heard in Italy, at a performance in Bologna, where Rossini then resided, who was consulted upon every arrangement for the occasion. Donizetti was the conductor, than whom no one then living could more completely identify himself with the true spirit of the composer; and, by Rossini's expressed stipulation, Mad. Novello was preferred above all the singers in Italy to sustain the soprano solo; and the grand vocal effects of the famous "Inflammatus" were thus first made known to the countrymen of the composer through the medium of her beautiful voice. When the *Stabat* was given in Florence a year afterwards, the same lady again, by the composer's desire, was engaged to fill the same part in the performance.

In Italy all theatrical engagements are effected by means of correspondents,—agents whose entire occupation is to negotiate the arrangements between the impressario and the composers, the singers, the players, and every other functionary of the operatic establishment, which holds so important a place in public consideration and exacts so large a share of government attention, that it may almost be regarded as one of the chief political institutions of the country. Through some mistake of the correspondent—mistakes will happen, even in the transactions of the most trusted officials—Mad. Novello was engaged for the carnival season of 1842, at both Rome and Genoa, and the director of each theatre demanded the fulfilment of the *scrittura*. Universal as we may esteem the talent of the lady, the person of the *prima donna* was certainly not ubiquitous, and the possibility of her completing the two discrepant contracts was consequently non-existent. The Roman and Genoese manager had each the law in his favor—alas that jurisprudence should be so imprudent as to see a parity of right on each side of a dispute—but the impressario of the Papal States had more than the law, in having possession, which constitutes the nine points that supercede all the others. In the autumn season of 1841, Mad. Novello was the *prima donna* at Fermo, a city, as is well known to all familiar with Romagnian topography, that is located within the papal territory, and consequently under the jurisdiction of the Roman authorities. She could not quit the place without a passport, which document he of the opera house at Rome had the power to prevent her obtaining, and he thus held the lady in such firm possession as would effectively hinder her from appearing at the other theatre, if it did not compel her to sing at his own. The minister of police at Fermo, Count Gigliucci, communicated to the cantratrice the restraint imposed upon her by the Roman manager, whereof he, the count, was the unhappy instrument; and communicated, too, that he was under the sad necessity of placing the lady under arrest until she should have made arrangements satisfactory to the impressario, whose interests he protected. The courteous captor became in turn a captive, his captivation being effected by the personal charms of the fair prisoner whose person he held in durance, and he did not release her from her thralldom until she had vowed to bind herself to him for ever. Her hymeneal engagement, however, was not to interfere with the two theatrical concerts which then perplexed her, nor with subsequent professional duties to which she had already pledged herself; but it was to be discharged when she had freed herself, by fulfilment, from all the legal demands upon her talent at that time pending. The first of these was, of course, that which was the subject of the Romano-Genoese controversy, and was the immediate occasion, therefore, of her connection with her future husband. The said controversy was finally settled by arbitration, to the

following effect:—It is permitted to the flock of the pope to eat flesh and to hear operas for the entire period intervening between the Feast of the Nativity and the solemn term of Lent, and the carnival season of 1842 was thus to extend over twelve weeks, for six of which, dominion over the vocal and histrionic powers of the songstress was adjudicated to the manager of Rome, and for the other half moiety, the same advantage was ceded to him of Genoa.

One of the engagements that Mad. Novello had upon her hands was to Mr. Macready, who was then conducting Drury Lane theatre upon a principle of truly poetic purity, which has vainly been emulated by subsequent directors of dramatic taste in London. Mr. Serle, the actor and dramatist, and the husband of Mad. Novello's retired sister, was the chief confidant of all the arrangements of the great manager, and it was to his suggestion that the London public owed the opportunity Mr. Macready afforded them of witnessing the lady's talent in a capacity in which she had not yet appeared in her native country. Her *début* on the stage in England was in the summer of 1842, and she chose Paccini's opera of *Saffo* for the display of her ability,—a work, however, which was far better fitted to exercise the refined classic taste of the director of the theatre in the arrangements of the *mise-en-scène*, than to place the artistic talent of the *prima donna* in an interesting light before the public. Her brother-in-law translated the libretto, and everything that could possibly be accomplished to give good effect to the performance was done; but nothing could render a weak opera of a weak composer an interesting work, and the error of judgment in choosing such a piece for her appearance was not a little injurious to our heroine's first impression on the London playgoers. In the repertory of Drury Lane theatre was Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, the production of which, with Mr. Stanfield's scenery and Mr. T. Cooke's instrumentation, was one of the most remarkable events of Mr. Macready's management—nay, of modern theatrical history. On the withdrawal of *Saffo*, Mad. Novello sang the chief character in this immortal work, and produced an effect in it which was impossible to her in the feeble music of the modern Italian composer.

She sang that year at our provincial music meetings; and then, without a formal farewell of the public, she retired from the field of her constantly fortunate efforts, and became the Countess Gigliucci. The historian may not pry into the incidents of her private life, and there occurs, therefore, a necessary hiatus in the current of our narrative, which cannot be resumed until the period when Mad. Novello returned to the exercise of her profession.—*London Musical World*.

(To be continued.)

Italian Conservatories.

(From Hogarth's Musical History.)

It may be interesting to give some account of these Seminaries called *Conservatories*, which have been frequently mentioned as having given musical education to the great Italian composers who filled Europe with their fame. There were schools of this description at Venice, Naples, Bologna, and other cities. The most remarkable were those of Venice, for girls, and those of Naples, for boys.

The *Conservatorio of Santa Maria di Loreto*, at Naples, was the most famous of the whole, and formed many of the greatest ornaments of the Neapolitan schools. Children were admitted into these Conservatories from the age of eight to twenty, and received instructions in composition, singing, and playing on various instruments, according to the bent of their genius or disposition. If the children did not show sufficient talent to afford a promise of excellence, they were dismissed to make room for others. Each conservatory had two principal masters, one of whom taught composition and the other singing; and these masters were frequently the most eminent men of the age; Leo and Durante, for example, having been masters in the *Conservatorio of Santa*

Maria di Loreto. There was also a master for each instrument. As the pupils were often very numerous, (the last named Seminary having generally contained two hundred) the method of instruction resembled a good deal that which is known by the name of the Lancasterian system. The master gave lessons to four or five of the most advanced scholars; each of these, again, gave lessons to as many more, and thus the lessons were propagated through the whole schools, and descended to the pupils of the lowest grade. These subordinate lessons were given under the general superintendence of the master who was thus enabled to see that they were given and received without negligence or impropriety. The pupils at stated times had public exercises, consisting of little oratorios, operas, and miscellaneous pieces of music, composed and executed by themselves. They also performed the musical service in the different churches; and the money gained in these various ways contributed to the revenues of the establishment. The pupils were dressed in uniform; and numbers of them not only studied, but practised in the same room. Dr. Burney, in his "*Musical Tour in Italy*," gives the following account of his visit, in 1779, to the Conservatorio of *Santo Onofrio*, at Naples, which presents a curious view of a mode of education, which, notwithstanding its unpromising aspect, formed a school of music possessing, in a supreme degree, those very qualities of elegance, delicacy, and refinement, which, at first sight, it might appear calculated to destroy. "This morning," says Burney, "I went to the Conservatorio of St. Onofrio, and visit all the rooms where the boys practise, sleep and eat. On the first flight of stairs was a trumpeter, screaming upon his instrument till he was ready to burst; on the second was a French horn, bellying in the same manner. In the common practising room there was a *Dutch Concert*, consisting of seven or eight harpsichords, more than as many violins, and several voices, all performing different things, and in different keys: other boys were writing in the same room; but, it being holiday time, many were absent who usually study and practise in this room. The jumbling them altogether in this manner may be convenient for the house, and may teach the boys to attend to their own parts with firmness, whatever else may be going forward at the same time. It may likewise give them force by obliging them to play loud, in order to hear themselves. But in the midst of such jargon and continued dissonance, it is wholly impossible to give any kind of polish or finish to their performance: hence the slovenly coarseness so remarkable in their public exhibitions, and the total want of taste, neatness, and expression in all these young musicians, till they have acquired these accomplishments elsewhere.

The beds, which are in the same room, serve for seats to the harpsichords and other instruments. Out of thirty or forty boys who were practising, I could discover but two playing the same piece; some of those who were practising on the violins, seemed to have a good deal of hand. The violincellos practise in another room, and the flutes, hautboys, and other wind instruments in a third, except the trumpets and horns, which are obliged to fag either on the stairs or on the top of the house. The only vacation in these schools, in the whole year, is in autumn, and that for a few days only. During the winter the boys rise two hours before it is light, from which time they continue their exercises, an hour and a half at dinner excepted, till eight o'clock at night; and this constant perseverance for a number of years, with genius and good teaching, must produce great musicians." There were three Conservatories for boys, at Naples. Those of Venice for girls, were four in number, and conducted upon a similar plan. They were maintained at the expense of the wealthy amateurs of the city. The girls, it is said, were strictly brought up, and generally remained in the school till their marriage. Strangers who visited these Conservatories, were struck with the singularity of young women, at their concerts, playing upon all kinds of instruments, even the

horn, the bassoon, and the double bass. Such was the state of these celebrated Italian schools, till the old state of things was put an end to by the power of Napoleon. During the decline of music which has since taken place in Italy, most of the Conservatories have disappeared, and those which still exist, have dwindled into comparative insignificance.

Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 109.)

No. 108.

Leopold Mozart to his wife.

Milan, September 21, 1771.

To-day is to take place the first rehearsal, with orchestra, of M. Hasse's work, who is quite well, God be thanked. Next week will come the rehearsal of the serenade. Monday that of the recitatives; on the other days those of the choruses. Monday, Wolfgang will have quite finished. Manzuoli often comes to see us; Tibaldi almost every day at about eleven; he stays at table with us till one. Wolfgang composes during the whole time. All are extremely polite, and evince the greatest consideration for Wolfgang. We have not the slightest annoyance to complain of, for we have to do with good singers only and reasonable people. The serenade is, properly speaking, a little opera, and the opera itself is no longer, as regards the musical portion, for it is only prolonged by the two grand ballets, each of which lasts three-quarters of an hour.

Two days ago Italian comedy terminated its performances, because the theatre was wanted for the preparations to be commenced. These comedians are extremely good, especially in character pieces and in tragedy.

You tell me, in your previous letters, that many persons have gone mad in Salzburg. Now you inform me that many die of dysentery. This is very bad, for when people are seized by the head and by the — at the same time, the thing becomes dangerous. I must have carried away something myself from Salzburg, for I still frequently have vertigo. It is not astonishing, for when the air is infected one may easily catch something; that is why I asked you for some pills. I want to cure my head.

P. S. from Wolfgang.—As for me, God be thanked I am well. I cannot write to you at any length. First of all, I have nothing to say; next, my fingers ache with scribbling notes. I often whistle and call, but no one answers. Only two airs more and the serenade is finished. I have no longer any wish to return to Salzburg—I am afraid of going mad like the rest of them.

No. 109.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, September 23, 1771.

Our holidays and amusements have commenced. We are going out a-walking. To-day the first full rehearsal takes place. I can tell you beforehand for your solace, that I am in hopes Wolfgang's composition will have a great success. First of all because Manzuoli and all the singers, male and female, not only are in the highest degree satisfied with their pieces, but are still more anxious than we are to hear the serenade with all the accompaniments; next, because I know what he has written, and what effect it will produce, and because he is quite certain that he writes as well for the voice as he does for the orchestra. We are quite well! Tell me always about the weather.

No. 110.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, October 19, 1771.

The serenade—so astonishingly pleased the people on the 17th, that it has to be played again to-day. The Archduke has asked for two copies (besides the two copies made for the Emperor and the Archduke which we are having bound). Every one accosts us in the streets to congratulate Wolfgang. In short, I am sorry for it, but Wolfgang's serenade threw Hasse's opera into the shade to a degree impossible to describe.

Give thanks to God and pray for us.

No. 111.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, October 26, 1771.

The public were witnesses yesterday at the theatre of the enthusiasm of the Archduke and Archduchess who not only caused, by their applause, two airs in the serenade to be repeated, but during the serenade, and at the end, both leant out of their box towards Wolfgang in the orchestra, and betokened their approbation by crying out, "Bravissimo maestro!" and clapping their hands, an example which all the nobil-

ity and all the people imitated by applauding with all their might. If you want any dresses, have made what is necessary; neither you or Nanette should be without what is proper. You must do whatever is to be done. Don't take anything bad. It is false economy to buy inferior goods. Have a fine gown made for yourself for grand occasions, and the one you had at Vienna you can wear every day. No woolen stuff—it is not worth a curse.

P. S. from Wolfgang.—My work being finished, I have more time to write, but I have no news to tell you, unless it be that the numbers 35, 59, 60, 61 and 62 came out at the lottery, and thus if we had staked upon those numbers we should have won, but not having staked we have neither won nor lost, but made fun of the people. The two airs in the serenade asked for again were those of Manzuoli and Girelli.

No. 112.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, November 24, 1771.

M. Hasse and Wolfgang as well have been richly recompensed for their compositions. Besides what they touched in money, M. Hasse has received a snuff box, and Wolfgang a watch set in diamonds. We shall see each other again seen if it be God's will. It is very certain that the serenade has pleased everybody to a singular degree. But that the Archbishop will bethink him of Wolfgang when there is an appointment vacant is a point on which I have my doubts.

P. S. from Wolfgang.—Manzuoli, who, however, passed in people's eyes for the most reasonable of *castrati*, has committed in his old age an act of folly and of pride. It was agreed he was to have 500 *gigliati* for the opera; but as there was no mention made of the serenade in the *scrittura*, he demanded another 500 for this, consequently altogether 1000. The Court only gave him 700 and a handsome snuff-box (I should think that was enough). But he like a true *castrato* returned the 700 *gigliati* and the snuff-box, and departed without taking anything. I do not know what is likely to be the end of this history; a bad one I imagine.

Brixen, December 11, 1771.

We shall not arrive before Monday. Count Spaur, who is here, will not hear of any other proposal.

No. 113.

*The Same to the Same.**

Boizen, October 28, 1772.

We were not able to start from Innsbruck before seven o'clock, because there was no mass before the six o'clock one at St. John's. From Innsbruck we went out driving as far as Hall to see the Ladies' Institute there, which was shown to us in detail by the Countess Lodson. Wolfgang played on the organ in the church there. Boizen is a melancholy place. But the pleasant disorder which is of the essence of all journeys has put my health in order. If, therefore, travelling be necessary to keep me in health, I shall try and get a place as courier, or at any rate as conductor of a diligence. Wolfgang is well; he is just now writing a quatuor to while away the time.

P. S. from Wolfgang.—Here we are already at Boizen. Already? Only! I am hungry, I am thirsty, I am sleepy, I am lazy, but I am well. I hope you will keep your word.

No. 114.

Wolfgang Mozart to his Mother.

Milan, November 7, 1772.

Don't be alarmed at seeing my writing instead of the father's. He has not time to write, because we are at M. d'Osto's, and Baron Cristiani has come here, and these gentlemen have so much to gossip about that he cannot leave them. We arrived here on the 4th without mishap. There is not a word of truth in the rumor of a war in Italy, of which there is so much talk in Germany, any more than there is in that of the fortifications of the castle of Milan.

We embrace mother 1,000,000 times (I cannot get in any more O's here, and I prefer embracing my sister in person to doing so in fancy).

P. S. from Mozart.—We spent Wolfgang's fête day merrily at Ala, at the brothers Picili; we stopt also at Verona, and this is why we go to Milan so late, where we have already seen the opera buffa.

No. 115.

The elder Mozart to his Wife.

Milan, November 14, 1772.

After living tranquilly for several weeks at Milan

* Mozart arrived at Salzburg at the end of December, 1771, and the following year composed another serenade, *Il Sogno di Scipione*, by Metastasio, to celebrate the election of the new Archbishop of Salzburg, Jerome, of the princely house of Colloredo and Nivola, elected March 14, 1772. In October, 1772, father and son set out for Milan, where Mozart wrote the opera seria, *L'uso Silla*.

I am beginning to feel some symptoms of indisposition. I allow myself to get thinking of Salzburg, and without being conscious of it take a pleasure therein; when I come back to myself, I shake myself up, or endeavor to shake myself up and cast aside these reminiscences as I used to cast aside the evil thoughts with which the devil inspired me in my youth. There is no one here of our company but la Signora Saarti who plays the parts of the secondo uomo. Meanwhile Wolfgang has had enough to do, having had to write the choruses to the number of three, and to rewrite in part the recitatives which he had composed at Salzburg; for the poet had shown his manuscript to Metastasio, at Vienna, and he modified it, improved it, and added an entire scene to the second act. Lastly, Wolfgang has composed all the recitatives which were wanting in the Overture.

There is at Brescia a certain Count Lecchi, a capital violinist, and a great connoisseur and amateur of music, at whose house we promised to alight immediately on our return.

(To be continued.)

PHILADELPHIA.—*The Japanese Visit the Opera.*—At half past two o'clock in the afternoon, about twenty-five of the members of the Embassy, consisting of the officials and servants, visited the Academy of Music, to attend the *matinee*. The Embassadors were not present. Long before the hour for opening the doors of the Academy, a crowd gathered in front of the building, and in a few minutes after admission was gained, the parquet, first circle, and balcony, were filled with a well-dressed audience, a large portion being ladies. In the balcony, the centre rows of seats were reserved for the Japanese, and when they entered they had no difficulty in being accommodated, and were not compelled to bear the pressure of a crowd. A few were placed in one of the stage boxes but these did not stay after the first piece. Tommy was along, dressed in his best, but looking very downhearted, the result, it is whispered, of a strong attachment for a young lady in Washington. The three physicians of the Embassy were also present, and were conspicuous from the closely shaven head. Most of those present exhibited, with evident satisfaction, gloves purchased since their arrival in the country, and in approved fashionable style, they watched the ladies through opera glasses. The strangers glanced carelessly around the house, but did not seem astonished either at the magnificence of the building or the crowd of persons assembled to greet them. They have evidently schooled themselves to conceal their thoughts, and nothing can be gained by watching their countenances.

Soon after the entrance of the Japanese, the orchestra, numbering over 45 performers, opened with the grand overture to William Tell. To this the Japanese paid but little attention, but when the curtain rose on the second act of *Lucretia Borgia*, with Mlle. Parodi as *Lucretia*, every Mongolian who possessed an opera glass leveled it at the performers, and so watched them during the act, which was a short one, to the evident relief of the Japanese. Next, Buckstone's comedy of the *Rough Diamond* claimed their notice, and in this respect the acting was more pleasing to them than the singing. Many of the strangers conversed together, and seemed somewhat amused at the lady performers, while others smiled when the audience would applaud any "point" made in the course of the piece. All the performers played their best, and received considerable applause; but as nearly every body was watching the effect of the play upon the Japanese, and thus losing the run of the performance, the enthusiasm was not so general as our people are in the habit of showing. The chorusses of the Mænnorchor and Young Mænnorchor were given without any show of appreciation on the part of the Japanese, but the inexhaustible egg-bag of Blitz excited the undivided attention of the strangers. Mlle. Parodi gave the *Star Spangled Banner* in glorious style, assisted by a full chorus of two hundred singers.

This part of the performance was well managed. As the curtain rose, the singers were seen grouped in the rear of Mlle. Parodi, and on one side stood an American sailor with the flag of Japan, while on the other stood a representative of Japan, with the American colors. The magic dance of two nations, by Mr. W. Wood, caused them some amusement. Mr. Wood first appeared as a Japanese, and after dancing a few minutes, suddenly wheeled, and presented the appearance of an American sailor. But the pantomime of Vol-au-vent did the business. Here was something they could understand nearly as well as the rest of the audience, and, although many of them endeavored to keep a straight face they gave it up after a few trials, and enjoyed themselves to their heart's content. One old fellow who sat like a statue through the whole afternoon, smiled once at the antics of Mr. Wood; but feeling the impropriety of

such undignified conduct, he held his fan to his face for concealment. They seem to have a quiet sort of enjoyment, for while several seemed convulsed with laughter, no sound of mirth could be heard two feet from them. After the performance, the party drove in open carriages to the hotel, no crowd following. And, by the way, we may state that a wrong impression has gone abroad that the Embassadors were insulted on Saturday. This is all a mistake. Along the route there were of course, some noisy demonstrations, but no word was spoken which, if understood, could have roused their pride.

MUSIC.—There is something very wonderful in music. Words are wonderful enough, but music is even more wonderful. It speaks to our thoughts as words do; it speaks straight to our hearts and spirits—to the very core and root of our souls. Music soothes us, stirs us up, it puts noble feelings into us; it melts us to tears, we know not how; it is a language by itself, just as perfect in its way as speech, as words; just as blessed. Music, I say, without words, is wonderful and blessed—one of God's best gifts to man. But in singing, you have both the wonders together—music and word. Singing speaks at once to the head and to the heart, to our understanding and to our feelings; and therefore, perhaps, the most beautiful way in which the reasonable soul of man can show itself (except, of course, doing right, which always is, and always will be, the most beautiful thing) is singing.—*Chas. Kingsley.*

MUSIC IN THE SOUTH SEAS.—Our Puritan ancestors used to pay their church rates in beans and cord wood, and the natives of the South Sea Islands now buy their concert tickets with bananas and pine-apples. We copy from the *New York Musical Review* the following poster and prices of admission of the Alleghanians, who are having a fine tour in the South Sea Islands. D. G. Waldron of this city is their business agent.

"By royal command of King Makea V. and the Rarotonga nobility, the Alleghanians will give a grand concert at the School-house this afternoon at four o'clock, January 19th, 1860. Prices of admission: Tickets to admit one, 1 hog, or 2 pigs, or 1 turkey, or 2 chickens, or 25 pine-apples, or 2 bunches bananas, or 5 large pumpkins, or 2 baskets oranges. Children, half price."

The profits also might be a novelty. The writer of a letter says:

In order to get at the amount of the receipts in dollars and cents, I have valued every thing at about New York retail prices:

79 hogs at \$5 each.....	\$395.00
93 turkeys at \$1 each.....	93.00
116 chickens at 38 cents.....	44.08
16,000 cocoa nuts at 12 cents each.....	1820.00
5,700 pine apples at 12 cents each.....	684.00
418 bunches bananas, averaging 75 to the bunch, making 31,350 bananas at 6 cents each.....	1881.00
600 pumpkins at 15 cents each.....	90.00
2,700 oranges at 2 cents each.....	54.00
limes, mats, fans, etc., about.....	25.00

Total,\$5,086.00

Musical Correspondence.

CINCINNATI, JUNE 25.—We have been once more convinced of the beneficial influence that may be exerted by a person, animated by sincere love of Art, since Miss FANNY RAYMOND became an associate in the musical department of the Ohio Female College. We have attended several soirées and concerts at the College; and could not avoid remarking, with satisfaction and pleasure, the good effect produced by the efforts of this artist, already known by our readers through her charming poems and musical translations, and to whom the cultivation of the highest in music is a necessity of life.

How much courage and determination is required, to oppose successfully the Humbug that reigns supreme in most of our institutions, fostered by the double dealing of ignorant teachers.

Is it not a remarkable fact, that precisely where its good may be promoted in the most influential manner, the art of music is most degraded? Is not the task of awakening, in young and pliant minds, a love for the fair and noble in art, a glorious one?

But for this task, integrity, and a heart sensitively alive to the beautiful and true is required, to say nothing of the necessary knowledge.

"People are satisfied with things as they are," is reiterated again and again. And why? Because people know not better. Because the merchants and farmers who send their daughters to these institutions know nothing save that which is brought before them in such places: yet we have invariably found, that good music, even tolerably well performed, pleases a larger majority than bad music brought out in a similar manner. But supposing people will have "things as they are," it is no less the duty of those who are convinced that "things" are not as they should be, to strive boldly to obviate the evil, and, if patience and good-will are not wanting, success is sure to follow.

Miss Raymond, a cultivated vocalist, skilful pianist and well versed in the theory of music, saw, on her entrance into the Ohio Female College, where the breakers lay, and steered courageously towards the work of reform. Knowing that mere lesson giving is not sufficient to ensure a pupil's progress, Miss Raymond gained the assistance of some of our best artists, and thus, by means of musical evenings, considerably extended the horizon of her scholars.

The influence of such a spirit was perhaps most fully displayed in the music that illustrated the recent Commencement Exercises at the Ohio Female College, and which partly suggested the above remarks. To be sure, we had no overtures or fifty pianos; no Flower-queens. "Coronations of the Rose," or any of those displays, whose awkward attempts at attitudinizing, inappropriate fancy dresses, and bashful hints at scenery, are so admirably calculated to draw off the attention of pupils and audience from the wishy-washy music that usually accompanies them; neither had we any of — and Co.'s Music murdered for the Million,—but we had choruses and trios by Curschman, Donizetti, Bennett, songs by Haydn and Bishop, the piano compositions of Thalberg, Gottschalk, &c. What was the consequence? An artistic and harmonious effect about the whole affair; general and pleasant satisfaction; and favorable comparisons between past and present years.

TEMPO.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., JULY 4th.—In a recent number of your valuable issue, there appeared a very interesting tale of the invention of the Harmonica. Apropos, a highly accomplished and enthusiastic German pianist, C. E. Hering, of Saxe Gotha, visited us last Monday, and gave an evening performance, which drew a highly respectable audience, of course, not such who generally attend "Negro Minstrelsy exhibitions. The novelty and great feature of the evening was his performance on an instrument named the "Palmelodicon" said to be similar to that invented by Franklin, improved by Weber (not Carl Maria), and perfected by the concert-giver.

I will not attempt a description of this instrument, since Mr. Hering proposes to visit your city, where without doubt the lovers of music will patronize him. I heard him play on it (simply by friction with the tip of the fingers) a "song without words," and an impromptu of his own, The last Rose of Summer, and some other pieces. The different shades and gradations of tone emitted were perfect. Now it would resemble the flute, and again the soft diapason of the organ, swelling and dying away—now a sort of reedy tone, and soon after, strains very much like those of the violin: sostenuto passages with left hand accompaniment, perfect trillos, unisons, and chromatic progressions—these are all executed with taste, intensity of feeling, and an artistic finish, that equally produce wonder and delight. We have not had such a treat for a long time—indeed since the Draytons left here three weeks ago, nothing in the shape of good music has been given. In private, I learn

that the pianist Casseres and a few distinguished amateurs are engaged in rehearsing operatic works, &c. The appreciation of good pianoforte music is at a very low ebb here, for instance Hering played Listz's Transcription of Schubert's Ave Maria in a very creditable manner. They could not appreciate this, although the *motive* was well delivered, and the variations neatly performed. A few German operatives present showed their delight however, while the would-be *élite* stared and wondered "why those men make so much noise about nothing."

Revenons a nos moutons. The Palmelodicon is played on by very few persons, but I learn from good authority that only four persons have achieved any thing like success, Miss Davies, Herren Weber and Hierling and the present Herr Hering who is a gentleman and a thorough musician.

Yours, &c.,

A SUBSCRIBER.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 7, 1860.

L'Année Musicale.

On Revue Annuelle des Théâtres lyriques et des Concerts, des publications littéraires relatives a la musique et des événements remarquables appartenant a l'histoire de l'art musical, par P. Scudo. Première Année. Paris 1860.

M. Scudo in this book, the first volume of a projected series, has undertaken, after the manner of similar publications of a historical and scientific nature, to collect together the most notable events of the year in the musical world, in a convenient and permanent chronicle, which affords a good deal of pleasant reading to the musical amateur; as it is done in the graceful pleasant style peculiar to Scudo and cannot fail to be an interesting work to all concerned in any way with the matters of which it treats.

M. Scudo says in his preface, that "books treating especially of the musical art are very rare in France. This branch of literature so rich in England, Germany, and even in Italy, especially in the last century, has produced among us, with some rare exceptions, only works of no worth and not even of any great utility. A few didactic books, biographies filled with anecdotes, more *piquante* than instructive, interminable discussions on the theatre and dramatic music, on the preponderance of one school over another, of French opera over Italian; this is what in France makes up the literature of a profound and charming art, of the only universal language of the world. In an age like ours which looks for precision, desires to be well informed about everything, and demands to be speedily advised of everything interesting, there is not in Paris a single daily, weekly or monthly publication in which even the external facts relating to the musical art are arranged or treated in an intelligent and sufficiently impartial manner. You must go to public libraries, and turn over large volumes of general statistics, if you would ascertain the precise date of a [performance that has electrified all Paris."

To fill this void M. Scudo has commenced this publication, which contains critiques of the works, that have been represented in the lyric theatres of Paris, notices of the artists and *virtuosi* who have attracted public attention, of important publications that deserve discussion and short accounts of singers, composers and writers on music who have deceased during the year.

And as all the civilized world is now so closely linked together, that the rest of it cannot be ignored, M. Scudo, never losing sight of the fact that Paris is the "hub of the universe" of Art, looks abroad at London, Naples, and even to far St. Petersburg, for material for his art-chronicle of the past year.

The result of his labors is a very readable book, which is especially interesting to us, from its notices here and there, of artists who have been among us, and now familiar to us and honored among us, even before possessing the prestige of an European reputation, such as the veteran Badiali.

We shall draw occasionally from the pages of this volume, for which we are indebted to Mr. Leyboldt, the agent of the publishers in Philadelphia.

The Diarist Abroad.

BEETHOVEN AND PAER.

An old story is again on the tapis, this time with the honored name of Ferdinand Hiller, as authority, who heard it related by Paer himself. The substance of it is, that at a representation of Paer's "Leonore," Beethoven said to the composer in words to this effect, "The subject is so good I must compose it myself."

This might very well have been true of Paer's "Achilles," brought out at Vienna in 1801, but cannot possibly be true of the "Leonore." Paer must, in the course of years, have confounded the two in his memory.

Here are those stubborn things, the dates.

Paer called to Dresden as kapellmeister, 1803; produced his "Leonore" at Dresden, Oct. 3, 1804; Beethoven's "Fidelio" produced in Vienna, 1805; First performance of Paer's "Leonore" in Vienna, Feb. 8, 1809.

In answer to my request for some information as to his compositions, Richard Würst, of Berlin, gave me the following list:

- Op. 4. 2 Romances for violin and pianoforte.
- " 5. Trio for pianoforte, violin and violoncello
- " 7. 3 tertette; 2 soprano and alto with piano forte.
- " 11. Songs with pianoforte.
- " 12. 2 Romances for pianoforte and violin.
- " 13. 2 " " " " "
- " 14. 3 Characteristic Pieces for pianoforte and violin.
- " 15. 4 Duets, soprano and alto with pianoforte.
- " 16. Song with pianoforte.
- " 17. 4 songs for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass.
- " 18. 6 songs with pianoforte.
- " 19. Duo. Pianoforte and violoncello.
- " 20. Songs with pianoforte.
- " 21. Prize symphony for orchestra in F major.
- " 22. Terzett; Soprano, alto, tenor, with pianoforte.
- " 23. 4 Two-part songs with pianoforte.
- " 24. 28th Psalm, for three-part female chorus, with solos and pianoforte.
- " 25. 2 Romances, pianoforte and violin.
- " 26. 3 Quartets for men's voices.
- " 27. Sacred piece for 4 part chorus with solos and pianoforte.
- " 28. Aria di concerto per voce di contralto o mezzo-soprano, for orchestra, also pianoforte arrangement.
- " 29. 3 Songs for a low voice, with pianoforte.
- " 30. "Der Wasserneck," a lyric cantate, solos, chorus, and orchestra, also pianoforte arrangement.
- " 31. 5 Songs for soprano, alto, tenor and bass.
- " 32. 2 Two-part songs with pianoforte.
- " 33. 3 String quartets.

The above are published. Besides these Würst has composed many works still in manuscript; among them a symphony and violin concerto, several times performed, and an opera, not yet known.

A. W. T.

Musical Chit-Chat.

MARTHA S. P. STORY, the little three year old pianist, of whom our readers have seen some notice in our columns, has given the only concerts of the week. We do not know that she is another Mozart in her musical precocity, but have seen her, and heard her play in a manner that is certainly wonderful for a child of her age. A little fair-haired, blue-eyed child, three years old in November last, she stands at the piano with her chin on a level with the keys, and childlike plays on it if she is disposed, or at her good pleasure, crawls *under* it, and plays about the room. She performs a large number of tunes in correct time and harmony, never looking at her hands, but always around the room; sometimes going through her tune to the end, and sometimes jumbling it all together, as a little child repeats poetry. Her music is mostly simple psalm tunes and negro melodies, or Sunday school songs, such as take hold of a little child's ear, and her talent for rendering them so correctly is certainly quite remarkable, as is also her memory for retaining them. The person who exhibits her does it with discretion and good judgment, never in the least forcing her inclination. When she is tired she gets down from the stool and amuses herself and the audience in some other way till she is in humor to play again. She is well worth seeing, and children especially will be pleased with her pretty songs and her performance. The object of these public exhibitions of her talent is to obtain funds for her education.

ROTTERDAM.—Carl Formes has accepted an engagement here.

PESTH.—Director Salvi with his company will begin a series of Italian opera performances here, July 21st.

MILAN.—At the *Cannobiana* Theatre, Manzani's celebrated ode to Napoleon I., "The fifth of May," is about to be brought out melodramatically, with soli and choruses; the music by one Herr Mazurezza.

RICHMOND.—The *Inquirer* of June 30, speaks as follows of our former townsman, N. D. Clapp, and of his success as a teacher:

The highly interesting exercises of "commencement week," at the Richmond Female Institute, were crowned on Wednesday by a brilliant musical soirée. The programme itself in the variety and choice of its selections from German, French, Italian and American music, evinced the catholic spirit and severe taste which preside over the musical department of this Institute. Prof. Clapp, the Principal of the department, (also well known as the excellent Organist of the First Presbyterian Church,) availing himself of his experience in other prominent institutions at the South, and of his unusual opportunities for familiarity with the best European methods and culture, has succeeded in raising the standard of musical education in conformity to the demands of an ever-improving public taste. It would have gratified the audience had he favored them with a touch of his own quality as an artist, but he evidently preferred to exhibit the proficiency of the pupils rather than that of their instructors.

It is not too much to say, that his pupils amply redeemed the promise of the programme. All the vocal pieces gave proof of careful training and patient study; and in several were displayed a facility of execution and powers of vocalization which would have elicited applause if they had been sung equally well by professional voices. The instrumental solos, duos, and concerted pieces, were played with a graceful ease, which suggested reserved power no less than assiduous practice. The choruses from different operas were rendered in a style at once spirited and correct. It was obvious that the performers might have delighted even a wider public than their relatives and friends who crowded the beautifully decorated hall of the Institute.

PARIS, MAY 31.—The last news respecting the Opera House is that the new building will be built upon the site occupied by the present house, and a square made in front of it and between it and the Boulevard. This will give the Boulevard, what it very much wants, a handsome garden, under whose trees loiterers may saunter the hottest hours away. The Passage des Panoramas and the adjacent houses

must be pulled down before this can happen. All the houses on the Place Dauphine, or to speak properly, all the houses west of the Prefecture of Police are to be razed, the landlords indemnified, and the land sold, in order to have this portion of Paris as splendid as possible; no house will be allowed to be built until after the Government approves the plan. All the buildings north of the French Comedy have been pulled down.

The Opera in New Orleans is over. The *Picayune*, June 1, says:

"Jerusalem" was substituted, Wednesday night, for the "Trovatore," on the occasion of the joint benefit of M^{me}. Dalmont and M. Cabel.

M^{me}. Pauline Colson took her leave of us last evening, appearing in her great character, *Uriel*, the demon, in "Les Amours du Diable." M^{me}. Colson having performed here fifteen nights, according to the contract of Mr. Boudousquie with Messrs. Strakosch and Ullman, leaves, to-day, for New York, and resumes her position as one of the Academy troupe, her engagement with the managers extending to May, 1861. That over, we understand, it is her purpose to return to her native France.

This evening, that powerful and popular tenor, Philippe, will take a benefit, at the Opera House, filling his favorite rôle of the Jew in "The Jewess." A bumper, at parting, for Philippe! We are glad to find the report that he returns, next season, is confirmed.

The same journal, June 3, suggests:

What an admirable arrangement it would be for Mr. Boudousquie and Strakosch to make a full and complete interchange of companies, dividing our six months' operatic season into two equal parts; and giving us French opera from November till February, and Italian the other three months. Undoubtedly this would pay both parties to the arrangement handsomely. The two Parodi weeks we had here this season sufficiently demonstrated the popularity of Italian opera in New Orleans, and if it was so successful under such circumstances, what would it be if given by a full, well appointed, first rate opera troupe, at our beautiful Opera House! The New Yorkers, Bostonians and Philadelphians have no idea of French opera, and would hail with delight its production at their Academies of Music. Is not this point worth considering, Messieurs Impresarii?

Music Abroad.

Paris.

The management of the Théâtre Lyrique has done a useful and a graceful thing in bringing out Hérold's first operatic work, *Les Rosières*, an opera comique in three acts, produced at the Salle Feydeau in 1817. On its first production, this work achieved a decided success, and at once informed the world that a composer of the highest promise was born to France. It kept the stage until 1826, when *Marie*, a much riper and more masterly work, threw it into the shade, whence it has never been rescued until now. *Les Rosières*, though much inferior to the composer's subsequent productions, exhibits in a considerable measure the fundamental characteristics of Hérold's style. It lacks the rich and brilliant instrumentation, and the startling modulations for which he was afterwards distinguished; but the grace and facility of his melodic inspirations, the elegance, piquancy, and neatness of his style are already clearly discernible. The libretto of this work, although old-fashioned is still amusing; and the plot has a merit also somewhat out of date—clearness and simplicity. The principal female part, Florette, is played by Mlle. Girard, whose easy, correct, and brilliant execution, keen intelligence and agreeable organ, allied to graceful and spirited acting, place her among the first lyrical artists of the French stage. The other prominent characters are filled by Mlle. Faivre, and MM. Fromant, Kiequier Delauney, and Gabriel. A little one-act opera, entitled *Les Valets de Gascoigne*, has been produced for the first time at this establishment with sufficient success. The composer is M. Dufréne. Mlle. Faivre, M. Girardot, M. Wartel, and M. Potel, are engaged in it.

M. Henry Wuille, the well-known clarinetist, one of the many distinguished artists whom poor Julien introduced to fortune and to fame, has made his debut in Paris at the concerts Musard, and has won from the public as well as from the critics, the amplest acknowledgment of his uncommon talents.

At the Opéra Comique, the bills still alternate with *L'Étoile du Nord*, *Le Roman d'Elvire* and *Rita*, and *Château Trompette* with *L'Habit de Mylord*. A new opera, by M. Paul Dupuch, *Gertrude*, is in rehearsal,

and will take its turn after *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge*, which is very soon to appear. The following artists will be engaged in this once most popular of Boieldieu's works—Rodolphe, M. Crosti; Roger, M. Warot; the Bailli, Lemaire; the Hermit, Barrielle; Rose d'Amour, Mlle. Marimon; Annette, Belia.

Before closing for the season the Théâtre Lyrique will produce a new operetta, the title of which has been changed since the first announcement from *Le Mariage aux Epées* to *Maître Palma*. The music is by Mlle. Rivay, her first essay, and the book by Mad. Furpille and Gille. It is also expected that *La Madone*, by Lacombe will shortly be forthcoming. The manager has just engaged Mad. Wekerlin Damoreau for next season.

The tenor Fraschini has just signed an engagement with the manager of the Orienta, at Madrid, for the ensuing season; and it is reported that Mad. Borghimamo has contracted to appear at the Scala, in Milan, during the carnival season next year.

Roger has just returned from his provincial tour. He appeared last at Bordeaux, where he brought the season to a brilliant close. He is to proceed to Baden in August, where he is engaged, together with Mad. Miolan-Carvalho, to appear in a new opera, by Gounod.

London.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The fifth performance on Monday brought the series to a termination. The programme included the overtures to *L'Clémence di Tito* and *Preciosa*, Beethoven's symphony in D, No. 2, Mendelssohn's concerto in D minor, and Spohr's dramatic concerto for violin and orchestra. In consequence of both Italian operas giving extra nights, Dr. Wylde was deprived of some of his regular "hands," and forced to look for recruits in all directions. Fortunately, good players in London are not scarce. To the execution of Beethoven's symphony, we have scarcely anything to award but praise, and the liberal applause which followed each movement proved that the audience was thoroughly satisfied. Herr Becker played the dramatic concerto—so great a favorite with Ernst, and introduced by that distinguished violinist on the occasion of his first performance in this country—in masterly style, and the applause at the end was uproarious. The grand concerto of Mendelssohn also was a triumph for Mr. John Barnett, who created a marked sensation. The last movement more particularly displayed the young pianist's execution and taste to equal advantage. The voice music was allotted to Miss Louisa Pyne, Mad. Lemmens Sherrington, and Herr Hermanns, the new German bass, who made so great a hit the week previously at the Monday Popular Concerts. Herr Hermanns introduced "Falstaff's song," from Otto Nicolai's *Merry wives of Windsor*, with the same success as before. He is an unquestionable acquisition to the concert-room. Miss Louisa Pyne sang a grand scena from Spohr's *Jessonda*, "Batti, batti," and a romance from Mr. Wallace's *Lurline*. The expressive manner in which she gave the air from *Don Giovanni* received the liveliest sympathy and won a hearty encore. Mad. Lemmens Sherrington gave an air from Weber's *Euryanthe* to perfection, but the audience were more pleased with Adolph Adams' "Ah! vous dirai-je mamma," which was redemanded. The hall was crowded in every part. Dr. Wylde may congratulate himself that the season has been one of the most successful in the annals of the New Philharmonic Society.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The fifth and last concert of the season was no less interesting than its predecessors, as will be seen by the subjoined programme:—

Overture, "Leonora".....Beethoven.
Aria "Ach nur einmal noch in leben".....Mozart.
Fifth Concerto, violin.....Molique.
Recit. "E mi lasci così".....Spohr.
Aria "Tu m' abbandoni".....Costa.
Overture "Les deux Journées".....Cherubini.
Symphony in A minor (Op. 56).....Mendelssohn.
Recit. "Di ostili tende".....Costa.
Aria "Dall' asilo della pace".....Bellini.
Recit. "Krafft meines heiligen Amtes".....Bellini.
Aria "Wenn Romeo den Sohn erschlagen".....Weber.
Overture, "Der Freyschütz".....Weber.

THE LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL SOCIETY last week gave their hundredth performance with unabating vigor and success, and their present season will terminate positively this day. Their repertoire has consisted of above a hundred different pieces—glees madrigals, catches, and old ballads—the most favorite of which have been included in the programmes of the recent performances. We looked forward with pleasure to the resumption of this society's pleasant entertainments next season, and hope to find Mr. Oliphant, whose literary illustrations have added so much to the success of the performances, provided with a fresh budget of information.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

I remember the spot where I was born.

C. Zeuner. 25

Jessie, or, On a bright morning in May.

J. H. McNaughton. 25

Both very charming songs, which will make many friends.

Not a minute to spare. Sacred song.

R. Topliff. 25

A valuable addition to the many taking sacred songs which this author has given to the Home circle for Sabbath Music, and among which at least one, "Ruth and Naomi" is familiar to every one.

The Ladies' opportunity. Comic Song.

C. Minasi. 25

Easy, pretty, and unobjectionable.

O that I had wings like a dove. Solo and Quartet.

P. T. Barker. 25

A piece well calculated for the opening of religious worship. Strongly recommended to Quartet Choirs, will please all.

O do not weep because the leaves must fade.

Macfarren. 25

A pleasing parlor-song.

Instrumental Music.

Ancella Polka. Hermann S. Saroni. 25

Merry Chimes Polka. " 25

Good, spirited Polkas, easy enough to be read at sight by ordinary players.

Fly not yet, and The brown Irish Girl. Transcribed.

Brinley Richards. 40.

In Richards' elegant style, which, in this peculiarity, is unsurpassed by any contemporaneous writer.

Andante from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, arranged by

Hummel. 50

This has long been the favorite movement in this most generally admired Symphony of the great master and has never before been sold separately. The arrangement is considered the best. It is of moderate difficulty only.

The Fairies' Fete. J. L. Ensign. 35

From the original Cantata, "The Culprit Fay." It is a charming piece of instrumental music.

Rippling Wave Mazurka. E. G. Knowlton. 25

Columbiana Waltz. C. H. Loehr. 25

U. V. M. (University of Vermont) Waltz. J. B. Holmberg. 25

New and nice dance-music for the parlor or social ball-room.

Books.

THE OPERA OF NORMA. By Bellini. Piano Solo. 2,00

This is the fourteenth volume of Ditson & Co.'s Edition of Standard Operas and in mechanical execution is fully equal to its predecessors. The type employed is smaller than the usual music type, yet its beautiful, clear and distinct cut renders it easily read. Another advantage is that with this type a larger amount of matter is placed upon a page, by which frequent leaf turning is avoided. The extremely low price at which they are afforded enables all who desire to do so, to possess a complete operatic library.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 432.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 16.

Meyerbeer.

L'ANNE MUSICALE. P. SCUDO.

Meyerbeer is certainly one of the most curious and interesting figures presented by the history of Art. A man of the North, beloved fellow disciple of Weber, who created the German opera, born of a family favored alike by nature and fortune, Giacomo Meyerbeer had nothing to do but allow himself to live. Having two brothers, one a celebrated astronomer, the other a distinguished poet, Giacomo wished that his name too, should be inscribed upon the book of life. After having been a remarkable virtuoso on the piano, as were also Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, after having tried his powers in several dramatic compositions, in the language of his country, he was suddenly seized by an extreme love for Italian music, and breaking all bonds with the new school, which had aimed to lead away the musical genius of the German nation from the influence of the Italian masters which had triumphed since the *renaissance*, Meyerbeer went to the peninsula, and established again by his example the old fashioned pilgrimage of German musicians to the pure sources of melody; for it is well to know that the pilgrimage of the German composers began as far back as the last half of the sixteenth century. Praetorius, Henri Schütz (who was a pupil of the school of Venice), Keyser, and all the dramatic composers who preceded Handel, Hasse and Gluck, were admirers and imitators of the Italian school then reigning. It was at the close of the eighteenth century, after the death of Mozart and Haydn, that the old alliance of the two great musical schools of Europe, was suddenly broken. Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, Spohr, Mendelssohn and all the musicians who attached themselves more or less closely to the movement of renovation called the romantic, that is to say, national school, not only rejected the ancient teachings of the school which produced Palestrina, Carissimi, Scarlatti, Gabrielli, Marcello and Jomelli, but even any imitation of its original peculiarities and processes. The last manifestation of the German romantic school is that horde of iconoclasts who pretend to extirpate from music all idea of melody, and who speak with disdain of the works of *Monsieur Mozart!* and who have dubbed themselves musicians of the future, because the present age is not worthy to comprehend them.

Of keen intellect, a sagacious observer, endowed with an imagination at once ardent and under restraint, ambitious of glory, yet not in too great haste to conquer it, timid and anxious in details, audacious and profound in the conception of a general plan, Meyerbeer developed in Italy a complex genius in which an adroit imitation of Rossini is discreetly mingled with his own inspirations. Such is the character of his two best Italian operas, *Marguerite d'Anjou* and *Il Crociato*, which made him a reputation that much afflicted his illustrious fellow-pupil and friend, the

author of *Der Freyschütz* and *Oberon*. We may read in the correspondence of von Weber, the letter in which he deplores the fact that Meyerbeer should have plunged deeper and deeper into the imitation of foreign forms, and that the love of success should have stifled so fine an imagination. "Was hoffen wir alles von ihm!—O verfluchte Lust zu gefallen!" Nevertheless in the midst of all the applause and *vivas* lavished upon him by the Italian public, so warm and extravagant in the demonstrations of its satisfaction, Meyerbeer meditated, (for he is always meditating) a transformation of his manner. *Der Freyschütz* which had been given at Berlin in 1821, was translated into French, and represented at the theatre de l'Odeon, at Paris, in 1824 with a success that has become European. Stimulated doubtless by this example, by that given by Gluck in 1774, which Spontini and Rossini had followed so brilliantly, Meyerbeer also conceived the idea of essaying his genius in a country which possesses indisputably the finest and richest dramatic literature of modern nations. *Robert le Diable* was brought out at the opera in November, 1831. In March, 1836, he gave the *Huguenots*, in 1849, the *Prophète*, and in 1854, *l'Etoile du Nord*. I shall not undertake to comment on these works, which are known all over the world and performed in all the theatres of Europe. At some future time, we shall have occasion to recur to these great scores, which are very differently rated by critics, but of which no one can deny the powerful effect upon the public. Germany, where the works of Meyerbeer are judged by artists and critics with a rigor that borders on injustice, Germany runs to the representations of *Robert le Diable*, the *Huguenots* and the *Prophet* with no less enthusiasm than the Parisian public. Upon what then depends the evident and indisputable popularity of the operas of Meyerbeer? On the vigor of the coloring, the warm passion that pervades them, on certain situations powerfully rendered, on the effect of combinations, on profound inspirations that take hold of the masses, whatever may be the legitimate reservations of the man of taste who prefers the beauty that touches the heart and charms the imagination to the truth that strikes and impresses itself upon the intellect. We can say of Meyerbeer, who devotes himself above everything, to the true expression of life, what the Latin poet, Propertius, has said of Lysippus, the Greek sculptor:

Gloria Lysippo est animosa effingere signa.

It is a fine spectacle to contemplate the varieties of genius presented by the history of art. Going back no further than our own century, and restricting the field of observation to the three nations that represent the æsthetic civilization of Europe, the Italians, the Germans and the French, we perceive two great changes wrought, the one by Beethoven in instrumental music, the other by Rossini in dramatic music. These two geniuses, as different from each other as are the

two nations whose aspirations and sentiments they express, proceed in the conception of their work as Nature proceeds: they imitate their predecessors, and as the poet says, "*sur des pensers nouveaux ils font des vers antiques*," for there are no lasting recollections in the intellectual world, any more than in the moral world, but those that rest upon some corner of the past. You cannot cite either a great philosopher, or a poet, or an artist, or even a real statesman whose original work is the result of an isolated force, of a purely individual activity. If it is incontestible that the first compositions of the author of the Pastoral Symphony reveal a more or less involuntary imitation of the style of Mozart, so neither does Rossini conceal the fact that he has been educated in the admiration of Haydn, Mozart and Cimarosa, whose essences he combines and mingles on his magic palette: but this has not prevented Beethoven from becoming the most vast, most profound and most original musical genius that has ever existed, or Rossini from being the most varied, most passionate and most brilliant dramatic composer of his epoch. Around Beethoven, who remains *unique*, has arisen in Germany a group of congenial geniuses such as Weber, Spohr, Schubert, and later Mendelssohn, who, deriving their inspiration from the same order of ideas and the same traditions, are no the less original for that, especially Weber, who first translated into the lyric drama the marvellous of the German poetry. In the train of Rossini, in the same way has been produced a family of brilliant disciples, of whom the most original of all is Bellini, who would have risen very high, had not death cut off before his time, this sweet singer of Sicily, who had known how to combine with his own yet youthful style, an imitation of the old masters, especially of Paisiello, and the manner of the great renovator of Italian opera.

While these two great revolutions in the musical art were in progress in Germany and Italy, France which comprehends and appreciates nothing but exclusively dramatic music, remained faithful to the double tradition of Gluck and Grétry. Spontini and Mehul are disciples and eloquent imitators of the creator of *Armida* and the two *Iphigenias*, while the influence of Grétry produced at the theatre of the *Opéra Comique*, a swarm of delicious and charming composers of whom M. Auber is the illustrious successor. On this vast theatre upon which Gluck, Piccini, Sacchini, Spontini, had come in succession to enlarge the domain of the lyric tragedy created by Lully and Rameau, submitting their differing genius to the severe taste of the French traditions, Rossini came also to write four great chefs d'œuvre, and terminates his glorious career, by the marvel called *William Tell*.

It might have been thought that all the grand combinations of dramatic music were exhausted, and that after Rossini and Weber, so profoundly different from each other, a new transformation of the lyric drama was impossible. But such

reasoning fails to take into account the inexhaustible fecundity of nature. Then was seen to appear a man patient, of profound genius, endowed at once with a powerful imagination and a rare delicacy of mind. German in origin and, by the sound musical education he had received, become a little Italian by sympathy and inclination, he is French by the logic of his eminently dramatic understanding. After several years of trials and doubts, of partial successes that give him some appreciation of his powers, he comes to Paris whither the diverse tendencies of his nature attract him, and reveals himself to the astonished world in a work *Robert le Diable*, which produced an immense excitement. The *Huguenots*, the *Prophète* and *l'Etoile du Nord* extend and fix his reputation. I know all that an exclusive and partial taste can say of the style, and often complicated manner of Meyerbeer. We have ourselves arrived at a complete understanding of his work, only through a strong desire of equity, believing, as Poussin says, that our appetites alone should not judge of the beauties of art, but our reason also. Because we are naturally inclined toward that family of delicate and harmonious geniuses, who purify reality by the ideal, and temper power by grace, the chaste, restrained and truly divine geniuses who are called Virgil, Raphael, Racine, Mozart, shall we fail to recognize the manly and robust geniuses, who rejoice in the expression of grandeur, in the painting of vigorous characters and complicated passions, like Michel Angelo, Shakespeare, Corneille and Beethoven?

Is not the first quality of a judge or a critic impartiality? I mean that impersonality that forgets for a moment its secret affections, its natural predilections, so as to see that only which is submitted to its judgment, and the better to comprehend the work and the artist that do not belong to the order of ideas and sentiments with which it easily sympathizes. What a poor spirit would that be, which, educated in the admiration of a Titian or an Andrea del Sarto, could not comprehend a Rembrandt, that mighty colorist who loves the contest of lights and shadows, great contrasts of *chiar' oscuro*, types more vigorous than noble, and scenes of *bourgeoise* life, whence he causes to spring a profound thought and a dramatic interest.

Such are likewise the qualities of the works and genius of Meyerbeer. He excels in rendering the contrasts of extreme situations, the *mêlée* and shock of diverse passions in a powerful whole, in creating vigorous types, such as Bertram, Marcel and Fidès, who engrave themselves on the imagination of all, whom no one can forget, and in filling his immense canvass with tumult, life and light. In what modern drama can be found a finer female character than that of Valentine in the *Huguenots*, or a more touching scene than the duo of the third act with Marcel? Does a more pathetic air exist than the *Grâce* in *Robert* or a tableau more poetic and novel than the act of the Nuns in the same great work? I say nothing of the fourth act of the *Huguenots*, one of the finest pages of dramatic music in existence; but the *divertissement* and grand scene in the church, of the *Prophète* as well as the military scene in *l'Etoile du Nord*, are these not the production of an imagination more supple and more various than it is supposed to be? Meyerbeer is reproached with being want-

ing in melody. Certainly he has not the melody of everybody, those commonplaces that travel through the streets, and which the old troubadours love to repeat to the accompaniment of their cracked guitars. A dramatic musician above all, Meyerbeer could say, with Gluck, to his critics, "If I have succeeded in pleasing the theatre, I have attained the end I had in view, and I assure you that it concerns me little that my music does not please in a concert or in a saloon," (Life of Gluck, by Auton Schmid, p. 426.) A great tactician, a colorist full of relief, Meyerbeer could also add these words which the author of *Armide* said to a friend; "you should know that music in its melodic part, possesses very few resources. It is impossible, by the mere succession of notes that form the character of melody to depict certain passions." This is what album composers and the makers of canzonets do not understand; but the public, that for thirty years has applauded the works of Meyerbeer, listens only to the emotion it experiences and leaves to journalists the smartness that they was to in denying the brightness of day, and the power of so great a master.

In an age of great revolutions, of universal renovation, in which politics, poetry, science and the arts have extended the horizon of life and enlarged the bounds of the universe, music and especially dramatic music, has also renewed its forms, vivified its colors, and multiplied the number of its characters. Between Weber and Rossini, who have a manner of proceeding so unlike, and whose immortal works express a world of ideas and sentiments so opposite, Meyerbeer has succeeded in creating for himself a profound and original personality. The opera of the *Pardon de Ploërmel* far superior to *l'Etoile du Nord*, is in our opinion of all his works the most simple, the most agreeable and the most freely melodious author of *Robert* and the *Huguenots*.

Russian Composers.

BORTNIANSKY.—GLINKA.

In Russia, as in all other European countries, the earliest music is the music of the Church, and the most ancient musical document in Russia is a canticle composed in honor of two Russian princes who were canonized in the eleventh century. The manuscript of this canticle was discovered not very long since in the monastery of St. Sergius, near Moscow, and Count Dmitri Tolstoi, who has published a highly interesting work on the subject of early Russian music, argues with reason that it must have been written in Russia, inasmuch as no one out of Russia would have taken any interest in the canonization of two Russian princes. In the course of time the music of the Russian Church, which had originally been borrowed from Byzantium, lost much of its oriental character; and towards the end of the seventeenth century, the adoption of the European scale, together with the imitation of Italian models, had so transformed it, that the Patriarch of Constantinople felt it necessary to send a choir to Moscow, with the view of restoring the ancient Greek chants, of which the tradition had been lost. But the Constantinople choir did not succeed in their mission, and, indeed, the Russian Church music needed a reform of a very different nature from that contemplated by the Patriarch and his vocalists. Without going back to the antiquated and unsuitable Greek style, it was highly desirable not to continue the imitation of the Italians, which involved a complete sacrifice of words to music; for, in addition to the natural differences between the Russian and Italian languages, it must be remembered that the service of the Roman Church is in verse, whereas that

of the Russian is in prose. Bortniansky was the first Russian composer who went seriously to work to harmonize and re-arrange the ancient and disorganized church music of his country. "The times were out of joint;" but it was not Bortniansky, it was Lvoff, the composer of the Russian national hymn, who was "born to set them right," and who in his twelve volumes of church-music, has adapted the ancient chants to the rhythm of the Russian words, so that they are now pronounced correctly, in the order in which they occur in the service, and without repetition. Bortniansky, however, after his return from Italy where he spent eleven years, wrote for the Russian Church the first music that it possesses; among other things a Mass in three parts, and forty-five Psalms, in four and in eight parts. During his residence in Italy, Bortniansky appears to have composed operas, symphonies, sonatas, but no music of a strictly religious character; this, however, was the style in which he excelled and to which he exclusively devoted himself after his appointment as Director of the Imperial Choir, an office in which he was preceded by Salieri. Many who do not know the name of Bortniansky, are, nevertheless, familiar with some of his compositions, which have been adopted by the Roman church, and may be heard in the churches of Paris, and, for all we know to the contrary, in those of Italy.

The name of Michael Glinka is not new to the constant and scrupulous readers of the *Musical World*. About a year ago we published an article from the pen of a highly esteemed contributor, on seventeen of his (Glinka's, not our contributor's) songs, being either detached compositions, or selections from the operas of *Roslan and Loodmila* and *Tizne za Tzarya*. We also printed, a few months since, an article on the strange fortunes of the said *Roslan and Loodmila*, of which the end was, that the scenery, costumes, score, and orchestral parts of the work were burned in the fire that destroyed the Tsirk theatre last year. The charming trio by Glinka, performed at Prince Galitzin's concert, is from *Tizne za Tzarya*, or *Life for the Tzar*—an opera founded on the story of the peasant Ivan Soussannin, who when Michael, the first of the Romanoffs, was being pursued by the Poles (at that time the oppressors, not the oppressed, of Russia), misled the invaders, so that the Czar was able to escape, and refused, though put to the torture, to inform them of the route the Czar had taken.—*Musical World*.

Fetis on Beethoven.

As a specimen of the care with which M. Fétis has set about the task of remodelling his great work, *La Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*, by incorporating with the new edition everything that struck him as worth appropriating, we may cite (*inter alia*) the paragraph relating to Beethoven's celibacy, and the causes generally assigned for that self-imposed privation on the part of the illustrious composer. In the first edition the matter is disposed of in a few brief sentences: "Beethoven"—it informs us—"never married; M. de Seyfried even asserts that he was never known to have had any tender attachment. The author of the present *Biography*, nevertheless, remembers being told by Joseph Woelfl (the pianist and composer—once a pupil of Beethoven's), of a certain lady to whose house Beethoven used frequently to go in his youth, and to whom he was very much attached, though he never confessed it. He appeared stung with jealousy whenever compliments were addressed by any other persons to the object of his attachment. In such cases the pianoforte was the depository of his thoughts, and was made to reflect the storm that raged within him. A single look from the lady, however, accompanied by a few kind words, brought back tranquility to his heart, and caused sweet melodies to succeed the harsh discords of his impetuous and passionate soul."

In the second edition, this paragraph is enriched with a quantity of new and valuable matter. Dr. Wegeler, the friend of Beethoven's

childhood and youth, never recollected him without some attachment, and generally one which exercised a great influence on his thoughts and actions. (*Beethoven war nie ohne Liebe, und meistens von ihr im hohem Grade ergriffen.*) Schindler, "*Ami di Beethoven*," also his Boswell and biographer, not only admits this assertion to be correct, but furnishes confirmatory details of considerable interest. The objects of Beethoven's regard were always, it would seem, persons of high rank, a circumstance accounted for by the nobleness of his disposition, and his frequent intercourse with the upper classes of society. His love, however, was always Platonic; the heart and the imagination were chiefly concerned the senses playing but a subordinate part in the drama. For several years, Beethoven was attached to Mlle. Julie de Guicciardi, who afterwards married the Count de Yallenberg, and to whom he dedicated his sonata in C sharp minor, (the well-known *Mondscheins*, or "Moonlight sonata.") Some letters written in the summer of 1806, from a watering-place in Hungary, whither the great composer had repaired in the hopes of finding a remedy for his deafness, and published in Schindler's *Biography*, tend to show that in this instance, at least, Beethoven's love was reciprocated. Schindler mentions also an *affaire de cœur* between Beethoven and the Countess Marie d'Erlady, to whom he dedicated the grand trios in E flat and D, Op. 70. Ferdinand Ries, too—Beethoven's favorite pupil, and who lived with him for a long time on the most intimate terms—says, that his master's love-fits were seldom of very long duration, and that the most lasting evidence of constancy he could cite did not outlive *seven months*! Beethoven's passion for Mlle. de Guicciardi, nevertheless—with deference to Ries and Wegeler—retained its hold on him for years. These additions to the chapter of love in Beethoven's "Life" greatly enhance its value. M. Fétis touches on the subject of Beethoven's friendships, about which the first edition of the *Biographie Universelle* was altogether silent. The illustrious musician seems to have been no less sensible to friendship than to love, but was so extremely sensitive, even on the most trifling points, that his self-esteem was easily wounded, and he would quarrel with his best friends. His brothers, who frequently disturbed his tranquility, and were the cause of his greatest annoyances, took delight in poisoning his mind with doubts about those for whom he entertained the sincerest affection, in order themselves to sway him the more completely to their purposes. Beethoven used to listen too readily to their insinuations, and instead of demanding a frank explanation, would sulk and repel by his coolness those against whom he fancied he had grounds of complaint. If, however, any one succeeded in persuading him of his error, he at once hastened to confess he had done wrong, implore forgiveness, and make every atonement in his power, with cheerfulness and alacrity. Although exceedingly attached to the friends of his youth, years sometimes elapsed without his even thinking of them.

One of his letters to M. Wegeler, the companion of his infancy, involves a confession that he had not written to that intimate friend even once during the space of seven years. Although almost as intimate with Schenck, the first who explained to him the defects of his musical education, he would appear to have forgotten his mentor altogether, when, one day, walking on the *Boulevards* at Vienna, he met Schenck, of whom he had lost sight for nearly twenty years. Mad with joy at once more meeting so old and true a friend, who for aught he knew might have been already in the grave, Beethoven dragged him into a neighboring wine-shop (at the sign of the *Hunter's Horn*), and, calling for wine, with a gushing outburst of feeling, as of youth, the generally taciturn and abstracted artist abandoned himself to uncontrollable gaiety, and narrated, in uninterrupted succession, an almost endless series of stories and anecdotes. After an hour thus spent in mutual unconstrained expansion, Schenck and Beethoven separated, never to meet again. This took place in 1824, in less than three years

after which period the great "tone-poet" had ceased to exist.

The chapters on love and friendship are followed by one devoted to Beethoven's family relations. The characteristic anecdotes follow—of which, by the way, M. Fétis has made a most discreet and appropriate selection; and finally, we have a chronological catalogue of Beethoven's works, followed by an examination of the biographies, essays, appreciations, and other writings on the subject. If the rest of the new edition of *La Biographie Universelle des Musiciens* be on a par with the article "Beethoven," it will be no less a book of inestimable value than of unexampled labor and research.—*Musical World*.

Beethoven.

BY THEODOR HAGEN.

In July, 1805, Cherubini arrived with his wife in Vienna, in order to write for the theater *an der Wien* a new opera, *Fäniska*, which was performed for the first time in February, 1806. The Cherubinis were of course well received by Beethoven, who held the composer of the *Water-Carrier* in great esteem, which was never very warmly reciprocated, and which led some people to the strange assertion, that Beethoven, in his opera *Fidelio*, had taken the Italian's music for a model. It was in November, 1805, that the last-named opera made its appearance. The circumstances were not favorable. Although the female parts were well received, the male ones were so much the worse, the tenor having no voice, and the basso a very rough one, and no method. Besides, the nobility had left their residences, and among the masses a fear of the French soldiery prevailed, so that the audience at the performance of *Fidelio* consisted mostly of French officers. The opera was given three nights in succession, and the performance resumed only in March, 1806, under the title, *Leonore*, and with some changes, as, for instance, the contraction into two, instead of the former three acts; also the introduction of a new aria, by *Pizarro* in C, because the singer of this part had resolutely refused to sing the old one in B, flat. Further, a duo in C, between *Leonore* and *Marcelline*, with obligato violin and violoncello accompaniment, as well as a comic trio between *Rocco*, *Marcelline*, and *Jacquino*, were left out. Once more, on April the tenth, it was given, and then left to the dust in the library of the theatre, where it remained until 1814, when it was again performed for the benefit of three subordinate officials at the Imperial Opera-House. At this time, at Beethoven's own instigation, several alterations had been made. We quote his own words, written to Friedrich Treitschke, artistical manager of the theatre: "The history of this opera is the most troublesome in the world. With most of it I am dissatisfied, and there is hardly a piece where I have not made attempts to lessen somewhat that dissatisfaction."

The performance was to take place May 23d; on the day before was to be the chief rehearsal, but the new overture in E was not yet written. The orchestra was ordered to rehearse this overture on the morning of the performance. Beethoven did not arrive. After a long delay, Treitschke took a carriage to fetch him, but he found him still in bed, in a profound sleep. At his side was a goblet with wine and biscuit in it; the sheets of the overture were strewn over the bed and on the floor. A candle, burnt out, showed that he had been at work till late in the night. The impossibility of finishing the work was at once settled, and instead of the new overture, the one to *Prometheus* was played.

In the evening Beethoven conducted, with conductor Umlant behind his back, to make right what the master's inability to hear made wrong. The applause was great, and increased with every performance. The seventh, on July 18th, was given for the benefit of Beethoven himself. It was on this occasion, that *Rocco's* air, "Gold is a fine thing," was performed for the first time, and the great aria of *Leonore* in E, with the three horns obligato, appeared in an altered state, in which it has since remained.

It must be mentioned here, that the artists engaged to sing in this opera at that time performed their task admirably. Mad. Milder Hauptmann, one of the greatest dramatic singers Germany ever had, sang *Leonore*; Michael Vogel, *Pizarro*, and Weinmüller, *Rocco*. Even the Italian Radochi, whose German was still worse than Vienna German generally is, in the tenor part of *Florestan* was entirely acceptable in voice, method, and figure. Unfortunately, soon after the successful resuming of *Fidelio*, Mad. Milder Hauptmann left Vienna in consequence of an engagement for life at the Royal Opera in Berlin, and the possibility of giving the opera to any satisfaction, became impossible. It was at least eight years before it could be again performed. It may be just as well to mention here a remark in Beethoven's own hand-writing, which was found amongst his papers: "The opera *Fidelio*, written anew, and improved in 1814, from March till May 15th."

Prince Galitzin.

Prince Galitzin advertises a "Russian Concert" for the 20th at St. James's Hall, and amateurs of music are asking one another who this Prince Galitzin is, and what this Russian Concert is to be that he proposes to give for the benefit of Garibaldi, and at which the Prince himself is to conduct. Some even go so far as to ask how it is that a Russian nobleman in such a position as Prince Galitzin occupies, ventures to get up an entertainment in honor of a man whom the despotic party in Austria and Russia regard as a rebel and a revolutionist of the worst kind. The late Czar would not precisely have smiled on a Russian prince who had announced a concert for the benefit of Garibaldi; but though the Garibaldi of 1860 is still the Garibaldi of 1848, the Emperor Alexander is not the Emperor Nicholas, nor is the Russia of the present day to be judged of by the Russia of the past reign.

As for the Prince Galitzin, who is to make his appearance on Wednesday at St. James's Hall, he is the son of Prince Nicolas Galitzin, to whom Beethoven dedicated three of his last quartets, and under whom Prince George (he of St. James's Hall) served against us and our *quondam* allies in the Crimean war. Prince George Galitzin has an estate at Tamboff, and has long paid especial attention to the musical education of his peasants. He himself teaches the children to sing, and admits those who have attained a certain proficiency into a choir which he has spent eighteen years in forming, and which includes every range of voice from the highest sopranos to lower basses, by at least half an octave than are met with in this country or in Italy. These picked choristers—of whom, when we heard them four years ago at Moscow there were as many as eighty, of all sizes and ages—are excellent musicians, and read any part music at sight. That they have a good knowledge of harmony may be inferred from the fact, that they will sing any chord of four notes in any key on the chord being named, and without hearing it struck. This was shown at the time of the coronation of the Emperor Alexander, in Prince Galitzin's house at Moscow, where the Tamboff choir sang various sacred compositions by Mozart, Bortniansky, &c., and afterwards underwent a sort of examination in the presence of Onibichoff, Josse, the *chef d'orchestre* of the Théâtre Français, Durand, the organist of the Pantheon, Lablache, Tagliafico, and a number of other musicians and amateurs. A variety of chords were named, all of which were satisfactorily given by the singers. The service of the Russian Church is sung without accompaniment, and Prince Galitzin's singers, who are, above all, singers of sacred music, are in the habit of performing without the aid of any instrument. Several times at the conclusion of a long piece the Prince verified the final chord at the piano, when it appeared that, contrary to all precedent, the voices had not fallen even the eighth part of a note.

Another remarkable thing in the performance of these Tamboff singers, is the manner in which, in certain compositions, they do, or rather do *not*, take their breath. Thus, they will chant the creed or the Lord's Prayer from beginning to end without stopping to breathe even for an instant. Such at least is the effect upon the audience; but as the Galitzin choristers live, like the rest of us, by inhalation, we imagine the Prince must have arranged some system by which they take their breath in sections, say ten at a time, so that out of the eighty, seventy only are continually singing.

The advertisements do not set forth explicitly that Prince Galitzin has brought his choristers with him

to London; but we know that it was his intention to do so, and if he has left them behind, all we can say is, that he had better telegraph for them to Tamboff without delay,—*London Musical World*.

The Organ.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Then swelled the organ: up through choir and nave
The music trembled with an inward thrill
Of bliss at its own grandeur; wave on wave
In flood of mellow thunder rose, until
The hushed air shivered with the throb it gave;
Then, poising for a moment, it stood still,
And sank and rose again to burst in spray
That wandered into silence far away.

Deeper and deeper shudders shook the air,
As the huge base kept gathering heavily,
Like thunder when it rouses in its lair,
And with its hoarse growl shakes the low-hung sky,
It grew up like a darkness everywhere
Filling the vast cathedral;—suddenly
From the dense mass a boy's treble broke
Like lightning, and the full-toned choir awoke.

Through gorgeous windows shone the sun afloat,
Brimming the church with gold and purple mist,
Meet atmosphere to bosom that rich chant,
Where fifty voices in one strand did twist
Their vari-colored tones, and left no want
To the delighted soul, which sank abysed
In the warm music cloud, while far below
The organ heaved its surges to and fro.

Popular Music of the Olden Time.*

(From the Quarterly Review.)

(Continued from page 106.)

During the early part of the civil commotions in the time of Charles I., the ballad-writers, who, distinguished from the literary poets, continued to exist in full vigor, were apparently on the side of the Parliament. They found a good unpopular figure ready made to their hands in the person of Archbishop Laud, and pandered to the rabble by squibbing that obnoxious prelate; but when an ordinance went forth not only for the suppression of stage-plays but also for seizing upon all ballad-mongers, the poets of the people found that they had sided with the wrong party. Chief on the list of royal rhymesters is Martin Parker, whose song "The king shall enjoy his own again" became a kind of party anthem among the Cavaliers, and whose name was so famous among his enemies that ballad-writers in general were stigmatized as Martin Parker's society, and perhaps formed an actual corporation.

Ritson, who considered Parker a "Grab-street scribbler," cannot help styling the "King shall enjoy his own again," the "most famous and popular air ever heard of in this country." The tune to which the words are written was already popular as "Marry me, quoth the bonny lass," but there is no doubt that he first gave it general celebrity by his poem, to which many verses were afterwards added, in order to suit the circumstances of the party. Wildrake, the typical cavalier in Sir Walter Scott's *Woodstock*, has this party effusion ever on the tip of his tongue, and for nearly a century it is identified with the cause of the Stuarts. In the days of Charles I., is sustained the courage of the Cavaliers; on the restoration of Charles II., it celebrated their triumph; after the revolution of 1688, it kept alive the enthusiasm of the Jacobites. The Anti-Stuart song, which rivalled the Cavalier lyric in popularity, was the famous "Lilliburlero," which with words directed against the Irish papists, first became significant about 1688, and was afterwards whistled into immortality by Sterne's Uncle Toby.

The line of demarcation that so distinctly separated the cultivated from the uncultivated lover of music, was to a great measure obliterated on the restoration of Charles II. Professors of the science now essayed to please the many as well as the few; the learned tuneless counterpoint which was the pride of an earlier day fell into disuse, and melody began to assert a supremacy over mere scientific combinations. The gittern, now called the "guitar," encroached upon the domain of the more unwieldy lute, and the six-stringed viol yielded to the violin, which had hitherto been almost exclusively employed in accompaniment to dancing. This exchange of the viol for the violin denoted a change in the character of the music performed. As Mr. Chappell says:—

"The reason why viols had been preferred to violins, tenors, and violoncellos for chamber music was simply this: until the reign of Charles II., the music played was in close counter-

point of limited compass for each instrument, and in from three to six parts, every visitor being expected to take a part, and generally at sight. The frets of the viols secured the stopping in tune, which one indifferent ear in the party might otherwise have marred."

Viols, it may be remarked, were not all of the same size. A set, or "chest," as it was termed, contained instruments of five or six different dimensions to suit different registers.

The lighter instrument, as we shall presently find, gained its ascendancy through the introduction of French taste; but the stringed instrument played with a bow,—and which, without distinction of size or register, we may generally term a fiddle,—is of native British growth. The Anglo-Saxons called it a *fithle* (with the soft "th" represented by the obsolete *ö*), and the Normans, suppressing the middle consonants altogether, reduced the word to "*fiele*," the obvious parent of "*viol*." But why talk of Normans, when we have the following lines by an Italian poet, Venantius, who, towards the end of the sixth century, thus addressed Loup, Duke of Champagne?—

"Romanusque lyra plaudet tibi, Barbarus harpa,
Græcus Achillæa, chrotta Britannia canat."

The "*chrotta*" was the "crowd" or primitive fiddle, the name of which is so familiar to the readers of *Hudibras*, and it differed from the modern instrument by the absence of a neck. An aperture was made so as to admit the left hand of the player through the back and enable him to form the notes by the pressure of the strings upon the finger-board.

The very circumstance that the violin had previously been associated with dancing, would seem to have been a recommendation with Charles II., who, according to Roger North, loved no music but that of the dancing kind, and put down all advocates for the fugal style of composition, with the unanswerable question, "Have I not ears?" A band of twenty-four violins (including tenors and basses), who merrily accompanied his meals, and even enlivened his devotions in the Chapel Royal, originally suggested the comic song, "Four-and-twenty fiddlers all of a row," that has lasted down to the present day. These innovations were deemed offensive by gentlemen of the old school, and the sober Evelyn was greatly shocked, when, in December, 1662, at the conclusion of the sermon, "instead of the ancient grave and solemn wind-music accompanying the organ, was introduced a concert of twenty-four violins, between every pause, after the French fantastical light way; better suiting a tavern or play-house than a church." Unfortunately, too, the predilection of a king for French fiddlers formed part of his anti-national tendency, and was carried to such an extent, that John Banister, who had been leader of the twenty-four, was dismissed for saying, on his return from Paris, that the English violins were better than the French. Nor was this sacrifice of national feeling a tribute to superior accomplishment in the foreigner. France was the country least celebrated in Europe as the birth-place of musicians; and, while English gentlemen were not deemed properly educated unless they could play difficult music at sight, the twenty-four professional musicians who recreated the "Grand Monarque," and where the model on which Charles II. fashioned his own band, were not able to play anything they had not especially studied. But the French tickled the ears of the royal voluptuary by their dance-tunes, which the old contrapuntal "fantasies," as they were called, did not; and there was the end of all controversy.

A taste for the vocal music of Italy is, however, much older than the Restoration, and recitative, which is notoriously of Italian origin, was found indispensable in the Court Masques that were given during the reign of James I. and Charles I. As early as 1653, Henry Lawes, the friend of Milton and Waller, and the representative of native genius, was roused to an indignant protest, which with small variations has been repeated down to the present day.

"Wise men," says Lawes, "have observed our nation so giddy that whatsoever is native, be it ever so excellent, must lose its taste, because themselves have lost theirs. For my part, I profess (and such as know me can bear witness), I desire to render every man his due, whether strangers or natives; and without depressing the honor of other countries, I may say our own nation hath had, and yet hath, as able musicians as any in Europe. I confess the Italian language may have some advantage by being better smoothed and vowelled for music, which I found by many songs which I set to Italian words, and our English seems a little overlogged with consonants, but that's much the composer's fault, who, by judicious setting and right turning the words, may make it smooth enough. This present generation is so sated with what is native that nothing takes their ear but what's sung in a language they understand as little as they do the music."

The same Henry Lawes, with Matthew Lock and Captain Henry Cook, composed the music to Davenant's *Siege of Rhodes*, the story of which was told in recitative, and which was an opera in the strictest sense of the word. The work was performed in a room at the Earl of Rutland's house in Aldersgate,

in the year 1656, and preceded by thirteen years the establishment of opera in France. Indeed, Louis XIV. himself gave acknowledged precedence to the English, when in 1669 he granted to the Sieur Perrin the patent (afterwards withdrawn) for the establishment of an academy for the cultivation of public theatrical singing (*pour chanter en public des pièces de Théâtre*), as practised in Italy, Germany, and England. People who love to remark that tragedy was first introduced into France by Cardinal Richelieu may take pleasure in observing that the first English opera was licensed by Cromwell. To the fact that the performance took place in a room may be attributed this extraordinary liberality, of which we find traces among the religionists of the present day. The families, who hold theatres in abhorrence, yet patronize the most worldly and frivolous "entertainments" given in halls and galleries.

To the suppression of the theatres by the Puritans, and to the dispersions of musicians generally during the Civil Wars, may be traced the origin of public concerts. Having no other means of earning a subsistence, the musicians betook themselves to the taverns, which now became the sole places where music could be heard, and were much frequented on that account. However, a law like that which had formerly annihilated the minstrels of the ancient school, was now put in force against these hapless caterers for public amusement. By an Act passed in 1656-7 against "vagrants, and wandering, idle, dissolute persons" (our legislators always added insult to injury when dealing with music and the drama), it was ordered that "if any person or persons, commonly called fiddlers or minstrels, shall at any time after the first of July be taken playing, fiddling, and making music in any inn, alehouse, or tavern, or shall be taken performing themselves or desiring or enticing any person or persons to hear them play, or make music in any of the places aforesaid," they shall be treated as rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars. The poor wretches were not only forbidden to make music, but they might not ask to be heard; and the frequenters of taverns no longer amused by others were driven to their own vocal resources, which, thanks to their education, were not small. Part-songs, catches, and canons thus become the order of the day, and the proficiency of our forefathers in singing at sight is attested by the fact that there was seldom any difficulty in finding the requisite number of voices. On the restoration of Charles II., the obstacles to the development of professional talent were removed, but, nevertheless, the vocal performances of amateurs continued in full vigor. In the very first place of entertainment at which music was regularly played—a place situated (according to North) in a lane behind St. Paul's—shopkeepers and freemen were wont to sing in concert, mellowing their voices with ale and tobacco. The next experiment, which was made in Whitefriars, was of a more professional nature, the engaged "talent" being so excessively modest, that they were inclosed in a box, surrounded by curtains that rendered them invisible. The patrons of art paid an entrance fee, and ordered what refreshment they pleased. Here we have the exact prototype of the Canterbury Halls of the present day, save that the shamefacedness of the musicians has had no modern imitators.

The vocal music sung by the amateurs who frequented taverns in the time of Charles II. was usually taken from the now scarce collection of rounds and catches published by John Playford. A similar collection of rounds and catches had been published by Ravenscroft in the time of James I., but it was not till after the Restoration that the practice of writing catches became prevalent among great composers.

(To be continued.)

The Nine O'clock Bell.

It is a beautiful custom which prevails in many towns and villages in New England,—this ringing of the church bells at the good, wholesome hour of nine o'clock in the evening. It is an observance, too, sanctioned by time-honored usage,—handed down to us by our puritan fathers,—redolent of antiquity, and of those good old days when people went to rest betimes, slept soundly and sweetly upon hard beds, and arose with the sun, or the larks, if you please.

There is to us something inexpressibly pleasant in this ringing of the bells at nine o'clock, and we never pass a night in a strange village, but we feel more at home in it—more tranquil and fitted for repose, if we chance to hear at the usual time some faithful sentiment in a neighboring steeple, sending forth its evening chime. There is more than we think in the power of early associations. We never forgot the mellow tones of the church bell which graced the belfry of the village church in our native hamlet. Its cadences will ever and anon sound in our ears all our lives

* A Collection of Ancient Songs, Ballads, and Dance Tunes illustrative of the National Music of England. By W. CHAPPELL, F. S. A.

long, though many dreary miles of land or sea make a gulf between us and our early home.

Who has not some particular bell in his memory, which to his boyish eyes seemed the largest bell upon earth? What an interest it had in his eyes! How he watched with eagerness for its ringing, and with what a feeling of curiosity, mingled with awe, he mounted, for the first time, the rickety staircase, wound his way up through the unfurnished garret, and stood face to face with the object of his admiration; or looked down from the dizzy height upon mother earth far below, and the blue hills in the distance, standing up like armed sentinels against the sky. What a variety of cadences the old bell possessed! On gala-days it rang a merry peal, and the child's heart leaped for joy. On the Sabbath its tones were more solemn and majestic, according well with the solemnity of the day and seeming to say to all within the sound of its voice, "this is none other than the house of prayer, the very gate of heaven;" but when it tolled the knell of a departed soul, the tones were sad and mournful, dying away upon the air with a tremulous sound, like a mourner's sob.

We have read that the travellers in foreign lands with the broad ocean rolling between them and home, have sometimes awakened at night, and seemed to hear the church bells ringing in their homes beyond the sea, and so real did it seem to them, that it was difficult to dispel the illusion, if such it be. May it not be possible that in certain peculiar states of the mind,—that wonderful creation of a divine hand,—the faculties become so acute, so intensified, the delicate nerves of sensation so enhanced in power, that time and space are annihilated, and we are borne on the wings of the wind as it were, very near our home and friends. It was not all an illusion when the heroine of that most delightful novel—Jane Eyre—seemed to hear the voice of Rochester calling to her in the darkness. Who has not in his own experience known instances similar to this, of those who heard voices in the night-watches, and gained strength and courage thereby.

"Perched God's right hand in that darkness,
And were lifted up and strengthened."

One need not go to the city for sweet-toned, musical bells. In many of the rural villages of the north country, we may hear as rich, full tones,—as harmonious cadences as ever fell upon the listening air of evening from cathedral dome or lofty church-spire. It is after all, the associations, the memories awakened, that render the tones of even a diminutive bell more majestic and soul-moving than organ music to our ears.

We recollect one bell in an obscure country village whose mellow tones will live forever in our heart. In the clear evenings of mid-summer, as the shadows deepened along the landscape and the stars peeped out one by one "in the infinite meadows of heaven," its clear, silvery tones might be heard echoing among the hills, proclaiming the hour of nine o'clock, and saying not inaudibly, to all the dwellers round about, "The night cometh; sleep on now and take your rest, for all is well!" It is impossible to describe the tranquilizing influence its tones exerted—the happy recollections it awakened in the hearts of those who nightly listened to its welcome music. At such a time, under the clear sky of a mid-summer night,

"The friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods."

Let us cherish with a feeling akin to veneration anything that tends to occasionally separate us from the busy toil and strife of life's battle,—soothe and calm our troubled spirits, and fit us for repose! Long may it be before the time-hallowed customs die out in New England which sets the church bells a ringing at the good hour of nine o'clock, for with it would vanish one of the most valued associations of childhood.

"We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures, but we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations."

—Worcester Daily Spy.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

The Government is expending a great deal of money on the Grand Opera. The opera "Semiramis," in which the two sisters Marchisio are to make their appearance, will be gotten up in a style of magnificence such as has never been seen before, even here, where we have witnessed more than one folly in the way of operatic decoration. All books, all medals, all engravings, all drawings on Babylon have been consulted and analyzed, and Mons. Flan-

drin, who visited these countries on a mission given by the Government, has been appointed inspector of the scene painters. Consequently we shall have as faithful a representation of Babylon as it is possible to obtain. The scenery of the first act represents Babylon as it was in 1916 B. C., that is, in all its splendor—a splendor by the side of which Martin's most extravagant pictures and Piranesi's most extravagant architectural dreams seem tame and commonplace and dwarfed. Another decoration, which is not less poetical and not less immense than the scenery of the first act, is a representation of the hanging gardens of Babylon. The decoration of the third act represents a crypt which seems of infinite extent, and which the scene painters have attempted to make as gloomy and terrible as possible—this is the burial-place of the Assyrian Kings. Ninus's tomb will likewise produce a great effect. Ninus' ghost will appear at the summit of a gigantic staircase reaching heaven, and lighted by the most fantastic fires of modern pyrotechny. The costumes will be accurate and of unheard of splendor. The recitatives added to the score are by M. Carafa. Strange to say, it has been impossible to find a complete score of the opera. When Rossini composed it there was no such thing as musical engraving in Italy. The copyist of the theatre copied the scores for other theatres, and usually made a great deal more money by copying the scores than the composer made by writing them!—as is still the case in the United States, where copyists get a great deal more from copying plays than the author dreams of receiving. The copies of opera scores made by those mechanics of ink were extremely incorrect and generally very incomplete: as most theatres had very small orchestras they usually purchased only the score of the instruments found in their orchestra. The quatuor of stringed instruments was always complete, and more attentively copied than the rest, which was copied as God please. Rossini recently told one of his friends that the Italian opera here had not, and consequently never played, the opera as he wrote it. The Grand Opera has made every possible research to procure a correct score; its agents have examined the libraries of the best Italian opera houses, and the score it has obtained is believed to be nearly perfect. Galli, a famous singer in his day, "created" the leading masculine part; he was so much overcome by emotion that he sang constantly in too high a key: he was conscious of it, but he could not avoid it. Rossini was on the stage; but when the curtain fell Galli dared not go near him; Rossini saw his embarrassment, and running up to him with open arms, exclaimed: "Veni porco! give us a hug! you've sung magnificently false this evening!" The first allegro of the overture is a master piece overflowing with gaiety, youth, fire and joy. Rossini has taken the *motivo* of this allegro for the funeral march he has composed for his interment! His idea is, he is in the coffin, but sensible; he recalls his brilliant youth, he takes the most admired work of that period of his life, he veils it with crape, and turns it into a dead march, as if he'd make his youth weep for his death. This funeral march is of a power, a grandeur, a sadness which cannot be expressed; the auditor seems to hear all the great operas, the composer's immortal daughters, clad in thick black and wailing their father's departure from life. The idea seems at first of indecent levity; but when it is explained doesn't it appear poetical, and beautiful, and appropriate? Great embarrassment was felt about the music for the dancing, as there was none in the original score, and Rossini would not write any now, and as the Grand Opera was averse from interpolating any music foreign to the original score. However, by dint of patient researches the score of a cantata was found written by Rossini for his first wife, M^{lle}. Colbrand, in 1818, to celebrate the return of the Bourbons to Naples. This cantata was composed of dances and songs. The sisters of Marchisio are said to be women of most extraordinary talents; they command at rehearsals the applause of the orchestra and their comrades. Mons. Meyerbeer, however, does not think them equal to singing his long promised L'Africaine, which he offered to M^{lle}. Cruvelli. Speaking of her, I may mention her husband, Baron Vigier, bought the other day "Garibaldi's House" at Nice for \$26,000. Garibaldi always inhabited this house when he visited his birth place. It is on the Boulevard de l'Imperatrice.—*Corr. of the New Orleans Picayune.*

M. Wicart, the Belgian tenor, whose re-engagement at the Grand Opera I announced in my last, made his appearance last Friday as Arnold in *Guillaume Tell*. A great deal of curiosity was felt, to ascertain whether this artist had indeed made all the progress attributed to him since his first appearance in Paris. The result has proved in excess of what ever was anticipated, and so decided was his success

that the strongest desire is expressed that he should in future make Paris his artistic home. His voice is of considerable extent, powerful, and especially clear and telling in the upper notes. In the celebrated air, "Asile héréditaire," followed by the *stretta*, "Amis, secondez ma vaillance," which is the trying piece of the part, and the one which would decide the character of his success, Wicart was enthusiastically applauded and several times re-called. He is to appear again in the same opera, and then twice as Raoul in the *Huguenots*; his engagement being only for four nights. I understand that the report of the commissioners appointed to make enquiries as to the most suitable locality for the new Opera House has been sent in, and that the decision is in favor of the site on the Boulevard des Capucines. The commission consisted of the following personages, M. Chaix d'Estange, chairman; M. Caristie, architect; and M^{rs}. Cornudet, Eugène Scribe, Varin, L. Véron, and Denière. Herold's maiden triumph at the Opéra Comique, *Les Rosières*, just revived, as I mentioned last week for the first time since 1826, is still running and meets with increased success every night. It is admirably executed, every part being well filled.—*London Musical World*, June 23.

BERLIN.—A very intelligent friend of mine, who holds an important post at the Court of Berlin, and of whose musical knowledge—amateur as he is—I am decidedly jealous, gives me some account of the operatic doings in that city. Marschner's opera of *The Templar and the Jewess* has just been revived. This is decidedly the most popular work of the composer, but on its first appearance it had to struggle against the influence of two such redoubtable rivals as Weber and Spohr, and consequently it was never appreciated at its just value. Marschner has now had his revenge, and has compelled the public to acknowledge the dramatic power which characterizes many of the pieces in this opera, the gracefulness of its melody and the richness of its instrumentation. Mad. Koester played the part of Rebecca and added fresh lustre to her reputation. Kreutzer's opera of *A Night at Granada* has been played at Kroll's establishment with great success. *Stradella* (Flotow's) is still attracting crowded audiences, and is being played both at the Frederick William Theatre and at Kroll's. The duo between the two brigands and the hymn to the Virgin are regularly honored with an encore whenever they are heard. It is the success of *Martha* over again. This is encouraging to Mr. Gye, who is to bring out *Stradella* during the present season. By the way, it is said here that he (Mr. Gye) has engaged Graziani for two seasons, 1861 and 1862, at the rate of 10,000f. a month; you will better come at the truth of this than I.—*Ibid.*

VIENNA.—But to return to my German correspondent's budget of news. The Italian opera at Vienna closes on the 28th of the month, and next season the *Pardon de Plouérmel* will be produced, with Mad. Frassini as Dinorah.—*Ibid.*

MUNICH.—The *Pardon* has been played at Munich with M^{lle}. Schazbach as the heroine. Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis* is announced here, and M^{lle}. Stoeger is to sing the principal part. The Oratorio Society of Munich have brought their season to a close. Bach's Christmas *Cantata* and fragments of Handel's *Susannah* were given at the last performance. At Trieste, Mad. Amelia Jackson had just made her debut in *Robert le Diable* as Isabella, and obtained a legitimate success.—*Ibid.*

London.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The programme of Monday evening's concert (the fifth and last but one of the season) was as follows:—

Sinfonia in E flat, No. 5. Mozart
Song—"The Quail," Mr. Tennant. Beethoven
Concerto in A minor, pianoforte, Herr Ritter. Hummel
Aria—"Vedrai carino," Mad. Borghi-Mamo. Mozart
Overture—"Isles of Fingal" Mendelssohn
Sinfonia in A, No. 7. Beethoven
Recit. and Aria—"Ah, come rapida," Mad. Borghi-Mamo. Meyerbeer
Concertino, violoncello, M. Paque. G. Golttermann
Overture—"Prometheus" Beethoven
Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.
—*Ibid.*

PRINCE GEORGE GALITZIN'S CONCERT.—This concert, of the holder and object of which we have already given some account, took place on Wednesday afternoon in St. James's Hall. Though its announcement did not, as we expected it would have done, fill the hall to overflowing, yet the audience was large, and many distinguished persons were present. Prince Galitzin, on presenting himself in the orchestra in the capacity of conductor of the concert, was received with loud and prolonged acclamations. He is a man of a striking aspect; tall, stout, and portly,

with a handsome and noble countenance, and an air of great dignity. He conducted the performances with the skill of a practised musician, wielding his baton of command with remarkable grace, and beating the measure with very great clearness and precision. Altogether, this high-born stranger did not disappoint the expectations of those who were led by his illustrious name—which is a household word among musical amateurs—to look at him with curiosity and interest. The concert consisted wholly of Russian music, unknown in this country, but calculated to give a high idea of the state of the art in the far North. Several of the pieces were composed by Prince Galitzin, and showed him to be—not a mere amateur, but a thorough artist, possessed of original genius and great technical acquirements. A chorus "Santa Maria," which opened the concert was a piece of ecclesiastical harmony equally remarkable for purity of style and grandeur of effect. There was, too, a charming Romance with an "obligato" accompaniment for the violoncello, sung by Mad. Sain-ton-Dolby, and accompanied by M. René Douay, which enchanted the audience; and there was lastly a waltz for the orchestra, which, in vigor, brilliancy, and masterly treatment, reminded us of the best things of poor Jullien. In short, this illustrious amateur showed himself a master of every style of music. Besides these compositions of Prince Galitzin, there were several superb choral pieces of Bortniansky, a composer whose renown has reached this country, and whose music ought to be better known among us; and there were two specimens of Glinka, a famous dramatic composer of the day; one, a beautiful trio from a Russian opera, sung by Miss Louisa Pyne, Signor Mongini, and Mr. Patey; and the other a mazurka, played with remarkable grace and brilliancy by Miss Arabella Goddard, who was enthusiastically called upon to repeat it, but contented herself by gracefully acknowledging the compliment. Though the concert consisted of modern compositions, they were, for the most part, strongly marked with the Russian national character, a circumstance which enhanced their interest. The performances were received with the greatest enthusiasm; most of them, indeed, were encored, and at the conclusion Prince Galitzin retired from the orchestra amidst thunders of applause from all parts of the hall.—*Ibid.*

HERR STRAUSS AT THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The first appearance at these concerts of a violinist with such legitimate claims to notice as Herr Strauss (from Frankfort) must not be passed over without a line to record that it was eminently and deservedly successful. All genuine amateurs are acquainted with the Tenth Quartet of Beethoven, and know that it is one of the most difficult to play, no less than one of the most profound and poetical, of the seventeen master-pieces which the greatest of instrumental composers has bequeathed to the world of art. In this piece (which had already twice been led with great ability by M. Wieniawski at the Monday Popular Concerts) Herr Strauss made his *coup d'essai* before an audience become critical through the force of admirable examples, and so by no means easy to conciliate. Herr Strauss, however, in the first part of the first movement had done enough to satisfy all present that he was no mere flashy pretender, but, on the contrary, an artist of the foremost rank; while all the rest, up to the final variation of the theme of the concluding movement, was to match. Thus the Frankfort violinist was not "plucked," but passed his examination triumphantly. The decision was not just, Herr Strauss being not merely all that report had given out in his favor, but something more. Besides the Tenth Quartet, he played the Romance (No. 2), accompanied by Mr. Benedict on the piano-forte, and the Quartet in D major, the finest of the early set of six, numbered Op. 18, and the one which in certain places (instance the *minuetto* and *trio*) exercised an undoubted influence upon Mendelssohn.—*Times.*

THEODORE RITTER AT THE PHILHARMONIC.—The solo instrumentalists were Herr Ritter, a pianist quite new to this country, and M. Pague, the well-known violoncellist. The former was triumphantly successful, as he well deserved to be. The numerous disappointments we have experienced of late years with respect to "distinguished foreign pianists," whose visits to our shores were heralded by magnificent "puffs preliminary," each player being set down for the nonce as the greatest of the great, rendered us, we must own, somewhat special about the merits of Herr Ritter. We were thus surprised no less than delighted to find in this new performer a consummate master of his instrument—a pianist whose executancy presents a combination of manual agility with purity and elegance of style which not one player in a thousand attains to. Herr Ritter possesses, too, in its highest perfection, that gift of nature, a beautiful and sympathetic "touch." He

handles his piano as though he loved it, and the piano seems to return his affection. The piece selected by Herr Ritter for his *debut* at the Philharmonic was Hummel's fine and far too rarely heard concerto in A minor. Herr Ritter could not have chosen more wisely. Nothing more thoroughly "pianistic" than this work exists; and perhaps there is none in which so much effect may be made in a natural and orthodox way by a legitimate pianist. We do not mean to say that Hummel's concerto in A minor is not "difficult" to play, for it demands graces of style and expression which none but a great artist can supply; but the florid passages, truly brilliant though they be, are all what is termed "grateful"—that is, they lie well under the fingers, and repay with interest whatever labor they may have exacted from the player. Herr Ritter was enthusiastically applauded, and recalled twice after his masterly performance."—*Morning Post.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 14, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — WEBER'S Opera, *Der Freyschütz* piano-forte arrangement, continued.

The Philharmonic Problem.

We yield the place of honor, with pleasure this week to the following communication from Mr. Ryan, the President of the Philharmonic Society, that his views upon this question may have as conspicuous display before our readers as have the remarks that have elicited this reply. We need not say, we trust, that nothing is further from the intentions and spirit of the "Journal of Music," than to misrepresent or prejudge the intentions or plans of this Society. The comments that have been made in our columns were such as were suggested by such information as had been vouchsafed to us of the constitution of the Society, and explanation has been already made as to those points in which we were misinformed or uninformed. Neither need this "Journal" say, that its best wishes and most earnest efforts, will always be cheerfully given to aid this endeavor of the new Society, to attain the desired success, or that whatever difference of opinion there may be as to what is the *best* plan, we shall not be behind hand in our exertions to forward the success of that which, for the time being, is adopted as such.

JOHN S. DWIGHT, Esq.,—Dear Sir:—I have read with much interest your articles on the "Philharmonic problem," and as all music-lovers, and especially professional musicians, must regard it as a matter of great importance, I hope you will allow me the favor of expressing in your paper my views on the same subject, in order that the same readers may be able to judge after hearing both sides of the question; and though my views differ essentially from yours, yet I believe that we have an equal interest in the firm establishment of such a Society among us.

Before entering on the question at large, allow me to say a word in defence, not as President of the Philharmonic Society, but simply as a member. I admit your having made the *amende honorable* to our Society, for giving in your paper as articles in our constitution, matter that was not in the constitution, or thought of being introduced into it. Yet there is one more article which in your mind is an objectionable feature; namely that the Society is composed of orchestral performers only, and that none others can be members. I will simply say that the article relating to this matter reads thus, "The Society shall consist of sufficient professors of music to constitute a good orchestra." Now we do not mean by that, that such as play violins, flutes, clarinets,

trumpets and the like, only can be members. No such idea runs through our constitution. It is sufficient that they be professors of music, good artists and serviceable ones to be admitted. For instance, we need piano players often as a portion of the full orchestra; and such artists would be all the more welcome, if they were as serviceable as our friends, Messrs. Timm and Scharfenberg of the New York Philharmonic Society, excellent pianists and most respectable in their double capacity in the Society, as big drum and cymbal beaters. Therefore if there are any of the "leading artists" of Boston who are willing to sacrifice themselves and work as hard for the cause as we shall, they have but to express a wish to become members of the Society, and there is little doubt of their election. Now who will be these "leading artists?" To say that we have always worked hard for the advancement of the cause of music in Boston, is no idle boast, if our friends will but remember the "Musical Fund Society." That society gave concerts for about five or six seasons, with an indefinite number of rehearsals, both private and public, without, I was going to add, the members receiving one cent. But I forgot; we one year received nine dollars, another year twenty-five dollars,—and that was the entire remuneration from those concerts for the five or six seasons that we were in active existence. We associated ourselves purely for art's sake, thinking that "we had a claim on the sympathy of those that value art, and that support would naturally flow in from all sides." We were mistaken, and I fear we will never see the day when "generous material support will never be wanting," though there were real friends then; they are still our friends, but for a city the size of Boston, we must respectfully say, that they are few in number. The public at large, upon whom the "material support" of large concerts really rests, deserted our standard in the hour of need, and went over to the enemy, the "Germania." That was proper in one sense, and was to be expected; theirs was a superior organization; but, on the other hand, does it prove that artists have only to show to the public the sincerity of their efforts, to receive every sympathy and large reward?

Notwithstanding all we have hitherto done for the cause, you still have no faith in our artistic intentions, and you plainly express it in your articles on the subject, that we as a body only care to increase our wages, by creating opportunities so to do. The "twelve dollar article" naturally gave rise to this in your mind. Now you have already, I concede, given the reason for the existence of such an article in the constitution, as it has been explained to you, viz., "to prevent the Government engaging in rash enterprises." So far, so good. In that sense, such a clause was imperative. But I will give still another reason why we ought as men and citizens, as well as artists to guard for the future, against laboring without remuneration, for none of us are in such a position that this absurdity can be expected of us, and yet I will aver Mr. Dwight, that the heart and kernel of our plan was not simply to make money.

You say "good symphony concerts are to the musician, what the White Mountains are to the painters." Precisely so! and yet can our brother painters afford to go to the mountains, spend their time in making sketches, studies, working them up into pictures of grace and beauty, and then return home to give them away to the picture loving public? By no means. They go to the mountains with the express intention of improving themselves in their art, of making the very best pictures their talents will allow them, with the equally express intention of *selling* them to the highest bidder. Yet they, none the less work for the true cause of art, as much as mortal man can, who must, to support life, have bread and butter. Now can any one censure them for all this? I think not. In fact, this matter of

working for the progress of art, or any other good cause, and at the same time looking for a proper remuneration, *can not be separated*. It cannot I repeat be lost sight of, any more than we may expect the minister who preaches the gospel of Christ not to look for *his* wages, or the lawyer or doctor for their fees.

Why then can you expect a number of individuals to form themselves into a society, for the purpose of either educating or gratifying a large public, by the means of concerts, any more than you can expect an individual to give either matinees or soirees to a select number, for the same purpose without proper remuneration, though it may be considered ever so improving to the artists themselves? No example can be found of artists, (that is, all those who *live* by their art,) doing what you would have us do, because the nature and relations of men toward each other, are such, that it cannot be expected. It is perhaps unnecessary to illustrate this, as we all know what it means, especially when the butcher and baker send in their little bills. And now to come to the question itself—"Twelve dollars." Can any man say it is too much when he considers it as payment for a concert and four rehearsals; or in other words, for one evening and four afternoons. Given too at a season and the only one when the musician must make his harvest, and when his time is valuable? It is true we hope to realize more than that sum, but it is like "hoping against hope." Any one who knows the real labor attending the getting up of large concerts will immediately see that many of us will dearly earn our pay, before a single rehearsal or concert is held, yet will we work none the less for that, and shall still feel that our motives are as conscientious as those of any class of men in the performance of their duties. If we do not receive the support we expect, we will only hope at present that the fault cannot be laid at our doors.

We have formed a society according to the best plan, as we think, that the nature of institutions around us admits, and time only can prove whether we are correct or not in our opinion. And we stepped forward too in the cause, at a moment when there was every reason to suppose none others would.

You have objections to a Philharmonic Society composed of, and managed exclusively by professional artists. Our experience, and that of others in various cities, leads us to avoid, "councils of advice." No society is safely established that is composed of two (if not more) elements. I may here say, that it was the intention of our society, when the proper moment came, to invite to meet us all the most active music lovers in the city; to read to them our constitution, unfold our plans, and ask for their active coöperation and support, reserving to ourselves the immediate guidance of the whole working affairs of the society, because advice from non-professionals is not at all times practical, for the simple reason that every one knows his own business best. Concert giving, either exclusively or partly so, has been the business of some of us for many years, and consequently we may be supposed to have felt and watched the public pulse with great carefulness.

In my desire to defend our professional brethren from the very unfavorable opinion which you entertain of their intentions, I fear that I have already exceeded the length of a modest article, without at all touching on what I deem to be the most important feature of a Philharmonic Society, viz., the character of its programmes—now upon that the whole thing hinges—Ergo, the programme is "*the kernel*;" it may be bitter and it may be sweet. Whatever kind of programme our Society will offer to its subscribers cannot here or at present be stated. But I will venture to say that we certainly shall make our selections with as careful weighing, and considering of the general circumstances, and the materials with which we have to work with, as any one can wish

for. Bearing in mind even, that we have not a musical public such as may be found in London, Paris, Leipzig or Berlin to play for, neither have we an orchestra such as may there be found. For Boston is a small city yet, and though called the Athens of America is too poor to support a complete orchestra. On your part we could have wished Mr. Dwight, that you had allowed our scheme to go before the public on the strength of such reputation as we may have as individuals or collectively, instead of prejudging our intentions in a manner which, were we strangers in Boston, would have been of positive injury. But as we are not in that position Mr. Dwight, we do not fear that we have lost any ground, and I should not have felt the necessity of making so long a story now of this matter, if your readers were not numbered by thousands throughout the country, and not in a position to rightly judge us at a distance. Our Boston friends with whom we daily mingle, know us as we are, and what we strive to accomplish, but to those at a distance, many of whom are friends, self-respect required this effort at our hands; in order to not be misjudged.

I cannot conclude, Mr. Dwight, without acknowledging the great interest you have ever shown in the cause of music in Boston, yet hoping you will believe there are others as purely actuated as yourself, among whom humbly hopes to be remembered, yours very truly,

THOMAS RYAN.

Musical Correspondence.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, ST. JOSEPH'S CO., IA. — On the afternoon of June 26, in compliance with the kind invitation of the Lady Superior, I found myself at the gate of St. Mary's Academy and an unexpected scene of beauty was here presented before me. The numerous buildings at St. Mary's almost hidden in verdure is a sight indeed refreshing to a denizen of the town.

I alighted from the carriage, and sauntered slowly along the path winding with the St. Joseph's River. The spacious grounds forming an area of many acres, certainly could not be surpassed in natural endowments and the artistic ornaments, exhibit on the part of the proprietors, a wise appreciation of the effect of physical surroundings upon the minds of youth. The St. Joseph's River whose swift current and shaded banks are a guaranty of health, twines like a protecting arm about the spot and glances up through the green boughs all along the south side of the premises. Rustic seats are arranged under the huge trees, and beautiful summer-houses dot the grounds over like charmed islands in an enchanted lake. The Exhibition Hall, the Academy, and the Novitiate of the Sisters of the Holy Cross stand parallel to each other, and glancing through the foliage they form a picture indescribably interesting. The first vacant arbor that I found chanced to be the lovely little greenhouse erected for the children of the Holy Angels, a confraternity established in the Academy, placing the members under the special guardianship of these invisible benefactors. The idea is, to say the least, strikingly poetical. A little farther on is the House of Loretto. This unique little Chapel is built exactly after the design of the house said to be the birthplace of the Virgin Mother of our Savior, and the residence of our Lord during the years of seclusion from the world. This "storied Fane" was built by the "Children of Mary," another Society composed of the young ladies of St. Mary's.

After passing through the Academy building, and admiring the neatness and simple elegance of the apartments, before repairing to the Exhibition Hall, I paused to observe the fancy work of the young ladies, and in the fine vases and baskets of flowers, I found that nature herself had well nigh been rivaled by the adroit fingers that had formed these beautiful boquets. The painting and embroidery evinced equal taste and skill, and spoke well for the tuition of St. Mary's in the ornamental branches.

But the great treat of the day, the Annual Exhibition, was now about to commence, therefore I took my seat immediately, in the Hall, which was already

full to overflowing. A fair orchestra of five beautiful young girls opened the entertainment by playing a fine entrance march, arranged for the occasion; Miss Mary Walker, of Elizabethtown, Penn., touching skilfully the chords of the grand double action harp at the right hand of the stage, while her little sister Anna swept the strings of another harp on the opposite side; Miss J. Aurentz, of Pittsburg, Penn., Miss Virginia Spittler, and Miss Mary Schwalm presiding gracefully at the fine pianos just in front of the platform.

It is rarely that one enjoys music of so high an order accompanied by a scene so exquisitely artistic as the one that greeted us at this moment. From a door behind the centre of the stage, the entire school, attired in white, appeared before the audience. In a fairy like procession they entered, making a graceful inclination to the assembly as they passed to their seats in time to the spirited music. All were impressed with the beautiful deportment of the young ladies, and a spontaneous murmur of admiration burst from the audience present.

When the young ladies were seated, the Overture to Zampa, by Herold, was performed upon the piano. After which, the pupils of the first Vocal Class sang with touching expression the grand Chorus by Lam-billotte, "O Cor Amoris Victimæ." The young ladies of St. Mary's truly are possessed of beautiful voices, and their instructors may well be proud of their execution.

Then followed a highly entertaining and instructive play, entitled, *Filiola*; after which followed the deservedly popular and beautiful vocal quartette, *Music in the Air*. This was performed by those talented young ladies, the Misses Walker, and Miss J. Aurentz. This ethereal and heavenly musical composition, is well adapted to the voices of these young ladies and the effect of its performance upon the audience was thrilling in the extreme. A vocal duet, with guitar accompaniment, succeeded, by the Misses Daly, of Chicago, Ill. The younger of these young ladies possesses a voice of remarkable vigor and compass, and is certainly a fine singer. Here followed a Cantata, alike beautiful in conception and execution. The Queen of the Graces descends upon earth to bestow the gifts of Faith, Hope and Charity. At the close of the Recitative a touching tableau is formed by these impersonated virtues, kneeling at the feet of their queen, and crowned by her as worthy to rule the hearts of men. After this came the distribution of premiums to the junior department of the school, kindling the light in bright eyes, and making young pulses throb joyously. The Misses Walker again sang one of their sweet songs; the "Merry Minstrels" followed by one of Glover's vocal duets, "We glide on the lake," and by the sparkling and lively chorus: "The Water Lilies."

The second part of the exhibition opened opened with the Overture of Mozart's celebrated "Il Nozze di Figaro," an instrumental trio, by Miss Mary Walker, Miss Mary Dennis, and Miss Josephine Aurentz. The Misses Coyle, of Peoria, Ill, now sang the exquisite duet, "*Cara Lisa*," and their charming voices will be long treasured as among the many choice remembrances of St. Mary's. This Institution has already sent out many successful music teachers, and it has been proposed to form as a distinct feature, a normal musical department, and judging from the skill displayed upon this occasion, such an enterprise could scarcely fail of eminent success.

After the Compositions followed the famous and favorite Concert Fantasia of Strakosch, "Yankee Doodle and Variations," by Miss Mary Walker, and Strakosch himself would have admired the skill of the youthful performer. The "Coronation Chorus," from Weber, was then sung, and Miss Ellen Flynn, amid the acclamation of all, received the Crown of Honor equal with Miss Healy who, I have learned since writing the above, has passed from the scenes of earth forever. The Valedictory then followed by Miss Mary Dennis, and was read with touching effect, and did honor to the mind and heart of the fair young graduate. The late hour deprived us of an interesting portion of the entertainment, as the distribution of premiums to the pupils of the Manual Labor School, and to the School of Deaf Mutes, as also a Pantomime Play by these silent aliens from the blissful world of sound, was on this account deferred. The Chorus Farewell to St. Mary's was now sung by the entire school and they all passed from the stage in the beautiful order with which they had entered.

The large company were now ushered into the dining hall, where a sumptuous repast was served up by the gentle Sisters of Holy Cross, and with sincere regret that a day so delightful had so soon passed away I bade adieu to this lovely spot. A VISITOR.

Musical Intelligence.

MANCHESTER.—The triumphant success achieved by the revival of Gluck's *Orfeo* at the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris last winter, suggested to Mr. Charles Hallé the production of another master-piece of the illustrious and too-forgotten composer, at the Gentlemen's Concerts in Manchester. Mr. Hallé had many *chefs-d'œuvre* to select from. He chose *Iphigenia in Tauris*, one of Gluck's latest dramatic works, and unquestionably one of his grandest. *Iphigenia in Tauris* was written expressly for the Grand Opera of Paris, and was produced in 1779. The subject forms a sequel to the opera *Iphigenia in Aulis*, written to an adaptation of Racine's tragedy of that name, and brought out a year or two after Gluck had declared his new dramatic style in *Orfeo* and *Alceste*. *Iphigenia in Tauris* was not at first eminently successful; it grew, however, upon the Parisian public, and was held in high estimation for many years.

Certainly nothing was left undone by Mr. Charles Hallé on Wednesday night to recommend *Iphigenia in Tauris* to the hearers. An admirable band and chorus were engaged, and the principal parts of Iphigenia, Pylades, and Orestes, were sustained by Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Wilby Cooper, and Mr. Santley, with Miss Susanna Cole and Miss Theresa Jeffreys as Diana and the Priestess.

It is stated in the English papers that a difficulty has been raised at St. Petersburg about the reception of Lady Crampton, wife of the British Ambassador at that Court. The objection is that before her marriage she was simply Miss Victoria Balfe, an opera singer. The Russians are aghast at the idea of a singer having precedence of the ladies of the whole foreign *corps diplomatique*, together with the *entree* to the palace. They cannot see how the daughter of a musical composer, the leader of the orchestra of the Opera House, (herself a public singer, moreover,) can worthily represent the Majesty of England! They say "it is true a noble Earl married an actress, Miss Farren; the late Earl of Essex, Miss Stephens, the singer; the late Duke of St. Albans, an actress Miss Foote; the late Earl of Craven, an actress, Miss Branton, &c., but none of these noblemen were Ambassadors or other representatives of British Sovereigns."

Madame Grisi has just lost her youngest and favorite daughter, a beautiful child of four years of age. The family had been passing the summer at Fulham, where the child was taken suddenly ill. She was removed to Brighton, but died in a few days. Signor Mario and Madame Grisi returned to London deeply afflicted, but the parents were both compelled to sing in the "Huguenots" two days after the funeral of their babe.

Mr. M. W. Balfe had arrived in London from St. Petersburg and Dantzic, accompanied by his two daughters, Mrs. Berens and Lady Crampton.

At the last public performance, given in the Conservatorium of Leipzig, on the 23d ult., the two daughters of the English composer, John Barnett, carried away all the honors, both for their performances on the piano and their singing.

"So Mario and Mongina take subscriptions for the Sicilian Revolutionists," observed Lord Palmerston to Mr. Punch the other evening. "Just so," replied the gentleman, "and there's twenty pounds to begin with." "Eh! how do you mean?" asked Pam. "Why, my dear Lord, there are two tenners."

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Shortly after 5 o'clock on Friday afternoon, June 29th, the rafters which had been elevated on the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, preparatory to putting on the roof, were blown down by a sudden gust of wind, with a crash resembling a heavy discharge of artillery, resulting in serious if not fatal accidents to several of the workmen. One of the original founders and largest stockholders was present at the time, and was severely hurt by the falling of the timbers. A singular circumstance connected with the accident is in relation to a horse, which was employed on the ground floor in turning a drum-windlass for hoisting timbers to the roof. The falling timbers and bricks completely crushed the windlass, and actually cut the halter and stripped the harness from the horse's back, yet, strange as it may appear, without injuring the old animal in the least. He stood perfectly unconcerned until taken out some time afterward. The damage done to the building is estimated at from \$10,000 to \$15,000. Its completion will be delayed for about a month, in consequence of this accident. The disaster created the most intense excitement, and thousands of persons

assembled in the vicinity within half an hour after the crash was heard.

"The Patti" has been singing a great many "farewells" in the west. At McVicker's theatre, in Chicago, there have been some interesting operatic performances, in which la bella Adolina has been assisted by her sister, Mme. Strakosch, Brignoli, the fine tenor, and Junca, the grand basso. Patti was announced to make her "positively last" and "only" farewell appearance in Chicago, in that great wigwam wherein the Republican Convention lately met. In alluding to this, one of the Chicago critics exclaims, "Think of Patti—the petite, pretty, fascinating pet of Irving Place opera-goers—singing to a crowd of Western roughs at two shillings a head, in a barn! And that, while the managers of London and Paris where Miss Patti has been engaged, are so anxiously waiting for her!" A writer in one of the journals of Chicago, who seems to know what he is talking about, reviews in detail the personnel of this troupe, and thus speaks of our old favorite, Junca:

For one that has seen and heard everything, he is good in every respect. A perfect musician, he is natural in his acting and singing. I may say with truth that he is the only one of the troupe that knows well how to behave on the stage. Respecting the public, he does all he can to give satisfaction, and don't appear at all as if he was always thinking "it is good enough for these Western people." How many times has Paris overcrowded the theatre when he was singing with Mad. Colson and the charming Miss Noel, I recollect "Si J'étais Roi," an opera, which Adam wrote partly for him. Junca is a perfect artist, and deserves the praise of every connoisseur. He gives the world a fair specimen of that French gallantry which regulates all his doings.

—N. O. Picayune.

Tamberlik was rather coldly received in Madrid, lately, until he bethought him of his *do in petto*, ("ut de poitrine,") which drew forth enraptured plaudits from his audience, and secured his triumph. Musiani will have to C sharp after his laurels.—*Ibid.*

BOSTON THEATRE.—We are gratified to learn that the Boston Theatre will be managed the ensuing season by Mr. THOMAS BARRY as the representative of the proprietors. We trust that this beautiful house may be raised from the position to which it has fallen, and again take its place as the theatre of Roston.

ORGAN CONCERTS AT CHICAGO.—Miss Sarah Tillinghast—daughter of Mr. William Tillinghast, well known to our citizens formerly as a teacher of music in the public schools and in private families—recently gave two classical organ concerts in St. Paul's Church, Chicago, which are highly spoken of by the press of that city. She was assisted by several amateur vocalists. The Press and Tribune says of Miss Tillinghast's performances:

"The highest compliment that can be paid to a musical performer is a rapt attention on the part of the audience. The ordinary Sunday duties of an organist require less of manual dexterity and pedalic skill than of judgment and taste. But such compositions as Miss T. set down for herself on the programme, require the combination of all those qualities in a high degree. The manner in which she employed the vast resources of the noble instrument in St. Paul's Church, showed most conclusively that she possessed that combination of qualities."

We believe Miss Tillinghast is the regular organist of St. Paul's Church. Her father is engaged in the public schools of Chicago.—*Rochester Democrat.*

A MUSICAL SKETCH of the days of '76. Stella, the pleasant correspondent of the Worcester Palladium, in her last letter, speaks as follows of the story by the "Diarrist" in our last number:

"Dwight's Journal of Music, contained, last week, a clever satire upon a class of writers with whom we have little patience, who write what are called 'musical' stories and sketches; and who, under pretence of illustrating the life of some great composer, interweave truth and fiction so artfully that only the most assiduous student of facts perceives their absurdity. No name is too sacred to escape the sacrilege of their meddling pens, for none has oftener figured as the hero of these tinsel stories than Beethoven himself. In earlier years, in happy ignorance of the fact that all is not truth that is written as truth, we wondered how the great composers, men whose genius had bequeathed such music to the world, Mozart, Beethoven, &c., could stoop to the enacting of the scenes of which these writers—some of them only too able, had made them the unhonored heroes. A weak sentimentality pervades most productions of this sort which repels experienced readers, but which imposes upon the credulity of the less wary. We hope Lizzy Polky's 'Musical Sketch of the Days of '76,' will be a death-blow to this species of literature."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

That well remembered strain. Ballad.
W. R. Morris. 25
A very pleasing parlor song. Easy.

Sweet Annie Fay. Song. Carl Hause 35
Composed for the rich contralto voice of Mrs. Kempton (formerly Miss Jenny Twitchell) by whom it has been sung in public at various times with the most unequivocal success.

I love to sing. E. L. Hime. 25
Fully equal to this composer's favorite song: "I wandered by the brookside."

The wandering stars. Duet. Stephen Glover. 40

The lily and the rose. Duet. " " 40
Glover's pen is still as graceful as ever. Each new duet seems to surpass its predecessors in freshness, charm of melody, and all those qualities which ensure popularity. This is particularly the case with the above new duets.

The home that I left long ago. Ballad.
C. W. Glover. 25

Good bye! a long good bye. Charles Salaman. 25
Late popular Songs of favorite English authors.

Instrumental Music.

Fairy Polka. G. W. Stratton. 25

Victoria and Clara Mazurkas. A. Shide. 25

La Joyeuse Galopade. F. Hübner. 25
New and nice dance-music for the parlor or social ball-room.

Tommy's delight. Polka. Geo. Danskin. 25

Japanese Polka. Charles D'Albert. 35

The first of these pieces was played for the first time at the President's Reception, Washington, where the Japanese were among the guests, to the great delight of Tommy, which distinguished individual expressed his admiration of the tune in the strongest terms. The second is in D'Albert's most popular style.

The dream of the wanderer. Romance.
Brimley Richards. 35

A pretty, sentimental little Nocturne, not difficult.

Warblings at eve. Four hands. Brimley Richards. 30

An effective arrangement of this truly beautiful piece, by the author himself.

Feuilles d'Album. Two Impromptus. Mayer. 25

Very clever. In the style of some of Stephen Heller's minor pieces.

Books.

BERRIGUIER'S METHOD FOR THE FLUTE. To which are added Drouet's Twenty-Four Studies in all the Keys. 250

This is a course of lessons of real, practical ability; one which is prepared, not merely for the object of getting up a book, but with the far higher aim of furnishing to all who wish to acquire a good knowledge of the use of the Flute a means of doing so in a thorough, masterly manner. The book has been successfully employed by the best teachers in Europe, and to beginners, as well as to those who, having some acquaintance with the Flute, wish to obtain a better knowledge of it, we recommend this Method as one of unusual excellence, and one that cannot fail to give them entire satisfaction.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 433.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1860.

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The Musician of Augsburg.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Many years ago there lived in the city of Augsburg a musician by the name of Niesser, who, besides a wonderful skill in musical performance, possessed also a great reputation in the manufacture of every then known instrument. He was at the same time a musical composer, and although none of his compositions are extant now yet old chronicles inform us that the fame of this accomplishment, as well as that of his others, had spread through the whole of Germany. Several other circumstances augmented his renown:—he possessed, besides much wealth, which, as was whispered, had not been acquired in the most righteous manner, a daughter, the only heiress to his riches, whose beauty and innocence alone would have been a sufficient dowry.

Esther was as much admired for the sweetness of her smile, the beauty of her blue eyes, and her many good deeds, as the old Niesser was envied on account of his wealth, reputed for the excellency of his stringed instruments, and despised for his few good deeds. The old gentleman, in spite of his opulence and the consequence, acquired therefrom, in spite of his musical celebrity, was very sad. Esther, his only daughter, the only representative of a long line of musical ancestors, could not distinguish one note from another, and a melancholy foreboding crept upon him, that to the talent which he esteemed as much as his riches, he would leave no heir. But as Esther had at last grown up to a blooming maiden, he consoled himself with the thought that, if he could not be father, he might at least become grandfather to a progeny of musicians. With the view of accomplishing this, he resolved to give his daughter, with a dowry of two hundred thousand florins, to him who would compose the best *Sonata* and play the principal part therein. This determination he caused publicly to be announced and appointed also a certain day for the competition, vowing, with a sacred oath, that he would keep his promise even if the devil himself should compose and play the *Sonata*. This, as some said, was spoken in jest; yet it would nevertheless have been better for Niesser if he had not said it at all. One thing, however, is certain: he was a wicked old man, who had no great veneration for religion. Scarcely did the old musician's determination become known in Augsburg, than the whole town got into a ferment. Many who never before had ventured to raise their eyes so high, now considered themselves wooers for the hand of the beautiful Esther. Then, besides her charms and those of her father's florins, artistic glory came in question, and where this was wanting, vanity took the place. In short, there was not a musician in Augsburg who did not feel himself called upon to compete for the beautiful prize.

In the morning, at midday, and in the evening, yes, even through the whole night, did the streets re-echo with melodious and discordant sounds.

Sonatas sounded forth from every window, and nothing was spoken of but the approaching competition and its results. A fever for music had taken hold of all grades; the best airs were learned by heart and played and sung in every house, the sentinels at the city gates hummed *Sonatas*, while marching up and down; merchants in their stores sang favorite pieces; customers who stepped in forgot what they wished to buy, joined and kept singing *Duets* with the salesmen across the counter; some even hinted that they had caught priests singing *Alleghrettos* when coming from the confessional; and upon the last leaf of a bishop's sermon, two measures of a *Presto* were found.

During this general mania, there was one not infected with the common excitement. It was Francis Goertlinger, a youth who, although possessing the best heart and the most beautiful form in all Suabia, had equally as little musical talent as Esther.

Francis loved the maiden, and she would rather hear her name whispered by him in sweet, endearing accents, than all the *Sonatas* ever composed between the Rhine and Vistula. Niesser's resolution was therefore alike hopeless to both the lovers.

At last the evening preceding the decisive day was at hand, and Francis had not yet taken one step towards the attainment of his wishes, and how could it have been possible? Never had he composed a single measure of music, and the playing of one solitary air upon the Spinnet exhausted the whole of his talent. Late in the evening he left his habitation and sauntered through the streets. The shops were already closed, and the streets empty; from a few windows a light yet shed its rays, and the strains of some instrument in preparation for the (to him) sad occasion, broke jarringly on his feelings. Sometimes he stood listening, and was then enabled to see the countenance of the musician, radiant with joy in expectation of a certain triumph. Proceeding on his road in a rather contemplative mood and not taking much notice of the streets through which he passed, he found himself at last in a quarter of the town which, although he had been his whole life in Augsburg, he believed he had never seen before. Marvelling, he proceeded on when suddenly it appeared to him as if a strain of music, from time to time interrupting the murmuring of the river before him, melted away in the distance; breathlessly he stood and listened, and again he was sure that some wonderful melody greeted his ear. At last a solitary, far distant light convinced him that all the inhabitants of this quarter had not gone to rest, and that another watchful musician pressed the night to his aid, in order to be a worthy competitor on the following day. Francis continued his walk, wrapt, if possible, in a more melancholy mood from this conclusion. The nearer, however, he approached the light, the more forcibly there broke upon him a strain of such sweet and heavenly sounds, that in spite of his little musical talent, he could not resist their charming influence and the desire to find out whence they came or who the performer was. Quickly and noiselessly he reached the casement, through which, by the sounds emerging from it, he was sure to obtain a view of the virtuoso; raising himself to his utmost height, he was enabled to look into the interior, and there he saw what appeared to him to be a low arched chamber, in the centre of which was seated an old man, with a manuscript before him, luring from an instrument the like of which Francis had never seen before, those sounds powerfully had so attracted him. The performer's back was turned towards the window, yet an old looking glass on the opposite wall revealed to the listener the image of the old man's features. It was a countenance never to be forgotten; such unspeakable sweetness and goodness were impressed upon it, that the youth doubted whether it could belong to an inhabitant of this earth. The mysterious stranger played with wonderful dexterity, ceasing now and then evidently for the purpose of altering something in his notes, which the manuscript appeared to contain, and uttering his satisfaction at the change of melody thus produced, in a language entirely unknown to Francis. At first the youth could scarcely govern his rage at the thought of this little shrivelled old man venturing, as he supposed, to appear as one of Esther's wooers, but his anger gradually vanished,

the longer his attention was chained by the beauty and strangeness of the music, and no longer able to repress his satisfaction at the conclusion of a brilliant passage, he broke out into loud and boisterous applause in evidence of his admiration. The stranger now perceiving that he was not without a listener at his nocturnal performance, immediately opened the door, and, much to the surprise of the young man said: "Good evening, Francis, come in and take a seat. Tell me how *Sonata* pleases you, and whether you think it worthy of gaining Niesser's daughter?" There was in these rather provoking words something so heart-winning that Goertlinger felt no enmity, but accepted the old man's invitation, seated himself, and listened with attention to the again resumed performance. After having concluded the last strain of it, the virtuoso once more asked him how he liked the *Sonata*. "Oh!" exclaimed Francis, "would I were capable of composing one only half as beautiful." "Listen to me," replied the stranger; "old Niesser has taken an oath that he would give his daughter to him who would compose the best *Sonata*, and, he impiously added even if invented and played by the devil himself. These were not spoken unlistened to; the night winds carried them on their black pinions, whispered them through the silent woods, and bore them to those evil genii who have their home in the dark valley. With mocking laughter they accepted the challenge, and their kindred spirits shouted their satisfaction through the silent midnight, from the depths of a hundred caverns and mountains. But the good angels also heard the old man's oath, and though not pitying the blasphemer, yet they had compassion on sweet Esther and her lover. Take this roll of music, and with it proceed to-morrow to Niesser's house; a stranger accompanied by two others will arrive and sue for the beautiful prize, producing a *Sonata* like the one in this roll, not possessing, however, its peculiar power; wait for a favorable opportunity when he plays it, and substitute these notes for his." The old man, after having finished these strange instructions, took Goertlinger's hand and conducted him by some unknown road to the city gates, where he left him.

The young man's mind was perplexed with the curious manner in which he had received the *Sonata*, and filled with plans, expectations, hopes and fears for the coming day. In spite of the old man's assurances, he could not conceive how he, himself no composer, should by the changing of the *Sonatas*, reach the goal of his wishes. Thus ruminating, he arrived at his habitation, went to bed and fell asleep, whilst Esther's blue eyes and the music which the unknown had executed, were alternately the subject of his dreams.

The next evening Niesser's mansion was opened for the competition, and as the final hour arrived, musicians from all parts of the city were seen by the curious rabble to hurry towards the house.

Francis Goertlinger also took his music, and near the appointed hour stood at the door of the building which contained his dearest treasure, pitted by many, to whom his love for Esther and his ignorance of music was no secret. Stepping into the large saloon, he found it already filled with musicians and musical amateurs, which last had also been invited. Niesser himself as judge was seated upon a chair at the upper end of the apartment, and beside him stood Esther, ornamented and dressed in her best apparel, like a sacrifice ready for the altar. When Goertlinger pressed through the crowd, a smile spread over the faces of all present, they being perfectly well aware of Francis's inability to comply with the conditions. Niesser also smiled, but Esther looked wonderingly at her lover, a silent tear stealing

down her cheek at the thought of their hopeless fate.

The competitors were now instructed to give in the names, and it was also resolved that each one's turn of advancing his claims, should be decided by lot. The last one of those who stepped forward, and to whom all involuntarily gave place, was a stranger, calling himself *Lived*. No one knew from whence he came, and so repulsive were his features, so piercing his eye, that even Esther's father whispered to her his wish that this man's *Sonata* might not be the best.

Everything being ready, old Niesser arose from his chair, and signifying his desire for the contest to begin, exclaimed with a loud voice: "I swear to give my daughter here, with a dowry of two hundred thousand florins, in marriage to him who shall produce the best *Sonata*, and play the principal part therein." "And will you keep your oath?" said the stranger, stepping immediately before the old man. "I shall keep it," said the musician of Augsburg, "were the *Sonata* even composed and executed by the evil one himself." A great silence prevailed throughout the assembly, when, at these blasphemous words, only a distant mocking laugh was heard; every one shuddered, the stranger alone smiled. It fell to his lot to play first, and seating himself, he opened his music, whilst two others, whom none had noticed before, placed themselves by his side, with instruments ready, waiting for the signal to begin. It was given, and as they raised their heads to look at the notes, every one present perceived that their faces resembled each other in every particular. A general awe crept over the assembly, none spoke, but all, as if by previous understanding, precipitately left the apartment, and flew in terror from the house. No one remained behind, except the three, who, without being at all disturbed, had commenced to play, and Francis, who had not forgotten the instructions of his nocturnal companion. Esther's father also sat in his chair, beholding the awful scene and remembering his unholy oath; he endeavored to rise, but some invisible force kept him in his seat.

It was now near midnight; Francis stood by the side of the terrible visitors, and when they were not far from the conclusion of their *Sonata*, he suddenly tore away their music and substituted his. Then a dark, ghastly change came over the faces of the three musicians, and a distant howl, as of disappointment, was heard. The tapers were extinguished, and darkness of night enveloped all. Upon returning to consciousness from the stupor occasioned by this sudden occurrence, Francis perceived, by the light of the moon which poured her mild rays through the casement, the old man who had given him the *Sonata* standing near him. At a sign from him, the youth raised the still insensible Esther in his arms, and following his good genius, left the unhallowed house, which gradually vanished beneath the earth.

It is needless to say that the lovers were soon after married.

Years passed: children and grandchildren mourned over their graves. On the spot where Niesser's house stood, a new one has been erected, but the three unknown musicians still play their *Sonata*, the sounds of which are heard at midnight echoing from the depths of the earth. The old man also remains in his chair, still endeavoring to rise, but is condemned to preside for ever over the concert of his unhallowed guests.

Thus ends the legend of the Musician of Augsburg.

Russian Composers.

The modern Russian composers write a great deal more vocal than instrumental music. Their songs are very beautiful, and the best of them have a decided national character. Several Russian airs have been appropriated by German composers, who have had German words written to them; for instance, the "Red Sarafan" (the first of the melodies played so admirably by Wieniawski) and the "Troika," called in German "Die blaue Augen." Count Vielgorski's, or Wielhorski's, "Buivala," which, though an original melody, has all the national characteristics, has

been made the subject of a *fantasia* by Vieuxtemps. Every one knows the magnificent national hymn by Loeff, the Director of the Imperial Choir, who has also written numbers of more familiar strains, and who has even supplied the gipsy companies of Moscow with some of their most popular airs.

Varmaloff, one of the most graceful romance-writers of the day, has also composed or arranged music for the gipsies; and one of their favorite melodies, of which the burden is well-known in England, and which is also introduced in the *ballet* music of the Spanish dancers (itself full of gipsy characteristics) is signed by Glinka, who, however, can only have harmonized it, for the tune belongs certainly to the gipsies themselves. Various other Russian composers have written for the gipsy troops; and it appears to us that the modern Russian music may be divided into (1) melodies in the style of the old national airs, and (2) melodies founded on, or imitated from, the traditional airs of the gipsies, such as Alabieff's "Nightingale," "He loves me no more," and a dialogue-song, of which the name escapes us, but in which a young man makes all sorts of desperate promises and professions of love to a young girl who laughs at him and rejects him, because, in her character of gipsy, she values nothing so much as her own liberty. Both styles appear quaint to foreign ears; but the former is distinguished by great simplicity and sadness, the latter by wildness and passion, and by a certain oriental character. Naturally in some of the songs of the present day there is a union of the two styles; and, as in all European countries, a certain number of airs are published which are imitated more or less from the Italian. But in spite of the influence of the Italian Opera, and of the numerous Italian composers who have visited the country and written for its stage; in spite too of the number of German musical professors who have settled in St. Petersburg and Moscow, the Russians have certainly a national school of music, as can be shown, not only from their songs, but from the operas of Glinka and Verstovsky.

Of Glinka we need not speak again at present, but as the name of Verstovsky will be new to the great majority of our readers, we may mention that he is the director of the Moscow Opera, the composer of a great many songs (several of which are written for the gipsies), and of the music of two serious dramatic works, "*Askoldova Mogila*" (The Tomb of Askold), and "*Gramoboi*." *Askoldova Mogila* is not, and cannot be, esteemed by the Russians in a scientific point of view. The overture is miserably poor; there are no concerted pieces of any importance, nor is there even an attempt in either of the acts at a regularly constructed *finale*. By a musician, then, *Askoldova Mogila* would be at once set aside, that is to say, if judged only by the merits of its composer; but at the same time much of the music is interesting to a foreigner, because it is really national instead of being imitated from the Italian. As the composers for the gipsy troops write music in the gipsy style, so Verstovsky, in treating a national subject, has given a national coloring to his melodies, even if he has not in a direct manner laid old Russian airs under contribution, which he sometimes appears to have done. There is a tune in *polacca* measure for the hero which is quite in the style of those sung by the boatmen on the Volga (it must be remembered that *polacca* or *polonaise* is a misnomer, as that particular form of melody, like the mazurka, is in special favor with all the Slavonian nations), and the *prima donna* has an "Air with Chorus" which is also strikingly national. A large proportion of the melodies in this opera are in a minor key, as are by far the greater part of the old national airs; and the opera also abounds in airs with choral refrains or responses, which is another characteristic of the Russian popular music, whether sung by the peasants, the gipsies, or the Cossack companies. *Askoldova Mogila*, then, is essentially a popular work, and we can understand that the *habitués* of the Italian Opera and of the St. Petersburg Philharmonic Concerts have no great opinion of it,

though we repeat that it is full of interest for a foreigner.

We cannot take leave of *Askoldova Mogila* without calling attention to a strange account given of it by Baron Haxthausen in his valuable work on Russia. This learned economist has the eccentricity to state that it reminded him of *La Sonnambula* and *Der Freyschütz*. We should have thought that if it recalled one of these operas it could not very well have suggested the other, for there are no points of resemblance between the two. Nor can we understand how the music of Verstovsky could remind any one either of Bellini or of Weber. Verstovsky's last opera of *Gramoboi* would doubtless appear to Baron Haxthausen a veritable *Der Freyschütz*, for it is founded on a legend (which forms the subject of one of Joukovsky's poems), and involves the sale of a soul to the evil one. The action, as in *Askoldova Mogila*, takes place at Kieff, and the sins of Ruric the Norman again appear. This piece, which was produced in Moscow in 1857, had no success as an opera, and attracted only as a spectacle.

Some of the very finest Russian music, however (as those of our readers who were present at Prince Galitzin's concert will readily believe), is that which is executed by the Russian chorus-singers, of which there are numerous companies, organized under Government direction or by private individuals. All the works of Bortniansky and Loeff are admirably sung by the Imperial Choir at St. Petersburg, which numbers one hundred and ten of the finest voices imaginable, the basses and tenors being especially remarkable. The most celebrated choirs at Moscow are those of Philaret the metropolitan, and of Prince Galitzin (not the Prince Galitzin of Tamboff, and of St. James's Hall), who has built one of the most beautiful chapels in the city. At the monastery of the Don, a few versts from Moscow, there is also an admirable choir, but composed only of men (and not of men and boys as elsewhere). In addition to the churches, each regiment has its choir, as well as the principal charitable and educational establishments; indeed, it would be difficult to hear choral music more perfectly executed than at the Foundling Hospital of Moscow.—*London Musical World*, June 30,

Chinese and Japanese Music.

The musical scale of the Chinese consists of only five notes instead of seven, and their music is not written on five lines like ours but in perpendicular columns, like the characters in their books. The elevations or depression of tones is indicated by distinctive names. They have no semi-tones, and hence arises a tedious monotony of sound. There is said to be a resemblance between the Chinese melodies and the ancient Scottish airs. If this be so, Scotch music in the days of Ossian must have been much ruder than it has ever yet been represented, for all the unearthly sounds Chinese singing is the most unearthly. There is no noise like it. Those who have attended a genuine Chinese theatrical performance have had a specimen of how the men acquit themselves in song; but Chinese music can only be heard to perfection by strolling through the narrow streets of a Chinese town. Men, women and children all strain their voices to the utmost squeaking falsetto. The singers are usually accompanied by the viola, and sometimes by the pig-skin drum likewise. One's tympanum throbs and thrums as though a dozen fairies were beating upon it. Yet the Chinese have their Jenny Linds, Grisis and Sontags; their Lablaches and Tamburinis. They have infant phenomena, too, who, if they keep their lungs whole until arriving at mature age, certainly deserve the name. You are frequently called upon to admire what in any other place than a Chinese town you would suppose to be an imitation of the piteous complaint of a pig jammed under a gate; being all the time in a state of nervous excitement lest the warbler should break a blood-vessel in your presence.

Unlike our private singers at home, the Chinese need no pressing to "favor" a company with a song. On the contrary, the performances are generally voluntary, and the performers never give the excuse of cough or cold. In truth, a slight cold is rather an improvement upon their style. The willingness with which they entertain you in this respect is only equalled by the evident vanity of the singers, or the exulting pride of the bystanders of

celestial origin. "That booty?" one will ask, and others, "How you likee dat?" "What you tinkee dat?" "Merican side can sing so booty?" To all of which it must be your invariable rule to give the expected answers, or you will immediately find yourself involved in a discussion in which you are sure to have the worst, for the odds are too strong against you. * * *

Small square tables of lacquered ware, about a foot and a half in height and six inches square, were placed on the right side of the Japanese; and these supported cups of tea, sweetmeats, cakes, and small lacquered bowls of rice and fruit. Four married ladies sat together on one side, and near them an old gentleman; opposite sat a young Japanese officer and two young ladies, one about seventeen years of age, the other about twenty; the latter were very pretty. We little dreamed of seeing such beauties in this retired spot; their skins clear and white as that of a Circassian, with a healthy blush on their cheeks, which required not the assistance of the rouge-box; finely arched brows, over bright black eyes, which grew brighter when the owners became animated, and were shadowed by long curling eyelashes; noses small but straight, one bordering on aquiline; small well cut lips, surrounded by even rows of teeth of pearly lustre. Their jet black hair was brushed from the sides and back of the head, and fastened in a knot on the top of the head, by a fillet of pale pink silk. The elder was the handsomer of the two, and the chief object of attraction to the young officer; as he frequently gave us an opportunity of observing, by placing an arm round her waist and looking lovingly into her eyes. There was gracefulness in all her attitudes, especially when she took up a guitar at the request of her lover and played a few airs for us; but the music was rather monotonous and without harmony; at least our dull ears could not detect any. She accompanied herself in a song, in a falsetto tone; a species of whine, not altogether so discordant as that of the Chinese, yet merely bearable from its strangeness. The sister now joined in a duet, one endeavoring to outshriek the other. Our elder hosts were in raptures with the performance, and they wondered at our stolidity; but our ears had been accustomed to the music of Grisi and Mario, and could not endure even the finest of Japanese singers. Finding the ladies so obliging, we prevailed upon one to play while the other danced. The performance was peculiar; she went round the apartment, as in a slow waltz, making graceful passes with her hands, and humming an air to herself, smiling most agreeably, and bowing toward us as she went round. They were attired in richly embroidered silk; a loose tunic with wide sleeve was fastened round the waist by a broad sash of pale pink; a fan was passed through this, and, supporting the back of each lady was a tricornered flat board, covered with parti-colored silk. The married ladies were attired in robes of a fabric resembling cashmere, and of a sombre lavender color. After tea they introduced pipes and some light wine.

The Part-Songs of Germany.

These part-songs are too little known in England as one of the most national and not least engaging features in modern German music. It is forty years since Zelter and his friend Flemming founded at Berlin a congregation of staid elderly men, who met once a month to a good supper, and to diversify the pleasures of the table by singing four-part songs, principally composed by themselves. The number was 40, and far the larger portion of it composed of amateurs or men in office. It was an original statute that no one was eligible as a member who was not a composer, a poet, or a singer. During his lifetime Zelter was their president and principal composer; and in no branch of art did his peculiar talent evidence itself so brightly as in these convivial effusions, where humor, raciness, a masterly employment of the limited material at his disposal, and a fine sense of the poetry he took in hand, distinguished him among his contemporaries. Goethe used to give his songs to be composed by Zelter; and many of them were sung at the Berlin "Liedertafel" before they were printed or known elsewhere. Fleming also contributed some fair musical compositions,—that to Horace's ode, "Integer vixit," amongst others.

It was in the year 1815, or thereabouts, that Berger, or Klein, and a younger generation of musicians, founded a young "Liedertafel" society, on the same principle, and for the same number of members. Friedrich Foster wrote some very pretty songs for it. Hoffman, the novel writer and *kapellmeister*, made it one scene of his strange and extravagant existence; and left behind him there an immortal comic song—"Turkische Musik," the words by Friedrich Foster. In general, a gayer and more spirited tone pervaded

this younger society than belonged to their classical seniors. It was the practice of both bodies to invite guests on holiday occasions; and by the younger part-singers ladies were admitted twice a year. Nothing could be sprightlier or pleasanter, a little extra noise allowed for, than these latter meetings. They were not long in spreading it far and wide. The good suppers became of less integral consequence; original compositions were not always attainable; but in every town it was natural to collect the younger men of all classes, for the purpose of singing together. A regular system of organization, of division and subdivision, has arranged itself. The town societies in combination form provincial assemblies, where many hundreds come together. In the north of Germany the large class of young men who are either schoolmasters or organists in the towns and villages, or are educated as such at the normal societies of their own, and periodical celebrations.

The provincial festivals of these societies are held in the good time of the year, so that open air performances are practicable. A fine site, too, is a thing always chosen. Not very long before my Harz ramble, the Liedertafeln societies of that district had been holding a congress at Blakenburg. These Liedertafeln societies take part in other celebrations not their own. When Schiller's statue was inaugurated in Stuttgart, the singing bodies of all the towns in the district round about poured in through the gates of the town, one after the other, each with its banners and its music, till the separate chords, to speak fancifully, united in a grand chorus in the market-place. And while there exists a well trained army of of volunteer choristers ready to be called into action on all occasions—it need not be pointed out how different it is in quality to the body of subordinates at once semi-professional and untaught, at whose mercy lies so much of the best music ever to be heard in England—I should say, *did lie*; for part-singing is now flourishing with us like the bean-tree in the fairy tale.

It is needless, again, to remark how the works which make a whole great people vocal, must have a value and an interest in more aspects than one. To offer an instance or two likely to be familiar to the English—Music has nothing nobler in her stores than the battle-songs in which the harmonies of Weber and the burning words of Körner are united. We sit by our firesides, it is true, and know not the sound of an enemy's cavalry in the streets, nor the booming of an enemy's cannon without our gates; and hence are touched only faintly by the spell of the soul within them; but it is impossible coldly to listen to the masculine chords and bold modulations of "Lutzw's Wild Chase," and the "Sword Song," and the "Husarenlied." Again, we have taken home to ourselves and half nationalized "Am Rhein," among our "Black eyed Susans," and "Rule Britannia's," because of its spirit and beauty; though we cannot fail save dramatically, and by going out of ourselves as well as from home, the joviality and mirth of those who dwell in wine-land, or the kindling of such a spirit as moved the army of Liberators on their return from victory, when within sight of Ebbrechtstein, to burst out with one consent into that noble melody which was heard with little ceasing for two days and nights while the band was passing over the river.—*N. Y. Musical World.*

Popular Music of the Olden Time.

(From the Quarterly Review.)

(Continued from page 124.)

It is a similar circumstance, that the anti-national propensities of Charles II. brought into fashion the kind of music that had constantly been appreciated by the masses—the music of the old ballads and songs. That notorious dislike of all compositions to which he could not beat time, and consequently of the tuneless counterpoint that had found such high favor with his predecessors, led him to appreciate the common English airs, to which the poets of the people had written their words, as well as the dance-music imported from France. The man who was destined to turn the predilection of the monarch to good account, by bringing to the notice of the court those national melodies which had been despised by the scholastic composers, was the once famed Tom D'Urfey, who, having delighted the "merry monarch" with a now-forgotten comedy, called the "Plotting Sisters," became one of his chief favorites. The earlier English poets, with their hatred for ballad-writers, had avoided all metres that could be sung to common tunes, but D'Urfey, acutely perceiving the royal taste, pursued a course diametrically opposite, writing songs that would either fit the existing ballad-tunes, or enable the musicians to adopt a similar style of composition. Thus the line of demarcation that had so long served the music of

the higher classes from that of the multitude was to a great extent obliterated, and the popular song was once more in fashion. Unfortunately for the durability of lyric poetry, fortunately for composers, honest Tom has had few successors; and it is to the fact that Scottish poets worked on his principle, whereas English rhymesters preferred new music, that Mr. Chappell attributes the incomparably greater popularity of the former. "Dibdin's sea-songs," he says, "are already fading from memory, because he composed music to them, instead of writing to airs which had stood the test of time."

On the other hand, the Scotch not only sang D'Urfey's songs, but composed new words to his tunes, and this brings us to an especial theory of Mr. Chappell's, that many of the times commonly called Scotch are really of southern origin. The collections that he has examined show a strange mixture, the third volume of Allan Ramsay's "Tea-table Miscellany," for instance, containing English songs exclusively, and the fourth a combination of English and Scotch, though the notification that these were all "Scots songs" still appeared on the title-page, to the great inconvenience of northern antiquaries, who are thus liable to praise English music, when they intend to praise Scotch. That Dr. Beattie was in this unfortunate position and communicated his error to Mrs. Siddons is thus shown by Mr. Chappell:—

"She loves music, and is fond of Scotch tunes, many of which I played to her on the violoncello. One of these, *She rose and let me in*, which you know is a favorite of mine, made the tears start from her eyes; 'Go on,' said she, 'and you will soon have your revenge;' meaning that I should draw as many tears from her as she had drawn from me by her acting. (*Life of James Beattie, LL. D.*, by Sir W. Forbes, ii. 139.) Dr. Beattie was evidently not aware that both the music and words of *She rose and let me in* are English (the words being by Tom D'Urfey and the music by Farmer). Again, in one of his Essays, 'I do not find that any foreigner has ever caught the true spirit of Scottish music;' and he illustrates his remark by the story of Geminiani's having blotted quires of paper in the attempt to write a second part to the tune of *The Broom of Cowdenknows*. This air is, to say the least, of very questionable origin. The evidence of its being Scotch rests upon the English ballad of *The Broom of Cowdenknows*, for in other ballads to the same air it is not so described; and Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, quotes 'O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,' as a 'country tune.' The frequent misapplication of the term 'Scotch' in English songs and ballads, has been remarked by nearly every writer on Scottish music, and this air is not upon the incomplete scale which is commonly called Scotch. I am strongly persuaded that it is one of those ballads which, like *The gallant Grahams*, and many others, became popular in Scotland because the subject was Scotch. *The Broom of Cowdenknows* is in the metre of, and evidently suggested by, the older ballad of *New Broom on Hill*. A copy of the original *Broom on Hill* may even yet be discovered, or at least an earlier copy of the tune, and thus set the question at rest."

This part of the history we rather indicate than dilate upon, leaving Mr. Chappell to contend with the northern lion as well as he may, and prove that it roars an' it were any English nightingale. The professed imitation of the Scottish dialect in popular English songs seems to have begun with the mission of the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) to Scotland, when the northern phraseology was eagerly adopted by the royalists.

After the reign of Queen Anne, political songs were the only kind of poetry that found general favor, but in the time of George II. the old tunes were once more brought into vogue with those ballad-operas, of which the "Beggars' Opera" was the first and the most durable. For six consecutive years scarcely any other kind of drama was produced on the stage, and even for the booths in Bartholomew Fair new operas were written.

With respect to the characteristics and worth of the popular English airs that survived so many social and political changes, and have sometimes acquired new vitality from their connexion with some event of importance, we may confidently say, that the most careless reader of music cannot glance over the airs collected by Mr. Chappell without arriving at the conclusion, not only that these tunes are eminent for those qualities which strongly affect the emotions of the multitude, but also that they have peculiarities of their own which distinguish them from the songs of other nations, in spite of the bold assertion of unpatriotic archæorogists that the English are without a national music.

The characteristic airs of England are divided by Mr. Chappell into four classes, which he thus describes:—

"The first and largest division consists of airs of a smooth and flowing character—expressive, tender, and sometimes plaintive, but generally cheerful rather than sad. These are the ditties, the real pastorals, which are so often mentioned by our early writers, and in which our poets so constantly expressed their delight. The second comprises airs which breathe a frank and manly spirit, often expanding into rough jollity. Such were many of the songs of men when not addressed to the fair. The third consists of the airs to historical and other very long ballads, some of which airs have probably descended to us from the minstrels. They are invariably of simple construction, usually plaintive, and the last three notes often fall gradually to the key-note at the end. One peculiar feature of

these airs is the long interval between each phrase, so well calculated for recitation, and for recovering the breath in the lengthy stories to which they were united. They were rarely, if ever, used for dancing; indeed, they were not well suited to the purpose, and therein differed from the carols, and from the ditties, which were usually danced to and sung. Ditties, when accelerated in time to fit them for dancing, would fall under the denomination of carols. In the fourth class may be comprised the numerous hornpipes, jigs, rounds, and bagpipe-tunes. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when villagers assembled every holiday, and on Sunday evenings after prayers to dance upon the green, every parish of moderate population had its piper. "The constable ought not to break his staff and forswear the watch for one roaring night," says Ben Jonson, "nor the piper of the parish to put up his pipes for one rainy Sunday." It was not unusual, I believe, says Mr. Surtees, "to amuse laborers on hooty days with music; a piper generally attended on highway days." He quotes the following entry in the parish registers of Gateshead, under the year 1633:—"To workmen, for making the streets even, at the King's coming, 18s. 4d.; and paid the piper for playing to the menders of the highways five several days, 3s. 4d." Milton, in his speech upon unlicensed printing, says, "The villagers also must have their visitors, to enquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebeck reads, even to the balladry, and the gammuth of every municipal fiddler, for these are the countryman's Arcadia, and his Monte Mayors."

Various, and doubtless to a great extent unfathomable, are the causes that produce that fitness of an air to a national humor, which is expressed by the term popularity. The songs introduced in the lighter French vaudevilles, and sung by actors who are not professedly vocalists, seem utterly meaningless and trivial to the English ear, whether cultivated or not; yet they must appeal to some sentiment in the French people, or they would not be repeated year after year, with fresh words written on the occasion of every revival. Of the vitality of certain English tunes we had a striking instance in the "Beggars' Opera," which is almost a thesaurus of national melody, and we have more modern proofs in the burlesque entertainments produced at our theatres during the holiday seasons, and consequently exhibiting the union of airs composed before the memory of man with words hastily scribbled down by the young poetasters of the day. Tunes go on for centuries, words become stale in a twelvemonth. Martin Parker by his Cavalier verses gave indeed a new popularity to the old melody; but we question whether a single reader would now be moved by the words of "The King shall enjoy his own again," whereas the tune would be found as soul-stirring as ever if associated with some new national event. Nor can we reasonably doubt that the lively air of *Lillibulero* had a great effect in giving currency to the rubbish with which it was associated about the time of the Revolution.

Impossible as it may be to trace all the causes of popularity in music, some influence may be safely ascribed to the character of the instruments in use among the people. The airs of Spain—the land of guitars—are generally destitute of sustained notes; the songs of the Swiss mountaineer are suggestive of the mountain-horn. Armed with the fact that the instruments in use among the English from the earliest times were the harp, the fiddle (including the crowd), and the pipe, with or without the bag, the curious may, if they please, endeavor to find the traces of these instruments in the abundant specimens of English melody collected by Mr. W. Chappell. These are upwards of four hundred in number, and it can be proved that at least two hundred were in vogue before the time of the Commonwealth. We can scarcely over-estimate the industry and zeal shown by Mr. Chappell in his valuable and interesting work. He has produced not an essay, not a history, not a music-book, but something that combines the nature of all these at once. The order of the work is chronological; every tune is printed with a bass accompaniment by the accomplished musician, Mr. G. A. Macfarren; its vicissitudes are described, the words that belong to it are given entire or in part, and everything that can be found in the way of historical fact or contemporary allusion is brought to bear upon its illustration. The portions of the work to which we have referred are merely the introductions to the several sections. The main body of the book consists of a mass of erudition, no less copious than well digested, that can only be appreciated by a careful perusal.

Late as it comes, Mr. Chappell's work is the only one of its kind. Years have elapsed since the superficial Dr. Burney directed his energies to the depreciation of English music, and the exaltation of everything foreign. The task of vindicating the musical character of our countrymen, by whatever expedient zeal could suggest and erudition supply, was reserved for Mr. Chappell—an archæologist of the middle of the nineteenth century. His delightful volumes are a perfect treasure to every person who loves an English tune or an English song, as well as to all who take an interest in tracing an important department of popular literature, or the changes of national tastes and customs.

Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 117.)

No. 116.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, November 21, 1772.

We are, heaven be thanked, as well and lively as fishes in water; for during the last week it has rained frightfully. To-day is the anniversary of our marriage. It is now, if I mistake not, five-and-twenty years ago since we had the happy idea of getting married, to say nothing of the years we thought about it beforehand; good things require time.

The "primo uomo" M. Rauzzini has arrived. The work goes on increasing. We shall have also our little comedies to go through, as is justly expected when theatrical affairs are in question; but such things are mere trifles. The figs which Wolfgang carried away with him from Salzburg were as miraculous as the loaves and fishes in the Gospel; they have lasted until now.

Yes! yes! we have a mighty deal to do; when we are not working there are still all sorts of arrangements to see to.

P. S. from Wolfgang.—I thank you, dear sister, you know for what I cannot write to M. de Heffner. If you see him make him read these lines; I beg him to remain content therewith for the present.

I bear no grudge against that rare friend for not having answered me. As soon as he has more time, he will find a time, no doubt, although I doubt, to answer me punctually.

No. 117.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, December 5, 1772.

My bad pen does not prevent our being in good health. Yesterday only did the De Amicis arrive. The poor tenor, Cardoni, has fallen so sick that he cannot come. They have sent for some one to take his place to Turin and to Bologna. He must be not only a good singer, but a good actor, with an imposing appearance, to represent with honor the character of Sylla. These are the two principal causes which have retarded the composition of the opera. Now it will proceed at a sound pace.

P. S. from Wolfgang.—Fourteen pieces more to do, and I shall have finished. It is true that the duo and the trio may count for four pieces. Can't possibly write you at any length, for I know nothing—first reason; second reason, I don't know what I am writing, my head is so full of the opera; I am in danger of sending you an air instead of words. I have learned a new game here which is called *Mercante in fiera*. We will play it as soon as I come back. I have also learned of a lady a new tongue which is easy to speak, difficult to write, but useful nevertheless. But it is a little—childish, although excellent for Salzburg. My compliments to our pretty Nandi and to our canary, for those two creatures and yourself form the most innocent part of the household. Your chapel master Fischietti will, no doubt, soon begin working at his *opera buffa*—that is to say in Germany, at his foolish opera.

(To be continued.)

The Origin of "Hail Columbia."

In the "Recollections of Washington," just published, occurs the following anecdote:

The song of Hail Columbia, adapted in measure to the President's March, was written by Joseph Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, 1798. At that time war with France was expected, and a patriotic feeling pervaded the community. Mr. Fox, a young singer and actor, called upon Mr. Hopkinson one morning and said, "To-morrow evening has been appointed for my benefit at the theatre. Not a single box has been taken, and I fear there will be a thin house. If you will write me some patriotic verses on the tune of the President's March, I feel sure of a full house. Several people about the theatre have attempted it, but they have come to the conclusion that it cannot be done. Yet I think you may succeed." Mr. Hopkinson retired to his study, wrote the first verse and chorus, and submitted them to Mrs. Hopkinson, who sang them to a harpsichord accompaniment. The time and the words harmonized. The song was soon finished, and that evening the young actor received it. The next morning the placards announced that Mr. Fox would give a new patriotic song. The house was crowded—the song was sung—the audience was delighted—eight times it was called for and repeated, and when sung the ninth time the whole audience stood up and joined in the chorus. Night after night "Hail Columbia" was applauded in the theatre; and in a few days it was the universal song of the boys in our streets. Such was the origin of our national song "Hail Columbia."

A Royal Artist.

William II., King of Holland, is by instinct a musician, and composes very remarkable melodies. At Wiesbaden, where he is just now, he possesses an elegant villa, and if not the actual ruler there, lives at least like a prince. He has a strong partiality for the place, because in its magnificent woods and mountains he finds his happiest inspirations. He is fond of going about the country alone on horseback; occasionally, however, he travels in a little droschky, where, with his head thrown back, attending the flitting clouds and the smoke of his regalia, he gives himself to his musical studies, and in this way composes, as the case may be, sylvan, amorous, or impassioned melodies. Inspired with the ideas natural to an earnest votary of reverie and solitude, this artist king no doubt often imprecates the high position which confines him to his native dykes and prevents his going over distant seas to unexplored countries. Those who have heard his music, describe it as full of soul and modulation, capable of powerful sympathy and of communicating strong emotion. He arranges it for himself, quite often extemporaneously, but never takes the trouble to write out the tunes, which of course would be lost when once sung, were it not for a preceptor who, passionately fond of his sovereign's music, always stenographs it.

This singular faculty of the king of the Netherlands is all the more surprising in that he is really inexperienced, possessing but very little skill, being ignorant of the rules of composition, and even of musical terms. A walk, a hunt, any thing emotional, in fact, inspires him, and then he commences by uttering the words, which he sings to himself, and which, though simple and unmeasured, shape the sentiment of the music. He then calls the preceptor and makes him sit down at the piano; but, instead of telling him in what octave he wishes to be accompanied, he tries the instrument himself and says to his attendant: "Hold! accompany me from this side of the board—no, wait! from that side, then this way. Ah! it is this, that, and the other." He then sings the written words, which are sometimes in French, sometimes in Italian, and at other times in Dutch. When the air is sung, he repeats it, and, in so doing, occasionally corrects it. Then, when he has completed it, he says to his companion, "Well, my dear sir, how do you like that?" "Ah, sire," he responds "it is admirable, magnificent. You have never done better. But it is singular. I know not how you do it; for this does not resemble music, and still it pleases. When the chorister is highly delighted, the king makes grimaces; when he merely approves, his majesty smiles and rubs his hands."

Music Abroad.

London.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Orphéonist Festival commenced on the 25th of June, and was continued on the 26th and 28th. The "Orphéon" is an amateur choral association of some standing in France. Its central head is established in Paris, with branches extending into all the departments of the country. It is stated that there are now 800 societies, and more than 30,000 members, and there is hardly a commercial or manufacturing town in France that has not some "Société Musicale" in union with it. This association is evidently on a much larger scale than any existing in England, for though we have choral societies by the thousand, including almost every village in the country, there is no connection between them. The Orphéonistes combine charity with music, and during the last five years they have handed over a large sum of money to various charitable institutions. In this respect it is easy to see the advantage that might be derived from combination. No doubt there are innumerable charities forwarded and assisted by the efforts of musicians in England, but a combined society extending throughout the country would have considerable power in collecting charitable contributions. The anniversaries of the Orphéonistes have been events of national importance, and have always excited immense interest in Paris and in the larger towns of France. The 3000 singers who made their appearance at the Crystal Palace are selections from these various societies, and are composed, we are told, of the commercial classes—shopkeepers, clerks, artisans, and others; indeed, it was evident from their general appearance that the artisans were in considerable force, which proves how much the study of music is extending in France.

The programme on Monday commenced with "God save the Queen," sung in very intelligible English; the harmonies, it is true, were much altered, and not for the better, but the good-will with

which the National Anthem was sung made up for any defects in the execution. The next piece performed was a hymn, "Veni Creator," by Besozzi, and very correctly and smoothly it was sung; other slow and solemn music was included in the day's performance, and though well sung there was nothing distinctive about the style. It was, however, in the characteristic French music that the great effect was produced. The striking beauty of the *piano* passages, the distinct enunciation of the words, and the neat and crisp execution of the quick passages, were exceedingly good. There is no great power in the *forte* passages, not like the depth of sound produced, for instance, by a few hundred of our North-country chorus singers, but there is a smoothness and precision [which is extremely pleasant. We may also add that there is a certain amount of trick, that is decidedly effective; we allude particularly to a chorus called "La Retraite," in which the sound of drums, imitated by the voices, is first heard in the distance, then a chorus advancing and subsequently receding into distance, so as to become almost inaudible. This was remarkably good, and without speaking of it as fine chorus singing, it would be well worth imitating. Another excellent chorus was "France! France!" composed especially for this festival by Ambrose Thomas. The spirit and vivacity with which this patriotic song was given produced an immense effect. Several others of the same class, which we have not space to mention, were equally good.

The programme each day was varied, and the performance gave universal satisfaction. At the conclusion of the music the audience rose *en masse*, and with waving of hats, and every demonstration of good feeling, called vociferously for the French National Melody, whereupon "Partant pour La Syrie" was given with hearty good-will by the singers. The band of the Guides, who have accompanied the Orphéonistes, and who performed at the Crystal Palace each day, were in London in the year 1855, when they delighted every one with their music. It is indeed a perfect band, their wonderful precision and neatness of execution are above all praise, and the subdued smooth quality of tone produced from so many brass instruments is perfectly wonderful. Their solo performers, also, are remarkably fine, and, taken as a whole, we have no regimental band in this country to equal them. There are reports (and we are sorry to say that they are not without foundation) that the treatment of our musical neighbors was not such as they were entitled to expect upon their first arrival, but we trust that the hearty welcome given them by the public, and the enthusiasm displayed, will prove to them that the English public, at any rate, have not been to blame, and that they will return to France with a favorable impression of their reception in this country.

The Orphéonistes were invited by the Sacred Harmonic Society to a concert at Exeter Hall, on Friday evening. The performance consisted of selections from several oratorios, the choruses being chiefly of a loud character. Miss Parepa, Madame Sain-ton-Dolby, and Mr. Sims Reeves were the solo singers. Our foreign neighbors were also invited on Thursday, by Mr. Leslie's Choir, to hear a performance of glees, part-songs, &c., in St. Martin's Hall.—*Musical Times*, July 1.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The first performance for eleven years of Cimarosa's best known, if not best, opera, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, which took place on Saturday, was a decided success; far greater, indeed, than we anticipated from the rather unfavorable reception it met with in 1849, when revived both at Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera. The little favor a work once so popular obtained then was the more unaccountable, as the cast at both theatres was extremely attractive; that at the elder house comprising the names of Mesdames Parodi, Giuliani, and Alboni, Signors Calzolari, Lablache and F. Lablache; at the new house, Mesdames Persiani, Grisi, and Angri, Signors Mario, Tamburini, and Tagliafico. The opera, nevertheless, ran but a few nights at either place, and may be said thenceforward to have been entirely shelved, as no attempt has been made to reproduce it since. The principal cause of its revival at Her Majesty's Theatre is doubtless to exhibit Signor Ciampi in one of those parts in which he had earned his continental reputation. The character of Geronimo is beyond the grasp of ordinary artists; and, indeed, no singer since Lablache, excepting Tamburini, had attempted it at all. Signor Ciampi created a highly favorable impression in his new essay, proving himself an artist of rare intelligence and rare endowments. His comedy is a very happy combination of art and instinct; his humor is natural and entirely his own, so that originality may be added to his other qualifications. His make-up of the character is extremely

skilful, and throughout the entire performance he never forgets that he is personating an old man. If we miss the oily humor of Lablache, which seemed to ooze out at every pore, or the consummate tact of Tamburini, which threw an intense reality about every thing he did, we must remember that Signor Ciampi is at an age when it is impossible, even by the aid of the highest genius, that art could reach maturity. Signor Ciampi is twenty-one years old, at which age, we have no doubt, both Lablache and Tamburini were serving their apprenticeship to singing and acting. Nevertheless, estimating the new buffo's performance irrespective of all such considerations, we must allow it to have very great merit. The audience, indeed, seemed strongly of our opinion, since they applauded Signor Ciampi to the echo in every scene. With so powerful and splendid an organ we shall look by-and-bye for finer vocal results. Signor Ciampi, in singing, should adhere more to the notes, and speak less. The frequent use of the *parlante*, however agreeable to Italian ears, is not liked by English audiences, more especially in good music. With this exception we can praise the new Geronimo's singing unreservedly. He possesses the true instinct for time and rhythm, and in that respect invariably satisfies the most scrupulous ear, and is always just in his intonation.—*Musical World*, June 30.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The performance of Gluck's *Orfeo e Eurydice*, on Wednesday evening, which had furnished a topic of conversation to musicians for weeks previously, did not attract a large attendance of the general public. Nevertheless, almost every connoisseur in London was present, and excitement and curiosity were carried to an unusually high pitch. It had been announced that *Orfeo e Eurydice* would be "illustrated by costume, scenery, and decoration," whence, naturally, it was inferred that Gluck's great lyric work would not be presented in a dramatic form, but as a pictorial concert entertainment. It turned out, however, that the announcement was supererogatory, since *Orfeo* was given as an opera proper, with all the accessories of stage effect and action. The advertisements, therefore, intimated more than was required. The director was determined that the old German master should not suffer for want of attention. The cast of the principal personages were perhaps as strong as it could be made in the present time. Mad. Csillag sustained the part of Orpheus, Mad. Penco that of Eurydice, Mad. Miolan-Carvalho that of the Happy Shade (*L'Ombra Felice*) and Mad. Nantier-Didié, *L'Amore*. Nearly the entire weight of the performance falls upon *Orfeo*, who is rarely absent from the scene. Mad. Csillag, however, to her other estimable qualities, adds that of great sustaining power, which enables her to go through the longest and most exciting opera unfatigued. In such a part as *Orfeo* this is absolutely requisite, and without it the best powers, natural and acquired, would be of little avail. Mad. Csillag, as she had already demonstrated in *Fidelio*, possesses amazing energy, and has the finest tragic instincts. Her intensity and passion in Beethoven's heroine could hardly be surpassed, and these qualifications were again exhibited in Gluck's opera. Her greatest effects were produced in the grand *bravura*, "*La speme in sen ritorna*," and in the scene with Eurydice, in which, after his wife is a second time snatched from him by death, just as he had recovered her from Hades—a scene of wondrous beauty, somewhat spun out, notwithstanding—Orpheus sings the well-known air, "*Che farò senza Eurydice*." On both occasions Mad. Csillag proved herself no less a consummate vocalist than *tragedienne*, and was overwhelmed with applause. We might cite many other points in her performance, but the above suffices to indicate in what estimation we hold Mad. Csillag, and what were the feelings entertained by the public of her very rare merits.

The other characters, comparatively subordinate, were most ably supported. Mad. Penco's Eurydice was thoroughly artistic. Even her death was remarkable for the natural manner in which it was accomplished. Her vocal displays were restricted to the long (somewhat too long) duet with Orpheus, when Eurydice issues with him from the infernal regions, of which she made the most. Mad. Carvalho gave the single air of The Happy Shade, "*Questo prato sempre ameno*"—a pastoral of infinite beauty—with great charm of voice; and Mad. Nantier-Didié, by her singing, dress, and manner, gave due effect to the impersonation of the God Cupid, who, in the end, is the means of rendering the lovers happy, whereby the author of the *libretto* is at odds with Heathen Mythology.

The scenery, more especially the view of Elysium, is very beautiful. The ballet of the Happy Shades was received with unbounded applause. Of a very different character is that of the Furies in the opening

of the second act; which, if not so attractive, is far more vigorous and picturesque.

On Thursday, the first performance of *Norma* this season, and the last appearance but one of Mad. Grisi in the part she has made so peculiarly her own, with the additional attraction of the second act of *Fra Diavolo*, drew together one of the most crowded and fashionable audiences ever assembled in this theatre. Every part of the house was filled to overflowing, and scores of "La Diva's" admirers were disappointed in not being able to procure even standing room. The Queen and suite occupied the royal box, and the whole performances elicited a series of "ovations," for, evidently affected by the brilliancy of the audience and their enthusiastic reception of her, Mad. Grisi exerted herself with even more than her wonted fire, and "barring" the natural vocal deficiencies, the entire personation of the erring Druidess was one of the most effective we ever witnessed, even in the palmiest days of the great queen of Italian song.

The *Prophète*, long expected, is at last promised, and Signor Tamberlik is announced to make his first appearance this year as Jean of Leyden.—*Ibid.*

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The great attendance a month ago at the performance of *Elijah*, induced the announcement of a repetition, which took place on Friday the 22d inst., and demands a word or two on account of some new features. The severe illness of Miss Parepa prevented her appearance; and Mad. Rudersdorff sang the principal soprano in a manner that leaves room for little but approbation. She has the requisite dramatic capability; and this can be said of but few of her contemporaries. Her "Hear ye, Israel," was an unimpeachable performance. Mr. Santley's singing of the Prophet decidedly gains upon us. It was always sung well; never with sufficient histrionic effect. It is in the latter qualification that the improvement is visible. Mr. Patey should remember that when he joins in quartet with such artists as Mads. Rudersdorff and Sain-ton-Dolby, and Mr. Sims Reeves, it is unpardonable to attempt to gain notice by singing too loudly. Among the numerous audience were numbers of the chiefs of the Orphéonistes, who were much delighted with the performance; and, with the characteristic impressionability of their race, were raised to rapturous wonder at Mr. Sims Reeves' marvellous singing of "Then shall the righteous," and were greatly moved at Mad. Sain-ton's "O rest in the Lord," which is the climax of pathetic expression.—*Ibid.*

EXETER HALL.—A performance or prize-glees, madrigals, and part-songs, by Mr. W. G. Martin, was given on Thursday the 21st, under the direction of the composer, the gentleman who so honorably officiated in the conductor's desk at the two recent juvenile choral exhibitions at the Crystal Palace. The chorus, we believe, was formed of Mr. Martin's classes, and numbered about one thousand voices. To vary the part-music, Mr. Sims Reeves sang "Adelaida," and a new song by Mr. Balfe, "I love you;" and Miss Arabella Goddard played two popular *morceaux*—Ascher's fantasia on airs from *Dinorah*, and Thalberg's "Last Rose of Summer." Mr. Sims Reeves created a perfect *furor* in Mr. Balfe's new song, which was encored with thunders of applause. We have not for a long while heard a more charming song than "I love you," and never heard more exquisite singing than that of Mr. Reeves. How the great tenor sings "Adelaida," and how Miss Arabella Goddard accompanies him on the piano-forte we need not say. The fair pianist created the accustomed sensation in both her pieces; the Irish *fantasias* exciting the audience to absolute enthusiasm, which compelled Miss Goddard to return to the platform and bow, although she declined (as usual) to repeat the performance. The execution of the glees, madrigals, and part-songs was for the most part excellent; of some, indeed, deserving of the highest praise. We may mention the part-song "The Evening Star," ditto "Our Saxon Fathers," both encored; prize-glee, "Meek Twilight," for eight male voices, and part-song, "The Hemlock Tree." These were all admirably sung, and elicited loud applause. In the prize-glee, "The Merry Month of June," for soli and chorus, the voices were occasionally unsteady and not always in tune. The exceptions were, however, rare, and the general performance must be pronounced excellent. The attendance was immense.—*Ibid.*

FLORENCE, APRIL 27.—Ten days has Victor Emanuel sojourned in Florence and environs, and it is yet three days more before he leaves for Bologna. Ten days have we prostrated ourselves at the altar of pleasure, undergoing every manner of discomfort for a glimpse of each fete and a sight at the King. The royal entrée into the city, the fireworks upon the Arno, the illumination, opera, balls, races, Corso,

have well nigh turned the heads of most people, especially those of the petty merchants who close their shops, positively refusing to satisfy customers, depriving themselves of a living for the sake of indulging in enthusiastic shrieks in behalf of their new monarch. My last experience in festivity was at a late concert given in his Majesty's honor in the great Hall of Palazzo Vecchio. A description of it will serve to illustrate the tenor of all the fetes. When told that he was "down" for an Accademia, our honest King resolutely declared that he could not and would not attend it, that he detested music, save the cannon's, and it was madness to suppose it possible for him to undergo such torture. "But you must," was the inexorable reply, "the people expect you and they cannot be disappointed." "Well, if I must, I must," sighed anti-musical Victor Emanuel, "but let the concert be very short," and it was short. At noon, the world-renowned Cinque Cento saloon, animated by at least two thousand persons, (the majority of whom were gaily dressed ladies,) festooned with garlands of natural flowers, beautiful, gigantic bouquets in every corner and Savoy crosses in red and white camellias starting out from the walls, created impressive effect upon all present, every moment adding to suppressed enthusiasm, which burst forth most gently but most rapturously as the hero of Palestro and suite entered, amid the clanging of much abhorred instruments. "Long live the first soldier of Italy," shouted a voice from afar. "Evviva!" one and all responded, ladies furiously tossing their handkerchiefs. Quickly walking up the aisle, the King seated himself immediately in front of orchestra and chorus. By his side sat his cousin, Prince Carignano, Lord Lieutenant of Tuscany; behind him stood Ricasoli, the man to whom Tuscany owes her redemption—Gen. Fanti and many deputies of the Italian Parliament, all of whom had been invited to attend Victor Emmanuel in his tour through the new provinces. What a hideous looking man for a King! is the first exclamation; but after all, though he be short and very stout, with an undeniable pug nose, rolling, unquiet gray eyes, hair cropped as short as any Zouave's, and a moustache as upturned as his nose, that looks as if the sheared hair of the top of his head had been grafted on to the small shoots growing above his upper lip; although nostro re has a very red complexion, and is not an Apollo nor a scholar, nor in appearance a gentleman, yet there is a great deal of determination and daring in his face—a something which prevents his being considered a fearfully ugly man. His organization is essentially that of a soldier. He possesses all the fiery valor necessary to inspire the admiration of his army and the confidence of his subjects.

How every eye took note of every gesture made by Victor Emmanuel, entirely overlooking tall, genteel, amiable Prince Carignano, who was the observed of all observers until the King's advent:

"So doth the greater glory dim the less
A substitute shines brightly as a King,
Until a King be by: and then his state
Empties itself as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music? Hark!"

and such music! It was supposed to be a symbolical cantata after the manner of those used in the XIV. century to celebrate national feasts. If so, let us thank Heaven that we did not live in that age; for of all ridiculous, incomprehensible symbols, this cantata is their chef d'œuvre. The librettist, Fioretti, acquaints us with the startling intelligence that the Prologue takes place in Heaven, while the action lies in Florence: we are introduced to various spirits elect who in some inexplicable way glorify the Cross of Savoy and Victor Emanuel as early as the XIV. century. The music by Mabellini, a very ambitious composer who is said to have written some good works, though I very much doubt it, is quite as pretentious and unmeaning as Fioretti's poetry. The whole concert did not occupy more than half an hour; but even then it was too long, as Barbieri Mini, the prima donna, a fearfully ugly woman, and once a great singer, is at present passée. The other executants were worse. Of course the orchestra was fine, but everything failed to overpower the King, whose prisms it was sounding. His eyes wandered everywhere but in the direction of the prima donna; he talked to cousin Carignano, moved uneasily in his chair, thumbed the programme until we all rose at the finale, which reads thus:

"Long live King Victor! 'Mid waving of banners,
The drums' rataplans and the trumpets huge clangors,
The dark race of Latin repeat his great fame;
'Behold our new Queen in fair Italy's dame!
To whisper his name through this land of the South
Is the signal of union—war' breathes from each mouth—
Fear seizes the tyrant and stranger as we sing,
Long, long live our valiant, magnanimous King!"

There was something really inspiring in this shout of everything and everybody, and the simultaneous

flutter of a hundred little flags. Victor Emanuel's countenance lighted up; whether it was at the sound of kettle drums and war trumpets, or at thought of his agony being at an end, I know not. He seemed very much pleased, and left us as he came, amid rapturous applause.—*Corr. of New Orleans Picayune.*

In Zwickau, the birthplace of ROBERT SCHUMANN, they have lately celebrated the fiftieth birthday of the lamented master. The celebration consisted of the inauguration of a medallion-portrait of Schumann, modelled by *Rietschel*, and put up above the portal of the family mansion. There were two concerts, at which only compositions of Schumann were performed. Dr. E. KLITZSCH conducted. The programme included the first Symphony (B flat), Requiem for Mignon, the Quintet for piano and strings, the first string quartet, the first trio for piano and strings, the Andante and Variations for two pianos, and various songs and minor pieces. Among those present were noticeable FERD. DAVID, GRUTZMACHER, TH. KIRCHNER, LISZT, R. POHL, BRENDL, HARTEL and others.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 21, 1860.

Organ for St. Paul's Cathedral Church, Louisville, Ky.

Our enterprising friends, Messrs. Simmons & Willcox, have just completed a fine organ for this church, which we had the pleasure of hearing one afternoon this week to the best advantage, under the skilful hands of Mr. Willcox. It is a work in every way creditable to the builders, and the Church cannot but be well pleased that it should have entrusted the commission to their hands. The diapasons are round, of rich, pure tone and full volume. The swell, it will be observed, runs through the full compass of the organ, and is of unusual power, not lacking, either, in the softer stops, that as solos, tickle the ears of most congregations. Among the finest stops is the "German Gamba," which is a fine specimen of this most beautiful and effective stop. Like a reed sound, or rather, of a string tone, yet not a reed stop, it is one of the most fascinating and charming of all the so-called fancy stops, and is constructed with entire success by these accomplished builders. The "Flûte Harmonique," also, is an admirably toned stop, giving great brilliancy to the general effect, or serving a valuable purpose as a solo. And so we might go on enumerating many beauties, would space allow us; we give below the contents of this instrument, of which Mr. E. Gunther will be the organist, who is well known as an accomplished artist, every way competent to do it justice.

There are Three Manuals extending from C, 8ft. to g3—56 notes.

Compass of Pedal, from C1 to d—27 notes.

THE GREAT MANUAL

Contains the following Stops and Pipes, viz:

1. Contra Diapason.....	16 ft.....	56 pipes.
2. Open Diapason.....	8 ".....	56 "
3. Stop'd Diapason.....	8 ".....	56 "
4. Hohl Flûte.....	8 ".....	56 "
5. Viola da Gamba.....	8 ".....	56 "
6. Quint.....	5 1-3 ft.....	56 "
7. Octave.....	4 ft.....	56 "
8. Flûte Harmonique.....	4 ".....	56 "
9. Twelfth.....	2 2-3 ft.....	56 "
10. Fifteenth.....	2 ft.....	56 "
11. Mixture.....	3 rank.....	168 "
12. Trumpet.....	8 ft.....	56 "

THE SWELL MANUAL

Contains the following Stops and Pipes, viz.:

1. Bourdon.....	16 ft.....	56 pipes.
2. Open Diapason.....	8 ".....	56 "
3. Stop'd Diapason.....	8 ".....	55 "
4. Dulciana.....	8 ft.....	44 "
5. Viol d'Amour.....	8 ".....	56 "

6. Vox Angelica.....	8 ".....	44 "
7. Octave.....	4 ".....	56 "
8. Violin.....	4 ".....	56 "
9. Mixture.....	3 ranks.....	168 "
10. Contra Trumpet.....	16 ft.....	44 "
11. Trumpet.....	8 ".....	56 "
12. Oboe.....	8 ".....	56 "
13. Fagotto.....	8 ".....	56 "

THE CHOIR MANUAL

Contains the following Pipes and Stops, viz.:

1. Aeolina.....	16 ft.....	56 "
2. Dulciana.....	8 ".....	56 "
3. Bourdon.....	8 ".....	56 "
4. Gemshorn.....	4 ".....	56 "
5. Flûte d'Amour.....	4 ".....	56 "
6. Flageolette.....	2 ".....	56 "
7. Corno di Bassetto.....	8 ".....	56 "

THE PEDAL

Contains the following Stops and Pipes, viz.:

1. Open Bass.....	16 ft.....	27 pipes.
2. Dulciana Bass.....	16 ".....	27 "
3. Violoncello Bass.....	8 ".....	27 "

MECHANICAL REGISTERS.

1. Coupler—Great and Swell.
2. " Choir and Swell.
3. " Pedal and Great.
4. " Pedal and Choir.
5. " Pedal and Swell.
6. Swell Tremblant.
7. Bellows Signal.
8. Pedal Check.
9. Great and Choir Coupler.

The case of the Organ is made in Gothic style, is 17 feet wide, 25 feet high, and 12 feet deep.

Translated for this Journal.

Clippings from the German Papers.

Spohr, in his autobiography, of which the first instalments have just appeared in print, tells the following amusing story of Clementi. The time is his (Spohr's) first excursion to St. Petersburg, about the year 1800. Says Spohr:

"There were then many anecdotes afloat with regard to the singular avarice of the rich Clementi, which in later years, when I met him again in London, had increased considerably. It was reported that *Field* was kept very close by his master, and had to undergo many hardships for the privilege of enjoying his instructions. I had myself a taste of the real Italian mode of economizing, which Clementi lived up to, for one day I found teacher and pupil, with tucked up sleeves, at the washtub, cleansing their stockings and linen. My entrance did not disturb them at all. Clementi advised me to do the same, as not only the price charged at St. Petersburg for washing was very high, but that they had a way of doing it, which would wear the clothes out very quick."

How poorly Beethoven was appreciated by musical notabilities in Berlin, even as late as the year 1803, Spohr tells us in the following anecdote:

"I delivered my letters of recommendation, and soon received invitations to musical parties. First I played in the palace of Prince *Radziwill*, himself an excellent performer on the violoncello and a talented composer. I met there *Bernard Romberg*, *Möser*, *Leidler*, *Semmler*, and other distinguished artists. Romberg, then in his prime, played one of his quartets with violoncello obbligato. I had not heard him before, and was charmed with his playing. When, after this, I was asked to play, I thought that nothing could be more appropriate to offer to such artists and connoisseurs than one of my favorite quartets of Beethoven (opus 18) with which I had so often delighted my Brunswick audiences. I was soon aware, however, as before in Leipsic, that my

choice had been an unfortunate one, for the musicians in Berlin knew as little of these quartets as the musicians in Leipsic, and could neither play nor appreciate them. After I had finished they complimented my playing, but spoke very deprecatingly of the composition, which I had chosen. Romberg asked me directly: 'Pray tell me, dear Spohr, how you can play such eccentric stuff?'

It is very amusing, as well as instructive to read, at the present day, the criticisms which great works called forth at the time of their first appearance. A Berlin paper, in 1809, which then enjoyed considerable reputation, wrote thus of Beethoven's great Overture to *Leonore* (the third):

"All connoisseurs and musical persons agree, that another piece of music so incoherent, disagreeable, confused, ear-irritating has not yet been written. The most cutting modulations follow each other. The harmony is really horrible. A few small ideas, which take away all semblance of grandeur, for instance, a Posthorn Solo, intended, we presume, to indicate the arrival of the governor, finish the disagreeable, stupefying impression of the whole." This very Overture is now acknowledged as one of the sublimest works of Beethoven! *Schicht*, a renowned composer of church-music and musical director at the Thomas church in Leipsic used to call Beethoven literally a "musical pig," but changed his opinion when he heard *Fidelio* performed. *Zelter*, the illustrious friend of *Goethe*, says in one of his letters to the poet: "There are two young composers, *Cherubini* and *Beethoven*, who are not without talent, but they have got into wrong roads." When Beethoven had published his first works, a Vienna musical paper advised him to stick to the career of a piano-virtuoso, as he had not the least talent for musical composition. The "*Cecilia*," a Mayence musical gazette, edited by Fink, said of Beethoven's third symphony, the *Eroica*: "It is the production of a madman; and its composer is perfectly ripe for a lunatic asylum."

Musical Chit-Chat.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Inauguration of the new President of Harvard College, C. C. Felton, L.L.D., took place on Thursday of this week. The music of the occasion was the grand Chorale by Martin Luther; "A strong castle is our Lord," a "Domine salvum fac," by Mozart, and Jackson's *Te Deum* in F., which were well sung by a large choir of male voices made up from the present and recent members of the *College choir* and members of the *Harvard Musical Association*. The musical part of the services were under the direction of Mr. L. P. Homer, the instructor of Music in the University; Mr. John H. Willcox presiding at the organ, a poor instrument in the most skilful of hands.

The annual Commencement exercises at the Academy of the sisters of Notre Dame, Roxbury, were held on Thursday, the 12th inst. The attendance was quite large, and the entertainment was one of great excellence throughout. The musical portion of it merits particular mention at our hands. The pupils have evidently been subjected to the most rigid musical discipline, and the system of constant surveillance kept up with unflinching severity. The result is a rare perfection of drill. This was most noticeable in the pieces for two, three, and four pianos, in which no teacher took any part whatever, but which, nevertheless were played with a sweetness and uniformity in time and expression, as if Zerrahn's bâton had been in sight all the time. The first Piano

part had, in most cases, been allotted to Miss Doniphan, who acquitted herself of her difficult task to everybody's satisfaction. The musical part of the programme consisted of the *Gazza Ladra* Overture for six performers on three pianos; the Coronation Duet, (Herz) for two performers on two pianos, which won the heartiest applause; the first grand concertante Quartet for four players on four pianos, by Czerny, the best piece on the list; and Dresel's effective arrangement of Weber's Invitation to the Waltz, for four players on two instruments.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—It was our privilege to be present, on Sunday, June 24th, at the new chapel, corner of Clinton and Court streets, to hear the farewell sermon of Rev. Samuel Longfellow, brother of the distinguished American poet. Mr. Longfellow alluded, in expressive terms, to his past connection with the church, and enunciated in a very distinct manner, the outlines of the doctrines he had aimed to set forth. While his doctrines may be cavilled at by many, the devotion and single-heartedness of the man can hardly be questioned; and his *bijou* of a chapel and its service are a complete model by themselves. The part that music plays in the internal arrangements of the new chapel, are worthy of all praise and imitation by Protestant churches. Here we found the choir and organ in their proper places, though it be but an old idea newly inaugurated in this country. Certainly the questionable plan of putting the choir and organ at such a distance from the preacher, as that he, in common with all the congregation, shall be listeners and critics, instead of singers and worshippers, is fast dying out; and the example set at the new chapel in Brooklyn is doing much toward convincing that "City of Churches" that music, as well as religion, will not suffer by this beautiful and truly effective reform.—*N. Y. Musical World*.

OPERA.—The word Opera, used to express a drama sung instead of spoken, is a special use of a common word. It means simply Work. When music was first joined to the drama as an integral part of the performance, the piece was simply called a tragedy or comedy; but, by-and-by, as the music became more and more the speciality of the performance, terms were chosen to express more clearly the nature of the work. They were all *works*, and thus the term *Opera* was chosen, with a word following to describe it. *Opera regia, comica, tragica, scenica, sacra*, &c., were the terms used, and if it was also musical, the words *per musica* were added. Bye-and-bye these became shortened into *opera musicale*; and finally *opera* alone was used to designate a musical work, and the primitive terms, *tragedia* and *comedia* retained for purely dramatic compositions. Though the word has no special reference to music, and is equally applicable to a poem or a painting, it has received a special signification by long habit, and expresses, in one word, the lyric drama.—*Musical Times*.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Mr. Gilmore's band of instrumental musicians inaugurated the fourth season of their pleasant Promenade Concerts on Saturday evening, July 7, in a highly successful manner. The band is in excellent condition, giving evidence of careful training on the part of their accomplished leader, and of diligent practice among themselves. The improvement they have made since last year is manifest to the most careless listener, and the energy and industry, of which their increased excellence is the happy result, is most creditable. The selection of music for performance at these concerts is generally very judicious. Mr. Gilmore remembers, as he ought, that people want nothing heavy in hot weather. Light books, light clothes, light wines and light music always find a ready market from July until September. Nothing should be permitted to change so laudable a taste.

We hope these concerts will meet with that success to which they are entitled, for there can be no pleasanter way of passing an evening under cover than in listening to enlivening music, and meeting pleasant people. Mr. Gilmore desires that the public should gather about him and enjoy themselves, but we are pleased to learn that it is his intention to frown

upon the slightest demonstrations of rowdiness of any kind. Before the season closes the band is to be augmented by the addition of reed instruments. Concerts are given on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, and on Saturday afternoon.—*Ibid*.

THE DRAMA.—At the annual meeting of the Boston Theatre Corporation, on the 9th inst., the old board of directors, consisting of Messrs. John S. Tyler, A. H. Fiske, John E. Lodge, E. C. Bates, Gardner Brewer, W. W. Tucker and Thomas W. Pierce, was re-elected. The theatre, we are rejoiced to learn, will once again be under the exclusive management of Mr. THOMAS BARRY, whose record as actor, manager and man, through a long series of years passed in the service of the public, will bear the most critical scrutiny. His experience, ability and taste have been often and successfully tested, and the fact that he is at the head of a dramatic establishment is a sufficient guaranty that it will prove worthy the liberal patronage of a cultivated community. Mr. Barry has already made arrangements for a period of thirty weeks, and we look forward with interest to the commencement of his dramatic season, which we feel sure will go far to make up for the lamentable theatrical entertainments of the season just closed.—*Ibid*.

MUSIC COMMITTEES IN CHURCHES.—One reason for the difficulty which churches meet with in their music, is the fact that it is intrusted to the hands of incompetent committees. We do not know why it is, but the music committee of a church almost invariably contains one man who cannot tell "Old Hundred" from "Yankee Doodle." If a parish can find a man who is utterly stupid and stolid—a man who has no music in his soul and none anywhere else,—they will be sure to put him upon the singing committee. There is nothing which assues feel themselves so competent to manage as church music. Such men and such committees are always disgusting singers, making trouble in choirs, introducing the most senseless changes, and raising a row generally. The best singers in a congregation make always the best and the only competent singing committees, and the further the number on such a committee is raised above one, the worst for all concerned.—*Springfield Republican*.

THE SONTAG VERSION.—The admirable and much regretted Sontag substituted a phrase at the close of the Masked Trio in *Don Giovanni*, in the place of Mozart's. Her example was soon followed, and all the singers of Europe adopted in this place Mme. Sontag's invention.

One day at a rehearsal in London, a celebrated leader hearing this bold innovation at the close of the trio, stopped the orchestra, and addressing the prima donna, said: "Well, madam, what does this mean? Have you forgotten your part?"

"No sir; I am singing the Sontag version."

"Ah! very well! but allow me to take the liberty of saying, that though you may prefer the Sontag version to the Mozart version, the latter is the only one we have anything to do with here."—*H. Berlioz*.

THE FLAGEOLET WORSHIPPER.—There was an excellent musician, who was so entirely enamored of the flageolet, which he managed finely, that he was forever playing it, though the instrument had no part in the score. He doubled with the flute, or the oboe, or the clarinet; he would have doubled the bass-viol rather than remain silent. One of his brother musicians ventured to say, that it was strange he should allow himself to play in a Beethoven symphony. "You mechanize my instrument," said he, "and pretend to despise it!" Fools! If Beethoven had heard me, his works would be full of flageolet solos, and he would have made his fortune. But he never heard me; and he died in a hospital.—*H. Berlioz*.

Spohr was one day met in the street on his way to the opera, where he had to conduct the opera in honor of the birthday of the Elector. He was clothed in a heavy winter mantle, although the weather-glass stood eighty degrees above zero. "Are you sick?" asked the man who met him. "No," replied Spohr, throwing back his mantle and showing his breast covered with orders, "I am only ashamed to go thus through the streets."

SAN FRANCISCO.—An opera company, made up of Mr. Escott, Mr. Squires, Mr. Leach and others have been singing here in English opera, and have given "Lucia," "La Traviata," "The Rose of Castille" and "Ernani." They have met with good success and crowded houses, as we learn from the *San Francisco Herald*.

SIGNORA GUERRABELLA.—This young American lady has been making a great *furor* in Italy as a dramatic singer. The Italian papers and private letters give most enthusiastic accounts of her reception at Turin, Milan, etc. Signor Guerrabella was not originally intended for the stage. She is an only child, and it was only by insistence on her part that her parents consented to let her make a more extended use of the gifts with which nature had endowed her. She is thoroughly devoted to her profession; and, although only two years have elapsed since she began her career, she has sung in some of the best Italian theatres with unqualified success. At Bergamo, during the carnival, her appearance in Pacini's opera, "*Stella di Napoli*," caused immense excitement, the audience testifying their delight by calling the favorite over and over again before the curtain. A correspondent tells us of an adventure which happened to La Guerrabella after the ovation at Bergamo. On returning to Milan, she was engaged, as the contract showed, at the chief theatre in Trieste. On her arrival at Venice, to embark for Trieste, in the evening, Signora Guerrabella was accosted at the railroad by the secretary of the director, who expressed his regret that they could not secure the theatre at Trieste, and begged that she would open the opera at Venice. The lady immediately saw through the ruse, and positively refused. The secretary offered her any terms, and told her that if she would consent, the Governor of Venice, Count Toggenburg, would come and ratify any proposition she chose to make. The signora persisted in her refusal. The secretary followed her to the hotel. After re-perusing her contract, to be certain she had made no mistake, she laid it by her side, and the Secretary then seized it and tore it up. Next morning La Guerrabella returned to Milan. On her arrival, Count Correr, President of the Committee of Venetian Emigration, and Count Meroner called to thank her in the name of the Committee for her noble and courageous conduct. The resolution by the Italians not to support opera in the kingdom of Venice, was an expression of national grief for the situation of the unhappy Venetians; hence the sympathy of the Milanese, hence the desire of the official to force attendance by means of a powerful attraction. Thus the young *cantatrice* found herself suddenly looked upon not only as an operatic but a political star. She was offered a diploma as citizen of Venice; congratulations poured in from all sides, and her reception that night at the theatre was a triumph. As her fame has spread, engagements have poured in, and some of the most profitable proposals come from Constantinople.—*Home Journal*.

THE MYSTERY OF EDITING.—The world at large do not understand the mysteries of a newspaper; and, as in a watch, the hands, that are seen, are but the passive instruments of the spring, which is never seen, so, in a newspaper, the most worthy causes of its prosperity are often least observed or known. Who suspects the benefit which a paper derives from the enterprise, the vigilance, and the watchful fidelity of the publisher? Who pauses to think how much of the pleasure of reading is derived from the skill and care of the printer? We feel the blemishes of printing, if they exist, but seldom observe the excellences.

We eat a hearty dinner, but do not think of the farmer that raised the materials thereof, or the cook that prepared them with infinite pains and skill. But a cook of vegetables, meat, pastries, and infinite *bonbons*, has a paradisaical office in comparison with an editor! Before him pass in review all the exchange newspapers. He is to know all their contents, to mark for other eyes, the matters that require attention. His scissors are to be alert, and clip with incessant industry all the little items that together form so large an interest in the news department. He passes in review, each week, every State in the Union, through the newspaper lens; he looks across the ocean and sees strange lands, and following the sun, he searches all round the world for material. It will require but one second's time for the readers to take in what two hours' research produced. By him are read the manuscripts that swarm the office like flies in July. It is his frown that dooms them. It is his hand that condenses a whole page into a line. It is his discreet sternness that restricts senti-

mental obituaries, that gives young poets a twig on which to sit and sing their first lay.

And the power behind the throne, in newspapers as in higher places, is sometimes as important as the throne itself. Correspondents, occasional or regular, stand in awe at that silent power which has the last chance at an article, and may send it forth in glory or in humility. And, in short, as the body depends upon a good digestion, so the health of a paper depends upon that vigorous digestion which goes on by means of the editor.

Ought they not to be honored? And since little fame attends them, they should at least have their creature comforts multiplied. From that dark and dismal den in which they have so long had purgatorial residence, they are at length translated!—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

MYSTERIOUS MUSIC.—The mystic music sometimes heard at the mouth of the Pascagoula river, on a still night, is one of the wonders of our coast. It is not confined, however, to the Pascagoula river, but has often been heard at other places. At the mouth of the Bayou Coq del Inde and other inlets opening into the Gulf along the coast of our own country, the curious listener, lying idle in his boat, with lifted oars, when every other sound is hushed, may sometimes hear its strains coming apparently from beneath the waters, like soft notes of distant *Æolian* harps.

We have always supposed that this phenomenon, whatever its origin might be, natural or supernatural, was peculiar to our own coast. It appears, however, from Sir Emerson Tennant's recent work on Ceylon, something very like it is known at Battialloa, in that island, and it is attributed to rather less poetical and mysterious origin—that it is a peculiar species of shell-fish. They are said to be heard at night, and most distinctly when the moon is nearest the full.—*Mobile Herald*.

THE FLIGHT OF SOUND.—M. Montigny, in a note addressed to the Academy of Belgium, questions the rate at which sound travels laid down in the books. He states that in a storm in September last, he, while at a distance of three miles from where the lightning struck, could count but two seconds between the lightning and the thunder. Had the rate of travel of the sound been no more than 1,100 feet per second, as is generally supposed, there would have been an interval of fifteen seconds. Another gentleman, situated at nearly a similar distance in another direction from the place struck by the lightning, could perceive no greater interval than M. Montigny. Many other facts are noted by M. Montigny, all tending to prove that the rate at which the sound of thunder travels, is much greater than 1,100 feet per second. In the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science of 1858, it was shown that the sound of a cannon travels faster than the sound of the human voice.

EXPERIMENTS ON THE QUALITY OF SOUND.—M. Scott is the originator of a very ingenious apparatus, by means of which some interesting experiments have been made in reference to the different qualities of sound, and the cause of such difference. The apparatus consists of a tube spreading out widely at one extremity like a trumpet, and closed at the other end by a thin, stretched membrane, to the middle of which is attached a very light pencil. The tube concentrates the sounds which enter by its base, and the vibrations of the membrane thus produced are written by the pencil upon a paper coated with lampblack, which is uniformly placed under the pencil by clock-work. The traces thus produced may be copied and preserved—magnified, if necessary—by photography. When the common accord is sounded on different instruments, the figures formed are very different both in form and dimensions, according as wind instruments, stringed instruments, or the human voice are used. The same differences are seen when the record of singing is compared with that of unmusical noises. M. Scott establishes this curious fact, that the series of vibrations formed by the sound of an instrument or voice is more regular, even, and consequently more nearly isochronous, in proportion as it is more pure and agreeable to the ear. In shrill cries and harsh sounds of instruments, the waves of condensation are irregular, unequal, and not isochronous.

THE SINGING OF CHILDREN.—There is something exceedingly thrilling in the voices of children singing. Though their music be unskilful, yet it finds its way to the heart with wonderful celerity. Voices of cherubs are they, for they breathe of paradise; clear, liquid tones that flow from pure lips and innocent hearts, like the sweetest notes of a flute, or the falling of water from a fountain!—*Longfellow*.

Special Notices.

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A new melody by the author of so many pretty and widely known airs. It is pretty enough to outshine many a former song of this composer which made its mark at the time.

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A most charming song whose melody every one will recognize as one long familiar by a host of piano-arrangements, easy and difficult. It is as striking and singable as "*Vaga luna*" (Katy Darling) and must quickly become a favorite song.

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THE YOUNG FOLKS' GLEE BOOK. Consisting of nearly one hundred copyright Songs and Duets never before harmonized; and the choicest gems from the German and Italian. The whole arranged in a familiar style for the use of Singing Classes, Glee Clubs and the Social Circle. By Charles Jarvis. 1,00

Special attention is solicited to the general features of this work, as possessing universal attractions. The copyright songs, duets, &c., comprise the best pieces of the leading publishers, inserted here by permission and contained in no other book. Of the gems of German and Italian song, nothing need be said, as their beauties are universally known and admired; and their arrangement and collection in this form can not fail to be duly appreciated by every lover of a highly refined and classic style of music. Attention has been directed to the choice of words, and they will, in each case, be found elevated in sentiment and adapted to the great mass of the people.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 434.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1860.

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A Musical Instrument.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river?

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river.
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river,
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf, indeed,
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
Then notched the poor dry, empty thing,
In holes as he sate by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,
(Laughed while he sate by the river!)
"The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed."
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh, as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man.
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain—
For the reed that grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

Reissiger.

Charles Theophilus Reissiger, Kapellmeister of the king of Saxony, died at Dresden, November 7th, 1859. He was born at Betzig, near Rittenberg, January 31, 1798, and being the son of a musician was early initiated into the principles of music. He was sent in 1818 to the University of Leipsic, where he devoted himself for some time to the study of theology, which in Germany is the basis of all literary and liberal education. Assisted by generous friends, Reissiger, who was poor, took up with ardor the study of composition under the direction of one Schicht, who was a benefactor to him, and in 1821 went to Vienna, where he composed his first opera, which was never performed. In 1822, Reissiger left Vienna to go to Munich, to receive the instructions of the celebrated composer, Winter, author of the opera so well known in Germany, "the

Interrupted Sacrifice." After having attained much success by the composition of an overture upon a theme of five notes given him by Winter, Reissiger left for Leipsic and Berlin, where the King of Prussia charmed by his talents, assisted him in making a journey to Italy. Reissiger came to Paris in 1824, and resided there during a year. He went to Italy, visited Milan, Bologna, Florence, Rome and Naples, and then returned to Berlin at the close of 1825, where he was charged with preparing the plan of a Conservatory of Music, which was proposed in the capital of Prussia. In the month of October, 1826, Reissiger was appointed director of music to the King of Saxony, in the place of Marschner who had been called to Hanover, which post Reissiger occupied until his death, at the age of sixty-one.

Reissiger was a composer more prolific than original. He has written five or six operas that has met with success, such as the *Felsenmühle* (the Mill of the Rocks) and especially *Turandot*, very popular at Dresden, a great number of masses and motets, and much instrumental music. Facile as an imitator, especially of Weber and of many other masters, Reissiger produced incessantly, and gave to the engraver all that fell from his pen. He is the author of that pretty waltz known every where under the lying title *la dernière Pensée de Weber*. Reissiger himself has claimed in the public journals the paternity of this happy inspiration. "*La dernière Pensée de Weber* says Reissiger in a letter to a M. Charles Bansi, was composed by me in 1822, and sent the same year to a music publisher at Leipsic, who had it engraved at the end of my trio, Op. 26. I have played it often in public at Leipsic, and always with great success. I have communicated it to Weber, who was charmed with it and often played it. The waltz was published at Paris by a speculator under a title which has made it popular."

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS IN PARIS.

Among the interesting and profitable publications of the music trade of Paris in the year 1859, should be mentioned, especially the score of the *Pardon de Ploërmel* of Meyerbeer, published by Brandus, of which more than three thousand copies, (for voice with piano accompaniment) it is said have been sold. Gounod's *Faust*, edited by M. Choudens, is, after this new work of Meyerbeer, the best thing in the music trade of Paris. A success, and a durable success, not the result of a happy *mise en scène* only, is necessary in order that the publication of a dramatic composition can be a good speculation for a publisher, and nothing is rarer in our time that an opera that survives its first season.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Singing Soul.

A LEGEND OF NORMANDY.

At the foot of one of the hills which bound the parish of Corneuil, there stood, a long time

ago, a little cottage, nearly hidden by the trees which surrounded it. In this cottage dwelt a poor widow, to whom Heaven, during a life the length of which she counted by sorrows, had granted one sole source of great joy. This was Martha, her daughter, a maiden so lovely that nothing more charming could be imagined. She was cheerful and lively, and all who beheld her, beautiful as God had made her, would have longed to take her in their arms, had they not feared at the same time to destroy the lovely vision by so doing. Those who met her, few enough they were, to be sure, retained her image in their hearts, like that of a saint from heaven.

But the simple, humble maiden had, beside the charm of her beauty, still another gift, which was known only to herself, her mother, and the solitude around their dwelling. This was a voice so clear, so sweet, and of such compass, that no second one like it could have been found in the whole world. In the evening, after having performed her homely household duties, the good child would take her needlework, seat herself by the little lamp, and sing such beautiful and holy strains that the angels in heaven could not but rejoice at them. At such times her mother would sit motionless for hours, dropping her work, and listening to the melodies which swelled forth in endless interwinings, and surpassed each other wondrously.

"Sing, my child," the old woman would say, "as long as thou dost sing thou wilt be virtuous and therefore happy."

Alas, poor woman, she was mistaken!

Martha reached her seventeenth year, but she was too poor to marry. True, the youths of the neighboring village admired her beauty, but they would not venture to choose for the companion of their life of labor so tender a blossom, which the first storm would have withered.

One day her mother had gone from home. Martha had placed her wooden stool in the shadow of the trees before the cottage, and sat down there to spin. The air was soft and balmy, as it mostly was in May, and while the girl gladly breathed the fragrance of the flowers, she sang her sweetest lays. With every verse the power of her voice increased, and its compass seemed incredible.

But how great was her surprise, when she suddenly saw herself surrounded by glittering knights who, attracted by the lovely sounds, were now devouring the poor girl with their gaze. Martha's surprise soon changed to alarm, as she recognized among the listeners the Count of Corneuil, her own master, who was known as one of the most terrible and hardhearted knights in the country.

Awed by him, his companions preserved a timid silence, but he cast upon the poor songstress a glance which made her tremble. She sang no more on that day. In the evening, when her mother returned, she inquired why she was silent.

"Dear mother," said she, with a tender embrace, "I am afraid!"

She would not, however, tell her mother the cause of her fear, in order not to alarm her, but it would have been better if she had done so, for the next morning, at the same hour, two liveried servants came to summon her to the castle.

"My gracious lord," she cried with tears, as she saw the Count approaching her, "save me, protect me!"

"Thou art in a safe place here, my charming nightingale, and I willingly take thee under my protection." In saying this, he beckoned to the servants, and they liberated the maiden; but when she looked around, the drawbridge was raised.

"Be kind, gracious Sir, send me back to my mother!"

"Willingly, my gentle dove, but on one condition."

"No, no!" cried she, for she guessed his meaning.

She remained a prisoner. She was confined in a turret chamber, like a bird in its cage. At night the Count approached the door of her cell, full of evil desires. He thought to triumph over the weak girl who had no defence beside her prayers; but suddenly he remained rooted to the spot, and listened immovably to the entrancing strains in which his victim sent up her supplications to the Madonna. At last, as if the pious tones had laid the evil spirit which possessed him, he crept away, without having the courage to approach her. When Martha had finished her prayer, she opened the window, and saw, by the bright moonlight, an old woman standing on the edge of the moat which surrounded the castle, and stretching out her arms towards her.

"Mother!" she cried, and her heart was full of sorrow.

And so it was the next day, and every day for several months. As often as the wicked knight would have approached the maiden, her pure and touching song drove away the evil desire of his heart. But one evening the old woman was missing from the site of the moat, and from that time grief consumed the heart of the good Martha. She faded visibly; the weaker her body grew, the more entrancing grew her song, and when her outward form had dwindled to a mere shadow, her voice had reached the highest perfection.

Meanwhile, her master, too, had grown better and purer under the influence of her singing; his love for the beautiful maiden had turned into reverence for her angelic voice, and he no longer denied her anything but complete liberty, because he could not live without her song.

One morning she was so weak that the Count did not venture to refuse her request that she might carry a garland to her mother's grave. She went, and after visiting the grave she entered the church, where service was being held. She mingled with the peasants, and joined in their hymns.

But by a strange miracle her voice had such a mighty effect upon the assembled people, that all were silent, and suffered the pious maiden to sing on alone. The last sound left her lips just as the priest elevated the host. Praying she sunk upon her knees, and when those around her tried to lift her up, she was dead.

But her soul has not yet deserted that region, for often, at midnight, glorious strains are heard in the church at Corneuil, and those who hear

them, say; "That is the soul of Martha, the singer of the turret-chamber." M. A. R.

Early Development of Musical Genius.

Music, in its highest degree of endowment, produces effects in the human character, of which the least that can be said is, that they are as worthy of being studied as any other class of mental phenomena. One of the most remarkable circumstances attending the gift in its loftiest forms, is the absolute impossibility of repressing it. Even during childhood, it is quite in vain, in most instances, to attempt to impose upon it the least control. In spite of the injunctions, the vigilance, the tyranny of masters and parents, the "unprisoned soul" of the musician seems always to find some means of escape; and even when debarred from the use of musical instruments, it is ten to one but in the end he is discovered ensconced in some quiet corner, tuning his horse shoes, or, should he be so fortunate as to secure so great a prize, like Eulenstein, eliciting new and unknown powers of harmony from the iron tongue of a Jew's harp. Some curious examples of the extent to which this ruling passion has been carried, occasionally occur. Dr. Arne (except Purcell, perhaps our greatest English composer) was bred a lawyer, and as such articulated to an attorney; but his musical propensities, which showed themselves at a very early age, soon engrossed his mind to the exclusion of everything else. He used not unfrequently to avail himself of the privilege of a servant, by borrowing a livery and going to the upper gallery of the opera house, at that time appropriated to domestics. It is also said that he used to hide a spinet in his room, upon which, after muffling the strings with a handkerchief, he practised during the night: for had his father known what was going forward, he probably would have thrown both him and it out of the window. The latter, however, never appears to have come to a knowledge of those proceedings, and his son, instead of studying law, was devoting himself entirely to the cultivation of the spinet, the violin, and musical composition, until one day, after he had served out his time, when he happened to call at the house of a gentleman in the neighborhood, who was engaged with a musical party, when being ushered into the room, to his utter surprise and horror he discovered his son in the act of playing the first fiddle; from which period the old gentleman began to think it most prudent to give up the contest, and soon after allowed him to receive regular instructions.

Handel, too, was similarly situated. His father, who was a physician at Halle, in Saxony, destined him for the profession of the law, and with this view was so determined to check his early inclination towards music, that he excluded from his house all musical society; nor would he permit music or musical instruments to be ever heard within its walls. The child, however, notwithstanding his parent's precautions, found means to hear somebody play on the harpsichord; and the delight which he felt having prompted him to endeavor to gain an opportunity of practising what he had heard, he contrived, through a servant, to procure a small clavichord or spinet, which he secreted in a garret, and to which he repaired every night after the family had gone to rest, and intuitively, without extraneous aid, learned to extract from it its powers of harmony as well as melody. Upon this subject, Mr. Hogarth, in his popular History of Music, has the following sensible observation:—A childish love for music or painting, even when accompanied with an aptitude to learn a something of these arts, is not, in one case out of a hundred, or rather a thousand, conjoined with that degree of genius without which it would be a vain and idle pursuit. In the general case, therefore, it is wise to check such propensities where they appear likely to divert or incapacitate the mind from greater pursuits. But, on the other hand, the judgment of a parent of a gifted child ought to be shown by his discerning the genuine talent as soon as it manifests itself, and then bestowing it on every care and culture."

A tale exactly similar is told of Handel's great contemporary John Sebastian Bach, a man of equally stupendous genius, and whose works at the present day are looked up to with the same veneration with which we regard those of the former. He was born at Eisenach in 1685, and when ten years old (his father being dead) was left to the care of his elder brother, an organist, from whom he received his first instructions; but the talent of the pupil so completely outran the slow current of the master's ideas, that pieces of greater difficulty were perpetually in demand, and as often refused. Among other things, young Bach set his heart upon a book containing pieces for the clavichord, by the most celebrated composers of the day, but the use of it was pointedly refused. It was in vain, however, to repress the youthful ardor of the composer. The book lay in a cupboard, the door of which was of lattice work; and as the interstices were large enough to admit his little hand, he soon saw that by rolling it up, he could withdraw and replace it at pleasure; and having found his way thither during the night, he set about copying it, and, having no candle, he could only work by moonlight! In six months, however, his task was completed; but just as he was on the point of reaping the harvest of his toils, his brother unluckily found out the circumstance, and by an act of the most contemptible cruelty, took the book from him; and it was not till after his brother's death, which took place some time afterwards, that he recovered it.

The extraordinary proficiency acquired in this art more than in any other, at an age before the intellectual powers are fully expanded, may be regarded as one of the most interesting results of this early and enthusiastic devotion to music. We can easily imagine a child acquiring considerable powers of execution upon a pianoforte—an instrument which demands no great effort of physical strength, and even pouring forth a rich vein of natural melody; but how excellence in composition, in the combination of the powers of harmony and instrumentation—a process which in adults is usually arrived at after much labor, regular training, and long study of the best models and means of producing effect—how such knowledge and skill can ever exist in a child, is indeed extraordinary; still there can be no doubt of the fact. The genius of a Mozart appears and confounds all abstract speculations. When scarcely eight years of age, this incomparable artist, while in Paris on his way to Great Britain, had composed several sonatas for the harpsichord, with violin accompaniments, which were set in a masterly and finished style. Shortly afterwards, when in London, he wrote his first symphony and a set of sonatas, dedicated to the queen. Daines Barrington, speaking of him at this time, says that he appeared to have a thorough knowledge of the fundamental rules of composition, as on giving him a melody, he immediately wrote an excellent bass to it. This he had been in the custom of doing several years previously; and the minuets and little movements which he composed from the age of four till seven, are said to have possessed a consistency of thought and a symmetry of design which were perfectly surprising. Mr. Barrington observes that at the above period, namely, when Mozart was eight years old, his skill in extemporaneous modulation, making smooth and effective transitions from one key to another, was wonderful; that he executed these musical difficulties occasionally with a handkerchief over the keys, and that, with all these displays of genius, his general deportment was entirely that of a child. While he was playing to Mr. Barrington, his favorite cat came into the room, upon which he immediately left the instrument to play with it, and could not be brought back for some time; after which he had hardly resumed his performance, when he started off again, and began running about the room with a stick between his legs for a horse! At twelve years of age he wrote his first opera, "La Finta Semplice," the score of which contained seven hundred and fifty-eight pages; but though approved by Hasse and Metastasio, in consequence of a cabal among the performers it was never

represented. He wrote also at the same age a mass, Offertorium, &c., the performance of which he conducted himself. The precocity of Handel, though not quite so striking, was nearly so. At nine years of age he composed some motets of such merit that they were adopted in the service of the church; and about the same age, Purcell, when a singing boy, produced several anthems so beautiful that they have been preserved, and are still sung in our cathedrals. "To beings like these," Mr. Hogarth observes, "music seems to have no rules. What others consider the most profound and learned combinations, are with them the dictates of imagination and feeling, as much as the simplest strains of melody."

Mozart's early passion for arithmetic is well known, and to the last, though extremely improvident in his affairs, he was very fond of figures, and singularly clever in making calculations. Storace, a contemporary and kindred genius, who died in his thirty-third year, and whose English operas are among the few of the last century which still continue to hold their place on our stage, had the same extraordinary turn for calculation. We are not aware whether this can be shown to be a usual concomitant of musical genius, but, if it can, the coincidence might lead to much curious metaphysical inquiry. Certain it is that there exists a connection between that almost intuitive perception of the relation of numbers with which some individuals are gifted, and that faculty of the mind which applies itself to the intervals of the musical scale, the distribution of the chords, their effect separately and in combination, and the adjustment of the different parts of a score. It is by no means improbable, that, owing to some such subtlety of perception, Mozart was enabled to work off an infinitely greater variety and multitude of compositions, in every branch of the art, before he had reached his thirty-sixth year, in which he was cut off, than has ever been produced by any composer within the same space of time, and with a degree of minute scientific accuracy which has disarmed all criticism, and defied the most searching examination.

Nevertheless there is seldom anything wonderful which is not exaggerated, and many absurd stories have been circulated in regard to these efforts; among others, that the overture to Don Giovanni was composed during the night preceding its first performance. This piece was certainly written down in one night, but it cannot be said to have been composed in that short space of time. The facts are as follows:—He had put off the writing till eleven o'clock of the night before the intended performance, after he had spent the day in the fatiguing business of the rehearsals. His wife sat by him to keep him awake. "He wrote," says Mr. Hogarth, "while she ransacked her memory for the fairy tales of her youth, and all the humorous and amusing stories she could think of. As long as she kept him laughing, till the tears ran down his cheeks, he got on rapidly; but if she was silent for a moment, he dropped asleep. Seeing at last that he could hold out no longer, she persuaded him to lie down for a couple of hours. At five in the morning she awoke him, and at seven when the copyists appeared, the score was completed. Mozart was not in the habit of composing with the pen in his hand: his practice was not merely to form in his mind a sketch or outline of a piece of music, but to work it well and complete in all parts; and it was not till this was done that he committed this to paper, which he did with rapidity, even when surrounded by his friends, and joining in their conversation. There can be no doubt that the overture to Don Giovanni existed fully in his mind when he sat down to write it the night before its performance; and even then, his producing with such rapidity a score for so many instruments, so rich in harmony and contrivance, indicates a strength of conception and a power of memory altogether wonderful." In truth, Mozart's whole life would seem to have consisted of little more than a succession of musical reveries. He was very absent, and in answering questions, appeared to be always thinking about something else. Even in the morning when he

washed his hands, he never stood still, but used to walk up and down the room. At dinner, also, he was apparently lost in meditation, and not in the least aware of what he did. During all this time the mental process was constantly going on; and he himself, in a letter to a friend gives, the following interesting explanation of his habits of composition.

"When once I become possessed of an idea, and have begun to work upon it, it expands, becomes methodized and defined, and the whole piece stands almost finished and complete in my mind, so that I can survey it, like a fine picture or a beautiful statue, at a glance. Nor do I hear in my imagination the parts successively, but I hear them, as it were, all at once; the delight which this gives me I cannot express. All this inventing, this producing, takes place in a pleasing lively dream, but the actual hearing of the whole is, after all, the greatest enjoyment. What has been thus produced, I do not easily forget; and this is perhaps the most precious gift for which I have to be thankful. When I proceed to write down my ideas, I take out of the bag of my memory, if I may use the expression, what has previously been collected in the way I have mentioned. For this reason, the committing to paper is done quickly enough, for every thing, as I said before, is already finished, and rarely differs on paper from what it was in my imagination."

Apart from his musical triumphs, the personal character of Mozart is deeply interesting. From his earliest childhood, it seemed to be his perpetual endeavor to conciliate the affections of those around him; in truth, he could not bear to be otherwise than loved. The gentlest, the most docile and obedient of children, even the fatigues of a whole day's performance would never prevent him from continuing to play or practise, if his father desired it. When scarcely more than an infant, we are told that every night, before going to bed, he used to sing a little air which he had composed on purpose, his father having placed him standing in a chair, and singing the second to him: he was then, but not till then, laid in bed perfectly contented and happy. Throughout the whole of his career, he seemed to live much more for the sake of others than for himself. His great object at the outset was to relieve the necessities of his parents afterwards his generosity towards his professional brethren, and the impositions practised by the designing on his open and unsuspecting nature, brought on difficulties. And, finally, those exertions so infinitely beyond his strength, which, in the ardor of his affection for his wife and children, and in order to save them from impending destitution, he was prompted to use, destroyed his health, and hurried him to an untimely grave.

Mozart was extremely pious. In a letter written in his youth from Augsburg, he says, "I pray every day that I may do honor to myself and to Germany—that I may earn money and be able to relieve you from your present distressed state. When shall we meet again and live happily together?" It is not difficult to identify these sentiments with the author of the sublimest and most expressive piece of devotional music which the genius of man has ever consecrated to his Maker. Haydn also was remarkable for his deep sense of religion. "When I was engaged, in composing the Creation," he used to say, "I felt myself so penetrated with religious feeling, that before I sat down to write I earnestly prayed to God that he would enable me to praise him worthily." It is related also of Handel, that he used to express the great delight which he felt in setting to music the most sublime passages of Holy Writ, and the habitual study of the Scriptures had a strong influence upon his sentiments and conduct.—*Chambers' Journal*.

The Definition and Description of the Organ.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF ITS MECHANISM.

The Organ is a wind instrument, with a key-board, the sounds of which are fixed, but capable of being sustained at the will of the player, especially consecrated to the service of the Church.

This definition makes the organ liable to all that may be expected of it by the laws both of art and religion.

On first looking at its case exteriorly, we are struck more especially with three things; with the immense size of its pipes in front, which we take to be the most powerful in the instrument, though they are, on the contrary, the least so; with the key-boards, which, though we should hardly have thought it perhaps, were we to put down the keys, would at once give utterance to those great pipes; and with a quantity of knobs or handles, which stand out from the case of the organ on two sides of the key-board, and carrying, each of them, the name of some instrument, such as the flute, the viol da gamba, the trumpet, and the like. But nothing of all this acts or speaks alone, for in order to this various parts of the organ must be joined together, and all these various parts do not at once meet the eye.

The organ has no voice, but by means of the wind inhaled by the bellows, and these are placed as near the main body of the instrument as possible, in order that they may send the wind the more directly into the pipes which rest upon it. Herein we may compare the instrument to a man, who would not be able to make himself understood without inhaling the air, which, after it has been equally distributed throughout his lungs, is driven out by them again through the vocal passages. The bellows, with its feeders, is as much the chest to the organ as the lungs are to the human frame. Put in motion by the blower, they fill themselves one after the other, and are emptied into a common channel placed near their extremity, and this is called the main wind trunk.

From this main channel other wind trunks branch off, as branches from the same common root, and carry the source of its sound into all parts of the instrument, as the branches of the tree carry the sap, or rather, as we have taken the human frame for our analogy, these smaller wind trunks are as the arteries, which, by means of the heaven-sprung system of the circulation, carry on the blood, which is pumped forth by the heart, throughout the whole of the body. The wind thus conveyed by one or many channels, gathers itself together and is compressed in a sort of chest or large hollow table, on which the pipes of the organ are placed, and is called the *sound-board*. The interior of the sound-board is but little less complicated than the vocal organ of the human body. It is from them that the compressed air has to escape by the pallets, and so to be transformed into distinct and varied sounds in the hundreds of pipes which bristle on the surface of the sound-board. This wind box, this transformer of the compressed air into sound, is, as it were, the centre of all the mechanical parts of the instrument, which are necessary for the production of sound; the place where they all meet together, and to which they all tend, and hence, perhaps, its name of sound-board. Here it is that we find out if the bellows are weak or strong, if the hand of the organist touches the keys with or without effect, if the pallets on being opened cause an harmonious sound, or merely a disagreeable cyphering, and thus the sound-board becomes the centre of all that is good or bad in the organ; it is, to continue our analogy taken from the human frame, as the heart, to which all the system of the circulation of the blood flows as to a centre; and as the throat, from whence proceeds the word, expressive of the inward soul.

But how is this mechanical contrivance, this magic air-transformer, to be itself made to act, for though we should fill all the sound-boards imaginable with wind, this alone would not be sufficient to create a sound, still less an harmonious sound. The instrument just turned out from the hands of the builder, and supplied with wind by the action of the bellows, is still only a dumb instrument. The mysterious power of giving speech to the organ is to be found in the organist, who after a preliminary operation, of which we will speak presently, places his hands upon the clavier or key-board, the true *key* to his mysterious power, as its Latin root *clavis* indicates, and it is then only that the instrument ceases to be dumb, and sings in accents of joy or sadness according to the genius of the man, of whom it may be said to be both slave and master.

Three things then concur for making the organ speak; a bellows, which may be called the starting point; the pipes, which are placed upon the sound-board, and may be called the end; and thirdly, the hands of the organist, which may be called the means, for it is to them that all the mechanism of the organ from the clavier to the sound-board is subject, and it is by their means that the passages for the air, which supplies the pipes, are opened or shut as the organist pleases.

†Note of Translator.—This refers to the more common way of making organ bellows in France, which is more old-fashioned than the English way.

Since the most interesting details of all this mechanism meet in the sound-board, as in a centre, we will briefly analyze its form and action. In doing this, we do not intend to give a formal list of its many component parts, but simply to give such a general account of them as may be sufficient for our present purpose. In building, especially, we want to see a great deal, to know but little.

The sound-board then, as we have already said, may be described as a long, square-cornered chest, six or eight inches in depth, the upper-board of which is pierced with as many holes as there are pipes to be placed in order, as an harmonious forest of trees, upon its surface. All the pipes which emit the same quality of tone are planted together in a straight line in the same row, and each row of pipes of the same quality of tone is called a stop. The hole in the foot of each pipe is in communication with the interior of the sound-board, but is separated from the wind by two obstacles, viz., a register and a pallet.

The register is a rule of wood, placed within the sound-board, exactly under the feet of the pipes, and sliding horizontally backwards and forwards, in a groove, as completely air-tight as it is smooth and even. This rule, so-called because it rules or directs the action of the wind, is itself pierced with holes exactly corresponding with those in the upper-board of the sound-board for the feet of the pipes, in such way that, as the rule is moved, the holes in the feet of the pipes and those of the rules are perpendicular or set the one to the other. When they are perpendicular to one another, the ruler, far from being an obstacle to the entrance of the wind into the pipes, is, on the contrary, its conductor, for then the foot of the pipes, by which the wind enters, is in immediate communication with the interior of the sound-board.

We will suppose, then, that the organist wishes to make that quality of sound or that stop which represents the trumpet heard throughout the extent of the key-board. Before putting his hands on the key-board, he places it on one of those knobs, which stand out from the case of the organ, which serve as places for inscribing the names of the registers, and, in this instance, he places it on that one of them which is labelled trumpet, and draws it out. No sooner has he done so than the wind before shut up within the sound-board, so far as this obstacle is concerned, is at once enabled to be in direct communication with the pipes of the quality of tone required, and the preliminary operation is thus far completed. The organist repeats this action for all the registers of which he intends to compose his orchestra. Thus, if he wishes it to be composed of a bourdon and flute, as well as the trumpet, he draws the knobs which answers to those registers, he pushes in one of the three, and so of the rest.

But the second obstacle has still to be removed; the pallet must be made to open. The pallet may be described as a little door on a spring, occupying a lower region in the sound-board, a region which may be very properly called that of storms, inasmuch as a certain amount of force is required to overcome the resistance of the wind which rushes headlong from the action of the bellows into the space opened by the gaping of the pallet, and called a groove. The pallet is connected with the key by means of a tracker, which is sometimes of very considerable length, but however far removed the pallet may be from the key-board by the tracker, it is affected by the slightest action on the key, and that with greater rapidity according to the greater perfection of the mechanism.

There are as many pallets as grooves, as many pallets and grooves as keys, and often more pallets and grooves than keys for the bass notes, which being composed of larger pipes, require more wind, and consequently more openings by which to inhale it.

The bellows then being filled, and the registers drawn, as many notes will speak on the sound-board as there are keys put down by the fingers of the organist, for the wind must then of necessity pass from the sound-board to the pipes of which the registers and pallets are open, and is thus transformed, or becomes sonorous in accordance with a law of acoustics, which we shall have to consider later on. . . . Hence, before touching the key-board, the organist must always draw the registers, for if he did not do so, the keys would no doubt open a passage for the wind, but this wind would only strike against the roof formed by that part of the sound-board which is full of registers, without being able to transform itself into vibrating columns of air in the bodies of the pipes.

But in an instrument so vast as an organ, there is but one sound-board and but one key-board. The organ has but one soul, it is true, but this one soul animates several bodies. There are, in consequence, as many keyboards as there are principal separate

parts in an organ, but experience and the requirements of art have for the most part limited them to three or four at most.

Often an organ limited in extent from want of means or space, has but one principal part, but one body; when this is not the case, and it has more than one such part, that part which is the most largely developed and speaks the loudest, is called the *great-organ*. Immediately below this, as regards its power and volume of sound, is placed the *choir-organ*; while the *swell-organ* takes up an intermediate position between these two principal parts, and is destined to give effect to those phrases of music which require a more delicate and special handling, and for which the choir-organ supplies the proper accompaniment. Last of all comes the *echo-organ*,* emitting veiled and smothered sounds, as its name implies, though it must be confessed it does so more in name than reality.

These different parts of the organ may be all enclosed within the case, including the choir-organ, though this is very commonly placed in a case apart by itself, and brought in front of the great organ, so as, in appearance, to form an organ in miniature. It was so placed, almost without exception, in the older organs. All the keyboards, not excepting that of the choir, are placed in steps one above another, the first and lowest that of the choir, next above this that of the great organ, above this again that of the swell, and at the top of all that of the echo-organ.

We have said nothing as yet of a key-board which is placed on the floor at the feet of the organist, and forms quite a peculiar feature in his art. This is the pedal-organ, the keys of which are long and short like those of the manual, and have under their control a special sound-board of their own, which carries the pipes which emit the gravest sounds of the instrument. Without the pedal the concert of the organ is incomplete; with it the organist is possessed of a powerful foundation bass, but such that he may even raise it to the dignity of a solo instrument, by causing it to take a special and independent part of its own, a part, however, which should be always more or less grave and dignified in its character, enriched with passages of energy and rapidity according to the skill of the organist.

Seated then in front of these different key-boards, between the organ and the altar, the organist may be compared to the helmsman placed between the rudder and the masts of the ship, attentive alike to the signals of the captain and the motions of the waves. In his case it is the mighty flood of the peoples' song that the organist sustains with the majesty of his chords, while his signals come to him from the sanctuary, the ceremonies of which he follows, and by means of a mirror placed obliquely, he may even turn his back on the altar, and as in the ancient organs, see all that is done there as it were before his face, and join his intention with that of the priest who offers the divine mysteries.—*London Musical World*, June 30.

*Note of Translator.—This last is not found in English organs as at present constructed. In its place is found now either a *solo*, or what Mr. Hill has called a *combination-organ* in the Birmingham Town Hall Organ.

The Rain Concert.

Millions of tiny drops

Are falling all around;

They're dancing on the house-tops;

They're hiding in the ground.

They are fairy-like musicians,

With anything for keys,

Beating tune upon the windows,

Keeping time upon the trees.

A light and airy treble

They play upon the stream,

And the melody enchants us

Like the music of a dream.

A deeper bass is sounding

When they're dropping into caves;

With a tenor from the zephyrs,

And an alto from the waves.

O, 'tis a stream of music,

And Robin "don't intrude,"

If, when the rain is weary,

He drops an interlude.

It seems as if the warbling

Of the birds in all the bowers,

Had been gathered into rain drops

And was coming down in showers.

The Grand Opera at Paris.

WHO PAYS FOR IT?

The Grand Opera, since its foundation by Louis XIV., has constantly been—except during the reign of Louis Philippe and the ephemeral Republic of February—a strictly governmental establishment, founded and sustained to advance national musical genius, and, perhaps it should be added, to attract and retain strangers in Paris. Louis XVIII. is reported to have said to one of his courtiers who remonstrated with him on the enormous amount of money annually expended on the Opera, "Do you think that the receipts of the Opera are taken in at the door? No, they are received at the frontier." The royal remark was just, for it is these intellectual appeals which allure the roving traveller, who, after "doing" a score or so of cathedrals and museums, is but too glad of a decent excuse for retiring from sight-seeing and closing his "Murray" forever. But accustomed to our paltry appropriation bills, it is rather difficult to suppress a stare, when we learn that this decoy duck requires annually sums varying from a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars above the receipts at the door. Even after we are told that there is an orchestra of eighty performers, some seventy choristers, eighty dancers, seventy machinists, and we know not how many supernumeraries, all living on the opera-house treasury, it is hard to avoid resorting to the use of the pedagogue's safety-valve, and relieving our astonishment with a deep-fetched "Prodigious!" The keeping of a white elephant is a trifle by the side of the alimony of this syren.

All this, however, is the business of the tax-payers on the other side of the ocean, and is of no more concern to us than the tortures of the man who rests hours, salamander like, in a red-hot oven, or of the beast tamer mangled by his pet lion or darling tiger. We may have our private opinion on the matter, but so long as the eleemosynary hat is not obtruded into our face,—play, opera! roast, mountebank! bleed, tamer!

THE CLAUQUEUR.

Those enthusiastic Herculeses who sit under the chandelier, and occupy the best places in the pit, rough as their dresses may be, (they always are attired as for popular storms) stand very well with their bankers, and have their stockbroker and "rentes." Although Addison immortalized "a large black man whom nobody knows," but who "is commonly known by the name of the 'Trunkmaker in the upper gallery,'" "claqueurs," or applauders, are unknown in our theatres. They are conspicuous and important in all the Paris theatres, and especially at the Grand Opera. The fly of the fable was not more self-sufficient at the coach's journey-end, than are these lusty commendators when a new opera by Rossini or Meyerbeer commands the applause of the crowded house. They strut and swell, "Heavens! what a triumph 'we' had yesterday!" And they look down with inexpressible contempt on all persons who purchase, and are not "paid" their seats; the world, if they may be believed, would be waxing towards the devoutly-wished millennium, when the sword should be turned into the ploughshare, and the lion and lamb lie down together, if "those blackguards who buy tickets" were to run out to extinction with the Dodo and the Maltese poodle, or to disappear with the lost tribes and the lost Pleiad.

These "claqueurs" are terrible fellows. No needy gazeteer or Scotch freebooter ever levied heavier black-mail than these chartered applauders. No one connected with the opera is exempt from their begging-box. The most brilliant "star" of the lyrical and terpsichorean horizon never rises without assuring them of the tenacity of her memory by some valuable consideration. No trembling candidate for choreographic or musical honors adventures on the maiden "pas" or quaver without propitiating their kind favor by a roll of bank-notes, thickening according to a well-established sliding scale with the new comer's ambition. No actor whose talents linger painfully near the verge of mediocrity, ever sees the end of his engagement at hand, without appealing to their good taste by arguments as irresistible and as weighty as he can rake and scrape together from old stockings, savings-banks and usurers, to give him those zealous, hearty, repeated rounds of applause which managers mistake for fame. The authors of new works,—the Scribes, Rossinis, and Meyerbeers,—themselves paid tribute to these gods of success.

These discounters of the public applause weigh rather heavily upon the manager, it being the custom to give them a hundred pit-tickets the night of first performances, forty or fifty when the opera has sustained slight success, and twenty when the most popular opera is performed,—no small usury, for the price of pit-tickets is never less than a dollar! They are well organized into ten divisions, each command-

ed by a lieutenant, who sees that the signals given by the chief are faithfully obeyed. The chief, of course has the lion's share of the profits, which generally ranges from six to eight thousand dollars a year. In deed, he is the only person the manager knows, and the subalterns hold their seats entirely at his good pleasure. None but the lieutenants receive pecuniary rewards. The others are presumed to be remunerated by the pleasure they receive in hearing fine music and seeing long dances and short petticoats gratuitously.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

We shall not describe the performance of an opera or a ballet; our object is to initiate the reader into the mysteries of the Grand Opera—to carry him behind the scenes, into the green room, up to the loft, down to the cellar, and to exhibit the physiology of fabric and inhabitants.

Knock at this door, leading from the opera-house to the stage, and show this bit of paper, your "open sesame" to the stage, else you could not pass that threshold; for silken as are the porter's manners, official claws are concealed beneath such softness, which is indeed the oft-vaunted "suaviter in modo, fortiter in re," and unless one has an especial "laissez-passer" or is enrolled on the book he holds in his hands, and which contains the list of the favored mortals entitled to ingress, egress, and regress from, in and to, the stage of the Grand Opera, he had better go his way—"there's no use knocking at that door."

Were you ever behind the curtain? Then don't go, if you have never been. Don't earwig actors and newspaper editors for an initiation into those mysteries of canvass and paint, spangles and paste, rouge and pomatum, if you would retain one jot or iota of romantic delusion, the least vestige of youth, secure from the attrition of those terrible bronze effacers, the "bills payable," "protests," "due-bills" and "account-current" of life, which seize us at the threshold of existence. Shun the "slips" as you avert your eyes from the skeleton of the beauty, last night danced with, and loved to-day, as you would shun the shambles where beeves enter on the first stages of the process which gives us noble sirloins, as you would shun the compost heap which paints on the tulip its most gorgeous colors.

THE STAGE.

The stage of the Grand Opera is not unlike some vast ship leaving port, whose "confusion worse confounded" has not been reduced to order. Ropes, blocks, hatches, broken canvass, unwieldy scenes, keel-long grooves, balance-weights, lamp-racks, curtains, clouds, gothic cathedrals, public squares, grove of trees, broad oceans, bed-chambers, light houses, palaces, cloisters, cemeteries lie or stand jumbled up together in "most admired disorder," which is heightened by screams, orders, counter-orders, "ayes-ayes," from upper, nether and surrounding voices. Here men sweep (what a cloud of dust they manage to raise!) and water the stage floor; scene inspectors cry and push to keep the stage clear, and bellow their eternal "take-cares," to warn actors and the curious of impending dangers; singers and songstresses in costume, trill and quaver, to be ready for the "call;" dancing girls are bounding about in every direction, practising their steps; firemen, with sponges, or wet blankets, or buckets of water, are standing everywhere, to wage war on fire, if that terrible mar-all should show its least sinister glance; and machinists are running, like sailors, up and down the ropes. There's a fellow making thunder by beating a suspended bass-drum, and there's another burning licopode powder, to imitate lightning, while, hard by, a party is tossing rapidly large plates of sheet iron on each other, to represent the striking of the bolt, and their neighbors are whirling watchmen's rattles, with wonderful energy, to persuade the audience that a terrible "fusillade" is going on in the streets.

THE SINGING GREEN-ROOM.

It is not so much the stage as the "green-rooms" of the Grand Opera which the astute pleasure-seeker tries to attain. There are two green-rooms, the singing and the dancing, both popular, but the dancing green-room is incredibly so, "why," we shall, perhaps, enable the reader to understand. Very thin partitions divide the feminine corps of singers and dancers, but they are separated from each other by a different physiology, a different constitution, we had almost said, a different conformation. This difference is visible even in their respective green-rooms. The singing green-room, which occupies the old "salon" of the Hotel Choiseul, is decorated with the universal white and gold, the alpha and omega of French architects, and is of aristocratic spaciousness. A piano stands in the centre, surrounded on every side by benches. It is used as the audience-chamber, where actors and choristers give touches of their quality when they seek an engagement.

THE REHEARSALS FOR OPERA.

There it is the actors and choruses study the scores of new operas. At the first rehearsals the composer himself presides at the piano and points out the time of the part-pieces to the singing-masters and artists. And here the leading actors study separately with the composer the airs, duets, trios, they have to sing. When one act has been mastered, the quatuor rehearsals commence under the supervision of the leader of the orchestra, where all of the stringed instruments successively execute the score. And as soon as the whole work,—words and score,—is known by the chorus and actors, the general rehearsals of the orchestra begin. All the singers rehearse sitting. During these three or four rehearsals (they rarely exceed this number) the mistakes of the copyists are corrected, and the whole of this arduous, severe, and long labor (six months at least are required to perfect the studies of a grand opera,) is ended by new quatuor rehearsals (with a piano to accompany the recitative) with the scenery, and at last by rehearsals with full orchestra, lights, scenery, and costume. The singing green-room is a place of study. It is consequently calm and tranquil. The songstresses are obliged to pay a constant attention. They are never seen extravagantly dressed, nor full of noisy coquetry. Most of them go to the theatre in over-shoes and with umbrellas under their arms, and are proverbial for their punctuality and zeal. Some of them are married and live modestly; some of them are excellent musicians, and eke out their scanty pay by giving music-lessons; and those who "love" do love, and do not make their heart a pretext for amassing money by illicit means.

William W. Story and his Cleopatra.

The last number of the *Dublin University Magazine*, in an article entitled "American Imaginings," gives us so generous and glowing a tribute to the genius of our countryman, WILLIAM W. STORY, that we are tempted to copy it for the gratification of his many friends who know him, and for the benefit of the many who do not. In mentioning Hawthorne's *Marble Faun*, the writer in question says:

He has a chapter in his first volume entitled *Cleopatra*; in his preface he has righteously restored what there he styles, in simple preface prose, this "magnificent statue," to its real, living, flesh, and blood designer, William Story. The fitness of the epithet is such that we who are ready to vouch for that fitness, doubt not, for our part, that Mr. Hawthorne weighed before he penned the very word "magnificent." We who know the statue and the designer well, know, not only that the "better dictum" of Mr. Hawthorne's preface may be allowed, but that Mr. Story's *Cleopatra*, in her actual marble, may bravely stand the test between herself and her counterpart in the romance. We cite her, not to confirm or controvert, in this place, our writer's æsthetic appreciation, but rather as an excuse for entering her modeler's studio, thence to illustrate and enlarge our remarks upon the strange promise which the training of American realism is making to the ideal, in plastic no less than in poetic and other fictive art. Rebel at home against American monotony, the American artist will not, even in Rome, wear the shackles of conventionalism. See there, among his earlier efforts, a wolf, which is not the savage nurse of Romulus, but the familiar terror of our nursery days, eyeing Red Ridinghood herself—hungry scarcely glozed over with deceit of flattery. Then there is Hero, still in girlish form, lifting a torch, which shows an agony in the sweet eyes of the watcher, whose dainty naked feet are set upon the sand of that cruel Hellespont. Draped severely in the close bodice and skirt of a German maiden, lifelike in the play of her delicate fingers, plucking the divining-flower of lovers, ghost-like in the pensive droop of her eyelids and the slim outline of her shadowy frame, Faust's injured Marguerite stands innocent as yet. Heavy fall the mallet strokes on chisels, searching out the tawny terrors of the Egyptian's panther-beauty from the marble block—that is the *Cleopatra*, whom our author has shown to you. Now push open the little swinging door that guards the inner studio. You shall almost start and draw back your foot before the towering height and passionate energy of her who lifts one hand to heaven for help, and in the other grasps a scimitar. She is no Greek: you see it by one glance at the bold arch under which quiver nostrils breathing vengeance. Clytemnestra prayed not so when Ægistheus was to strike. She is no Roman either. Lucretia looked not up, but down along the sword, shame blending with savage indignation before she buried it hilt-deep in the breast a Tarquin's touch had soiled. The widow of Mannasseh knows not Clytemnestra's willing nor Lucretia's forced ignominy. Hebrew Judith looks up and prays before her woman's arm deals the dread execution-blow upon the tyrant, drunk with wine, and lust, and blood. Now this William Story, to whom a few short years in Italy have furnished time to master so much of that hard craft which teaches artist-fingers to give substance to the visions of an artist brain; this William Story, "whom," his countrymen are not too bold to say, "his country and the world will not long fail to appreciate"—he is not only a graceful poet and literary critic—such accomplishments are helps, not hindrances, to development of an artistic power—but he is, in all sober seriousness, a New England barrister! An only son, he inherits from his father more than a mere name illustrious in the annals of jurisprudence. If his early successful career at the bar be no fallacious token, the fascination of the artist power and life has robbed the American bench of a second Justice Story. He fills up still a portion of his laborious life with editing the judgments and decisions of his honored father's admirable legal science. His is, beyond a doubt, a mind and temper in that revolt of which the critic speaks; but mark the significant circumstance. True to an English origin, true to the United States: man's political tradition, the disloyalty of such a rebel is loyal, after all—loyal in the world's truest sense—never lawless, even in full rebellion. Is

not this symptomatic? May not this be the complex characteristic of a whole order of imaginative, ideal, poetical, artistic minds, wherewith it may be designed that America shall yet enrich most bountifully the life-blood of the nations? Unless a man have a very narrow, bigoted nationalism in his soul—a prejudice, not a patriotism—must he not wish it may be so? The least attractive of American peculiarities are often justly said to be exaggerations of our own; and, beholding them, we may righteously take no little of their shame to our own selves. Shall we not, then, righteously count it as an honor and a joy to us if, out of what are some of our own intellectual and mental deficiencies, we shall see spring up, in spite of, nay, almost in virtue of, repression and discouragement, bolder, grander, fuller, more varied, developments of æsthetic taste and power?

Reception to William Vincent Wallace.

A very agreeable ovation was tendered to this estimable gentleman and composer, at the music rooms of Wm. Hall & Son, Broadway, on the evening of July 11th. A pleasant gathering of artists, critics, and connoisseurs were present to welcome Mr. Wallace. Selections of choruses from "Lurline" were sung by members of Mendelssohn Union and others with excellent effect. Mrs. Cooper, Miss Hawley, Messrs. Geary and Werneke sang the incidental solos connected therewith in a most creditable manner. Mrs. Mozart gave the Troubadour song, which was encored. Mrs. Brinkerhoff sang the "Spell" from "Lurline," and "Scenes that are Brightest," from "Maritana." Madi. Bouchelle sang Wallace's "Cradle Song." Mr. Millard was warmly applauded in a tenor song, likewise Mr. Simpson. Mr. Massett sang one of his own composition, "You'll remember Me." The accompanist, Messrs. Bergé and Schmidt, lent their effective aid. There was but one feeling in regard to the music of "Lurline"—it was pronounced to be Mr. Wallace's most popular opera. A handsome collation was provided to which the guests did ample justice. Capt. Vine Hall, of the Great Eastern, who had been present, was called for, but had left the company a short time previous. Mr. James Hall responded for him, and made some interesting remarks in regard to Mr. Wallace's career in this country since his first visit, which was some twenty years ago, when music was less appreciated than at present. Want of space prevents our giving Mr. Hall's sentiments at length, but we cannot forbear placing before our readers this pretty toast to "Lurline"—

There is one who appears to have been forgotten on this occasion; yet her praises are on every tongue. It is a lady, whose syren voice has, during the last few months, charmed many thousands, from the Prince to the peasant, and whose song is echoed from the throat of many a fair warbler over the whole world of music.

Meyerbeer kept his "Prophet" caged for years, yet Wallace, whose gallantry has been the theme of many a song, with cruelty more refined, kept "Lurline," a water nymph of surpassing beauty, whose soul was song, chained in darkness for ten long years. Even now his unrelenting hand holds in bondage the fair maid of Zurich and the chaste and lovely—the parson's daughter falsely accused as the Amberwitch.

Let us hope that justice may be speedily done this fair daughter of his genius—Lurline.

Mr. Wallace, with considerable emotion, thanked those present and absent for the many kind expressions of regard he had ever received in this country; and which he expected to leave again in a few days, to be absent for some time; his passage being already taken in the Persia for Europe—his wife and family remaining with us. Mr. Wallace has our best wishes for his health and success.—*N. Y. Musical World.*

Musical Correspondence.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 20, 1860.

J. S. DWIGHT, Esq. — To you in Boston, that "best of all places to emigrate from," as Daniel Webster said of New Hampshire, and yet the place of all others dear to the exiled Bostonian's heart, to you, I say, in the name of the former Athenians now in our far western city, I declare that "we still live." That fact may not possess any great amount of value to you, but to us, it is one of great interest. Now we are always delighted to hear any news from Boston and know that some Bostonians are glad to hear from us, which leads us to like to inflict long letters on them at times. I some time since wrote you about some sport which we had occasionally, but wrote but little about music, in a serious strain. That you may know upon what and whom we have to rely, permit me to give you a list of some of our prominent musicians. And first comes to my mind, our old friend Trenckle, who is esteemed by all, and holds already a very high rank as a musician. It

would be hard to say that he is the *best* musician amongst us, but none stands higher. His very genial gentlemanly manner has made him many warm friends. It is needless to speak to Bostonians of his excellencies, for who know him better?

Before the arrival of Trenckle, Herold was regarded as the best musician here. Most certainly he is a thorough master of his art, and as a conductor ranks at the head. He is at present conducting a German society called the "Cecilia Club," which is now rehearsing "Elijah." His excellencies are many.

Mr. Geo. F. Pettinios is considered to possess the finest pianoforte touch of any of our musicians. He is also a thorough musician and having been here for a number of years, has hosts of friends, by whom he is highly esteemed. He is originally from Philadelphia.

Mr. Charles Stadtfeldt is quite a young man, but has shown much talent. He has charge of a flourishing German Glee Club called the "Eintracht," which is formed after the style of the "Orpheus," and his drilling of them shows the musician. I have heard them sing many things in a manner that the "Orpheus" could not excel, which I esteem high praise. Among their number were many fine voices among which may be particularly mentioned that of Jacob Stadtfeldt, a brother to the above, who possesses one of the richest and most powerful baritone voices, to which it was ever my lot to listen, either on or off the stage, having a compass of nearly *three octaves*, and pure and sweet throughout the entire range. Were he to pay the attention to its cultivation that many would do, he might make a stir in the world.

Of Mr. Gustave A. Scott, I have spoken in a previous letter. As an accompanist he is very superior, and as a florid executant, he cannot be surpassed,

Young Rasché, who plays the organ at Trinity Church, where Mad. Biscaccianti sings, is considered to possess talent of a high order. This he certainly has, if we may judge from a "Te Deum" of his composition, which was sung at Trinity Church on Easter Sunday. Being very modest, he does not thrust himself forward, but true merit will make itself known.

Mr. Geo. F. Evans is the organist at Dr. Scott's, where is the finest organ in the city. He is a very talented fellow, and has most perfect control of his instrument. His style does not suit all, as he loves to make the organ show all of which it is capable, but of his talent there can be no question. As a pianist he is said to be equally fine, though of that I can say nothing, never having heard him in that capacity.

The lack of a good vocal teacher is much regretted here. Would a really excellent teacher come out, there is but little doubt that he or she would find abundance of employment. I wish we might notice the arrival of a good exponent of Bassini's system, which in my mind, is the finest ever yet brought before the public. These are but few, however, besides Bassini himself, that appreciate the system sufficiently to teach it properly. One young lady there is, in Boston, who, at the time I left, was succeeding finely with it. If she proves as fine a teacher as her friends believed her to be, California would offer a fine field for her to work in.

The Lucy Escott troupe are now here, comprising that enterprising lady herself, Misses Rosalie and Georgia Hodson, Messrs. Squires, De Haga, Leach, &c. They have rendered "Lucia," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Ernani," and "Traviata" in Italian; "Maritana," "Marriage of Figaro," "Enchantress," and "Rose of Castille" in English. They have not yet given us anything in German, though from the versatility already displayed we might almost expect it. Mrs. Escott and Squires have taken the city by storm by their excellent singing, and the lady has shown powers as an actress which have astonished

many who remembered her at home. De Haga has disappointed the majority. He sings terribly out of tune and his voice is much *choked up*. Leach has done finely, being very reliable and though most of the daily papers seem inclined to deprive him of his laurels, the audiences have appreciated him. He is an artist, and is always up to the mark.

We have also had *Chinese* opera, which certainly succeeded in creating a *sensation*. The *newsick* proved of such a *satisfying* kind, that one hearing was generally sufficient. A *little* went a *great* ways.

But enough for the present. We hope that it will not be many years before we may be able to produce as much music of the right kind, here, as in Boston. May that day soon come.

Since writing the above I have been informed that Mad. Biscaccianti joins the Opera troupe to-day. This will be an acquisition indeed. PHÆLIX.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 28, 1860.

The Sixty-seventh Annual Festival of the Boston Public Schools.

We wish that we could daguerreotype for our readers, the beautiful scene presented in the Music Hall, on Tuesday last, at the Festival of our Boston Public Schools. Three years ago the City Government abandoned the old fashioned plan of *dining* the medal scholars in Faneuil Hall, and wisely substituted the musical ceremonies that have constituted the Festival of the children since that time.

The arrangements and decorations of the hall this year were generally the same as they were described by us in our account of the last year's festival. An immense stage had been raised from the permanent platform of the Music Hall, rising in a hexagonal form to the top of the doors of the upper balcony, and opening back to the organ screen where the statue of BEETHOVEN appeared to view, crowned and wreathed with bright flowers, and seeming to smile benignantly upon the scene. This stage was filled from top to bottom, from front to rear, by the children of the schools who were to take part in the singing, a perfect array of little singers, twelve hundred strong, bright, happy, smiling and well dressed, the girls all in white, and the darker dresses of the boys relieved and set off by the blue ribbons from which the medals were suspended. The orchestra occupied the centre of the stage between the conductor, CARL ZERRAHN and the organ. The balconies too were filled by the children and their friends, and every nook and corner of the hall and corridors was packed by those who had been fortunate enough to obtain tickets of admission. As soon as the vast audience was quietly seated, which occupied some time, in consequence of the difficulties experienced in effecting an entrance into the Hall, the exercises began.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. Voluntary on the Organ, by J. C. D. Parker.
2. Prayer.
3. The Lord's Prayer: A Gregorian Chant, sung in unison by twelve hundred children of the Public Schools.
4. Addresses.
5. Choral. Winchelsea. To be sung by the children, with organ accompaniment.
6. Addresses.
7. Selected Piece. To be sung by the Girls' High and Normal School.
8. Choral. "Sleepers, Wake! A Voice is calling."—Mendelssohn. To be sung by the children, with organ and orchestral accompaniment.

9. Gloria, from the Twelfth Mass.—Mozart. With full orchestral accompaniment.

10. Address and Presentation of Bouquets to the Medal Scholars by the Mayor. During the presentation, music will be performed by the Germania Band.

11. The Old Hundred Psalm.

12. Benediction.

The speakers were introduced to the assembly by the Rev. J. C. Southbridge, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements in a short speech from which we present the following appropriate extracts:

But another art comes upon the stage to-day to contest the palm with eloquence—Music; the music of the human voice in the grand old chorals to which you will soon listen, the music of the organ, whose praises the poet Dryden has so eloquently sung, the music of this, perhaps as perfect orchestral accompaniment, as has ever appeared in public in this city, music is to make her appeal to you this afternoon. She comes with gentle winning grace to you at this hour, and while she would not depreciate her sister art, she modestly asks if *she* has not a place in your hearts. She tells you that

"From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began.
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man."

I know not but that she has too prejudiced an audience to which she makes her appeal. Who are these whose voices will shortly fill this vast space with melody. Though there will be a blending of these harmonious notes so perfect that it will seem as if, from this amphitheatre, there came but one gush of rich concordant sounds, yet the nice, the keenly delicate ear of father or mother will detect the well-known voice of son or daughter. As the thought, like a magnetic power goes all around this great throng, "those are the familiar tones of *my* child, heard at early morn, at noonday and at the twilight hour, heard in the merry song, heard amid the praises of the sanctuary of the Lord, heard when my own spirit is joyful, heard when it is sad," say, my [friends, will not music gain the victory over eloquence, and though oratory may make the birthday of our nation a glad municipal occasion, music, with her face all wreathed with beauteous smiles, will claim this festival as *the* glad municipal occasion, best honored, most beloved by the city where she has found so welcome a home,

And then how delightful all the associations connected with this Festival. Before you, in bronze, stands the statue of him who, by my honored friend and associate, Dr. Upham, was at our last Festival so well styled "the Great Master of harmony, presiding genius and High Priest of this Temple, standing never more appropriately than now, crowned and garlanded in the midst of this garden of fresh young life—the illustrious Ludwig Von Beethoven. We recall his boyish days, when impetuous and self-willed he would not submit to the demands of a tyrannical father. We think of him as we do of his great countryman Luther, escaping from the great discomforts of his home, and finding the wants of his nature met in the congenial family of the Von Brennings. We trace the early development of his musical genius to the time of his appointment at the age of 15 as organist in the chapel of the Elector of Cologne. We go with him to Vienna. We watch him as with the eccentricities of genius, he lives on year after year, gaining fame but not money, adoring his art, with the warm devotion of an enthusiast. We think of his want of sympathy with his more thrifty and worldly wise brothers. We think of his laconic sayings, and we stop to wonder whether it be true what he says "most people are moved to tears on hearing music, but these have not musicians' souls; true musicians are too *fiery* to weep." We feel for him as we feel for Milton when he could see no more the sweet light of heaven, that in the loss of the sense of hearing he had met with one of the severest trials that could befall a lover of music. But as in the case of the great poet, our sympathy becomes chastened, when we learn from his own pen that, though the visual organ had lost its power, there passed before the eye of his mind scenes of indescribable glory and beauty, so we rejoice that to the ear of the soul of Beethoven there were ever coming strains of marvellous melody; making the desolate chambers of his heart to resound with music such as might have been sung by angelic choirs. We can understand what must have been frightful to musical ears, though he was unaffected by it, how discordant were the notes which would come *crashing* from the piano, as all unconsciously to himself as rudely laid his left hand flat upon the keys, while with his right hand he was drawing forth the most exquisite music from the instrument,—and es-

pecially how shocking it must be to hear him improvising on stringed instruments, which, owing to his deafness he could not tune. Though the knit brow and the slugging shoulder must have told him how painful was the performance to his hearers, yet to his mind all was pure and harmonious. We follow the artist through his years of suffering and comparative poverty, down to that 26th of March, 1827, when, as it was most fitting for a man who had encountered so many of the tempests of life, he passed away during a severe hail storm, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

It may be well, moreover, to remind this audience that the music about to be sung by these twelve hundred chorister pupils, was the production of some of the greatest masters of the art of music. Luther, with his rough, honest Saxon face, will stand out before us, as this vast assembly joins in singing Old Hundred. When, too, the sharp, ringing forte, fortissimo notes of that fine old choral, "Sleepers, Wake! a Voice is calling," fall on our ear, we will remember Bartholdy Felix Mendelssohn, the wonderful composer and pianist, and when we listen to the sublime tones of the "Gloria," we will think of him, who ranks among the monarchs in the realms of music, Johann Chrysostomus Wolfgang Gottlieb Mozart.

The Right Reverend Thomas M. Clark, Bishop of R. I., then made a brief speech, and was followed by President Felton of Harvard University, from whose remarks we also quote.

I suppose I owe the invitation to be present on this beautiful and interesting occasion to my connection with the neighboring University. I thank you for recognizing that relation, and in giving me an opportunity to witness so delightful a spectacle. This hall is consecrated to music. There stands the statue of one of the greatest men who ever cultivated that noble art, the work of an illustrious American sculptor now no more. It is fitting that a festival of the schools should be held in such a place—in this beautiful hall consecrated to Harmony.

There is another reason which makes this a most appropriate place. Among the ancient Greeks—pardon me for recalling my old friends—music was not only a branch of general education, as it is with you, and in the judgment of the wisest men a most important branch on account of its mighty influence on the passions and the moral emotions, but it had a larger significance still, especially as used by Plato. It included in its meaning all that pertained to the culture of the muses; all that related to refinement, elegant letters, the fine arts. In Plato's conception, the musical man was the man whose moral and intellectual nature was developed in a well proportioned manner and in harmony with the world around him.

But after all, the warfare against Ignorance and Vice is as noble as any in which men can engage. In this contest, the city of Boston has always borne a foremost part. She has lavished her treasures won from the fields of commerce, in raising barriers against the invasion of those formidable enemies. The numerous schools which she has established, of every grade, from the Alphabet up to the Normal, the English High School and the Latin School, are her best securities. Her army of teachers are her best defenders.

What constitutes a State?

Not high-raised battlements or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate:

Not cities fair, with spires and turrets crowned;
No: men, high-minded men.

The object of our schools is to raise up a breed of men, high-minded men, such as old Alcæus, more than six centuries before Christ, described. Look to it, my young friends, that you do not disappoint the expectations we have a right to form after such labors and sacrifices as the city has borne in your behalf. Remember another saying of still more ancient wisdom, that the gods have placed labor before excellence, and that if you would attain the latter, in any position of life, you must comply with the inexorable condition laid down by the heavenly powers. If you would win, and keep what you have won, you must work for it. By work you make the best part of life, the life of the intellect, more intense, while you double your capacities without exhausting your energies.

Men talk of the shortness of life; and it is a most solemn and impressive thought that, in a few years more, we shall all be borne to the silent land. I know nothing so striking as the contrast between Pere la Chaise and the city of Paris, scarcely separated by the width of a street—the city of the dead by the city of the living; or Mount Auburn, with its beautiful woods, its hills, and vales, and lakes, and the silent multitudes that sleep in its sepulchres, contrasted with the busy, throbbing life of this city.

We are constantly passing from the city of the living to the city of the dead; but, while we abide here, it becomes us to waste no time in sloth or enervating indulgence.

Encircled by her heaven-bright band,
On a rough steep does Virtue stand,
And he who hopes to win the goal,
To manhood's height who would aspire—
Must spurn each sensual, low desire.
Must never flatter, never tire,
But on, with sweat-drops of the soul.

We prolong our life by filling our minds with new thoughts and precious truths. We prolong our life and enlarge our best enjoyments, by studying those literary works in which the most illustrious men of past ages will speak to us. We add to our acquaintance Homer and Æschylus, Plato and Aristotle, Cicero and Virgil and Horace, Dante and Tasso, Shakspeare and Milton. We may know them as intimately as if we had met them living in form in Ionia or Athens—in Rome, Florence or London. We lengthen out our days as it were, so as to include the ages in which they lived. My young friends, I hope you will all strive to be musical, not only in the sense of Beethoven, who looks down with such sweet gravity on this assembly—and well he may—but in the broader sense of Plato, by faithfully cultivating all your moral and intellectual power.

The speeches were judiciously brief and were attentively listened to.

The music was admirably given by the children. The Gregorian Chant was sung with the utmost perfection of time and perfect distinctness of enunciation. The second piece suffered at first from some misunderstanding, but after a false start, was given with a fine effect. Perhaps the most successful piece was the Chorale *Sleepers, Wake!* in which the vigorous boy voices told with wonderful effect and finely contrasted with the girls' more delicate tones. The closing note was finely sustained and made a very striking close. The chorus for female voices was very successful, and the *Gloria* so well sung that the audience would not be denied the repetition of it. Then came the distribution of the bouquets to the happy recipients, whose smiling faces as they crossed the stage, one by one, in front of the Mayor, who addressed them briefly and felicitously and took each by the hand, made not the least pleasing part of the Festival.

All then united in singing the Old Hundredth Psalm, after which the audience dispersed.

A serious drawback to the pleasure of this Festival was the bungling and shiftless arrangement, or rather want of any proper arrangements for the admission of the audience, and which the offered apology by no means explained. The audience was largely made up of ladies and children; the differently colored tickets entitled the holders to go to different parts of the Hall, and yet no indication was given at what door a certain ticket should be presented, and the crowd was ordered first in one direction and then in another, without any clear direction or assistance from any one in authority. Parties were thus separated from each other and from their escort, and much time that should have been given to enjoyment in the Hall, was, after a hot and alarming struggle, devoted to looking for lost friends and lost property. A few policemen or better, *marshals*, could have easily remedied or prevented this confusion. A longer time should be allowed for filling so large a Hall, and the plainest directions should be given as to the manner of entering it, with every courtesy and aid after entrance is effected. We hope to see these things better managed at a repetition of this Festival.

Aside from this, the occasion was entirely successful and delightful, and will be long remembered by those who took part in it, either as actors or spectators.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED. — L'Année Musicale, or Revue Annuelle des Theatres lyriques et des Concerts, &c., par P. Scudo: Paris, 1860. From F. Leypoldt, 1322 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, the publisher's agent.

The Adventures of James Capen Adams, Mountaineer and Grizzly Bear Hunter of California, by Theodore H. Hittell, illustrated. Boston, 1850. Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. 378 pp.: 12mo.

Musical Chit-Chat.

FREDERICK CITY, MD., July 23. — Mention was made in your paper several times of the performances of the blind negro boy "Tom," but I scarcely could give credence to them, until I was fully convinced by actual experience. "Tom" gave two concerts here last week, and an invitation being extended by his master to come upon the stage and play a duet with "Tom," in which he first would play the accompaniment and afterwards the melody, I accepted the invitation, and in both concerts was astonished to see with what correctness "Tom" would anticipate. He played both times the accompaniment perfectly when I repeated a part, and reproduced the melody to a wonderful degree of perfection.

He plays extracts from operas, which each would fill about eleven or twelve printed pages, and these with great expression. In the right hand he lacks power, but his scales are marvelously liquid and smooth, besides he has great execution in octaves, and an almost unerring certainty in skips, which extend beyond an octave.

His own compositions are all tending to — what we southerners call — plantation melodies, but even in these, as in his improvisations, there is a rich originality.

"Tom" does not know the name of a note, nor of a key on the piano, and his performance would do credit to a boy with good eyes with the advantage of a teacher from almost infancy, but how much more is due to a blind boy, reared in ignorance on a cotton plantation.

Though I would not have you believe that he is a Mozart, no! not even an approach to him, yet could you hear him, you would be astonished, as I have been; although I doubt if you will have an opportunity in Boston, for "Tom" is a slave. I.

ANECDOTE OF ROSSINI. — A French paper states that a party of friends were recently assembled in the drawing-room of Rossini, and were talking of the approaching production of "Semiramide" at the French Opera. Danton, junior, the witty caricaturist, began to rally the maestro. "Brave old Homer only nods now and then," said he, "but you, the Homer of music, sleep continually. You have no right to do so; for you are robbing the world of all the music you still have in your head and heart." "It is a good joke for you to complain, my dear Danton," replied Rossini, "everybody has a right to reproach me with my beloved idleness, you alone excepted. 'Why so?' 'Because you are as indolent as myself. I no longer write operas, it is true; but you make no caricatures either.' 'I could if I pleased.' 'I defy you.' 'If you defy me, I will make yours.' 'Do; and if you succeed, I will write an opera in return.' 'I take you at your word,' said Danton, 'so get ready to write your score. To-morrow you shall have your caricature.' The next day the work was really finished, and Rossini showed it laughingly to his friends. The maestro is represented in the middle of a dish of macaroni which overflows on all sides. He is sleeping with folded arms, and pressing to his breast a lyre without strings. His slumbers are evidently occupied by harmonious dreams, and it is plain that he is singing sweet melodies to himself. A smile, at once benevolent and satirical, is playing about his lips. It is a caricature in which the characteristic features are so cleverly portrayed, that it is more like him than the best of portraits could be. It remains to be seen whether Danton will get Rossini's opera.

Musical Intelligence.

The New York Musical World, formerly edited by R. S. Willis, Esq., and the New York Musical Review, have been united and will hereafter be published by Mason Brothers as the New York Musical Review and Musical World. We wish our contemporaries all success in the new enterprise.

MONTREAL.—The prospectus put forth by the management to produce a series of Italian Operas, was carried out last night by the appearance at the Theatre Royal, of a Company very far exceeding in lyrical talent any combination we have ever had in Montreal. The house, we were pleased to see, was crowded in all parts. The Dress Circle was filled with all the refined and fashionables of our city. The whole Opera (Ernani) was given with great spirit and excellent taste; were we to select that which pleased us most, it would be the chorus of Elvira and Ernani in the second Act. The score offers fine opportunities for a display of a clear, full-toned soprano, like Signora Ghioni's. At other times, where vigor and intensity were exhibited, she moved her hearers like a great orator. Signor Sbriglia, the tenor, has a fine fresh and sympathetic voice, and makes his mark with an appreciative audience. Hearty applause greeted the baritone, Signor Ardauni, whose full rich voice brought down the applause of the house repeatedly. Signor Mirandola, the bass, did full justice to his role, his deep sonorous voice aiding wonderfully in carrying out the strength of the concerted music. His solo, in the beginning of the second act, was finely given. The choruses were the best we have ever heard, and admirable taste and precision was displayed by Signor Francia, the conductor of the troupe, aided by our own admirable *chef d'orchestre*, M. Vaillant, and a fine orchestra.—*Herald*, July 17.

The Florence correspondent of the New York Times writes as follows respecting a musical entertainment given in that city for the benefit of Sicily:

The most respectable native talent was gratuitously contributed to render the enterprise successful as an affair of art, and the large attendance and increased prices must have added a handsome sum to the fund. Our country, also, as usual, was prompt to respond to the call for coöperation. Miss Abby Fay, of Boston, one of the gifted young American ladies pursuing musical studies here, sang with applause a cavatina from Rossini's opera of "Semiramide." The evidence of talent already given by this singer inspires confidence that still larger success is in reserve for her in her most difficult art.

A decision of some importance, musically speaking, has just been made in Russia, the Emperor having ordered that the diapason of the French commission shall be adopted in the orchestras of the Imperial theatres from the first of September next. A sum of 45,000 francs was awarded as an indemnity to the artists for changing the instruments according to this decision.

It is announced by the Havana papers that the Tacon theatre will be under new management next season. Among the engagements are those of Mr. Gottschalk as *chef d'orchestre*, and Ferri the baritone.

The Cortesi company have engaged three of the Cuban theatres; while the Havana Tacon is said to be secured by an association of artists, whose names are not given.

STELLA, of the Worcester *Palladium*, says in her last letter:

Three resident musicians have formed in this city a "Beethoven Trio Club," and are studying the trios of Beethoven and other composers, with profit to themselves, and we hope, sometime it may prove, to the public as well. We recall with pleasure an attendance upon one of their rehearsals one of these bright summer mornings—just the time to listen, to a work so full of fresh, enlivening beauty as Mozart's Trio in G, which we heard with several of Beethoven's—including a very beautiful one in E flat. In the range of trio-music the greatest composers gave

utterance to some of their finest thoughts, and in their reading we trust our friends of the Club will find such treasures that they may be induced to lay them before the many friends of classical music in Worcester.

The fine young American cantatrice, Miss Hinckley, of Albany, New York, is said to have already made for herself quite a European reputation. She has sung with very great success in Amsterdam and many other cities. She is now at Bruxelles with the Merelli company, delighting the natives with her fresh American voice. Thence she goes to Durdon, Cologne, and Frankfurt. She has had an offer to sing at Berlin for the autumn and carnival. In fact she is engaged for over a year. A writer from over sea says: "I am delighted at her success for more than one reason; now she has to support partly, if not entirely, herself, mother and little brother. Her father died lately, leaving, I believe, very little property. It is truly a noble task for one so young as herself. Is it not?"

PHILADELPHIA.—It is settled at last—definitively—the Pavilion is erected. We are to have music at Fairmount Park, notwithstanding the objections repeatedly and persistently urged by Mr. Neal, of our city councils. There are others of our city grandfathers, however, for whom the Heavenly Maid has not entirely lost her charms: her claims were allowed, the objections over-ruled, and—

Hark! through the shady avenues, and from over the shining Schuylkill bursts the glad *Marche Triumphale*.—Surely the music never sounded sweeter; and as the echoes of the melodies sing their way up through the silver maples and the great oak leaves, there seems to be a general rejoicing. The grave old statues that have gazed adown the green vistas these many years, look now more cheerful; the little marble boy (don't print it Faun, you thoughtless, novel-reading printer,) sitting under the sparkling spray of the fountain, peeps laughingly upwards as the drops dance around the green fringe beside him; and the giant pumps and piston-rods of the "wheel house," as they force the water to heights above, seem to have lost the old thundering roar, and the sound floats off with the mist and the music up the green hillside and away.

We can sit here under the shadows of the blossoming locust trees in time to come, and with our book beside us, read a passage now and then, and, listening to the music in the interval, while away the hours of summer in manner most delightful. O, the many pleasant hours at Fairmount Park, for those who know nothing of seaside or country sports. O, way-side joys and pedestrian rambles for the long hot months to come! Even the plodding laborer, enjoying the melodies, can rest beside the fountains, and feel

"On his heart the freshness of the scene
Sprinkle its coldness, and from the dry dust
Of weary life a moment lave it clean
With Nature's baptism."

Yes, this is our Villa Doria, our Villa Reale, our Bois de Boulogne, our Fontainebleau—our Corso in the future, where we shall hold the Carnival, and throw bouquets and *confetti* to the gayest of the throng flashing here and there in the scarlet domino.

"Wer liebt nicht Wein, Weib, und Gesang,
Er bleibt ein Narr seines Lebens lang"

Naughty Luther! Yet so sings the Mammaison.

Basle—is it? "Jephtha" in the minster? No. We are doing the German and not the Swiss festivals. And now that at Zwickau they will soon awaken a pleasant memory—a commemoration of Schumann; and from the garden of the Tuilleries the summer melodies arise; here, along the banks of the Wisahickon, this leafy month of June, you can listen to some grand old German music. All of the German "societies" are enjoying themselves "through the woods"—in their own peculiar way—as Germans only can.

Our city amusements are—what? Opera? No. Cortesi did not come, warble she could not—would not.

The Foyer is silent. No more

"Sly flirtations
Neath the light of the chandelier."

The sweet charmers are away or on the wing. No more Germania rehearsals. Carl Sentz has experienced the feeling of *heimweh*, and is bound for the fatherland. Several members of what is known as "our Germania" are discoursing sweet music at Ephrata Springs, up among the mountains of Pennsylvania, whose grand outline looks even bluer and more beautiful in the distance.—*Corr. of N. Y. Musical World*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Where's the harm of roaming. *R. Lacy*. 25
Why should memory's iron finger. *H. Eikmeier*. 25
Two pretty parlor songs of moderate difficulty.
Quick arise, maiden mine. *J. Vessauer*. 25
Popular concert song in England, where the best vocalists have frequently sung it.
Winning the Gloves. *C. W. Glover*. 25
Jemima took me down a peg. *H. Walker*. 25
Humorous songs, both eminently pleasing.
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A somewhat elaborate song for a soprano voice, written in good solid style; and may be profitably used as a lesson piece.
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A beautiful German song, in the style of a serenade, by the composer of the "Wanderer."

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| 1. La Traviata. | 2. Linda. |
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A little more simple, and, upon the whole, perhaps a little more pleasing than Ferd. Beyer's well-known easy Operatic arrangements. They are nothing but Potpourris, containing a string of the gems, without tedious variations or clumsy interludes.

Westrop's Pretty Airs for Little Fingers. Each 15

- | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Cheer, boys, cheer. | Red, white, and blue. |
| Katy Darling. | Non piu mesta. |
| Blue Bells of Scotland. | In tears I pine. |
| Lilly Dale. | Brindisi in "Traviata." |
| Am I not fondly. | Rule Britannia. |
| Bonnie Dundee. | Trab, trab. |
| Over the summer sea. | Partant pour la Syrie. |
| Katrinka Polka. | National Schottisch. |
| Alice Polka. | I love thee, from "I Capuletti." |
| It is better to laugh. | Pop goes the weasel. |
| Annie Laurie. | Silver Lake Varsoviene. |

This is a class of music which is invaluable to the teacher, as it is not only very easy but at the same time well written, which, as musicians well know, is a weighty consideration. Since Czerny's little pieces which have been used too long and too often to be very palatable now, nothing so practicable has been written, except perhaps a series of easy arrangements in Rondo form by Rimbault.

Books.

BERTINI'S SELF-TEACHING CATECHISM of Music, for the Pianoforte, together with Ample Explanations of the Science as applicable to every Musical Instrument. 25

This is a new and popular hand-book by the author of the celebrated Method of Piano Instruction. It is comprehensive in its style, attractive, and adapted to the capacity of the great mass of learners. An examination of its pages will convince any one of its remarkable excellence, and its use will soon prove it to be indispensable both to teachers and scholars.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 435.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 19.

A Sermon to Organ Grinders.

Come, ye grinders grim and weary,
Cease awhile your windy groans!
Cease your wallings sharp and dreary,
Listen to my dulcet tones!

Duo from La Favorita,
Waltz profane call'd Prima Donna,
Pray suspend, while I repeat a
Few remarks in Virtue's honor.

Wearers of the velvet breeches!
St. Cecilia's humblest flunkies!
Don't you know the Scripture teaches
That you should not wallop monkeys?
Those who bring the pennies votive—
Those who jump and frisk so sadly—
Friends! pray what can be your motive
When you treat the wretches badly?

Exiled monkey! ah! once floated
All his days serene and silky;
Once to forest love devoted,
He asked why cocoa-nuts are milky?
Then his heavier labors ending,
Hopeless that great truth to know,
By his tail his form suspending,
Swung he swiftly to and fro.

Ended soon that season shiny—
That investigation juicy;
He must cross the billowy briny;
He must dance the Long Miss Lucy;
In his eyes the tears must glisten—
Milk of life grown sour and curdy;
And O, harder fate! must listen
To the strains composed by Verdi.

Now my Topic Two producing;
Very much I think you'd show
Christian virtue by vamping.
When you're asked, my friends, to go.
Though with rapture Biddy swelling
Drinks in Operatic joys.
Those who own the cook and dwelling,
May grow frantic at your noise.

Move like gentle grinders *presto*!
Cut your stick *rapidamente*!
Number Sixteen leave to rest! O
Leave to rest, too, Number Twenty!
Hearts will bless the good musician—
Gratitude your art inspire,
When they mark your transposition
Up the street, two octaves higher.

Tuscans! if so dear your art is,
You must either grind or die,
Seek some lonesome vale, my hearties!
There your cranks incessant ply!
Shun the city's strong temptations!
To some desert make your way!
'Midst congenial desolations,
Grind the death of Old Dog Tray.

One more word and I have done now;
You may then resume your tunes:
Really, breth'ren, there's no fun now
In the way you freeze to spoons.
O take heed if you love ranging;
Lest you meet a lowlier lot.
Sing-song into Sing-Sing changing,
And your organ gone to pot!

—Vanity Fair.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Letter to the D—.

MY DEAR D,—In the halcyon days of simple childhood, when the youthful bosom beat high in sympathy with all that is great and good, it was one of my most signal enjoyments to gaze on, and follow, from street to street, the glorious cosmopolitan, perambulating drama of "Punch." Many and multiform were the endeavors of the eternal enemy of souls, to put an extinguisher on

the innocently erring hero of the piece; Punch was so very little; the D— was so big, so black,—what wonder, then that the heart strings of infancy and nursery-maidhood should throb in silent rapture, when Punch, after receiving some tremendous thwack, intended for a "death-blow," meekly raising his red-night-capped head, like a rain-laden-lily after the storm, cried out, in a mild and melodious counter-tenor, "Here we are again?"

Yes, my dear D—, "here we are again;" to me the off-quoted language of the above-mentioned ancient mystery, "why wouldn't you have let us alone?"

By the ninth symphony I swear, your artillery is too heavy to bring out against such an uncommonly light-brigade as mine. Facts against fiction? (and even facts, you know, are sometimes factitious.) I have published certain volumes of "Musical Legends, Fantasias, and Sketches," written by me in moments of inspiration, when, seeing on what a very inharmonious axis the musical world revolves, I resolved to moisten it with a little oil, expressed from the flowers of my fancy. Lest hungry scholars should come to me for dates, I did not christen the book, "Musico-historical anecdotes and facts," as I might have done. The word *Mährchen*, as a half-Germanized D—, like yourself knew long ago, leaves a very broad margin to the imagination. I hope to be read by three classes of readers; non-musicians, half-musicians, and musicians par excellence. As to the first, what do they care about musical dates? I wished to excite their interest in music and musicians in the most agreeable way; if they felt any curiosity about my heroes and heroines,—good! they would probably get biographies or cyclopedias, to verify or falsify my statements, and thus be led on to better beings. For the second class,—musicasters,—*stelline della musica*.—I will privately confess to several mischievously premeditated arabesques, "set down in malice," expressly in behalf of dilettanti, who have not yet discovered their own ignorance. And the musicians born and made, fishes, whose element is music, historical, practical, and theoretical, such people know by heart, just as well as you or I, facts like this for instance; that Piccini did not arrive in Paris until some months after the time I have made him shake hands with Gluck behind the scenes of the royal opera; but would they blame me for this effective and highly original anachronism, not to speak of others, more daring and dazzling? Far from it, no more than they would think of criticizing my great imitator, Shakespeare, for putting good British oaths into the mouths of his Roman and Grecian heroes, occasionally. People who have musical history at their fingers' ends, understand and appreciate intentional anachronisms.

Schroeder was undoubtedly *not* Beethoven's first "Leonora." That is a very well known fact: but, in my opinion, she ought to have been; and was certainly born twenty years too late. She agreed with me, I do not doubt, when she

accepted the dedication to my second volume. All the world knows that Beethoven was a shortish, and by no means handsome fellow; nature, while framing two moulds, one of Belviderean beauty, and another of homeliér cast, imprudently turned her head aside; at that moment, the soul of Beethoven, incautious as genius usually is, stumbled into the wrong case, while some fool, lucky enough to be close by at the time, got the one intended for B. Now, I, correcting the occasionally unjust dispensations of a mysterious Providence, gave to the "wonderful dreamer" a fine personnel, a giant form; this description my translator, otherwise tolerably correct, suppressed in toto, I regret to say.

You may one day commit the mistake of writing a book yourself, though, if the character Heine has given you be just, you are too much a man of the world to ink your fingers over "such stuff." Schindler, Ries, von Lenz, Oulibicheff, Marx, Fétis, Moscheles, Griepenkerl, Bettina, &c., ad infinitum, were pretty good in their way; possibly you think—there might be better. Perhaps so; perhaps not; but if you will make the blunder of a book, stick to facts. Don't let your imagination get the better of you, and pour itself out over the page in a gushing glow of molten gold and silver, (like mine); give us facts by wholesale; fire off your "grape shot" in its right place; tell us how much sugar the "venerated apparition" dissolved in his coffee on Sunday mornings; whether he liked Bretzel; what coat he wore when he first met Giulietta G.; whether he used Kathairon or Tricopherous to soften that lion's mane of his, or gave it up as incorrigible; and woe to you, if you diverge the hundredth part of a hair's breadth, from historical truth!

Most potent, grave, and reverend D—! remove your dear old American spectacles, when you review a German lady's "weak sentimentality." What she regards as childlike, a Yankee gentleman will probably translate—childish;—especially if he be addicted to "facts." There is a natural something connected with the expression of feeling and sentiment, that I am convinced only a native can understand. Par example, I tried to appreciate some of what you evidently intended to be "points" in your Washington sketch (which I read with gratified attention, remembering the old adage "Parodies prove popularities"); would you believe it, they seemed to me far-fetched and flat, while they were no doubt overflowing with "American fun"?

Now, lastly, my dear D—. I have been faithful to the spirit, if not to the word of truth. Had I clothed in "facts," praises of "wiggle" voices without any medium register, over-reaching after effect, Welt-schmerz, future-music dreamery, be-pedalled pianoforte thumpery, "genial" nonsense talkery, ultra-classic pedantry, Verdi-opera screamery, or any of the thousand and one popular fallacies of the modern musical world, your heavy artillery might have been reasonably brought into requisition; but as I have

done none of these things, positively, my dear D.— I scarcely think it was worth your while to expend powder and shot on a "tom-tit" like,

Your very obedient and obliged servant,
ELISE POLKO.

Madame Clara Novello.

(Concluded from page 116.)

We all remember the political disturbances that convulsed Europe in 1848; we have all had more or less opportunity of personally observing how every class of society, from the crown to the foot—from kings and emperors and the Pope himself to lazzaroni and chartists—was affected by them. Art was not uninfluenced, nor those who minister to its progress, by these terrible social distractions, and Mad. Novello, like her co-laborer in the cause of beauty, Mad. Sontag experienced their effects to such an extent as induced her to retrace her steps from the honored retirement of the privacy in which she had been living to the equally honorable activity of her public career. She re-appeared in Italy, Germany, Spain, and England, renewing everywhere her former success, and refreshing the memory which had never faded of her former merit. Her powers were in every respect improved by the maturity which her few years of absence from her profession had wrought upon her physical and moral nature, and all Europe has acknowledged her voice to surpass every other in power, purity, and brightness.

Mad. Novello is now about to secede, for a second time, from the exercise of her artistic functions, and her retirement from the public will now be positively final, as the circumstances of the noble house of which marriage has made her a member, having withstood the shock of the most recent and greatest troubles in Italy, are no longer dependent on the vicissitudes of political fortune, and could even her affairs be again involved in the troubles of the time, she has bound herself under a heavy penalty never to sing again in public after her coming farewell.

Mad. Novello is best known in the south of Europe as a dramatic singer,—best in the north for her excellence in the concert-room,—best here, her native home, for her interpretation of the works of the great sacred masters; but, were it not for her all-surpassing reputation in this highest branch of her art, the admiration she has won in England alone on the stage and in the concert room would be sufficient to prove her one of the most distinguished vocalists that have ever sung our language. The speciality of English vocal music consists in our ballads, which require certain peculiarities in the singer, and these of a refined, poetical, and truly exalted character that have scarcely, if ever, been displayed by foreigners; our English pride, then, in our English songstress must not be unmindful of her interpretation of such ditties as "John Anderson," "Auld Robin Gray," "The beating of my own heart," which last she was the first person who sung.

To give due resplendency to the setting of this sun of song, a party comprising the most attractive and most various talent of the day is engaged to accompany her on her farewell tour, and serve as clouds to catch and reflect the golden glory of her brightness. We are fortunately able to enumerate the purposed partners of her last adieu, and we cannot more appropriately or more interestingly conclude this account of her career than by giving the names of those who are to share the lustre of its close.

The cloud of first importance may be regarded as an electric cloud, in respect of its overpowering force, and of the brilliancy and the rapidity which are equally associated with our ideas of it. We need but to name Herr Leopold de Meyer, the thunder-and-lightning characteristics of whose pianism have been proved and acknowledged throughout both hemispheres, to establish the verity of our metaphor. Albeit his thunder, though it astounds, never shocks us,—his lightning, though it dazzles, never consumes. An esteemed cotemporary,—whose fiat, whether it

condemn an emperor, approve a prizefighter, oppose a ministry, or applaud a pianist, is revered as an oracle no less at the antipodes than here,—has recently asserted the following judgment on this artist, "The instrumental selection comprised a grand *fantasia* for pianoforte alone, composed and performed by Herr Leopold de Meyer, pianist to the Emperor of Austria, and in his particular walk the most extraordinary 'manipulator' now before the public. This gentleman combines a force and vigor of hand which few have equalled with a delicate lightness of touch and liquid softness of tone that have never been surpassed. He brings these opposite qualities into play with marvellous address, blending or alternating them as the humor seizes him, and with such consistency that while the ear is always satisfied the taste is never offended. M. de Meyer's *fantasia*-playing, moreover—like his music—is quite as original as it is astonishing. He has a vein exclusively his own, and is indebted to no other source than that of his invention, whether for ideas or for the method of handling them. Making no pretence to be an exponent of what is conventionally termed the 'classical' school, he does not provoke criticism by an imperfect conception and execution of acknowledged masterpieces. He moves within the sphere most congenial to his artistic nature, and he does wisely, for in that sphere he stands aloof from competition. It is not intended by this to insinuate that M. de Meyer would fail if he ventured on higher and more intellectual ground; but at the same time, as sincere appreciators of his really exceptional talent, we should counsel him to leave the 'great masters' (and especially the 'old masters') to themselves; for, in order to ride comfortably over their domain, he would have to invent a new and peculiar bridle to retain his Pegasus within bounds." Herr Leopold de Meyer has not played in the English province since 1845, and thus, since his reputation has been constantly on the increase, his novelty will be no less an attraction throughout the tour than his talent.

A rain cloud of a chequered April in respect of its tears interwoven with smiles, may be considered the favorite interpreter of gaiety and pathos, Miss Eyles, who, when Mad. Novello had stamped success upon "The beating of my own heart" as a soprano song, sang it a third lower, as a contralto, and was encored in at every concert during a far-spread tour which lasted for ten weeks, and so universally proved her infallible power of pleasing the very various tastes that distinguish the different districts through which she passed.

We may regard as fleecy clouds the congregated members of the London Glee and Madrigal Union, each adding a share of beauty to the scene, and all combining in a general effect of harmonious softness; to wit, Miss J. Wells, a rising soprano, rising in esteem as much as in voice and in merit; Mr. Baxter, an alto, who does all that can be done to render his happily rare register of voice effective; Mr. W. Cummings, a tenor, who has been as successful in singing alone as in blending his voice with those of his companions; Mr. Lawler, a bass, whose broad declamatory style and fine sonorous voice have been too often heard to advantage at the concerts of our most important institutions to need any bush to recommend them; and Mr. Land, the organizer of the Union, who may therefore be regarded as the fatherland of the party,—whose sweetness of voice and mildness of manner prove him to be a Land flowing with milk and honey,—whose proverbial punctuality makes every one rejoice when he is a Land of promise,—who, were there a peerage of pianoforte accompanists, might well be created a Land lord,—whose merits make those who engage him well off when they become Land owners,—whose certainty is such that he nullifies the idea of the geological phenomenon of a Land slip, who bears so urbanely the blame due to others, that he may be not inaptly called a Land-landscape of his friends,—whose ever-smiling aspect teaches us to regard him as a personification of the "Happy Land" celebrated in Dr. Rimbault's ballad,—and whom, having all these

qualifications, we may be well satisfied to regard as our own native Land.

It is high time, however, to descend from the clouds, and contemplate the stern reality of Mad. Novello's departure. The country folks will not entirely have the advantage of us Londoners in hearing the last of this favorite vocalist; for it appears that the swan song of her professional life will be uttered here in town, or at furthest at Sydenham, which, as has been proved at the Handel festivals, is accessible to tens of thousands at a time who wish to hear her. Let us hope, too, that before her last adieu, the Sacred Harmonic Society may have the benefit of her singing, at least once, in *Messiah*, in *Elijah*, and in Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*—the unique beauty of her voice is in no instance heard to such infinite advantage as in the brief solo that sublimely heralds the words and the musical subject of the great chorus in this last-named work, "The night is departing," and it is only if we can preserve in our memory the gleaming brightness with which she sings this phrase, that we shall be able to avoid supposing the watchman's warning is fulfilled in her retirement; "The morning will come, but the night will come also."—*London Musical World*, July 14.

Madame Cinti-Damoreau to her Pupils in the Conservatoire.*

It is to you, my dear pupils, that I have resolved to dedicate this method, the fruit of my studies and my experience, and in which I think I have set forth the best principles and the best examples of the art of singing. Adhere firmly to these principles, and endeavor to reproduce faithfully the examples; this, in a word, is the great thing in a good system of instruction.

If I speak to you of my studies, it is because at the very apogee of my artistic career, I never ceased to study; it is only to assiduous labor, and the firm resolve of effecting every day fresh progress, that we owe the inestimable honor of obtaining and preserving the favor of the public. In order to prove to you all that may be gained by this determined application to study, I at first entertained the idea of prefixing my biography to this book, but I was afraid it would be too long, and I shall restrict myself to describing only that part of my career which is connected with my *débuts* at the Théâtre-Italien, the Opéra, and the Opéra-Comique. You must bear in mind, therefore, that, while speaking of myself, I shall not cease to think of you.

I was scarcely thirteen when I was introduced to M. C. Henri Plantade, a clever, talented, kind-hearted man, whose memory is still cherished by all those who have loved or cultivated musical art in France during the last thirty years. M. Plantade was assiduous in giving me lessons, with all the care of an excellent musical professor and all the tenderness of a father. My voice, which gave promise of becoming flexible, but which did not then possess much strength, struck him as completely adapted to the Italian style. I studied, therefore, under him, only the old repertory, beginning with Durante's *Psalm*. My masters allowed me to sing scarcely three or four French airs; among these latter were the airs of *Montano* et *Stephanie*, and *Beniowski*, true models of a style that is at once simple, expressive, and graceful. I mention this to you, my dear pupils, in order that you may not suppose that you sing well only when you have succeeded in singing with ease what is difficult. It is not enough, recollect, merely to utter notes and execute passages more or less difficult; besides doing this, you must give them color, you must animate and accentuate them, and for this purpose an artist must be impressed with the words, and with the spirit of the piece or scene he has to sing. His physiognomy, also, must, so to speak, reveal to the hearer the subject and character of what is sung. Is it necessary for me to add that his articulation and pronunciation must be irreproachable? Listen to Ponchard, and you will perceive how much charming effect is gained by not allowing a syllable to be lost by the auditors.

It is far more difficult to sing in French than in Italian. This is very easily explained. We French do not allow ourselves to take breath in the middle of a word, to repeat a syllable, to sing *forte* when the situation suggests that we should sing *piano*; lastly, we must not sacrifice the words to the notes, but, on the contrary, we must sacrifice the notes to the words. By working incessantly, by devoting yourselves ex-

*Preface to the *Méthode d'Artiste*, dedicated by Mad. Cinti-Damoreau to her pupils of the Paris Conservatory.

clusively to your art, you may succeed in identifying the former with the latter, and speaking in music.

Such is nearly all my method, my dear pupils. I worked always and constantly, listening to others and reasoning on what I heard.

When I had attained my fourteenth year, M. Plantade said to me, "My dear girl, you cannot now do without me. Mark my words: you possess taste; you will adopt what is good in some and reject what is bad in others." But do not suppose from this advice, that you are to imitate servilely the master or the model you select. You must, as I cannot too often repeat, explain to yourselves the means of success peculiar to the artist to whom you are listening, and clearly comprehend by what art he has acquired grace, by what secret he has been able to charm you. You thus avoid the shoal of parody, and advance rapidly on the road that leads to success.

Before I was fifteen, I made my *debut* at the *Italiani*, as Lilla, in *La cosa rara*, a character left open by the departure of Mad. Fodor. Thanks to my extreme youth, and, above all, to the advice of my dear master, my success was a genuine one. The day on which M. Plantade's unconditional approbation confirmed the applause of the public was the happiest day of my life. After my successful *debut*, I had many annoyances and prejudices to overcome. I was French; this was almost a crime at the *Théâtre-Italiani*!

I was not discouraged. I learned, in a very short time, nearly fifteen or twenty parts; I understudied (sometimes in a day) the parts of all the *prime donne*; in the ardor of my zeal, and with my incessant application, I was ready for every score. This, my dear pupils, is the proper place to inform you that, should you intend to go on the stage, you must not be contented with studying the part in which you propose to appear; you must comprehend and fully master all the other parts. By this plan, you seize better the purpose of a work, while engaging in a practice more calculated than any other to render your character supple. My adoption of this system proved, one day, highly advantageous to me.

Mad. Catalani was to appear in an extraordinary performance at the *Opéra*. The grand rehearsal was already somewhat advanced, when it was remarked that the great vocalist had not arrived. At the moment the *ritornello* of her *cavatina* announced her entrance on the stage. Barilli, our stage-manager, taking my hand, boldly presented me to the orchestra, to sing in the place of our celebrated manageress. Though greatly agitated at first, I felt afterwards very happy, for the orchestra applauded me very much, and it was the first time such an honor had been paid me. When Mad. Catalani heard of what I had been bold enough, or, rather, what my devotion to art had prompted me to do, she thanked me by an embrace, for she was always kind.

A short time subsequently (I was then sixteen), Garcia entrusted me with a charming first-rate part in his opera, *Il Califo di Bagdad*. Yarat, who then heard me (alas! I was too young ever to have heard him), said, I sang *insolently in tune* (*insolument juste*.) This is, I think, the only defect on which I have had to congratulate myself in the whole course of my life; contrast this defect, my dear pupils; there can be no charm if you do not sing in tune. This quality is not one, I am aware, that is easily acquired, but, by working assiduously at the intervals of all kinds, slowly, and with the assistance of a master, you may sometimes succeed in singing in tune, even when you have not naturally a feeling for it.

When Rossini arrived in France, I received the valuable advice of Bordogni, whose colleague I afterwards became at the *Conservatoire*, and whose good taste is proved by the charming exercises of vocalization he has given us.

A short time afterwards, an extraordinary performance afforded me an opportunity of appearing at the *Opéra*, in *Le Rossignol*. As I had never previously had a chance of singing in French before the public who treated me already so kindly, I was in a state of intense anxiety. It was, however, the very success which attended this attempt which made me resolve to remain on the grand stage of the *Opéra*, for which a new destiny seemed then about to open. But, before I separated from the *Théâtre-Italiani*, which had become endeared to me for many reasons, I determined to subject myself to another ordeal, more serious than that of *Le Rossignol* could be. The *Vicomte de la Rochefoucauld* (then Duke de Doudeauville), whose name all artists should remember with gratitude, was, at that time, entrusted with the direction of the *Beaux Arts*. I asked his permission to play *Amazilly*, in *Fernand Cortez*, a delicious part, entirely dependent on expression, and, apparently, quite opposed to the nature of the style I had cultivated up to that period. The part does not contain a single *roulade*; it was impossible to

succeed in it except by feeling and simplicity. This second bold attempt proved even more successful than the first. I became a member of the *Opéra*, therefore, exceedingly proud of having obtained the suffrage of so eminent a composer as Spontini, and of so dramatic a singer as Mad. Branchu, for whom he had composed this admirable part twenty years previously. Here begins the second, and not the least happy, period of my theatrical career.—*London Musical World*, July 7.

CINTI-DAMOREAU.

(To be continued.)

(From the Atlantic Monthly.)

The Representative Art.

No art is worth anything that does not embody an idea,—that is not representative: otherwise, it is like a body without a soul, or the image of some divinity that never had existence. Art needs, indeed, to be individualized, to betray the characteristics of the artist, to be himself infused into his work; but more than this, it needs to typify, to illustrate the character of the age,—to be of a piece with other expressions of the sentiment that animates other men at the time. It must be one note in the concert, and that not discordant,—neither behind time nor ahead of it,—neither in the wrong key nor the other mode: you don't want Verdi in one of Beethoven's symphonies; you don't want Mozart in Rossini's operas. No art ever has lived that was not the genuine product of the era in which it appeared; no art ever can live that is not such a product: it may, perchance, have a temporary or a fictitious success, but it can neither really and truly exert an influence at the moment of its highest triumph, nor afterwards remain a power among men, unless it reflect the spirit of the epoch, unless it show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.

All greatness consists in this: in being alive to what is going on around one; in living actually; in giving voice to the thought of humanity; in saying to one's fellows what they want to hear or need to hear at that moment; in being the concretion, the result, of the influences of the present world. In no other way can one affect the world than in embodying thus its ideas. You will see, in looking to history, that all great men have been a piece of their time; take them out and set them elsewhere, they will not fit so well; they were made for their day and generation. The literature which has left any mark, which has been worthy of the name, has always mirrored what was doing around it; not necessarily *daguerreotyping* the mere outside, but at least reflecting the inside,—the thoughts, if not the actions of men,—their feelings and sentiments, even if it treated of apparently far-off themes. You may discuss the Greek republics in the spirit of the modern one; you may sing idyls of King Arthur in the very mood of the nineteenth century. Art, too, will be seen always to have felt this necessity, to have submitted to this law. The great dramatists of Greece, like those of England, all flourished in a single period, blossomed in one soil; the sculptures of antiquity represented the classic spirit, and have never been equalled since, because they were the legitimate product of that classic spirit. You cannot have another Phidias till man again believes in Jupiter. The Gothic architecture, how meanly is it imitated now! What cathedrals built in this century rival those of Milan or Strasbourg or Notre Dame? Ah! there is no such Catholicism to inspire the builders; the very men who reared them would not be architects, if they lived to-day. And the Italian painters, the Angelos and Raphael's and Da Vinci's and Titians, who were geniuses of such universal power that they builded and carved and went on embassies and worked in mathematics only with less splendid success than they painted,—they painted because the age demanded it; they were religious, yet sensuous, like their nation; they felt the influence of the Italian sun and soil. Their faith and their history were compressed into The Last Judgment and the Cartoons; their passion as well as their power may be recognized in The Last Supper and The Venus of the Bath.

There is always a necessity for this expression of the character of the age. This spirit of our age, this mixed materialistic and imaginative spirit,—this that abroad prompts Russian and Italian wars, and at home discovers California mines,—that realizes gorgeous dreams of hidden gold, and Napoleonic ideas of almost universal sway,—that bridges Niagara, and underlays the sea with wire, and forgetful of the Titan fate, essays to penetrate clouds,—this spirit, so practical that those who choose to look on one side only of the shield can see only perjured monarchs trampling on deceived or decaying peoples, and back woodsmen hewing forests, and begrimed laborers setting up telegraph-poles or working at printing-presses

—this spirit also so full of imagination,—which has produced an outburst of music (that most intangible and subtle and imaginative of arts) such as the earth never heard before,—which is developing in the splendid, showy life, in the reviving taste for pagantry that some supposed extinct, in the hurried, crowded incidents that will fill up the historic page that treats of the nineteenth century,—this spirit is sure to get expression in art.

The American people, cosmopolitan, concrete, the union, the result rather of a union of so many nationalities, ought surely to do its share towards this expression. The American people surely represents the century,—has much of its spirit: is full of unrest; is eminently practical, but practical only in embodying poetical or lofty ideas; is demonstrative and excitable; resembles the French much and in many things,—the French, who are at the head of modern and European civilization,—who think and feel deeply, but do not keep their feelings hidden. The Americans, too, like expression: when they admire a Kossuth or a Jenny Lind, a patriot exile or a foreign singer, all the world is sure to know of their admiration; when they are delighted at some great achievement in science, like the laying of an Atlantic Cable, they demonstrate their delight. They make their successful generals Presidents; they give dinners to Morphy and banquets to Cyrus Field. They are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the age. Therefore they are artistic.

How amazed some will be at the proposition, amazed that the age should be called an artistic one, amazed that Americans should be considered an artistic nation! Yet art is only the expression in outward and visible form of an inward and spiritual grace,—the sacrament of the imagination. Art is an incarnation in colors or stones or music or words of some subtle essence which requires the embodiment. We all have delicate fancies, lofty imaginings, profound sentiments; the artist expresses them for us. If, then, this age be one that requires expression for its ideas, that is practical, that insists on accomplishing its designs, on creating its children, on producing its results, it is an artistic age. For art works; a poet is a maker, according to the Greeks: and all artists are poets; they all produce; they all do; they all make. They do just what all the practical men of this practical age are doing, what even the Gradgrinds are doing: they embody ideas; they put thoughts into facts. A quiet, contemplative age is not an artistic one; art has ever flourished in stirring times: Grecian wars and Guelphic strife have been its fostering influences. An artist is very far from being an idle dreamer: he works as hard as the merchant or the mechanic,—works, too, physically as well as mentally, with his hand as well as his head.

This is all statement: let us have some facts; let us embody our ideas. Do you not call Meyerbeer, with his years of study and effort and application, a worker? Do you not call Verdi, who has produced thirty operas, a worker? Do you not imagine that Turner labored on his splendid pictures? Do you not know how Crawford toiled and spun away his nerves and brain? Have you not heard of the incessant and tremendous attention that for many months Church bestowed on the canvas that of late attracted the admiration of English critics and their Queen? Was Rachel idle? Have these artists not spent the substance of themselves as truly as any of your politicians or your soldiers or your traders? Can you not trace in them the same energy, the same effort, the same determination as in Louis Napoleon, as in Zachary Taylor, as in Stephen Girard? Are not they also representative?

And their works,—for by these shall ye know them,—do they reflect in nothing this fitful, uneasy, yet splendid intensity of to-day? Can you not read in the colors on Turner's canvas, can you not see in the rush of Church's Niagara, can you not hear in the strains of the Traviata, can you not perceive in the tones and looks of Ristori, just what you find in the successful men in other spheres of life? Rothschild's fortune speaks no more plainly than the Robert le Diable; George Sand's novels and Carlyle's histories tell the same story as Kossuth's eloquence and Garibaldi's deeds. The artists are as alive to-day as any in the world. For, again and again, art is not an outside thing; its professors, its lovers, are not placed outside the world; they are in it and of it as absolutely as the rest. You who think otherwise, remember that Verdi's name six months ago was the watchword of the Italian revolutionists; remember that certain operas are forbidden now to be played in Naples, lest they should arouse the countrymen of Masaniello; remember, or learn, if you did not know, how in New York, last June, all the singers in town offered their services for a benefit to the Italian cause, and all the *habitués*, late though the season was, crowded to their places to see an opera whose

attractiveness had been worn out and whose novelty was nearly gone. You who think that art is an interest unworthy of men who live in the world, that it is a thing apart, what say you to the French, the most actual, the most practical, the most worldly of peoples, and yet the fondest of art in all its phases,—the French, who remembered the statues in the Tuilleries amid the massacres of the First Revolution, and spared the architecture of antiquity when they bombarded the city of the Cæsars?

Consider, too, the growing love for art in practical America; remark the crowds of newly rich who deck their houses with pictures and busts, even though they cannot always appreciate them: remember that nearly every prominent town in the country has its theatre; that the opera, the most refined luxury of European civilization, considered for long an affectation beyond every other, is relished here as decidedly as in Italy or France. In New York, Boston, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and New Orleans, there are buildings exclusively appropriated to this new form of art, this exotic, expensive amusement. These opera-houses, too, illustrate most aptly the progress of other arts. They are adorned with painting and gilding and carving; they are as sumptuous in accommodation as the palaces of European potentates; they are lighted with a brilliancy that Aladdin's garden never rivalled; they are thronged with crowds as gayly dressed as those that fill the saloons of Parisian belles; and the singers and actors who interpret the thoughts of mighty foreign masters are the same who delight the Emperor of the French when he pays a visit to the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. Orchestras of many instruments discourse most eloquent music, and involuted strains are criticized in learned style, in capitals thousands of miles from the seashore. And there is no appreciation of art in all this! there is no embodiment of the love of the age for material magnificence, there is no poetry incarnated into form, in this combination of splendors rivaling the opium-eater's visions! The Americans are a dull, stupid people, immersed in business; art has no effect upon them; it is despised among them; it can never prosper here!

(To be continued.)

Soon after his arrival in England, Jullien was engaged to play the flageolet at the mansion of one of the principal members of the English peerage. His lordship, supposing that Jullien did not understand English, approached the accompanist and said, in a low voice, "Tell the gentleman not to play anything too long—I do not like long pieces." The accompanist did not know what to do; but Jullien said to him, with a smile, "Stop when I stop, and close the book." Every one was silent and listened. Jullien played twenty bars and stopped. The accompanist did the same. The audience were in raptures; and his lordship, running up and pressing the artist's hand, said, "Ah, monsieur, the piece you have played is admirable; but it is too short—you must give us another." "With pleasure, my lord, but you must pay me double." His lordship consented enthusiastically. Quietly opening the music again, Jullien went on from the passage where he had left off, and concluded the piece amidst thunders of applause.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

The changes and embellishments of Paris continue with undiminished energy and celerity. The city is on the point of contracting a further debt of one hundred and fifty million of francs, to carry on the work of regeneration and improvement, which must, in a few years more, render the French capital the most magnificent city the world has ever seen. Whichever way the pedestrian turns, he meets on all sides, armies of laborers, tearing down the narrow and ill-constructed buildings of the past, or swarms of artisans, rearing commodious and elegant edifices, more in conformity with the requirements of the age. The project of the new Grand Opera House, which is to be one of the monuments of the reign of Napoleon III., seems not yet to be definitively settled. It was supposed that a fine site, on the boulevard, opposite the beautiful Rue de la Paix, had been chosen, but none of the plans submitted for the new building has been accepted, as yet, and it is said that the location may possibly be changed to some spot more eligible in point of space. This rumor has been denied by the official journal, but all the statements of the *Moniteur* during the past few years have hardly been of evangelical veracity, and people persist in believing that the Imperial Academy of Music is to afford a

golden occasion for speculation in real estate, in a quarter much nearer the Tuilleries than the site already named. Meantime, not the least of the new improvements is the demolition of several buildings on and adjacent to the corner of the Palais Royal, which is occupied by the Theatre Français. The space afforded by the removal of these buildings will clear the approaches to the Government Theatre, and aid the circulation in a part of the city which is always crowded, and stood vastly in need of this amelioration. The St. Honore front of the Palais Royal will now be freed of all incumbrances, and form an agreeable *vis à vis* to the extension of the Louvre on the other side of the broad square which separates the two palaces.—N. O. Picayune.

July 11.—Nothing of any commanding interest has occurred in the operatic world. At the Grand Opéra, *Les Huguenots* has been revived for M. Urcart, the Belgian tenor of whom I wrote a short time since. He still maintains the favorable impression he created in *William Tell*, and people seem to think he will be permanently engaged. By the way, the "normal diapason" now established at the Grand Opéra does not work over well, and is especially obnoxious to the bass singers. The "Pif-paf," for instance, is, with the new pitch in some parts beyond the range of any but the most exceptional voices. The character of the music is also considerably modified by the change, and, in some instances, as for example, the air of the "Couvre Feu," loses not a little of its original color.

The manager of the Opéra-Comique has done a famous stroke of business for his establishment by the engagement of M. Roger, whose return to the scene of his early triumphs will no doubt be hailed with delight by the frequenters of this house. The round of characters he created here with such marked success, await his touch to revive with all their original freshness and charm, and after the Midsummer glories of the Grand Opéra, which some say he had better never have struggled for, he will glide calmly and gently into a sort of "latter spring." Mad. Faure (the wife of Faure now engaged at your Royal Italian Opera) and Mad. Ugalde are also re-engaged, but the presence of these ladies is too familiar, and their talents have been too exhaustively reconnoitred by the audiences of the Opéra-Comique, to cause the announcement to be received with much enthusiasm. Mad. Ugalde has already appeared in *Galathée*, and it is just to say that her reception was in the highest degree flattering. Mad. Faure will not make her *re-entrée* till next week, in Boieldieu's *Petit Chaperon Rouge*.

Among the small items of intelligence interesting to your musical readers, I may mention the engagement of M. Nilmann, the German tenor, for a short period at the Grand Opéra. He is engaged expressly to sing in the *Tannhäuser* of Richard Wagner. Mlle. Tedesco will return to the Opéra in September, and make her first appearance in *Le Prophète*. She is afterwards to play Olympia in *Herculanum*. I hear also that Meyerbeer is expected to arrive in Paris very shortly.

One or two letters which I have received from Italian correspondents enable me to furnish you with a few scraps of news as to what is going on at the principal theatres in the land of song. At Genoa there have been several performances for the benefit of the Fund in support of the Sicilian Insurrection. The last deserves especial notice as being signalized by the appearance of the celebrated Signor Tamburini. He sang the cavatina from *La Sonnambula*, the duo in *Il Barbiere*, and the air of *Moïsette*. His reception was enthusiastic; the applause which greeted him being no less addressed to the patriotic Italian citizen than to the celebrated singer. His vocalization was marvellous, and took all by surprise, for the ear is no longer accustomed to such a deluge of trills and runs as was poured forth from the singer's throat with the most perfect ease. After the first effects of astonishment had subsided, bursts of applause followed one upon the other, and positively overwhelmed the last representative of the old florid school of Italian singing. Tamburini did not, however, exhaust the appreciative power of the audience, who in return awarded to Signor Agrone and to Signora Parodi, and to all the other artists and dilettanti, who contributed their services on the occasion, their due meed of applause. Signor Bottesini has been engaged at La Scala, in Milan, where he is to produce his opera *L'Assedio di Firenze*, and Mad. Fiorentini is engaged to play the principal part. The San Carlo, at Naples, is not in a very satisfactory condition. *I Foscari*, lately produced there with Guicciardi, met with a cool reception from the inferiority of the execution, and a few days after *Don Pasquale* encountered a complete *fiasco*.

The sisters Fenni have been giving a concert at Parma, where their admirable talents have been duly

appreciated. The programme for the autumnal season at the Opera of Bologna contains the names of the following artists:—Mesds. Borghi-Mamo and Luigia Gavetti-Regiani, and MM. Lodovico Graziani, Antonio Morelli, Mario Ghidi. M. Rota is the ballet master, and the principal *dansense* Mlle. Adelina Plunkett. Signor Beneventano, the baritone, is engaged for the approaching season at Trieste.

Mlle. Kenneth, whom your theatrical readers will better identify as the daughter of "little Kenneth," erst the proprietor of the well-known "little shop," at the corner of Bow Street, where many dramatic wits and theatrical stars were once wont to lounge and exchange the newest coinage of the mint of mirth and fancy, has just returned from a successful engagement in Spain, notably at Madrid, where she sang with Tamberlik, and at Barcelona. Mlle. Kenneth has been trained in the traditions of the old Italian school of grand opera; her vocalization is excellent, and she possesses the power of dramatic expression.

I hear from Pesth that the Italian Opera has commenced there. *Norma*, with Mlle. Lagrua as the Druid priestess, has produced quite a sensation. This lady is described as remarkably beautiful, and as possessing a voice of pure and rich quality, with a sympathetic character quite thrilling in its effect. Her presence is noble and graceful, and exactly suited to the heroines of the lyrical drama; and both by her acting and broad grand style of vocalising, exercises an extraordinary power over her audience. How is it neither Paris nor London have hitherto had the benefit of this artist's vaunted ability? How has she escaped Lumley the pearl-fisher? did he dive not deep enough, or too deep?

The Imperial Theatre of St. Petersburg has secured Signor Graziani, the baritone, for two years, commencing next season. The contract was only signed last Thursday. Mad. Rita Bernardi Fabricca, the wife of the Maestro Fabricca, an admirable singer, and moreover a very pretty person, is also engaged at St. Petersburg, for the third time. She is now in London, having left Paris a short time since. Mlle. Lotti della Santa has just passed through Paris on her way back from London to her country house in the environs of Milan. There is some talk of Mad. Mielan-Carvalho taking an engagement at the Royal Lisbon Theatre. Signor Fabricca's visit to London gives some color to this rumor, as he is charged with organizing the operatic troupe for the San Carlos at Lisbon.

I have the melancholy intelligence to record of the death of the pianist and composer, Gorla. It is reported that he has not left any money behind him. This is strange, for it is known that large sums were made by his compositions. One publisher confessed to realizing 3000 francs a year by one piece alone, and his *nocturne* and *étude* in E flat produced a profit of 30,000 francs—that is to say, the publishers! Sic vos non vobis! oh luckless herd of scribblers, whether musical or literary.—*London Musical World*, July 14.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Meyerbeer's grand opera, *Le Prophète*, was produced on Thursday night for the first time in the new theatre, with a splendor and magnificence that we believe has never yet been equalled. We must, for the present, be satisfied with announcing that Signor Tamberlik made his first appearance this season in the character of Jean of Leyden, that his singing was as much distinguished as formerly for correctness, vigor, and energy, and his impersonation of the mock prophet characterized by a manliness which invested the character of the impostor-prophet throughout with wonderfully sustained interest. "Tamberlik's John of Leyden"—says the *Morning Post*—"is well known to our public, who have long justly regarded it as one of his very greatest efforts; and never did he play the very arduous character more finely than on the present occasion. All the great 'points' of the part were 'taken,' as formerly, with an unquestionable appreciation of their merit; and the 'Re del cielo,' in which the marvellous voice of Tamberlik, animated by truly heroic ecstasy, gives out those famous B and C naturals *di petto*, with a force which makes the 'vaulted roof rebound,' again created what the Italians would call a *fiore*, quelled only by the reappearance of the singer twice before the curtain at the end of the act to which the air in question forms the finale." Mlle. Csillag gives evidence of additional powers in every part she undertakes, and her delineation of Fides will place her in a higher position than she has yet occupied. To appear in a character which some of the most consummate singers of the day have stamped with their individuality, indicates no small ambition; but Mlle. Csillag has proved herself capable of grappling with the extraordinary difficulties of a very arduous task, and of

grasping the salient characteristics of the most original and masterly creation of the lyric drama. Berta was carefully performed by Mlle. Corbari. Signor Tagliafico looked as if he had stepped out of a picture by Velasquez, and sang unexceptionably the music allotted to Count Oberthal; and the three Anabaptists were admirably represented by Signors Neri-Baraldi and Polonini, and M. Zelter. The scenery, costumes, and *mise-en-scène* are even more splendid and complete now than when the original production of *Le Prophète*, eleven years ago, was the town-talk of the season. From the Cuypp-like beauty of the opening view to the massive grandeur of the cathedral interior—cleverly taken at the junction of the south transept and the choir, thus giving the effect of unlimited extent—each scene was exquisite in itself, and gained an effect by the constant changes of the crowd of auxiliaries, who always—and as if by instinct, so thoroughly were they drilled—formed into harmoniously-balanced groupings. The skating scene, of course, was the main feature of the scenic display, and the “Quadrille des Patineurs” was so exceedingly well managed that it was enthusiastically encored. The dancing of Mad. Zina in the *pas de deux* was absolute perfection. We have no doubt that, placed on the stage with such profuse magnificence, *Le Prophète* will now, after its five years’ banishment, be a great and continued success. —*Ibid.*

HER MAJESTY’S THEATRE.—The experiments now being made at both Italian houses to resuscitate the neglected works of acknowledged masters, are commendable or likely to lead to good results, if not to great successes. In all probability we shall hear little more this year of *Orfeo e Eurydice*, performed three times at the Royal Italian Opera, or of *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, performed twice at Her Majesty’s Theatre, both of which were worthily and carefully put upon the stage; but we must not therefore conclude that nothing has been accomplished. It is something at all events for composers of the present day to gain some notion of what sort of music is calculated to please the public for whom they intend writing, and by what means popularity may be most surely achieved. It is something, too, even for the informed, to be reminded how old composers, like Gluck and Cimarosa, wrote in the olden times, and to contrast their compositions with those of the present day. When *Oberon* was announced at Her Majesty’s Theatre, we entertained serious doubts as to its success; nor were these doubts entirely removed when told that the cast would include the names of Titiens, Alboni, Mongini, Belart, Everardi, Gassier, and others; that the spectacle would be dazzling and transcendent; and that the music would be enriched by additions from *Euryanthe*, and accompanied recitatives by Mr. Jules Benedict, the accomplished musician, and favorite pupil and friend of Weber. We could not help thinking that there must have been some powerful cause for the failure of the opera on its first production. *Oberon* was first performed on the eleventh of April, 1826, when Weber was in the height of his popularity, and when the public, enraptured with their new favorite, would have been but too eager to take advantage of any opportunity afforded them of exhibiting their enthusiasm. The opera, nevertheless, ran but a few nights, and achieved a moderate success only. No doubt a good deal was owing to the absurdity and unfathomable purpose of the libretto, of which the author, Mr. Planché, one of the most elegant and correct of our dramatic writers, appears now to be thoroughly ashamed, since he acknowledges in his preface to the Italian version, that “nothing but the genius of Weber could have preserved it from total oblivion.”

Upon Mr. Benedict devolved the onerous and, however agreeable, not very grateful task of writing the accompanied recitatives and making such additions as were considered necessary to the success of the opera. This gentleman, perhaps more than any other living musician, was the most thoroughly competent to enter into Weber’s notions and supply what was found wanting in the score. We cannot help thinking, however, that the interpolation of pieces from *Euryanthe* was a grave mistake, and by no means called for, notwithstanding the brilliant manner in which it enabled Mlle. Titiens to wind up the performance. *Oberon* is, or is not, a *chef d’œuvre*. If it is, it was sacrilegious to meddle with it. If it is not, no excerpts from other works could make it so. Moreover, the public were desirous to hear *Oberon* in its integrity, and wanted nothing else—not even that Mlle. Titiens should be conciliated.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Here *Orfeo e Eurydice* has been repeated, after which *Lucrezia Borgia* had been given with Grisi, Mario, Ronconi, and Didié. The *Prophète* was announced with Mad. Csillag, Mad. Corbari, and Tamberlik in the principal parts.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The last concert of the forty-eighth season—one of the most brilliant and successful since the Philharmonic Society was instituted—took place at the Hanover-Square Rooms on Monday evening, July 2, when the following selection was performed before a crowded assemblage of amateurs and professors of the musical art:

PART I.

Sinfonia in D, Op. 7. Mozart.
Recit. and Aria, “Tu m’abbandoni,” Miss Louisa Pyne. Spohr.
Concerto, pianoforte, in G minor, Miss Arabella Goddard. Dussek.
Overture, “Naiades,” Sterndale Bennett.

PART II.

Sinfonia in C minor, No. 5. Beethoven.
Aria, “Quando lasciai la Normandia” (Robert le Diable), Miss Louisa Pyne. Meyerbeer.
Overture, “Jubilee,” Weber.
Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The Monday Popular Concerts, “The People’s Philharmonic” as they have been not inaptly styled, came to a close on Monday night with a performance “for the benefit of the directors.” It is well known that the managers of these entertainments are the Messrs. Chappell, who certainly need not be ashamed of the undertaking with which their names have for two years past been associated—for never was speculation, of which art was the medium, planned and carried out with more undeviating artistic worthiness. The first promise of the scheme has been verified to the letter; the public has been invariably dealt with in good faith, and it is now no more than the elucidation of a plain fact to state that an institution has been established, on the most legitimate principles and the firmest basis, alike honorable to its projectors and advantageous to those who support it. The programme of the final concert (the twenty-seventh of the second season), selected from the works of various masters, proved so attractive that St. James’s Hall was hardly spacious enough to accommodate the crowd that besieged the doors. Those who take an interest in the musical progress of the masses (towards which poor Jullien effected so much, and with such untiring zeal) may not be displeased to learn that nearly 1600 paid 1s. at the doors. On the other hand, the area stalls and the three-shilling galleries were crammed to suffocation. What sort of music these worthy people came to hear may be seen by the subjoined programme:

PART I.

Quartet in C major, stringed instruments. Spohr.
Song—“The Wanderer” Schubert.
Harpisichord lessons, pianoforte. Scarlatti.
Lieder Kreis, voice. Beethoven.
Prelude, Sarabande, and Gavotte, violoncello. Bach.

PART II.

Quartet, in E flat major, Op. 44, stringed instruments. Mendelssohn.
Song—“Zuleika” Meyerbeer.
Suite de Pièces, in E major. Handel.
Song—“Il Pensier” Haydn.
Song—“La Gita in Gondola” Rossini.
Duet, for two Pianofortes, in D major. Mozart.
Conductor—Mr. Lindsay Sloper.

The players in the quartets were M. Sainton, Herr Goffrie, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti, with whose respective merits our readers are well acquainted.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.—A grand concert was given on Wednesday evening, June 27, by Her Majesty, to a select but illustrious party. The following was the programme: Aria, “Arvi un dio” (*Maria di Rohan*), Donizetti, Mad. de Paëz; Fantasia, Flute (MS.), Koppitz, Herr Koppitz; Recit. and Aria, “Non più di fiori” (*La Clemenza di Tito*), Mozart, Mad. Kapp-Young; Air Hongrois, Violin, Ernst, Herr Becker; Air, “Vous pouvez soupier” (*Marco Spada*), Auber, Mlle. Artot; Fantaisie Originale, Pianoforte, L. De Meyer, M. Leopold De Meyer; Thema und Variationen, Proch, Mlle. Charlotte de Tiefensée. At the Pianoforte, Mr. W. G. Cusins. At the end of the performance, Her Majesty, after exchanging a gracious word with each of the other artists, conversed with Herr Leopold de Meyer for nearly a quarter of an hour, and requested him, the celebrated pianist, if not too fatigued, to play another piece, with which august “command” M. Leopold de Meyer complied, to the infinite delight of the whole assembly, among whom were the King of the Belgians and divers “Grand Dukes.”

Letters from Havana say that Gottschalk, the pianist, has been dangerously ill, but that he is now convalescent, and that he is to make a professional tour through Central America and Venezuela. He will take charge of the orchestra of the Italian opera, next winter, at the Tacon Theater. The new impressarii, Raya & Co., are now in Paris, engaging artists for the season, which will commence in November.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 4, 1860.

The “Philharmonic Problem” in St. Petersburg.

From the *Signale* of Leipsic, we extract some account of the way in which the Philharmonic Problem has been treated in St. Petersburg, feeling that it has not a few useful suggestions for us, here. There is one society it would seem, for all the branches of the musical art. How if all our local societies devoted to music were consolidated into one great, active, efficient body, uniting the resources, the zeal, the various talents of each; uniting their voices, the instruments, the libraries, the money, the professional talent, the business capacity, the enthusiasm and the general culture of the amateurs, and the higher special culture of the thorough artist? Is this altogether impracticable? Have we not the material for a great Musical Society among us, such as in this country, at least cannot be equalled? Might not some well considered plan be devised, which should bring all these elements together, and fuse them into one great and harmonious whole? But let us see how they do it in Russia.

Between the years 1840 and 1850 there was in St. Petersburg a Symphony Society, consisting entirely of amateurs, who, in playing and singing sought for a closer acquaintance with classical works. From various causes the meetings of this society were suspended in 1851, or rather postponed until favorable circumstances should make their revival possible. During the last years, by the exertions of the Count Wielhorsky, Rubinstein and others, members of the old society, the statutes were revived and the whole society remodelled. The name of the society is now: “RUSSIAN MUSICAL SOCIETY,” and its object, the education and encouragement of national talent, the diffusion of musical culture by the best possible performances of works of all schools, all periods and all masters, more particularly of the classical school; the awarding of prizes for compositions of all kinds, to consist of gold and silver medals as well as money; to give beginners a chance to hear their compositions, and bring them before the public, to send young persons of musical talent abroad to perfect themselves in their art, at the expense of the society; the completion and enlarging of the library; subscription to all musical periodicals. Ordinary members, who pay fifteen roubles annually, have a free pass to the ten symphony concerts of the season, the right of using the library and reading-room, and of voting at the annual general public meeting. Regular members pay one hundred roubles per annum, have free admittances to all performances of the society, and a vote at the annual meetings. The directors, of whom there are five, serve for two years, after which two step out appointing their successors. There are five vice-directors chosen by the directors. Directors and vice-directors form the committee. All questions are decided by simple majority. There is, besides, a board of consultation, consisting of the best Russian resident musicians, which is to report on new compositions, award the prizes and assist the committee in fixing concert-programmes, &c. The society is to give annually ten grand symphony concerts, six soirées for chamber-music and two oratorio performances. Each concert must contain a piece from the pen of a Russian composer, and, if possible, a solo performance by a Russian artist. In the programmes, the year of the birth and death of the authors is mentioned. Words of vocal pieces are invariably given, translated into Russian, if sung in

a foreign language. A choral society is established as an integral part of the whole. The orchestra is selected and paid. Mad. NISSEN-SALOMAN, and Messrs. PICIOLI, LODI, and DUTSCH, are engaged to instruct young persons of limited means, who show talent for music, at the expense of the society. The society will try to establish an Academy of vocal music at Charkow. There are to be branch societies in the principal cities of the empire. Although the society professes to be national, new compositions of foreign artists, if approved of, are brought out at the regular concerts. Foreigners may also be engaged as performers.

The society has just finished its first year. Oratorio performances were not given. In the ten "Philharmonic" concerts, the following composition of Russian composers were brought out: Overtures "Russlan and Ludmilla," Glinka, "Cholmsky," "Life of a Czar" by Glinka, Piano Concerto with orchestra by Rubinstein. Wallachian dance from the opera of "Gromoboi" by Werstofsky, scherzo for orchestra by Kui, another scherzo by Moussorsky, overture "Demon" by Fittinghof, and songs by various composers. The rest of the programmes was made up from the great masters. Here are a few specimens of them.

FIRST CONCERT.

Overture to the opera "Russian and Ludmilla".....Glinka
Chorus from the oratorio "Jephtha".....Handel
Concerto for pianoforte with orchestral accompaniment
.....Rubinstein
Finale from the opera "Loreley".....Mendelssohn
Symphony No. 8.....Beethoven

SECOND CONCERT.

Overture to Anacreon.....Cherubini
Aria from the oratorio "Joseph".....Handel
Terzetto for soprano, tenor and bass.....Dargomijsky
Concerto for piano with orchestra.....Fr. Liszt
Romances for piano.....Dargomijsky—Wielhorsky
Symphony.....Fr. Schubert

The Buffalo Sængerfest.

We devote a good deal of space this week to the account of the proceedings of the German singing societies at their great high festival held at Buffalo during the last week. The elements of enjoyment were various, and all, it would seem, were enjoyed to the full, and the example of our German fellow citizens is well worthy of adoption and imitation by our native population. But it does not seem to be in the nature or in accordance with the genius of our people to enjoy themselves in this way, or indeed, to enjoy themselves at all in any way that shall altogether throw aside the conventional restraints of a somewhat cold nature, the narrow bonds of an awkward formality, and fairly to relax and expand in the free and natural manner that characterizes the observances of the holidays of people of European birth and descent. What are our holidays, and how do we observe them? There is the Fourth of July, that marks the grandest epoch in modern political history, and — *what else?* And how do we celebrate this great anniversary? Fireworks, processions of military, processions of fire companies, and an everlasting flood of speeches of every kind. We can do nothing without a "Chief Marshal" and "Aids." We need, it would seem, some stiffness, some formality, to make us believe we are having a good time. We cannot put off, as do our German friends, "the old man" of business, of care and anxiety, and be, as it were, children; we seem to have no true love for Nature, for open air and green trees, and the sports and pleasures congenial to such scenes; we cannot unbend as they do, and become children in our enjoyments, but seem to sigh for the deep platoons of a well-or-

dered procession, guided and governed by blue-ribboned and batoned marshals. There must be some *work* in all our pleasures, and indeed, compared with the free and natural jollity of these German demonstrations, it seems like the "all work and no play" that makes Jack a dull boy. We can hardly spare the time to play at all, and when we do, it still savors a little of work, or at least reminds us of the solemn gambols of an elephant, so unused are we to the thing, such awkward playfellows have we become from long disuse of the playing powers. We are a solemn people, it is to be feared, and when we are brought together in multitudes, do not know exactly what to do with ourselves, save to listen to an oration. We are not so in our families, among ourselves, with a little circle of friends, but when we all get together, we insensibly stiffen into ranks and fall into line. The *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* has some sensible remarks apropos to our subject. After discussing some drawbacks in the German character, it goes on to say:

"They love music, and the music too not only of the home circle but of huge choirs and bands, more than any other nation. Now music is a great harmonizer, and large bodies of people assembled for the cultivation of the art are out of mischief, and likely to be very well behaved. Here then is a great good obtained—the people are gathered into large assemblies away from all private, secret haunts of vice and wickedness; and the very thing that calls them together, unlike the bull-fight, the low theatre, the cock fight and the prize fight, is almost as promotive of harmony as religion. How much nobler a spectacle was that presented at Buffalo the other day, where the German singing societies assembled for an exhibition, than that at Farnborough, where such a crowd of Englishmen, out of even the higher ranks, came together to see the great fight. Every nation must have its excitements; how fortunate are the Germans then, in finding so much of what they want in that way in the *maennerchor*.

But it is something underlying the love of music that brings them together in such large bodies to sing; for we see the same disposition to fraternize on a large scale "cropping out," as the geologists would say, in other directions. They must have their *verein* in every department of effort or amusement. What pleasanter sight can one see than that picture in the Dusseldorf Gallery in New York, which represents the Dusseldorf Society of artists out together for recreation and artistic materials? What a generous rivalry is fostered, where artists are thus intimately associated, instead of glowering at each other from their opposite attics.

Then there are the *Turner vereins*. Much is said about their infidelity, but too little about that fidelity they show to so many of the injunctions of nature. Not many of the higher class of Germans reach this country, or if they do, take part in the various social gatherings mentioned; therefore, we do not see the German nature in its highest aspects; yet one who thoughtfully enters a Turner's Hall, cannot but observe much to admire. There is the gymnasium, and the lecture hall, and the garden. Now, this last may be a rude affair, simply a set of rough board seats placed around small trees; and underneath, instead of turf and flowers, there may be only gravel; but when it is considered that the affair is got up mostly by poor mechanics, who love so much to come together nightly and take each other by the hand, that they will draw largely on their scanty resources to pay for the gardened — the place becomes beautiful before you."

But we refer to the chronicle of the doings of the Sængerfest at Buffalo. May we not sometime hope to see this gathering in Boston?

M. R. T. has our thanks for the admirable Maxims of Robert Schumann translated for the "Journal." They have already been *twice* inserted in our former volumes, or they would find a place at this time. They can hardly however be made too familiar to musical students.

Musical Chit-Chat.

THE HARVARD GLEE CLUB gave a concert at Worcester during the regatta week. We find the following notice of it in the correspondence of the *Traveller*.

"The 'Harvard Glee Club' gave their much asked-for concert this evening, assisted by the 'Mendelssohn Quintette.' No weather could have been finer than that with which they were favored, the audience corresponded in brilliancy and size—upwards of a thousand people being present. The concert was given in the Mechanics' Hall, which is fully as large as the Tremont Temple, and the size of the hall prevented the 'Quintette,' in their earlier pieces, from being fully appreciated; but as the audience grew more quiet, they got to be well heard, and some of their performances were admirable and elicited great applause. Neither Mr. Schultze nor Mr. Meisel were present, however, Mr. Suck filling the place of the former gentleman very acceptably, and Mr. Coenen that of the latter in the same way. The 'Quintette Club' performed the overture to *Stradella*, a Scene and Aria from '*Le Pré aux Cleres*,' and an *Entre Act* from "*Robert*." Mr. Fries also performed his famous solo on the 'Cello,' by Kummer, in which he imitates a banjo so curiously.

The Glee Club were, at first, evidently a little tried by the novelty of their situation, the hall being much larger than any they have been accustomed to, and a decided want of accuracy in time, and tune as well, was observable in the '*Cheerful Wanderer*' of Mendelssohn, their first piece. After this, however, they steadily improved and were soon evidently free from embarrassment, acquitting themselves admirably and to the delight of the audience.

Mr. Howland of the Graduating Class sung the '*Penenti Nami*' from the *Magic Flute*, in superb style, overcoming the serious difficulties of the piece in a way that would have done credit to a veteran solo singer, and the 'Club' were never more successful than in their renderings of the '*Turkish Drinking Song*' by Mendelssohn, and of Lenz's '*Wanderer's Night Song*.' They were many times encored, and the enthusiasm which prevailed all through the evening, reached its climax at their rendition of the various College Songs—"Upidee," "Integer," "Littoria," and others, all of which were given with the greatest spirit and sweetness."

The New York *Christian Inquirer*, in its account of the recent inauguration at Cambridge, speaks thus of the music of the day.

"We cannot omit mentioning the admirable character and the delightful effect of the singing by the Glee Club at the Inauguration. It was the only part of the exercises during which many wet eyes were seen, except, perhaps, during the President's tender and exquisite reference to young Wilkinson's character and loss. The Alumni dinner went off famously. Dr. Holmes presided to a charm, and unwittingly described himself under a pretended description of Mr. Winthrop. On the whole, Harvard never saw brighter days than those of the late Commencement week. May the dear old mother live a thousand years, and then another."

The New York correspondent of the *N. O. Pica-yune* writes as follows of Frezzolini:

The "Garibaldi Benefit" at the Academy of Music was a success, financially and artistically. The net proceeds amounted to about \$1,500, which, considering that "everybody is out of town," is as much

as could have reasonably been expected. The performance of the "Lucia," with Frezzolini, Musiani, and Ferri, in the leading parts, was all that could be desired. The great prima donna—"la reine du theatre" was most cordially received, and was called before the curtain at the end of every act. Her conception of the situations and the character of the heart-broken *Lucia* was thoroughly natural; while her rendering of every emotion was eminently artistic. Nothing could be finer or more satisfactory in action, intonation, costume and general effect. From the moment she enters the blushing garden, fragrant and dewy with "budding love," until she flies from her last scene, shattered and shivered with despair, all our sympathies cluster around that fair and beautiful victim of the love that fate forbids. The role of *Lucia* is exceedingly simple and very easily understood. It finds a ready interpreter in the hearts of all who have tasted the greatest of all sorrows—the sorrow of an overwhelming, involuntary, uncontrollable love. And who is there that has not, at some period of life, either in the freshness of spring, or the fullness of autumn, confessed himself a believer in that faith, "whose martyrs are the broken heart?"

Frezzolini, by her delicate organization and profound experience, is enabled to give utterance to every shade of sentiment, and to every tone of suffering. As *Lucia*, she loves with "a love that is more than love;" and her plaintive, prolonged cry for *Edgardo*, so tearful and so tender, is a sound one can never cease to hear. It is like the melodious sigh of a lonely star bewailing the loss of some sister Pleiad. And yet there are ears, and even among our so-called critics, so long and so obtuse that the refined and subtle tones of Frezzolini cannot penetrate them! We commend all such obdurate "organs" to the special treatment of the celebrated aurist, Von Moschizker. Such deaf and impenetrable critics as these may quite as well write their "musical notices" before the performance as after it, which was certainly the case with one of our leading musical journals, which highly compliments the singing of Mme. Colson, on the Garibaldi night, but who, in consequence of indisposition, did not sing at all! It is a disgrace to journalism, and an insult to the public, that such gross injustice should be permitted.

Did space allow I could say much in praise of Mme. Cortesi's *Lucretia*; and also of the admirable singing and acting of Musiani and Susini. With two such tenors as Musiani and Ernani, Brignoli will either have to change his terms or his manners. No artist for years, in New York, has feared competition less, or needed it more. He has had his own way in everything; and has become, as the French say, *un enfant gâté*. Errani, who is engaged at the Academy for the next season, will be likely to "take the conceit out of him." On being invited to sing for the Garibaldi benefit, "the handsome tenor" refused, on the ground that he "could not compromise his family in Naples."

OHIO STATE MUSICAL CONVENTION.—A State Musical Convention will be held at Ashland, on the 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th of August, under the direction of Prof. B. F. Baker of Boston, Dr. Clare W. Beames, of New York, and W. H. Ingersoll of Ohio. The Convention follows immediately on the close of the summer session of the Ohio Normal Academy of Music at Ashland. Every singer in the State is invited, and it is to be hoped that a vast attendance will be secured.

The Normal Academy of Music, Genesee, N. Y., has entered upon its second annual term with the most flattering prospects.

Principals.—T. E. Perkins, Professor of Elemental and Vocal Training. S. J. Cook, Professor of Harmony, Psalmody, and Violinist. J. M. North, Assistant Tutor.

Private Teachers.—C. Bassini, Professor of Composition and Vocal Training. S. N. Pychowski,

Professor of Composition, Piano Forte and Organ. T. F. Seward, Professor of Organ and Melodeon.

Suitable buildings for its accommodation will probably be erected ere its third annual term shall commence—in the summer of 1861—so that all the necessary facilities for a thorough and finished musical education will be here enjoyed. The present statistics are as follows:

Prof. Perkins' and Cook's regular class pupils, fifty-five.

Prof. Bassini's private class pupils, forty five.

Prof. Pychowski's private class pupils, thirty.

Evidently Mendelssohn's music does not please every body, as will more fully appear by this notice from a Worcester paper.

"The singing was distinguished for precision and accuracy, and the pieces sung were of the best of the part-songs of Mendelssohn, which are unsurpassed in their way. This author is certainly original, though rather in the manner than in the matter. He seems studied and bears the marks of erasure and interlineation. Mozart, on the other hand, of whose genius there was presented one specimen, is spontaneous, new and perfect in the first conception. His elaboration is merely in details which are necessarily just what they are, and never could have been written otherwise or thought otherwise. The introduction of this divine master must have struck any musical sensibility as a recurrence to first principles after the somewhat labored strangeness of the others. Mozart's music sings and plays itself. It is of little consequence how it is rendered.

The voices were good, some of them excellent, but the manner of singing smacked too much of the baton. The time was too good, and the accent too monotonous. With many points of excellence there was something to criticize."

A friend of ours told us that once, when he was visiting Liszt, a fine gentleman from Boston was announced, and during the conversation the latter spoke with great contempt of Wagner (the new light) and his music. Liszt did not say anything, but went to the open piano and struck with grandeur the opening chords of the Tannhauser overture; having played it through, he turned and quietly remarked, "The man who doesn't call that good music is a fool." It is the only reply which can be made to those who do not find that quintessence of things which we call Poetry in many passages of this work."—*Conway's Dial*.

The opera of "Les Rosieres," which the Théâtre Lyrique, in Paris, is going to mount, is unknown to our generation. It was first performed in 1817, and was the first opera by Herold, which had a great success. Its last performance took place in 1826.

Musical Intelligence.

The Sængerfest at Buffalo.

The great meeting of the various German singing clubs of the country took place at Buffalo during the last week. We glean from the papers of that city some accounts of the proceedings of the several days.

Yesterday morning opened the festival week of the North American Sængerbund. As our readers may be aware, this is an association of the German musical societies in the cities of the Northern States. Its principal object consists in the arrangement for a yearly convocation of the members of these societies and any song-union which chooses to attend the annual *Fest* may become a member of the *Bund* or confederacy. At present, we believe, twenty-five societies are thus allied. The Sængerfests, of which there have been eleven, the present being the twelfth, are designed, at once to heighten the standard of musical excellence, and to promote general good feeling and brotherhood, among the song-loving sons and daughters of "Vaterland."

St. James Hall is the headquarters of the Sængerbund and is decorated in a manner worthy of the occasion. Beautiful festoons of evergreens hang from

the roof and around the gallery appear the names of the twenty-four Societies of the Sængerbund. These are as follows:

Orpheus—Boston.
Concordia—Preston, C. W.
Wyandot Sængerbund—Upper Sandusky, O.
Teutonia—New York.
Mænnerchor—Columbus, O.
Arion—New York.
Teutonia—Alleghany City.
Mænnerchor—West Cleveland.
Harmonia—Detroit.
Liedertafel—Buffalo.
Sængerbund—Toledo.
Mænnerchor—Rochester.
Germania—Dunkirk.
Frohsinn—Pittsburg.
Sængerbund—Buffalo.
Eintracht—Newark.
Liedertafel—Akron.
Bruderbund—Tiffin, O.
Liederkrantz—New York.
Mozart Quartette Verein—Sandusky.
Mænnerchor—Philadelphia.
Harmonia—Erie.
Liederkrantz—Syracuse.
Gesangverein—Cleveland.

THE RECEPTION CONCERT.—This was the main feature of the day's festivities. The custom on these occasions is for the resident musicians to entertain their visitors by giving a Reception Concert, to open the ceremonies. In accordance with this musically hospitable idea, the United Societies of Buffalo gave at St. James's Hall, the first act of Von Weber's "Euryanthe," and Becker's "Gipsies." The Hall was crowded at an early hour, mostly with the visiting societies, among whom were many ladies whose gay dresses added largely to the beauty of the richly decorated hall. When the curtain rose, a charming scene was exhibited. Forty ladies, all in white, occupied the front of the stage, while behind them, rising in tiers, were some 75 gentlemen. The orchestra numbered 35 instruments, making a total of about 150 performers.

The overture to "Euryanthe" was charmingly given, the orchestra being remarkably well-balanced. The music of this opera, new to us, is of the Italian school, though of German authorship, and remarkably rich in pleasing melodies. But nothing ever given in Buffalo equalled the choruses. Some of these were remarkable in themselves as melodies, and they were rendered with a time like a drum beat, no drag, no hurrying, the orchestra and voices harmonizing to perfection, and all blending into one grand whole which realized our highest conception of what a chorus should be.

We have omitted to mention the fact that on the rising of the curtain, Prof. CARL ADAM made a Reception Speech. It was in German, and all we can say for it is that it was gracefully delivered, and from its frequent cheering we may conclude that its sentiments met the approval of the guests of Buffalo.

The first Concert was given in the Exchange Street Depot of the N. Y. Central Railroad, which was gratuitously furnished by the Company at a very considerable sacrifice of convenience. The building is 90 feet in width and 580 in length, and very lofty. Its numerous, yet easily guarded entrances, its coolness and comfort, the fact that the floor was on the level of the ground, and was therefore safe, made it perhaps the best room for such a purpose in the United States.

At the west end of the Depot were seats for the singers, consisting of fourteen ascending tiers, on which were placed more than 600 singers and an orchestra of 65 performers. In the centre of the platform was a dais, occupied by the Director, Prof. CARL ADAM, to whom was confided the mammoth task of governing and controlling the ocean of music which rolled in harmonies down the vast length of the building.

The following was the programme:

PART I.

- Overture to Tannhäuser. Wagner.
1. Hymn, Chorus with Quartetto. Neithardt.
The Quartetto by the Mænnerchor, N. Y.
2. The Eighth Psalm, Chorus with Quartetto. Schnabel.
The Quartetto by the Gesangverein of Cleveland.
3. Goethe's last words, 'Light, more light.' Chorus with Quartetto. Liszt.
The Quartetto by the Arion of New York.
4. Pilgrim's Chorus from Tannhäuser, Chorus with Quartetto. Wagner.

PART II.

- Overture to Fidelio.
5. God, Fatherland, Love. Hymn. Chorus with Quartetto. Tschirch.
The Quartetto by the Teutonia Mænnerchor, N. Y.
6. Ode to the morning, Chorus with Quartetto. Rietz.
The Quartetto by the Orpheus of Boston.
7. Hunter's Song, Chorus. Schumann.
8. The Midnight Revue of Napoleon Bonaparte, Chorus. Titi.

It was supposed that some 8 or 10,000 persons were present. From the dais the scene was magnificent. The distance from the rear was so great that

the crowd became an indistinguishable mass. Constant good order prevailed. Among the audience were thousands of ladies, and the only breach in the harmony of the night was a rush through the canvas which closed the east end, which was soon quelled by the active interference of the police under the personal supervision of Mayor ALBERGER, who was very efficient in preserving quiet.

In such a concert, multitude is the great feature. It drowned out every thing else, and noble as was the music, the sight of that grand gathering of humanity was the wonder of the night. We found that two-thirds down the room even the quartets were perfectly heard. At the rear, more more than 500 feet from the singers, these were mostly lost, though the choruses were full and effective even there. * * *

It is something to have seen and heard all this, a good deal more to have done it. All Buffalo is proud of this splendid achievement of our Teutonic cousins, and honors the labor which has been expended upon it. Prof CARL ADAM, who has had the Musical Directorship throughout, has discharged his onerous duties with an intelligent skill which satisfies all interested. His labors have been very severe, but their triumphant termination must repay him for all. On the part of the Local Committee, everything has been done with a system and capacity for generalship worthy of high praise. It was a great task to prepare the concert and to carry it safely through without accident.

THE PRIZE CONCERT.—The Prize Concert was, to the artistic ear, the finest of all the musical entertainments of the week. The competition was for the splendid silver goblet, manufactured by JUNG-LING, and recently exhibited at the store of BLODGETT & BRADFORD. Its weight is equal to one hundred dollars, and the ornamentation upon it is of the most exquisite and emblematic character. Only eleven of the Societies competed for it, those of Buffalo being excluded by locality, and many others not caring to test themselves besides such clubs as the Arion, Liederkranz or Orpheus. The audience in attendance was immense, and composed of as many of the elite of Buffalo as could find entrance, hundreds being unable to get in.

The first great excitement was produced by the New York Liederkranz, who were enthusiastically encored. The next piece, the beautiful and stirring "On the Neckar, on the Rhine," by the Teutonia, of Alleghany City, was also charmingly given and warmly encored. Then came the "Vineta," of the New York Arion—magnificently led by CARL ANSCHUTZ. We can hardly say too much of this pleasing yet difficult melody, or of the perfect blending of its harmony. There seemed to be but one soul and one thought in the Arions. The encore which followed was tremendous. They responded only to be called out again, but the second encore was declined.

Close upon the heels of the Arions came the Orpheus, of Boston. Mr. KREISSMANN, their leader, has one of the purest and richest tenors to which we ever listened. In arranging his club he exhibited some management, packing them in close order, instead of stretching them in line across the stage. He thus secured a more perfect time and more careful harmony. The "Night-song" is a musical gem. The piano passages were given with wonderful delicacy and feeling, but there was a lack in the forte which perhaps lost them the prize. Among the American portion of the audience the Orpheus was perhaps the favorite, though it was conceded to be a close thing with the Arion. The Liederkranz, which received three votes from the committee, was better appreciated by the Germans than the Americans.

The Committee of Judges appointed to award the prize was composed of the following gentlemen: Messrs. SCHUBERT, of New York; MARX, of Detroit; ADAM, FEDERLANDER, BROWN and BLODGETT of Buffalo. The judges were required to decide individually, without consulting each other's opinions, and each present the name of the Society in whose favor he pronounced, written upon a slip of paper, immediately upon the termination of the concert. This was done, and the opinions were announced as follows:

In favor of the Arion Society, New York. 4
" " Liederkranz Society, New York. 3

The announcement was received with applause and general satisfaction. We are inclined to fully endorse the decision, with a mental vote of thanks to the Orpheus. The strong vote for the Liederkranz is complimentary enough for them. But we should not omit to mention the Gesangverein of Cleveland, which under unfavorable circumstances, made an excellent impression on the audience.

A banquet, ball and pic-nic were among the pleasant features of this monster meeting. The pic-nic seems to have been unique in its character.

The Buffalo Courier says:

Not till then did our German friends begin to show us the gigantic scale upon which they do their merry-making on great occasions. The word "picnic" which with us suggests a quiet little gathering in the woods or fields, in which a few swings furnish the amusement, and a couple of hundred children, at most, the noise, gives no idea of the "doings" at Moffatt's Grove. To us it has nothing short of a national importance. We are not aware that ever before in this country has any nationality asserted itself in so strongly marked a manner as did the German in yesterday's pic-nic. It seemed really after a century in which the restraint of new world manners had been endured. In the exuberant joy of such a meeting, everything of the new world was forgotten, and everything of the old was revived under the maples of Moffatt's Grove, as completely as if the spot had been four thousand miles east of here, somewhere "on the Neckar or the Rhine." Germany—emigrated, modified, Americanized Germany—was its old self again and acted out all its old Teutonic pranks, just as if the Atlantic had never been crossed. We would like any one to show us in the annals of this country, another instance in which such a striking national phenomena has transpired. * *

We despair of giving any just idea of how things looked in the grove. Everybody to whom we spoke agreed that it was a sight to be seen once in a lifetime, and never to be described. The Bluffs, the beautiful little valley, the glades and meadows comprised in the grove, were strewn thick with the multitude. They gathered in groups, each group large enough to fill a large hall, at points where the various societies had made head-quarters, and around, the different dispensaries of lager beer and other good things. Everybody ate and drank and talked all at once, all the while. One or more of the splendid bands made the woods ring again, now on this side, now on that. A gun squad, with the "Lady Washington," added to the din, and at intervals the irrepressible song, with its strong, manly chorus, burst forth from throats that gurgled with that everlasting lager. Flags floated among the trees and in the air; crinoline on the swing, ditto ditto; a myriad of glasses clinked; uncounted bretzels and sandwiches and sausages disappeared; kegs of beer rolled in and beer kegs rolled out, toasts were given and responded to, and thus the Picnic began.

At the height of the festivities there was more demolition of lager, bretzels and rheinwein; more running to and fro in the wildest state of jubilant enthusiasm; more music by the bands; more singing and cheering; more firing; more clinking of glasses; more filling and emptying of lager drinking horns; in short, a grand, sweeping, universal, deluge of good feeling and animal spirits. The New Yorkers, who, according to an aged picnician, whom we overheard "sind der teufel," were foremost in inventing expression for the merriment. They dressed themselves up as mummers, in the most absurd costumes. They had a Japanese troupe with "little Tommy," a prominent character, and in the oddest of processions they marched through the grove to the extraordinary music of cornstalk flutes, making halts everywhere, and performing sundry side-splitting antics, to the infinite delight of the crowd. Others of the societies joined in the mummery; had mock music rehearsals, and wended in absurd state, amid the screaming multitude. For all the world the scene would remind one of Assumption Day in Paris or the Carnival at Rome. "Did you ever see anything like this?" inquired we of a venerable Teuton. "Ach, ja, in Deutschland!" quoth he. Certes, never in America was the match of the Sængerfest Picnic enacted.

And thus, till nearly sundown, the jubilation lasted; all the while, it must be said, without the first manifestation of anything but the broadest, kindest good feeling on the part of the Germans. The only attempt at a quarrel or threatening of a fight which we saw, originated among individuals speaking another tongue than the guttural Teutonic. Gradually, as we said before, the stream of vehicles turned city-wards, and the army of revellers, exhausted, but cheery and good-natured, went home. Surely the Picnic will forever live in their memories, as of all their lives,—

"The maddest, merriest day."
In the evening there was a grand ball at St. James Hall.

Yesterday the crowd went down to Niagara Falls, on an excursion.

Last evening a large number of the singers, including members of the Rochester, Syracuse and New York Societies, came down from the Falls on the 8.30 train. Some of the strangers stopped over, while others went on. More were expected down on the 12.50 train. The great Sængerfest of 1860 is ended.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Softly glide the gentle Zephyrs. Song. A. Bell. 25

A very pleasing little Song suitable for young amateurs.

Uncle Watty and Aunt Matty. Scotch Song.

John Wilson. 25

A quaint, charming ballad which will give much pleasure to that large class of musical persons who hold the vocal gems of Caledonia in high esteem.

Great talkers do the least. N. J. Spörle. 25

Don't come teasing me, Sir. J. L. Hatton. 25

Two capital Songs. For the last one we predict a great popularity with the ladies.

O cor amoris victima. Lambillotte. 75

From this author's celebrated collection of original occasional pieces for the use of chors in Catholic churches, entitled the "Saluts." As far as it is known, this composition has been a great favorite with the singers. It should be added by every Catholic Organist or Choir-leader to his library.

I would not to earth recall thee. F. Romer. 25

A pretty, sentimental ballad, well written and effective.

Instrumental Music.

Fountain Schottisch. J. B. Holmberg. 25

May Flower Polka. F. von Oller. 25

Snow Flake Schottisch. M. T. Summers. 25

Fair Dell Waltz. C. Meininger. 25

Apollo Polka. A. G. Pickens. 25

Marie Polka Mazurka. A. Cooke. 35

New Dance Music for the Drawing-room, of a pleasing and agreeable character.

Les Dames de Seville Waltzes. Four Hands.

C. Schubert. 75

These Waltzes, long known in a solo-arrangement as one of the most taking sets, make a capital duet of very moderate difficulty.

Polonaise from Op. 42. Four hands. Beethoven. 40

A good teaching piece, as which it is known to most teachers. It is very pretty and taking, and not difficult.

Thrush Polka. H. Elkmeier. 25

Chiquito Polka. A. F. Little. 25

Pretty dance music, not difficult.

Books.

THE MODERN SCHOOL FOR THE ORGAN. A New, Progressive and Practical Method. In Three Parts. By John Zundel. 3,00

Mr. Zundel's long experience not only as an Organist but as a successful teacher is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of this work and of its great utility. A slight examination even of its pages will convince any one of its rare adaptation to the wants of beginners, as also to advanced players. It embodies in plain language a great fund of practical information on points in organ playing of the utmost importance to all who would become thoroughly conversant with the capabilities of the instrument, but which are seldom so thoroughly treated and so masterly explained. This "Modern School" must become the Standard Method of Organ Study.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 436.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 20.

The Diarist Abroad

UTILE ET DULCE.

On Monday—what was the date?—June 4th, I fell into a fit, and, though some weeks have passed, am hardly over it yet, to relieve your anxiety, a fit of enthusiasm. The great grandfather of Joseph Miller of facetious memory, once made a joke upon fit—*nihil fit*. I spare the inflection, for antiquated puns are nothing fit for a serious communication. As to the fit of enthusiasm, the way of it was this.

On that day I journeyed some hundred and forty English miles by railroad to Gratz, the capital of Steyermark or Styria. I had business, but such as cannot travel for pleasure, must get pleasure when they travel—must get the *dulce* when in pursuit of the *utile*. A good principle is this and one to be acted upon; so as I was to go to Gratz, I awaited a bright, beautiful morning, which promised a glorious day. The morning proved to be a thoroughly German one in this—it made its promise only to break it. You know the point of honor with us is truth—in Germany 'cuteness. A German coolly tells you to your face, "that is not true—you are lying," and only smiles if you tell him so. But call him a "stupid boy!" (*Dumme Junge!*) and blood only can wipe out the insult—as if God had not made each man brilliant or stupid, while it depends upon each man himself to be above the cowardice of lying! L., now professor in an American college, can tell you how when ten years ago, my face flushed up and my eyes sparkled with anger at being coolly told by the student Hendschel that I was lying—the latter turned to him all surprised with the enquiry, what T. was so excited about! So the morning promised everything fair, and two officials of the railroad of whom I enquired, assured me that the car in which I had taken my seat went through to Gratz.

We ran along the beautiful plain, with the fine range of hills—outposts of the Styrian Alps on the right—past Mödling, and Baden, and Wiener Neustadt and many another pleasant village and small city, until the hills and mountains began to appear upon the other side, and finally close in upon us. And so we came to Glocknitz, where the word of the officials and the promise of the morning proved equally truthful, for the car went no farther, and I must leave my seat and find another as I could, in the midst of a dense rain; so I was forced into a crowded car, where pipes and cigars vied with the locomotive in defiling the sweet air. Hence, during our progress as far as the next station, I must confess that I did not feel at peace with all mankind. What use had my early appearance at the station been to me, in getting a seat by the window, on the left side of the car, that I might really see, what I went out for to see? But here, in the deep and ever narrowing valley, I began to forget my little annoyances, for from this point, Puthenbach or some such name, the pass of the Semmering may

be said to begin. During the halt of the train I looked at the mountain across the valley, and wondered, whether that way, which passed along and up its side, with here and there a small house, and with the American telegraph accompanying it—whether that, rising upward at such an angle, and leading in nearly the opposite direction to that in which we had been moving—could by any possibility be a railroad whereon our train was to run! I could hardly believe it. Nothing hitherto in my experience warranted the supposition. We move onward again with slow but steady pace. The valley becomes narrower. We turn to the left, pass a lofty bridge, and our Behemoth moves up the ascent. In fifteen minutes I am looking down across the opening in the mountains upon Puthenbach far below. On and on, up and up, Behemoth gathering strength and laughing at his labor. On and on, up and up, Behemoth rushing over bridges and viaducts, and through tunnels, playing bo-peep with the mountain-peaks, which now hood themselves in mantles of mist and rain, and now rise in bald, bare, rugged pinnacles of rock, with here and there patches of evergreen, like the scattered locks on the head of old Time. Quick! during the moment, while we are passing the head of this mountain gorge, look away down a thousand feet below, upon that sweet little scene, now for the moment enlivened by a ray of the sun; upon the two rows of white cottages; the fields and gardens of deepest green; the road, dressed with limestone, and bordered with poplars, like a broad silver ribbon, edged with emeralds; the people reduced to pigmies. Behemoth sees them also, and, startling them with a shriek, plunges out of sight into a tunnel, whence he emerges with a "chah! ha! ha! ha!"—as the manner of the behemoths is.

No; I have not only never seen anything like this in railroad traveling, but nothing which gave me in my wildest dreams the conception of such a specimen of engineering.

And so we come to the station Semmering, where Behemoth stops to rest after his ascent of some two thousand feet from the plains below.

Again we wind along, pass through a tunnel, five minutes in the darkness, and then descend into the valley of the Murr; which opens into that of the Murr, the road running along the banks of those streams, giving us all the way scenery which, says red-bound John Murray "is most varied and charming, very picturesque and in places varied by old castles, churches and villages." Inclusive of the delays at the stations, a good half hour at the dining place, it is a ride of about nine hours—nine hours as full of enjoyment (had one only a companion of the right sort) as travelling can easily give. Here comes in a laugh, if you are disposed; for a very large, perhaps the greatest proportion of our countrymen, who leave Vienna for Italy via Trieste, leave in the evening train, crossing the pass of the Semmering in the darkness!

When the train at length emerged from the

mountains, and leaped out upon the plain, Gratz, bathed in sunlight, for we had left the rain-clouds behind, lay smiling and beautiful before us. But where to select our lodging? I was advised to go to the "Kaiserkrone," unless inclined to choose one of the more fashionable hotels, and thither upon leaving the omnibus at the market, I bent my steps. The impression made upon me by the inn, in a narrow street, and with the great passage and court lumbered with vehicles, was not the best; but the good, well-furnished room to which I was taken improved matters, and on going down into the neat, clean, fresh dining-room, there was a sight, which at once removed all doubt.

You must know that just at this time some sort of a religious merry making was coming off in Gratz, and among my fellow passengers, were divers parish priests, steady old goers, with broad hats and shiny boots drawn over their trowsers. Five of these venerable fathers sat at a long table in the corner drinking beer, taking snuff, calling each other "Du," chatting, laughing, and having a jolly time generally. This sight I held to be positive *prima facie* evidence of six several facts, to wit; viz:

First, the house was a respectable one.

Item 2, That it sold good beer.

" 3, That it sold good wine

" 4, That the food and cookery would prove good.

" 5, That the beds would be good, and

" 6, That the bills would be moderate.

Whereupon a feeling of great satisfaction arose in the breast of the mild individual, who had thus ratiocinated—which is a more high sounding word than reasoned—and therefore (?) to be used by all newspaper correspondents.

From the banks of the river Murr, two or three miles from the last of the mountain ranges, rises abruptly a huge mass of rock, more than seventy fathoms high say the books, and, judging from the time occupied in walking around it, extending perhaps an eighth of a mile along the water. At its foot and around it lies Gratz, with its five thousand to six thousand inhabitants.

After supper I ascended it. Time was when it was a strong fortification. It is now a pleasure ground of the Gratzers. Beautiful shady walks lead up its various sides, and a place for refreshment is to be found on its broad top. What enjoyment in the mere luxury of looking! The city below, with quaint old church towers, completely surrounding this, the Schlossberg; the beautiful plain and exquisitely swelling slopes of the hills, dotted all over with villas, cottages, farm houses and villages, as in an American view; the river winding down from the mountains and passing with a rushing sound through the city, and under the four bridges, two of them, like malefactors in old times, hung in chains; in the distance, range after range of hills, one behind another, until the view ends with the snowy peaks of the Styrian Alps. Those with whom I had previously conversed had given me no con-

ception of the beauty of the situation of Gratz, and the delight it afforded was all the greater in that it was not anticipated. No wonder that so large a number of pensioned generals and others, grown old in the military and civil services, should come here to spend their last years and their pensions!

I can but allude to the kindness with which I was received and treated during my few days stay, by the gentleman to whom I applied for aid in my researches; especially by that noble hearted man, whose right arm, thirty-three years ago, sustained the head of the dying Beethoven. What beautiful walks we took in the suburbs; what touching and pleasant reminiscences were related; and what quiet hours were those, when the whole family, even to the dear little grandchildren, sat in a humble "guesthouse" garden, enjoying nice coffee, fresh milk, and the light, pure, cool wines of the country. And the stranger was received as an old friend, and almost made to pledge his word again to visit them. Alas, and alack-a-day! will it ever be possible? Can the *utile* of another journey thither pay the expenses of the *dulce*?

Richard Wagner.

(Translated from the French of Louis Lacombe by ANNA M. H. BREWSTER.)

Men of superior talent awaken lively sympathies and arouse profound antipathies. They are praised, hissed, applauded and hooted at. Enthusiasm and detraction walk beside them, fondling and whipping them by turns. While hope is showing them a future, and they are earnestly asking to give a living form to some new conception, quick-footed hatred entangles them, and they hear behind them the biting and harsh laugh of bitter sarcasm. Those of whom we speak however, do not allow themselves to be hindered by this vain noise. Conscience says—Go forth, and they go, without disturbing themselves about praise or blame, knowing very well, that death alone can consecrate them kings.

In the midst of their struggles and sufferings, they feel within them a strange strength, a firm faith. They listen attentively to a secret voice which says to them, "All rules have not been made known; all thoughts have not been spoken. Write, paint, sing; strike out light from your own forehead, flame from your own heart; posterity shall gather that light and that flame, and while doing you justice will bless you."

The true poet obeys this divine voice joyfully, and is happy in yielding himself to the chaste caprice of the muse when she comes smiling with love to kiss his brow. But why must he quit heaven for earth; give up his dream to reality; confide to the crowd his most hidden thoughts, his dearest feelings? Why must he see others crush the beautiful lily that he looked upon as immortal and immaculate?

Why? Because, it is from the bosom of the worker, from the heart of the "laborer of thought," to use a beautiful expression of Victor Hugo, that the spring from which numerous generations shall drink, ought to flow, and no one has a right to let this spring dry up, or make use of it only for selfish satisfaction or purely personal profit.

Each being, each thing does a useful work in its own place. The flower gives its juice or fragrance, the sun its rays; the earth its shades; the

sea lends its waves to different races, who visit each other to-day and to-morrow fraternize. The night sparkles with stars—those old guides of the traveller, placed in space by the hand of God. Humanity in fine mounts up to the Supreme Being, and the laborious hand of the thinker writes the history of the soul.

Man has a sacred duty to perform; and this consists in drawing from his intellectual or moral being, all that it can produce for the benefit of the present and the future. This difficult task may appear pleasant to some; and so it would be if the sculptor, the painter, the poet, and the musician above all, had only the ordinarily correct instincts of the people to deal with. But in civilized countries we find a battalion of critics, between the creator of a work and the public; who are not always disposed to receive innovators favorably.

Although like Voltaire they ask for the new, *n'en fût il plus au monde*, great care must be taken in presenting the new to them. Real individualities startle them, and the first impulse is to repulse them. We are from wishing to speak ill of our brethren of the press. Many among them have judgment, knowledge, sprightliness, grace, cleverness, wit, tact and loyalty. But how does it happen that once in a while they mingle with these noble and gracious qualities, partizanship, personal interest and malevolence? Do not prejudices, systems, comradeship, blind proselytism, and thoughtless enthusiasm by some chance play an important part in the contradictory judgments which come to us daily from the four cardinal points of journalism?

Regarding the works of others through our own *lorgnette*, without reflecting that passions and habit often take upon themselves the ordering of the glasses, each one of us is disposed to make of his own theories, or his own sensations an infallible and absolute law, by which the beautiful is to be judged. From this cause come those unheard of decisions, pitiless attacks against genius, incredible flatteries addressed to nonentities, whom their bad taste or partizanship would wish to elevate to the grandeur of colossals of art, and of whom time, which puts every thing in its proper place, makes ruins, or more properly speaking, rubbish—for ruins often possess majesty.

Notwithstanding this injustice, and these errors towards the living, whom he is called to judge, the critic exercises a considerable influence over the crowd, and it is not a rare thing to see really honest persons denying their impressions of the preceding evening, after having read their next morning's *feuilleton*. If the *feuilletonist* is one of reputation and authority, if he has really talent and cleverness he will certainly gain his cause, or that which he pleads, without the reader even perceiving that a change had been wrought in his opinions.

The public can only be guided by its instincts in its appreciation of Art, as all Art questions exact a special knowledge to be comprehended. Prove by A + B that the pleasure or weariness felt at seeing a certain play, looking at any one particular picture, or hearing an opera is all wrong and in bad taste, and we would wager much that the proof would be accepted immediately. The press has then in its hands a strength which it can for a little while at least make fatal to writers, artists and the public, by depreciating the beautiful and applauding the bad.

The instant a great genius appears for example, all the theories of the past are aimed against it, to prove that it ought to have presented itself in a well known way, that is to say that it should have renounced precisely that which constitutes its individuality. This individuality once established, they are eager to discuss it or to deny entirely its worth. To prove this we need not go back to Corneille, to whom were preferred, we know not how many tragic winters, famous in that day but now forgotten; nor to Racine, who according to Madame de Sevigné was to go out of fashion with coffee; to Molière so unworthily persecuted; to poor Rousseau; to Gluck, whose inspired songs did not possess sufficient melody; nor to Spontini who owed his Parisian applause to powerful protection; for we are able to cite striking examples of the unjust war the critics of our day have made against the most distinguished men.

Augustin Thierry wrote against Rossini's "Barber of Seville," an article, which out of respect to his memory we will refrain from quoting. The chief of our present literature, was for a long while a butt for the most violent attacks, and it was by fisticuffs that Ernani was judged in the parquette of the French Comedy. Ary Scheffer, Ingres, and Eugene Delacroix had to submit to criticisms which curiously resembled resentments. During twenty years Berlioz has been unacknowledged. Now Richard Wagner is rejected. Each one his turn.

Wagner was born at Leipzig, 22d May, 1813. Like Weber, this chief of the cotemporary German school, received an excellent education. We do not know who was his teacher of composition, but we do know that he made his first appearance as composer, at the age of nineteen, in a symphony written in 1832, while he was engaged in his philosophical studies at the University. This symphony which was an imitation of the first style of Beethoven, was performed by the Philharmonic Society at Leipzig, and obtained a flattering success for a *debutant*. Nevertheless that was not the vocation of the young master. He felt it, and the following year he wrote an opera called "The Fairies." In 1835 he composed and brought out the "Novice of Palermo."

The subject of the first opera, "The Fairies," was taken from a tale of Gozzi: the second was from Shakspeare's "Measure for Measure."—Wagner displayed in these two works, of which he was the author of both poetry and music, undeniable proofs of his double gifts as poet and musician. But in Germany as elsewhere one can go right straight into the alms-house with this double talent. However it is necessary to make a living. Richard Wagner accepted the place of leader of the orchestra at Magdebourg, where he remained from 1834 to 1836, when he repaired to Königsberg, where he filled the same office. In this last city, he married the principal actress of the theatre, and then went to Riga; tired of beating time, and wishing to put into execution his vast projects, he resigned his office and came to seek his fortune at Paris. For is not Paris the beloved dream of all who have faith in themselves, and believe in a future of fame? Fortified with a letter of recommendation from Meyerbeer to Maurice Schlesinger, Richard Wagner obtained from this celebrated editor,—imagine what? The favor of arranging movements from

favorite operas for the cornet à piston! It was enough to make him lose his senses.

After having put the future prophet to such a rude use, Mr. Schlesinger, an excellent man at bottom, and who had the rare merit of coming promptly to the aid of his compatriots, open to the poet philosopher the columns of the *Gazette et Revue Musicale*, of which he was then director. Wagner profited by it. He prepared several articles, among which were particularly noticed those entitled "A Visit to Beethoven," and an "Analysis of the Operas of Weber." Consecrating his days to the critic's pen, the courageous artist devoted his nights to his "Rienzi," a lyric opera in five acts, which he completed in the midst of the terrible anguish which inevitably assails the poor men who dare to sacrifice the interests of material life to the act of bringing into being an idea.

"Rienzi" was accepted at the Dresden Royal Theatre, thanks to the warm interest of Madame Schröder-Devrient, the admirable tragic singer, of whose friendly influence Wagner was still ignorant when he set out for the capital of Saxony to direct in person the rehearsals and performance of his opera. The success was immense, brilliant, unheard of. The enthusiastic king offered to Wagner the place of first chapel master, just made vacant by the death of Morlachi, Wagner recalling probably with terror his arrangements for the cornet à piston, accepted the brilliant propositions which were made to him. Henceforth without anxiety for his future support, he thought only of pursuing his labors.

In 1845 he finished his *Tannhäuser*, which was immediately put into the hands of the musicians for study. Every one looked for a triumph, but the universal expectation was disappointed. *Tannhäuser* now so popular beyond the Rhine, was received with a marked coldness. An entire week passed between the first and second representations. What a torment for the author! In order to comprehend the grievous anxiety which he endured during the eight long days of this interminable week, we should read the species of manifesto which precedes the text of the "Flying Dutchman" "*Tannhäuser*" and "*Lohengrin*."

Lohengrin was finished in 1847, but it was not brought out until some time after, it appears, because the author was obliged to seek a refuge in Switzerland, after the events of 1849; and up to the present time he has never been present at any of the representations of this opera. Sad and curious fate! To know that his work was applauded, triumphant and not be able to hear it! It is like having beautiful children that we love, near us, and being deprived of their sweet caresses! What a cruel ordeal!

Richard Wagner not being able to return to Germany, returned to Zurich, where he lived in absolute solitude, meditating in the heart of that rich Alpine nature, working in the presence of these almost inaccessible mountains, where the eagle finds a retreat, and the poet his inspirations.

We have never read the literary and æsthetic essays, nor the history of the opera and drama which he published in 1850 and 1851. Their appearance raised up new tempests, and was the signal of a fierce battle between the reformers of art and their opponents.

He composed in 1853, the poem of the Nibe-

lungen, a trilogy preceded by a prologue. The composition of this work which is not yet completed, was interrupted by a journey to London, whither he went in 1855, to direct the concerts of the Ancient Philharmonic Society. At last in 1857, he finished the poem of "Tristan and Isolde," the score of which is not yet completed.

The doctrines of Richard Wagner are but vaguely known in France. Truly it is difficult enough to render an account of them without having read his books. But a great many persons do not think this preparation necessary, and they strike first leaving the reason to come after.

Amongst us a witty saying goes faster in a dozen hours than an idea in ten years, and we meet every where, in the drawing-room and in the streets, this amiable gay coquettish young assassin, clever, mocking, fascinating, which is called a *hit*. Always clad in the last fashion, it is received with a smile, sent off with a laugh, and it is found charmingly useful in the highest degree, in flooring a new comer if not killing him.

The phrase or hit, consecrated to Mr. Wagner "Music of the Future," crossed the Rhine sometime ago. It has become the order of the day, enjoys a considerable credit, and all nervous composers large and small propagate it to the best of their ability, repeating it in the loudest and most intelligible voice, something like the Marquis in Molière's "Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes," repeats his famous *Tarte à la crème*.

"Dorante.—'Well! what do you wish to say? Cream tart!'

"Marquis.—'Zounds! Cream tart! my lord.'

"Dorante.—'But what else?'

"Marquis.—'Cream tart!'

"Dorante.—'Tell us some of your reasons.'

"Marquis.—'Cream tart!'

"Uranie.—'But the thought ought to be explained it seems to me.'

"Marquis.—'Cream tart, madam.'

"Uranie.—'What do you fault with in it?'

"Marquis.—'I? Nothing. Cream tart.'

In fact "Cream tart" is powerful, and the phrase "Music of the Future" has also merit; the one who made this "hit" should have supped with a good appetite on the day that the thought came to him. "Music of the Future" replies to every thing, like Harpagon's "*sans dot*."

We shall not explain in detail the origin of this phrase. We shall only say that it signified in the eyes of the inventor "*incomprehensible music*," but to the partizans of Wagner, who accepted it in ridicule of their adversaries, it reads "Music of which you are not a competent judge."

(To be continued.)

(From the Atlantic Monthly.)

The Representative Art.

(Continued.)

The stage, indeed, in its various forms, seems more fully to manifest and illustrate the artistic influence among Americans than any other art. It often addresses those whom more refined solicitations might never reach. Those who would turn from Church's or Page's pictures with indifference are frequently attracted by the representations in a theatre. The pictures there are more alive, more real, more intense, and fascinate many unable to appreciate the recondite charms of the canvas. The grace of attitude, the splendid expression, the intellectual art of Ristori or Rachel may impress those who fail to discover the same merits in colder stone, in Crawford's marble or the statues of Palmer; and they may sometimes learn to relish even the delicate beauties of Shakspeare's text, from hearing it fitly declaimed, who would never spell out its meaning by themselves.

The drama is certainly superior to other arts while its reign lasts, because of its verities, its actuality. He must be dull of imagination, indeed, who cannot give himself up for a while to its illusions; he must be stupid who cannot open his senses to its delights or waken his intellect to receive its influences.

Neither can a taste for the stage be declared one which only the ignorant or vulgar share. Though away in the wilds of California a theatre was often erected next after a hotel, the second building in a town, and the strolling player would summon the miners by his trumpet when not one was in sight, and instantly a swarm peeped forth from the earth, like the armed men who sprang from the furrows that Cadmus ploughed,—though the wildest and rudest of Western cities and the wildest and rudest inhabitants of Western towns are quick to acknowledge the charms of the stage,—yet also the most highly cultured and the most intellectual Americans pay the same tribute to this art. We have all seen, within a few years, one of the most profound scholars and most prominent divines in the country proclaiming his approbation of the drama. We may find, to-day in any Eastern city, members of the liberal clergy at an opera, and sometimes at a play. The scholars and writers and artists and thinkers, as well as the people of leisure and of fashion, frequent places of amusement, not only for amusement, but to cultivate their tastes, to exercise their intellects, ay, and oftentimes to refine their hearts. The splendid homage paid in England not long ago to the drama, when the highest nobility and the first statesmen in the land were present at a banquet in honor of Charles Kean, is evidence enough that no puerile or uncultivated taste is this which relishes the theatre. Goethe presiding over the playhouse at Weimar, Euripides and Sophocles writing tragedies, the greatest genius of the English language acting in his own productions at the Globe Theatre, people like Siddons and Kean and Cushman and Macready illustrating this art with the resources of their fine intellects and great attainments,—surely these need scarcely be mentioned, to relieve the drama from the reproach that some would put upon it, of puerility.

New York is, perhaps, more of a representative city than any other in the land. It is an aggregation from all the other portions of the country; it is the result, the precipitate, of the whole. It has no distinctive, individual character of its own; it is a condensation of all the rest, a focus. Thither all the country goes at times. Restless, fitful, changing, yet still the same in its change; like the waves of the sea, that toss and roll and move away, and still the mighty mass is ever there. New York, in its various phases and developments, its crowded and cosmopolitan population, its out-door kaleidoscopic splendor, is indeed a representative of the entire country. It has not the purely literary life of Boston, nor so distinctly an intellectual character; it is not so stamped by the impress of olden times as Philadelphia; but it has an outside garb significant of the inward nature. It is like the face of a great actor, splendid in expression, full of character, changing with a thousand changing emotions, but betraying a great soul beneath them all. New York is artistic just as America is artistic, just as the age is artistic: not, perhaps, in the loftiest or most refined sense, but in the sense that art is an expression, in tangible form, of ideas. New York is a great thought uttered. It is like those fruits or seeds which germinate by turning themselves inside out; the soul is on the outside, crusted all over it, but none the less soul for all that.

And New York illustrates this idea of the drama being the representative art of to-day. The theatre there, including the opera, is a great established fact,—as important nearly as it was in the palmiest days of the Athenian republic, or on the road to be of as much consequence as it is in Paris, the representative city of the world. Fifty thousand people nightly crowd twenty different theatres in New York. From the splendid halls where Grisi and Gazzaniga and La Borde and La Grange have by turns translated into sound the ideas of Meyerbeer and Bellini and Donizetti and Mozart to the little rooms where sixpenny tickets procure lager-beer as well as music for the purchaser, the drama is worshipped. And this not only by New Yorkers: not only do those who lead the busy, excited life of the metropolis acquire a taste, as some might say, for a factitious excitement, but all strangers hasten to the theatres. The sober farmer, the citizens from plodding interior towns, the gay Southerners, accustomed almost exclusively to social amusements, the denizens of rival Bostons and Philadelphias, all frequent the opera and playhouses of New York. When the richer portion of its inhabitants have left the hot and sultry town, or, in mid-winter, are immersed in the more exclusive pleasures of fashionable life, even then the theatres are thronged; and in September or October you shall find all parts

of the country represented in their boxes and parquets—proving that this is not an exclusively metropolitan taste, that it is shared by the whole nation, that in this also New York is truly representative.

Boston typifies a peculiar phase of American life; it is the illustration, the exponent, of the cultivated side of our nationality; its thought, its action, its character are taken abroad as symbols of the national thought and action and character, in whatever relates to literature or art. The Professor said truly, Boston does really in some sort stand for the brain of America. Well the brain of America appreciates the stage. It is but a few months since the culture and distinction of Boston nightly crowded a small and inferior theatre, to witness the personations of the young genius who is destined at no distant day to rival the proudest names of the drama. The most brilliant successes Edwin Booth has yet achieved have been achieved in Boston; scholars and wits and poets and professors crowd the boxes when he plays; women of talent write poems in his praise and publish them in the "Atlantic Monthly"; professors of Harvard College send him congratulatory letters; artists paint and carve his intellectual beauty; and fashion follows in the wake of intellect, alike acknowledging his merits. Boston recognized those merits, too, when they were first presented to its appreciation; and now that they verge nearer upon maturity, her appreciation is quickened and her applause redoubled. It cannot be said that the taste or culture of the nation is indifferent to histrionic excellence, when absolute excellence is found.

No other art is yet on such a footing among us. Neither is this because of our partially developed civilization. It is equally so abroad; where the nations are oldest and best established in culture, there, too, a similar state of things exists. No school in painting, no style of sculpture, no kind of architecture has made such an impression on the age as its music, as its dramatic music, its opera. This speaks to all nations, in all languages. No writer, though he write like Tennyson, or Longfellow, or Lamartine, or Duvivier, can hope for such an audience as Verdi or Meyerbeer. No orator speaks to such crowds as Rossini; no Everett or Kossuth, or Gavazzi or Spurgeon, has so many listeners as Donizetti. For the stage is the art of to-day,—perhaps more especially, but still not exclusively, the operatic stage; the theatre in its various forms represents the feeling of the time so as Grecian and Gothic architecture and Italian painting have in their time done for their time,—so as no pictures, no architecture, no statuary can now do. Painting and statuary, when they do anything towards representing this age, incarnate the dramatic spirit; the literature that has most influence to-day is journalism,—the effective, present, actual, short-lived, dramatic newspaper, where all the actors speak for themselves: other literature has its listeners but it lags behind; other art has its appreciators, but it cannot keep pace with the march of armies, with the rush to California, with the swarm to Australia; there is no art on these outskirts but the dramatic. That travels with the advancing mass in every exodus; that went with Dr. Kane to the North Pole (he had private theatricals aboard the Resolute); that alone gave utterance immediately to the latest cry of humanity in the Italian War.

Neither can it be said that the theatre has no more consequence now than it has always enjoyed. At the time when Gothic architects and Italian painters expressed the meaning of their own ages, there was nothing like a real drama in existence, and the Roman theatre was never comparable with ours. The Greeks, indeed, had a stage which was an important element of their civilization, and which took the character of their time, giving and receiving influence; but their stage was essentially different from that of the moderns. Its success does not depend upon the individual performer; its pageantry was perhaps as splendid as what we now see; but the play of the countenance, that great intellectual opportunity offered an actor by our drama, was not known. In this see also a characteristic of the present age. Individuality is a distinctive peculiarity of the nineteenth century; it has been for centuries gradually becoming more possible; but every man now works his own way, acts himself more completely than ever before. Therefore appropriate is it that the drama should give importance to the individual, and allow a great actor to incarnate and illustrate in his own form and face feelings and passions that formerly were only hinted at; for remember that the Greek players usually wore masks, while there amphitheatres were so large that in any event the expression of the features was lost.

With this individuality, this opportunity for each to develop his own identity and intensity, the nineteenth century strangely combines another peculiarity, that of association. All these units, these atoms, so mar-

vellously distinct, are incorporated into one grand whole; though each be more, by and of himself, than ever before, yet the great power, the great motor, is the mass. The mass is made powerful by the aided importance given to each individual. And you may trace without conceit a state of things behind the scenes very similar to this in front of the footlights. In the theatre, also, the many works contribute to a grand result. The manager would be as powerless in his little empire, without important assistants, as a monarch without ministers and people. What makes the French army and the American so irresistible is the thought that each private is more than a machine, is an intellectual being, understands what his general wants, fights with his bayonet at Solferino or his musket at Monterey on his own account, yet subject to the same control. And the theatre, with all its actors and scene-painters and costumers and carpenters and musicians, is only an army on a different scale. The forces of the stage answer to the generals and colonels, the marshals and privates, all marching and working and fighting for the same end. Those splendid dramatic triumphs of Charles Kean were only illustrations of the readiness of the stage to adapt itself to the times, to seize hold of whatever is suggested by the outside world, to appropriate the discoveries of Layard and the revelations of Science to its own uses,—illustrations, too, of the importance of the individual Kean, as well as of the crowd of clever subordinates.

That the theatre feels this reflex influence, that it appreciates all that is going on around it, that it is not asleep, that it is penetrated with the spirit of the century, whether that spirit be good or evil, the selection of plays now popular is another proof. In France, where the success of the histrionic art now culminates, a contemporaneous drama is now flourishing, the absolute society of the day is represented. That society has faults, and the stage mirrors them. "La Dame aux Camélias," "Les Filles de Marbre," "Le Demi-Monde" reflect exactly the peculiarities of the life they aim to imitate. And these very plays, whose influence is so often condemned, would never have had the popularity they have attained in nearly every city of the civilized world, had there not been Marguerite Gautier and Traviata outside of Paris as well as in it. Another attempt, perhaps not an entirely successful one, but still a significant attempt, has been made in this country to produce a contemporaneous drama. "Jessie Brown" and "The Poor of New York," and other plays directly daguerreotyping ordinary incidents, at any rate show that the drama is an art that responds instantly to the pulses of the time.

But it is not necessary for the stage to daguerreotype; it mirrors more truly when it embodies the spirit. And never before was there an age whose spirit was more theatrical, in the best sense of the term; full of outside expression, but also full of inside feeling; working, accomplishing, putting into actual form its ideas; incarnating its passions; intellectual, yet passionate; lofty in imagination, yet practical in exemplification; showy, but significantly showy, theatrical. An art, then, that is all this, surely expresses as no other art does or can the character of the nineteenth century,—surely is the representative art.

The Lyric Drama.

(From Boston Musical Times.)

The difference of opinion pretty freely expressed regarding the merits and demerits of some of the *prime donne*, who have lately visited us, has suggested an inquiry as to what constitutes a first class artist, and what an opera really is. Some few are content with a performance which is purely musical, which gives evidence of musical culture and refinement alone; and they care but little whether this be accompanied with dramatic force or intelligence. Others insist that the dramatic spirit is the prominent point to be presented, and that the music is only the medium through which the spirit is made manifest. First music and then action, say the former. First action and then music, say the latter. The truth is, that the musical and dramatic requirements are both so imperative that no one is really a great artist, who is wanting in either. An opera is a drama sung instead of spoken, and if the spirit of the scene be not maintained in both the action which the words imply and in the words which the action accompanies, there results an incompleteness, an imperfection, which does not satisfy the auditor. If the music only be thought of we can say this is a fine vocalist; if the action alone be well done, we can say this is a fine actor; but in neither case can we apply the name of finished lyric artist, where the performer is but half fitted to that position. No two people have precisely the same taste to gratify. Those specially affected by music, and music alone, are nat-

urally careless of the qualifications which go to make a perfect performance. They do not think or care whether the musical exhibition is accompanied by power and vitalized thought. They watch the school the method, the style of musical utterance, and are satisfied if these evince study and elegance. In fact, they look upon the dramatic element as something rather below the artist, and as the peculiarity of those who cannot sing. Others consider the music as the uttered expressions of the emotions of the character represented, and do not think that character well portrayed or assumed if the sentiments appropriate to the scene be not conveyed more or less truthfully by the performer. And between the two extremes of these various opinions floats the public appreciation of the performance.

Our own impression is that an opera is a drama sung. The words are written to convey the sentiments of the characters; the music is written to express the words, and the performance of that music is successful in proportion to the truthfulness, the faithfulness with which those emotions are conveyed. A person may sing divinely, without embodying in the least the spirit of the character assumed. This may be very good vocalization, but it is not lyric drama. An apothetic or an unintelligent manner is not confined to physical gesture; it pervades the whole performance. Performers may from time to time lash themselves into a superficial passion, may rush to the footlights at the close of a scene with uplifted arms, may drop their heads on some neighboring shoulder at intervals; but this may all be without the slightest real assumption of character or conscientious fidelity to its import. The *argumentum ad hominem* is the best, and we can cite instances to exemplify our position. Mme. Laborde sang sweetly. It was a joy to sit and drink in the sweetness of her fluent warbling. But it was all but painful to witness the inefficiency of her dramatic efforts. Brignoli sings elegantly and gracefully; but he has not the slightest idea of the portraiture of a character, and enacts prince and peasant in the same stereotyped way. Gazzaniga, who is not to be named in the same day with Laborde as a vocalist, is so powerfully dramatic as to thrill her hearers; and Stigelli, whose voice is not so sweet as Brignoli's, completely carries away his hearers by the force and vigor of his personations. And this vigor of true, lyric artists, is not confined to mere physical demonstrations any more than the apathy of others. It pervades everything. It gives the accent to every word; it gives the weight to every phrase; it vitalizes the scene and changes the mimicry of the stage into the reality of life. Some Europeans who reside among us, and who are apt to depreciate the intelligence which a considerable portion of our audiences possess, are clamorous for European customs and tastes and traditions. They say that in Paris, or in Florence, or in Naples, or somewhere, people don't care for action and think only of the music. Putting aside for a moment the fact that it is of no importance to us here what people think on the other side of the water we might adduce many instances which do not substantiate any such idea. Ronconi, the baritone, is a remarkable one, his notorious faulty intonation being entirely overlooked in the graphic intensity of his histrionic power. Grisi himself, has swayed the world quite as much by the majesty of her dramatic, as the finish of her vocal efforts.

We would by no means be thought to depreciate the importance of the highest musical culture. We only desire to prove that an opera house is not a mere concert room; that when a vocalist puts on a garb and utters certain words which appertain to a supposed character, he or she has got something more to do than stand, a gentleman or lady on the stage, paying every attention to the emission of vocal sounds, and no attention whatever to the sentiments they ought to express. This does not satisfy an American audience, educated to a nice appreciation of the best acting of the time. However delightfully a vocalist may sing, the music becomes simply fluent sound, when not animated with intelligent expression. Not simply musical expression alone, but intellectual expression, springing from the active, thoughtful mind. And it is very certain that if this intelligence be not present, the performer will fail to impress the intellects around. There is a two-fold enjoyment of vocal music; one which springs from a sensuous delight at sweet sounds, and another from the mental recognition of the intelligence or depth of feeling which shines through them. These are exhibited in an extended form in the impressions produced by an operatic performance. If the sweetness of sound or intelligence of expression be absent or neglected, the effect produced is unsatisfactory. Therefore is a great lyric artist, one who combines both musical and dramatic ability, and it is vain to attempt to force upon us as great, what is only clever talent,

cultivated in one direction only, and wanting in some of the fundamental qualifications of greatness.

We have heard and seen too much in this country to be any longer under the dictation of European minds. The cultivated amateurs of this country bring to bear upon their judgment of these things not only musical taste but a generally refined and educated intellect. The time has gone by when we must be supposed to accept as final the quoted opinion of Europe. Our preferences are as well founded as those of any other nation; with that nervous energy which characterizes the race we seize upon and explore a topic by the light of our generally diffused culture. Those who make music the sole study and occupation of their lives are unquestionably competent to judge of musical efforts; but they are not necessarily the best judges of dramatic power, nor necessarily appreciative of that profundity of expression or refinement of nature which are instinct in high-toned natures, and the absence or presence of which is discernible by kindred sympathies.

The artists who have achieved the greatest successes in this country are those who have evinced a combined musical and dramatic ability, and in practice as well as theory the energy of the actor added to culture of the vocalist is necessary to constitute a thorough lyric vocalist. CAROLUS.

The Old Pitch-Pipe.

We wonder how the fathers of New England contrived to pitch their psalm-tunes, during that long interval when no musical instrument was tolerated in the sanctuary. Perhaps the tempest and the war-whoop confounded their idea of harmony, and the pitch of their tunes was as little cared for as the water-mark on the beach. It was enough that amid hardship and privation they could still keep the quaint old melodies treasured like holy memories in their hearts, and let them ring out in the wilderness, as the spirit moved, in glorious independence of those rules and forms they had grown tired of beyond the sea. Perhaps their few simple tunes were so uniformly the outpourings of the heart in song that they pitched themselves, and rose or fell with the ebb and flow of emotion, and only ceased when this had spent itself.

But in course of time they missed the chorister as well as pastor they had parted from at Leyden; and in spite of their prejudices, there were seasons, we doubt not, when even the winds and waves awakened yearnings in secret to hear again the old majestic organ tones, that they had foolishly surrendered to the "man of sin." They called no man master, but by and by the schoolmaster came, and close upon his heels followed the singing-master. But with all his resources it puzzled him to find the "pitch." The harps were left hanging on the willows, after their owners had escaped from captivity; and for an hundred years they hung there, tantalizing the Puritan chorister in his dubious search for the key-note. The best disciplined and developed voice is of itself inadequate to such an emergency, and it almost instinctively waits for some artificial help at the start. On occasions, where entire accuracy of pitch seems superfluous, and the rules of rhythm and harmony are suspended, some one ventures to start a tune, and the rest follow his lead, growing bolder and more confident after surmounting the opening stanza, until it becomes a matter of indifference how they started and where they alight. But our forefathers were evidently cured of their unworthy prejudice against any instrumental accompaniment in the sanctuary by this one difficulty of "getting the pitch." They had enough ups and downs, hems, twists and turns, without going through the process in maintaining a mere prejudice, "more honored in the breach than the observance."

So one Sabbath there was stealthily introduced into the singers' gallery a little box some six inches long, four wide, and one thick, furnished with a mouth-piece and slide, on which were registered the letters of the octave. The minister gave out the psalm and gravely resumed his seat. A solemn pause ensued, during which the chorister is busy inaugurating a new era for church music in New England. Having moved the slide to the proper letter, he tremblingly applies his lips to the mouth-piece, and toots forth the key-note. But this simple sound, we are told, had to be made cautiously, and the pitch to the other parts carefully found and dexterously handed round, to prevent detection and consequent reproof from the fathers for sounding an instrument in the church!

Ere long, however, the pitch-pipe won its way to favor, as it only tooted the key-note and invaded the sanctity of the meeting-house no further. By and by it ushered in the flute and viol to accompany the voice through the psalm, and the sensibilities of the

fathers survived even that shock. Following up the advantage, a big bass viol suddenly loomed up in the singers' gallery, casting almost as much of a shadow as a small organ. It threatened at first to throw the pulpit into the shade, and was watched suspiciously as some "infernal machine" of the adversary for sowing tares. But it did good service in more ways than one. It succeeded better than the tithing-man in stilling the boys in the gallery, as it twanged out those heavy rumbling vibrations. Now at length the foundations for the pitch of tunes were laid deep and broad, and that full, prolonged sounding of the key-note by instruments and voices gave assurance that this was strongly secured.

But instruments like players would get out of tune amid the distractions of the busy week. So when the Sabbath came round again old heads with their prejudices still unconquered shook dubiously while the tuning of instruments was in progress. That was rather an incongruous performance at the opening of service. It required unusual powers of abstraction for the worshipper to keep in a devout frame while the wind and stringed instruments yonder were trying to reconcile their differences. To the wayward imagination it would suggest the howling of the "bells of Bashan" or the wailings of lost spirits, until the solemn invocation from the pulpit cut short those wails and groans, dispelled the illusion. Yet they were devout men in those days, who played the viol in accompaniment to the choir, and though they have since "hung up the fiddle and the bow," they will ever cherish pleasant memories of those Sabbath days and evenings in the singers' gallery.

To every son of Jubal it is pleasant to note how the current of public sentiment has been eddying back to the organ. The need of full harmony in instrumental accompaniment and the inconvenience and uncertainty attending the introduction of a diversity of instruments has created a demand for such as would enable a single player on the key-board to sustain each part that was sung. So something approximating to the organ has found a welcome in the humblest church; and voluntaries, preludes and interludes are expected as regularly as "psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs." Prejudices still have to be encountered, but far less bitter and uncompromising than a century ago. Real merit is sooner or later appreciated, and what is wrong is very apt like the scorpion to sting itself to death. The descendant of the Pilgrims is not yet won over to Rome as his fathers feared by that noble instrument they sacrificed to Romish prejudice, but often does his soul soar on the wings of those majestic harmonies far above all cumbrous rites and ceremonies "quite in the verge of Heaven."

What church or choir that has an organ would do without it now? Larks and nightingales sing always without an instrument, and so the voice may warble and soar free as the birds. But the most independent of voices must lean on some attendant instrument as its stay and staff, and mounts on those accompanying strains to its highest achievements. Even the Swedish nightingale, that sung because she could not help singing, was dependent on her orchestra; though at times each player stood still, listening in mute admiration to that marvelous voice so far transcending all human mechanism. Let others do as they will, we mean ever to cherish with filial reverence the memory of Jubal. Some one has pictured him as he sits in primitive attire surrounded by a group of youth that he is showing how to play on his first instrument, the shepherd's pipe. The faithful dog is watching the performance eagerly as the rest, and the flock has stopped its grazing at a little distance to catch those novel strains. How the "father of all such as handle the harp and organ" must rejoice as he sees how that first little group of votaries has spread itself, until, by and by, every church is likely to have some sort of organ, and every village its brass band.

Well, this venerable pitch-pipe never sent forth so prolonged a "toot" before; and we have taken liberties with it, that may have betrayed irreverence for its age. It has come down to us with the old key-note unimpaired, and it sounds the pitch as faithfully as it did four-score years ago. But we keep it, like the old-fashioned tunes, more in memory of the past, than for use in the present. W. E. B.

The Statue of Flora in the Central Park.—Influence of Ideal Statuary.

(From the Crayon for August.)

Good intentions in respect to art matters generally obtain but little credence from us, preferring, as we do, to await their fulfilment before giving them currency. A rumor of one, however, comes to us that we are especially glad to chronicle, because it is of

pioneer value. We allude to the report that Mr. R. K. Haight intends to present his beautiful statue of "Flora," by Crawford, to the Central Park. We are rejoiced to hear of such a prospective gift to the public, because it is the first instance here of a purely ideal statue being set up before the people.

The "Flora" is quite different from the public works of art our people are familiar with. It is not a statue of a hero, ancient or modern, exhibiting the usual absurdities of conventional costume, nor is it a statue symbolical of personal or national vanity; it is a statue embodying a sentiment common to all mankind—the love of flowers—one which the lowest extreme of democracy can appreciate equally with the highest. The subject is treated so as to be perfectly intelligible to the least cultivated fancy, and therefore well adapted to a public thoroughfare. There are many good reasons why we should have ideal statues on our highways, and we shall give one or two of them. The "great unwashed" who throng our streets and rule them, and who will inevitably throng and rule in the trim paths and intricate rambles of the Central Park, in spite of wealth, propriety and the police, may respect ideal statues and sentiment, when they will not respect either law, persons or places, and what we wish to lay most stress on, democracy will respect ideal statues when it will injure and deface the statues of common heroes.

The democrat loves to exercise his judgment, even in regard to a monument. If the monument be erected in honor of a national individual, the democrat views it as an infringement on his rights. He regards it as a rival. Before an object of beauty, however, the attributes of which are not constitutionally defined by any legislator he knows of, he will resign his pretensions, and yield to a natural sentiment. Politicians, from Mark Antony down to these days, well know that the Democracy possesses, and is ruled by sentiments; we contend that the artist has an "equal right" with the politician to use it for public utility. We have no precedent on our own soil to appeal to, but since Terpander did with music allay a sedition in Sparta, we do not know why artists here should not have a chance to try similar æsthetic experiments in an equally seditious community.

This brings us to the local and specific reasons for wishing to see the "Flora" in the Central Park. We will not dwell on the universal love of woman, even by impolitic democrats, except to suggest that a marble female form, pure in fancy and material, may greatly assist in preserving order. A fine ideal statue like the "Flora" would, wherever it could be seen, be more effective in any given area than twenty policemen. We would have one visible in the Park at every turn, and placed in the Park solely on account of order. The noblest ideas of the past, the ideas which have ever exercised positive control over the masses, have ever been associated with female forms, as is easily recognized by studying the worship of Minerva by the noblest people of antiquity, and of the Madonna by the millions of the middle ages. If these references are not sufficient, we can refer to the statue of Joan of Arc, so patriotically revered by the French masses of the present day.

We are quite prepared for the vulgar exclamation of "idolatry!" In reply to this we would rather see noble ideas symbolized in the quiet forms of beauty on our highways than intellectually mauled and polluted by politicians in our national assemblies. If we could have more statues and fewer statutes, the people would be better governed than they are now. Intelligible ideal statues, embodying ideas hallowed by conscience, we are confident, will preserve common conditions of order in public places better than any law the sharpest legist can devise. We do not believe that the sacred influence of art is yet impaired by "progress," nor its utility drowned in the sea of American intelligence. We repeat our desire to have the Flora in the Central Park, and hope Mr. Haight will convert his intention into a fixed fact. The act will immortalize him. Now is the time, too, to carry out good ideas, while the Central Park is in good hands. How long it will be so, who can tell?

The people of Calais and Eastport have just been enjoying a rare musical treat. Mrs. C. Varian James, a native of Eastport, who has been eight years pursuing musical studies in Italy, has given concerts with great success. She sang in Rome, before His Holiness the Pope, at his special request, and is destined to make a profound impression on the mind of the musical world in our chief cities. With a person and countenance of remarkable beauty, and entire naturalness of manner, accompanying a voice of perfect purity and great compass and power, together with a culture equal to that of Biscaccianti, she carried all hearts by storm.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 11, 1860.

Ball's Washington.

Music seems destined to undergo a temporary *estivation* during the dog days. Orchestras are disbanded, violins sleep in their green bags, and contra-bassi are laid up in ordinary. There are no concert posters at the street corners; serenades are unfrequent and lugubrious; even the learners have laid aside their dyspeptic flutes and moaning horns, and the neighboring attics are still. Miss Flora has left her piano for the beach, and listens now only to the music of the waves as they break upon

"the whispering, shelly shore."

Decidedly there is nothing for the musical journalist to do. Necessity, therefore, led us to look about for some congenial topic, and we were not long in finding one in the studio of our friend, THOMAS BALL. The colossal statue of WASHINGTON upon which he is engaged, required a room specially adapted for the purpose, and a very commodious building has been erected for him in the rear of Chickering's pianoforte manufactory. A revolving platform, much like a locomotive "turn-table," with a large iron shaft in the centre, will serve for the support of the model; so that the effect can be studied from every angle as the work progresses. Little of the modelling has been done as yet, the preparations having taken much time and forethought. The head of the great commander is finished, however, and a very noble one it is; the countenance is serene, but not without the marks of a stern will, and not refined, after the manner of some artists, until all that is human is gone. We sincerely hope the sculptor will remember that Washington after all was only a man; and that the statue will be successful just in proportion to the *humanity* that is expressed in it. We do not want an Olympian Jupiter, with his head above the clouds. And though anger may not be the most agreeable mood in which a great man might appear, rather than endure the soulless inanities which have too often worn the name of Washington, we could far rather see our hero depicted in his noble rage, as he rode up with scintillating eyes and curved nostrils, swearing at the perfidy of General Lee.

Mr. Ball has just completed the model for a bust of the venerable Dr. Wayland, of Providence. The likeness is admirable, and in truth a sculptor could hardly desire a better subject. All who remember the massive head, the overhanging brows, the simple dignity, the mingled firmness and suavity of the original will acknowledge this as one of the very best of the artist's works.

The model of the "Minute-Man," designed for the Lexington monument, has been completed for some time, and has been every where admired for its striking attitude and earnest expression. The whole figure is instinct with life, and if the efforts of the Lexington committee are successful, we shall have in this one of the very finest statues of modern times.

Translated for this Journal.

Extracts from Spohr's Autobiography.

A COURT CONCERT.

From Munich our route lay towards Stuttgart, where we had recommendations to the court. I

handed these to the master of ceremonies and received a note from him the very next day, stating that we should be heard at court. But in the meanwhile I had been informed that it was the custom at court to play cards during the concerts and that but little attention was paid to the music. I carried with me from Brunswick a strong feeling against such profanation of the art, and took the liberty to tell the master of ceremonies that I and my wife would play before the court only on condition that His Majesty would condescend to suspend the game during our performance. The man got thoroughly frightened at such a bold demand, and cried, "What! You make conditions to my most gracious master? How dare I report this to him!" "Then I must renounce the honor of being heard by the court," was my simple reply, whereupon I took my leave. How the master of ceremonies managed to communicate to the king such an unheard-of demand, and how the king persuaded himself to accede to it, I have not learned. The result, however, was that I received word from the master of ceremonies that His Majesty had granted my wish, but with the condition that the pieces which we were to play should succeed each other, so as not to incommode His Majesty too often.

This was done accordingly. As soon as the king and company had taken their seats at the card-tables the concert began with an overture which was followed by an aria. During this time the lackeys ran ncsily to and fro, offering refreshments, and the players cried out their "I play" and "I pass," so loud that most of the music and singing was lost. That over, the master of ceremonies came to me to say that I should get ready. He then informed the King that the strangers were about to begin, whereupon His Majesty rose, the rest following. Lackeys placed two rows of chairs behind the orchestra, upon which the company took their seats. Our playing was listened to very attentively and in silence; yet nobody dared applaud, as His Majesty did not set the example. The king's attention manifested itself only by an inclining of the head towards us at the conclusion. As soon as we had finished, everybody hurried back to the card-tables and presently there was the same noise as before.

During the rest of the concert I had leisure to look around. I directed my attention principally to the king's table, from which, to render His Majesty as comfortable as his corpulence would permit, a segment had been cut out, into which the royal belly fitted precisely. The hugeness of the latter and the smallness of the kingdom gave rise to a smart caricature, representing the King in full, regal costume, a map of Wurtemberg suspended from the lowest button of his long waistcoat, exclaiming; "I cannot overlook my possessions."

As soon as the king had finished his game and moved his chair the concert was abruptly concluded in the midst of an aria sung by Madame Graff, so that the last notes of a cadence actually remained stuck in her throat. The musicians, used to such vandalism, packed their instruments away very unconcernedly; but I was deeply angry at such degradation of the art.

HOW THE DUKE OF GOTH A "COMPOSED."

At that time the duke, excited perhaps by my vocal compositions, showed a desire to set to music one of his larger poems, a kind of Cantata. He did me the honor to consult me about it. But as the Duke could not make up his mind to divulge to me his ignorance in music, he applied for assistance to his old music-teacher, the Concert-master Reinhard. The latter afterwards told me in hour of confidential chat we had together, how the Cantata was done into music. The Duke read to his teacher, who was sitting at the piano, a few lines of his libretto, and gave his ideas how the text should be set. The Duke having once read or heard something about the different

character of the keys, Reinhard was next required to strike a few chords in each key, until the Duke had found the proper one for his text. If the words were lively and cheerful, the major mode was chosen, if mournful, the minor. It happened one day that the Duke thought the major mode too cheerful and the minor mode too gloomy for his text, and desired poor Reinhard to sound a mode between the two, *half minor*! When the key had been fixed on, the melody was the next thing. The Duke began to whistle all melodies that would come into his head. Reinhard, who listened attentively, would wait until a melody came up to which he thought the text might be fitted when he stopped the Duke and wrote it down. Two or three lines of the poem being disposed of in this manner the same proceeding was gone through with the next ones. The sketch of the Cantata, as it had been written down in such hours of inspiration was now handed to Backofen, one of the Duke's chamber-musicians, to write out the score, as Reinhard knew nothing of instrumentation. Backofen could of course make little use of the materials furnished him and had to compose almost the whole Cantata over again. As he had much talent for composition, his music was quite tolerable. The work thus finished was now written out, studied under my direction, and at last performed at a Court-concert. The Duke who must have been slightly astonished to find how well his music sounded, accepted the congratulations of the Court with a self-satisfied mien. He even complimented me that I had so well understood his intentions and secretly paid his two associates a handsome amount. In this manner everybody was pleased.

Musical Chit-Chat.

BENEVENTANO. — We find the following item in a Vienna letter of the "Signale" (Leipsic):

Sig. Beneventano is much better off with regard to voice than Varesi. He has a voice as big as a house, and lungs like a locomotive. It has been common to compare his singing to the roaring of a lion. I do not know whether the Signor will feel much flattered by this natural-historical comparison; but really, when he, slowly advancing from the background of the stage close to the footlights, prolongs a note to an awful crescendo, one must be excused for entertaining some fears not only for one's personal safety but also for the good taste of Sig. Beneventano. A duet (as for instance the one in *I Puritani*) sung by Signor B. and Mr. Beck (of the German Opera) would have a shaking power. It would be more than a treat; it would be a feast for the ears.

The Draytons are giving their pleasant parlor operas at Buffalo, and are meeting with well deserved success.

MONTREAL THEATRE ROYAL.—The French Opéra Comique from New Orleans are playing an engagement here. Mlle. D'Arcy, and Messrs. Philippe and Genibrel are the principals. Can they not visit us in Boston?

The *Nationale* of Brussels thus criticises the début of an American *prima donna*, Miss Hinckley, of Albany, at the Theatre du Cirque of that city, in "Lucia di Lammermoor":

"Lucia di Lammermoor," Donizetti's *chef d'œuvre*, is the most popular of all operas—the melodies are known to all; there is scarcely a note of it which may not be heard in the street; and yet the announcement of the representation of "Lucia" by the Italian troupe, drew to the Theatre du Cirque an immense crowd. It was not the first time they had been attracted there—"Ernani," "Le Barbier," "Don Pasquale," "Le Mariage Secret," "L'Italienne à Alger," had already drawn crowded houses—but this time the concourse of people went beyond

all precedent; stalls, balconies, boxes and pit, all were filled—the hall alone was a magnificent spectacle; how can all this be explained? All the world knows the opera: yes, but the Italian *Lucia* is a very different person from the French *Lucie*, and this *Lucie* was a new stager, this her first appearance in Brussels—Mlle. Hinkley—young and pretty, and from the first her beauty decided her success—at her entrance on the stage she was greeted by the applause of the delighted crowd. She realized the ideal one forms of the poetic creation of Walter Scott.

She has not the appearance of a Southerner, and it is easy to discover, not an Italian. She is an American, educated in Italy, and Mr. Merelli first brought out at the Opera in Amsterdam, this *pearl of beauty*—this perfect model of youth and freshness. Her whole person is graceful, her acting full of attraction; she renders perfectly the *naïve* tenderness of *Lucia* for *Edgar*, in the duet of the first act. Her terror and despair, in the *finale* of the second—in the scene of madness—produced a profound impression.

The voice of Mlle. H. is as fresh as herself; without being broken to the exercise of vocalization, she possesses fine talent.

The air of the third act was sung by this charming artist better than by any *cantatrice* ever heard in Brussels in this *role*, and in a manner which well merited the enthusiastic applause and recall which greeted her. The public might have overlooked much in this beautiful person, but Mlle. H. did nothing which required pardon. She unites with the attractions of woman a talent which reaches towards perfection.

The success of Mlle. H. is an immense success; one can never grow weary of seeing and hearing her.

Musical Correspondence.

—, MASS., JULY 30.—I have been here for some time recruiting my health. One of my most delectable amusements—really the most pleasing of all, has been the perusal of your paper every Saturday afternoon. In it, we learn the state of musical matters generally. Why should not the true state of music in this place be set forth? Now for it.

The piano music that most prevails here are simple operatic arrangements. Now and then, and by mere chance, we hear one of Wollenhaupt's or Lysberg's parlor pieces. At a *reunion* lately it was my good fortune to hear one of Clementi's divertissements played in excellent style by a young lady of German parentage, who is undoubtedly the best *pianiste* of her sex here.

It was charming and refreshing, after the common hum-drum, bumping and thumping, which good natured, but silly people style fine pianoforte playing, and which to say the least, is mortifying to those who possess any thing like taste or experience. At the close I whispered my delight to a gentleman standing near by. "I am pleased," he replied, that you esteem this, but look how indifferent the company seems, it was just so at a party some time ago, at which I happened to be present, and at the end of this same piece, no one said good, bad, or even thanks, but a lady stepped up to her and asked, "Can you play Hubner's March?" Provoking! What a lamentable state of things! All this, and more arises from the fact that those would-be teachers, are in a fit condition to enter a musical academy and study hard with the view of obtaining certificates of competency. One of your subscribers—knows personally eleven female teachers who have only received forty-eight lessons, and some, only twenty-four from different pianists in Boston, who are now teaching in this city at the rate of six, eight and ten dollars for twenty-four lessons. There are at the present time some females taking lessons from three pianists here, who assured me that these are giving lessons at the rate of twenty-five cents each, to beginners, so as to collect money to pay for their own lessons. I find no fault with people teaching for a low price, but I

utterly condemn and so must all right-thinking people censure those who presume to teach what they do not understand.

Every man and woman who happens to play an organ or melodeon in some meeting-house, gives lessons on the piano. The common opinion is, that if Miss *this*, and Mr. *that* plays psalm tunes decently, and a few *anti-Rinck* organ interludes, improvised without any regard to rhythm, or the laws of simple composition, they can teach "my Julia and my Charley to play on the piano." And they do teach with a vengeance. People think that to strike the keys and produce sounds in time, so that the tune is lively and marked, is to play the piano. They know nothing about the various modifications of touch and tone, nor of the thousand and one conventionalities of legitimate piano playing. Talk to them of *Æsthetics*, *Dynamics*, &c., &c., in connection with the instrument! Why, these are foreign terms! To play the piano for them, it is sufficient to play lively tunes, and to help the voice. Almost every body can play a jig, or a "break down," *ergo* every body can play on the piano, or rather prostitute the piano. This being the case, it is not surprising that music is at so low an ebb here. There is a band here. It plays quicksteps and marches very well. These became popularized, so that when one sits to the piano, the inquiry comes, "can you play the 'Mohawk Vale,' which the band plays so nicely? On the other hand there are a few people—but very few among the *élite* especially, who have heard legitimate pianoforte, orchestral and vocal music abroad or in the metropolis. These are capable of appreciating good things, but as a general thing, people think more of Mason's and Bradbury's make-up of church tunes—of the countless numbers of psalm tunes concocted, metamorphosed, hashed and re-hashed from their simple, beautiful and original models, than they do of Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn and Beethoven's music. One reason perhaps, is, because they get a taste of these authors in those infamous books which are both a disgrace and a pest to the cause of *true church music* in this country. If the *élite* and those who lead matters of fashion in this place, would only initiate some step for the culture of good music, things would assume a better aspect. I see nothing to hinder us from engaging the Mendelssohn Quintette Club periodically during the coming fall, except that some people prefer to keep their money, or rather spend what they devote for amusement, in recreations of a far less refined nature than that of listening to music of an elevated character. Some time ago, when Mr. — played one of Beethoven's sonatas so admirably at a concert, the pervading stillness was said to be wonderful. Such a thing was not known before. The attention then given, did not arise from reverence for Beethoven, nor from common respect to the pianist, but chiefly because the *élite*—those who give a tone to society here, listened earnestly and approvingly.

In Germany the highest people patronize and take active parts in music, and the result is that the middle and lower classes become familiar with, and learn to esteem the great masters. Our "big folks" should do the same. As a young people in art and science, we must not, dare not reject great works because we cannot understand them. Rather let us seek to comprehend by association and constant intercourse—by listening to the voices that speak to us from the past in tones and sentiments that have thrilled maturer and more sympathetic souls than ours. As the German masters are most worthy of our attention as regards instrumental music, so are the Italians indisputably with reference to vocal. There are some people here who are fond of decrying Italian opera music, on the ground that they don't understand the Italian language. With equal consistency and for the better exhibition of their provoking ignorance, I would advise them to

cry against Tasso and Dante. Singing to people, makes them wonderfully polite towards you, especially if you pronounce clearly. I have been to several parties where they listened to a pretty song which had no remarkable feature, but a recurrence of regular rhythm—the melody being of the most common kind, while they would talk loudly during a pianoforte piece which was certainly superior intrinsically to the former. Here the commencement of a piano solo is the signal for talk—not whispers, but talk with a vengeance, so as to drown the performer's efforts. *

VIENNA, JULY 6.—The "interregnum" is here—that is, all opera is suspended. Salvi and his Italian troop have finished their season; the Court opera is having its annual vacation, and the "men singers and women singers" are scattered from Hungary to England, resting or playing as stars. Concerts are to be heard only in public gardens or in "Beer-Lokals," and these are hardly topics for a correspondent. What shall I write? Wherewithal shall the necessary amount of space be filled? What do you say to a letter of chit-chat? Here goes.

Salvi gave during his season fifty performances, divided among eight operas, thus: *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Traviata*, eight times each; *Norma*, seven; *Rigoletto*, six; *Rossini's Siege of Corinth*, five; *Donizetti's Elisir d'Amore*, five; *Barber of Seville*, four, and *Don Juan* three times.

What with assistance from the Government, and pretty, often very full houses, the season has been a successful one and will no doubt be repeated in the autumn.

Madame La Grua has gone to Paris.

Here is a paragraph to the old point of how much even small concerts do for music in central Europe. Darmstadt is the capital of the Grand Duchy of Hesse, and has a population of some thirty-five thousand or forty thousand inhabitants. The theatrical year continued from September 4, 1859 to May 23, 1860, and of one hundred and forty-nine performances on the Court stage, one hundred and five were musical operas, operettas, comic pieces with vocal and instrumental music, ballets and concerts. Thirty-eight operas filled seventy-six evenings, of which new on that stage were, *Linda di Chamounix*, *Wagner's Rienzi* and *Meyerbeer's Dinorah*. Operas newly put upon the stage, were *Rossini's Cinderella*, *Auber's Fra Diavolo*, *Nicolai's Merry wives of Windsor*, *Meyerbeer's North Star*, *Bellini's Norma*, *Wagner's Tannhauser*, and *Mozart's Titus*. *Rienzi* was given seven times, *Verdi's Sicilian Vespers*, five; others three or four times each, so that at least half that were given, were brought upon the stage for a single performance each. It is hardly necessary to add that all were given in the German language.

A few weeks since, a new opera in two acts, was given in the Kärnthner Theater, here in Vienna—text by Alexander Baumann, music by Joseph Dessauer. The "Fremdenblatt" says of it:

"It may be said of 'Dominga' in the words of the well known criticism slightly adapted, 'it contains nothing that is new, and still less that is beautiful. We do not mean to say that Herr Dessauer as plagiarist has simply copied from others; but the themes of the various numbers of his opera and their forms have been so thoroughly used up, and are so common, that all airs, duets, concerted pieces and choruses sound old and familiar. The opera 'Dominga' is a feeble work, quite without buoyancy, and with no trace of originality. Sentimentality alternates with tasteless bravoura airs or would-be comic passages. This would-be comic element is wanting in humor, grace and freshness.' There is more to the same effect. I have not heard however that Herr Dessauer has taken up either pen or pistol to prove that his opera is good, and that this writer is all in the wrong.

One of the papers publishes the following exquisite puff of Leopold von Meyer. The old fellow understands "how to do it."

"The Royal Imperial chamber virtuoso Herr Leopold von Meyer had the honor on the 21st of June

to play in a Court concert of Queen Victoria, and rejoiced himself on that occasion with distinguished marks of honor, such as seldom are enjoyed by an artist. For when his turn came, and he was on the point of seating himself at the piano, the Duke of Coburg [think of this!] who was present advanced and presented his hand in the most hearty manner. When now the artist began to play, the Queen drew near in the most respectful manner, and placed herself behind the piano, in order carefully to observe his style of playing. Near the Queen found themselves standing [literal translation] the other high lordships present, the King of the Belgians, the Duke of Flanders, the Prince of Wales, the Duchess of Kent and the Duchess of Cambridge. As the Queen was standing, so therefore the entire company rose—as well as all the artists.

After Herr von Meyer had concluded his number upon the programme, the Queen called upon him, to play another piece, and the artist complied with this flattering demand, by performing a new polka which will immediately appear in London under the title "Victoria Polka."

Herr von Meyer is the lion of the concert season and he is already engaged by the director of the Royal Theatre in London for the months of October and November, with the Italian opera troupe, with a very high salary and the full payment of all his expenses. In the mean time Herr von Meyer will visit the baths of Kissingen for his health, and return for a short time to Vienna."

(For the history of Tom Thumb at court, see Bar-num's Memoirs.)

Meyer's next concert in Vienna will be jammed full of people, who wish to see that execution, which the Queen of England stood up to observe! It is a fact, though, that in his peculiar manner he has no equal.

A new opera was given in Stuttgart on the 23d of June, "The Night of St. John," the first work for the stage, of a young composer named Gustav Pres-sel. It met with great success. Its great richness in melody is the point which the critics urge in its favor. No new work since Flotow's "Martha," has taken the Stuttgart people so by storm. Please explain the fact that just as Wagner is "becoming known and appreciated" all over Germany, that the works of Offenbach and others, who write in the old school of Dittersdorf and Weigl, giving the public only simple, melodious, healthy music are having such success?

A funny fellow in Berlin has been printing some drolleries, which purport to be leaves cut from albums, containing the autographs of singers and actors of the Spree city. Perhaps the wit is too local; but possibly a specimen or two may be comprehensible out of Berlin.

"Actors in general are thinking *thoughtful* artists; i. e., they *think* themselves artists."

"The Prophet is without honor in his own land—unless I sing it. THEODORE FORMES."

Another is a hit at the old and ugly dancers in the ballet.

"Physicians say, dancing is injurious to the health. Nonsense; for we have grown old and gray in the business."

Here is a curious item from Italy.

Before Garibaldi left Turin a benefit concert was given him, at which the music was from the works of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Mayseder—all Germans.

Hoffmann's most delightful picture of life in the olden time, "Meister Martin and his journeymen" has been dramatized into an opera text, and Wilhelm Tschirch has composed the music. If the opera equals the story—that is enough.

I said above that Salvi's operatic season must have been successful. According to the "Wanderer" this is a mistake, that paper says Salvi lost some

\$15,000 by the enterprise! The fact is, that the public will not support an opera in a foreign tongue—nay, it is doubtful if any opera can exist without assistance from the government.

It is stated that in August, Salvi's troop of singers, is to be followed in the Theater an der Wien by a troop of American gymnasts! A. W. T.

Offenbach is the son of the former music director or Cantor of the Jewish congregation in Cologne. He is now engaged upon a three-act opera.

VIENNA, JUNE 16.—My packet to-day was already sealed to go into the mail-box, when the "Journal" of the 2d inst., come to hand, and the note from Leipzig caught my eye.

"Our Diarist too has evidently had his mind wrought upon unfavorably with regard to Leipzig," you say in the few editorial lines prefixed to the communication. These words have led me to hunt up the only "note" I have sent on the subject to the "Journal" from which the following sentence is copied:

"I can, of course record no *ex parte* statement of the questions at issue [between the instructors and the pupils, who had left the institution] cannot decide as to the wisdom and propriety of the step which they have taken; bnt, *granting the facts as represented to me*, without hearing what the directors have to reply, it is their wisest course."

I also espouse no side in the controversy and the entire paragraph was written under a sense of the duty, which a musical journal owes to its supporters, to do all in its power to aid them in their best possible musical developments. Many of your younger readers hope to come to Germany to study. With already advanced pupils, I have often given my reasons for preferring a private course in Berlin; and these, as every reader knows, were on grounds simply on the advantages of a great capital over a smaller provincial city for general culture.

Now came grave charges. I felt it my duty to call upon such as know the truth to substantiate them, or by their silence acknowledge them unfounded. Pupils are now coming abroad at the rate of ten or twelve a year, and it is for them all important, that their time and (in many cases) their hardly earned savings, should be spent to the greatest advantage.

As you very well know, it is a matter of perfect indifference to me, where young men and women study, if they in the end are only good musicians. The great wants of our students, with some exceptions, are two: proper early training, (in which most are sadly deficient) and general musical culture. Where they get those is of no importance if they do get them. As to the Conservatorium matter, why should we not have a plain statement of facts—if there are any to be told? A. W. T.

MR. THAYER.—Please correct a clause in your article of April 14th. The young lady of whom you speak as having left the Leipzig Conservatorium, had no reasons for leaving, otherwise than dissatisfaction with the method of teaching. If a lady is satisfied with her progress, I know of no reason why she should not remain. But if a young lady with a slender hand wishes to waste her time, lose her courage, and ruin her fingers, let her study under the Conservatorium teachers. At least this has been my own bitter experience. At the end of six months' study of this method, my hands had become so stiff that I could hardly play a scale. But I know nothing whatever against the respectability of the institution. I consider it quite as proper a place as any public institution of the kind can be for a lady. Payments in the Conservatorium are made *quarterly*, instead of a year in advance. No American who has left paid for any longer time than he was in, although two were requested to do so.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 437.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1860.

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Richard Wagner.

(Translated from the French of Louis Lamcobe (Revue Germanique, for Feb. 1860), by ANNE M. H. BREWSTER.)

(Concluded.)

We shall give our opinions of Wagner's theories before treating of the value of his compositions, or giving an account of the three representations which lately took place at the *Theatre Italien*. The genealogy of the Wagnerian system can be given without much trouble. It goes back in part, and in line direct to that of Chevalier Gluck, of which it is in some respect the extreme development. Gluck maintains in one of his prefaces that dramatic music ought to limit itself to the rather servile rôle of interpreting the situation and words, affirming that it goes out of its domain when it is not confined to this. He says expressly in his Italian dedication to "Alceste:"

"I seek to bring back music to its veritable function, that of *seconding poetry by strengthening the expression of its sentiments, and its situations, without interrupting or chilling the action with superfluous ornaments*. I believe that music should add to poetry that which the liveliness of colors and the harmonious agreement of light and shade add to a correct well executed drawing serving to animate the figures without altering the outlines."

Certainly if we do not take this in too literal a sense, this passage coming from the pen of an intelligent man firmly convinced, contains excellent views. But should dramatic music always conform absolutely to these principles, resign itself to being only *the color wedded to the drawing*? If so it would reduce the musical composer to a mere print colorer. Is he obliged to attach himself like a slave to the steps of a poet, contenting himself with the adorning of a verse or a word, and thus renouncing his liberty and independence, which in artistic order, as well as in moral order, are the creating causes of true power? We must be allowed to doubt this.

Such, however, is the theory which has served as a starting point to Richard Wagner. Like Gluck he wished to oblige the music to express, or describe, so to speak, the finest shades of sentiment in the words or situation of the poem. He explains in a preface dated 1852. ("Three Opera Librettos, with a Communication to my friend as Preface, by Richard Wagner.") Now after having searched the melody for itself, he finished by making it subordinate to the situation or better still, to the language of the characters.

Now let us quote from the text this other passage from the dedication to "Alceste":

"I attach no value to the discovery of a novelty," says Gluck, "unless it has arisen naturally from the situation and is wedded to the expression; in fine there is no rule I have not been willing to sacrifice freely for effect.*"

Then notice the following precept, by which

* The effect here meant is that springing from a truthful expression of the passions, not that vulgar artificial effect which so large a number of composers have abused.

Weber, and after him Wagner, has, according to our opinion, too well profited.

"I have believed that we must above all avoid leaving in the dialogue *too cutting* a disparity between the air and the recitative, in order not to mutilate the period in a counter-sense, nor awkwardly to interrupt the warmth of the scene."

Now who will dare to sustain seriously in these days, that dramatic music ought to reject the new combinations of harmony with melody, or those which spring from their union with rhythm, under pretext that the situation furnished by the poet does not exact nor give rise to these combinations? Has not the musical art its own independent, intrinsic beauty which not only has the right but whose duty even it is to free itself in certain limits from the exigencies of the drama? Of course we have no intention of approving or excusing those composers, who have believed they were right in adapting any given subject to any music whatever, at the expense of good sense and the plainest elementary rules of good taste. We simply affirm that music of the theatre, the church, or the concert, should develop itself by itself, and live its own life.

If Gluck did not say this in his prefaces, he felt it none the less, for his works are full of grand musical developments, worthy of admiration, and several of his choruses and scores are as touching and effective in a concert as in an opera. Richard Wagner has felt the same marvellously well, although he subscribes to the sayings of Gluck, by declaring in the course of the work already quoted, that he has pruned with care, musically speaking, all that which did not attach itself to the essential element of his poems.

In order to finish these comparisons we will say in fine, that Richard Wagner in commencing passages frequently, with measured recitative, has had in view without doubt like Gluck, a wish to efface "*too cutting a disparity between the air and recitative*."

This means, it is true, may find its application in exceptional cases, but would it not be better to lead to an air by a recitative, which increases gradually in animation, than to commence a passage by a measured one, thus losing the effect of that moment when the theme chosen by a musician ought like a jet of flame to lighten up suddenly all which surrounds it? And if it relates to a song that the composer proposes to develop, is he not wanting in logic in failing to put this first in evidence? These things we know are subject to many exceptions therefore we guard against deciding positively on either side.

Richard Wagner does not leave his friend Gluck without saluting Mozart. He remarks that this immortal master knew how to give an especial musical color to each one of the character types which were furnished to him in the Libretto of Don Juan. Then he admires in Weber this same faculty of translating into sounds the characters of his heroes, and he dreams then of the possibility of designing his own, by means of melodies so striking as to be recognized. The

author of Lohengrin only saw first in the composition of an opera a succession of duos, trios and choruses. Little by little, other things became visible. He wished that the drama should develop itself according to conditions peculiar to the nature of the subject, and that the musical passages might be constantly suggested by the situation and submissive to the management of the scenes, which the principal and sovereign idea, according to him, required. He desired that his movements should take part in the action, and make one body with it, producing on the audience an impression perfectly analogous to that which the developments of the poem awakened.

"And this can take place very naturally" says Wagner, "by means of a tissue of principal themes which shall be characteristic in their form and which are to be heard, not only in such or such a scene, but in the entire drama, and have besides an intimate connection with the poetic design of the composer."

The germ of this idea is found in Don Juan, Robin des Bois, Robert le Diable, and the Huguenots. Mozart, as we said above, found peculiar accents for displaying the different physiognomies of the Commander, Zerlina, Don Juan, Donna Anna, Masetto, &c. Weber, in Der Freyschütz, his master piece, showed as much talent as Mozart in musical character painting and he contrived to circulate through the score, several movements bound to the dramatic action, which he managed more happily than has ever been done before. Meyerbeer confines himself to making the most of this discovery by his illustrious predecessors, but on a larger scale and with a weaker impression.

Richard Wagner caught sight of this already complex idea under a new aspect. Seeking to endow music with a faculty of which it is deprived, *precision*, he takes a circuitous path, and applies, as a sort of label to each of the principal characters of his drama, a characteristic melody. He believes in the possibility of creating a system on this childish notion, and it is only saved from triviality, by means of musical beauties of the first order. There is also a grave inconvenience in this settled purpose, that of fatiguing the audience by this continual repetition of the same songs, and has Wagner completely avoided this objection?

We saw "Tannhäuser" at Zurich. At that time we did not know any of the operas of Wagner, and we read it from one end to the other with as much interest as attention. We were immediately struck with the grand proportions of the overture, with the seal of dignity, superiority and exaltation stamped on the whole, and we experienced a real satisfaction in not encountering any of those superannuated formulas so well relished by the drawing-room public, nor any of those conventional forms which musicians, whose value lies with editors of music, have so awkwardly adopted for each one of their passages, whatever may be the nature or style, and which, for want of a better system, drag themselves

along the beaten path at the heels of mankind. We admired freely the charming attractiveness of Wagner's proud young Muse, who like some beautiful creatures with radiant countenances and conquering smiles seem to say "The world is ours."

One evening during our stay at Zurich, we saw Wagner. His superb forehead was lighted up by a brilliant expression, full of vivacity and sympathetic geniality. There was in his whole person an animated, powerful, spiritual presence, which charmed us, and we remember yet, after ten long years, the impression made on us by his intelligent eye, in which there seemed to dwell a sunbeam.

Three or four years after, at Leipsic, we were present at the performance of "Lohengrin," and thus had an opportunity of appreciating Wagner's talent, which is so truly dramatic and a fair development of his individuality. We judge "Lohengrin" as we do "Tannhäuser" because these works being created on the same principle possess the same qualities and the same defects. Boldness, rich coloring, strength, originality, depth, sonorous instrumentation, superb orchestral effects, brilliant songs, true declamation, the power of seducing and bearing along — all this may be inscribed on the fair side of the medal. But we find on the reverse a want of decision in the melodic design, a vague profusion of musical ideas more occupied with rendering the words faithfully than binding themselves logically together, the abuse of sonorousness and the *tremolo*, also an extreme frequency of *thematique* returns with the monotony which results from this and changes of tone-coloring arising here and there too brusquely caused by euharmonic modulations not sought for, but accepted too thoughtlessly. Another reproach, unfortunately well founded, we have to make upon these aforesaid scores, if they commence bravely they do not finish the same. The first act enchants, the second interests but charms us less, the third, too exclusively consecrated to the recitative, drags in many places, and consequently weakens the impression made at the opening. Notwithstanding all this, it is impossible not to be captivated by the representation of Wagner's operas, and in spite of their length we never think of leaving the theatre until after we have heard the last stroke of the violin bow.

Our enemies would be very sorry, grievously affected, if they could know that their hatred sometimes affords us more efficacious service than all the praises of our friends united. Without the "*musique de l'avenir*" would Wagner's reputation have increased so promptly among us? Thanks to this phrase "music of the future," he has become very popular in Paris — "barbarous city," as Berlioz once called it. Thus when the three concerts at the "*Italiens*" were announced every one was prepared courageously to be present at them, decided on braving this "music of the future." The public, the artists, the critics, the jealous, the envious, the curious, the indifferent, everybody wished to go.

"We are going to laugh," said some. "We are going to shrug our shoulders," said others. As usual they had taken pains to spread reports unfavorable to the new comer; his music could not be sung, it was bad, devoid of melody, that was certain. Executants of established talent had abandoned the orchestra at the rehearsals, it was said, declaring that they could comprehend

nothing of this jumble, that it was useless to break one's legs in endeavoring to clamber over the musical brushwood of, this composer, who pretended to teach them to play true and in time.

It was with curiosity then and anxiety that we awaited the decisive moment. At nine o'clock precisely we were at our post. Little by little the hall filled up with literary persons, artists, fashionables and the Germans helping to make the crowd. At last Wagner appeared and was received with reiterated applause, — it was a tribute paid to his name. A wan smile trembled on his lips when he heard his reception. Then seizing the leader's bow, he prepared himself to conduct his little army without any desk before him, without any score under his eyes, from his heart, in a word! And this *tour de force* lasted three hours! During three hours, he pointed out to the instrumentalists and chorus singers, the openings and re-openings, the very shadows with an inconceivable exactitude and fidelity of memory.

The overture to the "Flying Dutchman" was a cause of gratification to the enemies of Wagner. The *theme* played by the horn, the pretty melody in F confided to the hautbois, the *traits* executed by the quartet imitating the rising of the waves, the shrill chords which placed themselves on these passages, recalling by their savage harmonies, the cries of birds of prey during the tempest, all this appeared confused, diffuse and dry.

At the second piece the impression changed. The "Solemn entrance of the invited guests to Wartburg" made these detractors lower their heads, for unanimous *bravos* burst out through the whole Hall, and there was a veritable trembling in the crowd when the violin melody, a little Weberish in its character, unfolded itself nobly over unexpected and soothing modulations, (except one), throwing off its joyous and vibrating notes like jets of flame into the air.

The instrumental fragment in which Wagner has wished to describe "The pilgrimage of Tannhäuser to Rome" opens with the "Song of the Pilgrims," and contains some fine passages, contrasts of remarkable sounds between the flutes, hautbois and clarionets of one part and the quartet of the other. This imposing dialogue enchanted us, and it must be admitted that it introduced marvellously well the "Pilgrim Chorus" whose majestic beauty was perfectly comprehended.

In regard to the symphonique programmes, printed in the little books, some persons, well-intentioned, without doubt, wish to have it believed that Richard Wagner is a musical materialist, a realist; they chage him with being ambitious of describing facts and objects by means of musical language. Are they sure that it is the facts and objects the master wishes to represent? Might it not be rather the sentiments they awaken in him? Poets of all nations have sung "the golden arrows" of the sun, the moon's "silver rays," the "sublime voice" of the great waters, "the immaculate snow" of the mountains, "the virgin forests," "the threatening calm" of the desert. Were they accused for this of materialism and realism? Perhaps; but every one knows of what value such accusations are. On this head musicians have been abominably guilty, for since the days of Bach who wrote his fugues on the farewells of friends, up to Richard Wagner, pass-

ing by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Berlioz, F. David, &c., there has not been one, who has not attempted at least once in his life to translate into sounds — What? Nature? No, assuredly not, but the emotions produced by Nature's radiance, when without comprehending her secrets we love and admire her in the very depths of our souls.

We shall not discuss that which has no need of being discussed, and shall limit ourselves to simply mentioning the overture to Tannhäuser, already heard and applauded at the time when Mr. Segher directed the St. Cecilia society, and the excellence of which we have elsewhere noticed. We confess we do not like the introduction to "Tristan and Isolde." As to the fragment of "Lohengrin" entitled "The Holy Grail" we shall give an account of it, after having quoted Wagner's text.

"The Holy Grail was the cup in which the Saviour drank at the Last Supper, and in which Joseph of Arimathea received the blood of the Crucified One. Tradition relates that the sacred relic had been taken away from unworthy men, but that God had decided upon returning it to the hands of some favored ones who from purity of heart and sanctity of life, had merited his honor. It is the return of the Holy Grail on the mountain of the saintly Chevaliers, in the midst of a troop of angels, that the introduction to Lohengrin attempts to express.

"In the first measures, the soul of the pious Solitary who awaits the sacred Chalice, soars off into infinite space. Little by little, he sees a strange apparition, which takes form and shape. This apparition defines itself more clearly, and he sees passing before him the miraculous troop of angels, carrying in their midst the Sacred Cup. The holy procession approaches, the heart of God's elect becomes exalted, enlarged; he expands with the ineffable aspirations awakened in him, he gives himself up to an increasing beatitude as he sees the luminous apparition coming nearer, and when at last the Holy Grail itself appears in the middle of the sacred procession, he is wrapt in ecstatic adoration, as if the entire world had disappeared.

"Then the Holy Grail extends its benediction over the saint in prayer, and consecrates him its chevalier. The burning flames soften gradually their *éclat*; the troop of angels with smiles of holy joy abandon the earth, and regain the celestial heights. The Holy Grail has been left in the care of pure men, in whose hearts the divine liquor is spread, and the august troop disappear in the depths of space in the same manner it had appeared."

The musical phrase chosen by Wagner to express this, is beautiful but short. Written in four parts it is executed by divided violins *à l'aigu*. To these four parts others join; the wind instruments enter one by one; then in a slow movement, for one moment, the orchestral voices unite in a harmonious undulating concert. At this place we noticed an ascending base, above which formed and resolved alternately, some dissonances, which were striking from the manner in which they were approached. Then the violins mounted up; the contra bassi and violoncellos remaining quiet; silence reigned among the wind instruments, and the soft melody leading back to its point of departure, exhaled itself in aerial sounds of exquisite tenderness. We wish that

this Adagio had a less fairy-like and a more religious expression. Setting aside this important reserve, we have only praises to bestow upon it.

Le Reveil du Matin and the Betrothal March, (above all the chorus which crowns this fragment,) produces an excellent effect. The final song, which is broad, noble and yet flexible in its character, is accompanied by a violin passage ending at an E flat, which carries you off in spite of its apparent calm. This succeeded admirably.

We do not forget the "Evening Star," a pretty romance from "Tannhäuser," sung at the two last soirées, and which, being executed charmingly by Jules Lefoot, was encored with loud applause.

We reach at last a piece destined by the author to close these interesting concerts, and entitled "Wedding Music an Epithalamium. Four words will suffice to give judgment on it, — it was dazzling, transporting. A prolonged viva seemed to dart forth like lightning from the bounding orchestra, and a song was heard in the trombones, united to the bass, which electrified and enchanted us. The chorus of men and women

"Conduits par nous
Approchez vous,"

gave repose by interrupting very happily the noise of the festival. The melody of it is gracious, naïve and agreeable, and there are some notes of the hautbois whose charm is irresistible. The author, without your expecting it, takes the melody into A flat. You do not know where he is going, but in a happy return he enters unexpectedly into G, and comes back to the principal movement, adding to it a battery of trumpets, horns and clarinets, which give no chance of rest either to the hands of the executants or those of the audience. Richard Wagner should be content, his success was as merited as incontestible.

And now if any one says to us, Does not Wagner make an immoderate use of sonorousness in general, and of trumpets in particular; does not imagination play a more important part in his works than sentiment; does he not write his violin passages too often in excessively high regions; does he not show himself in music to be more of a poet than a musician?

To all these questions we shall reply, Yes, without any hesitation; but we shall add, it pleases some persons to disparage the works of Wagner, we have wished to point out their beauties. The critic, according to our views, had better sin through an excess of benevolence, than by an undue severity, and besides we are not sufficiently *blasé* to control our enthusiasm and keep our hearts from throbbing when moved by creations of beauty.

In recognizing the merits of Wagner we believe we are performing an act of justice, an act of good fellowship, and we shall never repent having sustained, according to our best ability, the exile who has come with frank confidence to ask hospitality from France.

The name of Mr. Hans de Bulow places itself very naturally beside that of Wagner. We regret not being able to dilate as we wish on such remarkable talents as his. Mr. Bulow, at the last soirée which was given at Pleyel's, executed with rare perfection several ancient and modern compositions. A magnificent tone, lightness, power, a captivating execution, fingers broken in to all difficulties; such are the brilliant qualities which distinguish this skilful pianist. We admired him particularly in the "Solemn Entry of

the invited guests at Wartburg," transcribed by Liszt, and also in a superb fugue of J. S. Bach, and we joined heartily in the warm *bravas* of the audience. Mr. de Bulow will give more concerts, we shall take care not to miss them, and we think the public will do likewise.

P. S. Some one has just this instant handed us what is ordinarily called a pamphlet, written against Richard Wagner and "Music of the Future."

"Well, pamphlet, what have you to say?"
"I? nothing. Cream tarts!"

The Diarist Abroad

UTILE ET DULCE.

[It may perhaps give a mournful satisfaction to the friends of the late Diarist (the *late* as he seems to have given up diarizing altogether) if we prefix to this, his last communication, a few prefatory notes, drawn from his note books and other original documents. We—the editor of the communication—can vouch for the facts being as represented, certainly in so far as the late D.'s own memoranda may be held trustworthy.]

It appears then, that he returned from Gratz on the 11th of June, crossing the Semmering again upon a brilliant and beautiful day, which brought out its beauties, as the sunshine of a joyous spirit does those of a handsome face. He was received by the fine young watchmaker and wife where he lodged, with great exhibition of joy, and was the next day treated to a dinner of beef fried with rashers of bacon—which they hold to be an American dish—salad and wine at some eighteen cents the quart—all which may be looked upon as a substitute for a fatted calf, which they had not.

For some days he remained reasonably quiet, occupying himself with his books and papers, and in writing for *Dwight's Journal of Music*. But there was an uneasiness visible in all his actions, which boded no good. The worst anticipations of his friends were realized on the 19th of June; for on that morning, under pretence of researches to be made in Upper Austria, he packed his traveling bag, and hardly saying "good bye" to a soul, went off to the station of the western railroad, and was overheard calling for a ticket to Linz in the third class cars.

In Linz he occupied himself in the main in making enquiries in regard to a certain apothecary, who more than half a century ago had his shop in that town down by the Danube—the *dark* rolling Danube, says Campbell, which is a lie—and, also concerning a brother of the apothecary, who in time of our last war with England, is said to have been also in Linz on a visit. Many slight circumstances had given the friends of the late D., no little uneasiness in regard to his mental condition, and his increasing scepticism in regard to the most interesting anecdotes of Beethoven, which periodically go the rounds of the newspaper, and are held to be established facts, seemed to prove a screw loose some where in his intellectual machinery. This sceptical tendency was shown also in Linz in a noticeable manner: he would take nothing upon trust, but must needs waste his time and money in examining old registers of deeds, marriages and the like belonging to a generation long since past. Among the places to which he has been traced was the room of an old shoemaker, with whom he had a long and confidential conversation upon the character and history of the apothecary aforementioned. As though this could be of the slightest use to him or to any other human being!

From Linz on the 21st he continued his journeying, going by railway to Frankensmarkt, where seeing others take "Stellwagen" tickets, he took one also;

and was cheated by the agent, a man named Stoecker, to the amount of twenty cents in uncurrent money. Late at night in rain and darkness the Stellwagen deposited him at a brewhouse—also tavern in Salzburg,—bearing the euphonious name of "Gabler-breu!"

We find among the papers and notes, left by the D., that he considers this entire country along the Danube to be one of the gardens of the world, rich, fertile, and abounding in scenery of exquisite beauty. The views from the hills near Linz awakened great enthusiasm; but those around Salzburg were quite beyond his powers of description. There are also notices of the great kindness shown him by divers gentlemen in Salzburg. Prof. Schnaubelt of the Mozarteum (vocal teacher), Prof. Hoefel, the celebrated engraver, and others who treated his weaknesses with indulgence, and gave him such aid as they could in his researches. And so we turn our readers over to the tender mercies of the D., and pray them to read with kind allowance this last communication (by us received) from his pen.]

What queer freaks rivers indulge in! They seem to know nothing of straight and narrow ways—not they. Straight enough sometimes, perhaps, but their tendency to indulge in crooked paths is inborn. With nothing in the world to hinder them from passing to their eternity, the ocean, or Watt's "flowery beds of ease"—"meandering through gentle meads and meadows gay,"—ten to one, they will with infinite pains, find some round about way and run their heads against obstacles of their own seeking; like knaves and the lazy, who take double the pains of the honest and industrious, to say nothing of risks and their lessened chances of drawing prizes in the lottery of life.

Now, what in the name of common sense and the fitness of things, could induce the river Salza, after having fairly escaped the mountains, to turn aside from the wide, and altogether lovely plain, which spreads away from the feet of the Staufen and the Untersburg, and through which lay her beautiful course, to attack the vast mass of rock, which is now cut through and divided into the Capuzinerberg on the right and the Mönchsberg on the left? I suspect her natural disposition is quarrelsome; for to this day she rushes madly along and frets and chafes and murmurs and leads anything but a quiet life.

Jammed into the gorge, which she has cut, is the city of Salzburg; just as though the Salza had torn the town from its anchoring place up among the mountains, and piled it up here against the rocks, afterward cutting a clear passage through it, as we sometimes see done in the lodged ice in spring time.

The Capuzinerberg is now the extremity of a mountain curtain, which sweeps out with a grand course into the plain country; but the Castle height and the Mönchsberg—in fact one double headed mass of rock joined by an isthmus—are completely isolated. On the former is a large park with cool walks in the woods, and magnificent prospects from the tops of precipices. On the latter the huge castle at one extremity, the other being a place of fields, pleasure grounds, guest houses, walks and drives. For it must cover a space a mile in length, and of curious breadth—from some three hundred feet at the isthmus, where it is tunnelled by a street into the country, to nearly a quarter of a mile in its widest part. Why don't some of you men of leisure and money, who have a taste for moun-

tain scenery, come here and enjoy it? Could you but see the Staufen or the Untersberg with its crest of rock for one moment through my eyes! We are used to see mountains approached over a series of lesser elevations—but here, they rise, sheer from the plain six, eight thousand feet—their bases clothed in dark forests—their peaks in the sunbeams glittering masses of rock and snow. Moreover we are accustomed to approach mountains only through an uncultivated, or at most half cultivated country—through wild woods, over horrible ways, not to be called roads—with all sorts of discomforts attending. Here they rise directly from vallies and plains, smoothed and made beautiful by the culture of all the ages since the beginning of history; the most exquisite rural beauty, below, the sublimity of vast mountain masses rising up to the regions of eternal snow and silence, above. Think you, that it was not hard for me to turn my back on all this grandeur and beauty—to refuse the invitations, which the mountains gave me to come up among them—to stand upon the Mönchsberg and look away up those vales of transcendent beauty, which lead to the noblest scenery of the Tyrolean Alps, and turn away from them with the feeling, that now my last opportunity was unembraced? To go back to books and papers, to dusty streets and daily toil, refusing to obey Nature, who, in her sublimest dress, was opening her broad arms and inviting me with ten thousand gentle voices to come to her and rest and get new life and lay up new feeling and emotion for all the future? Ah me! but it is something to have been in Salzburg!

On the glorious morning of June 26th, like Paul Flemming and Berkely, I journeyed from the cloud capped hills of Salzburg, eastward to the lakes.

The landlord of the golden ship—das goldene Schiff—Inn, runs a daily "post-omnibus," as his bills have it—to Ischl, and to his house of entertainment I went to take my seat in the coach.

What a strange power books, which have once touched the heart and fixed the imagination, have over us! I had been duly impressed with thoughts of Mozart, as I looked at the simple four story house in which he was born, as I stood in the organ loft of the Cathedral, where in his youth and early manhood he had officiated as composer and director, had enjoyed my hours in the archives of the Mozarteum, over the manuscripts from his own hand, and those of his parents and intimate friends—the originals of the correspondence now so widely known in all the artistic world—and all this was real, historic—and yet the inn of the Golden Ship had an almost equal charm, because it was here that Flemming, the hero of the fair hair, in whose fancy all things were seen double, like Swan and shadow—had like somebody's wife's mother in the Gospel history lain sick of a fever! And truly, the clean, quiet inn must have been no bad place in which to be sick. As I awaited the coach I imagined the convalescent sitting at one of the windows above, and looking down into the square upon that splendid fountain with its four huge sea horses, each cut from a single stone, its athletæ supporting the broad basin and the beautiful figures above. Beyond the square is the old cathedral in dark gray stone—a more imposing building, in its Italian style, within than without; high up and still beyond, the castle

crowning the mount; on the right of the square a sometime palace of the Archbishop—perhaps of the one, who goes down to all posterity as the scoundrelly oppressor of Mozart, an object of contempt to all future generations; on the left, the long Government house, with its tower and sweet chimes, which play popular melodies. At the end of this latter building is another small place, on which since the visit of Longfellow's hero the colossal bronze Mozart has been placed—but this is not to be seen from the inn—one must go out into the street.

It was nearly nine o'clock when our coach started with its three passengers—to the other two gentlemen, a very matter-of-fact and every day affair—to me something more, for I had not been looking forward to this day's adventures for nine long years? In 1851 I had come from the lakes hither on foot, sad and disappointed; and from that day the vision of this day's ride had never left me. During all this time too it had been my settled determination to read the closing chapters of Hyperion amid the scene described. Odd enough, I had parted with my copy a few weeks before supposing that it might be replaced without difficulty, and now was travelling without it, for though in the various book stores in Vienna, Linz and Salzburg, where I had sought it, the other volumes of Dürr's sadly misprinted Collection of American Authors were to be had, Hyperion was not—a proof that I am not the only reader of the book in this part of the world.

We drove through the town, over the bridge, and up the long Linzer street and through the city gate; thence along the smooth road, shaded with tall trees, the cliffs of the Capuzinerberg on the right, the beautiful plain spreading away on the other hand to the hills, on whose tops a few evenings before I had seen the bright fires, lighted by the peasants in honor of St. John, flashing in the darkness, and reminding me of the tongues of cloven flame, which rested on the heads of the Apostles.

The road now winds round the Capuziner Mount, and rises up the long ascent, in the rear of the Gaisberg, which I made on foot, the tall, pointed Kropfstein looming up before me, like the Israelites' pillar of cloud. A half hour's walk, during which I had found brilliant orchises and other flowers cousins German to similar species at home, brought me to a slight turn to the left in the road, where I sat down by the wayside and looked back between the heights, far a-down over the plain to the giant mass of the triple peaked Staufen, the central one rising a perfect pyramid six thousand feet from the sunny fields and meadows at its base. As I said, it was a glorious morning, and the mountain stood out in the crystalline atmosphere, so clear in outline, so ethereal in hue, rose so lightly from earth—as to give one the feeling that soon it would rise and float away, like the silvery clouds, which were sailing far, far above it.

Then I went onward, but not far, for the cool shades of fruit trees around a farm house invited me, and I went to the peasant woman, washing in a large trough at the rude fountain, with a request for a glass of milk. While waiting, I went into the kitchen, neat and white as soap and sand can make it, earthen, tin and wooden dishes neatly arranged in racks; thence crossed the dark passage which runs the length of the

house, and separates the rooms of the family from the large apartment in which the noble kine are stalled, and which I found with clean, glossy coats, and bright lively eyes, devouring with infinite relish freshly cut clover out of huge stone troughs. The cool mountain air had here full circulation, and was but sweetened by the fragrant breath of the cows and the perfume of new hay. Oh for a lazy bed on the hay mow and a volume of Hofmann or Jean Paul, and nothing in the world to do but read for the next three days! Was it in a book, or did some one recently speak of the power of our sense of smell to awaken long dormant memories? How many ages ago was it, that we boys lay on the mow in the old barn, three thousand miles away, and Aleck B., read me passages in Robinson Crusoe—that book, as marvellous to me now as a work of art, as it was wonderful then, as a history of real adventures?

But—the omnibus! I drank my milk and under the idyllic influence of the moment, added fifty per cent to its price, which was two kreuzers, equal to one cent.

The road then for a time passed mostly through woods, and reminded me of travelling at home, though the illusion was often broken by glimpses into the valley, which without hedge, fence or wall, is completely covered with fields of hay and grain, and nowhere left in the wildness of nature.

It was about eleven o'clock when we too "stopped to change horses at Hof, a handful of houses on the brow of a breezy hill." One could not perhaps draw a plan of Hof from this description, but was there ever a finer and more comprehensive one in so few words? Is it not Shakesperean? Does it not make you feel exactly what the hamlet is—some fifteen or twenty buildings, with church and school house, scattered along the road which here crosses a broad swell of rising ground? But the Hof of Paul Flemming is no more. On the 6th of July, 1859, the church was struck by lightning, and it, with the Post and the other neighboring houses, was destroyed. But a new and finer church is rising on the site of the old one, at whose doors, Flemming on that Sunday saw the peasants lounging, jauntily dressed, and near which they risked their kreuzers for cakes at the roulette board.

But to-day was not Sunday, and the scenes which Flemming saw at Hof have no place in my experience. While the horses were changing I went into the wide-spread, still unfinished Post-house; for they are building it to stand for a hundred centuries—no fear of Father Muller or his disciples being before their eyes. In the large guest room, peasants, men, women and children, assembled from the hay fields, sat round large tables eating boiled beef and dumplings, like cannon balls in size, if not in color and consistency. This at eleven o'clock A.M., this needed explanation, which the gentleman, who rode with me in the coupé gave. Eleven is the dining hour in all this country. The working hours are from six to eleven in the morning, from twelve to six in the afternoon.

But this, objected I, is a bad division in the hot days of summer.

It is the custom, said he.

By and by we came to the Fuschl lake—lying deep in a hollow, and had it below us on the left

for two or three miles. Its waters are of an exquisite green—green in all its shade, from a delicate tint almost to blackness—as if the hoary old mountain beyond had bathed in them, and washed out the rich color of its dark woods and sunny slopes. We descended at length, passed the head of the little lake, drove through a village, and up a gorge between high hills. When we reached the height of the ascent, the narrow horizon in the distance was filled by a cluster of huge mountains—at whose feet, after a few turns and windings in the road, we saw the lake of St. Wolfgang—a lovely lake with a border of fields and meadows. St. Gilgen, the picturesque little village—still sits, as Flemming saw it, on the hither shore, like a swan ready to spread its wings and fly out upon the crystal waters.

We too drove slowly down the long, winding descent and stopped at the village inn. In front a large apple tree, still spreads thick branches over a round table with benches. Just above the lower row of windows, extending the whole length of the house front, are painted in staring colors and mostly red, but now half effaced, scenes from the forester's life. On the left are men riding out to the hunt; then beneath the sun dial a Boniface is pouring out beer to a thirsty customer; then, successively, from left to right, huntsmen with dogs in leash, a stag chase, a fight with a boar, and finally the capture of the wild boar. Above the door I read:

Gasthaus zur Post
des

Franz Schöndorfer.

I did not enquire whether this gentleman,

"Whose beauteous name is known to fame,"

still lives (an error which shall be corrected the next time I am there) for my thoughts were more taken up with the landlady, whom I remember as the conspicuous personage in May, 1851. Nine years have made her of course older, and easily conceivable causes much fatter. Now a fat landlady is an excellent tavern sign. Such an one is usually amiable. I am quite sure she is, for when I told her that a celebrated American professor and poet had written about her tavern in a book, her broad face smiled through all its extent, and her jolly, small eyes twinkled. It is not after all of much importance, save for the truth of history, whether Franz Schöndorfer still exists in the flesh, or is now the "blessed man" of his corpulent spouse, since the better half is usually the power that is in these comfortable little inns; and that too whether wife or widow.

In the passage, which runs through the house, sat peasant people drinking and eating, beer and black bread. In the large guest-room the girls of the house were ironing; but a clean table in the corner was spread for us, and we made a by no means unsatisfactory dinner of boiled fresh beef and stuffed breast of veal with lettuce. I take my 'davy that one who is not too dainty can eat in comfort and dine in peace at the "Gasthaus zur Post des Franz Schöndorfer." It was perhaps another error, not to have gone up stairs and sought out the spot where Berkely the Englishman sat in his tub of cold water—but let him that is without sin cast the first stone.

(To be continued.)

The usual summer band music draws crowds on the Common on pleasant evenings, and the Gilmore Band fills the Music Hall with delighted listeners.

German Men's Song Festivals.

We translate from the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, some evidently well-meant remarks on Men's Song Festivals, of which the people of Buffalo had a specimen, a couple of weeks ago, and recommend them to the attention of directors, members and friends of all societies concerned. They are in all probability from the pen of Dr. Rellstab, the noted critic in musical matters.

We will put a question and try to answer it. This question is: What bearing have the German Men's Singing Societies had upon the growth and development of musical art? Have they furthered or retarded it? This question may be sub-divided into two. First: Has the cultivation of male part-singing benefitted the productive side of musical art-composition? and secondly; has it benefitted the vocal reproduction, the art of singing?

All musical persons of judgment and taste agree, that by far the greater part of compositions for male voices have but very little musical merit, if any at all. The classic German masters, Bach, Händel, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven have produced so little in this line, and what there is of them is so decidedly inferior to their other vocal works, that it would never have been a sufficient cause to establish special societies for its reproduction. Franz Schubert too, has written too little to build societies upon, although of some of his male four-part songs might be truly said: *ex ungue leonem*. It is characteristic however of the tendency and the taste of their societies that you see very seldom—perhaps never a piece of Franz Schubert on their programmes, and that the few compositions left by Robert Schumann are neglected just as much. It is true, that Mendelssohn has written some very remarkable works for male voices, among which the Antigone music stands prominent, but none of them, save one, has become popular with our societies, so that hardly a festival passes by during which the "Farewell to the woods" is not sung by heart—and, generally speaking, very poorly too.

The principal food of these societies at their private meetings, as well as at their grand joint festivals consists—besides the Gambrinic malt juice—of the "still" liquid brewed by a few artizan-composers, who meet the enormous yearly demand for new part-songs by opening their sluices of musical idocy and mediocrity *par excellence*. Masterworks, similar to the Singer's rambles, Student's rambles, Mordgrundsbruck &c., flood the market in the cheapest of editions, excluding all competition of copyists, and satisfy to a marvel the wants and the taste of most societies and their respective directors. In these productions phrases take the place of an original melodic element, and instead of an independent carriage of the parts you find a piano accompaniment arranged for voices; for in almost every bar of these popular works you can trace the keyboard easily.

To proceed to the second part of our question: in the art of singing, are the voices benefitted by the cultivation of male part-singing? Every musician who has any experience in vocal music would answer, not at all; on the contrary, it is highly injurious to voices. All the mediocre manufacturers of male choruses speculate on the effect of the highest notes of the tenor-voice. Such an Amphion of the Liedertafels thinks to himself; a high A or B never fails of its effect, and there is hardly a society without one or two first tenors who can sound these high notes with full chest voice; why then should I not put them in as often as possible? It would be well if the assassination of tenor voices could be placed under the surveillance of the police. Any one who has ever been present at a regular meeting of a Men's Singing Club must have noticed, that instruction in the proper use of the vocal organs, or even correct pronunciation of the words is never thought of. Practising, cigar in mouth, and beer glass with-

in reach, is kept up till the first tenors cry for grace, and the bill of fare.

An excursion generally proves fatal to some young promising tenor voices, which if they had joined a mixed chorus instead of a male chorus might have been preserved and been useful. But it has of late become very difficult to obtain male members, especially high tenors, for singing societies in which ladies participate. In the first place the compositions which are studied and performed there are altogether too classical, that is too say too tedious for the majority of our young men. Of course nobody can become interested in the works of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, without first possessing himself of some initiatory musical knowledge. Moreover our first tenors, if they were to join mixed choruses, would but too often stand convicted of utter ignorance in reading readily—especially in the tenor-clef—in counting and keeping time. And this is reason enough for keeping aloof from societies in which they sing fugues—horrid word! Such is the state of things now, that Choral Societies have to engage professional singers to get even a decent proportion of tenors and basses. It has happened quite lately that, in a pretty large provincial capital, not far from Berlin, there were but seven male singers to ninety-seven ladies present at an oratorio rehearsal. Many Choral Societies which used to flourish have been obliged to disband only for reasons of this kind. The principal cause of this is the so-called cultivation of male part-singing. Really, if old Zelter—supposed to be the Columbus of the Liedertafels—could have known how his discovery would affect the higher vocal music, he would have looked at it with horror.

A Japan Lily.

Our pen is generally a good working creature, and will follow almost any lead, as an Editor's ought. But all creatures rebel at times, and in that case the only rule is the one the butcher gave to Tom Pinch, when, contrary to all propriety, he was cramming his beef-steak carelessly into his basket—"Meat," the butcher said, *with some emotion*, "must be humored, not drove." Our pen must be so treated, this very hot weather; for "the heated term" is the American Saturnalia.

We have caught sight of a most gorgeous Japan Lily. Never was anything more exquisitely rich. We should describe it, were it not that the language we should use would seem so extravagant that it would detract from the sobriety of our article. The ancients called the poet and the seer by the same name. In those days, men would endure melodious instruction. But those times are past. The Editor is now the seer. They call the poet a *creator* too. All has passed over to the chair of the Editor. It is the tripod now. He is teacher, seer, creator. We *profess* to listen to the minister; we do homage to the popular orator; but we give our ear and our heart to the Editor. For have we not voluntarily chosen him for our guide? and why continue to receive his teaching, if we do not like it? But, as we are Anglo-Saxons and not Greeks, the Editor must not be a poet-prophet, but a *seeing teacher*.

Yet there was something in that connection of the melodious teacher with the prophet, that was for all times and all people—a truth in it that belongs to us. We do not know that we can state the matter in any way that will be less exceptionable, than by looking at the question: What is the reason of the impression made by a very magnificent flower? or, not to make it too metaphysical, *What is the moral influence of the beautiful?*

The Puritans were very much afraid of the beautiful, and its recognition as a legitimate power has, therefore, been very slow in America. That there are dangers in it, appears from the fact, that Protestantism is rather shy of the fine arts; Paganism and Romanism not caring so much for the moral bearing of customs and pursuits.

For one thing, however, let us observe, that the beautiful cannot be bad in itself, because *children all love flowers*. Not to resort to Wordsworth's exquisite reason for this in his "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," we may appeal to all hearts for the truth of the fact. A crowd of children from courts and alleys will gather eagerly before a gentleman's

garden, and gaze wistfully through the iron railings at the roses and fuchsias, the japonicas and the oleanders, as if their possession would be paradise itself. They do not look at all with the stupid wonder with which they walk through a gallery of art or a house filled with costly furniture. The flowers make some kind of deep, natural appeal to them. The beautiful, then, we gather, in itself, is innocent.

We are absolutely sure of our ground when we say that the beautiful is *refining in its influence*. It is hardly worth our while to argue so plain a point. Taste grows up usually in countries highly favored by nature. Their names are upon every tongue and in every book. A subtle influence steals gradually into the heart of such a nation, until at last their boats are models of beauty, the pitcher carried to the well takes on a classic shape, and grace moulds the living forms of bandit and beggar, lady and contadina.

The question whether it is *favorable to virtue* is more serious and more subtle. One thing is certain, whatever be the danger, the beautiful is a necessity in a complete character, else why is imagination an element in universal human nature? If in us, it needs its aliment as much as intellect or feeling, and there can certainly be no evil in the *appropriate and moderate* use of any faculty. If we refuse the beautiful, we reduce architecture to the simple function of producing that which is convenient, a result which will make any of us look blank enough when we realize it. We extinguish music, not only the interlinked harmonies of the concert and the simple melody of the school-girl's ballad, but the sacred song in the temple of devotion.

It comes very near to the sphere of virtue to consider the question whether symmetry is possible without the idea of the beautiful. Without symmetry, where is the idea of the perfect? Without the idea of the perfect is devotion possible? To tell a savage that the Almighty is perfect would carry no idea with it; to convey anything like an adequate conception of it, a long training, had to be gone through with in the Land of Promise and in the land of Philosophy. The child you train at your knee comes, you think, with a mind like blank paper to receive an impress entirely new. The fact however is, that he is the recipient of the resultant effect of ages of culture. What prophets saw, what patriots fought for, what martyrs died for, what poets sang, what philosophers thought, what science discovered and what art has carried into natural effect—all these are part of the *character* of that boy. That he conceives the *perfect*, is the effect of the moulding of nations into the beautiful ever since the morning stars sang together.

The beautiful may be in excess in a people. Byron's Sardanapalus is a great truth—a hero destroyed by the æsthetic. The story of the Sybarites is from the life—that they moaned if a rose-leaf was doubled up on their couch. But this only shows that we ought not to live for a side issue; that the ancillary is not the main thing; that a human being should cultivate his powers in proportion to their importance; that the moral nature must be supreme; the intellect have its appropriate sway; the useful occupy its proper position.

We think that the Anglo-Saxon race may be trusted in this direction. As long as a State spends a hundred millions for railroads, and starts back with horror from the idea of thirty thousand to build its chief magistrate a house that shall not disgrace it, we need not be afraid of the undue influence of this power. So long as the property of our State is worth, at a very moderate valuation, a thousand millions of dollars—for it could not be bought, house by house, farm by farm, coal seams, ore banks, salt wells and oil sites, for twice that sum—and yet we cannot get together fifty thousand dollars to build one Temple of the Beautiful in the shape of an Academy of the Fine Arts, we need not be deeply concerned at any danger from this source.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

Harriet Hosmer.

BOSTON, June 29, 1860.—Harriet Hosmer has just had an order from some gentlemen of St. Louis for a bronze statue of Thomas H. Benton, for which she is to have \$10,000. She is now engaged on a monument ordered by Mr. Crow, of St. Louis. It has been designed by Miss Hosmer, and the drawing promises a work of great beauty and power. The Saviour is represented extending his hand to raise a young girl who reclines at his feet. The figure of the Saviour is to be nine feet high, and the conception of his person evinces rare genius in the artist. Those who have supposed that Miss Hosmer, with all her fine powers of execution and her exquisite conception of lighter subjects, would lack the power to design a representation of those loftier

types of character which illumine with unapproachable glory the highest productions of art, will be happily disappointed when they see this great work. They will hardly need to read the inscription below. "I am the resurrection and the life." Miss Hosmer returns from Rome to take care of her father, Dr. Hosmer, and just now she has interrupted her work to execute his bust. This young woman's energy is illustrated by the fact that when she heard of her father's illness she made the journey from Rome to Boston in seventeen days—the shortest time ever made. At Rome she has been the pupil and friend of John Gibson, the greatest of living English sculptors. All her life she has done brave work, sometimes audacious but never unworthy; and when she presented herself in Rome, where a great prejudice exists against lazy lady pretenders—not without reason, too—she won her coveted place in the studio of Gibson solely by the evidence which her work and her wishes gave that she both could and would achieve a success alike honorable to herself, her art and her master. Mr. Gibson's prophetic expectations have been more than fulfilled. From the first he expressed himself more than satisfied with the power of imitating the roundness and softness of flesh, add upon one occasion he said that he had never seen it surpassed, and not often equalled. A bust of Daphne, a lovely bust of the beautiful Medusa, a statue of C'enone, for Mr. Crow of St. Louis, and a statue of Beatrice Cenci, for the public library of St. Louis, which was exhibited in the Royal Academy at London, and won golden opinions from eminent critics, were her earliest productions. When her father's financial reverses deprived her of the aid which he had so gladly given, just as she was starting for England to escape the dangers of a summer in Rome, she gave up the contemplated journey, sold her fine horse and expensive English saddle, remained in Rome to model her famous statue of Puck—a work all spirit, originality and fun—and in six months achieved an independence. Since that time she has met with distinguished success. A monument for the Church of San Andrea delle Frate, at Ryme, a fountain of original design, and a statue of Zenobia, larger than life, are the later efforts of her genius. Harriet Hosmer is but twenty-nine, a native of Watertown, near Boston, a woman of no ordinary worth, and an artist of great achievements and greater promise; and she will make us all more proud of her as she continues the career which her courage and faithfulness and extraordinary genius have so successfully inaugurated.

In answer to the committee appointed by the Legislature of Missouri for the erection of a bronze statue, in St. Louis, of the late Colonel Thomas H. Benton. She writes,—“I have reason to be grateful to you for this distinction, because I am a young artist, and although I may have given some evidence of skill in those of my statues which are now in your city, I could scarcely have hoped that their merit, whatever it may be, should have inspired the citizens of St. Louis to intrust me with a work whose chief characteristic must be the union of great intellectual power with manly strength. But I have also reason to be grateful to you, because I am a woman, and, knowing what barriers must in the outset oppose all womanly efforts, I am indebted to the chivalry of the west, which has first overleaped them. I am not ungrateful of the kind indulgence with which my works have been received, but I have sometimes thought that the critics might be more courteous than just, remembering from what hand they proceeded; but your kindness will now afford me ample opportunity of proving to what rank I am really entitled as an artist, unsheltered by their broad wings of compassion for the sex; for this work must be, as we understand the term, a *manly* work, and hence its merits alone must be my defence against the attacks of those who stand ready to resist any encroachments upon their self-appropriated sphere. I utter these sentiments only to assure you that I am fully aware of the important results which to me as an artist, wait on the issue of my labors, and hence that I shall spare no pains to produce a monument worthy of your city, and worthy of the statesman, who, though dead, still speaks to you in language more eloquent and endearing than the happiest efforts in marble or bronze, of ever so cunning a workman.” In reference to the above, the *St. Louis Republican* says:—“We believe the choice of a woman for the execution of a work such as this, is a novelty in the annals of art. It belongs to the great west, however, to inaugurate novelties; and we are satisfied, from frequent contemplation of her works, both here and elsewhere, that the choice of Miss Hosmer for this, the *first public work of our state*, was fortunate, and will result in the production of a monument creditable to our city and commensurate with the fame of the great man whom it is intended to honor.”

Musical Correspondence.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., AUGUST 6.—In almost every house here there is a piano, but pass when you will, polkas, negro songs, schottisches, and Thomas' ballads are sure to reach your ear. Beethoven, Mendelssohn and the great masters are never heard at parties, nor at evening gatherings. Some Germans practice Mendelssohn's part songs and other things weekly, under the guidance of a Mr. Schubert late organist of the Unitarian church, who recently gave place to Mr. Escott, the violinist, (husband of the Lucy Escott of European celebrity.) They are to give a concert shortly, assisted by talent from Worcester and Hartford. Among them is a tenor with a high and true voice, who sings uncommonly well.

Carl Lenster, an excellent violinist from New York, gave a public invitation to musical amateurs to visit his hotel, three Saturday evenings ago to hear him perform. The few who went were highly pleased, and thanked the many who stayed away to prove their disregard for that, which had they gone to hear, they would have drowned by whispers and ill-timed remarks, and some of them certainly by loud jabbering to test which could produce a more formidable fortissimo—they or the violoncello? Casseres is teaching successfully in good circles, but is absolutely lazy as far as playing goes. They say he promised to play Beethoven's Duo in F op. 24, with Lenster, but did not go near the place. When asked to play, his answer commonly is, “I do not feel in the mood.” His mood for playing recurs very seldom, but he can play when he will, then I for one can forgive his ordinary indifference and constitutional indolence, for when fairly in the midst of a piece that he loves, the passive, languid man becomes the artist of heated imagination and elevated fancy. Once I caught him in the right mood, then he played Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso in E minor, with its lovely, playful movement, Moschelles' Romanza in F, Beethoven's Adagio from the third Sonata inscribed to Haydn, Dussek's La Consolation and one of Field's Nocturns. He has plenty of enthusiasm and warmth, aims at the regular position of the hands, fine quality of tone, clearness of execution, &c., &c., but his execution is too brusque, and there is a *laissez aller* about it, which fairly indicates his natural languor of disposition. Slow, expressive movements, which demand neat phrasing, judicious coloring, intensity of feeling—in these he is quite at home. Evidently he follows the school of Clementi which may be characterized as that of *principle and delivery*. There are some concerts in prospect for the latter end of this month, that of the Germans I believe is to come first. The Draytons will be here early in September. Some of the minor singers of Ullmann's last troupe at the Academy in New York, contemplated a visit here, but some kind soul wrote and advised them to stay away. It was a generous, open-hearted, unselfish piece of advice, for had they graced the Music Hall with the light of their countenances once, certainly on leaving it, they would have darkened the passage way, leading out with the shades of disappointment beaming *vendetta* on their faces, and a thousand *maledizioni* on their lips. A few good people would have gone to hear and see them, but what is a few in that hall whose capacity is thirteen hundred! But send along Campbell's Minstrels, or any other Ethiopian “show” then, make room for everybody, and why? because negro minstrelsy is the lyric product of the United States. The people must not be blamed because they are true to their own. But who shall educate the mass in good music? It is the duty of the rich, the powerful, and those in high places, as it is the case in Europe. In Boston, New York and other places you and they are highly favored. People respect and patronize your Dresels, Timms and

Wollenhaupts. Here they are true to their own. For teachers they employ their own friends and members of their own churches, because a few lessons from Mr. — in Boston have qualified them to teach. Schubert, Casseres and Escott, with their European experience, amount to nothing. They must be content with some pupils, because they charge high! It is their own fault in a great measure. The first named plays the violoncello, Casseres the piano, and Escott the violin. They could meet and play Beethoven's and Hummel's Trios and other music, and invite the people to become intimate with these masters, but the one prefers his cigar and lager beer, the second enjoys his *dolce far niente*, and the violinist thinks it pays best to give lessons to a class of young men in the evenings. To succeed in music, there must be agitation as in other matters. Cheap goods sell best in the market, but they are the dearest, and it is on this principle that our people make a great mistake in the employment of teachers, as in the purchase of pianos.

I am, &c., A NATIVE OF SPRINGFIELD.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 18, 1860.

The Music Publishers in Council.

In default of anything more appropriate in this midsummer dearth of musical items, we are glad to have the glimpse at the annual convention of the Board of Music Trade afforded us by our well known Philadelphia correspondent "Manrico." The music publishers of our country have done their full share in promoting the steady advance of Music among us, not only by their publications, but by encouraging the cause of Art and its servants in many different ways. Although they give the world much that is indeed but trash, yet not a few of them can point to a list of publications of the very classics of Music (like that of our own publishers,) that do honor to any community and any people. Much good will doubtless arise from these annual conferences of those who have it in their power to do so much for the highest interest of Art. We are glad to hear that they meet next in Boston.

The Sixth Annual Meeting of the Board of Music Trade, which occurred on the 9th inst., at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, was marked by an entire and happy unity of action and good feeling on the part of those directly concerned therein. Not a single *questio vexata*, which could possibly have rippled the smoothly flowing current of its proceedings, came up during the entire session; and the members, upon adjournment, separated amid the most cordial expressions of friendship. Ever thus should it be with all those from whose exertions radiate the influences tending to an ultimate national taste for the finest of the fine arts, which shall have its blessed effect upon the entire social system of our country; humanizing, genializing, and tempering all orders of its citizens, in whose pursuits, for the most part, the material now predominates over the ideal and æsthetic.

The attendance at this meeting was large and comprised publishers from widely separated sections of the United States and Canada. Thus stood the roll-call:

From New York: Messrs. Jas. F. Hall, S. F. Gordon, Wm. E. Millet, Wm. Pond, Sidney E. Pearson. From Boston: Messrs. Oliver Ditson, E. H. Wade, H. Tolman. From Philadelphia: Messrs. Jul. Lee, G. André, Jas. N. Beck. From Baltimore: Messrs. Geo. Willig, Hen. McCaffrey, Wm. Miller. From Cincinnati: Mr. A. C. Peters. From Louisville: Messrs. D. P. Faulds, — Tripp. From Toronto,

Ca.: Mr. A. S. Nordheimer. From St. Louis: Mr. G. Weber.

The only application for membership at this meeting was made by Mr. Ph. S. Werlein, of New Orleans, who was unanimously elected, and took his seat in the Board, during the progress of the proceedings. Immediately upon the organization of the first session, the President, Mr. Geo. Willig, of Baltimore, delivered the usual annual address, replete with wholesome suggestions, and presenting the divers points, comprehensively arranged, which claimed the deliberations of the Board. Toward the close of the final meeting, an election for officers was held, which resulted in the choice of the following gentlemen: for President, Jas. F. Hall; Vice President, D. P. Faulds; and for Secretary and Treasurer, Jas. N. Beck. Some few alterations in the By-Laws of the Association, important only to the active members of the Association, were adopted; and a series of resolutions upon the death of Nathan Richardson, an honorary member, were unanimously passed. The informal proceedings of the occasion were materially enhanced by the active participation of such men as Charles Grobe, Theodore Hagen, Charles Wels Messrs. Light & Bradbury, Theo. Moerling, Prof. Jas. Bellak, Col. Fitzgerald, of the Philadelphia City Item, and others. Fair ladies, too, graced the various scenes of pleasure, for almost every member was accompanied by his wife or daughter. The New York members of the Board were unremitting in well-conceived and admirably arranged pleasures, wherewith to entertain their visiting *confidés*. They had engaged, in advance, the most luxurious apartments of a superb hotel, amply provided with every appurtenance of comfort and enjoyment; and had given to the proprietors of the same hostelry, a *carte blanche* toward the best entertainment which experienced caterers could devise. On Thursday afternoon, the members and their wives and daughters, were regaled with an extended view of the magnificent Central Park, with its fanciful bridges, cool grottos, romantic rambles, graceful swans, commanding observatories, and smooth promenades; all admiring the liberality of a municipal corporation, which has thus set apart for future generations, an oasis amid the sterile scenes of every-day practical life.

Thence the company proceeded along the Bloomingdale Road, sacred to fast men, to a caravansera, distinguished by the by no means uncommon appellation of "Jones'."—where the gentlemen of the pleasure party imbibed sundry ingeniously contrived milk-punches, while the ladies regaled themselves with the charming view up the magnificent Hudson, which has made the spot in question one of the most popular resorts around the great city of Gotham. The party returned to the Fifth Avenue Hotel at 8 P. M., to partake of a magnificent dinner, which the bounty of their New York hosts had provided for them. Every item of the bill of fare bespoke luxury as well as exquisite taste. Among those, outside of the Board, who participated in this elegantly contrived *reunion à manger*, was Col. Fitzgerald, editor of the Philadelphia City Item, a journal, which has made the development of musical taste a speciality for many years. He acknowledged a toast to the press of Philadelphia, in his usual forcible and entertaining style. Profs. Charles Grobe and James Bellak, men of untiring industry in the cause of Euterpe, severally caused their presence to be felt, by wholesome suggestions as to the readiest means of developing that spread of pure musical taste, so much desired by all true lovers of the art. An infinite number of toasts followed, responded to by Messrs. Light, Bradbury, Weber, Zöbisch, Geib, Pond, Hall, Beck and others. The wines on this occasion were *sans peur et sans reproche*; while the more substantial elements reflected infinite credit upon the proprietors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. An interesting feature of this official dinner was the presentation of a massive silver coffee-urn to an ex-president of the Board, Mr. George Willig, of Baltimore, the earliest pioneer of music in the Monumental City, and a man fully

deserving of a like tribute at the hands of his brethren. This token of respect and admiration was presented, in an eloquent address, by Oliver Ditson, chairman of the committee appointed to prepare the testimonial; and acknowledged by the recipient in feeling terms. On Friday morning many members of the Board, with some of the prominent professors of music, such as Charles Wels, Theodor Moelling, and the distinguished litterateur, Theodor Hagen, sat down to a splendid lunch, provided by the liberality of Messrs. Light & Bradbury, the well known piano manufacturers, in a famous saloon in Grand Street. This was another feast of reason and flow of the soul" such as have characterized the informal festivities of the present interesting meeting. Here were publishers and composers, both ministering servants in the great temple of art, devoting an hour together to the claims of geniality and friendship; and interchanging opinions as to their true mission of developing the art tendencies of the great world around them.

Altogether, the regular and informal proceedings of this annual meeting of the Board of Trade were satisfactory and delightful at every point. Before the final adjournment it was decided to meet in Boston, on the second Wednesday in August, 1861.

THE NEW YORK MUSICAL REVIEW AND MUSICAL WORLD came to us last week in its new form, which is substantially the old form of the *Review*. We part with reluctance from our old friend the *Musical World*, which for many years under Mr. R. Storrs Willis, was a constant and faithful advocate of whatever was highest and best in art, and the memory of which will always be pleasantly associated with his name. The new paper will doubtless gain a new life and strength from their union of forces, and, under the able conduct of its editors, and its enterprising publishers, Mason Brothers, we doubt not will have continued prosperity and success.

THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM which has been made of late years a most pleasant resort again, by Mr. E. L. Davenport, opened on Monday evening to a full house. The company is an excellent one, made up of old and well known favorites of the public.

BOSTON THEATRE.—The "wonderful Ravels," who have for so many years been the delight of old and young, and who are now as fresh, as agile and as comical as ever, commence an engagement at the Boston Academy of Music on Monday next. Their appearance here is always hailed with delight, and as they bring a full company, they will undoubtedly play one of the best engagements they have ever performed in this city.

EFFECT OF MUSIC ON THE SICK. — The effect of music upon the sick has been scarcely at all noticed. In fact, its expensiveness, as it is now, makes any general application of it out of the question. I will only remark here, that wind instruments, including the human voice, and stringed instruments, capable of continuous sound, have generally a beneficial effect — while the pianoforte, with such instruments as have no continuity of sound, has just the reverse. The finest pianoforte playing will damage the sick, while an air like "Home, Sweet Home," or "Assisa a piè d'un salice," on the most ordinary grunting organ, will sensibly soothe them — and this quite independent of association.—*Florence Nightingale, (Notes on Nursing.)*

Music Abroad.

NAPLES. — One of the first effects of the new state of things in Naples has been to restore to the theatre of San Carlo more than half of the operas which had formerly been forbidden to its *repertoire* by the censorship. Moreover, the *corps de ballet* availed itself of the opportunity to get rid of the frightful green trowers which had been the despair of choreographic celebrities, and the sylphides of the San Carlo have been consequently received with frantic applause. The management have engaged for the next season, the tenor Pancani, Negrini, Colletti, Mad. Steffanone, Mad. Vera-Lorini, and Mlle. Brochetti as *première danseuse*.

STOCKHOLM.—Ole Bull and Vieuxtemps have been concertizing here. The latter received the honor of election as a member of the Royal Musical Academy, and from the King himself the Order of Vasa. A female violinist from Vienna, Amelia Bido had also played with some success.

WEISBADEN.—On the occasion of a concert in the Cursaal, at which Rossini, Folz, Signora Sanchioli and our old friend Alfred Jaell appeared, a new overture, Loreley, by Capellmeister Schindelmesser, was produced and had a favorable reception.

Paris.

At the Grand Opera *Semiramis* still retains its position in the bills, and with good reason, for the receipts grow higher with each performance. The Opera Comique presents a more varied series of entertainments but with as little approach to novelty. The *Songe d'une nuit d'Été* has been done, and the *Fille du Régiment*, and the *Dame Blanche*, and the *Domino Noir*, but what sauce, however piquante, can disguise the staleness of such fare. Roger, by the way, after playing Horace in the last-named opera, has taken his departure for Baden. Having intended for a remove to entertain you with a little theatrical intelligence, and that article being entirely deficient in the market, we must pass on to the *entrées*. First, as an agreeable *hors d'œuvre*, I have two little facts to record which you will receive with equal relish. M. Delaporte, who received such high honors for leading the Orpheonists into a string of bungling disasters and inconveniences, has very properly resigned his presidency of the *Commission des Sociétés Chorales*, having proved his total incapacity for any kind of business whatever. Secondly, Adolphus Sax, the much injured brass instrument maker and inventor, and a very excellent fellow into the bargain, has obtained an extension of his patents for saxhorns and saxotrombas for another five years.—*Musical World*.

Germany.

For one of my *entrées* I have sent to Vienna, and beg to present it in the shape of a new theatre, to be built forthwith, between the Carinthian gate and a new street not yet formed. It will form a quadrangle 114 yards long by 100 wide. The design is to be thrown open to competition, and the prizes will be 3,000, 2,000 and 1,000 thalers to the authors of the three best designs. Foreign architects will be admitted to compete, and the last day for receiving plans is fixed for January 10, 1861. Wiesbaden next supplies a few scraps of gossip. The Italian troop there under Morelli has been playing *Il Barbiere* to a thronging audience, and there has been a capital concert at the Kursaal, where Mad. Sanchioli sang, as also did M. Bazzini. The orchestra belonging to the theatre officiated, and played, among other things, an overture by M. Schindelmesser, called Loreley, for the first time; it was much applauded. M. Niemann, the tenor, is expected at Wiesbaden, to fulfil an engagement at the theatre for six nights' performance. He is to appear at the French opera in *Tannhäuser*. Northern Germany has given its song-festival this year at Bielefeld, an appropriate locality for such a celebration, being the birthplace of the brilliant star Sophia Cruwell (Cruvelli), whose brightness has deserted the firmament of art to set in the ocean of matrimony. (The bath was taken under the auspices of le Chevalier Vigier.) The festival in question extended over three days, the 20th, 21st, and 22d of July, and was attended by 29 lieder-tafeln. At Darmstadt the 50th anniversary of the foundation of the Court Theatre was solemnized by the performance of Mozart's *Titus*. From the 4th of September, 1859, to the 23d of May, there have been seventy-six operatic performances. The works which were most frequently played are *Rienzi*, *Gustavus*, the *Huguenots*, and the *Sicilian Vespers*. Those played for the first time were *Rienzi*, *Dinorah*, and *Linda di Chamouni*. Among the other works produced were *Norma*, the *Etoile du Nord*, *Cinderella*, *Tannhäuser*, &c.

At Giessen, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse, there has been a solemn commemoration of Ludwig Spohr. One of his pupils, J. F. Bott, a violinist, and chapel master at Sax Meiningen, directed the concert; and the overtures to *Jessonda*, that to the *Berg-geist*, and the Hymn to Music (*Die Weihe der Töne*), were executed by the orchestra.—*Id.*

Berlin.

(From a Correspondent.)—Mr. John K. Paine, of Portland, U. S., who has already received honorable mention in your columns, gave a capital organ performance last Thursday in the parochial church, to a select auditory, including the American Ambassador (Gov. Wright), Hermann Grimm, Faubert, and several of the most renowned *maestri* of Berlin. The programme was as follows:

1. Fantasie und Fuge in E moll. J. K. Paine.
2. Choral—Vorspiel "Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Ehr." Seb. Bach.
3. Präludium und Fuge in A moll. "
4. Trio—Sonate in Es dur. "
5. Fantasie in G dur. "

6. Concert—Variationen über ein Thema von Haydn.
7. Trio—Sonate in G dur, 1ster Satz. Seb. Bach.
8. Concertsatz in C moll. L. Thiele.

Nos. 4, 6 and 7 appeared to give the greatest satisfaction. From the second of these numbers a good idea may be formed of M. Paine's inventive talent. The whole of the variations are extremely original, and, what is really of more consequence, are natural, and—music. The veteran Haupt (his teacher), generally speaking a stranger to "wreathed smiles," could not restrain the satisfaction, mingled we feel certain with a touch of pride, which he inwardly felt, manifesting itself upon the mirror of his soul. Faubert, too, seemed highly delighted. He shook M. Paine warmly by the hand, and gave him a few kind words of encouragement. We were the more pleased to see this as M. Paine is a young man just entering upon the battle of life, and because the musical critics of the place, for some reasons best known to themselves and heaven, are pleased to ignore his performances. Knowing his classic taste, his sterling abilities, and his indomitable perseverance, we have not the slightest hesitation in predicting a brilliant future for Mr. Paine.—*Id.*

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The first performance of *Rigoletto*—and, if the announcement holds good, the last till next year—took place on Saturday night.

The cast of the chief personages, with one exception, was the same as when people believed, and not without reason, that amelioration in any important particular was impossible. The Duke of Mantua and his privileged buffoon, the hired bravo and his sister—partners in his guilty traffic—were, as before, represented by Signors Mario and Ronconi, Signor Tagliafico and Mad. Nantier-Didié. The exception was a weighty one; but in this instance offered no cause whatever for dissatisfaction. It was said of the lady who played Gilda last year that she did not make us forget Mad. Bosio; but of Mad. Miolan Carvalho, who assumed the part on Saturday night, it may be stated, without flattery, that, in more respects than one, she actually revived the memory of that much-regretted artist. Perhaps—not even excepting Dinorah, her first and hitherto most successful portrayal in this country—Mad. Carvalho is more entirely at home with *Rigoletto*'s unhappy daughter than with any other character in which the London public has been afforded an opportunity of judging her. Acting more thoughtful, graceful, and unaffectedly natural could hardly be cited, nor singing more finished and expressive. True, the quality of her voice being eminently French, it lacks the rich tone and volume which we are not merely accustomed to find in Italian sopranos almost as a matter of course, but also very frequently in the Germans and English; and again, by the excessive strain upon the higher notes (the result, no doubt, of parts written by indifferent or selfish composers for her presumed exceptional means) the middle and lower registers have been materially enfeebled; but these drawbacks admitted, and there is no further room for criticism. If, indeed, Mad. Carvalho had studied the music of Gilda under the direct superintendence of Signor Verdi himself, she could not have read it more correctly. Not a point of expression is overlooked, not a brilliant trait fails of producing the contemplated effect.

Although the style of the music is so essentially different, Signor Mario's Duke of Mantua is in its way no less irreproachable than his Almaviva. As in the *Barbiere*, so in *Rigoletto* he has to make love; and in this especial branch of stage business he is wholly unrivalled. Nothing can surpass the natural grace and passionate intensity he exhibits in the duet with Gilda, where the passage already mentioned ("Addio! addio!") occurs; and never did Signor Mario more completely identify himself with the situation, or throw more fervid expression into every phrase. The charming air, "Questa o quella" (Act I., where the Duke vaunts in his own person that fickleness with which, in the more popular "La donna e mobile," he afterwards less gallantly charges the fairer sex, was, like its successor, admirably sung—the encore, as usual, however, being reserved for the last, given with that easy nonchalance which the situation strictly demands. If these airs were to change places for once, it is by no means certain that "Questa o quella"—the most elegant and original, if not absolutely the prettiest, of the two—would not carry off the palm. Side by side with Gilda and the Duke of Mantua stood in dark and gloomy contrast the Rigoletto of Signor Ronconi, now, as ever, one of the most consummate achievements of the lyric stage. A character more studiously developed, more carefully considered in all its various aspects, or more thoroughly successful as a dramatic portraiture from one end to the other, could not be named.

Special Notices.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 438.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 22.

Venice Unvisited.

[From All the Year Round]

The lovely city married to the ocean
Disturbs me with her image from afar;
A troublous motion
Of music drawn from other years
Dulls a long vision down to tears,
Made bright by distance and by height, which are
The birthright of a star.

I stand aloof like some sweet lover pining
By night without the lighted room where she
He loves is shining:
Who strains across a rushing wind
To watch her shadow on the blind.
And feel, while waiting at the trysting-tree,
The face he cannot see.

I see her now, this Chatterton of cities!
The sea crawls up to kiss her from the South,
Crooning old ditties;
And standing far away I trace
The lie of beauty on her face,
And still the slothful sin and idle drowth
Seem sweet upon her mouth.

The seeds of love are running wild around her,
Her pride has fallen since the wealthy waves
Arose and crowned her;
The spirit of the past still roams
Her shrines and palaces and domes,
A spectral future broods above, and braves
The glory of her graves.

She took her dowry from immortal nations—
The many winds brought wedding-gifts and loud
Congratulations:
The words of peace were on her lips,
Her seas were dark with coming ships.
And, as she gained the bridegroom crown'd and proud,
The nations cried aloud.

The slothful sin fell on her, and she trembled
O'er her own image in the violet deep.
With pride dissembled;
She left her crowded streets and towers,
And decked her brow with idle flowers,
She dreamed away her fame, where waters keep
A music soft as sleep.

The function faded wholly with the duty,
But left the everlasting bane of grace
Which gave her beauty
She saw with unafrighted heart
The ships forsake her empty mart;
But God had found her in her dwelling-place
And cursed her with her face.

But still the old immortal beauty lingers,
And still she weaves the flowers of other Springs
With fairy fingers;
And still she holds her unreprieved
Communion with a time removed,
Wafted from heaven on the golden wings
Of high imaginings.

Is it enough that she is lovely? lying
Unsinewed till the populous sea recedes
And leaves her dying?
Or might she give, through pain and strife,
The beautiful a deeper life,
Rising erect on sin and slothful creeds
To treble it with deeds?

Peace to this Venice, though fulfilling never
The law that made her lovely; she must twine
Such flowers forever!
Before our English woods are rolled
In blowing mists of autumn gold,
I trust to kneel before her still divine
And unforgotten shrine.

The Diarist Abroad

UTILE ET DULCE.

The houses of St. Gilgen are so clustered together, that one sees little from the windows of the inn of which a commentator can take note. Another village inn across the way, which probably shows signs of life only upon Sundays and holidays; a house not differing from others in outward appearance; which I take to be the school house; another in front of which sat a lazy scamp, whose business it is to look lugubrious and beg of travelers, when they stop to change horses and dine, and to sit in the shade and smoke a pipe at other times. In short there was not much to note upon the departure of the post coach—for I had taken passage no farther; a little deformed girl, who brought wild strawberries on a plate and sold them in the house for three kreuzers; a woman drawing a small wagon laden with grass, and the like.

So I walked down the street and passing the house, which cuts off the view from the inn, I soon came to the gate of the little church yard in which stands the small, but, within, rather gaudy church of St. Gilgen.

It is a beautiful custom, this of keeping the churches ever open. They are in the minds of all the people truly sacred places. And seldom are they without some silent worshipper—except in smaller villages, on bright harvest days. But even here the small sanctuary had been filled at early dawn by the people, who came to morning mass, like one great household around the family altar, before scattering to their various occupations on lake and mountain, in field and forest. My reason rebels at the dogmas, but my imagination is oft-times touched with the poetry of the ruling church here. You enter one of these little village churches or the vast cathedral of the cities; the same emblems, though of all degrees of artistic skill meet your eye; the same fragrance of incense lingers in the air; and on the Sabbath or the holiday, the same tones, are heard chanting the service at the altar. How easily did I understand the lady of one of the first of the literary men of Vienna, as she related to me, how, after some weeks of travel in North Germany, she came to Bonn and there, entering the old Dom church, felt herself at home!

There is not much to remark in the church at St. Gilgen. At the altar the usual hideous representations of the great Teacher; cheap and gaudy pictures on the walls; the kneeling desks bespattered with wax from candles; banners presented for pilgrimages to neighboring shrines or to be used in religious processions and sacred merry-makings; these and the like are all. I passed on into the grave yard. Here also is little to note but rows of graves, each covered by a sort of wooden sarcophagus filled with earth and planted with flowers, and small crosses at the head. But what I wanted specially to see was the small chapel built against the wall of the enclosure. The door was shut, but not fastened and I entered.

A small room some twenty feet perhaps by fifteen, and corresponding height; one large window on each side; four kneeling desks and seats against each wall; in a vaulted recess the altar, and behind it on either side a representation of one of the Marys in a sad taste of sorrow and distress, and of a Roman soldier keeping guard in front of an iron grating. Behind this stood a Christ in plaster, crowned with thorns and excessively bloody, with his hands fastened by real chains to the walls of his niche. On the cornices, which extend across the end wall are preserved a score or more of skulls, with names and dates painted on them, some with considerable artistic flourish, in showy letters on green grounds. Within the eyeless sockets spiders line and weave in the brain chambers very different webs from those with which the fancies of their sometime owners once filled them. A few pictures hang on the wall but nothing remarkable. What attracted my attention most strongly and gave me the most pleasure was a piece of sheet iron cut and painted to represent an altar bearing a chalice of flame, and fastened to the east wall like a monumental tablet. Below the cup of flame is a rather neatly painted miniature, which the painter informs the reader is "Sancte Vinzens," and below this is the inscription.

Hier ruhet die Asche des Hochadelgeborrn Herren Vinzens Kayetan von Sonnenburg, er verstarb den 24ten November 1809 in Seiner 37ten Lebens jahre. Herr lass ihn Frieden ruhen, und verleihe ihm einstens eine Fröhliche. Auferstehung.

Blicke nicht trauernd in die Vergangenheit
Sie kommt nicht wieder, nütze Weisse die Gegenwart
Sie ist dein, der tüstern Zukunft geh ohne
Furcht, mit mändlichem Sinne entgegen.

(Death's head and hour glass neatly painted.)
MDCCCLIX.

In English.

"Here rests the ashes of the high-noble-born heir, Vincent Cayetan von Sonnenburg. He died on the 24th of November, 1809, in his 37th life-year. Lord let him rest in peace, and lend him in the future a joyful resurrection.

Look not mournfully into the past,
It comes not back again, wisely improve the present,
It is thine: Go forth to meet the shadowy future
Without fear and with a manly heart."

A better educated village painter might have given us the inscription with fewer of the orthographical errors which I have carefully copied above; but what amount of genius and learning could have devised a more exquisite one?

I now read it in the original for the first time; for whether in 1851 I was looking for a marble monument or had a vague and vain expectation of finding the inscription in Longfellow's English words, of course I no longer remember; but certain it is that it escaped me; nor have I forgot-

LISBON.—The artists engaged up to this time for the opera, by the maestro Fabricca are, Mad. Gazzaniga, Elise Hensler, Emilia Bellini and Signori Agresti, Neri Beraldi, and Antonucci.

ten the feelings of bitter disappointment with which I went away from St. Gilgen—feelings at which even now I cannot smile. To-day my eye fell at once upon it. Indeed it is a most conspicuous object, just beyond the window on the left wall.

"Blicke nicht trauernd in die Vergangenheit,"

God bless him, who inscribed this on the tablet to the memory of the high-noble-born Kayetan von Sonnenburg!

It is but the walk of a minute or two from the church to the lake shore. It was too hot to loiter there, there being no shade trees to break the force of the sun's rays. Under some small fruit trees in an unenclosed hay-field, I found a place to sit and dream for a time. How still and calm and bright the waters! and with what vivid disturbance they reflected back from their depths, the hills and mountains around—as a pure mind is a mirror of all grand and noble thoughts and sentiments.

When the heat of the day was past I paid my bill at the Gasthaus of Franz Schöndorfer, and took a boat to St. Wolfgang. The boatman was a chatty fellow and knew the legends of the lake, which he gave with slight variations from the forms in which I had hitherto heard them.

First, as every reader of Hyperion knows, we passed the monument on the rocky islet hard by the southern shore. This was erected by the man, whose ox had brought him safely across the lake from yonder point, and had rescued him here. My man's version of the story was, that the man, who could not swim, held fast to the animal's tail and was thus dragged through the water; that during this middle passage he vowed the monument in case he escaped. I enquired if St. Wolfgang had aided him. My man however seemed not clear on this point, and I judge that he is not inclined to give that particular saint any extra share in this miraculous tale of a marvellous tail. Indeed he did not appear to have any very great veneration for that saint, although he knew his history—as related by tradition and the priests—and could point out the mountain, behind which, he had first settled, and the like. In fact, my impression was, on leaving my boatman an hour later, that St. Wolfgang was not such a tremendously, overwhelmingly, venerable, old, pious codger, after all.

A little farther on, on a point within which a pretty little cove opened is the next monument.

"And there," said I, "is the place where the bridal party was drowned."

"Yes."

"They were dancing on the ice?"

"Yes, all but the musicians, they were there on the shore."

"And all were drowned?"

"Yes. Fifty-two of them. None saved but the musicians."

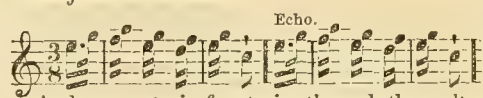
And he gave me the date of the catastrophe, I have forgotten it, but I think it was over two hundred years ago. I gathered from him, though he did not express himself clearly, but like a man, who feels bound to believe a story against which his reason revolts, that the ice was thick and strong so that horses, carriages, even heavy teams crossed it with perfect safety; that, the bridal party being on their way across the lake left their vehicles (on wheels or runners?) placed their musicians, on the point, as a good substitute for a music stand, and began their ball; that

they did this out of bravado—Trotz—(against whom?) and *therefore* the ice broke. I did not explain to him that the regular tramp of a small body of soldiers will break down a bridge, which is amply strong for ten times the number of people passing pell mell; and that one need not accuse that party of breaking any other than a natural law, in seeking the cause of the catastrophe.

Thence we passed onward and stepped in front of the precipice, renowned for its echo. The face of the rock is somewhat concave and hence the startling distinctness, with which it repeats your words or tones.

"Echo, bist z' haus?" (echo, are you at home?) began my man, and "Echo, bist z' haus?" came back somewhat softened, but with a clearness I never heard surpassed.

We talked, we sang, we whistled, we shouted and laughed and the great face of rock sent back every sound as the still waters below reflected the objects on the shore.



And so on, strain for strain through the waltz.

And how high is the precipice? I judged some one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet.

"No," said the boatman, "it is over seventy fathoms high." I was incredulous.

"Why," said he, "we are some two hundred fathom from the shore," which was equally difficult to believe until I observed the time from the utterance of a word until it came back as an echo—and then I saw that we must be at least a thousand feet from the shore, and that it might be fully four hundred feet high.

Before this however he had called my attention to a small vaulted niche cut in the face of the rock, containing the effigies of some saint or other, this was so small I could not for some time find it—it appeared perhaps as large as an infant four months old, and seemed to be placed some six or eight feet above the water. He assured me that the statue was of full adult size, in a niche the top of which a man can just reach from the floor, and which is some sixty feet above the surface of the lake. Reckoning the velocity of sound at between ten and eleven hundred feet per second the echo substantiates all these assertions.

But, verily, height and distance were marvelously deceptive.

Then we passed onward and soon came to still another monument, and this is the story that belongs to it.

Once on a time, before the Bavarian princes were called kings, and the reigning individual was called "his transparency" instead of "his majesty" one of the princesses of the line, with her retinue had come via Salzburg and St. Gilgen, and thence over the lake on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Wolfgang. This business having been happily accomplished, they all set out on their return; but after coming by the point yonder, on which now stands that small castle of a lighthouse, there came a storm down from the mountains, and drove the boat, of which the men had lost the management against the shore, just at that point. Now the danger was imminent, and her transparency was in great fear; and her fear was so great that then and there a little transparency came into the world in somewhat of a hurry—but no damage was done—the storm

ceased, and all went on their way rejoicing, and so a monument was set up there.

"But what is that small building there on the point like a castle?"

"That is the lighthouse. You see, when the Kaiser, and the king of Bavaria and other high lordships met at Ischl, they come up here sometimes for fishing and sailing parties on the lake. And then the light is set to burning, and the house is dressed in flags and all goes to with a wondrous magnificence.

Turning the point we were soon on shore at the village of St. Wolfgang, which is clustered quite upon the water's edge. And what was of necessity, the first step after enjoying a room for the night at the inn?

What but to follow Flemming across the street, up the steps to the small court in which stands the bronze fountain, and read the inscription which was around the lower side of the ruin. To-day I saw no priest—no one but one of those persevering old nuisances, who will take no hint that they are not wanted, and who persist in following you about and explaining everything. I was forced at last to speak sharply to the old ass to get rid of him.

When here before, I remember well that the village Pfarrer came down the wooden stairs that lead up to the parsonage, and read me the inscription on the fountain:

"Ich bin zu den Eren sanct Wolfgang gemacht,
Abt Wolfgang Habel zu Mannsee hat mich betracht
Zu Nutz und zu frommen den armen pilgramb,
Dye nit haben gelt zum Wein
Dye sollen bei diesem Wasser freilich seyn.
Anno Dom. 1515 ist das Werk vollbracht."

The good-natured Pfarrer left a very pleasant impression on my memory, which now after nine years remains. But he brought no half crazed priest to talk with me on learning that I was an American; nor was anything said of Father Baraga, whom I had seen in 1848 on the shores of lake Superior—a small, withered, quiet man, living at l'Ause, and devoted to his Indians and his Ojibway Dictionary.

Above the bronze basin of the fountain are several small figures in the same metal, with the well known initials, A. D. Did Albrecht Dürer work in metals also? Dürer, "painter, sculptor, engraver, mathematician and engineer?" I suppose so—at all events the date tallies—for he died in 1528.

I had intended going on to Ischl in the evening, but the price demanded, I thought might be better spent in going a day to the Schöfberg, which towered above the other heights so grandly, and upon whose top the glass shewed a few visitors illumined by the sun long after he was down to us.

I stayed over night at St. Wolfgang—and though the weather next morning was bad, I ascended the mountain. Magnificent views rewarded me during the ascent as far as the Alps, and the Senner huts, on the broad shoulder of the mountain. Thence "darkness and clouds of awful state" settled over the path: and on the top, the only gratification, was one moment which photographed itself on the memory.

It was but for a moment; the cloud passed away and I looked far away down upon a sea of clouds, like the garments of angels bright and shining, and caught through their skirts glimpses of mountain and valley, hill and plain and dark

green lakes, towns and villages and secluded hamlets, transfigured and glorified. A. W. T.

P. S.—Is any reader of this, bound to this part of the world? And will he make this little tour or *detour*, on his way from Munich to Vienna? Then let him come to St. Gilgen from Salzburg—thence ascend the Schoferberg, if he has good weather,—and spend the night—it will *pay*! Next morning return to St. Gilgen, take a boat thence to St. Wolfgang. From St. Wolfgang a boat to Strobe, in the afternoon, and thence take the omnibus to Ischl.

A Short Guide to Full Score Playing.*

When an invented piece of music is to be performed by an entire orchestra, each instrument must be given its individual share. As all bear a proper harmonic proportion to each other, and should sound to the hearer as though forming a sole instrument, the composer should lay out a plan of his work for general view; this is called a full score. It should be written bar for bar, all the parts above one another; by this means, it is possible at one glance to judge of a combination, as well as of harmonies, position of chords, separate passages, &c., individually or in mutual relations. Ancient composers had the laudable habit of figuring the bass of their scores; this, like many other useful customs, has disappeared; and, to speak candidly, we fear that many a natural composer would occasionally find it hard to give strict reckoning of his intellectual products—to mark the fundamental part with regular figures—and, by them, openly declare, "this is what I wish!"—"thus have I intended!" To play from a score thus figured, merely requires a good knowledge of thorough-bass; and the accompaniment will be similar to, though poorer, than that of many instruments. To supply the place of these, a player from score should endeavor to give a faithful sketch of all peculiarities in each part, and to seize the meaning of the composer, in harmony, progressions of subject, treatment of divers instruments, and general elaboration. This is real full score playing—a masterly art, which Rossini admired as a miracle, and which must appear such to the uninitiated, who can scarcely comprehend how an entire page may be read at one glance, while both hands render it intelligible to an audience. It cannot be denied that the task is difficult, and can only be achieved by long practice; universal rules cannot be given, but well-intentioned hints and experienced results may be written down for the benefit of beginners. The first requisite for a full-score player is an intimacy with all five clefs; next to this, he must never be confused by the instrumental parts which are written in a key different to their sound—such as, for instance, horns in D, E \flat , E, F, G, A, B \flat , which, like trumpets and drums, are written in C—clarinets in A or B—basset and English horns, &c.; he must always be prepared to transpose them readily to their proper position. Before playing a full-score, it is advisable to examine the order in which the instruments are placed; it is much to be desired that some law should be agreed upon on this subject, which would greatly facilitate performance; unfortunately, this is not the case, and each composer acts as he chooses; for instance, Italians usually write, in the first place, both violins—then the wind-instruments, the viola, trumpets, drums, voices, and the bass; others write the brass-band at the top; some insert the voices in the middle—and so forth. Perhaps the easiest and most natural order would be this:—the top line be given to the flutes, as these instruments generally contain high three-stroke and four-stroke notes, and therefore require the greatest blank paper; then may follow, hautboys, clarinets, horns, bassoons, trombones, trumpets, and drums, by which arrangement the upper half of a page unites the entire wind band; the remaining staves may be given to the violins, violas (if a vocal composition, all the voices), the violoncellos and double-bass. As the stringed instruments are often employed alone, it cannot be denied that it is an advantage to place them in close juxtaposition; and, if the first-mentioned order be followed, it will be necessary to search for the two essentially principal parts—bass and treble—at the farthest opposite poles. In vocal compositions, a player from full-score must be guided, in a great measure, by the presence or absence of singers; should the vocal parts be appro-

priately sung, he need only occupy himself with the accompanying instruments; when this is not the case, his first duty is to render perceptible voice-parts containing a melody, and, if there should be tenor or bass, he must play them an octave higher with the right hand, in order that the flow of the song may be perfectly distinguished. The same should be done, when any instrument has to perform a solo-passage; the part must be individualized, and the accompanying complement be subordinate. It is permitted to every player, to accommodate compositions to his hand; that is, to arrange passages which are not adapted to pianoforte playing, so that they should be convenient to the fingers—care being taken not to injure peculiar characteristics. For instance, when a clarinet or horn contains an *arioso*, while violins accompany in *arpeggio* semiquavers, the right hand should perform the cantabile, and the left the accompaniment, properly modified; the little finger of the left hand should always strike the fundamental tones of the bass, that the position of the chords may remain unchanged, and that the rolling underpart should not create, by chance, a chord of the fourth and sixth, instead of a perfect triad. It often happens that several obligato passages in different instruments occur simultaneously, in which case it is impossible for two hands to represent them all.

Good judgment must at once decide what is most important, and what is best omitted; the lesser of two evils must be chosen, and a player should retain, in preference, those parts which would make most lasting impression on the ear if the piece were performed by a full orchestra, of which he is the representation—his faithful sketch must clearly render delicate shades and touches, as well as general outline.

The fuller the harmonies, and the more perceptible individual peculiarities are made, the greater the praise due to the full score player. We need hardly remind a discreet accompanist, that vocal pieces are best treated with delicate and intentional moderation. In recitatives, it may be advisable to give the commencing note of the voice part in the concluding chord of the accompaniment, as this will facilitate intonation for the singer. It must be clear to all, that a full score is absolutely necessary; by it, a composer is able to review his creation—he perceives beforehand the effect of the whole, and judges the mutual connections of the principal and subordinate parts—he can examine the correctness of his work, and improve any accidental defect, and thus give up his production of art in completed perfection. A full score offers great advantages to the initiated; by the mere reading or playing of it, on a pianoforte, he becomes as intimate with a composition as though he had himself created it. His eager eye may discover the design, construction, elaboration, and interweaving of all ideas—the united result of many component parts; nothing need escape him. If he can, in addition, imagine the charm of different instrumental tones, he enjoys as high a pleasure as those who listen to a performance of the same work by a union of musicians. But, precisely, this proper judgment of the manifold effect of divers instruments is a stumbling block to many composers, who cannot possibly be expected to play on all instruments, or to be familiar with their individual treatment, or even to be sufficiently furnished with the knowledge indispensable to their appropriate employment with fullest effect and peculiar beauty. When we consider how deficient orchestras were some few years ago, especially in the wind parts, which were still in their infancy—how, in modern times, not only the instruments themselves have been essentially perfected, but the performers thereon have so improved, that passages formerly reserved for concertos, are now entrusted to ripieno-players (whether rightly or not, remains unproved); when we recollect the laughable, but well meant warning of a certain chapel director, who, with the important mien of a field marshal, called out to his band, "Attention, gentlemen! semiquaver notes are coming!" and contrast this with a performance of one of Beethoven's gigantic symphonies; and when we lose ourselves in admiration of the unimaginable effects created by this hero of musical art, who majestically trod the path prepared by Haydn and Mozart, and followed by Cherubini, Mehul, Spohr, Carl Maria von Weber: when we reflect on all these things,—who would not exclaim, with heartfelt conviction, "*Vita brevis, ars longa!*" In the same manner that newly discovered celestial bodies ever present themselves to the armed eye of astronomers, so also does never resting Time, at measured intervals, create beaming planets in the musical horizon; for art is eternal, and only the royal eagle may gaze unharmed on the sun. It is certain that one of the most dangerous rocks to an inexperienced composer, is the advantageous employment of united masses of instruments, which sometimes produce an effect quite unexpected, and not realizing his original

intention. Every one must pay, so to speak, an apprentice fee—*errando discimus*. Individual experience will instruct scholars by degrees, and lead them into the right path. The study of really classic scores—the repeated hearing of such works—a careful comparison of effect, and the ways and means of producing it—friendly consultations with practical musicians, as to the capabilities and treatment of their appropriate instruments—constant essays, which, however, must be considered such, and not perfected masterpieces,—all these things will render steady service to a disciple of the art—will enlarge, correct, and enrich his views—and lead him, after happily-concluded and usefully-improved apprentice years, to a resting-place, from whence he may view his musical creations with an assured glance, and may safely prognosticate and guarantee the effects created in them.—*London Musical Times, August 1.*

Madame Fabbri and the Georgian.

A gentleman styling himself "A German reader of the *Sunday Mercury*," favors us with the following translation of an "art anecdote" which recently appeared in the *Staats Zeitung* of this city. The personages concerned are, Madame Richard Mulder (Madame Fabbri) and a musical Southern person:

THE PRIMA DONNA AND THE GEORGIAN.

During this "heated term," our great metropolis is as desolate, in the musical line, as a Siberian village, nearly all our lyrical celebrities spending their time in the rural districts.

Madame Fabbri, our celebrated countrywoman, fled with the rest of the *prime donne* from the dusty city, and is now rusticated at the beautiful Bergen Heights, on Staten Island (?) and resting from her severe labors last season with Verdi, to whom no singer ever did fuller justice than herself.

A few days ago, this favorite artiste was seated at her piano, studying an aria from "Lucrezia Borgia," an opera in which she is to sing next season. She was singing *mezza voce*, whilst her husband accompanied her on the instrument, when all at once, there appeared upon the veranda, which surrounds the entire house, an exceedingly tall young man, accompanied by a shorter individual. The former deliberately advanced into the apartment, and, after introducing himself, said to the astonished prima donna:

"That is from *Lucrezia*," referring to the aria.

"Yes, sir."

"Sing it again," if you please."

Mr. Mulder, the lady's husband, thought that this was coming it rather *too* strong, and remarked, indignantly:

"My wife, sir, does not sing, she is studying."

"Never mind; she can sing from 'Lucrezia Borgia,'" replied the irrepressible intruder. "I am an American from Georgia; I arrived yesterday, and can only stop a few days. I have heard so much of Madame Fabbri, I came to hear her. I will pay you; how much do you desire?"

Thoroughly incensed by this insolent speech, Mr. Mulder informed the gentleman from Georgia that if he wanted to hear Madame sing, he might go to the Academy next winter, and *pay*, and hear her there. But all was of no avail; the bold intruder was inexorable in his demand, and prayed that the lady would gratify him. To rid herself of the enthusiast Madame Fabbri at length said:

"Very well, I will sing—not from *Lucrezia*, but from *Ernani*."

Mr. Mulder saw that his wife had adopted the most advisable plan, under the circumstances, and took his seat again at the piano. Fabbri executed the splendid aria, "*Ernani, invola mi*," with that intensity of expression which distinguishes her as an artiste, who, with Cortesi and Gazzaniga, forms the only trefoil of dramatic, soul-stirring singers, who, by their exquisitely passionate vocalization, have and will ever please an audience more than those singers who win applause by running chromatic scales and indulging in mechanical *bravuras*.

Whilst Fabbri sang, the enthusiastic Georgian gave vent to his delight by exclaiming, "Beautiful!" with such sincere zest, that Madame could hardly restrain her laughter.

"Now sing from *Lucrezia*," he said as soon as she finished.

"In eight days I will sing to you from *Lucrezia*," she replied.

"Very well," responded the Southerner, bowing profoundly, and shaking hands. "In eight days;" and he made his exit in the airy style of his entrance.

Entertaining and amusing as such little adventures may be, Mr. Mulder has made preparations to check, in future, all such enthusiasts—especially such persevering ones as the tall young gentleman from Georgia.

*From Albrechtsberger's Collected Writings on Thorough-Bass, Harmony, and Composition, for Self Instruction. Published in Novello's Library for the Diffusion of Musical Knowledge. Theoretical Series, No. 6.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Personal Recollections of Beethoven in 1822.

(From the German of Fr. Rochlitz.)

I had never seen Beethoven, therefore I wished all the more earnestly that I might soon meet him. I mentioned the matter almost immediately after my arrival in Vienna, to —, his intimate friend. "He is living in the country," said the latter. "Let us visit him there then." "We might do so, but his unfortunate deafness has made him by degrees, misanthropical. He knows that you have been intending to visit Vienna, he wishes to make your acquaintance, and yet we are not sure that he may not run away if he sees us approaching; for he is often seized, irresistibly, and without the slightest cause, with the deepest depression, as well as with the freshest humor. But he comes to town at least once a week, and always visits us on such occasions, because we take charge of his letters and the like. He is then usually in good spirits, and we can hold him fast. If, therefore, you will indulge the poor, tried soul enough to suffer us to let you know as soon as he comes, and then would drop in—it would be only a few steps for you—as if by accident—" I, of course, gladly accepted this proposition. On the next Saturday morning the messenger came. I went and found Beethoven in lively conversation with —. He is accustomed to the latter, and can understand him tolerably by reading the motions of his lips and the play of his features. — introduced us to each other. Beethoven seemed pleased, but somewhat disturbed. And if I had not been prepared the sight of him would have disturbed me, too. Not his neglected, almost wild appearance, not his thick black hair, which hung around his head in disorder, and the like, but his whole appearance. Imagine a man of about fifty, rather short than otherwise, but broad and strongly built, thickset—largeboned, particularly—somewhat like F—, but more fleshy, and with a fuller, rounder face; ruddy, healthy color; restless, sparkling eyes, which when gazing fixedly at anything became almost piercing: hasty in his movements when he moved at all; the expression of his face, particularly that of his eye (so full of life and mind) a mixture of or a transition between the most cordial kindness and reserve; in his whole deportment, that excitement, that restless listening which is peculiar to a sensitive deaf person; at one time throwing out a freely and cheerfully spoken word; the next moment sinking back into gloomy silence, and added to all this the feeling which every observer brings with him, and which mingles with it all. This is the man who gives joy to millions—pure, spiritual joy! He made several polite and complimentary remarks to me, in short, abrupt sentences; I raised my voice as much as possible, spoke slowly, and enunciated distinctly, and in this manner, expressed to him, from my inmost heart, my gratitude for his works, and what they are to me and will be during my whole life. I named some of my favorites and descanted upon them; I told him of the unexampled performance of his symphonies in Leipzig, of their all being brought out during every winter season, to the utmost delight of the public, etc. He stood close by me, sometimes looking earnestly into my face, sometimes bowing his head; then he would smile to himself, sometimes nodding pleasantly, but without saying a word. Had he understood me or not? At last I had to come to an end; he pressed my hand vehemently, and said, abruptly, to —, "I have still some necessary errands!" and in leaving, to me, "We shall meet again, I hope!" — left the room with him. I was much affected and agitated. In a few moments — returned. "Did he understand what I said?" I asked. — shrugged his shoulders: "Not one word!" We were silent a long time, and I will not say how deeply moved I was. At last I asked: "Why did you not at least repeat to him some of the things I said, as he

understands you tolerably?" "I did not like to interrupt you, and he is easily irritated. I hoped, too, that he might understand something, but the noise in the street, your voice and accent, which were strange to him, and, perhaps, even his anxiety to understand you, because he could see well that you were saying agreeable things to him—he was so sad!" I cannot describe the state of mind in which I left him. He who enchants the whole world with his sounds, hears not a single one, not even the sound which brings him the thanks of his fellow men—it only gives him pain. I almost resolved never to see him again, and to transmit Mr. H.'s commission to him in writing.

(To be continued.)

Franz Schubert.

This is the age of "revivals." Not to glance at the Operas, where Gluck and Weber are being resuscitated, but to confine ourselves to the pianoforte and instrumental chamber music, simultaneously with a revival of the works of Jean Louis Dussek (more leisurely but as surely) is being effected a revival of the works of Franz Schubert. By means of these "revivals,"—unlike some others of the present day that might be named,—we are returning to a purer worship than has for some time prevailed. Of Dussek we have lately said enough; but a word or two about Schubert, and especially about Schubert as an instrumental composer, may not be without interest.

The pianoforte writings of Franz Schubert possess much of the romantic character that distinguishes more or less every one of his well-known songs. They are numerous, of all varieties of form, and, though they have achieved a far less degree of popularity than his vocal compositions, are scarcely inferior to them in genius and originality.

We may perhaps shock the prejudices of many in avowing our opinion that Schubert, from a certain point of view, was a somewhat overrated man. That he has "a spark of the divine fire" is not to be questioned. The concession wrung from the haughty, and occasionally prejudiced, Beethoven, may be accepted as rather an epigrammatic than a strictly just expression of the truth. "A spark of the divine fire" was in Schubert, no doubt—nay, more, a flame. He was, however, neither a universal nor a commanding genius; nor was he a musician of very profound acquirement. He belonged to that order of composers and poets, so numerous in Germany, of which Carl Maria von Weber is the most illustrious representative. From peculiarity of intellect and temperament these musicians would probably have reached eminence in any pursuit to which the circumstances of early life and education might have conducted them. Their organization was not, as in the instances of Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, and the greater composers, so happily attuned to music that it were absurd to deny their being chosen instruments of Heaven to delight the world with melody. Thorough enthusiasts, with quasi-morbid natures, they seem ever lamenting their incapacity to set forth in plain and convincing language the thoughts that struggle for utterance within them. The antipodes of common-place, they are, notwithstanding, all more or less in trammels. Such men can hardly fail to meet with ardent worshippers—natures like their own, yearning for the impossible, disdaining self-evident truths, with minds attuned to their own in sympathetic discord. These proclaim Schubert and the rest the only true prophets, and advocate their pre-eminence over every rival.

What has been denominated the "Romantic School" is clearly traceable to Weber, Schubert, and their imitators and disciples, who in eager quest of a new and more striking language, have unconsciously given circulation to endless mannerisms, upon which the more ordinary sort of music-makers have laid hold to make their own emptiness pass current. But Schubert must be carefully separated from the impostors who make art subservient to the double-end of show and traffic. He neither held out wares for sale in a bazaar, nor exhibited them as a picture-monger, still less as a polichinello, to the vacant gaze of the illiterate mob. Schubert was a man of strong convictions, besides being a man of truly imaginative genius. That he did not succeed in becoming a thoroughly practised musician was partly due to an incomplete education, partly to a stubborn organic deficiency. As painter, poet, or novelist—anything indeed but arithmetician, mathematician, logician—Schubert would have attained an equal celebrity, and have displayed quite as powerful an individuality as distinguished his career as a musical inventor.

But to leave mere speculation; in various sympho-

nies, overtures, quartets, &c., Schubert evinced a strong desire to excel in the sonata form. Disdaining, however or failing to understand entirely its indispensable conditions—clearness, consistency, symmetrical arrangement of themes, keys, and episodic matter—he was by no means as successful as he could have wished. Though gifted with an abundant flow of ideas, Schubert was wanting in the faculty of condensation and methodical disposition of parts. He accepted all that presented itself to his fancy, rejecting nothing as inappropriate or superfluous; and then, while rarely insipid, nay almost invariably interesting, he is too often diffuse, obscure, and exaggerated. Occasionally, in place of developing the principle subject of a movement, he conducts an accidental phrase, a simple figure of ornament, a fragment of *remplissage*, through a labyrinth of progression and modulation, until the ear becomes fatigued, and satiety gives way to revulsion. In six grand sonatas for the pianoforte *solus*—which if length, vastness of proportion, and ambitious endeavour were enough to constitute perfection, might rank with the finest of Beethoven, or the most impassioned of Dussek—exuberance of detail, want of connexion, excessive modulation, redundant episode, strange and unnatural harmonies, and other glaring defects, lessen the impression that would otherwise be produced by many exquisite and undeniable beauties. A grand duet in A minor, also for the pianoforte, exhibits the same inconsistencies, amidst merits that are not to be contested. The minor works of Schubert for the same instrument—especially some marches and short characteristic pieces—are remarkably attractive; but in these, not being limited to set forms, his ideas are presented in their primitive simplicity, without any attempt at development. Here, for the reasons thus briefly stated, Schubert is quite as happy as in his best compositions for the voice.

For all who have a touch of romance in their dispositions, the pianoforte works of Schubert, like everything else that came from his pen, must possess a strong measure of interest. There is something fascinating in the tone of *melancholy* that marks even his smallest effusions, while the unquestionable originality of his ideas places him altogether beyond the pale of ordinary thinkers, and extorts forgiveness for the absence of those qualities which have conferred durability as well as charm on the faultless models bequeathed us by the great masters. We have said enough to explain why Schubert—like Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, &c.—should be assigned a place apart from his contemporaries; but the peculiarities that have won him this distinction have, in another sense, prevented him from exercising any decided influence on the progress of the art, of which he was a gifted, if incomplete, disciple.—*London Musical World*, July 21.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 25, 1860.

On the 7th of July last, the editor of the *Journal of Music* sailed for Europe to pass some months there. We present to-day to our readers the first instalment of his Correspondence with the *Journal*, which will be continued regularly, as circumstances may permit, during his absence.

To the numerous correspondents and friends of the *Journal*, it is perhaps useless to say that their communications, *always* most acceptable, will be doubly welcome during the absence of Mr. Dwight; nor can we omit to ask the kind indulgence of our readers for the many shortcomings of our editorial columns until the time of his return, for which we trust that his letters will make ample compensation.

Editorial Correspondence.

I.

PARIS, July 23, 1860.

But two weeks absent from our post, we hail our readers from another world—another age it seems. Because between two worlds has rolled that vague, vast, heaving and unsettled no-world of an Ocean; a life of idle and entire *abandon*; a state of enforced rest, rest from one's own life, because of the very restlessness of the wild ele-

ment; a suspension of life, as it were, between two lives, the one of memory and home, the other of novelty and hope and wonder. And this has made it seem so long. Thanks to its monotony, thanks to the impossibility of work or care or thought, it has given us the long rest in a short time, which the unstrung energies so needed.

Whether to love or hate the ocean I am unresolved. Once escaped from him I loathe the thought of reëmbarking on his lap; yet I owe a debt of gratitude for many a kindly service; owe him a thousand pleasant memories and new experiences; now grand, now beautiful, now droll, fantastical and wondrous strange; new phases of nature, and new phases of humanity (for were we not a little world there cooped up and isolated from all else, in the centre of a great undulating, empty circle, like the saved remnant of mankind in Noah's ark, with nothing else to do but learn to know each other?) And pleasant subjects for the most part they were too; more than studies; one found himself becoming more and more attached to every one and could not quarrel with the destiny which brought him into close relation with that chance gathering of two hundred strangers. Yes, I thank the Ocean; and chiefly that he made a child of me, and rocked me in his cradle, and stole away the thread of care, and tipped over the work-table of thought, and tripped up the heels of firm-set, would-be continuous volition, throwing one back upon a primitive simplicity of wondering sensations, unconnected dreams and observations, childlike trust and freedom from all care about oneself, and consequently fresh interest in all about him. That state once reached, not without appetite destroyed and sickening qualms for so long time as kindly nature knew to be the best, and there were many hours of keen zest to relieve the dull monotony of life at sea. How fondly could we look back over it and lingeringly sketch it all, reproducing each day's pocket notes, if there were room or time!

The only thing literally musical about our voyage was at the start. It was a lively and inspiring scene, that bright noon of a breezy Saturday, the 7th of July, when we went on board the splendid German steamship, the "New York." The passengers, as well as crew, were mostly German; and we were, not surprised, therefore, that something like a musical Godspeed was improvised. A brass band came on board and played national airs; and a Liederkranz society came also to take leave of one of their comrades, and standing in a circle on the deck sang some of their part-songs, and uncorked a basket of champagne; and thus ran the burden of their loudest *lied*:

"Dus weite Atlantische Meer!
Wenn's alles Champagner Wäre!
(The wide Atlantic sea,
If it all of Champagne might be!) &c.

Presently the stalwart figure of our German captain, a hearty, noble looking personage, with golden beard and peach-ripe hue of face, like one just stepped down from the sun, a very type of some old Norseman, kindly as brave, loomed on the bridge. He gives the word, and we are moving, and all moving round us, and amid chorus, shouts, and waving handkerchiefs, we sail down the harbor, merry as a marriage feast, not realizing that we have *left* the world, past lovely Staten Island, past the Hook, until by six o'clock the lessening shores have vanished and we are

fully out of sight of land. A dull, grey, leaden waste of waters only round us; a dull, grey, leaden sky above. No touch of color anywhere; it is like what was before the world, "without form and void," monotonous negation. And this is the boundless Ocean! How the want of color robs it of all suggestion of infinitude! How the infinite itself shrinks to a most finite, narrow and mean little circle (we prisoners in the centre of it), for want of the very variety and individual detail of the finite! Vast it is and boundless; but boundless abstraction and monotony is not genial to our feeling, and so hoops us round with the most painful sense of limitation. And then such desolation, isolation, solitude! Would the leaden rim and the horizon only stretch, and it would feel less lonely, for the soul would thus expand with it.

Cold and foggy all the next day; even fog suggests more freedom and more grandeur than that leaden and defined horizon. But it is a rolling, qualmy sea. We must be rocked now till we can resign ourselves: this the lesson of this first Sunday on the ocean. Tossed in the lap of restlessness, it may be, all-devouring, nothingness! What change could be more complete? What else in so few hours could isolate us so remote from all that we have called our life? And, to aggravate the solitude, one listens vainly for a sound, except sounds of our own making, or the ceaseless wash of waves resisting our intruding keel. The sea, our world, our prison, is as dumb as it is colorless. Many a time, both then and when its surface was enjoyable, we longed for music—some great symphony or chorus, myriad-voiced, to animate and humanize and realize the abstract form of music, the wide weltering rhythm all about us. Absurd wish! There would be no need of symphonies nor Beethovens, could such be summoned bodily wherever one might want them. Art is to inform the soul, that the soul itself out of its own life may in turn inform the wilderness of sea or land. And sometimes, in good hours, as one watches the motion and the color of the waves in all their glory, and their moody changes, how the music that he loves, with shifting dreams of other music like it, mingles their motion! how memories of home and friends, of all the tender, deep, or earnest passages of life, how one's life-plans and aspirations sing themselves, in strains remembered or imagined, to that else voiceless rhythm of wild waves! And then he thanks the masters of the tone-world for the grander meaning which their inspirations evoke from the vague, strange element.

With returning health and appetite, the next day, the sun returns to touch the waves with color and with wondrous life and beauty. But we are no painters, and we shall not try to reproduce the gentler and the wilder moods of ocean; the great waves gleaming and blackening in the sunshine; the white crests, topping the great waves in the far horizon giving it the familiar look of hill-side landscape dotted with white cottages and mansions; the glorious sunsets, now in misty mezzotinto contrast of mere dark and light, à la Martin's pictures, the sun-streak shooting across a sea of gleaming black, like gold on ebony, and now of richest purple glow: the wierd, wild night scene, when our great black masts and sails loomed gigantic, spectre-like, before us and above us, right against the rising moon, into whose very face we seemed to go plunging and driving; the

soft, warm, silvery, misty blue days, as we kept along the edge of the Gulf Stream, "all in a summer sea"; the mornings with stiff breeze, and great mountainous waves, and cold as mountain tops; the angry squall; and then those lovely dreamy days, when the sea was smooth and blue as one imagines among Grecian isles, and one could almost fancy temples and white marble statues rising here and there—a clear, blue, lustrous mirror of a sea, a perfect circle, and we in its very centre, set in framework of most delicate and exquisitely shaped pearly clouds encircling the entire horizon. By this time we knew each other well enough, and found world enough within our ark, and in its little curious events, to take away the sense of solitude upon the ocean. Otherwise how utter were that solitude! For three whole days we did not see a sail: how easily, by a slight change of course, one gets beyond the limits where the poetry is true about the ocean "whitened by the sails of commerce"! We learned that the ocean has its highways; and our prudent course, a few points south of the usual one, kept us away not only from "the banks," the fogs, the icebergs, but also from the company of ships.

—England hid herself in mist, and gave us a surly, rainy, cold reception on the morning of the eleventh day, when we were running along her southern coast. No New England easterly rain in March could have been drearier than that morning in the middle of July. Had we broken in upon the Lion's sleep unseasonably? All day chilly, rainy, with some fits of frigid and unwilling sunshine; but enough to show us that green land did actually exist once more and that we were still in this world. How one longed to jump on shore and take a good run on those grassy slopes. In the afternoon the (to us) surprise of a partial eclipse of the sun added to the doubtful omens. But the night was clear; a great warm planet shot a cordial gleam across the wave to us, the Great Bear and the other constellations looked down friendly; all kept awake with expectation, and in the first faint streaks of daybreak, after sending up rockets and blue lights to herald our approach, we anchored off Cowes, just then the residence of royalty, the Queen's yacht lying alongside of us, the turret of the palace in which she was then (let us hope) asleep, rising in sight behind a wooded hill; and gradually the dawn revealed the lovely shores and hills of the green Isle of Wight, the garden of England, and nest of her laureate. Into the full day we watched the scene of fairy-like enchantment—the very color of the sea was strange, of a much lighter green than on our shores—waiting for the little boat that was to take off those of us whose destiny was Havre and not Bremen.

A beautiful hour's trip between green shores, noble mansions, towers, a ruined abbey, &c., brought us to Southampton, where there were two days to wait that were not in our programme. Two days, in spite of intermittent rains, delightfully spent. I for one did not regret the interpolation of two long summer days of the rich old rural life of England. What a zest they had after the long middle passage! And how much of a new life one may taste, nay, take into his own experience, in two good days! Let us thank our stars for that one bite into the ripe side of the peach of England. The old seaport itself

nestled in rich green country, crowded with ships and steamers from all countries (some seventy steam-ships stop here on their passage), its broad quays lined with elegant hotels, both English, French, Italian, German, and what not, with corresponding motley promiscuity of costume in the streets, was a lively spectacle for one day. It has its antiquities, too; ivy covered remnants of old walls and castles from the feudal days, when there were French invasions. Street music in all forms was rife here, from the barrel organ to the small German band of brass, or almost orchestra with fiddles, of which there are some six or eight employed to play evenings in front of the principal hotels. Sometimes a harp or guitar prelude caught the ear, and presently a voice, then two, in parts, sometimes a quartet was heard. The strangest thing about it was to hear familiar Ethiopian melodies! But commonly the music and the execution were some grades higher in their character than we have in the streets of Boston or New York. There was evidence enough that music enters pretty largely into the popular life of merry England.

(Conclusion next week.)

MR. S. B. MILLS' SOIREE.—This pianist, of whom our readers have already heard something, gave to an invited company, a most delightful soiree at Messrs. Hallett & Davis' piano rooms on Wednesday evening, which after long weeks of no music was a veritable oasis in the desert. For such an oppressive evening in the dog-days, the programme was judiciously chosen, no long sonatas or protracted fugues, taxing the languid attention of the hearer, but dreamy impromptus and fairy like fantasias of Chopin, stirring and sparkling transcriptions of Liszt, fell on the charmed ear, as refreshing as showers after a burning day of summer. The audience was indeed a critical one, embracing all the professional pianists of the city, and of skilful amateurs not a few, and the unanimity of approval, and warmth of applause from such an audience was a flattering testimonial to the genuine excellence and brilliancy of the performance. Mr. Mills has remarkable powers of execution, combining rare delicacy of touch, with great force and power, and unsurpassed correctness in rendering the most difficult and intricate passages of those masters of difficulty and intricacy from whose works he played. He is a worthy peer of Mason and Jaell in the qualities which he has named, and will be a concert pianist of rare attractiveness. The last of the three pianos used on the occasion, (of course, Hallett & Davis',) gave much satisfaction to the audience, and stood excellently the severe test of the pianist's vigorous execution, and of the oppressive and trying atmosphere of the evening.

New Publications.

From George Willig, Jr., Baltimore. **EAST AND PROGRESSIVE PIANO FORTE INSTRUCTOR.** Written expressly for the use of Female Seminaries. By James M. Deems. 48 pp.

This is a simple elementary instruction book for beginners on the piano. Among the great multitude of such books, this seems to be well adapted for the purpose and a useful guide for young pupils.

THE MODERN SCHOOL FOR THE ORGAN.—A New, Progressive and Practical Method, comprising a History and Description of the Organ, Elementary Instruction, Exercises and Voluntaries in all Styles of Playing the Organ (without Pedals), Pedal Playing, Combination of Stops, Voluntaries, and Pieces suited to all occasions. By John Zundel, Organist and Director of Music at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Price, \$3.00. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, Boston.

Mr. Zundel is well known as one of the best organ players and most successful organ teachers in the country. A pupil of Rinck, he, of course, has stud-

ied in the best school, and by his performance and his works shows how fit he has become to teach. This book is the most thorough and comprehensive instruction book for the organ that we have yet seen.

It is divided into three parts. Part I. comprises a history and description of the organ, elementary instruction, exercises, and voluntaries in all styles of playing the organ, (without pedals). Part II. is devoted to Pedal Playing, giving exercises for the alternate use of the right and left foot, in crossing the feet, substituting one foot for the other, octave playing, and exercises on the shake. It contains trios selected from Rinck, also selections from Best, and others. Part III. contains instructions in the combination of the stops, and choice organ compositions of the great masters, and of the author. The selections are from Rinck, Bach, Mozart, Mendelssohn and Best.

The book also contains many admirable suggestions on organ building and church music that are full of good sense and worthy the attention of church committees and clergymen as well as of organists. No one who faithfully studies this work, can fail to gain a respectable degree of skill in playing the grandest of instruments.

NEW VOLUNTARIES, PRELUDES AND INTERLUDES For the Organ, Harmonium, or Melodeon. By C. H. Rinck. Price, 75 cents. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co. 277 Washington Street, Boston.

What can be more fit to follow the instruction book than these well known preludes of the famous Rinck, who has done so much in our time towards creating a true organ style. There are no operatic fantasias in this book, but good solid *real organ music*, which should be known by heart, almost, by any one who touches an organ.

Musical Chit-Chat.

MR. S. A. Bancroft, the organist of the Mt. Vernon Church, has just returned home from an extended but rapid tour in Europe. He will be gladly welcomed by his many friends here.

HAVERHILL, MASS.—The Messrs. Hook of Boston have just finished a large organ for the North Church in this place, which is highly commended by those who have heard it. At the opening, the choir of the Old South Church took part in the musical performances, assisted by Mrs. Kempton and others. The organ was played by various organists of Boston and Haverhill, and appears to have given great satisfaction.

NEWPORT.—Patti gave a grand concert under the direction of Maurice Strakosch, at Newport, on Friday, in the Ocean Hall, which was attended by a numerous and brilliant audience. Her reception was enthusiastic. It is feared that Fort Adams, in which Mr. Helmsmüller has been giving his delightful musical entertainments on Thursday afternoons, will be closed, because some heedless people disobey the government regulation by riding across the lawn within the fortification. A concert and soiree dance for the benefit of Carl Bergmann's Atlantic orchestra, at which the distinguished pianiste, Madame Johnson Graever, kindly and voluntarily performed, took place on Thursday evening.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Mr. John Zundel, the well known organist, gave a concert at the Plymouth Church in this place to a large audience. Everybody seemed to be highly pleased by the new and varied effects produced by Mr. Zundel's performance on the organ, and also by the exquisite singing of Mrs. Kate Bennett Shelly. The choruses brought out were gems of Mr. Zundel's composition, being selections from his newly published "Psalmody" and "Introit"—the latter a collection of excellent anthems. Let us have from time to time, more of

this sort of playing and singing, and there will shortly be a perceptible and wholesome increase of interest in the subject of Church music, which cannot fail to be of service both to community at large, and to the members of the musical profession, male and female.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Gottschalk the pianist, who has been at Cuba for some months, left Havana on the 7th by the regular British steamer for St. Thomas. He intends spending the summer months at Venezuela, and will be back at Havana early in October, to take his post at the Tacon Theatre, as leader of the orchestra.

Our old friend Bettini, of the Imperial Italian Opera of St. Petersburg, has been singing in concerts at Baden, and given great delight by his charming voice and excellent method.

The King of Saxony has pardoned Richard Wagner, who had been compromised in the events of 1848. The decree of amnesty was forwarded to M. Wagner at Paris, by telegraph.

The opera season just closed at Her Majesty's Theatre, in London, is pronounced a ruinous one to the manager. He expended over £15,000 (\$75,000) in stage furniture, chandeliers, mirrors, carpets, sofas, and other costly fittings, and his company was numerous beyond precedent. The list of names is worth preserving as a curiosity. The female performers were Titiens, Borghi Mamo, Piccolomini, Lotti della Santa, Marie Cabel, Brunetti, Lemaire, Vaneri, Michal and Alboni. The males were Guglini, Mongini, Belart, Vialetti, Everardi, Aldighieri, Gassier, Corsi, Ciampi, S. Ronconi, Castelli and Steger. The dancers were Mlles. Pochini, Cucchi, Morlacchi and Amalia Ferrais.

THACKERY ON ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELS.—"I heard a humorous balladist, a minstrel with wool on his head, and an ultra Ethiopian complexion, who performed a negro ballad that I confess moistened these spectacles in the most unexpected manner. They have gazed at dozen of tragedy queens, dying on the stage, and expiring in appropriate blank verse, and I never wanted to wipe them. They have looked up, with deep respect be it said, at many scores of clergymen in pulpits, without being dimmed; and behold a minstrel with a corked face and a banjo sings a little song, strikes a wild note which sets the whole heart thrilling with happy pity. Humor! humor is the mistress of tears; she knows the way to the *fons lachrymarum*, strikes in dry and rugged places with her enchanting wand, and bids the fountain gush and sparkle. She has refreshed myriads more from her natural springs, than ever tragedy has watered from her pompous old urn."

Signor and Signora Tiberini have proceeded to fulfil an engagement at Trieste. Signor Paucani, who is engaged for next March by M. Calzado, has also left Paris. He will spend a week at Aix-la-Chapelle, whence he will proceed to Naples, where he is engaged for the present.

Signor P. P. Bocomini, one of the principal members of Mad. Ristori's company, has died at Amsterdam. The management of the Riccardi Theatre at Bergamo has been confided, for the duration of the fair, to the Brothers Marzi, who will give performances of *opera buffa* and ballet. Some papers have spread the report that the management of the Theatres Royal, Naples, would perhaps pass, ere long, into the hands of Malvezzi, the tenor. Signor Lorenzoni and Signora Gavetti Reggiani have been engaged for next autumn at the Communal Theatre of Bologna, the former as first dancer, and the latter as *prima donna*.

Signor Masini, first bass, is at present in Milan, whence he will soon return to St. Petersburg, where he is engaged for the fourth time.

The Neapolitan journal *Il Diorama* has changed its title, and is now called *L'Italia*.

Among the recent engagements for Constantinople may be mentioned those of Signor A. Bianchi, first tenor; Fiorini, bass; Mattioli, buffo; and Signora Galli, *prima donna assoluta*.

M. H. Montplaisir is engaged as ballet master for the Carneval of 1860-1 at the Carlo Felice Theatre, Genoa. The fresh choreographic work produced will be entitled *Benvenuto Cellini*, on which the management will spare no expense. Verdi's *Trovatore* is being given simultaneously at Gerbino and the Alfieri Theatre, Turin.

The vocal and instrumental concert of the pupils at the Milan Conservatory took place on the 8th of July.

The opening of the Valle Theatre, at Rome, for the summer season was to have taken place on the 30th of June, with the *Musnadieri*. After the last rehearsal, however, Corsi the tenor fell ill. The part of Carlo was immediately given to the other tenor of the establishment, Signor Gianini, and the opening fixed for the 3rd of July, but, at the first general rehearsal, Signor Gianini was compelled, by an intestinal attack, to take to his bed. On this, application was made to Signor Negrini, who happened to be still at Rome, and that gentleman appeared in the part on the 7th ult.; Signora Teresa Armellini was the *prima donna*.

Signoras Pancani, Negrini, Coletti; Signoras Steffanone, Vera-Lorini, and Mlle. Boschetti, *première danseuse*, are engaged at the San Carlo, Naples.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—We learn that arrangements have been nearly concluded for the appearance at the Academy of Music, probably in September, of Nixon's fine equestrian troupe, part of which performed last spring, in the Walnut Street Theatre. After that Mr. Edwin Forrest, who has made a six months' engagement with Mr. Nixon, will appear at the Academy in a series of his best parts. The house will not be opened for Italian opera until after Mr. Forrest's departure. Strakosch and Ullmann are preparing for a brilliant operatic season, and Philadelphia will have her full share. Ullmann is now in Europe engaging new artists, in addition to those already in this country.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

The committee for the Prince of Wales celebration at Montreal have made arrangements with M. Strakosch, who is to have associated with him Adeline Patti, Brignoli, or another tenor, a basso and a buffo, to give a portion of the entertainment (one hour's programme) at the ball building, the night after the ball, for which the committee pay Strakosch two thousand five hundred dollars.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—The season of 1860-1, opened handsomely at this theatre on Monday. The seats were well filled with an appreciative audience, among which it was not difficult to recognize many of the steady patrons of the Museum; whose presence was an indication of their confidence in the new manager, and their desire for his success in his new position. The comedy of the *Rivals* was, as a whole, well and satisfactorily played. Messrs. W. H. Smith, Keach and Whitman were enthusiastically greeted, and Mr. Warren received with deafening peals of applause. Other old favorites and the new candidates for popular approval were kindly welcomed. We have said that the opening comedy was well played. In certain details the cast could not be improved.—*Gazette*.

THE GREAT SAENGERFEST.—From a report published in the *Buffalo Republic*, we learn that the receipts of the great Saengerbund Festival in that city, were \$4,700, including \$1,572 receipts from the three concerts. The disbursements, on the other hand, amounted to \$4,584 66, thus leaving a balance of \$124 34. The Saengerfest was a success financially, as well as every other way.

WORCESTER, MASS.—There was an impromptu gathering of musical friends at the rooms of Mr. Amos Whiting, on Friday evening, under the auspices of the Mendelssohn, Choral and Mozart societies of Worcester. Miss Lizzie Heywood and Mr. George Wright, Jr., of Boston, being present as invited guests, sang a variety of solos and popular songs and duets, in a manner which delighted the audience. Miss Heywood possesses a highly cultivated voice, of great power and flexibility, and she sings with much ease and grace. Mr. Wright has a rich, bass voice of great power and compass. The performance was as creditable to them as it was gratifying to those who heard them.

La France Hippique relates the following anecdote: "Gerard, the celebrated painter, was charged by the Emperor Napoleon I. to paint the battle of Austerlitz. In his composition of that great feat of arms, General Rapp was to be represented coming up at full gallop to announce the gain of the battle. Every thing was prepared on the canvass, and there only remained to place Rapp on horseback, but Gerard could not find a charger which suited his ideas. The Emperor had placed at his disposal, not only all the horses of his own stables, but ordered that those of all the cavalry regiments should be open to him. The animals were made to gallop, rear, and perform all kinds of movements, but none of them pleased the painter, and Rapp still remained unmounted. One day while walking along the Boulevard, the painter, in passing before a toy-shop, uttered an exclamation of delight on observing a small pasteboard horse, painted grey and with a black head, which, from its position, looked as if it was about to leap out of the window. 'Ah!' cried Gerard, 'that is the horse for Rapp;' and entering, he asked the price of it—'Twenty-five sous,' was the reply; and the artist, paying the money, carried off the horse under his arm. It is this animal which, it is said, figures in the famous picture of the Museum at Versailles, carrying Rapp to the emperor, the General, in his haste, having lost his hat.

A QUESTION OF ETIQUETTE.—We find the following in the *Philadelphia Press*, written, probably, by its literary editor, Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie:—It is stated in the English papers that a difficulty has been raised at St. Petersburg, about the reception of Lady Crampton, wife of the British ambassador at that court. It is said that the objection is that, before her marriage, she was simply Miss Victoria Balfe, an opera-singer. The article says:—"The Russians are agast at the idea of a singer having precedence of the ladies of the whole foreign *Corps Diplomatique*, together with the *entrée* to the palace. They cannot see how the daughter of a musical composer, the leader of the orchestra of the opera-house, (herself a public singer, moreover,) can worthily represent the Majesty of England! They say, 'It is true a noble earl married an actress, Miss Farren; the late Earl of Essex, Miss Stephens, the singer; the late Duke of St. Albans an actress, Miss Mellon; the late Earl of Harrington an actress, Miss Foote; the late Earl of Craven an actress, Miss Brunton, etc., but none of these noblemen were ambassadors or other representatives of British sovereigns.'" The case is not fairly put by the Russian sticklers of etiquette. The Countess of Derby was Eliza Farren, actress; the Countess of Craven was Louisa Brunton, actress; the Countess of Essex was Kitty Stephens, singer. Each and every one of these ladies had an exemplary reputation before and after marriage, and were received at the court of the British sovereign, for the time being, just as if they had been dukes' daughters. Their husbands, in a word, drew them up to their own elevated station, and society gladly received them. On the other hand, the Duchess of St. Albans (Miss Mellon, afterward Mrs. Coutts) and the Countess of Harrington, had light characters and loose conduct before marriage, and were never received at court, or in any society which had a care for its own reputation. It was just the same with the late Countess of Blessington, who, we believe, never ventured to solicit a presentation at court, and was visited, during her residence in London, only by gentlemen. Miss Balfe had an irreproachable reputation during her short, but brilliant, professional career. On her return to Russia, should any doubt then exist as to her right to the *entrée* to the imperial court, the master of ceremonies may be reminded that Henrietta Sontag, a public singer, quitted the stage to marry Count Rossi, that, while a public character, she had sung at the opera-house of St. Petersburg; and that when she subsequently accompanied her husband to Russia, whither he was sent as ambassador from his own country, the Emperor Nicholas and his wife cordially received her into their most intimate society. As persons who stickle for *etiquette* are greatly influenced by *precedent*, here is a case in point which may be found useful. No doubt, Sir John Crampton will urge it, if necessary.

Mr. Vincent William Wallace, the celebrated composer, has returned from the United States, to which he has recently paid a short visit on affairs of business. Mr. Wallace proceeds to Wiesbaden, where he will doubtless put the finishing touches to his new opera of the *Amber Witch*, pronounced by all who have heard it superior even to *Lurline*. The *Amber Witch* is to be produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, after Mr. Macfarren's *Robin Hood*.—*Mus. World*.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

THEATRE IMPERIAL DE L'OPERA. Robert le Diable was performed for the 425th time, on occasion of the debuts of Mad. Vandenheuev-Duprez, (daughter of the great tenor) and Mlle. Marie Sax. The former gained a complete triumph in the rôle of the Princess Isabel, which was created by Mad. Damoreau and carried on by Mad. Dorus, and connoisseurs agreed in the opinion that no one, since the last named lady has filled the character with more éclat and charming real talent than Mad. Vandenheuev-Duprez. Mlle. Sax also was favorably received in the character of Alice as a cantatrice of great future promise. The costumes and decorations for this performance was entirely new throughout.

Aug. 1.—I am this week almost in the same predicament again which obliged me in our last letter to entertain you *de coquis et bobus* rather than of actors and musicians. Paris has fallen into a sort of dreamy lethargic state, from which it will only rouse itself to rush off to the seaside or the German health springs. At the Grand Opéra, the run of *Semiramis* continues, if such an expression can be applied to the progression of the stately Queen of the East. The sisters Marchisio have gained more self possession in their respective parts, and advance in public estimation. The famous duo between Arsace and Semiramis is nightly called for a second time. *Pierre de Medicis*, Prince Poniatowski's opera, has been played once, and *Robert le Diable* is to be produced forthwith with Mlle. Vandenheuev Duprez, and Mlle. Maria Sax. Roger was induced to sing once more at the Opéra Comique before his departure for Baden, and appeared in the part of Georges in *Da Dame Blanche* before a densely crowded audience, who greeted him with every mark of enthusiastic admiration. It was, indeed, an adroit stroke of policy on the part of M. Beaumont, the new manager, to bring Roger back to the scene of his first blushing honors, and thus to revive those laurels which, in the arduous trials of the Grand Opéra had somewhat faded. *Le petit Chapeau Rouge*, so long announced, will decidedly be revived this week, and immediately upon it will follow M. d'Hauteroche's comedy, *Crispin Medecin*, the production of which has suffered some delay, owing to objections raised to it on the part of the authorities. They have at last consented to let it be acted, but stipulate for a different title. This is a concession, no doubt, to the susceptibilities of the medical profession, who are in this country a very thin-skinned class, and mighty sticklers for the dignity of their cloth. The race of *Diaphorins*, though it has discarded powdered periwig and gold-headed cane, is as flourishing as when Molière scarified its bombastic pedantry with the sharp edge of his satire; but public authority now intervenes to save the dignity of science from such unseemly assaults.

Gossip is already busy with the future season at the Italian Opera here. It seems a settled thing that if Tamberlik do not return, Mario is engaged for the last six months of the season, and Signor Pancani for March and April. Graziani, Gardoni, Badiali, Zucchini, Angelini, and Mmes. Alboni, Penco, and Marie Battu are coming again, so that a sufficiently complete company will to a certainty be available. The season it is said will open with *La Sonnambula*; and *La Semiramide* will be given with Mesdames Alboni and Penco, and Badiali, so that the Parisians will have an opportunity of exercising their critical acumen by a comparison of the Italian performance with that now forming the principal attraction of their own Grand Opéra. Such operas as *Il Matrimonio Segreto* and *L'Italiana in Algeri*, which are not sufficiently long to furnish forth the entire evening, will be backed up by operas in one act selected from the old Italian *répertoire*.

The Orpheon Society of the city of Paris held one of two grand meetings last Sunday at the Cirque Napoléon, under the direction of MM. François Bazin and Pasdeloup, directors of vocal instruction in the communal schools. The programme may interest some of your readers after the recent visit to Eng-

land of the Orpheonists. Here it is:—Part I.: 1. *Veni Creator*, by Bessozzi; 2. *Le Médecin Tant mieux et le Médecin Tant pir*, by Bazin; 3. *Angelus*, by Papin; 4. *La Garde Passe* (men's voices), by Grétry; 5. *O Salutaris*, by Auber; 6. *Le Couvre-feu*, by Halévy. Part II.—1. *Invocation*, by Pacheloup; 2. *Le Printemps* (men's voices), by Von Calle; 3. *Les Vendanges*, by Orlando de Lassus; 4. *Faust* (men's voices), by Gounod; 5. *Cantique*, by Haydn; 6. *Vive l'Empereur*, by Gounod. The second meeting will be next Sunday. Last week the Concert Musard distinguished itself by the performance of Spontini's overture to *Olympia*; and as few opportunities of hearing this work have ever presented themselves to the Parisians, great curiosity was excited on the occasion. Mad. Spontini is said to have furnished directions as to the true mode of rendering the work; and certainly it was very effectively executed.

The distribution of prizes at the Conservatoire for Music and Declamation has just taken place, but in neither apartment do the competitions appear to have brought to light talent of more than ordinary promise. It is worth while noticing, perhaps, that among the competitors for the violin and violoncello prizes, figured four young ladies, three violinists and one violoncellist. Lady fiddlers we are tolerably well accustomed to, but the attitude of a lady grasping with all her limbs a violoncello is one to the grotesqueness of which usage has not yet reconciled us. In time, no doubt, we shall think nothing of it. The cry after more female occupations, which is so fast breaking down the foolish distinctions between sauce for the goose and sauce for the gander, and has already given us a female goose practising physic, is destined, no doubt, to wear out our faculty of astonishment at such novelties. Female lawyers, soldiers, and sailors will be plentiful as blackberries; and the stories of Portia, and Joan of Arc, and the touching ballad of "Billy Taylor," will lose their savor.—*Cor. of Lond. Musical World.*

London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—On Saturday the theatre really closed for the season, although it was anticipated that it would be kept open another week, in consequence of the increasing success of *Oberon*. It could not be managed, however, some of the principal singers being imperatively summoned to their continental engagements. The performances on Saturday were for the benefit of Mlle. Titiens, and included *Oberon*, preceded by the "Shadow Song," from *Dinorah* for Mad. Marie Cabel; the last scene from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, for Signor Giuglini; and the *divertissement* from the ballet of *Orfa*, for Mad. Ferraris. The audience was enormous, in spite of the thunder-storm that raged furiously and the rain that fell in absolute torrents from 6 until 9 o'clock. It is not easy to account for the triumphant reception awarded to *Oberon* at Her Majesty's Theatre, when it is remembered that, with Braham and Miss Paton in the cast, in the zenith of their popularity when the opera was first produced at Covent Garden with great splendor of scenery and decoration and the extremest care in the general getting up under the composer's own direction, it was a comparative failure. Has the musical taste of the public so much degenerated? Does there exist a stronger admiration for the decorative in theatricals? Is Signor Mongini a greater tenor than Braham, or Mlle. Titiens superior to Miss Paton? Does Her Majesty's Theatre enjoy a more powerful prestige than old Covent Garden before Music hurled the Drama from its pride of place? Is Mr. E. T. Smith a better or a more fortunate manager than the late Charles Kemble, or Mr. Benedict a more experienced and *habile* conductor than Tom Cooke of facetious memory? However these questions may be answered for or against the representation of *Oberon* in Her Majesty's Theatre, some things may be urged directly in its favor. It may be confidently asserted that the characters of Fatima and Oberon, so important in the score were never before so efficiently performed as by Mad. Alboni and Signor Belart; nor had Sphasmin and Babekan been entrusted to such artists as Signor Everardi and M. Gassier. In short, the cast of *Oberon* at Her Majesty's Theatre was incomparable, and such an array of talent could not fail to have a powerful allurements of its own. As the music became better known too it was more liked, and this gave a durability to the attraction which neither perfect cast nor splendor of decorations could secure. That *Oberon* has proved one of the most triumphant successes of late years on the Italian stage cannot be denied, and indeed its production promises to constitute an epoch in the annals of the opera.—*London Musical World.*

MADAME JULLIEN'S BENEFIT.—It is gratifying to find that the English public have not forgotten the

man who did so much for the advancement of his art and the cultivation of the musical taste of the age, for we cannot but think that a very large portion of the 15,000 persons who were at the Surrey Gardens on Tuesday evening were influenced by the desire of doing some good for the widow of one who was deservedly the most popular, as he was the most talented of caterers for the amusement, and let us also add the elevation, of his patrons. Fortunately the weather was favorable, and consequently those who could not obtain room in the large hall, which was crammed to suffocation, were not inconvenienced by having to remain in the open air, and listen to the strains of the performers, mellowed by the distance which in this instance might have "lent enchantment," if not "to the view," at least to something else, for the heat and the crowding must have been positively awful to those in the area of the building; it was bad enough in the first circle, where standing room was just as much at a premium as everywhere else. Of course we cannot be expected to notice in detail a programme which numbered some thirty-five pieces, and lasted from half past six until—well, we cannot say when, for we certainly did not stay it all out. The entertainment was divided into four parts—the first orchestral, conducted by Mr. Alfred Mellon and Prince Galitzin (whose Surprise Polka was encored by the way), comprising the overture to *Semiramide*, one movement of Mendelssohn's A minor symphony, Jullien's Warsaw Varsoviana and Last Waltz—the latter for the first time of performance, and every way worthy the reputation of its lamented composer, the air charming and eminently *dansante*. The second and third parts entirely vocal, embraced a variety of songs, ballads, &c., all of which were received with a greater or less degree of noisy enthusiasm too closely bordering upon turbulence to be pleasant. Of the fourth part of the concert, in which the bands of the Grenadier, Coldstream, and Scots Fusilier Guards were announced to appear, we can say nothing, but have no doubt that Jullien's English and British Army Quadrilles afforded as much delight as they used when conducted by their composer, and the Last Waltz repeated to the gratification of the multitude, who seemed to evince no desire to quit the "gay and festive scene and halls of dazzling light."—*Ibid.*

MISS ANNA WHITTY.—The *Buon Gusto* of Florence says, "Anna Whitty is a young and fair daughter of England, who has made Italy a second country, and Italian art a passion and a religion. Distinguished for education, manners, instruction and talent, she perfected her vocal powers in Florence, under a first-rate master; her studies were not of that superficial order which the greater part of the singers of the present day pass through. She rendered herself familiar with the works of our best composers, and preferred, with the instinct of good taste, the classical creations of our immortal *maestri*. Mlle. Whitty has by this gained the gratitude of our land of song—it is for this she merits renown and honor. She made her *debut* at the Theatre-Royal Pagliado, at Florence, some three years ago, having previously held the post of *prima donna* at Malta, for two seasons. Mlle. Whitty has a commanding presence and a pleasing countenance. As we have said before, her manners and deportment on the stage are eminently noble and distinguished. Her voice is not robust, but is rich and full in tone, with an excellent suavity and sweetness, of great compass, most flexible, and, above all, most sympathetic, being of that *timbre* that does not beseege but descends to the heart, filling the soul with the various emotions of tenderness and melancholy. Added to this is her rare *trillo* and perfection of *method*, her extraordinary agility with which she overcomes the most difficult passages, performing them spontaneously, and without an effort; her singing is an *embroidery*; difficulties become for her a mere plaything—a pastime. Mlle. Whitty, as a "lyric actress," is capable of interpreting any work; but it is in classical compositions, particularly those of Rossini, in which she most excels, and for which she seems specially created; it is in these *chefs d'œuvre* her genius develops itself, where her *trillo* is most displaced. For her there must be obstacles, difficulties, and then she is seen gliding, flying, playing among a million of notes the most complicated and perilous, with the same rapidity, ease, and security, as the butterfly frolics among flowers. Added to this *trillo*, the grace, the charm that accompanies it, producing an *ensemble* that almost reaches perfection. Mlle. Whitty's powers as an actress equal those she possesses as a singer. Her gestures are as graceful as they are moderate; each movement betrays intelligence and refinement. She never forgets the part she represents, being herself embodied in the character she interprets.—*Ibid.*

Special Notices.

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This will prove a very acceptable volume to those for whose special profit and amusement it is intended. The songs are all excellent and highly attractive; the elementary portions of them from their easy and progressive nature will render the acquisition of a primary knowledge of vocal music free from those difficulties which often attend the efforts of the young. For these reasons the Nightingale will be found a volume of superior worth for children at school or at home.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 439.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 1, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 23.

(From the New York Journal of Commerce.)

Canterbury Bells.

Am I dreaming, through the gleaming
Of this golden summer day,
Of the ringing and the singing
Of the voices far away?
From the old Cathedral's cloisters,
From its tower the music swells
And the air is full of music
Of the Canterbury Bells.

'Tis the dawning of the morning
O'er the lovely English isles;
And rejoicing in the sunshine,
All the broad bright country smiles;
Bright the hedgerows gleam with freshness,
And adown the dewy dells,
Wanders in the chiming chorus
Of the Canterbury Bells.

And the gay old town awaking,
With the voices of the prime,
Seems the sacred spell partaking
Of the blessed matin time;
Tread the aisles the fair-browed singers,
Soft their silvery chorus swells,
And o'er all, I hear the ringing
Of the Canterbury Bells.

Then anon, the evening cometh,
Rich with sunset's rosy glow,
And the evening's purple shadows
Darken all the earth below;
And the vesper chime, soft stealing,
Still the same old story tells
That in centuries past was murmured
From the Canterbury Bells.

Nay, I wake, 'tis but the dreaming
That a morn like this will bring,
Faint, and soft and mellow, beaming
Like the sunshine of the Spring.
I am in the fairy palace,
Reared by Flora's mystic spells,
With each white and purple chalice
Of the Canterbury Bells.

'Twas a poet's mythic fancies
Thus to name these regal flowers,
Looked he back, in raptured trances,
To his boyhood's dreaming hours?
When the chimes of England haunted
All his dreams with sweetest spells,
And he heard, like one enchanted,
Sounds of Canterbury Bells.

Heart of mine, which thus can waken,
Quick to sounds of grief or cheer,
When these fairy bells are shaken,
Waking tones for souls to hear.
Wander still across the ocean,
Fraught with memory's silent spells,
Hear, as in the dim old cloister,
Sounds of Canterbury Bells.

E. G. B.

Hoffmann.

A musician whose works present many points of analogy with those of the composers mentioned by us last week as the heads of the German Romantic School is Hoffmann—far better known by his tales than by his *Miserere*, his *Requiem*, his airs and choruses for Werner's *Crusade of the Baltic*, or his operas of *Love and Jealousy*, *The Canon of Milan*, and *Undine*, which last production has always been regarded as his masterpiece. Indeed, with *Undine*, Hoffmann obtained his one great musical success, and it is easy to account for the marked favor with which that work was received in Berlin. In the first place, the fantastic nature of the subject was eminently suited to the peculiar genius of the composer. Then he possessed the advantage of having an

excellent *libretto*, written by Lamotte-Fouqué, the author of the original tale; and finally, the opera was admirably executed at the Royal Theatre of Berlin. Probably not one of our readers has heard Hoffmann's *Undine*, which was brought out in 1817, and we believe was never revived, though much of the music enjoyed for a time considerable popularity, and the composition as a whole was warmly and publicly praised by no less a personage than Karl Maria von Weber. On the other hand, *Undine*, and Hoffmann's music generally, have been condemned by Sir Walter Scott, who is reported not to have been able to distinguish one melody from another, though he had of course a profound admiration for Scotch ballads of all kinds. M. Fétis, too, after informing us that Hoffmann "gave music lessons, painted enormous pictures, and wrote licentious novels (where are Hoffmann's licentious novels?), without succeeding in making himself remarked in any style," goes on to assure us, without ever having heard *Undine*, that although there were "certain parts" in which genius was evinced, "want of connexion, of conformity, of conception, and of plan, might be observed throughout," and that "the judgment of the best critics was that such a work could not be classed among those compositions which mark an epoch in art."

Weber had studied criticism less perhaps than M. Fétis, but he knew more about creativeness, and in an article on the opera of *Undine*, so far from complaining of any "want of connexion, of conformity, of conception, and of plan," the author of *Der Freischütz* says: "This work seems really to have been composed at one inspiration, and I do not remember, after hearing it several times, that any passage ever recalled me for a single minute from the circle of magic images that the artist evoked in my soul. Yes, from the beginning to the end the author sustains the interest so powerfully by the musical development of his theme, that after but a single hearing one really seizes the *ensemble* of the work, and detail disappears in the *naïveté* and modesty of his art. With rare renunciation, such as can be appreciated only by him who knows what it costs to sacrifice the triumph of a momentary success, M. Hoffmann has disdained to enrich some pieces at the expense of others; which it is so easy to do by giving them an importance which does not belong to them as members of the entire work. The composer always advances, visibly guided by this one aspiration—to be always truthful, and to keep up the dramatic action without ceasing, instead of checking or fettering it in its rapid progress. Diverse and strongly marked as are the characters of the different personages, there is nevertheless something which surrounds them all; it is that fabulous life, full of phantoms, and those soft whisperings of terror which belong so peculiarly to the fantastic. Kühleborn is the character most strikingly put in relief both by the choice of the melodies, and by the instrumentation which, never leaving him, always announces his sinister approach.* This is quite right, Kühleborn appearing, if not as destiny itself, at least as its appointed instrument. After him comes Undine, the charming daughter of the waves, which, made sonorous, now murmur and break in harmonious roulades, now powerful and commanding, announce her power. The arietta of the second act, treated with rare and subtle grace, seems to me to be a thorough success, and to render the character perfectly. Hildebrand, so passionate yet full of hesitation, and allowing himself to be carried away by each amorous de-

sire, and the pious and simple priest, with his grave choral melody, are the next in importance. In the back-ground are Bertalda, the fisherman and his wife, and the duke and duchess. The strains sung by the suite of the latter breathe a joyous, animated life, and are developed with admirable gaiety, thus forming a contrast with the sombre choruses of the spirits of the earth and water, which are full of harsh, strange progressions. The end of the opera, in which the composer displays, as if to crown his work, all his abundance of harmony in the double chorus in eight parts, appears to me grandly conceived and perfectly rendered. He has expressed these words—"Good night to all the cares and to all the magnificence of the earth"—with true loftiness, and with a soft melancholy which, in spite of the tragic conclusion of the piece, leaves behind a delicious impression of calm and consolation. The overture and the final chorus which enclose the work here give one another the hand. The former, which evokes and opens the world of wonders, commences softly, goes on increasing, then bursts forth with passion; the latter is introduced without brusqueness, but mixes itself up with the action, and calms and satisfies it completely. The entire work is one of the most *spiritual* that these latter times have given us. It is the result of the most perfect and intimate comprehension of the subject, completed by a series of ideas profoundly reflected upon, and by the intelligent use of all the material resources of art; the whole rendered into a magnificent work by beautiful and admirably developed melodies."

M. Berlioz has said of Hoffmann's music, adding, however, that he had not heard a note of it, that it was "*de la musique de littérateur*." M. Fétis, having heard about as much of it, has said a great deal more; but, after what has been written about Hoffmann's principal opera by such a master and judge as Karl Maria von Weber, neither the opinion of M. Fétis nor of M. Berlioz can be of any value on the subject. The merit of Hoffmann's music has probably been denied because the world is not inclined to believe that the same man can be a great writer and also a great musician. Perhaps it is this perversity of human nature that makes us disposed to hold M. Berlioz in so little esteem as an author; and we have no doubt that there are many who would be equally averse to according M. Fétis any tolerable rank as a composer.—*London Musical World*, Aug. 4.

Congregational Singing.

In the attempt to establish Congregational Singing in the churches of the land, it seems to be taken for granted by many, that those who are unfortunate enough to possess any special acuteness or delicacy of ear, are not to be regarded. If the majority of the congregation are willing to try to sing, that is enough; let that portion of the people who do not enjoy the exercise, when all varieties of sounds are made which go by the name of singing, bear it as they best may. They are not to be taken into the account. Congregational singing must be had. Be patient toward a word or two on the other side, for it is only once that I ask the privilege of being heard.

Let it be premised that in the pure and chaste tones of well-cultivated voices, there is nothing that will injure the natural sensibilities of any one. Good singing, in connection with a good hymn, will always have a favorable impression on every unbiased mind, whether of one who "has an ear" or of one who has not. It will hurt the feelings of no one. But how is it with singing, when the voices of many of those who purport to "sing," are so discordant that any sound which comes within a half, or at least, a quarter of a tone of what it should be, answers their

*Another proof that this device is not new in the hands of Herr Wagner.

purpose? How is it, when instead of all singing in harmony, there are many, in reality, singing *independent solos*, all through the congregation,—each one doing his loudest in his own way? To some, in every congregation, these things seem intolerable. Suppose that out of every two hundred in a congregation there are twenty five who should be annoyed at every religious meeting, by having repeated shocks from an electrical battery, administered to their persons; and it should be said by others, that there is no great objection to this, because the congregation, generally, suffer no such annoyance; and those few individuals who do, ought to have their minds and hearts on spiritual things, and not give way to it: would any man of sense say that such a state of things ought to be continued!

Now the actual effect on a portion of the people of some sounds, in what is called "congregational singing," is certainly very similar to the shocks from an electrical battery, and religion can no more shield them from it, than it can from the shocks from the battery; and yet this effect is ten times worse than the one supposed, for this reason: shocks from such a battery would carry no particular sentiment with them; while those received in the manner alluded to, come in the closest connection with the most sacred and beautiful hymns, and the disagreeable associations, thus inevitably formed, will remain; so that, in such a person's remembrance of the most delightful hymn, there *will come*—for a long time afterwards, if not always—the remembrance of the tragedy of its being literally executed, in a judicial sense,—not by the congregation, but by some few of those independent solo singers, who are scattered through the congregation;—each one showing off to his silent neighbors, how much in quantity, without regard to quality, he can sing!

Now to the idea of "*congregational singing*" we have no objection whatever. But to call that "*congregational singing*" which is really done by less, on an average, than one-fifth of the congregation, and done, as it too often is, in the very manner here described, is not calling the thing by a right name, nor is such singing that which would seem best designed for general edification. It is certainly one desirable part of religion to avoid, as far as possible, disturbing the religion of others.

With very many in our congregations, all this may be very tolerable, for they are not annoyed by discords. But is it kind, to say the least, for the many to trample on the sensibilities of those who may unfortunately be in the minority, when the mental and spiritual experience of all might be richer and more profitable, by having some due regard to the manner of our worship, and especially to the feelings of those whose sensibilities are not made of iron or brass? Having then "*gifts differing*," let those to whom these are severally committed, be found attending to their own with faithfulness and sincerity, and there need be no schism. Let him that teacheth, teach, and him that exhorteth, exhort; but let not him who really cannot sing, undertake to aid the devotions of others by his vain attempts, before he has properly learned. To be a "*thorn in the flesh*" to others is bad enough for those who must endure the dispensation, but to be a spear in the soul is certainly a thing to be avoided by all possible means. We require the *mind* and *voice* of a public speaker to be properly trained; why not the *voice*, in one who is to sing in public worship?

We believe that a very great majority of the people may learn to sing with propriety, if they are properly instructed, and are *willing to persevere in their efforts to learn*: and when the congregation can sing, we should like very much to have them do it—but not before! A SMALL BUT EARNEST MINORITY.

We are always very happy to find room for any "*small but earnest minority*" to express themselves upon matters of common concernment; and we are doubly willing to insert the above communication because we can sympathize with its tenor—if that is the part which it sings. It is a good old maxim, which is so full of the spirit of the Bible, that it might have found utterance on the sacred page, that "*whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well*." Congregational singing may be the Heaven-intended, or, at least, Heaven-preferred method for the sanctuary; but, if so, it ought to be both singing, and *Congregational* singing. This it cannot be, until the *Congregation* have learned how to sing.

Singing is the utterance of sounds with melodious modulations of the voice. It involves some knowledge of melody and rhythm. Nobody can sing who cannot tell a chord from a discord as quick as we can distinguish the shriek of a steam whistle from the squeak of a penny trumpet. Doubtless—as our correspondent suggests—most people can be taught to sing in some tolerable manner, if they are taught

young, and are made the subjects of long and careful training. But it is impossible for a congregation where non-musical members have not been thus dealt with, to make melody by their voices to the Lord.

We are aware that it is common to point to our lecture rooms, and the weekly prayer meetings held in them, and to refer to the "*good singing*" there, with the triumphant inquiry why, if the "*congregation*" can sing so successfully and with so much of real comfort and edification there, the "*congregation*" may not do the same thing in the house of God in the Sabbath service of song? We think there is an easy answer which negatives the inquiry. In the first place, the congregation do most seldom sing in the lecture-room; but only the ten, twenty, thirty, forty or fifty persons who have musical taste and culture, and whose volume of tone in that small room reverberates grandly from end to end and from side to side; drowning even the discords—if they are made by the unskilled. In the greatly increased space of the church edifice, that volume of tone becomes so thinned and enfeebled, as hardly to recognize itself, and to be no wise able to smother and conceal the discordant voices of those who, though they may sing with ever so much of the spirit, never sang five words with the understanding in their lives, and could not, if life depended upon it. The same tunes, sang by the same voices that sounded nobly and sweetly in the lecture-room, will, therefore, be very apt to disappoint expectation in the church: and if the organ occupies its usual place in the gallery, from eight to twenty feet above the floor on which the audience stand, it will be found next to impossible, for the organist and the people to "*keep time*," in anything approaching a quick and strong movement on his part; the consequence of which will be that all tunes will be played and sung with a slow and drawing movement, until the service of song in the house of the Lord "*like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along*"—to the weariness of all, and the special and intense disgust of those who are affected with musical sensibility in an acute degree.

It is a most hopeful feature in the case that the children—in our week day and Sabbath schools—are now so almost universally taught to sing. And it may not unreasonably be anticipated that, by the time that those children shall have passed up into our congregations so as to compose their bulk, it may be possible to have "*congregational singing*" in which all the congregation may share with some tolerable skill and strength. But there is a "*good time coming*." Its advent is not yet. And until it comes, we think the most successful congregational singing—and the most comfortable and edifying singing, any way—will be found to be the product of a small and well trained choir, who shall perform two-thirds of the Sabbath service—the congregation being invited and urged to join with them in the first singing of the morning, and the last of the afternoon; the choir leading off, and the people following, in the use of some of those good, simple and strong chorales, which would bear the stress of a regiment of voices, and an organ accompaniment like the war of the ocean on its reefs, without being overdone.

We may be in a "*small minority*" in this opinion, but we are "*earnest*," and what is more—we are right.—*Congregationalist*.

Music of the Moravians.

From a pleasant account in the *New York Evening Post*, of a Sunday spent at the Moravian settlement at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, we take the following description of their church music:

The music is peculiar. All the congregation sing, the tune being some old German choral, to which the organist plays a varied and quite scientific accompaniment, introducing an interlude of a few chords between each line. A sermon follows, and the services conclude with a prayer and benediction.

After dinner we go to the cemetery, a beautiful plot of ground, where, under the shade of majestic elms, the "*ruddle forefathers of the hamlet sleep*," and where the Moravians are buried in regular order as they die. The cemetery is peculiar, because it contains no upright slab or monument, the graves being marked by square horizontal slabs laid on top, and bearing the usual inscriptions, sometimes in English, sometimes in German. It is always open, and seems to be used as a public park. It has none of the gloom which usually attaches to grave-yards, probably because it looks so little like one.

At two o'clock we must go to the church again, for there is to be a "*Love Feast*," and just as service commences we are in our place. They are playing the voluntary, not on the organ, but with a brass

band! The band of only four pieces, but each echoing loudly and clearly through the church, is near the organ, and they play an adagio choral movement full of devotional feeling. As they close the organ commences with a majestic strain of slow swelling music. A venerable clergyman opens the service by giving out a hymn, which is sung as usual by the congregation, and is followed by a vocal quartet, accompanied by the organ and violoncello, for eight or ten players upon stringed instruments are seated near the organist, the keyboard of the organ being turned so that the performer faces the pulpit. The quartet is followed by a chorus sung by the choir, which includes some thirty ladies without bonnets, each wearing a pretty little cap on the back of her head. Other choruses and anthems follow, the service being principally musical, and the clear notes of the cornets and violins soaring up above the full, rich, diapason tones of the organ. The clergyman occasionally reads the hymn or anthem (sometimes in German, sometimes in English), the choir singing each line as it is given out.

The music, notwithstanding the orchestral resources at the command of the leader, is by no means florid, nor even brilliant. Slow choral movements sometimes, but rarely touching on the fugue style, are preferred. There are two organists, who play alternately, and the gentleman on duty last Sunday was good enough to show to Mr. Wisp the musical library of the choir. The music, much of it written in the old style of notation, on the C clef, and with figured bass, is entirely in manuscript, and some of it has been in the possession of the church for generations. All composers, Protestant and Catholic, are made use of, but not many of their works will suit the devotional style of the Moravian worship, and the compositions most in vogue here are those of old Moravian composers, and can be heard only in Moravian societies and churches. All the musicians who sing or play in the church, are, with the exception of the organists, volunteer performers. The violins, cornets, trombone, cello and other musical instruments used in the choir, are played by amateurs, (for almost every Moravian is skilled in music,) and it certainly has a singular appearance to see stout well-to-do farmers, property-owners, or store-keepers, leaning back in their seats in the choir and drawing their bow across the strings of the violins. Most people in other towns, in their condition or standing in their respective communities, would consider it trifling, and beneath their notice to bother with such things; but here in Bethlehem music is both loved and cultivated. Almost every lady plays the piano, and almost every man the violin or organ.

The "*Love Feast*" itself must not be forgotten. At a certain point of the service sweet buns and warm coffee are passed round, every one partaking. The services close with a few prayers in German and English, and the usual benediction. Indeed, it is noticeable that German and English are equally familiar to the inhabitants, the older Moravians speaking German in their households, while the younger naturally prefer the English.

If, then, any reader of these sketches wishes to take a delightful peep into Pennsylvania, visit a peculiar people and attend a strange and interesting, though perfectly orthodox religious service, let him spend a Sunday at Bethlehem.

Fine Arts.

(From the New York Times, August 13.)

Art in Newport.

NEWPORT, August, 1860.

I was surprised to encounter Rowse on the Cliffs. The statement that Carlyle and Tennyson declined to sit for their portraits to him is erroneous. The rain fell constantly while Rowse was in England, and an attack of inflammation of the eyes obliged him to cut short his visit. Richard M. Hunt is here recruiting from a severe illness; Ehninger has just left. As Monday is proverbially dull here, owing to the absence of a New York mail, and the large number who always prepare to leave on that evening, it is a good time to tell you something about Art in Newport.

Visitors who come here from the Hudson River, Berkshire County, or the White Mountains, complain of the tameness of the scenery. They miss picturesque elevations, noble trees, and the umbrageous masses which add so essentially to the beauty of the landscape elsewhere. It is true that the lover of nature must here look to the sea—with its ever-changing moods and hues, its limitless expanse, beautiful inlets, and graceful shores—for his scenic pleasure; yet the infinite variety of the ocean, to the eye of a keen and susceptible observer—for a time, at least,

—more than compensates for the lack of woods and mountains. The rocks here are full of character; and for studies of color the painter will vainly seek a clearer twinkle in the grass, a deeper azure in the heavens, crystalline blue water more pure, sunsets more splendid, an atmosphere more lucent, or vaporous neutral tints more effective. For these reasons, and still more, perhaps, because of the good working Summer climate and the intelligent society of the place, Newport has always been fondly sought by the artistic fraternity. In the brief history of American art, it is one of the first places named as the abode of painters. Bishop Berkeley brought Smibert here from England, and his are the first good portraits that were executed in America. In walking or driving with artist friends here, their frequent exclamations of discovery and delight, indicate that Newport is not deficient in picturesque materials. Now it is a magnificent cloud, and now a beautiful surge; sometimes a long aerial perspective, and again a charming costume or physiognomy that wins the artist's eye. Some of the cleverest caricatures of Augustus Hoppin were inspired by the grotesque side of life visible here in "the height of the season." The lamented Crawford found in Wright's portrait of Washington, belonging to a resident, the most authentic details of the peerless Chief's figure and features, whereof he made excellent use in his study of that grand subject. Amateur photographers find delectable objects to represent; sketchbooks are desirably filled at the Glen and among the rocks, and the daguerreotypists drive a flourishing trade.

There is a cottage in Pelham street which is the fruit of artistic labor, having been erected several years since by Richard M. Staigg—a painter of exquisite taste and progressive ability—whose early studies were aided by the kindly counsels of Allston. During the first years of his career, Staigg was devoted to miniature painting—a branch in which he so excels that there is always upon his easel some work of the kind, and his winters are as fully occupied in New York and Boston as his summers in Newport. Many of Staigg's miniatures of beautiful women are as much prized as works of art, in a sphere where high success is rare, as for excellent likenesses. He excels in color. Bryan, the well-known owner of the gallery of old masters, sat to him two or three years since, and fastidious critic as he is, considers the painting a masterpiece. To vary the minute labor bestowed upon his miniatures, and give scope to his love of art in a broader sphere, Staigg has executed, of late, many admirable life-size crayon portraits; several in oil; and a series of finished landscapes of cabinet size, with some *genre* compositions. His success in each of these branches has been remarkable. His head, in oil, called the "Exile," has won the greatest admiration for its mellow tints and earnest expression; his portrait of his mother was pronounced a gem in tint and tone, as well as character, by all the critics of a recent exhibition; his figure of the "Little Crossing Sweep" is so naive and true that photographs of it have sold to a large extent; and a set of views of sea and sky effects, and bits of coast in this region, are the favorite drawing-room ornaments of more than one tasteful dwelling on this island. Nor should the beautiful children, delineated by Staigg be forgotten; they are singularly authentic and graceful. This studious and refined artist has well sustained the early reputation of Newport as the birthplace or residence of favorite painters; and his progress and success have been legitimate, and are sources of congratulation to his numerous friends here. His sister is endowed with similar talent, and his studio is seldom without some precious and endeared trophy of artistic genius.

In South Touro street, there is a nice bit of verdant lawn, where a large white goat, and sometimes a little black Fayal cow, may be seen grazing; in the rear is a mansion well shaded with trees, and still farther back, an eligible atelier, where instruction and achievement in pictorial art go on prosperously, despite of the frequent interruption of visitors. This is the house of William M. Hunt. He studied Art faithfully in Paris, and pursues it with the correctness and insight of a man who has adopted his legitimate vocation. He is an admirable draughtsman, and knows how to seize the picturesque in nature and the characteristic in humanity with consummate tact. There is nothing conventional or adventitious about his work—nothing evasive in his manner. He never arbitrarily chooses a subject, but is won by it. His eye is quick to discern, and his hand dexterous to embody the pictures that exist in life and nature; no effect of light and shade, of feature and form, of expression and character, is lost upon him. He has a remarkable affinity with the naïve. There is a true simplicity, like that of Nature, in his conceptions. Such charming and suggestive subjects as rural life, the wayside, the spontaneous and natural

around him, afford, he instinctively adopts. Many of his pictures have been extremely popular, even in diminutive lithograph copies, owing to this subtle truth to nature; as, for instance, "The Girl at the Fountain," "The Boy playing the Mandolin," the "Paris Flower Girl," etc. A glance around his studio reveals the genuine artist at a glance. There are quaint, minutely-finished sketches of interior court-yards, or mossy walls in the Azores,—there are bits of rustic life gathered in France—a little shepherdess leading a cow through a wood and knitting as she walks, two angelic children singing, deer by moonlight, rabbits erect and vigilant, a fortuneteller and child, etc., all instinct with the expressive, artless grace of Nature. Some of Hunt's portraits are original and effective in treatment beyond any we have seen by living American artists,—as for example, that incarnation of judicial sense and integrity, Chief Justice Shaw—two children painted after death, and a score of female heads and forms, where the latent and absolute character of the originals is delicately as well as emphatically preserved. Attached to this painting-room are apartments for pupils, of which Mr. Hunt has several, and constant applications from others; for his talent for teaching is as remarkable as his executive skill. His education and the course he pursues are as different from those of most of our artists as are his standard of excellence and his peculiar talent. Educated in the scientific and patient habits of the best French limners, thoroughly independent in his tone of mind, and loving Art for its own sake, he wisely prefers the comparative isolation and the opportunities of study which Newport secures, during half the year, and the great social privileges obtainable there for the remainder, to the superficial excitements and trading spirit of our commercial cities. He has one of the most convenient ateliers in the country, and his artistic advancement and influence are unique; he is never without commissions, and yet can satisfactorily regulate his work and follow out his own ideas. Near the harbor lives a sister of Rev. Freeman Clark, who exhibits much talent in painting and sketching. A daughter of Gilbert Stuart receives many commissions—especially to copy her illustrious father's celebrated portrait of Washington—one of the full length originals of which adorns the Senate Chamber of the Newport State House. The house where Stuart was born is still standing, over in Narragansett—a few miles hence, and two of his earliest works are preserved in the Redwood library. The first years of Allston's artistic studies were passed here, and there are three memorable fruits of his pencil to be seen, where so many happy hours of his youth were spent. The first is a head of a venerable man, who taught him the rudiments of painting; it is interesting as one of his earliest attempts, wherein his skill in color is perfectly discernible; the second is a portrait of himself, as a young man—a most refined work—full of grace and character, and with clear mellow tints, the old fashioned costume and long hair adding to its pleasing effect; and the third is a work of his prime, and has the massive dignity of prophetic expression with the transparent and rich tone and harmony which made him so like the old masters. Allston's friend in his studies and rambles here was the beautiful miniature painter Malbone—whose exquisite works are the cherished heirlooms in many Newport families. George C. Mason as a draughtsman and architect, as well as a gentleman descended from one of the oldest and most respectable families of the place, has constant occupation for his brain and talents in designing and superintending the new mansions which, every year, spring up in this region. It is not surprising that Newport has been and is the favorite resort of artists. The best pieces of Huntington and Kensett were either sketched out or wholly executed here. Lawrence, the English crayon artist, passed a lucrative Summer delineating the likenesses of the visitors and residents. Ames, the Boston portrait-painter, brings every Summer, pictures to paint here. Ehninger has made us a visit, and notwithstanding constant social invasions of his time, has made some admirable illustrations for the new illustrated edition of Irving's Sketch Book, about to be issued by Putnam. Goodenough delighted in Newport, and proposed to execute a colossal bust of Cooper, the novelist, and present it to the city, to be placed upon the scene of one of the stirring incidents of the *Red Rover*. One of the new minor avenues has been named for the generous sculptor. Signor Patarnia, a Sicilian painter of rare talent, well known in New York for his artistic caricatures—but deserving to be still better known for his highly finished and masterly portraits, and is still sojourning here.

Love of the Beautiful.

No soul is so barren that it never feels a throb of its higher self—an aspiration for its lost divinity, a

yearning for its loftier destiny. The midnight student, digging up Greek roots, combining words to make ideas, rests his beating forehead on his hand, and recalls soothingly some period of his life which was natural, true and happy. The sweating machinist, covered with soot and dust, pauses in his toil, thinks of the loving faces of his wife and children at home; and his next shaft is polished with a more graceful curve, the wearied expression passes away from his face, his labor is ennobled by its object, which is the beautiful.

God has indeed breathed into us a part of himself—that infinite thing which is called soul. Were the discord of earth done away, life would be all poetry; in the present state of things, too many of us make of it most miserable prose. But that the poetry of our nature can be extinguished, is impossible. The past, present, and our inherent shadowing forth of the future, forbids the idea. At some period of life, all mankind is prompted by nature to be natural; to find beauty in the mountain, the forest, the river, and no longer to delude themselves with false ideas of happiness. Even the most ignorant and wicked of the human family have yet something left of the true and beautiful in them. Falstaff, after his long career of drunkenness and vice, of robbing and lying, on his death bed, "babbled o' green fields;" it is one of the most exquisite touches of nature by the great translator.

In this test of life—for he lives most who loves most—we all start from a level. Souls do no business at the banks, and they never shave notes. The man of millions bows to the production of some humble boy, who in his affinity for the beauty of form, has carved from a stone his lesson of poetry for the world. While banks make and break, fortunes grow and dwindle, some obscure child may be modeling his mud-images, or drawing his charcoal lines on the wall; gathering thoughts which shall live eternally.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." It is cheering to think that not a fine thought, or noble emotion or worthy impulse shall ever die. It must be an inherent belief in most minds, that by some power beyond, the good deeds, so dim and obscure among the rubbish of the bad, shall be some time separated, and shine forth in their own purity, unsullied by the base ignorance and error of the world. Call it faith or superstition, it is planted in the soul of man, and for a purpose. We all look forward to the time when the beautiful, the true, the good, shall be triumphant—we do all, at some period of life, form plans for the elevation of ourselves into something better. Even toil itself becomes beautiful, when its object is the beautiful.

Every one, however rude and uncultivated, makes some distinction between graceful lines and harsh angles—between harmonious colors and those which are out of place. It is the instinctive yearning to separate the lovely from the unlovely, that induces man, studying nature, to imitate. And the picture which he paints, or the statue he moulds, is not only an imitation of nature, but an expression of his own soul. It is as fascinating and powerful as it is suggestive. It is a poem revealed in form or color, revealed only in proportion to the capacity of the beholder to appreciate it. A noble statue is an object of physical beauty to all; but to the true lover of art, its ideal value is inestimable; for, in surveying it, he builds up within himself a statue-poem, an idea as distinct and glorious of the statue itself. He may be in part capable of expressing this feeling; but never wholly, for the impulse he receives is unbounded. As there can be no fixed standard of beauty, so varied are the capacities, and so different the degrees of cultivation, so there can be no limit to its appreciation. The farther we progress in cultivating a taste for art, still more enticing labyrinths do we discern, and the deeper is our desire to know and revel in them.

We live too much in dense cities, amid smoke and gas, too little in the woods, among mountains. There is much loveliness in nature that is as a sealed book to man. The heart of man, in a bent body, cooped up among boxes and harrels, loses its life, gets full of dollars and cents, which drive out faith and love. Pure air and fine scenery are a good remedy. Examine the sunset scenes of nature minutely—you shall find no fault. The twilight of the water, the shadows of the trees, the red light on the hills, the infinitely varied clouds—all are faultlessly, exquisitely beautiful. If we look at them in detail, or feel the grand harmony of the whole, we shall see that if there is error at all, it is in ourselves, and not in the thing which we can but partially comprehend, and which is infinitely above our criticism.—*Spirit of the Age*.

Return of an American Artist.

The friends of Art in this country will be glad to

learn that Mr. William Page has returned to New York, from Europe, and will hereafter make this city his permanent residence. Too many of our artists stray off to Italy or Paris, and while indulging in the intellectual and social attractions of the old capitals of Europe, miss the golden opportunities for distinction which await them at home. It is worth the while of our young artists to remember that the most distinguished members of their fraternity have never been in Europe, and possibly never may go there. Elliott, the first among our portrait painters, was born in the state of New York, was a pupil of the National Academy, and has never wielded his brush except in this city. He owes nothing to Europe. Church, who is at the head of our landscape painters, if not of all landscapists, is a native of Connecticut, and learned his art in New York. He has travelled extensively over his native continent in pursuit of subjects for his pencil, but he has never felt the need of European study. W. S. Mount is the most celebrated of our *genre* painters, and he, too, is a native of New York, a pupil of the National Academy, and another home-loving youth whose homely thoughts have required no foreign polishing to give them currency among his countrymen.

We might enumerate many other examples; but these seem to prove that there is no absolute need for our artists to go to Paris, Dusseldorf, or Rome to arrive at the highest eminence in their profession.

Mr. Page had established his reputation before ever he crossed the Atlantic, and the works he has executed in Rome, great as their merits are, do no more than sustain the expectation which his earlier performances had warranted. Mr. Page is a native of Albany, and another of the distinguished pupils of the National Academy during the presidency of Mr. Morse. The severe accuracy and beauty of his drawings gained him the highest honors of the Academy while he was yet a pupil: but his master predicted that he would fail as a colorist. The first picture he exhibited, however, proved the fallacy of this judgment. The brilliancy of his color at once attracted the attention of the public, and the dignified treatment of his portraits, and the deep religious sentiment of his historical compositions, made him at once famous. No American artist ever attained so sudden a reputation, or so worthily sustained his early promises. His fondness for the serious subjects of Scriptural history was early exhibited in a Holy Family, painted, we believe, in 1835, and now among the collection of the Boston Athenæum; a composition remarkable for its expression and the brilliancy of its color.

But great as his success had been, Mr. Page was very far from being satisfied with his achievement. Like Reynolds, he had a devotional love for Titian and the religious schools of Venetian art, and, in aiming to discover the secret of color of the great hierarchy of painters, he made a good many experiments, some of which, like those of Reynolds, were failures, though they led eventually to the attainment of the object to which he so religiously devoted himself. Eleven years ago he left New York for Europe his object being to study the great masterpieces of Titian. After a brief stay in Paris, he pushed on to Florence, where he remained some three years, visiting Venice occasionally, and then took up his residence in Rome. He made a few copies of some of Titian's heads, to fill orders that had been given him in New York, which are said to be perfect marvels, not as imitations or copies, but reproductions. When placed by the side of the originals, it was impossible to tell which was the copy. But, it was not the aim of the artist to copy Titian, or to imitate his method; he worked to accomplish similar effects by his own methods. Robert Browning and other English authors in Italy who have seen the pictures painted by Mr. Page in Florence and Rome, have awarded him the very highest praise that could be bestowed upon a painter. The last great picture which he executed in Rome was on one of the grandest themes in the Old Testament, Aaron and Hur sustaining the hands of Moses. We are glad to learn that this picture is now on the way to New York, where it will probably be exhibited to the public.

It is a good sign for art when painters like George L. Brown and William Page, after residing so many years in Italy, find it to their interest, and in consonance with their inclinations, to come back to New York and set up their easels among their own countrymen. West and Leslie found their home in London, and they would probably have failed to receive the patronage from their own countrymen which foreigners so liberally bestowed upon them. But times have greatly changed since they went abroad, and there is no longer such necessity for our young artists to go to Europe either for the purpose of study or in pursuit of patrons.—*Independent*.

THE CORPS DE BALLET.—Green-rooms now-a-days, says Dickens, are sadly dull, slow, hum-drum places of resort. In a minor theatre they are somewhat more lively, as there is no second green-room, and the young sylphides of the corps de ballet are allowed to join the company. The conversation of these young ladies, if not interesting, is amusing, and if not brilliant, is cheerful. They generally bring their needlework with them if they have to wait long between the scenes (frequently to the extent of an entire act) in which they have to dance, and they discourse with much naïveté upon the warmth or coldness of the audience, with reference to the applause bestowed; the bad temper of the stage manager, and their own temporary disposition from corns, which, with pickled salmon, unripe pears, the proper number of lengths for a silk dress, and the comparative merits of the whiskers and moustaches of the musicians in the band, (with some of whose members they are sure to be in love, and whom they very frequently marry, leaving off dancing, and have enormous families,) form the almost invariable staple of a ballet girl's conversation. Poor, simple-minded, good-natured, hard-working, little creatures, theirs is but a rude and stern lot. To cut capers, and wear paint; to find one's own shoes and stockings, and be strictly virtuous, on a salary varying from nine to eighteen shillings a week—this is the pabulum of a ballet-girl. And hark in thine ear, my friend. If any man talks to you about the syrens of the ballet, the dangerous enchantresses and cockatrices of the ballet, the pets of the ballet, whose only thoughts are about Broughams and diamond aigrettes, dinners at Richmond, and villas at St. John's Wood—if anybody tells you that the majority, or even a large proportion, of our English danseuses are inclined in this way, just inform him, with my compliments, that he is a dolt and a teller of untruths. I can't say much of the ballet morality abroad; of the poor rats of the opera in Paris, who are bred to wickedness from their very cradle upwards; of the Neapolitan ballerine, who are obliged to wear green calzonis, and to be civil to the priests, lest they should be put down altogether; or of the poor Russian ballet-girls, who live altogether in barracks, are conveyed to and from the theatre in omnibuses, and are birched if they do not behave themselves, and yet manage somehow to make a bad end of it; but as regards our own sylphides, I say that naughtiness among them is the exception, and cheerful, industrious, self-denying perseverance in a hard, ungrateful life, the honorable rule.

Musical Correspondence.

PITTSFIELD, AUGUST 6.—Knowing the interest which you take in all that relates to the advancement of musical science and education, and the high estimation in which you have appeared to hold the Mendelssohn Musical Institute, at Pittsfield, I wish, to call your attention to a *soirée*, given by the pupils of that school a few weeks since, at which I had the pleasure of being present. And first let me say that these *soirées* are not the result of long-continued practice on a few pieces, for the express purpose of display,—but only fair specimens of the attainments of the performers. I notice this, because it is uncommon, and in doing so I give only a merited testimony to the honesty and thoroughness of the method adopted at this school. In regard to the programme, while all the pieces were remarkably well-performed, perhaps the most attractive were "Adelaide," the "Terzette, La Sera," and the "Allegro and Andante from Beethoven's Symphony, No. 5, C minor." I give the programme:

Soirée Musicale, given by the young ladies of Mendelssohn Musical Institute, Pittsfield, Mass., under the direction of Edward B. Oliver, Principal, Tuesday evening, August 7.

1. Overture, Der Freischütz.....C. M. von Weber.
2. Song. Auf Flügeln des Gesanges.....Mendelssohn.
3. La Sylphide.....Felix Godefrid.
4. Trio. Hark, 'tis the mermaid's evening song.. Glover.
5. Sonata in D.....Haydn.
6. Song. Adelaide.....Beethoven.
7. Sonata in F.....Kuhlan.
8. Sonata in Bb.....Mozart.
9. Terzette, La Sera.....Lucantoni.
10. Allegro and Andante from Symphony No. 5, C minor.....Beethoven.

The whole of this excellent programme was listened to by a select and highly appreciative audi-

ence, with many expressions of delight at the finished and truthful style in which the pieces were rendered, as well as the classical character of the selections.

After the concert, an eloquent address was made by D. S. Reed, of Pittsfield, in which he stated the object, and the method of instruction of the Mendelssohn Musical Institute, saying truly that though the pupils educated there were second to none in musical execution, yet this was not the sole or the chief object of the instruction given; the principal aim being to cultivate the mind and heart by means of music, that treating it as a science, and not as a mere accomplishment. (I may mention here the opinion expressed by one of the professors in a neighboring college, that the study of music on the plan pursued at the Mendelssohn Musical Institute, would be a better discipline of the mind than many of the branches now considered so indispensable to a course of collegiate instruction.) In conclusion, Dr. Reed said in allusion to the name of the Institute, that he could not but feel that the spirit of Mendelssohn had been present, sympathizing in the enjoyment of the hour.

I am sorry that I cannot say much for the musical culture of Pittsfield, if I may judge from the specimen I heard yesterday at one of the principal churches, where we were treated to chorals miserably performed on the organ, with variations on "The last rose of summer" for interludes, &c., "Hear me, Norma," for a voluntary. The musical taste of the children is being cultivated by a new set of temperance songs, adapted to such melodies as "Nelly Bly," "Twere vain to tell thee all I feel," &c., which were sung with great spirit to a crowded house, at a temperance lecture last evening. In the midst of such opposing influences, if a classical school like the Mendelssohn, can exist and prosper, it must be because it has a life in itself which adverse circumstances cannot destroy; and such an attempt to advance music to its true position and dignity, should receive the encouragement of all lovers of the science. D.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., AUG. 20.—Mr. Dwight. On Monday last the German Festival commenced. From Worcester, Hartford, Westfield, and other places poured in singers, delegates, and non officials. In the evening, the Springfield Society gave a Grand Concert at Music Hall, assisted by the Worcester and Hartford singing societies, and Messrs. Casseres, Schubert and Escott. Schubert acted as accompanist, and conducted the full concerted pieces which were unaccompanied. Here is a programme which perhaps you may deem fit to insert.

PART FIRST.

1. Opening.....Springfield Cornet Band.
2. "The Lord's Day": Chorus, with Quartet Solo. Sung by all the Societies. C. Kreuzer.
3. "Farewell": Solo for Baritone.....Kucken. Sung by Mr. Ch. Meyer.
4. "The Precious Stone": Quartet.....Taubert. Sung by the Hartford Quartet Club.
5. "Polca": Comic Song.....A. Shafer. Sung by the Worcester Singing Society.
6. Trio: For Piano, Violin, and Violoncello.....Beriot. Performed by Sen. Casseres, Messrs. Escott and Schubert.
7. "The Chapel": Quartet.....Spontini. Sung by the Hartford Quartet Club.
8. Hunting Chorus.....Fr. Abt.

PART SECOND.

1. "Huntsmen's Farewell": Chorus.....Mendelssohn. Sung by all the Societies.
2. "The Brightest Eyes": Song for Baritone....Stigelli. Sung by Mr. Ch. Meyer.
3. "The Young Musicians":.....Kucken. Sung by the Hartford Quartet Club.
4. "The Bill of Fare": Chorus.....Zöllner. Sung by the Worcester Singing Society.
5. "The Alpine Morning": Duo for Tenor and Baritone. Sung by Messrs. Adelstein and Meyer. Kucken.
6. Fantaisie: For Cornet à Piston.....Bellini. Performed by Mr. Patz.
7. Quartet: From the Opera, "The Daughter of the Regiment".....Donizetti. Sung by the Hartford Quartet Club.
8. The Spring Feast March.....C. Becker. Sung by the Springfield Singing Society.

Of the full concerted pieces the "Huntsmen's Farewell," by Mendelschn, was decidedly rendered with greater effect than all the others, if I except in part the Chorus with Quartet Solo, by Kreuzer. The tenor of the Springfield Society, Mr. Adelstein, has a good voice, and sang both of his songs with remarkable precision and taste. "The Brightest Eyes," by Stigelli, was encored and the singer responded. The Hartford Singing Society was represented at the Concert only by the Quartet attached to it. The four singers have each fine voices, *sui generis*. They sang their pieces with great effect, paid close attention to marks of expression, &c. One of the finest things among the many was the "Young Musician," by Kücken, which was loudly called for a second time. For "The Chapel," a Quartet by Spontini, they substituted something else, which to me was not half so good as the former. It is seldom we hear anything of the veteran composer in this country, and my disappointment was therefore great. The Worcester Singing Society received a well-merited recall after the chorus by Zöllner, entitled "The Bill of Fare." It was a very amusing and lively piece. The duo, "The Alpine morning," did not go off well, whose fault it was it would be hard to say. It was evident that "a screw was loose" somewhere. Patz, of Worcester, played his Cornet Solo, from Bellini's "Il Pirata" finely, and was ably supported by Casseres' accompaniment on the piano. The latter undertook his part just a few moments before going on the stage, and consequently had not rehearsed once with the soloist. This was perceptible only in the Finale, where the tempo was rather hard, and the mistake on the part of the pianist was glaring and anything but pleasing. He read from a manuscript, however, and it may not have been his fault, although it is a duty which all performers owe to the public and their own reputation to rehearse together before they appear, and in this respect, he, or both of them may well cry "*Peccavi*."

The Instrumental Trio, by Escott, Casseres and Schubert on Themes from "Der Freyschütz," was very well executed, but did not produce any effect. It is too thin and disconnected. The airs recurring were pleasing, but De Beriot did not treat them with sufficient fullness. The piece is more suited to a parlor than to the concert-room. The pianist introduced a Cadenza which was rather long, but he executed it finely, on a poor piano, just good enough for nursery use. Why is it that Springfield cannot boast a decent instrument at concerts? For a place like the Music Hall, no square piano is sufficient, because the stage and its "fixins" absorb sounds which should go forth *within* the Hall. After the concert the Germans assembled at Gruendler's Hotel, where the practice room of the society is, to witness a performance of Kotzebue's play, "The Deserter." Curiosity led me down to the room among many others, and I was not at all sorry. The play was much applauded and all appeared to enjoy the speeches and fun which the actors engaged in with great delight. This being over, dancing was now on the *tapis*, and the good people enjoyed themselves until an early hour in the morning all the while praying earnestly, that the rain which was pouring lustily, might cease so that their picnic would have a fine day. Daylight came and with it no prospect of the rain's cessation, so the picnic was postponed and our German friends sang songs of "Vaterland" and danced all day with very little intermission. Schubert behaved bravely, and did not flinch one moment but was ever ready, to play accompaniments, or dance music, or call to order some noisy compatriot who suffered his emotions to overcome his judgment. In the afternoon, other singers and friends arrived from Worcester and other places and I had the good luck to be present at the performance of some of their finest pieces. In addition to the pieces on the programme, they produced several others whose names I do not now re-

member. Night came, and still music, singing and dancing continued, with refreshments of course—"mais, cela va sans dire." Wednesday dawned a brilliant morning and by 10 o'clock the procession was out, preceded by the marshal on horseback and the Springfield Band. On they went to the Round Hill where gymnastic exercises, part-songs, dancing, and other amusements began and continued until 6 in the evening. During the day and especially in the afternoon, many citizens joined them and gladly participated in the jovialities. Males and females, all seemed to "go in" with love. The procession returning was reinforced by many non-Germans. Peaceably and delightfully did the Festival commence, continue and end, without anything to mar the good feeling and harmony which all seemed willing to keep up. To me, the music, that is, the part-singing by male voices, was the best feature of the Festival. To the majority who enjoyed a "good time," the lager beer and the dancing were thought superior.

Yours truly,

AN AMATEUR.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 1, 1860.

Editorial Correspondence.

(Concluded from page 172.)

The next day I improved, by the sun's favor, by a charming trip to Salisbury plain, and saw the glorious old cathedral—my first cathedral! O, there were builders in those days six centuries ago! I know not if they called themselves *architects*, but certainly "they builded better than we know." Standing under the grand old elms, in the green, silent close, we could not satiate the appetite with gazing, feasting on the vast, but light, symmetrical proportions of the soaring pile. Anything more harmonious, more beautiful upon so grand a scale we could hardly conceive. Long time we lingered, outside and inside, under the Gothic arches, in the religious stillness of the square green cloister with its galleries, in the curiously beautiful chapter house, its octagonal interior encrusted with very primitive and child-like sculptures illustrative of the bible histories from the creation to the time of Joseph; or climbing the tower and hanging over the quaint old town, with the bishop's palace and garden, the crooked streets and houses all so old and English, nestling in shrubbery and ivy and roses. After a long walk about the town, we returned to take a farewell gaze, and heard the sound of choir and organ swelling from within, and making the grand pile thrill to topmost spire with music that seemed like the religious outbreath of its own soul. The charming rural scenery, the highly cultivated fields, old trees, thatched cottages and ivied ruins, golden grain, and scarlet poppies strewn the road sides, on the way out and back, was equally rewarding. Good bye, old England!

The inexperienced traveller in Europe seems to live years in days. To wake up every morning, dreaming of home and the old wonted ways, and be startled to find in what long imagined and remote scenes you are! A fortnight since, America; now Europe. But yesterday at Salisbury Cathedral; in the sunset of this very next day, I stand before the far more marvellous and thoroughly transporting old cathedral of Rouen, gazing up with awe and wonder at its curiously sculptured towers, its vast variety and wealth of form, endless variety of details all climbing, growing up to lose themselves in the infinite, the in-

carinate spirit of the religious age which reared it. Inside of its court, where the masses of Gothic masonry, the towers, the unfinished iron spire, rise all around you, the impression is quite overwhelming and sublime. Inside the church, the thoughts are led up by the slender clustered shafts, along the lofty springing arches of nave, and aisles and transept,—the Gothic unity, disturbed, however, by huge Greek columns which sustain a gallery about the altar—and the soul forgets itself in the vastness of such surroundings, every point of which is vitalized and finished to some exquisite detail of suggestive art and purpose. Day had not faded out before we had made a rapid pilgrimage to the more purely Gothic and harmonious, as to our mind no less wonderful church of St. Guen; to the church of St. Maclou, rich in curious sculptures by the famous old Jean Goujon; to the Palais de Justice; the Place de la Pucelle, where Joan of Arc was burned; the old palace of the Duke of Bedford, the wall of whose court-yard is covered with elaborate marble sculpture, representing the meeting of Henry VIII. and Francis on the "field of the cloth of gold;" to many a quaint old house and monument of those middle ages, such as surprise one at almost every turn amid the narrow, crooked streets of that fantastical old city. I hardly expect to see a place that shall speak so instantly and strangely to the imagination than old Rouen. It is the ideal of a picturesque old city. And beautiful as it is strange. There is the quaintest mingling of the oldest and the most modern. On the broad, spacious quays on both sides of the Seine, here wider than at Paris, spanned by beautiful and noble bridges, adorned with statues, and all alive with shipping and bright-colored streamers, you have stately blocks of hotels and of elegant stores, dazzling with all the dainty wares of Paris, and a fashionable throng, mingled with soldiers, Zouaves in their Arab costume, and whatever else is gay, continually streams by. Under the window of my hotel, on the quay, was a colossal bronze statue, in a sitting posture, holding a scroll of music: it proved to be that of Boieldieu, the most genial of the French composers, who was a native of Rouen. Statues of Corneille, and of Joan of Arc, were everywhere. All this new life within a stone's throw of such strange, majestic, almost wierd old monuments of a past age and faith. The glitter of to-day's life and the romance, the dream of history, stand out there bodily, alike real, in close contiguity. Which is substance, which is shadow?

In truth there is something shadowy in the look of those old churches, particularly the Cathedral. From my window I looked down upon the new life and the river; turning to go down stairs, lo! there rose the strange and dream-like towers of the Cathedral right against me, with a startling boldness. As you stand in the square and contemplate the front, the stone of whitish grey, gnawed and blackened by the teeth of time, looks as if it had been passed through fire; it has a lava, pumice-like appearance; and the wondrous pile seems spectral, like the ghost of a cathedral. Not so the rich brown stone at Salisbury. Step inside, and the forms, the practices, at least, of the old faith exist there still. In every chapel and side alcove, or at the foot of the grand altar, at whatever hour, you find some kneeling worshipper; perchance a baptism, or a

wedding, or some other sacred office, attracts you by its low hum in a corner; or some old man or woman is anxious to sprinkle you with holy water from a very dirty looking brush. Fresh-faced young peasant girls, in clean white pretty caps, trip softly in and kneel, and trip out with still lighter step, looking refreshed and comforted.

The next morning (Sunday) it was our good fortune to be present at a service, both in the Cathedral and St. Ouen. Then as we looked around amid the shafts, and aisles, and arches, the marble monuments, the paintings and the pictured windows of old Gothic architecture, shadowy and half-realized before, it suddenly with the thrill of music became all alive, aglow with sentiment and meaning; then there was a spirit in it; the music and the architecture became one. The compositions sung or played upon the organ were not great; there was no mass like those of Haydn, Mozart or Beethoven; it was a simpler, choral music. But it was exceedingly impressive; especially at St. Ouen. The great space of the choir, at the great altar, was a huge nest or cage of singing priests and boys, a hundred or more of them; there were magnificent bass voices, and tenors sweet and as robust as we have rarely heard in opera; and the silvery fresh soprani and contralti of the boys were pure and true. At times a school of boys, some hundreds, from beyond the choir, or a nest of charmingly little girls, from a side chapel, all so sweetly dressed, with pretty caps or bonnets, some all in white with roses, under the charge of some nun or abbess, reinforced the choral flood with the sweet contribution of their voices, like so many rills and cascades from the hillsides pouring into one basin. A powerful, but small-looking organ, finely played, accompanied, as also several instruments, a double-bass, bass-horn, &c. Over the entrance, at the east end of the nave, (some four hundred and fifty feet in length it is) is suspended the great organ, a marvellous piece of dark old architecture, laden with rich carvings, and surmounted with emblematic figures, angels, St. Cecilia, &c., and behind and above all, the richly stained round window, and the exquisite vaulting, by which it all melted into the general architecture of the building. The works of this organ (in both churches), we were told, are new; the outside is as originally shaped. As we stood back there in the nave, just far enough forward to look round at the organ, and its great flood of tone came down upon us, and thrilled and vibrated through all the arches and recesses of the mighty building, and then paused for responses from the singing crowd about the altar, at the other end, it seemed to us the most sublime, the most religious utterance that human Art could well invent. One was lifted off his feet, merged in the general aspiration, with which all that met the eye or ear conspired. Of course it was no time to be critical. Were we so disposed we might suggest that a much higher style of music might have been played upon that organ, than we heard whenever the organist stepped out of the most plain and massive choral. His instrument was magnificent; such round, voluminous basses, such mellow, lusty diapasons, and such exquisitely voiced, piquant reed tones, it seemed to us that we had never heard. But his voluntaries were very modern, in the solemn moments of the Mass a little operatic and sentimental, and with next to nothing of the strict form or the

implied spirit of the fugue, which is the very Gothic principle in music. One longed for a grand, infinitely suggestive fugue of Bach or Handel, to carry out the correspondence with such architecture, and let the whole service both to eye and ear spring as it were out of one vitalizing germ of thought.

O for a whole week in Rouen! That evening we found ourselves in Paris, and another new, strange world already takes us deep into itself, led hither as it were blind-folded through many a mysterious gate. D.

A Case of Conscience.

The other day a very respectable looking middle aged gentleman, entered one of the fashionable music stores up town in New York, to select some music, the selection made, payment was tendered, when the clerk, supposing him to be a music teacher, allowed him the usual professional advantage. "I really do not know if I am entitled to this consideration, said the gentleman, as this music is for a friend." "Do you belong to the profession?" politely inquired the clerk. "Yes! I do," was the reply. "Then sir, you are certainly entitled to the usual professional privileges." Upon which the gentleman took his change, and his departure forthwith.

A quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed ere the gentleman returned, and anxiously looked around for the clerk who had served him, to whom he delivered a sealed envelope, enclosing the discount allowed in the price of the music, with the following letter which we recommend to the attention of those who claim the privileges of a profession to which they do not belong.

SIR,—Please indulge what you may regard as a foolish notion. I have been a teacher of music in this city for some years. Lately having moved away, and having no occasion for it, I have not taught. The music I got just now is for a friend. Under these circumstances I am not sure that I ought to buy at teacher's prices. Yours, TRUTH.

Music Abroad.

SIGNORA GUERRABELLA.—I have seen the young great American prima donna, the lady di Guerrabella. I say great advisedly, as she is a great singer, great actress, great beauty, and has a great heart, and all this I will prove to you in a few lines. She has been singing the carnival in Bergamo with brilliant success, and it takes a first rate artist to succeed in that noted musical city, famous for Donzelli, Rubini, Donizetti, Mayer, and a host of others. She sang there the "Stella di Napoli," a most difficult and tiring opera, and which demands the highest soprano voice, great agility, and great dramatic powers. These she displayed to the enthusiastic public, who interrupted her continually with the loudest applause. She sung often in some concerts given by Sivori, the great violinist, airs from "Puritani," "Beatrice di Tenda," "Linda," "Semiramide," and others, which were always encored, the great proof of success in Italy, and which brought down the house with applause. She next sang also in Milan, (where she has just finished one of the most successful engagements,) the "Daughter of the Regiment," and "Rigoletto." For many years there has not been such a brilliant debut in Milan, and it went on increasing every night in triumphs. Her singing and acting are perfect, and every one agreed she made them laugh or cry as she pleased—such singing, such life, such elegance, such handling of drum and rifle, had never been heard and seen in a *vivandière* before. In the adieu song handkerchiefs were at all eyes, the next moment every one was ready laughingly to join her, marching up and down the stage with her little feet in such martial style, trying to infuse life into her old aunt. The *Addio* and *Salut à la France* were encored every night, even to a third time. Her short skirt and tight velvet

jacket set off her elegant figure, and if any one doubts the accuracy of my statements let him read the first papers of Milan and Turin, and they will say I have far from exaggerated. She is, I hear, engaged for the Fiera at Bergamo for the summer, and in autumn goes to Constantinople with large emolument.

Now as I have proved her a great artist, I must prove her great heart. She was engaged to sing at Trieste, to open the large theatre with "Linda." She proceeded to Venice, en route for Trieste, but was met at the station by the secretary, who told her that not being able to secure the theatre in Trieste, they begged she would open the theatre there in Venice. She at once saw through the trick. The national grief of the country being expressed by the Italians not sanctioning a theatre open, Count Togenberg, Governor of Venice, ordered one open, and the artists were to be caught. She refused, although her own terms were to be accepted, an engagement at Vienna, another at the Fenice, and all this to be assured her by the Governor in person. I translate from the papers her answer: "What did the Lady di Guerrabella reply, who, being born in the country of Liberty, any one can imagine her detestation of despotism! Not the largest promises; not doubling the pay; not offers of the most lucrative engagements; nothing could tempt the heroic woman. She had lost money, she had lost another engagement, which she had refused for Trieste, but she calmly replied, 'I leave,' and returned to Milan that night." You may imagine the effect it produced in Milan, when, no sooner had she descended from her carriage, than congratulations poured in from every side, and the President of the Venetian Emigration Committee, Count Correr, and Count Maroner, waited on her to thank her in the name of the committee for her noble conduct, and to offer her the highest honor they could pay her—a diploma as citizen of Venice. I know you will feel interest in all these details of your gifted countrywoman, as the Guerrabella is descended from some of the oldest and best families in the United States, who shed their blood for liberty and their land; and you cannot but wish with us, success to the noble lady.—*N. O. Picayune, Aug. 19.*

Paris.

I have at last something like an event to tell you about, but it has been a long time a coming. Boieldieu's Opera, *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge*, after being so long threatened by the manager of the Opéra Comique, was revived last Thursday. But before I enter into any details on this interesting musical occurrence, I will first discharge an agreeable duty and inform you of a promising *début* on the boards of the theatre in question by a young artist from the Théâtre Lyrique, Mlle. Marimon. This lady was to have made her first appearance in Boieldieu's opera, but Mad. Faure-Lefebvre having been re-engaged, the part, which devolved to her by right, could not be withheld from her; consequently the *débutante* had to content herself with the part of Catarina in Auber's *Diamants de la Couronne*. In this she has now been heard three times, each new performance confirming the favorable impression of the first. Mlle. Marimon, though she has much to learn as an actress, is already a brilliant and accomplished singer, and will, no doubt, with the intelligence she displays, make rapid progress.

Now for Boieldieu and his once most popular of comic operas. *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge* was first produced in 1818 at the Théâtre Feydeau, when the principal parts were sung by the celebrated Martin, Ponchard the elder, and Mad. Boulanger, afterwards succeeded by the lively and graceful Mad. Gavaudan. It was one of the most attractive works of the day, and retained its attractions till they were eclipsed by the greater vigor and depth of *La Dame Blanche*. All the old airs, which were constantly hummed by the fathers of the present generation, were heard again on Thursday night with a sort of affectionate pleasure. Many of them had still the power of touching by their simple grace, and seemed scarcely to have lost any of their original freshness. Mad. Faure-Lefebvre was charmingly graceful in the part of Rose d'Amour, and obtained an encore in her *ronde* "Depuis longtemps gentille Annette." M. Crosti sang the music of Rodolphe admirably, but failed as an actor to give the part its proper characteristics. Rodolphe is a sort of Don Juan in water colors, and should be played with lightness and an easy grace of manner, tinged with mockery; but M. Crosti takes the character literally and prosaically, and deprives it consequently of all distinctive mark.—*London Musical World, August 11.*

The corporation of the city of Paris is busy pulling down and building theatres.

Diruit, edificat, mutat quadrata rotundis.

It has purchased of M. Dejean the Cirque Impériale, that the new Boulevard du Prince Eugene may pass over its site; and, on the other hand, it is buying out the tenants and holders of houses in the Rue Basse du Rempart, which are to come down to make room for the new Opera house. The Municipal Council have just voted unanimously in favor of the plans and designs last submitted to them.—*Ibid.*

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The season of 1860 has been pronounced, on authority, the most lucrative of the last ten years. This must be attributable in a great measure to the growing prestige of the theatre, since the past year has not been remarkable for its novelties or its new singers. The solitary novel production of the season, Gluck's *Orfeo e Euridice*, was not much relied on, being brought out at a concert, the management fearing to essay it even on an extra night.

The new singers, Mad. Csillag and M. Faure, were certainly great "hits," and did not fail to exercise a powerful influence on the fortunes of the theatre, the lady more especially, who proved herself a consummate artist in every respect, and who grew more and more into favor with the public up to the last night of the season. Mad. Miolan-Carvalho, too, improved her position considerably, not because she did anything superior to Dinorah, the first part she performed in this country, but because she was better known and her talents consequently more thoroughly appreciated. The attraction of the season, moreover, was greatly enhanced by the announcement that Mad. Grisi was to give her "twelve last performances," a statement, nevertheless, that many, from reasons unnecessary to state, did not put implicit faith in, but which no doubt had its weight with some section of the musical community. The fact that Mad. Grisi's "twelve last performances" modulated into almost twenty, and that at the end of the season nothing whatever was said of the great artist's final departure—a very laconic mode of treating the public, by the bye—incontestably proves that she will re-appear to take more "farewells," and again, not disappoint the world by her breach of promise. Mad. Grisi has frequently been warned to quit the stage when her successor should appear. She looked around her this season, anxious no doubt for an excuse to go, and cried, "Where is my successor?" and Echo answered "Nowhere!" And so she will return next year, just "once more," and await her successor, who is sure to come and declare herself in the person of Mlle. —, or Mad. * * *. The public doubtless imagined that they should have been consulted in this matter; but the management thought otherwise, and seemed never to have considered how far playing at fast and loose with them might give offence.—*Ibid.*

MODENA.—The last Minister of Public Instruction, having been informed that there existed in the palatinate library of the capital of the duchy a collection of music of the 15th and 16th centuries, abandoned to the mice and worms, and that there was another collection, equally precious, belonging to the 17th century, in the National Palace, ordered the two collections to be united. Signor Angelo Catelani, *maître-de-chapelle* at the cathedral, and assistant conservator at the Library, a gentleman deeply versed in musical bibliography and literature, has been charged by Government with the task of making out a catalogue of these musical works. Among them are numerous productions of Stradella's, some of which are not known. The catalogue, enriched with biographical, bibliographical, and historical notes, is to be published.—*Ibid.*

MLLE. FINOLI.—The journal *Il Pirata*, published in Turin, chronicles, in terms of enthusiastic eulogy, the *début*, at the Teatro Alfieri in that city, of the Signorina Guiseppine Finoli in the character of Rosina in Rossini's celebrated opera *Il Barbiere*. The performance appears to have been a most successful one, and at the close of the opera the fair *débutante* was vociferously recalled to receive the congratulation of the audience. Our readers will remember the young lady as occupying a prominent position at our various public concerts a year or two ago—she was engaged by Mr. Lumley, when he was manager of Her Majesty's Theatre; but for some unexplained reason did not appear. The Italian critic speaks in strains of the highest encomium of the quality of her voice, method, and dramatic power.—*Ibid.*

Musical Chit-Chat.

NEW YORK.—About this time expect much humbug. Such should be the marginal reading for the month of August, in the social almanac of the metropolis. Humbug in the alarming sacrifices of the

haberdashers; humbug in the fall trade of the milliners; in the closing week of the season announced by theatrical managers; in the pretence which finds the city intolerable in the summer; in the shut churches—as if every one whose soul is worth saving were out of town; in — but, though the subject is seductive, I will not be drawn out of my legitimate course.

The Italian Opera in its management, is not quite free from the epidemical humbug. The memory of the much suffering public goes not far backward; else we should less contentedly suffer so much; else we should not fail to note that the innocent looking paragraphs which now begin to meet our eyes in the newspapers, are very like what appeared last year, and twenty-four months ago, and the year before that. They are mild, charitable paragraphs, pleasantly, hopefully suggestive; they say that this or that indefatigable manager, or impresario—the latter word has lost the gloss of novelty, but is yet a favorite—will open the Academy of Music on or about the first of September, with a company selected with unusual care; that new operas are to be brought out "in rapid succession"—we always find this phrase; that a season of unprecedented brilliancy may be looked for; and then something is said about expectation and tiptoe. There is always another indefatigable impresario prowling about Europe, seeking talent. We remark that musical talent is like certain wines of rare bouquet: it will not bear the sea voyage, and is apt to arrive here in a deplorable condition, flat or sharp, as the case may be. Somehow or other, when the season really opens, we find all our old friends on the stage, in the orchestra, everywhere. The same fearful and wonderful chorus, with its good old gestures—right hand, left hand, both hands together—wanders clumsily about. The favorite operas of our youth again delight us, and the respectable second-hand stage furniture plays many a part, as in the winters past. Well, we can reasonably ask for no better artists than those we have, and the orchestra is usually excellent; we do not complain of the absolute; we only grow fretful at times when we compare promise with performance. If the management would but say that they were to give us a fair repetition of what we have always applauded, adding a word of confidence in the well-known generosity of an American audience, we would be well satisfied, would pay our money and enjoy the show, provided we had not free tickets. In the latter case, we should be obliged to criticise sharply and without remorse. We are all of us Micawbers in the matter of operatic amusements: we still hope that something will turn up next season. May we live to see it!

In town there has been very little music for the last weeks, as every one knows. The Palace Garden, a really delightful place, and much frequented, has offered to Mr. C. Jerome Hopkins a theatre for three concerts. These gave enjoyment to many, and added to his own reputation. A variety of music, called light, has been performed at the same establishment through this week. Fortunately the audiences have not been exacting, and the convenient situation of the concert room allows one to retire into the shade of the colored lamps and trees when he has heard enough of the vocalism. Ethiopian minstrelsy still holds its own, and draws the crowd to its halls. I must deplore the necessity which compels Señor Oliveira to blacken his face because he plays on the violin in the company of the sables; for he is too much an artist to become in any measure a buffoon.—*N. Y. Albion.*

MUSIC IN PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—A correspondent writes as follows, under date of Aug. 21st:

A taste for negro minstrelsy prevails here to a very considerable extent, but very little for music of the best quality. In fact I consider Portsmouth many degrees removed from civilization—at least in music, and see no prospect of advancement. On the 7th inst., Parodi's first concert was given to a fair audience, who seemed pleased; but on the announcement of a second concert for next evening, there were found to be so few persons in the hall, that Parodi, Dennett and Hoffman were not to be seen. The company left for New York on the following Monday.

On the 20th. inst., Mrs. C. Varian James, "the celebrated American Prima Donna," assisted by Mr. William H. Cooke, of New York, and Mr. H. M. Dow, "the eminent pianist," of Boston, gave their first concert here. The lady has a soprano voice, of considerable power, expression, and sweetness, which combined with a prepossessing person, told on the audience. Mrs. James and Mr. Cooke sang two duets in a highly pleasing and artistic manner. Mr. Cooke has one of the sweetest tenor voices we have ever heard in Portsmouth, and he is entitled to com-

mendation, for the skill he displays in its management. Mr. Dow's piano accompaniments were all that was required, and his solos were well executed.

The *Athenæum*, in noticing musical matters in France, says:

A phenomenon worthy of consideration by all generous persons interested in the occupation of women, is the increasing number of female players on stringed instruments, which the chronicles of the Conservative speak of. This year, at the examination of students, Mlle. Boulay gained a first—Mlle. Castellan a second—prize. The violoncello, too, has its professional students (and prize-gainers to boot) among the gentler sex. Madame Viardot is about to turn her genius, experience, and science to account, by assisting to edit a selection of the best classical vocal music of the Italian, German, and French schools, with directions as to style, accentuation, coloring, &c. This is a promise of no common value.

SAN FRANCISCO.—SACRED CONCERT AT ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL.—The largest and most elegant audience ever drawn together in this city at the performance of a concert, was present last evening at St. Mary's Cathedral to hear the splendid gems of sacred music sung by the best musical talent that this city can produce. The entire space in the large Cathedral was filled to repletion, and it is estimated over three thousand persons were present. The music was rendered with great spirit and success by the several artistes, and with the exception of a misunderstanding between two of the singers, which, however, was adjusted in time to allow the beautiful duet "Quis Est Homo," between Mms. Biscaccianti and Escott to proceed; everything went off admirably. We are pleased to be able to state that the amount realized last evening will go far toward putting the choir fund in easy circumstances. His Grace, Archbishop Alemany, accompanied by the reverend fathers connected with the church, were present, and sat in the chancel during the execution of the music.—*San Francisco Herald.*

Madame Jullien's Benefit Concert, at the Surrey Gardens, drew an immense crowd of the sympathizers with the widow of one of the most widely known musicians and musical composers of the day. The performance commenced at half past six. Previously, the great music hall was crammed, in every part, to suffocation, besides every outlet and avenue to the building being literally choked up with people vainly endeavoring to obtain an admittance to hear the performance. Up to nine o'clock, the people continued in an uninterrupted stream, so that more persons were outside than were able to obtain accommodation in the Hall. The number of persons who attended was computed at 15,000; the bands of the Household Troops were in attendance, and the members of the Vocal Association.

We may take it for granted that those who would invest music with such universal attributes are themselves no musicians, either in heart or in intelligence, and are, in fact, as much the enemies of the art they would raise so preposterously above its natural and essential province, as those who seek to detract from its high and ennobling character, and its sisterhood with the most intellectually inspired of the Muses. As an exemplification of the natural alliance between these two extremes, we find in a French periodical, devoted exclusively to musical interests, a criticism on the work we have mentioned, in which the French writer, answering the delusive aspirations of the German, reduces music to a mere frivolous pastime, a means of relaxation from all earnest purpose whatever, and its production, to a work almost of mere mechanical ingenuity. These two poles of opinion, between which lies the truth about music, have lately received a wide development, which would seem to indicate either a decadence in the power of appreciation, or a period of transition to some future unknown condition of the art. The latter, amidst the wide spread of musical taste and education which characterises the age, can hardly be considered otherwise than the true alternative. We are ourselves not going to venture on the hazy sea of musical metaphysics, but simply record our opinion, that music will never express anything but musical ideas, and that musical ideas can only be expressed in music. They are a distinct produce of the human mind, and a reflection of its activity, and, as such, cognate with every other thought and feeling of the soul and of the mind, though not interchangeable. The more widely cultivated the intellect of a musical composer, the stronger he will be in his especial capacity, and the music he writes will, doubtless, have something in it it would not have had without such general culture.—*London Musical World.*

SINGERS AND DANCERS IN ITALY.—According to the journal *Trovatore*, the number of professed singers in Italy at the present time is 1730, viz.: 440 prime-donne, 330 tenors, 280 barytones, 160 bassi, 50 buffos. Beside which Italy possesses 1670 dancers of both sexes, to wit 180 *premières danseuses di range francese*, 220 *di range italiane*; 100 premiers danseurs, 970 dancers of both sexes *mezzo carattere*, (which we suppose to mean perhaps third or fourth rate) and 40 ballet masters.

THE APPROACHING OPERATIC SEASON.—The present lessees of the Academy of Music, have by no means been idle. Indeed they have exerted themselves most successfully, and have probably engaged the finest company which has ever been brought out together for Opera in this country.

In the first place, the engagement of Max Maretzek, to which we alluded some two weeks since rather dubiously, is a fact. He returns to his old place at the Academy, which he will share with Signor Muzio. Max Maretzek, consequently, is again in contact as an *employe* with Mr. Ullmann, under the joint operatic firm of Ullmann & Strakosch. Little Patti, of course remains with them, not having gone to Europe. We hear that her voice has strengthened greatly during the summer recess, and that she has studied four new operas, in which she will revive the enthusiasm which she created last season. Cortesi will probably also be at the Academy, while Colson is already engaged, and Fabbri, one of the finest dramatic vocalists we have ever had in this country, makes her *debut* in the coming season, which will commence on the 3d or 5th of September. We presume that we also shall have Miss Phillips, although we have not heard this positively. Of tenors, we have a fair supply. Brignoli and Errani, are already more or less favorably known to the lovers of opera in this city. But Tamberlik has also been engaged by Mr. Ullmann during his visit to Europe, and will appear here, although not at the commencement of the season. He shares the crown of Mario, and indeed by many connoisseurs, is preferred to that more delicate of tenors, as far more honest, affective, and energetic an artist. Ferri and Susini, also re-appear, while Karl Formes—the greatest basso we have ever had in this country, will also return to us. Engagements are also pending with the tenore Musiani, and our old friend the fat baritone—Amodio. We are not yet aware what novelty in the way of operas is intended to be offered us by the management, but presume that with so excellent a company, this will not be wanting.—*N. Y. Sunday Dispatch*.

As we mentioned, last week, Maurice Strakosch purposes to give us a couple of months of Italian Opera, here, this coming season; with the charming young prima donna, Adelina Patti, suitably supported, as the principal star.—*N. O. Picayune, August 19*.

WHERE THE SINGERS ARE.—Madame Fabbri is living in studious retirement at Hoboken, and she has added to her already extensive repertoire, the operas of "Lucrezia Borgia," "Norma," "Linda," and "Don Giovanni." She will sing in Boston about the 1st of October.

Mr. Forrest opens at the Holliday street theatre, Baltimore, to-morrow, in "Hamlet."

Signor Amodio, brother of the popular baritone, and himself an artist of note, has been engaged by M. Servadio, the director of the Cortesi troupe. He is now *en route* to the United States.

On dit, that during the next Italian opera season at our Academy of Music, a new opera by Sig. Muzio will be produced.

Adelaide Cortesi is enjoying her *villeggiatura* at Rossville, Staten Island. At the same place says the *Eco d'Italia*, Servadio meditates his plan of battle for the next season in Cuba.

Susini is rusticated near Fort Hamilton.

Assoni is at a pleasant villa near Clifton, Staten Island.

Angiolina Ghioni has returned from her Canadian excursion, and is passing some time at Elizabeth, N. J.

Muzio is with the Yacht Club on its summer cruise.

Stefani and Errani oscillate between New York and the villas of their friends in the neighboring country.

Madame Colson and husband and Scola, the tenor, are at New Utrecht, L. I. Colson is making great progress in her knowledge of the Italian language and its idioms.—*N. Y. Sunday Times*.

HONOR TO A BUFFALO SINGER.—The *Courier* says that Miss Schmidt, of this city, whose splendid vocal powers are well known to our citizens, has been engaged to sing the soprano solos in the Oratorio of the Creation, which is to be produced before the Prince of Wales, in Toronto, on the 14th prox. There will be a chorus of six hundred singers present on this occasion. Those who have heard Miss Schmidt, either in the choir of Dr. Lord's church, or in the several concerts which she has so largely contributed to make attractive, will agree with us in saying that the Canadians could not have made a better selection.

A VERY SHARP TENOR.—Recently in Paris, a certain tenor, whose name it would not be fair to give, appears before the Tribunal to insist upon payment of the full sum mentioned in the conditional contract he signed with the manager of one of our theatres some two months ago. The tenor is engaged by an English *impresario*, and reckoned upon the money for the expenses to which he would be compelled by his journey. The manager coolly refuses to pay him, because he had not fulfilled the terms of the contract. He had no C sharp! And it was for this C sharp alone for which the manager cared. If he could produce a B flat it was fully as much as he was capable of; therefore, nothing more than the pay of an ordinary chorus singer should he have. The poor tenor defends himself most valiantly against the imputation. Not only has he a full C sharp, but, moreover, he can hold it.

The court ruminates for awhile and decides that nothing but real merchandise can be brought into court—that the tenor must sue in the ordinary way for loss of time and nothing more. Thereupon the tenor, who is pressed for time, no doubt, starts up and exclaims—"But, gentlemen, my C sharp is merchandise, and I can bring it into court!" and begins a series of roulades which echo against the roof of the hall terminating in the aforesaid C sharp, which thrill through the ears of the bench until they cry for mercy; and the mirth occasioned by the incident so completely alters the temper of the lawyers that they gave their verdict in favor of the oppressed one; and he carries off the whole sum mentioned in the contract amidst the laughter of judge, lawyer, witness and even the defendant himself.

AMNESTY TO WAGNER.—We hear from Dresden that the composer, Herr Richard Wagner, has been favored by a conditional amnesty from the King of Saxony. Herr Wagner may return to Germany, with the only exception of Saxony. The King's pardon, then, consists in not requiring the other German States to deliver the culprit up to him, in case he should be found lying in one of them. This news has been dispatched to Paris, where Herr Wagner now lives. It remains to be seen how the music of that originated thinker will thrive when the nourishment of a controversy, based on persecution of its writer, is withdrawn from it. His "Tristan und Ysolde," and the four Nibelungen operas, are, as matters have stood, long in coming. Illiberal as this act of pardon may seem, it is more than the Prussian Government has done. Nevertheless, Saxony seems to have the precedence in its cruelty to its political prisoners. The disclosures that have lately been made by the book of Herr Oelkers, one of the State prisoners recently released, are very painful, and come very near to the Naples state of things; at all events, leaving far behind the sufferings of Silvio Pellico. Where, then, we may ask, is the humanizing effect of scholarship? The King is a scholar, and has translated Dante.—*Athenæum*.

NEW ORLEANS.—The new and elegant lyric temple, at the corner of Bourbon and Toulouse streets, is making ready to present itself, on its opening, in November, more beautiful than ever, and with many additional attractions. The corps operatique and dramatique will be greatly strengthened and increased, many of the old and greatest favorites remaining, and several new and talented additions made.—Among the artistes engaged are the popular tenor and basso, Philippe and Genibrel, whom, by-the-by, we saw announced, the other day, to perform at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, Mlle. D'Arcy, the piquante comic cantatrice, was also of the party. She would be a valuable accession to the opera, next season.—*N. O. Picayune, Aug. 19*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Fading rose. Verdi. 25

A pretty poem written to fit a beautiful, although little known air in Verdi's "Luisa Miller."

An Englishman am I. G. S. Cony. 25

Highly effective, with a kind of a national anthem air about it.

Mrs. Cruiser, or Taming a Tartar. A domestic ditty. Carpenter. 25

When it is recollected that "Cruiser" was the name of the most vicious horse which Mr. Rarey had the good fortune to tame, the import of this truly comic song will be readily understood.

Dreamland. Song. Claribel. 25

Janet's Choice. " 25

Two easy and pretty songs from the pen of a highly gifted amateur.

Merrily, merrily shines the morn. Skylark song. Alice Foster. 25

Less pretentious than vocal operatic rondos, polacas, &c., this song, with its sparkling vivacity and ear-catching melody will be just as attractive a piece with most hearers. It is not difficult.

Sorrowful trees. Hon. Mrs. Norton. 25

A song of sterling merit of which the name of the authoress is sufficient guarantee.

With Guitar Accompaniment.

Twinkling stars are laughing. Ordway. 25

Silvery midnight moon. " 25

Two of Ordway's most favorite melodies, which, although long familiar have never yet been accessible to those who use the Guitar for their accompaniments.

Instrumental Music.

Philomelen Waltz. Four hands. Strauss. 75

One of those old German Waltzes whose beauty never fades out.

Il Trovatore. (Operatic Favorites.) Nava. 35

La Sonnambula. " " " 35

The composer has hit the form in which these operatic gems are most acceptable to amateur players, and his arrangements will be much called for.

Pet Waltz. Dr. F. Geutebruck. 35

A pleasing waltz with a handsome vignette.

Arlington Waltz. Isora. 35

Phoenix Polka. H. Eikmeier. 25

Garibaldi March. J. Prosperi. 25

New and pleasing dance music of medium difficulty.

Books.

FATHER KEMP'S OLD FOLK'S CONCERT TUNES. 25

The thousands of persons who have listened to the unique and attractive performance of "the Old Folks," under the direction of Father Kemp, will thank the publishers for this neat volume of all their pieces. The many applications made for certain pieces sung by this company has led to the publication of this book. It contains, in addition to its sacred music, several of the most popular songs of the revolutionary times of '76 and thereabouts, many of which are not to be found in any other work.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 440.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 8, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 24.

The Tides.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

The moon is at her full, and, riding high,
Floods the calm fields with light.
The airs that hover in the summer sky
Are all asleep to-night.

There comes no voice from the great woodland round
That murmured all the day;
Beneath the shadow of their boughs, the ground
Is not more still than they.

But ever heaves and moans the restless deep;
His rising tides I hear;
As far I see the glimmering billows leap;
I see them breaking near.

Each wave springs upward, climbing towards the fair,
Pure light that sits on high;
Springs eagerly, and faintly sinks to where
The mother waters lie.

Upward again it swells; the moonbeams show
Again its glimmering crest;
Again it feels the fatal weight below,
And sinks, but not to rest.

Again and yet again; until the deep
Recalls his brood of waves;
And, with a sullen moan, abashed, they creep
Back to his inner caves.

Brief respite! they shall rush from that recess
With noise and tumult soon.
And fling themselves, with unavailing stress,
Up toward the placid moon.

O restless sea, that in thy prison here
Dost struggle and complain;
Through the slow centuries yearning to be near
To that fair orb in vain.

The glorious source of light and heat must warm
Thy bosom with his glow,
And on those mounting waves a nobler form
And freer life bestow.

Then only may they leave the waste of brine
In which they welter here,
And rise above the hills of earth and shine
In a serenest sphere.

—New York Ledger.

Piano-Forte Composers.

HUMMEL.

While on the subject of pianoforte composers who have written not for a country or for an age, but for the world and for all time, we may allude to one who has done perhaps more legitimate service in developing the *bonâ fide* mechanism of the instrument than any predecessor, contemporary, or follower. Next to Moscheles (by many placed before him—we cannot but think in some respects unreasonably), comes Jean Nepomuk Hummel, one of the most talented, voluminous, and classical of all the pianoforte composers. Hummel—be not startled, reader—was *not* an original genius, although a long habit of composing endowed him with an unmistakable peculiarity of manner. But Hummel *was* a musician, heart and soul—one of the right sort, unbending, comprehensive, and enthusiastic. Educated under excellent masters, he soon acquired the art of writing with ease, while the strict school in which he had been nourished, regulated his taste in the true direction. Hummel was a more learned musician than Moscheles, although he did not possess Moscheles' originality. His contributions to the art were not less numerous and valuable. Both have been of inestimable worth in directing the studies of pianists, and both were endowed with a facility which promptly seconded these intentions. Hummel's concertos owe much more

than is generally admitted to those of Mozart. Dussek, and Steibelt; but they abound in a variety of graceful passages that exclusively belong to their author. It should be noted here that Mozart anticipated Beethoven, and that Beethoven did not surpass Mozart in the symmetrical form which, although Haydn had imparted to the symphony, was, before Mozart's time, wholly strange to the concerto. Mozart, therefore, did as much for the concerto as Haydn had done for the symphony and sonata—for, be it remarked, while in the lucid arrangement of ideas which appear and return in reasonable and proper places, the consistent balance of relative keys being preserved, the concerto is but a branch of the parent SONATA,* yet it still presents, even in the examples left us by Mozart and Beethoven, a marked difference of plan.†

While in the *tutti* or orchestral preludes‡, Hummel (like Moscheles) followed Mozart's symmetrical arrangement, he also (like Moscheles) overlooked that peculiarity which endows Mozart's concertos with such unity and completeness. Let us explain. In Mozart's concertos the three solos, of which, like the majority of concertos, they are composed, are continually accompanied in the orchestra by one or both the principal themes, separate or in conjunction, elaborate and worked out to the end. We find little of this in Hummel, although occasional glimpses are not wanting; but a complete development of the themes is never attempted, except in the *tutti*. For this reason, without alluding to his higher genius, Mozart not only wrote his concertos as though he had improved upon the models of Hummel, who lived after him (instead of Hummel half-rising to the models left by Mozart), but wrote them, as it were, side by side with Beethoven, the *great developer himself*—even he who gave Mendelssohn the first hints of dispensing altogether with the *tutti*, an evident superfluity.¶

Nevertheless, devoid of pure invention as was Hummel, his concertos are fine productions, indispensable to the completion of a musical education, beautiful and interesting as music, independent of their influence and of all arbitrary considerations. No pianoforte writer ever produced a greater variety of new and elegant passages than Hummel, who, we need hardly remind our readers, was one of the greatest pianists of his day; and as an impromptu player, or *improvisateur*, had few equals, and fewer superiors. (This reminds us that we have neglected to speak of the wonderful powers of improvisation possessed by Moscheles). The miscellaneous works of Hummel—studies, fantasias, &c.—would of themselves form an interesting library. But, to come to an end with him, his sonatas for pianoforte solus are almost as rare (master as he needs must have been of the sonata-form) as those of Moscheles. We have never seen more than five—that in F minor (the best—a *chef d'œuvre*); that in D, which, containing a *scherzo* and *trio*, assumes the distinction of the real *grand sonata*; that in E flat, dedicated to Haydn; that in C; and that

*We cannot too frequently insist that the sonata is the model for the symphony, quartet, and all the larger form of instrumental music.

†The three specimens of the concerto left us by Mendelssohn, in which the sonata form is perfectly developed, have been frequently described.

‡The *tutti*, according to Mozart, is a kind of synopsis of the whole first movement, laid out like the first movement of a sonata.

§In the concerto in G major.

¶Beethoven, in the G concerto, begins at once with the pianoforte (like Mendelssohn in all his concertos); but, after a few arpeggios, he introduces a long *tutti*. This leads to the conviction that the idea of abandoning the *tutti* had entered into the ever-inventing brain of the composer, but that he almost immediately gave it up as untenable. The great concerto in E flat presents the same apparent discrepancy.

in F sharp minor, which, though styled a sonata, is, more strictly speaking, a *fantasia*. But these alone are enough to immortalize Hummel, had he not produced so many and such variety of works in another form as to place him among the most fecund and admirable of musicians.—*London Musical World*, Aug. 4.

A Posthumous Opera by Mozart.

About a year and a half ago the *Operngesangsverein* of Herren Lichtenstein and Ferd. Schmidt, in Frankfort-on-the-Maine, performed for the first time (in all Germany perhaps), an opera until then unknown, by Mozart, *L'Oca del Cairo*,—*The Goose from Cairo*. It produced a great impression upon all present, as it is well worth a detailed account. There are, indeed, already accounts of it, for instance, in Nissen's *Biographie Mozart*, p. 476; and, more recently, in Otto Jahn's admirable work, Vol. IV. pp. 162, 172, in the preface to the published pianoforte edition, there is also the necessary information; but it is not every one who possesses these works, and, consequently, the following facts and dates may not be unwelcome to our readers.

We are accustomed, and with justice, to call Mozart's music incomparable. This appellation is doubly appropriate; first, as concentrated criticism, and secondly, as a literal fact, for all the pictures he created, from the ghostly voice of the Commander, or the presentiments of the Last day (the *Requiem*), to the babbling of such a person as Despina; from the graceful lays of Belmont, to the frivolity, sparkling with humor, of Figaro; from the *Jupiter Symphony* to the "Sterbendes Veilchen" ("Dying Violet") invariably bear in themselves the impress of the noblest simplicity, and consequently, we cannot institute a comparison between his compositions and any others, for in no others do we find so spontaneously present this fundamental quality of Mozart's mind and style. While therefore, in these respects, Mozart's music may on the whole be termed incomparable, it cannot fail to surprise us, in the case of the opera under consideration, that, as far as light and graceful pertness is concerned, there is a great deal that approaches the Italian buffo style, and now and then, borders on Rossini; nay, prepares, so to speak, the way for him, without, however losing aught of real depth, or, amidst the most jovial humor, of feeling and grace. I could not produce any particular example in actual notes of this similarity, but it is the total impression of the music which called forth the comparison.

Now for the historical dates of our opera. After *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* had achieved its triumphs, and, in 1782, the Italian Opera was again opened at Vienna, Mozart yearned for a really comic libretto, which he at last got, after a long search in the shape of our *Oca del Cairo*, from the author of *Idomeneo*, the Abbé Varesco in Salzburg. During Mozart's stay at that place, from July to October, 1783, the opera was begun in common, as is proved by one of Mozart's letters, of the 10th December of the same year, sent from Vienna to his father in Salzburg, and in which he begs him "to do all in his power so that the libretto may turn out well."

Among Mozart's papers, which, as we know, the Hofrath A. André possesses in Offenbach, there is the first act, completely finished, and written in Varesco's own hand, as well as a full prose sketch of the contents of the other two acts. For the first act Mozart composed two duets, two airs, a scene in recitative, a quartet, and a grand finale with chorus. These plans and sketches belong, therefore, to the first act. The list of personages is as follows:—

Don Pippo, Marchese di Ripasecca, innamorato di Lovina, credutosi vedovo di Donna Pantea, sotto nome di Sandra, sua moglie. Celidora, loro unica figlia, destinata sposa al Conte Lionetto di Casa Vusta, amante di Biondello, gentiluomo ricco di Ripasecca. Calandrino, nipote de Pantea, amico di Biondello, ed amante corrisposto di Lavina, compagna di Celidora. Chichibio, maestro di casa di Don Pippo, amante di Aurette, cameriera di Donna Pantea.

With respect to the plot, it will be sufficient here for us to give merely the leading points as they are shortly mentioned by Otto Jahn in the pianoforte edition:—"Don Pippo, bass, an arrogant inflated fool, has locked up, in an inaccessible tower, his daughter Celidora, soprano, whom he wishes to marry to Count Lionetto. Imprisoned with her is her maid Lavina, soprano, whom Don Pippo himself wishes to marry. He has, however entered into an agreement with Biondello (*primo amoroso*), Celidora's lover, that he will give him his daughter, provided, within a year, he can get into the tower. Biondello has formed a league with his friend Calandrino, tenor, the lover of Lavina and a skilful mechanician, the servants Chichibio, bass-buffo, and Aurette, soubrette, being won over to their interest. The time of action is the last day of the year. An attempt made by the lovers to throw a bridge over the tower fails in the first finale. But Calandrino has made an artificial goose large enough for a couple of persons, who can set the machinery in motion, to get inside. This is sent to Pantea, who, disguised as a gipsy from Cairo, is to exhibit it as a great wonder. Hopes are entertained of inducing Pippo to show the goose to the young girls, and thus enable Biondello to penetrate into the tower. In return for this, Calandrino stipulates that his friend shall procure him Lavina's hand. The stratagem succeeds, for Don Pippo, who thinks to increase the splendor of his own nuptials by the exhibition of such a wonderful thing, allows the goose to be brought into the girls. When all the characters are assembled, Biondello comes out of the goose, Pantea proves to be Pippo's wife, who has long been supposed dead, and—everybody is happy."

If any body is desirous of further information respecting the second and third acts, we refer them to the above mentioned fourth volume of Otto Jahn's *Mozart*.

It would be an unnecessary task to dwell upon the excellencies and defects of this subject, for, as Mozart set to work on it with such earnestness, when in his twenty-seventh year, the numbers we possess are calculated to invest the text with augmented interest. Herr Julius André says in his preface, "I would particularly call attention to the duet in A major, between Aurette and Chichibio, to the quartet in E sharp major, and to the finale in B flat major, as they contain masterly touches, and even in their incomplete form, may be placed by the side of the best pieces in his other operas, to which I add especially his *Figaro*. Mozart himself says in a letter that 'he is perfectly contented with Chichibio's *buffo* air, the quartet, and the finale; that in truth he is pleased with them, and that he should be very sorry if he were doomed to have written such music for no purpose.' By this, he means that alterations are still required in the *libretto*. He proceeds to suggest the desired improvements himself, a sufficient proof how greatly he was taken by the opera, and how desirous he was of seeing it produced. It is a remarkable fact that both the basses lie very high; this is strange, coming as it does immediately after the low pitch of the bass part employed so advantageously in the part of Osmin. Had the barytone been then 'invented,' we may suppose Mozart would have given the higher bass part this title. No less remarkable is the quartet, on account of the distribution on which the bass is not at all missed. But what was there difficult or impossible for the genius of Mozart? Let the reader call to mind the wonderful construction of the quartet of the three Genii and Pamina in *Die Zauberflöte*.

Among the posthumous musical sketches of Mozart, there are several separate sheets, which

may be considered preparatory attempts for several of the pieces in our opera. Several, however, are already so complete, that there would, we should say, have been but little to add, when they were fairly written out. It is also probable that Mozart had already settled the appropriate harmony, and the intermediate instrumental music, although we find merely hints in the rough drafts. The most convincing proof of this is furnished by an air of Biondello's, in B flat major, although it is treated in the most cursory manner. Herr André has placed a fac-simile of this sketch before the pianoforte edition, and, on account of its almost totally illegible character, added a clean copy. Every artist, possessing any antiquarian taste, will be thankful to him for this, since the air is not to be found among the pieces written out at length, and the sketch itself is certainly worthy of being rescued from oblivion. We here surprise the master in the very act, as it were, of creation. Again, this sketch proves to us that Mozart used not to compose the various pieces of his operas in the order in which they came, but selected certain ones, just as the situations struck him for the moment; a glance at the *libretto* sets this beyond a doubt.

An analysis of the pianoforte edition would prove too long a task. I only repeat, therefore, that the genial dash and the careful working out of these pieces are on an equality with each other. The finale of the Annual Fair, particularly, overflows with dramatic effects; the study of the vocal score, with its polyphonic and contrapuntal arguments, here becomes equally interesting and instructive for both masters and scholars. If the tumultuous rising to a climax of the last *presto* in B flat major (for six voices and independent chorus) on the words "Holla, zu den Waffen, Leute," produces such a grandiose effect even on the piano, how much more striking would the effect be on the stage, and with a full band?

My authorities are altogether silent with respect to the German translator. His version is, however, mostly satisfactory, as the verbal expression goes hand in hand with the musical, while correctness of rhythm, with a few trifling exceptions, is carefully preserved. Lastly, with regard to the pianoforte edition, which conveys a clear notion of the original plan, Herr André had not the slightest reason to excuse himself, and to give "every one" the option of arranging the pianoforte accompaniment *ad libitum*, according to the hints given in the book. Whoever examines attentively the instrumental sketches on the score will acknowledge not only the difficulty, but also the discretion with which Herr André has proceeded on his task. The thanks of every one of Mozart's admirers are due to Herr André, not simply for the idea of practically preserving this work to posterity, but also for cleverly carrying out that idea.

What can be said *in nuce* about a work of this importance is sufficient to direct general attention to it. Many other societies, imitating the example set by the Frankfort *Operngesangverein*, help to spread this composition, which, alas! is impracticable on the stage. May this relic, after a slumber of seven-and-twenty years, be resuscitated, and in the concert hall, as well as in the domestic circle, meet with the reception it deserves.

C. GOLLMICK.

Rossini

BEFORE, DURING, AND AFTER THE PERFORMANCE OF SEMIRAMIS.

A single official act preceded and followed the solemn transformation of *Semiramide* into French. It was the authorization given by Rossini to his friend Carafa in the following terms:

"My dear friend,—Since it is proposed to bring out *Semiramide* at the Opéra, and as you know I do not busy myself with things of that kind, I beg you will undertake the task; I give you the most complete latitude for whatever arrangements may be deemed necessary. As this labor will be your work, it will be also your property, and all the author's rights, both in and out of the theatre, will belong to you, just as they would for an opera by yourself.

"Yours affectionately,

"G. ROSSINI."

Rossini has been called "the sublime idler," because, doubtless, no musician has ever written, or writes, more music—and what music!—than Rossini. Some day or other history will call him "the sublime miser," for he is always giving. What he has just done with regard to *Semiramide* he did some years ago with regard to *Robert Bruce*, and on that occasion his renunciation of all his rights was dated from Bologna. Did he not also do the same thing for the benefit of the authors, composers, and musical publishers who urged him to honor them by belonging to their society? "I consent," he replied, "but on the express condition that all the money my rights produce me shall be contributed to your charitable fund."

Again, what about the city of Paris, from whom the illustrious *maestro* solicited a plot of ground near the Bois de Boulogne, for the purpose of building a summer villa? Was there not a desire to offer him this plot of ground for his lifetime? "I should prefer paying for it," he replied, "and being completely at home, while at the same time among you, for, sooner or later, my property will go to your poor." It was thus this illustrious and worthy master paid a hundred thousand francs for what he could have obtained gratuitously from the munificence of the capital of the arts, which he has enriched with imperishable works.

Such is Rossini, the sublime miser! Seek elsewhere for the secret of such acts of generosity, without reckoning those he conceals from us, for he never thinks of ostentation. When, for instance, he is asked why certain external portions of his new habitation are completely sacrificed, he answers, in terms more energetic than it would do to write, that he did not build the house for the *cockneys* who might pass. Yet, while he neglects this striking part of a dwelling to which all Paris perform pilgrimages, we find him summoning, at a great expense, painters like MM. Samoglia and Besteghi, from Bologna, to recall to his heart and eyes the internal hangings and decorations in the modern Italian style. As for the subjects of these paintings, what is the first thing we remark? Mozart being complimented in the box of the Emperor of Austria, at the Opera House in Vienna, on the night of the first performance of *Don Juan*. In another place we have, as a pendant, Palestrina playing psalms to Pope Marcel, surrounded by his cardinals. Scattered about will be the portraits of Cimarosa, Haydn, Boieldieu, &c.

Rossini might have found twenty architects eager to build him a palace; he preferred applying to a friend, who, without any pretension, will erect what the master terms his little country-house, redolent of the perfumes of Italy and the East.

M. Doussault, who has given up painting for architecture, felt what Rossini wanted: Florence without leaving Paris, and Paris *villeggiature*. He has, therefore, given him balconies and attics, and sculptured models of *torchieri* with large rings, to which were fastened, in the old Florentine palaces, the hackneys and the palfreys of the guests and visitors. Being, too, a lover of color, he thought that enamel and crockery ware, with their unchanging tints, might, nay even ought to, find a place on the facade of the house built for the musician of melody, the master-colorist, *par excellence*. This is a protestation against this systematic rejection of all painting in our architecture.

With regard to color, does not the gardener's lodge at the entrance give us an exact idea of the least vulgar specimens of Oriental art, such as, with a few variations, is found in Wallachia and Moldavia, whence M. Doussault brought home the most poetic sketches?

But with all this talking about M. Doussault, we have strayed far away from our subject; we were discussing the Gallicized *Semiramide*, and the only official act of Rossini's which preceded and followed Méry's translation. As we have seen, Rossini gave Carafa every latitude in all that concerned the arrangement of the music, and his confidence was equally unlimited with regard to Méry's verses. Now the poet has trans-

lated so melodiously that the hearer might fancy he was listening to Italian, while the musician so well understood his mission as to respect the work in its slightest details.

But there was something that neither Méry, Carafa, M. Alphonse Royer, nor any of his friends could do, and that was to prevail on the celebrated master to go to a single rehearsal, far less to the performance. Nay, the Sunday before the first performance, Rossini introduced Carafa to all his friends as the author of *Semiramide*, and reproached him with not being sufficiently excited on the eve of a battle.

Rossini would not even hear the Sisters Marchisio, either before or at the performance. At present, things are no longer the same; M. Alphonse Royer has resolved to give him this surprise in his villa at Passy; the author of *Semiramide* will be touched by the attention, and grateful for it. He is, indeed, the man of genius, who has bid the theatre farewell, and will in no way infringe a supreme decision, of which God alone possesses the secret.

Speaking of *Semiramide*, for he does not avoid the subject in conversation, Rossini informed us that he composed it in one month at Venice, adding that, in order to obtain the stipulated price, five thousand francs, for all his rights of representation and publication, he was engaged for six months in the most active correspondence.

This was the last work composed in Italy by Rossini. Up to that period his operas had not brought him in more than five hundred or a thousand francs each. *Il Barbiere* was written and rehearsed in thirteen days for the modest pittance of five hundred francs! "It is true," said Rossini, "it is light music."

Rossini now came to Paris, and, during the same summer, bestowed on us two scores, that of *Le Comte Ory* and that of *Guillaume Tell*! Then, alas, the sublime idler abandoned himself to repose, even refusing while alive to witness the immortality of his works. J. L. HEUGEL.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Personal Recollections of Beethoven in 1822.

(From the German of Fr. Rochlitz.)

(Continued.)

About a fortnight later, I was just going to dinner, when I met the young composer, * * *, an enthusiastic admirer of Beethoven. The latter had spoken to him of me. "If you wish to see him more cheerful and at ease," said * * *, "you need only dine at the same inn to which he has just gone with the same intention." He took me there. Most of the places were occupied, Beethoven was surrounded by several of his friends who were strangers to me. He seemed in the highest spirits. He returned my bow, but I purposely did not go near him just then. Yet I took a place where I could see him, and, as he spoke loud enough, could understand most of what he said. It was not exactly a conversation which he was carrying on, but he spoke alone, and generally for a long time, bringing in subject after subject at random. Those who surrounded him added but little, only laughing and nodding their approbation. He talked philosophy, and politics too, after a fashion of his own. He spoke of England and the English as he imagined both, in incomparable glory, which often produced a singular effect. Then he produced many anecdotes of Frenchmen from the double siege of Vienna. For this nation he had no great liking. All this he brought out with the greatest carelessness, and without the slightest reservation, and spiced with highly original quaint opinions and queer ideas. He seemed to me all this time like a man of rich, prominent mind, unbounded, never resting fancy, who, as a ripening, highly gifted boy, might have been cast, with all that he had learned or experienced till then, or whatever knowledge had come to him, upon a desert island, and there had brooded and thought over this matter, until his fragments had been shaped to a whole, and his fancies become convictions, which he now fearlessly and fa-

miliarly proclaimed to the whole world. Now he had finished his meal, rose, and came to me. "Well how do you fare in old Vienna?" he said, pleasantly. I answered him by signs, drank his health, and proposed to him to join me at my wine. He accepted, but beckoned me to a small side room. This was just what I wanted. I took the bottle and followed him. There we were alone, except now and then a looker-on, who left again in a few minutes. He handed me a tablet, on which I was to write whatever he could not understand from my signs. He began with the praise of Leipzig and its music, at least such music as is chosen for performance in the church, the theatre and the concert; otherwise he knows nothing of Leipzig, and has only passed through it once as a very young man on his way to Vienna. "And if nothing were printed about it but the mere programmes," he said, "I should yet read them with pleasure. One sees that there is sense in it, and good will towards all, while here."

And then he broke out, and violently, there was no possibility of stopping him. He spoke, among others, of himself, "You hear nothing by me here." "Now, in summer," I wrote. "No," he cried, "in winter too. What should you hear? Fidelio? That they cannot give and will not hear. The symphonies? They have no time for them. The concertos? In that line every one only rattles off what he has made himself. The solo pieces? Those have gone out of fashion here long ago, and fashion is everything. At the most Schuppanzigh sometimes brings out a quartet," etc., etc. Exaggerated though this is, it is yet not without truth and foundation. At last he had vented himself sufficiently, and returned to Leipzig. "But," he said, "I believe you live in Weimar, after all?" He must have judged so from my address. I shook my head. "So you don't know the great Goethe?" I nodded, and that vehemently. "I know him too!" he continued, proudly, and with pure joy reflected in his features. I made his acquaintance in Carlsbad—I don't know how long ago. I was not as deaf then as I am now, but I was already hard of hearing. What patience the great man had with me at that time, how much he has done for me! He related several little anecdotes and very pleasing details. How happy this made me at the time. I could have suffered myself to be killed for him, and not only once, but ten times. At that time, when I was right in the midst of the fire, I thought out my music to his Egmont, and it was successful, don't you think so? Whatever gestures I could think of to express my pleasure and admiration, I made for him. Then I wrote down that we produce this music not only at every representation of Egmont, but perform it once every year, at a concert, combined with a sort of analysis taken mostly from those scenes of the drama to which the music refers. "I know, I know," cried he. "Since that summer in Carlsbad, I read Goethe every day, that is, when I read at all. He killed Klopstock for me. You are surprised? Ah, at my having read Klopstock? I carried him about with me for years, when I was taking my walks, and otherwise. Well, I did not always understand him, to be sure. He jumps about so, and he always starts from such a lofty position, always maestoso, D flat major, eh? But still, he is great, and elevates the soul. Where I could not understand him, I could guess,—about. If only he was not always going to die! There's time enough for that. However, it sounds well enough, etc., etc. But that Goethe, he lives, and we all must live with him. That is the reason that he can be set to music. No other can be set to music as well as he. Only I don't much like to write songs." Here I had the best opportunity of mentioning that idea of H.'s and his commission. I wrote down the proposition and his offer, putting on the most serious face, Beethoven read. "Ha!" he cried, raising his hand, "that would be a good piece of work! That would be

worth doing!" He went on in this way for awhile, and sketched out the idea immediately and not badly, while staring fixedly, with head thrown back, at the ceiling.* "But," he soon rejoined, "I have for some time had my mind filled with those other great works. Much of them is already hatched, in my head at least. These I must get rid of first, two grand symphonies, and each one of them different from all my others, and an oratorio. These will take a very long time, for, you see, writing has not been as easy for me lately as it always has been. I sit and think, and think; it has come to me long ago, but I can't get it down on paper. I dread the beginning of such great works. When I am once in them, I go on very well —." And so he went on for a long time. So I am doubtful. But we will still hope, because the idea attracts him, and he has assured me again and again, not to lose sight of it.

M. A. R.

*The proposition was made to him to write a musical accompaniment in the style of that to Egmont, to Goethe's Faust.

The Two Webbers.

Our readers are probably aware that managers, with the view of punishing editors of newspapers for the severity they sometimes exhibit in criticising theatrical performances, agreed long since to accord them the so-called privilege of writing free admissions, or "orders." A more ingenious system of vengeance was never imagined, for the apparent civility of the proceeding deprived the journalists of all pretext for retaliation. An order for a theatre is something between a present of game and the bottle imp. If the performance which the order entitles you to see, be good, a manifest improbability, the order may pass from hand to hand, a dozen persons will be obliged, and finally the one who makes use of it will be delighted. But if, and this is too often the case, the performance which you have the privilege of sitting out is really not worth a moment's attention? Then the order is given by the newspaper editor to his friend: the friend, annoyed with the newspaper editor for not giving him anything better, passes it on to another friend, who gives it to his tailor, who gives it to his baker, who gives it to his eldest son, who, being inexperienced, takes a cab and a young lady with whom he is "keeping company," and drives to the theatre, where he spends a wretched evening, quarrels with the *inamorata*, who is bored to death, and goes home in a rage to complain to his father the baker. The baker complains to the tailor, who speaks of it to his customer, who mentions it to his acquaintance, and so on, until at last the newspaper editor is made the object of innumerable reproaches from the friend for giving him an order to "a place not worth going to."

But we will suppose the representation to which the order admits to be one of high merit. Then, whenever you give it away you oblige one person and offend three or four whom you have been compelled to refuse. Nor does the recipient necessarily consider that any favor has been bestowed on him. On the contrary, it is ten chances to one that he will fancy himself injured or insulted because you have not given him stalls instead of places in the boxes, or private boxes instead of a couple of stalls. And if he *does* prevail upon you to ask for a box, the probability is that, just as you are paying to go into the Opera, yourself, you hear a voice shouting to the box keeper—

"Mr. De Quill's box, he gave it to me himself, and it must be on the grand tier; or at all events not higher than the first."

"No. 50!" says the box keeper, looking at the letter, which entitles the holder to the use of a very good box, on the second tier.

"Do you think I'm going up there? Do you think Mr. Carrickfergus and myself are in the habit of going in the gallery?"

"I do not know, Sir," says the polite box keeper of the first tier (he is the most distinguished looking man in the house, and is constantly mistaken, by visitors from the country, for the Duke of Mecklenburgh; somebody who has accidentally missed the royal box, and is strolling about the corridors in search of it) "but I can assure you that No. 50 is on the tier above."

"Where is the manager?" says our friend, indignantly.

"The manager, Sir? that is the manager, opposite—that gentleman in the white waistcoat."

"Oh!" responds Mr. Carrickfergus, as if at a loss what to say next. But he recovers himself, and adds

—"I shall tell Mr. De Quill of the rudeness I experienced at the hands of the officials; and I have no doubt he will call attention to it next week, in his paper." Then he enters box 50, is a little soothed at finding it much better than he expected, and—gives nothing to the box keeper. The next morning he has the coolness to write us a letter, stating that the performance was not bad (he had seen Titiens, Borghi-Mamo, and Giuglini!) but the next time we favor him with a box, he hopes it will be a little lower down. Would that we could procure him admission to a place a great deal lower down, where the box keeper is Cerberus, and the manager Pluto!

But if it be an inconvenience and even source of misery to have the privilege of writing orders, it is pleasant enough to be able to enter a fine theatre merely for the trouble of putting your name down on the "Free List." Many persons possess this real privilege; not only journalists who are in the habit of criticising the performances, but also well-known authors, musicians, and even artists. It is a compliment which a manager of a liberal turn of mind pays to all persons whose opinion is of some importance to him, to say nothing of those whose opinions are of no importance to any one—not even to themselves. It gets the theatre "talked about," and benefits the manager, if the representations are good; but if the contrary—then, the contrary. When Karl Maria Von Weber was in England, he happened to be introduced to the manager of the — theatre, who, by way of paying him what he considered the highest honor in the world, placed his name on the Free List. The acting at the — theatre was good enough in its way, but there was nothing in the performances calculated to attract a poet and a thinker like Weber, and a considerable time elapsed before it ever occurred to the composer of Oberon to take advantage of the privilege which the manager had accorded him. One day, however, he happened to be passing the door, when something in the bills attracted his notice. Then, remembering that his name was on the Free List, he went up to the superintendent of that department, and mentioned his name.

"Just gone in, Sir," said the man.

"No, I am not gone in, but I will go in," replied Weber; "give me a card."

"I tell you, he's gone in these five minutes, and why should I give you a card?" asked the man, rather brusquely.

"Because I am Mr. Weber," replied the proprietor of that glorious name, and because my name is on the Free List."

"That's cool!" returned the official. Why, you are as much Her Carl fun Weber, as I am. I tell you, he's gone in this ever so long." "Two, Sir? There they are, Sir." These last words were addressed to a gentleman who had presented an order.

"Am I a liar, b'raps?" asked the indignant Teuton, as if by no means prepared to receive an answer in the affirmative.

"I don't know who you are, nor what you are, nor where you come from!" was the reply; only you're not Her fun Webber, and it's no good trying it on here." "Too late, ma'am! not admitted after seven and it's now half past;" continued the man, as a lady exhibited a ticket of admission.

"But it was given me by Mr. Pennefeather!" objected the dame.

"Can't help it, Ma'am; we have our instructions, and we must attend to them."

"Really, this is very extraordinary! I shall certainly complain to Mr. Pennefeather."

"Can't help it, Ma'am; you should have been in time."

"Should have been in time! What impertinence! I have a great mind to see the manager; but I will certainly complain to Mr. Pennefeather, and he shall cut you up in his journal."

"Thank you, Ma'am!"

Karl Maria was still waiting for his card, or rather was waiting with the view of proving that he was himself.

"What, you still here?" exclaimed the man in the box.

"I am Mr. Weber, and I will go in," replied the composer.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," said the superintendent of the Free List, astonished at so much persistence. "As you will have that you're Her fun Webber, you shall go into the theatre, and see him."

"I insist upon it," answered Weber himself.

"Now you come along with me then, and you shall see him sitting in the front of the pit" (stalls had not yet been invented); "as civil spoken a gentleman as I ever saw; why, he's been in every night these two years."

"Is he a German?" inquired Weber, more and more astonished every moment.

"Is Karl Mariar fun Webber a German?" repeated the other, as if really shocked. "Why, of course he is. What a deal you must know about him!"

"I am he," said the German.

"Oh, you're him, are you?" said the Englishman, correcting (as he thought) the foreigner's bad English. "Well, then, who do you call that?"

They had now reached the stage, and from one of the wings Weber could see a German gentleman sitting in the front row of the pit laughing, applauding holding his sides; in fact almost wild with delight. A comic actor was on the stage, and he was singing a song which, to the real Weber, appeared rather dull, not to say stupid.

"Well," said the official "what do you say now?"

Weber gave no answer. The following reflections were passing through his mind:—"That man in the pit," he said to himself, "is an impostor, but he does me no harm. He is probably a poor man; and it is evident that his chief happiness consists in coming to this theatre, for it appears that he never misses a night. I have never thought of coming before, and probably I shall never think of coming here again. Then why should I, for the sake of proving to this person by my side that I am Weber, instead of being Schmidt, Schneider, or any other German, deprive my unfortunate compatriot of what to him is a source of intense enjoyment? It would not enrich me, and would make him 'poor, indeed,' as Shakspeare says:

'Who steals my name steals nought. 'Tis mine, not his
Nor anybody else's that I know of.
But if I stop this fellow's free admission,
I take back that which not enriches him,
And make him deuced poor.'

The official heard the illustrious musician murmuring these lines, and came to the conclusion that he must be a madman.

"Well, what do you say?" he inquired at last. "Are you satisfied?"

"Quite so," replied Weber. "I only wanted to see the composer of Der Freischütz."

"Then you admit that you're an impostor."

"No; I only admit that I wanted to see the composer of Der Freischütz. Good night. Sleep well."

"Go along with you," said the superintendent of the Free List. "What strange fellows those Germans are," he added, addressing his friend the check-taker; and when the other Weber came out, he told him, with a smile, of the "dodge" that one of his countrymen had resorted to in order to gain admission into the theatre. The other Weber (who was a semi-insolvent bootmaker living in the neighborhood of Leicester square) seemed amused, and continued to present himself regularly every night at the Free List office, until at last the good Karl Maria died.

On hearing of the great composer's death, the semi-insolvent boot-maker was amazed. He considered himself decidedly ill used, and did not even attend the funeral.

THE CHARACTER OF THE POET BRYANT.—William Cullen Bryant is one of the purest characters, and has one of the most enviable reputations in the country. He deservedly ranked as the first of our poets until he almost ceased to write in verse, and allowed Longfellow to climb nearer to the summit of Parnassus, while he reclined on the hill-side, or rather while he turned into a more rugged path. The best energies of his maturer years have been given to the discussion of public questions, and among all the able journalists, his cotemporaries, there is not one, active or retired, living or dead, who has succeeded in securing such universal respect, while plunging, as Mr. Bryant always has, into the thick of the fight, and vigorously assailing the opinions and measures of political opponents. He has never trod the tortuous paths of vulgar and crafty politicians; he has never descended to be the apologist of abuses in his own party; he has never hung around lobbies or political conventions; but his whole influence, both as a man and a journalist, has been on the side of straightforward, robust honesty in all public, as well as in all private matters. Holding himself aloof from scheming cliques, and dealing with great principles, he has had the forecast to anticipate public opinions, of which he has been an influential leader. His whole career is a striking contradiction to the shallow notion that a journalist cannot exert a marked influence in politics unless he is hand-and-glove with the able rogues and lesser rogues who pack caucuses and manipulate conventions. The New York *Evening Post*, under Mr. Bryant's management, has always ranked as one of the very best newspapers in the country, and the influence it has exerted has been due not more to the ability and taste that has presided over its columns than to its uncompromising honesty and fearless independence. We are glad of an occasion to express what we believe to be the public sense of Mr. Bryant's character. —*The World*.

MUSICAL FISHES.—Sir Emerson Tennent, in his work on Ceylon, gives the following account of the musical sounds heard in Chilka Lake, a salt-water creek close by Batticoloa, on the eastern shores of Ceylon:

I distinctly heard the sounds in question. They came up from the water like the gentle thrills of a musical chord, or the faint vibrations of a wine-glass, when its rim is rubbed by a wet finger. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each clear and distinct in itself; the sweetest treble mingling with the lowest bass. On sweeting the ear to the wood-work of the boat, the vibration was greatly increased in volume by conduction. The sounds varied considerably at different points, as we moved across the lake, as if the number of animals from which they proceeded was greatest in particular spots; and occasionally we rowed out of hearing of them altogether, until, on returning to the original locality, the sounds were at once renewed.

Mr. George Buist published an account of these musical fishes in the *Bombay Times*, of January, 1847, and stated it was then supposed that the fish are confined to particular localities—shallows—estuaries, and muddy creeks, rarely visited by Europeans; and that this is the reason why hitherto no mention, so far as we know, has been made of the peculiarity in any work on Natural History. His description of the fish was as follows:

A party lately crossing from the promontory in Salsette called the "Neat's Tongue," to near Sewree, were, about sunset, struck by hearing long distinct sounds like the protracted booming of a distant bell, the dying cadence of an Æolian harp, the note of a pitch-pipe or pitch-fork, or any other long-drawn out musical note. It was at first supposed to be music from Parell floating at intervals on the breeze; then it was perceived to come from all directions, almost in equal strength, and to arise from the surface of the water all around the vessel. The boatmen at once intimated that the sounds were produced by fish, abounding in the muddy creeks and shoals around Bombay and Salsette; they were perfectly well known, and very often heard. Accordingly, on inclining the ear toward the surface of the water; or, better still, by placing it close to the planks of the vessel, the notes appeared loud and distinct, and followed each other in constant succession. The boatmen next day produced specimens of the fish—a creature closely resembling in size and shape the fresh-water perch of the north of Europe—and spoke of them as plentiful and perfectly well known.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 8, 1860.

Editorial Correspondence.

II.

PARIS, August 4, 1860.

Were I to begin with chronicling the magical impressions and experiences of the first fortnight of an untravelled American in this great, gay, cheerful, social, military, many-sided, cosmopolitan, catholic, democratic, imperial, antique, modern, picturesque, quaint, beautiful, immense world of Paris, I should fill up many letters (even with Art galleries and old architecture alone) before reaching the special subject matter of this Journal. Let us make sure then of the musical record first.

Of course this is not the musical season. Fashion and high life are out of town, gone to the watering places; though there was little need so far as water and cool air are concerned; for so rainy and so cold a summer, here and over most of Europe, is without precedent in the last thirty years. In sixteen days since I saw land, there has been only one day without rain. You are not safe one hour without umbrella. Summer clothes are never worn. The dealers in all summer wares have a dull time of it; yet all looks cheerful. The open air evening entertainments are but moderately frequented, comparatively speaking. Yet the bewildering maze of lights, white lights and colored lights, and revolving

lights, entangle crowds of pleasure seekers every evening, between the showers, in the leafy walks of the Champs Elysées, where Punchinello shakes your sides with laughter, and the brilliantly lighted festooned salons of the *cafés chantants* gather their seated crowds at various centres, where prima donnas rustling in satin and sparkling with jewels, or tenors and baritones, comic and sentimental, sing whole scenas from the operas, accompanied by orchestras at least equal to the best in any of our theatres. You wander from opera to opera under the trees, the gas lights and the stars. A strange scene, something magical and dreamlike, to one used to the dull streets of Boston of an evening, and especially on a Sunday evening, the open heyday of festivity here. None the less, but all the more, do the fine bands of the regiments, perform on that day, as they do on all days, in the garden of the Tuilleries (rich strains come swelling up to my window at this moment while I write, strains from the *Huguenots*), and in the garden of the Palais Royal, at the feet of the column Vendôme, and many other places. Musard, too, nightly lights up his brilliant temple in the trees, in a remote quarter of the Champs Elysées, between the Palace d'Industrie and the Seine, and with a large orchestra discourses a light music mingled with a few classical overtures (one night Spontini's *Olympia*) to the gay crowd that promenade or sit sipping chocolate and ices. A fascinating scene it is, contrived with much artistic taste; the scene much finer than the music. The handsome octagonal Moorish temple, which contains the orchestra, springs gracefully from a pedestal of green and flowers; and one trifling circumstance a Yankee might be allowed to notice: the crowning circle of white blossoms, delicately graceful in the gaslight, was composed *pure et simple* of the homely and despised "white weed" of our fields, the object of the Yankee farmer's hatred. Here in Paris it is the fashionable flower; it adorns garden walks and fountains, and the ladies wear it on their bonnets. Lo, how French art knows how to utilize the meanest gifts of nature!

A word more of the bands. The very military character of Paris, the very despotism which now rules France (and rules it well, it must be owned, if perfect order, peace, pervading cheerfulness and courtesy are any fair criterion) produces at least one great benefit. It opens copious streams of art and beauty, free and without cost, to the whole population everywhere. It renovates and builds up on a gigantic scale; demolishing the old, the narrow and the dirty, streets and quarters where the sun scarce sent a wholesome ray, and opens great wide stately Boulevards or rears vast piles of regal architecture, bristling with emblematical or portrait sculptures, which employ the chisels of all the first artistic talents proudly for their country's glory, while it makes the common eye familiar with the forms and the ideas of Art. It continues to write out the whole history of France in sculpture and in painting in the endless galleries of the palace at Versailles. It cherishes and increases and keeps in perfect order, *for the people*, and for all comers, the time-honored collections of original Raphaels, Murillos, Titians, Rembrandts, Rubenses, the wonderful Venus of Milo and many masterworks of Greek and modern sculpture, and how many artistic curiosities more, in the galleries of the

Louvre. It preserves the noblest efforts of the new men, and women, of Couture and Muller, and Rosa Bonheur, and Troyon and Ziem, and De la Roche, in the Luxembourg, the Palais des Beaux Arts, &c.; — and all this that *all* may see. And so too it keeps Paris full of music — not of course the highest, but music such as educates the ear, the sense, and stimulates to musical activity and aspiration. In the streets and crowds of Paris almost every third man is a soldier. This is more picturesque than pleasant when one reflects upon the meaning of a soldier. (Picturesque it is, as you see them everywhere, singly, in squads, or companies or regiments; on guard at palace doors and garden gates; swarming like red-breeched bees about the huge casernes or barracks, which seem to make a rising in the streets impossible; or sauntering about cafés and public walks, with white-capped mother or sister or *chère amie* on arm, so socially: witness that group of Arab looking Zouaves down there under the trees of the Tuilleries, the white circles of their turbans glancing through the leaves: — and as efficient for good order as it is picturesque: witness the mounted warrior in brazen helmet at each corner of the street leading to each theatre to opera, to see that there shall be no rude jostling and that each shall have his rights). This multitude of soldiers, this immense army of occupation involves of course a corresponding multitude of military bands.

We saw the emperor review the garrison army of Paris, 45,000 foot and horse, in the beautiful Bois de Boulogne. The number of musicians that made up the bands of all these regiments was something to amaze. Each regiment had its band, ranging from thirty to sixty instruments. The majority of these instruments are brass, of the Sax family of course (by the way Mme. Sax has had her husband's patent renewed for ten years). Some of the bands are all brass; but most of them have a fair proportion of clarinets, bassoons, &c.; and we must own their music averages vastly better than what we call good band music in America. Not a few of these regiment musicians are at the same time pupils in the Conservatoire, and figure in the list of prize winners in the recent *concours*. Those bands are everywhere; the sound thereof is in all the streets and pleasant places in and out of Paris. Very curious are some of their brass instruments; you see every conceivable modification and contortion of the Sax tuba type. One mounted band rode by me one day, in which one man bore, or rather wore, a huge brass tuba coiled about his body like a Boa and projecting a great bell mouth over one shoulder.

Of Opera we expected almost nothing at this season; yet some odds and ends remained these cool nights. The Italiens and the Lyrique are closed. But to our agreeable surprise the first night offered us the double temptation of Boieldieu's *La Dame Blanche*, at the Opera Comique, and of *Semiramide* at the Grand Opera. We had long wished to hear the former work, for Boieldieu is perhaps the most genial of the French composers — and had we not just come from finding his statue under our window there in Rouen! Alas! there was not one place to be had; so we wended our way over to the Rue Pelletier and entered (by the porch made famous by Orsini's attempt upon the life of the emperor) the famous old Grand Opera. The piece had

somewhat advanced, and we were forced to look down and listen from a very high and stifling perch. The music in itself, all oriental gold and purple as it is, was too familiarly drowsy to be much attraction to us; but it was an object to see how these things are done in Paris. The gorgeous display of scenery, especially the great scene in the second act, where "Ninny's ghost" appears, and where the hanging gardens and vast palatial splendors of the Assyrian queen were represented with studied fidelity to the latest explorations of Layard and other travellers and with prodigious effectiveness. It was well suggested in one of the innumerable Parisian theatre journals, that the Grand Opera might well be called the "Imperial Academy of Decorative Painting." Verily the splendor of the music was outdazzled. The musical ensemble, however, the large, effective chorus, and above all the superb orchestra of eighty, under most perfect drill, was to an American a new experience. The principal singers were in no wise remarkable. The sisters MARCHISIO were having their debuts in the parts of the Queen and Arsace. The latter has a rich and powerful contralto, quite well managed, not particularly sympathetic. The other had not got over the constraint of a novice and won barely a *succes d'estime* by a fair voice and execution, unsupported by any queenly majesty of person. OBIN, a respectable baritone, was Assur; the rest indifferent. Rossini himself declined all participation in and all responsibility for this exhumation of his work. In truth it was no work for the Grand Opera; it did not belong there, as "Tell" and the elaborate affairs of Meyerbeer do; it was hastily huddled together and altered. The witty old composer addressed a note, in his own happy and sententious way, to M. Carafa, who had arranged the affair, formally consigning to him the entire property and honor in the work.

The next evening I succeeded in hearing *La Dame Blanche*. The music itself is pleasing, graceful, in some parts truly beautiful; but much of it sounded old and hacknied; the plot was pretty, and the execution generally fair, and hardly more. ROGER, however, in the part of George, was an exception, and one was glad of course to hear for once the famous tenor, although he came before us in the character of one rejuvenated, and as it were risen from the dead. The loss of the right arm was quite artistically disguised; the man looks fresh and young; his action was full of life, of fine *esprit* and grace; and although his voice is doubtless but the ruin of what it was, and he resorted to falsetto more than we ever heard any man, yet he did it all so artistically, with such style and expression, that we enjoyed him immensely. He is certainly an artist, and one of the few. We were attracted once more to the Opéra Comique by a light and pretty opera by Auber, *Haydée*, with a Venetian story, the scene of one act being on board a victorious galley,—an opportunity which the scenic artist would of course improve. CARRE, the young and promising tenor of the evening, has a light and highly musical and sympathetic organ, which he uses with great taste and judgment. The principal females sang and acted agreeably; I forget their names. Here, too, you find a large and excellent orchestra.

Robert le Diable, we know, *does* belong to the Grand Opera. And who, that has seen it repeat-

edly announced with deceptive parade, cut up and murdered in New York and Boston, believing it at the same time to be the best, because the freshest, most spontaneous, most inventive work of Meyerbeer, could resist the announcement for last evening of its four or five hundredth representation? We went and were rewarded. There can be no doubt it was a fair specimen of the Grand Opera in its peculiar glory. The scenes were given entire and in their true order. The orchestral accompaniments were as nearly perfect as one can hope to hear. Eighty instruments, admirably balanced, admirably led; no individual sound or class of sounds unreasonably prominent; all fused and blended into one with a true colorist's art; a breadth and warmth and richness in the middle string parts, which is a very exceptional luxury with us; a purity of intonation and a sympathetic *timbre* in the reeds and brass, in all the wind band (the flutes, we noticed, were of metal); a perfection of precision and of light and shade; a brilliancy when needed; in short a power and beauty of ensemble, which we never knew in any orchestra at home. The scenic effects were of course marvellous, French as they were, instead of being ridiculous, as we have seen them. The great scene of the abbey, with the nuns conjured from their tombs and dancing, had all the moonlight mystery of Gothic ruins; and the transition to it was not sudden; cloud work separated it from the preceding scene. The ballet, too, was exquisite; the corps very numerous, as was that of knights, ladies, pages, and the whole singing scenic crowd that continually flooded the vast stage in new forms. You could not detect one man in two characters. The choruses were given with the utmost breadth and spirit. Every small subordinate part told. And of the principal rôles three were admirably filled. Duprez's daughter, Mme. VANDENHEUVEL (CAROLINE DUPREZ), was making her début in this theatre in the part of Isabella. She is a slender, fragile, lady-like person, in form and face resembling Mme. Biscaccianti. Her voice, a high soprano, seemed much worn, and did not promise much at first. But as she proceeded, you became aware of most consummate mastery of method, purity of style, and an execution in the most difficult and florid passages which few have equalled. She truly filled the character. We were still more interested and delighted with the other débutante, Mlle. MARIE SAX, whose efforts hitherto have been confined to the Théâtre Lyrique. A small, fresh person, with frank, bright, intelligent face, somewhat like Gazzaniga, she has one of the most bird-like, penetrating, pure and musical mezzo soprano voices that we ever heard, with glorious contralto tones. She sings with real earnestness and feeling; no one after Jenny Lind has so much interested us in the music of the beautiful part of Alice, the creation of which shall absolve Meyerbeer from the sin of dazzling the world with much elaborate effective sham. The part of Bertram was finely sustained by an uncommonly rich-toned, powerful basso, and a most intelligent and tasteful singer, M. DEVAL. He is not so powerful, and may not be so many-sided, as Carl Formes, but he has that truth of intonation which the great Spanish-German lacks. GUEYMARD, the tenor, did not please us in the part of Robert; inadequate in voice, and somewhat vulgar in conception.

The Grand Opera ought to do its own things well. Petted and aided by the government, it still commands large prices from the public. It is bound to give performances the whole year round, three in each week. A position in its orchestra is a position for life, a sure dependence; hence only real excellence commands a place; and a most respectable looking set of men one sees in it. At this moment the journals proclaim a vacancy among the violoncellos and a competition for the place at a given date this month. The theatre itself is a faded relic of splendor, tawdry and shabby. It is soon to be replaced, (by this new government which renovates all, theatres as well as cathedrals, all over France) by a splendid building in a new grand square yet to be opened.

I have still to speak of the Conservatoire, and of a *Séance Solennelle* of the Orpheonists, the people's musical movement in France, which has a future, to my mind more pregnant than all that Berlioz and Wagner would fain conjure up. D.

Musical Correspondence.

HARTFORD, SEPT. 2.—I am stopping here for a few days, having about finished my summer vacation. Last week having business in New York, I arrived just in the nick of time to attend the opening of the Pianoforte Manufactory of the Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS. Early in the morning of the day, calling at the wareroom in Walker street, I found in the little sanctum Mr. SATTER, who played to me some of his new fantasias in *Lohengrin* and the *Flying Dutchman*. They are superb in every way. And here let me say, that his (Mr. S.'s) playing is as near perfect, as any that can be heard.

A large number of representatives of the press, with a slight sprinkling of the profession gathered at about three in the afternoon, at the factory in Fourth avenue, Fifty-second and Fifty-third streets. Master DENCK—a lad of about 13 years of age, native of Charleston, S. C., who has already studied four years in Dresden, and who will make his mark, if he keeps hard at work and leads a somewhat secluded life, which his father (a German born) must attend to—entertained the company with some light music. Messrs. WOLLENHAUPT, and FRADEL also played—on different grand pianos—such things, as would please. A sort of an impromptu arrangement of Mendelssohn's Wedding March was played on three grand pianos, by the Messrs. MILLS, WOLLENHAUPT, FRADEL and LASAR, also the March from the *Prophet*. The visitors passed, under the escort of the Messrs. Steinway, through the entire establishment, and all were interested to discover the *secret*, as Dr. Leavitt of the *Independent* called it, how the superiority of the Steinway pianos is attained. After examining the premises &c., the company repaired to one of the rooms, in which there was spread a good entertainment in the substantial or physical—eatable and drinkable, at which many good things were eat, drank, said, played, &c. It occurred to me, that *Trovator* and —t— might not have been there, and therefore thought, a little gossip respecting this somewhat historical event might be interesting to your readers. By the bye—it is an *on dit* that Ullmann has engaged Leopold de Meyer, the pianist, for the Academy. We shall all be glad to hear him again. The opening of the opera at New York is announced for Monday the 3d, with, as you see, the great Triplet Opera Company. S. L.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Cooper-Milner troupe opened here at the Walnut Street Theatre in their usual round of English opera. Miss Milner, of course, is much admired.

New Publications.

100 Operatic Melodies for the Flute. 50 cents.

Here we have the opera reduced, (like a fraction,) to still lower terms. Nothing remains after this but to whistle it. *N'importe*; in every form the charming melodies of the lyric stage will find a voice, and here is a choice collection of all the beauties of modern popular operas, well arranged, so as to be most acceptable to thousands of incipient flutists. To such there can be no more welcome gift than one of these little books.

From CASSELL PETER & GALPIN, New York, Cassell's Popular Natural History (Parts 6 and 7.) Profusely and admirably illustrated in the best style of wood engraving. Published fortnightly. Price 15 cents.

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This beautiful edition of Don Giovanni is the last addition to the series of operas issued by our publishers. It is taken from the English plates of the excellent edition of Boosey & Co., of London. It has several valuable features, among them we may mention the indication of the instruments of the orchestra making the accompaniment from which the piano score is reduced, thus giving a most desirable aid to the memory of the reader. The volume is bound uniformly with the other of the series. It must take the place of all other piano scores, from its beauty, cheapness and accuracy.

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This is uniform with the other volumes of the series, and will be welcomed by the host of admirers of this charming opera of Flotow's. The words are given in the three languages in which the opera is sung.

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The piano *solo* editions are invaluable to those who cannot conveniently make use of the vocal scores, and no opera is more pleasing or practicable in this form than Norma.

Musical Intelligence.

MONTREAL.—MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN HONOR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The Musical Festival in honor of the Prince, which was given at the unique and gorgeous ball room, was one of the pleasantest of the entire series of festivities which were arranged to welcome H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, to the largest city of British America.

The festival was commenced by the Oratorio Society, who performed selections from Haydn's Creation and from Mozart's Twelfth Mass. The music was given with admirable effect to an appreciating audience. The solos, duets, and trios were well handled, and the choruses were full and majestically delivered.

An intermission of twenty minutes as per programme, but of forty minutes as per timepiece, ensued, during which the two bands in attendance played alternately. The delay was occasioned by the non-appearance of the Prince, who did not reach the concert room until nine o'clock. He was received as he stepped into his box, surrounded by his suite, with more hearty and unconstrained cheers than any which have hitherto greeted his ears in the triumphant progress of the will-be king hereafter.

Having bowed his thanks in a more lively and interested manner than he has been accustomed to do, he took his seat, and the second part of the concert commenced, or rather re-commenced, for we had been treated to a portion of it before the Prince entered, and it had to be all done over again. It consisted of the grand Cantata, composed expressly for the occasion, music by C. W. Sabatier, words by Edouard Sempé, and performed by members of the Montreal Musical Union, consisting of two hundred and fifty members. The composition is very meritorious, and some of the music is charming. The performers acquitted themselves handsomely, received

the hearty plaudits of the company, and the Prince himself clapped his hands.

At the conclusion of the cantata the Prince withdrew to the ante-room, and preparations for the grand concert by Strakosch's Italian Opera troupe were hurried forward. The troupe, among whom were Adelina Patti, Mme. Strakosch, our fat friend Amodio, Susini and Barili were in waiting, with ill-concealed impatience—for it had now got to be past 11 o'clock—under the dais, on the floor, which his Highness had occupied the preceding night. Soon all things were ready, the troupe mounted the platform, Strakosch took his seat at Chickering's grand, which composed the entire orchestra, but the Prince did not appear;—nor did he appear again during the night, to the great chagrin of the opera troupe and the especial mortification of little Patti. The company, too, began to thin away rapidly. But if the Prince of Wales did not appear, neither did the prince of tenors. Brignoli, who was announced in four pieces, was in the city, but it was said, had suddenly lost his voice. How unfortunate! Under these circumstances the artistes sang, and they failed to give that entire satisfaction which usually attends their efforts. With the musical portion of the audience, however, their success was great.—*Cor. of Boston Courier.*

NEW ORLEANS.—We are to have a plenty of good opera this coming winter. The new Opera House, so successfully opened last season by Mr. Boudousquie, will present a superb appearance upon its re-opening, early in November. There was no room for any improvements behind the curtain, all the appointments of that department of the theatre being as complete as could be, from the start. There was not time to decorate and finish the auditorium according to the original plans, and this work is now in progress, with every promise of the most brilliant success. The beautiful and symmetrically shaped salle is rapidly putting on a most attractive appearance. The accomplished artists of the theatre are lavishing their taste and talent upon the task of rendering it in every respect what a first-class lyric temple should be. The circular ceiling will present a fine copy of the famous "Aurora" of the great painter, Guido Reni, in the Rospigliosi palace, at Rome. Aurora, goddess of the morning, in her chariot drawn by the swift horses, Lampus and Phaëthon, and preceded and surrounded by the rosy hours, bearing the fruits of the different seasons and flaming torches, is represented as ascending up to heaven from the river Oceanus, announcing the coming light of the sun to the gods as well as to mortals.

Climbing our way to the platform of the scaffolding which forms the painting room of the artist, for the execution of this elaborate work, we were enabled, the other day, to obtain a gratifying view of it, in its half-finished state.

Enough had been done to assure us that, when completed, it will be a *chef d'œuvre* of art.

The semi-circular cornice that sustains the dome on which this fine painting is executed is to be richly painted in arabesque; the mouldings to be of burnished gold. An ornamental arcade has been thrown up, in the upper tier, which will completely relieve the monotony of the bare walls above that circle, and on the ceiling that covers that range of sittings medallions, containing the portraits of the great composers, are to be placed.

On each side of the proscenium, facing the audience, frescoes, representing Music and Poetry, are to be painted, which will give a fine finish to the interior decorations, while in the arch over the curtain are to be placed a portrait of "Pater Patriæ" and emblematic paintings. All this work is executing under the immediate supervision of M. Boudousquie, who has shown much taste in the designs, as well as assiduity in superintending their execution.

We have already given our readers some idea of what the *personnel* of the opera is to be the coming season. Mr. Boudousquie's arrangements in this department are not yet completed, but enough has been done to assure us of a highly talented and capable corps operatique, in all its branches.—*N. O. Picayune.*

ST. LOUIS.—A SACRED CONCERT.—With a gentleman of St. Louis, who was very kindly my conductor, I was set down in the latter part of the afternoon, at the gate of this, the "Central Park" of the metropolis of the West; and we made our way, through a thicket of newly planted trees, to a more open spot from whence issued some very lively music. Of course, I had not expected either a camp-meeting or a chapel in the woods; but I was a little surprised to find that the arrangements for the "Sacred Concert" consisted of a well furnished "bar" with a great number of small tables—a German

Winter-garten, in fact—where was assembled a considerable crowd, chatting gayly over their beer and juleps, salads and ice-cream. An orchestra of twenty-five musicians, perched upon an elevated platform were playing, at the moment, the liveliest of galopades.

Taking up one of the printed programmes, which was headed, in very large letters, "SACRED CONCERT," I looked to see when we might expect some of the music of a devout character, which would doubtless be interspersed in the performance; but the following (I copy from the programme, which I brought away) were the nearest approach to it:—"Era Diavolo," "Overture to Don Giovanni," "Firefly Polka," "North Star Quadrille," "Kroll's Ball Sounds," "Cuckoo and Cricket Polka," "Airs from Foscari," "Coronation Waltz," "Grand March," and "Soldiers' Galop"—and, of course, there is no objection to this being considered "sacred music" west of the Mississippi!—*Home Journal, Sept. 1.*

SAN FRANCISCO.—A very successful opera season, lasting over two months, has been concluded at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco. Mrs. Escott and Mr. Squire were the principal singers; they were assisted by Messrs. De Haga, Leach, Lyster, Madame Biscaccianti and Misses Hudson, Durand, and Ada King. The chorus, consisting chiefly of Germans, was excellent, and the orchestra, numbering twenty-five performers, well trained and of good material. "Norma," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Il Trovatore," "Traviata," "Ernani," "Sonnambula," "Rigoletto," and "I Puritani" were given in Italian. The English operas were "Rose of Castile," "Marriage of Figaro," &c. Escott and Squires are great favorites, and their trip to California must prove very profitable. Mr. Maguire who already enjoys half profit of the engagement, has already made ten thousand dollars. Squire has an exceedingly sweet tenor voice, which, in Italian opera, places him in a capital light before the public. In English compositions, where dialogue comes in, he falls in the estimation. His dramatic powers are not of much account, and he therefore fails to please in the "Enchantress" and "Rose of Castile." The troupe is now in Sacramento.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

The Italian Opera has published its programme. Here are, in alphabetical order, the names of the artists engaged for the season 1860-61. *Soprani*, Marie Battu, Penco; *contralti*, Alboni, Eda; *comprimarie*, Varona, Vestri; *first tenors*, Gardoni, Mario, Pancani; *tenors comprimari*, Cappello, Morley; *bary-tones*, Badiali, Graziani; *basses*, Angelini, Patriossi; *first buffo*, Zucchini; *second rôles*, Mad. Leva, Messrs. Cazaboni, Soldi; *chef d'orchestre*, Bonetti; *maitre de chant*, Uranio Fontana; *chorus master*, Chiaramonte. The repertoire will include Semiramide, Il Barbiere, Ceneantola, and Otello of Rossini; Norma, I Puritani, Sonnambula, of Bellini; Poliuto, Lucia, Regina di Golconda, Furioso, of Donizetti; Giuramento, Eleonora of Mercadante; il Ballo in Maschera, la Traviata, il Trovatore, Rigoletto, Ernani, of Verdi; Don Desiderio, of Prince Poniatowsky; Martha, of Flotow; la Serva Padrona, of Pergolèse; I Matrimonio segreto, of Cimarosa; Don Giovanni le Nozze di Figaro, of Mozart.

The marriage of M. Wieniawski, solo violinist to the Emperor of Russia, with Miss Hampton, niece of the popular composer and pianist, George Osborne, has just taken place at Pierrefitte, near Paris, where Mr. Stevens gave a handsome *dejeuner*, in honor of the occasion, followed by a concert. Madame Catherine Hayes sang "Qui la voce." The worthy host sang a *morceau* which Rossini did him the honor of composing expressly for him. Mr. Osborne and Mr. Oury also lent their aid to the gratification of the company, which comprised a host of celebrities in music, literature and art. M. Rossini was present.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.—(From a Correspondent.)

A grand concert, organized by Herr Alexander Reichardt, the popular tenor, was given at the Etablissement des Bains in this attractive watering-place, on Monday evening. The rooms were crammed to suffocation. The programme was as follows:—

PREMIERE PARTIE.

Marche du Songe d'une Nuit d'été exécutée par MM. Benedict, Hertz, Engel et Paque. Mendelssohn
Aria: Ah quel Giorno (Semiramide), chanté par Mad.

Alboni. Rossini
Solos d'Harmonium.—A. La Prière du Chasseur. B. La Marche Garibaldi—exécutés p. M. Engel. Engel
Duo. Un Souve. (Cenerentola) chanté par Mad. Alboni et M. Reichardt. Rossini
Solo de Piano sur des mélodies irlandaises, exécuté par M. Benedict. Benedict

DEUXIEME PARTIE.

Souvenirs de Spa, fantaisie pour violoncelle exécutée par M. Paque. Servais
Variazioni di Rode, chantées par Mad. Alboni. Servais
Solo d'Harmonium, sérénade de Don Juan exécutée par M. Engel. Mozart
Romance (demandée) (Thou art so near and yet so far), chantée par M. Reichardt. Reichardt
A. Romance, Rosemonde (exécutés sur le violoncelle par M. Paque). Paque
B. El Saleo di Xerès (Bolíero) (exécutés sur le violoncelle par M. Paque. Paque
Brindisi, Il Segreto (Lucrezia Borgia), chanté par Mad. Alboni. Donizetti

—London Musical World, Aug 19.

SPA.—The concert given by Vivier, assisted by Mlle-Francois and Franco-Mendes, came off on the 10th instant. On the 22d inst., we shall have a festival that will make some little stir, for it will be given in honor of a new promenade that the Ediles of Spa have baptized the "Promenade Meyerbeer." The resolution was proposed to the authorities, by M. Servais, in the following terms:—"Among the celebrated visitors who honor our city with their presence, there is none who has been more faithful to us, none who is surrounded by more universal glory than Meyerbeer, one of the greatest artists of the age. During thirty-two years that the illustrious master has come to Spa, our mountains, of which he is so fond, have inspired him with more than one of those songs, energetic and gentle in turn, which constitute the delight of the musical world. We may, therefore, without temerity, claim a right to call this brilliant genius in some degree ours; for it is generally known that there is not one of his productions, from the popular and ever young *Robert le Diable*, to his latest creation, *Le Pardon de Ploërmel*, which did not first germinate, or which was not developed, among us. The "Promenade Meyerbeer" will call to mind, at every step, the works of the great master—in one place, the repose of Alice: in another, Bertram's bridge; farther on, the cascade of Ploërmel, the grove of Dinorah, etc. This monument, hewn out of nature itself, will not suffer the fate of many other monuments, apparently more solid; far from suffering through the injury of time, it will enjoy the advantage of increasing, and becoming green again every spring. It will be like the eternally beautiful music of Meyerbeer to whom you consecrate this memento." The communal council adopted unanimously the proposition of M. Servais.—*Ibid.*

MAYENCE.—The first concert of the Mittelrheinisches Musikfest took place on the 22d inst. The second concert of the festival took place on the 23d. Among other pieces, Beethoven's symphony in C minor, and Mendelssohn's Walpurgisnacht were performed.—*Ibid.*

London.

The season now concluded has been a brief and busy one. The majority of the musical performances were given between the 1st day of May and the last of July, and a mere statistical account of these will be interesting, as showing what an extraordinary amount can be got through in so short a time, and what a large quantity of patronage must be bestowed on the art to which these columns are devoted, it being admitted that each concert was attended by a goodly number of the public.

The list of actual societies comprise the Sacred Harmonic, Musical, Amateur Musical, Orchestral, Philharmonic, Vocal Association, Leslie's Choir, Society of British Musicians, Tonic Sol-Fa Association, London Orchestral Association, and Bach Society; to which may be added the following societies, classes, or institutions, not under the management or a committee:—Monday Popular Concerts, Hullah's Concerts, New Philharmonic Concerts, English Glee and Madrigal Union, Metropolitan Schools' Choral Society, Whittington Club Concerts, Beaumont Institution Concerts, The "Arion," London Quintett Union, London Glee and Madrigal Union, Jas. Robinson's Choir, Henken's Choral Class, St. George's Choir, Dando's Quartett Concerts, Professors' Concert Union, Peckham Musical Union, Purcell Club, Musical Union; not to mention the charitable institutions, such as the Royal Society of Musicians, the Royal Society of Female Musicians, the Society of British and Foreign Musicians, and the "Sons of the Clergy" Society, all of which have given performances in aid of their respective treasuries.

Amongst the most important of the orchestral concerts must be mentioned those given by Mr. Hullah, at St. Martin's Hall, as instances of individual enter-

prise rarely met with. With the aid of but one manager, Mr. Secretary Headland, Mr. Hullah gives performances only surpassed in magnitude by those of the Sacred Harmonic Society, while the scheme is so much the more satisfactory, as it embraces both secular and sacred music, both instrumental and choral performances; while there is no hesitation on the part of the conductor to produce untried works, or such, at least, as are unknown in this country. We note that the following complete works have been given during the past season of these concerts:—An oratorio, *John the Baptist*, by Hager, of Vienna; Gounod's Grand Mass, Handel's *Messiah* (twice) and *Judas Maccabeus*; Beethoven's Choral Symphony, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, Haydn's *Creation*, and Macfarren's *May Day*. Dr. Wylde, too, must be specialised for enterprise. His New Philharmonic Concerts have been very liberally managed and warmly supported. His attention has been chiefly directed to the efficient performance of great orchestral works, and he has introduced Spohr's wonderful symphony, "The Power of Sound," but he, like Mr. Hullah, has a chorus attached to his institution, and he has, moreover, presented some of the best solo vocalists, during the series of concerts, to his subscribers. The Sacred Harmonic Society, whose business-like management is, or should be, the envy of all musical institutions, has given twelve concerts, independent of the *soiree d'invitation* issued by the Orpheonists during their visit. They commenced the season last year with Spohr's *Last Judgment* and Mozart's *Requiem*, and followed with the customary Christmas performance of the *Messiah*. Since the turn of the year they have given Handel's *Samson*, *Judas Maccabeus*, *Israel in Egypt*, *Dettingen Te Deum*, and a repetition of the *Messiah* in Passion Week, Haydn's *Creation* and *Seasons*, and Mendelssohn's *Elijah* (twice) and *Lobgesung*, beside taking important part in a Mendelssohn festival at the Crystal Palace on the 4th of May. The Philharmonic Society has prospered, under the direction of the accomplished Doctor and Professor Sterndale Bennett, and the Queen attended one of the concerts, an honor which she omitted last year, to the great disappointment of every one concerned. The Musical Society of London has been peculiarly successful, and has arrived at its limit as regards the number of members. The concerts, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon, have been uniformly excellent, and a very clever cantata by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, entitled *Christmas*, was introduced at one of them and very well received. A brilliant conversation brought the season to a close. The Vocal Association has given but one concert with orchestra.

We regret to have heard so little of the Bach Society. The wonderful success of the *Passions Musik* performance at St. Martin's Hall, two years ago, the subsequent executions of some selections from the same at the Leeds Festival, and the well-received introduction of a song from it at one of the Monday Popular Concerts (first season), should encourage the Society to give at least a repetition of the work, if not other sacred compositions of the sublime master. The London Orchestral Association does not seem to have achieved anything beyond the holding of one or two meetings for the transaction of preliminary business, but it is satisfactory to note that the society preserves its existence. The Orchestral Society, too, has been rather quiet. Its conductor, Mr. W. Rea, has been appointed organist to the Town Hall at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and as he can scarcely be expected to conduct telegraphically, we suppose some one must have been appointed in his stead. We should think there was room for a good society for the practice of orchestral music. The Amateur Musical Society has thriven. Interest therein is spiritedly maintained, and there are always plenty of subscribers without necessity for appealing to the public. These are the only concerts in London where full dress is really indispensable. The Society of British Musicians, which, though heard little of now-a-days, has not relinquished the most important feature in its mission—viz., the representation of MS. orchestral compositions, by native authors, has given a trial of new works, and the Royal Academy of Music has exhibited its students in a short series of concerts, in which full band and chorus have been employed.

Turning to chamber music, we find that the Monday Popular Concerts have by no means absorbed the quartett-loving public. The Musical Union has been duly patronized, and two new associations have sprung up, while Mr. Dando's quartett concerts (excellent affairs, that deserve to be better known) have maintained their position. The new establishments referred to are the London Quintett Union and the Professors' Concert Union, the former with Mr. Willey for leader, the latter with Mr. Henry Blagrove. Each has given three or four concerts, and with tol-

erable success. The Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts has also combined some agreeable performances of chamber music with its *soirees*. The Whittington Club Concerts and the Beaumont Institution (the latter amongst the most spirited in the metropolis) have met with considerable support.

The choral concerts not yet noticed have been given by the London Glee and Madrigal Union, the English Glee and Madrigal Union, the St. George's Choir, Mr. James Robinson's Choir, and Mr. Hennen's Choral Class. The first of these has been singularly successful, having given upwards of 100 concerts.

The musical doings at the Crystal Palace, which should be reckoned amongst those of the metropolis, have been important. Six opera concerts, supported by some of the best artistes of Her Majesty's Theatre, have been given; Mlle. Piccolomini has appeared at three of the Saturday concerts, and the Tonic Sol-Fa Association and the Metropolitan Schools' Choral Society, who measure their singers by thousands, have set thrice their number of auditors wondering at the excellent training of the children. The very striking execution and exquisite tone of the Orpheonists are yet fresh in the recollection of our town readers and such provincial perusers as had the good luck to visit London and Sydenham during the last week in June, and the brazen strains of the competitive bands last month may be adverted to as a remarkable contrast to the afore-mentioned delicate choralism. Add to these the Mendelssohn Festival, consisting (musically) of a performance of *Elijah* by 2,500 executants, a concert by the Yorkshire Choral Union, one by the Vocal Association with 1,000 voices, and two performances of the *May Queen*, and one of Mendelssohn's *Son and Stranger*, and it must be admitted that the Crystal Palace has not been behind in the representation of the divine art.

It makes our head whirl to think that we should have attended the greater part of these concerts, and we have yet to add the Drury Lane Promenade Concerts, an amateur performance of Mendelssohn's *Antigone* at Camden House, a concert by blind musicians at Hanover Square, and concerts for the benefit of the London Blind Society, a literary gentleman, Mad. Jullien, the family of the late Mr. R. Brough, the Society of British and Foreign Musicians, the Middlesex Volunteer Artillery, and the St. John's (Islington) Roman Catholic Schools. The majority of the concerts have been well attended, but what has gratified our critical senses still more has been the very remarkable fact, that scarcely a programme has appeared without at least one classical instrumental piece, a sign that a better order of music is not only tolerated but actually required.—*London Musical World*, August 18.

FLORAL HALL.—The most attractive concerts that are being given now are those of Prince Galitzin and Mr. Alfred Mellon at the Floral Hall. These take place every night, under the joint conductorship of the two eminent musicians just named—that is to say, Prince Galitzin conducts his *Kozlov Polka*, his *Herzen Waltz*, a "Sanctus" by Bortniansky, and the finale to Glinka's opera *Life for the Czar*; while overtures, airs, operatic selections, and fragments of symphonies are performed under the guidance of Mr. Alfred Mellon. It will appear strange to many persons that, after the remarkable and excellent concerts given by Prince Galitzin at the St. James's Hall, he should now confine his attention for the most part to dance music. Polkas and waltzes can, unfortunately, be composed by persons of all nations, though it is not every nation that can produce a Strauss or a Labitzky, a Jullien or a Musard; but the true Russian music that Prince Galitzin introduced us to at St. James's Hall possessed marked peculiarities, and, in character as in form, was quite new to an English audience, as it also would have been to an audience of Frenchmen or Germans. If there is to be a Russian element in the concerts at the Floral Hall (and if not, why does Prince Galitzin's name appear in connection with them?), surely a genuine mazurka, in the style of the one (Glinka's) played by Miss Arabella Goddard, would be a more appropriate contribution than either a waltz or a polka. We may suggest, too, to Mr. Alfred Mellon that the charming air sung at the Russian concert by Mlle. Parepa would at least be found more novel than "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," which most of us must have heard of once or twice by this time. Nevertheless, Mlle. Parepa was encored in Mr. Balfe's too popular ballad, and she was also called upon to repeat Victorine's grand air from Mr. Mellon's opera of that name. The band engaged for the concerts is, with a few exceptions, that of the Royal Italian Opera. The chorus is also from that establishment. In other words the chorus and band are admirable.—*Illustrated Times*.

Special Notices.

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Sentimental parlor songs which would grace any music folio.

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One of the best English ballads written since "Ever of thee," to which song it indeed bears a slight resemblance. It has all the marks of genuine inspiration, and will quickly be recognized as such when heard. Everybody will want to buy it.

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Very pretty, like the other "Fairy" songs of this author. Suitable for a lesson piece.

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A capital set of waltzes, introducing the air of Crouch's song in a very effective manner.

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From the "Sabbath Strains," a collection of Sacred melodies arranged easily for small hands.

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This work contains a large amount of valuable instruction for all grades of violinists, and, while it furnishes the rudiments of a thorough knowledge of Violin playing to those just commencing their studies in this branch of music, it also imparts numerous hints and facts of great practical importance to advanced players. The music comprises nearly two hundred popular tunes, thirteen sets of cotillons, and a good variety of Contra, Spanish, and Fancy dances, with proper figures appended.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 441.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 15, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 25.

September.

BY THOMAS W. PARSONS.

September strews the woodland o'er
With many a brilliant color;
The world is brighter than before—
Why should our hearts be duller?
Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,
Sad thoughts and sunny weather,
Ah me! this glory and this grief
Agree not well together.

This is the parting season—this
The time when friends are flying;
And lovers now, with many a kiss,
Their long farewells are sighing.
Why is earth so gaily dressed?
This pomp that autumn beareth
A funeral seems, where every guest
A bridal garment weareth.

Each one of us, perchance, may here,
On some blue morn hereafter,
Return to view the gaudy year,
But not with boyish laughter:
We shall then be wrinkled men,
Our brows with silver laden,
And thou this glen mayst seek again,
But nevermore a maiden!

Nature perhaps foresees that Spring
Will touch her teeming bosom,
And that a few brief months will bring
The bird, the bee, the blossom:
Ah! these forests do not know—
Or would less brightly wither—
The virgin that adorns them so
Will never more come hither!

Piano-Forte Composers.

To go back a little in our retrospect of pianoforte music and pianoforte composers. The age of Dussek was extraordinarily prolific and rich. Besides Dussek and Clementi, there were Steibelt, Woelfl, Kozeluch, Krumpholz, Eberl, and many others, among whom one of the most distinguished by the services he rendered to the instrument was John Cramer. All these produced sonatas. Dussek and Clementi wrote the largest number and the best; but Dussek had by far the greatest influence on his contemporaries. The characteristics of his style were salient and marked, while, like all men of genius,* he had mannerisms, upon which his imitators fastened exclusively, it being out of their power to copy the ideas that flowed from the springs of his inventive faculty—which, however, they, not seldom, either paraphrased, or stole outright.

Thus the world was deluged with good, bad, and indifferent imitations of Dussek. Among the good may be cited the sonatas and concertos of John Cramer, who, except in his inimitable Studies, has shown but little originality as a composer. Among the indifferent must be ranked the works of Eberl; and, still more indifferent, those of Kozeluch and Krumpholz, which are also trivial and meagre. The bad would be too numerous to mention; but some notion may be entertained of their quantity, when we state that they stood comparatively in the same relation to Dussek which nine composers out of ten who appeared in print in the second quarter of the present century, occupied in relation to Henri Herz and Thalberg, and which they now occupy and have occupied for many years in relation to Mendelssohn. Those musicians, indeed, have

many sins to answer for, in the facility they have offered to common-place "slop-composers" to exaggerate and batten on their mannerisms.

Clementi, whose general style was somewhat pedantic, and whose learning could not be borrowed, found few imitators; so few that we can not tax our memory for a single example. Nevertheless, Clementi was decidedly an original thinker, and those who compare him with Mozart only declare their incompetence to understand either. Moreover, Clementi, at times, almost equaled the inspirations of genius itself, which, if we were writing an account of his works, we could prove by several examples.†

Steibelt was another original, and perhaps a genius, although his style is not so individual as that of Dussek, whom he occasionally equaled, if not surpassed, in his ordinary flights, but never approached in his highest inspirations. To illustrate this opinion, we may suggest that the concertos in E and E flat of Steibelt, known as the *Storm* and the *Chasse*, are equal, if not superior, to many of the earlier concertos of Dussek; but, on the other hand, in a far greater degree of inferiority does Steibelt's longest and most ambitious sonata—that in E flat, dedicated to Mad. Bonaparte—stand in relation to the *Elegy*, Op. 61, the *Invocation*, Op. 77, and other grand works of Dussek, which approach nearer to Beethoven than any sonatas for the pianoforte with which we are acquainted. Steibelt, however, was immensely popular, and many of his smaller sonatas may be safely taken as models. The pianoforte is, besides, indebted to him for a vast number of passages and effects of which later composers have availed themselves without acknowledgement. His studies, in spite of the strong resemblance of some of them to those of Cramer, are also as excellent as they are useful. The name of Steibelt, then, must always have an honorable place in the history of the pianoforte.

Woelfl was a composer of merit and a musician of more than ordinary acquirements. He was original, but his originality is somewhat affected. Many of his productions have achieved a high reputation among musicians, and more especially a sonata in A flat, with a fugue. This sonata is decidedly a work of thought, but the fugue is quite as dry and labored as it is ingenious. Woelfl enjoyed great consideration in his day, but his writings appear to have had very little influence on his contemporaries, to whom his peculiarities did not proffer a tempting store for petty larceny or wholesale theft. The sonata in F—or rather *fantasia*, since the first movement alone is in regular form—called *Ne Plus Ultra*, was his most celebrated work, and is that which is best remembered now. At the time it was composed its difficulty was regarded as immense. One of the variations on the popular air "Life let us cherish," in the last movement of the sonata, seems, by its skips of double octaves, to have anticipated a fantasia of Henri Herz on the romance in Méhul's *Joseph*. With all this, however, we are inclined to think that the greater part of Woelfl's compositions are likely to remain in oblivion, unless some future antiquarian shall valiantly step forward, and, with the spade and shovel of enthusiasm, exhume them from the grave in which they have long mouldered.

Of the other composers who flourished about this period there is little to be said. Their merits were small and their influence null. Some of them obtained a popularity as ephemeral as it was baseless. One of the most popular, however, and deservedly so, was Abbé Gellenex, who chiefly excelled as a writer of variations on favorite airs. He also wrote sonatas, but these were of little worth.‡ Another, a German composer, named Gaensbachen, enjoyed considerable fame,

which such of his works as are extant by no means justified. One name, however, shone like a star in the midst of this cloud of obscurities. Pinto, an Englishman, who was cut off at the early age of twenty-one, gave every indication of becoming one of the most remarkable men of his day. His genius was undoubted. He played admirably on the pianoforte and violin; wrote with facility for both instruments, and, though so young, was a wonderful extempore performer. It is a disgrace to our publishers and musical amateurs, that neither the enterprise of the former, nor the curiosity of the latter, has compelled a republication of the printed works of Pinto, and the production of that exist in manuscript. These sonatas for pianoforte solos, in A, C minor, and E flat minor,§ which we have seen, are as full of beauties as the best of Dussek; while a set of vocal canzonets, which we have also had the opportunity of examining, might, without impropriety, be placed by the side of Haydn's well-known models. Besides these, a violin concerto and many other works exist in manuscript. It would, we feel certain, be a good speculation on the part of a music publisher in these times of dearth, to print everything that remains of Pinto, whose death was a severe blow to the hopes of England as a musical nation. Who can say that a genius like Mozart's was not thus untimely quenched? Neither Mozart, nor Mendelssohn, the most surprising examples of precocious genius in the history of the musical art, gave earlier or more brilliant marks of originality and talent than George Frederick Pinto.

In the enumeration of those who obtained a high reputation by their contributions to the pianoforte, it would hardly be just to omit the name of FERDINAND RIES, a distinguished and voluminous composer of the Moscheles' period. Ries was one of the few who enjoyed the honor and advantage of Beethoven's counsel. A man of great industry and talent, he wanted nothing but genius to conduct him to the highest results. But invention and imagination were denied; and Ries, like others before him, strove to make up in quantity for what was lacking in quality. He composed in every style. Oratorios, operas, symphonies, quartets, and chamber music of all forms and varieties, came from his pen with equal readiness. It was a matter of indifference to Ries what he undertook. He would set about an oratorio, a symphony, or an air with variations with the greatest nonchalance. He possessed the facility which is mistaken for genius by those who have not the gift of analysis, to so great a degree that it led him into twaddle and prolixity almost as often as it enabled him to accomplish good things. His amazing ease of production militated against his fame. Nevertheless, being a cultivated musician, whatever Ries gave to the world would stand the test of critical examination, and, if accused of exuberance and insipidity, could not be condemned for clumsiness. Thoughtful and ambitious, much and rapidly as he wrote for the publishers, Ries had always time to devote to a class of compositions for which those gentlemen are known to entertain an instinctive aversion. In the midst of his teaching, his public playing, his occupations as *Kapellmeister* and conductor at some of the great musical meetings in Germany, symphonies, concertos, quartets, would issue from his portfolio as regularly and in as quick succession as though his whole time had been taken up in manufacturing them. Ries loved his art, and it was no fault of his that he did not influence it in a greater degree. He had all the will to do great things, and entertained a full conviction that what he wrote was for all time and would entitle him to a place beside the great masters. But unhappily it was not for him to decide upon

this matter; his contemporaries thought differently of the merits and influence of his works, and, now that he is no more, posterity has put the seal upon their verdict.

The pianoforte compositions of Ferdinand Ries are very numerous, and may serve as well as anything else to help us to a general estimate of his talent. He wrote concertos, sonatas, trios, duets, and smaller pieces of almost every denomination. He was a first-rate pianist, and his music naturally presents much that is interesting, and more that is eminently useful, to the student of the pianoforte. He was thoroughly acquainted with the sonata form, and has left many excellent proofs of his knowledge. There is, however, a certain dryness about his works which prevented them from being popular while he lived, and has since consigned the greater part of them to oblivion, although Ries has not been dead many years. The most celebrated of his larger compositions for the pianoforte is the concerto in C sharp minor, which is even now frequently used as a piece for display. There are some very fine ideas in this concerto which abounds in difficult bravura passages that require a great command of the instrument to play effectively. The opening is grand and passionate, and the whole of the first movement good—perhaps the best effort of the composer. The slow movement and rondo are much inferior, and the instrumentation, after the first *tutti*, presents very few points of interest. The Studies of Ries are admirable as manual exercises; and, for a brilliant *morceau* in the popular style, his fantasia on "Those Evening Bells" is, perhaps, as good in its way as anything of the kind that has been produced. The sonatas of Ries are all well written, and, in spite of a tendency to redundant detail, may be consulted with advantage both by pianist and composer. In none of them, however, do we find indications of those high qualities which entitle their possessor to rank among the composers of real genius.

ALOYS SCHMIDT, a German musician who resided many years at Frankfurt, and KUHLAU, a flute-player, both deserve mention among the pianoforte writers of the epoch. The former, a professor of deserved eminence, is chiefly known by his Studies, which should be diligently practised by all who wish to acquire mechanical proficiency. The latter, in some duets for flute and piano (the best things of the kind extant), has shown a great familiarity with the sonata form, in which he writes with fluency, clearness, and effect.

MARSCHNER, a popular and well-known dramatic composer, has written some sonatas for the pianoforte, which, like his operatic music, smells strongly of Weber, whose mannerisms even are exaggerated by the composer of *Der Vampyr*. These sonatas, nevertheless, are worth perusal, although they are written so awkwardly for the instrument, that we are led to conclude Marschner was not a pianist.

REISSIGER, and his trios, are well known by all amateurs to serve as the necessity of dilating on their merits, which lie not very deep beneath the surface. They are good show pieces, and that is all. Pianist, violinist, and violoncellist, can each shine to his heart's content, without any prodigious amount of exertion, or any extraordinary display of skill. Hence their extensive popularity. Their form, however, is clear, and though the ideas are poor and the general style commonplace, the interest attached to the sonata form is so inevitable that even musicians can listen to these trios with some degree of interest. This must be our excuse for mentioning Reissiger, who, except as a manufacturer of easy pieces for amateurs, has had very little influence on the art, and has no claim to be ranked among the great composers for the pianoforte.

* By men of genius we can understand only those whose gifts of invention enables them to produce things that are at the same time original and beautiful.

† The sonata in B minor, Op. 40—one of the finest works ever written for the pianoforte: the *Didone Abandonata* (*Scena Tragica*), Op. 50, and many others.

‡ And "The Queen of Prussia's Waltz."—*Printer's Devil*.

§. Messrs. Coventry & Co., Dean Street, introduced the first of these in the excellent compilation of pianoforte works, edited by Mr., now Professor, Sterndale Bennett, under the title of *Classical Practice*. Copies of the others are very rare.

Among the successful imitators of Mendelssohn we should have cited KUFFERATH, a pianist and composer of some distinction, resident at Brussels. Kufferath has written some excellent Studies, which develop with great success many of the peculiarities of the modern style. Their practice cannot fail to promote the acquirement of that mechanical facility which is indispensable to those who desire to excel as public players.

Music in Schools.

The following we condense from a long and able article in the *R. I. Schoolmaster*:

The subject of the introduction of music into schools of all classes, is at the present time favorably entertained, especially where the people are awake to the interests of education.

A great change in public sentiment has been wrought, but even now, if we except cities and large villages, it is rather *permitted* than *required*. The time devoted to the pursuit of this branch is, by the *multitude*, considered lost. Because it does not assist the student in calculating interest or per centage, because it does not in some immediate direction augment the purse, no time or money can be expended on music. Now, verily, so far as this sentiment prevails it is a misfortune, and I apprehend that a better appreciation of music, vocal and instrumental, theoretical and practical, would prove a great blessing to both the present and rising generation.

1. As a *science*, it possesses many intrinsic and peculiar merits. It may be termed one of the exact sciences, as all written music is constructed upon purely mathematical principles, and one having no natural *love* of music may construct a series of chords perfectly philosophical, if not the most pleasing. Hence its study would require thought and afford discipline like any other of the exact sciences. But to the gifted and skilled in the art, it possesses charms rarely found in all the range of sciences. In Germany and Italy, multitudes, ravished by the charms of melody, almost worship a science affording such ecstasy of bliss.

I disclaim all profundity in the science, and have comparatively little practice in the art, but the testimony of its great masters and the character of their productions place it before us as of the highest order.

2. As an *aid in discipline*, I consider it without a rival. Practical and vocal music is demanded at this point. Musical attraction is the motive power in discipline, and it needs only judicious management to render it a powerful agent. The universal love of music, even of an ordinary character, in children, is the basis of sure success. I call it a *moral suasion* machine of steam power and lightning speed, cultivating the disposition, eradicating poisonous plants, and modifying and mollifying all the harsher elements of our nature. As such it operates in the development of mind, in the school especially, as well as in all other relations. In many instances it is the chief inducement for persons to attend school. When children have lost their natural temperament, either of mind, body or soul, by too much or too little labor, when they become stupid, or have fallen asleep, when irritable, quarrelsome, and hostile to each other, through envy, emulation, malice or any other passion, let no man say that singing a song is not the balm for these maladies unless he has thoroughly tried.

3. As an *accomplishment*. The term accomplishment I use as ornamental, music being considered as an ornamental branch, but while it is acknowledged to be emphatically ornamental, it should also be claimed as among the *fundamental* and *useful* branches.

At the present time no individual could claim what is understood by a "liberal education" without a knowledge of music.

Music, to be an accomplishment, must be understood as other branches are understood, it must be read as a language is read, it must be taken in by the eye, digested by the brain, as well as imitated from memory, *then* it is an accomplishment indeed.

Music often becomes in this way the prominent

and most valuable attainment in a large class of persons; thus the only means of livelihood, usefulness, or agreeableness to the world about them. That one is a good pianist or vocalist is often the *only* door, to elegant and refined society for them.

4. *Its physical influence*. The exercise of the lungs produced by the cultivation of the voice is one of the best preventives against pulmonary diseases.

The Germans, who are a nation of singers, require music to be taught in the schools for the double purpose of disseminating the science and guarding against disease, and it is a significant fact that comparatively very few persons die of consumption in those countries where music is most generally taught. A portion of the lungs in healthy persons is ordinarily inactive, and this inactivity without caution would promote disease, but vocal music brings into exercise every portion and tends to keep them healthy.

The same effect is supposed to be produced upon the bronchial tubes, also the organs of the throat and mouth. There are numerous instances of persons of consumptive build and tendency whose lungs and chest have been expanded by vocal music, and whose lives have been lengthened for years from this very cause.

5. *Its moral influence*. Some English writer has said, "Let me make the songs of a nation and I care not who makes their laws."

Whatever the writer meant in relation to the sentiment of his songs, he certainly leaves us to suppose he relies much on the melody and execution of them. He depends much upon the power to appreciate music, and a disposition to be controlled by it. The same principle is recognized in our temperance meetings and political campaigns, and it should be allowed here as in all other departments that the moral influence may be *good* or *bad*. Music appeals to, and is expressive of, every passion. It is said of Beethoven that his visitors could judge what would be their reception by him by the music he was playing when they approached his study, and that when he was executing a certain style of melody no one ventured to disturb him.

Music is the medium through which we receive the most sublime instruction in the most effectual manner. It is this that softens the heart, that elevates the affections, makes men the most agreeable companions for earth and ripens them for the atmosphere of heaven.

A word should be said of music as an *amusement*. All men must have amusement; our nature demands it and will have it. Music hath power to amuse; almost every house proves the truth. The piano forte, violin, harp, guitar, accordion, or some simpler musical instrument, may be found in great numbers in all our villages, and they are by no means allowed to remain idle, and a great multitude of persons but for these instruments would fall into disreputable society and be ruined.

Nothing hath charms equal to music in the home circle as an amusement. This is true also in the social party or in solitude, indeed who can tell us where music is not a welcome guest. Music as an amusement surely stands at the head of the list.

Perhaps enough has already been said, but I cannot forbear to mention a single fact more.

The acquirement of the science of music, in order to be in any way practical, must be made in youth. If this matter be delayed until youth become young ladies and gentlemen, it becomes much more difficult and vastly more doubtful. My own observation has proved the statement true beyond a doubt. Nor can it generally be acquired in the common singing school, which is held weekly or perhaps semi-weekly, but it must be taught every day in the common school, at the blackboard as a lesson, and *required* as any other recitation and not left at the option of the scholar. The rudiments of music can be understood and practiced by children. Vocal exercises are pleasing and attractive to them, so also the art of timing. If properly introduced, this whole exercise proves a most agreeable and profitable deviation from study. This exercise should

be introduced at least once during each session of the school, and continue from five to ten minutes. If this course be energetically pursued by a skillful teacher, all may become singers. The progress may seem slow, but it will be thorough and sure, and it seems to me that in no other way can this glorious science be understood and practiced. There is a sentiment prevalent that only the gifted can acquire the art. But this is an error. Some doubtless more readily than others become adepts but there is the germ in every human being born which if cultivated and developed will prove that Nature is by no means partial in her distribution of this talent. It is the lack of purpose, application and improvement that causes our inability and it is unjust, not to say irreverent, to attribute it to our Maker. If half the time and expense were devoted to children which is expended in the education of horses and other brute beasts, by parents themselves, the generation would be far better skilled in all departments of science than now.

Now, brother teachers, and indulgent reader, I have not written this article for the sake of writing *something*, and concluded this would be the most pleasant or easy, but because the subject demands and deserves attention. Much has been written, but not half enough, or what has been written has not been regarded. Will you place music upon the catalogue of the useful? Will you teach the rudiments of this science, or if you cannot, will you encourage the teaching of it, and adopt such measures as shall result in making your scholars singers? Preach the doctrine in the school, in the family, in the school meeting, in the borough or town meeting, the streets, on the house tops, plead for it, pray for it, if you pray (and you cannot dispense with prayer of course,) and very soon scores of sweet voices will salute you in tones and melodies that will lighten your toils, make elastic your steps and happy your hearts.

A. J. F.

The Organ.*

NINTH STUDY.—THE LIMIT TO WHICH THE ORGAN MAY EXTEND ITS COMPASS IN HEIGHT OR DEPTH.

Every one is agreed in this, that the organ should be composed at the very least of the three distinct sounds corresponding with the three main divisions of the human voice, namely, of the three distinct sounds of the soprano, tenor, and bass voices. But beyond this we may ask how far is it necessary to be still further enforced with either a pelting hailstorm of shrill and almost imperceptible sounds in the treble, or with the deep-rolling thunders breathed forth by the enormous 32-feet pipes in the bass?

This is a question, which, if we are to believe Herr Seidel, our fathers have already answered for us. "The ancient builders," he says, "called a 16-feet organ a complete organ, and an 8-feet organ an organ only half way towards completion."

The absence of fixed ideas on this matter, as on so many others connected with the organ, has a tendency to produce various divergences in different directions from the true principles of their art amongst organ builders. One imagines that he has carried the art of building to its utmost limits, because he has added to the three main divisions just alluded to, a series of other sounds so low that he has not only great difficulty in tuning the pipes meant to produce them, but also in producing from them what may properly be called a sound, or at least a musical sound at all, and he will at the same time draw your attention to the enormous size of his pipes, on which a vast sum of money has been expended almost to no purpose, with a self-complacency that causes you to smile. Another would have you think he has done great wonders, because he has for once condescended to enter the lists with the piano-maker, and has succeeded (to his praise be it said) in producing sounds so extremely high and thin, that amidst the other contending sounds of the organ, and the echoes of the church, they are reduced to the dimensions of imperceptible atoms, and all but annihilated. For ourselves, we do not for a moment believe that the glory of a skilful builder consists in his having made pipes which are either absurdly large, or absurdly small, and we shall consider that the object of these remarks has been fully gained if we can make organ builders, and such as have the direction of these matters under their control, understand for once that it

ill becomes an instrument of so dignified and religious a character as the organ, to imitate in its tones either a park of artillery on the one hand, or a musical snuff-box on the other.

To find them some reasonable mean between these two extremes of absurdity, we would again refer to what we have already said of the organ corresponding in its tones with the three main divisions of the human voice. A Swiss author, who is worthy of note, Herr Sulzer, writing on aesthetics, has said that "music is an imitation of singing." This dictum, applied to religious music, becomes mathematically exact and precise, for as regards the music of the theatre, far from being an imitation of the human voice, it plays a part which is for the most part wholly beyond its reach. It is there that certain effects, which belong to instruments only, rather than to that class of music which is purely vocal, are produced by a succession of myriads of notes, the very forms of which are wholly beyond the powers of the human voice. In the theatre these effects are in perfect keeping, for there all the resources of instrumentation and of sound are used with propriety for the due exaltation of things which are merely material; but in a church, where it is rather elevation of soul that is sought for, music will attain its end more by tempering even its lightest phrases with a certain amount of gravity, than by an indefinite variety of its forms, and an exaggerated use of its resources.

Now we find these principles of sacred music as first elements in the constitution of the organ itself, in so much that it is the only instrument capable of realizing the dictum of Sulzer, and of being, in the service of God, the imitation of singing.

The ancients of whom Herr Seidel speaks, and whom we shall never cease to praise, as having laid down the principles on which the organ, as specially devoted to the Christian worship, should be built, the builders, that is, of the 16th century, could, had they been so pleased, have themselves also so overlaid these same principles with a mass of very high or very low sounds as completely to have obliterated the principles themselves. At least they could have done so quite as easily as the builders of the present day,—builders that cannot now comprehend even their more worthy predecessors. But they were not pleased to do this. Had they done so, they would have entered upon a system of building, and probably they were aware of the fact themselves, which for once and for all would have severed the alliance between the organ and the massive voice of the peoples' song, and would have deprived it of those special devotional effects, with which the philosopher Montaigne was so much struck. Not that we mean hereby to express any admiration for a sceptic, for one of those men who is never sure of anything, but only to notice, that as regards the organ, Montaigne even gives up his scepticism, and that to him as well as to the builders of his day, the organ is but the more full realization of that homage which we pay to God by the most intelligent of our organs, namely by the voice, which is the interpreter of our thoughts.

That the Germans, a people separated more than any others from the traditions of external religion, should have multiplied indefinitely those various sounds, which are either imperceptible on account of their extreme height, or unintelligible on account of their extreme depth, may be explained without their being taken for a model in every case. The Germans in giving organ concerts have done their best to take the organ out of its proper sphere, as an instrument devoted to the church service only, as they have also done their best to take the Gregorian chant, the only true model for all chants, out of their churches, and use it for other purposes, but, we repeat, there is no reason why we should imitate them in this. Nevertheless, the French have not only imitated the Germans, but have even surpassed them by incumbering the instrumentation of the organ with all sorts of aftergrowths, in giving it such an excess of brightness, and in causing it to aim at so great a variety of sounds, that they have given it at last a character that we may look for in vain in French organs of the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries, built after the ancient models;—the idea on the contrary that has never ceased to direct the German builders in the midst of all their vagaries being that the organ should at all times be such as is best suited for the accompaniment of the choral, the idea which makes it to be at one and the same time popular, religious, and universally useful. All the French organs, with very few exceptions, are shrill, horny, and nasal instruments, in fact of such a quality of tone, that were the orchestras of the theatres to adopt the same, the most indulgent part even of the audience would not have the patience to endure them.

But must it after all be said that the organ, though devoted to the purposes of religion, ought not to exceed even by a single note, the ordinary compass of

the human voice, of which it is the magnificent interpreter? We have answered this question from the very first line of the chapter, and we say again that the organ for the very reason that it is specially intended to be used as an accompaniment to the voice, has a right to ascend by at least an octave above and below the extreme notes of the same. We have said elsewhere, and we say it again now, that by accompanying, we mean adding to a given piece of music a lower part, a foundation, that is, a ground bass, we also mean by it a like addition made to a piece of music by throwing over it an ornamental dress or mantle to the upper part or treble; in other words, we mean the art of supplying it no less with a superstructure than with a foundation. And if we examine again the mission of the organ as intended to supply religious symphonies, the domain of its sounds may be still further extended, without their at all losing themselves in the absurd extremes of the drama. But some one may object, were there not, even from the middle ages, such extremes in the higher sounds of the organ that to have the pipes producing them required then, as it does now, all the skill of an able tuner, such extremes for example as are to be found in the sounds of the *doublotte*, the *furniture*, and the like. We answer, that undoubtedly there were, but that the very names of these stops, of which we shall see the full meaning later on, do of themselves answer the objections: *doublotte*,† that which doubles in a higher a sound already found in a lower octave; *furniture*, that which furnishes a more substantial sort of nourishment to the general body of organ-tone;—such terms evidently imply that these same sounds, of which the angust simplicity required by the church knew how to avail itself at all times to the best advantage, were by no means intended to sing alone, but to form in combination with other stops a foundation tone, and to impart to it what builders call roundness, point, or body.

To come however to the point—what shall be the limit to the compass of the organ, at what note higher or lower should it stop? To answer this we say that the art of organ building, even as applied to religious purposes exclusively, is not limited to a few notes more or less either way, but that its limits must be determined by the ordinary rules of common sense. All that we object to is that which we think we may well call a false musical scale, a series of sounds that is, which the ear of the people cannot appreciate, should be used for these purposes. Thus an eminent professor of natural philosophy‡ has pointed out to the Academy of Sciences the limits between which are comprised the high or low musical sounds which are perceptible to the human ear. After the contradictory observations of the English, German, and French savans, he has presented the Academy with the results of certain experiments of his own, which go to prove that a perfect chord formed by him in the ragged regions of the musical scale, as the journalist calls them, who gives an account of his proceedings, cannot be calculated by ordinary means, nor indeed by any means but such as are purely scientific. Now it is well known that scientific men appreciate sounds only by the number of the vibrations, and according to them the lowest bass sounds which the ear can appreciate, are those only which are produced by from 14 to 32 vibrations in a second, and according to the professor quoted above, the highest treble sounds which the ear can appreciate, are those only which do not require more than 73,000 of such vibrations in a second for their production. If a sufficient amount of musical sound, and distinctness of intonation, can be attained at either of these two extremes, we do not consider they exceed the limits to which the organ, considered only as an instrument for accompanying the liturgical services of the church, may extend its compass in either direction.

† *Doublotte* in French organs is a *fifteenth* in English organs.

—Note Ed.

‡ M. Despretz. See the *National* for 30th April, 1845.

Singers and their Salaries.

A few weeks ago we called attention to the folly and bad taste of a gentleman (we forget his name) who wrote a querulous letter to *The Times* on the subject of singers' salaries, and especially about the enormous sum paid to them for attending festivals. No one in this country, where there is such an immense amount of competition in everything, is much overpaid, and certainly not singers and musicians. We remember reading some years ago in a French journal, that in Gluck's time the entire expenses of the Académie Royale, including the salaries of singers, dancers, chorus, corps-de-ballet, orchestra, costumiers, tailors, and scene-shifters, did not amount to half what was being paid to Mlle. Sophie Cruvelli alone for her services as first soprano. But was Mlle. Cruvelli, as a singer, worth more than twice as much

* From *L'Orgue, sa connaissance, son administration, et son jeu*, by Joseph Regnier.

as all the singers at the Opera in Gluck's time put together? That is the real question, and we have no hesitation in answering it in the affirmative. The vocalists for whom Gluck was condemned to write, were notoriously incapable, so much so, that at a supper where it was arranged that he should meet Piccini, and where the two rivals became convivial, the German said to the Italian: "These French people amuse me; they want us to compose songs for them, and they don't know how to sing."

Nor do any of those people know how to sing, or care an atom for singing, who are astonished and amazed that some of the prizes of life should occasionally fall to the lot of a great singer. The envious, if nothing else will console them, should reflect that if there were no great temptations in art, we should not have nearly so many great artists, by which the envious themselves, and all who have not the temperaments of mere brutes, would suffer. It is a sad thing, no doubt, that men and women who cultivate such a divine art as music should care for such a common thing as money. But bishops, who show us the way to heaven, are not insensible to its advantages; neither are generals whose first thoughts are of defeating the enemies of their country; nor judges whose chief care is that the law shall be rightly administered. We have all heard of great writers making their thousands a year, and of one great historian receiving a cheque for twenty thousand from his publisher, which he doubtless pocketed as prosaically as a banker or a broker on settling day. For our part, we rejoice that just now those who do the best things in this world occasionally meet with a fair amount of worldly success, and are enabled to leave something behind them besides a good name. We hear in the present day of painters, writers, singers, and musicians, making their fortunes; there are even poets and composers who are largely remunerated; and of all these successful ones it is quite a mistake to suppose that the most successful are those connected with the musical profession and the opera.

Formerly actors and operatic singers gained smaller salaries; but they led easier lives, enjoyed longer careers, and had fewer expenses. When a tenor has to shout John of Leyden's Morning Hymn at the top of his voice, and to yell Manrico's Song of War at the risk of cracking his A, surely he deserves to be better paid—not that the performance is more difficult, but because it is more dangerous than if he had only to warble the airs of Cimarosa and Rossini? Singing the music of Meyerbeer and Verdi he knows that his notes, if not his days, are numbered, and charges accordingly.

Then think how a modern tenor has to regulate his diet, to protect his valuable chest and throat from all possible and impossible draughts; to eat nothing but boiled fowl when all London sets him down as a glutton; to drink nothing but weak claret and water, when by universal consent he is a flaming fiery drunkard. You get your feet wet, are hoarse, and are well the next day. The tenor gets his feet wet, is hoarse, is not well the next day, and as long as he is unable to sing, not only loses his money, if he happens to be a concert singer, but is usually regarded as an impostor, because he frankly and conscientiously declines to torture the ears of the public he has been in the habit of delighting. In short, the tenor is as delicate as a soprano, who is as delicate as a singing bird in Australia, where singing birds will not live.

Then there is the question of expense. Singers who receive the highest salaries have usually to travel a good deal and to spend a considerable amount of money on their costumes. In the old Italian comedy, the Doctor, Scaramuccia, Arlequino, Lelio, Vespena, &c., played a thousand different pieces in the same dress; and if they had to go from one town to another each could carry his stage wardrobe under his arm. At present a tenor or prima donna of renown cannot go from one capital to another without being accompanied or preceded by several tons of luggage, of which the mere transport—from London, we will say to St. Petersburg, from St. Petersburg to Paris, from Paris to Madrid, from Madrid to New Orleans, and from New Orleans through New York back to London—costs more every year than was given annually to a singer in the days when singers could not sing.

These vocalists and musicians who do not belong to the Opera at all have still their expenses in the way of dress, and very heavy ones in the way of travelling, if they happen to possess great reputations, and to be in the habit of accepting engagements to appear at provincial concerts. These are secondary reasons why they should be well paid; the chief, however, of all being that their talent naturally commands a high price, and that they have a right to obtain for it its full market value, as the first-rate barrister who gets fifty pounds with his lying brief,

or the celebrated doctor who takes a consultation fee of nearly as much from his dying patient. Indeed, it is only in connexion with music that this right is ever questioned; but people seem to think that in the musical profession high salaries should not be tolerated; moreover, that the habitual charges of eminent artists may without any sort of impropriety be first disputed, then disapproved of, and at last publicly outraged and condemned.—*London Musical World*, August 25.

Street Music.

The *London Times* of July 4th, says:

On Wednesday last Mr. Charles Babbage, the mathematician, who resides in Dorset street, Manchester-square, summoned four German brass band musicians before Mr. Sucker, the police magistrate of Marylebone, upon a charge of annoying him with their noise, after they had been requested to depart from the neighborhood of his house, and a reasonable cause had been assigned for the request. Mr. Babbage was engaged with his studies, when these fellows came before his door and opened fire with their instruments. He went out and asked them to go away, but they recommenced playing and refused to move. Mr. Babbage went in search of a constable, and when he came back he found that they had moved to the front of a neighboring house, but so close at hand that the noise was just the same disturbance as before. The owner of this house, as it appeared, liked their music and desired them to play on. When the constable came up he ordered the musicians to move off, but this they refused to do, and consequently he removed them to the station house. Here was a conflict of interests. Mr. Babbage wanted silence; the owner of No. 27 wanted noise. But Mr. Babbage's silence could not annoy No. 27, though No. 27's noise could and did annoy Mr. Babbage. On such a state of facts it is clear enough that the interests of the gentleman who would inflict a nuisance upon his neighbors must give way. If a relative of Mr. Babbage had been sick and suffering from disease, the tenant of No. 27 could not plead his musical partialities as a justification for causing a disturbance with street music simply to gratify an idle fancy. But the rule is that the musicians must move away when requested to do so on account of sickness in a family or any other reasonable cause. Now, Mr. Babbage had this other "reasonable cause," and against it the idle fancies of No. 27 could no more prevail than they would have done upon the supposition that sickness had actually existed in the house. There is an idea prevalent among these people that they are not compellable to move on, unless they are informed that there is actual illness in a house; but it is to be hoped that Mr. Secker's decision of Wednesday last will go some way towards dispelling the delusion. "No one," said the magistrate, "has a right to play his noisy instruments within the hearing of persons who are pursuing grave occupations. The street is not to be infested with persons who disturb the inhabitants." Independently of this legal decision it would seem from Mr. Secker's decision that there is another, which will spread joy throughout the studies of many overworked men. Whoever causes an obstruction in the public streets is guilty of an offence. These musicians "had no right to occupy the thoroughfare so as to cause an obstruction, and they were liable to punishment for so doing." The conclusion was that the four tuneful Teutons who had obstructed the thoroughfare—who had annoyed Mr. Babbage—and who had resisted the command of the constable to move on, were fined in the mitigated penalty of 5s. each; but with an intimation that if ever they made their appearance in Marylebone Police-court again the sterner fine of £2 a head was hanging over them. There was a subsequent and smaller case disposed of summarily by analogy, the gist of which was that Gatino—probably Gaetano—Circeoni, an Italian, was also fined 5s. for playing an instrument, also to the annoyance of Mr. Babbage, and, in default of payment, his instrument was detained. A musical fanatic who was present in court, being touched with sympathy for the misfortune of the wandering musician, paid the fine, and Circeoni was discharged to the further annoyance of the human race. There is no London nuisance equal to that of out-door music! Was there ever any torment like that of lo ever pursued by the gadfly? Who would pass eternity in company with a blue-bottle? Who would spend a second night with a mosquito beneath his curtains if he could help himself? Oh for a little quiet in London!

The Cortesi Opera Company will open at the Boston Academy of Music on the first of October. The managers promise a succession of attractive entertainments.

Lamartine on the Psalms of David.

The last psalm ends with a chorus to the praise of God, in which the poet calls on all people, all instruments of sacred music, all the elements and all the stars to join. Sublime finale of that opera of sixty years, sung by the shepherd, the hero, the king and the old man! In this closing psalm we see the almost inarticulate enthusiasm of the lyric poet; so rapidly do the words press to his lips, floating upwards towards God, their source, like the smoke of a great fire of the soul, wafted by the tempest! Here we see David, or rather the human heart itself, with all its God-given notes of grief, joy, tears and adoration—poetry sanctified to its highest expression; a vase of perfume broken on the step of the temple and shedding forth its odors from the heart of David to the heart of all humanity! Hebrew, Christian, or even Mahomedan—every religion, every complaint, every prayer has taken from this vase, shed on the heights of Jerusalem, wherewith to give forth their accents. The little shepherd has become the master of the sacred choir of the universe. There is not a worship on earth which prays not with his words or sings not with his voice. A chord of his harp is to be found in all choirs, resounding every where and forever in unison with the echoes of Horeb and Engedi! David is the psalmist of eternity; what a destiny—what a power hath poetry when inspired by God! As for myself, when my spirit is excited, or devotional, or sad, and seeks for an echo to its enthusiasm, its devotion, or its melancholy, I do not open Pindar, or Horace, or Hafiz, those purely academic poets; neither do I find within myself murmurings to express my emotion. I open the Book of Psalms and there I find words which seem to issue from the soul of the ages, and which penetrate even to the heart of all generations. Happy the bard who has thus become the eternal hymn, the personified prayer and complaint of all humanity! If we look back to that remote age when such songs resounded over the world; if we consider that, while the lyric poetry of all the most cultivated nations only sang of wine, love, blood, and the victories of couragers at the games of Elidus, we are seized with profound astonishment at the mystic accents of the shepherd prophet, who speaks to God the Creator as one friend to another, who understands and praises his works, admires his justice, implores his mercy, and becomes, as it were, an anticipative echo of the evangelic poetry, speaking the soft words of Christ before his coming. Prophet or not, as he may be considered by Christian or skeptic, none can deny in the poet-king an inspiration granted to no other man. Read Greek or Latin poetry after a psalm, and see how pale it looks!—*Lamartine's Cour de Littérature*.

THE ORIGINAL OF "FRA DIAVOLO."—The real name of the Neapolitan robber, Fra Diavolo, was Michael Pozzo. He was in early life a stocking maker, and was subsequently a friar. While acting in the latter capacity he joined a band of outlawed banditti in Calabria, and eventually became their leader. In the double character of robber and priest he offered his services to Cardinal Ruffo, who at that time was the head of the party in favor of the Bourbons of Naples, and through the influence of the Cardinal, although a price had been previously set upon his head, he obtained a pardon and a pension of 3,600 ducats, with which he retired from public and "professional" life to a small estate that he had purchased. From this retreat, however, he was soon called by the Bourbons, who on Joseph Napoleon ascending the throne, again availed themselves of his services. In 1806 he made a descent, with a large body of banditti and recruits, at a place called Sperlonga, where he threw open the prisons, and was joined by a great number of the lazzaroni. After a severe action, however, he was taken prisoner and summarily executed—a fate which he is said to have met with the most disdainful indifference. He was, in his way, a kind of Robin Hood, and many romantic tales are told of his chivalry and gallantry.—*London Musical World*, August 25.

M. E. DELAPORTE.—By a decree dated the 6th of this month, and issued at the suggestion of the Secretary of State, M. E. Delaporte has been named a Knight of the Imperial Order of the Legion of Honor. This high mark of distinction, accorded to the artist who founded the prize contest of the Orpheons in France, and, for twelve years, has consecrated all his energies to the propagation of choral singing, is pregnant with meaning, and will exercise a favorable influence on the future of the above institutions. In decorating M. Delaporte, Government decorates the Orpheonists of France; it renders a striking act of justice to the man and his work, and imposes silence on his detractors. Government is

a good judge in matters of honor. While proclaiming the new knight, in the person of M. Delaporte, and saluting the cross thus bestowed on merit, the Orpheonistes of France will proclaim their glorious principle, and salute the triumphant history of their progress. In the acts of peace, as in the field of battle, the decoration of the flag is the glorification of the idea—the advancement of the chief is the exaltation of the army. The banner of the French Orpheons, rendered illustrious by the festivals of Paris and London, and valiantly displayed at the various performances in the provinces, will always be firmly held aloft by the men who have fought under its patriotic mottoes. It will occupy a conspicuous position in all the pacific manifestations of our national spirit. —J. F. Vaudin.—From the *Orphéon*.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Personal Recollections of Beethoven in 1822.

(From the German of Fr. Rochlitz.)

(Concluded.)

Our third meeting was the most cheerful of all. He came out here to Baden, and this time he was dressed very neatly and carefully, even elegantly. Yet this did not prevent him, during a walk through the Heleneuthal—and that means, in a spot which is frequented by every one, even the emperor and his family, and where the path is so narrow that those who meet have to pass close by each other—from taking off his fine black dress-coat, hanging it over his shoulder by his cane, and going on in shirt-sleeves. He remained from about ten in the morning, till six in the afternoon. The friend whom I have mentioned before, and Gebauer were with him. During this whole time he was exceedingly cheerful, sometimes highly amusing, and everything that came into his mind must come out. ("I am all *unbuttoned* (*aufgeknöpft*) to-day," he called it, and significantly enough.) All that he said and did was a chain of originalities, and mostly very strange ones. But from them all shone out a truly childlike good-heartedness, carelessness, friendliness toward all who came near him. Even his scolding tirades—like that against the Viennese of the present day mentioned above—are only explosions of fancy and a momentary excitement. They are blurted out without the least pride, without any bitterness or meanness of spirit, but only lightly, good humoredly, with humorous caprice—and that is the end of it. Indeed, he proves in his life—and only too often and too decisively for his own means of existence—that to the same person who has deeply offended him, and against whom he has spoken most bitterly in one hour, he will, in the next, give his last thaler, if he needs it. As to this is added his most cheerful acknowledgment of the merit—whenever really distinguished—of others (you should hear him speak of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart!) that he will accept no advice about the greater of his works, (and who, indeed, has the right to give it), but truly does not value them too highly—and yields the smaller ones to censure laughingly perhaps, more than any one else—as, besides when he is once put in motion, striking witticisms, humorous ideas, surprising combinations, exciting paradoxes, flow from him incessantly—in view of all this, I can say seriously—he appears even amiable; or if this expression startles you; the dark, rough bear seems so trusty and friendly, growls and shakes himself so innocently, that one cannot help being pleased and liking him, even if he were nothing but such a bear, and had never done more than such an one can. The story of this day, however, or rather the sum of its many short, eccentric stories, I must defer until we meet again, for when could I, the patient, who is forbidden to write, ever furnish them! Yet I must add, that when I had put the good Beethoven into the carriage, and walked up and down that lonely valley alone, I felt serious enough again. This time my reflections did not turn, as after our first meeting upon the heavy burden which Fate has put upon him. I had seen now that he has often cheerful,

really happy hours—at other, equally favorable times, he lives in his art, or in plans and dreams regarding it; the bad hours he takes into the bargain, and soon forgets them: who, after all, is better off? My reflections turned in general upon such conditions of man and human things, which arise from peculiar relations (which, in their results, may be the happiest for others) of the powers of man toward each other and towards the world and its concerns. As it always happens with such thoughts—one weighs and weighs—adds here, takes off there; the tongue will not stand still and give the satisfactory decision. I thought of Prometheus; first as pictured by Æschylus and by Goethe—but then also of another, who is not found in fable, never can be found there. M. A. R.

Mercadante.

Translated for this Journal from the French of P. Scudo.

The name of Mercadante has been long known in France. Born in a village of *la Pouille* in 1798, he pursued his first musical studies in the college of St. Sebastian at Naples. Expelled from this school by the director, Zingarelli, who surprised him one day copying some quatuors of Mozart, for the purpose of putting them into score, which was a great crime for this old master, who remained faithful to the exclusive traditions of the Italian school, Mercadante must seek his fortune at the hands of the public, which in Italy is always favorable to new comers. The conduct of Zingarelli, with regard to the young Mercadante recalls the severity of Cherubini, director of the *Conservatoire* of Paris, who would not allow the pupils in Counterpoint to study the fugues of Sebastian Bach, whom he treated as a *barbaro Tedesco*! The first success of Mercadante was obtained at the theatre of Saint Charles in 1818 by an opera, *l'Apoteosi d' Ercole*, which first rendered him advantageously known to the *impressarii*. He went through the principal cities of Italy. In Milan, in 1822, Mercadante wrote his last work *Elisa e Claudio*, which gained him a European reputation. The Neapolitans even endeavored for a time to oppose Mercadante, who belonged to their school, to Rossini, the *Romagnol*, as they called him. This pleasantry happily was not of long duration. In 1824, Mercadante went to Vienna to direct the *mise en scene* of *Elisa e Claudio*; then he went to Spain, first to Madrid, then to Cadiz where he remained till 1830. Mercadante was appointed *maitre de chapelle* of the cathedral of Novara after the death of Generali, in 1833. He came to Paris in 1836 to write the *I Briganti*, (from Schiller's play,) an opera that was performed on the 22d of March without much success. Mercadante returned to Italy and was nominated director of the Conservatory of Naples after the death of Zingarelli, which occurred May 5, 1837, which important post he still fills and is entirely worthy to occupy. The public knew the name of Mercadante only by the opera of *Elisa e Claudio*, which was sung at Paris with very great success on the 23d of November, 1823, by Pellegrini, Zuchelli, Bordogni and Madame Pasta. In 1841 was given the *Vestale*, a work which it was difficult to make to succeed in a country that possessed a universally admired *chef d'œuvre* on the same subject, the *Vestale* of Spontini, so that the success of *Il Giuramento*, 'is after that of *Elisa e Claudio*, the most decisive that Mercadante has obtained in Paris.

Mercadante has written much, and they cite among those of his buffo operas which have had the greatest success, (next to his *chef d'œuvre*, *Elisa e Claudio*), *Donna Caritea*, composed at Vienna in 1826.

We desire to exaggerate nothing. The career of Mercadante is marked by hesitations and doubts. We see him at first strangely attracted by the *eclat* of the genius of Rossini, whose manner he imitates in *Elisa e Claudio*. On the arrival of Bellini and Donizetti, Mercadante modified his manner again

and toward the somewhat complex style that is noticed in the score of *Il Giuramento*, in which a discreet imitation of German masters, such as Haydn, Mozart and Weber, is combined with that penetrating but slightly monotonous sentimentality which prevails in the Italian school since the silence of Rossini. If it is just to say that the examples of the *Lucia*, *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Anna Bolena* of Donizetti, the *Norma* and *Puritani* of Bellini, may have contributed to the last change that is noticed in the fine talent of Mercadante, it must be admitted also that it is from the score of *Il Giuramento* that Verdi has taken the elements of his peculiar style. Mercadante is a master of the art of writing; and is the worthy chief of an illustrious school which needs only follow his counsels to regain the high position from which it has fallen for so many years.

The Sleep.

BY ELIZABETH BARRET BROWNING.

"He giveth his beloved sleep."—PSALMS cxxvii. 2.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Born inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved—
The poet's star-tuned heart to sweep—
The senate's shouts to patriot's vows—
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved—
A little dust to over weep—
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake!
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved," we sometimes say;
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep,
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumbers, when
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delfed gold, the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
"And giveth his beloved sleep."

His dew drops mutely on the hill;
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men toil and reap!
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated over head,
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

Yea! men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
In such a rest his heart to keep;
But angels say—and through the word,
I ween their blessed smile is heard—
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go,
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the jugglers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close;
Would, child-like, on his love repose,
"Who giveth his beloved sleep."

And friends! dear friends! when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one most loving of you all,
Say, "not a tear must o'er her fall!"
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 15, 1860.

Died, in this city, Sept. 6, MARY B., wife of JOHN S. DWIGHT, aged 37.

No words can add anything to this simple announcement that can in any way quicken the sympathy of many friends for him whose heart and home are made desolate by this sad event.

It is but three weeks since we announced to the readers of this Journal, Mr. Dwight's departure to Europe for an extended visit of some months, and but a few days had passed after he had left us, before she from whom he had parted in fullest health was attacked by the disease which, after some weeks' duration, suddenly took her away. Not severe in its nature, or in any way alarming in any part of its course, the unexpected and fatal termination, came, even to those nearest to her with the shock of a sudden surprise, as the tidings must soon come with a like shock to him.

The announcement of her death will bring sorrow to many hearts and tears to many eyes; for to a large circle of friends she had ever been an object of especial admiration and attraction from the many rare graces of nature, of culture and of person that were harmoniously blended in her. A genial, happy and spontaneous disposition made these qualities of mind and heart the delight of all who knew her. To her friends the loss is irreparable, and very many who knew her not will miss her beautiful and sunny presence from the occasions at which they have long observed her attendance, wherever Music or Art called their worshippers. Of the loss to those who stood in nearer and dearer relations to her we may not speak. A beautiful and very happy life has been fitly ended, though, as it seems to us, only too soon.

The services with which she was given to her rest were of a singular solemnity and beauty. She had desired, it was said, (though not, we believe, in any anticipation of the near approach of Death), that there should be no gloom at that time, but that there should be music and flowers around her. So there were many words of Christian consolation and of prayer; there were flowers, the sweetest; there was music, the most solemn, of Bach and Mendelssohn, sung with wonderful beauty by the voices of friends with which her's had often mingled; and there were the friends of many years gathered around her, as she lay ready to depart. At the grave in the pleasant shades of Mt. Auburn, no words were uttered, but, as we stood around it, loving hands dropped flowers upon her dust as she passed away from our sight forever.

Editorial Correspondence.

III.

PARIS, August 6, 1860.

The annual *concours* at the Conservatoire of Music has occupied the last three weeks of July. The competition for prizes in composition, in harmony and counterpoint, in singing, in playing the pianoforte, the organ, the violin and every kind of instrument, stringed, wood or brass, and above all in operatic singing, both of the Grand Opera and of the Opera Comique kind, has cost much excitement and anxiety among the pupils, and

much patience and hard work among the judges. There was not much to tempt a stranger in the most of these trials of musical skill; and some of them were held with closed doors. It is not the love of music that could prompt one to wish to hear the same piece by Herz, or by De Beriot, played through some twenty times by as many different competitors. The remarkable thing in the violin competition was, that the first prize was carried off, against many formidable competitors of both sexes, by a young girl of thirteen, who in the opinion of some of the judges, gives signs of all the natural talent of the sisters Milanello. One of the two second prizes, too, was won by a young lady. The whole list of prizes fills four columns in the *Moniteur*.

I witnessed for one hour the competition in Grand Opera. Entering the broad courtyard of the Conservatoire, at every door of which, as at all public entrances, a soldier stood on guard, the ear was at once saluted by a babel of loud sounds from cornets, trombones, clarinets, &c., from earnest students in the different wings. It reminded one of the description in "Charles Auchester" of his ideal musical nursery and bee-hive somewhere in Germany. Finding the entrance to the Salle or Theatre, I sought in vain for seat or standing place save in the highest corridors, outside, where one could only hear, not see. The hearing of a succession of well-worn arias and trios from *La Favorite*, *Il Trovatore*, and the like, sung by strangers of whom you could not even learn the names, was not so much the point of curiosity; to see the place, the people and the way they manage things, was much more to our purpose. Wearied with the perpetual response of *il n'y a pas de place* (not a single seat) from the ancient goddesses who sat and watched at every entrance, I lingered awhile in the corridor surrounding the first tier of boxes, when spying a door ajar, I silently pulled it open, and stepping in behind its occupants, commanded a full view of the handsome little theatre. It was a lively scene; parterre and circles were densely packed with the beauty and the fashion of la belle France. On the stage, in costume, sang a succession of debutants, mostly in well-known trios for soprano, tenor, and bass or baritone. We noticed two or three remarkably fine voices, while the method, vocalization and expression of the most spoke quite well for their training and their own ambition, and the dramatic action seldom lacked *abandon* or correct conception. A pianoforte was the only accompaniment. Opposite the stage sat the judges, some eight or ten in number; and a goodly collection it was of fine-looking, intellectual heads. Among them you saw Auber, (now director in chief of the Conservatoire), Halevy, Ambroise Thomas, Panzeron, and younger magnates of the *monde musicale* of Paris. But the vivacious aspect of the audience, the eager interest, the intense enthusiasm, the murmurs of delight when a good point was made, the insatiable rounds of applause after each happy debut—that was indeed a sight to see, and feel too, for the moment. It was thoroughly French. And their were anxious faces, also; we met them in the corridors, as blushing and excited maidens, whose turns were just come or just past, came rushing round to seek the comfort or congratulation of their friends.

Certainly the imperial Conservatoire is the centre of a vast amount of educational activity

in music. Of its real benefit to music as an Art, it would not do to judge from such mere outside glimpses as we had at it. The same little theatre is also the scene of the famous orchestral concerts of the Conservatoire; of course, with less than a thousand seats, access to these is somewhat difficult. They are only in the winter; and we hope in due time to hear one when we shall be able to compare it with those of the Gewandhaus at Leipzig.

Before leaving the subject of the Conservatoire let me mention a little book of some importance to the history of music, which has recently appeared here: "*L'Histoire de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, par M. Elwart*." A few extracts will interest our lovers of classical music.

"On St. Cecilia's day, in the year 1826, Habeneck the celebrated orchestra leader, had assembled at his house some twenty of his friends. They were mostly musicians, and, in compliance with the request of their Amphitryon, had brought their instruments. The pretext of the invitation was a breakfast; but its real object was the execution of the *Heroic Symphony* of Beethoven, then as much unknown in Paris as its illustrious author was ill appreciated.

"At the first hearing, the performers (among whom were Vogt, Brod, and MM. Tulou, Tilmant, &c.) manifested their astonishment; they repeated the thing several times, and at the end their enthusiasm was unanimous.

"Habeneck had formed a whole orchestra of adepts and was able from that time to undertake to reveal Beethoven and his gigantic work in France.

"M. de Larochefoucauld, then minister of the king, authorized, by a decree of Feb. 15, 1828, the foundation of the *Concerts of the Conservatoire*.

"The concerts were, as a rule, to be six each year, and M. de Larochefoucauld gave the society a grant (*allocation*) of 2,000 francs by way of encouragement.

"The hall of the Conservatoire was designated as the fittest place for the concerts. This hall contain 956 places, including those in the *couloir*. Chaptal laid its first stone on the 14th of August, 1801, and it was finished in 1806 by the architect Delannois.

"Here are the prices from the time of the foundation, compared with the tariff now in force:

In 1828—In 1860	
First Boxes. Gallery or Balcony.	.9 fr. 12 fr.
Stalles d'orchestre. Boxes of the	
reg-de-chaussée. Second boxes.6 " 9 "
Couloirs of orchestra and balcony.6 " 6 "
Third Boxes. Stalles d'amphithe-	
atre3½ " 5 "
Parterre. Amphitheatre.3 " 4 "
Boxes over the theatre.2 " 2 "

"The total product of the concerts has been 1,590,029 fr. The receipts of the first concert were 1,017 francs.

In 1828 (first year) the receipts were....18,466 fr.
In 1859.....58,782 "

Difference in favor of 1859.....40,316 "

The programmes of all the concerts of the society occupy a large place in M. Elwart's work. By a comparison of his figures we may measure the degree of favor which certain composers and certain works have enjoyed in Paris:

BEETHOVEN has figured on the programme 402 times.
(Heroic Symphony, 25 times. Pastoral Symphony 51 times, Symphony in A major, 52 times. Symphony in C minor, 53 times. Overture to *Fidelio*, 7 times. Fragments of "Christ at the Mount of Olives," 23 times, &c.)

HAYDN.....142 times.
(Symphonies, 58 performances. The "Creation," twice. "Seasons," twice. Quartets, 27 times. Religious pieces, 26 times, &c.)

MOZART.....	137 times
(Symphonies, 37 performances. Overture to <i>Magic Flute</i> , 6 times. <i>Ave Verum</i> , 13 times. <i>Requiem</i> , 26 times. Fragments of Operas, 42 times, &c.)	
WEBER.....	124 times.
(Overture to <i>Freyschütz</i> , 11 times; to <i>Oberon</i> , 37 times; to <i>Euryanthe</i> , 16. Fragments of operas, 60 times, &c.)	
GLUCK.....	54 times.
(Fragments of Operas, 42 times, &c.)	
MENDELSSOHN.....	53 times.
(Overtures, 19 times. Fragments of "Midsummer Night's Dream," 13 times. Symphonies, 7 times, &c.)	
HANDEL.....	50 times.
(<i>Judas Maccabeus</i> , 21. <i>Sampson</i> , 9.)	
ROSSINI.....	49 times.
(Fragments of Operas, 23 times. <i>Stabat Mater</i> , 10 times. Overture to <i>Tell</i> , 15 times.)	
MEHUL.....	27 times.
GRETRY.....	16 "
RAMEAU.....	15 "
J. S. BACH.....	8 "
F. DAVID.....	4 "
AUBER.....	4 "
SCHUBERT.....	3 "
MEYERBEER.....	2 "
LULLI.....	2 "

Rich in the aggregate; yet the proportions are somewhat peculiar; and the selection does not show an appreciation so many-sided as we have right to look for in the famed Conservatoire of Paris. The list of our own little Boston, for the same period, is richer; for we have had, what the Parisians have yet to come, the symphonies of Schumann; we have had more of Schubert; more of Mendelssohn, much more of Handel.

My experience of music in the churches of Paris, during the summer fortnight, was not profitable. Such as I heard was not so good as that at Rouen. Mass at the Madeleine one morning was mere empty expectation. A tedious length of barren ceremonial, with loud parading round of most portentous looking beadle (Swiss), the herald of repeated onslaughts on the purse; at length, out of much muttering and murmuring, with crossing and with genuflection, and bell-ring tinkling, is born something like a tone, a deep, rough, sacerdotal bass tone, which prolongs itself into a vast feat of monotony, exciting hope of music, and presently is echoed in shrill counter, chanting an incredible length of sentences still on one note; and then beginneth the side organ, and a priestly choir of basses, supported by the basest of bass ophicleids, and for what seems the space of half an hour repeats a sing-song unison, a period forever re-begun but never finished, upon verse after verse of text; monotony more dull and dreary than to be out in the middle of the dull grey ocean under a leaden sky. At last came harmony; the pleasant sounds of boy soprano and of tenors, with some movement and some interweaving on the organ, united in the *Kyrie* and *Gloria*, and other movements of a Mass. A mass somewhat in the Haydn style, not strikingly beautiful or expressive, but a great relief on such a background of monotony, such as cost Haydn only a few bars in his elaborate tone-sketch of Chaos. During the *Crucifixus* portion, the great organ over the entrance gave some specimens of skilful sentimental execution, but savoring more of the Italian opera than of pious Bach or Handel. The singing of the movements of the mass was more than respectable; but even this relief was blurred by the exceed-

ing reverberation of the place. Nor did the architectural perfection thereof assist the mind. The Madeleine is a most satisfying and pure reproduction of the Greek temple style externally. The interior is also very beautiful, and very richly and elaborately Grecian, but by no means religious in its invitation. Its whole effect is to depress, and not to lift the mind. How different from that heartfelt, upward-soaring of the sublime Gothic of the church of St. Ouen at Rouen! There the breath of music quickened its own forms in the clustered shafts and springing arches, and aspiration was the sense of all that spoke to eye or ear.

D.

CARL ZERRAHN.—We take pleasure in calling the attention of those of our readers in need of such instruction to Mr. Zerrahn's advertisement in another column. This sort of instruction is of great value to advanced pianists—to cultivate the habit of playing in concert with others. Mr. Z. is one of the best flutists we have ever heard here, a well educated musician, an accomplished teacher and a gentleman, whom we are glad to recommend if recommendation indeed be necessary in Boston or its vicinity.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association opened their exhibition at Faneuil Hall on Wednesday. The rooms are well filled with many objects of interest. The manufacturers of musical instruments of all sorts contribute largely and well. We shall have occasion to notice this feature, more at length at some future time.

At the Museum, Bourcicault's new play, *The Colleen Bawn*, draws full houses, and will be played for some time longer.

THE DRAYTONS began a new series of their entertainments at the Melodeon on Monday of this week. On Tuesday the performances were interrupted by an injunction served upon Mr. Drayton by the proprietors of the Academy of Music. The latter owned the Melodeon property, and upon disposing of to Hon. Charles Francis Adams, they secured an obligation that the place should not be used for "dramatic, operatic, or theatrical entertainments" (we are not sure of the exact language) for a term of ten years. Considering that the representation of the "Lyric Proverbs" of Mr. and Mrs. Henri Drayton constituted an infringement of the contract, an injunction was served yesterday. Mr. Ordway, the lessee, did not receive his notification until 6 P.M., however, and Mr. Adams having gone to Quincy, it was impossible to raise the injunction temporarily until the morrow, and a suspension of the evening's performance was of course unavoidable. A large and fashionable audience assembled, as usual—no tickets were sold, those visiting the hall being informed at the outset of the affair, and those who stayed remaining entirely out of curiosity to witness the "developments."—and after a fine overture from the orchestra, Mr. Drayton appeared upon the floor and stated, in a pleasant humorous way why he was prevented from taking his usual place upon the stage above. He read the injunction—he expressed his regrets, &c.—he assured them (his patrons) that the legal incubus under which Mrs. Drayton and himself were now so unexpectedly suffering would be raised in season to permit of a resuscitation of their entertainments on this (Wednesday) evening. The incident reminded him of a story told him in his youth. A boy asked his mamma what the big fishes eat when they were hungry. The maternal parent replied that they breakfasted, dined and supped upon the little members of the finny tribe. Now the Academy of Music appeared to him (Drayton) to be a big fish, and his esteemed wife and himself to be little fishes. Whether the aforesaid Academy would be troubled with indigestion in consequence of its feast, or not, he did not pretend to predict; neither would he say that the lawyers were likely to be the biggest fishes of all in this case. He thanked those present for

their kind attendance, and retired amid applause which seemed to express sympathy. The result of all this will undoubtedly be a greater rush than ever for "Drayton tickets."—*Boston Post*.

At the hearing upon a motion to dissolve the injunction, after hearing the evidence of Mr. Drayton, BIGELOW, C. J. decided that the entertainment was a theatrical one, and as such within the terms of the contract, and therefore the motion was not allowed.

We are indebted to the *Boston Musical Times* for the following account of what we are to expect of the Opera season:

The Cortesi Opera troupe will commence a season of two weeks at the Boston Theatre, on or about the first of October. We think it possible that Mr. Servadio makes a mistake to come so early in the season—before people have become wearied with their own homes, after a return from the watering places—but, nevertheless, we always joyfully announce promises of good musical entertainments. The feature of the season to which we allude will be the American debut of Signor Amodio *frere*, for which Bostonians may feel grateful, since no efforts have been spared by the Directors of the New York Academy of Music to induce Servadio to announce the *debut* in that city. His voice is said to be deeper and fuller than that of the fat baritone, whose organ has challenged universal admiration since his first coming among us. Amodio *frere* has already arrived in New York.

An arrangement has also been made, by which it is probable that Signor Brignoli will sing here with this troupe. Stigelli, Musiani, Cortesi, Adelaide Philipps, and other favorites are also promised. It is the intention of the management to produce "*Medea*," the great work of Pacini, for which the chorus have already commenced preparations. A new prima donna and contralto have been engaged in Europe, by Signor Servadio, for the present year, whose *debut* will be made in Boston; but whether in this first season or later, we are not informed.

The fidelity of the management of this troupe to their promises, is well known by pleasant experience; and their claims upon the patronage of the public cannot be disputed. Musically, we have no doubt of the brilliancy of the approaching season; pecuniarily, we hope for the best.

THE CENSUS AND THE ORGAN GRINDERS.—The figures elected give some curious information. It appears that a community of organ grinders dwell in a low court diverging from Seventh street. They comprise more than forty individuals, male and female. Nearly thirty hand-organs belong to the property, and fourteen Barbary monkeys are nightly denizens.

Some of these organ grinders—and they are all Italians—are not the poverty-stricken characters they appear to be; for they foot up a considerable amount of personal property.

There were several children connected with this nomadic tribe; some of the larger boys constitute the boot blacks who infest the hotels upon Chestnut streets.

There are many bright-eyed fellows, with all the passion and playfulness of the modern Roman, reminding us much of the impulsive Donatello, in the *Romance of Monte Beni*. It was of old a custom with these Italian women to hire out their babes for begging purposes, that the charities of the benevolent might be elicited. Mayor Conrad's police put an end to that nefarious trade. Some of the females with whom the Marshal conversed exhibited traces of yet lingering beauty. They are all dark-eyed and sun-bronzed. In their quarters were all kinds of hurdy-gurdies, harps, flageolets and tamborines. They go regularly out at the dawn and on moonlight nights haunt the broader avenues until late hours.

The bright-eyed girls collect the pennies which are dropped reluctantly into the tamborine. Most of the singing misses, who have of late made wretched vocalization of popular ballads, belong to this party.

The Italians answered the Marshal's interrogation without evasion and displayed much good humor.

At home they would constitute a part of the miserable lazzaroni; here they are generally regarded as vagabonds; but if our streets were altogether destitute of their rude music, we might look back with regret to the period of their departure. They are unobtrusive personages; and it may be that in many of them exists that untutored love of song which burned in the bosom of the nomadic blue bard of Greece.—*Phil. Bulletin*.

CHRIST CHURCH CHIME, INDIANAPOLIS.—The chime of bells for Christ Church has arrived. The bells are nine in number, and are from the manufactory of Meneley's Sons, Troy, New York.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

The Théâtre Lyrique is preparing to commence its next campaign on the 1st of September. Several novelties are in hand. In the first place, there is *Crispin Rival de son maître*, a comedy of Lesage, which has been sliced into two acts, by M. Henri Berthoud, and wedded to music by M. Sellenick. Two comic operas in one act are also ready, viz.: *Une bonne Nuit*, composed by M. Aristide Hignard, and *Astaroth*, the music whereof is by M. Debillemont. Besides these are to follow two grand works, one by MM. Scribe and Clapisson, the other by MM. Cormon and Aimé Maillart before mentioned. Mad. Viardot remains a member of the company at a salary of 3000 francs per month (£120). She will appear again in *Orphée*, and it is intended to get up another opera of Gluck's for her, either *Alceste* or *Iphigénie*.

Besides the fortunate author and composer whom I have just mentioned as having received the decoration of the Legion of Honour, a complete batch of literary and musical celebrities (more or less) has been enrolled in that sweltest of mobs. In this motly list M. Reval, professor of singing at the Conservatoire, and M. Martin, secretary of the Imperial Opera, and M. Delaporte, the luckless Garibaldi of the Orpheonist invasion, figure cheek by jowl with Léon Laya, the distinguished author of *Duc Job*, and with Gevaert, the very clever (Belgian) composer of *Quentin Durward* and the *Billet de Marguerite*. M. Paul de Saint Victor shines also as an *homme de lettres* in this, for the most part, ragged regiment, with which Falstaff would most certainly have refused to march through Coventry, and which in the present state of the French press, although "food for powder," have no chance of being, as they deserve to be, "well peppered."

To pass to another distribution of honors, the Conservatorium of Music in Vienna has just awarded its annual prizes. The number of pupils who studied in this institution during the year was 336. Of these twenty-one obtained prizes, seventy-two were honorably mentioned, and seven had silver medals allotted to them. With so large a number of competitors it may be imagined that the struggle for distinction was proportionally arduous. Connected with the same subject of well-earned distinctions is the presentation, by the *Lieder-Tafel* of Mayence, of a diploma of honorary membership to Stockhausen the baritone.

My correspondent at Baden informs me that Hector Berlioz is busy preparing his festival performances which constitute the next exciting occasion to which the mob of pleasure-seekers there are eagerly looking. I have just received also a programme of a concert lately given at the Kursaal, at Hamburg, for the benefit of the local charities. *Vieuxtemps*, who possesses a chateau villa near the gamblers' paradise, was among the artists, as was also M. A. Jaell, the pianist, and Mad. Cambardi, who sang the cavatins from *Norma* and the *Trovatore*.

I told you of a new opera which had been sent in to the Opéra Comique by MM. Roqueplan and Sardon, under the title of *La Villa Medicis*, concerning which it was rumored that M. Roqueplan's name stood for that of an actress of the Théâtre Français. M. Battu, the father of the late Léon Battu, now comes forward to claim as his son's, if not the piece itself, the title, which, he says, was that of an opera offered by Léon Battu to M. Roqueplan when he was director of the Opéra Comique. M. Battu admits that the MS. of his son's work was duly returned to him, but merely calls on the ex-manager not to use his son's title to avoid all suspicion of plagiarism. If it be a mere question of using a title, which has nothing very remarkable or original about it, there was scarcely any ground for this paternal interference. If, however, there has been unfair play, it is another matter altogether, and in that case we shall hear more about it.—*London Musical World*, August 25.

RETIREMENT OF DAVID.—I am not sure that the announcement of David's retirement from public life will occasion any very intense excitement in New Orleans, particularly toward the end of August, when this letter may be reasonably expected to reach the Crescent City, and will doubtless find it still under the influence of the "heated term." Would you take the trouble to inquire who the deuce David may be, and from what the dickens sort of public life he contemplates withdrawing? Such a question argues a deplorable degree of innocence for which "we"

were not prepared to reproach "our" whilom colony on the banks of the Mississippi. Well, then, David is *not* the eminent painter of that name, resuscitated for no other purpose than to furnish "Touchstone" a paragraph, at a moment when paragraphs are scarce. *This David is another David*, and a mighty potentate, to boot. He is no other than the reigning "Emperor of the Romans," which is the designation applied in Parisian literary and artistic circles, to the claue of the French Opera and the chief of that national institution. All the Paris theatres have a claue, except the Italian Opera, which is not a French theatre. It is the business of the claue to "do" the applause; and you can, consequently, understand the importance of that body. In a theatre, applause is everything. It encourages the actors and makes a bad play go down the public throat with surprising ease, particularly when that public is mostly composed, as is always the case here, of strangers, who do not, for the most part, know anything about the claue, and imagine that, as a large body of the audience is strongly approbative of the "Sanguinary Cordwainer," why, the "Sanguinary Cordwainer" must be a clever thing, despite appearances to the contrary. An attempt was made some years ago to suppress the claue, which is, really, an intolerable nuisance. All the theaters, from the Opera down to the Funambules, agreed to exclude the "Romans of the parterre," from that moment forward. The reform lasted two days. At the end of that time, the actors, who had been playing to audiences as undemonstrative and immovable as tombstones, declared that they would burn their *maillots* and go into the lobster trade, if the claue were not restored. *It was* restored, and has since reigned triumphant. Of course, that of the Opera stands first, as the most numerous, the best organized, and "attached" to the principal government establishment. Of this claue David has been, for many years, the commander-in-chief, and so fat a place has he managed to make it, that, what with the *douceurs* of composers, ballet masters, librettists, singers, dancers, and all the long list of people eager for public "encouragement and approbation," he has succeeded in accumulating a fortune, estimated at over a hundred thousand dollars, and now you can understand why David thinks of retiring from the parterre, to enjoy the sweets of repose, and perhaps look down upon his former subjects, from a private box, next the Emperor's!—*New Orleans Picayune*.

LEIPZIG.—A monster concert has just been given in honor of the well-known song-composer, Carl Zöllner. It was got up by all the Männergesangsvereine, comprising 500 members. It was highly successful, and the attendance very numerous. The Hymn for a chorus of male voices (words by Herr Müller von der Werra, composed by Ernest II., Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha) was enthusiastically encored. It is intended to purchase, with the proceeds of the concert, a present, long since deserved, for Zöllner who is now absent from here.—*Ibid*.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—The starring engagement of the tenor, Herr Niemann, who sang in *Tannhäuser*, the *Prophète*, and the part of Max in *Der Freischütz*; the performances of the Italian Operatic Company, under Herr Merelli; and, lastly, the admirable pianoforte playing of Herr Aloys Schmitt, Capellmeister at the Court of Mecklenburg, infused into our town an amount of musical life, which even the fine summer-weather was incapable of interrupting.—*Ibid*.

STOCKHOLM.—Mad. Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt arrived here on the 17th of June, by the steamer Swea, with her husband and two children. It is her intention to spend the summer at a villa in the environs. A large number of her admirers gave her a most enthusiastic welcome.—*Ibid*.

Mad. Viardot is about to turn her genius, experience, and science to account by assisting to edit a selection of the best classical vocal music of the Italian, German, and French schools, with directions as to style, accentuations, coloring, &c.—*Ibid*.

CLEVELAND, (O.)—Flotow's opera of *Alessandro Stradella* has been performed here recently, by the Cleveland Gesangverein. The opera has been presented there before by the same Society, but never in so excellent a manner. The chorus numbered about fifty performers, who were perfect in time and tune. The leading characters, both in singing and action, left nothing to be desired. Miss Bimeler, as *Leonore*, in appearance, acting and singing, was all that could be wished. Abel, as *Stradella*, was admirable. The two Langsdorffs and Quedenfeld were excellent in both singing and acting.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Dearer and nearer. Ballad. C. W. Glover. 25

A very pleasing sentimental ballad.

My love for thee. Song. Geo. Barker. 25

A beautiful melody which will impress itself easily upon musical ears. There is something quite charming about these plaintive notes which the composer of "I'm leaving thee in sorrow, Annie" knows so well how to sound.

It is the hour for music. Duettino. H. Farmer. 35

For two Ladies' voices. Light and pretty, and not at all difficult.

Mother dear. Solo and Chorus. J. Falkenstein. 25

A capital new Minstrel Song, the solo very effective for a high tenor voice.

O the merry May. Song. A. Matlack. 25

Never mind. A. Nish. 26

Clever songs, which will prove entertaining.

Annie Lisle. With guitar accompaniment.

Thompson. 25

Thompson's—of Lilly Dale celebrity—latest popular Song, with an easy guitar part by Dorn.

Instrumental Music.

Linda di Chamouni. Easy Potpourri. F. Nava. 35

Will prove vastly agreeable to young players. It forms one of the set of "Operatic Favorites."

Chimes Polka. Henry Farmer. 15

Four in hand Galop. " 15

Olga Waltz. " 15

The first number of a set got up expressly for the little folks, and called a "Juvenile Library of Dance Music." Young pianists will be delighted to get such charming pieces for lessons.

Zouave Polka. Harley Newcomb. 25

Pleasing and not difficult.

La Juive. Bouquet of melodies. Beyer. 50

To those who wish to recall the striking and grand melodies of this masterwork of Halévy's, performed last winter in New York with Fabbri and Stigelli, this arrangement will prove a treasure. Those to whom the opera is unknown will derive from it a vivid idea of its beauties.

Mountain Dews. Nocturne. Handel Pond. 25

A graceful composition,

Books.

THE CLASSIC GLEE BOOK. A collection of standard Glees, Madrigals, &c., from the works of Calcott, Horsley, Webbe, Stafford, Smith, Attwood, Danby, and other celebrated composers, ancient and modern. 50

This compilation has been made from the works of the most eminent composers. The music has not suffered from the mutilating spirit of this progressive age, when every novice recognizes in himself the embodiment of all musical art, and undertakes to polish sunbeams and paint lilies. In this collection it is pure, unaltered, and such as its composer intended it should be; and will doubtless be duly appreciated by admirers of the genial, hearty melodies of Old England.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 442.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 22, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 26.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Nearness of "The Departed."

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

The sea of life sends forth tumultuous waves:
And suddenly, beneath the trees, we count
Another sacred spot among the graves:

Another from the friendly circle gone,
One hand the less to greet us with its grasp,
And we, like Rachel, comfortless do mourn.

Soon, in the twilight, as night-blooming flowers
Begin to shed their perfume, close we feel
The beating of another heart than ours:

And with our finer sense another Mind
Flood waves of thought ecstatic o'er our own,
As though within our very soul entwined.

And as we con these inner lessons o'er,
We learn that those we call "departed" hold
A nearness to ourselves unknown before.

And then we muse, and question where is heaven
Whose golden streets our best beloved walk,
And unto which our purest thoughts are given.

On distant stars we fix our longing gaze,
Our aspirations wing to farthest goals,
Striving to find the land of love and praise.

In vain our thoughts far mystic realms explore,
Where'er our heart is, there to us, is heaven,
And all our treasures lie upon its shore.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Pianoforte Instruction to be Solid.

A WORD "TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

It not unfrequently happens that parents, from a desire of seeing their children advance in piano playing, as rapidly as possible, ask the teacher not to be too profound, too thorough, in his teaching. In their imperfect knowledge of the matter they believe that the more hurriedly, or superficially the pupil is instructed, the sooner he or she will have overcome the difficulties of our art and be a fine player. It is true that instruction may be given slower or faster; that is, with loss of time or with the saving of it. An intelligent, experienced and energetic teacher, by dint of his brief and clear method, may teach in half an hour more than another, able though he be, in double the time. The former will avoid anything not tending directly to his object, while the latter may dwell on points that have little to do with it; or it may be (a mistake frequently made) that he labors to impart knowledge, which to his pupil is of no value, because too premature. "Go straight on!" These words the teacher should not forget a moment while he is teaching; but in that, which should be taught, let him by all means be as thorough as possible, for so much the surer and quicker will be the pupil's progress. It is an old saying that a little learned well is a hundred times better than a great deal learned badly. How much is this the case in music, the subtle compound, if I may say so, of euphony and expression; ere the slightest too-much or too-little causes the balance to be dis-

turbed and gives a blow to the ear or the taste! Therefore, the teacher should persist, from the beginning, in making his pupil do everything as perfectly as possible; but should remember that many things require time to ripen, and that by force and impetuosity nothing is to be gained. The necessary qualities for a good player are a fine touch, power of execution, strict time, correct phrasing, and finally, to crown all, *expression*. But all this is based on profound and patient instruction, while the pupil should cheerfully follow the teacher's directions and conscientiously perform the tasks assigned for private practice. A hurried course, on the contrary, will only tend to multiply that sort of pianists who play, not to the enjoyment, but to the torment of sensible listeners. If I now say that years of careful study are required to play finely, and that even then few can gain the pinnacle, it must deter no one from learning this beautiful art, who has a taste for it and means to be industrious. It is not necessary to glory in the conquest of difficulties; an easy piece delivered well gives the same satisfaction as a difficult one, provided it is a good composition; not to mention that the difficulties of a piece should disappear beneath the ease and grace of the performance and not be shown by effort or struggle. We may consider it a sign of the divine origin of music that whatever its utterance be, single or complicate, it is ever pleasing. And so the instruction, likewise, affords pleasure in every stage, if only what is to be learned is learned thoroughly. Besides, it should be remembered that music as taught on the pianoforte is a most efficient mental discipline, not merely because it cultivates the ear and ennobles the mind, suppressing the more savage impulses in our nature and calling forth the gentler, sweeter ones; but it also develops many other faculties, the cultivation of which is included in common education. The memory, for instance; the power of concentrating all our thoughts on one point, which is about equal to presence of mind; also, the arithmetical sense, and the sense of order, as it may be called, by which the manifold rhythmic figures of a measure are to be dissolved into the original beats or counts underlying the measure,—these and others are continually kept in exercise. A player, instructed by a good teacher, may be prevented from ever touching the instrument again, and yet have no cause to regret the time and labor bestowed on it; how many of us remember the lessons we were obliged to learn at school; but shall we say that our labor was spent in vain?

The teachers should let no opportunity escape of enlightening their friends on these points; it will be for their own advantage no less than that of the public in general. Cases are still frequent where persons commence taking lessons with the expectation of being perfect players in a few quarters. Possessed of common sense, as many are, if they are told the truth they will cheerfully relinquish such vain hopes for the improvement and satisfaction to be derived from a proper

course, a course at once thorough and pleasant. To flatter prejudice in this respect is dangerous to art and artists. If you make the public believe that to play the piano well is as easily acquired as the art of grinding a barrel-organ, they are likely to consider your profession on the same scale with that of the "wearers of the velvet breeches," and may come to think your art not worth their money. Therefore, give them pure wine, and be assured we shall fare better by it; at least they will demand no longer of us to produce players as fast as if they were turned out by steam.

Yours, &c., BENDA.

Scudo on Wagner.

In the April number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is a long article by Scudo on Richard Wagner and his music, in which the "music of the future" is criticised severely. The opinions expressed are so thoughtfully elucidated, and come from a man so generally acknowledged to be clear-headed and of long experience, that we translate a portion of them for the perusal of those who are interested in the welfare of musical schools. The great length of the article precludes our publishing it entire.

"M. Wagner pretends to bring dramatic music back to the absolute truth of nature; to cause it to express, not only the profound sentiments and dominant passions of the personages who appear in the drama selected by the author, but he wishes even to reproduce, by the means which are peculiar to the language of sound, by the hundred colorings of the orchestra, and the infinite combinations of harmony, the moral physiognomy of the fable, as well as the different phases of action; without forgetting the accidents of light and landscape, which indicate the hour, the epoch, and the space where the event takes place. He wishes, in a word, to transform the *opera of the past*, which is merely the fictitious frame around a common event quite conventional, to suppress those arias, those duets, those concerted pieces rendered arbitrarily distinct by the rhetoric of the piece, and forming so many isolated pictures in the general picture, whose truthfulness they impair; he wishes to transform all those worn-out combinations into a living grand *drama*, where the music accompanies the action, characterizes the personages by invariable traits, expresses the passions which excite them, and follows imperturbably the course of the poetry, as Dante follows Virgil in the city of tears, without preoccupying himself with anything else than the logical truth, which ought to be the supreme law of the dramatic composer. Such, in a few words, and disengaged from germanic pathos, is the theory of M. Wagner, which is no other than the old theory of Gluck, of Gretry, which was that of Lessing, of Diderot, and of all the *naturalists*. Under the first empire this theory was particularly advanced in France by Lesueur, a celebrated composer, the author of *La Caverne* and the *Bardes*.

"As to the theories and principles put forth by the creative artist, we are well agreed, and willingly accord all the liberty of action asked of us. We agree on this with M. Wagner: criticism has not the right to impose its arbitrary and absolute law upon the genius which desires to give utterance to its inner life; it cannot oppose its rigid precepts to the indefinite liberty of individual inspiration. Let the artist move then, in his strength and independence,—let him sing, let him paint nature as he sees it, let him evoke, as he conceives it, that ideal which presses upon his

soul or smiles upon his imagination; we wish that he should be entirely free to reveal himself as he feels himself, and let the earth and the heaven be open to him. There is, however, a limit to this indefinable liberty of genius. There is a point, beyond which criticism may say to the individual inspiration of the artist, as the God of the Bible has said to the sea, *'Ne plus ultra!'* This fatal limit, which the artist cannot pass without falling, like Icarus, into the void of space, is the law of the human mind itself—the form in which all genius must mould its creations. I leave you free to say all that you wish, to write, to compose, or paint the most comprehensive poems, provided that you use a language accessible to me, and that you make use of a form that definitely expresses your idea. If a being superior to human nature wished to communicate with mortals he would be forced to submit to the limits of our intelligence; for God himself is known to us only by the world which he has created, and which reveals to us his omnipotence.

"It results from this that a work of art is always composed of two elements, the inspiration of genius, and the form which it takes partly from tradition; that is to say, of liberty and a necessary order imposed upon it by human intelligence. Form in art is the work of all and belongs to no particular genius exclusively. It is not Malherbe, Boileau, Corneille, Racine, Pascal, who have created the French language;—it is the genius of the nation, throughout twelve ages of history. Dante did not call forth the Italian language from chaos, as some say sometimes in the excess of admiration, but he impressed upon it the seal of his soul, and elevated it to the level of his intelligence. Did Michael Angelo alone invent sculpture and statuary? Did not Raphael purify, with his divine pencil, the hieratic types transmitted by the tradition of the Byzantine school? The symphony, that great noble poem of instrumental music, emerged from the sonata, whose different parts became the divisions of the symphonies of Haydn, who first gave to this already existing form a regular beauty. Mozart scarce changes the internal economy of Haydn's symphony, but he pours therein the treasures of his living soul, the tears and enchanting smiles of his melodic genius. Beethoven enlarges all the parts of this symphonic poem, multiplies the episodes, fills them with a new and noble life, which sometimes outstrips the measure. The same remarks are applicable to opera, which, from Monteverde to Gluck, from Gluck to Mozart, from Mozart to Rossini, is continually changing on a persistent basis, which is the work of time and of the human mind. It is thus that the variety of geniuses harmonize upon a common foundation of idea, and that the liberty of individual inspiration adapts itself to a necessary order, without which art cannot exist.

"The object of art," says M. Cousin, in his work, *Du Vrai, du Beau, et du Bien*, 'is the expression of moral beauty, by the aid of physical beauty.' Mozart, whose supreme taste was worthy of his genius, has expressed the same thought in the following manner: 'Music should always be music, even in the most horrible dramatic situations.' It is a profound truth, recognized by the masters of every age and country. Music is, with sculpture, perhaps, that one of all the arts where beauty of form is most necessary to the intelligence of moral beauty. Composed of three elements, melody, rhythm, and harmony, music cannot dispense with elegance and beauty to produce its greatest effects. The melody traversed by the rhythm, which gives it character, is the primordial and essential element, without which music cannot exist. Harmony is only the completion of the melody, and is that part of music which does not contain in itself its own solution. Music has existed for ages without harmony, and there live yet on the globe millions of men who know nothing of it. Harmony cannot live a day without a melodic idea to support it, and which explains its meaning. As soon as harmony forms itself in regular successions, it disengages from the mass of its chords a melodic line, more or less defined, as an electric flash separates itself from the action of the pile. Harmony, a modern ele-

ment in the musical art, is the coloring of the idea, which is and can only be, the melody. The verbiage of rhetoricians and sophists cannot destroy the nature of things.

"Whatever be your thought, the profundity of your genius, the vast conception you desire to manifest, you cannot reach my soul, move it, penetrate it with the breath of your inspiration, except through the medium of my senses, which are the first judges of the art. It is in vain for you to invent foolish theories, and disdain everything which is not up to the level of your pretended spiritual aberrations. Man perceives the truth only through his senses, which are the doors through which his inner nature is reached; and the senses do not readily admit the truth unless it be dressed in beauty, and in a form which delights. I know that this is an old heathen doctrine, at which modern reformers smile and pretend to address themselves to the spirit; but this doctrine, old as man, will endure as long as he."

After thus examining the theory of the "music of the future," M. Scudo goes on to criticize in detail some of his compositions; and we shall select portions to translate in another number of our journal. CAROLUS.

The N. Y. Albion on the Academy of Music.

Come now, Messieurs, the Directors of the Academy of Music, let us reason together. In the very dog-days of the summer, so suddenly vanished, when we were less able than we should have been at any other time to bear the infliction, you saw fit to pile upon us a mighty advertisement setting forth what you were to do in the operatic campaign of the Fall. You irritated us by flaunting in our faces a gaudy banner inscribed with bombastic words of promise. You dragged into your placard poor old *Æschylus* and *Euripides*; you hopelessly involved yourselves in a discourse upon the Greek tragedies, and when you found yourselves beyond your depth—you lost bottom very soon, I notice—you awkwardly enough paddled off upon the fashionable tailor, milliner, hairdresser, and furnisher, declaring that the high mission of the opera is to stimulate the trade in gloves and Eau de Cologne, and mildly to excite the innocuous brain of the young man of American "Society." When you had floundered upon this very dry bit of land, you evidently felt that some apology was due to the spectators; so you proceeded thus:—"This exordium has been considered proper in view of the fact that the Directors of the Academy of Music have made for the coming season arrangements of the most important and elaborate character." I really don't perceive why this "fact" rendered it necessary or proper for the English language to suffer martyrdom at your hands; but never mind. You further said, referring to yourselves in the third person, "They have learned by experience, the best and dearest of teachers, that in order to command success, they must deserve it by presenting artistic talent of the highest order, a perfect ensemble in all its details, orchestra, chorus, and scenic effects, variety and novelty in the repertoire," &c.

Your "efforts to elevate the standard of musical taste in this country"—which is one of your own modest and truthful phrases—for the season of 1860-61 have now been going on for two weeks. You have given us artistic talent of a high order—this all honest critics will cheerfully admit; but as to the tautological promise of a "perfect ensemble in all its details, orchestra, chorus, and scenic effects," allow me to say, with feelings of the deepest consideration, that it was a flam—a word authorized by Worcester, not frowned upon by Webster, and, when moderately translated, meaning "an illusory pretext." You have given us a good orchestra, a tolerable, though scanty chorus, but no perfection of scenic effects whatever. You seldom do give us this. We always find a certain amount of well painted scenery, as theatrical scenery goes, but it stands alone on an ill furnished and utterly barren stage. We don't expect marvels of chronological or geographical consistency, but we have a right to ask that scenes brought into conjunction

shall not represent maddening impossibilities of vegetation, or styles of architecture separated by more than a century of time, or by distance greater than one-third of the earth's circumference. You know that anachronisms and inconsistencies as glaring as those here implied are made every night under your direction. We have had nothing new in the way of stage furniture; the familiar stock has been lugged on in the same ridiculous manner as of old; that cheap cloth has been, as always, put upon the same aged table which has served generations of operas; and that dreary pair of chairs has nightly been forced to do duty alike in banquet hall, drawing-room, or bed-chambers. You have tried, as they sometimes say, with a degree of perseverance worthy of a better cause, to destroy every shred of illusion your representations of opera may have produced, and you know that the opera, in its best modern manner, is chiefly successful in presenting an accurate picture of what can by no possibility happen in real life.

Then, as to the "variety and novelty in the repertoire." You have given us "*La Sonnambula*," "*Lucia*," "*Il Poliuto*," "*Il Trovatore*," "*Il Barbiere*," "*I Puritani*," "*Martha*;" we should have had "*La Traviata*," except for the sickness of Mme. Cortesi; we are promised the "*Sicilian Vespers*," "*Linda di Chamounix*," and heaven preserve us—"Norma." Here is novelty and variety indeed! These are some of the "important and elaborate" arrangements you have made for the season! You must have been kept out of your beds for many weary nights while planning such a brilliant succession of new things.

But you will say—for I know your tricks—you will say, with a shrug of your shoulders, and with much turning up of the palms of your hands, that you are giving the public a greater variety of good performances than they could have for the same money anywhere abroad, and you will glibly repeat the scale of prices at Her Majesty's Theatre, and other transatlantic places of amusement; then, with an expression of mingled sadness and commiseration, you will walk off to the box-office and rack your brains over a fresh advertisement. To this we reply, True, O Directors! the people of England and France do pay more than we, and sometimes they have no more novelty. But be pleased to remember that they are not stunned by the noisy blowing of managerial trumpets before each season commences. We probably should not complain that we hear only the old operas, if you had not, with such a gratuitous display of bombast and balderdash, expressly told us that we were to have quite a different state of things. You are continually crying, not only wolf, but a whole menagerie of strange and wonderful beasts, and you have so often deluded us, that we have a right to feel affronted. Perhaps we were green to believe your announcement; but, really, you did it so ingeniously this time, with your Greek tragedies, your hair dressers, and your fashionable young men, that we quite forgot your natural propensities, and thought we should see something like what you talked about. Then, too, as to your argument drawn from the English and French opera, be pleased to bear in mind that even the old pieces there represented are put upon the stage with a real splendor which would dazzle you into perpetual blindness if it appeared on the boards of your Academy. Every detail of the stage furniture, scenery and equipments is perfect, and more money is expended on one of these operas than would pay for the whole of your stage-worn, shop-worn paraphernalia.

Since you are ever prating about novelties, why do you not essay a really new thing and surprise us all? Just engage a stage manager who shall manage the stage; let as much care be given to the minor details of your pieces as would be given to a blood and thunderous drama in the Bowery, as much as you bestow upon your stupid advertisements; scrub up your antique furniture, if you cannot or will not afford that which is new; let your scene shifters be content to show the audience the results of their labor without so generously displaying themselves as they run out

the wings; let your supernumeraries cease their aimless and idiotic walking about the stage whenever they appear, and endeavor to drive into their heads the half or quarter of an idea of what they are supposed to be or to represent; make it an especial point, in dressing your armies, or your lords and ladies, or your peasants, that the large people shall not get all the small people's clothes, and vice versa. Finally, throw away your pens and ink, treat the public less as if it were composed of idiots and dotards, and show by your acts that you are worthy of an enlightened patronage.

I suppose I ought to apologise to my readers for making before them this serious talk with the men who want their money. But they are really crowding us, as the Western people say.

There has been very little in the performances of the week to call for notice. There has been one change of programme, and some contradictory announcements, and it appears as though the parts of the grand combination do not coalesce. All the houses in theatrical phrase, have been "shy;" that of Wednesday night, when Patti sang in "I Puritani," was the best of the week. Susini being taken sick, Barili supplied his place; the same artist also appeared as *Figaro* in "Il Barbiere," on Monday night. If exertion would make a good singer, he would stand high in the profession. "Il Trovatore" was repeated—by special request—on Tuesday. This special or general request is one of the stalest humbugs of the opera. Musiani's *ut de poitrine* makes too prominent an appearance in the bill, and does not wear well.

It would amuse the man who believes in the enthusiasm he sees and hears at the opera, if he would walk about the lobby during the evening, and mark how regularly the numerous young men and lads, *attaches* of the box office and the house, rush to the doors of the parquette, snite together their hands, and cry "bravo," whenever the least applause from within gives them the cue. It would also amuse the same man to see in what a business like manner the number of calls before the curtain is arranged in advance of each evening's performance.

On Thursday evening a small transparency at the door made known the fact that the opera was postponed. An inquiry produced the reply that Madame Cortesi was "very sick." We hope she will soon recover, do we not? Singers cannot be too careful; they sometimes take cold from a strong draught at the treasury; sometimes they are chilled by the public; occasionally they are really ill. Let us be Christians and hope that the last is not the case with Mme. Cortesi.

ROBIN.

(From the New York Mercury.)

Hints and Helps for the Young.

MUSIC.

Among those recreations which are proper, as well as pleasant, the cultivation of musical ability takes high rank.

We say musical *ability*—for it is not everybody who possesses the necessary qualifications to enjoy true music. There are some people who find no pleasure in music. We do not believe that this is because they cannot, at any time, feel its charms, but because their sense of music has been allowed to remain in a condition of inactivity; and, consequently, they have no relish for "sweet sounds."

Properly to appreciate a painting or sculpture requires an educated eye. Rightly to value a musical composition requires an educated ear. Without there is some natural defect in the physical organization, we believe that the ear and the eye are both capable of education; and that all, or nearly all, can appreciate music and painting, if they will.

Music is the poetry of sound. It embraces harmony, concord, and melody. It moves on velvet wings, waved so gently and gracefully, that naught but onward motion is known or felt. Whatever sound produces the charm of melody in the soul, wakes up all its *Æolian* strings to breathing symphonies within, unheard, but felt like the spirit-notes of a rapt vision, is music. Whatever sounds, or succession of sounds, make us forget that we are dwellers of earth, and lifts us, for the time being, into a world of living harmonies, which come and go, entrance and bewilder, captivate, and hold in

trembling delight our minds—like the electric color-dances of the aurora borealis—is real music. It is a thing to be *felt*, not *described*. It is not sound simply—for all sound is not music. It is a peculiar, indescribable running together, or blending of certain smooth sounds of different heights, like the gliding together of the different colors of the rainbow. Its presence is tested only by the charm wrought in the soul.

When the soul is in ecstasy, occasioned by a succession of sounds, we may know that musical numbers are flowing. When a soft sound starts a tear in the eye, we may know that the spirit of music is there. Oh, the rapturous charm of Music! What power it has to soften, melt, enchain, in its spirit chords of subduing harmony! Truly, there is power in music—an almost omnipotent power. It will tyrannize over the soul. It will force it to bow down and worship, it will wring adoration from it, and compel the heart to yield its treasures of love. Every emotion, from the most reverent devotion to the wildest gushes of frolicsome joy, it holds subject to its imperative will. It calls the religious devotee to worship, the patriot to his country's altar, the philanthropist to his generous work, the freeman to the temple of liberty, the friend to the altar of friendship, the lover to the side of his beloved. It elevates, empowers, and strengthens them all. The human soul is a mighty harp, and all its strings vibrate to the gush of music. Yet all souls are not the same harp, nor are all affected alike by its power. Some will listen to the most exquisite music with only an agreeable pleasure, while others are carried heavenwards in a whirlwind of bewildering joy.

Different nations have different habits, customs, manners, modes of expression, and different words and languages to convey their thoughts and feelings. But music is felt alike by them all. A stirring strain will touch the well-strung souls of every nation alike. All will dance to a note of joy; all will weep at one of sadness. A lofty strain will bear all to heaven; a jarring discord lower them again to earth. The same masters have made the same music in Norway, Germany, Italy, France, England, America, and all have bowed before it like reeds before the wind. A beautiful proof is this of the kindred nature of all souls, of the existence of a mysterious link of spiritual union, that binds them all together. And the beauty of this proof is heightened, when we remember that music is the *voice of love*, and is closely allied to the infinite. Love speaks in tones of music. Love breathes musical airs. Love delights to pour itself out in song. The worshiper chants his praises in strains of lofty music. The lover of freedom speaks his love in song. The lover of beauty sings its praises. The lover of humanity softly breathes his love-notes in strains of sweetest music. Then how beautiful is this universality! The *love* of which it is the voice is equally universal. All souls have *love* within them. It is the all-pervading soul of the universe. Its *voice* is music. It is breathed in the harmony of the spheres, in the anthem of universal nature.

It has been beautifully said, that "Music is the voice of God, and poetry His language." It seems to bear an affinity to Deity. An eloquent writer, in speaking of the impression made on her mind by a musical performance says: "It expressed to me more of the *infinite* than I ever saw, or heard, or dreamed of, in the realms of nature, art, or imagination." And, again: "Music is the soprano, the feminine principle, the heart of the universe. Because it is the voice of Love, because it is the highest type and aggregate expression of attraction, therefore it is infinite—therefore it pervades all space and transcends all being, like a divine influx. What the tone is to the word, what expression is to the form, what affection is to thought, what the heart is to the head, what intuition is to argument, what insight is to policy, what religion is to philosophy, what holiness is to heroism, what moral influence is to power, what woman is to man, is music to the universe. Flexible, graceful, and free, it pervades all things, and is limited by none. It is not poetry, but it is the *soul* of poetry; it is not mathematics, but it is *in* numbers, like harmonious proportions in cast-iron; it is not in painting, but it shines through colors, and gives them their tone; * * * it is not in architecture, but the stones take their place in harmony with its voice, and stand in 'petrified music.'" In the words of Bettina: "Every art is the body of music, which is the soul of every art; and so is music to the soul of love, which also answers not for its workings; for it is the contact of divine with human."

The human voice is the most perfect musical instrument ever made; and well it might be, for it had the most skillful Maker. That voice should be cultivated so as to sing the tones of love to man and to God. Around the fireside, in the social circle, it

should sing the voice of love; and at the altar of God, it should pour forth melodious praise.

Who does not know the softening power of music, especially the music of the human voice? It is like the angel whisperings of kind words in the hour of trouble. Who can be angry when the voice of love speaks in music? Who hears the harsh voice of selfishness, and brutalizing passion, when music gathers up her pearly love-notes, to salute the ear with a stray song of paradise? Sing to the wicked man, sing to the disconsolate, sing to the sufferer, sing to the old, and sing to children, for music will inspire them all.

To all youth, we would say: Cultivate well the powers of music in your souls, for amply will you be repaid. You who possess the gift for music, shall it be unproductive within you for want of use? Shall the gem never be burnished? Shall you never present it shining to its Giver in a song of praise and worship. It is due to Him that it should be cultivated. How early should children be taught to sing; for what is sweeter than the songs of innocent childhood—so refining, so refreshing, so suggestive of a better world? Music sweetens the cup of bitterness, softens the hand of want, lightens the burdens of life, makes the heart courageous, and the soul cheerfully devout. Into the soul of childhood and youth, it pours a tide of redeeming influence. Its first and direct effect is to mentalize the musical performer; not to give him knowledge, more wisdom in the practical, business affairs of life, but to stir his mental being into activity, to awaken strong emotions, to move among the powers within as a common electrifier, touching here with tenderness, there with energy, now with holy aspiration, and anon with the inspiring thrill of beauty. It breathes like a miracle of inspiration through the soul, to elevate, refine, and spiritualize. No lethargy can exist in the soul that is pouring forth a tide of musical numbers. Its very recesses are all astir. Everything within becomes active; the perceptions acute, the affections warm, the moral sensibilities quick and sensitive. When we think how much the world wants awakening, we can think of no power better calculated to do it than that which dwells in the mysterious melodies of music.

But it not only gives an additional warmth, fervor, and vigor to the powers within, it gives refinement. It is opposed to the gross, the low, and the vulgar. Music never suggests vulgarity and baseness—never tends to the coarse and low; but to the shame of humanity be it said, that it has been prostituted to administer to base passions and vile feelings. And so has religion, and reason, and love. But not more are these directly opposed to the vile and coarse than in music. When musical numbers take hold of the mental man, with their powerful and vigorous sway, and raise it to that point of activity and fervor scarcely ever attained by any other means, the whole tendency is to the pure, the refined, and the perfect. It is true, the increased and cultivated sensibility of musical performers makes them so alive to discord, opposition, harshness, that at times they become much like that sensitive plant called "touch-me-not;" but this is rather the result of outward discord than of inward tendency to irritability. The outward world is not in harmony with their inward world. It is too gross and rough—too discordant and perplexing.

It is to be expected that the sensibility which music cultivates will influence the passionate as well as the moral nature of man; and will, at times, make anger more acute as well as love. It gives an increased activity to the whole being. And this would show the importance of cultivating all the mental powers in harmony with the musical talent. Much as we prize the influences of music—holy and enrapturing as we believe them to be—we would not press its claims beyond its proper limits. Harmony of mental development should be the grand object of life. The real and all-glorious influences of music are known and felt only when the whole mind is truly and properly cultivated. Then its charm is perfect; then its heaven is created. Music should be an essential part of education. It should be cultivated with numbers, with science, with literature, and poetry; for it is intimately blended with all these: is the spiritual expression of them all. It should begin ere words are hipped by the infant tongue, and be continued through the whole educational course—yea through life. On account of its mentalizing tendency, it assists rather than retards the educational progress. It renders more active all the mental powers; so that the whole educational work is promoted by the vitalizing power of the musical faculties. An education can be acquired more quickly and more effectually with, than without, the cultivation of the musical talent. The time given to that augments as rapidly as time spent in any other way

the strength of the mental powers; while it relaxes, unbends, recreates, and strengthens them, and thus gives more time to the real work of education. Then let all youth be wise, and educate their talents for good music.

Piano-Forte Composers.

John Field, who resided for many years at St. Petersburg—as indolent as Dussek and as eccentric as Steibelt or Woelfl—wrote some concertos, a few sonatas, and a vast number of less important works. These, though exhibiting a certain smoothness of character and graceful peculiarity of *trait*, or passage admirably suited to the finished manner of playing which eminently distinguished their author (a disciple—we cannot think otherwise, although Field being an Englishman,* we should rejoice to proclaim him original—of Cramer) are not remarkable either for depth or variety of invention. Field deserves mention, nevertheless, if only for the extensive influence produced both by his playing (his many accomplished pupils—among whom, like Dussek, he boasted his Prince Ferdinands—to wit) and his music, sufficiently meritorious in its way, on a vast number of contemporaries.

CIPRIANI POTTER,† another Englishman, and one far more illustrious than Field, has distinguished himself in every branch of composition; and to his influence as a master must be chiefly, if not wholly, attributed the remarkable progress which this country has made of late years in musical intelligence. But, although Mr. Potter has left nothing untouched, and nothing, we may surely say, “unadorned,” especially in the department of instrumental music, it is of his pianoforte music alone that we have at present to speak. Mr. Potter is as thorough a master of the sonata form as Mozart himself, with a power of development no doubt derived from the great Beethoven, who, struck with his quickness and feeling, did not disdain to afford him his invaluable counsels. The specimens Mr. Potter has given us of the sonata for pianoforte *solus* (at least the printed ones) are not numerous, and are only published in Germany. Yet they are of such a solid kind, that, although sometimes wanting in fancy, they may with safety be constituted as models. Mr. Potter's *Studies* (two books) are justly esteemed among the very best of elementary works. Of his concertos, although, we believe, he has composed many, not being printed we are unable to speak advisedly; but some rare occasions of hearing them performed by the composer have unfolded their merits so plainly as to make us the more regret the impossibility of possessing them.

From men so gifted and so thoughtful we must take a great leap to descend upon such a level flat of commonplace as that occupied by FREDERIC KALKBRENNER, whom we notice simply because, as a pianist and a professor of the pianoforte, he has exercised considerable influence. His studies, possessing little musical merit, are decidedly useful; besides which, they facilitate certain mechanical peculiarities that, in the present age of executive wonders, are almost indispensable. As a composer Kalkbrenner had neither originality nor learning. His style, if style it may be termed, was a *melée* of the exuberances of Dussek and his contemporaries, the unmeaning extravaganzas of some of the modern fantasia-mongers, and the brilliant scale-passages of Henri Herz. We can find no vestige in the entire catalogue of Kalkbrenner's work, either of individual thought or musical ingenuity. True, some of his pieces attained an ephemeral popularity; but, of them, the variations on “Rule Britannia”—which are not so ingenious and scarcely more brilliant than those of Dussek—constitute a prominent example. We need hardly say, that such compositions cannot possibly have any influence on the progress of the art. Kalkbrenner essayed his talents in concertos and sonatas; of the former we need not speak—they are not worth the pains; of the latter we have a better opinion. We are acquainted with three of them:—that in A flat, generally known as the “Left-handed Sonata;” that in A minor, dedicated to Cherubini (!); and that in F minor. The first and second are the best by many degrees, and have some really beautiful passages, besides being, for Kalkbrenner, wonderfully symmetrical. The last, except a slow movement in C major, fantastically styled “The Song of the Quail,” contains nothing above mediocrity. Yet, as Kalkbrenner is unanimously admitted amongst the most notable persons who at a recent period devoted themselves to the progress of the pianoforte, we have necessarily included him in our *catalogue raisonné*.

Of HENRI HERZ, who still lives and belongs to our immediate times, we need say little. Singular, as it may appear, he adopted the *Fall of Paris*, of Moscheles, not only as a model for a single piece,

but as a foundation of a new school, which he developed as far as it could go. But Herz brought with him a lively fancy, an inexhaustible facility in the invention of graceful, elegant, and natural passages, and a knowledge of music by no means contemptible. How popular this writer has been (and is)—what a fortune he has proved to the music publishers—what a boon to young ladies in the drawing-room, and what a torture to their visitors—what an invaluable stock of display for pianoforte teachers incapable of executing better music—and what a universal favorite with all, musicians as well as amateurs—everybody knows. To say more of Henri Herz would be superfluous; to say less would have been unjust. Nor should we quit him so soon but that, as far as our knowledge goes, he has not written one sonata for piano *solus*, nor do his concertos evidence any extensive acquaintance with, or profound attachment to, the sonata form—the great test for all composers. Before leaving him, however, we must say one thing in favor of Henri Herz, which is wholly apart from the influence, good or bad, his music has exercised, or continues to exercise, on pianists and composers for the piano. Out of the large number of works he has written we do not remember a single instance of *ennui* produced by the execution of one of them, great or small. As much cannot be said of many composers. Although compelled to deny him a place among the really great men who have benefitted and advanced the art, we cannot, with any show of justice, number Herz among those whose ignorance renders them pitiable while their assumption makes them intolerable.

CZERNY, the most voluminous writer for the pianoforte of whom the whole history of the art makes mention,‡ must be content with this distinction, as the only one that has induced us to introduce his name here. He was a musician of some acquirement, and a professor of acknowledged merit. He lived a cotemporary of Henri Herz, and has written a great many pieces in imitation of that original, which by some might be accepted without suspicion as the compositions of Herz himself. He was a resident at Vienna while Beethoven flourished, with whom he was on intimate terms of acquaintance, and has written a great many pieces in imitation of that original, which nobody would, under the most difficult circumstances, accept as the compositions of Beethoven. Czerny has imitated almost every cotemporary, almost every predecessor, and, had he the gift of foresight, in all probability, he would have imitated some composer yet unborn. Luckily for posterity he did not possess that gift. The sonatas of Czerny—which are frequently wound up into interminable fugues, based on interminable *chromatic* themes—are not sonatas, and, but for the title-page, no one would surmise the classical intentions of the composer. We are pleased to be able to say, that we neither know nor care whether Czerny has written any concertos, but we have heard more than three hundred of his miscellaneous pieces, and we have no desire at present of seeking to hear any more.

CHARLES MAYER and PIXIS may be classed together, the first as a very good, the last as a very bad composer of pianoforte music. Mayer, we believe, lives in Russia; Pixis is dead many years. The influence of Mayer, who cannot boast of as much originality as musical knowledge, has been to improve the taste of his hearers, and the music of his cotemporaries; that of Pixis, who can boast of quite as little originality as musical knowledge, has been to spoil one and the other. We know of no sonatas by either; but we know of some very excellent studies (good music to boot) by the first, and we know of some exceedingly poor fantasias (bad music to boot) by the latter. Both are cited by competent authorities as men of note in what chiefly regards the art of composing and playing on the pianoforte. The former we accept without hesitation; the latter we have named only to question his right to the distinction.—*London Musical World*, August 25.

* John Field—“Russian Field,” as he was nick-named—was, we believe, born in Ireland.

† Chief for many years of the Royal Academy of Music—master of Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mr. G. A. Macfarren, and other eminent musicians.

‡ It may be noted here that Kalkbrenner in his *Pianoforte Tutor*, while attempting to undervalue, betrays most extraordinary ignorance of the works of this great composer—speaking of his “Consolation” (a short theme with variations in B flat), as his most remarkable work!

§ We believe—thank heaven we have no practical experience of the fact—that the works of Czerny pass Op. 1100!

Garibaldi.

While the world is ringing with the great deeds of the Liberator of Italy, it is not unpleasant to find that he has good claims for honorable mention in a *Journal of Music*. While we give all honor to the

patriot, let us consider his merits as a critic and a singer.

An Englishman who made the voyage from Messina with Garibaldi, on board the transport *Amaran*, gives this account of his appearance and manner.

“Panting and sweltering all of us were, idle and listless enough; but the General moved among the various groups upon deck with a kind and apt word for each of them, evincing that readiness of recognition, that perfect accuracy of recollection, that memory of men and things and circumstances, however trifling, which are ranked among the innate privileges of royalty. He had on his usual dictatorial suit, consisting of the unfailing flannel shirt, with a silk bandanna kerchief thrown loosely and widely round the neck by way of a scarf, light gray trousers, and the modern wide-awake hat with the turn-up brim.

“The prodigious breadth of the General's shoulders, his colossal chest, and the natural dignity and lion-like majesty of his countenance, again and again incline a beholder to overrate his real stature, which is certainly not above the middle size. You must go near him, and measure him by the standard of common men, before you recover from the error into which awe for that commanding figure leads you. The hair, on a nearer inspection, is dark hazel, almost black, darker by far than the beard, which is tawny or reddish. He wears the hair rather long. The beard is full, and relieves the length of the oval face, which might otherwise be thought excessive. The temples are somewhat compressed about the region of the eyes, and a very strong oblique depression is observable about the eyebrows. The cheek bones are high, and the nose comes down between them in a perfectly straight long line, even with the slightly slanting forehead. The complexion of the small part of the face which is not hidden by the beard is not merely bronzed or sunburnt—it has a peculiar sanguine hue, thickly studded with endless freckles. This remarkable tint, the features, the color of the beard, joined to the calm, but deep expression of the dark eye, all contribute to give his countenance that unmatched character which won for Garibaldi the appellation of the ‘Lionface.’

Towards noon the General had been engaged in a long conversation with Turr, when his attention was attracted by the sound of merry voices in the fore part of the steamer. He walked up to his companions, who had got up a kind of volunteer concert; walked nearer and nearer, till he first stood, then sat, in the midst of the delighted group. All the unsuccessful attempts at national songs, hymns, or melodies, which rose into ephemeral existence during the successful political commotions of 1831, 1848 and 1849 were tried with indifferent success. Garibaldi lamented that Italy alone, of all countries under the sun—Italy, which was great in nothing, if not in music—had nothing like a national air or anthem to boast of. “I could,” he said, with a slight touch of bitterness which has been felt by many an Italian patriot, “sing you the war-songs of ten barbaric and even savage nations, but I could not quote three notes to thrill the heart of an Italian as those of the *Marseillaise* strike to the soul of every Frenchman, or ‘God Save the Queen’ sink home to the heart of an Englishman. He made the trial of one of the many Italian failures, nevertheless, and his deep-toned mellow voice; mellow in singing, as it is rather sharp-ringing in conversation when raised above the ordinary pitch; his voice rose above the chorus of his old comrades, as they sang the ditty which seemed among the many to have most taken the hero's fancy. I took note of the lines as I was perfectly unacquainted with them, and write them down here as remarkable for being a melody in which Garibaldi sang first. It is Italy who is made to speak to her children:

“Via toglietemi del capo

“La corona delle spine;

“Che una volta almen sul crine

“Splenda il serto del valor.

“Son l'Italia e son risorta,

“Le catene ho tutte infrante,

“Sorgero come gigante

“Al richiamo dell'onor.

“Fui signora delle genti;

“Poi fui schiava o piansi tanto;

“Per più secoli di pianto

“Questo di compenso arrà.

“Tutti all'armi, o figli miei;

“Tutta uniti in una schiera;

“Benedetta la bandiera

“Che a pugnare il condurrà,

“Dal Cenisio alla Sicilia,

“A noi splenda libertà.”

“Many other songs more or less of a warlike or patriotic character were tried, mostly with indifferent success. We had three ladies on board, who had all joined the group, and to whom Garibaldi paid easy, affable attentions. There is no gall in the milk of this man's composition, or one would wonder how,

after Como, he can bear to look a woman in the face. Two of these female passengers belonged to a professional singer from Messina, and the latter was, after a little pressing, induced to favor the company with some more cultivated strains. Garibaldi had sat down on a water-butt, resting his feet on the chain-cable, with his elbows on his knees, and his chin on both his hands, with an upturned face, listening to civilized music with the attention of a man fitted by nature to appreciate the beautiful whenever it falls in his way. One of his companions, a draughtsman, was ready with paper and pencil to catch the attitude and the group. The moment was sublime, for the unconscious General had put on an ineffably calm and delighted expression. Presently the roughs again took up the strain, and the concert assumed that wild and desultory character which belongs to such extempore performances. There arose loud peals of laughter, in which it did a man's heart good to see Garibaldi take a hearty share—Garibaldi, the man on whose shoulders weigh at this moment the destinies of Italy. Accustomed as they must be to the exhibition of such unaffected cordiality, Garibaldi's companions were as fully charmed to see their chieftain in such high good humor as a comparative stranger might be. The love and devotion of all men who ever draw near Garibaldi are something that passes all understanding. He loves all, and is loved by all; yet there is none with whom his supreme authority is ever shared, none who is ever intimately taken into his councils. It is only his heart that is open to all. His mind is exclusively his own, and his will admits no doubt or dispute."

The Boston Chime.

Under this head, the *Transcript* has a communication, giving the following facts relating to the chime of Christ Church, Boston, "which were obtained," he says, from some old papers found in the church sometime since:—

The church is furnished with a chime of eight bells, the cost of which was £566; the other charges for wheels, docking and putting up were £93, exclusive of the freight from England which was generously given by John Rowe, Esq.

Weight of the Bells.—1st. 1,545 lbs.; 2d. 1,183 lbs.; 3d. 948 lbs.; 4th. 833 lbs.; 5th. 818 lbs.; 6th. 703 lbs.; 7th. 622 lbs.; 8th. 620 lbs.

Devices and Mottoes on the Bells.—Tenor, 1st. This peal of eight is the gift of a number of generous persons to Christ Church in Boston, New England, Anno 1744.

2d. This church was founded in the year 1723. Timothy Cutter, Doctor in Divinity, the first rector 1745.

3d. We are the first ring of bells cast for the British Empire in North America. 1744.

4th. God preserve the Church of England. 1744.

5th. William Shirley, Esq., governor of the Mass Bay in N. E. Anno 1744.

6th. The subscriptions for the bells were begun by John Hammock and Robert [unclear] church-wardens, Anno 1743, completed by [unclear] and Ion Gould, Church wardens, Anno [unclear].

7th. Since generosity has opened our ears, our tongues shall ring aloud its praise.

8th. Abel Rudhall of Gloucester cast all the bells Anno 1743.

The chime though over a century old is still perfect in every respect, and is regarded by competent judges as the best in this country.

Till within a few years, the bells were "ed," as at present, but eight men were "ring changes," a custom which is still kept up in many villages in England; they were not at once," until none could be found capable of ringing them in the old way. The good old custom of ringing for Christmas and New Years was kept up.

The number of Psalm tunes which can, at present, be played upon this chime, by the accomplished Mr. William Jewell, is almost incredible."

The *reentrée* of Mad. Tedesco will take place rôle of Fides in the *Prophète*, to be performed 9, for the benefit of the pension list.

M. Calzado is introducing the new diapason of the orchestra of the Italian opera. In a few days the new instruments will be ready. The theatre was one of the highest of all of Paris. This measure, of which the sum of all the expense, will be very favorable to the singers.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 22, 1860.

Editorial Correspondence.

IV.

PARIS, August 10, 1860.

My short visit to Paris is in the unmusical season of the year; a mere lingering to make what may be made of chance opportunity, to see what may be seen and hear what may be heard on the way through to other countries. Brushing quickly past the gay flowers, and chiefly occupied in seeing, I had not thought to gather musical honey for these letters. But I have seemed to meet on all sides symptoms of a new musical impulse in France. Certainly the French have not borne hitherto the highest musical reputation; the French taste, even the French ear has not been reported very true to concert pitch; and the French as a people have been proverbially famed for singing out of tune. This is a slander so far as my small experience of the past fortnight goes. In the churches at Rouen, in the operas, the *cafés chantants*, the Conservatoire, and above all the singing classes of "the million," in Paris, one could not but be struck by the very opposite, by just that same exactness in regard to tune and time, which makes the whole every day movement of this most orderly and military nation. Here every thing goes in procession; all partakes of the controlling military rhythm; and with whatever latent discontent there is (doubtless not a little) under the purest despotism, there is still a certain lyric sense of glory and of pride in power, in art, in order and in beauty which goes well with music. There is a great educational work in progress over all France in respect to music. The people are becoming singers, in a more real and substantial sense (I cannot help thinking) than we are wont to boast of with our swarms of money-making singing masters and "professors" in New England. Here a great musical movement, real and sincere, seems to have sprung up in the people, and to have a living soul in it. It enjoys the fostering care of government. The empire, which styles itself "Peace," is shrewd enough at least to show that it is also Art, and also Music. And it does look as if that power, which, while it turns Paris into a camp, at the same time unites the Louvre with the Tuileries, builds noble palaces and boulevards and bridges, redeems to sight the beautiful old tower of St. Jacques, long hidden in a dirty mass of buildings, restores and renovates the glorious old cathedrals, and other monuments of Gothic architecture throughout France,—doing in fact everywhere a great aesthetic work and cultivating the artistic glory of the land,—was at the same time quickening a new musical impulse and preparing a new musical era in its people.

What I witnessed last Sunday was significant.

Orphéon is the collective name of a great system of popular singing societies, for both sexes and all ages, within a few years organized, and still spreading out its branches over all France. The reports are still fresh of the impression which a delegation of some thousands of the male Orphéonists made on their visit to the Crystal Palace in England some weeks since. It was my good fortune to receive an invitation in company with an intelligent amateur of our town, to what

was styled a *Séance Solennelle* of the *Orphéon (Ville de Paris)*, held in the vast round of the Cirque Napoleon, at 2 P. M., on Sunday, August 5th. This "solemn session" was a free grand concert; there were no tickets sold; it was the people's own affair and open to the people, subject only to the limitation, for the sake of comfort and of order, (for here the rule is absolute and universal, in theatres, in cars, in omnibuses, never to admit one person over and above the actual number of seats) of invitations dated from the Prefecture of the Seine.

The assembly was immense. There could not have been fewer than five thousand guests; and these ranged in circle above circle (to the number of twenty circles), from the spacious area below to half way up the richly decorated walls of the great circus, made a most brilliant and lively spectacle, in itself enough to occupy the hour we were kept waiting. All classes were assembled, but chiefly of the people; mechanics with their wives and daughters, a vast brilliant flower bed of kaleidoscopic colors; here and there an actual blue blouse, or the picturesque Arabic costume of the Zouave. A wide section of the [round, from top to bottom, was filled or filling with the singers, numbering one thousand or twelve hundred voices in all. Above, on one side, sat the basses and the tenors, and below them the women. On the other side, the boys and girls. At the foot of all a patch of the tenderest plants, silvery-voiced youngest girls, found room upon the central area. The rest of this was occupied by dignitaries and distinguished guests in stately arm-chairs, such as Auber, who moved about a sort of oracle among them, and others of the musical celebrities of France; M. le Préfet also, whose entrance was unanimously greeted, as was that of several others; all scrupulously dressed, too, as if it were indeed a great occasion, and as if in solemn honor to what they recognized as a great cause.

Here and there among the younger singers stood their teachers, to reflect the hints of *tempo* and expression from the conductor, who stood below, upon their immediate neighborhood. There was much affectionate enthusiasm manifested towards some of these among the boys. For everything spoke out there; the scene was thoroughly French; and what a noise there was! what an infinite babblement of animated tongues, over the whole space, but especially among the boy singers as they came rushing down into their seats, and "thought aloud" of everything that passed before the call to order. They were bright-looking, handsome, intelligent boys for the most part; the handsomer for carrying so much of the air of cheerful discipline in their faces and in all their movements; lively, happy, noisy, but not rude; one is pleasantly struck by the faces and the manners of the boys in all the streets of Paris. If I could only sketch that quaint old figure of a teacher who stands up there on my left, answering the laughing, eager questions of a dozen tip-toe boys at once! He was a subject for a Cruickshank. With his back turned he seems the very image of a Scotch or Yankee country schoolmaster; but when he turns round the face is one of those picturesque oddities you only find in Europe; very tall and lank and bony; an old man with bushy grey hair and long grey moustache, a fabulously long beaked nose, and very high retreating forehead; face red, and

full at once of routine, discipline and good-natured humor and that enthusiasm in a good work which preserves youth; altogether a picturesque, quaint specimen! I think it was he, who, when the moment for commencing was announced, stepped downward a few steps, and placing a wreath of immortelles upon a bust, said in a clear voice: *A la memoire de WILHELM!* he being the patron saint as it were of the Orphéon, since of Wilhelm's singing classes for the million (now imitated by Mainzer in England) this Orphéon is the natural fruit. There was the clapping of hands and the enthusiasm, immense of course, after the French way; they always have a sentiment.

The conductor of the first part, M. BAZIN, a remarkably intelligent and wholesome looking man, gave the sign, when all rose, and the few chords of the brief introductory *Domine salvum* instantly revealed a wonderfully pure, sonorous, musical ensemble of tone. The pieces were all unaccompanied. No. 1 was for the whole choir, *Veni Creator*, by Besozzi, a dignified composition in contrapuntal church style, and was sung perfectly, as regards purity of intonation, precision of outline in the coming in of different sets of voices, light and shade, and all the qualities of good choral singing. The parts of the harmony were nicely balanced, and all voices told. We do not think we ever heard so large a mass of vocal tone that was so pure, so fresh, so vivid; the molten mass ran bright and without dross. No. 2 was humorous, a fable of Fontaine, set very happily to music by M. Bazin, in Opéra Comique style, about the two physicians, Dr. *Tant-pis* and Dr. *Tant-mieux* (so-much-the-better and so-much-the-worse.) It was rendered with most delicate *esprit*.

No. 3. *L'Angelus*, by Papin, was a chorus of children's voices; a sweet religious strain, flowing in upon an accompaniment of boy contralti, imitating church bells. The quality of tone was lovely, especially where the tender, silver soprano of these youngest girls took up the strain by itself, and the boy voices did not shout and blurt in that offensive, overwhelming manner which has been a fault in our musical school festivals in Boston. Insatiable applause, especially on the part of the grown up singers, compelled a repetition of this. Then the men took their turn and sang, in four parts, a delightful little *staccato* chorus from Grétry; *La garde passe*, representing the watch going the round of the streets at midnight, and warning everybody to go into the house and keep silence. The lightly marked, distinct *pianissimo* tramp of footsteps in the beginning was most perfect. The sense of near approach, conveyed by the *crescendo*, from verse to verse, equally so; and the retreat. Machinery could not do the thing so nicely as those five hundred voices. The children then returned the compliment of clapping, backed by the whole audience. No. 4 was a respectable church piece, short, in contrapuntal style, by M. Auber. No. 6, for full chorus, by Halévy, and in his most characteristic and dramatic style, full of modulations, interminglings and responses, had essentially the same poetic subject with the piece by Grétry, and was called *Le Couvre-feu*:—very effective and completely rendered. It is a chorus from his *Juif errant*, an opera which he produced while the interest in Eugene Sue's novel was yet fresh, but which had not at all the same success as *La Juive*.

Part second was conducted by a plump, little, bustling, blonde individual, full of gesticulation, yet efficient, M. PASDELOUP, and opened with a clever composition of his own, a Prayer, for all the voices. Next came a "Spring Song," being one of those sweet and rather sentimental German-Italian part-songs for male voices, by de Call. But to our mind the freshest, happiest and most interesting morceau in the day's selection was a vintage song (*Les Vendanges*) from old Orlando Lasso, to which very pretty and poetic French rhymes had been adapted. There is a rare touch of fine, imaginative, graceful play in the music, which many would not expect from that "learned," "scientific" old fellow, that pioneer in contrapuntal art; and it was beautifully sung. So was the next piece, No. 10, one of a very different character and perhaps the next most interesting in the programme, by a living French composer, Gounod: a chorus for male voices from M. *Faust*, martial, stirring, grandiose in style, startling in modulations, and laid out evidently upon large orchestral background. The unaided voices made the most of it. A *Cantique* by Haydn, one of his elegant and faultless common-places, followed, and the seance closed with an enthusiastic *Vive l'Empereur!* vigorously composed by Gounod, and sung apparently with a will, to words which couple the occasion and the whole artistic impulse of the land with his name:

C'est l'Élu de la France;
Il fut son sauveur,
Il ouvre un temple à l'Industrie,
Aux beaux-arts il rend leur splendeur,
A nos drapeaux leur vieux honneur;
A la France il rend son génie (!)

And so ended one of the most interesting and exciting musical occasions at which I ever have been present. Of course it is a greater thing to hear greater compositions. But one could not hear that singing, and feel that audience, without feeling also that it has a future in it; that the Orphéon really is a sound, live, vigorous musical movement, springing out of the life of the people and destined to identify itself with all that people's enthusiasms. It is pregnant with a great musical activity, hereafter, and whether it is to call forth composers of the true imaginative, creative stamp or not, it is at least moulding the ear and the soul of the French nation to a fine appreciation and a deep love of the art of music. There is more of *Future* in that, we fancy, than in all the theoretic products of the Wagners, Liszts and Berliozes; and we are far from thinking that the Art owes nothing to those men, especially the first named. D.

New Books.

THE KANGAROO HUNTERS; or adventures in the bush by Anne Bowman, author of "Esperanza," the "Cast-aways," "The Young Exiles," etc., etc. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. 1860

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE. Parts 1, 2, 3. Published on the 1st and 15th of each month. Price 15 cents.

This has a large quarto page, well printed, and profusely illustrated with good wood engravings.

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY. Parts, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, New York. Price 15 cents.

New Music.

FARFOL. Morceau de genre pour le piano par Theodor Hagen, 30 cents, New York. Published by Theo. Hagen.

"PRAISE TO GOD." A Choral and Instrumental work, composed by Geo. Fred. Bristow. Bound in cloth, uniform in

style with Ditson & Co.'s edition of Oratorios and Cantatas. Price, \$2.00.

Some of Mr. Bristow's instrumental compositions were performed here some years ago, and made a quite favorable impression. "Praise to God" is a sort of oratorio, composed to the words of the "Te Deum Laudamus" and so far as one can judge it in this form would be quite effective and pleasing in performance. It is well worth the attention of oratorio societies. It is beautifully printed and bound.

THE HOME CIRCLE. A collection of Marches, Waltzes, Polkas, Schottisches, Redowas, Quadrilles, Contra Dances, &c. For the Piano-forte. Price \$1.50; cloth, \$2.

THE SHOWER OF PEARLS. A collection of duets, &c., (uniform with the above.)

To the oft repeated question, "what shall I buy to give to a friend," when we do not know anything about the friend or the musical attainments of the friend, we always recommend these collections. Not to real students of music, but to the people who "play on the piano a little and sing a little." But there are many gems of real music in them, beside the lighter pieces.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

At the Grand Opera, *Robert le Diable* has been given with Mad. Vandenhuevel and Mlle. Marie Sax, both receiving most enthusiastic applause. The *Opéra Comique* has revived the *Caïd*, with Madame Ugalde in the principal part which she has made famous and her own.

The *Théâtre Lyrique* reopened September 1st., and promises a new opera *Odine* by Genet. Gounod also is about finishing a new opera for this theatre, *la Reine Balkis*.

Duprez gives an annual concert for the benefit of the poor of the commune of Valmondois, of which he is mayor. His daughter Mad. Vandenhuevel Duprez carried away the honors of the one given recently. She was assisted by Mlle. Marie Brunetti, Godfrend, and Leon Duprez, her brother. The master of these artists took his part also in the performance.

The Parisians are making great preparation for the winter season. The Grand Opera recently sold ten thousand costumes and twenty-five chandeliers, to clear the costume store-room, and has ordered new costumes for M. Auber's old opera, "Le Philtre," which is still attractive, and which is to be played with the new ballet Mlle. Taglioni composed, and M. Offenbach has set to music. Mlle. Livry is to be chief danseuse in it, and which is to see the footlights the latter part of this month. M. Wagner has given Mlle. Sax the part of Elizabeth, in "Tannhauser." It was she who, seeing Mons. Berliot superintend the rehearsals of Gluck's "Orpheus," as she had seen masters superintend their operas, cried out to him for some explanation, calling him "Monsieur Gluck"! She was discovered in some *café* concert in the Champs Elysees. The Opera Imperiale has given two representations of "Semiramis," and the 426th of "Robert le Diable." A grand performance was to be given there for the benefit of the Christian sufferers in Syria. Mme. Vandenhuevel-Duprez is to repeat the role of Marguerite, in the "Huguenots," and Mlle. Sax in that of Rachel, in "La Juive." "La Petit Chaperon Rouge," has been revived at the Opera Comique. "Le Roi Barbe" is the title of the new opera libretto by M. Scribe, announced for early production. Mme. Ugalde has quitted the Theatre-Lyrique, and accepted a permanent engagement at the Opera Comique. A new piece in three acts had been accepted at the Opera Comique, entitled "La Villa Medicis," by MM. Requeblan and Sardon.

The young and pretty Polish pianiste, Mlle. Hedwige Brezowska, has just married the Count Méleu, consul general of France at New Orleans.

BADEN.—Berlioz has just given his annual concert here, which for four years has been the event of the season. It took place in the grand *salle de la Conversation* and Roger, Vieuxtemps, Jacquard, with Mad. Viardot and Mad. Carvalho took part in the performances. The orchestra, and chorus, were made up from the artists of Baden, Carlsruhe and Strasbourg. Berlioz gave his overture to the *Frances jugs* and a fragment of the *Damnation de Faust*, the solos being sung by Mad. Eberius and Eberhoffer of the chapel of Carlsruhe. These fine works were given with good effect. The success of Mad. Viardot in two fragments from *Orphee* was immense.

WIESBADEN.—Litoff gave a grand concert here, attended by an enormous audience, and this celebrated artist showed himself superior even to his great reputation. He played his fourth symphonic concerto with the power, vigor and expression that characterize him. He directed the execution of his overture to *Maximilian Robespierre* and a fragment of his opera *Rodrigo von Toledo*, which was sung by artists famous in Germany, Mlle. Schmidt, Carl Fornes and M. Schneider. The music produced a great effect. A young Hungarian violinist named Auer, fourteen years of age appeared with great success.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Cherubini was celebrated here on the 8th of September, on which occasion his opera *Funiska* was given, written by him at Vienna, in 1805, where it was represented February 6th in the following year.

PROFESSIONAL SINGING IN CHURCHES.—We have reason to know that the following letter has been addressed by the Lord Bishop of the diocese to an incumbent, in consequence of his Lordship's attention having been directed to an advertisement which stated that at the re-opening services of a church in the diocese, on Sunday last, a Miss W—— had been engaged to sing select pieces of music:

"THE PALACE, RIFON, Aug. 9, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: My attention has been called to the form of notice in which the sermons to be preached at the re-opening of — church, on Sunday last, the 5th inst., were publicly announced. I allude particularly to the advertisement that a professional singer, Miss W——, had been engaged to sing select pieces of music during the service. I consider such an announcement as this highly objectionable, nor can I refrain from marking my strong disapproval of it. The church of God is not the place to which crowds of persons ought to be attracted to hear professional singing. Performances of this kind belong to other places altogether, and it is a profanation of a church to convert it into a place of attraction for the lovers of fine music to attend for the purpose of hearing select pieces of music by eminent musical performers. I delight in good music. I often hear in the churches of the diocese congregational singing which is scarcely equaled in any other portion of the kingdom; but the talent for music and the love of singing which are so peculiar to the West Riding, only render it the less necessary to invoke any foreign aid in the conduct of this portion of our public worship. I object to all singing in churches in which the congregation in general cannot take part, and, above all, I object to the announcement of any musical performers by way of inducement to the public to attend a particular service. The eminence or skill of the performer only makes such an announcement more objectionable. I trust, therefore, that I shall not again have the pain of observing any notice similar to the one which has made it my duty to write this letter.

"I am aware that you have been suffering of late from severe illness, and on this account it is more than probable that you were not consulted upon the form of advertisement, and are entirely free from any blame in the matter. At the same time you are the only person with whom I can officially communicate upon the subject, because in point of law the incum-

bent of any parish is the only responsible person for the mode in which divine service is conducted in the church which he serves.

"I will thank you, therefore, in future to use your authority to prevent any repetition of the circumstance to which this letter refers. I doubt not you entirely agree with me in the belief that to attempt to swell a congregation by an advertisement of professional singing may succeed to attract a crowd together, but it is a course wholly unworthy of a minister of Christ, and very ill-adapted to promote the glory of God, or the spiritual edification of the people.

I am, my dear sir, very faithfully yours,
R. RIFON.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The Draytons have been during the past week at the Boston Theatre, since the injunction against the Melodeon; the controversy being one between the proprietors of the two estates to determine their respective rights, and not in any way directed against Mr. Drayton.

At the Howard Mr. Booth has continued a successful engagement.... The Colleen Bawn, by Bourcicault, continues to draw immense audiences, literally filling the Museum, every evening and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

We learn that the new hall in Bumstead Place, at which some concerts and the Artists' Receptions were given last winter has at last received a name, and is to be known by the appropriate designation of Allston Hall.

The Mechanics Fair is still open and attractive as ever and crowded as ever. In Section No. 1, occupying the armory floor above Faneuil Hall, are the Musical Instruments, from the following contributors viz.:

Messrs. Chickering & Sons, A. W. Ladd & Co., Hallet & Cumston, T. Gilbert & Co., Mason & Hamlin, W. P. Emerson, N. M. Lowe, A. G. Miller & Co., William Bourne, C. A. Adams, J. W. Brackett, W. P. Marvin, J. E. McNeil.

William H. Schultze, the violinist, who is so well appreciated as an artist and universally esteemed as a man, and, from his connection with the old Germania Musical Society, counts numbers of friends all over the country, was married to Miss Maria Fehmer, a young German lady of this city. On the evening before, according to the German custom, the friends of the couple assembled at the residence of the lady's mother, and celebrated the coming event by speeches serious and comic, short scenes in character, tableaux vivants, &c., all of which had reference to the object of the meeting. Perhaps the most noticeable, because the most absurdly comic part of the performance was a negro-burlesque, executed by gentlemen mostly well-known in musical circles, under the leadership of Carl Zerrahn (uncle of the bride). In the course of the evening the Orpheus Glee Club made their appearance at the door and sang a couple of their choicest pieces. Upon invitation they finished their programme in-doors. Somewhat later the full Germania Band serenaded. The good wishes uttered and the sweet sounds discoursed during the evening will long linger pleasantly in the memory of the young couple who have now entered upon their honeymoon.

NEW ORLEANS.—THE NEW OPERA HOUSE.—The enterprising and intelligent manager of this popular establishment, Mr. Bondousque, has almost completed his arrangements for the coming operatic season, and, judging from what we know of the aforesaid arrangements, we are warranted in predicting to the musical public of our city a most brilliant and varied succession of stars and novelties.

Prominent amongst the late engagements made by Mr. Boudousque stand those of Mme. Faure-Briere,

first chanteuse legere, and of Mlle. Lacombe, mezzo-soprano, for the grand opera. The reputation which these accomplished artists have already achieved in Europe is such that they need fear no comparisons with their predecessors upon the same boards. Mlle. Lacombe has sustained the leading characters in Meyerbeer's and Rossini's masterpieces in all the large French and Belgian theatres with great talent and success, and will doubtless meet here with quite as warm a reception as in the scenes of her former triumphs. Of Mme. Faure-Briere, the light soprano of the new company, we will merely say that she has run through the gauntlet of three successive engagements at the Grand Opera and the Lyrical Theatre of Paris, and that she has just closed a most brilliant and lucrative engagement in London, where her brilliant vocalization and faultless style have elicited the most flattering notices from the press and the public.

With Mlle. Lacombe in the grand and Mme. Faure-Briere in comic opera, our musical friends need entertain no fear of having a dull prospect before them.

In addition to the above gifted artists, Mr. Boudousque has also secured the services of Mme. Haquette as jeune premiere role in the drama and vaudeville, and Mons. Gennetier as premier amoureux. The lady is said to be a most accomplished actress of the Parisian type, her histrionic apprenticeship having been made entirely upon the boards of that great metropolis of taste and fashion. Report speaks most highly of her dramatic abilities, as well as of those of Mr. Gennetier.—N. O. Delta.

ITALIAN OPERA.—We are pleased to learn that the Orleans theatre has been leased by the Italian Opera Company, and will open its doors early in November next.—N. O. Picayune.

Mad. Czillag, the celebrated cantatrice, says the *Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*, has been engaged on the most brilliant terms for the next year by M. Ullman, director of the opera at New York.

COMPLIMENT TO BUFFALO MUSICIANS.—On the occasion of the excursion of the Prince and suite, by the *Rescue*, on Georgian Bay from Collingswood, on Monday last, Poppenberg's Band accompanied them. After the Band had performed a few pieces, His Royal Highness remarked to one of his attendants: "This is the best band I have heard since I left England;" and he forthwith deputed one of the Lords to wait upon Mr. Poppenberg. His Lordship said to Mr. P.; "His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales wishes me to express to you his utmost satisfaction with your performance." Mr. Poppenberg answered assuring the Royal messenger that he "should endeavor to deserve so high a compliment;" after which the Prince arose, lifted his hat and saluted Mr. Poppenberg and each member of the Band.

It should be very gratifying to the citizens of Buffalo and the Pappenburgs to know they gave such satisfaction as musicians, when there were twenty other bands present to compete with them.

The Prince subsequently enquired where the band was from; and on being informed again expressed satisfaction and surprise.

THE END OF SUNDAY THEATRICALS IN NEW YORK.—We are happy to record the general subjection of the Sunday theatre proprietors to the laws of the State. A single notorious offender still resists public sentiment and defies the authorities; but a little experience of the penalties of violated law, so soon as the indictments hanging over his head can be reached, may teach him a valuable lesson. We understand that Eustach's Volks theatre has passed into new and better hands—the Sunday performances have been abandoned. The Stadt theatre—after a parting growl at the "Sunday fanatics," through the *Staats Zeitung*, for interrupting its Sunday profits, which formerly equaled those of the entire week, takes out a new license, and foregoes Sunday exhibitions. The Volks Garten did not fancy the suits of the "House of Refuge," for \$500 penalty for its Sunday "sacred concerts," and give up playing. The Broadway establishments early gave in to the law, and some of them have been compelled to apply for regular theatrical license. On the whole, a more general submission to the theatre and Sunday laws has been secured than has been known for twenty years.—N. Y. Times.

FAIRHAVEN.—Mr. S. Lasar gave an organ concert at this place recently, at which he gave the following programme :

1. Grand Chorus—"Hallelujah," from the Messiah....Handel
2. Coronation March—From "The Prophet"....Meyerbeer
3. Sereuade—"Oh! Summer Night"....Donizetti
4. Organ Fantasia—"God Save the Queen"....Lasar
5. Grand March and Chorus—From Tannhäuser....Wagner
6. Selections from the Opera—"Robert le Diable"....Meyerbeer
7. Selections from the Opera—"Il Trovatore"....Verdi
8. Grand Chorus—"The Heavens are telling"—Creation....Haydn
9. Wedding March.....Mendelssohn

CHRIST CHURCH CHIME, INDIANAPOLIS.—The chime of bells for Christ Church has arrived. The bells are nine in number, and are from the manufactory of Meneeley's Sons, Troy, New York.

The following shows the musical scale of the bells, and the weight of each :

No. 1, F sharp.....	1617 lb.
No. 2, G sharp.....	1182 lb.
No. 3, A sharp.....	793 lb.
No. 4, B natural.....	682 lb.
No. 5, C sharp.....	505 lb.
No. 6, D sharp.....	336 lb.
No. 7, E natural.....	304 lb.
No. 8, E sharp.....	205 lb.
No. 9, F sharp.....	228 lb.

THE HUMAN VOICE.—The most beautiful and touching instrument, which man has received from the hands of his benevolent Maker, is the voice.—Through words he can impart life and signification to his melodies; he can call forth the most secret feelings of the heart, awaken every passion into living reality, and powerfully vibrate all the chords of the soul. What joyful sensations cannot the simple song of the shepherdess of Alps inspire! If such be the case, how great must be the effect produced by a cultivated singer, if his song be enlivened by art and a well regulated fancy; for how often do even experienced singers, betrayed by vanity or affectation, overstep the limits marked out by nature. And yet how much more frequently are the most excellent gifts, instead of being consecrated to the services of the art, perverted to a mere mechanical and unintellectual means of making a livelihood.—*Bentley.*

Concerning Spohr's rudeness *The Athenæum* tells this anecdote: For a reception made to honor him in the house of a great German musician resident in London, three artist-ladies—all singers of European reputation, and whose hours were worth so many gold pieces—had conspired to prepare the *trio* (one of Spohr's happiest inspirations) from "Zemire und Azor." The leading voice had hardly begun to sing this, when out of the small London room, and across the pianoforte, and through the three admiring gentle women, strode Spohr (and he was large, and bovine, and tall), calling to his wife, "Come let us go; it is too hot here."

The Italian journals are filled with accounts of the successes of a new musical star, Madame Galetti, who, from all descriptions, appears to be the genuine successor of Pasta and Malibran. Her voice is said to possess an unusual power of reaching the feelings, while her acting is incomparable. Her last character at Brescia was Norma, which is described by the papers as creating an enthusiasm quite unprecedented in that musical city since the days of Pasta. After the opera, her health was drunk in the principal cafés as the *Prima Normo del Mondo!* Making due allowance for the exuberance of Italian superlatives, there appears no doubt that Madame Galetti is really a great singer and actress. She is engaged for the next season at La Scala.

William Mason was some time since giving a concert in Newark, there was in one of the front seats a white-haired, respectable looking old gentleman. Mason had just finished a magnificent duet for two pianos with one of his pupils, young James Brown. "Well," says the old gent, "that Brown must be a mighty fine player; for they say that Mason is the best in the country, and there they played a long piece—as much as twenty pages—and Brown didn't come out hardly a second behind. If he can keep up that close, he'll beat soon."

MUSIC AND PEACE.—Music is the language of harmony. It is the highest mode of articulate expression, and the true voice ever speaks for peace and love. The devil has taken possession of all the best tunes, said an old divine, once upon a time, and he might have added that he had hired all the poets, too. But it is one of the hopeful signs of this transition

age that not only poetry and music, but the general arts, are returning to their legitimate offices of advancing the general harmony and elevating the general virtue. The poets whom Horace stigmatized as cowards and humble laudators of the deeds they were disqualified to perform, now stand like Lamartine, and Victor Hugo, and John Bowring, and Bryant, and Longfellow, in the van of liberty, and have brave oppression and wrong; and painters whose grandest tableaux were of battles, now present to the eyes of the people, like Edwin Landseer, the beauties of peace beside the horrors of war. Music, when attuned to the harmonies of nature, always subdues and softens the soul. Thibaut, the celebrated professor of law in Heidelberg, relates that a young man—his guest—who had listened to the performance of a composition of Lotti, exclaimed, when he left his house—"O, this evening I could do no harm to my greatest enemy." Zwingle, the Swiss reformer, when reproached by Faber, afterwards Bishop of Vienna, for cultivating music, said—"Thou dost not know, my dear Faber, what music is. I love to play a little upon the lute, the violin and other instruments. Ah, if thou couldst only feel the tones of the celestial lute, the evil spirit of ambition and the love of riches which possesses thee would then quickly depart from thee." When the child upon its mother's knee is weeping, she soothes it with a song. "The ancients pretended," says Madame de Stael, "that nations were civilized by music; and this allegory has a deep meaning; for we must always suppose that the bond of society was formed by sympathy or interest, and certainly the first origin is more noble than the second." Amongst the instrumentalities of peace and love, surely there can be no sweeter, softer, more affective voice than that of gentle peace breathing music.

THE BLIND BLACK BOY PIANIST.—Our readers will remember a recent news item giving an account of a musical prodigy, in the shape of a blind negro boy, "owned" by a Mr. Oliver, of Georgia, which (the property) plays the piano intuitively, with surprising power. A friend who knows Mr. Oliver (and is well known also to the public) writes the following enthusiastic account of his performance.

"The boy is an ugly little nigger till he touches the piano—then the little black 'phiz is turned upwards—it sways to and fro. The sightless eye-balls seem to be searching in the stars, and the great opera ear seems to be catching harmony from celestial spheres. I never heard such power, such emphasis, such marvellous fingering and sweetness, from the touch of Thalberg, Hertz, De Meyer, or Gottschalk, and yet this is an ugly little cornfield nigger of Georgia. 'Tom' does not know—never learned—a note of music; and played as well the first time, at midnight, in the plantation parlor, where he astonished and entranced the Misses Oliver, his young mistresses, as he does now. He plays two tunes at the same time, and during the performance, will laugh and talk with his master. A professor of music from Baltimore was present when I attended. He had come to test the prodigy. Tom accompanied him in a difficult piece—a new composition never played before. They changed positions; the professor changed the time, and otherwise rendered the execution difficult, but still the marvellous little darkey accompanied him without a false note. The professor raised up in his seat in excitement; his fingers flew with the rapidity of a humming-bird's wings—Tom with him. At last in despair, the professor struck out a crash on an octave, and sprang up; and blind Tom struck, and sprang sympathetically and simultaneously with him. What will you make out of this. Tom not only imitates immediately the most difficult and beautiful performances, but improvises sweet, celestial melodies. He speaks a language on the piano, his little dark soul never learned on the plantation."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Love's sweet summer. Romance. A. Mellon. 25
The Rose, the Zephyr, and the Dewdrop. Song.
Lover. 25

Pretty melodies to charming words.

Jamie. Ballad. F. Wallerstein. 25
A smooth, flowing ballad, moderately difficult.

Home of love. Song. J. H. McNaughton. 25

A pretty little fireside song, not unlike the same composer's "When there's love at home"

Barney O'Shea. Irish Ballad. S. Lover. 25

Lover's Irish songs are so well known and so fully appreciated as far as the English language is spoken that a new one will at once command the attention of singers. The above is very striking.

Ever of thee. Quartet. Arranged by T. Bissell. 25

This is a very singable and effective arrangement of the most popular song of the day.

Our hands have met, but not our hearts. Wilson. 25

The latest ballad of the day, sung with great applause at Morris Brothers' entertainments.

Home Delight. (With Guitar accomp.) Ordway. 25

Moss grown dell. " " " 25

The guitar part presents no difficulty to tolerably good players. The songs have long been favorites.

Instrumental Music.

St. James Galop. C. D'Albert. 30

A dashing galop, with a portrait of the Prince of Wales on the title page, representing him in the uniform of a Colonel in the army. The portrait is an accurate likeness.

Galop and Introduction from "Rigoletto." Violin and Piano.. Case. 25

E il sol dell' anima, from "Rigoletto." Violin and Piano. Case. 25

Quesia o quella, from from "Rigoletto." Violin and Piano. Case. 25

Bella figlia, from "Rigoletto." Violin and Piano. Case. 25

Quite invaluable as parlor amusements for amateurs. Neither part is difficult.

Gloria from Mozart's 12th Mass, arr. by Rimbault, 15

Marvellous Works. " " 15

Vital spark of heavenly flame. " " 15

Sabbath strains, easily arranged. They can be performed on the Melodeon also.

Books.

THE OPERATIC BOUQUET. A collection of Quartets, Choruses and Concerted Pieces, from the Most Favorite Operas. Arranged for Choirs, Classes, Societies and Social Gatherings. By Edwin Bruce. 2,00

This is a volume of superior merit in every particular;—its contents are exceedingly attractive, and in typographical execution it is unexceptionable. As a collection of good pieces for the profitable practice of Choirs and Societies and as a repertoire of excellent compositions for public performance it has no equal. Judging from the many inquiries that have been made for the book since it has been in press it will prove one of the most popular issues of the season.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 443.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 29, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 27.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Coureur des Bois.

BY FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

The autumn storms are scarcely past;
The twilight is cloudy and overcast,
And through the forest, far and fast,
Tramps the Coureur des bois.

Round him shudder dark hemlock boughs,
Gloomy shadow the cedar throws,
Gold-brown, ruddy, the maple glows
Beside the Coureur des bois.

He sees the moose-deer stalking nigh,
He hears the distant panther's cry,
Wild-geese, in wedge-like phalanx, fly
South, o'er the Coureur des bois.

He knows, by the rapids heightened roar,
And by the snow-clouds, gathering lower,
The night will be wild, and travel sore—
Wary Coureur des bois!

Long has he travelled, and fast, and far,
Under sun, and under star;
Short rests, and weary marches, are
The lot of a Coureur des bois.

But his word is given, his will is bent
To reach the scanty settlement
Before this very night be spent;
Tireless Coureur des bois!

The untaught instinct of savage race,
Something of supple southern grace,
Doth character the manly face
Of the Coureur des bois.

A forest wildness seems round him hung,
An out-door freedom about him flung;
As north-wind keen, the eye, the tongue
Of the Coureur des bois.

At length, the plain about him lies,
Faint lighted by the late moon-rise,
And by the early snow that flies
On, with the Coureur des bois.

What is that sound, on the wind away?
The mighty cry of bird of prey?
Or wood-cat's scream? or wild dog's bay,
Behind the Coureur des bois?

He pauses; he listens with head thrown back;
He whistles; he shoulders more tightly his pack;
He knows the wolves are on his track—
Lonely Coureur des bois!

And now he hurries with might and main,
The wild pack darkens the edge of the plain,
Shall a man by such beasts be taken?
God help the Coureur des bois!

Nearer, nearer, over the heath,
Ruthless fangs, and hungry breath;
He shudders to think of such a death,
The fearless Coureur des bois!

He loosens in haste his heavy pack,
Then drops it on the snowy track;
Snuffing, the greedy brutes hang back;
On flees the Coureur des bois.

Once more the wolves upon him gain,
And yet before him three miles of plain!
Now doth he nerve and muscle strain,
The weary Coureur des bois.

His strength is almost spent and done;
He turns; he loads and levels his gun,
And now, of twenty bullets, not one
Is left to the Coureur des bois.

Then, whether thinking his hour had come,
And that a man should meet his doom
With all the courage he could assume—
Brave-hearted Coureur des bois,

Or whether—sharp and sore beset—
Some hopeless hope seemed lingering yet,—
Out he took his clarionette,
Staunch-hearted Coureur des bois,

A jovial air that well he knew,
Old French—"Mes belles, amusez-vous,"
With mellow tone he boldly blew,
Gay-hearted Coureur des bois!

And how they gape! how fades each eye!
How wag their rough tails, pleasurably!
Lo, down like tamed lambs, they lie
About the Coureur des bois!

And now he plays a wilder strain,—
Strong Spanish rhythm; and over the plain,
Close followed by his wolfish train,
Marches the Coureur des bois.

Piping "Bonne Jeanne de Lisie,"
"Listen, my love," and "We'll beat them still;"—
Ne'er had he played with such good will,
The hopeful Coureur des bois!

Welcome the ruined Indian mound!
The log-huts, sparsely scattered round!
Food, fire, friends, welcome! safe and sound
Is the Coureur des bois!

When, after the pack, as parting meed,
Some shots the settlers prepare to speed,—
"Down with your guns! 'twere a dastard deed!"
Shouts the Coureur des bois.

"Of wolfish natures, what judges we?
Something good in the brutes must be;
They've better ears, at least, than ye,
Trust a Coureur des bois!"

Orpheus, Chiron, Amphion,
Timotheus, Gallus, Arion,
Which of the tuneful legion
Rivals the Coureur des bois?

Thoughts on the Theatre Italien and the History of Music.

Translated from the French of P. Scudo, "L'Année Musicale."

The "Theatre Italien" is one of the ornaments of Parisian life. If it did not exist, it would be necessary to invent it, in order to maintain in the public and among artists a taste for that true vocal music of which Italy is still the most abundant source. Without any desire to speak ill of the age in which I have the happiness to live, and whose spirit of liberty and justice I prefer to all the false grandeurs of the age of Louis XIV. I am not deceiving myself, nevertheless as to the tendencies which are bearing us on to a world made up of positive interests, far from the sweet fictions of the ideal, and far from the simple and naïve beauty of art and nature. We are disposed to look with indulgence upon all forms that reveal ingenuity of mind, all that bear testimony to the power of labor and of the human will, and this easy admiration in an order of things in which the excellent alone is of any account, conducts us to an indifference for things simply beautiful that are presented to us, such as light, or the flower of the field.

Grimm, whose *esprit* was of more value than his character, has well said of that easy admiration which, even in his time, was among the signs of a great alteration in the public taste, "When one is in a state to feel beauty and to seize the character of it, one is frankly, no longer content with mediocrity, and what is bad makes you really suffer and torments you in proportion as you are enchanted with the beautiful. It is false, then, to say that one must not have an exclusive

taste, if by that is to be understood, that we must endure mediocrity in works of Art, and even draw something from the bad. These people who are so happily constituted, have never had the happiness of feeling the enthusiasm that is inspired by the *chefs d'œuvre* of great geniuses, and it is not for such that Homer, Sophocles, Raphael and Pergolèse have labored. If ever this indulgence for poets, painters and musicians becomes general in the public, it is a sign that taste is absolutely lost. * * People who so easily admire bad things, are in no condition to feel beautiful things." Never have these words that fell from Grimm in the midst of the eighteenth century been more true than in our own day. Where is the man of courage, with firmly founded doctrines, who knows how to resist the current of a factitious success, and who at his own risk and peril, dares apply to works of mediocrity that excite the transports of the multitude, a severe criticism, deduced from immutable principles? Do we not see, on the contrary, rare minds that have attained full maturity of talent and all the honors that they can pretend to claim, making base concessions to this degenerate youth which has risen around us, and has already produced a literature worthy of its morals and of the ideal to which it aspires? Courtiers of power and success, these ingenious sophists, who have analyzed everything, have lost, in this microscopic anatomy of infinitely small things, the sense of true beauty and the courage to defend it, when they perceive it in the modest works that are not recommended to them by the favor of the public or of power. It is not *esprit* that is wanting to our time, but moral courage, and intrepidity of conscience. Now, there can no more be criticism without an ardent and exclusive love for objects of beauty than there can be justice among soft and timorous souls who draw back from the application of strict rules of law. Doubtless it is easier to judge correctly of arts which come under the moral law than it is to classify and appreciate with equity works of intelligence that are addressed to the taste. In Music especially nothing is more rare than a sound judgment upon contemporary works. We seem to be maintaining a paradox when we say that the musical art is that which exacts the greatest amount of real knowledge and delicacy of sentiment on the part of the critic who makes it a point not to give his individual impressions as a deliberate judgment. The processes of the art are very complicated in music and have a very considerable influence upon the merit and the length of a composition that seems to be the spontaneous product of an immaculate conception. Finally, in no department of criticism is it so necessary or so difficult to know the origins and the monuments that have preceded and prepared the way for contemporary works, so that it is especially in the musical art that we should say with Bacon: *Veritas filia temporis, non auctoritatis*; which may signify that musical beauty is the daughter of tradition, much more than people are generally disposed to believe.

Composers may be divided into two great families, in which may be included more or less closely all the masters whose names have been preserved by history. The one comprises the five or six geniuses of the first order, such as Sebastian Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Rossini, in whom the musical fluid, if I may so speak, is in a pure state, in whom it makes a part of their being, circulating like the blood in the veins, raying out like light, and scattered abundantly and without effort upon the smallest objects upon which it falls. They are because they are, they sing as they breathe, and whatever may be the original differences of their inspiration or of the particular character of their finished works, these predestined geniuses have this in common, that music is the voice of their souls, their essence, and they alone can say with the Psalmist, "*Exsurge, gloria mea, exsurge, psalterium et cithara.*" In the other family are ranged the dramatic composers such as Handel, Gluck, Weber, Spontini, Meyerbeer and their fellows, vigorous singers of human passions, the complications of which they love, but with whom, music properly speaking, is only a subordinate element of dramatic genius. Aside from the contrasts of situation that excite their fancy in the absence of the characters who pose before them, and whose lineaments they please themselves in fixing, these essentially dramatic geniuses of whom we have spoken, lose a great part of their musical virtuality, and like Anteus, their inspiration diminishes in leaving the soil of reality. There are doubtless intermediate points between these two great families of composers, and I do not pretend to assert that those geniuses in whom the musical fluid superabounds are unfit for the painting of the passions: Mozart and Rossini have largely proved the contrary; so, we may point out among essentially dramatic composers, geniuses more or less abundant, who, by certain lyric qualities border closely on the family of pure musicians—Weber, for example. And Nature is so fertile in her combinations that it is always rash to limit her powers of creation.

The French school has produced little but some more or less prolific dramatic composers, among whom may be distinguished Méhul, M. Auber, and, above all Hérold, who, by an inspiration most rich and elevated in its manifestations, approaches both Weber and Rossini. Italy, more richly endowed than France, has however only given birth to melodious interpreters of the sentiments of the heart, to amiable and sweet geniuses who have made use of words and dramatic fable as a theme for their divine songs. The three greatest musicians of the land of Dante and Ariosto are Palestrina, Jomelli and Rossini, of whom the last alone, belongs to the great family of the pure geniuses,

"Che spande di cantar sì largo fiume."

To Germany belong the sovereign creators of musical poesy, and no country can dispute superiority with her who has borne Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Sebastian Bach, and later, Weber and Mendelssohn. We see, by this rapid incursion into the domain of history that we have some choice among the elect of eternal beauty; but it is not enough to pronounce these names, if we do not thoroughly know the works to which they are attached, and it is precisely the works of the musical art which it is most difficult to appreciate through the dead letter of a complicated text. I maintain further that we can

have a full intelligence of a man of genius only by ascending to the source of his traditions which is not always simple and like a flower, lying at your feet. Rossini, for example, proceeds at once from Cimarosa, Haydn and Mozart; Beethoven from Mozart and Haydn. Mozart is the son of the father of the symphony and of the Italian school, whatever the Germans may say about it. Haydn proceeds from Emanuel Bach, according to his own avowal and from the old Samartini, whose name is scarcely known; the great Sebastian condenses in his great work the labors of the organists and obscure masters of his country, such as Jean Eccard, Stobæus, Henri Albert, pupil of Henri Schütz, etc., etc., whose ideas he recasts and, with these elements elaborated by his mighty hand he prepares the golden age of the great musicians of Germany. In the art of Mozart and Rossini, Gluck and Meyerbeer, the inspiration of genius is not, as we can see, a mere isolated fact of their time and of the schools which have prepared its birth.

One of those fine talkers who treat music just as they treat women, thinking that the younger she is, the more she is worth, attacked us one day with a smile on his lips. "Good day, philosopher," he says to us with a charming ease, how are music and the musicians, to-day, whom you treat so badly?"—"Music is well enough, said I, but the musicians are very well, and there is little fear, now-a-days, that they will die of misery or from any excess of modesty."—"So much the better, *monbleu*, every body must live and live well, and modesty is just as much out of fashion as the music of Mozart, whom you are reproached with admiring too much.—Mozart, said I, is worth suffering a little martyrdom for in defending his glorious memory, and one can afford to disdain the attacks of those who are not worthy to comprehend him.—La, la, says he, laughing, don't think now that I am talking seriously, and that I share the opinion of your contradicitors, but where I do agree with them somewhat is in this, that you are a little too severe in your judgments and that, for a man of mind you do wrong to allow yourself to be vexed at mere songs. Why the deuce can't you let them give you false notes, just as they give you bad wine. France and Europe will be none the worse for it.—And the public? I answered timidly.—The public is an abstraction, he replied, as ungrateful and as vain as a republic.—But Art, what will become of that?—Another abstraction of the German philosophy. I know only composers and artists who execute their music, beyond that, all is a chimera. Serve the *maestri* and the singers, who will be grateful to you, and leave vain disputes of the schools to the professors of the Conservatoire who can not do anything better.—Do you know, said I, calmly, what your name was two thousand years ago?—I do not care, said he, to look so far back for my origin; my kingdom is in this world, and that is the reason why I love the song that you despise so much. You were called Georgies. And you, said he, what was your name in that age of innocence which I am unworthy to know?—I do not know exactly, said I, for I was probably lost among the obscure listeners who admired the strong and penetrating logic with which Socrates combatted the sophists and disentangled from their wretched fallacies the eternal principles of truth, justice and beauty; this doubtless is the reason that makes me so love Mozart, Weber, Rossini and so many other musicians of genius who fill the history of Art."

From the Berliner Musik-Zeitung.

Spontini.

Towards the end of July 1831, there was a rehearsal, in the concert-room of the Theatre Royal, Berlin, of Marschner's opera *Der Tempel und die Jüdin*, which was to be given on the 3rd of August, the birthday of the late king. The principal artists, the chorus, and the band were all assembled, and the worthy G. A. Schneider was the conductor. Among the small number of persons present as audience, was the amiable and estimable Prince Anton Radziwill, a clever artist and friend of art. The rehearsal had commenced some considerable time, when a peculiarly distinguished individual appeared in the room, and, advancing with a light silent step towards the Prince, held out his hand to greet him. Although by no means tall, the slim aristocratic figure of the new-comer seemed to exceed the ordinary height. Prince Radziwill cordially shook hands with the gentleman, who was a stranger to us, and who wore white trousers, a white waistcoat, and a white cravat, a rather light-blue dress-coat, decorated with orders, shoes and gaiters. A person connected with the theatre, to whom we were indebted for our admission, informed us that the individual who had just entered was Spontini. We should much sooner have supposed him to be an old French nobleman of the Faubourg St. Germain, an Italian Colonel in private clothes, the Spanish Ambassador, or the President of the Cortes, than a musician. After we had an opportunity of observing him more nearly, we recollected that, a considerable time previously, we had seen a portrait, which represented the author of the *Vestalin*, as a young man of some twenty odd years. The likeness between the picture and the original before our eyes was certainly not striking, but still there was a faint resemblance in some of the features.

Of all the portraits of Spontini, a Parisian lithograph by Grevedon is the best known, and is still to be found in the possession of many of the celebrated composer's admirers. Grevedon has, however, so idealised the head, that he may be said to have overstepped the right of the portrait-painter to treat his subject as favorably as possible. Spontini had a peculiar, imposing, and intellectual, but by no means a handsome face; his form was thin, but his carriage noble and aristocratic, while his manners were pleasing, though not, properly speaking, affectionate and engaging.

Neither he nor his wife, formerly a Mlle. Erard of Paris, by whom he never had any children, and whose conduct, like his own, was most exemplary, ever felt at home during a residence of more than two decades in Berlin. With regard to the German language, each of them learned just enough to speak on those matters which more especially concerned his or her position.

Spontini himself knew about sufficient German to say the most indispensable things, when he was perfectly calm, at rehearsal; but, as soon as he became excited—which he very easily did—he spoke French, and Möser, who, when the General Music-Director conducted the performance, always acted as leader, or the operatic stage manager, Carl Blum, was obliged to undertake the task of dragoman.

Of "Madame Spontini"—Spontini never called his wife otherwise—it is related that, in the course of twenty years she hardly managed to pick up a hundred German words, all relating to household matters, and the fact that she had all her own body linen, as well as that of her husband, washed in Paris and not in Berlin, excited among the matrons of the latter city who heard of it the greatest astonishment. It must, however, be admitted that Spontini's linen was always incomparably white and fresh, while his invariably white cravats, and more especially the so-called "father-murderers" (*vatermörder*)* reaching up

* *Anglice*: "Collars." I have been informed in Germany that the reason why these apparently harmless articles of dress were branded by so sanguinary an appellation as "Father-Murderers"—perhaps "Parricides" would be more elegant—was that some wicked young men, wishing to get rid of their father, but fearing to employ arsenic, the knife, or any other of the usual means of assassination, prevailed on their too confiding progenitor to wear immense shirt collars, so stiff that they absolutely cut his throat. I give the legend as I heard it, but I do not think I would vouch for its truth.—J. V. B.

to a level with the nostrils, and which, as we remember hearing from his own lips, he wore of this size "for the sake of warmth," attained a certain comical celebrity in Berlin. He produced the impression of a *Grand Seigneur* from the Faubourg St. Germain, and we are inclined to doubt that, even had he made himself perfectly master of the German language, he would ever have succeeded in becoming popular and sought after in the musical and social circles of Berlin. In the first place, he was really a man of too great intellect to be understood by the majority of those persons who, from the time he entered on his duties, thought they must attack him "in the interest of German art," and in the next place, he was, with justice, too proud to descend to an intimacy with individuals of merely moderate abilities, and flatter those whom he thoroughly despised.

If we are not mistaken, Spontini first came to Berlin in 1819. Among the persons who approached him with admiration and attached themselves to him was the genial E. T. A. Hoffmann, *Kammergerichtsath*, who died, we think, in 1823—greatly to Spontini's disadvantage—and, consequently, could not protect him from the storms which one after another broke over his head. The circle of Spontini's intimate friends was a very limited one, particularly in a musical point of view. It was only with such persons as were masters of French that he could discourse freely without assistance; consequently, with one person who in purely Berlin musical and social circles was a most important and leading man, we mean old Zelter, an intimacy, such as should exist between colleagues, was completely out of the question.

Zelter was a very long-headed and practical man. Even his rudeness, since proverbial, was mostly cunning calculation. There was scarcely another person in the city so well acquainted with, and so able to form an opinion on, the social and artistic affairs of Berlin as he was. Had it been possible to establish between him and Spontini friendly relations such as became two colleagues, he would have found means to protect the General Music-Director against all the storms and plagues prepared for him by envy, falsehood, and calumny.

Two younger men, as musicians towering far above Zelter, Bernhard Klein and Ludwig Berger, were not on a more intimate footing with Spontini: nay, the former, equally worthy of respect, both as an artist and a man, was after the production of his opera, *Dido*, the small success of which was put down to the account of the General Music-Director, placed in a very painful position towards the latter. Neither Spontini nor Bernhard Klein, a thoroughly noble-minded man, was to blame for this misunderstanding, but solely and wholly some of Klein's friends, who pushed the just admiration they entertained for his musical capabilities—in many respects very considerable and highly cultivated—to the conviction, totally destitute of any foundation, that he must, in addition to everything else, necessarily be a great operatic composer.

Among Spontini's most intimate associates—and this is a characteristic fact—there never was any pre-eminent Berlin artist; there were only two or three musical *dilettanti*, ready to expire with endless admiration—either real or affected—for him. These persons, seated at his well-served table, used to regale him with the coarsest flattery, and think proper to deceive him continually as to the real feelings and opinions of the musical public in Berlin. After one of the most absurd pieces of calumny, namely, that Spontini had not composed *Die Vestalin* himself, had found credit, it was an easy task to sow other lies about him among the people, and these lies fell upon equally good ground. Some of them were, for instance, to the effect that he, being a foreigner, either excluded all the operas by German composers from the repertory, or when, despite his great power, he could not prevent the production of one now and then, that he knew how to arrange matters so that the work should have no success.—*London Musical World*, August 18.

(To be continued.)

Piano-Forte Composers.

We have omitted TOMASCHKE, WORSICKE, BERGER, and a host of other pianoforte writers from our catalogue *raisonnée*, of the epoch immediately preceding our own, for the same reason that we have not spoken of LOUIS ADAM and some other composers of the time of Dussek. Though clever men, and the authors of a large variety of works, some of which have unquestionable merit, we cannot find that they have had much influence on their contemporaries; nor have any of them left examples of the sonata, to show their acquaintance with, and attachment to, that grand form of musical composition. But there is one, who, though we name latest, merits perhaps the very first place among all those who were his contemporaries,—we mean CARL MARIA VON WEBER, one of the greatest geniuses and one of the most original and distinguished musicians of all time. The gifted author of *Der Freischütz*, as our readers well know, ranked among the remarkable pianists of his age. He wrote a great number of works for the pianoforte in many of which the peculiar characteristics of his genius are prominently displayed. Perhaps the most generally popular concert piece ever written is the fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra in F, denominated *Concert-stück*. This *morceau* has been for many years the *cheval de bataille* of numberless players, from Mad. Pleyel, Liszt, and Litolf, to Alexandre Bilet and Arabella Goddard. We have heard almost every pianist of fame execute the *Concert-stück*, Thalberg alone excepted. Weber also wrote a grand concerto in E flat, a brilliant effort, in which, besides a number of passages entirely new, there are orchestral effects of great originality and excellence. The variations and miscellaneous pieces of Weber are well known, as are his quartet in B flat, and other compositions for the chamber—the latter not by any means his best works, while the former are in their way incomparable. But after the *Concert-stück*, the most highly esteemed of Weber's productions are the four grand sonatas for piano solos in C major, D minor, A flat and E minor. All of these contain movements as remarkable for their freshness as for their ingenuity—as, for example, the *rondo finale* ("moto continuo") of the first, the *andante* with variations of the second, and the *allegretto* and *finale* (*tarantella*) of the fourth. But most perfect of all in many respects is the third, in A flat, a work of romantic loveliness—a masterpiece which every pianist who loves his art should know and profit by. The fault of Weber's sonatas—we say it with deference—is a certain diffuseness which damages the regularity of their form, and an occasional monotony arising from the too frequent employment of passages strong resembling each other in character. But the movements we have specialized are almost free from them, while in the sonata in A flat, from the exquisite grain of the principal themes and the captivating luxuriance of the subordinate passages, they become an absolute beauty. Weber, as everybody knows, has had numberless imitators, but fewer copyists of his pianoforte works than of his dramatic compositions and orchestral overtures, to which, and above all to his *Der Freischütz*, he owes his universal popularity. He may, therefore, be placed apart, like Beethoven—a lesser star, perhaps, but still of the first magnitude.

Of MENDELSSOHN we may say, as of Beethoven, that he shines apart from the rest of his contemporaries. He was, beyond comparison, the greatest genius and the most learned musician of the age in which he lived, and which he has undoubtedly influenced more than any other individual, Spohr not excepted. The number of Mendelssohn's imitators are legion; the shelves of the music publishers groan under the heavy weight of their productions; you cannot see a new catalogue without observing at least fifty compositions which you may safely swear, without once looking at them, are little better than parodies of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* (the most popular type), or of something else equally his and equally not theirs. But these copyists of a great original, like the other copyists of another great original—Dussek—have chiefly occupied themselves with his mannerisms, being, as we have already said, wholly incompetent to emulate his beauties or his scientific acquirements. The best of them are those who began to write before Mendelssohn, and were afterwards carried away in the vortex of his fascinating style. The most eminent of these, and justly so, are FERDINAND, HELLER, and TAUBERT. Whether either of these wrote sonatas we are unable to say; we have seen many specimens of their works, but not a single sonata—although some stringed quartets a pianoforte quintet, and a few orchestral essays of Heller, who is a very admirable musician, show that he had cultivated the form, however inclined to develop it with undue exuberance. Heller, nevertheless, chiefly owes his influence to his *Etudes*, which have been assiduously practised by pianists, and have

facilitated several peculiarities of mechanism. Most of Taubert's pieces which we have had the opportunity of perusing are caprices, fantasias, *et hoc genus omne*.

It is unnecessary here to enter into details about the composers of our own time. Nearly the whole may be dismissed as followers, more or less successful, of Mendelssohn, Thalberg, Henri Herz, or Liszt, according to their respective tastes and styles. Of Mendelssohn we need say no more; of Henri Herz we have said enough. Of Thalberg and Liszt we may speak in a separate review, since neither having revealed any tendency to the development of the sonata form, it is not requisite to introduce them now, and our future task will be merely to discuss the influence they have exercised upon the pianoforte as the original of particular schools.—schools of execution rather than of composition. Chopin, Stephen Heller, Sterndale Bennett—the three most distinguished composers for the pianoforte of our own times, with the single exception of Mendelssohn—of course demand a special consideration, and on more important grounds. Henselt, and a crowd of others, romantic, unromantic, and "middling," may also come in for their share of attention. Macfarren, Reber, and other thoughtful writers, whose pianoforte compositions, highly as they must be rated, only occupy a subordinate position to their other works, can hardly be ranked in the same category.

The Sonata.

The noblest form that instrumental music can assume, appears to be going out of date. So much the worse for the art. Let the Sonata be once entirely laid aside, as antiquated, and music will rapidly fall from the high place it now occupies as a beautiful and intellectual pursuit. Sonatas continue to be written, it is true; the German and French catalogues of new music, the latter more rarely than the former, and the English still more rarely than the latter, occasionally announce a new sonata, by some unknown composer; but few of the tried and acknowledged writers ever venture on producing, certainly not on publishing, a work of this gravity and importance. A young musician not seldom begins his career with "a grand sonata," with all the four movements unusually long, which, for want of encouragement, he prints at his own expense. Finding that it does not sell, and that, excepting the few he may have presented to his friends, who do not thank him, the fifty or hundred copies originally issued remain a dead weight upon the shelves of his publisher, he abandons all idea of composing a second sonata, and at once sets to work upon capriccios, fantasias, romances, sketches, songs without words, and whatever he may consider the most marketable commodity. If he be ambitious, and a lover of his art, he will not descend to the variations, rondos, sketches *à la valse*, &c., with which our pianofortes are covered by those who are neither; he follows, however, in the train of his contemporaries, and gives birth to a series of short movements in the *capriccio* form—that is in no form whatever—which he dignifies by names borrowed from others, or names of his own coinage, having no intelligible connection with the works to which they are applied. Whether from all this farrago of the fancy, anything clear and symmetrical will arise, to induce us to regret the sonata no longer, it is for some commanding genius to prove. Mendelssohn invented a beautiful form, in the *Lieder ohne Worte*; but he exhausted it himself. To him it was but an exercise of the fancy, an easing of his continually inventive brain from some of the ideas with which it was overstocked, and which he did not find convertible to loftier purposes; but his imitators—for the most part unblest with one idea in a twelvemonth, destitute of fancy and invention—attempting to emulate him, have only demonstrated their incompetency. Their *Lieder ohne Worte* are little better than an empty figure of accompaniment to which a meagre and passionless tune has been made to fit, with infinite and unprofitable labor. So true is this, that the title of *Songs without Words*—in German, French, or English—affixed to a piece of new music, predisposes us against the author, and takes away all the inclination we might otherwise have felt to look at his work. To Mendelssohn, also, may be traced the endless forms which the *capriccio*, or caprice, has assumed within the last twenty years. But his imitators—who include, we may almost say, the entire race of modern composers for the piano—independently of the barrenness of their invention, have altogether overlooked that element which in Mendelssohn's smallest efforts is never absent—the symmetry and consequence of form which ally them more or less to the sonata.

The fantasia used to be regarded, among the old writers, as a sort of improvisation, and was an exception, not a rule. But what would Mozart have thought, had he lived now, and found nine works out

of ten devoted to the pianoforte and other instruments, fantasias—long or short—in other words improvisations, without plan or order—unmeaning jumbles of themes, good or bad, which might belong to anything else than that in which they appear, with quite as much or quite as little propriety? Mozart would not have believed his ears. The ingenious development, for working out, of a theme—which was wont to signalise, not merely fantasias, but actual improvisations—he would have sought in vain; much more in vain the elaborate fugue, demonstrating the the composer's facility in counterpoint, that lent interest to the fantasias of the elder masters.

Some will have it that Beethoven completely exhausted the sonata. But this is a manifest error. Beethoven rather showed, by the infinite variety he imparted to it, that the sonata was inexhaustible. He was aware of all the latest resources of the art—as may be well supposed, since he had so large a share in their invention; but he could find no better or more convenient field for their development than this particular one, which already existed, and already, if constant use can wear, had been worn threadbare by Mozart and Haydn—to say nothing of Dussek, a composer too often disregarded by superficial writers, in considering the history and progress of the art. But Beethoven came to the sonata with a world of new ideas; in his hands it was as fresh, and vigorous, and young, as when it first issued from the prolific brain of Haydn, who by right of this one invention enjoys the undisputed title of "Father of Instrumental Music."

The numberless and prodigious inspirations of Beethoven still filling the world with new delight and wonder, it was an impossible task for any instrumental writer immediately coming after him to take him as a model, without becoming his slavish imitator. This shows Mendelssohn and Spohr, the two original composers of instrumental music in our day, in a worthy light. What they accomplished, when it is considered how near they were to Beethoven, must be admitted to be extraordinary. In their symphonies, quartets, and other productions of the kind, while adhering to the plan of Haydn, which cannot be profitably neglected, they revealed new thoughts, new means of development, and entirely new styles. There is not a shadow of resemblance in the writings of either of them to those of Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven. Spohr, the elder of the two, may be said to have completely fulfilled his mission, while Mendelssohn, the younger, was unhappily cut off in his prime. Happily he lived to complete the oratorio of *Elijah*, the greatest masterpiece of modern art. Wholly original as are the manners of these great men, they emulated their predecessors—Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven,—in their reverent adherence to the one true form—that of THE SONATA.

Scientific Music and Congregational Singing.

We contend for the feasibility of congregational singing only conditionally. We would not advocate its adoption by any church that is not willing to use the means requisite for its highest success. These are three:

1. The service of a competent leader or precentor.*
2. Stated and frequent meetings for practice by the congregation.
3. Suitable books, in which both hymn and tune are brought under the eye at once, and which shall be in the hands of all the worshippers.

The expense, thus incurred, would doubtless, to a considerable extent be borne by individual worshippers. Still, "the poor ye have with you always." Some there will be who will need aid; and the church should see to it that such provision be made as will enable any and all who are willing to do their duty, to qualify themselves for doing it to edification. Especially should every facility be furnished to the children, and vigorous effort be put forth to induce them to make the best improvement of their opportunities.

In concluding these observations, we should like to enlist the conscience of the reader in the matter of direct effort for the cultivation of the musical powers. It surely cannot be obligatory on us to participate personally in the songs of Zion, without it being our duty to qualify ourselves for doing this the most happily.

Music, like every science, forms a department of God's truth. As such, it has its laws no less fixed and unalterable than those of any other science. These laws have been ascertained and systematized, just as in the other sciences. As in chemistry, it is found, by experiment, that certain gases, combining

* We might add—AND A CHOR—the larger the better; provided only it be always mindful of its true place, and duly respectful of the proprieties of God's house.

in certain definite proportions, form water, so in music, experiment shows that to produce a given effect, sounds must follow each other according to a regular scale, in which the notes are separated from each other by intervals, some longer, some shorter, but so mathematically exact, that notes struck together in certain combinations, invariably produce harmony, while, sounded together in other combinations, they always produce discord. Only as these laws are observed, can sounds give pleasure, or awaken any specific emotion. The same sounds given out regardless of these laws, annoy the ear, and may even cause exquisite pain. Now, as one may have considerable practical knowledge of chemistry, without being a scientific chemist, so nature, practice, and observation, may have given one considerable acquaintance with music, who has never been taught it scientifically. Still, it is only as the natural musician really, however unconsciously, conforms to the principles enunciated by science, that he can produce any desired effect. Now, since the science of music embraces all that nature and experiment have taught all men in all time hitherto about this branch of truth, it is presumable there is no one so gifted as not to be capable of increasing his skill, by availing himself of instruction. The more nearly the praises of God's house are conformed to the true teachings of musical science, the more likely, other things being equal, their design will be accomplished.

There seems to be in the minds of many of the advocates of congregational singing, a repugnance to the idea of church music being scientific. But does not this spring from a misapprehension of the term? Any music that is music must be scientific. All that science does is to teach how the Creator has constituted things; and how, according to that constitution, certain effects are to be produced. Scientific is not opposed to simple and appropriate. The peculiarities of different occasions are not overlooked. Science, truly so called, will prescribe a very different style of music for the house of God, from that with which the sensibilities are puffed in the temples of folly. But none the less will she aim at freedom from every violation of melody and harmony, and at bringing out as fully as possible every resource for expressing naturally and truly the sentiment sung, and for enhancing its impression on the heart. While, therefore, no one is to wait until he has made himself a scientific musician, before joining in singing, is it not still the manifest duty of every one to fit himself, so far as his means will admit, for serving God in this delightful and elevating exercise the best he can—on scientific principles?—Rev. J. R. Scott.

Jullien.

Poor Jullien!—whenever the bill is first beheld of the new enterprise in Covent Garden, this will be the exclamation of every candid lover of music. Now he is gone we can do him justice. Remoteness seems to be essentially a condition of just criticism. Not but that M. Jullien managed, in the twenty years he was among us, very effectually to live down the solemn sneering he first encountered. There was a traditional dullness in our orchestras, which had so long been considered dignity, that when the little Frenchman presumed to outrage it in his appearance and vivacity, as a matter of course, he was called a quack. There was also something so strange and irregular in the novel resources he employed to give character and vigor to some of his dance music—his pistol-shots and whip-crackings, his gongs and orchestral shoutings—when his musicians seemed to grow envious of the glory of their instruments, and suddenly break in for a share, that among the dignified and somnolent of our musical cognoscenti, he was a charlatan forthwith. But all this was so much smoke—thin and transparent enough, it is true—that was sent up wreathing, to excite attention. People soon began to see that under it was flame! It was discovered after a time that this much scoffed at *entrepreneur* was not merely a being composed of a white waistcoat, striking gestures, startling pistol-shots and gongs, and a rather poetic style of literature. Year by year the fact came out that he had a purpose in him and a growth. As he found a public, he furnished music. He fed taste, he did not deprave it. He began by simply giving the world a round of polkas and quadrilles; he ended by presenting it with nights devoted to Beethoven and Mozart. He commenced with attacking the senses, he finished with entering the soul. His whole career had a progressive character, that gives us fair grounds to suppose he contemplated from the first a gradual improvement of the public taste. His very outset seems to show this. He started with giving expansion to the conception of Musard. With the latter arose the notion of addressing music to the million, which, however light and exciting, should be enjoyed for it-

self alone. With the former this idea expanded into a scheme for elevating the music, till at length it was of a character to refine as well as delight. That M. Jullien, in carrying it out, sensibly aided in the spread of a musical taste among us, it would be perfectly futile to deny. The art history of our time cannot fail to acknowledge the service rendered by such means as he presented, in its cheapness, excellence, and freedom, to the gradual diffusion of an improved taste among the million. We can look back, then, with respect to the career of our lost musician, and readily excuse his eccentricities in the presence of his achievements.—*Weekly Dispatch*.

Madame Lancia.

Of Mad. Lancia the readers of the *Musical World* have already heard something. In April, 1858, our own correspondent at Turin wrote us a flaming account of the debut of Mad. Lancia, an English lady, —then only seventeen years of age—in the *Barbiere*. Our correspondent wrote evidently under the influence of much excitement. It was certain, however, that the young lady had made a great hit. Mad. Lancia came to London the same summer, but did not create a profound sensation in the concert room. She then went on a starring tour to the provinces, and was very successful both in English and Italian opera. In Dublin and Edinburgh, more especially, she grew into high favor, and some of the local journals attempted to establish comparisons between her and Miss Louisa Pyne and Mlle. Piccolomini, all of which went to assert the superiority of Mad. Lancia. We believe the fair artist also performed last year in a series of operas at the Surrey Theatre. We have now heard Mlle. Lancia twice within the week in *Norma*, and can speak with some confidence as to her powers and capabilities. If style and method alone were to constitute a great singer, Mad. Lancia would, unquestionably, be one of the greatest before the public. Her mode of producing the voice is most admirable, and has evidently been derived from the best Italian teaching. Her voice, a real soprano, is neither particularly full nor sound in quality, nor has it yet attained weight to adapt it to the performance of grand parts like *Norma*. It is, nevertheless, a most telling voice, extremely sympathetic, and always full of meaning. When we add that Mad. Lancia—at least as far as we were enabled to judge from two trying performances—invariably sings in tune, it will be acknowledged that the lady's vocal excellences are by no means inconsiderable. Of her merits as an actress we can speak with no less assurance. She is certainly deficient in largeness of style, and wants breadth and power for high tragic parts, as may be easily surmised, considering her youth and her size, which is somewhat *petite*. Her conception of the character, nevertheless, is wonderfully true to nature, is striking, and at times even powerful. Moreover, the lady has great earnestness and feeling, and is as graceful as a fawn. We saw nothing in the whole performance, indeed, which did not please us infinitely, and much which surprised no less than delighted us. Weighing the lady in the scale of our critical consideration, we have no hesitation in saying that she is the best dramatic vocalist we have had on the English stage since Adelaide Kemble. Mad. Lancia is extremely young, and has many things to learn, but that she is destined at this moment to become a great artist is our firm conviction.

A NEW SINGER.—N. P. Willis, in the *Home Journal*, gives us the first tidings of a new lady singer, Miss Kellogg. The poet is on board a yacht on the Hudson. He says:

Fair was the craft, but there was another craft, of which she bore the witchcraft unaware! We will tell of it in prose—if we can.

The guests of the gay admiral (Stebbins) were a gentleman and lady, and a problem with which their two lives had been entrusted—a daughter, with not only wondrous music in her voice, but with what music expresses in her soul. Mocking-bird-like many have the utterance, but few know the full burden of what they utter. Miss Kellogg feels genius while she sings the song of it—the heart-cry and its echo both her own!

The reader will see that we have been "sung to." It is a wonderful singer of whom we write—a young girl of eighteen, who is to shine like a rainbow for the Many, with an inner rainbow visible to the Few. Our friend Stebbins (brother of the inspired sculptress of that name) is one of those who walk the world seeing the inner iris of things beautiful; and, chancing to fall in with this bright creature, he wished to share his wonder at her gifts. He brought her up to sing to us—and she sang! And we thank him for a foretaste of a witchery that is to tried upon the world.

Mr. Kellogg informs us that his daughter is to appear in public in the coming season. Her friends have urged it as the destiny for one who is too gifted for private life, and her studies have been, for a year past, preparatory to this. She is delicate, and it is a marvel with what power she sings; but the *quality* of her voice, and the intensity of expression with which her music is laden, constitute a charm which seems to us wholly peculiar. With her intensity and impassioned force, the physical powers will undoubtedly be perfected, but the enchantment will be in the genius of which it is the utterance. We shall look forward with exceeding interest to the interpreting of her music by the world!

A POET'S ADVICE TO POETS.—The New York *Evening Post* is edited by one of our most noted native bards, a fact which gives weight to the following article from its columns. As it is capable of general application, we copy it entire:

"I would the gods had made thee poetical," says Touchstone, in Shakspeare's "As you Like It," to the country lass, Audrey. We cannot adopt Touchstone's wish in addressing our correspondents. So many of them are poetical already that we have absolutely no room for half the reasonably good verses which are sent us. We pray such of our correspondents, therefore, as are of poetical turn, and as have sent us their poems for our columns, not to take it for granted that we think them unworthy of publication if they do not see them in print, but charitably to suppose, which is the fact, that we have more such matter than we can find room for. Moreover, should they see in our journal verses not quite so good as their own, while their own do not appear, we pray them to suppose that, in reading them, as we are obliged to do, very hastily, it is easy to make a wrong choice among so many.

The anxiety which poets feel for the fate of what they have taken a great deal of pains to produce is natural, even if we suppose that, as a class they entertain a modest idea of their own merit. It is impossible for us, however, to do what so many of them wish, that is to say, to return their manuscripts if we do not use them, or to answer by letter, or in the columns of our paper, the inquiries they make concerning them.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

From Spohr's Autobiography.

From Munich Spohr writes as follows (1815):

"Our sojourn here was replete with musical treats. On the very day after our arrival we attended an interesting concert, the first of a series of twelve, given every winter by the Royal orchestra. These concerts are very well attended and fully merit their success. The orchestra consists, beside reeds and brass, of twenty-four violins, eight violas, ten violoncellos and six contrabassi. The Violins and Basses are excellent, and the brass, horns excepted, the same. The programme always contains one *entire* symphony—which deserves the more praise since it is elsewhere sadly going out of fashion and the taste of the public for this noblest kind of instrumental music decaying, an overture, and two vocal and two instrumental solo-pieces. As the Munich Royal Orchestra still retained its old reputation as one of the best orchestras of the world, my expectations were raised very high; in spite of which I was greatly surprised by the manner in which Beethoven's C minor symphony was performed. I think it is hardly possible to execute this symphony with more energy, power, and at the same time, delicacy, with a stricter observance of all degrees of soft and loud, than it was played there. The composition proved under such hands more effective, than I ever thought it could be, although I had often heard it performed, even under the direction of its author, at Vienna. Still I saw no reason, to change my opinion of it. Notwithstanding many single beauties, it is deficient as a whole. Especially the theme of the first part is lacking that dignity, which to my mind, is essential to the beginning of a symphony. Setting this aside, however, this short, easily-remembered theme is well qualified for thematic treatment, and cleverly interwoven with the other principal ideas of the first part. The Adagio in A flat is partly very fine, only the same thing is said over again too often, which at last becomes

tiresome, although the figure of the accompaniment grows richer and richer. The Scherzo is highly original and has a truly romantic coloring; the Trio however with its rattling contrabass-passages is too *baroque* for my taste. The last part with its hollow noise, gives the least satisfaction. It is such a happy idea of Beethoven, here to introduce the Scherzo again, one might envy the composer for it. The effect is magnificent. What a pity that this good impression is so quickly dispersed by a renewal of the former noise."

It is hard to believe, that Spohr, admirer of Beethoven's genius as he professedly was, should not only so misunderstand the character of this symphony in 1815, as to misconstrue its veriest beauties into blemishes, but should never afterwards have corrected himself. It clearly shows how far the judgment of Spohr (and those inferior to him in musical knowledge and general education), can be trusted.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 29, 1860.

Editorial Correspondence.

V.

Frelburg, (en Suisse), August 29, 1860.

One does not come to Switzerland for music. There has been plenty of poetry about Alpine horns and *ranz des vaches*. But this was always music for the unmusical and sentimental, for the seekers of the picturesque and marvellous, a rude affair at the best. The slender material it has furnished has been long since used up and despoiled of all it had of nature by the *genre* painter tribe of musical composers or mere concert virtuosos. What one now hears of Alpine horns and Alpine melodists, among the Alps, is utterly demoralized to a poor trade, and all its artlessness is affectation. It has become one of the petty annoyances that everywhere disturb the traveller who loves nature, and which do their best to break the spell of mountains clad in everlasting snow, with green *alps* and *matten* clinging to their sides, and lovely valleys, sprinkled with pretty cottages and chalets and churches picturesque if humble, down into the very midst of which the icy glaciers creep, reflecting double sunshine on the little flower-enameled, green and happy spots, where human industries and habitations cluster. But first let us resume the thread which brought us here.

I wrote last from Paris. A railroad ride of a whole night and half the next day, through monotonous wide plains where rows of spindling poplars everywhere stand guard as thick as Paris soldiers and no other tree relieves the eye (a good country for a night ride)—through the wide vineyards of the Champagne, a crop interesting to the *dry* imagination, but not half so handsome as our Indian corn—then, as day broke, and the blue mountains of the Vosges loomed up in the horizon, through more interesting fields of grain, with men and women reaping—costumes beginning to grow more picturesque, and houses too,—still everywhere the everlasting poplars, ludicrous scare-crow apologies for trees—and finally the darker backs of the hills of the Black Forest, beyond the Rhine, in Baden—scenes more and more exciting in themselves and in the eager expectation—brought us in a bright morning (one of the few such in a season of almost unprecedented raininess) to the famous

old Alsacian capital of Strasburg. Of course the attraction was the great Cathedral, which no one who has read Goethe would willingly fail to see. It was the crowning moment in my experience in the sublime and beautiful in architecture. It was more akin to the great Art in music, to Symphony and Fugue, than any work which ever won me and subdued me and at the same time gave me freedom through the sense of sight. The union of majestic, graceful outline and proportion in the general masses with the most delicate and lace-like detail carved in stone, both in its magnificently soaring tower and spire, the highest in Europe, and in the whole exterior and interior of the building, the perpetual revelation of unnoticed exquisite designs that seemed to grow and blossom out of the shade of pillars, walls and arches; the religious, unitary feeling of the whole, which reconciled and harmonized all this strange wealth of detail, even to the most grotesque freaks of fancy; the monuments which it contains, and the monument which it is, of Erwin of Steinbach, who designed it, and of his daughter who executed many of his designs, and whose statue at a side porch was to me as fine a monument to the inspired soul of woman as that of Joan of Arc; even the droll and pretty fancy which has placed Erwin himself in a little gallery beside the altar, leaning his chin on his hands and contemplating a beautiful pillar he had planned as one last touch of superabounding exquisite creativeness; the surroundings too of the great Dom, the quaint old houses in the square, with their steep, stair-notched gables, and their round port-hole windows thrusting themselves out all over the red and gray tiled roofs (a common feature in the town and of the region); particularly the house in which Erwin himself lived; then, too, the fine view from the platform of the tower, over the quaint city, over rich green plains, over the gleaming Rhine (my first sight of it! sing, Robert Franz! *Den Rhein, den heiligen Strom!*), a vast circle enclosed by the mountains of the Black Forest on the East and by those of the Alsace (the Vosges) on the West:—all this, and more which must be reserved for an especial chapter on cathedrals, made an evening and a morning at Strasburg one of the periods that can never fade out in the light of new experiences. The music which I chanced to hear in that cathedral was a droning chant of priests, at daily service; the organ-playing beastly bad.

That evening it was my rare good fortune (there and then so unexpected) to see RISTORI in the Italian version of Schiller's *Maria Stuart*. It was her only night in Strasburg; and the theatre a beautiful one, much like the Grand Opera in Paris, but finer and far more comfortable. The players were all Italian and all good. Ristori is noble in appearance, if not handsome. And what a soul animates her! what a high and true dramatic fire! Her voice is singularly rich and lends itself most musically to all the modulations and demands of feeling and of passion. I thought that human speech had never sounded to my ear so noble and so musical as in that large and sweet Italian utterance of Ristori. It was a luxury to find that, with but small experience in listening to Italian, I could understand her. She is truly a great actress; and without any of that chill, repulsive element which oftentimes disturbed the finest moments of Rachel.

The next evening placed me at the foot of

another exquisitely beautiful cathedral, that of Freiburg in Baden, or as it is commonly called, Freiburg in the Breisgau. It is not so great as that at Strasburg, but it is remarkable as being almost the only finished design of that kind, which is preserved entire. It also hails from the Erwin family; some think from Erwin's master, whoever he may have been; the builders in these times were too great to take care of their own fame. Outside it is a form of perfect beauty; you can look at it forever. The inside is comparatively uninteresting. But the old town nestled round it, in that rich wide plain, with green, vine-clad hills, half mountains, rising sharp against it on one side; with its clean streets through which fresh rills of water run, and dainty sidewalks paved with a mosaic of smooth pebbles; and its queer old houses, and queerer costumes, seems to retain more of its primitive simplicity than most old European towns through which the travelling current passes. It is not yet grown too civilized and Baden-Badenized, like many of the sweet spots of Switzerland. In the morning, a lovely one, it was market day, and the square on three sides of the Cathedral swarmed with peasants, women chiefly, from the whole country round, all talking as fast as possible and faces full of sunshine, selling strawberries and cherries and all sorts of little fruits as well as homelier matters, and exhibiting the most picturesque and odd variety of costume, only to be equalled, we imagine, in the towns of Brittany and Normandy; some in clean white caps; some in scarlet handkerchiefs; some with a helmet-like contrivance of black silk or satin, with great broad vans flapping on each side; and some with exceedingly high stove-pipe hats, of the masculine city style, made of bright yellow glazed leather or canvas—singular objects these last. From the neighboring hill top, where we took a charming walk among the grape vines and blue harebells, we stood over against the beautiful cathedral spire, and looked through its lace-like open work, and down upon the parti-colored swarm about its base. Strains of rich music swelled up from the town; a fine regimental band, rehearsing evidently with severe fidelity; and the music was Beethoven's, the overture to *Fidelio*! And did it not do the solitary traveller good to hear it? Such things are to the wanderer in a changed world like the stars; he hails them as of the few outward presences which he still has in common with those from whom he has so lately parted in the other hemisphere.

Again along the Rhine, in comfortable railroad car, past vineyards, pretty houses and old ruined castles, into Basle; sombre, quaint, historical old place, without much for the passing visitor to see; yet something to reflect upon as he sat sipping tea under an arbor on the bridge above the rapid Rhine. It rained repeatedly, as it had done ever since I first saw land in Europe. It would not do to undertake the promised first walk through the Münsterthal; and so by railroad I must push on doubtfully to Zurich, past the old ruins of the cradle of the house of Hapsburg, and past many charming views both of the mountains of the Jura, and first glimpses also of snow mountains on the south. In Zurich it still rained although I got a sunset picture of its lovely lake, and a fine panorama of the distant mountains from its *hohen Promenade*. But rain was still the rule, the habit of the season, and sunshine

the exception; and thus far had I experimentally ventured into Switzerland, to learn whether it would do to venture farther, and make the tour on foot of the Bernese Oberland and of Mt. Blanc. Providential perseverance! We will attempt at least the Rigi. Starting in fair weather, wrapped in cloud and rain in crossing the lake of Zug to Arth and Goldau, whence we were to ascend, we had the satisfaction of a clear sunset, and a splendid forenoon (although the sun rose in rain) for the complete enjoyment of that unrivalled view of lakes and mountains.

I shall not describe what has been so often described before; but only say that I was happy in coming just at the turning point of the weather. After a lovely day at Lucerne and passage of its enchanting lake, past the Tell scenes and monuments to Altorf, the foot-tramp up the St. Gotthard road, and over the Devil's Bridge, the Furca pass, the great glacier of the Rhone, the wild and dreary Grimsel, down, all day down, the beautiful, romantic Hasli-thal, to Meiringen, and past the blue glaciers of Rosenlauri and of Grindelwald, and again up, by the frowning sides of the great snow-topped giants, Wetterhorn, and Mittenhorn and Eiger to the summit of the Alp, where Jungfrau with her "silver horns" rose in all the splendor of her snowy purity immediately before us, and avalanches thundered down at harmless distance, and so down into the paradise of Lauterbrunnen and of Interlachen, was in eight days accomplished. Nearly two of these, however, kept us prisoners by rain; the rainy time had reached its climax, and the great flood of that Friday which kept me in the little village on the Gotthard road, while rocks and earth came tumbling from the mountain walls across the road, and while the village (in the Catholic canton of Uri) was in a state of apprehension and excitement, and the church bell was kept ringing, after the old traditional custom, as if to ward off danger, only made the following day more bright and tent life to the picturesque and grand scenes opening upon us everywhere, by creating innumerable streams and cascades, making it all "Lauter-brunnen"—fountains only. From that time the sun, and the good star of the traveller, have been victorious. Beautiful weather has become the rule; the first half of the long dreamed of Swiss tour is accomplished. Rich days they have been indeed, in many senses; but now there is no time to tell what they have yielded; we must hie and make the honey at more leisure; for still the flowers and the blue summer days invite to wander.

— So, after this digression, I must take another letter to say what little is to be said of the musical impression of Swiss life and nature, and of the famous Freiburg organ, and the fine one at Berne likewise. D.

Musical Chit-Chat.

ITALIAN OPERA.—We see by the daily papers that the Cortesi troupe commences a short season of opera at the Boston Theatre on Monday evening.

NIBLO'S THEATRE.—THE EXTEMPORIZED OPERA.—Last evening this theatre—imbedded in one hotel and opposite stacks of others, and hence so favorably situated that without malice prepense the travelling crowds who must go out after dark to find a substitute for distant firesides in the thirty-two States—not counting Territories—was well attended to witness the first representation of an opera troupe under the direction of Madame Cortesi, if a lady can direct

an opera, which we doubt. At the appointed time the exceedingly keen vital, and somewhat American looking, Karl Anschutz took the highest chair of the orchestra, and the introduction to the opera began: the violins with "mutes" on emitted the stifled, consumptive wail of the Tragedy in perspective; and to this poetry of the composer—which has no ictus of rude health or superficial glare to commend it, but is as delicate as Arr Schaeffer's *Christus Consolator*—was added a delectable double shuffle of an accompaniment in the noises of the lobbies—there being out of doors-wise accommodations of this kind at Niblo's only second to the curbstones of the streets. When, however, the curtain rose, and the Brindisi, or de-mirep drinking-song—which is as much like a drinking-song as a barcarole is, and no more, but has a very striking melody—and the audience had something which marked the time, then the attention was perfect and the applause huge. Madame Cortesi, who did Violetta, is a soprano of dramatic vigor and power, and commands the plaudits of the audience. Signor Musiani, the tenor, has a great deal of force, but is wanting in dulcet tenderness of tone, though his intentions that way are good. Amodio, who it seems has a brother—is engaged with him at this establishment; and the public is promised a sight and hearing of both. If Amodio's brother can beat Amodio he will do more than any other baritone has achieved here.

The public were very well pleased last night. New York has so many artists of one sort or another that a second opera is possible; but with a thin orchestra and thinner chorus, and such scenery and decorations as an Apollo of infinite mercy vouchsafes. This is a free country for artists, and if they vibrate betwixt the Academy and the sacred concerts of lager beer saloons, it is nobody's business; but, we think, if the harmony of the muses can be transferred to the Academic treasurer's box, it would be better to have one establishment, for certain it is that two opera-houses are one too many, and sometimes two too many. "Birds in their little nests agree," but we believe the poet says nothing about their union ticket after they learn to sing.—*N. Y. Tribune, Sept. 19.*

Meanwhile, the Academy—that abode of Caryatides and Cantabiles—still flings wide its portals to a generous public. Madame Fabbri, the puissant soprano, is there; Mr. Brignoli, having exhausted Newport and recovered from his Canadian cough, is there; Madame Colson is there. In place of well-worn operas, we are to have—see advertisements—*The Sicilian Vespers*, which was played often enough last year to make the singers familiar with their parts. This is an opera of large meanings and elaborations, and should command a crowded attendance.—*Ibid.*

A WORD ABOUT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC.—A word to the wise is never out of place, and any useful hints that we throw out for the benefit of those who seek them, (may their numbers never grow less!) will, we are assured, be received in a thankful spirit, and with "exceeding great rejoicing." We have at various times and on various occasions (to be explicit) remarked that where so many branches in that divine art, music, are progressing, and cultivating a refined taste among our musical masses, the particular department of orchestra music in our theatres never rises above that dull *niveau* of mediocrity, and too often vulgarity, (excuse the word,) which never seeks to raise the audience to its standard of refining emotions, but would pander to the popular taste, which, for want of that artistic impulse, can never be brought to a knowledge of better things. We hope to be able to chronicle an improvement in this branch of the heavenly art. This is, indeed, an age of progress, although in some things the truth is very slow in coming to the minds of those that would seek it.—*Fitzgerald's City Item.*

It is pleasant to say that it is not so with us in Boston. A few evenings since we happened to drop in at the Museum, where Dion Bourcicault's Irish drama of the "Colleen Bawn" has been raging for nearly four weeks. Expecting to hear between the acts the usual arrangements of hacknied overtures and trashy folk-songs, — always strongly suggestive of half a dozen instruments which are permanently absent,—we were agreeably surprised to find the music not only adapted very cleverly to the limits of the instruments, (not in the hands of first-rate artists either,) but abounding in fine traits of happy characterization and bits of beautiful, genuine melody. This was the work of Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG, the leader of the orchestra. It is remarkable how well the composer has improved his opportunities. We have no sympathy for the

Potpourri-style which prevails in the Overture; but we admire some of the incidental music, for instance, the strain accompanying the entrance of *Corregan* into the death-chamber of the murderer, *Mann*, which comes as unexpectedly and falls as deliciously upon the senses as a genuine Van Dyck in a second-hand print-shop. It is only a pity that among, that multitude, who convert the most touching sentence, if Warren speaks it, into a joke, these good things are nearly, if not entirely lost.

FATHER HEINRICH, a venerable musician well known to all the elder musical people hercabots, desires us to "honor the programmatic prospectus" which follows with an insertion in our columns. It certainly gives *promise* of good things. When shall we hear the performance?

THE COLUMBIAD,

or

THE ROYAL EAGLE OF THE THURINGIAN FOREST,
and the

REPUBLICAN CONDOR OF AMERICA.

A free romantic Phantasy for full Orchestra, commemorative of a visit to *Doctor Liszt in Weimar*.

PROGRAMME:

1. *Introduzione volante*: The eagle soars majestically in the lofty current of erudite Harmony.
2. *Allegro canonice*: A Duetto Dance "scherzando, in Moto contrario," by the noble Birds.
3. *Incantazione*. A Tone-Picture "concertante,"
The Spirit Bond.
4. *Fuga al Prestissimo agitato*. *The Parting*.
5. *Finale trionfante*. The chivalrous Condor wings his return flight to *Fredonia*, the El Dorado of *Hail Columbia* and *Yankee Doodle*, as newly constructed with brilliant variations, and recently performed under the title of the *Columbiad*, with marked distinction, at the Author's Monster Concert in *Prague*.

A fragment of an artistic journey in Europe, and a humble contribution to the musical annals of both hemispheres, by Anthony Philip Heinrich, author of an heroic, vocal and instrumental oratorio: "The Ornithological Combat of Kings in the Air, or the Condor of the Andes and Eagle of the Cordilleras."

OPERATIC.—There should certainly be an opera written, taking the Tower of Babel for a theme; the polyglot company, now engaged at the Academy, could render the great scene when the confusion of tongues occurs, with uncommon effect. Fabbri, Stigelli and Muller might sing in German; Colson and Genibrel could take up their parts in French; Susini, Mrs. Strakosch, Brignoli and a few others would be ready to join in Italian; Patti, the American prima donna, as she is called, would proclaim her nationality in pure accents, and there certainly is an English woman in the chorus. Everybody remembers her. Sometimes, indeed, the artists appear to be rehearsing some such morceau as this: for instance, last week, when Genibrel sang John di Proda in French, while the rest of the opera was performed in Italian.—*N. Y. Express*.

MLIE. LACOMBE.—A Paris paper says: "Foreign theatres continue to seduce away our best artists. Mlle. Lacombe, a singer of reputation and great talent, has been engaged upon splendid conditions, for the coming season, by Mr. Charles Boudousquie, the impressario of the New Orleans Opera, which is to reopen on the 1st of November next."

A PRIVATE OPERA HOUSE.—It is stated that Dr. Ward, the well known music amateur and composer, is about building a house on the Fifth Avenue, near Fortieth street, which is to have a front of 100 feet, and which will contain a private theatre for operatic representations.

GARIBALDI IN PESARO.—The Sardinian troops have taken the birthplace of Rossini. It is said that the mere proximity of Garibaldi has already awakened the people of the Roman States, and the town of Pesaro has the honor of inaugurating the liberating movement. Pesaro will long be remembered as the birthplace of that "Swan" whose music enchanted all Europe forty years ago, and who still leads a life of Epicurean ease at Paris. One would think that Rossini might ransack the treasures of his rich invention for something like a national air for his

liberated country, and thus suppl the want of which Garibaldi so feelingly complained the other day. "Every nation," said the Liberator, "has some song which at once rouses the patriotic ardor of its sons. France has the 'Marseillaise,' England 'God save the Queen,' America 'Hail Columbia'; but we, who if we do not excel in music excel in nothing, have not a single patriotic strain." Strange it is that a nation so overflowing with musical genius as Italy should not have given birth to anything more national than "Viva Enrico, il nostro re"! We have often wondered why Rossini, Verdi, Paesicello, Cimarosa, Pacini, and their compeers, have done nothing in the patriotic line.

SAN FRANCISCO.—The Squires Escott English opera troupe has commenced a second season at the Opera House, having added a number of new operas to its repertoire.

PHILADELPHIA.—Patti has been singing in The Barber and as Violetta in La Traviata. The Natali sisters are also singing here. Lucrezia Borgia was performed on Saturday last. The *Bulletin* says of the performance:

Miss Agnes Natali has not heretofore exhibited such extraordinary dramatic power, nor such vocal executive skill. In the cabaletta to the opening air, which most prime donne are unable to sing, and therefore omit it, she showed great flexibility. But in the more dramatic situations she was magnificent, and excited immense enthusiasm. Her sister, Miss Fanny, was a good Orsini; Signor Barili did better than was expected of him, and Signor Brignoli exerted himself to an unusual degree. We are requested to contradict the report that this gentleman refused to sing with the Misses Natali at their debut in the *Trovatore*. On the contrary he wished to sing, and complained of having a rôle that he is fond of given to another artist. The most friendly feeling exists between him and the Misses Natali.

The season is to close with the Misses Natali in *Norma*, the part of the Druid priestess being one in which Miss Agnes is especially great, having sung it a dozen times in Havana, creating an enthusiasm surpassing that excited by any other artist that has ever sung it there, from Steffanone great days down to the present time. Signor Stigelli, the great tenor of last season, is to play Pollione.

DEATH OF T. D. RICE.—Thomas D. Rice, the originator of negro musical and terpsichorean delineations, died in New York recently, in the 52d year of his age.

As an actor in his peculiar rôle he had no equal in his palmy days, attaining a world-wide reputation as "Jim Crow." That character was his forte; he never attempted any other, and his comicality in that part established for him a name and fame. As "Jim Crow" Rice could fill any metropolitan or provincial theatre to overflowing, and from the very simplicity of his performance, excited screams of laughter. He danced with the negro grace, and the finishing touches of his "breakdowns" even exceeded those of the laziest Virginia negro.

But Rice was not satisfied with mounting the ladder of fame in his profession, and scarcely had he reached the topmost round when he fell; not at one plunge, but bumping and catching upon the rounds as he descended.

For many years Rice has been the victim of unfortunate habits, lost to his profession and to that future which at one time gleamed so brightly before him. He died of disease of the heart, the undoubted effect of his frequent indulgence in liquor.

The fame which he won for himself, and the ideas that he originated, have been seized upon by others who have made from the small beginning of "Jim Crow," a profession distinct and honorable. He has died in the lap of poverty.—*N. Y. Mercury*.

Music Abroad.

VIENNA.—Mad. Czillag does not return to the Court Opera, as had been announced: this celebrated singer leaves for New York where she has an engagement for six months, it is said, at \$2,000 per month. Mad. Rose Czillag made her first appearance in England in April last, as *Leonora* in Beethoven's *Fidelio*, making a greater impression in that

part than any one has done since the illustrious Schroeder Devrient, whose mantle is thought to have fallen upon her shoulders. Czillag, whose name in her native Magyar language signifies "star," is indeed a star of the first magnitude. As an actress she resembles Schroeder Devrient and is equal to her. She resembles her in earnest simplicity of manner and the absence of the artificial conventionalities of the stage—in those delicate touches of nature and feeling which make her seem the very person she represents, and in that force and truth in the representation of passion which irresistibly commands the sympathy of the audience. In personal aspect she excels her great predecessor—her beauty is of a more refined and noble cast, and she has a finer voice than Devrient ever possessed. As a singer, she is a most accomplished artist, her style being more Italian than German, and her repertoire varied and extensive, one of them being *Elvira* in *Don Giovanni*, which it would be a treat to hear sung by a first rate artist.

Rubinstein's opera *les Enfants des Landes*, will be performed in the course of the month of November.

BERLIN.—The 28th of August, (Goethe's birthday,) the Court Opera company gave his *Faust*, with the music, composed in part by Prince Radziwill, and partly by Lindpaintner. The performance given for the monument to Goethe was preceded by an excellent prologue, written for the occasion by Adami and recited by Dessoir. His literary performance which will survive the occasion that inspired it, was received with thunders of applause.

NAPLES.—A new opera by Petrella, *il Fioletto di Gresy* has met with remarkable success at the theatre del Fondo, exciting great enthusiasm. The composer was called out twenty times.

Paris.

Vivier, the eccentric and amiable musician, has obtained permission to locate his private apartments in the right hand tower of Notre Dame Cathedral, the same, which, according to Victor Hugo's fanciful story, served as a place of refuge for Esmeralda. This tower is never visited by sight-seers, who, however, when mounting the other, are much astonished at hearing the sound of a piano at such a height. This is Vivier's piano, whose owner is finishing a comic opera, to which Messrs Scribe and Cormon have furnished the libretto. He has fled to this tower to escape his too troublesome friends. A few of them started for his haunt, but the stairs proved too much for them, and they turned back. The keeper always gets their names and marks the number of steps which they ascend before their courage fails them. Vivier calls this daybook of the keeper, his "Thermometer of friendship." "SIGNALÉ."

The performance at the Grand Opera for the benefit of the Christians of Syria realized 10,000 francs, which is the largest sum the house will yield at the usual prices. This will help to swell the general subscription for this object, which, notwithstanding the great show or sympathy made by the French press, does not progress very satisfactorily, or prove that the people at large are very deeply impressed with the sufferings of their Christian brethren, to whose succor the Emperor has rushed so eagerly. The *Huguenots* was given on Friday, with Mlle. Caroline Barbot in the part of Valentine, and Mad. Vandenneuvel Duprez in that of Marguerite. This second debut of Mad. Duprez was fully as successful as the first, and has quite borne out the favorable expectations of her friends. It is generally regarded that this lady's engagement is a valuable acquisition to the Opera.

I have also another programme to communicate, viz. that of M. Calazdo, the manager of the Italian Opera here. I need not trouble you with a list of the works to be produced; an enumeration of the artists to figure in his troop will be more acceptable. Here they are, then, alphabetically ordered to avoid nice points of precedences. *Prima donne soprani*, Mmes.

Battu and Penco; *prime donne contralti*, Mmes. Albini and Edenska; *prime donne comprimarie*, Mmes. Varoni and Vestri; *primi tenori*, MM. Gardoni, Mario, and Pancani; *primi tenori comprimari*, MM. Capello and Morey; *primi baritoni*, MM. Badiali and Graziani; *primi bassi*, MM. Angelini and Patriossi; *primo buffo*, M. Zucchini; *seconde parte*, Mad. Lava, MM. Cazaboni and Soldi. *Direttore d'Orchestra*, M. Bonetti; *maestro alceballo*, M. Uranio Fentana; *maestro di cori*, M. Chiaromonte.

I hear from Naples, that notwithstanding the troubled state of affairs there, the subvention paid to the San Carlo Theatre has been raised from 60,000 to 80,000 ducats; and it is now the most munificently supported theatre in Italy. It is said that great efforts are to be made to restore the school of dancing, for which Naples was once so famous, to its early splendor. It was the school of Naples which gave to the world Taglioni, Carlotta Grisi, and Fanny Cerito. *Apropos* of Italy, Camillo Sivori has just returned to Paris from Milan, where he has been giving a series of seventeen concerts in succession. Two of these were for the benefit of the poor, and three to advance the cause of Garibaldi, to whom Sivori was enabled to forward 15,000 f. (£600). This is a very creditable act on the part of the little-great violinist, and shows the influence of the Garibaldi enthusiasm in a very strong light. M. Braga is also returned to us from Milan, bringing with him a libretto, to which he is going to compose the music. The opera is intended for Mad. Borghi-Mamo during her engagements at Bologna and Milan.

There has been a concert at the Salle Pleyel in honor of the veteran Moscheles, the programme whereof consisted entirely of music of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries, selected by M. Farrenc, well known for his antiquarian researches. In giving an account of the concert, a French critic informs the world that *la grande fugue de Bach* was executed on the organ by M. Georges Pfeiffer, as though old Sebastian's progeny, under that style, were limited to one. Yet France claims the first rank in the world in musical connoisseurship! This, too, with the *Société Bach* in full activity, who, by the way, have just published their ninth volume of the works of the great master. Prefixed to it is a curious notice on the construction of the harpsichord by the editor, M. Rust. I told you in a former letter that the Concerts Musard were about to close. I was misinformed; they are to continue open till the commencement of October. They are still very attractive, and they fully deserve their patronage by the capital way in which they are conducted. An ophicleide player, M. Moreau, is at present winning great favor by his solo performances.

The distribution of honors, *à propos* of the Imperial *fêtes* of August, still continues. It positively rains crosses of honor and medals. Let the most bombastic and jejeunest of scribblers but indite an ode on the "Imperial theme"—annexation—and let him annex it to the effusion of discord, herself turned maestro, and both author and composer will immediately receive an enormous medal, and be inscribed in the muster roll of the legion of honor.

Germany

VIENNA, August.—A singer in order to please the public, needs nothing, according to Rubini, but three little things, of which the first is *voice*, the second *voice*, and the third again *voice*. Of these three things Mr. WACHTEL, from Cassel, now playing here a star-engagement, has even to spare. He is the owner of a tenor voice, the like of which is not often heard. It is full and sonorous, and as much at home among the highest notes which a male chest is capable of producing as if the high C were mere children's play. Most tenors do not possess this precious note at all; a few serve it as a rare and racy dessert on solemn state-occasions, and are praised for it to the skies, every time. Not so Mr. Wachtel. He gives the high C with the soup, with the roast meats, or the pudding, just as often as you want to hear it, and with infinite pleasure, that is to say, with the greatest ease. Not only does he sing all the Cs in his part, but as this note has not been made use of by the composers often enough for the wants of Mr. Wachtel, he puts it into the score at odd times—*ad majorem vocis gloriam*.

Nothing else was wanted to take our public by storm, for the artistic education is here always the second consideration. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at, that Mr. W. was not only overwhelmed

with applause; no, that would not be saying enough: he was received with frenzy. An Arnold, in "William Tell" who thinks his part, which is for himself, so much dreaded by his brethren-tenors on account of its great elevation, too low and piles on notes and passages *ad libitum*—such a singer is perfectly irresistible for the good Viennese.

Of course Mr. Wachtel knew very soon whence the wind blew, and sang with such a hearty good will, that one might really fear the consequences. Every singer who is richly endowed by nature is tempted to shine by the richness of his voice (which is very natural to a singer at the outset of his career, and pays him better for the time being), instead of also paying proper attention to the art of singing and acting. In this manner such singers remain naturalists for the term of their mortly short-lived popularity. We hope Mr. Wachtel will take warning from the sorry fate of some of his fellow-tenors and devote some time to proper training. Fame will be sure to come, and — to last.

"SIGNALE."

Note. Wachtel is engaged for eight months, at a salary of 16,000 florins, which is equal to about 8,000 dollars.

BERLIN.—They are celebrating the anniversary of Goethe's birth-day. Theatrical representations were announced for four consecutive days, as thus:—The 27th, *The Kings Lieutenant* by Gutzkow' and a military concert, conducted by M. Wiprecht; 28th, *Frederick et Sesehneider*, operetta by Eberwein; *Brother and Sister* by Goethe; 29th, *Goethe-Marsch* by Liszt; *Lover's Caprices* by Goethe; *Calm at Sea* by Beethoven; *Walpurgis Night* by Mendelssohn; *The Transfiguration*, a fragment of *Faust*, by Schumann; the 30th, the *Fair at Plundersweiler*, by Goethe, concert. The receipts are to be appropriated to Goethe's monument. At Hanover, M. Steger, the same who failed last season at Her Majesty's Theatre, in *Edgar*, has been engaged to replace M. Niemann, at the Court Theatre. At Weimar M. Chelard's opera of *Macbeth* is to be produced at the Court Theatre. I believe it was performed in England, at Her Majesty's Theatre, by a German company, under the direction of the composer himself. From Vienna I hear that M. Rubinstein has just completed a new opera, and has placed the score in the hands of the manager of the Court Theatre. The management of the Italian Theatre has definitively been granted to M. Salvi, who will commence his season in April and continue it to the end of July. The season at Spa is said, notwithstanding the cheerless weather, to be unexpectedly brilliant. A grand concert has just been given there by the *Administration des Jeux*, whereof the chief attraction was Vivier, the horn player.

ROTTERDAM.—Is about to present itself with a German opera, the wealthy burghers of that ilk have ing subscribed to that end 80,000 florins, the interest of which is to be received by M. Vries, the Amsterdam manager, in support of the undertaking, which he is to organise and direct.

STOCKHOLM.—Is overhauling its Academy of Music with a view to reform. Several new professorships have been instituted; among them one of history, one of esthetics, and one—though more humble, far more useful I suspect than these—of the art of tuning pianos. It would be well if the French Academy would follow this sensible example, for it is one of the points in which France is greatly deficient.

PESTH.—At the German theatre, Mehul's *Joseph* is given out for study. M. Borhowitz, the pianist, has just given a farewell concert here, the proceeds of which were to be devoted to the Szechenye monument.

MILAN.—Rejoices in the prospect of two new operas, one by Bottesini, the *Assedio di Firenze*, which failed in Paris, when the composer was himself director of the orchestra, the other by the youthful maestro, Cianchir of Florence, composer of several successful works, and among them of *Salvator Rosa*. The sisters Ferni are here and have given a concert at the Carignano.

GENOA.—The San Carlo Felice is undergoing a thorough restoration, which is to render it one of the most richly adorned and elegant theatres in Europe. The ensuing season promises to be exceedingly brilliant.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

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Saw up and saw down. Child's Song. L. Marshall. 25

A moral little song, teaching industry and perseverance, brought into rhymes for young folks to learn, by the Rev. Mr. Dyer, and provided with a suitable melody and very easy accompaniment by Mr. Marshall.

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Pleasant sentimental Ballad.

Gipsy Davy. Comic Song and Chorus. 25

One of those funny songs, by which Billy Morris, of the well-known Morris Minstrels, makes your "sides shake with laughter." It is in the Villikins-and-his-Dinah-style, only a good deal less lengthy.

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Composed for and sung by Sims Reeves, England's greatest Tenor. It is a very sweet ballad.

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A new duet for two Mezzo-soprano voices, lively and graceful, in six-eight time.

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Words by Mrs. Hemans. The melody truly reflects the sentiment of the poetry; it is impressively passionate and a capital chance for a large voice.

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Pleasant and easy. An additional charm is the very pretty vignette on the title page.

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The two celebrated songs of the Page, Capital parlor music for amateurs.

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A bouquet of new, easy and pretty trifles, good recreative pieces, and mostly well set for dancing.

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A well written instructive piece on the "Cujus animam," from Rossini's Stabat Mater.

Books.

ETIQUETTE OF THE BALL ROOM: or the Dancer's Companion. 25

As the season of terpsichorean festivity approaches, the above handbook, giving, in a condensed and convenient form, the Rules of Ball Room Etiquette, will be eagerly sought for and prove of great value to all who are fortunate enough to possess it. All the minutiae relating to the management of public and private balls and parties is given, and a profuse number of Quadrilles, Cotillons, and Fancy Dances, including the celebrated "Lancer's Quadrille," and several others, equally popular.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

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WHOLE No. 444.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Princess' Bath.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PRUTZ.

When the moon in azure heavens at the midnight hour is beaming,

And the ripples softly murmur, as in quiet slumber dreaming,
Downward to the lonely sea-shore goes the Princess proud and fair

And with busy fingers loosens all her wealth of golden hair;
From her bosom throws the vesture, and with thirsty, panting motion

Drinketh deep the cooling breezes, blowing landward from the ocean.

Slowly lingering sinks her mantle, till in beauty unconcealed
Timid shrinking, sweetly blushing, the fair woman stands revealed.

Shyly first she wets her foot-tip, then her whole form boldly throwing,

Plunges deep and sudden downward where the warm still waves are flowing,

Till the water foams and sparkles, and in eager, sweet desire,
Nestles round her heaving bosom with its waves of lambent fire.

Then the sea begins to murmur, drawn by love's restless spell,
Toward the beach in mad excitement all the billows foam and swell;

And the dolphin gazes kindly, with his clear sagacious eyes,
For he feels his cold heart glowing with a tender, glad surprise.
Dost thou hear the sea complaining? Maiden, from its deepest caves

Hearst whispering, hear'st inviting, the wild pleading of the waves?

Maiden, thou hast fired the ocean, and the spirits from below
Feel the magic of thy rosy lips, thy bosom's stainless snow!

'Tis the fair-haired knightly striplings, who in ages long gone by

From distant shores sailed hither in the flower of youth to die,

While the lute resounded merrily, and foamed the circling cup,

Till the Sea, the dread Insatiate, ships and voyagers swallowed up.

'Tis the grey-haired men and heroes, stout in deeds and great in story

Who met here in deadly sea-fight, all athirst for martial glory.

'Tis the fisher-boy with golden locks, whose song thou oft hath heard,

Whom thy beauty's cruel power to the fatal plunge hast stirred!

Ah, the sighing! Ah, the wailing! For they lie so long forsaken

Buried deep in ghastly caverns with the hydra and the kraken!

From above them, from below them, floating dim on every side,

Shadowy forms of fairest women hurry onward with the tide,
And the flowery bliss they tasted in their days of youthful pleasure,

And the joyous warmth once throbbing in the young heart's eager measure,

All, if all comes back to taunt them in the dreamy magic spell,

Wish, and longing and desire,—but alas! no life as well!

Now the spectres pale, at midnight when the quiet stars are burning

Hover upward from their icy depths in speechless bitter yearning.

Maiden, thou hast fired the ocean! And the spirits from the deep

Long to rest upon thy bosom, long to kiss thy rosy lip!

A bright sea-flower, never fading thou shalt bloom for them below.

And the poor, dead, frozen bosoms pressed to thine, again shall glow.

From the sunken, stony eye-balls wild their longing glance is thrown,

"Come! oh, come! Soon strikes the hour; soon the sea will claim its own!"

But the fair and lofty Princess heareth not their whispered sighs;

Sees no shadowy phantoms watching with their spectral, eager eyes.

Slow she rises from the water, gliding swan-like to the land,
And her golden locks anointed, turns majestic from the strand;

Calmly moving, sweetly smiling, to the stolen garden meeting.
When her lover's life warm kisses wait to bring her happy greeting,

And the poor, sad, frozen spirits cast one glance of helpless pain.

Stretch their arms once more despairing—sink back to their depths again.—

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Confessions of a Musical Soul.*

(From the posthumous papers of a Moravian Sister.)

My earliest impressions of music, after my entrance into the world of active thought, were derived from my father's performance of the simple airs of Mozart and Haydn.

How often did I listen with a deep exhilaration of feeling, bordering on rapture to these simple compositions, which, supplying all the wants of our musical nature, are never listened to without creating a longing to hear them again.

In moments of listlessness, "*Nel cor non piu mi sento*" was a favorite theme of his, and it was seldom played without being followed by variations either of his own invention or of some genial composer.

My parent was wont to give me critical explanations of his music, and as my own intellectual growth kept pace with my instinctive love of this fine art, I was early awakened to a comprehension of some of the more obnoxious principles of this species of philosophy. My elementary impressions of music were simply those of pleasure, and, previous to my father's questionings on this and kindred subjects, I have never thought of making any analysis of this pleasure; of what it was constituted or through what medium it acted upon the intellectual system; nor did I ever dream of its capabilities in the way of description or its powers of representation. I know music to be an art which at all times relaxes the jaded mind, fills up the vacant hours of life, and delights the soul in a way that is but feebly described; because the attempt to truthfully paint the various shades of feeling seems utterly ineffectual; or to say what feeling is, is so problematical, that no describer of our inner life may be said to have ever been successful. When I was questioned by my Mentor, therefore, what "*nel cor non piu mi sento*" presented to me in regard to the inner imaginings of a peaceful and quiet life, a state of happy, placid resignation, leaving out of the question all the word-poet had attached to the sounds of the tone-poet, and drawing my conclusions from those sounds and their combinations only, I was unable to say

*In Goethe's "*Wilhelm Meister*" we find an interesting episode in the "*Bekentnisse einer Schönen Seele*," in which the character of a woman of fine culture is drawn with philosophical depth and skill. In delineating the character here presented, Goethe is known to have chosen for his model a Moravian sister, although I have no certain data as to the circumstance under which he became acquainted with her.

In the female portrait which the poet has given us, he chiefly strives to show the various phases of progress from a worldly intellectual, to a purely religious and emotional life, without reference to the musical condition in which every Moravian sister may be supposed to live. I have, therefore, adapted that tone of sentiment, more consonant with her nature and capabilities, which disavows the highest intellectual cultivation as the end of our being, and have allowed her to illustrate her devotional autobiography with musical themes, which she regards, at the same time, as the hand-maid of her faith.

what I thought of his real intents. My parent had told me the piece described feeling; but then what is feeling?—What were the incidents in that ceaseless drama of life in which "we live and move and have our being," that gave rise to these feelings, whose portrayal was here signified? A still more mysterious question was involved in the form of composition which followed the theme, termed the variation. I felt deeply, sincerely in the theme, but I became yet more deeply drawn within the mazes of a delicious and indefinable tone-thought, when variation succeeded to variation, and when one complex idea was developed from the simple conception, and that was followed by one yet more complex, and by another always augmenting in beauty, intricacy, subtlety, elaboration.

I was instructed in the maxim that music was a necessity; a necessity in its simpler elements, as well as in its radiations into a myriad forms. Hence the variation was a natural sequence of the theme, and the variation in the variation came forth as irrepressibly as the corruscation of fire or the crystalization of the metals. "These are the representations of the phases of life," said he, "as it passes within us, without reference to the outward, the objective part of our being; all these combinations of melody, set together and multiplied upon each other by the weird art and productive fancy of the master, are revealed truths of the inner principle of man, which, coming forth in the shape of tone, strike me so forcibly with their melodious effects. The theme represents the subject, and all that ornamentation called the variation is but a further illustration of the same subject, on application of the laws of musical rhetoric to a species of emotional narration, similar to word-language when used to illustrate and render attractive any topic of human thought."

At a very tender age I had imbibed a passionate love of flowers, and in the numerous marked localities of these my artless friends of nature, in the colored productions themselves, in the very fragrance they breathed forth, in the characteristics of their form and fascinating types of loveliness and innocence, I found a medium through which I might chronicle my affections in a permanent record. Through this power of association, for the flower spake to me in no other language, I was at all times able to recall events of the past; these pretty creations of an hour as they sprung up out of the fertile spot of earth, in their well known abodes, became a fond medium of communication between myself of to day, and myself of years gone by. But when the language of tone, the poetry of sound, superseded that of the floral world, I found myself transported to a new and higher sense of enjoyment. Hence I embraced with avidity all my father's teachings on the subject of musical æsthetics; the theme was so pure, so devoid of all the grossness of materialistic thought, that I sought it and dwelt upon it, and chose it as an enfranchisement from the duller things of earth.

I might date my earliest discoveries in music at that epoch when the heart softens and leaps instinctively at the melody of the dance. The Italian, with that widely known and universal instrument of mechanism termed the hand-organ, fully met the necessity of my musical nature, by the popular pieces of tact-composition which springs out of the elements of our emotional being. In our youthful and early struggle for the utterance of tone, we seek the music of the dance; and although a later stage of culture modifies and tempers this inclination, the impressions of ballet music are never lost. It seems to act in concert with the beatings of the heart, and when heard in the street, amid the turmoil of life and the strife of humanity, where the millions are toiling for bread, it gladdens the soul and brings on an oblivion of care. This gaiety of heart represented by ballet music resides within us and forms a portion of the history of emotion; it dates its growth back to our earliest years and never forsakes us; it is an unfailing element in all popular composition; a ready material in the hands of the composer and never dies out of life, until morbid thought succeeds to that healthy tone which lives in the ballet and makes it the companion of buoyant and effervescent joy.

In the forms of worship to which I had been trained, the Moravian hymn was kept in daily practice, and I exercised myself in all its most beautiful accords. Emanating from early times, and belonging to a school in which Bach himself was reared, the music is deep and imperishable, and, as some of the German writers are wont to express it, it comes up out of the profoundest depths of the human heart. These sacred melodies were intermingled with all the avocations of our family life; they made the festival a joyous occasion; they threw an odor of sanctity over the pleasures of the Birth-day! they beautified the solemnities of the tomb. The tidings of every death in the village were announced in this peculiar language, and each sex had its appropriate death-song. The dirge was sung at the interment, and when the remains of this earthly habitations were deposited in the earth, the trombone was the instrument used, and its long drawn and sombre notes were the significant emblems of a life to come. Among the earlier people of our sect, the events and circumstances of life were so closely interwoven with this and other kindred music, that the whole year passed away in a round of melodious history, and as I grew up amidst these musical associations, I continued to enter more deeply within myself and retreat from the actualities of a commonplace existence. The sounds of the Moravian Chorale, in common with those of the old Lutheran school, to which they are nearly allied, though occasionally represented by words, in which their spirit and meaning are feebly set forth, are in themselves, without the aid of word poetry, the fullest exponent of all that the soul can imagine, portray or aspire after. They claim but little sympathy with secular music in this one marked circumstance, that they disclaim all the passions of our worldly nature; never swell into that unbridled emotion in which the Italian is wont to indulge, nor sink into that hopeless despondency into which Beethoven so frequently casts himself before allowing entrance of the sunshine of hope.

These old and exquisite chorales, therefore, be-

came an indispensable portion of my early education; but in order to remain free of that morbid, sensitive, and overwrought emotional enthusiasm which usually invests an ultra religious nature, music in all its departments was sedulously cultivated among us. With exception of the practical ballet, for the theoretical ballet is found every where to a greater or less degree in tone poetry of a lyrical type, no species of musical composition was left untouched; and social life partaking of German conviviality and feeling, naive and joyous in action and demeanor; simple in its tastes, profound in its thinkings, beautiful in its ideale, was fully adequate to all my wants.

From that cradle state of musical perception which leads to no other inference than that music is a mere combination of pleasing sounds, in which the ear loves to indulge, to the higher stage of an inner appreciation, my progress under a father's tutelage was easy and natural. He taught me that the inner life of music was like the inner life of poetry—that music was poetry itself, although conveyed to the mind through the medium of tone. There was no prose language in music, since all its imaginings, all its ethereal tone-figures, were the creations of a purely practical element within us, identical with that principle which treats all the objects of surrounding life and nature with the glow of emotion and impassioned description. In earlier times such masters as Haydn, Mozart and their whole school of disciples followed the natural graceful rhythm of the classic age of English poetry, and, like Pope and Dryden, they exhibit a flow of numbers natural to the workings of the human mind, under the influence of a simple desire to express, calmly, gracefully, cheerfully and felicitously, all that nature is awakening within us, previous to that new birth of transcendentalism which excessive intellectual education is apt to engender, and of which this modern age throws in our way so many unfortunate examples.

The English word-poets, therefore, and the German tone-poets of a nearly similar epoch were recommended to me, in my first studies of poesy in its universal form, in combination with a love of the visible creation and of the art of pictorial design, that begins with simple mimicry and ends with philosophy.

It was explained to me that musical history had passed through stages of development similar to those of written poetry; from the Homeric or sensual to the intellectual and spiritual. As in the earlier forms of the *Epopée*, nothing was ever attempted but outward description, with no reference to surrounding impressions on the mind, so in the earlier periods of modern music there was a more frequent imitative power at work in the representation of battles, storms, changes of seasons, the language of animals, and the whole visible machinery of nature. In its application to the uses of mimicry, music loses its true and higher attribute; that of utterance to the soul's pensive moods; yet, like in painting and written poetry, an inherent beauty, a faculty of captivation still remains. All poetry, be it ever so grossly misapplied or derogatory in its aims; all painting, even when made subservient to the worst of ends, still retains what some philosophers have termed the beauty of ugliness; and, by analogy, all music preserves, under every condition, portions of an ineffaceable charm.

As before observed, music of all grades was diligently cultivated in our village, and, besides the many who made it a means of support, no one who could devote himself to the pursuit omitted to take some instrument that accorded with his taste or was commensurate with his faculties.

In common with my female friends, I was addicted to the piano; some learned the guitar, some the harp, while others, whom nature had gifted with fine voices, took their places in the concert room, and, ranged in prim attire in front of the orchestra assisted in rendering to a select audience the classical compositions of Haydn, Mozart, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Romberg, Neukomm, and a host of others, to whom the past century has given celebrity and who have received the apotheosis that is due to all the master spirits of the divine art.

Many of these works of the early masters of tone resemble the productions of the painter, in the enduring impressions they leave on the mind, and that inherent power of thought, which is constantly calling for study, analysis, criticism and repeated contemplation of their strong points.

A thousand passages are nothing more than the every day language of the soul, to which no utterance is ever given; leaving itself to be felt or recited by the imagination; a day-dream of hope aspiration, joy, tempered by fits of despondency and even temporary despair. To this latter phase of mental anguish the Zinzendorffian authors allowed no admission; all was forgiveness, love, gentleness; the Redeemer of mankind was a brother, a father, and, not unfrequently, a spouse. The poetry which flowed from this sacred fountain was eminent for its peculiarly anthropomorphic tone, and for these figures of heart language which bring God and man into such close companionship.

Thus our village education became strongly imbued with a love of that form of Art which has its outlet in tone: which, instead of offering its finest creations to the contemplation of the eye, enters the soul through the ear alone. All art is emotional, since poetry is applied to all its exhibitions, in whatever shape they appear, and wherein the culture of one village social life was so strongly tinged with that kind of education, its whole tone became emotional. It is seldom that all behold the two faculties of music and painting united, since emotion in the same individual is not wont to exercise itself in these two different though fraternal modes; hence our chronicles have handed down to us the names of few painters, but a great number of musicians. Our isolation from general society, or, as it is termed, the world, furnished a much better opportunity for the growth of all that relates to an inner development than that contact with society which receives the impress of its follies and its weaknesses and is ever borrowing its standard of thought and action. Shut out in a great measure from such distractions, music invested our little secluded world with a halo of tranquil happiness, which it is pleasant to look back upon. For the repertoire from which we drew our musical recreations, every department of composition occupied a place. Our religious festivals were not only distinguished by the chorales to which I have referred, but choice extracts from Haydn and Mozart rendered our solemnities, occasions of sacred gladness, replete with chaste joys and

heavenly imaginings. But divine love was not alone the subject of thought among us; the study of secular music brought with it, and communicated a fondness for, poesy in all its various forms.

We had the *Nocturne*, wherein our vocalists displayed their best talents in the service of that species of night song which devotes itself to all the poetical imagery that accompanies the romantic passions. Many and beautiful were the quartets sung by the Männerchöre, young and old, after the evening had sunk into its deep, still and impressive quiet.

In the concerts given by our Philharmonicists every grade of music was introduced; the solemn, the gay, the sublime, the ludicrous; and it was listened to with due appreciation.

One of the most marked epochs of my life was my introduction to the spectacle of the opera. It was at that more mature stage of education and experience when judgment has fixed and settled the intellect, and the young imagination can no longer be led astray by the spacious glare of theatrical fictions. A chain of circumstances, which it would be superfluous to relate, brought me into this temptation, for as such I viewed it at the time, and the impressions induced thereby are not yet forgotten through the long years that supervened. In an animated struggle between the consciousness of doing wrong and the extreme delight of listening to such fascinating music, amid all the accessories of painting and poesy made visible, I sat and listened through that long evening of fear and joy.

The charming Italian song was melody in its bewitching form; fading quickly away, but always returning again in some new attractive colors; a succession of evanescent hues that leave no durable impression on the soul; yet as music in its absolute sense it was pure; but mixed with this purity came the alloy of worldly love, rendered hideous in my eyes by the contamination of licentiousness, crime, and the contending passions of man and woman. It is true, as a student of Beethoven, I had observed in some of his tone-fictions, a similar exhibition of purity and impurity; but then no visibility was given to the birth, triumph and fall of human passion; and being divested of all that material clothing which enables the melodrama to appeal to the senses of the multitude, human thought, though under the excitement of wildest passion and evil sentiment, comes up before us in the purity of form which characterizes all melody.

The origin of Art lies so deep, that it has never yet been clearly shown why and how it has become such an abiding necessity of our nature. Like many other abstract problems which engage the attention of the intellectual and the spiritually minded, its tendency is to divide and distract the judgments and opinions of its votaries, who can never agree as to whom it comes and whither it is tending.

This truth forced itself upon me when I studied that strange incongruity termed Opera. Such a beautiful fiction, so engaging, fascinating, so full of true poesy, and so much melody incorporated with and become a part of material life; active in its coldest forms, not even fit for the sculptor's uses, transformed into melody; all blended together by the skill of the master in so forcible a manner as to become perfectly reconcilable.

But opera retains an able argument in its favor

in the perpetuation and the enduring hold it has obtained on the tastes and affections of races and ages; with all its incongruities and apparent untruthfulness, it still lives and spreads its sway wherever the love of tone is in the ascendant. Like all the heart poetry of our literature, it proves that the ebullitions of the heart presented in their simple rhythmical arrangements constitute the only true poetry, and the perennial freshness that always marks such compositions secures for them the worship and esteem of generations. But written poetry need not be drawn from those elements of corruption and moral rankness which are so often used to place beneath the superstructure of the finest musical creations, and when we shall have seen such an era of moral opera dawn upon us, as draws from these sources whence high Art is supposed to spring, we may hope it will have arrived at a realization of its true mission.

My father was fond of indulging in musical conversations with me, and as he was not ignorant of the rules which underlie the philosophy of the sister arts of poetry, painting and sculpture, he was led to draw comparisons between them and his favorite, the fine art of tone. He frequently discussed the question of imitation, and observed that although imitative in itself is a lower step in Art, yet it is sometimes subservient to the highest efforts of imagination, both in music and painting. "The painter," he said, "is often condemned for a servile imitation of nature and action, in which he aims at so close, minute, and perfect a mimicry of external objects, as to deceive the eye of the beholder and lead him into the belief that he is looking at the reality. But it were unjust to despise that grade of painting which arrives at a successful imitation, for the highest talent and even genius is elevated to such service, and complete success in works of that class is rare. There are masterpieces in this grade of composition as well as in every other, and when the pure gems of artistic talent are exhibited, we must admire them, even if the subject be material or sensuous.

Not only were many of the best works of modern painters founded on the laws of imitation and mimicry, but the "Creation" of Haydn, the "Pastoral Symphony" of Beethoven, and the Freischütz of Weber adapted these principles to the worthiest productions of all time. He held that although the subject of thought elevated the character of the composition, still many of the components of melody were never lost; that the most seducing harmony clung to the vilest tone pictures; as an exemplification of which I was referred to the "Don Giovanni" of Mozart. And herein music may be said to serve similar purposes to those of painting—the glory of the art is never lost; a certain tone of beauty and harmony shines forth from every effort of the artist's pencil, should he even descend from the spiritual and sublime to the sensual and groveling. Another marked endowment of my parent was his universality; the artist, he said, was never sufficiently philosophical to allow himself to embrace one school without despising the others. It was essential to true genius to admire all, since the productions of every school are the emanations of genius.

This disparity in the origin and growth of the peculiar self-nurture of imaginative thought renders it so difficult to find these positive laws

and rules which every art student seeks, but never finds. Amid the mazes of such conflicting theories, he either becomes sceptical as to the existence of positive beauty, or swears allegiance to a single master, becomes the adherent of one school and discards every other. But in true art my preceptor taught me there was no school, and that he, who, by a regular system of logical reasoning on the simple laws of beauty in tone and colors, could develop from the works of the masters all that fell within the scope of his own consciousness of beauty, arrived at the highest realization of art.

The mind of the individual seldom disagrees with itself, whereas separate minds rarely correspond in all the divers points of emotion excited by the study of art and nature. The mind should be at peace with, resign itself to, and cultivate a fondness for its own images of beauty, and from this source derive the enjoyment which springs from eclectic art. To subserve this end, it should draw its recreations from every school.

As long as the Moravian village remained isolated and shut out, as it were, from the world, it retained in all their warmth and festivity the musical rituals and the annual celebrations that bore reference to the various stages of the history of our church. The common appellation of brother and sister was upheld, and the costume of the latter on sacred days was marked by its simplicity, and the chaste emblem it disclosed gave significance to our religious pleasures. The forms of worship, however, which were cherished within the secluded village could suffer no contact with the grosser element of worldly life. In those days of comparative seclusion, my associations and friendships were only with those I really loved, with those whose sympathies were alive to my own. In going beyond the limits of this narrow social existence, I found it impossible to assume that ready conventional tact which makes friends of all, of even those in whom we can find no congeniality. I found it hard to comprehend how those artificial friendships spring up, where the heart is always at war with itself, finding no real attraction in other beings, or that magnetism which draws soul to soul. This narrow life, however, was inclined to bring on fastidiousness, for even in our closest intimacies we are known to rebel against the most cherished objects, and, recoiling from our fondest attachments, seek refuge within ourselves, and even there to feel lost and dissatisfied. In such a crisis, I found music my safest refuge. Unlike many, who, from being its most impassioned votaries, leave it for a time with an indifference approaching disgust, awaiting the season when some new bloom of harmonious fancies shall have put forth within them, and reawakened all the old affection: my melodious impulses were always active, and led at times to an estrangement from all around me.

I am now speaking of a later stage of my life; although opportunities of marriage were often laid in my way, that growing fastidiousness, to which I have alluded, turned away from the object which fell so far short of my ideals.

(To be continued.)

MR. VARIAN JAMES, a rising native prima-donna, who is now giving concerts in the Eastern States, and who is endorsed by critical persons as a high, genuine soprano of brilliant quality, will visit Boston towards the middle of the month.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

From Spohr's Autobiography.

From *Darmstadt* Spohr furnishes an amusing chapter. It must be borne in mind that the time is 1815.

"Being obliged by the illness of my good wife to make a four weeks' stay here, I had ample time to become acquainted with the state of musical affairs in this city. I cannot report very favorably. The Grand-duke is very fond of music, and spends a good deal of money for it; but this fondness is one-sided, selfish and confined altogether to operatic music. His greatest pleasure is at rehearsals, to act as both orchestra-leader and stage-manager in his own august person. Not only does he, from a music-desk placed on the stage, direct the corps of musicians below, but superintends the smallest minutiae of the stage business. As in both capacities he thinks himself infallible and neither conductor nor manager dare oppose him, many blunders are committed. For although among the Grand-dukes he may be the best conductor it does not follow that he is even a tolerably good one in the common estimate. This is amply shown by his selection of works to be performed. The theatre is so richly endowed by his munificence that the taste of the public needs not be consulted at all. If the management could only have their own way, they might—and would probably—establish a repertoire of good, sterling works. But as the Grand-duke constantly interferes it happens that not only many indifferent works are constantly performed but many excellent ones are totally excluded, as, for instance, *Cherubini's* Operas, against which the Grand-duke is prepossessed. He makes an occasional exception in favor of this composer's "Water-carrier," but even of this work he only tolerates the first act. Even *Mozart's* operas do not appear to be to his liking, for when, one or two years ago, *Don Giovanni* was performed, after an opera, *Athalia*, by Ploissl had been rehearsed for thirty consecutive days, and the orchestra, glad to have escaped from the killing ennui of Ploissl's creation, played the first Finale with great warmth and energy, the Grand-duke remarked confidentially to the conductor: "After the Ploissl opera *Mozart* tastes rather stale."

The singers might be much better than they are, considering the high salaries which they are paid; it is said, however, that the Grand-duke is afraid to engage first-rate artists, lest they should not so readily conform to his wishes. The chorus (thirty men and thirty women) is excellent. The orchestra is numerous and contains some very good musicians, but also many of common stuff. The Grand-duke prides himself a good deal on its ensemble, especially the *pianissimo*; still intonation and distinctness are far from being perfect. Probably no other orchestra in the world is worked nearly as hard, for all the members are required to spend every evening which God has made, from six to nine or ten o'clock in the theatre. Every Sunday an opera is performed, and twice a week dramatic plays; on the remaining four evenings the Grand-duke holds his opera rehearsals. There is no rest except in case of his illness, during which no operas are performed or rehearsed, as he either believes or wants to make others believe, that without him nothing in that line could be done.

"It is indeed a singular sight to behold the old gentleman, bent with age, in military uniform, with the big star on his breast, indicate the time from behind his desk or see him arrange the chorus and hear his remarks to the orchestra, singers, and supernumeraries. There could not be a better manager if he only understood these things, as he has energy, perseverance, and, in his quality as Grand-duke the necessary authority. But unfortunately all his knowledge of a score is confined to his being able to read the first violin part tolerably well, and as he has had some lessons on this instrument in his youth, he is constantly tormenting the poor fiddlers with remarks,

without ever improving anything. In the meanwhile the singers may sing as false as they please, or the wind instruments may be a bar ahead or behind—he does not hear it."

Scudo on Wagner.

II.

The detailed criticism upon Wagner's music is confined to certain pieces performed at three concerts given him in Paris. Of the overture to the *Phantom Ship*, Scudo says:

"We see how much the poet and musician, combined in the person of M. Wagner, have wished to express in the overture, which is an assemblage of sounds, of dissonant chords, of strange sonorities, where the ear is utterly lost and wherein it is impossible to detect any plan or design whatever which may convey the composer's idea to the mind. It is literally chaos portraying chaos, where surge forth only a few blasts of harmony given out by the trumpets, which instruments the author greatly abuses in all his writings. This is where we are led in music, by symbolism and the pretensions of a false profoundness which wishes to refuse to the senses the enjoyment which belongs to them in the manifestations of art."

Of the march, with chorus, from the *Tannhäuser* he says:

"The march consists of a very fine phrase which belongs to Weber. . . . This remarkable piece, which the whole world at once comprehended without commentary, proves that when music remains faithful to its own laws, the composer attains the high point at which he aims, and that then the ear is satisfied as well as the intelligence."

Of the introduction to the third act of *Tannhäuser* with the pilgrim chorus, he says:

"On this text the composer has placed a phrase somewhat well conceived, expressed by the stringed instruments, particularly the violins and repeated by the wind instruments, particularly the brass. After this gross opposition which is common to M. Wagner, a hollow antithesis which dispenses with the necessity of an idea, one perceives why a confusion of strange sonorities, painfully far-fetched harmonies, a waste of colors without any design to bear them or to direct the lost ear; and we listen to an immense effort of will, destitute of grace, and which ends in nothingness. At the appearance of the chorus, which joins its monotonous lamentations to the orchestral clamor, the intent becomes more perceptible, to again relapse into veritable chaos. It is difficult to listen to anything more monstrous. As to the overture to *Tannhäuser*, which we have known for a long time, and which the admirers of M. Wagner would have pass for a chef d'œuvre, it is a vast machine of symbolic and picturesque music, badly constructed and of desperate length, in which there is nothing to praise but the beginning and the peroration, which produces an increased energetic effect because the confusion and impotence of the musician have endured so long a time. The ear, anxious for order and light, eagerly seizes the opportunity of escaping from the torment which has been inflicted on it during the five minutes that this rare *morceau* occupies."

Omitting M. Scudo's description of the plot of the pieces performed, we give only his *resumé* regarding their merits. He says of the prelude and introduction to an opera called *Tristan and Isolde*:

"On this text the composer has certainly surpassed anything that we can imagine in the way of confusion, disorder and impotence. One might call it a wager against common sense and the simplest demands of the ear. If I had not heard this monstrous piling up of discordant sounds I should not have believed it possible. They assure us that the author sets a great deal on this composition which, contains the revelation of his second manner. I do not think that M. Wagner, with all his boldness, can ever reach a third transformation of this fine style."

Of the *Wedding March*, with chorus, and the *Nuptial fête with epithalamium*, from the opera of *Lohengrin* he has the following praise:

"The march has a fine character, although the musical idea on which it rests belongs to Mendelssohn, as one may convince himself by consulting the march in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Interrupted by the wedding chorus, which is charming and marvellously accompanied, the march resumes its theme with a power and vigorous, sonorous brilliancy, which produced the finest effect. The whole of this scene from the third act of *Lohengrin* is a masterly conception.

"The result of the different impressions that we have received is that M. Richard Wagner is no ordinary artist. Endowed, like almost all the remarkable men of our time, with more ambition than fecundity, more will than inspiration, M. Wagner has wished *per fas et nefas* to obtain celebrity. Not being able to act in the manner of true poets and predestined geniuses who sing their love as the bird warbles, as the flower exhales its perfume, as the brook murmurs while fecundating the shore which it bathes with the limpid waters, M. Wagner has made himself a reformer by the necessities of his own cause, and to cover with the éclat of a system the infirmities of his nature. . . .

"With an uneasy spirit, discontented, despising everything, pretending a contempt for popularity, but, in reality, very desirous of obtaining public favor, M. Wagner has been deprived by nature of the two qualities most necessary to a dramatic composer: imagination and sentiment. The author of *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* only conceives well those scenes of great stage display, exacting striking and opposing colors; he disposes of only two elements of musical art: rhythm and harmony. His instrumentation, powerful in grand effects, lacks variety and flexibility. His orchestra, almost constantly divided into two extreme parts, the stringed instruments in direct opposition to the brass, has no body, no continued theme which fills the ear with that sonorous paste which the great colorists like Beethoven, Weber and sometimes Mendelssohn, know to knead so well. A very skillful harmonist, M. Wagner shines but little by the brilliancy and novelty of his modulations. His style is monotonous, notwithstanding the efforts of a vigorous will and incontestable talent. He looks well to color, relief, oddity which he takes for profundity; but one soon perceives that the effects which he seeks and obtains are rather the results of the curiosity of the ear than the experiences of the sentiments of the soul. Like all the materialistic poets of our time, M. Wagner proceeds from the exterior sensation, not the inward emotion; he coldly seeks for and combines an effect before possessing the idea or having experienced the sentiment which he wishes to manifest. But the human heart is never deceived by this, and is only moved by realities."

We have translated most of this article which refers directly to Wagner's compositions. A great part of it is devoted to an examination of him as a man, and this we omit. It is curious to note the severity with which all new theories are treated by the adherents of the old ones. In politics, religion, music, it is the same. He who takes a step outside of the beaten track is considered a wanderer, whether his new path lead to unknown beauties or inextricable confusion. We cannot any of us, say what will form the delight of music lovers a century hence; as certainly those who lived a century ago would have looked on Meyerbeer and Wagner as bedlamites in music. Yet they are both worshipped by their special admirers, and it is a sure thing that much music wins upon our affections through simple familiarity. The long habit of hearing certain music will give it an interest to us which springs almost entirely from that habit. The changing fancies of the world, the gradual love for new things and putting by of old, is due quite as much to thirst for novelty, for new sensations, for new combinations, as to the real superiority of the new over the old. We get accustomed to the peculiarities of the new, they become even beauties, and the old forms lose their charm from disuse. Whether Wagner be a light which is to brighten the distant future, we cannot say; but it is certain that while many hail him as the ris-

ing sun, others turn from him as an *ignis fatuus*. Scudo's article will have a certain interest to both parties.—*Boston Musical Times*, Sept. 22.

The Opera before Gluck.

In a general view of the history of the Opera, the central figures would be Gluck and Mozart. Before Gluck's time the operatic art was in its infancy and since the death of Mozart no operas have been produced equal to that composer's masterpieces. Mozart must have commenced his *Idomeneo*, the first of his celebrated works, the very year that Gluck retired to Vienna, after giving to the Parisians his *Iphigénie en Tauride*; but though contemporaries in the strict sense of the word, Gluck and Mozart can scarcely be looked upon as belonging to the same musical epoch. The compositions of the former, however immortal, have at least an antique cast; those of the latter have quite a modern air; and it must appear to the audiences of the present day that far more than twenty-three years separate *Orfeo* from *Don Giovanni*, though that is the precise interval that elapsed between the production of the opera by which Gluck, and of that by which Mozart, is best known in this country. Gluck, after a century and a half of opera, so far surpassed all his predecessors that no work by a composer anterior to him is now ever performed. Lulli wrote an *Armida*, which was followed by Rameau's *Armida*, which was followed by Gluck's *Armida*; and Monteverde wrote an *Orfeo* a hundred and fifty years before Gluck produced the *Orfeo* which was played only the other night at the Royal Italian Opera. The *Orfeo*, then, of our existing operatic repertory takes us back through its subject to the earliest of regular Italian operas, and similarly Gluck, through his *Armida*, appears as the successor of Rameau, who was the successor of Lulli, who usually passes for the founder of the opera in France—a country where it is particularly interesting to trace the progress of that entertainment, inasmuch as it can be observed at one establishment, which has existed continuously for two hundred years, and which, under the title of *Académie Royale*, *Académie Nationale*, and *Académie Impériale* (it has now gone by each of these names twice), has witnessed the production of more operatic masterpieces than any other theatre in any city in the world. To convince the reader of the truth of this latter assertion we need only remind him of the works written for the *Académie Royale* by Gluck and Piccini (or Piccini) immediately before the Revolution, and of the *Masaniello* of Auber, the *William Tell* of Rossini, and the *Robert the Devil* of Meyerbeer, given for the first time at the said *Académie* within sixteen years of the termination of the Napoleonic wars. Neither Naples, nor Milan, nor Prague, nor Vienna, nor Munich, nor Dresden, nor Berlin, has individually seen the birth of so many great operatic works by different masters, though, of course, if judged by the great number of great composers to whom they have given birth both Germany and Italy must be ranked infinitely higher than France. Indeed, if we compare France with our own country, we find, it is true, that an opera in the national language was established earlier, and an Italian Opera much earlier there than here; but, on the other hand, the French, until Gluck's time, had never any composers, native or adopted at all comparable to our Purcell, who produced his *King Arthur* as far back as 1691.

Lulli is said to have introduced opera into France, and, indeed, is represented in a picture, well known to opera-goers, receiving a privilege from the hands of Louis XIV. as a reward and encouragement for his services in that respect. This privilege, however, was neither deserved nor obtained in the manner supposed. Cardinal Mazarin introduced Italian Opera into Paris in 1645, when Lulli was only twelve years of age; and the first French opera, entitled *Akbar, Roi de Mogol*, words and music by the Abbé Mailly, was brought out the year following in the Episcopal Palace of Carpentras, under the direction of Cardinal Bichi, Urban the Eighth's legate. Clement VII. had already appeared as a librettist, and it is said that Urban VIII. himself recom-

mended the importation of the opera into France; so that the real father of the lyric stage in that country was certainly not a scullion but in all probability a Pope.

The second French opera was *La Pastorale en musique*, words by Perrin, music by Cambert, which was privately represented at Issy; and the third *Pomone*, also by Perrin and Cambert, which was publicly performed in Paris. *Pomone* was the first French opera heard by the Parisian public, and it was to Perrin its author, and not to Lulli, that the patent of the Royal Academy of Music was granted. A privilege for establishing an Academy of Music had been conceded a hundred years before by Charles the Ninth, to Antoine de Baif,—the word "Académie" being used as an equivalent for "Accademia," the Italian for concert. Perrin's license appears to have been a renewal, as to form, of de Baif's, and thus originated the eminently absurd title which the chief operatic theatre of Paris has retained ever since. The Academy of Music is of course an academy in the sense in which the Théâtre Français is a college of declamation, and the Palais Royal Theatre a school of morality; but no one need seek to justify its title because it is known to owe its existence to a confusion of terms.

Six French operas, complete and in five acts, had been performed before Lulli, supported by Mad. de Montespan, succeeded in depriving Perrin of his "privilege," and securing it for himself—at the very moment when Perrin and Cambert were about to bring out their *Ariane*, of which the representation was stopped. The success of Lulli's intrigue drove Cambert to London, where he was received with much favor by Charles II., and appointed director of the court music, an office which he retained until his death.

Lulli had previously composed music for ballets, and for the songs and interludes of Molière's comedies, but his first regular opera, produced in conjunction with Quinault—being the seventh produced on the French stage—was *Cadmus and Hermione* (1673).

The life of the fortunate, unscrupulous, but really talented scullion, to whom is falsely attributed the honor of having founded the opera in France, has often been narrated, and for the most part very inaccurately. Every one knows that he arrived from Italy to enter the service of Mad. de Montpensier; some are aware of the offence for which he was degraded by that lady to the post of scullion, and which we can no more mention than we can publish the original of the needlessly elaborate reply attributed to Cambronne at Waterloo*; and a few may have read that it was only through the influence of Mad. de Montespan that he was saved from a shameful and horrible death on the Place de Grève, where Lulli's accomplice was actually burned, and his ashes thrown to the winds. The story of Lulli's obtaining letters of nobility through the excellence of his buffoonery in the part of the Muphti in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, has often been told. This was in 1670, but once a noble, and director of the Royal Academy of Music, he showed but little disposition to contribute to the diversion of others, even by the exercise of his legitimate art. Not only did he refuse to play the violin, but he would not have one in his house. To overcome Lulli's repugnance in this respect, Marshal de Gramont hit upon a very ingenious plan. He used to make one of his servants play the violin in Lulli's presence, upon which the highly susceptible musician would snatch the instrument from the varlet's hands, and restore the murdered melody to life and beauty. Then excited by the pleasure of producing music, he forgot all around him, and continued to play to the delight of the marshal.

Lulli must have had sad trouble with his orchestra, for in his time a violinist was looked upon as merely an adjunct to a dancing master. There was a King of the Fiddles, without whose permission no catgut could be scraped; but in selling his licenses to dancing masters and the musicians of ball-rooms, the ruler of the bows

* Cambronne is said to have been very much annoyed at the invention of "La garde meurt et ne se rend pas;" and with reason, for he didn't die, and he *did* surrender.

does not appear to have required any proof of capacity from the purchasers. Even the simple expedient of shifting was unknown to Lulli's violinists, and for years after his death to reach the C above the line was a notable feat. The pit quite understood the difficulty, and when the dreaded *démachement* had to be accomplished, would indulge in sarcastic shouts of "*gare l'ut! gare l'ut!*"

Strange tales are told of the members of Lulli's company. Duménil, the tenor, used to steal jewelry from the soprano and contralto of the troop, and to get intoxicated with the baritone. This eccentric virtuoso is said to have drank six bottles of champagne every night he performed, and to have improved gradually until about the fifth. Duménil, after one of his voyages to England, which he visited several times, lost his voice. Then, seeing no reason why he should moderate his intemperance at all, he gave himself up unrestrainedly to drinking and died.

Mlle. Desmâtins, the original representative of *Armide*, was chiefly celebrated for her love of good living, her corpulence, and her bad grammar. She it was who wrote the celebrated letter communicating to a friend the death of her child "*Notre an fan ai maure, vlen de boueure, le mien ai de te voire.*" Mlle. Desmâtins took so much pleasure in representing royal personages that she assumed the (theatrical) costume and demeanor of a queen in her own household; sat on a throne and made her attendants serve her on their knees. Another vocalist, Marthé Le Zochois, accused of grave flirtation with a bassoon, justified herself by showing a promise of marriage which the gallant instrumentalist had written on the back of an ace of spades.

The opera singers of this period were not particularly well paid, and history relates that Mlles. Aubry and Verdier, being engaged for the same line of business, had to live in the same room, and sleep in the same bed.

Marthé Le Zochois was fond of giving advice to her companions. "Inspire yourself with the situation," she said to Desmâtins, who had to represent Medea abandoned by Jason; "fancy your self in the poor woman's place. If you were deserted by a lover whom you adored," added Marthé, thinking, no doubt, of the bassoon, what should you do?"

"I should look out for another," replied the ingenuous girl.

But by far the most distinguished operatic actress of this period was Mlle. de Maupin, now better known through Théophile Gautier's scandalous but brilliant and vigorously written romance, than by her actual adventures and exploits, which, however, were sufficiently remarkable. Mlle. de Maupin was in many respects the Lola Montez of her day, but with more beauty, more talent, more power, and more daring. When she appeared as Minerva in Lulli's *Cadmus*, and, taking off her helmet to the public, showed her lovely light-brown hair, which hung in luxuriant tresses over her shoulders, the audience were in ecstasies of delight. With less talent, and less powers of fascination, she would infallibly have been executed for the numerous fatal duels in which she took part, and might even have been burnt alive for invading the sanctity of a convent at Avignon, to say nothing of her attempt to set fire to it. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that Lola Montez was the Mlle. Maupin of her day; a Maupin of constitutional monarchy, and of a century which is moderate in its passions and its vices as in other things.

One of the most interesting and one of the latest works represented at the Royal Italian Opera was Gluck's *Orfeo*, and the reader has already seen how the *Orfeo* of Gluck takes us back to Rameau, Lulli, and the earliest days of the musical drama. We might have given this explanation beforehand. Perhaps the reader will be kind enough to accept it now?

Mr. B. J. Lang has returned from a tour in Europe, which we doubt not has passed both agreeably and profitably to himself. His many friends are glad to welcome him home again.

PROFESSIONAL VOCALISTS.—The churchwarden of the church in the diocese of Ripon, England, has written a long reply to the letter of the bishop of Ripon published in our last justifying the employment of professional singers in churches, on four grounds: 1. The custom in cathedrals. 2. The requirements in the Book of Common Prayer. 3. The ordinary practice of announcing, on special occasions, particular preachers. 4. The difficulties which churchwardens experience in obtaining the funds which are required for the repair of churches, etc. The bishop answers at length, adhering to his previous opinion, and points out the difference between a regular choir and a professional singer. He says: "You are mistaken in supposing it is the custom to announce that professional singers will take part in cathedral services. Each cathedral has its own staff of singers, who are trained to the practice of music, and to whom devolve mainly the due performance of the musical portions of the service. I am not aware of any instance in which professional singing has been advertised as an attraction to bring persons to attend cathedral service. The practice is in reality indefensible. It is derogatory to the honor of God; it is at variance with the spirit of your Church service; it is fraught with many evils. Its tendency is to degrade our churches to the level of the concert-room; to make persons lose sight of the real ends of public worship, and in their admiration of musical talent to forget that we meet in the Lord's house for united prayer, united praise, and in order that our souls may be fed with the wholesome food of God's holy word and sacraments. When a parish is blessed with an active and laborious minister of Christ, in season and out of season abounding in his Master's work, preaching to his people both by word and example, and showing himself "in all things a pattern of good works," I am sanguine enough to believe that such a minister will succeed to rally around him an attached and willing people, ready to uphold to the utmost of their power the due observance of our holy religion. There will be no need in such a case to employ any doubtful measures for creating an interest in behalf of the Church or her services. I am desirous to see these services upheld with the utmost propriety and efficiency. There is not a parish in the diocese in which there may not be found a sufficient number of persons competent to lead congregational singing. I think it important to cultivate the taste for music. We ought to give to God of our best; but it is no gain to the cause of religion, whenever by the introduction of highly artistic music the congregation are deprived of the privilege of joining in the praises of God; or whenever, for the sake of replenishing a churchwarden's exchequer, the season for the celebration of public worship is employed as an occasion for calling together a multitude to have their musical taste gratified by the performance of select pieces of fine music."

MUSIC OF THE REFORMERS.—The feeble rays of divine truth which broke from the mind of Wickliffe, on a dark and corrupt age, and which increased their radiance, until the deformity and impious domination of the Romish Church was broken at the Reformation, carried with them some alteration in the choral service of the Church. A more simplified style of singing was practiced by the followers of Wickliffe which was carried forward by the Hussites.

With these examples before him, Calvin gave a still greater impulse to dissent from the choral service of the Popish Church, with which, on many other accounts, it is well known he had but little sympathy. With the assistance of Theodore Beza, he introduced a new version of the Psalms set to music by Guillaume Franco, in one part only. These compositions soon became popular through all the reformed Churches.

Martin Luther from having an ear no doubt more correctly attuned to melodious sounds than those of the two foregoing celebrated men and a soul on which devotion ascended more readily on the sublime strains of devotion, retained more of the splendor of the established choral service. He composed many hymns, some of which he himself set to music; specimens of both remain to the present time. The hymn beginning, "Great God, what do I see and hear," etc., and the "Old Hundred" tune, are considered, amidst some doubts, to be of the number.

In England, many of the Reformers disapproved of the secular spirit and cumbersome ceremonies of the musical part of the Church service, and Latimer went so far as to forbid singing of any kind within the limits of his diocese.—*Hirst's Music of the Church.*

ALBANY, N. Y.—The piano factory of Boardman, Gray & Co., was burnt Sept. 16. with 150 pianos. Loss \$90,000; insured \$59,000.

PHILADELPHIA.—The *Bulletin* says of Patti's performance in *La Traviata*, in which she appeared on Monday evening of last week.

The whole of the music of the first act was exquisitely sung, and there was enough of vivacity in her acting. But it was difficult to reconcile the character of the fallen woman of the opera with the youth and innocence of the singer, and we pay a compliment to Miss Patti when we say she did not well represent Violetta. But her singing was beautiful, and at the first fall of the curtain the applause was hearty.

In the subsequent scenes of the opera the physical and dramatic deficiencies of the young artist showed themselves, and though no fault could be found with her singing, the want of force and intensity, and the inadequacy of her young and sunny face to represent the anguish and passion that the situations call for, were very obvious. With delicious singing, perfect propriety and grace in movement, and intelligence in every phrase that she uttered, Miss Patti still failed to make an impression as Violetta, although the applause, especially in the last act, was very generous. It is not to be regretted that a young artist, who is so charming in other parts, and who sings the music of Rossini, Bellini and Donizetti so much better than any other woman in the country, should not be equal to the stormy music of Verdi. With increasing years and vigor, and with some harsher experience of a world that has thus far treated her only with kindness, Miss Patti may acquire also the power and the passion essential to the proper performance of Verdi's operas. At present we prefer not to see her in them.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.—At the "Golden Eagle" we also found one whose name is a "household word" in thousands of homes on both sides of the Atlantic, Hans Christian Andersen, beloved of children, for whom he has written so many exquisite stories. M. Andersen looks to be about fifty years of age; is very tall, fair, rather thin, of very simple, gentlemanly bearing, with a long, placid, benevolent face, that seems to be always on the point of breaking into a smile, large white teeth, clear, blue, child-like eyes, light hair, and an entire absence of beard and whisker. He spends his summers—in long frock coat, lavender kid gloves, and his inseparable umbrella under his arm—in wandering leisurely through the loveliest portions of Switzerland and Italy, visiting old friends, making new ones, and filling his mind with the noblest and loveliest imagery of nature. After which he turns his steps to his northern home, and adds some new tale to the long list of charming creations which have made his name so pleasant a sound to his readers. Though one of the kindest and most affectionate of human beings, M. Andersen is not only unmarried, but is believed to have never been in love. He is a universal favorite, and his heart has been invaded and taken possession of by such numbers of appreciative and affectionate friends of both sexes, that he seems to have found it impossible to give himself up to any more exclusive sentiment. He is a great admirer of the scenery of Lake Lucerne, and comes every year to the "Golden Eagle," for whose owners he professes great regard.—*Corr. of Saturday Evening Post.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 6, 1860.

Italian Opera.

The Opera has come to us at an unfortunate season. The Presidential Election, always an exciting event, brings this year an unwonted interest. Mass meetings break out sporadically by day, while nightly processions with prismatic torches, rubber capes, sulphureous fumes, and indefatigable drums fill all our streets and penetrate to the quietest of our suburbs. A never ending rub-a-dub, from dusk on to the small hours. *Inter arma silent cantores.*

The fashionable world meanwhile acknowledges a gentle flutter of interest in the Renfrew Ball. Diamonds are re-set; antique laces are taken from perfumed cabinets; and all the resources of millinery will be employed to dazzle and bewilder. With an anticipation of an evening in the presence of royalty, and the possibility of contact with a princely hand, what belle could be content with the tame pleasure of an evening at the opera? No, Mr. Servadio, you have fallen on evil times. The shilling gallery has

been recruited for tantara clubs, and the dress-circle will glisten no more with jewels until The Event.

The season opened with *Il Poluto*, never a favorite in this city. We were not able to be present, but have been informed that it was, in mercantile phrase, a fair average performance.

"The Barber" drew a better house on Wednesday evening, although there were some appalling blank spaces, and, in consequence, breaks in the magnetic circle on which sympathetic enthusiasm runs. The melodies sparkled gaily and the whole performance went off smoothly and without jar. But that is not enough for an opera like "The Barber"; the brisk action, the laughing volubility, the *vis comica* were sadly wanting. *Figaro* requires the sprightliness of Mercury, *talaria* and all; it is not enough that he sings the music without mistakes, and follows the traditional routine of stage business. We must say, however, that Signor Ardavanni has a fine figure, a rich voice, and a good method. Signor Tamaro is a singer whose short-comings are due to Nature rather than himself. He always strives to please and generally sings well, but he rarely interests the audience; perhaps because people do not fancy a hero five and a half feet high. His *Count Almaviva* suited the general tameness that prevailed upon the stage. Signor Bellini is one of the stereotyped buffos, whose fun lies mainly in a *quasi parlando* style that is neither singing nor talking,—a hoarse jollity, like Captain Cuttle disporting through a speaking trumpet,—walking meanwhile with legs wide a-straddle, and grinning with a portentously painted visage. Funny, but not artistic. Signor Amodio as *Don Basilio* is always amusing and his occasional extravagances and English interpolations may perhaps be pardoned in a character meant to be grotesque. Miss Phillips showed little trace of her recent severe illness, and confirmed the favorable impression she made in her former appearance as *Rosina*. Her full tones were never more beautiful; her manner, though not so coquettish (it seems to us) as the character requires, was lively and engaging. Perhaps a tenor of more spirit would have brought out her reserved force and stimulated her to a more brilliant style of acting.

The orchestra was ably directed by Mr. Anschütz. On Thursday, Signor Amodio the younger was to make his debut in the rôle of *Germont* in *La Traviata*. None of the new stars up to this present writing have appeared upon the stage. We are promised two new and beautiful *prime donne* also a new opera, *La Juif*.

Musical Chit-Chat.

This evening a complimentary concert is to be given to Mr. Gilmore at the Music Hall. The orchestra will number sixty performers. We trust the benefit may be a substantial one.

The Handel and Haydn Society commenced their rehearsals last Sunday evening at Chickering's new hall. The room was very much admired both for its acoustic properties and for the simple elegance of its decorations.

Mr. Mills, the English pianist whose first appearance we chronicled some weeks ago, we hear is coming here soon, to give a series of classical concerts—partly, it is said, for the purpose of introducing the Steinway pianofortes.

We have received a letter from our correspondent the "Diastir" (too late for this number) dated at Bonn, Sept. 9th.

LYMAN W. WHEELER, a very successful teacher for several years in the West, sailed for Europe on Wednesday in the "Europa."

Mr. ZERRAHN contemplates establishing a vocal class or classes for young ladies on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. The course will begin with the rudiments and carry the pupils to reading at sight. The success of Mr. Zerrahn's vocal teaching in the Normal School seems to have given rise to this plan, which is certainly a good one and deserving of encouragement.

THE CONCERT SEASON will probably commence about the last of October. Rumors are rife of a series by the Philharmonic Society; another by Mills, the young English pianist; and the regular series by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. In case the Philharmonic Society fail to give concerts, Carl Zerrahn will offer a subscription series, as heretofore. The Handel and Haydn Society also have several novelties in the course of preparation, and there is every reason to anticipate rich and rare musical treats during the winter months.

SOBOLEWSKI, composer of an American opera in the German language, which was performed at Milwaukee last season, not without success, has lately been induced to remove from there to St. Louis, where a Philharmonic Society, under his direction, has since been established—something that was very much needed in the Babel of orchestras and brass bands, as St. Louis has been termed. The new Society starts with a fund of 15,000 dollars, contributed by citizens.

WACHTEL, the great new German tenor, of which our last week's Viennese report spoke, was formerly a hack-driver in Hamburg.

OFFENBACHS' comic operetta, "Orpheus in the lower regions," has reached the 229th representation in Paris. It was brought out first a little over a year ago. A German version of the play is now being performed in Berlin and Vienna with the same success. The comic points are mostly in the text.

BIRTHDAY ONCE IN FOUR YEARS.—Rossini was born on the 29th of February, 1792, consequently his birthday occurs but once in four years.

THE SUNDAY COURIER.—We find in the *Macon Republic* the following well-deserved notice of the *Sunday Courier* of New York. Charles F. Briggs, the editor, is one of the ablest literary men in the country. He edited Putnam's Monthly during its palmy days, and under the *soubriquet* of "Harry Franco," wrote many admirable tales and poems. "The New York *Sunday Courier* is the best and most scholarly of the Sunday journals published in the great metropolis. Its leading articles are always full of sound logic, and well written. There is also a dash of satire in its comments on public men and things, as cutting as the edge of a small sword, and much more dangerous. Our contemporary, we know, must be a pleasant, as well as a gallant gentleman, for he says so many good things of the ladies, and never touches their dresses without being spicy. All respectable people, we should think, would take the *Courier*, since it discards politics altogether."—*Home Journal*.

Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, with her husband and two children, has arrived at her native city (Stockholm), where she received a most enthusiastic welcome. The family are spending the season at a villa in the neighborhood of the city; but we believe M. and Madame Goldschmidt have made England their permanent place of residence.

A FOOLISH VIOLIN PLAYER.—The latest bit of gossip that has come to our ears, is of Wieniowski, the celebrated violin player, who may have delighted many of our readers. Previous to his marriage with

Miss Hampton, the niece of Mr. Osborn, of musical fame, he thought he would take a run of a day or two up the Rhine, not, like a wise man, waiting till he had some one to take care of him. The consequence was, that he must just take an hour's look in to see old friends at Wiesbaden, and then to pass an idle moment looking at the green table doings. But the enticements were too great for a Pole, and from a florin to forty thousand francs was a rapid step, and he came away to his bride a sadder and a wiser man, and will be able to expend a little real knowledge of the feelings of the gambler in the composition of a brilliant fantasia, entitled "Le Jeu," which, in a grand diminuendo roudade, will show the way the money went.—*Home Journal*.

The *Home Journal* says:

Lamartine has written a biographical and critical sketch of Estelle Anna Lewis, the poetess, for the *Cours de Littérature*. Alfred Montemont is translating into the French language her poems, comprising "Records of the Heart," "Child of the Sea," "Loves of the Minstrels," and "Helema, the Last of the Montezumas," a tragedy.

We wonder what the belle monde of Paris will think of the state of poetry in the United States? Could Lamartine find no better employment (in the intervals of his princely mendicancy) than the translation of poor poems?

HUMOR AND MUSIC.—When humor joins with rhythm and music, and appears in song, its influence is irresistible; its charities are countless; it stirs the feelings to love, peace, friendship, as scarce any moral agent can. The songs of Beranger are hymns of love and tenderness. I have seen great whiskered Frenchmen warbling the "bonne Veilla," "Soldats, au pas, au pas," with tears rolling down their moustaches. At a Burns festival, I have seen Scotchmen singing Burns, while the drops twinkled down their furrowed cheeks; while each rough hand was flung out to grasp its neighbors; while early scenes and sacred recollections, and dear, delightful memories of the past came rushing back at the sound of the familiar words and music, and the softened heart was full of love, and friendship, and home. Humor! if tears are the arms of gentle spirits, and may be counted, as sure they may, among the sweetest of life's charities—of kindly sensibility, and sweet, sudden emotion, which exhibits itself at the eyes, I know no such provocative as humor. It is an irresistible sympathizer; it surprises you into compassion; you are laughing and disarmed, and suddenly forced into tears.—*Thackeray*.

WORCESTER.—The Germania Band played finely at the concert last night, and drew hearty applause from a large and appreciating audience. They have always been the favorite concert band of Boston, with a large portion of the New England public, and they will always find a welcome in Worcester. They accompany the third battalion to Leominster.

CHOPIN.—He was a delicate, graceful figure, in the highest degree attractive—the whole man a mere breath—rather a spiritual than a bodily substance,—all harmony like his playing. His way of speaking, too, was like the character of his art—soft, fluctuating, murmuring. The son of a French father and of a Polish mother, in him the Romanic and Slavonic dialects were combined, as it were in one perfect harmony. He seemed, indeed, hardly to touch the piano; you might have fancied he would do quite as well without as with the instrument—you thought no more of the mechanism, but listened to flute like murmurs, and dreamed of hearing Æolian harps stirred by the ethereal breathings of the wind; and with all this—in this whole wide sphere of talents given to him alone—always obliging, modest, unexpecting! He was no pianoforte player of the modern sort; he had fashioned his art quite alone in his own way, and it was something indescribable. In private rooms as well as in concerts, he would steal quietly, unaffectedly, to the piano; was content with any kind of seat; showed at once, by his simple dress and natural demeanor, that he abhorred every kind

of grimace and quackery; and began, without any prelude, his performance. How feeling it was—how full of soul! * * When I first knew him, though far from strong, he still enjoyed good health; he was very gay, even satirical, but always with moderation and good taste. He possessed an inconceivably comic gift of mimicry, and in private circles of friends he diffused the utmost cheerfulness both by his genius and by his good spirits. * * Halle has now the best traditions of his manner.

HAYDN IN HIS OLD AGE.—You knock at the door; it is opened to you with a cheerful smile by a worthy little old woman, his housekeeper; you ascend a short flight of wooden stairs, and find in the second chamber of a very simple apartment a tranquil old man, sitting at a desk, absorbed in the melancholy sentiment that life is escaping from him, and so complete a nonentity with respect to every thing besides, that he stands in need of visitors to recall to him what he has once been. When he sees any one enter a pleasing smile appears upon his lips, a tear moistens his eyes, his countenance recovers its animation, his voice becomes clear, he recognizes his guest, and talks to him of his early years, of which he has a much better recollection than of his latter ones; you think that the artist still exists; but soon he relapses before your eyes into this habitual state of lethargy and sadness.—*Aurelian*.

MADAME MALIBRAN.—One day an intimate friend accused her of being generally too tame in the opening scenes of her characters; her reply was curious. "I look upon the heads in the pit as one great mass of wax candles; if I were to light them up all at once, they would waste and soon burn out; but by lighting gradually I obtain in time a brilliant illumination. My system is to light up the public by degrees."

Malibran has been known to undergo the wear and tear of a five hours' rehearsal, with a song at some morning concert between its pauses, and then again in the evening, half an hour after having gone through one of her exhausting parts, to be found as energetic and animated as ever at the Philharmonic or Ancient concert, and then again she would leave for some private party, where after singing with a freshness little impaired she would wind up the day's exertion, perhaps, by dancing the "Tarantella."

APOLOGUE OF JEAN-PAUL RICHTER.—One day the guardian genius of all who possess strong sensibility thus addressed Jupiter:—"Father divine! bestow on thy poor human creatures a language more expressive than any they now possess, for they have only words signifying how they suffer, how they enjoy, and how they love." "Have I not given them tears?" replied the deity,—"tears of pleasure, of pain, and the softer ones that flow from the tender passions?" The genius answered,—"O, god of men, tears do not sufficiently speak the overflowings of the heart; give, I thee supplicate, to man a language that can more powerfully paint the languishing and impassioned wishes of a susceptible soul,—the recollections, so delightful, of infancy,—the soft dreams of youth, and the hopes of another life, which mature age indulges while contemplating the last rays of the sun as they sink in the ocean;—give them, father of all! a new language of the heart." At this moment the celestial harmonies of the spheres announced to Jupiter the approach of the Muse of Song. To her the god immediately made a sign, and thus uttered his behests:—"Descend on earth, O Muse, and teach mankind thy language." And the Muse of Song descended to earth, taught us her accents, and from that time the heart of man has been able to speak.

A FEW QUESTIONS FOR INTELLIGENT MUSICIANS.—May not a bar of very exultant music be called a crow-bar?

In what bank are the eight notes you talk of raising?

Is an air called a "strain" on account of the labor of performing it?

Can you do a good turn in a natural way?

Is not the influence of flats rather depressing in hot weather?

Is there necessarily anything green about a pastoral symphony?

Are agricultural youths partial to the hautboy?

Can a French horn intoxicate?

Could you open a musical entertainment without the key?

Musical Miscellany.

TEACH YOUR CHILDREN MUSIC.—You will stare at a strange notion of mine; if it appears even a mad one, do not wonder. Had I children, my utmost endeavors should be to make them musicians. Considering I have no ear, nor ever thought of music, the preference seems odd, and yet it is embraced on frequent reflection. In short, madam, as my aim would be to make them happy, I think it the most probable method. It is a resource which will last them their lives, unless they grow deaf; it depends upon themselves, not on others; always amuses and soothes, if not consoles; and of all fashionable pleasures, is the cheapest. It is capable of fame without the danger of criticism—is susceptible of enthusiasm without being priest-ridden; and, unlike other mortal passions, is sure of being gratified in Heaven.—*Horace Walpole.*

A POPULAR BOOK.—One hundred and thirty-five thousand copies of the "Golden Wreath," a volume of songs for children, schools, &c. have been sold. This sale is unprecedented in the music-book trade, no work having ever reached that number within the same period of time. A new book, similar in character, entitled "The Nightingale," seems inclined to follow in the footsteps of its illustrious predecessor.

SINGING AT SIGHT.—In 1741, Handel, proceeding to Ireland, was detained for some days at Chester, in consequence of the weather. During this time, he applied to Mr. Baker, the organist, to know whether there were any choir men in the Cathedral who could sing at sight, as he wished to prove some books that had been hastily transcribed, by trying the choruses. Mr. Baker mentioned some of the best singers in Chester, and, among the rest, a printer of the name of Janson, who had a good bass voice, and was one of the best musicians in the choir. A time was fixed for this private rehearsal at the Golden Falcon, where Handel had taken up his residence; when, on trial of the chorus in the Messiah,

"And with his stripes we are healed,"

poor Janson, after repeated attempts, failed completely. Handel got enraged, and after abusing him in five or six different languages, exclaimed in broken English, "You scoundrel, tit not you dell me dat you could sing at soite?" "Yes, sir," said the printer, "and so I can, but not at first sight."

APPRECIATED.—The numerous applications for Ditson & Co.'s extensive catalogue of sheet music and books indicates a just appreciation of their offer to mail it free to any address. The catalogue is the largest in this country, and its admirable classification of musical publications renders it exceedingly valuable.

SACRED MUSIC.—At first it was a whisper among the lowly in the dwellings of the poor. Stealthily it afterwards was murmured in the palace of the Cæsars. In the dead night, in the depths of the catacombs, it trembled in subdued melodies filled with the love of Jesus. At length the grand cathedral arose, and the stately spire; courts and arches echoed, and pillars shook with the thunder of the majestic organ, and choirs sweetly attuned, joined their voices in all the moods and measures of the religious heart, in its most exalted, most profound, most intense experience put into lyrical expression. I know that piety may reject, may repel this form of expression, still these sublime ritual harmonies cannot but give the spirit that sympathizes with them, the sense of a mightier being. But sacred music has power without a ritual. In the rugged hymn, which connects itself, not alone with immortality, but also with the memory of brave saints, there is power. There is power in the hymn in which our father's joined. Grand were those rude psalms which once arose amidst the solitudes of the Alps.

Grand were those religious songs, sung in brave devotion by the persecuted Scotch, in the depths of their moors and their glens. The hundredth psalm, rising in the fullness of three thousand voices up into the clear sky, broken among rocks, prolonged and modulated through valleys, softened over the surface of mountain-guarded lakes, had a grandeur and a majesty, contrasted with which mere art is poverty and meanness. And while thus reflecting on sacred music, we think with wonder on the Christian Church—on its power and on its compass. Less than nineteen centuries ago, its first hymn was sung in an upper chamber of Jerusalem; and those who sung it were quickly scattered. And now the Christian hymn is one that never ceases—one that is heard in every tongue; and the whisper of that upper chamber is now a chorus that fills the world.—*Rev. Henry Giles.*

A GEM FOR SOCIETIES AND CLUBS.—"The Operatic Bouquet."—Mr. Bruce has prepared this book in a manner highly creditable, and fully satisfactory to the hundreds of societies and private clubs of musical amateurs who have long wanted a collection of the kind. It will be one of the leading books of the season.

DR. JOHNSON.—The late Dr. Johnson's ear, in respect of the power of appreciating musical sounds, was remarkably defective; nevertheless, he possessed a sense of propriety in harmonic composition that gave him an unconquerable distaste to all unmeaning flourish and rapidity of execution. Being one night at a concert where an elaborate and florid concerto on the violin was performed, after it was over, he asked a gentleman who sat near him what it meant. The question somewhat puzzled the amateur, who could only say, that it was very difficult. "Difficult!" answered the learned auditor, "I wish to God it had been impossible."

De Lisle wrote his immortal Marsellaise Hymn, music and words, in a single night of excitement; Rossini, the famous *Di Tanti Palpit* in a restaurant while waiting for his maccheroni; Mozart, the overture of *Don Giovanni* during a few hours of midnight, while his dear Constance, in order to keep him awake, had to ply him with punch, and tell him fairy tales and odd stories, which made him laugh till the tears came; and his opera, *La Clemenza di Tito*, he commenced in his travelling carriage, and completed in eighteen days. Bellini composed one of the most exquisite arias in *La Norma*, as he wandered in a fit of deep melancholy through a masquerade ball room.

THE VIOLIN A PERFECT INSTRUMENT.—It would appear that the violin is a perfect instrument, since, although more than two hundred and fifty years have transpired since its origin in Italy, and countless attempts have been made to improve upon its construction, it not only remains without material change, but connoisseurs esteem the oldest specimens of the greatest value—especially those made by the brothers Amati, and by Stradivarius, at Cremona, about the year 1650.

LABLACHE was born at Naples in 1792. He was at one time one of the most popular buffo actors in Italy, and would have passed his life as such but for the persuasions of his wife, who urged him to a career of more extended labors. As one of the results of his efforts we have "Lablache's Method of Singing," one of the most popular and meritorious systems of vocal instruction in use.

All nature's full of music: The summer bower
Respondeth to the songster's morning lay.
The bee his concert keeps from flower to flower,
As forth he sallies on his honied way;
Brook calls to brook, as down the hills they stray;
The isles resound with song, from shore to shore,
Whilst viewless minstrels on the wings that play,
Consorted streams in liquid measures pour,
To thunder's deep ton'd voice, or ocean's sullen roar.

Special Notices.

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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- I think of love and thee. *J. L. Hatton.* 25
A very pleasing parlor song.
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A fireside-song in this author's easy and agreeable style.
- Lovely Lillie Dee. Song & Chorus. *F. Wilson.* 25
A capital song of its kind, likely to become popular.
- Yes or no. *Stephen Glover.* 25
The air of this little song is pretty and lively and will be liked by young singers.
- Good night. (Cradle Song.) *A. Reichardt.* 25
A beautiful song in the German style, by the composer of the much admired ballad "Thou art so near and yet so far."

- Hushed are the winds. *H. von Benzon.* 25
A pretty song, which, in a young lady's musicfolio, would not likely be passed over.
- Mother, dear, I'm thinking of you. With Guitar accompaniment. *Ordway.* 25

- Make me no gaudy chaplet. With Guitar accompaniment. *"Lucrezia Borgia."* 25

- Joe Hardy. With Guitar accomp. *C. J. Dorn.* 25
Now made accessible for the first time to those who use the guitar as an instrument to accompany the voice. The arrangements are simple.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 445.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 13, 1860.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

To Laura at the Piano.

TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER BY CLAUDE ROHAN.

When thy white hand o'er the ivory dances,
Writing on the keys thy heart's romances,
Soul-less, statue-like I stand.
Thou hast power o'er the dead and living;
While thy brain those gorgeous chords is weaving,
Dead ideas waken—
From memory's charnel taken,
And living thoughts are lost on the Cocytus' strand.

Reverent and slow the breeze is soaring,
Listening to thy soul's outpouring.
Fettered to thy softly-purling
Song, for ever round thee whirling,
Listening natures must be quiet
And drink in thy joy-songs riot.
Sorceress as thou charm'st one by thy glance,
So thou charm'st them by thy fingers' dance.

From the strings emnate, (as from their heaven
Seraphs fair and young,)
Soulful harmonies; and space is riven
By this sensual throng.

As the suns,—escaped from chaos' mighty arm,
And moulded by creation into form—
Rose, sparkling, from their cradle night,
So flows thy song's bewitching might.

Sweetly now, as chrysal wavelets tinkle
When thy golden pebbles oversprinkle,
Grandly then as nature's moans,
As the thunder's organ tones,
Madly now flowing, like the foam-footed torrent
When it rushes and leaps from the rocks high and horrent
Soft and subdued
Fawningly tender now,
As through the aspen-wood
Caressing winds blow,

Sadder now, thereby a tearful sobbing,
Like the night winds through the Tartarus throbbing,
Where the ceaseless cries of woe
On the Cocytus' tear-waves flow.
Maiden! placing on thy word reliance,
Tell me, art thou not with higher spirits in alliance?
Is not this the language given
To the denizens of heaven?
Cincinnati, Sept. 1860.

The Diarist Abroad.

UTILE ET DULCE.

[Had you stood—a little more than a month ago, —to be exact, August 3, about 7 o'clock, P. M.,—just outside the railroad station-house in Munich, near the cab stand, you might have seen emerging from one of the doors, a rather short and stout individual—several inches too short and thick to be mistaken for an Apollo—with a gray felt travelling cap on his head, and a straw broad brim in his hand, a bushy, whitening beard covering the south side of his face, an armful of shawl and extra coat, and two black travelling bags and an umbrella. It rained. This individual was the D——!]

He had come that afternoon from Salzburg, upon that magnificent railroad that skirts the great Bavarian plains and affords such exquisite views of the Alps through nearly its whole extent.

At the moment when our tale opens he had refused to employ a cab to carry him the few rods which intervened between the Station and the Stackus Inn, and was proposing to a laboring man, to take his bags and lead him to the Gast-haus. How he found the Stackus full—where he had spent so pleasant an eight days in 1851—and three other inns—and at last put up with a room in the new part of the Bamberger-hof, the undried plaster of which still dripped,

—how he ate fish and then went into the great beer hall of the inn and made ethnological observations— and how at last he rolled himself in his shawl, before he trusted himself to the tender mercies of the damp bed—all this and the like, we pass over.

It was hardly light when the D—— arose, and made ready to take the 5 A. M., train which was to bring him to Frankfort on the Main, at nine in the evening. It appears from the documents furnished us by the individual in question, that he found a great crowd of people pressing to the ticket office; that he and a strange gentleman waited until the crowd was less and reached the window at the same moment; that the stranger, whose baggage was already delivered, handed out the exact price of his ticket in Bavarian silver, a portion of which was in small pieces; whereupon the ticket seller, pushed it back, exclaiming in a rude tone, "I have no time to count it," and refused the ticket! Our hero, thereupon with misgivings offered the only money he had, Prussian bank notes—and a ticket was also refused him. The train was off. Four hours to wait and a night to spent on the road—pleasant prospect. The ticket man caught it, from the Russian, for such the stranger proved to be. The two companions in misfortune became acquainted and the D——, learned that his new friend was a large landed proprietor and Russian Senator.

Our hero undertook a long walk, but was driven back to the station by rain. The Russian invited him to visit the Schwanthaler Studio, where he had recently purchased one of Hautmann's beautiful statues for his seat in Russia. A welcome invitation.

The Studio—now the Schwanthaler Museum—a large rambling collection of rather rudely built rooms and halls, contains the models of most—perhaps all the great works of that master; the grand head of the Bavaria; colossal Goethes, Mozarts, Jean Pauls and others; kings, princes, warriors, artists.

But what interested the D—— most, was Sculptor Hautmann himself—a man in the best years, with a fine, noble head, and singularly modest and retiring. He spoke of his own works only in reply to the questions, which their beauty forced from his visitors. Two fine models of female figures, size of life, together with a remark made by the D——, in relation to Hautmann's knowledge of the English tongue, led to a story, which he told with a slightly sarcastic smile playing round his mouth, of an immensely wealthy English Mæcenas for whom he had wrought them in marble. The risk of breaking them was so great, that he went to England and finished them there. This risk he must bear himself—for if the statues were not delivered and placed upon their pedestals uninjured, Mæcenas would not have them nor pay him a penny for his labor. Mæcenas saw in the artist evidently, but the stonecutter and the pecuniary results corresponded to this idea. The D—— was reminded of the rich New Yorker, who guessed "that sculptor had ris'."

It was pleasant to hear Hautmann speak of Crawford's Works; especially of the Washington and the accompanying statues, and of the Beethoven, which, though as a portrait might as well be called by a dozen other names, yet as an ideal statue of a great musical artist, is magnificent. He exhibited some models and works half completed in marble—funereal monuments—destined for America; and wrought a few minutes upon a group of children, reclining in

a shallow vase-like basket, that his visitors might see the *modus operandi*. Altogether it was a pleasant hour and made up in some measure for the rudeness of the railroad official.

The D—— was in too great haste to reach Frankfort, to remain in Munich, and parting with the friendly Russian—who assured him that all difficulties were gradually disappearing in the emancipation of the serfs, and that his Czar would carry this great measure through—he proceeded onward to Bamberg, where he spent the night.

Next day, via Würzburg, per railroad, to Frankfort, and to the inn, "Stadt Darmstadt," which is as small, and neat, and clean, and pleasant, as it was, when Rev. J. A., who recommended it so highly, was there five years ago.

A busy week here; the forenoons mostly with Schindler, the Biographer of Beethoven—indeed two or three of the afternoons also. These long interesting, and exciting conversations, confirmed the visitor in the opinion at different times recorded in this Journal, that the so much abused Schindler, however much mistaken in many minor points in his book, owing to insufficient data, and to the errors of correspondents, is a perfectly honest writer, and fired with a love and veneration for Beethoven's memory, which seems to increase with advancing age—for Schindler is now a man of sixty-five years. He has a good memory—for he recognized in the D——, his visitor of 1854, and enquired about Homer and other Americans, whom he had seen at various times.

Schindler declares that nobody plays Beethoven's works now in the style of the composer himself, and the players of his time, whom he instructed. This *must* be so; for nobody now executes in his manner. Hawkins—is it not?—says, that when Handel played on organ or harpsichord, he held his hands so still that a guinea would not slip from them; this was Bach's, Mozart's and Beethoven's manner. How can the modern mode of tossing the hands, as if playing with balls, bring out the effects produced by those masters? Other effects, perhaps as good, but the effects which they intended in their music—is not that doubtful? Would it not be well for some good pianist to examine into this matter?

From Frankfort to Bonn, where after a busy season, the D—— at length writes us as follows:—]

—
BONN, Sept. 8th, et seq. 1860.

I came down the Rhine from Mayence the other day, or rather two days, for I stopped one night in Coblenz. On the boat I met Carl Formes, who must now be with you again, for he told me that he was to sail for America on the first of September.

It is six years since I was last on the Rhine. Alas, they are spoiling it! The railroad on the left bank from Cologne to Mayence has been long finished, and another on the right bank, is drawing near completion. The shores are thus gradually becoming as stiff and uniform all the way as those of a canal. They are spoiling the Rhine—that is, just as you spoil a magnificent savage from the far West by civilizing him and dressing him up in swallow-tailed coat and stove-pipe hat.

So much the better for trade and business, I know; your civilized savage has far more wants

to be supplied by the trader, than the savage who still knows nothing of rum and religion.

Ten years ago the stream here and there could still undermine and carry away its banks; many of the little towns and villages, brooding in their nests between the river and the hills, which now show a thousand unmistakable marks of modern improvement, in new buildings of all sorts, promenades with rows of young trees, and the like, then looked so old and tumble-down, so neglected, sleepy and lazy, and sent out so strong a—say perfume, that Father Rhine held his nose as he rushed by—as to carry an American irresistibly back into the far legendary past and change for him a mere tramp on the Rhine into a journey in the middle ages. That is what we want, is it not? We can see enough of the New in the new world—indeed a vast deal so very new as to be worse than worthless—but when we visit Europe we ask the Old. We wish to see *the* Europe of which we have read all our lives.

When Paul Flemming stopped his coach and went up the ascent to Stolzenfels, the old ruined castle preached him a sermon, not over and above comprehensible, upon a Bishop of ancient time and his homunculus; now you find there a marvellously trim castle “with all the modern improvements,” and the man or woman who shows you about, describes this and that, shows you the sword of Napoleon, (a trophy of Waterloo), and at last astonishes and awes the auditor by the momentous information that in *this* room—this particular room—Queen Victoria slept in 1845! He does not tell you, though you may very likely hear it in Coblenz, that Victoria (the wife, not the Queen), kept her Albert here shut up for a time, away from the danger of prettier eyes than her own—which is probably a joke or a piece of scandal;—nor does he tell of the homunculus. There by Bingen, too, Bishop Hatto's Mouse tower, which used to have such a fine, old, decayed ruined look, all neglected on its island, has been renovated and looks as trim as a peasant girl in so tight a bodice that she can hardly breathe, and her hair tied back so fast that she can't shut her eyes.

Tall red brick chimnies of manufactories are increasing in number, until they bid fair to become the feature in the landscape, and reduce old doujon keeps and curious watch-towers to quite a secondary place. There is one comfort, though; many of the ruins are upon such barren, bare, God-forsaken pinnacles of rock, that they can never pay for modernizing; nor do I see how they can be made of any pecuniary value, unless some German, who has been in America, should have gained acuteness enough to buy them, surround them with a wall and charge twenty-five cents admission.

For the people who live here, they are *not* spoiling the Rhine; the peasants and laboring classes, have higher wages, and are better educated, fed and clothed than ever before. We are the sufferers, we who travel in search of picturesque antiquity. Is not a squalid, half starved, ragged, dirty beggar, a thousand times better subject for Barry, the artist, than you or I, ruddy from good beef and in our “Sunday” suits?

In Coblenz I asked young Wegeler about the man in the custom house, whilom the topic of a confab between Paul Flemming and his coachman.

“He is not on the custom house,” said he,

“but the Kauffhaus”—which proved to be a building, wherein are offices connected with the markets. It stands with the rear based upon the town wall, by the river Moselle, not far below the bridge, and fronts upon a market-place. Rising from the cave above, the main entrance is a low clock tower, and under this protrudes a large face and head of iron, wearing a helmet. The eyes are turned to one side, so that your own almost ache from sympathy; and this, with the great mouth and the huge black beard, make him look grim enough. It is only at noon that the head gives signs of life; so, next day, as noon approached, I *happened* to be taking a walk in that quarter, and found myself before the Kauffhaus a minute or two before the time. Two or three children of smaller, and two of us of larger growth, were the visitors to the man on the Kauffhaus that day. Small notice *he* took of us! His eyes were as fixed as ever in their side-ward glance. Giant Grim himself could not look grimmer. Did he await an enemy or a friend from that quarter? Was it fear or hope, that I read in his face?

The children of smaller growth made no secret of it, that the man on the Kauffhaus was what they “had come out for to see”; but we two put on such an extraordinary air of being innocent of all knowledge of and curiosity in regard to the distinguished personage under the clock tower, that doubtless there was “loud smiling” behind fifty windows at our expense.

There!—down goes the great under jaw, and, with the boom of the bell again flies upward. Twelve times the clock strikes, and twelve times the man on the Kauffhaus wags his black beard; but he never turns his eyes, nor speaks one word.

The steamboat, favored by the swift current, flew past the island of Nonnenwerth and Roland's (not R. Litchfield's) corner, on the left, than the Drachenfels or Dragon Rock, with the other of the Seven Mountains, on the right, and Bonn was before us, some three miles away seen across plain and river. A few minutes more and the boat was moored at the landing, and I once again trod the narrow streets of my first German home.

No Grande Hotel Royale, or costly Stern for me, but a quiet room in the Swan, Honecker's inn, where I can write and read undisturbed, and of an evening see, sipping their wine and playing cards for stakes of one and two cents, the same faces, now something older, it is true, that congregated at the same tables for the same purposes eleven years ago. Some have disappeared, new ones are added to list of regular guests; but enough of the same well known faces are there, to make me doubt as I draw up a chair to the table, whether since 1849 more than two or three weeks have elapsed.

Round the corner in Achter Strasse I find changes. Where I formerly lodged, father, mother and one brother have gone to the grave, the others are scattered, and strange faces only are to be seen.

But the town itself—how it has grown, and how it is still growing. Within the old walls the changes are principally in the rearing of new houses upon the narrow sites of the old; but beyond, splendid private dwellings, some of palatial extent with noble gardens and pleasure grounds,

are giving a new aspect to the town, as one looks down from the Kreuz or the Venus berg.

In fact, if change and improvement go on at the rate in which I have observed them during two years past, from the North Sea to the Danube, from Vienna to Cologne, the American traveller in a generation or two, will hardly find a nook or corner in which he can find himself transported back into the past. One of the greatest of jokes even now is to read in Congressional speeches and July orations of “effete and decaying Europe,” when single States of our own Union can show more of the effete and the decaying, than all Central Europe!

This little city, Bonn, heavily taxed as it is for State purposes, has spent some \$50,000 in widening the narrow, dirty passage, which six years ago separated the wall from the river, into a broad, handsome promenade and landing place, with walks and shade trees. “Effete decaying Europe” has always an eye and the money for the beautiful. Besides the two fine public promenades, back of the town, planted with quadruple rows of magnificent chestnuts, beeches and lindens, hundreds of acres of wooded land upon the heights a mile away, where one can get solitude, shade and exquisite views of river and mountain, are secured to the public for its enjoyment and benefit forever. I venture to say that the thirty-five to forty thousand people of Bonn and its neighboring villages, have a larger provision of promenades and parks than the three hundred thousand of Boston and vicinity.

“Well, suppose they have,” say you. “What then?”

Oh, nothing—nothing at all, only this:—if every little city can afford to give its poor such extensive pleasure grounds, and spend such sums to make them attractive, I pray you, the next time you make a political harangue, to be a little careful how you talk about Europe, lest you be heartily laughed at by some German or Frenchman, who happens to know that about the only provisions for the enjoyment of the poor, made by several generations of Americans, were cheap preaching and cheap rum. Moreover, don't boast too much of Boston and Cambridge commons.

Mem. To hint to the first old bachelor millionaire who asks me what he shall do with his money, that he leave it to trustees for two purposes, viz., the purchase of Corey's hill and neighboring grounds for a public park, and the establishment of an annual series of grand concerts, alternating with the Lowell lectures.

As I have nothing else musical to write about let us ride this hobby horse a little.

Fancy the fund established and in the hands of the trustees for the “Lowell Concerts.” How is its income to be appropriated?

Why not establish a Conservatory or musical college?

Simply, because our first object is to effect a general culture and improvement of the public taste. This will in the end secure a musical college, as the general diffusion of knowledge has brought with it better schools, public libraries and stated meetings of all kinds for the advancement of science. No, the fund is given, and is to be employed only, for concerts.

The directors, of whom a part are musicians by profession, and who are partly changed every year, are left free to decide what these concerts

shall be, save that they must provide for an annual series of vocal and instrumental performances of music of various epochs and schools so arranged as to deserve the name of "historical concerts." These performances are to be illustrated by a lecture, or by carefully prepared programmes. They are also to provide for one, two or three annual productions of new works, by native composers, beyond this the appropriation of the fund is left to their wisdom and taste. If they see fit to purchase and distribute—in some manner that shall exclude favoritism—five hundred tickets to the performance of an oratorio or of an opera in the English language so much the better, or if they devote a handsome sum toward the maintenance of a really full band to play upon the Common evenings, none the worse.

Different boards of directors will naturally have different views, and thus, one year with another, variety will be secured; while the old church, dramatic, and instrumental music of the historic concerts will form a basis for a wide and general musical culture.

I see in fancy one board of directors, whose efforts are directed mainly to grand productions of church music and oratorio; another whose labors and influence form an epoch in the history of English opera—or opera in English—as you will; a third which places orchestral performances upon a new and very grand footing; a fourth which has developed new musical resources in the schools; and so on.

I look forward a few years and see the Music Hall crowded to its utmost capacity, for several days in May, and when I enquire what is the reason of the concourse, am told, to-day the four prize symphonies are to be given, to-morrow the prize cantatas are to be sung, and the day after come the miscellaneous compositions of our young composers.

And in what does the prize consist?

In a stipendium after the European manner which enables the successful candidates to spend two or three years in study, at home or abroad as he will.

And who are all these performers?

The orchestra is the splendid company which has gradually grown up since the foundation of the Lowell concerts. The singers are in part our fine English opera company, in part members of our old Handel and Haydn Society, in part from the schools, and in part, and a very valuable part, the choir of our musical college.

* * * * *

"Herr T. Herr T."

"Well, what?"

"Mittagessen." [Dinner is ready.]

T.—Bless me! and so I am in Bonn, in 1860—and not in Boston, sixty years hence! 'Twas a pleasant ride on the hobby, though!

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Confessions of a Musical Soul.

(From the posthumous papers of a Moravian Sister.)

(Continued from page 219.)

In an earlier stage of our community, when it existed as such in its fullest sense, all the forms of life, worship and labor being made a common impulse, and tending to a certain end, little room was allowed for romantic attachments or the growth of the poesy of love, that forms a constituent of all female autobiography. Strange as it may seem to the world at large, where the mere

embellishments of life, and the vanities of romance form such an engrossing element of all pursuit and action, where the history of marriage is always a drama fraught with incident, excitement and tragedy—in our diminutive world partners for life are chosen not by, but for each other.

Equally strange will it appear, when told, that in these apparently blindfold engagements in which the happiness of all the coming future was at stake, there was but seldom a shipwreck of the heart or a blight of all those early hopes which, from childhood to maturity, form the perpetual dream of our existence. Excess of intellect, which some suppose to be an anomaly, of passion, of feeling, are the usual drawbacks of wedded life; and these elements of discord find more indulgence in luxurious ease than in a rugged and homely simplicity.

What the interior of wedded life proved to be in all its details, no Moravian auto-biography has ever disclosed. Nor have the diaries left behind ever shown that man and woman were bound in unwilling fetters. Like the overture which is a characteristic of the whole piece, the precedents of marriage were characteristic of the whole life's performance. Commencing, not in enthusiasm, which derives its chief nurture from the fiction of worldly happiness, but in what at once gave eclat to the men and women of the day I refer to, a total negation of egotism; the true Moravian marriage was not grounded on a love of self.

The divine being, under the impersonation of brother and bridegroom, was the absorbing thought of life, and to convey his personality among those who had never heard the name of Christ uttered was the leading idea, under which the whole Zinzendorfian creed, worship and activity had sprung up.

But to make trial of the destiny that might await me, and which this apparently singular institution of submitting to authority in the choice of husband and wife rendered still more problematical, never fell to my lot. My musical resources never forsook me; I had commenced my education in song, by the simple cultivation of the Moravian hymn and the tone-poetry of the classical composers of the last and present century; and when, more recently, new styles of musical thought were awakened among composers whose name is legion, I attempted, with how much skill I will not pretend to say, to warm myself into their beauties and intricacies. For those who write and labor for the future, and not for the present, and instead of taking man as he is, think for him when he shall have cast aside his present material predilections and become a more spiritualized thing of earth, I could never find any sympathy.

As in all modern intellectual poetry contrived in the most ingenious forms and glossed over with the superficial polish of art, its truest beauty is derived from these occasional passages of heart-poetry that are wont here and there to find an outlet; so in the most vague, dreamy and philosophical music of our day heart-melody is never entirely suppressed, although often dimly perceived amid the mists of instrumentation.

Is the present then a mere variation of the past? and is the theme which beat within the bosoms of the old composers always throbbing within that of every living tone-thinker? Ho-

mer wrote for all ages and so did Mozart. Those simple themes of the word and tone-poet never seem dull to the ear, even when the love of so-called scientific music has run its course.

Although addicted to reading in almost any department of literature, my parent, perceiving my strong musical bent, endeavored to foster it by leading me away from intense study; as he believed that nothing was more fatal to the growth and development of tone-poetry within us than strong intellectual exercise. He held that the finest musical organization was easily disturbed, its ethereal imaginings dispelled, by allowing the mind to be perplexed by the stern logical facts of life, or the thinking faculty to come into conflict with our musical instincts.

Zinzendorf's lyrics themselves, though a model for all sacred poets, and replete with the finest Christian imagery, are studied rather as an act of elevation rather than for their intrinsic literary merits, and I had recourse to the German and English poets, whenever I felt inclined to indulge in that species of fiction wherein words and rhythm supply the place of tone. The poetical gift was a characteristic of many of the Moravian women of a primitive day. In addition to an almost universal proclivity for music, they adopted the style of Zinzendorf and communed with the object of their adoration in verses of their own composition. Many of these are extant, and are forcible evidences of their living faith and their entire devotion to the theme of superhuman love sacrifice and atonement.

As this older school passed away, studies more literary and classical took the place of that entire consecration of thought to one engrossing subject; the mind became emancipated from its morbidly devotional condition, and more alive to what was transpiring in the actualities of life and the general progress of human thought. Fiction, therefore, in prose and poetry, was moderately indulged in by our people. Our very history was a romance embracing the material that makes up many an exciting tale; that furnishes biography with its most interesting traits of truthful sacrifice, disinterested heroism, philanthropic love, geniality of temper. Our stage of action was the whole surface of the globe. In the offices of humanity, our transactions with man extended to every condition of civilization.

But from the paucity of those among us who were engaged in literary pursuits, nearly every one being employed either in the work of the Gospel or the instruction of the schools, few fictions were ever attempted based on this romance of Moravianism. Zinzendorf was sometimes made the subject of an idealism; his life, trials and adventures have been embodied in a little tale, written with all the artlessness of the old tone of Moravian thought; but of all those ardent, devoted and marvellous spirits whose lives were spent under the same impulses of good will to men, no literary portrait worthy of the character and subject it might have personified, has ever been handed down. As a literary topic for the world at large, it had too little worldliness in it to make it attractive, but to the heart grown up within the abodes of that beautiful religious system of poesy, music and sacred symbolism the subject has ready access and admission. In all efforts of fiction, having for their object the portrayal of an inner Moravian life, the vicissitudes of the people, their reverses and misfor-

tunes throughout centuries of time, a religious tone must necessarily reign throughout, which to the mere reader of profane poesy but rarely possesses that charm he is naturally in quest of.

In the great work of philanthropy which gave character to our history, the cause of education was a marked feature. In most of our European and American villages schools were established, which, for a whole century, have been the cradle of many a fine mental structure among both sexes, and the retrospect of such individuals as they return in memory to the old precincts of an early parental love that hovered over them as they gathered the fruits of elementary training, is filled with pensive and grateful joy.

Among others selected for the grave office of instruction, I was chosen to watch the growth and budding of the youth placed under my charge, and in this responsible vocation I had an ample opportunity, in common with my contemporaries, to test myself and gather those convictions in regard to my idiosyncrasy which the grand experiment of practical life forces upon us.

In this sphere of activity, the sounds of music were scarcely ever lulled; the piano, the guitar, the harp and voice were in constant requisition, and we lived amid the associations of tone; of a never-ceasing sighing of notes; amid a sea of song whose waves never subsided. In our schools in this country strenuous efforts are ever made to conduct the youthful pupil amid these idyllic scenes of pleasing rhythm and the simple melodious flow which characterized the earlier German tone-poets. In many instances where a departure from popular feeling gave rise to finer culture and preserved a choice musical nature from falling, the influence of the only true music we possess prevailed, and many genial spirits left these schools filled with the elementary principles of all that is good and really beautiful in the deep, the sublime, the limitless world of tone.

Many, on the other hand, were led astray by the monotonous fascinations of the Italian school and by the thousand forms of ballet music, under-rate its modern ornamentation of the polka, galop, and those oscillatory movements of tone composition, which demand no inventive powers, no Beethoven faculty, but are a simple product of the most elementary condition of musical feeling.

With the aid of a knowledge of thorough-bass, I was enabled to devote many hours to original composition, and in giving such vent to my musical inclinations, I was ever discovering some new form or image of unseen beauty, called into being by those chords of harmony that occasionally suffer an alliance with discord, in order to show forth more strongly and vividly their own tone colors. Yet in familiarizing one's self with the works of a classic school of music, many groupings and successions of sounds rise up before us, which would seem to belong to our own imagination and leave no claims for purely original thought. Paradoxical as this may seem, we shall find by analysis, that with means differing so little in themselves, such widely different results should be produced. I was often led to compare my essays at composition with the amusement of the Chinese puzzle, where an endless riddle is at work to disclose new designs of a mathematical beauty, which pleases because it solves a problem of art. Such a puzzle, in its application to music, I found to be exhaustless, and in all my attempts

at new forms, I discovered every new arrangement led to another as yet undiscovered by minds who had gone before me, and whenever a leisure hour would allow me to indulge in these congenial recreations, I proceeded to place before my mind some new figure of tone. In speaking thus of my own efforts at composition, I will probably be looked upon as an exception to the rule, which, from some obscure psychological law, renders it rare and unusual for woman to originate musical thought. Successful as she is in interpreting the conceptions of others, both through the instrument and voice, she rarely assumes the province of composer or imposes upon her emotions the task of invention. This problem is still more difficult to solve, when we bear in mind how conspicuous a stand she takes in pictorial art; not only by copying the designs of others, but by expressing her own views of nature with those impassioned means which the pencil places within her power. Of this riddle I never discovered a satisfactory solution; an inference drawn from it was, that the faculty of design in painting was essentially different from that of musical invention, and that although an equal exuberance of feeling takes place in either situation, the composer's genius must embrace elements of mental vigor which are peculiar to man.

To the pleasure I enjoyed in raising up before me these musical structures, I never added the labor of committing anything to writing. Many new discoveries were, therefore, lost and rendered irrecoverable, except when the memory treasured up little *morceaux*, that clung to it as the image of the wild flower had done before I had formed my attachment to art.

But I was never willing to admit, as many will have, that the simple heart-themes of the old masters had become obsolete. To me those artless forms of tone thought possessed the most intense and enduring beauty, and they always came up before me as the day dream of childhood is re-awakened and dreamt over again, when age invests it with new charms, and revives a lost picture for our study and perusal.

In the old and stereotyped themes of the Germans, in common with the Italian school, we find a large admixture of the plaintive element, traceable not only in the song, but in a marked degree in the language of the Teutonic and Italian races; and all airs wherein plaintive thought arises excite a ready sympathy, as often as the soul allows its chords to lose their tension, and those vibrations between hope and fear, in which we may sometimes be said to live, display themselves. By many of my pupils this plaintive subject was preferred, and was looked upon as an exclusive beauty in music; but wherever such a preference was too strongly shown, I strove to modify it and give a tincture of healthy feeling to that youthful taste which is easily led astray.

(To be continued.)

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

L'Enlevement du Serail.

"L'Enlevement du Sérail" (and not *du* Serail, as given in the bills of the Théâtre Lyrique, which is an absurdity) holds in the works and career of Mozart a place of far different importance from that of Abou Hassan in Weber's. Mozart wrote this delicious chef d'œuvre at Vienna, in 1782, and it has been played ever since in all the German theatres. Mozart was then twenty-six, and not seventeen, as the

critics have said who we should have supposed would have been better informed of facts so universally known. Independently of two or three operas composed in his early youth in Italy, Mozart wrote *Idoménée* in 1780 at Munich, a chef d'œuvre from which the Conservatoire has given so many admirable selections. "L'Enlevement du Sérail" and the "Flûte Enchantée," written in the year 1791, are the only operas composed by Mozart in the German language. The libretto of "L'Enlevement" taken from an old play of the German theatre, was written almost under the dictation of one Stephani. Mozart wrote to his father on the 1st of August, 1781: "Young Stephani brought me yesterday a libretto to set to music. It is pretty, and the subject is entirely Turkish. I shall compose the overture, the chorus of the first act, as well as the first chorus, with Turkish music. I am so pleased with my subject that the first air to be sung by Cavalieri, that intended for the tenor Adamberger, and the trio that concludes the first act are already finished. After a year of struggle against a formidable cabal, fully conscious of the greatness of the genius which it would prevent from being made known, the first representation of "L'Enlevement du Sérail" took place on the 13th of July, 1782, with immense success. In a letter from Mozart to his father on the 7th of August, he writes that Gluck was so pleased with the music of his opera that he invited him to supper after the representation, at which the composer of "Armide" and "Orphée" had assisted. It is pleasant to see this high and noble impartiality in the lives of illustrious men. We all know Haydn's reply to the father of Mozart, when asked what he thought of his son: "On my honor and before God, I declare that your son is the first of living composers," said the great master who created the symphony and so many chefs d'œuvre.

Mozart had under his direction, when he wrote "L'Enlevement du Sérail," a very remarkable body of singers. He wrote the part of *Constance* for Cavalieri, a brilliant singer, who possessed a soprano voice of great compass and flexibility. Fischer, a deep base and an excellent actor, created the part of *Osmín*, and the tenor Adamberger, who sung with a great deal of taste, that of *Belmonte*; to Mademoiselle Teyber was assigned the secondary part of *Biondina*, and to Dauer that of *Pedrillo*. Mozart, who was young, without position, having to struggle against powerful adversaries, was obliged to make numerous concessions to those fashionable virtuosi who enjoyed public favor, and who consented to sing the music of a German, well known and esteemed, especially as a composer of instrumental music. This explains the numerous bravura passages filling the airs sung by *Constance*, and the loud notes appearing so often in the part of *Osmín*, running to the *ré d'en bas*. In these passages and others that we might cite, Mozart paid his tribute to fortune and to the public taste which it was of importance to please. Even a creative genius must consult the taste of his age. There are certain vocal formulas that have grown out of date in "L'Enlevement du Sérail," as also in "Le Flûte Enchantée," and even in "Don Juan." They are accessory parts, little details that do not affect the eternal youth of the work. Need we cite the many passages from "L'Enlevement du Sérail" that have been popular for nearly eighty years, and which still preserve their early freshness; the first air of Belmonte, the well known couplets of Osmín, the duo which follows with Belmonte, the chorus on a Turkish march, so lively and so original and the trio that concludes the first act; in the second act the duo for bass and soprano between Osmín and Biondina, so freshly comic, the air of Biondina, the piquante duo between Osmín and Pedrillo, the admirable air that Belmonte sings, and the quartet that serves as a finale? In the third act, we remark also the pretty romance of Pedrillo, the air of Osmín

so full of comic fury, and the finale which is at once in place and perfectly musical.

"L'Enlèvement du Serail," which would never have been performed without the patronage of Joseph II., who had just established a national theatre at Vienna, was a great event for Germany. This delicious chef d'œuvre of Mozart was received with enthusiasm. Since the little popular operas of Hiller, Dittersdorf, and other composers of the second and third order, the public heard for the first time, beautiful and original music written by a German on a national theme. On the subject of "L'Enlèvement du Serail," the emperor Joseph II. might have used those often quoted words: "Very well, my dear Mozart, but too many notes." "Not one more than is needed, Sire," would have answered the great musician, who had not the spirit that certain Parisian journals would give him, but who had the consciousness of genius, and the dignity of an honest man. Weber, who certainly understood music, passed upon "L'Enlèvement du Serail" a judgment worthy of the author of "Der Freyschütz," which obtained the approbation of Gluck. "I have a strong preference," said Weber, "for this charming production which overflows with the gaiety, ardor, sweetness and feeling of Mozart's beautiful youth. I seem to feel in this liquid and serene music that irrepressible charm, that grace, perfume of happiness that a first love gives. Yes, I think that Mozart has reached the perfection of art in this work, and that it would have been easier for him to write a second 'Don Juan' than to find again the serene inspiration that characterizes 'L'Enlèvement du Serail.'" In this way do the masters of art speak of their predecessors. To those writers without taste or style who take revenge upon the memory of great men, for the mistakes of a ridiculous and unsatisfied ambition, we may apply those fine words of Bacon, "No one denies the existence of a God, but he whose purpose it serves that there should be no God." P. SCUDO.

Music as taught in our Schools.

By PROF. H. KAPPES, SKELBYVILLE.

We are obliged to the author for a copy of an essay read before the Educational Society of the Southern States, at Macon, Georgia. After a general introduction of the subject, he proceeds as follows:

Let us consider for a few moments, by what means a general knowledge of music both vocal and instrumental, may be attained. Education in the first may properly be commenced with the earliest attempt to develop a child's mind—indeed, it should go hand in hand with every essential branch of learning, and, to learn to sing well should be regarded as not less important than the ability to read well. And here, let it be remarked, that proficiency, both in the one and in the other is the work of slow, and almost imperceptible degrees. All that belongs to a child's education should be allowed to grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength. *There is no royal road in Music*; time and training are necessary here, as in all other acquirements. It is absurd to suppose, that the voice can be cultivated, the ear trained, the eye accustomed to musical notation, and all this effected "in a few easy lessons." Other things being equal, a child may be expected to learn to sing, in about the same time as will be required to make him a good reader. With instrumental Music, a longer period of training will be requisite according to the degree of perfection to be attained; and here, as in the former case, too great results must not be expected, in too short space of time. The piano is the instrument usually selected as the one best suited to the purposes of a general musical education. This, with the cultivation of the voice, is the task generally assigned to teachers of music in our schools. And here, allow me to remark upon the manner in which teachers are sometimes required to perform their duties. A musical education, so called, is regarded as indispensable to the list of accomplishments, with which every young lady, who graduates from our seminaries, must be furnished. She certainly must be able to play some popular waltzes and polkas, to sing a few sentimental airs, otherwise she will not be considered fashionable and possessed of the necessary passport to good society. The instructor then, who

can compass this object, in the shortest possible space of time, is caressed by the public and called a capital fellow! No matter if said young lady understands no more of musical literature and science, than the veriest child; she can, nevertheless, make a noise and silence all criticism by the clamor performance. Possibly, one or two good pieces may have been learned imperfectly by dint of continual repetition; but how painful to the educated listener, is the absence of expression, and entire lack of appreciation, which the whole performance displays. Too frequently, those teachers are preferred, whose only object seems to be that of pleasing pupils and patrons by catering to a depraved or uneducated taste, while they who are well qualified for their office, are often constrained to make compromise with their better judgment in gratifying that love of vain display, which interferes so materially with true progress in this divine art. This they must do, or themselves become a sacrifice to their love of truth. Look, for instance, at some of the advertisements, in our musical papers, of schools in quest of teachers. Mark you the qualifications there specified as being required, and if there be one found willing to stand up and say, "I am the man," he must be bold indeed, and possess a vanity and temerity capable of outbraving shafts of keenest ridicule. Observe the following, as extracted from the "Musical World" of January 17th, 1856, as illustrative of my meaning.

"Dear Sir: I want a well educated lady or gentleman for this Institute. If a gentleman, a fair linguist, say Latin, Greek, and French, and if Spanish and German can be added, all the better; a thorough English scholar as well, with fair mathematical attainments, and a fine correct perspective draughtsman, and a skilful painter; also a thorough musician in the theory and practice, vocal and instrumental, including violin, harp, piano, organ, guitar, and accordion. He must be a gentleman and an honest man; habits and morals unexceptionable, an example for a Protestant clergyman; good sound bodily health; great industry; an early riser, with a good, accommodating disposition; a Sabbath observer, with a disposition to lay hand on an organ and make the audience feel (what he himself feels) the awful majesty and incomprehensible mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Salary to begin with \$1,000 and board in the Institute for the school term of ten months. Vacation from July 31st. to October 1st. When this person once suits and is suited, we shall not part on the ground of salary. The gentleman must also understand how to keep pianos in tune and repair. Now, if you could ship me such a gentleman by the first ocean steamer, it would greatly oblige your friend and well wisher,

"SAMUEL THORNTON,

"Principal of the S. Tennessee Collegiate Institute."

We know not whether the writer of the above was successful in finding the object of his search, but if so, we would respectfully suggest that the fortunate of so many varied accomplishments might do well to exhibit himself as a prodigy of acquirements, and if the salary should be enlarged to the extent of his merits, it must be sufficient to satisfy the most extensive desire.

The true teacher should be a man of modest merit, well acquainted with the wants of the age and of the community where he is called upon to exercise his talents. He should be strictly independent in his methods of imparting instruction, regarding only the true interests of his pupils, by aiming to develop and cultivate a refined taste, together with a correct and finished style of performance. Of the means necessary to accomplish this purpose, the instructor is, of course, best qualified to judge. He must not be influenced by the whims of pupils, regarding the pieces to be learned. The great abundance of trashy sheet-music, dedicated invariably to Mammon, or the goddess of Fashion, often gives the conscientious music-teacher a world of trouble. He is constantly beset with solicitations from bright eyes and rosy lips—"Please let me learn Bonaparte's Retreat," or somebody else's march—until, what with quicksteps, marches, and retreats, he is himself often disposed to beat a retreat and war no longer against existing prejudices.

"'Tis true, 'tis true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true," that a large amount of money is annually expended in the so-called musical education of young ladies, and yet, without the results which ought to be expected. I know not that parents should be held responsible for a want of correct musical taste; but, they may at least refrain from the practice of fault-finding, so common among many who have never heard better music than "Yankee Doodle" or "Fisher's Hornpipe."

Not long ago, a worthy resident of this State, anxious that his daughter should be considered some-

what preëminent in the possession of an accomplished education, sent her to Philadelphia for the purpose of receiving further instruction from a distinguished Professor of Music. She labored diligently during her stay, and really accomplished more than could have been expected. Delighted with her acquisitions, she returned home, and, in obedience to a request of her father, made haste to exhibit her skill, by playing for him one of Mozart's sonatas in a style really artistic. The old gentleman listened perfectly silent, until the conclusion of the piece, when, instead of the coveted commendation she had so confidently expected, he gravely remarked, "Well, Sally, do you intend to inflict such torture as that on all who ask you to play? Be assured, I shall ask you no more."

So, in our own experience, after having labored faithfully for several sessions, and merited, as we thought, the gratitude of both parents and pupils for our efforts, we have been mortified exceedingly by remarks like the following: "True, my daughter can play a great many fine pieces, but she does not yet know 'Bonaparte's crossing the Rhine,'" and in consequence thereof said daughter was immediately withdrawn from further instruction.

The cultivation of public taste, we are aware, must necessarily be a slow process, and great patience will be required in its accomplishment. Those, however, who have gained access within the sacred temple of Art, and can gaze with eye unveiled upon its glories, must not stand forever upon its portals, and close the door to such as would enter; rather let them, with guiding hand, assist all to comprehend its mysteries, leading in such as would search for hidden treasures, until they are qualified to share in the higher enjoyments of a cultivated nature. But, it is not with those who are advanced in life, that we can expect to accomplish much in the way of reform and education; it is with the young, and here, we believe, a very general mistake is made by nearly all classes of society. The work of musical instruction is allowed to commence quite too late in life. A child of six or seven years may profitably learn to sing, and, at the same time become accustomed to the keys of the piano in the use of finger-exercises, &c. This process continued with daily assiduity, yet so as not to fatigue the child, will invariably prove a source of profit, and lay the foundation for future excellence. Musical instruction should, in the majority of instances, be continued much longer than is customary in this country. The reason why the harp, piano, and guitar are laid aside so soon after connection with the school ceases, is not that the possessors thereof cannot find time for the exercise of their talents, but, rather because their education was imperfect; they were not self-reliant and capable of becoming their own teachers.

The instructor in Music, then, must, as I have before intimated, be one who understands his business; not a man of enlarged pretension, laying claim to a variety of accomplishments, such as no ordinary mortal could be expected to possess; but one, who with a competent knowledge of his art, is independent and persevering in his efforts to lead his youthful disciples where they can appreciate and feel the power of true music.

The successful teacher must be a man of refined sensibility, of cultivated taste, noble and conscientious, with a high veneration for sacred things. These qualifications we hold to be indispensable, and having secured the services of such a one, interfere not too frequently with his plans. Allow him the free exercise of his judgment in the selection of appropriate studies, and, above all, let him have your sympathy and approbation; discourage him not by cold looks and still colder words. If he is faithful and energetic, he is necessarily an enthusiast; and, let me tell you, if he would conscientiously perform his duty, his is a thankless task. Far easier would it be, for him oftentimes to relieve his patrons of their money, in exchange for trifles of instruction, which merely tickle the ear and the fancy for a short period, and they, perhaps, would feel far better satisfied. But no, he will neither so degrade his favorite profession, nor falsify his better feelings; he will aim at the accomplishment of a praiseworthy object, and leave it for time to decide on the merit of his doings.

The standard of musical taste among the people must be elevated by making them acquainted with good compositions. Such music should frequently be rehearsed in their hearing; explanations, relative to its design and meaning, should be given by those qualified for the task; and, there is no doubt, even the uneducated would soon come to realize a degree of pleasure in listening, to which they were once entire strangers.

The music of our schools should invariably comprise an attention to Church Music, properly so-called; and we refer not, now, to the tunes so generally sung in our churches by choirs trained for the purpose, but to that higher, more dignified and sacred style, which

is alone appropriate to the worship of God; where the whole congregation unite their voices, as with one soul in the music, and on the wings of melody, rise to the throne of the Most High. The young should be taught to participate in this part of divine service, and where can a training for this purpose be more easily effected than during the period of school education? They should learn to understand the distinction between secular and church music. They should be taught that because certain airs are agreeable, they are not necessarily appropriate for the expression of religious feeling. Not simply because *they like them*, should certain airs be sung in church; rather should they be instructed to *like what is appropriate in church music*. Good congregational singing will no longer be regarded impossible, when the young of both sexes are taught to sing in our schools, well selected melodies, such as are adapted to the expression of genuine religious feeling. Then, as they grow older, their tastes having been properly formed they will possess a true idea of church music as it should be; and, we shall not find the hallowed strains of "Old Hundred," and "Gloria in Excelsis," giving way to some profane love-song or negro melody, whose only claim to merit is, "that they please," "they go well." Alas! alas! that both old and young should look for mere musical excitement and diversion in church music, instead of aiming at religious benefit.

To correct this, as well as other evils to which I have alluded, the axe must be laid at the root of the tree. Youth of both sexes must be adequately instructed in the principles and practice of the various styles of music appropriate to different purposes, and Normal Schools, for the education of teachers in this particular branch of study, must be established all over our land; then, and not till then, may we expect to see the work of reformation fully commenced. Then will the true glory of our country begin to dawn, and a brighter day arise, wherein all will have occasion to rejoice.

The various ends for which a knowledge of music ought to be cultivated, are so important and so numerous, that it seems to me no means can be disproportionate. It is worthy the efforts of all to inquire, What are the best means for a general diffusion of musical knowledge? and having so learned them, let those who occupy positions of influence lend their aid willingly towards the bestowal of this blessing on society. Then may we hope to see those grosser pleasures, in which many of the present day freely indulge, giving place to the refined charms of music. Men are social beings, they will congregate for various purposes, let them then be encouraged to exercise the musical talents acquired during the process of education. Listen, now, to those happy glees, as they rise up to Heaven's pure sky, and roll on and on, until lost in ether! or to the well-tuned orchestra, discoursing its delightful harmonies to listening thousands under the broad free canopy of Heaven, and tell me if it does not afford an innocent pastime which may well take the place of a lower order of entertainment? How cheering the influence, too, which such a scene exerts over the mind of the listener. He goes forth to his work, on the following day, with steady hand and placid brow, while ever and anon, the irresistible echoes of past sounds break forth over desk or counter into jovial or plaintive hummings, as if the memory were rejoicing too much in her sweet possessions to be able to conceal them. Happy recollections these for wife or sister, to whose voice or piano he is frequently indebted for pleasures, it is a pleasure to give, and who lead him with those exquisite strains as with a silken string.

There is, we believe, but one class of men who condemn the practice of music, and they are *financiers*; and there is only one order of beings, who, according to Dr. Luther, *hate it*, and they are DEVILS.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 13, 1860.

Editorial Correspondence.

VI.

Geneva, Sept. 1, 1860.

I set out, in my last, with trying to recall some musical as well as other impressions of these weeks in Switzerland. But music was of course the smallest, merest incidental part of it. Of music proper the account is summed up in a couple of organ-concerts, which but half seemed to make one feel at home again, in cities in the lowland after daily intercourse with snowy peaks and glaciers and wild

mountain passes, rushing streams and sprayey cascades, the picturesque, the sweet, the human everywhere nestling at the feet and on the very knees of the terrific and the grand. The first of these was at Berne, and wholly unexpected. After going upon the *Schanze*, to look off over the old city, and to seek in vain through clouds for that famed horizon panorama of the mountains, I had left behind me; after wandering through the curious streets, and under those gloomy, heavy, catacomb-like arcades which enclose the side-walks, and seeing the omnipresent emblem of the city of bears; the statues and the curious fountains, especially that one surmounted by the "Kinderfresser," grotesque Punchinello of a Saturn cramming a child down his mouth, with other children under his arm and in his basket ready to devour, while round the base of the statue march a troop of bears in armor; and the old clock tower, where the bears come out and walk round in procession, when the curious mannikin above brings down his hammer on the bell; I came at nightfall to the old Cathedral and approaching the portal, whence rich organ sounds were issuing, was asked by the sexton if I had a ticket. Here every one that thirst eth could not come "without money and without price," it seemed. Berne was copying Freyburg, making a good thing out of the summer travel, by giving organ concerts every evening at a franc a head. We gladly paid and groped our way along the aisle, amid the shades of twilight, to the furthest end of the church, where we saw, or felt, some scores of curious listeners about us. The organ is a fine one, not so large as that of the sister city, but very powerful; rich, sonorous, brilliant in its full combinations, and with a singularly interesting quality of reed tones. The organist, if not Mendel's *Sohn*, is Mendel. He was in the middle of his programme when we entered. What we heard was good—music of a solid, edifying sort, worthy of a good sound musician, although it did not prove his powers remarkable. A well known March of Handel's (from *Judas Macabees*, if I mistake not), was his theme, which returned several times with great emphasis amid clever variations and digressions. He played also one or two plain chorales, and tantalized with just a bit of fugue. To the wanderer, away from all society of friends or mountains now, the lingering vibration of such music chimed well with the walk upon the terrace round the church, with the full moon gleaming on the Aar that washed its walls a hundred feet below, and silvering the tiled house roofs of the streets down there, and the hanging gardens climbing to the Münster's feet, and showing the bronze statue of the old Count of Zähringen, the founder of the city, with a bear for squire and helmet bearer, in bold relief.

The tower of the Berne Cathedral is remarkably rich in great bells—a dozen I should think—each sacred to particular occasions, the largest weighing 27,000 lbs., and bearing curious figures and inscriptions. The tower-keeper was proud of his bells, and made me hear the story and the tone of every one. And very rich and musical they were. Upon a long beam near the biggest bell is notched a comparative scale of the diameters of all the famous bells in Europe; this one, if I remember, stands the next to the great bell in London.

Most travellers hurry past the strange old city of Freyburg, content with crossing its wonderful wire bridge, (which spans like a spider's web the chasm in which the city is built, half on a level with the river's banks, and half down on the beach two hundred and fifty feet below), with glancing at the old Gothic church, and listening a half hour to its organ. But it is well worth a day or two days stay. You dine at the very nice and comfortable hotel at the end of the bridge aforesaid, and on the edge of the high town, whose houses look so strangely, almost crowding one another over the sheer precipice—a very nice hotel indeed, and quite practically situ-

ated, where you can sit on a terrace amid masses of choice and beautiful plants, and great cages of many colored birds withal, and look off over the town and down the deeply excavated channel of the river—the "Zähringer Hof" the hotel is called—a famous name that in this region—the old bear-slaying Count was founder both of Berne, named from the bear, and Freyburg—and here you notice in the dining hall a portrait of a dark, stout, full-blooded, little man, improvising as it were most energetically at an organ, with the black eyes rolled upward courting inspiration. This is Herr Vogt, who plays the famous Freyburg organ in the St. Nicholas Church. Lithographs of the portrait are for sale there also. A little too much of the lion about this. However you are happy to pay your franc for the card which mine host offers you, and walk a few rods to the church, a fine old Gothic specimen, though not one of the greatest. Over the deep arched portal is a wealth of sculptured relief, representing, as in so many of the old Gothic churches, heaven and hell and the last judgement; but here the picture is wrought with a grotesque inventiveness somewhat peculiar. You see an angel weighing people in scales, a devil clinging to one scale and trying to drag it down: another angel lifting a poor wicked mortal by the shoulders, about to swing him into the scale; a devil with a swine's hand dragging a batch of sinners by a chain, and with another batch in a basket on his back, to a huge cauldron under which a smaller devil blows the fire with bellows; hell in the corner typified by the jaws of a devouring monster; the good inducted into paradise on the right, &c., &c. The interior is not very striking. The great object of interest is the organ, which is placed above the entrance, and does not look so very large, although it contains 67 registers with 7800 pipes, some of them of course of thirty-two feet. Albert Mooser, who died in 1839, was the builder. Haase built the one in Berne.

The studied feature of the programme, much of which was improvisation of the fantasia kind, was the representation of a festival and concert interrupted by a storm, with alternation and mingling of fancy stops, Alpine echoes, bells, rolling thunder, lightning, and all that—a standing dish, we judged, for it was repeated in the evening. It certainly was very skillfully arranged to show the instrument, and contained many beautiful and grand effects. There was a *Vox Humana* stop, which really sounded like a voice, a choir of fervent tenor voices, singing a religious strain in the far recesses of a great cathedral, and we knew not which most to admire, the beauty of the violin family of stops, the fine quality of the reeds, or the wonderfully liquid, bright and sweet tones of the various flutes. We never heard an organ voiced to so fine and various expressiveness. And the great stops, the trombones, the trumpets, the great basses, and the general mass of harmony, were wonderfully satisfying and imposing. The various allusions to Alpine sounds seemed to us, who had just come from the regions which they haunt, strikingly true and natural. One of the most striking was the regular stroke of a sharp, high toned bell, just as we heard it all day in a little village on the St. Gotthard road, during the great rain that threatened to flood all the valley of the Reuss, suggesting not quite pleasant thoughts of the possibility of another Golgau catastrophe.

At sunset, after a long ramble through the strange up and down streets of the town, and over the green heights overlooking it, wondering at old towers and walls, peeping into curious little Catholic chapels, fascinated by quaint old houses, and finding the interminable stone stairs that lead from high streets into low ones more fatiguing than the mountain passes, I came round to the church again. They have two organ concerts daily during the height of the travelling season. This time the programme was more classical; for, besides the "Storm Fantasia," it con-

sisted in great part of Mozart. The organist had promised me a good fugue by Bach; but, not seeing me enter (how could he in the dark!) he did not feel emboldened to bring out such old wine before a modern crowd of travellers. But who will grumble when he can have Mozart! And this time we had the noble march from *Idomeneo* (repeated in the *Zauberflöte*), worked up into many very curious and interesting variations, well suited to the organ, and exhibiting the organist's as well as to composer's skill to great advantage. He told me afterwards, the variations were the work of a young man in Leipzig. He must have talent. Next we recognize the Fantasia followed by Sonata, which Mozart wrote for the piano. The characteristic expressions of the different movements were brought out by singularly felicitous contrasts and combinations of stops; and we must own we never felt the grandeur of the introduction and the other stronger parts, nor the heart-felt singing beauty of the slow movements, in that composition, so fully before. Even the "Storm" affair derived a certain interest from the impassioned warmth and vividness of color with which the organist worked up his picture; varying it somewhat from the afternoon's performance and yielding to his own mood with some felicity of inspiration. We were in no way disappointed in the famous organ. The performance also had great merits; yet it was not all one craves in presence of so grand an instrument. Our hope of hearing organ playing here in the old world of organs and cathedrals remains still unrealized. What has Germany in store for us? Alas, that Mendelssohn is dead!

There was much, however, to work on the imagination in the circumstances under which we heard this organ. Think of sitting there under the solemn Gothic arches of the vast church, with the dim outlines thereof and of indefinite columns, altars, monuments, stained windows, rather suggested than made visible by the slender rays of the lamp swung up there at the organist's desk, and of the lantern with which the old Küster (sexton) below conducts the listeners in and out! The marvellous flood of tones poured down upon you in such darkness, amid such surroundings, with all the changes and surprises of remote sounds entering, beautiful as strange, so life-like too, now sounds of nature, tone-spirits such as haunt the snow Alps or the cascades in the valleys, now wild echoes of the horn, now human voices,—all this gathered up into the great religious volume and full fugue and choral of so grand an Organ, in so grand a place, in so strange an hour, could not but touch the springs of mystery and poetry and feeling of the infinite within you. It was not like the clasp-trap miracles of virtuosos whom we hear in brilliant concert-rooms.

I still hope to recall some snatches of a certain music which the sounds of nature among the Alps, left humming and ringing strangely in the mind's ear. D.

Our notice of the opera is necessarily brief. Like some of our unsuccessful pin-wheels touched off for admiring children on a damp Fourth-of-July evening, the machine sparkled, gyrated once or twice hesitatingly, and then fizzled out, leaving only an odor of brimstone in the darkness that followed. Truth to say, the season was determined by events beyond the manager's control and we presume he did wisely to stop.

The only performance since our last issue which we care to mention, was that of *La Traviata*, which was really admirable in many respects. Madame Cortesi made the most of the consumptive heroine, singing with more taste and finish than we have ever observed in her style, and acting with consummate skill.

Signor Musiani acquitted himself with his usual success, although it seems to us that in the more pas-

sionate scenes, his tones, meant to be simply pathetic, sounded rather too much like wailing. Signor Amodio the younger was warmly received, and barring the inevitable awkwardness of a debutant, made a decided impression. His voice, though not so ponderous as his brother's, is full, clear and resonant, and his method is good. He promises to be a fine artist.

The second performance of *The Barber* we did not see, nor could we attend the matinée on Saturday.

Signor Servadio promises to return in the Spring with a larger troupe and (we trust) under more favorable circumstances.

We take pleasure in calling attention to Mr. THOMAS RYAN's card in another column. He is so well known in this vicinity as a public performer and a teacher that any commendation of his merits in either respect is almost superfluous.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, we learn, is presently awaiting the subsiding of the tumultuous waves of the political campaign, which entirely absorbs the thoughts and time of the whole Nation just now, before making any stir about its doings next winter. But we are assured that it is neither dead nor sleeping.

THE BOSTON MUSICAL TIMES charges us with enjoying and appropriating the articles on "Wagner," admirably translated from Scudo, by Mr. C. J. SPRAGUE, (as may be guessed from the signature), and copied in this Journal. We plead guilty to the enjoyment and appropriation, but not to any felonious intent. In the best regulated families, accidents will happen, as is well known; how much more in an ill regulated one with no head, like ours, or at best, a head somewhat distracted by unaccustomed cares and often embarrassed by conflicting duties.

Musical Correspondence.

HARTFORD, CONN., Oct. 8.—I have not written you of late, because nothing of an *extremely* musical nature has occurred to call for any particular correspondence from me. Lovers of negro minstrelsy have surely had no cause to complain of not having opportunities enough to gratify their tastes, in listening to stale jokes and thread-bare dittos, through the cheap medium of "burnt cork;" for the "Morris Brothers," the "New Orleans Serenaders," the Campbells, and I don't know how many more Ethiopian companies have of late chased one another in rapid succession in and out of the city, thereby illustrating again the Longfellowish idea—

"Never comes a 'Negro Minstrel,'"

But another's sure to follow,"—

And I see by the big bills that still another troupe is to follow this week. What were the "Dark Ages" compared with the present one?

Had it not been for the concerts of two of our own artists, this, I am afraid, uninteresting letter would never have been indited. I allude to the ballad entertainment by our favorite Soprano, MRS. PRESTON, and the Organ Concert of Mr. GEO. E. WHITING, organist at the North Congregational Church. MRS. PRESTON was assisted by a Mr. DRAPER, of New York, and Mr. OSCA MAYO, of this city, as pianist. The hall was quite well filled, and the performances, generally, very fine. The selections might have been better, and have given much more pleasure to the audience. MRS. PRESTON rarely fails to delight her friends in whatever she undertakes; Mr. MAYO is a good performer; but would have gained more admirers had he made a little different selection.

Mr. WHITING gave his concert at the North Church, last Wednesday evening, upon one of Messrs. Hook's fine three-banked organs. He was assisted by Mr. and Mrs. STRICKLAND, Messrs. FOLEY,

WANDER, and CADY, and the Chorus of the "Beethoven Society," under the direction of Mr. JAMES G. BARNETT, who acquitted themselves in their usually fine manner.

Mr. Whiting gave us the following classical selections:—

"Grand Sonata in F Minor," by Mendelssohn; "Organ Fugue in G Minor," by Bach; "Overture to Guillaume Tell," by Rossini; "Pastorale," by Kulak; "Chorus," by Handel; and a most meritorious "Fantasia for the Organ," by himself. These were all performed in an astonishingly facile and masterly manner—and would have brought down sounds of applause, but for a very proper reverence for the sacredness of the place. He certainly possesses a most remarkable talent, which has been well cultivated by indefatigable study and practice—placing him already among the very few *really* classical organ performers in the country. He is quite a young man—not yet twenty years of age—and, considering his present immense execution, must in a few years make himself famous.

THE DRAYTONS—the charming inimitable Draytons—are again to delight us with their fine singing and acting this evening. They are here for only two nights; and, accordingly, the house will be densely packed. What is finer than Mr. Drayton's impersonation and singing of old "Simon the Cellarer?" It is insurpassable. H.

Musical Miscellany.

Citizens of St. Louis did not contribute fifteen thousand dollars towards the establishment of a Philharmonic Society, as the types had it last week, but only five thousand.

DRESDEN (Germany) has at last, on the 26th of July, been blessed with the first performance of Verdi's "Trovatore." It was a success of course.

WHAT IS IT.—There is a mysterious Opera which figured largely in the manifestos of the Opera Company just departed. It was sometimes printed *La Juiz*, sometimes *La Juif*, and again *Le Juise*, and in plain English "The Jew." It was evident that it was not Halévy's "Jewess," and just as evident that nobody knew much about it. It was turns out to have been an Opera by *Apolloni*, one of the very latest of Italian composers, and its real and proper name is *L'Elros*.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 6.—The Cecilia Society began their fifth season yesterday by a well attended concert, given to members exclusively, as all their concerts are, with the following programme:

Gipsy's Life, for mixed Chorus and Soli.....	Schumann.
Funeral March, by Chopin.....	Piano Solo.
La Chasse, by Hiller.....	
Ave Maria. Song.....	Schubert.
Psalm for Chorus of female voices.....	Lachner.
Scena and Prayer.....	"Freischütz."
Solo and Chorus from "Templer und Jüdin".....	Marschner.
The Forty-second Psalm, (As the hart pants), for Solo, Chorus and Orchestra.....	Mendelssohn.

VIENNA.—A new Opera by *Anton Rubinstein*, with the title "The Children of the Prairie," meaning probably the gipseys of Bohemia, has been accepted by the management of the Court-theatre. It is said that the composer received one thousand Florins for the score. The opera will be brought out for the first time in November.

A New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Press says that Mlle Patti gets fifteen hundred dollars a month for her services in the Strakosch and Ullman Opera Troupe, in the former city Max Maretzek has the musical directorship at one hundred and fifty dollars a week; and when Tamherlik performs, which will be late in the season, it will be at a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars for twenty-five nights. Valuable voices these are.

A UNIQUE LETTER.—The following letter was recently found among the old documents belonging to Trinity Church, Boston. There is no date to it, and the exact period when the writer was organist, is not known. The prices named for church music are in marked contrast with those now paid by the same church. The total expense now being about \$1800 per annum, of which sum the organist receives \$500.

P. A. von Hagen, Organist of the Trinity Church, Boston

Respectfully informs the honorable Wardens of said Church that their Organ is much out of Repair and Tune. By a close Examination of it he found; That the greater part of the metal pipes are onsodered and stoped with a Stuff, which generally gathers on lead; the wooden ones onglued; the Trumpet-Supporters are partly dislodged, and the principal part of the Reeds are eat up by Verdegreae. The wooden pipes, as well as the metal ones must be voiced. The Keys wants to be regulated. The Cloth under neath of the Keys is eat by the moths. Ten pipes are missing. The great part of the Leather of the Bellows is cracked and must be new. The Conductors leak; the tops and bottoms of the leaders and Rollers are worn so much, that they cause a Rattling while playing; they also make they Keys stick fast. The touch has sunk an eighth of an Inch. The Levell-box is warpt. In short, there is no Article in the whole Instrument, but what wants more or less Repair. It is however a Common Case with an Organ which is getting old. The Reparation of it will cost by a moderate Calculation, about one hundred Dollars. The Organ might be greatly improved by an Addition of Pedals for to play the low Bass with the Feet, as it has an excellent Effect in slow Psalm Tunes. The Cost of which would not exceed Thirty Dollars.

He respectfully solicits, that his Salary, which is now \$150, may be raised to \$200 per Annum.

The Motives of this Request are as follows:

1st. Having a Prospect of a larger Salary some where else.

2d. House Rent and Provisions being unusually high, and

3d. Wishing to have the Instrument always in Tune, which ought to be examined every Saturday, and paying for Bellows blowing, he, in his opinion, ought in some regard be compensated. He has worked and spended his time several Days in Order to make the Organ playable, for which he has not made any charge.

He hopes, that the above Request will not meet any Objection, as he is attached to the Church and would prefer worshiping there, to any other Place. Nothing could induce him to leave the church, excepting the Interest of his Family.—*Eve. Transcript.*

THE ORGANIST OF TRINITY CHURCH.—*Mr. Editor:* The Supplement to the Transcript of Saturday has an antique letter from P. A. Von Hagen, formerly Organist of Trinity Church in this city, but the exact period, as you say, "is not known." Allow me to say that he was the organist prior to 1810, and his immediate successor was Mr. James Hewitt, father to Mrs. Ostinelli, and grandfather to the distinguished cantatrice Biscaccianti. Mr. Van Hagen was the father of a late esteemed Marine Reporter of this city, who, with the rest of the family, was induced to assume his maternal name on account of the erratic movements of the father. Among other celebrities that constituted the choir while Mr. Van Hagen was the organist of Trinity Church, was the celebrated painter, Stewart Newton, and his lamented brother Hibbard, who fell at the battle of Salamanca. Gilbert Stewart, our own famous painter, was a frequent attendant in the organ loft, and I can well remember the diversion he caused by his peculiar method of taking snuff. His snuff was worn or carried in a leather pocket without a box, and on occasion he would take a handful of the article, into which he would thrust his nose instead of applying it "between the finger and the thumb." On one occasion, John, the bellows blower, was absent from duty, and it was ascertained that the cause was dissatisfaction with his pay. Mr. S. Newton, on the moment, passed among the choir the following impromptu;

* * * strives in vain the choir to please
Von Hagen's fingers travel o'er the keys,
All strive in vain—ah foolish fellows,
What can ye do while John won't blow the bellows.

To return to Mr. Von Hagen. In the year 1819 he was at Fort Independence as the teacher and leader of the band under Col. Eustis, and frequently came over with the soldiers and the band to assist in the music in St. Matthew's Church, in South Boston. Some eight or nine years afterwards he was employed in teaching a portion of the colored band, at the south part of the city. From that time I lost sight of him, but I think that he ended his days in one of

the eleemosynary institutions of the city. He was a man of kind feelings and of considerable musical talent for those days. His residence, when I was a schoolboy, was in Essex street, near the corner of Short, now Kingston street. The organ of which he had the charge in Trinity Church, is now, if I mistake not, in the church in Pittsfield, Mass. The organ builders must have worked cheaply to be willing to put in a pedal base for "thirty dollars." R.

PAGANINI.—Did you ever know that Paganini was desperately fond of gaming once? I shall tell you how he was cured of his passion. Paganini's favorite violin was a large Guarnerius, so called from Guarnerius, their maker, (these instruments are worth twice their weight in gold,) which a Russian Prince was anxious to purchase from him. He often asked Paganini to sell it to him, and at last, Paganini, tired of his repeated appeals, told him he would sell the violin for \$1,000. The Prince told him he must be joking to ask such a sum of money, but that he would give him \$500 for it. Paganini had lost everything he owned at gaming tables the night before; his jewels, his rings, his breastpins, his watch, had all been lost, and he had nothing in the world but thirty francs and his violin left. He was about to accept the Prince's offer, when he determined to appeal once more to the gambling table. He did so. He lost, lost, lost—nothing was left in his hand but three francs, and he was obliged to leave the next day for St. Petersburg! He staked these three francs. The run of luck turned, and he soon won money enough to carry him to St. Petersburg. "I was saved!" said Paganini, speaking of this incident. "I was sure of keeping my beloved Guarnerius. Since then, I saw that a gambler is the most contemptible being on the earth, and I have never since touched a card." —*N. O. Delta.*

TAMBERLIK AND HIS UT SHARP.—The fête at Blois is the only thing I have heard of which has broken the monotony of the season and political hemisphere. M'mes Ugalde, Wertheimer, Messrs. Faure, Levasseur and Tamberlik (by the way, it is said here Tamberlik has been offered \$80,000 for eight months; if you wish to have him, pay him any price to get him in his prime, and do not do, as you did with Mario and Grisi, wait until they were voiceless before you summoned them with your golden wand. It is as cheap, even pecuniarily, to get them in their prime: for singers, like the Roman Sybil, increase their demands as they have less to offer); Messrs. Sainte Foye and Ponchard were the seven singers heard. Let me tell you the origin of Mr. Tamberlik's famous "ut sharp," which is worth so much money to him. He is by birth a Roman, but his family is of Polish origin. He stuttered badly when he was a child, and his family destined him to slumber in the stalls of the church. He ran away from the theological seminary and entered the army. Discovering one day that he had a splendid tenor's voice, he quitted the army, and took Guglielmi (a son of the celebrated Guglielmi) for his singing master, under whom he made such progress he was soon engaged at the San Carlo; he and Fraschini (who was several years older than himself) sharing between them the tenor's parts, Fraschini singing the *forte* and Tamberlik the *tenorino*. Being wretchedly paid at this opera house, he quitted Italy for Spain, where he obtained an excellent engagement at Barcelona. One day, while rehearsing a new part in which he was to appear that evening, he lost his voice. Nevertheless, there was no such thing as closing the opera house, or changing the piece; for the Court had commanded the opera and the performance. "Then, if you can't sing, bawl," exclaimed the leader of the orchestra, upon Tamberlik's saying: "By Jove! I cannot sing!" "Bawl," continued the leader of the orchestra; "I'll give you the pitch!" and he knocked the piano as hard as he could. All at once, Tamberlik, the *tenorino*, who never sang anything, except the softest, sweetest melodies, thundered "do sharp" in clear, bell-tongued tones—his fortune was made, a new "star" rose above the lyric horizon. 'Tis strange we have no altars to Accident; what miracles this god hath wrought!—*Id.*

SIGNOR BRIGNOLI.—It is growing out of fashion to decry Brignoli on account of his acting, to which he makes little pretension. There is never an occasion when an audience in Philadelphia is not glad to welcome him. The fact is, his voice alone is worth more than others' acting and singing combined. He is, besides, the most elegant gentleman upon the lyric stage. His fine person, his almost beautiful face, his incomparable voice, added to his manliness and gentleness, off and on the stage, will always render him a favorite *par excellence*, spite of the most ingenious critical industry.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Te Deum, in B flat. (Easy style.) *T. Bissell.* 50

This Te Deum will prove eminently useful to Episcopal choirs. The want of compositions of just this degree of difficulty has often been felt. Mr. Bissell has proved himself fully equal to the task of supplying it. The music is pleasing and light, yet dignified and church-like throughout.

Byron's farewell to the maid of Athens. Song. *C. A. E. Ewing.* 35

A song of much power and originality for a tenor voice.

I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep. *H. von Benzon.* 25

I speak not, I trace not. " 25

Pleasing parlor songs.

Instrumental Music.

Douce Reverie. *Badarzewska.* 25

A new piece by the talented lady, whose "Maiden's prayer" is now or soon will be in the hands of all amateur piano players. It may not excite such lively admiration, but will prove very attractive.

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Good and recommendable dance-music.

On to the field of glory, for Brass band, arranged by *Burditt.* 1,00

One of the well-known series of "Ditson's Brass Band" Music, printed on cards. The arrangement is complete for any number of instruments between 8 and 14.

In the silent bower. Fantasiebild. *T. Oesten.* 35

This is the first of a new series of charming pieces by this elegant and fashionable author, entitled "Bygone hours" (Aus holder Zeit), which, like the Sounds of Love series, will soon be immensely popular.

Garibaldi Galop. *Chas. D'Albert.* 50

A stirring galop, with a very striking picture on the title-page, representing the Italian hero on horseback at the head of his army, and illuminated in colors.

La Piemontaise. New Dance. *Renausy.* 25

A very pretty new dance, arranged by a conclave of Paris dancing-masters, and just now very popular in the gay French capital. It will be taught here at several academies during the season.

Ernani. (Operatic Favorites.) *Franz Nava.* 30

Don Giovanni. " " 30

Excellent arrangements for young players, likely to surpass Beyer's Repertoire in popularity.

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DITSON & CO'S STANDARD OPERA LIBRETTOES. Comprising all the Principal Operas and containing English and Italian Words, with the Music of the Principal Airs. Each 25

As the season approaches for operatic performances, we shall be doing our readers a favor by directing their attention to the above elegant and convenient series of librettos, an advertisement of which will be found in another column.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 446.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 20, 1860.

VOL. XVIII. No. 3.

[From the New York Ledger.]

Italy.

BY WILLIAM COLLEN BRYANT.

Voices from the mountains speak,
Apennines to Alps reply;
Vale to vale and peak to peak
Toss an old remembered cry:

Italy

Shall be free;

Such the mighty shout that fills
All the passes of her hills.

All the old Italian lakes

Quiver at that quickening word;

Como with a thrill awakes;

Garda to her depths is stirred;

Mid the steep

Where he sleeps,

Dreaming of the elder years,

Startled Thrasymenus hears.

Sweeping Arno, swelling Po,

Murmur freedom to their meads,

Tiber swift and Liris slow

Send strange whispers from their reeds,

Italy

Shall be free,

Sing the glittering brooks that slide

Toward the sea, from Etna's side.

Long ago was Gracchus slain;

Brutus perished long ago;

Yet the living roots remain

Whence the shoots of greatness grow.

Yet again,

God-like men,

Sprung from that heroic stem,

Call the land to rise with them.

They who haunt the swarming street,

They who chase the mountain boar,

Or, where cliff and billow meet,

Prune the vine or pull the oar,

With a stroke

Break their yoke;

Slaves but yestereve were they—

Freemen with the dawning day.

Looking in his children's eyes,

While his own with gladness flash,

"Ne'er shall these," the father cries,

"Cringe, like hounds, beneath the lash.

These shall ne'er

Brook to wear

Chains that, thick with sordid rust,

Weigh the spirit to the dust."

Monarchs, ye whose armies stand

Harnessed for the battle-field!

Pause, and from the lifted hand

Drop the bolts of war ye wield.

Stand aloof

While the proof

Of the people's might is given;

Leave their kings to them and heaven.

Stand aloof, and see the oppressed

Chase the oppressor, pale with fear,

As the fresh winds of the west

Blow the misty valleys clear.

Stand and see

Italy

Cast the gyves she wears no more

To the gulfs that steep her shore.

Autumn.*

A SONNET BY LONGFELLOW.

Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,

Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain!
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended
So long beneath the heavens o'erhanging eaves,
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended;
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves;
And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind scatters the golden leaves.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Confessions of a Musical Soul.

(From the posthumous papers of a Moravian Sister.)

(Continued from page 228.)

An event which forms an epoch in my life happened at this time; the death of my father, my guardian, instructor and nearest friend. Having belonged to the musical choir of our village, his obsequies were solemnized by more than the usual demonstrations that announce a death and impart the deepest interest to the scenes of interment. As soon as body and spirit dissolve their earthly alliance, the dirge is heard sending its pathetic tones through the calm quiet air of the village.

The performers of this death chorale are a Quartet and are stationed on high, near the belfry of the church. The first tones of their instruments bursting suddenly and unexpectedly upon the ear, suspend for a moment all other avocations, and the question occurs, in the phraseology of the Moravian, "Who has gone home?" ("Wer ist heimgegangen?")

During the church service a long and interesting auto-biography was read, compiled from my parent's manuscripts; for he as well as many others of his day, kept his diary of the little inner and outer events of a life distinguished by such an unruffled tenor. In this memoir, many peculiarities of thought, many artless incidents are introduced, expressive of a Zinzendorian mode of life, worship and language.

A German by birth, his education and all the associations of his life were essentially of a German nature. He had been nurtured and trained in one of the German Moravian villages, had never seen the great organizer himself, Count Zinzendorf, but had been in such communication with those who had lived in the days of the "Disciple,"* and listened to his teachings, heard his lyrical improvisations from his own lips and witnessed his life of philanthropy, so that he was aroused by, and animated with, all the fervor of that peculiar cultus, which distinguished our people of an earlier day.

In his auto-biography he presented a picture of the scenes of those primitive times, not the day of a religious fanaticism mixed up with a perfect religious drama, wherein worship became an actual stage representation, but of that unexceptionable piety and self-sacrifice which elevated the men and women of our past history into an unique model of humanity and rendered them a phenomenon to the world of callous and self-indulgent thought. Of his musical employments, his various discoveries in the philosophy or æsthetics

of music, he left but a sparse record. He was not devoid of the musical temperament, and it was to that extreme organic sensitiveness that distinguishes all musical natures, he attributed much of his success in performance and conception. But of those vagaries of thought, those fitful moods of feeling and action that make his class a peculiarity of the race, he left no traces in his diary. How strange that the perversities, the contradictions, the loves, the hatreds, the attractions and repulses of a musical, or I might say of a poetical, temperament, embody so much soul; and that all this struggle at last finds vent in tone, in poetical yearnings, in painting nature, in grasping at, though not reaching, the great unknown!

Why musical beings, why all artists of a delicate mould, are swayed and led by moods and impulse, can be explained in some measure by referring it to a too near contact with persons of more crude and practical natures. But another, a more easy and natural solution of the riddle of a musical nature may be found in the fact, that when we leave the province of tone and reënter the world of dull truth, there is a vast descent—we are liable to feel all the consequences of the change—reality is a disappointment, a thwarting of all the exalted aspirations into which tone-poetry had led us. Life is too real, and the more we live in music, the more unreal every thing around should become, to supply happiness. The anatomy of my father's nature, from whose strange composition there sprung forth so many beautiful effusions of lyrical music, was not an easy subject for my feeble philosophy, and in the course of his memoir, I was often reminded of those mysterious qualities that make up the artist's temperament and originate so many of the distresses of an inner life. Harmony and gentleness flow together and unite us with all surrounding congenial spirits; then comes the qualm of disgust, a feeling of repulsiveness; a dislike bordering on hatred; a disunion of our loves and friendships; a perverseness of tastes and inclinations; a wish for some vague nothing; and that proceeds till some new musical creation rises up and restores order, unity of thought, and a perfect ideal love.

In accordance with custom, no cenotaph or sculptural tomb marked the place of burial; but an oblong marble tablet, with a simple inscription of birth, birth-place and death, distinguished the resting-place of my lost parent. Much attention is paid to the cemetery, in laying out the ground, surrounding the tablet with flowers, and adorning the walks with trees, and every effort is made to render the place a resort of sacred pleasure, open at all times for friend and stranger. Here I now often repaired for meditation, and not unfrequently when a musical interment drew the multitude together, did I follow, to enter into the enjoyments of the dirge, played in the open air, among the trees, where the birds were singing, where, at a time of over-drawn excitement, the spirits of the departed seemed to hover; where Hope was the presiding angel, leading you on-

* Zinzendorf was termed "Der Jünger," or "The Disciple."

wards toward a place of final bliss; and where a general feeling of repose and quiet indicated that here was the symbol of man's eventual destiny. One link broken, I now more than ever before swayed between life the mortal and life the eternal; calling up before my dreamy vision images of a musical unearthliness, and so purely harmonious, so deep in the combinations of those exquisite chords that never fail in their effect, even upon untaught ears; breathing peace, hope, joy to the disturbed soul, and anon looking forward to an emancipation from this dull bondage of care, and a realization of all that, of which our finest tone images are but a shadow.

But during this later stage of thought and study, I felt as if my powers were ever putting on more and more of that maturity which belongs to the autumn of life, clothing its fruits in the mellow colored garb of mental perfection, and filling up all the vacancies of a youthful intellectual growth with the fullness and ripeness of old age. As this sunset of life approaches, and is indicated by these longer shadows and that far-off obscurity that throws many past objects into uncertainty and forgetfulness, reflections force themselves upon me in reference to the utility of my own performances upon the stage, where every human being occupies a higher or lower position and acts his part. Some of us live for and dedicate ourselves to others with a devotion that makes a perfect sacrifice of egotism, while many and by far the larger portion, live for themselves, and never allow their individuality to operate upon other minds, when its influences would be of service, and where that universal philanthropy which ought to be the end of our being could come into play. Many years had been spent in the discharge of those tutorial services, which among us have no adequate remuneration above the ordinary gratitude of the pupil, who sometimes evinces it by an occasional acknowledgment of love and affection for those who have instructed her. In this capacity, therefore, I was conscious of having surrendered all selfish gratifications, sacrificed many of the little vanities and those temptations to self-adoration, that characterize so many of my sex, to the pursuit of nobler ends.

But a more serious question, which I frequently put to myself, was, how had I been benefitted, or in how far had I contributed to the elevation of others, by my ceaseless musical studies? That I had lived in the poetry of tone, had discoursed in its language from day to day, and had even fancied I had wandered beyond boundaries to which others who had gone before me had been limited, was left me as a consoling truth, after the many years I had spent in these pursuits; and I felt unwilling to draw an inference from all this that to me music had proved nothing more than an inane gratification. I was conscious of the position it held among the sister arts, and that, in all its moral influence, it should never be ranked below painting, written poetry or sculpture.

The life I had lived, therefore, was in the æsthetics of religion, viewing a musical cultus in this peculiar sense; and with this avowal, I look forward to my withdrawal from the scenes of this outward life, with the conviction that my musical devotion was productive of good results. Many have seen fit to prescribe the limits of religion, in its relations to æsthetic morality, and have deemed that an infringement of the purity and

reality of a Christian belief, which adores the beautiful and thus jeopardizes its dogmatism and the performances of its mere duties.

But I feel convinced that no one has ever drawn that fine line of demarcation between religion and poetry, which limits each to its proper sphere; nor has it ever been shown how near poetry approaches the lofty and sacred province of the former, for those mysterious qualities of our nature, those incomprehensible instincts of our humanity which give birth to a love of beauty and solemnity of feeling, invariably mingle and fraternize, and leave us in doubt whether such elements can be separated.

Our primitive Moravian culture was æsthetic in all that relates to the inner or impalpable forms of beauty, such as we find in music and in religious poetry. For it cannot be said that all poetry is impalpable. Its imagery, when derived from the outward world, becomes visible and is of the earth. Music, in its purer and sacred forms, free from imitation or description of external life, is impalpable and proceeds from an invisible world. Our cultus was thus deeply imbued with a heavenly poetry, and by addicting one's self to its spirit and its usages, we could at times realize a foretaste of that unseen condition which is supposed to follow this material condition, whose investiture is marked by such strange contrasts of hideousness and beauty.

In some of these later days of calm contemplation of the nature and essence of music, moments of transient doubt have come over me as to the existence of any analogy between a musical *motive* and a stanza of written poetry — between a musical and a written thought; whether that totally abstracted thought which harmonized tone arrangements embody, is not altogether an unearthly conception and worthy of being ascribed to Heaven. Had I ever, in the study and works of the congenial arts, found myself as strongly drawn from earth or as deeply absorbed in the hope of a celestial life, as I was tempted to indulge in, while listening to the strains of the Moravian chorale? And could any word definition ever lay before the mind the disclosures of sacred song, or the sublimity of feeling engendered by the Oratorio?

These and similar reflections often excite within me a dilemma as to whether music really has an exponent, or whether its thoughts are its own and undefinable by any powers of criticism or rhetoric. And while yet delaying among those dim and uncertain shadows that flit around me, what a glorious solace to think that these forms of musical beauty shall soon have a realization in the world that awaits me!

Though happy is my present lot, I am prepared, at any moment to depart, whenever called, to the mansions of eternal rest. I feel assured that my hours of musical exaltation have all been prefigurations of an unseen life, and hence I regard my passage into an hereafter as a blissful transition.*

J. H.

* In reference to this sentiment it may be remarked that the Moravian always entertained æsthetic views of death. In illustration of this are the rites of interment, the localities of the tomb, and the cheerful avowal that death has no terrors and is merely a transitional event. Inordinate grief is rarely seen accompanying the catastrophe of death, and a hopeful tone characterizes all his expressions in relation to its bereavements.

DRESDEN (Germany) has at last, on the 26th of July, been blessed with the first performance of Verdi's "Trovatore." It was a success of course.

The Diarist Abroad.

Bonn, Sept. 9, 1860.

I heard a story the other day, which pleased me. When Rau's absurd book on Mozart was appearing in parts, Prof. Jahn of course bought them as they appeared, he being at the time engaged upon his great biography of the composer. Rau's utter lack of comprehension of the real character of Mozart, his singular ignorance of the man's history beyond what Nissen had published, and the general feebleness of the whole thing, being without one spark of real genius from the first to the last, made the book a source of great fun to the professor, and, through him, to the gentlemen who dined at the same table in one of the hotels.

"Well, Professor, anything new on Mozart?" was the question one day just after Jahn had received and gone through with one of the most ridiculous numbers.

As there was a great deal of "new" in that number, Jahn proceeded to elicit "inextinguishable laughter" by giving them Rau's latest inspirations. All but one — a stranger — enjoyed it highly. He, however, seemed rather ill at ease. It was afterward discovered that this man was Heribert Rau himself, who, as it seems, had come down the Rhine from Frankfort to pump Jahn for materials to abuse, but who after this dinner thought best to sneak away without speaking with the Professor.

In the *Life of Mozart* Jahn has honored Rau and other *Märchen* writers with a note of which I should not like to be the subject.

So I am not alone in my dislike to, and contempt for, false pictures of historical personages. For real *Mährchen*, i. e., stories, where the imagination invents the personages as well as the scene in which they act, my taste is strong. I consider them as among the best means of elevating and cultivating a genuine taste for music. Hence an intense love for Hoffman's writings, great pleasure in the musical sketches of Weisflog and others of their school.

But there is a side to this question, which we who search for facts — and facts are good things in spite of ridicule — perhaps alone feel. And this side is the labor, expense and disappointment in which these distorters of facts involve us. I am told in *Dwight's Journal* that such sketches are understood for what they are and nobody is deceived by them. With all due respect, this is not so. They get into currency and finally are adopted as history. And this sort of *history* has cost me weeks of labor and time, and of course all the expenses of living in a foreign land.

How so? do you ask?

Case I. There is a long and very interesting (to the general reader) sketch called "Beethoven in the beginning of his troubles." This I found in a respectable German periodical told as history, in the musical department of the Royal Library at Berlin. I could obtain no copy of the periodical and spent some days in copying it. It proved afterward to be the meanest kind of bosh. Last season, a gentleman who is editing a Biographical Dictionary, lent me this sketch as history, and was surprised to learn from me that it was mere fancy work — poor stuff, too, at that.

Case II. A gentleman directed my attention to a long and fine article (as he said) in a literary periodical, which would give me certain valuable facts and traits in Beethoven's character.

So from bookstore to bookstore, from library to library I went to find the periodical. After much loss of time and trouble it occurred to me that the Imperial Library must have it. Sure enough half a dozen bound volumes were brought me, and I set myself to work searching for my article. At last! It proved to be a lot of anecdotes printed with "pictures to match," the last of which was an old acquaintance, which I had ten years ago carefully copied, and found afterward to be — bosh. It is the old story how the tenor singer Barth visited Beethoven one day and found him just about to burn a piece of music. "Let me first sing it," says Barth." He did so, and Beethoven exclaimed, "No, we will not burn it." It was the Adelaide! Is it not a pity that so good a story should be met by this *fact*? Barth first came to Vienna in 1808, when Adelaide had already been printed over ten years.

Case III. The following capital story was related me in Vienna, in relation to the composition of the "Battle of Vittoria." No, I will not tell it, for even if I state as preface and appendix that it is false, some ass will print it as fact, and when the death-angel has touched me, some other ass will come to my bedside and wonder that it found no place in the book — to be written. Suffice it to say, that this story was a main reason for a journey of a hundred miles or more, and was there shorn of nine-tenths of its dimensions; that the other tenth has nothing whatever to do with the "Battle of Vittoria," and Schindler has since confirmed me in the opinion that it cannot possibly be true in all that gives it any importance.

Case IV. When Gungl was in America, he used to tell a story with tears in his eyes, which story — not tears — I have also in in print, in a short biography of Beethoven published in Bonn, in 1845. The story has gone the rounds, I believe, in German, French, and English. It relates how Beethoven in the autumn of 1826, too poor to hire a vehicle, travelled on foot from Baden (in Austria) to Vienna; stopped over night in a peasant house; saw — for he could not hear — the members of the family play a piece of music arranged as a quintette; then looked at the music and found it to be his own Seventh Symphony; then burst into tears and exclaimed "I am Beethoven!" ; and then there was a deuce of a fuss generally, &c., and he marched out into the cold night air, and next day reached Vienna sick, went to bed and was borne from the bed to the tomb. This whole story is certainly false from beginning to end, and yet it is printed as biography?

Case V. In the recollections of Madame Schröder which have appeared in the "Gartenlaube," and which profess to be historical and are received as truth, is a sketch of her first appearance in *Fidelio* — not the story of the Polko, though — which I took the time and pains to copy. Upon seeing Schindler afterwards, I asked him about it, and he assured me that Beethoven was not present at the performance! At the second performance he was; but so far from sitting "so enveloped in his cloak that only his glowing eyes were visible," the Vienna papers of the day state that he sat in one of the front boxes. "The whole story," says Schindler, "is a lie."

Case VI. In *Dwight's Journal* of Aug. 11, Article on Wagner, that composer's sketch "A Visit

to Beethoven" is mentioned. This article, done into German, has attained the currency east of the Rhine as history, which it, I suppose, still enjoys in France. Wagner never saw Beethoven, and the whole story is a fabrication. What trouble and time it cost me to prove this!

Case VII. A gentleman here in Bonn, who has long been a collector of Beethoven matter, placed before me the other day one of these sketches, I forget now what, with no doubt of its authenticity. I saw at once it was one of my abominable nightmares — or day bores — and told him it was a mere fancy sketch, to his great surprise and even sorrow.

Enough of these cases.

If there was any way of compelling writers of this class to live from hand to mouth a few years in a foreign land, and go through with the literary drudgery of making researches, and be continually and everywhere met by this sort of trash as history, being thus often led into the wrong track and to the loss of weeks of time and labor, this is all the punishment I would inflict upon them. So far from being punished they make money by their absurdities.

With Heribert Rau's book upon Beethoven, the matter has a worse side. It seems hardly worth while to speak of a so-called Romance, which in our country, when once its character is known, would only be read in a brothel, and by people of low tastes. Suffice it to say that he represents Beethoven's brother, Carl Caspar, as selling his handsome wife for vile purposes, and that too utterly without foundation, and notwithstanding that wife is still living near Vienna, and the family of Caspar's son, now a widow with a fine set of children, some of them grown up and married, still living in that city. Unfortunately there is too much of sad truth which the biographer must expose in the history of Beethoven, but what right has a miserable romancer to make such trash the basis of a tissue of vile, lewd scenes, which we cannot read aloud in mixed company without blushing, and which heap infamy upon the name of a respectable and most amiable family?

What would the people of Boston say to Sylvanus Cobb, should he make the sad Cambridge tragedy the subject of a romance, and that too, without changing the names, and even by dragging the unhappy wife into his plot as a criminal?

Could you see, as I have seen, and hear as I have heard, the tears and sobs, of a widow and mother, outraged in her holiest feelings, by the infamously false descriptions and pictures of Heribert Rau, you would share the indignation which rises in my breast whenever his name comes to my ears or meets my eyes. And this, this — what? — this filler of his pockets by an almost obscene book, in which he has multiplied tenfold the sins of the fathers, and then visited them upon the still living children — this getter of money out of the tears and sleepless nights of the widow and the fatherless — *this* man, as the newspapers inform us, has now in hand another romance, on whom? Ye Gods! on Alexander von Humboldt, which is to be rendered piquant by certain love adventures of his youth! If he has done this, as he has done Beethoven, God grant that the Humboldt family will have power and influence — which Carl van Beethoven's poor widow has not — to confiscate the book and punish its infamous writer with five years on bread and water in the state's prison!

It is high time that this sort of thing be stopped. See here. The late noble Wilhelm Grimm, when very young loved Dorothea Wild. Circumstances over which they had no control, prevented their marriage for several years. Meantime he and his brother had become inseparable. When at length their prospects brightened the marriage took place. Some years later a farce was written, entitled "One must Marry." This farce had a great success. Why? Because it was known everywhere, that those two great and noblehearted men, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, were the subjects of ridicule and low farce, in this piece!

Perhaps another "Letter to the D——" may overcome my objections even to Rau; I fear not, however, until certain facts related to me with sobs and tears, but in confidence, have passed from memory, but which seem now to be fixed there "as with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever." A. W. T.

A CHANCE FOR BARNUM.

In the villages of the Rhine valley there is an unusual festival called the "Kirmess," which is supposed to be a celebration of the dedication of the church in years ago. At least such is supposed to be the origin of the festival. We have nothing like it now, but the old country "muster" of thirty years ago, was not so very dissimilar. In large villages a Kirmess draws together all sorts of vagabonds, who set up their booths and open their exhibitions, as described in some of Dickens' works. Giants and dwarfs, jugglers, circus riders, the man with the young walrus, he with the double-headed calf, low theatres, and nobody knows what all. At Putschen, half an hour's walk from Bonn, we saw all these and long rows of booths besides, occupied with shows and with articles of all sorts, which the peasantry could need, for sale. Sunday is the great day of the feast, when the crowd becomes almost impervious, notwithstanding the great numbers who are within the booths witnessing exhibitions, refreshing themselves with eatables and drinkables of all (cheap) sorts, or in the dance houses, whirling in the waltz. What a music was that in the principal dance house — half a dozen old brass instruments, execrable in tone and execrably out of tune! Little did the crowd heed that, however; the main thing was the dance, and there was no lack of peasant girls, neat and clean in Sunday dresses for the constant succession of "danz-lust-ish" young men.

By the way, Byron *must* have been a poet, for a man, who could speak of these girls,

"Peasant girls with bright blue eyes
And hands that offer curly flowers"

as something poetical, must have been blessed with a double share of imagination.

But to Barnum's chance. His speculation with the *Swiss* bell-ringers (from Yorkshire, England) and that with Jenny Lind, we propose should be followed by another, also musical, and which we think might be made to pay. We confess, however, in our ignorance of the real "capabilities" of the new light in the singing world, except so far as they are developed in the following sketch, which we translate and condense from a German paper.

A few weeks since the Kirmess was in full tide at Brühl, near Cologne, and shows and booths were in all their glory as above described. One of the railroad trains from Cologne, which halted

at Brühl had a young Englishman for passenger, with a handsome sum of money in his pocket, and bent upon having a high time, during an excursion "up the Rhine." The station was crowded with people and as he looked them over, an old Cologne acquaintance caught his eye, who for his part greeted the Englishman joyously. A few words and the latter made up his mind to leave the train and "inaugurate" his jolly tour with the glories of Kirmess. After half an hour in the inn over good wine and in lively talk, the Englishman slipped away in quest of personal adventures. He wandered about from booth to booth, enjoying the oddities and drolleries of the crowds. Of this too, he in time, grew weary, and must find some new amusement. Why not he himself, take part in the business of the day! A happy thought!

There was among the shows one booth in which a Hercules exhibited his feats of strength. Thither he wended his way and proposed to the strong man to sing on his stage, four English national songs, gratis. Hercules should have the entrance fees—and he, the Englishman, only hoped that they would be abundant. Agreed; and now in front of the booth it was drummed and fifed and shouted aloud that an Englishman was to sing four national songs. But nobody cared for the national songs of Albion. But the singer *must* sing—for had he not determined to do it—and must not John Bull carry out his determinations? "Fill the booth with spectators, I will pay the fees," said he, and in a few minutes every seat was occupied.

But the English national songs had no charms for the German ears—certainly not for those of German peasants, notwithstanding a Scotch song or two have saved a German opera. The singer's auditors laughed in his face. This was not pleasant, and the vocalist "waxed wroth." He grew indignant to such a degree as to draw off his coat, strike an attitude and challenge the laughers to fight. That was jolly, and a burst of applause from the sixty or seventy persons present followed. After some little discussion and hesitation, four strong, lusty young peasants mounted the stage, not doubting that they could make mincemeat of the slender Englishman, and without trouble. Four against one; but that one understood his business, and after a few fisticuffs, two of them lay at length.

The other two adopted new tactics. What cared they for boxing rules and regulations? Their intention was to give the Englishman a thrashing, rules or no rules. They rushed in upon him, and being soon joined by the other two, who had picked themselves up and were not very amicably disposed towards the singer of national songs, the boxer began to get the worst of it. Indeed he was thrown down, and it rained fists from all sides upon him, while the audience laughed and shouted and hurraed in ecstasy. The noise called in Hercules, who rescued his singer from what had become an almost perilous situation.

After recovering himself, and getting breath once more, and finding no bones broken, he drew on his coat, and, satisfied with the humors of the of the Kirmess, returned to the Pavilion inn to his friend.

He related his adventures—his version of them—and when the whistle announced the approach of the train, he prepared to spend the night at Rolandseck or the Seven Mountains.

His bill must be paid. He put his hand in the breast pocket of his coat; his pocket-book was gone. It was sought in vain; the crier was sent through the village and among the booths, but no reward offered brought it back. The singer of national songs was at last glad to embrace the offer of his friend, and borrow of him money to pay his passage direct to London; where, for aught the Journal of Music knows he is ready to accept an engagement for Barnum's Museum, or even as *primo uomo* in an English Opera.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

From Spohr's Autobiography.

"VENICE, October, 1816.

Paganini returned hither yesterday from Trieste, and seems to have given up the idea of going to Vienna at present. He called on me this morning, and I at last made the acquaintance of this wonderful man, about whom I have been talked to every day since I have been in Italy. No instrumental performer has ever so roused the Italians as *Paganini*. Although the Italians are not very fond of instrumental music, he has given ten entertainments in Milan, and five here. When you enquire by what witchcraft he enchants his public, you are told by unmusical persons that he is a genuine necromancer, and produces tones on the violin that have never been heard before. *Connoisseurs* will tell you, however, that the great dexterity of his left hand in double stops and all kinds of rapid passages cannot be denied, that however those qualities of his playing which transport the great multitudes, in fact lower him to a juggler, a *charlatan*, and that he is wanting in a large tone, a long stroke of the bow and tasteful treatment of cantabile passages, which are certainly sad deficiencies. These artifices, (which the Italian public are so much taken with, that they have given him as a nickname, "*The Unapproachable*," (which title, by the way, he has modestly adopted in the signature on his portrait,) consist in a lot of tricks such as in the dark times of good taste a certain *Schiller* used to perform in the small towns and petty capitals of Germany, and at which the good people used to stare with mouths wide open, viz., in flageolet tones, in variations on one string—the other three for the sake of effect being removed in sight of the public before commencing—in pizzicato passages, produced by the left hand alone, and in the imitation of sounds which are unnatural to the violin, as for instance the peculiar tones of a bassoon, the voice of an old woman and others. As I have never heard *Schiller*—whose motto was "One God, one Schiller"—I should like much to have an opportunity to hear *Paganini* in his own manner, the more so, as an artist who is so much admired must certainly possess more real merits than those mentioned. The cause of his eminence as a player is said to have been a four years imprisonment to which he was condemned for strangling his wife to death in a fit of anger. At least this is the story told openly in Milan, and here. Not being able to entertain himself with reading or writing, as his education had been utterly neglected, he fell to practising the violin, and there it was where he invented and perfected those tricks which now astonish the whole of Italy. By unpleasant and impolite manners he has made several enemies among the influential musical people here, and these, after I have played for them, take every opportunity to praise me up at the expense of *Paganini*, which is not only very unjust, as two artists of such totally different style as *Paganini* and myself, should never be measured together, but also prepossesses all of *Paganini*'s friends and admirers against me."

WONDER IF THEY DO.—They had a "Board of Music Trade Convention" in town the other day. *Vanity Fair* begs to inquire if the Board of Music traders take each other's notes for pay?

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Johanna Kinkel's Eight Letters to a Friend

ON INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO.

(Translated by WM. GRAUERT, A. M.)

[MR. EDITOR: The author of these "letters" who met with so untimely a fate at London, has deservedly enjoyed a wide reputation in her country, both as a musician and a poet. Her "letters" will clearly prove how thoroughly familiar she was with the musical art. As to her excellency as a poet, allow me to remark that when once in the stirring times of the German Revolution, her husband, Prof. Kinkel read to a vast assembly a most exquisite poem on the aroused nation's struggle, and the listening multitude asked for its author's name, I heard Kinkel exclaim with the fervor of an admiring husband: *My wife* wrote it, and the thousands standing around the platform burst into a universal applause. Mrs. Kinkel introduces her "letters" with the following preface:

"This book is particularly destined for musically educated mothers who live in the country or in small towns, and are obliged for want of a *competent* music teacher, to undertake or control themselves the instruction of their children in this department.

The observations contained in these letters and acquired during a many years' experience, might also benefit some music teachers in their first start."]

I.

You ask my advice with regard to the instruction on the piano to be given to your daughter. I cheerfully avail myself of this opportunity to write down many an experience made in this department, with the hope of benefitting others beside you. I do not presume to teach professional musicians; but the class of talented and well educated performers on the piano to whom you belong, who with all their own acquirements might hardly be able to instruct a child will perhaps thank me for giving them some hints in order to obtain the method by which I enjoyed so much success. It is true that with the assistance of the many excellent "schools" and "studies" for the piano, published by masterly musicians during many years, any musical man with ordinary patience and clear conceptions may become a tolerable teacher; but it will none the less be desirable to have the path of our own experience somewhat shortened. For it is certainly detrimental to beginners to receive an impression of wavering uncertainty by the teacher's following various ways of instruction which he is likely to give up as his experience increases.

I need, of course, not tell you, in what manner you are to teach your pupils the notes and rests, as well as the general rules of performance. You need only take a standard Piano "Instruction Book" to get a guide for the entire course of instruction. But such a book being once selected, you must certainly go through it. You may, for the sake of encouraging the pupils, if they should become weary, allow some cheerful favorite piece as a temporary interruption; but you must return at once to the Instruction Book. If the latter does not contain a sufficient number of little pieces, you may find in every music store, a complete series of such pieces under the title: "Exercices préparatoires" by Aloys Schmidt.

I content myself, with regard to the first instruction, with pointing out such details as are most frequently overlooked or neglected, important though they are.

We direct your attention above all to the *correct raising of the fingers*, and the observance of the *grammatical accent*.

Both rules are so easy and self-evident, that I am ashamed to speak of them. But as many performers have wasted their time for years by futile instruction, and must retrace their steps, simply because they have impatiently skipped over those first steps; it is

not superfluous again and again, to direct the attention of every teacher to it.

It is with spoiled pupils, very painful to undertake opposing at once their various short comings, since this constant interruption and blame on the part of the teacher confuses and exasperates them. Turn, therefore, your entire attention above all, and first to the mechanism of the fingers required by the very easiest pieces, and consider that the more strictly you oblige the beginners to learn, that the sooner you will enter with them a more pleasant field.

I am aware that he who teaches music for the first time, very often becomes tired of instructing. He must alternately drive out deeply rooted habits of pupils, negligently taught by former instructors, or incessantly warn small children not to hold their fingers too flatly. He will impatiently ask if there is on earth a more futile and tiresome task. He has perchance looked deeply into the soul of music, and is now to impart to his pupils his beloved art as an external skill of performing something on an instrument, instead of teaching them to think and feel musically. He would much rather be the magnetic stone attracting all those around him to music's bourne, and prepare the way for the creations of the immortal masters which are lifeless to all such as cultivate music as a thoughtless plaything.

This vexation of the teacher, whose original zeal is dulled by the beginner's stiff fingers, and slow perception is very soon communicated to the latter. Children's fingers, in particular, are as yet lacking in the muscular power required to raise them elastically after each tone. The constant call: fingers up! displeases them, and if in addition, the teacher's aversion to the mechanical part of his avocation, becomes permanent and manifests itself by a sullen, impartial bearing to his pupils, he often destroys in them the germ of future good results.

The teacher's task for the first step, in developing the mechanism of fingers is, after all, like any other handiwork, during which he must not carelessly meditate upon some other entertainment. He must look out for the acquirement of the finger's skill with just the same interest, which the turner or metal-working man exhibits in polishing his material.

Whoever is impatient of detail, and insensible even to the most insignificant results of his toil, has no talent for teaching.

Just try it, and devote yourself once with close attention, to the simple task of teaching a child to play a scale perfectly evenly. The liveliness of your interest, the cheerfulness with which you will e. g. remark: "there were only two indistinct tones in it now! now there is but one! now you have played it quite correctly," passes over to the child. It will now of itself attend closely to its touch, and hear with satisfaction every success. If you conquer indolence and weariness in yourself, you will carry the pupil along with you. It would not be amiss to insert alternately a more pleasing composition between dry exercises, provided you choose so as to promote this study and not to spoil the taste. The pleasant is sufficiently intermixed with the useful in the studies of recent composers, and if the pupils have once reached this step, they should surely not complain of any want of pleasing variety in their exercises.

It is decidedly injurious to pass with restless haste from one piece to another before the former has been studied and performed to perfection. The pupils should from the first start learn to appreciate a finished purity of execution as an unavoidable necessity.

If you bear in mind that an insignificant fault in the attitude of fingers, will render afterwards an appreciative performance impossible, you will not, like so many dilettanti, regard mechanical skill as a sort of contrast to expressive performance. The former must exist as a means for the purpose before the latter can be expected from the pupil. How can a per-

former, be he ever so clear and understanding, represent beauty in music, if his fingers are obstinate?

Whoever undertakes, then, the task of instructing a beginner, should be honest to him and not hasten away over the prosaic portion of his avocation, in order to amuse himself on the expense of the pupil.

(To be continued.)

Madame Clara Novello.

The retirement of Mad. Clara Novello from the Sacred Concert-room will leave a blank which at present there does not appear any likelihood of being filled up. Such a loss to sacred art is indeed to be deeply lamented, more particularly at a time when oratorios, become an entertainment for the people, are progressing rapidly in general estimation, and when their performances are no longer restricted to special localities and periods. Such an artist as Mad. Novello must have had some hand or voice in conducting to this progress. Many no doubt would at first go to hear the singer, with no particular predilection for holy strains, who subsequently, taught to attend and understand, would be attracted by the music itself. If ever a singer was constituted to exercise an influence over a large auditory, it was the lady who forms the subject of our remarks. Mad. Novello has not only a voice of surpassing quality and purity, but her style and manner are eminently adapted to sacred music. The beauty and purity of her voice were acknowledged from the first moment when, as a girl, she was launched into artistic life, and dared the fiat of the public alongside of Malibran, Grisi, Caradori, Sontag, Mary Paton, and other cantatrice, native and foreign, who were more or less remarkable in the roll of fame. A new star in such a constellation, the youthful Clara Novello was not obnubilated in the surrounding lustre. She gained hosts of admirers, who were enchanted with her lovely voice and the refinement of her style, and augured the most brilliant results for her future. That these auguries have not been falsified we need hardly say. Mad. Novello's career has been one of undeviating success, and no part of her progress has been marked by greater triumphs than that which dates from her return to public life after several years' interval passed in retirement. Indeed, our principal regret at losing the artist is bound up with the fact that her vocal powers are as transcendent as ever, and that time has only added to the purity and delicacy of her style. Had Mad. Novello's powers been on the wane our regrets would have been extenuated by the consideration that she was acting cautiously and judiciously; anticipating Time as it were, and succumbing to his supremacy ere he could lay too heavily his hand upon her—thereby exhibiting art to the last, as she stood on the threshold of the temple about to take her leave. Mad. Novello's reasons for quitting public life are alleged to be of a private nature. The loss to the public is the same whatever the cause.

The qualities which eminently befit Mad. Clara Novello for the sacred concert-room are the peculiar character of the voice, and a style essentially devotional. Mad. Novello's voice is a high soprano, pure, open, brilliant, clear and liquid as a well-tuned silver bell, and extremely sympathetic. In the upper register some of the tones are wonderfully touching. This rare organ, so available, it would seem, for all purposes, so capable, so beautiful and so telling, is toned down and sobered to a religious feeling that lends it its peculiar characteristic, and makes it almost sombre in expression and coloring. From this peculiarity, this sombreness of tone, Mad. Novello derives her special power in sacred music. Of that "demonstrative" quality so indispensable to the dramatic singer she exhibits but little, and is seldom outwardly energetic or forcible. Intensity without display, and earnestness arising from a manner full of repose and apparently absorbed, constitute the specialties which distinguish Mad. Novello from all other singers of sacred music. So rapt, indeed, is she at most times in her performance, that, even when singing, could our ears deceive us so, she might stand as an exemplification of Wordsworth's Nun, "breathless with adoration." Whether this be pure instinct or the most consummate art, we cannot say. In either case the result is the same, and the wondrous influence of the vocalist made manifest. When shall England be able to boast of another singer who can produce such extraordinary effects by such simple means? When shall England boast of another singer who, while disclaiming, if not failing in, that dramatic vigor and impassioned energy which all candidates for lyric honors, on or off the stage, have made the be-all and end-all of their acquirements, may be able to achieve such greatness and renown? The brightest luminary of the Sacred Concert-room

is about to disappear for ever—when to be replaced lies buried in the womb of Time.—*London Musical World, Sept. 22.*

An Unknown Opera by Donizetti.

The following are particulars relative to the recently discovered manuscript opera of *Rita*. One day, as Donizetti was walking along the Boulevard des Italiens, depressed and sad, he was accosted by his friend, M. Gustave Vaez (author of the libretto of *La Favorite*). "I die with ennui," he exclaimed; "pray suggest something to occupy my mind, even if it be but one act." A comic subject was agreed upon; two days after, the first act was brought by the author to the composer, who soon accomplished his task; to be brief, within the week the opera (*Rita*) was finished. It was accepted with eagerness by the director of the Opéra Comique, M. Crosnier, but never produced, for the following cause. M. Auber, at that time the presiding deity of the Opéra Comique, had been vainly solicited to have his work ready at the period named, but replied that it was impossible, and chose the month of March following for its performance. In this dilemma, M. Crosnier addressed himself to Donizetti and an agreement was duly drawn up between them. M. Auber, who was in ignorance of this agreement, wrote a few days afterwards to the manager, retracting his first decision, and fixing November as the precise period he wished his opera to appear. Great was M. Crosnier's embarrassment; but by employing a little tact, he hoped to extricate himself. Donizetti, who did not at all understand theatrical diplomacy, was at first much puzzled by the manager's preliminary eloquence, but a light flowing into his mind, he divined the real state of the case, and coming at once to the point, said, "Oh, now I see; it is the engagement with me that is the difficulty in question; I am not in the habit of using a magisterial order to enforce a performance of my music," and taking up the paper he tore it in pieces. Feeling, however, much hurt, he refused to part with the score. Unfortunately for M. Crosnier, Auber within a few days again altered his mind, and gave notice that he should adhere to his original arrangement of producing his opera in March. Meantime the management of the Opéra Comique devolved on M. Basset, and the latter, finding an entry of the piece in the books of the theatre, proposed to M. Gustave Vaez to put it at once into rehearsal. The illustrious composer was already attacked by the cruel disease of the brain which, alas! paralysed his fine intellect, and his brother—chief of the military bands of the Sultan, at Constantinople—did not judge it right, while the poor maestro writhed in his bed of agony in a Maison de Sante, at Issy, to deliver over the fruits of that intellect to the anatomical discussions of the critic. Donizetti was taken to Bergamo, his native town, in a dying state, where he yielded up his last sigh. A seal was put on all his papers, amongst which was the score of *Rita*. Adolphe Adam, who was aware of the existence of this MSS., wished to produce it while he was director of the Opéra Nationale, and M. Gustave Vaez wrote to M. Joseph Donizetti, and received the following reply, dated from Constantinople: "Sir,—It is out of my power to accept your polite offer at present, as no decision has yet been made of my poor brother Gaetano's effects, and I am only a co-inheritor." The matter thus rested during several years. M. Joseph Donizetti dying, his son bought the rights of the other inheritors, and came to Paris with the score, which M. Gustave Vaez proposed to M. Perrin, now manager of the Opéra Comique. M. Perrin inquired into the authenticity of the work, and M. Gustave Vaez pledged his word of honor to having seen each piece composed by Donizetti, according as the words were brought to him. "Your simple word is enough for me," replied M. Perrin, "but it will hardly satisfy those who may be tempted to surmise a speculation on our part." M. G. Vaez proposed forming a committee capable of pronouncing on the authenticity of the work. The proposal was at once carried into effect. Individuals were chosen, not only with reference to solving the question in an artistic point of view, but also those who were acquainted with his handwriting. The list included the following names: M. Duprez, M. Laborne, who had superintended the copying of all Donizetti's music for the theatre from the original MSS.; M. Vauthart, chief director of the choruses; M. Robin, chief copyist. The committee assembled under the presidency of M. Perrin. The question to be solved was the following: "Is the score of the opera (*Rita*) complete as it has been found, orchestrated, and ready for the copyist by the hand of Donizetti?" If the committee do not come to a satisfactory conclusion on this point, M. Perrin's agreement is null and void. The score was carefully examined, and the judges unanimously pronounced that no possible

doubt could exist of its authenticity. The committee signing their names, they further stated that there was positive evidence that the music had been composed after the receipt of the words, and expressly for the French libretto.—*London Musical World*, Sept. 22.

Worcester Musical Festival.

SEPTEMBER.

Tuesday.—At 12 o'clock the musical performances were inaugurated by the first part of Haydn's *Creation*, in which the most marked feature was the singing of Mad. Clara Novello, whose voice told wonderfully in "The Marvellous Work," and "With Verdure Clad." The choruses went well. "The heavens are telling," bringing the selection to a fine close. Mr. Weiss is so thoroughly at home in this as in all other of our standard works, that we need do no more than remark that his delivery of "Rolling in foaming billows" was characterised by all those good qualities which have raised and retained him in his deserved position. After a few minutes' pause, Mendelssohn's oratorio of *St. Paul* commenced, and allowing half-an-hour's interval between the first and second part, did not conclude until just 4 o'clock. Our readers are sufficiently well acquainted with this masterpiece to render all criticism on its intrinsic and manifold beauties quite superfluous. Suffice it to say then, that the general execution is entitled to commendation—principals, band, and chorus alike exerting themselves to do justice to the great work, which twenty-four years ago was produced with such success at the Dusseldorf gathering, under the direction of the great composer himself. Mesdames Clara Novello and Rudersdorff divided the soprano music; Mad. Sainton-Dolby, assisted by Miss M. Wells, the contralto; Mr. Sims Reeves alone sustaining the tenor part, and Signor Belletti the bass, supported by Mr. Briggs, one of the lay clerks of the cathedral. The choruses producing the greatest effect were "Stone him to death," "Rise up, arise," and "O great is the depth," marred however, by people who could not wait for their refreshment until the end of the first part, but persisted in getting up and disturbing everybody else. The chorales, forming so distinctive a feature in this oratorio, were also given with great smoothness and attention. The one "To thee O Lord," performed at the funeral of the late Duke of Wellington, and "Sleepers, wake, a voice is calling," especially calling forth praise. The final chorus "Not only unto him," was altogether lost for the same reason we have above alluded to. Perhaps four hours is rather too long for a sitting, especially when we consider there are yet three full mornings and three long evening concerts to come. The attendance was larger by some 300 than is usual on the Tuesday morning (a good argument for continuing the same order at future meetings)—about 1,350 persons being present.

Wednesday.—The concert of Tuesday was a decided improvement in more respects than one on those generally given at these meetings. In the first place the length was not excessive, as it commenced at eight and would have terminated at eleven, but for the encores in the second part. So much for the quantity. Next as to the quality, likewise praiseworthy, including, as it did, two works each equally great in its way, and sufficient to stamp the concert with the individuality of good music. We allude to Dr. Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*, heard for the first time at Worcester, and now fairly making the round of the provinces (it only remains for Hereford to follow the example of Gloucester the "fayre," and this the "faithfulle" city to complete the circle of the choirs), and Beethoven's Symphony in D. No. 2, which occupied the post of honor, the opening of the second part. Mad. Clara Novello, as the heroine. Mr. Sims Reeves as the lover, Mr. Weiss, as Robin Hood, and Miss M. Wells as the Queen, one and all acquitted themselves to perfection; the chorus, too, was unusually good, and but for the orchestral accompaniment being far too loud throughout the entire execution, would have been entitled to unqualified praise. Of course for this the conductor is responsible, and it really was a pity to hear the voices of the principals all but drowned by the loudness of the instruments. We have so frequently eulogised this work that any further laudation would be superfluous, but it is sufficient to say that the intrinsic goodness of the music is such that the pleasure of the hearer is increased at each performance, a fact which never occurs with music of an inferior character, however attractive and catching it may have been at first hearing.

This being market day, the streets are crowded with farmers and dealers, their wives and daughters with butter, poultry, fruit, &c. and by their rustic garb and dialect contrasting with the throngs of elegantly dressed people who swarmed all over the town. About

1100 were present at this morning's performance in the cathedral, and certainly enjoyed a treat of the highest order,—for the execution of Spohr's *Last Judgment* was irreproachable from beginning to end. It was at first our intention to have specialised the most remarkable points, but we find upon consideration that so doing would involve a recapitulation of almost every piece from the overture to the final chorus, and so our readers must be content to learn that never perhaps has Spohr's masterpiece been heard to greater effect. The soloists were Mesdames Rudersdorff and Sainton-Dolby, Mr. M. Smith, and Mr. Weiss, all of whom were in excellent voice, and sang with great artistic skill. Mr. Weiss especially distinguishing himself in the arduous bass part, the descriptive recitative describing the approach of the lost day being given most admirably. At the request of the Dean, who is supposed to preside in absence of the Bishop, the quartett "Blest are the departed," was repeated. The second part consisted of a selection of the most striking pieces from *Judas Macabreus*, comprising the choruses, "Mourn ye afflicted children," "O father whose Almighty power," "Disdainful of danger," "Fallen is the foe," "We never will bow down" and "Sing unto God." The whole of these were given with the greatest effect, band and singers working with a will. To Mad. Clara Novello fell "Pious orgies" and "From mighty kings." To say that she sang these to perfection would be faint praise; and so marked an impression was produced by the latter that no one could help feeling gratified when the Dean got up and requested its repetition, with which Mad. Novello gracefully complied by again singing the second part. It made every one feel a regret that we are so soon to lose such a voice from among us, and that future festivals must look long and far before they again find any one conveying the sensations produced by those clear ringing bell-like notes. No less magnificent was Mr. Sims Reeves's delivery of the two airs set down for him, "Call forth thy powers" and "Sound an alarm," both equally well sung, but the latter absolutely electrifying the audience. Mr. Reeves was asked to repeat this, but wisely forbore from overtaxing his voice by a repetition of such a terrifically trying song. Of course all audible manifestations of applause are suppressed in a sacred building, but after such a display as those of Sims Reeves and Clara Novello, a subdued murmur seems to run round, and a thrill of delight is visible in the face of every one. Mad. Weiss achieved a most decided success in the air "O Liberty," and made many regret that the air "Wise men flattering," had not also been allotted to her. Mad. Sainton-Dolby had but little to do, but what she had was done well. Signor Belletti, who has been suffering from indisposition throughout the festival, was consequently unable to do himself justice in "Arm, arm, ye brave," or "The Lord worked wonders."

Thursday.—Our notice of last night's concert must necessarily be short; and as there was but one novelty in the evening (the greater part of the remainder of the programme being of an uninteresting character) our task is easy. The plot of Niels W. Gade's cantata, *The Erl King's Daughter* (first time of performance in England), is remarkably simple. A certain Sir Oluf, on the eve of his marriage, appears to have been taking a post-prandial ride "while twilight around was closing;" very unwisely he decides upon also taking a nap on the Elfin Hill, although his mamma has expressed her objection to his being "out" at night. The elfin maidens, no doubt gratified at the presence of such a distinguished guest, serenade him, and invite him to dance, while the Erl King's daughter tempts him by the offer of a silk waistcoat ("a silken vest it shall be thine"), a decided novelty in the way of attire, as the young lady's mamma, who must have been a landress of original ideas, seems to have bleached it in "pale moonshine." Whether he accepts or declines the gift is not altogether clear; however, the lady "hurries him on," and having attained her wish ungratefully dismisses him with a prediction that he will die on the morrow. As she tells him to "ride home to his bride clad in robe of red," we conclude that in elfinland an extensive stock of ready-made gentlemen's apparel is kept on hand. Sir Oluf's mamma, who has been terribly distressed at his absence, welcomes him on his return, as does also a chorus of what we may suppose to be his tenants. Unfortunately for Sir Oluf, but fortunately for the public, the prediction is fulfilled, and the hero expires promptly; and so ends the cantata. An epilogue is tacked on very much in the shape of the "moral" to the celebrated pathetic legend, of "Villikins and his Dinah;" only instead of the advice being addressed to "All ye young maidens take warning and nor," it is "Knights who will on horseback ride" who are counselled to "stay not, like Oluf, in elfin grove with elfin maidens till morning."

Of the music we need say little more than that in parts it is invested with a certain graceful flowing melody, and that Mendelssohn has been the model the composer has sought to imitate. The execution was good, Mesdames Rudersdorff and Sainton-Dolby, with Mr. Weiss as Sir Oluf, sustaining the principal parts. On the whole, however, it is not very interesting, lacking invention, and displaying a tendency, especially in the melodramatic part of the story, to run into commonplace. The audience were not very enthusiastic at its termination; but that says nothing, as enthusiasm does not appear to be an attribute of the Worcestersians.

This morning the *Elijah* has been given with enormous success. The same remarks that we applied to the *Last Judgment* will serve equally well with reference to the performance of Mendelssohn's masterpiece, which has seldom been heard to greater perfection. Mr. Weiss sustained the whole of the arduous part of the *Prophet*, and well as he sings upon most occasions, was never heard to greater advantage than on this day—his voice being in excellent order, and his delivery throughout being unexceptionable. He certainly has taken his revenge for the treatment received at the last Gloucester Festival, and at future meetings, we can hardly imagine the conductors entrusting the part of Elijah to any other than Mr. Weiss. Of course, Mad. Clara Novello took the first soprano music, her fine voice producing the usual effect, especially in the duet with the Prophet, and "Hear ye Israel." Mr. Montem Smith sang the tenor part in the first, Mr. Sims Reeves in the second division, "Then shall the righteous" being magnificently declaimed. Mesdames Weiss and Sainton-Dolby were equally praiseworthy, and touchingly as the latter lady sang "O rest in the Lord," we are glad that its repetition was not requested "by authority," as was the case with the trio, "Lift thine eyes." We have protested so frequently and unavailingly against this barbarism (for it is nothing less, to destroy the chain of harmony in such a manner), that we fear until every one shall know the *Elijah* thoroughly there will be no chance of correcting such an egregious want of taste.—*London Musical World*, Sept. 15.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE OPERA IN PHILADELPHIA.—A correspondent of the New York *Commercial Advertiser* furnishes the following account of the visit of the Prince and suite to the Philadelphia Academy of Music on Wednesday evening of last week.

The beauty of Philadelphia was present; for a more charming gathering of the fair sex could scarcely anywhere else be found, so great was the number of "handsome faces." When the full blaze of the grand chandelier was turned upon the crowded house, nothing could have been finer.

At a quarter past eight the royal party entered the box, and as the Prince advanced to the front, the lights were raised to their fullest extent, and the whole audience clapped their hands in his honor. The curtain was then raised, discovering the whole corps of artists, and the orchestra played the first few notes of "God save the Queen," at which the audience rose en masse, and remained standing during the singing of the Anthem. La Petite Patti sang the first verse in a very fine manner.

Carl Formes delivered the verse composed in honor of the Prince's visit, and the full chorus sang the last. The curtain descended amid great applause. The royal party had remained standing during the whole time; Lord Lyons in the centre, having the Prince on his left, and the Duke of Newcastle on his right; the remainder scattered around the box. They now took their seats in the following order: The front of the box was occupied by the Prince, Lord Lyons, Earl St. Germain and the Duke. Behind the Duke was General Bruce, behind the Prince Mayor Henry, and between the two Mr. Kortright, the consul.

During the playing of Hail Columbia and the overture to Martha, the Prince perceptibly colored painfully several times, doubtless from being the object upon which a large number of "double-barreled glasses" were leveled. However, during the performance of the opera, he often cast side looks upon the ladies through his lorgnette. In the last scene of the first act of Martha, the Prince enjoyed heartily the boxing match between Plunkett (Carl Formes) and Sir Tristram (Sig. Barili), which was carried out in true John Bull style.

When Martha (Patti) sang the gem of the opera in Italian, she was so rapturously applauded that she repeated the melody to the English words of Tom Moore's beautiful composition

"Tis the last rose of Summer."

which caused still greater applause by both Prince and people.

Brignoli, as Lionel, was also applauded in the beautiful tenor *aria* in the third act, "*M'appari tutt' amor*," which he repeated.

At the conclusion of the opera the artists were called before the curtain, and bowing to the audience and to the Prince, retired amid loud applause.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 20, 1860.

The Music of the Day.

The music for the day, just now, is all in the streets, guiding the march of torchlight processions of all parties, in turn, and the midnight air resounds with the cheerful sounds of innumerable full bands, and the incessant roll of drums, while the blazing torches and ringing cheers for the different favorites of the day, give to our quiet streets an unwonted life.

Gilmore's Band gave a benefit concert to Ralph W. Farnham, the venerable survivor of the battle of Bunker Hill, here among us *alone* of all his companions on that day at the age of one hundred and five. The Tremont Temple was crowded, and doubtless the concert was a substantial benefit to the old soldier. Long may he live!

In curious contrast to this are the preparations in progress as we write, to welcome to our city the Heir Apparent of the Throne of England, ALBERT EDWARD, Prince of Wales, not the least pleasant part of which we think, to H. R. H., will be the greeting of the children of the Public Schools in the Music Hall. This is to be a musical ovation, similar in character to the recent Annual Festival of the Schools, the arrangements of the hall and the programme, being about the same. We heard the rehearsal of the music, and anticipate a complete success.

The heart of a Prince must be more insensible than that of the average of humanity that can fail to be stirred "as by the sound of a trumpet," and touched to its very core by the singing of the noble and beautiful words written for this occasion by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, to the music of the glorious anthem of Old England, sung with the enthusiasm kindled in the twelve hundred youthful hearts of the singers, by the unwonted stimulus of the Royal presence, and the universal spirit of good will and cordiality that pervades this whole people, on this occasion without a parallel in our history. Good will, good wishes and a cordial welcome to the Heir of England are in every heart and on every tongue, and the abundant tokens of this feeling on every hand, must amply atone for any occasional annoyances, and for the constant fatigue of a progress like that of the Prince through this country. True Republicanism loses nothing of its self respect in these honors, so gladly paid to the English Prince and through him to the great Free People, and the good and gracious Queen whom he represents, and there are few who cannot heartily join in the prayer, GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, OCT. 15.—We are promised this winter six classical soirées by Mr. WOLFSOHN assisted by Mr. THOMAS and many other fine players. The programme will show the kind of music our people are gradually becoming admirers of, and if

Mr. Wolfsohn plays as well this winter as he did last, and there is every reason to believe that he will execute much better, we have a rare treat in store for us. The subscription list is rapidly filling up. The following is the programme of the first soirée :

1. Quatuor (D minor.—String instruments). Haydn
2. Solo Piano (Andante spianato—Polonaise, E flat major) Chopin
3. Solo Violin (Tarantelle). Schubert
4. Sonate, Piano and Violoncello (Andante—Allegro Finale) Mendelssohn
5. Quatuor, Piano and String instruments (E flat major) Schumann

Musical Miscellany.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Orpheus Glee-Club, or, as their official title runs, the Orpheus Musical Association, have in active preparation a musical novelty, which they intend to bring out this season. It is an opera-travesty in two acts, entitled "The Bards," by Julius Freudenthal, Kapellmeister to the Duke of Braunschweig. As the title signifies, music and text are a take off, a travesty, on the modern, especially the Italian opera. And we may add, after hearing one rehearsal, it is a capital hit. Burton's Po-ca-hon-tas is a mere trifle in comparison. The libretto has the additional merit of being a temperance story.

The dramatis personæ of the male sex appear in the costume of the priests of Norma, the heroine, Freia, (being the name of the wife of Wuotan), the chief god of the ancient Germans, is attired in the garb of Norma. The scene is laid in a dense forest. The child of Freia—Norma and a stranger from Berlin, who answers to the euphonious name of Piefke is a youth of light complexion, attired as a boy. The part of Freia is sung by a baritone.

The object of the society of Bards is stated by their chief in a very emphatic melodrama as follows :

The society of Bards is founded on an oath that is binding, always to carry the bottle, but never to empty it. It is further stated that any transgressor is at once to be "butchered." The chief of bards, who is unsuccessfully trying to make love to Freia, discovers her in a loving interview with the stranger, yecept Piefke, a poet, who appears to have been a tailor, Freia herself being at that time servant girl at the tavern called the Pinetree. They do not disguise the fact that they have been married clandestinely, the fruit of their union being the long-legged individual of a light complexion who rejoices in the name of Fritzchen, and is believed to be four years of age. In his wrath the chief of Bards is going to have them "butchered," when a savior appears in the person of the second chief, who is discovered to be an uncle to Piefke, having been a cobbler before. He and the chief having privately enjoyed the forbidden drink of ardent liquor, he advises Piefke to accuse the chief of this crime in public convention, which he does just as he and Freia are going to be "butchered." This plot succeeds, not, however, without burying the second chief together with the first under the ruins of their offices, whereupon Piefke is made chief, much against his will.

This is a meagre outline of the plot, which we may translate, if time and opportunity serve us. The music abounds in "first-rate airs and choruses," and we have not the least doubt, that the opera will take vastly. There is capital fun throughout the whole piece, which may prove a very pleasant diversion after the excitement of the present political campaign.

SCU.

NIEMANN, the great German tenor, who has been engaged for the performances of Wagner's "Tannhäuser" in Paris, as the best representative of the principal character in this opera, has lately been performing in Leipsic. The *Signale* says of him :

"With a magnificent voice and an imposing person there is coupled a demoniacal element by which, in his personifications of dramatic characters he is so intensely effective; truly demoniacal is then, too, the sound of his voice. His best part is "Tannhäuser." In the contest of the minstrels at Wartburg, and in the scenes of the third act, his performance is truly great. Niemann is the proper man for this character. Most of our tenors, sweet creatures, sing their story of the Venus mountain, as if they had with much pain committed it to memory. But when Niemann sings it he makes you shudder all over. It is no longer Niemann; it is Tannhäuser himself, glowing in the memory of his past revels. You feel that a mysterious power urges him on to revel more and more, till at last the fatal confession is wrung from his lips, 'I have shared in hell's bacchanals.' The *dénouement* in the third act is given with painful truth, and here, where most singers are tried, his voice seems to be more telling than ever."

THE OPERA.—The "season" which will to-night close at the Academy of Music has been neither brilliant nor successful. Commencing, on the 3d of September, with an inordinate blast from the trumpet of the management, it has comprised (or will have comprised, if no change in to-night's performance is made) twenty-four performances. "La Traviata" has been four times sung; the "Sicilian Vespers," three times; "Il Trovatore," "La Sonnambula," "Linda di Chamounix" and "Don Giovanni," twice each; "Lucrezia Borgia," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Robert Le Diable," "Nabucco," "Martha," "Norma," "Il Barbiere," "Il Poliuto," and "I Puniti," once each.

There have been one postponement, several substitutions "at a moment's notice," changes and conflicting announcements almost innumerable. The audiences have been small, except only on one occasion, and a listless air has been their prevailing characteristic.

All will admit that the out door tendencies of the American populace in the great quadrennial campaign seriously interfere with the pecuniary good fortune of an operatic enterprise. In the case now under consideration however, there are other causes—causes not independent of the management—which could produce more disastrous failures than this which has crowned the season now to close. The first and most unpardonable of these is the unblushing want of good faith shown by the management to the public. While we have been taught by experience that the glowing promises of the advertisement preliminary are liable to fade before they are fulfilled, we still hope to see at least some resemblance between the two. When a series of new works is announced, we do not find ourselves fully gratified, or strongly drawn to the theatre by seeing daily upon our walls the names of the threadbare operas, whose every note we know, and whose melodies have even passed away from the hand-organs of the street. It is, nevertheless, possible that we determine to renew the pleasure of years long past by going to hear one of these old friends; we shall not bless the management, nor shall we be in haste to go again, when arriving at the Academy vestibule, we discover that sudden indisposition has seized some meritorious singer—it never attacks any other—and that our pet aversion is to take the rôle thus left empty, or that an opera the thought of which makes us yawn, is substituted.

Another cause which ever leads and always should lead to failure, is found in the monstrous improbabilities, the contemptible shabbiness, of the operatic stage itself. No inconsiderable latitude must always be allowed to the scenic department and wardrobe attached to any dramatic establishment. Much that would be beyond expression ridiculous in real life has merely an attractive brilliancy when exhibited in front of the footlights.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

HEARING IN LARGE CHURCHES.—This is now made as easy as in the smallest by the success of an experiment just completed in Trinity Church, in this city. It consists of a paraboloidal reflector of sound placed at the back of the pulpit, of which the speaker's mouth is the focus. A beam of sound about ten feet in diameter is thus thrown to the most remote point of the church, and by its side-flow fills the whole body of the building. All great public buildings, whether for singing or speaking, may have a similar arrangement adapted to their use. It is particularly suitable for legislative halls, as it works both ways. A person standing at the furthest door in Trinity Church can carry on a conversation, with one in the pulpit in the lowest tones, even in a whisper. Any person well acquainted with the higher

mathematics, and accustomed to make constructions in architecture, engineering or machinery, is competent to superintend such an erection. The one in Trinity Church was put up under the supervision of Professor HACKLEY, of Columbia College, in this city.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

PHILADELPHIA.—The *Evening Bulletin* prints the farewell card of the opera managers in that city, and appends the following comments. The same thing is true there that was true in New York and true in Boston, and it is not the political campaign alone that should account for the operatic failure.

This is a very neat way of disposing of the matter before the public; but it is not imperatively demanded that the story should be believed. In fact, it is growing into a proverb, that cards of opera managers are not to be believed. In September, a very flourishing announcement was made, containing promises most of which were broken. The same thing has happened repeatedly before, and will happen repeatedly again, unless managers learn from the public that such things will not succeed. They must be taught by experience that the people of Philadelphia, New York and Boston, will not sustain operatic enterprises undertaken without any serious intention of keeping faith with the public.

The history of the operatic campaign of this fall is a brief one and easily told. It began in New York, where a great array of artists was announced and many new operas were promised. But the new artists did not appear, nor were the new operas given. The season was a disastrous failure, every performance being before an audience small in numbers, a large proportion, also, being "dead-heads." There was a quarrel between the managers and some of their principal artists about salaries, like the quarrel of yesterday, and they seceded and set up a rival opera. In Philadelphia, in September, the same flourishing announcement was made, and there was the same failure to keep the promises made to the public; of course, poor audiences were the consequence. A new season was promised, beginning on the visit of the Prince of Wales. The managers made a large amount of money by that single performance, and now comes the old complaint of the artists, that they have not been paid, and there is a complete breaking up of the company.

The managers pretend that the election excitement prevents the public from taking any interest in the performances. But this is not the case. If the entertainments were good, novel and varied; if every thing was done that was promised, and if there were but three or four operas in a week, instead of six, the attendance would be larger, and the profits good. The election would not interfere to any serious extent. As at present managed, operatic entertainments do wrong in many directions. So little can the promises of managers be relied on, that artists will not engage to come to America, except at enormous salaries, as they feel assured that they will not be paid in full, and they hope to secure in one month enough to pay their expenses for six, counting on losing the pay promised for the remaining five months. On account of the same loose regard for truth, the public will not go to the opera, knowing that things will not be done as well as promised. The artists and the public are both wronged, and all array themselves against the managers. The public journals, on which success depends, are also wronged; for they are made the agents through which the public is deceived; the managers continually getting them to announce and promise great things, which are generally not performed. In this way there is a sort of quadrilateral irrepressible conflict, between the managers, the artists, the public and the press, in the midst of which the opera is broken down.

A RICH SCENE AT A PORTLAND THEATRE.—The Portland *Argus* states that during the performance of the Octoroon at the theatre in that city, last Wednesday afternoon, in the scene where Zoe is about to take poison, Mr. Nathan Winslow (a wealthy resident of Portland, and very rabid in his anti-slavery views,) astonished both audience and actors by rushing upon the stage and seizing Zoe, (Miss Kimberly,) shouting out in a highly excited manner: "Hold, Zoe,—don't take it! I command the underground railroad. Fly! fly with me and you are safe. Come to Canada to the possessions of Queen Victoria, and you will be free! free! FREE!!" Manager Macfarland soon set things to rights and the excited gentleman left the stage. In addition to the foregoing we learn that this was Mr. Winslow's first visit to a theatre. The character of the piece drew him thither, and his active abolition sympathies led him to make this ludicrous "first appearance on any stage."

OCTOBER.

Av, thou art welcome, Heaven's delicious breath,
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
And suns grow mild, and the meek days grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death.
Wind of the sunny South, O, still delay,
In the gay woods and in the golden air,
Like a good old age released from care,
Journeying in long serenity away.
In such a bright, late quiet would that I
Might wear out life like thee, 'mid bower and brooks,
And, dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,
And murmur of kind voices ever nigh;
And when my last sand twinkled in the glass,
Pass silently from men as thou dost pass.

A SONG WRITER.—Henry Carey was a man of genius. He wrote for the theatre with immediate and lasting success. Next he handled satire; and Pope took his verses for Swift's, and Swift for Pope's. Lastly he settled down to lyrical art; with a rare combination of two rare talents he invented immortal melodies and the immortal words to them: inter alia, he wrote the words and music of "Sally in our Alley," and the words and melody of the national anthem. For this last he deserved a pension and a niche in Westminster Abbey.

In a loose age he wrote chastely. He never failed to hit the public. He was of his age, yet immortal. No artist can be more.

But there was no copyright in songs.

Mark the consequence of that gap in law! While the theatres and the streets rang with his lines and tunes, while the fiddlers fiddled him and were paid, and the songsters sang him and were richly paid, the genius that set all those empty music pipes a-flowing, and a million ears listening with rapture, was fleeced to the bone. All shook the fruit tree except the planter. All reaped the corn except the sower. For why? The sower was an author; an inventor. And so, in the midst of successes that enriched others and left him bare, in the midst of the poor unselfish soul's attempts to found a charity for distressed performers, nature suddenly broke down under the double agony of a heart full of wrongs and an empty belly, and the man hanged himself.

They found him cold, with skin on his bones, and a half-penny in his pocket.

Think of this when next you hear "God save the Queen."—*Charles Reade.*

A new Oratorio, entitled Praise to God, composed by Geo. F. Bristow, Esq., has just been put in rehearsal by the Harmonic Society, who will produce it within a few weeks. This work deserves more than a passing notice, as it is worthy of great credit to the composer, not only, but to the art in this country. Mr. Bristow is an American by birth, and when quite young, exhibited a remarkable musical ability. His father being an accomplished professor, gave him a thorough education in every branch of the art. His first classical composition which attracted attention, was a symphony first brought out by the Philharmonic Society of this city, a society which never take up new compositions unless they are of great merit; since which, Mr. Bristow has composed several others, all of which have received high commendations from musical critics and the public. Julien, when in this country, was so much pleased with these symphonies that he took, I think, two with him on his return to Europe and brought them out in London, and also engaged Mr. Bristow to write others for his Orchestra. His opera of Rip Van Winkle, which had such a run at the time it was brought out by the Pyne and Harrison troupe a few years since at Niblos, established his reputation in that department. The oratorio just published, as a classical composition, will compare favorably with many of the works of the old masters. While it combines all that may be said to belong to the old school which is considered essential in a classical work, it is sufficiently modern in style, and adaptation to the *libretto*, to please all who can appreciate the higher order of music. The orchestral accompaniments show the perfect comprehension of the composer of the best effects which can be produced by the various instruments.—*N. Y. Corr. Georgia Telegraph.*

Song is the tone of feeling. Like poetry, the language of feeling, art should regulate, and perhaps temper and modify it. But whenever such a modification is introduced as destroys the predominance of the feeling—which yet happens in ninety-nine settings out of a hundred, and with nine hundred and ninety-nine taught singers out of a thousand—the essence is sacrificed to what should be the accident; and we get notes, but no song. If song, however, be the tone of feeling, what is beautiful [singing]? The balance of feeling, not the absence of it.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Kindly remembsr the loved ones. D. B. Worley 25

A very pleasing song of medium difficulty.

There is a fountain filled with blood. Quartet

and Chorus.

J. L. Ensign. 35

A most excellent short piece for large choirs. It may be sung quite effectively, though, by a choir of eight. There is a lack of such pieces, and those interested should encourage authors in their production by liberally using the few that are offered.

Song of the Spanish Orange girl. (La Naran-
gera.)

Scotchdopole. 30

Madame Gazzaniga's celebrated song with the original Spanish words and a fine English version. Prima Donnas will please take notice.

Nellie Brawn. Song and Chorus.

Bishop. 25

A new plantation melody, which will become a favorite with serenaders.

Instrumental Music.

The maiden's prayer. Four hands. Arranged
by

T. Bissell. 35

This well-known piece will be liked all the better in this new dress. It has gained in fullness and brilliancy, and the task of performing it distributed among two players lessens the difficulty of each part considerably.

Wauregan Quickstep.

J. W. Lewis. 25

String of Pearls Waltz.

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R. R. Trench. 25

Will be welcomed by young players as charming recreative pieces between their more serious studies.

Immortellen Waltzes. Four hds. Jos. Gungl. 75

Among musicians this set of waltzes composed in memory of Johann Strauss, the "Waltz king," is generally considered the best of the author. Certainly these waltzes when performed by two good players make as stirring a piece of dance-music as there is.

General Garibaldi's Quickstep.

C. H. Loehr. 25

With a fine portrait of the popular Italian hero on the title-page.

Books.

OLIVER'S COLLECTION OF HYMN AND PSALM TUNES, SENTENCES, ANTHEMS, AND CHANTS. A National Lyre, for the use of the Church, the Family or the Singing School. By Henry K. Oliver. 75

Few if any volumes of church music have been published of late possessing the merit of this work. The contents are selected and original, of the latter, much never before in print, the result of the compiler's labors in hours not occupied by his ordinary avocations. He has ventured to attempt the work, encouraged by long experience in the musical services of the church, and by the favor with which some of his own compositions have been received. Many admirable tunes are comprised in the work, which have been almost wholly ignored in the collections of the last thirty years, yet which really possess the highest merit. There are other compositions more suitable for Home and School use. In the selection of Anthems and Sentences, a leading object has been to combine novelty, variety and brevity.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 447.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 27, 1860.

VOL. XVIII. No. 4.

Gone.

BY ROSE TERRY.

A silent, odor-laden air,
From heavy branches dropping balm;
A crowd of daisies, milky fair,
That sunward turn their faces calm,
So rapt, a bird alone may dare
To stir their rapture with its psalm.

So falls the perfect day of June,
To moonlit eve from dewy dawn;
With light winds rustling through the noon,
And conscious roses half withdrawn
In blushing buds, that wake too soon,
And flaunt their hearts on every lawn.

The wide content of summer's bloom,
The peaceful glory of its prime,—
Yet over all a brooding gloom,
A desolation born of time,
As distant storm-caps tower and loom
And shroud the sun with heights sublime.

For they are vanished from the trees,
And vanished from the thronging flowers,
Whose tender tones thrilled every breeze,
And sped with mirth the flying hours;
No form nor shape my sad eye sees,
No faithful spirit haunts these bowers.

Alone, alone, in sun or dew!
One fled to heaven, of earth afraid;
And one to earth, with eyes untrue
And lips of faltering passion, strayed:
Nor shall the strenuous years renew
On any bough those leaves that fade.

Long summer-days shall come and go,—
No summer brings the dead again;
I listen to that voice's flow,
And ache at heart, with deepening pain;
And one fair face no more I know,
Still living sweet, but sweet in vain.

Atlantic Monthly.

The Diarist Abroad.

Bonn, Sept. 1860.

It was quite a triumph for our side. You must know, that some half dozen young men, instructors in a sort of high school or teacher's seminary not far away, had come to Horecker's to spend the night, on their way to Brühl, where the next day was to be a musical festival of the common school teachers of this region. One of them being the music teacher of the institution, we soon fell into a conversation upon the modes and amount of musical instruction imparted in the common schools, i. e., in the schools of the peasant villages, so thickly scattered here in the Rhine valley, and so fully peopled.

The result—a result which they confirmed in so many words, when I announced it—was, that the musical instruction in all those schools is confined to the teaching by rote of loyal songs and church chorals, with (in catholic schools) more or less pieces of a higher character, suitable to public worship. There is absolutely no effort—according to these gentleman—to impart a knowledge of reading music, and it may be asserted as a general fact, that no child leaves school with

more knowledge of musical notation than he brought thither half a dozen years before. They do acquire sometimes a remarkable power of learning pieces by rote, just as men who cannot read can often astonish us by the accuracy with which they will repeat a speech or a sermon.

But what are the grounds of confining music to this mere exercise of the memory in learning by rote? To this the reply was, there was not time to devote to anything farther, (as though one or two hours a week for years is not sufficient to teach reading simple music!); that if there was time, it would be useless to try (!); that peasants need not know anything farther of music; and that the Government will not allow it! Then I dilated upon our New England system of teaching notation, as perfected by Dr. Mason and others, which they did not seem to understand very well however, and expatiated upon what Lincoln makes his boys and girls do, as described to me by one of the Cambridge school committee, which they could hardly comprehend as being possible, and at which they expressed a hearty astonishment.

And this was the triumph of our side.

Next morning I went with them to Brühl.

Clemens August, Elector of Cologne, 1724–1761, was a great builder of palaces. One large one on the plain some half dozen miles south-west of Cologne was named Augustenberg, but is now known as the Prussian royal palace at Brühl. As the old Electors were at the same time Archbishops, it was natural enough that with their palaces should be joined the necessary buildings to accommodate any desirable number of ecclesiastics. Hence back of the palace extends a long range of building, once a monastery with its chapel, now a teachers' seminary.

Herr M. Toepler is the instructor in music. He is learned in ancient Catholic church music, and has now for many years devoted himself to its resuscitation, to its rejuvenescence, so to speak. Under his auspices the school teachers of the neighboring villages—none but men teach school here—have formed an Association and meet once a year for a musical festival. For these meetings Toepler prepares the music some months beforehand and distributes it among the members who learn it themselves and drill it into the heads of such of their schoolchildren as are able to learn it. When the time of the festival approaches a general rehearsal or two is sufficient.

This year the programme was, divine service with a musical mass in the forenoon, and, in the afternoon, a dinner followed by songs in one or more parts for men's voices. At the mass besides the regular Kyrie, Gloria, Sanctus, &c., some half dozen pieces, among them a Magnificat, were sung during or at the close of the service.

The sacred music consisted of selections from old Latin choral masses, arranged by Toepler for mixed chorus or for men's voices—mostly for the former, and was sung without accompaniment.

I was very curious to see the singers, and at eleven o'clock was gratified. Imagine the end

of the church under the organ railed off, the floor covered with a platform raised three feet, perhaps, and here some two hundred children collected, boys and girls, each with his or her part in the hand. Imagine these children just such as you have so often seen in our cities, progeny of the “finest pisantry in the wur-ld,” or of just landed “Dutch.” Little redheads, whiteheads, scrubheads, all sorts of heads—but scrubbed up, and made neat for the occasion. Peasant children out and out; and these are the sopranos and altos for the music of the mass which I held in my hand! Moreover, if my last evening friends are to be believed, not one of them can read music, and must all learn this by rote! But there they stood and besides them the platform had only men and youth, tenors and basses, in due number the proper balance of parts. There they stood, not interesting, not even interested looking children. Their want of animation was to me striking—how different from home! And they will sing all this music; and there will be no confusion, no lapses, no breakdown? We shall see.

Toepler takes his place in the middle of the crowd, motions “attention!”; the priest at the altar intones the first words of the service, and the chorus falls in,

The musical score is written for four voices: Soprano (SOP.), Alto (ALT.), Tenor (TEN.), and Bass (BASS.). It begins with the Kyrie eleison. The lyrics are: Ky-ri-e e-lei-son, Ky-ri-e-lei-son, e-lei-son. The score includes musical notation with notes and rests, and the lyrics are written below the notes.

Here are eleven only of the 63 measures of the Kyrie: not difficult music, it is true, but sung by these children, and so sung, it was striking.

The difficulties arising from the rhythm, change of key, &c., of course do not show themselves in the first few measures, and I copy them only to give an idea of the sort of music in which these little peasants were entrusted with the soprano and alto, with no assistance from organ or other instrument.

Other pieces were more difficult. For instance, the short Sanctus, beginning thus:

The Agnus Dei was in three short movements; first, two tenors and two basses; secondly, soprano and two altos; third, soprano, alto, tenor and bass; the effect is very pleasing.

Just before the sermon the hymn "Komm heiliger Geist" (Come Holy Spirit) was sung; the melody was an old Cantus firmus from the 15th century, taken by the children, with an accompaniment of alto, two tenors and a bass (vocal) in the old contrapuntal style. Indeed this arrangement was made more than 250 years ago. This was not difficult for the children as they had merely to carry in slow, steady time the old choral melody.

I have had occasion often enough to write upon the great perfection to which boy choirs are brought in Europe, and your own boys at the Advent church in Boston have proved how much can be made of such voices by care and adequate instruction. It was not, therefore, that children at this festival sang as they did, which filled me with astonishment, but that *such* children, little peasants from peasant villages.

This was a triumph for their side.

I came down to Brühl intending to take a ticket for the festival dinner and hear the music for men's voices, but when the time came I was so ill as to be forced to forego that pleasure. Others who were present assure me that I lost a great enjoyment. I can readily believe it, for the pieces sung during the service in the church by the chorus of men were exceedingly well given.

Besides the music I had another gratification this day, for in the church opportunity was given to see and wonder at that grandest and most-elevating-to-the-beholder work of God,

A GREAT MAN.

I saw him standing in the crowd, against the iron railing leaned, all undistinguished from the mass, save through his own greatness, and this was hidden as under a bushel until my attention was called especially to him.

Now, I have looked in my day and generation upon divers whom the world by universal consent names great; with some of them have even spoken, and trust that I can judge of greatness; can feel its presence, as one much in society feels the presence of purity and refinement. Shall it be in vain that one has looked upon Webster, Clay and Calhoun, Story, Shaw and McLean, Humboldt, Rose and Ritter, Agassiz, Pierce and Henry, Grimm, Welcker and Boeckh, Allston and Rauch? Nay, I trow not. Not to speak of men of a younger generation, whose names will yet stand grandly in history.

Paint upon your mental canvass a man of forty odd years; the head covered and adorned by a

profusion of crispy locks, of the color politely called auburn; the forehead —

There are two sorts of fine foreheads. The one figures extensively in Bulwer's novels; "broad expanse of forehead," "lofty polished forehead of vast width and height," "dome of thought with protuberant brow and three perpendicular lines between the eyes, indicative of thought," "the lofty dome of polished marble," and so on. They say Bulwer's own head has nothing striking about it; I am inclined to believe it, for I have observed that imaginative writers make the most of that which they have not, but wish they had. The dweller in garrets, who earns his salt by attic salt, makes his characters revel in all the luxury of wealth; he, who dares not say his soul is his own, draws pictures of moral and physical heroes, to whom Achilles was a fool; and your humble servant, who is as fidgety as quicksilver, intends in *that* romance to give you a hero, calm and serene as a summer sea-gull, floating sublime in the blue empyrean and gazing downward into the mysterious depths of old ocean for fish.

The forehead of the other class is neither strikingly high nor broad; but one sees in it the expression of concentrated energy and immense power of subtle thought. The first mathematical and the first philosophical thinker in America have foreheads of this class. So had the Great Man, barring the energy and thinking power. His face was, upon the whole, not remarkable; perhaps it would have been more so, but for his beard, which, of a decided "auburn," was entire, save for a shaven stripe which meandered about his chin, as we sometimes see in pleasure grounds a ring of stagnant water encircling a bushy islet.

In truth he was not one of those rare individuals, godlike in person, whose presence one seems to feel, before whom one involuntarily bows and whose greatness we instinctively acknowledge. Indeed, it was some time before I noticed him, and began to feel that he was a great man. You will have already perceived that not his looks gave evidence of his greatness, although you must not think him like the chiefest of the Apostles, in personal appearance weak and in speech contemptible. When, however, attention was once called to him, then indeed he became the object of observation and the subject of speculation.

That the Great Man was an Englishman — nay, more, one of those Scotch-Irish Englishmen born within sound of Bow-bells, so often to be met with on the continent, and who compliment us Americans with the assurance that we "spake English varry weel" — this I determined at a glance. But who could he be? Brougham, Lyndhurst, Palmerston, Russell, are all too old; moreover, Parliament was in session, the period of bird shooting not having arrived. Macaulay was dead. D'Israeli's face is Jewish, this man's not. Carlyle's portrait I had seen. No, this man was not one of those whose names have penetrated to all the corners of the round earth. With a sigh I left the question of his identity to that serviceable creature, Time, to determine.

That, which attracted my notice and filled me with a profound conviction that a Great Man was before me, was —

But wait a moment.

The difference and distance between very great men and very little men is very great. Lit-

tle men are bound by and held to laws, customs, the usages of society, respect for the opinions and feelings of others; in short, by the rule "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," in so far as no sacrifice of principle is involved. The great man becomes a law unto himself.

Napoleon I. was a Great Man, a law unto himself; hence a republican New England divine has whitewashed him until his sins, though of scarlet, are white as snow. And now, the nephew, some say *son*, of his uncle, is he not a law unto himself? And are not his perfidy, treason, reckless ambition, perjury, murders, all washed white in the blood of his greatness? We see this, too, even in matters of art. Shakspeare could defy rules of grammar; Bach and Beethoven could write consecutive fifths.

You and I do not believe that during a certain ceremony a wafer of flour and water becomes the blood of one who died some two thousand years ago; nor can we, as matter of principle, take off our hats and fall upon our knees before it, any more than at the sound of harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music, we could fall down and worship the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar, the king, had set up. But we, being little men, when we enter a place where men do congregate to worship according to the dictates of their own consciences — be it a church, a synagogue, a mosque or a pagoda — feel bound so to demean ourselves as not to disturb the devotions of those, who, of another faith, engage in acts of worship in which we cannot join.

The principle holds good also for us, little men, in places where people come together for no higher object than amusement; to hear music, for instance. You and I may find it very good or very bad; whichever it be, there are always some who enjoy it. If it be too bad for us to hear, we quietly withdraw; if tolerable we sit quietly and speak not; for what right have we to destroy the pleasure of the man in the next seat, who has paid his perhaps hardly earned and ill spared money for what to him is satisfactory and enjoyable?

So that which attracted my notice and at length filled me with the profound conviction that a Great Man was before me, was —

But, not too fast.

Picture to yourself the chorus as above described, now all ready for the beginning of the service. A hush comes over the assembly, for the priest approaches the altar. He intones the *introit*, and the "Kyrie Eleison," Lord have mercy, streams sweetly and devotionally, from two hundred children's innocent voices, the tenors and basses falling grandly in and swelling out the full harmonies. In the hushed silence, broken only by those, now sweet now majestic, flowing tones, we, who believe not in all their dogmas, are touched sympathetically with their devotion and mentally join in the "Christe Eleison." We feel it to be an act of divine service and the place is sacred. Moreover, there is an influence in the music, which subdues us, and which, were the church a concert room, would hush us to silence — us, little men.

At this moment a voice talking and criticising the singers, subdued, it is true, but still distinctly audible, falls upon our ear. I gently "sshhd" as a hint or request for silence, not then noticing that a Great Man, a law unto himself, was there.

The hint was unheeded. Perhaps he did not hear it, or did not suppose it meant for him. So I repeated it more loudly. He still took no notice. Various were our efforts to bring him to silence during Kyrie, Gloria and Sanctus; but these efforts, the nervousness of men and women about him, whether worshippers or merely listeners, the sanctity of the place, the respect due to priest and choir—all were to him but as the idle wind—he heeded not. He stood there, following the choir in his printed score, and making his wise and weighty remarks to a favored individual or two with all the indifference and tranquillity of a sleepy lion to the antics of the monkeys in a menagerie. The lion deigns not even a contemptuous glance to the monkeys. He vouchsafed us not a look, and I began to feel the greatness of the man. Once, during a pause, some one asked if there was no policeman present to keep order, and this word of fearful import hushed him for a time.

After the sermon, during which his conversation was doubtless as interesting as it was animated, like Cain I fled from his presence to the other side of the church. There I once had the satisfaction of seeing the Great Man's spectacles, with the eyes behind them, like two fine onions grown out of season under glass, turned upon me with that sublime and contemptuous indifference with which, in ancient times, a celestial cook in the Olympian kitchen of Jupiter Tonans may have looked through the golden evening atmosphere upon an eel, wriggling in the hands of Athenian fishwoman down at the Piræus.

I have a dim recollection that specimens of this kind of Great Man once existed in America, and at times made their appearance at oratorios and other musical performances.

Dear fellow-laborers in the field, whose letters have given me so many a half hour of enjoyment,—t—, Trovator, H. (of Hartford), Manrico, and the rest, not forgetting Stella, and him 'Out West,' who prefers the claim of two postage stamps for buttons,—please inform me when you next write upon some performances of fine music, whether any Great Men were there.

— (Some weeks later).

Did you ever experience the loss of a pet idea? a favorite thought? some notion, cherished until it had become a part of your thinking self? Have you ever been thus in a manner rendered mentally widowed and childless? Has your pet theory or hypothesis, say of the geology of the copper region, or of storms, or of the unity of the races, been dashed upon those terrible snags and rocks, facts? No wonder that you save the pieces and float along with them as well as you can, swimming or sinking as fate directs. It is nature, and the more worthless the theory, the more ridiculous the hypothesis, so much louder the outcry at its loss, so much greater the void it leaves.

Mrs. Pips has lost her son Bill.

"But, Mrs. P., your Bill was always feeble and liable any day to be taken from you."

Mrs. P. "I know it, but I loved him so much the better."

"Besides, Madam, he was a very bad, ill-natured, mischievous boy, whom nobody could love."

Mrs. P. "I know it, but I loved him so much the better."

"Moreover, Mrs. P., he was weak in his mind, and never could have taken care of himself."

Mrs. P. "I know it, but I loved him so much the better."

"He was a poor unfortunate creature in all respects, and it is a mercy that he has been taken from you to a world where &c., &c."

Mrs. P. "But I was not taken with him!"

Gentlemen and Ladies. Behold your humble servant. He has lost his pet idea. Look upon a mental Mrs. Pips.

Here follows how it came about.

For some weeks I had carried the thought of the Great Man with me; in the streets of Bonn, in my walks on the Rhine tow-path, or out to the hills and villages, down stairs to breakfast or dinner, up stairs to my chamber. It assumed, as you have seen, grand and important dimensions. It had become a pet idea. Now, a few evenings since, I sat at the long table in the dining room at Honecker's, listening to the deaf theological gentleman, who was giving me his memories of Schleiermacher, whose lectures he had heard in his youth. A rather lonely-looking, middle-aged couple, man and wife, sat farther down, towards the door, on the other side of the table as if awaiting visitors. At length they came; two or three gentleman and the Great Man! As the visitors seated themselves beside and opposite the visitees, the Great Man was brought into the very next chair to mine. Precious little do I now remember of the deaf theological gentleman's talk about Schleiermacher, at this juncture for the sudden presence of the Great Man had greatly disturbed my equanimity. How insignificant, how painfully little I felt!

As he took not the least notice of me, my normal condition, was, after a time, restored, and I was able again to follow with some reasonable degree of attention and apprehension the deaf theological gentleman's discourse upon Schleiermacher. You can decide whether I was desirous of knowing who the Great Man really was or not!

At the first convenient pause in the talk of the deaf theological gentleman, which had, until the Great Man entered, exceedingly interested me, I hurried into the large front "guest room."

"Who is that man sitting third on the left side of the table in the dining-room?"

Cassius did not know. One of the guests did.

Alas, for the pet idea! The Great Man was not a Great Man after all! He was not even an Englishman! Not even a Scotch-Irish cockney! He was the man who does the organ in a neighboring church; not religious enough to demean himself at divine service, not musical enough to listen to music in silence, and not gentleman enough to refrain from disturbing those who are both.

A. W. T.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Johanna Kinkel's Eight Letters to a Friend

ON INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO.

(Translated by WM. GRAUERT, A. M.)

II.

It is, indeed, asking too much, to expect a music teacher to guide his pupil from the lowest step to the highest, while, in almost all other departments there is a special teacher preparing the pupil for the next teacher. The saying certainly holds good here that the most excellent professor is often the poorest schoolmaster.

We have, properly speaking, as yet no fit teachers for the preparatory steps. We possess all gradations of skilful and incompetent, conscientious and careless teachers, but hardly any that content themselves with

bringing up their pupils to a certain degree of attainments, and leaving them then to a more accomplished master.

A composer who has abandoned himself, even for a little while, to his poetical dreams, cannot possibly transpose himself, as it were, into the mind of a beginner when the hour strikes. If he thoroughly pursues a happily conceived air, and the pupil enters the room with his studies, before the composer could write that air down, he is very apt to feel very much like slapping his pupil and throwing him out of his sanctum! The creative man actually hates the intruding beginner, and instruction without love is also without effect.

No particular musical gift is required to control children in their pieces as to the correct use of fingers; all that is needed is patience and conscientiousness. Many individuals assuming the avocation of a music teacher solely for their support without feeling the want of penetrating deeper into the spirit of music, might become highly useful members of the musical congregation, if they fulfilled their duty exactly within circumscribed limits. Instead of giving as early as possible, Beethoven as a *prey* to their pupils, they ought to employ the first years exclusively in developing the ear, the time and the fingers. From this elementary class, a pupil accomplished in his way, would step forth to be directed by a more accomplished teacher into a more spiritual sphere, without being incessantly impeded by the material obstacle of stiff fingers. To content himself with this modest task, is the duty of the teacher of the first step, and he is a good teacher only as far as he does not transgress it.

If a temple of art is to be built, architects are not first to pile up and cut the stones; they should leave this to the working men.

But as sometimes highly gifted musical individuals are, by circumstances, compelled to a subordinate activity in the kingdom of art, we will return to our theme.

It is a widely spread misunderstanding, to judge the skill of fingers only by the degree of their quickness, while this is much less required than the capacity of the fingers to render each degree of strength or softness of touch correspondingly.

The fourth finger (in the American fingering the third), is naturally the most uncontrollable. If it so happens that a particularly expressive note is assigned to it, this one is generally lost, unless it was betimes developed so as to equal the others in power. The well known exercise, in which the fourth (third) finger alone plays vigorously eighth notes, while the others must firmly keep down their notes, is as necessary to a performer, as is the exercise of a weak register-tone to the singer. Such exercises cannot be dispensed with at once, but they accompany us through the entire term of instruction. If the fourth finger is thus daily practiced but for a minute, it will soon be equal to the others.

The little finger stands, on account of its smallness, generally above the key board, when the others are sufficiently bent to press down the keys. We do not perceive this as much in the right hand, but a great inconvenience arises out of this habit for the left. The notes of the fundamental bass are assigned to the little finger; it is to represent the foundation on which rests the entire harmony, but it seldom fulfils its task. Even if the note is not completely missed, it is still weaker than the middle parts, while the bass ought rather to have a more vigorous "coloring."

But very few performers are conscious of this defect. They want to strike the bass-tone; they feel too, that the fifth (fourth) finger touches the key, but they do not observe, that it pressed the key only half-way down, and that this tone did not distinctly correspond. Ladies especially are subject to this important defect, because they are wont to follow up in thought the melody, and have no idea of the great

importance of the fundamental bass. I have seen many a lady-performer playing a long piece with considerable skill, and—omitting for lines, the bass-notes without noticing it.

See to it, that your pupils (especially in full chords) keep the left hand always a little sideways toward the bass, so that the pressure increased in its heaviness is conducted towards the two weaker fingers. As to placing one finger above the other—a frequently occurring bad habit—there is a simple remedy against it. Just put to the place a small ring with a sharply edged stone, or tie around it a thread with a rough knot—and the other finger will soon remain in its correct position.

The Organ.*

TENTH STUDY—ON QUALITY OF TONE (*timbre*) AND ITS THREE PRINCIPAL CAUSES. FIRST PRINCIPAL CAUSE,—SCALE.

It is undoubtedly the duty of every pipe in the organ to give the sound of some one note of the gamut with the greatest possible perfection; but this one note may be given with equal perfection in an almost infinite variety of qualities of tone, and in as many different shades of the same. This one note may remain the same, without varying in the slightest degree as regards the pitch, in a hundred different pipes, but its special quality of tone may be different in every one of them. To take an example in illustration of this matter, in the works of two piano-makers whose works are everywhere most justly celebrated, Erard and Pleyel; how striking is the difference between the pianos of one and the other! The latter aims at giving to his instruments all those qualities of tone which are tender, delicate, and refined, though nervous; and in this the quality of his instruments approaches, generally speaking, more nearly of the two to that of the German and English makers. The first, on the contrary, gives to his pianos, both grand and cottage, a brilliancy, a roundness, and an elasticity of tone, which accompanies all the modifications of their sound without causing it to lose its chief characteristic—namely, roundness; and, what is not a little remarkable, from father to son, from uncle to nephew, the respective qualities of the two makers are perpetuated in such a way that, as we still find in the pianos by Pleyel a reflection of that grace and elegance which may be met with in the still musical, though now perhaps somewhat antiquated ideas of a composer of the same name, so we may find in the pianos of Peter Erard the vigorous, brilliant, and flexible organization of his great uncle Sebastian. With these two piano-makers the notes may be the same in each, the pitch may not vary; what is *fa* with one may be *fa* with the other, what is *do*, *do*; and yet, for all that, the *do* and *fa* of Pleyel are no more the *do* and *fa* of Erard, as regards quality of tone, than the *do* and *fa* of Erard are those of Pleyel. Any maker, any pianist, of even the most moderate experience in such matters, would detect at once the difference between the qualities of tone of both these makers.

Quality of tone, then, may be described as this or that particular shade out of those unnumbered shades which it is possible to give to one and the same note. Thus, a note or pipe of an organ may have this or that shade of tone—it may be delicate or cutting, sweet or tender, and still be the same note in the scale. For example, the note *do* of the scale may be given in any of these different quantities of tone in as many different organ-pipes, and still be the note *do*; for, without any change at all in the note, quality of tone may vary infinitely, and quality of tone alone.

This quality of tone depends mostly on three things—namely, on *scale*, *form* and *material*. Scale is not that which is usually understood by this word, but is the greater or less distance from one another of the sides of the pipes; in other words, scale is the same thing as the diameter of the pipe. The Germans call it measure, *mesur*. From this it may be seen that the very same note may be expressed by pipes of different diameters. There are also a great many varieties of scale or measure; but they may be all reduced to three principal ones, to the *full* scale, the *fine* scale, and the *mean* scale. The arithmetical proportion between three pipes made to sound the same note, but each in a different scale, is thus given by Dom Bedos:—"Let us take," he says, "a pipe, the height of which is six inches; if it is made to the *fine* scale, its diameter should be six lines; if made to the *mean* scale, and an open pipe, its diameter

should be nine lines; and if to the *full* scale, and an open pipe, it should be twelve lines; if a stopped pipe, and made to this last scale, its diameter should be fourteen lines." This writer takes care to observe that these measures are not absolute, and allows to builders, as we should also do, considerable freedom in every case. He would also grant that, besides the *fine* scale, there is another, the *very fine*, and, in a word, that the scale of organ pipes varies according to their situation, the special duties they have to perform, and the effect they are intended to produce. "Thus," he says, "the *do* of four feet, which is the third *do* of a series of pipes, the longest of which is sixteen feet, should not be more than three inches in diameter; but that, if this *do* of four feet is intended to be itself the first of a series of pipes, and therefore the largest of them, then its diameter should be increased to three inches and a half." In fact, the comparative shrillness in the tone of the pipes of this series must be compensated for by the vigour of their sounds. Now the more the scale enlarges the size of a pipe, the greater does the vibrating column of air become which is gathered within its walls; the more the scale is narrowed, so much the more also is the sound resulting from it diminished, so much the more refined does it become in the quality of its tone.

Pipes of the full scale, which absorb a great quantity of wind, are suited to the largest organs only, to sound-boards only of the largest dimensions. These sounds ought to be at the very greatest degree of roundness and force. The very fine scale, on the contrary, is a luxury in the way of sound that a bare sufficiency of means alone does not admit of. It is that sort of quality which represents the delicate and rather meagre sounds of the viol, and which gives point to certain foundation open pipes, which are indispensable to the general body of organ tone in its more perfect state. Pipes of this quality of tone are, in matter of fact, put upon all the clarions in greater or less quantity, and with good reason, because of the effect of this kind of pipes, which is sweet, though penetrating, and very useful as an accompaniment to the voice.

Pipes of mean scale have generally more sweetness than delicacy as compared with the others, though they are not deficient either in a certain amount of brightness. Like everything else of a mixed character, they do not at all times take after the stock from which they first drew their origin. Thus deprived, as they are, of the strength and mellowness of pipes of the full scale, they partake of the infirmities of the fine scale, without possessing, at the same time, the delicacy, the refined and pleasing quality of tone, which is its distinguishing characteristic. In a large organ they are placed on the choir sound-board, or, when their number is very considerable, on some subordinate sound-board, for it is usual to place some series of them on each of the key-boards. Regard, however, must at all times be had to the place for which the organ is being built. In a small church, where a large number of pipes of full scale would be simply deafening, it would be found very useful to combine with a sufficient number of those, pipes of the mean, and even the fine scale; but within the walls of a vast cathedral, all the efforts of pipes, more especially of this last scale, would be utterly abortive and without effect. Pipes of both the mean and fine scale do certainly occupy a most necessary place in organ building, but they should not prevail in it to such a degree as is too often found to be the case in those sham organ schemes to which poor congregations, and other good but simple persons, are asked to put their names by dishonorable organ-builders.

Writers on this subject do not find it difficult to give some notions of comparison between scale and scale as long as the question is only about open flue pipes, because these pipes are for the most part made in the form of a cylinder, the apex of which is the same size in diameter as the base. But the pipes of reed-stops being conical in shape and wider above than below, their diameter and their length depend on one another, and it is not therefore easy to establish so exactly in their case an arithmetical proportion between one scale and the other. Nevertheless, Dom Bedos gives some measures by which the lengths of reed-pipes as compared with their diameters may be approximately determined, and these are the measures commonly in use amongst builders. Following him, then, they speak of a trumpet of 6 inches, of 5, or of 4 inches for the three scales of the trumpets, which corresponds in its notes with the *do* of eight feet in the open flue pipes. Dom Bedos himself gives three different measures for the scale of the trumpet, and says that the first measure or full scale should be five inches and nine lines; the second, or mean scale, should be four inches and nine lines; and the third, or fine scale, should be four inches and two lines.* This is a matter which it is important to study, and the comparison is one that should often

be made, with the compass in the eye, if not in the hand, for the diameters and speaking lengths of the pipes for reed-stops are some of those many things on which dishonorable builders speculate with cruel impunity, making use of far too many pipes of fine and mean scale where they should place pipes of full scale, and this even in large churches, and without any regard to what may be the importance of the instrument which they are employed to build.

As regards organs for accompaniment only, commonly called choir organs, and, indeed, as regards great organs for small churches, this class of builders always find an excuse for their avarice in the smallness of the locality and the position of the organ; and hence, if possible, we intend to give a graduated table of the scale of one note as compared with another for each scale of the three kinds, and for every note of the key-board. By this means, on inspecting an organ, the eye, however little practised, will detect at once the scale which the builder has chosen as his starting point, and the greater or less exactness with which, in the same series of pipes, he has observed the proportions of one note to another throughout this scale so chosen. I say the proportions, and not the progression, for a strict logical progression would be the cause of such magnitude in the largest pipes made to the full scale, that it would not be possible either to find a place for them, or if such a place could be found, to supply them with a sufficient quantity of wind. But still there are proportions for the lowest bass pipes of the full scale, which are not the proportions for the corresponding pipes of the mean scale; as there is also a means by which the size of the lowest bass pipes of the mean scale may be distinguished from that of the lowest bass pipes of the fine scale. Where these proportions are not attended to, there is not only the difference between what the diameters really are, and what they ought to be, but there is also the very great difference between the quality of the sound in such pipes from what it really ought to be; a difference which amidst the general body of full-organ tone may possibly escape the notice of the ordinary unpractical hearer, but cannot escape that of either the inspector of the organ—if he knows his business—or of the builder himself, who cannot be supposed to be ignorant of such matters, or of the professed musician.

Supposing for a moment that there was no difference in the quality of the sounds produced by pipes of different scales, the builder would no doubt do most wisely in choosing for his standard the smallest scale of the three, as being for him the least expensive; but when he does so, well knowing that there is this difference, then he takes you in. Not only does he do so by taking metal from your pipes and money from your purse, but also by taking the soul out of your organ, in depriving it of all its most pure qualities of tone, and leaving it with such qualities only as are for the most part dull and veiled in the open flue pipes, thin and cutting and without body in the reed-pipes. Or, if your organ has not all these defects, it still has one which is no less intolerable than these, and that is, that it is not the organ as at first contracted for between the purchaser and the builder, an organ that is of such and such scale in all its parts, and consequently of such and such a quality of tone. When we consider, and we know it to be the fact, that a reed-pipe will speak just passably at three-fourths of that length which is necessary for it in order that it may produce its better tones, we shall more easily understand what the injustice is which is committed by a fraudulent builder, who thus murderously cuts off the heads of his pipes. To such an one of course the more perfect quality of tone in his pipes is as nothing, as long as he can reckon with any amount of certainty, either on the profit he is about to make out of you upon his instrument, or on the fact that it will be placed in a church where there is no lack of resonance, or, more than all, on the ignorance of those who are to hear it.

A few words only remain to be said on the relations between the scale and the length of the speaking part of the pipe. As a general rule, this latter may be diminished in proportion as the former is increased, and, *vice versa*, the length of the pipe may be increased if its diameter is very considerably diminished. Thus an open flue pipe of fine scale sounding the eight-feet *do*, ought certainly to be more than eight feet long, because the amount of air necessary for the production of this note will be very considerably diminished by the narrowness of the diameter of the pipe. But this increase in the length of a pipe is only found to be necessary in the very fine scale, when it is used as a starting point; in the fine and mean scales the pipe of eight feet is cut to the same length as the pipe which produces the same note in the full scale; and the reason of this is, that these three scales, fine, mean, and full, are calculated upon a sufficient quantity of vibrating air; with this only difference,

* From *L'Orgue, sa connaissance, son administration, et son jeu*, by Joseph Regnier.

that the fuller the scale of a pipe, the fuller also will be the tone produced by it. For it is clear that the full scale causing the air to vibrate in a greater space, and being provided with a vibrating apparatus in proportion to the size of this space, will produce much more powerful sounds than the other two.

To conclude: after having made these observations on the differences between the three chief scales, it would remain for us to consider the quality of tone in pipes which, owing to the directions taken by their sides, unite to themselves the characteristics now of one now of another scale, as is the case with some flue pipes, and the bodies of those trumpet pipes, which begin with being of fine scale, enlarge themselves gradually into full scale, and end oft with being no larger than the very fine scale. But this is less a question of diameter than of form, and as such it is more fitted to become the subject for another chapter.

* It will, of course, be born in mind that the French inches are rather longer than the English, and that the *ligne* is rather less than the English 16th. N. T.

Musical Culture.

I.

The complaint that good music is so little appreciated resounds like an echo from all quarters. At concerts, the higher the quality of the music to be performed, the smaller, we are sure to find the audience, so that musicians have come to consider concert-playing as the last resort for their subsistence, and many of them to prevent starvation, are obliged to waste their high acquisitions, their genius, their talents, in the unhealthy occupation of dance-fiddling at balls and parties, night after night. The Handel & Haydn society, Mendelssohn Quintette Club, Philharmonic Society, and similar institutions, are languishing for want of support; but when Negro minstrels, Oldfolks and Haymakers pitch their tents, they may count on full houses every time for weeks together. Our publishers, according to their own statements, make their money almost exclusively by music, frequently not worth the paper on which it is printed: and merely to save the reputation of their establishments, or to advance the cause of true art, they print the works of Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and other masters, at great sacrifices. They pay large sums to the manufacturers of that sort of fashionable pieces, which have as a theme an absolutely silly popular tune, dressed in picked up runs and stolen passages; but, if a respectable composer offers his work for publication, works formed after the best models, they shrug their shoulders, or subject him to the most humiliating terms. The result, then, is, that dabbling receives the prize, and true merit goes out empty. For the nobly striving artist, who disdains to cater for a corrupt taste, this is a bitter experience, one that paralyzes every effort and ultimately crushes out the last sign of talent or genius. But let no one believe that such a state exists only in Boston, in New York, or any other city of the United States; it is, with some difference the same in all countries, where music is practiced. Those who are in the habit of citing Germany as the Eldorado of music and musicians, are referred to an earlier number of the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, where Gustav Bock, the experienced senior partner of the large music publishing house Ed. Bote & G. Bock, in a carefully prepared article, gives much valuable information relative to the trade. He there plainly states, and at the same time laments, what no one at all acquainted with the circumstances ever doubted, that the publishers in Germany must likewise rely for their existence on ephemeral productions, while the master works are printed chiefly to adorn the shelves, or to add glory to the establishment. Besides, the names of Hüntten, Czerny, Beyer, Oesten, H. Cramer, and of thousand other manufacturers, that figure prominently in the German music catalogues, fully confirm the above statement.

It may be objected that it always will and must be so, since human society is composed of individuals, whose gifts, tastes, knowledge and pursuits are widely different; so that, while some find true delight in what

is pure and noble, others derive gratification from the rude and the vulgar. There is doubtless truth in this. But, why is it, that in literature for instance, things look quite different? Here, what is good is in most cases duly appreciated. Our lectures, unlike our concerts, are crowded, and crowded in proportion to the lecturer's ability; the ablest speakers command the fullest houses; high-toned periodicals, magazines, monthlies, etc., have subscribers sufficient to pay more than the expenses; good novels and poems, too, find ready purchasers. This looks more encouraging. The reason is that among the educated classes almost every man is capable of appreciating and enjoying a good lecture or book, while there are very few cultivated (musically) enough to find out, and delight in, the beauties of a fine piece of music; and yet there is in every house an instrument and frequently more than one player to it.

Now, if there is so much playing and yet so little genuine musical culture, we must arrive at the conclusion that the divine art, its nature, its power and destiny, have been grossly mistaken, perverted and turned to a wrong end. Facts proclaim it too loudly to doubt that music, as the common good of a cultivated community, has not yet risen above the first degrees. Let us examine for a moment a number of common amateur players and we shall find the greater part, though they have studied for many years, and under all sorts of teachers, wholly unacquainted with the highest productions of the art; they know nothing of the existence of these works, still less of their beauties, their purport, their meaning. If they hear such a composition performed and do not find it confused, dull and annoying, it is because there is no tone-poem so deep, but has as an effect certain light passages, plain melodies, sweet harmonies and the like; to these inferior parts our amateur is drawn, when unable to comprehend the work as a whole. But as a general thing they prefer a piece, which is a mixture of worn out runs and roulades, and then take an innocent delight in the readiness of the performer, as his fingers skip and dance like innumerable hobgoblins up and down the key-board with lightning swiftness. In short, these musicians are interested exclusively in the performance of a piece, while they care nothing for it as a composition. We say this with emphasis, since it proves best what we have stated above, that musical dilettantism is still scrambling up the first steps leading to the temple of the art. The natural course of improvement, with individuals as well as whole communities, in taste and judgement, is marked by a gradual turning away from the performance of a composition to the work itself, as it stands on the paper, mute, silent. In the first stage they go to a concert for the show; their object is to see, not to hear; they are interested in the performers, their movements, their dress or instruments (nota bene, if their attention is not absorbed in mustering and criticizing the audience); they care not at all what kind of piece is being played and who composed it; nor can they separate the piece from the performance, the composer from the player; if it is executed badly, it will be pronounced a bad piece, however beautiful it, in fact, may be; indeed, for them there hardly exists such an abstract being as a composer. Arrived at the last stage, however, they consider the work and the delivery of it apart, and it is mainly the composition, that commands their attention; they give all credit, all honour to the composer and regard the performers as secondary;* the latter will of course receive their share of applause, if they do their duty; that is, if they render the work in the spirit of the composer, deny-

*Nay, they can dispense with the performers altogether. There are, indeed, persons, who enjoy a musical composition by merely reading it. Comfortably seated in an easy chair, instead of a novel, they take the score of a symphony, an oratorio, or whatever it may be, and read it like a book, enjoying it as well as if they heard it performed.

ing their personal taste, style, or conception so much as to make the master's approval or praise their sole object. Individuals who have arrived at this stage are to be found every where; but it is said that there are cities in Germany where even the whole community has risen to that point; as for instance in Leipsic. Whether this is the truth, or not, we will not decide now; at any rate it should be so, and not alone in Leipsic, but every where. All who have an influence should work to attain this desirable end. Let the quality of the piece be the first that calls for your judgment and then measure the player's ability by it. In short, let us labor that more importance be attached to compositions and that executing ability, which has arrogated such undue predominance over the former, be reduced to its proper functions, which consist in faithfully rendering and interpreting the piece, instead of exhibiting its own artifices and trickeries. We undervalue by no means the mastery a player may have achieved over the mechanism of his instrument. It is a great gain to the art, this amplifying and widening of technical means. It must be clear that we do not contend against the mania for acquiring superior skill of execution, but against turning it to a wrong end. As a general rule it may, however, be maintained that when the creative part of the art flourishes the executing part, as a natural consequence, does the same. Beethoven's immortal creations, for instance, caused a marvelous industry among the performing musicians; to them is in a great measure owing the perfection, to which the modern orchestra has risen, and which is both the wonder and delight of our age. So, we come back to what I have said before, which cannot too often be repeated: let us labor that more attention, more regard, more respect, be paid to good compositions, and we shall see a better state. BENDA.

Translated from Riehl's "Musikalische Charakterköpfe," by Fanny Malone Raymond.

Bach and Mendelssohn.

FROM A SOCIAL POINT OF VIEW.

I.

Music and German Burghership.

In the year 1850, when the hundredth anniversary of the death of John Sebastian Bach was approaching, I wrote the following words:

One hundred years ago, on the 28th day of July, the Thomas Cantor Bach, of Leipzig, was taken from earth by apoplexy, when an old, blind, harassed man. We read that in several cities a celebration is talked of to honor this cantor, who needed almost a century to make the fullness of his genius appreciated among the susceptible, and to grow in people's estimation from an organ virtuoso of "infernal dexterity" into a profound tone-poet. But it looks as though this celebration would take place in a very quiet, disjointed manner — and yet, who knows but that, after another hundred years, the 28th of July may be a national festival! What a contrast to the hundredth anniversary of Goethe's birth, which we celebrated a year ago, about this time, in such a brilliant and universal manner! But people are not very willing to keep fast-days, and are still less unwilling to have their sins generally known: Bach's memorial day, is for the present generation of artists, a day of atonement.

This is not the place to discuss Bach's position in regard to our newest musical conditions, although this would probably be an excellent mode of setting one's opinions right as to the present epoch. But Bach's character has its political social side, and as it is difficult to decide whether this wonderful man was not even greater from a social, than from an artistic point of view, it may not be altogether useless, as one way of celebrating the hundredth anniversary of his death, to throw some light on the political side of this thoroughly German character.

I see in Bach the proud representative of that sin-

cere, unfeigned burghership, which, true to itself, withstood the corruptions of eighteenth century, and presented a social balance to the demoralization of the "polite" world, the superficiality of the scientific and the "old-fogyism" of artistic life. This honest citizenship has now almost disappeared, even among our trading class; but an artist-nature, deeply rooted in a worthy citizen's life, finding its noblest consecration in the cheerful love and fear of God, and its best support in the moral atmosphere of a rich, strong, affectionate family existence, would be, indeed, to-day, something very "new and strange."

Such a character reminds us of those manly artists of the middle ages, with whom, citizen-like solidity in trade went hand in hand with artistic geniality. And indeed, the whole man, as he lived and wrote, is the last echo of the greatness of the middle ages, that was heard in those days of pig-tails. In the believing mysticism of a child like soul, and with the fantastic overflowing of wondrously intertwined forms, he built up cathedrals in tones, when people had long forgotten how to create them from stones.

The circle in which he moved, too, was formed from the last remains of middle-age burghership. The revolutions at the close of the eighteenth century destroyed these relics. No musician can again practice his art like Bach, since he can not live or develop himself socially in the same manner. The artistic appreciation of Bach's works, ceased to be, when people were no longer capable of understanding the middle-age in their own existence; and it was resuscitated when the historical understanding of that great epoch began to revive.

It is really a pleasure to contemplate the genealogical tree of the Bachs. From John Sebastian's great-grandfather down to his sons, are only four generations, that represent a period something over a hundred years, and yet, from one heart, the race has increased to a male posterity of more than twenty, branching into seven lines, of which each might found, as head of a family, a new line for himself! And they were a race of men who might well be proud of their genealogical table! Yet this great family, which, according to human foresight, promised to blossom through an endless posterity, has now, about one hundred years since John Sebastian's death—died out!

The predecessors of the great tone-master were honest tradespeople and musicians; his great-great-grandfather, Veit Bach, was a master-baker, who had left Hungary for Saxony; his great-grandfather, was a carpet-maker, and also a musician; in the third and fourth generation from Veit Bach, the family began to stock half Thuringia with excellent musicians; John Sebastian's father was court musician at Eisenach, and, as he died early, John Christopher, an older brother, was Sebastian's music-master; he, again, formed, by means of his own lessons, ten sons into excellent musicians.

Such people are very far removed from the modern notion, that art-life is a sort of noble vagabondizing, and that emancipation from family bonds, and one's own hearth, belongs to artistic geniality.

Sebastian Bach lived in the vicinity of one of the most splendid courts of that time. This fact would be of little consequence, as the master was with difficulty persuaded to visit the court—but for another fact.

At this court a sybaritism reigned in the artistic circle, the equal of which has never since been seen. Music in Dresden was almost entirely dedicated to the embellishment of princely splendor, and was itself adorned to the utmost, and was recompensed with the heavy klang of German gold, for its light Italian tinklings.

Bach did not fight against this at all; he bore his cross in patience, and, while creating immortal works, he suffered himself to be cheated by the school-directors. He was harassed like his father, and made

music like him. But how much honorable greatness lay beneath these simple facts!

As publishers were then even rarer than to-day, the industrious cantor engraved his works himself.

When we think of this untiring energy, we can well understand that this man's face has been truly pictured in the following short words:

"When one looks at the firm set of the head, and the black eyes within it, it seems as though fire were breaking out of a rock."

And yet this never-resting man did so little for his "reputation," and for the circulation and preservation of his works, that we of to-day, after only one hundred years, must search for them as for the lost parchments of antiquity; and only a small part of his creations, and that but lately, has become generally known. Here lies the immense distance between modern artistic industry and the impulse to compose, which was so resistless with old Bach; our artists, to quote the apostle Paul "serve the creature more than the creator," and the contrary was the case with Bach. He was an artist without a public, who sang in honor of God, and for his own pleasure. He was a true aristocrat of genius. The idea of a public did not exist for him. I know of no artist since Bach, of whom this can be truly said. This idea has only too lively an existence with us. And the experience may well confound us, that precisely that body of artists, for whom the public is the most real idea,—actors,—have become the least independent among all, in an artistic sense, and, socially, the most corrupt. While the poets and the learned who belonged to the Gottsched period, contemporary with Bach's prime, fell into theoretic pedantry, because they had separated from the social burgher foundation, and because they were then venturing on the first attempt to form a literary class, a "polite and cultivating world" par excellence—(a stupid fiction, the pursuit of which has brought such unspeakable mischief to Germany),—during all this, German burghership displayed, in Sebastian Bach, its last artistic embodiment.

To attach such a meaning to Bach's geniality may be called philistinish; I cannot help it; the man never looks greater to me, than when I see him as a cantor before me, surrounded by his ten music-making sons, to whom, art, in its purity, is a family legacy; who honestly fulfil the duties, and will not exceed the narrow boundaries of his position, as a simple citizen; who thinks in tones for the love of God, and not for the public, because it is his unquestioned custom, and was that of his fathers before him.

This is what gives to his works that iron, marrowy, chaste, pure character, that has not been equalled by any composer since him. Bach is our one speculative musician; and yet he never loses himself in his speculations, because form and expression have a historical foundation with him, and because he holds to the traditions of his fathers in artistic technicalities, just as firmly and intelligently, as to their family customs.

(To be continued.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 27, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the 42d Psalm: "As the Hart Pants." By Mendelssohn.

The Prince's Welcome.

Of all the ovations offered to the Prince of Wales in his recent visit to the United States, none was more tastefully conceived and more admirably carried out than the Concert given by the children of the Public Schools, in the Music Hall, on Thursday afternoon [Oct. 18]. Although the Committee of Arrangements did not see the propriety of inviting the

representatives of the Musical Journals of this city, we rejoice that we were enabled, by the kindness of Dr. Upham, to whom the City is indebted so largely for the brilliant success which attended the occasion, to attend and chronicle the performance.

The festivals of the last two or three years have made all the details of the arrangements comparatively simple and easy. The general arrangement of the Hall was the same as that which we described a few weeks ago, the same lofty amphitheatre reaching from the stage to the cornice of the Hall, covered with tier upon tier of youthful faces beaming with pleasure and radiant with the beauty of youth, all neatly dressed, the girls mostly in white, and presenting a spectacle of delight for the eyes, such as is rarely seen. The *coup d'œil* was absolutely startling, of what a cotemporary happily calls "a cascade" of youth and beauty. The seats in the floor of the hall were all removed and a platform erected nearly in the centre for the honored guests of the occasion. The decorations of the Hall showed the taste of the artist, and not of the upholsterer or professional decorator whose conceptions are limited to a lavish display of bunting. Hangings of velvet, trimmed with gold were upon the fronts of the balconies, and the simple words, "England," "America," and "Welcome." Over the doors, tastefully arranged trophies of the English and American flags, alternated with the nodding plumes of the crest of the Prince of Wales; and, high over all, the American flag and the red banner and cross of St. George dropped in peaceful folds, side by side, from the lofty ceiling. The galleries were filled with ladies, and every standing place on the floor with gentlemen, and the stage bloomed from top to bottom with the children; and, as the Prince, accompanied by His Excellency the Governor of the Commonwealth and the Mayor of the City, entered the Hall, cheer after cheer, and a waving welcome of a sea of handkerchiefs, that looked like a perfect foam, gave him cordial and enthusiastic greeting. The orchestra, under CARL ZERRAHN, struck up Weber's Jubilee Overture, as the Prince took his seat, between two Massachusetts mechanics, who have risen by the divine right within them to those conspicuous posts which they adorn—not the least interesting feature of the scene to Republican beholders. The overture led into the National Anthem of England, when the whole audience rose, as the children, with one voice and all their souls rolled out, with full orchestra and organ accompanying, the glorious melody to the words of the International Ode

OUR FATHERS' LAND.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

SUNG IN UNISON BY TWELVE HUNDRED CHILDREN OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Air.—God save the Queen.

God bless our Fathers' Land!

Keep her in heart and hand

One with our own!

From all her foes defend,

Be her brave People's Friend,

On all her Realms descend,

Protect her Throne!

Father, with loving care

Guard Thou her kingdom's Heir,

Guide all his ways:

Thine arm his shelter be.

From him by land and sea

Bid storm and danger flee,

Prolong his days!

Lord, let War's tempest cease,

Fold the whole Earth in peace

Under Thy wings!

Make all Thy Nations one,

All Hearts beneath the sun,

Till Thou shalt reign alone,

Great King of Kings!

The Prince and his suite, consisting of the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Lyons, Gen. Bruce, and other distinguished noblemen and gentlemen, showed marked attention during the singing and applauded the

singers most heartily at the close. After an interval of a few minutes, the next piece of the programme was given with like success. The whole performance occupied exactly an hour. The remainder of the programme was as follows :

II.
CHORAL.—"SLEEPERS WAKE."
FROM ST. PAUL.—Mendelssohn.

III.
ALLEGRETTO.
FROM THE EIGHTH SYMPHONY.—Beethoven.

IV.
GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.
FROM THE TWELFTH MASS.—Mozart.

V.
ANDANTE.
FROM THE FIFTH SYMPHONY.—Beethoven.

VI.
OLD HUNDREDTH PSALM.

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord :
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Of the performance of the programme, it is perhaps, needless for us to speak more fully.

During the singing of the Doxology, the whole audience reverently remained standing. The guests then withdrew amid the enthusiastic cheers of the children and audience.

Nowhere else in the country, has such a welcome been given—nowhere else *could* it have been done, nor indeed according to the Diarist's letter in another column, could such a thing probably be so well done anywhere. The Schools of Boston are her pride and boast, and in no way could they be more pleasantly or creditably displayed than in the manner chosen for this occasion. All thanks are due to Dr. Upham and Mr. Zerrahn for their unwearied efforts in bringing the affair to so successful a termination.

The Prince has left us, having received all over the country the spontaneous and hearty welcome which was due from a nation of the same blood, history and laws as that which sees in him the Heir to its ancient Throne. It cannot be but that the seeds of good will and peace have been sown in his young heart of which the rich harvest is to be reaped in the future years of the history of both nations. Of "Young England" himself, we may say that his modest and truly gentlemanly, not to say princely, bearing and manners have left a most favorable impression on all who have seen him, and many heart felt good wishes accompany him on his homeward voyage, and in the career that probably awaits him in the future.

Musical Chit-Chat.

We have reported in another place what seems to fall especially to a Music Journal, the School Concert at the Music Hall. The imposing reviews of Military and the splendors of the Ball do not come within our scope, but we are glad to copy the following notice of the excellent music at the Ball, by the correspondent of the *Tribune*, which we hear confirmed on every side.

The Boston Ball, although, as I have before intimated, not on the whole favorably comparable to the best of the Canadian balls, had some points of superiority over even these. The Prince had never danced to such excellent music. It is seldom that so brilliant an orchestra, with so capital a chief as Mr. Zerrahn, is heard in a ball-room. And the music was, I venture to say, more carefully selected than the wines in the supper-room. I salute the taste which gathered so well together the brightest quadrilles that Strauss wrote, and the best morsels of the liveliest of other composers—Fry's "Lancers" most sparkling of all. The manner of the Prince's welcome, too, was a happy fancy. Instead of the unadorned anthem, which, although wanting nothing beyond its own austere simplicity on state occasions, may yield a part of its dignity in a festival time like this, Lindpainter's overture was played—the best, after Weber's, that has been written upon the English national theme—and Weber's, having been used at the Music Hall celebration could not well be here repeated.

Every good citizen regrets that an occasion so brilliant should have been made the opportunity of a

marked and studied neglect, amounting almost to insult, of the Governor of the Commonwealth, and his wife, the only invited guests of the occasion, beside the Prince and suite.

One thing too marred the pleasure of the Concert at the Music Hall, viz., a repetition of the same shiftless arrangement for the admission of the audience at the Winter Street entrance, which we noticed on the occasion of the School Festival. No intimation was given on the tickets (which were of two kinds) at which staircase they were to be presented. The consequence was a confused and alarming pressure in opposite directions, of a perfectly well disposed and gentlemanly crowd that did not know where to go. Many aged citizens, of the highest respectability and eminence, whose names we could give, were thus exposed for a long time to the swaying of this uncomfortable crowd, at the serious peril of life and limb. The whole matter was discreditably to the Committee of Arrangements, and could have been prevented by a couple of words on the printed tickets. In marked contrast were the arrangements of the interior of the Hall, contrived by Dr. Upham.

THE MECHANICS' FAIR.—The Judges at the late exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Exhibition have awarded the premiums.

We are glad to see that no competitor takes the "gold medal" from the honored house of the "Chickering's," whose instruments of every class were indeed admirable and worthy of their reputation. The silver medal for upright pianos also, was deservedly bestowed on them, as we know of no American instruments of this class that can compare with those made by the Chickering's. The Parlor Grands of Timothy Gilbert were excellent instruments; and a square piano, by T. McNeil, was worthy of especial notice, receiving a bronze medal. Mason & Hamlin had a large display of their admirable melodeons.

The following are those awarded for Musical Instruments. We copy from the list in the *Evening Transcript*.

Gold Medal.—Chickering & Sons; Best Piano.

Silver Medal.—Timothy Gilbert & Co.; Grand and Parlor Grand Piano Fortes. Hazelton Bros., New York; Square Pianos N. M. Lowe; Square Piano Fortes. Wm. P. Emerson; Square Piano Fortes. Chickering & Sons; Upright Piano Forte. Mason & Hamlin; Melodeons.

Bronze Medal.—T. Gilbert & Co.; Piano Forte with Eolian Attachment. J. W. Brackett; Organ Piano Forte. T. McNeil; Square Piano Forte. J. H. Arey; Violin. E. S. Wright; Silver Bugle. F. H. Corney; Miniature Piano Forte.

Diploma.—G. A. Miller & Co.; Square Piano Forte. Wm. Bourne; Square Piano Forte. Dearborn & Severance; Melodeon. Phelps & Dalton; Melodeon. J. H. Gibson; Melodeon. J. H. Arey, Boscawen, N. H.; Superior Banjo. H. Westman, East Boston; Banjo. Samuel Pierce; Organ Pipes.

MRS. VARIAN JAMES.

My Dear Editor pro tem:—If it be a matter of interest to you, among the immediate musicalia of the day, please afford me space to record that this lady whose name has perhaps scarcely been known to your readers, until introduced to them by you in a very brief allusion, a week or two ago, I have lately had the fortune to hear not only repeatedly in private, but also in two Concerts in Providence, where she sang various brilliant cavatinas as well as simple ballads in so admirable a style as to receive from the critics of the morning papers of that city,—the *Journal* and *Post*, the most cordial and well-merited eulogiums.

Let me, without either entering, on the one hand, upon an elaborate criticism, or, on the other, falling into any extravagance of enthusiasm, add my confident prediction, that when the favorable opportunity presents itself for her to be heard in this city under such auspices as she richly deserves for a debut before the Boston public—to wit, in the Music Hall,—on a crowded Philharmonic night—with an orchestra under Zerrahn—the faultlessly charming quality of her pure soprano voice, the ease and grace of her execution, her finished and artistic method, combined with the fine personal appearance which indicates both the woman of character and the lady of culture,

will not fail to captivate her audiences here, as they are said to have done those of every place she has visited, and to win for her the metropolitan renown which may be so efficient a help to the attainment of those material successes and rewards that *should* crown the aspirations and studies of the conscientious artiste. S. J.

OHIO NORMAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—We have received the Catalogue of the Institution at Ashland, Ohio. It is a sort of *Conservatoire* for instruction in Music. The following persons compose the Board of Instruction.

Principals.—B. F. Baker, Boston, Mass. W. H. Ingersoll, Hudson, Ohio.
Teacher of Vocalization.—Dr. Clare W. Beames, New York City.
Teacher of Elocution.—Robert Kidd, Esq., Cincinnati, O.
Teacher of Pianoforte and Organ.—E. C. Kilbourne, Ashland, Ohio.

MUSIC IN NEW YORK.—As has been already announced, the operatic kaleidoscope, after much turning, presents an attractive picture. Madame Fabbri, Formes, and Stigelli, are to sing the principal rôles in "Robert le Diable," on Wednesday evening, and this agreeable opening of a new season is to be followed by "Les Huguenots," "Der Freischütz," Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," Mercadante's "Il Giuramento," and several other fresh works, if only the liberality of the public adequately rewards the enterprise of the artist. If there is shown by the latter an honest endeavor to deal justly with their public, a true regard for their art, and that respect for themselves which the since artist ever has, it cannot be doubted that pecuniary encouragement, which is always the most tardy, will cheer the treasury of Messrs. Fabbri and Formes. It is as certain as anything connected with that fickle and incomprehensible body, The Public, can be, that there are enough people in New York who are able and willing to do it, to well support an operatic company; it is also certain that excellence in public entertainments will be soon appreciated by these people; after the irritating disappointments to which they have been subjected, they may at first be inclined to look with coldness on any Irving-place undertaking; but this apathy can be quickly overcome, and the managers will see that a broad mantle of charity will cover the minor deficiencies which we may expect at the outset, provided they result not from negligence, but from want of ample resources. The Public is not by nature unkind, or severely exacting; but it is not entirely idiotic, nor will it be made by fancy advertisements to believe that a stone is excellent bread.

Beside this immediate project, there is a rumor which says that another combination is to be made, having Muzio at the head, and including Madame Colson, Miss Phillips, Miss Kellogg, Stigelli, Brignoli, and Susini; that the Academy of Music has really been leased to this company, and that it will be opened for their performances by the middle of November. This enterprise, however, has not yet taken definite form.

Messrs. Mason and Thomas announce that their sixth season of classical musical entertainments will commence with a concert at Dodworth's Hall, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 30. The artists composing the club, are Mason, Thomas, Bergmann, Mosenihal, Matzka. The concerts will take place at intervals of three or four weeks, and during the season will be performed nine quartettes, three trios, three sonatas for piano and violin, two quintets, together with a variety of solos for piano, violin, violoncello. A concert for which many have long eagerly looked, is at last definitely announced. Miss Carlotta Patti will make her first public appearance in New York at Dodworth's Saloon, on Thursday evening. Aside from the interest attaching to the debut of a member of a remarkable family, expectation has been raised by the reports which those who have heard her in private give of the uncommon musical ability of Miss Patti. She will doubtless be warmly greeted by a large audience. In this concert, Madame Colson, Madame Strakosch, Brignoli, Stigelli, Susini, Ferri, and Saar, will take part.—*Tribune*.

The Norwich Festival.

ABRAHAM AND UNDINE.

This followed close upon the Worcester festival of which we gave an account last week. The novel features of this were a new oratorio and a new cantata, of which we find the following account in the *Athenæum*, Sept 29 :

Herr Molique's Oratorio was performed on Thursday week, at the Norwich Festival, with a success which must gladden every one desirous of seeing real merit acknowledged by genuine reward. It is a composition not to be dismissed with common-places,

—one which few living musicians besides its writer could have produced.

The book of "Abraham" has many good points; not the least of which is that the words are directly derived from the Scriptures, without any admixture of inferior modern composition. It is, further, not too long. The departure of the Patriarch to the Land of Canaan his separation from Lot, his victory over the Kings of the Cities of the Plain, make up the first part of the Oratorio.—The second part is devoted to the destruction of the Cities of the Plain, the story of Hagar, and the sacrifice of Isaac, with a final Thanksgiving Chorus. Here, it will be at once perceived, are scenes admitting of great variety and contrast; but, in one respect, the selection might have been reconsidered to advantage. After the destruction of the Cities of the Plain, Abraham's part is principally one of trouble and agitation, as in the last two episodes mentioned. This damps the interest towards the close. Again, during the first half of the work the music for the *soprano* is of too small consequence or interest; the author having been too exclusively occupied with the protagonist, who is a *basso*, as in "Elijah." As in "Elijah," too, the occupation given to the other voices is fragmentary—no character being carried throughout the work. This (even with Mendelssohn's masterpiece as the exception in proof of the rule) has an inevitable tendency to weaken the interest, and "throw out" the comprehension of the listener. In no work of Art is firm-knit and continuous purpose so indispensable as in a story carried out without action or scenery, or change of dress.

We must now come to the music. It was not to be expected that at this stage of Herr Molique's career he should be able to add to the riches of his musical nature that which was wanting to them. He cannot be rated among the born melodists from among whom the greatest musicians have come. Nor like others, in whom the natural gift has been spare, has he been led by circumstance or self-knowledge to nourish an indication into a reality,—even as by the art of floriculture petals can be doubled, size enhanced, and a thousand new tints added to the original wild blossom. But those familiar with Herr Molique's manner, as one leaning towards what is intricate in detail, must have been surprised in "Abraham." The most stirring and vigorous portions of the score are the best. The war-scene (Nos. 13 and 14), a recitative, aria and chorus, is the most striking piece in the Oratorio. Among the others numbers which we prefer (for a reason presently to be stated) are the Quartett (No. 5),—the Tenor-song (No. 9), tuneable and exceedingly elegantly scored—and, the Chorus (No. 35), in which it is shown how grandeur, strictness and freedom can be combined. All the fugued movements are conducted with that grasp over resource which has no limit save in the hearer's patience. The music is throughout written with a master's hand, if not from a master mind. Every voice is displayed advantageously, without meretricious allurements being resorted to. The force of the choruses attests the excellence of Herr Molique's writing—since with every crudity admitted there must come a loss of power. The instrumentation is clear, rich, various—nowhere fantastic, nowhere dull,—in many of the songs admirable as an example of felicitous result produced by simple and unhackneyed means. The score should be in the hands of every student of orchestra writing.—The Oratorio, in short, from first to last, is, as we have heretofore said, sustained in a manner to claim more than common esteem and admiration.

With all this merit an objection must be urged against "Abraham." We recollect no example showing how a clever, conscientious man of talent can be penetrated, oftentimes to the verge of self effacement, by the spirit of a man of genius, more forcibly than this same Oratorio. By nothing more than the many essays put forth since "Elijah" appeared, have we been taught how entirely original a work that this is;—by none more emphatically than by "Abraham;" for since Mendelssohn wrote, no German has attempted an oratoria with claims, in any respect, comparable to those of Herr Molique. It is needless, and would be ungracious to specify the passages in which, not only a leaven of peculiar quality is to be tasted, but where, also, the very forms of rhythm and construction are to be recognized with a simplicity of reproduction remarkable in proportion as we believe it to have been unconscious. Herr Molique, be it remembered, does not range among the scholars to whom their own master is also model elect. To have been so powerfully tintured by the influence of a junior cotemporary, is a fact containing a testimony too significant to be passed over. One more remark—Herr Molique has not been sufficiently regardful of variety. All the choruses, save one, are in common time,—such examples of triple time as "Abraham"

contains, being (with this exception) reserved for the solos.

The performance was one to satisfy the most fastidious and exigent of musicians. Not only did "Abraham" from the first to last chord, go without "stop, let, or hindrance," but it was executed with that ripeness and force which can only come of thorough study. The choruses were sung with enjoyment (another proof, by the way, of their being well written):—the principal singers, one and all,—Madame Novello, Mrs. Weiss, Miss Palmer, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Wilbye Cooper, and Belletti, did the best of their best. It is impossible to sing with greater purity and pathos than did Madame Novello throughout the scene of Hagar in the Wilderness. A separate notice is due in highest commendation of Mr. Santley, to whom the long and responsible part of *Abraham* had been entrusted. The work, to conclude, was listened to with close attention, in places breaking out into applause. The composer was cordially welcomed on appearing in the orchestra, and enthusiastically cheered after the close of the oratorio.

It was not merciful on the part of the managers of this Festival to produce a second novelty in the evening—after a morning, during which attention had been so largely drawn upon as in listening to "Abraham." Mr. Benedict's "Undine" is, without question, one of the best of modern Cantatas, and their number is happily on the increase. These fairy legends have generally a strange attraction for composers,—this one, in particular,—though the spirituality and subtlety of La Motte Fouque's delicious tale might have been fancied too exquisite in their delicacy for Music, for the same reasons as, to our thinking, make Hamlet, Mignon, Miranda, difficult of approach by the art. The above, however, may be but an individual conceit;—more certain it is that Mr. Oxenford has treated the favourite subject hastily. There are waters and waters. "Undine," like "Lorely," is a spirit of lakes, streams and pools—not of ocean. "Tritons" and corals have nothing to do with whispering reeds and water-lilies, yet here we find them. In another respect, some want of thought is evident: a want that may have pressed on the musician more than either author or his comrades have been aware. A Cantata is not an opera. The less action that it contains the better, and the action must be described so as not to render personification and motion necessary. In spite of the capital groupings and gesticulations of the crowd on the stage, and Mr. Stanfield's pictorial scenery, the chorus, "Wretched lovers," in Gay's "Acis and Galatea," is more effective as concert-music than it was when forced into dramatic form by Mr. Macready. To illustrate from another period—disregard of this distinction, which, however it be, is nevertheless one essential to be kept in mind—took away half its effect from one of Mr. Macfarren's very best works—his Cantata, "The Sleeper Awakened."

In "Undine," from the moment that action begins, it will be felt that the composer has lost some power, and that, having been compelled to write with the stage before his mind's eye, he has written that which requires action to complete its effect. No matter; "Undine" is, to our thinking, by many degrees Mr. Benedict's best and most spontaneous work. It is full of beauty—full of fancy. The overture is delicious as a prelude to a fairy tale of lakes and streams. The opening of the *allegro* may be expressly commended to those who are disposed to be rapturists (Miss Burney's Johnsonian word) over the overture to "Tannhäuser." The effect which Herr Wagner has there tried for is got here. The second subject is elegantly flowing; the third, marked *scherzando* (page 7 of the Pianoforte score,) happily fancied, as an enhancement—not an intrusion. We know no modern overture better than this. The opening chorus (with the episodic entrance of *Kuhleborn*) is in the same humour, excellent and unaffected in variety. In particular, the passage, pp. 22 and 23, may be specified, and, as a matter of detail, the use of the harp throughout this chorus. Undine's *solo* with chorus is thoroughly graceful, though it will tax any voice less certain in its high notes than Madame Novello's. The *Terzett* (No. 4) is not less good. The *Scena* for the tenor (No. 5) is excellent as a piece of display for the tenor, with its intimation of the march (No. 5) which, when it arrives proves to be a new Wedding March. After Mendelssohn's this was difficult to find, yet Mr. Benedict has found it. The first movement of (No. 8) a *contralto scena* is again good and calculated to tempt every *contralto*. From this point the cantata becomes stage music till its very close—where the introduction of the single voice of the Spirit after the violent chorus which precedes it, is a touch of poetry after melodrama. "Undine" should keep its place among cantatas; it pleased honestly all who heard it at Norwich. It will please yet more on every repetition.—*Athenæum*, Sept. 29.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- The charmed gifts. Song. *H. von Benzon.* 25
A simple but pretty parlor ballad.
- I think of thee. *G. Leander Eberhard.* 25
One of the best of late sentimental songs.
- O give me my dear sunny home in the South. *J. W. Cherry.* 25
A pleasing, heart-winning strain, worthy of the author of the popular "Shells of the Ocean."
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A new, humorous song, which, if put in at the right moment, cannot fail to amuse.

The wishing gate. *N. J. Sporle.* 35

Another song of the humorous kind. The old superstition on which the text is built, is well-known. This song, differing totally from others of the same name, which were current years ago, tells of a young girl who did not wish wisely, but bethought herself only of wealth and station, thereby rendering herself miserable, when her wishes were granted. The music is capital. It is altogether very recommendable to ladies.

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Mazurka. *Thelkla Badarzewska.* 25

Pretty, and not difficult. As something new from the pen which wrote the famous "Maiden's Prayer," this mazurka will at once command the attention of all amateurs.

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New numbers of Nava's Operatic Favorites, a new and capital set, in point of difficulty about mid-way between Bellak's "Buds" and Beyer's "Repertoire."

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One of the most charming pieces of this composer whose "Dance of the Fairies" was made so popular once by Jaell. It has been heard frequently in the best musical society of all countries. It is endorsed now as a piece that will live and be studied by hundreds, which task will be found somewhat difficult.

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Quite a pretty polka.

Sound the loud timbrel. (Sabbath strains.) *Rimbault.* 15

In Jewry is God known. " " 15

He was despised. " " 15

O had I Jubal's lyre. " " 15

It was a very good idea to familiarize these sterling old airs by placing them into the hands of the young, arranged as pleasing little pieces. They are also well adapted for the Melodeon, and will make such music for the Sabbath as nobody can object to.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 448.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 3, 1860.

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Translated from Riehl's "Musikalische Charakterköpfe," by
Fanny Malone Raymond.

Bach and Mendelssohn

FROM A SOCIAL POINT OF VIEW.

I. (Continued.)

Music and German Burghership.

No artist of that period, in any department of art, so successfully overcame the inward corruption and ostentatious flourish of that day of big-wiggery, as Bach,—the honest, upright, lonely spirit, who yet needed that very loneliness in order to remain, musically speaking, honest. He, the German citizen, was never possessed with the notion of musical cosmopolitanism, that then haunted some of the greatest musicians—Hasse, for instance; and even Handel, for some time. Bach remained national to the back-bone—perhaps the only German artist on the boundaries of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, of whom this can be boasted, in the strongest sense of the word. How, indeed, could it possibly be otherwise? German burgherdom then began to be inoculated with those cosmopolitan fancies that gradually destroyed it.

To-day, when music itself has engrafted so many sickly, enervating influences on the imagination, it is good to remember, that in a far more corrupt time it was precisely music that sustained the health, freshness, and honor of the German world of art. And it was not Bach alone, who effected this, but a great group of masters with him, who at least worked on the same firmly laid foundation, even if they were outgrown by the proud height of his genius.

Among these masters, we may point to his sons; and Charles Philip Emanuel does not make an epoch in art-history, only because he was the son of such a father. Old Fink has said a true thing in regard to this remarkable musical group of the sons of Bach.

He says; "If the world could only see the admirable master-works of this great family laid together, it would be astonished at their immeasurable richness, and would admire their truly German profundity and strength."

It was by a peculiar accident, as it were, that one of Bach's sons—and the most gifted, the only one that can in any way be placed in competition with his father,—has furnished us with a negative proof of the truth of our conclusion; that only in the narrow circle, in the hereditarily bequeathed purity of family and citizen life, could the artistic greatness of John Sebastian Bach have acquired its solid individuality.

William Friedemann Bach "emancipated" himself from the restraint of a Cantor's circumstances; the solidity of citizenship, rooted in a happy family life, was tiresome to him; the noble vagabondizing of a travelling genius was far more attractive to him; his great father's unassuming character was transformed in him to an experienced artist-pride; and when his enthusiasm ran out, he sought to find it again in the wine-glass. Instead of uniting talent with industry, both

melted away to foam. In short, he was the origin of the modern-genial-art-proletarian.

Highly gifted as he was, at first the pride and hope of his father and brothers, yet all his talent completely failed; and while his works are hardly extant, his example has come down to posterity as a warning. He declined from that true Bach spirit, in which we recognize the strength and manhood of the good old citizen customs, raised to be an artistic power.

John Sebastian Bach was one of those wonderful spirits, who, like the Cid, can win a battle even in death. When he died, it must rather have been said of him that he closed one epoch, than that he commenced a new one. But when he had been dead almost a hundred years, he began to form a fresh epoch. What we recognize as the newest development of musical classicality, the reform that was commenced with Mendelssohn, has this peculiarity about it, that it returns to Bach, is nourished and strengthened by his spirit. The revival of his Passion-music was an event whose importance we do not yet understand. As the study of the newly revived Shakspeare lighted the revolutionary fires of the "storm and drive" period,—as this great literary event spread through the succeeding developments of the romanticists, and gave an impulse to the present,—so the study of Bach has led to a musical reform, less warlike than the literary one, to be sure, but on which a great part of our musical future reposes.

When one considers how few, out of the immense number of Bach's works, have become generally known, we must regard it as a fortunate thing that on the hundredth anniversary of the master's death, a Bach-foundation will be grounded, with the intention of publishing his entire work by degrees. When we remember how deficient is the ordinary knowledge of Bach's creations, and with what magic force the master attracts to him those who approach him in all sincerity, then we may feel a presentiment of the revolution which a new acquaintance with his works will create in the musical world—of course, in process of time.

That the present generation is desirous to study and capable of understanding Sebastian Bach's music, we hold as a favorable sign, not only of its musical, but also of its social strength and inclination. He who cannot appreciate the citizen Cantor, in the family circle, surrounded by his ten musical sons, supported by the worthiness of his position, and by the historical traditions of his art, cannot appreciate the genius of Bach. The celebration of the hundredth anniversary of his death comes just at the right time, for the events of the last year have encouraged us to a revivification in social life; and while we are striving to rebuild the noble edifice of German citizenship, a glance towards the artistic embodiment of its cardinal virtues; namely, fear of God, greatness in limitation, historical custom, and natural and moral strength, will inspire and support us.

Cotemporaries wrote: that when Frederick

the Great, who could not possibly have had any sympathetic appreciation of Bach's artistic aims, had seen and heard the Thomas Cantor, he was "in great emotion." There is a deep meaning in this "great emotion." It was the emotion of a great man, who feels that an equally great man stands face to face with him. And it is an admirably naive description of the peculiar impression that Bach's genius makes on all susceptible minds; we are overcome by "great emotion."

And our entire musical development will be influenced by "great emotion," when once Bach's works, in their completion, as we can see before us, at a not very distant time, have found an entrance, and full scope for their unrestrained operation.

Musical Culture.

II.

INSTRUCTION.

Now and then a man appears in public either as a writer or a speaker, who, impelled by philanthropic motives, endeavors to demonstrate that the salvation of the world depends upon making the multitude musical. He considers the practice of music as of the highest benefit to humanity and demands that instruction shall be provided for every one, high or low, at public expense if need be. Our man even goes so far as to insist that the beggars from the streets shall be called in, and instead of receiving bread to satisfy their hunger and garments to clothe their naked limbs, shall receive lessons in music.

However extravagant this may appear, it cannot be denied that music possesses all the elements for being the art of the people. Still, it is of not so much consequence that every one should study music as that those who study it should do it rightly. On this the progress of the art, and the happiness of those connected with it, depend. No reasonable man will say that our age is poor in music; there is plenty of it; the complaint is that it is of too superficial a nature. We will leave it, therefore, to those philanthropists to teach the illiterate crowds singing or playing, or both together, if they think it possible; while we shall rest content, if for the present those only will come forward to be taught, who have the requisite means,—a certain degree of intelligence as well as talent, so that they may derive the proper benefit from the art, which they labor to acquire, and the art from them; and they are many. If their studies are conducted in the right manner, they will one day form the nucleus of a musically cultivated public, and we know not how much farther their influence, as prominent members of society, for the sake of true art may extend. We desire to see at least a similar good taste diffused in matters of music as in poetry and literature. This is possible, and we hope will become a fact sooner or later.

The instruction, therefore, should correspond with the importance of the subject and aim to impart a higher degree of culture than is gener-

ally the case. Leaving aside singing and the instruments which are now rarely practiced, we shall only speak of instruction on the pianoforte. This instrument has, in our time, risen to such universal popularity that "to study music" commonly means to study the pianoforte. It is the favorite instrument of professional musicians as well as amateurs, and justly so, for it is the most efficient for obtaining a comprehensive knowledge of the tone-art with all its branches. Its efficiency in this respect is proved by the circumstance that in conservatories and similar high institutions for the study of music every pupil is required to learn the pianoforte in addition to the instruments, for which his taste and talent peculiarly fit him. The principal virtue of the pianoforte lies in the fact that, besides the works expressly composed for it, any compositions, for any instrument or body of instruments, voice or voices, they may have originally been designed, may be represented on it, with all their melodies harmonies, counterpoints, imitations, &c. Paradoxical as it may sound, because of the colossal abuse to which it is daily doomed, the pianoforte is the true instrument for true music.

Instruction, then, has for its object to educate the pupil so that he shall be able to render, and what is no less important, to understand and appreciate the works of the best composers. These works, according to their contents, may be divided into two classes. In the first class belong those, that contain chiefly musical ideas, or thoughts, embodied in a form corresponding to their nature. The music is here a language, for which the instrument, if we may say so, serves as a tongue through which it finds utterance. The music may be dissevered from the instrument, may be taken abstractly, and it will remain as beautiful as before. Works of this class are at the same time inestimable studies to the student of composition for their perfection in form and style, and the masterly manner in which the manifold resources of the creative tone-art are employed. In popular language such compositions are said to be written in the classical style. Most of the works of Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and other masters, are in that style. Those of the second class are of inferior value regarded from a musical point of view; for, they rarely contain ideas or thoughts; the tone-art as a language of the soul is not glorified in them. In the former the instrument is made subservient to the music, in these the opposite takes place; there, we hear music through the instrument; here, we hear the instrument through the music. Nevertheless, they display the finest qualities of a modern pianoforte, and the manual dexterity of the player in an admirable manner; besides being excellent studies for the acquirement of an elegant touch, a brilliant execution, and similar properties of a finished player. Our time seems peculiarly favorable for their growth; they are heaped by thousands on the shelves of the publishers. Although, strictly speaking, this class of music is nothing but an exercise on the tree of true art, still it would be one-sided not to notice it. The musician, who is no fanatic, but entertains broad and liberal views of his art, cannot but regard it as one of the remarkable phenomena of the musical literature of our time. Liszt, Thalberg, Doehler, Prudent, Gorla, and a host of greater and smaller spirits have exclusively cultivated this, called the "brilliant style."

As material for study we take the works of both classes together and notice them once more in four distinct sub-divisions. In the first division we will reckon the pieces that are composed, or transcribed, for the pianoforte alone, that is, *solo-pieces*. They are the most numerous and for many plain reasons must be regarded as the most essential for instruction. The second division contains the pieces for four hands, most of which were originally composed for other instruments, and afterwards arranged for the pianoforte. If the arrangements are faithful to the original, and yet well adapted to the nature of the instrument, they are of manifold use. Such of them should above all be selected for study, as the pupil may have an opportunity of hearing performed in their original costume, if we may say so. A Symphony by Beethoven, for instance, studied in a four-hand arrangement at home, will afford both the highest enjoyment and instruction, when subsequently heard at a concert, represented by a full orchestra. In the third division belong the so-called *concerted* pieces, those in which the pianoforte is connected with one or more other instruments; such as Duos for the pianoforte and violin or violoncello, Trios, Quartets, &c. The study of this kind of compositions should be deemed of the highest importance; the accompanying instruments — the magic strains of the violin, the melancholy notes of the violoncello — will be most powerful in kindling the true fire in the pianist. The fourth division comprises those to which the pianoforte serves merely as an accompaniment. As every player should learn to accompany well, these compositions must be included among the necessary studies. One may render far greater services to the art as a good accompanist than as a soloist. Besides, the player will have opportunity to make the acquaintance of many a fine work in this way, and thus improve his taste and enrich his knowledge.

The works here enumerated and classified comprise the whole literature of the pianoforte. They appear in various forms, with all of which the pupil must be made acquainted; those alone excepted, that have become antiquated and are no longer of value to the musician of our time. As the most important of these forms the Sonata claims our attention first. It is a conspicuous sign of the superficiality which characterizes the musical doings of the present age, that the Sonata is so much neglected; and, if we desire to see good music more appreciated, we must turn our attention again to the study of this species of composition. The Sonata is the ground-form of all great works of instrumental music, such as the Symphony, Overture, Trio, Quartet, and the like, which, as every one is aware, are least appreciated in public, because least understood. It is, therefore, necessary to explain the structure of the form to the pupil; to point out the leading subjects and their manifold transformations, define their nature and explore the means by which the different character of each subject is effected; above all, the impression which the work as a whole makes, the poetic idea pervading it, should be understood. To develop the critical faculties of the pupil he should always be asked how he likes the piece he is studying, and be pressed to give the reasons for his favorable or unfavorable verdict, which are approved or rejected by the teacher, according as they hit or miss the truth; so that finally, by analyzing its

beauties and defects, the piece is judged rightly. Although it is not advisable to attempt instruction in harmony and counterpoint when instruction in pianoforte playing is the object, still a striking harmonic passage may give occasion for some remarks on consonant and dissonant chords, the effect of which on the ear may be tried; while a piece written wholly or partly in the fugued style, will of itself require to show what a tone-edifice may be built of a few notes, how artfully constructed, with the aid of counterpoint. There are everywhere opportunities for useful and pleasant instruction, if the teacher only knows how to use them. So, for instance, already in the beginning, when the mode, key, tact and tempo must be considered, it is most instructive and necessary for the proper appreciation of the piece, to show that every mode and every key has its character, its own peculiar expression. In general, major may be defined as the hard, strong and cheerful mode, minor as the soft and plaintive one. Aside from the mode, the key exerts an influence on the character of a piece, so that, while in this key it is distinguished by a tincture of brightness, in another it appears more gloomy. And so with the different kinds of tact, the explanation of which will make it necessary to touch on that all-powerful agency, called *rhythm*, and to show its mysterious workings, its throbbings and pulsations, in the thousand shapes and figures into which it is banished by the magic wand of the skilful composer. And so, finally, with the tempo, the many gradations of which are indicated by those Italian words, such as *Andante*, *Allegro*, *Andantino*, *Allegretto*, &c. It should be practically illustrated how important the correct tempo of a piece is; how, when played too slowly, it loses all its spirit and becomes dull and monotonous; or, on the other hand, when played too quickly, its solemnity, its dignity and stateliness are gone. We need hardly add that in all cases regard must be taken to the pupil's capacity, and not more attempted than is necessary to thoroughly understand and appreciate the piece in question.

In a following article we shall briefly mention a number of other forms, which, though not so important as the Sonata, deserve to be known. This will, at the same time, afford opportunity for more remarks as to how the right culture may be attained through the right instruction.

BENDA.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Johanna Kinkel's Eight Letters to a Friend.

ON INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO.

(Translated by WM. GRAUERT, A. M.)

III.

Beginners should of course, only be compelled to observe the *grammatical* accent; the *oratorical* accent can only be acquired after some years. Although one would suppose that every musician knows the former accent, it is strange enough that most teachers silently overlook it. We need only listen to an orchestra of any smaller town to perceive the want of grammatical accent. No inner connection keeps the instruments harmoniously together, everything is dispersed and scattered to be overthrown the next moment. This feeling of insecurity tormenting the listener, the indistinctness of chords even where no decidedly false-tone occurs, originates solely from ignoring or overlooking the accent.

Thus it is not at all sufficient to impart, once for all, this rule in a superficial manner, but its non-ob-

servance must, every time be strictly blamed as a fault; the teacher should stop the pupil, just as much as if a wrong note had been touched, and must make him correct and repeat the accent which has been overlooked or wrongly executed, till it stands in its right place.

Children understand the accent easiest when they are taught that it agrees with poetical rhythm. Circumscriptive or puzzling terms, as, thesis and arsis, used in Piano Instruction books in connection with this simple rule, are apt to be confounded or the accentuation is exaggerated by an affected stiffness. But, if you succeed in finding a well-known little poem of the same rhythm with this piece, you need only to recite it with false intonation to convince them of the intolerable effect of badly marked beats. Suppose a child plays his first little piece in common time and you tell him, the first and third beats must be marked more strongly by one degree than the other two, he will not understand the reason of it and plays alternately a staff *forte* or *piano* with great perplexity. The above mentioned method, on the contrary, settles at once in the mind. For example, *one* and *three* are intoned like the words, *loving, better*. You do not say *loving, better*, thus accenting the short syllable, nor do you place both syllables beside each other equally long in broad, sleepy tone. Just as in speaking you insensibly accentuate one syllable and drop the rest, so must you accustom yourself to give the strong beat its soft emphasis. If you exaggerate this pressure, the performance becomes rough and ugly; it sounds like the declaiming of poor actors who fall with a cry upon one syllable and whisper the other inaudibly. If it be omitted, each melody sounds like the stammering of children or the jargon of a foreigner, when speaking our language.

It almost always happens with the ignorant that the tone does not clearly correspond on the strong beat and that the next tone on the weak beat blunders in so much the more forcibly. To do away with this bad habit it is best to use again the first little hand pieces and the simplest "studies." Pupils bringing along the wrong accentuation as a rooted custom, can, indeed, only be cured by obliging them, for a while, to mark in an exaggerated manner the strong beat and to grind off the surplus accent afterwards. Treat their other mistakes meanwhile with some indulgence, but ridicule them mercilessly every time they declaim their fingers falsely.

The six-eighth time may be impressed upon children by such words as "heavenly, finally," to be declaimed several times instead of "one, two, three, four, five, six."

An anecdote has been published relating how the celebrated philosopher Moses Mendelssohn wanted to learn the theory of music from Kirnberger, the latter vainly endeavoring to make the former understand that the 3-4 time differs from the 6-8 time. He should have simply said, "3-4 are three trochees and 6-8 are two dactyles," and his learned pupil would have understood this better than his nomenclature "triple time and square time."

Whoever has been early impressed with a correct musical declamation possesses this advantage, that the strong beat in his performance is felt like a soft pulse beating in a live organism without intruding upon and thereby interfering with the gracefulness of the performance. In the performance of those who learned this rule late the accent rather ticks like clock-work and makes the impression of its being an automaton. But I should rather endure this tastelessly violent accentuation than miss it altogether. How easily will those who feel the strong beat in their very nature, take part in four-handed pieces at first sight or in orchestral performances, while everybody else, lacking this guide must stop with the slightest mistake!

If you hear performers having a totally indifferent

touch, you may, notwithstanding their remarkable skill, be sure that they have never heard anything about the difference of beats. If their attention is directed to it, they do not want to own their ignorance and throw the matter off as something immaterial, thinking the principal point to be "expression"; as if a person could play feelingly, in whose fingers false accentuation has settled!

Immense confusion has taken place in musical instruction in consequence of the ignorance of the earliest authorities establishing the theory of beats. Open their books on thorough bass and you will find the strong beat called *thesis*, while metrics designate the corresponding place in the verse as *arsis*. Although in vocal music its accents must coincide, this idea is allowed to contradict itself when applied to music or language. Old theorists give us an amazingly naïve explanation of it; they say, *arsis* and *thesis* mean rising and sinking. As with the strong beat the time-beater is lowered, it is self-evident that the accentuated note must be called *thesis*.

It is much to be wished that some musician of universal reputation would put an end to this ludicrous confusion of words and ideas by a public declaration.*

I remind you, finally, of a certain nicety in the observance of grammatical accent, viz., that each beat, be it strong or weak, is divided into smaller particles manifesting more or less weight among themselves. Passages of sixteenths or triplets, for example, gain much by our softly marking their little groups in "triple or "square" time by an imperceptible pressure of the finger. But it requires a pretty skilled hand to execute such niceties of touch down to the best consequences, and the beginner may well be spared this requirement.

There is much futile talk in the musical world about touch; I wished, therefore, to remind you only of its defects mentioned above, because they are reiterated (with few exceptions) by all my new pupils. Those adhering to the Rocco-school of piano-performance, understand by a fine touch only a kind of half staccato in the runs which they are fond of comparing to a string of pearls. One might by this touch be just as well put in mind of a basket of dry peas being thrown down, not to speak of the tastelessness of this manner when applied constantly, it is perverse to attribute importance to it as a fundamental principle of touch, because the runs and ornaments for which it may be adapted are rather secondary, while grandeur and depth of feeling are realized by the performers only by correct accentuation.

* The theory of music has recently been brought to such a high degree of perfection that the works of "old theorists" are only fumbled over by such as are altogether aware of that "ludicrous thesis;" so that our present "theorists" wisely abstain from criticising former unindicative terms.—TRANSLATOR.

Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, OCT. 22.—The following is the programme of Miss Tillinghast's third Organ Concert, which occurred recently.

1. Fantasia upon a Russian Hymn, Composed for the Organ by.....Freyer
2. Concerto, in three movements, composed for the Organ by.....Mendelssohn
3. Credo.....Mercadante
Mrs. Paddock, Mrs. Mattison, and Mr. De Passio.
4. God Save the Queen, with variations for the Organ, by.....Rink
5. Consider the Lilies. Sung by Mrs. Thomas.
6. Grand March, from Tannhauser, arranged for the Organ.....Wagner
7. Hymn, composed by.....Neithardt
Sung by a male chorus of twenty voices.
8. Andante, from Symphony No. 1, of the Salomon series, arranged for the Organ by Pittman, Organist in London. Hydn
9. Introduction and Fugue upon the name Bach, composed for the Organ by.....Rink

These concerts have all been attended by highly appreciative audiences. They seemed always to regard the merits of the performance in a high degree commensurate with the merits of the programme. That shows for itself, as containing a good proportion of the "legitimate", instead of the round of "Operatic selections" so common.

We have a new "Philharmonic Society," of which Mr. Balatka, late of Milwaukee, is conductor. The chorus is not fully organized yet, I believe. The orchestra, unlike any other of home formation we have had, is complete in the several departments of string, wood and brass, and numbers over forty performers. They intend to give their first performance soon after the election.

The Musical Union are preparing to give the "Haymakers," under the direction of the author, Mr. Root, who remains after the close of the session of the Normal Institute for that purpose.

The Walnuth Co. (Wis.) Musical Association held their annual session at Elkhorn, commencing Oct. 16th, and continuing three days, under the direction of Mr. Tillinghast, of this city, assisted by his daughter as pianist. Mr. T. has for four years been a teacher of singing in the public schools of this city, but recently he resigned the post, designing to devote his time to holding conventions. On retiring he received numerous testimonials of esteem from pupils and teachers in various schools.

Mr. Bird, late tenor in the quartet at the 2d Presbyterian church, Dr. Patterson's, has become organist at the 1st. Presbyterian church, Rev. Mr. Humphreys. *

The Sentry.

LOTZE.

They're gone—the watchfires they have set
Glow round the mountain-passes yet;
Out through the darkness of the night,
They flash a silent, flickering light,

They shine on victory's distant track:
Whence none, alas! for me comes back;
They let me bleed to death, to-night,
True sentry, on the field of fight!

Hushed is the tumult of the fray,
The powder-smoke is blown away;
Faint, broken shouts fall on my ear;
My comrades all are far from here.

Yet, though my comrades all are far,
There gleams full many a golden star,
And angel-bands light up, on high,
The eternal watchfires of the sky.

On, comrades brave, to victory!
Farewell, ye banners, high and free!
I can no longer be with you;
Another camp is near in view!

C. T. B.

Private Soirees.

Private musical soirées are the infallible indices of the exact development of art in our own country. The gifted prima donna from the sunny clime of Italy, flits into the American arena upon the pinions of a reputation acquired under vastly different influences from those which compass us around; and the applause bestowed upon her achievements merely constitutes an index of our natural fondness for the art, and not of our actual progress in the mastery of its theory and practice. In order to determine properly the musical status of plain American John Jones or Cornelia Smiggers, in the mysterious depths of harmony, it becomes necessary to scrutinize closely individual efforts around the domestic fireside. We, for our part, have been, for some years, an interested "looker-on in Venice," in this very particular; and while, in our last issue, we presented an array of data, such as cannot have failed to impart a fair idea of art progress in our own city, this article may serve as a sequel to the foregoing, inasmuch as it may tend to throw still greater light upon the state of art in our midst at this very day. Philadelphia contains at this moment a large number, proportionably to its population, of lady and gentleman amateurs, whose studies and performances command the unqualified admiration of all true connoisseurs, and who, in some cases have elicited warm encomiums from such like artists as Thalberg, Gottschalk, Jaell, and others. And in

substantiation thereof, need we more than advert to the recognized talents of the Misses H—, W—, E—, and others of the fairer sex; or to the splendid musical abilities of many professional and amateur gentlemen? The writer of this has latterly attended three delightful soirées, in which the performances of the above mentioned ladies, while they afforded him the liveliest gratification, simultaneously strengthened his confidence in the rapid and beneficial development of art within our own precincts. In one instance a young lady, who, four years since, rated an ordinary pot pourri à la Beyer, the uttermost limit of her progress, performed the piano parts to a trio, by Reissiger, and a Beethoven quartet with much fidelity to the text, and intelligent appreciation. In another, the evening's programme was composed of classical trios, quartets, and quintets, in each of which the hostess performed the piano parts most admirably, while she also regaled her company with such like solos as Liszt's arrangement of the overture to Wm. Tell, and Henselt's *Invitation à la Valse*. And in yet a third instance, a distinguished lady amateur in our midst read a classical duo for piano and violoncello, by Sterndale Bennett, with Mr. Chas. Schmitz, of this city. Other cases might be cited as tending to illustrate how private soirées are the most accurate indices of the true state of art in our midst. The private rehearsals and public performances of our Handel and Haydn and Harmonia Societies constitute another medium whereby the development of the divine art may be fairly determined; yet not so conclusive as the efforts and progress of individual amateurs within the precincts of the social circle. It is a source of the highest pleasure to find a more judicious sentiment among the majority of our teachers, in the matter of elevating the art standard, as compared to the same a few years since. Those who take an interest in this subject, cannot fail to remember how the profession was compelled to adapt its operations exclusively to the mandates and wishes of parents.

"Hurry my child up into some polkas and waltzes," was the invariable dictum of the parent, anxious to have said child figure in social reunions at the earliest possible date, "a fig for your prosy exercises!"

And thus the teacher, however his heart revolted from such a force-pump system, was compelled to sacrifice his own *modus operandi* to the will of his patrons. Gradually, however, a vast change has crept into social circles. With the advancing development of art, as brought about by the efforts of foreign and home artists, people at large have begun to experience more delight in a Beethoven sonata or Thalberg fantasia, than in the flippant productions of pretending dabblers; and a large proportion of parents seem perfectly willing to endure those prosy exercises, better aware than ever before of the greater benefit which must result from a perseverance with the rugged rudiments. Whoever doubts this position, has only to gain access to the many delightful private soirées constantly in progress within our midst.—*Amateur's Guide*, (Phil.)

CONCEITS OF CERTAIN ORGANISTS.—The taste of your organist must influence the character of your congregational singing. It is a sad reflection that your ranting organist, like your ranting preacher, is most admired by the mass of hearers. We have repeatedly heard loud praise of a performer for his wonderful execution on the instrument, when he had shown it by such feats as engraving on his chants rapid passages from "Rory O'More," or "Pop goes the weasel." Such a man may be efficient in an opera, but for church music he has no soul, nor can congregational singing ever flourish under his guidance. He is destitute of devotional feeling. "Now," says Mr. Latrobe, very justly, "of all inanimate creatures the organ is the best adapted to portray the state of mind of the individual who performs upon it. If pride and musical foppery possess the seat of intelligence, the faithful instrument will be sure to proclaim it in the ears of the congregation. Every fond and frivolous ornament, proclaims his conceit, however he may seek to smother it under high sounding stops and loaded harmonies. A person accustomed to mark the style in which an organ is played cannot be insensible to the devotion or want of devotion of the performer—a fact worthy of the continual remembrance of every organist."

"What do you think of our organist?" asked a clerical friend of us not long ago, after his service, and waited for an answer of approbation. "My opinion is," was the astounding reply, "that he is neither more nor less than a puppy!" and immediately the gentleman himself stepped into the vestry where we were, with a doctor's hat in his hand and a silver-headed cane, and an air of unusual self-complacency. "A puppy!" said our friend after he had left, "I

grant you that he is personally; but what do you think of his playing?" "That he is a greater puppy in his playing than in his person, if that be possible," was our very ungracious reply. About half a year ago we heard a somewhat celebrated organist in a go-ahead city playing all sorts of fantastic tricks with one of Tallis's sober anthems, when we ventured to inquire of him whether it would not be better to adhere to what was written. "O!" said he, shrugging his shoulders, and turning up his coat cuffs, "we go with the times here, sir! we go with the times!"

Your highflier of an organist is a pestilent fellow. He can carry with him the fanciful part of a congregation, and snap his fingers at the clergyman. It is not long since we heard a choir, under an organist of this kind, sing the "Gloria in excelsis" of Pergolesi as the congregation were leaving the church—a performance in decidedly bad taste, and of somewhat doubtful legality. "Well, James," we said to an old man who had been a famous singer in his day, and could give you interesting anecdotes about many an ancient Lancashire "Rorytory," "well, James, what do you think of this—a fine display of skill, is it not?" "Why, sir," he replied, "the music seems grand-like; but I dunno see why Maester Pack's omnibus has so much to do wi' it." "Pack's omnibus, James," we explained; "nothing of the kind; it is *pax hominibus*—it is Latin, James." "Lat'n," growled the old Protestant as he walked away—"Lat'n! waur and waur! blasts fro' Babylon, sir! blasts fro' Babylon!"—*Frazer's Magazine*.

AN AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA AIDING GARIBALDI.—At a concert given at Bristol, England, in aid of the Garibaldi fund, it was indebted for its *éclat*, if not, indeed, for its origin, to the kind heartedness and patriotism of a *cantatrice*, who though not an Italian by birth, has won renown in what may be termed the very cradle of song—Milan. Madame Guerrabella, formerly Miss Ward, of New York, being at Clifton on a visit, and feeling her heart glow within her as she heard of the sympathy displayed by the English people on behalf of beautiful but too long oppressed Italy, generously offered an evening's services in aid of the fund being raised for the illustrious liberator; and the proffered favor being gladly accepted by the friends of Italian independence resident there, other aid was asked and secured, and the concert was arranged and announced. An English journal, in speaking of the concert, says, as might readily be supposed, Madame Guerrabella's performance constituted the principal feature of the evening. She combines with great natural attainments artistic powers of a high quality, and there is a dramatic fervor in her style which at once conveys an impression to the hearer that she would be found most at home on the lyric stage. Her voice has great compass and power, and if once or twice it seemed a little hard, we should be inclined to ascribe that circumstance to the fact of its being too voluminous an organ in so small a room. Her musicianship is undoubted, and gives her an immunity in essaying the most daring flights of *fioriture*. She sang the well-known aria, "*Ah forse lui che l'anima*," from the "*Traviata*," with sweetness and expression; her rendering of the vivacious phrases of the song being particularly happy.—*Home Journal*.

MUSIC IN GERMANY.—Every inquiry and research made in Germany yields, for the present, only one result so far as music is concerned. Not a name of the slenderest promise in composition is to be heard of. Even the open air bands (delight of enthusiastic English travellers unused to home music in the open air) which fifteen years ago were always giving out something new (for better for worse), must now, for overtures, recur to the weary platitudes of Reissiger and Lindpaintner, while a good new waltz, or polka, or polonaise, or mazurka, is no more to be heard. The spell of Strauss and Lanner, magicians of dance-music, has died with them. Most of all (we are assured) is the decay of the art to be felt in Vienna, in the management of whose splendid and subsidised opera-house there has been as much malversation of Imperial money as in other more important branches of Austrian finance. The German town, north or south, in which the greatest variety of operatic music may possibly now be heard, is Frankfort. There only, during many years past, has the repertory of the theatre included Cherubini's magnificent, though difficult opera of *Medea*. Cherubini is elsewhere only known in opera, throughout Europe, as having written *Les Deux Journées*. At Frankfort, for a Cherubini centenary, to be held this very day, his *Faniska* has been announced; an opera rich in idea and science, though these were somewhat encumbered by the perverse nature of the rugged Italian to whose career, as a predominant composer, tact alone was

wanting. There may come a Cherubini revival as well as a Gluck revival, though the former may possibly involve the necessity of a re-consideration, which the latter does not. Herr Silcher, one of the pleasant Suabians (and how pleasant the Suabians are as poets, singers, musicians, and comrades, from Herr Uhland downwards, every one conversant with Germany must know), is gone. His collection of national tunes should keep his name alive among all who love national music.—*Musical Correspondent of the Atheneum*.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.—PROF. LOWELL MASON.—This well-known Musician has been in Chicago for several weeks, presiding over a Musical Institute. He is a decided advocate of Congregational singing in church, and has given his influence in that direction. He gave a lecture on this subject a week or more ago, in which he took the following sensible positions concerning Church music. We think all will endorse them:—

"Prof. M. was emphatic in his condemnation of all exhibitions of artistic music in connection with public worship. They were as irrelevant and as much out of place as exhibitions of mere elocution in the prayers or the sermons. When he was in Dresden he inquired one Sabbath morning where he could go to church and hear the best music. 'Music,' said his host, 'you will hear no music in the churches to-day.' 'Why?' he replied with surprise, 'Is not singing a part of the public services?' 'Oh, yes, there are psalms and hymns sung, but no music. To hear music you must go to the gardens in the afternoon.' This was an important and proper distinction—music is an artistical performance—singing should be worship.

The essential requisites of good Congregational Singing are three. First, the whole congregation should enter into the spirit of the service, and let out their voices in full chorus. Secondly, they should have 'a good lead,' either a single voice, or what is better, a good choir; and Thirdly, the tunes should be simple and easy within the range of common voices, and not difficult in time. He defended the recent change of time in Old Hundred as published in some of the music books, because, first, this was the original time of the tune; it is found as far back as 1543 written in this time. And secondly, it is better adapted to keep the attention of the words than the slower movement which was introduced about 125 years ago. He did not quite convince all, however, that it is better to sing the *doxology* to the quick time. The slower form seems to some more reverent for a *doxology*.

MADAME L. GOMEZ DE WOLOWSKI, a prima donna who is said to have had great success at the Italian Opera in Vienna, as well as in Paris and Madrid, has arrived in this city, and will probably be heard in the Italian Opera before the winter is over. Her voice is described as a soprano-sfogato, of extensive compass, fine quality and high cultivation, and she is said also to possess the charms of youth and beauty.—*Phil. Evening Bulletin*.

The little musical phenomenon, Martha S. P. Story, who has not completed her fourth year, played upon the organ in one of the churches in Essex, at public services on Sunday, Oct. 7, at the invitation of the organist. She played the first tune sung in the afternoon, accompanying the choir through the entire hymn of six stanzas, and playing the introduction and the interludes in such accurate time and with such expression and regard to pauses, that the congregation below did not for once surmise that the performance proceeded from any other person than the regular organist, who sat near her. She has now played upon the melodeon for more than a year, and is in the enjoyment of perfect health, having grown more than half a head since the commencement of her playing.—*Salem Register*.

PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE.—It is a well-known fact that the words of the above song, which during the last few years has enjoyed a new career of publicity, were set to music by Queen Hortense. It is not, however, so generally known, perhaps, that the instrumentation of the song was the work of an artist still living, very advanced in age, but still hale and hearty, in Germany. The ducal Capellmeister at Gotha, L. Drouet—a near relation of the post-master at St. Meneshould, who recognised and arrested the fugitive Louis XVI.—was, in his youth, a member of the band at the court of the King of Holland, and for some time music-master of Prince Louis, now Emperor of the French. It was he who scored the above song, since become so celebrated. The Emperor has not forgotten his former master, to whom, some year or two back, he forwarded a valuable golden snuff-box, set with brilliants.

MOSS-MUSIC.—"POEMS" BY SARAH GOULD.

Now radiant joy sits smiling in my breast,—
 These fragrant pinks and pansies fair, fresh culled,
 Wood Violets and Mosses, lately lulled
 In shady nooks, by rippling brooks, to rest;
 With the rich grandeur of each mossy crest
 So green and moist, the blossoms seem to vie
 With their bright hues, as lovingly they lie,
 Dizzy from their own perfumes, unconfeet,
 Green mosses from the brookside, mosses sweet!
 Say, have ye heard the singing of the Wren,
 The Thrush, or Blackbird, by your brooks? oh, then:
 I pray you, if you can, some strain repeat:
 Bend closer still, bright mosses; now I hear,
 A bird like music, sylvan-sweet and clear.

Rimbault's History of the Piano Forte.

A musical work has just appeared in London, from the pen of Edward Rimbault, LL. D., which gives a History of the Piano Forte and an account of the instruments of the same class which preceded it, namely, the Clavichord, the Virginal, the Spinnet, the Harpsichord, &c. As this volume relates to a branch of musical history which has not received much attention, and as the Piano Forte years ago attained the appellation of the "household orchestra," we shall make a compilation of some of its chapters, and give brief extracts from the pages.

For the true history of the Piano Forte we are carried back, as of necessity, to the wild regions of fable and mythology. Whether Mercury or Hermes invented the lyre we must ever remain in blissful ignorance; but there can be little doubt that the germ of the Piano Forte existed in the first musical instrument of stretched strings, no matter by what name called. Admitting it to have been the lyre, the advance from this primitive model to the harp is one that the imagination can compass without effort. Ages seem to have rolled away before any very sensible stride is manifest. The psalter, dulcimer, and citole stands out in bold relief among the mediæval instruments that preceded the clavichord. But what a mighty chasm yawns between! With the introduction of the clavichord the Piano Forte is strongly shadowed forth. All the early instruments with keys applied, such as the clavicytherium and clavichord (rectangular in shape,) seem to embalm the idea of the first square Piano Forte. The clavicymbal took another form, which subsequently grew into the harpsichord, the strings being disposed after the fashion of the harp. But, lest we should trench upon Dr. Rimbault's ground in defining the instruments of this period, we will let him speak for himself:—

"Guido is said to have invented the clavichord, or keyboard; and it is not at all improbable that he was the first to apply it to the mediæval instrument of many strings; at any rate, the monochord seems to have been the same with the clavichord, and as such was the progenitor of the harpsichord, the spinnet, the virginals, and the Piano Forte of modern times."

At the end of the sixteenth century the virginal was the most popular keyed instrument in England, and was to be found in the house of almost every person of education. In the following century the virginal became common, the spinnet usurped attention, and this, in turn, gave way to the Piano Forte. The sounds of the spinnet were modified by having their wires carried over a bent bridge, whereas those of the virginal were stretched from the points of support to their screw pegs. It is quite clear that the harpsichord was only a large-sized spinnet with the addition of a second string to each note. Harpsichords were not much used in England before the latter half of the seventeenth century; it was then called the harpsicord and the harpsicool. The great power of the double string and the application of pedals to the instrument produced a wonderful reformation in the taste of the age.

The English harpsichords of the eighteenth century, notwithstanding the vast workshops of the Continent, took the lead; but just as these instruments had attained their greatest elevation, a note was sounded that predicted a thorough change in the principal of action. The quill was about to give way to the hammer; and in the course of about three years three makers, in three different nations born, put in an almost simultaneous claim for the invention of the Piano Forte. This, of course, gave rise to much disputation. Dr. Rimbault has devoted a liberal share of his pages to the examination of the merits of the various claimants, and has awarded a judgment quite in consonance with our views of the matter. He says:—

It is singular that these three ingenious men, Cristofali, Marius, and Schröter, should have conceived the same idea, within a few years of each other, and without any apparent communication or collision. But the priority is certainly due to the Italian maker, (Cristofali) whose claims are now fully established. The object of centuries was at length accomplished. The quill, pig's bristle, thorn, ivory tongue, leathern

tongue, were soon to be banished. A small hammer was made to strike the string, and evoke a clear, precise, and delicate tone unheard before. The "scratch with a sound at the end of it" was doomed to a lingering fate. The harpsichord had been changed into an instrument of percussion, and it only remained for later manufacturers to perfect, extend and popularize the now "world-wide Piano Forte."

As the new instrument was viewed in the light of an innovator, its early steps were not rapid ones. There was a world of prejudice to remove, and a different mode of treatment to be adopted. In France the brothers Erard had to contend against existing interests, which at times seemed sufficiently powerful to drive them from the kingdom. But all turmoils have an end. In course of time horizontal grands, in a great measure through their agency, came into fashion. In England an impetus was given by the arrival of twelve German mechanics seeking employment, and who obtained from this circumstance the appellation of the "twelve apostles." Charles Dibdin is recorded as having been the first to perform publicly on the Piano Forte. This event occurred on the 16th of May, 1767, and is announced as follows:

End of Act I. Miss Brickler will sing a favorite song from Judith, accompanied by Mr. Dibdin, on a new instrument called Piano Forte.

Mason, who was a poet and a musician too, paid considerable attention to the improvement of the instrument and projected models for the removal of several defects. The original scale was from F F (octave below that immediately under the base staff) up to F in alt, comprising five octaves; the first addition was of half an octave upwards to C in altissimo; then the scale was carried down to C C C. Thus by degrees the keyboard became extended. The compositions of Clementi tended very much to establish the Piano Forte in favor, while he also helped to improve the mechanism of the instrument. "The Piano Forte," says Dr. Rimbault, "was now firmly established in the public favor, and the date of Clementi's commencing manufacturer (i. e. 1800) gave the death blow to the old harpsichoid."—*Evening Transcript*.

Music Abroad.

NORWICH FESTIVAL.—This began on Monday evening, Sept. 19, with a cheap concert, at which *The Creation* was given, with Mad. Novello, Sims Reeves, &c. On the next evening a miscellaneous concert was given, at which selections from Gluck's *Armida* were sung, and on Wednesday evening Stern, dale Bennett's *May Queen*. The Detingen Te Deum and Spohr's Last Judgment making the day programme for the day, as nearly as we can make out. On Thursday, Herr Molique's new oratorio of *Abraham* was performed, which is hailed as the most successful attempt at composition in this direction since Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.

BRUSSELS.—By the repetition of his Paris Concerts, Richard Wagner has produced a sensation here also, a fact that was inevitable, considering how the public are so satiated, as I have before mentioned, by the eternal monotony in musical matters. For a considerable length of time, his concerts were the sole topic of discussion in all the local papers, as well as in all the coffeehouses and other places of public resort. The majority of the patrons of music here have left the future to decide on the real value of Wagner's compositions, although they are convinced the composer is very anxious that his works should be appreciated by the Present.

Good orchestral music is to be heard only at the concerts of the Conservatory, under the direction of M. Fétis. The band has made considerable progress during the past year.

M. Fétis does not, however, confine himself merely to classical masterpieces; so little does he exclude the productions of his contemporaries, that he performs even unpublished overtures and symphonies. It cannot, of course, be asserted that he is invariably lucky in his selection. During the last series of concerts we heard an overture to Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, by M. de Hartog, a Dutch composer, who resides in Paris, and composes for his own pleasure—and that of his friends also—and has already published several works. The composition of characteristic overtures to tragedies is something peculiar; the only models of this kind of writing, Beethoven's overtures to *Coriolanus* and *Egmont*, stands too high to be equalled by the efforts of mere talent, and what have we, now-a-days, among composers but talent at the very most?

Herr Meyenne, one of Fétis' newest pupils, may also, by the way, lay claim to the possession of this quality. He has now come forward, although somewhat tardily, with an unpublished symphony. It was successful, as was likewise, and perhaps more deservedly, a symphony by Samuel, which contains a great deal of originality.

There was a remarkable performance, at the last concert of the Conservatory, of the finale to the second act of *Le Nozze de Figaro*. Irritated at the mutilation of this magnificent piece of composition at the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris, Fétis determined to let the public of Brussels—that is to say, the "small Parisian" public,—hear what was the real effect of it when played as Mozart wrote it, and he succeeded completely in carrying out his intention.

GRISI.—The report that Mad. Grisi intends to sing at Her Majesty's Theatre, proves, as we hoped it would do, for her sake, a mistaken rumor.—*Athenæum*.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—This establishment is announced to commence its third season, under the management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, on Monday, October the 1st.

ROTTERDAM.—A society has been formed to establish a German opera. Herr Skruss, of Prague, has been engaged as conductor, and has already arrived to enter on his new sphere of action. It is said that Mad. Prausse, from Prague, is to be the *prima donna*; Herr Grimming, the tenor; Herr Brassin, the barytone; and Herr Carl Formes, the bass.

COBLENTZ.—A short time since, Mlle. Marie Cruvelli gave a concert, at which she sang airs from Rossini's *Tancredi*, and Donizetti's *Favorita*, a romance from Verdi's *Trovatore*, and two German songs by Schumann and F. Schubert. Her beautifully full alto voice and admirable style, especially in the Italian pieces, gained for her enthusiastic applause.

PARIS.—The Grand Opera still goes on with *Semiramis*, and the sisters Marchisio are still the life and soul of Rossini's great work. *Pierre de Medici* makes an occasional appearance in the bills. *Le Prophète*, whose advent has been imminent for some time, is retarded by the illness of Mad. Tedesco. Meanwhile *Guillaume Tell* is in preparation, and Mlle. Carlotta Marchisio will sing the part of Mathilde, restoring the air and scena which had been omitted since the reduction of the opera to three acts.

Before I leave the operas let me mention that the manager of the Opéra Comique had determined to cast the part of Hoel in the *Pardon*, which, as I have said, he is about to produce, to Mlle. Wertember, who had already played parts written originally for bass voices. Meyerbeer is said to have approved the arrangement. The opera in three acts by Scribe and M. Offenbach is in rehearsal, and it is to be produced with great splendor of scenery and decoration.

The Italian opera season is expected to be very brilliant this winter, and it is said the subscription list is already crowded with the highest names among the wealthy and the aristocratic.

The spirit of musical and theatrical activity last week has left us languid again. I have nothing more important to inform you of than the production of the *Trouvère* (*Trovatore*) at the Grand Opera, with Michot for the first time in the part of Manrique, and Mlle. Barbara Marchisio in that of Azucena, also for the first time. Both *debut*s were successful, but especially the latter. The fine contralto voice of Mlle. Barbara, and her power of expressing deep emotion, brought out the characteristics of the gipsy mother with great force. M. Michot was much applauded in such passages as demand feeling and tenderness, but in the more vigorous portions he was not quite up to the mark. The Opéra Comique gave last Monday a representation *extraordinaire* for the benefit of the Christians in Syria. The bill was of the most miscellaneous composition, commencing with the *Chaises à porteurs*, followed by *L'Etoile du Nord* (first act), *Ma Tante Dort* (transplanted from the Théâtre Lyrique), the second act of *Fra Diavolo*, a scena and duo from *Chateau Trompette*, and three pieces from the *Pardon*. A new opera in three acts is about to be put into rehearsal at this house. The music is by M. Victor Massé, and the book by M. Dumanoir, who gives to his work the title of *Le Lutrin*.

I have already informed you how the company of the forthcoming Italian Opera here is composed. The opening night is fixed for the 2nd of October, and the first opera produced will be *La Sonnambula*, with Mlle. Ratta and Signor Gardoni in the principal parts. The next opera will be Flotow's *Maria*, in

which Mario, Grazini, and Mlle. Edenska, the new contralto, will sing. I hear from Milan that M. Bottesini's opera, *Il Assedio di Firenze*, has at length been produced there, but did not meet with a very enthusiastic reception. The composer was applauded, but not called for at the end of the performance. The blame is kindly laid by my informant on the feebleness of the execution. Another young composer, M. Cagnoni, author of the famous *Don Bucefalo*, has had a new opera performed at the Scala with great success. It is entitled *Il Vecchio della Montagna*. Mad. Carvalho has made her first appearance at Berlin in *Il Barbiere*, and she has made such an impression on the German critics that they proclaim her the Jenny Lind of France. It is a proof with how little disturbance of the ordinary course of things the Neapolitan revolution has been effected, that in the midst of the Liberator's triumph and the king's flight, a new opera has been produced by Signor Petrella. It is called *Il folletto di Gressy*, and met with the most brilliant success, the composer being called before the curtain, I am told, at least twenty times.

An interesting discovery has just been made in the royal library of Munich, consisting of an autograph piece by Mozart, not hitherto known to exist, and of which there is no mention in any list of his compositions. It is an Italian air for a soprano to words commencing *Fra cento affanni e cento*. From the inscription it bears, this air would appear to have been written by Mozart while at Milan, in the year 1770, when he was only fourteen years of age, and while his fourth dramatic composition, *Mitridate di Ponto*, was being played with striking success.

The Paris correspondent of a Belgian paper relates how a considerable stir is being made in diplomatic circles here, in order to have another posthumous work of the Russian composer Bortniansky performed. The Prince W—— is said to be at the head of this movement, and in order to popularise the music of this composer he is about to organize a number of concerts; to which end he has sent for a Russian choral society composed of artists whose execution is said to be unrivalled throughout the world. The Greek Church allows no musical instruments to be used in its religious services, and the choristers are therefore accustomed to execute pieces without accompaniment. It is only in Russian churches that the *contra basso* voice, less rare in Russia than elsewhere, is employed, the compass of which extends to the lower A, two notes below the C *a vide* of the violoncello. The effect of these voices singing an octave below the basses is beyond conception. They are, in fact, human double basses. In the choral troop brought to Paris by Prince W. are several of these *contra bassi*, among whom one in particular, M. Ivan Norowine, enjoys a high reputation, and is destined, it is said, to make quite a sensation. The opera of Bortniansky, which it is sought to get performed in Paris, was found, it is said, among his papers. The libretto is by the celebrated Russian poet, Poushkin. Several unaccompanied choruses occur in this opera, and these are the choruses which will be performed at the concert in question. Bortniansky occupied the post of chapel-master to the Emperor of Russia from 1782 to 1826, when he died. His music is chiefly dependent for its effect on the employment of choral masses, with all the resources of which he was thoroughly acquainted.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 3, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the 42d Psalm: "As the Hart Pants." By Mendelssohn.

Music Here and Elsewhere.

There is absolutely nothing to be chronicled of what has been done musically here. The disjointed parts of the various opera companies are giving operas and concerts in various parts of the country, but none of them come near us or give any promise of doing so. But, as they give no promises, they will have none to break.

Those, however, on whom we depend, and never in vain, for the regular home supply of the best music, seem to be stirring in good earnest. Their promises are never broken, and we know what to expect when we read their announcements.

First, the Handel and Haydn Society are in

the field, offering us the best of the good things in their repertory. They ask, however, the guarantee of a subscription large enough to cover the expenses of a series of concerts, and no one can deem this request unreasonable. Having the advantages on the one hand of age and long established reputation, and on the other the advantage of the life and enterprise and fresh voices of its younger members, this Society has the means of giving performances in no respect inferior to those that have given it its reputation, and equal, if not superior, to any thing of the kind that can be heard in this country. For the particulars of their scheme for the coming season, we refer to their advertisement.

Then comes the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, with the announcement of its *twelfth* season, to commence about the twentieth of the present month, for which their subscription lists are open at the music stores. The regular patrons of the Club need only this intimation to ensure their names being placed upon the lists at once. The concerts are to be given in the new and beautiful saloon of the Chickering's, which will more than make good the loss of the old one in the Masonic Temple, which had become so endeared to all lovers of good music among us.

The Quintette Club have already commenced their soirées at private houses in Cambridge. There is no way so pleasant of hearing good music as this sociable way, in the midst of your own friends and neighbors, in your own parlors. This is the time to make arrangements for such parlor concerts among circles of personal friends and acquaintances, and we would call the attention of our readers in the city and its vicinity to the fact.

We learn that Dr. S. Parkman Tuckerman has been appointed organist at St. Paul's Church in this city. No one among us has given more attention to Church Music, especially to that of the English Church, than Dr. Tuckerman. He is also a most finished organist, and our readers doubtless will recollect with pleasure his agreeable letters, "A Tour among Organs," published in a former volume of the Journal of Music.

So having looked at the promises for the future at home, let us glance at what has actually been done elsewhere.

M. FLOTOW, the author of "Martha," "Alessandro Stradella," &c., is now engaged upon the score of a new opera, the libretto of which is written by M. Emile Pohl.

FLORENZA, who was well known here as a baritone singer in one of the Italian opera troupes a year or two ago, has arrived in Paris.

The German "Handel Society" has just delivered to its subscribers the 7th volume of the works of the great composer, which contains *Semele*, an oratorio composed by him in 1743, in the space of one month; the first performance took place Feb. 10, 1744; the text is taken from an old tragedy. To the full score is added a piano arrangement, by Richter.

NAPLES.—The order of the Dictator opens the theatres again. Madame Bina-Steffenone has been engaged and the barytone Guicciardi.

Franz Liszt has made a very brilliant arrangement for the piano of Meyerbeer's *Schiller-*

Marsch.—Thalberg has lately arrived in Paris.—Alfred Jaell is in Vienna.

M. J. Lotsky, who has long resided in Australia, has brought thence a National hymn, the origin of which is attributed to the Aborigines. It is said to have a fine melody, of very original character, and is shortly to be published. We hope it is better than the music of our aborigines.

TRIESTE.—The theatre opened for the season with *I Puritani*. Mad. Ortolani, "of the sweet and silvery voice," being *prima donna*, Tiberini, "the delicious tenor, and Beneventano, the barytone, justly celebrated in Europe and America" taking the principal parts.

VIENNA.—The Court Opera has taken up *La Juive* of Halévy, Wachtel singing the role of Eleazar. A Prussian architect, M. Langhaus, has made the plans for a new theatre for this city which, if they should be carried out, will give Vienna the largest and most beautiful theatre in the world.

BERLIN.—Here Madame Cash has had good success as Valentine in the *Huguenots*. (Would not this lady be an acquisition to some of our American companies at this time?)

For the anniversary of the birth of Schiller (Nov. 10) at the theatre of the Court opera, the cantata and march written by Meyerbeer for the great festival at Paris of the last year. During the march the principal personages that figure in the dramas of Schiller will be grouped upon the stage, a dialogue will then be recited written for the occasion by M. Pfan, and the performance will close with the cantata. Mad. Miolan-Carvalho continues her triumphs here, having sung in the *Barber* and *Lucia*, with immense success. Some critics say that her voice lacks volume and that she leaves something to be desired in situations that require passion and energy, but they agree with the general public which admits that no cantatrice has ever been heard in Berlin, possessing in so high a degree the true art of singing and who vocalizes in a manner so facile and so brilliant. It should not be forgotten that this public has heard Mad. Sontag and Jenny Lind.

ST. PETERSBURG.—The Italian opera opened Sept. 23 with the *Prophet*, sung by Tamberlik, Mad. Nantier-Didiée and Mad. Dottini. The house was crowded, and Meyerbeer's *chef d'œuvre* was received, as usual with the most enthusiastic applause. Mad. Lagrua made her *reentrée* as Norma, in which she won laurels last year. Tamberlik replaced Mongini, who, it is said, will not return to St. Petersburg, and Mad. Bernardi sang the part of Adalgisa, Debassini took that of Oroveso, which was too high for Marini.

SAN FRANCISCO—ESCOTT.—The opera season of the English troupe in this city has come to an end. Mrs. Escott was the *prima donna* of the company and appears to have made quite an excitement. We find in the *S. F. Herald* of Sept. 18 the following report of the last performance:—

At the end of the first act, Mr. William Lyster appeared with Madame Escott, and presenting her a splendid gold enamelled watch, ornamented with diamond sprigs and a superb chain, spoke to the following effect:

"Madame Escott—I am commissioned by a number of your friends and admirers to present you with

this beautiful and valuable gift, as a feeble expression of their admiration for you as an artist, and regard for you as a lady. I also avail myself of the occasion to tender you my heartfelt thanks for your untiring exertions and great merit as prima donna of my company, and beg to add my felicitations upon the unequivocal success which has attended your efforts." Madame Escott, quite excited at the unlooked-for compliment, returned her acknowledgments in pretty much the following terms: "Mr. Lyster—I beg you to convey to the gentlemen, in whose behalf you now act, my most heartfelt acknowledgments for the precious and elegant gift, and assure them that it will ever be regarded by me with sentiments of profound appreciation and gratitude. Permit me also to return you my cordial thanks for your undeviating kindness and gentlemanly conduct toward myself from the time of leaving New York to the present moment." Then, turning to the audience, Madame Escott continued: "Ladies and Gentlemen—The memory of your many favors and repeated expressions of kindly feeling, will ever be cherished by me with truest gratitude. I thank you from the innermost recesses of my heart."

NEW YORK, OCT. 29th.—The musical season commenced last week, very unexpectedly, with a series of operas in which the principal parts were taken by Mme. Fabbri, Formes, and Stigeli. It can be imagined that with these three no representation could be bad, or even indifferent. But Robert le Diable, with which the season opened, was not as well given as it might have been. Formes, evidently presumed on his position of favorite with the public, and took no pains to overcome his old fault of false intonation, which has rather increased than diminished. Fabbri, as Alice, was pains-taking, as she always is, but the rôle was evidently new to her. Stigeli was the only one who was really good throughout. On Friday the same artists appeared in Martha, and the charming little opera went off with a spirit that made everybody enjoy it. The only thing to be regretted was the substitution of d'Ormy for pretty little Berkel in the part of Nancy. Her great, gaunt figure, and bold manner, was very inappropriate for the arch little soubrette, and she seemed to feel this, too, to judge from the stiffness of her acting at times. To-night the Huguenots are to be given, and for Wednesday the Freyschütz is announced.

Concerts are also commencing. On Thursday one was given for the début of Carlotta Patti, an elder sister of little Adelina. The young lady has a pleasing exterior, a fine voice, and excellent training; she sang several Italian airs very well, and was very flatteringly received. She was assisted by several artists of our standing Italian troupe; Brignoli, Ferri, etc., and Mr. Saar, who played several pieces of his own, fantasies on Rigoletto, and the "Abendstern" from Tannhäuser, an Etude, and his arrangement of Mozart's Minuet from the E flat symphony. The concert was well attended, and altogether successful. One cannot help wondering where will be the end of this talented Patti family. Its name seems to be Legion, and if it continues to turn out an artist every year or two, we shall fairly be flooded with Patti's and Barilli's.

To-morrow night Mason and Thomas give their first Soiree. Many of their hearers will rejoice that they have returned to Dodworth's charming little hall, where the music sounds twice as well as in all other rooms of similar size. The performance for to-morrow consists of a Trio by Beethoven, a Quartet by Schubert, Piano Quintet by Schumann, and a Piano solo.

The Philharmonic Society have had two rehearsals, and give their first concert on the tenth of next month. The orchestral pieces are Schumann's Symphony in B flat, Beethoven's second Overture to Lenore, and Mendelssohn's Meeresstille und Glückliche Fahrt.

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NEW YORK.—The *Tribune* speaks thus of the début of Miss Fanny (Natali) Heron.

"A word must, however, be said concerning the début of Miss Fanny Heron. Her voice is a contralto, with a tendency to the mezzo soprano, rich in quality, full in tone, and remarkably fresh. She has also a sufficient facility in execution; and an excellent method. Her knowledge of stage business is very good, and her performance generally was marked by a rare intelligence. The part of the Page is an ungracious one for a débutante, the costume usually worn being, to say the least, not becoming to most women. In almost any other character, Miss Heron would have appeared to even greater advantage, than in the one she last night filled, and that, under the circumstances, she made so decided a success, shows clearly that she is an artist of great ability and much promise."

Jenny Lind Goldschmidt has just returned to England from a visit of some weeks to her native city of Stockholm, where she was cordially received by her friends, from whom she had been absent several years. Her successor upon the musical stage of Sweden, Louise Michal, whom the Swedish critics agree in considering little if any inferior, has lately been married to her cousin, and in imitation of her predecessor, now signs her name Louise Michal Michaeli.—*N. O. Delta*.

Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison commenced their season of English opera at Covent Garden, London, on the 1st inst., with William Vincent Wallace's "Lurline." The house was crowded from the floor to the ceiling with a most enthusiastic audience. Mr. Henry Wharton, Miss Leffier, and Miss Albertazzi, were the new additions to the company. Miss Leffier, who possesses a fine contralto voice, is said to be a great addition to it.

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.—Many of our readers doubtless recollect a stout, plethoric German, with flushed and austere features—indicating a somewhat misanthropic turn of mind—who might have been seen promenading Chestnut street, a few years since, with measured tread, and clutching nervously a stout cane; airing himself upon the fashionable thoroughfare, or perchance dropping in at the music stores to gather the latest musical *on dits*. That individual was Charles Zeuner, a pupil and follower of J. N. Hummel—a man of large European reputation, and one of the profoundest theorists in this country. Later in life, this tone-master allowed his mind to become filled with spiritualistic hallucinations, even unto the distraction of the same; and he perished wretchedly at his own hands, during an aberration of mind of unusual violence. Without any next of kin, his property (about \$15,000) reverted, as we have been informed, to Camden County, N. J., of which he had been a resident. Parenthetically, a snug outfit this might have proved to some worthy, struggling musicians; or to the impoverished widows and children of many an art-servant, who after a life of enthusiastic devotion and self sacrifice to the most refining of all professions, sank down into his grave, unrequited and unappreciated. No doubt the unfortunate Zeuner, in the healthy possession of his faculties, would have bequeathed his worldly goods in some such beneficent manner.

His musical library and MS. compositions were put up at sale in Camden and are now scattered to the four winds, in various hands. Mr. Wm. A. Newland, a musician for many years identified with the development of music in our midst, secured a score of the "Feast of Tabernacles," an oratorio of great merit; and discovering in each of its component parts, evidences of the splendid genius of its author, he has placed it in rehearsal, with a view to a public performance on Nov. 16th. Mr. Newland has kindly allowed us to peruse the score, and we

can safely promise to those who may attend the concert, a musical entertainment of no ordinary character. The bass solos and choruses are fully equal to many from the greatest masters. Those who desire to realize fully what manner of man passed from our midst, when the words "Chas. Zeuner has shot himself" startled the community, will have an excellent opportunity in the concert thus announced.—*Amateur's Guide, (Philadelphia.)*

This was originally brought out in Boston some twenty-five years ago. The poem which Mr. Zeuner set to music being by the late Rev. Henry Ware, Jr. Many of our older readers will recollect it.

BUFFALO SANGERBUND.—At the election of officers for this Society, held last week, the following gentlemen were unanimously re-elected to office: Director, Wilhelm Braun; President, Otto Schuggens; Vice-President, A. Holzhausen; Secretary, C. Bruehl; Treasurer, H. Doerffel. The Society now consists of a hundred and twenty-seven members.

SINGING.—The following from an *Animadversion* on the Church Music, written by Aelredus, Abbott of Rivaux, in Yorkshire, who died, A. D., 1166, so well describes the kind of singing we too often hear, that we reprint it in the hope that some singers may have the power given them "to see themselves as others see them."

"Let me speake now of those who, under the shew of religion, doe usurpe those things for the service of their vanity, which the ancient Fathers did profitably exercise in their types of future things. Whence then, I pray, all types and figures now ceasing, whence hath the Church so many Organs and Musically Instruments? To what purpose, I demand, is that terrible blowing of Belloes, expressing rather the crackles of thunder, than the sweetness of a voyce? To what purpose serves that contraction and inflection of the voyce? This man sings a base, this a small meane, another a treble, a fourth divides and cuts asunder, as it were, certaine middle notes. One while the voyce is strained, anon it is remitted, now againe it is dashed, and then againe it is enlarged with a lower sound. Sometimes, which is a shame to speake, it is enforced into an horse's neighings; sometimes, the masculine vigor being laid aside, it is sharpened into the shrillnesse of a woman's voyce; now and then it is writhed, and retorted with a certaine artificiall circumvolution. Sometimes thou mayest see a man with an open mouth, not to sing, but as it were, to breathe out his last gaspe, by shutting in his breath, and by a certaine ridiculous interception of his voyce, as it were to threaten silence, and now againe to imitate the agonies of a dying man, or the extasies of such as suffer."

In the meantime, the whole body is stirred up and downe with certaine histrionical gestures: the lips are wreathed, the eyes turne round, the shoulders play, and the bending of the fingers doth answer every note. And this ridiculous dissolution is called religion; and where these things are most frequently done, it proclaimed abroad that God is there honorably served. In the meantime, the common people standing, trembling and astonished, admire the sound of the Organs, the noyse of the Cymbals and musically intruments, the harmony of the Pipes and Cornets; but yet looke upon the gesticulations of the singers, the meretricious alternations, interchanges, and inflections of the voyces, not without derision and laughter; so that a man may thinke that they came not to an oratory or to a house of prayer, but to a theatre; not to pray, but to gaze about them; neither is that dreadfull majesty feared before whom they stand, etc. Thus, this Church singing, which the holy Fathers have ordained that the weake might be stirred up to piety, is perverted to the use of unlawful pleasure, i. e., the vanity of the singers.—*Banner of the Cross.*

The scheme for the nineteenth season of the Philharmonic Society of New York is published. It comprises five concerts, which will take place on the 10th of November, the 22d of December, the 2d of February, the 16th of March, and the 20th of April. Each concert will be preceded by two afternoon rehearsals, and one which will take place in the morning. The former will commence at 3-1-2 o'clock, and the latter at 10 o'clock. Those for the first concert will occur on the afternoons of October 10 and 24, and on the morning of November 10. The first programme will include Robert Schumann's Symphony, No. 2, in C; Beethoven's Overture, "Leonora," No. 2, in C (first time); and Mendelssohn's Overture in D, "A Calm Sea and Happy Voyage." The rehearsals and concerts will take place at the Academy of Music. The orchestra will be under the direction of Mr. Theodore Eisfeld.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Miss Kellogg, who made a kind of a début at a matinee last season, in New York, will make her first formal appearance in opera during the present fall. She has been vigorously prosecuting her studies of late, and may be seen almost nightly at the Academy, listening and learning as hard as she can, while the great prima donnas display their different styles. Miss Kellogg's friends, and they are legion, predict for her a brilliant career.—*N. O. Picayune.*

The Conductor, Muzio's opera of Una Scomezia, written expressly for Patti, Brignoli, Ferri and Susini, will be produced at the Academy of Music during the present month.—*Ibid.*

For next year, on dit, Mr. Ullmann has engaged the famous London prima donna, Czillag; for 1862, Johanna Wagner and the sisters Marchisio. It is understood that Gye, of Covent Garden, having lost Mario, wishes to retain Tamberlik, so that his American engagement will probably go over to September, 1861.—*Ibid.*

Ullmann, besides Jenny Ney, above mentioned, has engaged Signorina Inclini, (why will she not be native and democratic enough to call herself plain Miss Hinkley,) the new American star on the lyric stage in Italy, to be here in the commencement of November, while the famous contralto, M^{me}. D'Angri, is upon her way. Also, Carl Formes's brother, William, a baritone.

The Brooklyn Academy of Music is now nearly completed, externally; and (the *New York Tribune* says) it makes a much finer appearance than we supposed it could, judging from the elevation of the architect. But no one would imagine from any external indications that it was a building devoted to music and the fine arts. It is the most massive looking and imposing structure in Brooklyn, and there is none on this side of the East River that look so much like a monastic or collegiate building. Keeping out of view the purposes for which it is intended, it is a noble piece of architecture. We hope that some amends will be made in the interior decorations for its external solemnity.

M^{me}. Anna Bishop has returned from her Southern and Western tour, and at last accounts was enjoying herself in the country near New York.—*N. O. Picayune.*

General Washington's Harpsichord, now the property of the Mount Vernon Association, has lately been re-varnished and repaired. It is a singular looking affair, about ten feet long, and varying from four feet to eighteen inches in width. It was sent on Friday to Mount Vernon, so that the Prince saw it.

SHEPHERDS' CHORUS.—The *Ranz des Vaches* echo from every Alpine height; but no idea can be conveyed in words of the peculiarity of these mountain choruses. They are not tunes or melodies, and are not governed by the ordinary rules of music; yet they have rules, and in their native air are thrilling beyond description. There is very little motion of the lips or mouth, and the breathing is scarcely perceptible. Their character varies in different parts of Switzerland, and corresponds to the character of the people, and also of individuals, being gay and lively, or sad and melancholy, with the temperament of the singer and the occasion which calls them forth. Sometimes two or three sing together, and keep time and tune, but it is not usual. It is the song of the solitary shepherd on the hills, and invented not for communication with men, but with the animals, who are his life-companions. The literal translation of the French and German word is *cow rows*, and evidently refers to the manner in which the cows arrange themselves when coming at its call. Those who are

in the habit of marching farthest have bells, and the moment they hear the *kuhreih* they wend their steps homeward, and are followed by all in a row.—*Cottages of the Alps.*

The following is a list of the opera company which has been engaged for the Tacon theatre, Havana, for the approaching season. The prime donne are Lotti, Fanny Natali and Volpiri; contralto, Trietz, Natali; tenor, Pausani, Volpani and Testa; baritone, Cresci and Manousi; bassi, Biati, and Rocco.

Two concerts given by Camillo Sivori, the great violinist, at Milan, in aid of the cause of Garibaldi, produced fifteen thousand francs, (three thousand dollars,) which have been forwarded to the victorious commander.

THE LIBERATOR AND THE LEVELLER.—We hear from Paris that great preparations are being made for the production of *Tannhäuser* at the Grand Opera. The only person in Paris, to judge from the newspapers, who likes Herr Wagner's music (of which specimens, it may be remembered, were presented to the Parisians a few months since in a series of some half dozen concerts) is the Emperor Napoleon. The Emperor has had several interviews with Herr Wagner, and the result is that he is charmed with his music; though it is scarcely probable that at these interviews Herr Wagner either sang or played to his Majesty. On the other hand, it is satisfactory to know that Herr Wagner is charmed with the Emperor Napoleon. The Emperor has directed that no expense shall be spared in putting *Tannhäuser* on the stage in a style worthy of the great Republican and German Unitarian who composed it; and Herr Wagner has shown his appreciation of the great Liberator of oppressed nationalities by introducing into his perfect chrysolite of an opera the meretricious and altogether foreign element of a ballet, so as to qualify it for production at the Académie. This is very civil on both sides; and, even if *Tannhäuser* does not succeed in Paris) which, however, it *must* do if enough money is spent on it), the French Emperor will be sure to have some sort of success in Germany—that is to say, among the party to which Herr Wagner belongs, and over which he has an influence which will not appear unaccountable to those who have read any of his writings. We wonder what Napoleon I. would have thought of Herr Wagner's operas—supposing that he had heard them at a moment when there was no question about the possession of the Rhine country. He liked Méhul's *Irato*, which was written in the Italian style, but not Méhul's other operas; and, when he was asked why he had not appointed Cherubini director of his concerts, replied—ignorantly, but with a meaning that some will understand—that it was "because he liked music, not noise." It suits Napoleon III. just now to pretend that he likes noise, not music. However, we will say no more about *Tannhäuser*, until it is brought out at the Royal English Opera—which, it is said now, will open the first week in October.—*Illustrated Times.*

THE SIFFLEURS IN PARIS.—The late Parisian papers speak of a singular association which is organizing in that city, under the significant title of the "Blackbird's Club." It is actually composed of twenty young gentlemen, whose number may be increased to thirty, and who will distribute themselves, by bands of six, eight or ten, to attend all the principal performances of the theatres in the French capital. Their aim is to restore the whistle in all its pristine prerogatives, and to crush the organization of paid *claqueurs* who applaud so tremendously the artists whom they black mail, and the pieces, the authors of which are in their good graces. The blackbirds, who are all gentlemen of taste, and very well posted up about dramatic literature, will go to the theatres at the club's expense, and scatter themselves in the house two by two, in order to whistle or applaud according to their individual spontaneous best judgment, and without the least semblance of a preconcerted plan. But they will whistle only at the end of acts, for fear of troubling the performance.

At the last meeting of the club, an important question was the order of the day. What kind of whistle would the blackbirds use? Some were for a screaming one; but the majority decided in favor of a mellow one, thinking that their right was to criticise, but without offering any kind of provocation. We think that the Parisian theatres, pestered with low stipended *claqueurs*, will be highly benefited by the new organization; and as for the artists and authors whose misfortune may be to hear the almost forgotten sound, they may at least comfort themselves with the thought that they have paid nothing for their whistles.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Far away, my thoughts are far away.

Mrs. Bloede. 25

A taking song, written with more than common ability and offering many nice points to the singer.

Jeannie Wilton. Scotch Ballad. McNaughton. 25

The happy talent of the composer has already furnished the home-circle with many charming ballads, which will secure this very pretty new one a friendly reception.

I am thinking of my mother. L. Marshall. 25

A nice sentimental song. Easy.

Ever my spirit lingers with thee. Glover. 25

A song, which will be popular. It calls the popular "Ever of thee" pleasantly to mind, not on account of any plagiarism in the melody, but because of the similarity in the general construction and the excellency of the whole composition.

Instrumental Music.

Intermede Ball. New Dance. 35

With full music and figures as agreed on by the leading masters of the terpsichorean art in Paris.

Song of the Page, in the "Huguenots." Transcribed by Otto Dresel. 35

The well-known, beautiful *Aria d'Entrata* as a captivating piano piece. The peculiar difficulty of transferring all the beauties of an elaborate score to the piano, which is denied the power of "singing," are nicely overcome. The reputation of the composer is such, that something very fine may be expected.

La Rêve de Bonheur (Dream of happiness)

Waltzes. Camille Schubert. 50

Very brilliant, yet only moderately difficult. Schubert is to Paris, what Strauss is to Vienna, or D'Albert to London. When the Parisians waltz, the music, in nine cases out of ten, is by Schubert. These sparkling waltzes are not yet as widely known here as they deserve to be.

Toast Galop. Arranged by Carl Zerrahn. 25

A favorite galop which promises to be very popular during the ensuing season.

Don Pasquale. Grande Fantaisie brillante.

C. Voss. 75

One of Voss's best arrangements, of the difficulty of his Fantasias on Martha and Traviata. Players of some experience will not need to practice much on them.

First set of Mazurkas. J. Mikel. 50

Composed for the introduction of a new Mazurka step, taught in Paris, the full description of which is given with the music.

Books.

THE WESLEYAN SACRED HARP. A collection of Choice Tunes and Hymns for Prayer, Class and Camp Meetings, Choirs and Congregational Singing. 50

A very compact and convenient 12mo. volume of words and music for the Methodist Church, and one that will prove quite welcome for public and private use. It contains nearly 300 pages of the best hymns and tunes, most of which are standard old favorites and the remainder those that will soon become such.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

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Fanny Malone Raymond.

Bach and Mendelssohn

FROM A SOCIAL POINT OF VIEW.

II.

Music and Polished Society.

To this portrait of the worthy German citizen and musician of the eighteenth century, we may oppose the sketch of a real son of the nineteenth; of a man, who belonged to "polished society" as much as Bach was a member of the citizen class—who possessed an appreciation of Bach, difficult to exceed: who was inspired and strengthened in the study of Bach's works, and who yet forms a direct contrast to the old master in his social and artistic personality.

Let us take twenty years ago. In the musical present the romantic school reigned like an elderly queen, who took little heed of her rising nobility, a musical "young Germany" that, like its literary branch in Paris, began to gain ground, with Meyerbeer as leader; he who strove, by means of every allurements, daring mixture of style, and distended forms, to bring new substance into the sentimental character of Weber and Spohr; while the enticing melodies of Rossini and Bellini were sounded through all Germany.

About that time there appeared a young man, whose aim attracted attention on account of its rarity; he cared little for Paris or Italy, passed over Mozart and Haydn, and went back industriously, of his own accord, to what Handel and Bach had written. He gave to the old forms of these powerful but austere masters, a more flexible form, a newer life; and strove to bring back the old, chaste earnestness to the music that had grown so frivolous. He even smuggled into the concert room the artistic woof of counterpoint, which had become, to the majority of musicians, a secret, like the lost art of Gothic architecture. But he did not stand still at pure, interwoven form; he wished to become a tone-poet, imbued with the spirit of his time; and all that "young Germany" called its own, rang through his classic forms in a wonderfully charming, intelligible, even coquettish, and sometimes peculiarly contradictory manner.

Then some of the connoisseurs turned up their noses; said they, "He is an uncommon man—what a pity that he is only an exception, a speciality." They meant to say that he was like one of those lovely flowering trees, that stand alone, and bear no fruit.

Twenty years have passed; we have buried, but not forgotten, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. With the word "speciality" his peculiar position is expressed. He has penetrated, not here or there alone, but all musical Germany has been more or less infected with this Mendelssohnian "speciality"; it did not break for itself a broad and sudden way, but penetrated through like a fine, busy May rain, and that, we all know, penetrates very deeply. Mendelssohn did not make "a sensation," with any single work, like Meyer-

beer; yet he was hardly dead, when general consent pronounced him the greatest composer among all his contemporaries. In this our composer is alone among all musicians of later times. And what did he principally write? What others will not write, because people will not listen, works for the church, oratorios, cantatas, symphonies, quartets, and sonatas. Many German composers write such works from an impulse they cannot repress, yet with the painful conviction that such compositions must for ever sleep in their desks. Mendelssohn was almost the only fortunate one, who dared to write in this true form of the German spirit, and who brought out and published, even, such serious works: in his last days, he commanded music and the public, as a genial master always should, but so rarely succeeds in doing. He was too prudent not to fall in with the taste of his time, and too proud to let his concessions be plainly perceived. He often composed like a tone diplomatist. At last, certainly, it was no longer necessary for him to work diplomatically, for his own "speciality" had become the taste of the day, and hundreds followed in Mendelssohn's path, consciously or unconsciously; while now, there is not a singing society, in any country village, that does not hold it as a point of honor, to practice Mendelssohn's choruses—"the learned" Mendelssohn.

Mendelssohn was the first composer for a very long period, who fixed German musical taste in a certain direction. A topography of German musical life would be quite in accordance with the spirit of the age. For our composers, unfortunately, allow themselves to be more conveniently grouped according to mountain-chains and river-valleys, than according to their artistic differences. Our musical particularity exceeds that of politics, for it is far more fortuitous and arbitrary than the latter. We have the music of Berlin, Leipzig, Vienna, Hamburg, &c., but German music has become an idea, like the German kingdom. Since Mendelssohn's death, it cannot be said of any young composer, that he has a German public. Only two song-writers, and a few mediocre talents in the light operatic style have become popular. Robert Schumann is regarded, in the Elb territory, as a Messiah, at least by his companions in aim and opinion, but the Thuringian forest is the boundary of his fame. How many south and west Germans know anything of Schumann's greater works? I am no admirer of Schumann's muse, but while I wish that he had found correct critical appreciation, I also wish that people would learn to know him more generally. Richard Wagner is an art-extravaganza, but still a phenomenon who must be taken notice of. But how many musicians, how many operatic stages, always excepting a narrow circle, have taken notice, practical notice of his creations? Hebbel is something such a literary phenomenon. Almost every great theatre has experimentalized with his dramas, not to expound his literary tendencies, but because they held it as a point of honor, to take notice of this

original poet. Such points of honor are scarce in the musical world. The difficulty of hearing one of Wagner's operas, has excited curiosity about them, much more powerfully than the combined forces of Wagner's own pamphlets and his friend Liszt's extravagant declamation could have done.

We have, then, lost a centralization of musical literature. The position of our poetic literature is consistent, compared with this division. The lyrists of Austria, Lenau, Grün, Zedlitz, &c. are as well recognized as our native born poets. Side by side with these lyrists, a group of Austrian song composers may be not unworthily placed. But with the exception of the weakest and most superficial among them, their names have scarcely reached the north; and yet we remember a notice that was given out, some years ago, by one of the first Viennese publishers, to the effect that he only published "Austrian music!"

Mendelssohn's lyrics alone, have become naturalized in every German country.

There are half a dozen "exchanges" for German opera. Berlin for the north-east, Hamburg for the north west, Frankfort for the south-west, &c. Success in one of these places secures the run of a new work—not in Germany—but in the valley, or mountain chain, which contains the subject cities of either of these exchanges. Here is musical topography again. An opera is brilliantly successful in the Frankfort state and sandstone system, while in the Munich chalk system, it falls to the ground. Germany no longer possesses a musical metropolis. At the close of the eighteenth century, Vienna held this position; earlier, Leipzig, Dresden, Hamburg, and other cities. Musical localities are growing more and more illiberal. He who would move musical Germany must find the Archimedian point, upon which to place the lever, outside of his own limits. Meyerbeer found this point in Paris. His success brought a number of German composers to believe, that in order to conquer German opinion, they must be, musically speaking, untrue to Germany.

Even in church music, which was once centralized even to torpidity, this division of interests is displayed. On a field, where even the great mistress of centralization, the catholic church, found it impossible to neutralize, how can we hope to succeed? Every cantor, every organist, every cathedral chapel-master arranges his preludes, motets, masses, and Ave Marias for himself, and no one troubles himself about others. How can a common artistic aim be built up on such a foundation?

And yet Mendelssohn did this. He created a universal movement in musical Germany, although he rested his lever on Germany itself.

But this was only possible to Mendelssohn, on account of the peculiar position which he occupied in the social and musical world. He was the first musician who made music purposely for "cultivated society"—in the good sense of those

words. He was not a gnarled, self-concentrated German burgher, like Bach, but an accomplished, many gifted, many sided, refined man, accustomed to the highest society, personally known throughout nearly all Germany, and sought for in select circles. What an immense contrast between him and the old musician of the preceding century! And so Mendelssohn wrote in the spirit of this "polished society," that now, levelling and mediating, runs through every class. He rendered the ancient forms of chamber music more elegant and smooth, he restrained the æsthetic negligence of modern saloon pieces; he enlivened sacred composition with a spirit of subjective inward feeling; and one may truly say that Mendelssohn's chamber, concert, and church music may be successfully produced in refined social circles. And this is the leveling spirit of modern cultivation. A church piece, by Bach, would be profaned by an after-tea representation; but a church composition of Mendelssohn's would not be profaned at all, while it would elevate the mood of the tea-party. Mendelssohn is always spiritual, and careful in the form he selects. When he first appeared, it was something quite new to meet with an elegant modern musician, whose works could be enjoyed by a scientific connoisseur, without continually meeting some error in musical logic, or in proportion of form; a musician who set songs to music, without choosing only the most simple of texts; who wrote chamber music that was not tiresome, and saloon pieces that were not frivolous; a tone-poet of Jewish descent, who did not judaize in his manner of writing, like nearly all the favorite Christian composers of the day.

It is the north-German, many-sided cultivation, which in our day is gradually smoothing itself, and casting off its rough national peculiarities, that has found its musical expression in Mendelssohn.

In little and isolated effects Mendelssohn was new and peculiar, but not in the great and the entire; he has not created any new species of musical form, but has reformed, and intelligently extended the old. Even in this the spirit of modern "polished society" is mirrored. Mendelssohn possessed the sure æsthetic and historic knowledge of each particular character that best suited any single musical form, and worked according to his conviction with the certainty of the learned master. Defiant self-will, hectoring upon the rights of its subjective geniality, and breaking the bonds of custom and tradition, is entirely foreign to him. Beethoven, in the "dona nobis pacem" of his missa solennis, insists upon teaching us theological Germans, by means of a trumpet duet, that one may entreat God for peace, with trumpets and drums. Berlioz has imitated him in a Requiem, where he prays the Lord to give rest to the departed, with the great trumpet. Joseph Haydn, in the childlike joy of his heart, writes a Kyrie eleison, to which one might dance. Mendelssohn knew nothing about such bold touches of true or false geniality. He knew that such naïvetés and extravagancies would look very extraordinary in a cultivated man, who moved in "polished society."

Yet, notwithstanding this, Mendelssohn was no less characteristic and historic a personality for the present, than Bach was, in his time. No other art can point to a man, who, in his artistic creations, kept within the social life of our select

circles, while he was thoroughly understood and honored by those.

While, one hundred years ago, people could not decide what to make out of the lonely, deeply thinking Bach, — with us, an immediate, general, and true judgment has been passed on Mendelssohn; and it would now be difficult to say anything excellent about him that is not already a current opinion.

Mendelssohn's influence must have become a universal one; for the "polished society" in the midst of which he worked and lived, and in the spirit of which he wrote, is the same, all over Germany. Bach, on the contrary, with his tenacious social limits, found his effectuality and renown as a composer, long socially and locally circumscribed.

It is said of Mendelssohn, often enough, that much, especially in his greater works, is diligently put together; and that his creations sometimes appear to be inspired by genius, when they are only the result of an uncommon talent; that he is far removed from the free geniality of a Mozart or Beethoven; that he is always wanting in that which fills up the measure of talent, so that it becomes genius, and without which talent is mere handicraft.

But Mendelssohn's best fame is not affected by this at all; I mean the fame of his pure, reformatory influence. For his calling he possessed the one grand qualification, which all might envy him. He was the fortunate one, who alone succeeded in remaining clear and earnest in his creations, and, at the same time, popular. His happy social position did not assist him in obtaining this rare good fortune, so much as his great gifts, and his untiring perseverance. Mendelssohn, the musical purifier, is missed far more painfully by the nation, than Mendelssohn, the creative tone-poet. Scarcely was his oratorio of "Elijah" in circulation, than musical unions in every place prepared to study this difficult, and — for amateurs — thankless work. Germany now possesses many composers, capable of writing an equally excellent work in this form; but not one other, on the mere strength of whose name such music will be thoroughly studied, (though enjoyed and understood by few) and will pierce into every corner where there is a musical society; the one man, who could break a pathway for earnest creation, is lost to us in Mendelssohn.

(To be continued.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Johanna Kinkel's Eight Letters to a Friend.

ON INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO.

(Translated by WM. GRAUERT, A. M.)

IV.

Playing with expression! How can we find significant words to make the pupil understand this vague term? It is easy for a vocal teacher, since the text of the songs furnished the best commentary for the melody. In instrumental music, however, we can apply poetry only comparatively, in order to bring it near to him who does not understand music *as* music, but feels interest in it only when it means something else in addition.

It is now the task of the more cultivated music teacher, to find out for grown up pupils that definition which is most accessible to their subjectivity. Music, as it manifests itself in the form of piano-performance, is now-a-days considered

almost indispensable in the education of young ladies; whether rightly so, I will tell you in some other place. At any rate, talented and not talented are practising on the piano for years, and they, of course, expect that the teacher be conscientious in an art for which they sacrifice so much. All desire to play with expression, "and feelingly," while the very term "feeling" proves that we can not *learn* it, when it is not naturally within us. But if we place the word "understandingly" in its stead, it is obvious that *this* can be imparted to the pupil by the teacher. There are means of representing a certain sentiment in musical performance. Legato, staccato, forte, piano, and above all the oratorical accent serve that purpose. Wherever the composer has written these turns, it suffices to remind the pupil to observe such signs faithfully. But it is impossible to the composer to add for instance the degree of sforzando to each note, since the vast array of signs would completely puzzle our eyes. Thus we ever recur to the "feeling" which reveals to us how strongly we are *permitted* to intone without offending grace, how strongly we *must* intone, in order to exhibit the emotions inherent to the tone-piece.

Several oratorical accents will often occur in a single measure, each of which is to receive another degree of intonation. While the nature of the grammatical accent consists in its regular return, and the pupil soon understands it, the unexpected and unregulated character of the oratorical does not give the teacher a steady point to explain it to the pupil, so as to enable the latter to find it out himself the next time. It might best be illustrated by an analogy with declamation.

As to the teacher I suppose, of course, that the language of tones is disclosed to him. But even if he possess an excellent musical nature, thinking and feeling in tones, his pupils will not be benefitted at all by him, unless he knows how to *communicate* his inner views. *He must consequently possess, besides musical cultivation a general education*, above all the faculty of the utmost clearness and certainty in his teaching. He must have presence of mind sufficient to find at once, for each music piece, an analogy rendering the former intelligible to the pupil. He ought to have ready in his memory some appropriate poetical verses to compare with a musical passage the oratorical accents of which he is to point out.

This painstaking is hardly necessary with very talented pupils, and useless with those without talents. But between these there is a long series of middle degrees for which one and the same method does not suffice. Let us illustrate it.

Let us take one pupil with excellent ear, a fine timeist, with a light hand, but caring only for the most superficial waltz-compositions; let us then take another with naturally stiff fingers, and almost no really musical talent, but appreciating the noblest and greatest in music, if you bring it near her variously developed mind in some other way. You will readily perceive that you will have to talk differently with them. You can convince the former of the futility of her actual tendency only in a purely musical way, by repeatedly and practically explaining to her — by means of passages on the piano — the requirements of a good melody, harmony and fine rhythm, and by comparing genuine music with that which

lacks these three fundamental conditions. As to the other pupil, you will have to demonstrate the affinity of the music piece in question with the beautiful in some other department, in order to win her interest for it.

We must, with all pupils of this latter class, try to investigate what are their other natural talents, fancies and attainments, in order to procure music on entrance by means of fancy, if it cannot be obtained in a sentimental way, or to borrow an analogy from the art of painting, if their sense of color and form should be more developed than the sense for tone and time. *Thus every kind of knowledge of the teacher in other branches of education will promote the pupil, if he applies it in the right place, even more so, than if he had buried himself even so deeply in the musical grammar.*

Many pupils possess but one half of musical talent, viz., conception, without the gift of representation, or *vice versa*. You will assist the former mostly by playing for him, the latter by oral explanations.

To a superficial young girl an isolated melody will appear so much more beautiful, because the *spantiness* of the accompaniment without rhythm and constructed perhaps only upon two chords, does not absorb her thoughts. Melody is, in fact, everything to her; the base is for her an altogether gratuitous supplement. They assert singularly enough of a composition rich and full in all its parts, for example of a fugue, that it has no melody. They do not see the forest on account of the many trees; for in the fugue each simpler art is a melody; but to hear four melodies at once is too much for their ears.

You must, from time to time, analyze an excellent composition for such pupils, and compel them to direct their attention to its inner structure. They will thus become conscious of the power of a harmonically moving base and of independent middle parts. Just as before they found each composition dry in which they thought the charm of melody was wanting, they will now not be seduced by a harmonically poor work because it happens to possess the cheap advantage of a pretty upper part. Finally, do not neglect to take up the test of rhythm by separating the theme from its melodic and harmonic dress, and reducing it to a single tone. If a rhythm is truly original and lively, it will still interest us if we drum it on the table with our fingers. The short comings of the invention will likewise appear, when its monotony is no longer varnished over by a variegated melody.

The pupil will thus obtain a starting point from which he himself may examine whether the music which pleases him stands the test or not. A great point is clearly gained, when he finds out that a certain music did not please him, because it was too high for him, and that, on the other hand, he must confess that he had been more delighted by common music. Self-knowledge is even in this particular case, like everywhere else, the first step to improvement.

(To be continued.)

PHILADELPHIA.—The Italian wing of the New York company is organizing for a series of operatic performances, beginning in Philadelphia about November 19th. Signor Muzio is to be the director, and Mme. Colson, Brignoli, Ferri, Susini and others are in the troupe. They are at present about to commence a series of concerts in the West, beginning at Pittsburgh.

On Rudimental Piano Instruction.

BY F. PETERSILEA.

Mr. Editor: The letter of Mad. Johanna Kinkel published by you, Oct. 20th, suggests to me a few ideas, which may be new to many, but are the result of my experience for the last twenty or thirty years and have proved successful. The first maxim: *Never give a beginner more material for thought or memory than is necessary for immediate use, or confusion will be the result.* The names of the keys of the piano may be learned in one of the first lessons; but the scholar has no use yet for sharps and flats; therefore say nothing about them. The notes come next, but five are enough for at least three months, (I should rather say for one year,) therefore neither bass notes nor ledger lines are wanted. Why confuse a beginner with whole, half, quarter notes, or still worse, with hemi, demi, semi quavers? Notes of uniform length should be used exclusively, until they can be played in correct time with the metronome; then two, three, &c. to one beat, always with regard to *strict accentuation and legato*.

I am aware that no celebrated pianoforte school proceeds in such a manner, I therefore wrote my own instruction book and studies.* The best players and composers have produced the most useless pianoforte schools without exception; it is however, not at all surprising.

Now this ought to be the first lesson. The most perfect understanding must be given about the position of the hands and fingers, before anything need be said about keys, notes, rests, bar lines, ledger lines, &c. No need for opening the piano. Draw your chair to the table. Lay one hand down flat, rest part of your arm also. Extend your hand to the utmost—now draw the fingers towards you—straighten the thumb—keep the palm firmly down—by no means raise the knuckles. *Now lift your third finger* as high as you can but don't straighten it, keep it bent, draw it more towards you—now *let it fall*. After this finger has learned to be uplifted, without throwing the first joint outward, it is positively necessary that there should be no more interruption between the rising and falling. Thus each finger is treated. If the third finger is unable to rise place a little block of wood under it or the corner of a book and keep it blocked up an inch or more for a few minutes, while the hand remains flat upon the table and the other fingers rest upon their tips. If the fingers are all feeble, stiff or awkward serve them in like manner.

Second Exercise. Move two fingers one after the other, many times; a slight pause between the motion of each finger, so that four are at rest on tips in the aforesaid position while the two move alternately. This exercise may be written as follows:

x. 1. — 1. 2. — 2. 3. — 3. 4. — || x. 2. — x. 3. — x. 4. — || 1. 3. — 1. 4. — || &c.

Try each hand singly; then both together.

Third Exercise. The foregoing movement. The arm and palm at rest, the fingers all uplifted but well bent; only one finger touches the table and rises at the instant when the other descends. Let the finger fall loose like a dead weight without the slightest sign of pressure.

* Study with Amusement. A series of progressive lessons, calculated to render the fingers independent of each other, both hands even, the touch distinct, &c. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

Easy and Melodious Studies, Ditto.

Fourth Exercise. The same movement continued, but with regard to a heavy and light stroke. In order to produce the former, lift the finger higher, but *beware of pressure*. Practice this with the bell metronome, and you secure at once correct time and accentuation.

Musical Culture.

III.

INSTRUCTION.

(Continued)

After the Sonata the following forms are to be noticed: the Rondo, Variations, Prelude, Fugue, Toccata, Capriccio, Etude; and those of modern origin, as the Concert-Fantaisie, the Lied ohne Worte, Nocturne, Elegy, Idylle, Berceuse, Barcarole, Pastorale, Ballade, Scherzo, Rhapsodie, and a host of others, which, though in substance songs without words, bear a particular name, according to the fancy of the composer. The various ballet forms in the brilliant style, as the Bolero, Tarantelle, Siciliano, Polonaise, March, Mazurka, Waltz, Galop, etc., must likewise be mentioned. The Opera, Oratorio, Cantata, and similar vocal and instrumental compositions also belong here, inasmuch as they are composed or arranged with accompaniment of the pianoforte.

To complete the table we cannot leave untouched that numerous class of pieces for the pianoforte, an immediate product of our manufacturing time, which have no form at all, but consist of a number of opera-melodies, or opera-nonsense, incoherently following each other. Among musicians these pieces pass under the name of Potpourris. As they are formless they tend to spoil the taste, and except for some special purpose, should be excluded altogether from instruction.

Every piece selected for study should above all have a clear and distinct form, and the difference between one form and another, the characteristic traits of each, should be explained. With the exception of the Sonata and Fugue, and those formed after them, the structure of the remainder is simple; instead of a thematic development of one or two themes or motives there, we have here a number of melodies connected together, one of which will always re-appear several times, simple or varied, and may be called the *principal* melody. In most of the ballet-forms, as the March, Polonaise, Waltz, etc., the different melodies are separated from each other by double-bars, and hence are easily distinguished; but this is not the case in the song without words, Nocturne and the rest, where they are sometimes so closely interwoven with each other that it is more difficult to know where one ceases and the other begins. At other times, however, they are kept apart by accidental passages, to which attention must be called; as, on the whole, the essential should always be distinguished from the accessory, or that which merely serves to offset and contrast the various melodies.

It is hardly necessary to say that every form must be delivered with due respect to its nature; that, while the performance of a Tarantelle, for instance, is characterized by wild haste and hurry, the Nocturne should be represented in the spirit of dreamy repose and tranquillity. Composers do not always respect the nature of a form, and sometimes write Nocturnes, that are as exciting as a dance, and Tarantelles as innocent as a Berceuse (Lullaby.) In such cases the cultivated player should know better, and by his judicious delivery, restore as much as possible the respective forms to their original character. In general, the pupil should be accustomed to a strong and distinct accentuation; the marks of expression should be strictly observed, as well as the many shades of loud and soft, from the thundering *fortissimo* down to the whispering *pianissimo*. It is also recommended that some pieces, if not all, be

committed to memory; as it greatly contributes towards cultivating the ear, the memory and the other powers, on which a true musical culture is based. In pieces for four hands, where the pupil generally plays the *primo*, it is necessary continually to admonish him not to suffer himself to be wholly absorbed in his part, but to listen with equal attention to what the teacher is playing in the other part, the *secondo*; in this way only he can learn to understand the piece. The same applies to compositions for pianoforte and violin or other instruments. Finally, it would not be superfluous that the pupil should briefly be made acquainted with the lives of the masters, whose works he is studying, especially of those who have enriched the literature of the pianoforte with this or that form. For instance to Mendelssohn we owe the *Lied ohne Worte*; to Thalberg the Concert-Fantaisie; to Field the Nocturne; to Chopin a number of those just mentioned. Moreover, every master has his own peculiar style of composing, different from that of all others, which should be recognized. The number of players is legion, who have studied and enjoyed a composition for years, without ever caring to know aught of the man, to whose genius and labor they are indebted for so much pleasure and enjoyment. There are at present a number of small musical encyclopedias and hand-books, in which biographies of the most distinguished (and even of the undistinguished) composers can be found. Such a book every pupil should possess and become familiar with.

We have here attempted to indicate the way through which the musical education of a pupil may be effected. The small space of an article, does not permit one to mention everything that may promote this object; many efficient ways will suggest themselves to the intelligent teacher, who understands the disposition of his pupil, during the lesson. As for the techniques, most instruction-books are reliable guides. It is to be regretted that these books hardly so much as hint at the necessity of cultivating the musical faculties too. It seems to be understood that this is a thing, which makes itself alone. How the thing makes itself is manifest among others in the singular fact that there are many players able to execute a work of a high order in respect to its mechanical difficulties quite satisfactorily, who neither understand nor enjoy it in the least. Many have the technical skill to play Beethoven's sonatas, for instance; and they do play them; but as for their beauties, these compositions are like the book with seven seals to them; they are not musical enough to comprehend such tone-poems; their mechanical abilities have been fostered to the neglect of nobler powers. It is of course of the highest importance, especially during the first years of instruction, to lay the foundation for a faultless, sure and elegant execution, by innumerable exercises and pieces written for that purpose; so that when a piece of truly musical value comes to be performed, its beauties be not deformed by a clumsy delivery; but, nevertheless, the musical culture of the player must ever remain the last aim, and all else be considered as preparatory or auxiliary. And even during the first years much can be done, and must be done, to cultivate the musical sensibilities. From the very beginning, the pupil can be taught as well to understand and appreciate his pieces as to play them; since, as a general rule, the easier a piece is, the simpler is its style and structure. We must, however, concede that there are doubtless many, whom it is impossible to instruct in the proper way for want of sufficient talent; so that to endeavor to open their senses to the impression of a fine composition will ever remain a vain undertaking; while, provided as they are with a pair of soft hands, and nimble fingers, they might be trained to perform many a brilliant, though empty, piece with manual and digital skill; which in such a case would perhaps be the wisest course to adopt. But there are enough,

endowed with a rich musical mind, which rightly cultivated would bear glorious fruits. The matter becomes more serious, if we remember that nearly all pupils depend for their musical culture solely on the instruction they receive; besides that, they have few, if any opportunities. How necessary, then, that instruction should fulfil its task! It is true that every great city has its concerts, where frequently the best kind of music may be heard; but a good degree of culture must already have been attained, before listening to such music becomes instructive. For the most advanced such opportunities may perhaps be turned to a good account, if the pupils are made acquainted with the pieces before they go to hear them, and the teacher endeavors to connect whatever instructive remarks he can therewith. Again, there are many of the most talented often so situated, as to be unable to commence taking lessons in early childhood, when the fingers may be trained to anything; they begin at a period, where the hand has attained its full size, and is incapable of such strength and flexibility as is required to perform all the arts of modern pianism; it is, therefore, in vain to attempt educating them for bravura-players. However, if the cultivation of their purely musical gifts is made the principal object, they will become players, whose intelligent, tasteful and expressive performance ten times supplies the lack of a brilliant, dashing execution, while the art to them is a perennial, inexhaustible source of the purest enjoyment. It is this kind of players, by whom Art gains and who in return gain from the Art. There is always much talk of the ennobling influence of music; much talk about the mental and moral improvement to be derived from it, which leads many good people to suppose all they have to do to avail themselves of the advantages, so cheaply offered them, is to commence playing the pianoforte in such a manner as best flatters their indolence and vanity. If it were merely for the practice; if the bare fact of playing an instrument sufficed,—many a street-musician would be a model of purity and nobility of mind. It is only when treated as befits her divine origin that music exerts that benign influence, which in all ages has been justly ascribed to her.

There is also much talk about the works of Handel, Haydn and Mozart in a way, that would imply, one needs only to play these masters, and then all is gained. Above all, when pianoforte playing is the subject, instead of Handel, Haydn and Mozart, make Bach, Beethoven and Chopin your motto, which sounds certainly more *piano-like*. However, here again, it is the way in which a work is used, that decides its value to the pupil, not the name of the composer.

A teacher who is himself possessed of genuine musical culture, will make better musicians of his pupils with the works of second rate composers, than the craftsman, who has his music (?) merely in his fingers, can produce with the aid of the best masterworks. The main thing is that the final aim be kept in view, which, as above mentioned, is to teach the pupil to play, to understand, to appreciate and to love the works of all composers, of our time as well as of the past. By such a course he will also learn finally to make his own selections, and his culture will be a sure guarantee that the classical compositions of Bach, Handel, Haydn and Mozart are not the last to which he will turn. He will also have learned that there are such as Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Weber, Mendelssohn, Heller, and others of less celebrity, who also have a claim to be heard. In view of the great improvements in the construction of the pianoforte during the last fifty years these masters had resources at their command, of which the former could not avail themselves. Moreover, music itself as the language of tones has assumed a more decided character since Beethoven; the effort to express ideas, or represent images, is more or less

visible in the works of the composers last mentioned; so that the term "tone-poetry" is, literally, more applicable to the music of these than to that of older masters. Let instruction guard against onesidedness, prejudice and fanaticism! Let every work be judged and enjoyed according to what is good, true and beautiful in it, whether old or new; whether in this or that style; whether the celebrated work of a great tone-poet, or the modest production of an unknown musician. To inculcate principles like these is the first and last duty of the instructor.

BENDA.

ERRATUM.—In the first article on Musical Culture, page two hundred and forty-five, middle column, thirty-fifth and thirty-seventh lines from above, for effect read *offset*; for interior *inferior*.

J. J. Rousseau as a Composer.

LE DEVIN DU VILLAGE.

Some weeks since we protested against an injustice done to the memory of Hoffman, whose music is generally ridiculed, in the words of a celebrated French critic, as *de la musique de littérateur*; the fact being that Hoffmann was a professional musician, orchestral conductor, and composer before he wrote any of those tales by which he is now chiefly and indeed almost exclusively known. However, we have shown our readers an article by Weber in which the composer of *Der Freischütz* expresses with enthusiasm his approbation of Hoffman's *Undine*, and if it delighted him, surely it cannot matter much, as far as Hoffmann's reputation is concerned, who is dissatisfied with it. There is another writer, greater than Hoffman, whose musical pretensions are never questioned in the present day, though numbers of his contemporaries refused to admit them, not on the ground that the music he gave to the public was worthless, but on the very simple plea that it was the composition of another person. We allude to Jean Jacques Rousseau, the author and accredited composer of *Le Devin du Village*: the Rousseau of *Confessions*, who reproaches himself so bitterly with having stolen a ribbon, passes complacently over a hundred acts of meanness committed by him, and ends by declaring that any one who may come to the conclusion that he, Rousseau, is *un malhonnête homme*, is himself "a man to be smothered" (*un homme à étouffer*).

Le Devin du Village is undoubtedly the work of Jean Jacques Rousseau, as far as the libretto is concerned, but it can be shown on better evidence, even than that on which the charge of ribbon-stealing rests (for which we have only Rousseau's own word), that the music was the production of Granet, a composer residing at Lyons.

One day in the year 1751, Pierre Rousseau, called Rousseau of Toulouse, to distinguish him from the numerous other Rousseaus living in Paris, and known as the director of the *Journal Encyclopédique*, received a parcel containing a quantity of manuscript music, which, on examination, turned out to be the score of an opera. It was accompanied by a letter, addressed like the parcel itself, to *M. Rousseau, homme de lettres, demeurant à Paris*, in which a person signing himself Granet, and writing from Lyons, expressed a hope that his music would be found worthy of the illustrious author's words, that he had given appropriate expression to the tender sentiments of Colette and Colin, &c. Pierre Rousseau, though a Journalist, understood music. He knew that Granet's letter was intended for Jean Jacques, and that he ought to return it with the music to the post office, but the score of the *Devin du Village*, from the little he had seen of it, interested him, and he not only kept it until he had made himself familiar with it from beginning to end, but even showed it to a friend, M. de Bellissent, one of the conservators of the Royal Library, and a man of great musical acquisitions. As soon as Pierre Rousseau and De Bellissent had quite finished with the *Devin du Village*, they sent it back to the post office, whence it was forwarded to its true destination.

Jean Jacques had been expecting Granet's music, and, on receiving the opera in complete form, took it to La Vaupalière the farmer-general, and offered it to him, directly or indirectly, as a suitable piece for Mad. de Pompadour's theatre at Versailles, where several operettas had already been produced. La Vaupalière was anxious to maintain himself in the good graces of the favorite, and purchased for her entertainment the right of representing the *Devin du Village*. This handsome present cost the gallant financier the sum of six thousand francs. However, the opera was performed, was wonderfully successful, and was afterwards produced at the Académie, when

Rousseau received four thousand francs more—so at least say some authorities who derive their information from the books of the theatre—though, according to Rousseau's own statement in the *Confessions*, the Opera sent him only fifty *louis*, which he declares he never asked for, but which he does not pretend to have returned.

Rousseau "confesses," with studied detail, how the music of each piece in the *Devin du Village* occurred to him; how he at one time thought of burning the whole affair (a conceit by the way which has since been rendered common-place by amateur authors in their prefaces); how his friends succeeded in persuading him to do nothing of the kind; and how, at last, he wrote the drama, and sketched out the whole of the music in six days, so that, when he arrived with his work in Paris, he had nothing to add but the recitative and the "*remplissage*"—by which we suppose he means the orchestral parts. In the next page he tells that he would have given anything in the world if he could only have had the *Devin du Village*, performed for himself alone, and have listened to it with closed doors as Lulli is reported to have listened to his *Armide*, executed for his sole gratification. This egotistical pleasure might, perhaps, have been enjoyed by Rousseau if he had really composed the music himself, for when the Académie produced his second *Devin du Village*, of which the music was undoubtedly his own, the public positively refused to listen to it, and hissed it until it was withdrawn. If the director had persisted in representing the piece the theatre would doubtless have been deserted.

But to return to the original score which, as Rousseau himself informs us, wanted nothing, when he arrived in Paris, except what he calls the "*remplissage*" and the recitative. He had intended, he says, to have *Le Devin* performed at the Opera, but M. de Oury, the intendant of the Menus Plaisirs, was determined it should first be brought out at the Court. A duel was very nearly taking place between the two directors, when it was at last decided by Rousseau himself that Fontainebleau, Mad. de Pompadour (and La Vaupalière), should have the preference. Whether Granet had omitted to write recitative or not, it is a remarkable fact that recitative was wanted when the piece came to be rehearsed, and that Rousseau allowed Jélotte the singer to supply it. This he mentions himself, as also that he was not present at any of the rehearsals—for it is at rehearsals above all that a sham composer runs the chance of being detected. It is an easy thing for any man to say that he has composed an opera, but it may be difficult for him to correct a very simple error made by the copyist in transcribing the parts. However, Rousseau admits that he did not attend rehearsals and that he did not compose the recitative, which the singers required forthwith, and which had to be written almost beneath their eyes.

But what was Granet doing in the meanwhile? it will be asked. In the meanwhile Granet had died. And Pierre Rousseau and his friend M. de Belissent? Rousseau of Toulouse, supported by the Conservator of the Royal Library, accused Jean Jacques openly of fraud in the columns of the *Journal Encyclopédique*. These accusations were repeated on all sides, until at last Rousseau undertook to reply to them by composing new music to the *Devin du Village*. This new music the Opera refused to perform, and with some reason, for it appears (as the reader has seen) to have been detestable. It was not executed until after Rousseau's death, and at the special request of his widow, when, in the words of Grimm, "all the new airs were hooted without the slightest regard for the memory of the author."

It is this utter failure of the second edition of the *Devin du Village* which convinces us more than anything else that the first was not from the hand of Rousseau. But let us not say that he was "*un mal-honnête homme*." Probably the conscientious author of the *Contract Social* adopted the children of others by way of compensation for having sent his own to the "*Enfants Trouvés*."—*Musical World*, Sept. 29.

Letters from Adolphe Nourrit to Ferdinand Hiller.

The letters which, during the last few years of his life, Adolphe Nourrit wrote to Ferdinand Hiller,* are the purest reflex of the most secret emotion and inward struggles which agitated, and at length broke, the great artist's heart—they are the outpourings of a noble soul, gradually consumed in the flame of ambition and a passionate love for art, and laid open without the slightest reserve to the gaze of an intimate friend.

For the better comprehension of these letters, we will first present our readers with a few of the principal events in Nourrit's life, our authority being the excellent article by F. Halvay, "Adolphe Nourrit," in the *Revue Contemporaine* for May and June, 1860.

Adolphe Nourrit was born on the 3rd of March, 1802, at Montpellier. His father, Louis Nourrit, then only twenty-two years of age, possessed a fine tenor voice. He went to Paris, and entered the Conservatory. He was patronised by Méhul, and received instruction from Garat. In the year 1805, he appeared as Rinaldo in Gluck's opera of *Armida*. He remained at the Grand Opera. Not feeling any real passion for his art, in addition to exercising his talent as a singer, he traded in jewels, of which he was a good judge. His sole object was a quiet life and a certain income. He sent his son to the college of Sainte-Barbe, and afterwards placed him in a house of business. Adolphe became a good accountant, and when just seventeen, obtained a situation in the offices of a life insurance company. By his intelligence and industry, by the beauty of his writing and figures, and by his correctness in calculation, Adolphe gave the greatest satisfaction to his employers. His father was delighted, and he himself perfectly contented with his condition.

Suddenly, after his voice had fully changed, there was developed in him the germ, till then completely unsuspected, of a highly harmonious, pleasing, and yet powerful tenor, inclining to a barytone, and at the same time there awoke within his breast a strong love, slumbering up to that moment, for the art. Garat fostered both, calming the apprehension his father felt at the young clerk's resolution to devote himself to music, and on the 1st September, 1821, Adolphe made his first appearance as Pylades in Gluck's *Iphigenia*. His success was such as to decide his future career.

He now shared with his father all the tenor parts, and the name of Nourrit soon became universally famous, but to the public it represented only Adolphe. On the 9th October, 1826, at the first performance of Rossini's *Siege of Corinth*, father and son sang together, the former taking the part of Cleomenes, and the latter that of Neocles. Nourrit senior then retired and resided in the country, near Paris, but did not long enjoy the repose for which he had yearned. He died, still young, in 1831.

Every one knows how brilliant was Adolphe Nourrit's career at the Grand Opera in Paris. He reigned there as undisputed first dramatic singer, without a rival. His performances as Masaniello, Count Ory, Arnold, in *Guillaume Tell*, Eleazar, and Raoul were wonderful; in all these characters he displayed his great creative talent. It is not so generally known that he was, also, the author of two ballets, *La Sylphide* for Taglioni, and *La Tempête* (taken only in part from Shakspeare) for Fanny Elssler, the latter produced on the 15th September, 1834.

The last character Nourrit "created" at the Grand Opera was that of Stradella, in Niedermeyer's opera of the same name, on the 3d March, 1837. The subject of the opera was taken from the well-known anecdote, according to which the bravoes hired to murder Stradella let their poniards drop from their hands on hearing him sing. This scene, the principal one in Niedermeyer's work, takes place in the church. But Nourrit had long previously made up his mind to break off all connection with the Grand Opera in Paris.

It was on this subject that he wrote as follows, on the 26th October, 1836, to Ferdinand Hiller:—

"My dear Friend,—In the first place, receive my thanks for your welcome letter; I had heard of your indisposition and awaited with impatience the news of your recovery. You are now quite well again, and about to pass the winter agreeably in the bosom of your family, with a contented heart and spirit, engaged in pursuits which you like, and under circumstances which render you happy. I am delighted at this, though I am sorry at losing you; but we ought to love our friends for their own sake, and judge their happiness by their own standard.

"I have a great deal to tell you—a great deal—which will greatly surprise you; but we will take everything in due order, especially as I can begin with a gratifying piece of intelligence.

"My wife has been safely confined of a girl, who is lively and well; the event took place twelve days ago, and both mother and child are going on admirably. A great many persons made a wry face at the news of the arrival of a fifth little girl! We, however, receive with joy what God gives us, and offer him our thanks. May the little creature be like her sisters; may she be worthy her mother; if she is, we are sure there will be one more good woman in the world. There is a chance that our children's children will be better than we are. Hallelujah!

*We give this and the following letters in their integrity, because even the little details in them add to our means of estimating the character of Nourrit, both as a man and an artist.—Ed. *Niederheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

"But now—what I have to tell you, at present, is of an important and serious nature, and will, perhaps, affect you painfully. But I can at once quiet you; everything you are about to hear has been done solely out of consideration for my repose, my happiness, and, before all, my family.

"I leave the Opera and retire from the stage. Listen to the reasons which have induced me to do so.

"The management of the Opera has engaged Duprez, who, for some years past, has occupied the first place among the tenors of Italy. He naturally could not be contented with the second place in Paris; my position must therefore have been changed in order to make one for him. At first, I willingly and cheerfully consented to this, and, indeed, believed that I should, by a rivalry which would spur me on to fresh exertions, advance the interests of my art. But I too soon remarked the uneasiness of my family, as well as the apprehension of my friends, and my peace of mind was at an end! I have, too, had opportunities of convincing myself that I needed peace of mind to satisfy the demands of my art, that every care or anxiety is prejudicial to me, and that, in a word, I am not a man for rivalry.

"After reflecting maturely on my new position, I perceived that my future would not resemble my past life; that since the circumstances which favored my development no longer existed, I could not foresee to what ordeals I should still be subjected, both as a man and an artist; as I cannot be more than the former, it is clear that I can gain nothing in a conflict in which my opponent has nothing to lose. Besides, you already know that it was always my intention to retire early; early enough to devote myself to other pursuits. I have six children, and as long as I live, I will work.

"I am very well aware that I shall not find another career so brilliant, and consequently so profitable, as my present one; but in four or five years I should, under all circumstances, be obliged to give it up, and if I do so now I shall gain four years for my future.

"My engagement with the Opera ends in March; I shall give my farewell performance, take my pension—to which I am entitled by sixteen years' service—and close with a tour through the departments, which will bring in more in twelve or eighteen months than I could save in four years at the Opera.

"I shall then crawl like a snail into my shell, sing Hiller, Schubert, and all my dear German masters for my amusement, and devote myself to those studies to which I have always looked forward. It is true that I do not yet know in what form the fruits of my labor will be displayed, but when I once know what I want to know, when I have achieved for myself a higher value personally, it is impossible for me not to make my abilities available for the benefit of my family.

"I assure you, however, beforehand, that I shall busy myself only with art. Whatever you may think of my determination, believe me that I am not taking any rash and foolish step; I have sought the advice of all my friends, and did not decide until after a family council.

"I can assure you that since my resolution has been immutably fixed, tranquility has returned to my house; my mother is happier, my wife calmer, and my sister fell round my neck with joy on hearing my decision.

"I have never striven to obtain great wealth; as, however, I have five daughters to provide for, I wish to place my retirement from the stage in such a light before the world as to command as much respect and consideration as possible. My present position is, on this account, especially favorable to me. All who love me approve of my intention; your approbation alone is wanting. I trust that you will not make me wait for it long, and that you will permit me to reckon on it beforehand.

"Farewell, my dear friend; if my reasons do not convince you, do not be in a hurry with your answer, for I am certain that in the end you will agree with my views.

Yours with all my heart,
AD. NOURRIT."

Things were certainly as Nourrit described them. Duprez came from Italy to Paris with all the advantage of an immense reputation; after long study he had gained in Italy that in which he had been previously deficient—but for which he was afterwards distinguished—great power of tone. In addition to this, he was more fortunate than Nourrit, in having had from his youth received a thorough musical education, and was then a most accomplished singer. Donizetti had written for him the part of Edgardo in *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

Nourrit's voice had certainly suffered somewhat; as far back as 1830 he had strained it too much in the days of the Revolution, on the stage and in other public places; and, at the period of which we are treating, his mental excitement, moreover, was not

*Translated from the *Niederheinische Musik-Zeitung* for the *London Musical World*.

advantageous to the exercise of his art. But worse than all was the fact that this excitement cast a gloom over him, rendering him suspicious of others and unjust to himself. At one of his last performances of Masaniello, he remarked Duprez, of whose return to Paris (for after signing his engagement with the opera, Duprez had again proceeded to Italy) he was not aware, in a box with the manager of the opera. He instantly fancied they had both come to criticise his performance. His mental agitation scarcely allowed him to play out the first act; in the following acts, Lafond was obliged to take his place.

After the resolution which he took a short time subsequently, he really became, as he says in his letter, calmer; he sang the part of Stradella in March, and carefully and zealously prepared for his farewell appearance.

This took place on the 1st of April, 1837. He first played in the second act of *Armida*. The house was crammed to the ceiling, and the audience were indefatigable in showering upon him the marks of their approbation from beginning to end.

He began his tour by proceeding through Belgium and France. The success he everywhere met with led him astray; his resolve to devote himself to some other occupation was forgotten; the demon of the stage again seized on and carried him away. Nourrit determined to go to Italy, and replace at the San Carlo the man who had replaced him at the Opera in Paris.

While performing at Marseilles, he was seized with sudden hoarseness in the third act of the opera; pale, and with a look of despair, he left the stage. Two of his most intimate friends hurried round behind the scenes and found him in a state bordering on madness. He did not recognize them. With difficulty they placed him in an arm-chair, where he sat exhausted and without consciousness. Next morning, one of them went to see him. "How are you now, my dear Nourrit," he inquired. "Very bad," replied Nourrit, "I have not slept, and have wept a great deal; this very moment I was collecting all my moral energies to arm myself against evil thoughts. Life is becoming insupportable to me; but I know my duty. I have dear friends, a wife and children, whom I love, and for whom I must preserve myself—and I believe in an eternal life. With such thoughts a man can obtain the mastery over himself. I fear, however, for my reason—if I lose that for a single instant, it is all over with me. Last night, here in this chair, did I pray to God for courage and strength, and read this holy book." The book was *The Imitation of Christ*.

The consequence of this attack was that he fell seriously ill, and was obliged to return to Paris. In the bosom of his family he recovered his health, and busied himself at the Conservatory of Music. But he did not persevere; his plan of going to Italy had become a fixed idea, and his unlucky star enticed him onward.

He set out in the spring of 1838. He stopped for some time in Milan, where he frequently charmed the most distinguished society by his singing at Rossini's, and proceeded, by the way of Venice, Florence and Rome, to Naples.

On the 7th April, he wrote as follows to Ferdinand Hiller:—

"I trust, my dear friend, that since we bade each other farewell at Naples, you have sometimes thought of me; if not, you are an ungrateful man, for I have thought often, very often, of you. I have always looked back with delight to the pleasant week which we spent together in Venice, and remembered what a beneficial effect your company had upon me.

"I have not written to you before, because I wanted to wait for the termination of the business which Rossini took in hand for me, previous to my departure from Milan. We were not able to come to any arrangement with the manager of the La Scala; we should soon have agreed about money matters, (you already know that money was never the principal consideration with me), but he could not give me the guarantee I required for my first appearance, and, in addition to this, the presence of Donzelli, who is engaged for the autumn and carnival season, would have rendered my position a difficult one. Merelli must have a *tenore sfogato*, and that is not my way. I thanked Rossini, therefore, for the trouble he had taken, and broke off the negotiation with the Milan engagement. For other reasons I am not sorry, however, that the management came to nothing. At the time of the Emperor's coronation as King in Milan, every one will be more taken up with the public festivals and ceremonies than with the theatre, and you know how important for me is the impression produced by my first appearance in Italy. I am not, on this account, the less resolved to follow up my Italian career; on the contrary, every step I take in this country enlists me the more in its favor, and I have

a greater desire than ever to settle here and endeavor to regain the rank I held in Paris. The task is not an easy one, but it is that very reason which excites me.

"When we are not contented with doing things by halves, we often strike on more than one rock of which we had no suspicion, and frequently overcome one obstacle merely to perceive another which we have to conquer with a fresh effort of our energy.

"It would not, however, have been worth while to give up so brilliant a position as that which I enjoyed, to leave my home, to care nothing for the fatigues of a long journey, and to bear the grief of parting and absence, if such sacrifices were to be made for something easily obtainable. No, by my troth! What I want is difficult to effect, and it is for this I want to effect it. A man does not lay aside the habits of five-and-twenty years in a fortnight, change his nature, or transform himself from a Frenchman into an Italian. Yet I must accomplish this, and I am working at it, from morning till evening, with courage and delight. It makes me eighteen years younger to begin my career afresh, nay, to be obliged to go through a new course of musical and vocal instruction; but, instead of costing me an effort, this state of studentship gives me pleasure. I do not shrink making myself very little in order to become greater; I stoop down, and take a spring, in order to rise as high as possible. Naples is an excellent place for me to gain the Italian accent, and get into the Italian ways; then again, if I must still remain separated for any length of time from my family, Naples is the place which offers the most healthy diversion, without taking into consideration the fact that the air cures sick singers, and must, consequently, be extremely beneficial to those who are well. Besides this, the people are very kind to me. Barbaja insists on my coming out here in *Guillaume Tell*, and I am only waiting till I have sung enough in Italian in order to be no longer obliged to sing in French; this is not a joke; the two manners and the two methods are so different, that, in my opinion, no one can sing both just as it suits his fancy. Donizetti supports me with his talent and with the influence his position give him. His advice is excellent, and I already feel how beneficial it is to me. He treats me as a friend and as an artist, paying me no compliments and suffering no fault to pass unobserved; I sing with him every evening. He corrects me in every turn which smacks of the French style, in every sound which does not agree with the laws of Italian intonation, and, thanks to his frankness, and talent as a singing-master, I hope that, in a month or two, I shall not be recognisable. I shall not be satisfied with people's saying, 'He sings in Italian very well for a Frenchman; I mean them to say, 'Any one would take him for an Italian.' These are lofty pretensions, are they not?"

"Adieu, my dear friend; think of me and write to say how far you have got on with your opera. I remain the whole summer in Naples. My address, &c. "AD. NOURRIT."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 10, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the 42d Psalm: "As the Hart Pants." By Mendelssohn.

Soiree at Chickering's.

A most delightful and appropriate opening of our musical season was the soiree given by the Messrs. Chickering, on Saturday evening last, as a sort of consecration of their new and beautiful saloon, in the presence of a large invited company, representing the musical public of Boston.

The room itself deserves our first attention by the elegance of its arrangements and decoration, and its general fitness for the purposes for which it is intended. The coloring of the walls and ceiling is of chaste and delicate shades, tastefully and artistically set off and relieved by gilding and some admirably painted panels. The lighting was profuse and brilliant, giving the finest effect to the details of the architectural decorations. Flowers, too, of the most beautiful, upon the platform, added much to the general effect of the room. The chestnut seats are very comfortable, and graceful in their design. The acoustic properties of this room are excellent, both for the instrumental and vocal music, neither

losing in the slightest, so far as we could perceive, any of their due effect. The only serious fault that we could detect was a want of sufficient and proper ventilation, which doubtless will in future be remedied. The central situation of this room and its convenience of access, added to its other excellencies, will make it a most invaluable addition to the number of concert rooms of Boston.

The Messrs. Chickering who, we all know, are the most genial and agreeable of hosts, with great good taste had secured the coöperation of the most efficient talent in the city, and offered to their guests the following varied and well selected programme:

PART I.

1. Fugue for Two Pianos, eight hands. Moschelles. Messrs. Lang, Leonhard, Parker and Dresel.
2. Scène Dramatique. Jeanne d'Arc à Rouen. Mrs. Harwood.
3. Larghetto and Tema con Variazioni. Mozart. From the Clarinet Quintet, Op. 108. Mendelssohn Quintette Club.
4. Liebe und Wein. Mendelssohn. Orpheus Club.

PART II.

5. Duet for Two Pianos. Mendelssohn and Moschelles. On the March from Weber's Preciosa. Miss Fay and Mr. Dresel.
6. German Ballad. Mrs. Harwood.
7. Pianoforte Solo. Variations Sérieuses. Mendelssohn. Miss Fay.
8. Allegro and Adagio. Beethoven. From the Quartet in B flat. Op. 18. No. 7. Mendelssohn Quintette Club.
9. "Hüte Dich". Girschner. Orpheus Club.

We regret to have lost the first piece upon the programme, hearing only the hearty applause which followed its performance. Mrs. Harwood showed marked improvement and the results of careful attention, giving great delight to the audience by her songs which were followed by the most generous applause. Miss Fay, too, excited a positive enthusiasm by her brilliant execution, showing the rarest natural capacity and most delicate and facile touch, combined with a vigor and power rarely found in a lady executant. In the duet played by her with Mr. Dresel, she showed herself a worthy pupil of an accomplished instructor.

What need that we should speak of the Orpheus Club and the Mendelssohn Club, or say that they gave delight as always, singing and playing with rare precision and admirable effect? Nor need we say that the grand pianos were well worthy the "gold medal" that has been so often and deservedly bestowed upon the firm of Chickering & Sons, to whom we were indebted for this pleasant evening.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

From Spohr's Autobiography.

From London, whither Spohr went in 1820, he reports of a visit made to Logier's pianoforte classes:

Logier, a German by birth, but a resident of England for the last fifteen years, gives instructions in Piano playing and Harmony after a method invented by himself. The first striking peculiarity of his system is that all the pupils, sometimes twenty or thirty play simultaneously. He has written three volumes of Studies for this purpose, which are built on very simple fundamental melodies, and represent all grades of difficulty. While the beginners play the simple melody, those farther advanced practice at the same time, more or less difficult variations. One would suppose that confusion would be sure to ensue; as, however, those pupils who play the same study are placed near together, you hear, as you pass through the hall, always one study predominate according to the place where you are. The teacher also sometimes stops half of the pupils, or even all of them except one, in order to examine the progress of a single one. In the first lessons Logier uses the

Chiroplast, an instrument, by which the hands and arms of the children are kept in a good position, and which is removed, first from one, then from the other hand, when the children are far enough advanced to know the keys and notes. After that they are taught to pass the thumb under the fingers and to play scales. All this is done in the studies, the pupil playing all the time with all the others, and always in strict time. When a pupil is advanced to a new study, he does not succeed at first in bringing out more than a few notes, hearing so much rapid playing around him; but he conquers more and more and in much shorter time than one would suppose the new study goes as well as the last one. It is furthermore very remarkable in the method of *Logier* that his pupils in the first lessons are taught harmony along with the rudiments of music and piano-playing. How this is done I cannot tell. It is the secret of Mr. *Logier*. Those who have adopted his method of teaching here, have had to pay him a hundred guineas for it. The result of the method is really astonishing. Children of from seven to ten years, who have not had more than four months' instruction solve the most difficult problems. I wrote the common chord of C on the blackboard and named the key in which I desired them to modulate. Immediately one of the smallest girls ran to the blackboard, and, after a short meditation, wrote down first the figured bass and afterwards the parts in full. This problem I had repeated often with additional difficulties; I asked for modulation into the most remote keys where enharmonic changes were required, but the children were never once put out. If one of them was at a loss, another one would come to the rescue, and a third one would perhaps afterwards step up and correct the figured bass of the second one. Of all they did they had to give the reasons. At the close of the examination, I wrote a simple melody on the blackboard, asking the children to set the other three parts to it down on their slates. I told them I would copy the best setting in my musical album. The room was instantly all life and activity, and after a few minutes one of the youngest pupils, who had already distinguished herself before, brought in her slate. But in her hurry she had overlooked a parallel movement in octaves between one of the middle parts and the bass in the third bar. When I directed her attention to it, she turned red, took the slate, and, with tears in her eyes, corrected the error. As her solution of the problem had undoubtedly the best bass now, the teacher copied it off into my album. The lessons of the other children were more or less good, but all correct, and most of them written out in four different clefs. Each pupil played her lesson on the piano correctly and without hesitation.

Signor LUIGI MONTI, recently instructor of Italian in Harvard College, has a card in another column, offering his services as a teacher of music. Mr. Monti is a highly educated and refined gentleman, well known here, a political exile from his native land, who has cast his lot and made his home permanently among us, and who, like many of his countrymen, is compelled to make the accomplishments of prosperity serve a useful end in time of adversity and exile. We have no doubt that he will be found a competent and useful instructor in music, as well as of his native tongue.

We would call attention, also, to the advertisement of Signor BORRA, whose music classes have, for several years, been attended with much success.

A Russian opera by Bortniansky, is soon to be brought out at the opera of Paris.

Karl Zöllner and Friedrich Silcher, German musical composers of merit, died respectively Sept. 21 and Aug. 26.

Musical Correspondence.

HOLLY SPRINGS, MISS., Oct. 24.—It is the desire of several teachers of music to have your opinion, and also that of the best teachers in your city, on a matter which we think a humbug, and is doing the proper cultivation of music much harm.

Of late the Presidents of some female schools have succeeded in employing teachers who agreed to give lessons on the piano to *several pupils* at the same time, and in order to reconcile patrons to the new system, they tell them that it is the best method to teach pupils to keep time.

One system is to give a pupil three lessons a week, each one half hour long, for which they pay the President fifty dollars for ten months. A professor generally teaches twenty-five pupils for which he receives a salary of a thousand dollars for ten months. Under the other system the teacher gives one half hour lessons also, but teaches *these pupils at once during that time*; the teacher in that case can teach seventy-five pupils, for which he gets a salary of fifteen hundred for ten months. You see at once that the *President* makes two thousand dollars more by the latter system.

Now we wish to know if any teacher can instruct *three pupils during one half hour*, in playing on any instrument, as much as one can when he devotes the whole of that time to *one pupil*? Can he look to all the little, but *important* points, such as holding of hands, correct fingering, playing with taste, etc., etc., in three pupils at once? The only thing that is said in favor of the system is, that the pupils learn to *keep time*. What do you think of a teacher who can not teach pupils how to keep time without teaching two or three together?

By giving us your opinion on this subject, and aiding us to arrest such a system of teaching you will much oblige

SEVERAL TEACHERS IN THE SOUTH.

P. S.—Since writing the above, it has come to our knowledge that a teacher in the State of Tennessee, is teaching a new system of his own invention. His pupils neither learn the notes, nor the keys of the piano; the keys are all numbered, E is marked 1 (E being on the first line,) G 2, B 3, etc., the spaces are between the numbers, first space between 1 and 2, etc. How he manages about ledger lines we don't know, the pupil from whom we received this information not having progressed thus far. He also teaches several at a time.

[The inquiry of our correspondent as to the mode of teaching music described in this communication, is one that is worthy of attention and reply from those whose practical experience enables them to give an opinion of weight in such a matter. Inviting such answers, we refer our readers meanwhile to the opinion of SPOHR, upon this question, in the extract from his autobiography in another column.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—Mason & Thomas' first soirée, on Tuesday last, must have afforded great enjoyment to every member of the very attentive audience. The programme was almost faultless. Beethoven's exquisite little Trio, Op. 1, No. 3, full of Mozartlike grace and simplicity, yet foreshadowing all its authors for true greatness. The wonderful posthumous Quatuor of Schubert, and Schumann's beautiful Quintet, each in its way, a gem of purest water, nothing could have been more acceptable. The only number which we might have wished altered, was the piano solo of Mr. Mason. He played an Etude by Chopin, No. 11, Op. 25, in itself one of the least attractive of all, and, I regret to say, hardly made the best of it, although he surmounted very ably all its great difficulties. He was encored, and responded by what seemed one of his own compositions. In spite however, of this slight drawback, the concert was a most enjoyable one, and if the others

of the series are equally so, we shall owe a great deal of gratitude to the artists who undertake them.

The short opera season came to a close last Friday. The Huguenots were very finely given on Monday, the Freyschütz on Wednesday, and on Friday Martha was repeated for Formes' benefit. There was some talk of a benefit for Stigelli next Wednesday night, when Fidelio was to be given, but no farther announcement having been made, it is probably deferred. A new season will commence next week.

At the Philharmonic Concert next Saturday, a new prima donna, engaged by Ullmann, makes her debut. Her name is Schröder-Dummler, and she is announced as a soprano. Mr. Noll will play besides, a violin solo. What has become of "Trovatore?" or rather, why do we not hear anything from him? To his being in town, I can testify, having espied him at the opera: he should not play truant so long.

—t—

[We need not say that we are always glad to hear from Trovatore, and echo our correspondent's inquiry.—Ed.]

Musical Chit-Chat.

I am not sure that the famous French pianist, Henri Herz, ever really visited California during his trip, several years ago, through our country; but an amusing story, whose scene is laid in the Golden State, is told of him, and is worth repeating. He had announced a concert (so says the anecdote) in one of the newest cities of California, and had been obliged to send to San Francisco to procure a property necessary to the entertainment, viz: a piano. At the hour announced for the concert, the tickets were all sold, the house was crowded, the artist was at his post, and everything was in readiness—except the piano. In consequence of some inexplicable delay, the instrument had not arrived. Herz looked at his rough and bearded auditory in very considerable trepidation. What if the gold-digging *dilletanti* should take it into their heads to give him a taste of revolver or bowie knife, by the way of filling up the time? Heavy drops of perspiration stood on the frightened pianist's brow, and he began to wish himself in China, in Kamschatka—anywhere but in California. The miners saw his alarm, and kindly comforted him. "Never mind the cussed pi-anner," said two or three of them, soothingly; "we don't care for it; we came to see you. Make us a speech!"

Herz, with restored serenity, did the best he could. The spoken entertainment seemed to please the audience, and everybody, except the artist, had quite forgotten all about the piano, when its arrival was announced. A number of stout men carried the instrument into the hall, and placed it on the platform. It was a three-cornered, or "grand" piano, and Herz, promising himself to astonish these simple and easily satisfied inhabitants of the Pacific coast, seated himself on an empty whisky keg, (instead of the more civilized stool,) and ran his fingers rapidly over the key-board. Blum! blum! splash! splash! Not a sound did the piano utter, save that of keys striking in the water! The Californians who had brought the "box" from San Francisco, finding it very heavy, had floated it to town, and upon dragging it out upon the levee, had neglected to pour the water from the interior!—N. O. Delta.

MADAME MALIBRAN.—One day an intimate friend accused her of being generally too tame in the opening scenes of her character; her reply was curious. "I look upon the heads in the pit as one great mass of wax candles; if I were to light them up all at once, they would waste and soon burn out; but by lighting gradually I obtain in time a brilliant illumination. My system is to light up the public by degrees."

Malibran has been known to undergo the wear and tear of a five hours' rehearsal, with a song at some morning concert between its pauses, and then again in the evening, half an hour after having gone through one of her exhausting parts, to be found as energetic and animated as ever at a Philharmonic or Ancient concert, and then again she would leave for some private party, where after singing with a freshness little impaired, she would wind up the day's exertion, perhaps, by dancing the "Tarantella."

Mozart's newly-discovered opera, "L'Oca del Cairo" (The Goose of Cairo), has been published in the form of a piano score, by Julius Andre, in Offenbach.

ROSSINI.—The patriarch of song, Rossini, has been giving a series of musical soirées at his villa in Passy, and among the artists who have had the honor of exhibiting their *savoir faire* before the venerable maestro, were the sisters Marchisio. It was their second appearance in a private arena since their début in the salons of Mad. Orfila, and was no less brilliantly successful than the first. They sang the duo in "Semiramis," and also that in "Mathilda di Shabran," in which they never fail to produce the most captivating effect by the admirable blending of their fine voices, and the brilliancy and perfection of their execution. On the same evening, M. de Braga, the violoncellist, gave a touch of his quality by playing, with a very pure tone and exquisite expression, a melody composed by the maestro expressly for him, and called "Une Larme." M. Rubinstein the younger also displayed his powers on the piano. He appears to aim exclusively at brilliancy, rapidity, and feats of execution. M. Huerta, the guitarist, whom every one supposed to be dead, has appeared in the flesh at these soirées, as also have Ronconi, M. Castellani, the buffo, M. and Mad. Tiberini, Mad. Borghi-Mamo, and M. Delle Sedie, an accomplished baritone, whom the Victoria Theatre at Berlin has just carried off from the Scala at Mila. Apropos of the "swan of Pesaro," it is said that he has been very angry with the author of the programme of the festival-concert given at Bois de Boulogne the other day under the direction of M. Venoitte, in which one of the items (No. 10 in the second part) was "Un air classique par Rossini." This excited the wrath of the maestro, who, it must be here related, that the sequel may be understood, has been lately presented with a copy of his ancestral coat of arms, as recently discovered, engraved on a bell in the church of Cotignola. They were engraved on a seal, and accompanied by a pedigree drawn up by M. Luigi Cosmo Ferrucci, the learned librarian of Florence. The crest consists of a branch of a rose tree, on which is perched a nightingale, surmounted by three stars and a wreath of "palms." Alluding to this proof of the antiquity of his family, the maestro is said to have expressed his dissatisfaction with the Boulogne programme in these terms:—"Va pour le rossignol, les trois étoiles et les palmes de l'immortalité; je consens à les léguer à la postérité; mais je me refuse, et me refuserai de mon vivant comme outre tombe, au titre de *classique* et à tous les honneurs y attachés." ("The nightingale, the three stars, and the palms of immortality are all very well; I consent to bequeath them to posterity; but I refuse, and always shall refuse while I am alive and from beyond the grave, the title of a classic, together with all the honors thereunto belonging.")—*London Musical World*.

The salons of Erard have been the scene of a grand congress, or rather, the preliminary meetings for one, the object of which is the restoration of plain song and church music. An article in a class paper, called *La Maîtrise*, under the title of *L'Idée Mère du Congrès*, has appeared, explaining fully the intentions of the association, which has received the patronage of the chief ecclesiastical dignitaries of the country. The first regular meeting of the congress will be held at the end of November in the premises of the *Société d'Encouragement pour les Beaux Arts l'Industrie*; and the editors of the above-mentioned journal have presented the association with a series of medals in gold, silver, and bronze, to be distributed as prizes for the best *missa brevis*, the best compositions for the voice and organ applicable to the celebration of divine service, of a simple and severe style, and easy of execution.—*Musical Review*.

PSALMS OF DAVID.—Great has been their power in the world. They resounded amidst the court of the tabernacle; they floated through the lofty and solemn space of the temple; they were sung with sorrow by the streams of Babel. And when Israel had passed away, the harp of David was still awakened in the church of Christ. In all the eras and ages of that church, from the hymn which it first whispered in an upper chamber until its anthems filled the earth, the inspiration of the royal prophet has enraptured its devotions and ennobled its rituals. Chorussed by the winds of heaven, they have swelled throughout God's own on the sky and stars; they have rolled over the broad desert of Asia, in the matins and vespers of ten thousand hermits. They have rung through the deep valley of the Alps, in the sobbing voices of the forlorn Waldenses; through the deeps and caves of the Scottish highlands, in the rude chanting of the Scottish covenanters; through the woods and wilds of the primitive America, in the heroic hallelujahs of princely pilgrims.—*Rev. Henry Giles*.

Adelina Patti is giving concerts in the Southern cities, Mr. and Mrs. Strakosch accompanying her.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

Oct. 4.—News of all sorts is scant this week. The most prominent item is the assurance, which is very commonly promulgated and believed in, that Meyerbeer's long-talked-of *Africaine* is at last about to be drawn from her long captivity in the *escritoire* of her illustrious progenitor and proprietor. She is to be made over, after the horrors of that middle passage, a rehearsal, to be a possession of the world at large, or rather, she is to be emancipated and become a free citizeness of every civilized community, on the stage of the Imperial Opera in Paris. The name under which this opera has been so long talked of is not, however, to be retained. Meyerbeer invariably rebaptizes his productions on giving them to the world. It is to be entitled, say the gossips, *Vasco di Gama*. The motive which has led the composer to consent at last to the production of his work, the composition of which is said to have preceded that of *Le Prophète*, is, that in the existing company, under the direction of M. Alphonse Royer, for the first time has presented itself that combination of talents and attributes, which the master judges necessary to give entire fulfilment to his intentions. The simultaneous engagement of Mad. Tedesco and of M. Niemann, the tenor, has brought about this tardy determination. M. Alphonse Royer has engaged M. Morelli, the baritone, who is to play Wolfram in *Tannhäuser*; but he is to sing in *Guillaume Tell* first, in which, it is said, he appears to great advantage.

The rehearsals of the *Pardon de Ploërmel* have commenced at the Opéra Comique. It is said that the air which Meyerbeer composed for the second act, and which Mad. Nantier Didiée sang when *Dinorah* was produced at Covent Garden, will be introduced on its revival here. Mlle. Darcier is to be entrusted with it. This young lady is the niece of the actress Mlle. Darcier, now retired from the stage, and become Mad. Mamiguard. Before appearing in *Le Pardon* she will make her debut in *Pre aux Clercs*. I mentioned to you last week a disagreement which had taken place between M. Ernest Reger, the composer of *Maitre Wolfram*, and the manager of the Théâtre Lyrique, who, finding himself trammelled with the previous engagement of his predecessor to produce a new opera by this composer at the opening of the season, had first got the day of production postponed by consent, and then sought to free himself from all definite terms on the subject. An action was threatened, which would most certainly have issued in an award of damages to the injured authors of the work. A better result has been obtained, however, by amicable negotiations. The opera, which is entitled *Les Ruines de Baalbec*, will be shortly produced without the intervention of any legal process whatever. The *Bouffes Parisiennes* is in a vein of wondrous good fortune. The twenty-first performances of *Orphée aux Enfers*, revived this season, have brought in a clear receipt of 40,060 fr. (£1,600), or about £80 per night.

The Italian Opera opened on Tuesday night with *La Sonnambula*. Mlle. Marie Battu and MM. Gardoni and Angelini were the principal artists. Next week I will tell you at length about the doings at this establishment.

Oct. 10.—The long-promised revival of *Le Prophète* at the Grand Opera is again put off, and with it the reappearance of Mad. Tedesco. The cause of this fresh procrastination is the illness of Mlle. Hamakers. Last Saturday the Théâtre Lyrique gave a representation *extraordinaire*, or, as we would say, a benefit in favor of the funds of the *Association des Artistes et Musiciens*. The performance consisted of the opera *Les Rosières*, a comedy from the Gymnase, entitled *Une Partee de Piquet*, and a musical interlude contributed by the military band under the direction of M. Mohr. The rehearsals of the *Val d'Andorre* are nearly brought to a close, and the opera will be produced this week. M. Retz, the manager, has just engaged a pupil of the Conservatoire, Mlle. Baretti, for three years.

The series of Rossini's musical evenings at home at his villa in Passy has been brought to a close, the venerable bard and his lady having returned to their winter quarters in the *Chaussée d'Antin*. The baritone, Signor Della Siede, who sang with so much success in Rossini's and Mad. Orpila's salons, has returned to Berlin, where he is engaged for the Italian Opera there during the ensuing season. It is said that he is to return to Paris in March next, when he will appear in public.

The approaching marriage of Mlle. Virginie Ferni, the female violinist, is spoken of, to a merchant of Nice, to whom she has been affianced since her tenth year. She will thereupon retire into private life.—*London Musical World*, Oct. 13.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Father of all whose circling arm. T. Bissell. 25

A fine devotional song for the church or Sabbath evenings at home. Words by J. S. Adams.

She is coming with the spring. Song and Quartet. A. Nish. 25

A plaintive song. The text is founded on a superstition prevalent with some that the spirit of the departed is permitted to revisit the scenes of his earthly life, unseen.

The moon behind the hill. T. B. Bishop. 25

This is a new edition of this charming ballad, arranged with an easy accompaniment and with a chorus, which may or may not be sung. This song will have a great circulation and its pretty melody will become familiar to all fond of English ballads.

Instrumental Music.

Merci jeunes amies. From "Sicilian Vespers" for Violin and Piano. Case. 25

Jour d'ivresse. From "Sicilian Vespers," for Violin and Piano. Case. 25

Elena's and Arrigo's bridal songs, two gems, arranged for amateurs upon Violin and Piano.

Starlit night. Air with variations. J. E. Muller. 25
A piece for the young, pleasing and instructive.

Kyrie from Mozart's 12th Mass, arr. by Rimbauld. 15

Cujus animam. " " 15
Simple arrangements of sacred airs, suitable for Piano or Melodeon.

La Favorita. Franz Nava. 30
Easy potpourri with all the favorite airs. Simpler than Beyer's Repertoire.

Hearts feel that love thee. Trio from "Athalia," Arranged by O. Dresel. 25

The beautiful Trio for female voices from Mendelssohn's *Athalia*-music, in an excellent arrangement of very moderate difficulty. It is like a "Song without words."

Un ballo in maschera. Potpourri. F. Beyer. 25

A new number of Beyer's Repertoire of the Young Pianist, containing the choicest gems from Verdi's latest Opera. This Opera is destined to create a sensation when produced. It has some of the prettiest melodies that ever came from Verdi's pen.

Midnight Chimes. Morceau de Salon. Lindahl. 35

A nocturne in the monastery-bells style. Highly pleasing and not difficult.

Books.

NEW TEMPERANCE MELODIST. A Collection of Glee, Songs and Pieces composed and arranged for the use of Temperance Organizations in the United States and Canadas. By Stephen Hubbard. 38

A collection of about one hundred and fifty choice Glee, Songs, &c., for Temperance meetings, in a very neat and convenient form, and superior in many respects to all other works of the kind. Those for whom it is designed will not fail to recognize in it just the book they have so long wanted, and will give it a hearty welcome as an efficient means of carrying on their reform.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 450.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 17, 1860.

VOL. XVIII. No. 7.

Funeral Hymns.

From the German, by Rev. Charles T. Brooks.

[ON LEAVING THE HOUSE.]

"Come forth, move on with solemn song!
The road is short, the rest is long!
'T was God that led us in at birth,
God leads us forth,—
Man's home is not this house of earth.

"Thou Inn of pilgrims here below!
Thou gavest joy, thou gavest woe:
Now, world, thy door forever close!
The mortal goes
Home to his heavenly repose,—

"Goes to a better place of rest;
His weeping friends pronounce him blest,
Good night! the noonday heavily
Did rest on thee,—
Farewell, the night is cool and free!

"Sound out, ye bells, with festal din,
And ring the blessed Sabbath in,
That calls, 'Here ends life's weary road;
Lay down your load,
And rest in Christ, ye sons of God!'"

[ON ENTERING THE GRAVEYARD.]

"Now, gate of peace, thy wings unclose!
Go in, to take thy long repose!
Ye slumberers in the earth's calm breast,
Grant this new guest
A little space by you to rest!

"How thick the graves around us lie!
Yet countless mansions shine on high;
And there already God's free grace
Hath marked a place
Where soon shall shine this faded face.

"His is the kingdom and the power;
'I come,' he cries, 'none knows the hour!'
Yea, come, Lord Jesus, speedily!
We wait for thee;
Come, make us thine eternally!"

Translated from Richl's "Musikalische Charakterköpfe, by
Fanny Malone Raymond.

Bach and Mendelssohn

FROM A SOCIAL POINT OF VIEW.

II.

Music and Polished Society.

(Continued.)

He who would praise Mendelssohn as he merits, must not forget how many thousands have been attracted to the study of Handel and Bach, through him, and how, with his works, he opened out, for the whole nation, a new appreciation of these men, whose immortal fame will always be ours, yet whom we seemed for a time to have forgotten. Many, even, who cared to hear little else save Parisian and Italian music, have had new pleasure in German musical art awakened in them by Mendelssohn. Here we may plainly see how much more effectual is artistic creation, than all the preaching and theorizing in the world. Zealous critics had long thought to direct attention, with words, to the sublime models Bach and Handel offered us; but as soon as Mendelssohn set his exhortation to notes—or in notes—it succeeded at one blow.

Mendelssohn never betrayed his nationality; how few German masters there are, who can be placed side by side with him in this! Many write in an un-German spirit, and know not what they do. For of all arts, music is the oftenest pursued without thought, while poetry, painting and sculpture allow the changeful conditions of national life to flow in upon them, the majority of composers create according to chance, or, at the best, as a happy instinct guides them.

This is the principal reason why music, that otherwise might become so extraordinary a power, rarely works practically upon the spiritual life of the nation. Mendelssohn chose, consciously, the stand-point of national effectuality. There are some musicians who can forgive him all things but this!

With such a view of the case, it seems a rare accident of destiny—if not something more—that Mendelssohn did not produce an opera. Formerly, an opera might have been carelessly enough composed, and, for all that, it might succeed famously; but the case is altered now. Half a musical generation asked a deep, artistic completion for the opera; and Mendelssohn, the very man of men for this, the only man, perhaps, who could have entirely forced German opera from its incompleteness—must die, when the first act of his opera was yet scarcely finished.

That restorative tendency, by means of which German historical paintings has lately gained such triumphs, naturalized itself with music, in Mendelssohn; indeed, it is a characteristic sign of the musical present. As Overbeck, Veit, and Steinle painted the sacred histories, of which people did not want to hear any thing more, in the serious old style, so Mendelssohn wrote his oratorios and church compositions; but he did not stand still at the ecclesiastical, though he clung as obstinately as the painters to the antiquated; and his circle of view became wide as the world itself, his works more full of life, and more in accordance with the spirit of our own age, although he did not always succeed in making himself fully master of his powers. When a good historic school is founded in our music—and we may safely predict that the near future will see it—Mendelssohn will be named the precursor of that school. We would have the young generation swear, at the Master's grave, not to forget that this is the great heritage he has left to us; and to see to it, that to such an inheritance, an heir is raised up.

Mendelssohn's position in the history of music, may be compared with that which the Caracci occupy in the history of Italian painting. They also purified degenerate art, and returned to the study of the old classic masters, while, sustained by theoretic knowledge—like Mendelssohn—they created thoughtfully conceived works. Their aim has been styled an eclectic one. The same may be truly said of Mendelssohn, who with studied consciousness, united in one whole, the prominent characteristics of earlier schools; a union, which is new in its combination, if not in

its parts. It betokens a season of decay, when artists feel themselves obliged to look backward, in order to gather inspiration for new creations, from the study of more fortunate predecessors. Is this also the case in the history of music? Does not the over-abundance of merely technical effects, the abuse of form, look desperately like the degenerate time of historic painting? the Caracci were not able to dam the in-breaking flood of destruction; will the Mendelssohnian school permanently succeed?

When Mendelssohn placed Handel, Bach, and Beethoven, as foundation posts of all further progress in modern music, he brought great changes, not only into production, but even into the current traditional aspect of things. The masters who were looked upon at that time, as peculiarly classic, namely Mozart and Haydn have been—and especially the last named—practically ignored by Mendelssohn. His entire direction is, in fact, an indirect polemic against theirs. This is easy to understand; for that very degeneration in modern music, against which Mendelssohn fought so manfully, is rooted, partly in a misunderstanding of Beethoven, and partly in the spiritless superficiality, which may be traced back, in a direct line, to the stupidly mechanical imitators of Mozart and Haydn. It is plain that such music, running into the sand of the driest triviality, must have been a peculiar horror to a man like Mendelssohn; and when the silly tone-play decorated itself with the spangles of German and French new-romanticism, it was difficult to subdue—for the Philister is immortal. But Mendelssohn was a re-action in himself; he caused us to forget the Viennese tone-school in Handel, Bach, and Beethoven. And we must acknowledge, besides, that, in spite of his classic spirit, he knew better how to set off the clear, delicately sensuous geniality of Haydn and Mozart, than all young Germany and the new romanticists together.

But his one-sidedness first revenged itself on him. For we painfully miss, in Mendelssohn, that which was the good characteristic of the Mozart and Haydn period, in opposition to that of Handel and Bach—namely, the harmonic rounding, and wise economy of the whole, and the youthful freshness of enthusiasm and inspiration. Mendelssohn's works are always plastic and harmonic in parts, but the plasticity of the whole is wanting. This failure displays itself most clearly in his "Elijah," where one beauty strikes another dead, where large groups are spoiled by admirable single characteristics, and thus the whole is dulled by a certain weakness of coloring.

On this account, Mendelssohn's lesser works, which we cannot charge with this defect, make a more decided impression than his greater efforts. Even in the excessive spinning out of the theme, to which a one-sided study of Bach and Mendelssohn easily leads, this want becomes a wise frugality. The further music moves from its natural simple forms, the more it becomes a mere learned composition, and the more broadly the theme

spins itself out. Even more than in Mendelssohn, we may observe this in Spohr, and especially in the elderly Spohr. In the old times, the themes were short-breathed, broken up; Mozart and Haydn stretched them out into close, precise proportions that united roundness and brevity; while Beethoven, on this point, too often overstepped the boundary line of beautiful and correct proportion. It is always a sign of the commencement of a downfall in art, when its simple first forms begin to extend their latitude. And this is the Achilles heel of Mendelssohn's otherwise noble and harmonious technic.

We will throw one more glance on the reformatory mission of Mendelssohn.

Is it not a national disgrace, that the Germans should be contending with the Parisians in their superficial opera style, their Fancies, Studies and Rondos,—forgetting those sublime forms of art, springing from the depths of the German mind—the oratorio, the symphony, sonata, quartette? In this Mendelssohn was essentially a national composer; he made it the aim of his life to reinstate these noble forms in all their ancient honor. And so it happened, that he easily fell into frosty elegance, when he, at times, composed "saloon music." But when he composed a German song, a sonata, or a church piece, his heart warmed to his work. Let this be a lesson and a warning to others!

Mendelssohn did his best to give to his large works the greatest possible finish,—but he was notwithstanding, most finished in his smaller works—in his songs; and this is not his least fame. The German song, from the artless national melody, up to the verses of Heine, coquetting with the national style, and over-civilized at heart; has been as genially, as nobly sung by Mendelssohn, as by Mozart and Schubert.* The grey-haired Goethe once laid his hand on the boy Mendelssohn, in whom he took delight. And the serious old master, Cherubini, gave the youth, in weighty words, his recommendation to an artistic career; it must have been the *Song Composer* Mendelssohn, upon whom Goethe's hand rested, and of whom Cherubini pronounced prophetic words of praise. But we take it as a promising

* I have spoken, in another place, on Mendelssohn's success in the resuscitation of the German People's Song, as follows:

"Mendelssohn had a clear theoretic insight into the character of the national melody; he has even, as it is well known, written national songs, with the intention of concentrating in them the style and spirit of the popular melodies. We cannot find this in any of the great masters who preceded him. And again, he comprehended the people's song in its historical significance. As he was not only a creative, but also a critical and enquiring spirit, this comprehension was, from the beginning, a condition of the most remarkable characteristic of his artistic organization. The national song had been rendered insipid, by the imitators of the Viennese tone-school; the musical romanticists had perverted it with mannerism; but to him it was the most natural thing to go back to the purer original forms, that have been handed down to us from an earlier period. This was like the successful efforts of the sagacious poets, Arnim, Brentano, Uhland, &c., who transferred the simple form and manner of expression of the songs of the middle ages, to their new, thoughtfully written ballads; indeed, in singing the well-known Minne-song, or his song of 'Parting,' the same spirit is breathed around us, which we enjoy in the works of the above mentioned poets. We must not be surprised that this decisive change in the history of music took place some time after the literary revolution; it was long after the poets, that the musicians stepped out from the period of naïve creation, and decidedly fixed their position, in unity with the revolution in culture of the entire nation. And so it is, that through Mendelssohn, the German people's song, in a deep historical sense, has been re-found; and that, in him, the twilight impulse,—to seek in national melody, creative strength for musical production—which seems to influence our newest music, ripened, in him, to conscious deed."

sign of the times, that the most national, tone-poet of the present has only been completely, freely, genially creative in the—little song.

The Holy Plays in Bavaria.

A correspondent of the *Times* writes from Munich, Aug. 28:—

Sir: I have just returned from witnessing the *Passions-Spiel* at Oberammergau, and I cannot resist endeavoring to furnish your readers with some idea of a performance of a most curious and remarkable nature, and which I have found both interesting and instructive in the very highest degree. The *Passions-Spiel* originated in a vow made by the inhabitants of Oberammergau, in 1633—on their deliverance from a plague which ravaged the whole district, but fell with especial violence on their village—to represent every ten years for ever the last scenes of the life of the Savior. At that time such representations were not uncommon; now this is probably the only one remaining. Oberammergau, as its name implies, is the upper one of two villages which lie in the plain or meadow of the Ammer, enclosed between some of the hills in the lower northern part of the Tyrolean Alps, 50 or 60 miles south-west of Munich. It contains about 1,280 inhabitants, living in some 200 houses, and, with the exceptions of the parson and his curate and the upper and under schoolmaster, there is probable not a single resident who is above the grade of a simple artificer. The theatre in which the performance now takes place is erected in the meadows just outside the village. It is a temporary building, formed of rough deal planks. The audience part is an enclosure of about 100 feet wide by 140 long, sloping gradually upwards from the stage. It is open to the sky, except at the back, where it is partly covered by a raised gallery of reserved seats, and is capable of accommodating, in all, between 4,000 and 5,000 persons. The text of the drama is the production of a priest, or rather, probably, of successive priests, of the parish. In regard to this considerable mystery is preserved, both as to its authorship and its contents. The songs of the chorus are printed and sold as a programme, but the parts of the solo performers are not to be obtained. Of course, a large portion consists of the actual words of the Gospels, but at least an equally large part is invented. The performance embraces the entire Sacred History, from the entry of Christ to Jerusalem to his appearance to Mary Magdalene in the garden after his resurrection, and every step in the narrative is preceded and illustrated by a representation of the scene or scenes in the earlier history which typified, or are supposed to have typified it. These are not, like the scenes they typify, accompanied by either action or dialogue. They are, in fact, *tableaux*, silent and rigid, and so far similar to *poses plastiques*—a term which I several times heard applied to them. They take place in the central hall, and during the three or four minutes of their exposure, the chorus, drawn up in line on the proscenium, sing verses explaining and enforcing the resemblance intended. Some of these were quite new to me, and most happily chosen. Thus, before the Last Supper, appeared successively two *tableaux*—1. The manna descending on the host of the Israelites. 2. The two spies bearing into the camp the huge bunch of the grapes of Eshcol. The agony in the garden and the betrayal of Christ were in like manner ushered in by—1. Adam gaining his bread by the sweat of his brow; 2. Joab stabbing Amasa under the rocks of Gideon, while in the act of kissing him; and 3. by Samson betrayed by his wife into the hands of the Philistines. The condemnation of the Saviour by Caiaphas, on the evidence of false witnesses, was preceded by the similar condemnation of Naboth at the command of Jezebel; the ultimate sentence to crucifixion, by the release of Joseph from durance, and his exaltation as governor over Egypt, and so on.

There were, in all, 25 of these *tableaux*, some of them containing more than 150 figures, and they appeared to afford great satisfaction to the

spectators. I have said that these *tableaux* preceded the scenes in this sacred drama itself, typified by them. Of those scenes there were in all 17. I shall enumerate only the most remarkable though it is difficult to distinguish where all were so truthful and so forcible: 1. The Triumphal Entry of Christ to Jerusalem; the children and people shouting "Hosanna!" and strewing clothes and branches. This introduced the Saviour and the apostles, and formed in itself an admirable introduction to the whole. There were certainly not less than 200 persons in the crowd, including 70 or 80 children. 2. The long and animated debates in the Sanhedrin, including the furious evidence of the expelled money changers, and later the interview with Judas, when the contract was ratified between him and the priests by the payment of the 30 pieces of silver. Nothing could be more characteristic, real, and unaffected than these. 3. The Lord's Supper and the washing of the Apostles' feet. Here the table was arranged on the model of the well-known picture of Leonardo da Vinci. 4. All the scenes in which Christ was brought successively before Annas, Caiaphas, Pilate, and Herod. The "Ecce Homo" (copied, it struck me, from Van Dyck). The Scourging, &c. In some of these as many as 250 persons were at once on the scene, infuriated mobs of priests, money changers, Roman soldiers, &c.; and, violent as were the passions personified, there was not the least approach to rant, nor the slightest transgression into irreverence or improbability.

In the course of these scenes, a striking occurrence was the contrast of Barrabas—a brutal and squalid figure—with the noble form and countenance of the sacred sufferer—the latter formed more after the model of those of Albert Durer than of any other painter,—at least such was my impression. Both Pilate and Herod were admirably represented, but especially the former. 5. The whole long procession, at the slowest pace, from Pilate's house to Golgotha, our Lord and the thieves carrying their huge crosses; his interview with his mother and the other women of Jerusalem. This contained the only legendary or traditional incident in the whole performance to which, therefore, the most rigid Protestant, as such, could object—namely, the wiping of Christ's face by St. Veronica; but there was no attempt to show the miraculous impression of the sacred countenance on the handkerchief which forms the point of the legend, and the action was in itself a most natural and becoming one. 6. Of the last dreadful scene—the uprearing of the three crosses with their living burdens, and all the cruel incidents of that most cruel and lingering death—I know not how to speak. I only know that irreverence or incongruity was a feeling which never once entered my mind. It certainly was not in any way perceptible on any of the faces within my reach, and the long-drawn sob or sigh which escaped from the whole mass of spectators, as from one man, when the sacred corpse was at last carried out of view, was one of the most genuine and remarkable tributes to the reality of the whole representation that can be imagined. The fierce blaze of the afternoon sun, in the full heat of which the two last scenes took place, gave additional vividness to the representation of sufferings which derived half their torture from the fever and thirst by which they were accompanied. 7. Whether it was that the subsequent scenes were really less forcibly presented or not I do not know, but certainly they did not equal what had preceded them. More artifice was necessary in the management of the tomb, &c., and of the supernatural incidents of the resurrection. There was an unnecessarily long scene between the priests and Pilate, and the illustrative *tableaux* seemed neither so good nor so appropriate as before. Perhaps the truth is, that after so tremendous a *dénouement* even that termination must have the effect of an anticlimax. At any rate, one was now hot and exhausted, and the termination of the whole at a few minutes before four was felt by every one as a relief. The performance began at eight, and thus lasted nearly eight hours, without any interval for refreshment. The only character which

calls for any remark, as being, to a certain degree, different from the ordinary conception, was that of Judas. He was not exhibited as the hardened villain which we commonly take him to be steadily foreseeing and contemplating throughout the tremendous consequences of his treachery; but rather as a narrow-minded, impulsive, vindictive man, really puzzled and annoyed at what he conceived to be the "waste" of the 300 pence on the precious ointment, and stung to the quick by the reproof so publicly administered to him by Christ. Under the influence of these feelings he at last consents to the suggestions and entreaties of the priests and money-changers. But he never really believes that what does happen will actually come to pass, and his violent self-murder is the sudden result of his discovery of the certainty of the dreadful catastrophe in which he has been a chief actor. The minor details of the play were no less excellent than the more important matters. The music was truly admirable. It was composed or compiled by the village school-master, Dadler Rochus by name, for the performance in 1810, and was throughout melodious and grave, and in perfect keeping with the piece. Much of it reminded me of Mozart, though I failed to detect any appropriations of importance. The long-accompanied recitatives in which the chorus accompanied the *tableaux* were quite in the manner of Sebastian Bach. No use, however, was made of the *chorales* of the German school, of which the latter great master has made frequent use in his oratorios of the Passion. In the forms and colors of the crosses the paintings of the German school seem to have been mainly followed. The priests and their adherents appear in caps, turbans, and robes of the most curious forms, which have a wild Eastern kind of look, but do not appear to me to be accurate. At any rate, they were not the dresses of modern Orientals. The Roman soldiers, though exceedingly picturesque, were more like mediæval than classical figures.—*The Times*.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Johanna Kinkel's Eight Letters to a Friend.

ON INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO.

(Translated by WM. GRAUERT, A. M.)

V.

Recurring to a remark in the beginning of my preceding letter I declare it to be my opinion that all persons without a natural musical organization had better not attempt singing and playing rather than make us poor piano teachers martyrs of patience. Why music has become so exclusive a social fashion I am at a loss to understand. A "refined" house without a piano seems an impossibility. Girls incapable of reciting a poem correctly still learn how to sing. We can hardly make a visit without being visited by music, and what horrible music! *Friends* and *enemies* of music are equally offended by the sight of an opened piano with two candles upon it, when they enter a room for the sake of recreation. This music playing between conversation is a dissolving acid to talking. If you succeed in finding an intelligent individual with whom to talk over highly interesting topics, if copious thoughts throng in for mutual exchange, the most animated communications are suddenly cut off by the cry of terror: "Do you remember?"

You conquer your impatience, listen to the song that you have heard a hundred times with secret indignation, and then take up the preceding theme again. Before you have been able to answer satisfactorily a friend's important question, the air wafts from the piano the beautiful song, "Pop goes the —"

Finally, you lose the last bit of patience and the desire of devoting the slightest attention to so cut up a conversation, and allow everything to fall upon you you are an indolent prey to jingling, chatting, tea and cake.

This intolerable music playing intruded upon people without their being asked whether they like it is a chief cause of the dullness of most of our "society."

If a body wants to hear music let him go to a concert; if he seeks conversation, let him go into society. How mean is it to allure one into "society" by the prospect of conversation and force him to listen to music. They should at least honestly say beforehand that there will be music, so that he may betimes escape.

The musician daily surrounded by the dreamy life of sounds, needs for his recreation an absolute change from his sphere of spiritual dawn to the sunlit region of mind, where thoughts strike electric sparks upon thoughts. What an enjoyment is a well arranged conversation growing up like an artistic work! The French are undoubtedly masters in this respect, while we place musical evening entertainments in its stead. How many women are in great need of this art of nobler conversation, sharpening, as it does, the clear insight in all relations! But they sit silently with their knittingwork in society and let music operate upon their senses to save the trouble of thinking. Those on the next lower step chat gratuitous nonsense between the music and look in their incomprehensible rudeness upon it as a means of covering up the pauses that may arise in their talk. Society and music stand in the same relation as church and state, they fare better when sharply separated.

If "Society" is by all means to crave the alliance with some art in order to be elevated above the common style, let them choose poetry, it being rather more congenial to conversation than music. How little known are our greatest lyrical poets in comparison with the poorest song makers! No wonder; for custom allows our ladies only to make a show by singing and not by reciting or speaking in larger circles. How much more would poetry refine the ladies if they would as zealously patronize it as they now do music!

Is it not strange that a young girl sings unabashed before hundreds but cannot recite a poem before the smallest company without trembling?

And yet how little do girls know their advantage here! The selection of their favorite poet and the tone of their voices in speaking his verses would afford them a more immediate outpouring of their soul than the mysterious language of tones understood by so few.

It is an innate want of every girl's heart to represent her own sentiments in an ideal light. Thence comes that strong and anxious desire to sing, even where voice and talent are wanting. It is stimulated by an outside impulse frequently, I apprehend, leading girls without inner qualification for music to enter its temple; that is, we are so preëminently living in a musical age, that girls singing and performing on the piano enjoy an unjust privilege above their unmusical sisters. They are from early youth introduced in larger circles, attract more attention and marry sooner than others whose qualities remain unnoticed. Girls of cold hearts *appear* often more "souled" than others, because they express well drilled sentiments with a melodious voice although incapable of sentiment. Others who cannot invest themselves with such like prestige feel perhaps deeply, but their unmusical sounds render their sentiments a bitter irony.

The latter ought, for their own benefit, necessarily to take leave of the musical department and be made representatives of the rhetorical art.

You will look upon this letter as an odd deviation, since instead of promoting you (according to my promise) on the road of musical instruction, I declare myself for once *against* music. But I am aware that our art is undermined by the many unfit elements, and I would fain warn every mother not to sacrifice, out of sheer fashionableness, part of the life of her child to learning that art, if it does not possess natural talent or great predilection for it.

[We fully concur with the author; there is, unfortunately, a great deal of hackneying of music and jingling done. In-

deed, where there is, as in large cities, ample and frequent opportunity of listening to fine musical performances in concert and theatres, "society" should be spared the annoyance of seeing music profaned and instruments tormented; but there are hundreds of towns, where no concerts or operas are given and where there are people anxious to hear music, contented with the lighter range of compositions. Now, if pieces of the latter kind and perfectly within reach of amateurs and members of a family are well played, it may be excusable for parents, who sometimes work hard to scrape together the teacher's fee and high-priced music-pieces, to desire to hear their children play in company, the more or less deserved praise of which bestowed upon the little performer tends undoubtedly to encourage him (or her) to push forward on the hard road. But we should suggest that, wherever music is performed in family circles, there should also be a kind of *due* regard for other attainments; why should it be impossible, to perform some *well learned* compositions and to recite elegantly and correctly some excellent *poems*? Would not this do away with the author's just objection and at the same time *popularize* the fine arts, making them the "Penates" of Home? Just try it. —TRANSLATOR.]

Recollections of Mendelssohn.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

My first winter in Europe (that of 1844-5) was passed in Frankfort-on-the-Main. Among the advantages which I there enjoyed, not the least was that of educating, to some extent, a totally uncultivated taste for music—taste only, not talent—by hearing, habitually, the best productions of the best composers. The City Theatre at that time was noted throughout Germany for the classic character of the operas which were produced on its boards. It possessed an admirable orchestra, a company of singers, of whom, if none were great, none at least were indifferent, and a Director who consulted the interests of Art as the true means to advance his own. Not only Beethoven's *Fidelio*, all the operas of Mozart, including *Titus* and the *Abduction from the Seraglio*, and the master-pieces of Gluck and Cherubini, were given, but many forgotten operas of the past century were revived. My enjoyment of these works was of course more enthusiastic than intelligent, but, under the guidance of my friend and housemate, Richard Storrs Willis, I attained, at last, some appreciation of the characters of the various masters.

My highest measure of veneration was given to Beethoven, but, of living composers, none impressed me more profoundly than Mendelssohn. In him I found that rare union of imagination with the artistic sense (the classic instinct of proportion) which is the loftiest characteristic of genius. During the winter the Society of St. Cecilia produced his "Walpurgisnacht," the music to Goethe's words. I remember repeating to myself the opening lines, on the way to the concert-hall, and imagining a light, joyous air:

"Now laughs the May:
To forests gray
The ice no more is clinging:
The snow has fled,
And every glade
Resounds with merry singing!"

and I remember, too, the surprised delight with which I heard, instead, the long, ringing outcry of gladness, monotonous as sunshine, and as dazzling. Mendelssohn was then temporarily residing in Frankfort, and was himself present at the performance of this work. I was not, however, aware of this at the time.

Shortly afterwards, during the great Annual Fair, I was walking one afternoon with my friend Willis, along the northern bank of the Main. It was a deliciously warm, sunny day, at the close of March, and the long stone quay was thronged with thousands of strangers from all parts of Europe. Poles, Bohemians, Tyrolese, Italians, and Greeks, were scattered through the crowd, and their various tongues and dialects continually met the ear. Against the ancient houses, beside the water-gate, were booths glittering with gaudy wares, and surrounded with groups of peasants in holiday costume, and up the river, over the old sand-stone bridge, over the green meadows of Offenbach, rose the mountains of Spessart, a dim, purple background to that broad picture of moving life. As we pushed through the crowd, my eyes, which had been wandering idly over the picturesque faces and costumes around us, were suddenly arrested by the face of a man a little distance in front, approaching us. His head was thrown back, and his eyes, large, dark, and of wonderful brilliancy, were fixed upon the western sky. Long, thin locks of black hair, with here and there a silver streak, fell around his ears. His beard, of two or three days' growth, and his cravat, loosely and awkwardly tied, added to the air of absorption, of self-forgetfulness, which marked his whole appearance. He made his way through the crowd mechanically, evidently but half conscious of its presence.

As he drew nearer, I saw that his lips were moving, and presently heard the under-tone of a deep, rich voice, chanting what appeared to be a chorale, judging from the few bars which reached me in passing. It was evidently—as I felt immediately—a soliloquy in music. I have not yet lost, and never shall lose, the impression it produced upon me, though I can no longer recall the notes. My companion grasped my arm and whispered, "Mendelssohn!" as he slowly brushed past me, and, for a single moment, the voice of his inspiration sang at my very ear. I stopped instantly, and turned; yet, so long as I could follow him with my eye, he was still pressing slowly onward, with the same fixed, uplifted gaze, lost to everything but his art.

I was twenty years old, and as enthusiastic and sentimental as youth of that age are prone to be. So I wrote the next day an eloquent letter to the composer, concluding with the request that he would send me a line, as a souvenir of the place and the season, in which I first became acquainted with his works. (If there was any indiscretion in this, I have since received ample punishment for it.) He replied immediately, in a very kind note, inclosing the score of a chorus in the *Walpurgisnacht*, in his own manuscript.

"Still shines the day,
When'er we may
A pure heart bring to thee."

Something kindly and cordial in his words inspired me with confidence to venture further. I had written several poems on musical subjects during the winter, and it entered my mind that I might use them as a means of introducing myself to his acquaintance. On second thoughts I selected the best—a lyric entitled "Beethoven," (which, I am now glad to say, was never published,) and set out for Mendelssohn's residence. He was then occupying modest apartments in the Bockenheimer Gasse, not far from the gate of that name. The servant ushered me into a plainly-furnished room, containing a grand piano and a few pictures and books, in addition to the ordinary articles. A moment afterwards, the door of an adjoining chamber opened, and Mendelssohn appeared. I explained, in rather an embarrassed manner, that I was the person who had written to him two days before, and begged pardon for the additional liberty I had taken. He at once gave me his hand, asked me to be seated, and drew another chair for himself to the little round table near the window.

I sat thus, face to face with him, and again looked into those dark, lustrous, unfathomable eyes. They were black, but without the usual opaqueness of black eyes, shining, not with a surface-light, but with a pure, serene, planetary flame. His brow, white and unwrinkled, was high and nobly arched, with great breadth at the temples, strongly resembling that of Poe. His nose had the Jewish prominence without its usual coarseness: I remember, particularly, that the nostrils were as finely cut and flexible as an Arab's. The lips were thin and rather long, but with an expression of indescribable sweetness in their delicate curves. His face was a long oval in form, and the complexion pale but not pallid. As I looked upon him, I said to myself, "The Prophet David!" and since then I have seen, in the Hebrew families of Jerusalem, many of whom trace their descent from the princely houses of Israel, the same nobility of countenance. Those who have read the rhapsodical romance of "Charles Auchester," wherein the character of Seraphael is meant to represent Mendelssohn, will find his personality transfigured by one of his adorners—yet, having seen that noble head, those glorious eyes, I scarcely wonder at the author's extravagance. The composer Benedict once told me that when he was pursuing his musical studies under Carl Maria von Weber, his fellow-student, the boy Mendelssohn, was a picture of almost supernatural beauty.

"You are an American," said he, after a pause. "I have received an invitation to visit New York, and should like to go, but we Germans are afraid of the sea. But I may go yet: who knows? Music is making rapid advances in America, and I believe there is a real taste for the art among your people." I assured him this was true, and hoped that he would still find it possible to visit us. "Are you a musician?" he asked. "No," said I, "I have devoted myself to literature. I have not achieved much, as yet, but I hope to succeed. I have ventured to bring with me a poem on Beethoven, whom, I know, you honor as a master." "Ah," said he, "let me see it!" He then read it through carefully, partly aloud, with a very good English pronunciation, and on concluding, asked, "May I keep it? Here is a stanza which I like especially." (Excuse me from quoting it.) "Oh, you must persevere! Let your Art be all in all to you. You have your life still before you, and who knows what you may make of it?"

I rose to leave, fearful that I might be detaining

him from some important labor. He again shook hands, and said, playfully, "Now we know one another, you must come and see me whenever we happen to be in the same town. When you visit Leipzig, or Berlin, or Cologne, if you find I am there, come at once to my house, and we can have further talk, and become better acquainted."

I was never able to take advantage of this kind invitation. His cordial "auf wiedersehen!" were the last words I heard from him, and the spiritual beauty of his face is now, in memory, indeed, the beauty of an immortal spirit. Two years and a half afterwards (in November, 1847) he died, having not yet attained his thirty-ninth year.—*Independent*.

Married to Music.

An unusually comic "Marriage in High Life," on Saturday last week, took place according to the *Morning Post*, at another Temple of Hymen than St. George's, Hanover Square. The superior classes are now out of town, and nothing is going on at the crack matrimonial temple there but ordinary divine service. Edinburgh, not London, comprised the site of the sacred edifice wherein these nuptial rites were celebrated. The exalted couple were an Honorable of the harder sex and an Earl's daughter of the softer. The report of these aristocratic hymeneals states that the bride "was conducted to the altar by her guardian," a Duke, and that—

"As the bride advanced to the altar, the organ played Handel's anthem, 'Exceeding glad.'"

The bride ought to have been much obliged to the organ. Of course, the anthem it played was performed chiefly with a devotional view, and not for a purpose analogous to that of a polka. Still, in advancing to an altar to be married before it, a young lady wants some support rather stronger than a smelling-bottle and the arm of her guardian. Common brides cry on these occasions, and sometimes faint. Nothing can be better calculated to fortify the heart and sustain the spirits of anybody in the immediate prospect of marriage than one of old Handel's anthems—let it be even a funeral one; they are all so jolly. Perhaps, however, "Happy we," from "Acis and Galatea," would have been more seasonable and suitable than "Exceeding glad!" Oh! say not that it would have been inappropriate to the sanctity of the edifice and the solemnity of the occasion. For read on, and you will arrive at the statement following—

"The marriage ceremony was then performed by the Very Rev. E. B. Ramsay, Dean of Edinburgh, and as the marriage party left the chapel, Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March' was played on the organ."

St. John's Chapel, Edinburgh, is indeed a Temple of Hymen. Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" is a movement in the secular direction considerably ahead, we suppose, of anything in the way of musical accompaniment to matrimony yet ventured on at St. George's, Hanover Square. What would the Bishop say if he heard that a marriage party had been played out of a London church with that jubilant composition—the gem of the music in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Perhaps, that no tune in the world could have been more opportune; only in the next similar case he would rather have it played just outside the church door by a German band, or, with due respect to the high order of the music and rank of the happy pair, by the orchestra of her Majesty's Theatre.

Should, however, the Bishop of London not object to illustration of the marriage service by dramatic music, the example set at St. John's, Edinburgh, may be improved on at St. George's, Hanover Square. If the bridesmaids do not advance to the altar, they may at all events retire from it to the celebrated chorus and waltz assigned to their representatives in Carl Maria von Weber's immortal opera. Mozart in "Le Nozze di Figaro," might also be laid under contribution to supply harmonious embellishments for marriage in high life. Then Rossini and the rest of the Italian school could be unlimitedly drawn upon. Meyerbeer could furnish selections from "Robert le Diable," and there is no reason why "Satanella" should not be applied to the same purpose, except that "Satanella" is an English opera. Could not the whole matrimonial service be sung as well as said, responses and all; a musical clerk officiating for a bridegroom without ear?

But the worst of all this will be that the lower orders aping their betters, and at the same time actuated by their own inferior tastes, will also want to get married to music. Is there not a song called "Come let us all haste to the Wedding?" This is the kind of thing you would have at St. Giles's if at St. George's you permitted "Giovinette che fate." Then one thing would lead to another, and you would have couples in the costermongery line advancing to the altar whilst the organ played "Drops

of Brandy," and dancing out of church to the "Devil among the Tailors."

St. John's chapel, Edinburgh, is, of course, an Episcopal chapel, and it is to be feared that the matrimonial music performed there, on the auspicious occasion of a recent "Marriage in High Life," will not, if it should come to the ears of the Scottish public, induce the national mind of Scotland to renounce its definition of a church organ as a "kist fu o' whistles."—*Punch*.

Macfarren's Robin Hood.

The production of this new opera at Her Majesty's Theatre is an occurrence worthy of more than ordinary notice, for this simple and sufficient reason, that *Robin Hood* is, we have no hesitation in saying, the greatest work that has been produced for the English musical stage since the days of Purcell. Indeed, we doubt whether it is right to make even this qualification; for though our immortal countryman ought ever to hold the highest place among English musicians, yet in his time dramatic music was almost unknown in England; and though his mighty genius carried him far in advance of his age, yet his essays in writing for the theatre are scarcely entitled, in our day, to the name of operas. *The Tempest*, *King Arthur*, *Bonduca*, and Purcell's other so-called operas, were merely plays with music introduced. None of the dramatic personæ sang a note; the music consisting of incidental airs, choruses, and other pieces, sung and played by performers who took no part in the action of the piece. Of the opera, properly so-called, music is an essential element; it is the language in which persons of the drama express their sentiments and feelings. It is as necessary to an opera as blank verse is to a tragedy; but as tragedy sometimes relapses from the dignity of verse in scenes where the dialogue is light and trivial, a similar relaxation has been allowed in opera, the performers, in such scenes, using only ordinary speech, without music. But this relaxation is not at all permitted on the Italian stage, where every word of the dialogue is uttered in music. So it is in the French and German serious opera, talking been admitted only into the *opera buffa*, and sparingly even there. In this country, in the progress of the stage, musical pieces called operas came into vogue, in which the actors themselves sang; but still the chief part of the dialogue was simply spoken, the performer every now and then breaking into a song, as is now done in the French vaudevilles. Such were all our English operas of the last and the beginning of the present century, including the works of Arne and his successors, down to Bishop. Since then the foreign models have been more and more adopted, and the language of the stage has been more and more associated with music.

Mr. Macfarren's *Robin Hood* is the most complete specimen of English Opera, in its modern shape, that we possess. The works of his greatest predecessors were produced in immature states of the art; and he has unquestionably carried away the palm from the most eminent of his contemporaries.—Whether his rivals who are most competent to contend for it, will yet do so successfully, remains to be seen. Meanwhile he holds it by the general voice of the public. The composer has been fortunate in having for his collaborateur, Mr. John Oxenford, whose poem is a *rara avis* among opera librettos. It is a pretty drama; elegant, interesting, and admirably suited to the requirements of the musician. For materials, Mr. Oxenford has had recourse to the fine old traditional ballads of which *Robin Hood* is the hero, and to Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*, in which the gallant outlaw is so delightfully introduced. The plot and construction of its piece, however, seem to be original.

Mr. Macfarren is already well known, by numerous productions in various branches of the art, not excepting the stage. His *Devil's Opera*, *Don Quixote*, and *King Charles the Second*, are works of a high order and deserved success, but *Robin Hood* is a step much in advance of both. It evinces genius, matured by experience and study, and especially by the study of the national music of his own country. Mr. Macfarren emulates the modern foreign composers, Rossini, Auber and Meyerbeer, but does not imitate them. He has profited by the study of their works in acquiring their constructive skill, their power of combination, and knowledge of dramatic and orchestral effect; but he never forgets, or allows the audience to forget, that he is an Englishman, and that they are listening to English music. This gives a peculiar charm to the music of this opera, which distinguishes it from that of his contemporaries, who, while their clever, and often brilliant, productions show that their minds and memories are imbued with the foreign schools of music, betray an entire neglect of the rich stores of our own national melodies.—*London Musical World*, Oct. 27.

Musical Correspondence.

VIENNA, AUGUST 18th, 1860.—Among the many talented and considerable musicians of the present time at Vienna, Herr Johann Rufinatscha holds a place in the first rank. At the present time he is hardly known to the public, excepting as an excellent teacher of the piano and of harmony; but about 1848 and a little later he appeared as a composer, and met with great success. He gave two concerts of his own works at Vienna, and one at Innspruck, (being a Tyrolese), others too perhaps. He produced overtures and symphonies as well as other orchestral works, and was, as before said, warmly welcomed by the public and the critics. He has various songs as well as piano music of the higher order already published. But concert-giving is a costly matter in Europe or certainly in Germany, if an orchestra be a necessary thereto; even under the best auspices and in the largest halls the proceeds of an orchestral concert is doubtful. Ten years ago the thing was on a much worse footing than at present, when music, good music is far more widely and assiduously cultivated. A composer too undertaking to bring his own works before a public, must deposit so much (no small sum) beforehand, in order to assure the authorities and musicians of their wages; in concerts like those of Liebig's in Berlin, the musicians on the contrary are paid much less for their time. At any rate Herr Rufinatscha was forced by his circumstances, and still more by long-continued ill health, to renounce the giving of concerts and even the devoting himself to composition, and turned in earnest to the collecting of a small property for his later days—this is at present the occupation of his life, although he continually writes smaller things, as for instance little pieces for the piano.

Herr Rufinatscha is the son of a landed and prosperous farmer, in the Tyrol close to the famous Stelvio pass, who was very much reduced by the wars in the time of Napoleon. The French and Bavarian soldiery committed enormous excesses, pillaging and burning houses on all sides and his among others. This young man was one of many children, and was intended for the church; but he early exhibited great inclination and talent for music, and at last left his father's house, when about fourteen years old, for Innspruck, where he supported himself by teaching in various branches. Later he went with a family to Vienna, and there put himself under Herr Sechter, a famous and excellent teacher of harmony; he remained some time with him, giving piano lessons at the same time to earn his bread, and at last became much liked as instructor. Herr Sechter had a great regard for him and for his talents, by no means a common thing with the old master, if report speaks truly.

Herr Rufinatscha had composed, before studying music at all, a symphony, in which he had unconsciously obeyed the rules of the art. He then went on giving lessons and composing his greater works, and as already mentioned produced them in and about 1848.

As a teacher of piano he is widely known and stands among the first; but as a teacher of harmony he is particularly to be admired and prized. He understands the art and science of music utterly and entirely, he has turned it round and round and made himself conversant with it on every side, as well as with the different systems of teaching it. He leads his pupil gently from step to step, illustrating every moment all that he says, and finally without having seen the onward movement the pupil understands all. Understands all I say; all that one can understand without composing oneself, for the real and deep insight into the art can only be thus acquired. Herr Rufinatscha's patience and encouraging manner is of the greatest use in touching harmony, for the study is dry enough at first. He is a strenuous ad-

vocate of steady and hard work, in order to develop one's musical thoughts, and asserts that it is possible to do a great deal in music with no very great talent. Certain it is that one must work, and work in order to master the art, and to be free from every technical difficulty—then only can the musical thoughts have fair play, and present themselves in all their beauty.

Like very many alas! of the subjects of Austria and of other European governments, Herr Rufinatscha wishes to leave his country. Peculiarly speaking he could not well do better than in Vienna, for he has very well-paid lessons, and only too many of them. But he interested himself in the movement of 1848, and was equally disgusted by the folly and wickedness of the so-called Liberals, and by the relapse to despotism. Ever since that he has been hoping and hoping for better times, and latterly despairing of them he has wished to go to America. He is the kind of man that we need, a thoroughly educated, enthusiastic, able musician, and a gentleman in thought, word and deed, which is more than can be said for too many musicians in Europe and in America; every one who has lived with this class has doubtless found as I have, many noble, kind, gentle, admirable men of great talent, but also some. (always too many) who had few such claims to our respect. I have urged Herr Rufinatscha to go to America, because I thought he would be a real benefit to the progress of this art in our country, and because we have, in common with the rest of the world, too many purely technical musicians. But I should have urged him much more, had I felt any certainty of his finding the means of support. The flood of music which has been poured into our young and growing country, quite equals its present wants. When we devote as much attention to the art as the Germans do, we shall need more teachers and more players of instruments; and we shall need too more artists fit to drill and lead singing and orchestral societies of amateurs; which last field is the one most difficult to be filled, and for which Herr Rufinatscha is admirably fitted. If he should resolve to come, may he find lessons enough to live upon; this is all he desires, and then he will make for himself a sphere, and will with pleasure give orchestral concerts, if they but pay for themselves and leave him nothing. Like every earnest man he is anxious to do his work on this earth and to advance the standing of his art, and like every real producing musician, he is desirous of doing something more than the giving lessons, even though he gains not a penny by it. J. S.

NEW YORK, NOV. 13, 1860.—Summoned like a spirit from the vasty deep, by the adjurations in the last number of *Dwight's Journal*, from "—t—" and the "editor," I resume again the pleasant functions of a New York correspondent of the musical paper, which during the last four years has taken the trouble to print my various communications. The last communication, however, that I sent to *Dwight's* never appearing in the columns of the paper, gave rise to the supposition on my part that my services as a scribbler were no longer acceptable; but the summons of "—t—" and its accompanying editorial comment have brought me once more to the surface.

Looking back during the period of some five or six months since I have written to you, I find that I have passed through some agreeable if not startling musical experience. Various brief opera seasons under transient Italian and German dynasties have come and gone. STIGELLI whom I hailed with rapturous delight on his first appearance here, has become the tenor of a New York audience. FABRI has appeared and established a good lyrical reputation. COLSON has sung and acted and dressed, and looked so indescribably bewitching, that with half

the opera enthusiasts in New York I have fallen deeply—oh! so unfathomably deeply—in love with the delightful creature. ADELINA PATTI has worn her popularity not quite out—but sufficiently so to demand a change. CARL FORMES has returned, and D'ANGRI has arrived, and that classic ruin FREZZOLINI, whose every operatic performance (notwithstanding her decaying voice) is positively worth shekels of gold, has flitted away down South, to Dixie, for all I know.

But not merely operatic experience have I had. A visit to the West has opened my eyes and ears not a little.

Were you ever in the Mammoth Cave? It is, with all its wonders, the most god-forsaken, dreary, gloomy spot mortal ever entered. Yet there is some strange mystic power in the place to transfigure the weakest, most wretched music into harmony fit for the celestial spheres.

After poking about in the bowels of the earth for three or four hours, visitors to the Cave arrive at Echo River, where they embark on a disgustingly muddy scow, or if the party is large enough, two or three wretched boats are brought into requisition. The women are all dressed in fancifully colored bloomer dresses, and with the uplifted lanterns, present a strange and weird appearance as the boat is pushed from the shore, and floats down into the black gloom, the lights reflecting themselves on the surface of the deadly still water, and lighting up with strange effect the arch of rock overhead. When they are fairly out of sight we enter the other boat, and ourselves push out into the dark stream. Dark, awfully dark it is. The dark river of Death finds on earth no more vivid parallel than this. You know in the first picture of Cole's "Voyage of Life" the gloomy river of the past from which floats out into life and light the little boat of the baby voyager. The stream issues from a dark, rocky cavern, mysterious and unknown. Such a stream is this on which we are embarked. Silent and gloomy, dark and mysterious, it serves as a type of the past and the future—of the past mystery whence all life evolves of the inscrutable future whether all life tends.

The feeling of security is not very great. The boats sink down almost to the water's edge, and the perpendicular slippery rock on either side offer no ledge on which a shipwrecked voyager might find a temporary footing. Above, sometimes so low that you must crouch to avoid it, and again so high as to be scarcely visible, rises the rock-roof, while the water in which you glide is thirty feet in depth, and as cold as the brow of a corpse. There is no sound but the rippling made by the boat; not a cricket along the shoreless stream, not a fish to plunge up and flash a moment in the air before returning to its watery home—no symptom of life—no sound, no motion save that made by ourselves.

Hark! there is a sound! Far off a delicate shade of music, so faint as to seem the ghost of some wandering echo. But by degrees it increases. It becomes clear and defined. Rich harmony trembling with strange sensuous wildness—fluttering around the rocky projections, swelling in waves of harmony to the arched roof above. Now it appears to come from one direction, now from another. Anon a higher note or strain is heard like some clear voice rising above a mighty chorus. Never did syren sing more magic songs to listening traveller, never did the mysterious maiden of Lurlei-burg chant more entrancing melody to the unwary boatman who floats along the moonlit Rhine.

Suddenly a turn of the boat brings you opposite a break in the perpendicular rock-shore, and perched upon a mass of broken rock you see a party of four negroes playing upon violins and a cornet. Those are the syrens, these the Lurlines of Echo River. Out on the earth's surface their music would be mere-

ly quaint and odd, but here, in the Mammoth Cave it is weird and unearthly.

Floating away, out of sight of the above minstrels, —who are in fact the barber, boot-black, or waiter from the hotel at the mouth of the cave—their music resumes its supernatural tones and effect, and so until we land at the opposite shore of the dark river, it haunts the ear with its peculiar harmony—while ever after it forms the most vivid reminiscence of a visit to the Mammoth Cave.

Visiting different Western cities I popped into various churches, and at St. Louis heard some very good music at an Episcopal church, but which one I forget—otherwise not much musical experience in my Western tour.

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We will have the opera here next week, the season commencing with *La Juive*, sung by Stigelli and Fabbri. Colson was at last accounts at Cleveland, giving concerts with Miss KELLOGG. Of the Philharmonic Concert Saturday night, “—t—” will undoubtedly give you an elaborate notice.

Mr. C. JEROME HOPKINS who is most indefatigable in the giving of concerts, has got a new project. He proposes to give a concert of church music, in which the choir of Trinity Church will take part, and chants be sung antiphonally, with twenty-five voices on each side.

TROVATOR.

ST. LOUIS, NOV. 1860.—Dear Sir: After a long silence the spirit again moveth. Positively, it has not moved before, since last spring. The only reason I can give for not writing is that there has been nothing to write, a reason which some think, has nothing to do with the question.

The Trinity Church people repeated their Grand concert and again for the third time filled our large hall. Better amateur music I never heard. It would be invidious to particularize, besides, such things are of little interest abroad. When I entered the room I thought one of the New York tenors was there, and looked and looked to see which one.

Our Philharmonic Society is in full blast. It promises to give us a Grand concert soon. In my next I intend to say something particular about it.

Nov. 2th and 8th Colson gave us two concerts, assisted by Susini, Brignoli, Ferri, Miss Kellogg, &c. Well, as your readers all know what kind of a concert that must be with those artists, there is no use of particularizing. Such artists must like to come to St. Louis, for they always draw at least a thousand people and that must pay; generally the audiences are larger.

Only one thing can we complain of. They hurry through every thing, plainly saying by their actions, “These people in the provinces do not form such a critical audience as the metropolis can turn out—so you go on and hurry it up, and I will hurry mine, and let’s get through.”

COLSON gave two concerts and then Manager BOERNSTEIN engaged her for last eve to have one opera night and bring out “Don Pasquale.” We have no American Opera House or even a decent theatre. Herr Boernstein however has built a German Opera House that will compare favorably with any in the United States, except, of course, the Academies of Music in New York, Boston and Philadelphia. It is in all respects a very fine house, and reflects much credit on the proprietor and manager Mr. Boernstein, both for his taste and liberal expenditure. The audience assembled Saturday evening never was excelled on any similar occasion for numbers and appearance. Everything was as perfect as it could be. And the artists were themselves. And here at the close let me repeat my wonder why we have so few first class entertainments when they evidently pay so well.

Yours, A. C.

New Instruments.

BY HECTOR BERLIOZ.

THE MELODIUM ORGAN.

This instrument has a key-board like the organ built with pipes. Its sound results—like that of the concertina,—from the vibration of free metallic reeds, over which passes a current of air. This current of air is produced by a bellows, put in motion by the feet of the performer; and according to the mode in which the feet act upon this blowing mechanism, in certain conditions wherein the instrument may be placed, the sounds acquire more or less intensity.

The melodium organ thus possesses crescendo and diminuendo; it is *expressive*. Hence the name of “Register of Expression,” given to the particular mechanism it possesses. The fingering of the key-board is the same as that of the organ key-board. It is written on two lines, and even on three; like the organ. Its compass is five octaves.

This compass, however, is not limited to the above, for melodiums with more than one stop. The number of stops is very variable. The most simple melodium contains two different qualities of tone; the quality of tone of the *coro inglese* for the left half of the key-board, and that of the flute for the right half.

The others,—according to the will of the maker,—may have, by different combinations, bassoon, clarion, flute, clarinet, fife, and hautboy stops (so called, on account of the analogy which then exists between the quality of tone of the melodium, and that of those instruments); and moreover, the *Grand* stop, the *Forte*, and the *Expressive*. These stops give to the melodium a compass of seven octaves, although its key-board has only five.

They are placed at the command of the performer by means of a mechanism like that of the organ, placed on each side of the body of the instrument, and put in action by drawing forward a wooden handle with either hand.

Some other stops are obtained by a similar mechanism, placed beneath the body of the instrument, and which are moved by pressure from left to right, and from right to left, with the knee of the performer. This mechanism constitutes what is called “the register.”

The melodium does not possess the moveable stops of the organ, the effect of which excites in many people a traditional admiration; but which, in reality, have a horrible tendency to noise; it has only double or single octave stops, by means of which each key makes speak, with its note, the octave and the double octave of this note, or the double octave without the single, or even the upper octave and the lower octave of this note at the same time.

Many ignorant players and lovers of noise, make deplorable use of these octave stops. Thence results also a barbarism, less, it is true, than that of the moveable stops of the organ, which give to each note the simultaneous sound of the two other notes of the major common chord, that is to say, of its major third, and of its fifth; but still an actual barbarism, because,—beside the harmonic thickening produced,—it necessarily introduces into the harmony the most frightful disorder, by the inevitable inversion and spreading of the chords; since ninths thus produce seconds and sevenths: seconds, sevenths and ninths; fifths, fourths; fourths, fifths, &c.; and because, in order to remain in true musical condition with such stops, it would be needful to use them only in pieces written in *counterpoint invertible in octave*,—which is not done.

It is to the ignorance of the middle ages, groping blindly for laws of harmony, that we must doubtless attribute the introduction of these monstrosities into organs; which mere custom has preserved and transmitted to us, and which we must hope will by degrees disappear.

The sounds of the melodium being of rather slow emission, like the sounds of the organ with pipes, render it better adapted to the *legato* style than to any other; and peculiarly suitable to sacred music, to soft and tender melodies, of slow movement.

Pieces of a skipping, petulant, or violent character, executed on the melodium, will always attest—in my opinion—the bad taste of the performer, the ignorance of the composer, or the bad taste and ignorance of both.

To impart to the sounds of the melodium a religious and dreamy character, to render them susceptible of all the inflexions of the human voice, and of the majority of instruments, such is the object M. Alexandre has both proposed and accomplished.

The melodium is at once a Church instrument, and a Theatre instrument; a drawing-room, and a concert-room instrument. It occupies but little space; and it is portable. It is therefore a servant of indisputable utility for composers and amateurs.

Since Messrs. Meyerbeer, Halevy, Verdi, have employed the organ in their dramatic works, how many provincial theatres in France, and even Germany, not possessing organs, have found difficulty in executing these works; and to how many mutilations and rearrangements (more or less clumsy) of scores, this absence of organs has given rise! The directors of these theatres would now be inexcusable to tolerate such misdeeds; since, for a very moderate sum, they may have, in lieu of an organ with pipes, a melodium organ very nearly sufficing to replace it.

The same thing applies to small churches, where music hitherto has not been possible. A melodium, played by a musician of good sense, might and could introduce there harmonic civilization; and cause, in time, a banishment of these grotesque howlings which still, in such places, mingle with religious service.—*London Musical Times*, Nov. 1.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 17, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Two Mazurkas, by Chopin. Nos 7 and 8.

Our Foreign Correspondence.

Our recent letters from the editor of this Journal, dated Leipzig, Oct. 22, lead us to hope that we may soon have the pleasure of laying before our readers the continuation of his “Editorial Correspondence.” Mr. Dwight, (who wrote last from Frankfort), has since been in “Bingen on the Rhine,” then down the Rhine to Bonn, (where he found our “Diarist”), Cologne, Eisenach, and Weimar. He will pass the early part of the winter in Berlin and Leipzig, whence we hope soon to have regular communications for the columns of the Journal.

The Diarist has gone up the Rhine and on to Paris, on the scent of certain Beethoven treasures to be found there, and we shall doubtless soon hear from him in the gay capital of France.

BOSTON AMATEUR SOCIETY. — We hear of a movement for the organization of an Amateur Musical Society composed of gentlemen in this city, who propose meeting weekly for the purpose of practising the orchestral works of the great masters under the guidance of one of our best musical directors.

In some features this organization will resemble a club, which known to many of us as the “Boston Amateur Club” has existed here for many years (we think since about 1830) but has lately been discontinued. Most of the best members of the old Club, whose performances have been listened to by many of us with much interest, will compose the nucleus of the new organization with the addition of some fresh active members, and, if found necessary, some professional talent.

In one important point the enterprise will be new to us. It is intended to add *associate* members to the active ones of the association, somewhat on the plan of the Orpheus Club, so that those who cannot play may at least help *pay* and have the pleasure of being present at the musical and social meetings of the Society, by thus contributing a part of the material aid which every such enterprise requires. The members are gentlemen of the highest standing in this community, of culture and refinement. We understand that the first meeting for the season will be held on Monday evening next, to organize for the winter campaign, which offers an opportunity for new members to join.

It is desirable that as many musical amateurs as feel competent to take some part in an amateur orchestra, should make themselves known to the management of this new Association. And such are requested to leave a line addressed “Boston Amateur Musical Society,” at the office of this journal, for the purpose of communicating personally with some of its members.

Mr. Dresel's Soirees.

Mr. OTTO DRESEL gives this evening the first of a series of four piano soirées, at Chickering's. No one who recollects the concerts given by Mr. Dresel some years ago, who loves the best piano music, will need to be urged to attend the present series. We need not say that the rarest classics of the piano will be on the programmes of Mr. Dresel, who plays these masterworks not only with brilliancy but with the intelligence and conscientious fidelity of a thorough artist. The lovers of Chopin, Schumann, Mendelssohn and Beethoven will find in these concerts very much to be enjoyed.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB advertises the first Concert of the season for Tuesday evening next, offering an admirable programme, which includes some novelties, among them the eleventh Quartette of Beethoven. The concerts are to be given at Chickering's.

New Music.

We have received from J. T. BROWNE, Harp maker, 709 Broadway, New York, the following pieces for the harp:

The first Violet; Mendelssohn: arranged by Chas. Oberthur.

Zuleika; Mendelssohn: arranged by Chas. Oberthur.

Home, Sweet Home; by Bosio.

Airs from Traviata; by Chas. Oberthur.

Souvenir di Il Trovatore; by Bosio.

Annie Laurie; by A. L. Toulmin.

Souvenir Dinorah; by Bosio.

Souvenir La Juive; by Bosio.

Souvenir de l'opera Traviata; by Oberthur.

Willie we have missed you; Beautiful Star; by Bosio.

Reel Polka for the Harp; by Bochsa.

Marche de la Sonnambula; by N. C. Bochsa.

From HORACE WATERS, New York:

Virginia Polka, and Oliver Galop; by the blind negro boy Pianist, Tom.

Among the papers left by Spohr has been discovered an opera in three acts, written by the author at Gotha in 1808, with the singular title, *Alruma, la reine des chonettes*.

A musical curiosity is now on exhibition at Vienna—the harpsichord of Haydn. This historical instrument was presented to the composer by some English admirers, and is now to be seen at the establishment of M. Levy, publishers of music.

Music Abroad.

PARIS.—*Theatre Imperial de l'Opera*.—Revival of the *Prophète*.—This opera has not been given for a long time, for want of a singer who could worthily fill the part of Fides. At last, says the *Gazette Musicale*, Madame Tedesco is restored to us, and with her the last chef d'œuvre with which Meyerbeer has endowed our lyric stage. The début of Mad. Tedesco in Paris dates back to the month of November, 1851. She came from Italy; she had visited America and presented herself to us in the rôle of Catherine in the *Reine de Chypre*. In the next month she appeared in the part of Fides, and we then spoke thus of the manner in which she rendered it. "After Mad. Viardot, who had created it so admirably, and Alboni who has made over its physiognomy after her way, came Mme. Tedesco, and as should be, placed herself much nearer the second than the first. In her singing and acting she presents many analogies to Alboni. The richness of her voice is magnificently displayed in the *arioso* of the second act, in the

invocation and the grand scene of the fourth, in the air and duo of the fifth. Mme. Tedesco showed herself expressive and dramatic in several portions of this fine rôle." After an interval of nine years our judgment has not changed. We need only repeat what has just been read, with this addition that she has made sensible progress as a singer and especially as an actress. Mme. Tedesco may flatter herself at a good fortune the advantages of which are inestimable on the stage. Since she left us her precocious *emboupoint* has rather lessened than increased; her shape is less round, her figure less full, while on the contrary her voice always possesses the same power, the same compass, the same equal character. Nothing better satisfies the ear than her broad style of singing, so facile and bold that no accident troubles it. A little more accent and vigor and Mme. Tedesco would be the singer, *par excellence*: and could produce impressions as lively as she now does sweet and charming impressions. Meanwhile the public will testify warmly, whenever she may appear, the pleasure with which it hears once more an artist of such rare talent. And how can we speak of the revival of the *Prophète* without expressing once more the admiration which this immortal chef d'œuvre inspires, which came from the same hand that wrote *Robert le Diable* and the *Huguenots*? The truth is that musical conception has never risen higher, or embraced with more vigor, variety and richness, a poetical and dramatic subject. The *Prophète* grows with time as do all works which genius has endowed with the double privilege of strength and beauty.

London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mr. E. T. Smith's "Anglo-Italian Company," according to one morning contemporary, or, according to another, the "Grand Coalition Company," opened the campaign on Wednesday with the *Trovatore* in Italian, the principal singers being Mlle. Titiens, Mad. Lemaire, Signors Giuglini, Vialetti, Francesco Briani, Soldi, &c., &c. The only new appearance was Signor Briani. This gentleman, who sustained the part of the Count di Luna, must not be judged by his performance on Wednesday, seeing that he was laboring under the effects of hoarseness. He seems to be an experienced artist, and acted with considerable fire and animation. Of the performance generally, it is only necessary to say that Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini were in great force; that Mad. Lemaire displayed much energy in the part of Azucena; that the band and chorus are just the same as during the regular opera season; and that Signor Arditi presided in the orchestra. The theatre has undergone considerable alterations. A capacious and handsome balcony has been erected in front of the grand tier, and several boxes on the first, second and third tiers are thrown open, and made into dress and undress circles. Moreover, the amber curtains have faded away before the crimson which were used last year in the cheap season, and all the splendid pile carpets have been removed to make way for less expensive and perishable oil-cloths and matting.

A greater and more legitimate success than that achieved by Mr. Macfarren's new opera, *Robin Hood*, on Wednesday night we never witnessed. The crowd was immense, the excitement unusual, and expectation on tiptoe. That Mr. John Oxenford was the author of the libretto gave a new interest to the performance, and all the musicians and poets in London, and many far from London, were in their places anxious and expectant long before the curtain rose. Moreover, the cast of parts presented an unusual attraction in itself. Mr. Sims Reeves, who, except during his annual visit to the National Standard, in the oriental suburbs, has not appeared for years on the London boards, was to play the principal character, and Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, who never appeared on the stage at all, was to make her début. Mr. Stanley, too, and Mr. George Honey, from the Royal English Opera, were both included in the cast, as were also, from the same company, Messrs. Bartleman and J. E. Patey, and Mr. Parkinson, the tenor, a real Armstrong great-gun with the audiences at Canterbury Hall, Weston's, and the Pavillion Theatre in Whitechapel. To these were added Mad. Lemaire, whose pretensions as a contralto singer are by no means despicable. With all these causes of interest it was no wonder, indeed, that the excitement was very great and the congregation immense.

We are not going to criticise the music on the present occasion. A general notice of the performance is all we feel called upon just now to render. The story of *Robin Hood* is not, we believe, taken from any

of the many ballads and legends appertaining to the stalwart freebooter of Sherwood Forest, all of which may be perused in Ritson's Collection. Mr. Oxenford's plot is entirely his own, and a very merry and exciting plot it is, clear to follow, natural in its incidents, with an appropriate and striking dénouement.

The distribution of parts was as follows:

Robin Hood, Mr. Sims Reeves; the Sheriff of Nottingham, Mr. Santley; Hugo, the Sompnour, Mr. George Honey; Allan-a-Dale, Mr. Parkinson; Little John, Mr. Bartleman; Much, the Miller's son, Mr. Paey; Maid Marian, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington; and Alice, Mad. Lemaire.

The pieces which received most applause on Thursday were the overture, encoored and repeated; the duet for Locksley and Marian, "When lovers are parted," exquisitely warbled by Mr. Sims Reeves and Mad. Sherrington; song, for Marian, "True love, true love in my heart," the subject of which is frequently employed throughout the opera; Locksley's song, "Englishmen by birth are free," magnificently sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, who refused to accept the encore called for by the entire audience; the finale to the first act, commencing with the round, "May the saints protect and guide thee;" Robin Hood's song, "The grasping, grasping Norman race," another splendid piece of vocalization by Mr. Sims Reeves; the whole fair scene at Nottingham, a masterpiece throughout; Locksley's ballad, "Thy gentle ballad would lead me on," the most graceful and flowing air in the opera, and given to perfection by Mr. Sims Reeves; the finale to the second act, the most elaborate and powerful composition in the opera and Locksley's grand scena in the prison. These are by no means all the good pieces, but they appeared most to enlist the sympathies of the audience. Perhaps there is nothing more charming in the opera than the trio in the last scene, "By all the love that you have shown me," for Marian, Robin Hood and Sheriff, which, we feel a sure, will become as popular as any thing in the whole work.

Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington literally took the audience by storm, not only from the brilliancy and exquisite finish of her singing—which everybody was prepared for who had heard her in the concert-room—but from the animation, ease, and reality of her acting. A slight awkwardness in certain situations excepted, Mad. Sherrington was perfect mistress of her movements and gestures, every one of which seemed instigated with purpose and meaning. That the lady had studied stage tactics off the stage we are bound to suppose, or she is indeed the most extraordinary and gifted actress who ever trod before the footlights. Regarding her début from any point of view, a greater acquisition than Mad. Sherrington has not been made by the English operatic stage for many years. Of Mr. Sims Reeves it is impossible to speak too highly. He was never in finer voice, never sang more magnificently, nor, in the course of his lengthened career, did he ever create a more profound impression. The music of *Robin Hood* is extremely varied, and whether as the sentimental lover wooing Marian, as the freeborn Saxon denouncing foreign oppression, or the doomed outlaw in the gaol lamenting his approaching fate, the singing of Mr. Reeves was equally admirable.—*London Musical World*, Oct. 13.

On Monday night an audience less numerous than appreciative was entertained with an unusually fine performance of Donizetti's always welcome (however somewhat hacknied) *Lucresia Borgia*. The three chief personages were assumed by Mlle. Titiens, Signor Giuglini, and M. Gassier; and it must be admitted that the German, Italian, and French artists worked together as heartily, and with as much contemporaneity of purpose, as if they had been compatriots, instead of belonging to three different countries. To complete the medley of nationalities, Mad. Lemaire, an Englishwoman, we believe, though married to a Belgian, stood forth as Gennaro's faithful friend, the vivacious Maffeo Orsini, and delivered the sparkling "brindisi" with a great deal of animation.

Perhaps in not one of her parts, unless we except her magnificent Donna Anna, does Mlle. Titiens support the credit, now almost unanimously accorded her, of being the worthiest claimant to the "mantle of Grisi," more triumphantly than in that of the wicked and passionate Duchess of Ferrara. She has all the personal, physical, and mental requisites for the characters, which she looks, sings, and acts alike to perfection.

The *Huguenots* was to be given October 26th.

Robin Hood was to be repeated on Saturday, Tuesday, and Thursday, and is underlined to be given three times a week until further notice. The attraction, so far from abating, appears nightly to increase, and there are literally no places to be obtained unless secured some days previously.

Robin Hood continues to draw immense audiences, and the interest the performances created on the first night increases with each successive repetition. As the music is heard oftener, its beauties become more apparent, and its purpose is rendered more distinct. This is the best compliment that could be paid to the opera, and proves that its merits are not superficial, nor its attractions merely of the *ad caplandum* kind. So great indeed is the success, that it weakens in some respects the *prestige* of the alternate Italian nights, and Mr. Sims Reeves, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, &c., now warble to more multitudinous ears than Mlle. Titicus and Signor Giuglini, even with the aid of *Don Giovanni*.

Don Giovanni was given on Wednesday by the Italian company, the cast differing from that of the regular season in two essential particulars only, Mlle. Parepa appearing for the first time as Zerlina, and Herr Hermanns as the Commendatore.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—The chief incident of the week has been the production of the *Crown Diamonds* on Tuesday evening.

Dinorah was given for the first time this season, on Wednesday, and introduced Mr. Chapple, a barytone of provincial name, in the part of Hoel. Mr. Chapple may be congratulated on his first appearance. His voice, not powerful, is very agreeable in quality, and of considerable compass in the upper register, as the music of Hoel necessitates. He has evidently had stage experience, as he walks easily and without being constrained, and his gestures and movements are unforced. Some allowance must be made for a first appearance, but, taken altogether, the new barytone was a decided hit. The part of the male goatherd was sustained by Miss Leffler, who sang the air written for Mad. Nantier-Didée very charmingly. The young lady, however, must learn to infuse a little more vivacity into her action. A goatherd is not necessarily a tame person, more especially when addressing his companion on so exciting a subject as that of love. Miss Leffler is a novice, and therefore we tender her our advice, hoping she will profit by it. Miss Louisa Pyne never sang more delightfully. She warbled indeed like a lark, and gave the shadow song to perfection. Mr. Harrison's Corentino is perhaps his best performance, hilarious without being obstreperous, humorous without coarseness, and quaint without queeriness, to speak in Johnsonian phrase.

PEOPLE'S PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—A series of concerts under the above by no means unpretending title, was commenced last week at Exeter Hall, with a band of eighty and a chorus of nearly two hundred performers, Dr. James Peck conducting. To bring together so large a cohort of voices and instruments, in all respects efficient, was a manifest difficulty, seeing that all the available talent had been secured for the operas. The band includes some first-rate players, among whom we may mention Mr. Willy, who presides over the first violins, and M. Lavigne, the eminent oboist. The chorus the first night were "all abroad" in the *finale* to *Lorely*, but were more satisfactory in Mendelssohn's part-song, "O hills, O vales." The programme of the first concert, which we give *in extenso*, will afford some idea of the sort of entertainment presented:

PART I.

Overture; "Ruy Blas".....Mendelssohn
Part-Song; "The Departure"....."
Concerto, violin, E minor....."

M. Victor Buziui.

Finale; *Lorely*....."

Mad. Catharine Hayes.

Italian Symphony....."

PART II.

Overture; "Oberon".....Weber
Prelude; "Robert le Diable".....Meyerbeer
Introducing the two favorite airs, "Quand je quittai,"
"Robert, toi que j'aime."

Mad. Catherine Hayes.

Solo, Flute; "Mulbrook".....Bucher
Mr. Benjamin Wells.

Waltz; "Elizabethan".....Strauss
Madrigal; "Down in a flowery vale".....Pesta
Overture; "La Gazza Ladra".....Rossini

Paris.

Oct. 18.—Since my last, Mad. Vandenhoevel-Duprez has made her *debut* in another new part at the Grand Opera, that of Lucy in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, and I may add that her success was in every way as complete as her warmest friends could desire. It is somewhat curious that the association of the name of Duprez with Donizetti's opera dates as far back as the creation and production of the work itself. It was written in 1835 at Naples, for Gilbert Duprez, and on the 9th of January, 1851, it was selected as the medium for presenting Mlle. Caroline Duprez to the public for the first time in the Salle Tentadour, when she appeared side by side with her father, who resumed his old part of Edgar, in order to become sponsor at his daughter's theatrical initiation.

The part of Lucy brought good fortune with it, good fortune then, which as might be expected, has not deserted it now that it is again essayed with matured talents and all the confidence gained by a series of successes. Mad. Vandenhoevel was recalled at the close of the mad scene, and also after the farewell duet with M. Michot, who was the Edgardo on the occasion. After a protracted delay and a succession of disappointments, Mad. Tedesco has at last made her appearance in *Le Prophète*, and was warmly received by her admirers.

At the Italian Opera *Il Trovatore* has been revived, and Mad. Penco made her first appearance this season as Leonora, meeting with a most enthusiastic reception. Mad. Albani, in Azucena, of strong passions and swart and matronly beauty, shared the chief honors of the evening with the baritone Graziani. M. Pancani, the new representative of Manrico, had also cause to congratulate himself. Without the sweetness of Mario, or the vigor of Tamberlik, he is, nevertheless, a tenor of considerable merit, singing with taste and lacking neither power nor energy. For some time past it had been announced that M. Calzado, the manager of the Italian Opera, had obtained, or was about to obtain, a renewal of his privilege or license. The fact is corroborated by the official announcement that his privilege has been extended to October, 1861. It is said that Ronconi has been engaged for ten nights; if the news be true, the subscribers are fortunate. The *Barbiere* is announced for the beginning of November. The cast will include Mad. Albani, Gardoni, Badiali, Zucchini and Angelini. Mad. Albani is also to appear in the *Cenerentola*, which has not been given these two years. Gardoni, Badiali, and Zucchini will be grouped around her. Two other operas are announced as shortly forthcoming, *Il Matrimonio Segreto* and *Ernani*. MM. Pancani, Graziani and Angelini with Mad. Penco will play the principal characters in the latter.

There has been a paragraph current in the French papers lately, calling to mind the once celebrated flautist, Drouet, who, at an extremely advanced age, now occupies the post of chapel master at Gotha. His name has chances of becoming historical. It was he who harmonized and orchestrated the new national air, "Partant pour la Syrie," which Queen Hortense had composed; and it is said to have been his brother who, being postmaster at Ménéhould, recognized and arrested Louis XVI. during his attempted flight. The French government has been mindful of M. Drouet's title to its sympathies, and he has lately been presented by the Emperor with a snuff-box set in brilliants, the invariable form in which inscrutably enough Imperial gratitude or favor expresses itself. By what capricious fiction it is supposed that those who have deserved well of their country, or attracted the attention of the rulers of the world by their special merits, should be snuff-takers? I suppose in royal minds there is a special significance attached to a snuff-box, as with the Red Indian the pipe is a direct allusion to peace. As the one talks of smoking the calumet of peace, the other would speak of their *protégés* as taking the snuff of distinction. But to return to the venerable M. Drouet, I believe he is now in England, on a visit to his son, who is educating at York.

Mad. Miolan-Carvalho, who is back from her Berlin engagement, sang the other day at the church of Notre Dame de Grace, at Passy, on the occasion of the marriage of Mlle. Amélie Heugel, daughter of your French contemporary and compeer, *Le Méne-trel*, with M. H. Chevalier, the sculptor. The event was especially honored, and received the highest musical sanction by the presence of Rossini and Auber. Both these great masters of their art expressed their admiration of Mad. Carvalho's talents, as displayed in the *Ave Maria* of Gounod, in which she was accompanied by the violinist Hermann. M. Lefebure Wély presided at the organ, and M. Nollet played the harp part. This was followed by a *Salutaris*, the composition of the former, and executed by his wife, the organ being taken by M. Auguste Durand.—*Cor. of Lond. Mus. World*.

NAPLES.—The San Carlo opened the season with Rossini's *Semiramide*. Auber's *Muette de Portici* (*Masaniello*) and Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, are in rehearsal, and will be given shortly. Neither opera has ever been heard in Naples. It will be interesting to behold Masaniello treading his native stage for the first time. The performance of Auber's masterpiece is expected to create an enormous sensation, and it is to be produced with great magnificence. The revolution has done good to music at all events, and to the Terpsichorean art as well, if it be true that the Dancing Academy, abolished by the *prudish* Bourbons (who also locked up the Venuses), is about to be reestablished.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
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The old grey step by the cottage door.

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One of McNaughton's popular home-ballads, companion to "When there's love at home," and "My own fireside," of which love of home is the principal subject. The airs are pretty and the piano-accompaniment very easy.

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A ballad of fine sentiment, set to a fine melody.

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Dead March in "Saul" and Peace, troubled soul, arranged for five or six instruments by Burditt. 60

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Arranged for Flute or Clarinet, Violins, Cornet and Bass, in an easy style, suitable for amateurs.

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A charming piece of very moderate difficulty, introducing the prettiest of those widely known Tyrolean songs of home. A good piece for instruction.

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Transcribed. E. Henritz. 30

Weber's charming Cradle-song, arranged as a brilliant piano-piece. It will be much played, and please a miscellaneous company as well as the "Maiden's Prayer," especially if the air is known already.

Rocky Point Quick March. O. J. Shaw. 25

A racy, spirited march, not difficult.

Alessandro Stradella. F. Beyer. 30

A new number of Beyer's Bouquet of Melodies, that favorite set, in which all the gems that opera-goers treasure, are introduced in an appropriate setting. Stradella, by Flotow, second only in reputation to "Martha," sparkles with pretty melodies.

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This will be a favorite number of a series of melodies by Mendelssohn which Mr. Dresel has arranged for the piano. These are some of Mendelssohn's most beautiful inspirations. They are not more difficult than the Songs without Words.

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This is the fifteenth of Ditson & Co.'s Edition of Standard Operas. As the production of one of the most distinguished musical composers it is well known to our readers, while in reference to its typographical execution, it is sufficient to say that it is fully equal to that of the previous volumes of this elegant and popular series.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 451.

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Musical Culture.

IV.

PUBLIC PERFORMANCES.

Public performances can do much for diffusing musical culture. This has never been doubted; on the contrary, it is the custom with managers and agents to assure us in the most emphatic language that their chief object, in opening this or that series of concerts or operas, is the improvement of the public taste, and that for this reason they have spared neither trouble nor expense to procure the first class of talent, and the first class of every thing besides. The fact, however, is that these performances are frequently of such a nature as must necessarily tend to lower instead of elevating the taste. We shall leave this kind of public performances to their fate and direct attention to the institutions, that are founded on such a basis, and managed in such spirit that there is reason to expect they must exercise a wholesome influence on the community, in which they are established.

The OPERA would be the first entitled to our regard, since of all it is the most powerful for cultivating the people; but, unfortunately, there is none. The modern Italian opera, with which we are regaled in this quarter of the globe, deserves no mention as an institution for the advancement of true art. This is too well known to need one word more. Until there shall be a national English opera, an opera founded on English life and language; above all, an opera, the music of which is a faithful representation of the libretto with all its scenes, situations, phases, passions and emotions, a musical drama in truth, — until then we can do nothing, but like the daughters of Zion veil our faces, strew ashes on our heads and — hope!

We have, therefore, only to consider the various concert performances, vocal and instrumental. When, as the first condition for obtaining its end we require of a performance that it come as near perfection as possible, we are reminded of the undeniable, though often forgotten fact, that the performance, so to speak, has absolute power over the life and death of a work of the creative tone art. A miserable performance will "murder" any composition, whatever life and beauty its author may have infused into it; as, on the contrary, an excellent performance may sometimes impart life and beauty into a dull piece. The composer, of all artists, has this great disadvantage, that his creations must undergo a second birth through the performers. How different with the painter, with the sculptor, and even with the poet, who send their works out into the world, and all may look at them, but none dare deform them! If this be borne in mind, it is evident how much depends on the performance as regards the proper appreciation and enjoyment of a composition by the audience.

It may be fairly presumed that no musical society, however long and firmly established in a community, ever made the gradual improvement of the public its object. We should probably

hear from all, to whom such a proposal might be made, that the public is a "many-headed monster," ungrateful, like the frozen serpent, which bit the poor rustic in his benevolent attempt to warm the reptile and awaken him to sensibility. Who will say that this is altogether a false accusation? If then the societies have their own improvement and advantage more at heart than that of the public, it seems but natural that, if they can combine both, they will be gainers by it.

In the selection of the compositions to be performed publicly, the greatest mistakes are frequently made. Especially when the object is to introduce the works of a composer, of whom there is as yet little, if anything, known, and whose style is moreover strikingly original, the greatest discretion is necessary; or the attempt will fail of success. If the selection is to be made from the old masters, such pieces as appear old-fashioned should be avoided; as, in selecting from the compositions of modern composer, those should be left aside, which in too high a degree represent the "music of the future"; a term, which, as our readers know, is ironically applied to many productions of the new German school, denoting that they are beyond the comprehension of the present generation. Whoever is acquainted with musical literature will also know that among the works of almost all great composers, there are some, which, although of much interest to the student, are unfit for public performances. In general, no composition answers this end that must be heard several times before it can be understood.

Many concerts would be more effective if they were shorter. The public is a dyspeptic; it cannot digest much solid music at once. At the Symphony concerts of the royal orchestra in Berlin, performed before a most selected and cultivated audience, the programme always consisted of only two or three numbers. First, a short Symphony by Haydn or Mozart; secondly, a larger Symphony by Beethoven or some later composer. Sometimes an overture, or a classical violin solo, was put in between the two symphonies. Compare to this the programmes of such concerts as they sometimes give in London during the season, which exhibit from thirty to forty pieces. Only an English constitution, sustained by large quantities of roast beef and porter, can sit out such monster concerts. To them, performances of such infinite length are seemingly "just the right thing"; for, we always read that they were crowded to excess.

With the better classes of our singing societies it is the custom to perform publicly almost nothing but *Oratorios*. The performance of an *Oratorio* commonly lasts from three to four hours; while as a composition it belongs to the most scientific class. It can hardly be expected of a man, however great his love for music, to sit listening for so long a time with undiminished attention to fugues and canons, only now and then relieved by an air, which, moreover, generally opens with a long recitative. We must remem-

ber that the *Oratorio* as a musical dramatic poem rests wholly on long by-gone times; that, consequently, it has not the interest for us as for an audience of Handel's and Bach's time. Through the genius of Mendelssohn it has in some respect been modernized and the interest for it partly revived; still, we hear continually that the time demands its right as before. The immediate consequence is that occasionally only an *Oratorio* is produced by the tone-poets of our age. The more circumspect rather choose to compose Cantatas with secular subjects; which, moreover, do not constrain them to write in a style in which they feel they cannot vie with the old masters. However, as there are few Cantatas with English text, and as societies must have works to perform, they will not neglect the *Oratorio*; and they will do well. An *Oratorio* like the *Messiah* or *St. Paul* is worth a great number of modern Cantatas. But as we have to do with the public performances here in so far only as they promote musical culture, the absolute value of a composition decides nothing. With this view a selection of some of the clearest and most effective choruses and airs, arranged as a miscellaneous concert, will frequently prove of much more usefulness than the whole work. Judicious selections from classical operas with English text, and from the mass of beautiful songs for mixed chorus by Mendelssohn, Schumann and other recent composers, would likewise prove so. It is superfluous to add that, if the concert is to be a *sacred* one, the pieces intended for performance should be of a truly religious character; so that in such cases neither Cantatas, nor Operas and worldly songs, afford the proper material.

With orchestral concerts the main feature of the programme is the SYMPHONY. Not long ago a discussion was going on in this paper, as to the best place for the Symphony. As local causes frequently influence the arrangement of a programme, nothing positive can be said about it. It were a mistake, at all events, to give the Symphony at the close of a *long* concert, when the attention of the audience is already much exhausted by the preceding pieces. The aim should be to perform it where there is reason to suppose it will be best enjoyed; without regard to custom or tradition. When a Symphony, or any other important orchestral work, is to be performed, which embodies a poetical subject, you should never omit to explain the latter on the programme; a brief extract from a good criticism on both the work and its author would likewise contribute to interest the audience and aid them to understand and rightly appreciate the work. Jullien, whenever he performed Beethoven's C minor Symphony here in his concerts seven years ago, used to call special attention on the programme to the Scherzo, as "descriptive of an advancing army." Though this was rather a prosaic conception of that wonderful Scherzo, still it had this effect, that this movement was listened to with more interest than the rest.

It is a good idea, as has sometimes been carried

out in our orchestral concerts to make up the programme by works of one composer exclusively; the anniversary of the master's birthday, or a similar event, frequently furnishing the occasion. Those among the audience, who desire to learn, will here find an opportunity more fully to observe the composer's style, or his versatility as revealed in forms of an entirely opposite nature; provided the programme is arranged judiciously. Equally interesting and instructive are historical concerts, illustrating the progress of the Art down to our time. We remember with great pleasure such a concert—which, however, was purely vocal—given, some years ago, at the Tremont Temple, in Boston, by the choir of the Church of the Advent. Every piece was introduced by some remarks on its style, its composer and the period it was to illustrate, delivered by Mr. A. W. Thayer. It is a pity that such instances are not more frequent.

Orchestral concerts are seldom given without solos for the voice. In regard to these it is above all recommended that the singers pronounce the text distinctly, so that we can understand what they sing. The habit of delivering songs with Italian or German words to an audience speaking English deserves to be earnestly condemned. It is like striking reason and common sense in the face, whatever the advocates of this unnatural custom may say. In a bravura-aria, where the exhibition of vocal skill is the aim, it is of little consequence; but in a song the words are as important as the music; and sometimes more so. The only excuse that can be offered for the practice, is the scarcity of songs with English text, suitable for public performances.

To the various chamber concerts, as Quartet, Trio, Piano Soirées, &c., most of the preceding remarks will also apply. They play a noble part in the history of modern music. This class of concerts, more than the others, has always been conducted in the spirit of true art. The music performed is of the highest order; and frequently accessible to amateurs, in its original form, for study. In respect to musical culture they cannot but exercise a wholesome influence. The latter may not always be felt so soon; it requires many strokes to make an impression on cold iron; why should less (strokes with the bow) be required to make an impression on cold minds? These concerts, particularly, need encouragement.

BENDA.

Rossini and his Works.

Our Paris correspondent furnishes us with the following agreeable chit-chat about the great composer of "William Tell," and "The Barber," and about Bosio, the admired *prima donna*:

The long and pitiless persecution on the part of the authorities of the musical world, which Rossini unwisely laid so deeply to heart as to resolve, in the plenitude of his magnificent powers, that he would compose no more, having given way to a juster appreciation of the *chef d'œuvre* which he has given to the world, some of his great works are now performed every winter at the Italian opera of Paris. At present the *Cenerentola* is the attraction with Alboni for Rosina. The other evening a gentleman, who had been listening with the utmost delight and admiration to the exquisite variations introduced into the famous rondo by the highly accomplished but enormously fat cantatrice, the *crescendo* of whose triumphs as a singer are matched by a steady increase of *embonpoint*, which threatens to expand her to the proportions of an elephant, inquired of a friend beside him, "by whom those variations were composed."

"By Rodes," replied the friend. "Ah, of course, it is very natural that they should need a Colossus to execute them!" returned the amateur. This same splendid *chef d'œuvre*, *La Cenerentola*, was first brought out in the Valle Theatre at Rome during the carnival of 1817, two months after the production of *Otello*, one year before that of the *Barbiere*, three months before that of *La Gazza Ladra*, seven months before that of *Arsina*, and ten months before that of *Mosè in Egitto*! This was the richest and most active portion of the master's life, and it is believed that no similar example of musical fecundity can be found. His genius exerted itself with equal richness and facility in all styles, tones and manners; the tragic, the comic, the sacred, the profane, the picturesque; in these marvellous compositions we find the expression of all human emotions, smiles, tears, joys, sorrows, terrors and aspirations, and all this produced with such unexampled rapidity, in the midst of the incessant insults and clamors of hostile critics versed in the arts of torture, and the yet more cruel indifference of the public. On its first appearance the *Cenerentola* was brought out with a cast of third-rate performers, and was a total failure. At the close of the season it was brought out again in the same style, and with the same success. On the following night, Rossini, who would have preferred seeing his opera heartily hissed rather than received with the utter indifference with which the public had hitherto treated it, hired a score or two of the hangers-on who figure so conspicuously amongst the machinery of the modern stage in Paris, under the name of *claqueurs*, in Rome under that of *lazzaroni*, and desired them to be on duty during the evening's performance.

"Which passages do you wish us to applaud?" demanded the leader of the band.

"You are not to applaud at all," replied Rossini: "you are to hiss vigorously, indiscriminately I don't care where, so that you make noise and confusion enough to rouse the house and cause the representation to be brought to an end."

"Very good," said the leader, "if that is all you want, we will take care to satisfy you."

Before the performance began the *lazzaroni* were at their posts, and the dull apathy of the audience was soon broken up by the roar of hisses that accompanied the progress of the work. Disturbed by the persistence and violence of the hissing, the public began to resent what seemed like a determination, on the part of his enemies, to deprive the new composer of a chance of making himself heard; and as they were now really listening to the music for the first time, and endeavoring to judge for themselves of its merits, the admirable beauty of the work, despite the weakness of its execution, speedily roused the enthusiasm of the audience in its favor. Loud bursts of applause now drowned the storm of hisses sent forth by the *lazzaroni*; the rondo was *encored*, and the opera terminated amidst a tempest of popular applause. Five years afterwards it was brought out in Paris, and met with a very cold reception—critics and singers were banded against the brilliant innovator, and determined to shut him out from public favor. It was not until Signora Monbelli, whose singing of Rossini's masterpieces, and especially of the *Cenerentola*, had won for their author the suffrages of all Italy that Rossini began to be understood in Paris. Since then his creations have had for interpreters Malibran, Sontag, Grisi, Centi, Borghi-Mamo and Alboni; Levasseur, Lablache, Rubini, Pellegrini, Tamburini, Ronconi and Mario, who have won their most brilliant laurels in the service of his muse. The late Bosio, also a reigning favorite at the Paris Opera, had just been making a successful campaign in St. Petersburg, when her death occurred in that city. One evening, when she was at a private party, at the hotel of a Prince, a passionate lover of music, and himself a musician, she noticed a beautiful Havana lap-dog, scarcely larger than a ladies' fist, and white as snow, curled up in one corner of a sofa. "What a lovely little creature!" cried the singer in raptures, "and how intelligent it looks!" She then took up the little animal, caressed it, and replaced it on its silken couch. Madame Bosio, soon after-

wards, at the Prince's request, sang a favorite air by Glinka, the Mozart of Russia, and author of the fine opera, "Dead for the Czar." The song was received with enthusiastic applause, and the Prince, addressing the fair artist, demanded, "What can I do, madam, in acknowledgment of the pleasure you have given us by singing that beautiful air of our national composer?" "Give me your little dog, Prince!" replied the artist. "You shall have him to-morrow, madam," said the Prince. The next day, a servant brought to her house the little animal she so much wished to possess. As it was very cold, the Prince had wrapped the little fellow in an Indian Cashmere shawl, worth fifteen thousand francs, and he begged the artist to accept the dog with his wrapper. Certainly a most ingenious method of making a princely present.

X. Y. Z.

—N. Y. Evening Post.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Johanna Kinkel's Eight Letters to a Friend.

ON INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO.

(Translated by WM. GRAUERT, A. M.)

V I.

An increase of music cultivating individuals would just now be less needful to the artistic world, than an increase of such as understand how truly to enjoy and judge music. Since the beginning of the history of music, the same talk of the dilettanti has been reiterated time and again, that the apex had been reached by some idol, and that the modern can compose no more. It is a pity that by this musical conservatism many a talent is stifled.

All such as are incapable of viewing the art in its ensemble and outlines, stick to the names of celebrated men. The "professional" leaders in smaller towns to whose judgment the public adheres, blindfold, generally choose unto themselves a few musical celebrities always headed by Beethoven, whom alone they consider fit for consideration, and any musician loses, with them, his rank who permits the musical "rest of mankind" to stand beside the former in their dignity. They are wont to talk very unconsciously of the many "false fifths" to be found in recent compositions, confounding it with what they once heard of two pure progressions of fifths. The children of these professional leaders are born and raised in this comic presumption, and want to perform the "Sonata pathétique," before they have understood the scales.

Lest the following generation inherit the same night-mare we were sighing under during our own aspirations, it would be best to introduce the knowledge of the history of art in wider spheres.

It is not the exact connoisseurs of the ancient who oppose the modern in a hostile manner, but the ignorant and incompetent ones. Those who are vociferating most loudly for Sebastian Bach, and pretend to like nothing better than a fugue, are the ones who, on a prelude and a fugue of the "well tempered piano" being played to them, will say in all earnestness: I like the former fugue best, the latter was not quite as "fine."

They understand by the "former" fugue the prelude which they, on account of its popular runs, understand better than the real fugue. This curious fact occurred to me almost every time when I performed a prelude and fugue of Bach to some such leading "connoisseur."

If you blame, for very substantial reasons, some slight defect in a composition of Beethoven, they are impertinent enough to represent to you, that the coming generation only will be able fully to understand this master; but if you play for them

some little known piece of the great master anonymously, they find it "very trivial."

All this will cease of itself if the historical development of music is studied. How often do past centuries present an apparent climax, above which the contemporaries admit of no gradation; but how has not the succeeding century put to shame such a superstition! It is just as true moreover, that the spirit most strikingly exhibited by some composer, is that of an entire period and that both always mutually influence each other.

If we want to judge fairly of a master, we must study the work of his contemporaries, and the connecting links of his epoch with the others, as thoroughly as we do the works bearing exclusively his name. The rimbus of a single head may thus, indeed, disappear, but we gain a whole and general view instead.

You may object that the time of a pupil cultivating music as a secondary department, is not sufficient to allow him a synopsis of its entire domain, without interfering with his progress in playing. Consider, however, that it is of more importance to develop the pupil as a really musical individual, than to increase the number of piano-virtuosi; for the latter are, next to the bravura singers, the most unmusical people in the world.

A piano virtuoso employs almost all of his time in acquiring the velocity of fingers needed for his immensely difficult and otherwise altogether worthless pieces. He seldom obtains, besides, understanding and judgment, for, by means of exclusive intercourse with a great many trifles, he becomes obtuse and indifferent to the highest in art wherever he meets with it. Such purely technical men are generally the vainest, most shallow and intolerable persons with whom the entire starry sky turns solely around their "turns" and trills. The most sublime thought leaves them cold because it is not expressed in sixty-fourths, and they regard as a hypocrite any one finding delight in so simple music. They have never reflected on the origin of music, its development and connection with other conditions and facts in the field of art; it suffices for them that the piano has been invented; this fully answers their aspirations. I have met with concert-giving virtuosi who have never heard the name of Handel. One of them thinking Handel was a recent composer, remarked on hearing one of his compositions for the first time; "this young man will hardly be successful."

If every body devoting a few hours daily to musical technics, would employ but one half hour in the study of the history of his art, the trifling loss in velocity would amply be remunerated. Our dilettanti should certainly understand how ridiculous it is to "ape" virtuosi, and rather direct their ambition to the scientific part of music.

But whoever wants simply to learn to play a few piano-pieces, should at last refrain from judging and discussing, lest he cut a terribly ludicrous figure.

(To be continued.)

PERSONAL.—One of the private visits in which the Prince of Wales indulged, while in Boston, was one to the great piano factory of the Chickering.

The Prince has given several sittings to the artists who are engaged by Government to paint a picture representing the President and himself at the grave of Washington.

New Instruments.

BY HECTOR BERLIOZ.

THE OCTO-BASS.

M. Vuillaume, a musical instrument maker of Paris, whose excellent violins are so much esteemed, has just enriched the family of stringed instruments by a fine and powerful member,—the octo-bass.

This instrument is not—as many imagine—the low octave of the double-bass; it is but the low octave of the violoncello. It consequently descends lower—by a third—than the four-stringed double-bass.

The left-hand fingers of the player not being sufficiently long, nor sufficiently strong, to act fitly on the strings (for the octo-bass is of colossal dimension,) Mr. Vuillaume has contrived a set of moveable keys, which, pressing the strings with energy, bring them on to frets placed on the neck of the instrument, for producing the tones and semitones. These keys are moved by levers, which the left hand seizes and draws up and down behind the neck of the instrument: and by seven other pedal-keys, upon which the foot of the player acts.

It suffices to say that the octo-bass cannot execute any rapid succession; and that it must have assigned to it a special part, differing in many respects from the double-bass part. Its compass is an octave and a fifth only.

This instrument has sounds of remarkable power and beauty, full and strong, without roughness. It would be of admirable effect in a large orchestra; and all Festival orchestras, where the number of instrumentalists amount to more than one hundred and fifty, should have at least three.

We shall not here contest the opinion that tends to consider the recent inventions of instrument-makers as fatal to Musical Art. These inventions exercise, in their sphere, the same influence that all marches of civilization exercise; the abuse that may be made of them,—that even which indisputably is made—proves nothing against their value.—*London Musical Times, November 1.*

The Opera Comique.

ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.

GRETRY.

André Erneste Modeste Grétry was born at Liège on the 11th of February, 1741. His father, who was of noble blood, but poor, had a situation of first violin in the chapel of the cathedral, into which he got his son received, from the age of six, as a chorister. The child had a pretty voice, which he lost as he grew to manhood; his master had forced him to sing during the period that his voice was breaking. This master, who was extremely brutal, declared that little Grétry was incapable of learning music. The father of Grétry did not share this opinion, and withdrew him from the chapel of the collegiate church, in order to confide his education to a more amiable master, named Leclerc, a professor of ability, with whom the child made rapid progress. As he very early showed an aptitude for composition, a professor of learning was given him—the organist of the cathedral. He had also a master of counterpoint, but as soon as he was able to write music with a certain facility, not desiring to push his studies any further, he applied himself to composition. "I had not enough patience to restrict myself to my lessons of composition," said he in his *Essais sur la Musique*; "I had a thousand ideas in my head, and the impulse to make use of them was too strong to be resisted. I composed six symphonies; they were executed in our town with success. He was persuaded that it was indispensable he should go and study in Italy, and for this reason he wrote a mass which obtained for him a place in a college at Rome, founded by the citizens of Liège. He then proceeded to the eternal city, in company with a dealer in relics. He studied there under the guidance of Casali, a celebrated contrapuntist, whose advice he failed to follow with sufficient assiduity. A certain number of essays in vocal music, and several symphonic pieces, brought him so far into prominence that he was intrusted with the task of composing the music for two interludes for the Alberti theatre. An Englishman with a passion for music (*Melomane*) offered him a pension if he would go with him to London, and Grétry was about to start, when an attaché of the French embassy, named Mellon, showed him the opera of *Rose et Colas*. Monsigny's score taught him what our Opéra Comique was, and inspired him with the determination to give the preference to Paris. On his way he passed through Geneva, and there he had played an old piece, *Isabelle et Gertrude*, to which he had written new music, at the same time giving a few lessons to gain a living. It was in Switzerland that Grétry became acquainted with Voltaire, who urged him to

proceed immediately to Paris, which he did. There he made haste to study our language, at the Théâtre Français, where he regularly attended the performances until a libretto should fall into his hands from the skies. He was of a weak constitution, which caused his friends to fear that he would not live long, a prediction which was happily falsified, for Grétry died when he was past 72. After the following fashion did Grimm speak of him:

"Grétry has a gentle and refined countenance, with the rolling eye and pallid air of a man of genius. He is an agreeable companion. He has married a young woman with a pair of very black eyes, which is a strong step for a man with such a chest; but he is in better health since he has married."

Another contemporary, Bachaumont, in his secret memoirs, says, at the date of December 14, 1769:

"It is with sorrow that the lovers of the Italian Theatre, who had conceived the greatest hopes in respect of Grétry, that Pergolese of France, perceive that this composer is on the point of being mown down by the scythe of death in the flower of his age. His chest is attacked, and the kind of life he leads contributes not a little to aggravate his condition. It is admitted pretty well on all hands that he was calculated to operate a revolution in the music of that theatre, the coryphæe of which appear but mediocre persons by the side of this writer."

Such was the great artist whose gradual success I am about to attempt exhibiting to the reader. Grétry had first to surmount the immense difficulty against which beginners so often struggle in vain—finding a libretto. This first herculean labor accomplished, another scarcely less hard to overcome presented itself—to meet with a manager who would consent to produce the work of an unknown composer. Now this is what happened to Grétry. I had previously said that Phillidor had been unable to find him a poem, and for two years all research was vain, but Grétry at last laid his hand on a librettist, who, like himself, was unknown, and who gave him a libretto founded on a tale of Marmontel, *Les Mariages Samnites*, which the Italian theatre refused, the subject being considered too serious for the style to which that establishment was devoted. It was then arranged for the Royal Academy of Music, where it was also refused. An attempt was made to produce it at the Prince de Conti's, but the execution was so bad that it was abandoned. One person alone did not share the general opinion, and this was the Comte de Creatz, the ambassador of the King of Sweden. He invited Grétry to dine with him to meet Marmontel, and placed the two guests side by side. These two men made acquaintance, and the poet, after receiving rather coolly the advances of the composer, was at last won over to him by his witty conversation. Over the dessert he promised him a libretto.

He kept his word, and on the 20th of August, *Le Huron*, by Marmontel and Grétry, was enthusiastically received by the public of the Comédie Italienne. The composer had introduced several pieces from the *Mariages Samnites*. Grimm speaks of the first performance in the following terms, after rendering homage to the good execution of the opera, due principally to Caillet and to M. and Mad. Laruelle:

"M. Grétry is a young man who here makes his first attempt; but this attempt is a masterpiece which, beyond gainsay, raises its author to the highest rank. In all France Phillidor alone could measure weapons with this man. You find in his operas examples of every style."

Not so good a harmonist as Phillidor, and perhaps with less facility than Monsigny, he possessed in a high degree the art of stirring the emotions of the crowd. He had imbibed from the society of men of letters, which he esteemed more than that of his colleagues,* a correctness of feeling and a degree of truth in translating the thoughts of his collaborators, which had caused Sédaine to say of him, on hearing *Le Huron*, "That's the man I want." They were born one for the other, for although the poet was not much of a literary man, and the composer by no means a profound musician, both had vivid feelings, and possessed the art of communicating their impressions to the public.

After *Le Huron*, Grétry brought out *Lucile* in January, 1769. The words by the good man Anseaume. After the performance the authors were called for: the composer alone was named, the poet desired to remain anonymous. "He is wrong!" cried some one in the pit. This naïve observation must have been singularly flattering to Anseaume, who heard it from the prompter's box, where he was modestly ensconced. "This romantic piece" says a contemporary, "exhibited the rare spectacle of an audience

*It was to him that Voltaire said, with more malice than truth, "You are witty, sir, and yet you are a musician." This, by-the-by, was meant as a bit at J. J. Rousseau, who was well able to return it.

melting into tears. The composer has seconded the poet to a marvel, and violently stirred (*brise*) the hearts of his hearers by *ariettes* full of passion. Every one left weeping and enchanted; so that the piece is looked upon as crowned with the greatest success. It is in this opera that the famous quatuor occurs,

"Où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?"

Le Tableau parlant, of which Anseume also wrote the words, and which was produced on the 20th of September, 1769, placed Grétry completely in the highest place among the usual composers of the Comédie Italienne. This one act, which is still a stock piece, contains some genuine melodies, which rendered Grétry's work popular. All the world knows the duo between Colombine and Pierrot, a little masterpiece of grace and handling.

Grétry produced two operas in 1770, *Sylvain* and *Les deux Avares*. These two pieces met with success, especially the second, played for the first time December 7. The overture was much applauded, being phrased in the manner of a musical dialogue, to use the expression of a critic of that day, who discovered in the score pieces of the most profound workmanship. The comic duo, "Prendre ainsi cet or, ces bijoux," is especially worth mentioning. The following year witnessed the first appearance of *L'Ami de la Patrie*, of which the libretto was by Favart. This piece met with no success; the authors cut it down into one act, and it was performed in this shape in 1776; they then expanded it again into three, adding three new characters, and it was thus transformed that it appeared in 1786.

Zémire et Azor was played the first time in November, 1771, at the court theatre, in the palace of Fontainebleau, and the work pleased so much that the illustrious audience demanded a second performance. The piece was in four acts, and Marmontel had written the words. It owed its success to the score. The operas of Rameau had advanced musical education in France previous to its development by Gluck. People were beginning to look at something beyond the words of comic operas; as early as 1768, Bachaumont, who makes no pretensions to musical knowledge, wrote, in speaking of a new piece but little admired, *Le Nouveau Marié*, the words of which were not very good, "The music is by a composer who is little known; and it is known that it is generally under the auspices of the latter that the poem finds acceptance."

Zémire et Azor was performed by the Italian actors, that is to say, by the actors of the Comédie Italienne, on the 16th of December. The town did not fully ratify the decree of the Court. However, every justice was rendered to the work, although with less enthusiasm than at Fontainebleau. The authors were called for; Grétry appeared alone, Marmontel thought it incompatible with the dignity of an academician to show himself. The tumult rose to a frightful pitch. The management then sent forward an Italian actor, much in favor, Carlin, who played the Harlequins, and by a few pleasantries he succeeded in turning aside the wrath of the public, who at last withdrew. In this opera clarionets were heard for the first time in the orchestra of the Comédie Italienne.

After *Zémire et Azor*, Grétry wrote several scores which turned out less felicitous. *L'Ami de la Maison* in three acts (1772). The composer had in this piece to contend against a subject somewhat gloomy and cold, but nevertheless acquitted himself with talent by the aid of those simple and touching phrases which sprang up abundantly under his pen, and which were of infallible effect. In short it was still good and genuine music.

Le Magnifique followed *L'Ami de la Maison*. Sedaine had taken the subject from La Fontaine's tale, or, perhaps, from Lamothe's comedy. There are seventeen pieces in this score, which is in three acts. It was coldly received on its first performance (March 4, 1773), but in the course of time the public gave it a better reception. A marvellous valet's song, and the scene of the "Quart d'heure de silence," were especially applauded. Both are little masterpieces of style.

La Rosière de Salency, acted on the 28th of February, 1774, was the work in which Mad. Trial drew particular attention to herself. In this opera, the air, "Ma barque légère" deserves mention. *La Rosière de Salency* was played first in four acts, and subsequently reduced to three.

La Fausse Magie, in two acts, saw the light on the 1st of February, 1775. The words, the least felicitous of any written by Marmontel, militated considerably against the effect of the work. Among the most pleasing pieces of the score is the duo of *la soixantaine*.

"Quoi, c'est vous qu'elle préfère!"

Les Fausses Apparences, better known by its second

title, *L'Amant Jaloux*, was first played before the court in 1778, and produced afterwards in Paris on the 23rd of December the same year. Mad. Dugazon obtained great success in it in the part of Jacinthe. There is a pretty trio for three soprani in this opera; it was one of those which Grétry himself preferred, and in which truth of expression is carried to its furthest limits. In reference to this he says, in his *Essais sur la Musique*, "The part which seems to me to have been most effectively dealt with in the following air, 'Plus de sœur, plus de frère,' is the suspension after these verses:

"Mais si quelque confidente
Malicieuse, impertinente,
Cherchait à tromper mon attente—"

The two following notes, played by the orchestra, ascending by semitones, express the face made by Lopez. I might have made him sing these two notes to the exclamation 'oh!' but silence is more eloquent." One sees by this passage with what minute care Grétry scanned the verses he was about to set to music. Like the fox in the fable, regretting in his heart that he was not a profound musician, he compassed the design of making posterity acknowledge that the qualities which shone in him were those which alone deserved to be prized.

After having arranged the music of a burlesque drama, in four acts, entitled *Matroco*, he sought to prevent its production, fearing a failure. Retarded, in the first instance, by the illness of Mad. Trial, the first performance did not take place till 1778. *Les Evenemens Impreus*, a piece in three acts, of which Hele,* the author of *L'Amant Jaloux*, had written the words, appeared on the 13th of November, in the year 1779. A few pretty airs obtained for it what is conveniently called a *succès d'estime*. *Aucassin et Nicolette*, in four acts, and in verse, by Sedaine, met with the same fate, despite the talent of Mad. Dugazon, who was, according to contemporary testimony, charming in the part of Nicolette. She was obliged to yield it to another for some time, owing to her health, but she resumed it in 1782, at which period the authors reduced their work to three acts. The pieces which pleased the most were the first air of Nicolette, the duo of the *sentinelles*, and the arietta of the shepherd. It is worthy of remark, that works in four acts have seldom held their ground at the Opera Comique; it has also been found necessary to cut them down into three, ere the public would adopt them completely.

Colinette à la Cour, a lyrical comedy in three acts, by Lourdet de Sauterre,† produced the 1st of January, 1782, added little to the glory of Grétry. *L'Embaras des Richesses*, by the same author, was equally wanting in success. The title supplied the wits of the day with an opportunity of making fun at the expense of the author. The following verses were printed about it:

"On donne à l'Opéra
L'Embaras des Richesses
Mais il rapportera
Je crois, fort peu d'espèces.
Cet opéra comique
Ne reussira pas.
Quoique l'auteur lyrique
Ait fait son embaras,
Embaras d'intérêts,
Embaras de paroles,
Embaras de bullets,
Embaras dans les rôles;
Enfin, de toute sorte,
On ne voit qu'embaras;
Mais allez à la porte
Vous n'en trouverez pas."

La Caravane du Caire, represented before the court on the 30th of October, 1783, was more favorably received. The overture is one of Grétry's best. A fine chorus "Après un long voyage." *La Caravane* was played in Paris on the 15th of January, in the following year. A somewhat singular incident occurred on the occasion. The quarrel between the Gluckists and the Piccinists was about this time at its highest pitch. The partisans of the Italian composer fancied that they would detect in Grétry's manner a certain relationship with that of Gluck. Both composers proposed to themselves, before all else, to arrive at truth in dramatic expression. The Piccinists formed a league to hiss the new opera. The police put a stop to the frightful uproar occasioned by this cabal, by turning the ringleaders of the riot out of the theatre, and the *Caravane* was allowed to proceed on its prosperous march from performance to performance.

On the 18th of March, 1784, appeared *Theodore et Paulin*, a score in three acts, the words of which were by Desforges. It met with no success, and

*This Hele, or d'Hèle, was an Englishman. He came to Paris in 1770. Being in a state of great destitution, he was obliged to borrow a few clothes from a friend in order to make a decent appearance in public. He had recourse to the assistance of others for the verses in his operas.

†Lourdet de Sauterre, born in Paris, 1732, died ibidem, 1815.

Grétry withdrew it after the first performance. Regretting, however, the loss of his music, he found a fresh employment for it in *l'Epreuve Villageoise*, two acts, which Desforges had constructed out of an episode in *Theodore et Paulin*. "This *niaiserie*,"* says Bachaumont, on the 25th of June, 1784, "had yesterday the greatest success as regards the music, which is picturesque, simple and rich, without any display which would be out of place and foreign to the character of the subject." Such, in fact, are the principal merits of this score, which continues, with so many of the composer's works, a stock piece of the Opera Comique and the libretto of which is, indeed, a *niaiserie* of the most pleasant and of the most dramatic description, whatever Bachaumont may have written to the contrary notwithstanding.—*London Musical World*, Oct. 20.

(To be continued.)

*This untranslatable word is best interpreted by the Shaksperian expression "silly sooth."

"'Tis silly sooth, and dallies with the innocence of love."—*Translator*.

Musical Correspondence.

AMSTERDAM, OCT. 21, 1860.—When musical students from America choose their residences in Europe for the purpose of study and of enjoyment in their own art, they almost invariably pitch on Leipzig or Berlin. They very rarely go near Vienna, perhaps seldom know what that city offers in comparison with the others. Vienna has a great name in music and musicians. Leipzig has the same; since the death of Mendelssohn and of Schumann no great light has illuminated Leipzig. The new director of the Conservatorium in Leipzig, Reinicke, has an excellent reputation as thorough musician and as composer of much merit. But according to the account that one hears, the Leipzig Conservatorium has been deteriorating for some time. Of course excellent teachers in all branches (except singing) are to be found in both Leipzig and in Berlin; no one can doubt that.

But the presence of such a man as Mendelssohn, very remarkable for his great industry and thoroughness in his art, gave an impulse to all musicians, teachers and students in a city, whether they belong to the Conservatorium or not. Such an advantage none of the cities in Germany or elsewhere can now claim; therefore, let us examine the other advantages of one of them at least.

In Vienna are most excellent and able teachers of harmony and counterpoint, such as Simon Sechter, Johann Rufinatscha (already mentioned in another letter), Johann Herbeck and many others; on the violin, Josef Hellmesberger, director of the Conservatorium and teacher therein, Professor Böhm, Moritz Kässmayer, and lastly a young man of much talent, Josef König, as well as many not here named; on the violoncello, Heinrich Röwer, one of the famous Hellmesberger quartet, which played with Vieuxtemps last winter, Schlesinger, Fritz, and also many more; on the horn, Professor Richard Lewy, of the Conservatorium; on the piano, Julius Epstein, a young man of great talent, the first pianoplayer in Vienna and very much liked as teacher, recommended, too, by Madame Clara Schumann, in preference to any other there, Professor Pirkhert, of the Conservatorium, Dachs, Pacher, Anton Halm, Bagge, editor of the "Deutsche Musikzeitung," Debrois van Bruyck, a composer of much promise and an excellent musician, and again last but by no means least, Johann Rufinatscha, very excellent in this branch. The Piano professorship of the Conservatorium was, a short time ago, vacant, Droyschok, von Bulow, and Madame Schumann being spoken of as possible or rather probable candidates. Droyschok is said to have the intention of settling in Vienna, as also Liszt since his abandoning Weimar. Rubinstein is at the present time there, having passed the summer in the neighborhood, while working upon his opera. In singing, Vienna is fully supplied with teachers, and if they be not all they should be, it is

because the art of singing is improperly taught almost everywhere. Salvi, (the tenor of some years since in America, I think) has a large singing school which is apparently successful; then Marchesi and his wife have sent forth many good pupils, Ernst Förchgott, a singer of very great understanding and feeling, who has an excellent method, Professor Richard Lewy, said to be excellent in studying opera parts with advanced pupils, as well as many more; it is hardly worth while to make a long list of teachers, and I have only named some of the best in each branch, but any one will believe that Vienna is well stocked with capital instructors in music.

In concerts the Austrian capital offers much, and though the price of tickets is not small, (as indeed it is nowhere in Europe excepting at the coffee concerts), yet a musical student can easily obtain free entrance almost everywhere. Firstly, Josef Hellmesberger gives two series of quartet concerts, one of six and the other of four to six performances, every winter, at which are played quartets, quintets, trios, sonatas for the piano alone or accompanied by violin or violoncello, mostly of the old masters, Mozart and Beethoven predominating, but also several other novelties yearly, of Viennese or German or other composers. Ten years ago last winter Hellmesberger began these concerts, and he has now a room over-filled with the best musical public in Vienna. He has gone steadily on from the earliest works and has by great care and perseverance brought his little band to rendering Beethoven's last quartets in a wonderful manner; the knowledge and appreciation of this kind of music by his audience has grown with the time, and they now give him their heartfelt thanks for his deserts. His quartett is, I fancy, hardly surpassed anywhere at present. The piano music is played by the best Viennese artists and by the great pianists who are by chance in the city; as, for example, Madame Clara Schumann, Rubinstein, Drey-schock, von Bulow, and the like. There are a shorter series of chamber concerts by other still younger artists, as well another series of quartets. Besides all these are innumerable chamber concerts, as for example of the four pianists above mentioned, five or six apiece, of Piatti, the great violoncellist from London; of Servais, also a great violoncellist; of Laub, the first violinist of Berlin; of Viouxtemps, of Stockhausen, the best singer in the world; of young artists in any branch in order to show themselves to the Viennese public, of the well-known established favorites there, of many, many people "for a charitable purpose," where the first players are often to be heard; in short, far more chamber concerts than even the most assiduous and enthusiastic student can hear.

There are four great orchestral concerts given by "The Society of the Friends of Music"; and last year, five (in the coming season, ten) orchestral concerts given by the orchestra of the opera, at all of which the highest order of orchestral music is played. The performances of the last named or Philharmonic Society were really spotless last winter, conducted as they were by Carl Eckert, their director, and playing for themselves as a body. There are three concerts of the "Singverein" and three of the "Singakademie," the former under the direction of Herr Johann Herbeck and the latter of Professor Stegmayer, kapellmeister of the opera, and of Franz Maier, a rising composer. These societies are composed of ladies and gentlemen, and give oratorios, old church music as well as that of the more modern composers. Both societies are about two years old, and have won for themselves much credit for their performances in so short a time, though not yet on a level with the great "Singakademie" at Berlin.

Then Vienna numbers four societies of men; the principal one is still the Männer Gesangverein, under the conduct of Johann Herbeck and Hans Schlager, numbering over two hundred singing members. A second society, treading on the heels of this old

and renowned club, is the "Akademischer Gesangverein," composed of the students of the Vienna University; this society has been exceedingly well drilled and brought before the public by a young lawyer, and has by its fresh voices and fire won great applause. These two and the other like societies gave altogether five or six public concerts yearly and twice as many other performance, to which admission is readily obtained by a musician. Of course their singing is excellent, for nothing else in this comparatively simple line, would be received by the public. In addition to all these concerts are several occasional matters every year; as for instance during the "Schiller Festival" more music than one could bear was to be heard; and something is always turning up.

Of course it is very easy to become a singing member in any or all of these societies, and thus an immense amount of music may be heard and studied, for each society sings once a week. There are two amateur orchestral societies, which also meet every week for practice and give public performances now and then. In addition the Conservatorium gives two concerts yearly of mixed performances, orchestral, vocal and on the various instruments. In the churches the masses of the old masters are continually to be heard; especially in the "Court-chapel" the music is excellent. This is an advantage which Catholic countries enjoy over Protestant countries. Strauss is constantly to be heard and is worth much even for a musician; no one plays the charming dance music as he does or rather as they do, for the brothers, Johann and Josef Strauss, fill their father's place. The military bands must not be passed over, celebrated as they are. And lastly comes the opera, German and Italian.

Take it for all in all, I know of no city that can boast an opera equal to the Viennese. The orchestras of Paris, Munich, Dresden, Berlin, Hanover, (Stuttgart they say), and perhaps London and St. Petersburg, as well that of Vienna and Prague are magnificent, when they like to be, no doubt. But of all these the Kärnthnerthor orchestra at Vienna has, to my mind, the most swing and fire. No city can show voices equal to those assembled in the Austrian capital, excepting London and St. Petersburg, and in those cities one hears an old, monotonous and tiresome repertoire; eternally Italian music interspersed at London with an occasional German opera, very often mutilated, a programme of last season at the Covent Garden; 1st act of Beethoven's "Fidelio" and then Verdi's "Martiri." B-r-r-r! Either one thing or the other and no mutilation. It is true that the repertoire at Vienna leaves much to be wished for, but is improving. An account of the opera singers, as I once began, might be interesting to your readers, including as it would some artists whom America will yet hear. It is said, by the way, that Ulmann has engaged Mme. Czillag, of Vienna; he has found a card which will do him good service in the next game, if it be true.

Until last year an Italian opera troupe has sung for three months annually at Vienna in the Imperial opera house; thus the public has heard the Italian opera well rendered. The singers have always been excellent; in fact all the great artists of days past and present, have, with few exceptions, sung at Vienna, and this has had a good effect on the vocalization of the German singers there. Last year Salvi engaged a company and brought them out at the "Theater an der Wien," a very handsome and excellent house; what success he had, pecuniarily speaking, I cannot tell you: his prices were too high; his company had some excellent singers, and among them, as said in a former letter, Mme. Emmy La Grua, the singer of the time, par excellence, (in my mind). Her "Norma" was very, very wonderful; and her "Lucrezia Borgia" was again splendid.

Her beauty, her figure, her acting, her singing

thrilled me the whole evening; it was "Grisi's" greatest part, and I had seen her in it during her summer and felt her splendor. But this was beyond it. How well I remember her warning her husband with the words, "O my fourth husband!" It went right through me. She is a great singer, not all by the strength of her voice, but by its beauty and by her great talent and consummate art. She is much finer in German than in Italian opera, because she has more scope, as in the character of "Fidelio," "Donna Anna" in *Don Juan*, "Agathe" in *Der Freischütz*, or "Valentine" in *The Huguenots*. But to return.

The sum of all these concerts, operas, masses, &c., will, I think, satisfy any one; it is a great pity that none of the cheap and good concerts, like Liebig's in Berlin, exist in Vienna; they'll come soon, it is hoped, however. And for teachers, too, I can well answer. Indeed, it would be strange, if the city where Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Schubert lived and strove, could afford but little to musical students. A great many young musicians of much talent in various ways, whom I have not mentioned, are at Vienna; all musicians like to be there, to live there. Schumann desired to reside there, his wife will very possibly reside there now, if she chooses any fixed abode; Liszt is said to be going there, Rubinstein desires the same; and so it goes. Vienna is in many ways a charming city, its inhabitants are very hospitable and kindly to strangers, and have the means of exercising hospitality. They are warmer and livelier than in North Germany as a rule, owing, in a great measure, no doubt, to the mixture of the German with the Southern races. The musicians are very friendly towards foreigners of their own profession. The country in the neighborhood is beautiful for excursions, as, for instance, up the river into the Tyrol and Bohemia, down the river into Hungary, by the Trieste railroad into Styria, Carinthia, Croatia and to beautiful Venice. As for the Austrian police, a long experience enables me to say that I never received anything but great courtesy and kindness from their hands, be it in Austria, Italy, Hungary, Croatia, Bohemia or any other part of the Empire, where as I have acts of great stupidity and cruelty to chronicle against the Prussian, and especially the Saxon, police. A law allowing persons to travel everywhere within the Austrian empire without passports, and putting aside the system of "Cartes de séjour," was made four years ago, and was immediately put in full practice. No one molests or asks after all decently-behaved people in Austria; any one who has a desire to meddle with internal politics, is liable to punishment very justly. One more point, expenses with the present state of Austrian exchange, are nearly on a level with the cheapest cities of Germany. When musical students go abroad, let them weigh the advantages of the different cities, and at least let them devote a space of time to Vienna, that they may reap some of its advantages. Let them seek and meet the Viennese musicians on their own ground and they'll not regret it. J. L.

NEW YORK, NOV. 12.—The first Philharmonic Concert, which took place last Saturday evening, was neither as full as the latter ones usually are, nor as attractive as some of its predecessors have been. The orchestral pieces, it is true, were very fine, but there was a want of spirit in all the performances, which communicated itself to the audience, and rather chilled it. The *piece de résistance* was Schumann's Symphony in C, a work admirable for its elaborateness and depth, but not as clear and attractive as might be wished, and rather heavy withal. The Scherzo is decidedly the most pleasing movement. Mendelssohn's "Calm at Sea and Happy Voyage," contains delicious bits of tone-painting, and instrumentation, but is also rather dragging, and hardly equal to the Melusine and Hebrides Over-

tures. A very interesting novelty was presented in the first overture to Leonore, written by Beethoven in 1805. All music lovers know that the Master wrote three overtures to his sole opera, before he could satisfy himself. The last was the well known grand one, with the trumpet solo. But this the musicians found entirely too far-fetched and difficult, hence, to satisfy them, he produced still another work, which now is called the Overture to Fidelio. It is curious to observe how totally different are all these overtures on the same subject. No. 3 is undisputed by the finest, and a masterpiece in itself, yet this No. 1 is also very beautiful, in construction, melody, and every other respect, and any other than a Beethoven might have been proud of it. Its chief theme is the opening air of Florestan's grand aria, which, in the No. 3, is merely hinted at at the commencement, but here is fully worked up. It was this motive that Schindler used to tell his orchestra to play "religiously" (*fromm*), and it weakens, indeed, the purest, holiest feelings.

MADAME SCHROEDER DUMMLER, (with two such names, who can doubt her nationality?) was the single vocalist engaged for this concert. She is understood to be a new prima donna "imported" by Ullmann, and has a pleasing voice and good method, though hardly force enough to fill the Academy. Her first piece was the "Va-dit-elle," from Robert which the reporter of one of our dailies wisely calls "the remonstrance of the Princess," evidently confounding it with "Robert, toi que j'aime." Elizabeth's Prayer, from Tannhäuser, showed the lady's voice to advantage in its long-drawn notes, but was entirely inappropriate for this occasion, and out of place outside of the opera, where its slowness and heaviness can alone be relieved by what precedes and follows it. In the instrumental soloist of the evening, the audience greeted our old friend in a new capacity: Mr. NOLL performing Vieuxtemps' second Concerto for the violin. His success was far beyond the expectations of those who know how long he has been unused to solo-playing; but nevertheless, this fact was still distinctly apparent. No one doubts Mr. Noll's being an earnest and true musician, but the necessity of turning his talent to account in the most lucrative way, has unfortunately spoiled him for a more refined exercise of it. —t—

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 19, 1860. — On Saturday evening a large audience assembled in the foyer of our Academy of Music, to inaugurate the second season of classical concerts, last year conducted by Messrs. Wolfsohn and Hohnstock, and this year by the first named gentleman and Mr. Theo. Thomas, of New York, Mr. Hohnstock having gone to Europe some months ago; and here let me congratulate Mr. Wolfsohn on his good taste in selecting Mr. Thomas to assist him, a gentleman who is universally acknowledged to be one of the best interpreters of chamber music in the country, and whose fame, in connection with Mr. Mason, of New York, is national, on account of their excellent concerts in that city for a number of years past. The concert opened with Haydn's beautiful quartet (in D minor) which gave the greatest satisfaction, particularly the Andante; the execution was everything that could be desired. Mr. Wolfsohn now made his appearance and gave us a rare treat in Chopin's Polonaise (Eb major). I need not say it was splendidly performed; his reputation as a pianist is too well known to you for that. Being encored, he played one of his own compositions, full of expression; it was very well received. Mr. Thomas came next, playing Schubert's Tarantelle with a vigor and execution unsurpassed. As a leader we had heard him before, in the opera orchestra, and had remarked his perfect coolness and self possession when the conductor was most nervous and perplexed; and by his bowing they were several times prevented from coming to a dead

halt. With his solo every one was delighted, and for an encore he played a beautiful Reverie by Vieuxtemps. Mendelssohn's Sonata (Op. 45, B major) was the next piece. It was capitally rendered by Messrs. Wolfsohn and Schmitz. The closing piece was Schumann's quartet (Op. 47, Eb major). This being much more intricate than any of the other pieces requires several hearings to be appreciated, though it appeared to give much pleasure to a large portion of the audience. Thus ended the first concert, which we sincerely hope may be the precursor of many others equally successful. We must not forget to mention the important services rendered by Messrs. Kammerer, Hassler, and Ch. Schmitz. The latter gentleman, though very young, by close attention and industry, has already won golden opinions from the musical public of our city, and now ranks among the first of our violoncellists. The next concert will take place next month, and judging from Saturday night it will be very crowded. A glorious Quintet of Mendelssohn's is one of the treats on the programme; it alone ought to attract a full house. The success of concerts like these is most delightful, both to the lovers of true art, and to the parties who undertake them; to the former it gives the purest form of enjoyment, and to the latter that encouragement which enables them to meet and overcome the rude shocks of every day life.

IL FANATICO PER LA MUSICA.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 20, 1860. — On Saturday evening last the first classical Soirée of Messrs. WOLFSOHN and THOMAS at the Foyer of the Academy of Music was largely attended by those of our citizens who may fairly be said to represent the higher order of musical sentiment of Philadelphia. The room is beautifully proportioned and decorated, but is imperfect acoustically, this feature being neglected, as the room was probably never intended for musical purposes.

First, we had Haydn's Quartet (in D minor), finely rendered by Messrs. Thomas, Kammerer, Hassler and Schmitz. Mr. Thomas is perhaps the best quartet player in the country, and by his familiarity with leading (which his position as first violin in various opera troupes has given) exercised a finer influence over his companions than Mr. Hohnstock, who seemed less fitted to command.

Next, Chopin's Andante-Spianato Polonaise (Eb major) exquisitely executed by Mr. Wolfsohn, who, being loudly applauded, played a composition of his own. He is a hard student and an excellent teacher, working day and night to perfect himself in his art, and to create in his pupils a love for music above the mere desire to execute superficially for the amusement of the saloon.

Mr. Thomas then played Schubert's Tarantelle, accompanied by Mr. Wolfsohn, with immense success. The concert closed with Mendelssohn's Sonata (Op. 45, B major) and Schumann's Quartet (Op. 47 Eb major). Taken as a whole it was a most delightful and auspicious opening.

The piano used was one of Steinway's. These instruments are now selling largely, the agents finding it difficult to keep a supply commensurate with the demand, a few years since there was but one or two in the city and now you find them everywhere.

Every Saturday afternoon the Germanians under Mr. Sentz give Rehearsals which are crowded to overflowing by youths of both sexes, many of the young women (unfortunately for those who go to hear the music) preferring their own lovely voices to the compositions as rendered by the gentlemen on the platform.

Mr. Sentz has just returned from Europe, bringing with him a large collection of new music. Last Saturday for the first time they played Mendelssohn's Adagio 4th Symphony; the beauty of the music and the admirable execution producing a spontaneous en-

core. It is to be hoped Mr. Sentz will repeat it frequently during the season.

There was another soirée last week given by Mr. Bonewitz, an admirable artist. He played Chopin's Scherzo in B flat, the music and the style recalling a delightful evening spent at Mr. Dresel's rooms, the late Mrs. Dwight being present. Mr. Bonewitz is also a composer of merit.

The Opera, with Madame Colson and Signors Brignoli, Ferri and Susini, commences on the 26th. It comes at a bad time, our people being terribly frightened by the agitation of the times. With money at one a half to two per cent per month little heed will be paid to lovely Colson or demonstrative Verdi.

CINCINNATI, NOV. 17, 1860. — The Cecilia Society gave their second concert this season last night. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "Melusine".....	Mendelssohn.
Hymn for Solo and Chorus.....	Mozart.
La Fruite. Piano Solo.....	Heiler.
Polish Songs.....	Chopin.
Chorus for female voices, from "La Vestale"....	Spontini.
Marche heroïque. Piano. Four hands.....	Franz Schubert.
Two Four-part Songs for male voices.....	
Selections from "Orpheus".....	Gluck.

The principal vocal solos were sustained by Miss Fanny Raymond. She made a great impression in the part of *Orpheus*. Her rich contralto voice is just suited for this music. r.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 24, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of the 42d Psalm: "As the Hart Pants." By Mendelssohn.

Concerts.

OTTO DRESEL'S.—Few resident artists could have ventured upon the bold experiment of giving a series of public concerts, relying mainly upon themselves alone, and had the good fortune to meet so large and so cultivated an audience, or to have given such complete satisfaction as was experienced by Mr. DRESEL's audience on last Saturday evening. The beautiful hall at Chickering's was completely filled by a most appreciative host of listeners, who knew what was in store for them, and were not disappointed in their expectations. The programme, shows a rare variety of composers, and of schools of piano music.

1. Prelude and Fugue for Organ, (A minor,) arranged by Liszt.....J. S. Bach
 2. a. Notturmo, (op. 23,).....Schumann
 - b. Gondoliers.....Mendelssohn
 - c. Mazourka, (op. 6, F minor).....Chopin
 3. Recitative and Air: "Deh vieni, non tardar," from Le Nozze di Figaro.....Mozart
 4. Bolero.....Ferd. Hiller
 5. Adagio from 2d Concerto.....Chopin
 6. Songs. a. Supplication, ("Weil auf mir du dunkles Auge,").....Robert Franz
 - b. Barcarolle.....Schubert
 7. Septett.....Hummel
- (The accompaniments arranged for a second piano.)
Allegro—Scherzo—Andante con Variazioni—Finale.

The brilliancy of the prelude and fugue astonished some young listeners unprepared for such music from an old and dust-covered classic, such as they imagined old Bach, who seemed to them to be in many things not a little in sympathy with the rare trio of modern pianists, who were represented in the next number of the programme. The *Bolero* by Ferd. Hiller is a beautiful and brilliant concert piece, of singular variety of style, reminding one of several very different schools.

Mrs. HARWOOD sang admirably the beautiful songs allotted to her, and was warmly applauded and even encored. Mr. LEONHARD played finely the accompaniments to the piano part of Hummel's Septet,

which is an admirable transcription of this fine work. Mr. Dresel will give his second concert this evening.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, always welcome, opened their *twelfth season*, by a very successful concert at the really splendid hall of Messrs. Chickering. It was successful in presenting a very good selection of music in an excellent manner, and by the hall being filled completely. Heaven seems to be propitiated at last, and instead of pouring forth its waters or emptying all Aeolus' wind-bag at once, a fair moonlit night favored their concert. And we confess to a real treat. The programme ran as follows:

1. Second Quintette, in B flat, op. 87. Mendelssohn
Allegro—Allegretto scherzando—Adagio—Finale, Allegro vivace.
2. Tenth Quartette, in E flat, op. 74. Beethoven
Introduzione. Allegro—Adagio—Scherzo—Presto—Finale,
Tema con variazioni. (First time in Boston.)
3. La Petite Mendiante—Scene chantante, for clarinette
..... C. Baermann
Thomas Ryan
4. Piano Quintette, in E flat, op. 44. R. Schumann
Allegro—In modo d'una Marcia—Scherzo, Molto Vivace—
Finale, Allegro non troppo.

The selection was admirable; but if we meant to find fault with this part of the entertainment, we might say that to our taste the Piano Quintette by Schumann ought to have preceded the Beethoven Quartette instead of following it. The Quintette by Mendelssohn in B flat, with its fine Allegro, noble Adagio and strong Finale was a fit and genial opening to a first concert of the season. Mendelssohn interests you more than he moves you. It has been our conviction for a long time, that frequently art takes the place of genius in Mendelssohn's Compositions. They impress us much as an elegant, very well bred gentleman in white kids does, who knows how to repress his feelings at the proper time, so as not to exceed the bounds of good breeding. If the word had not been abused so often, one might call Mendelssohn the gentlemanly artist. But then we have gentlemanly waiters, and a cotemporary lately had the happy idea of calling one of the most elevated men in the walks of science a "gentlemanly professor." But to come back to "our muttuns." This Quintette, however, always seemed to us to have more of genial warmth and nerve in it than many compositions by Mendelssohn of the same class, and we were very glad to find this favorite at the head of the programme. Mr. WM. SCHULTZE played well, especially when we take into account, that he was indisposed, and that it must have been hard work for him to play in three classical pieces of chamber music. We therefore refrain from any further criticism on that artists performance.

Beethoven's tenth Quartette in E flat op. 74, dedicated to the Prince of Lobkowitz, was the glory of the evening. Full of the most sweet and modest melodies, warmed up and transfigured into glorious radiance by energetic motives and skilful interweaving of parts, and seasoned and pervaded by surprising, and yet so beautiful harmonic effects, it was a feast in itself. Gleams and sparks of genius shine out every where, reminding one of the azure field of stars, while the tone of the whole affects us like the full moon shedding her golden light over the hushed earth. It is a kindly genial feeling that pervades the whole composition. Even now when his followers have so frequently made use of certain harmonic combinations they strike us in this work as if not heard before. So for instance the succession of two Diminished Seventh chords followed first by the tonic in F major, then, after being repeated, by the Dominant Seventh in B flat major in the early part of the first Allegro movement. And how wonderful are the harmonies of the short "Poco Adagio" Introduction! This too, like a prelude running now in a quiet, then a melancholy vein, and at last rising up

in seven measures by half steps to the opening theme, is full of the touches of genius.

The Allegro (first movement) seems to us a mixture of strong manly fancy and a happy childlike playfulness, though nothing in it reminds one of the Mozart period of his earlier pieces for stringed instruments. It is the serenity of mature age, smiling at its own fancies. It ends after having most fully and satisfactorily treated the two principal themes as strong and manly as it begun. The Adagio in three-eighth time is a series of sweetest variations on a quiet half melancholy theme in A flat. It is more of a fantasia in the form of variations. Our room forbids to quote of the beautiful effects in this movement more than the one, where in the Variation in D flat, the first violin having the theme, the violoncello suddenly rises up to G flat, thus keeping us at a moment in D flat, when we expect quietly to float down into A flat. It has a ravishing effect.

Swiftly, characteristically with the true Beethoven impetuosity sweeps the Presto in C minor along, a Scherzo full of strength and fire, the first movement alternating with a wilder Prestissimo in C major, which takes the place of a Trio. The last movement is a series of Variations on a simple theme in two parts. Of this movement likewise we have to restrict ourself from speaking at length, merely noticing one most agreeable surprise in the gently waving sixth Variation, where the composer in the second part passes in an instant from D flat major back to E flat major, which he had attained by a similar slight harmonic change, an effect of most unexpected refreshing sweetness. It closes with a short unisono statement of the theme in variation, in the best of humor and a manly fulness of strength.

The work is surely one of the most important of Beethoven's works for stringed instruments, of the period of his full manhood. It seemed to electrify the audience, and was received accordingly. We hope the Club will let us soon hear it again, to strengthen our impressions and to become familiar with this genial work. It left a feeling of perfect satisfaction which we fain would soon enjoy again. The Piano Quintette by Schumann in E flat, op. 44, suffered somewhat from being heard after the Beethoven Quatuor, though it is full of grand and noble thought, treated in that thorough and satisfactory form, which seems to have descended from Bach to Schumann. The melodies are almost constantly rendered in a polyphonic treatment, which gives a peculiar flavor to everything that Schumann writes. Even his little pieces in the Album are full of this inward life. We will not speak of this Quintette at all, only expressing the wish of a repetition of it, some time this season. Mr. PARKER played his part with much earnestness, though some places might have improved by somewhat more strength and fire. Still the whole left us in a very elevated mood, and we confess to having been edified by it. The title "Scena" for clarinette was pleasing enough, but was lost in the wealth of strong and grand imagination filling and lighting up the two compositions between which it was placed. Mr. Ryan played it with his usual good tact.

There is a new member of the Club, Mr. FREDERIC ZÖHLER, who in the Quintette by Mendelssohn, showed a good deal of energy and skill in handling his instrument. We are sorry to miss Mr. KREBS, the more so, as we hear that an unsatisfactory state of health is the cause of his leaving the Club, which he has graced so long by his ability. Messrs. WULF FRIES and MEISEL played with their accustomed skill.

We look forward with a lively anticipation of pleasure to the second concert of the Club, which will take place Tuesday, December 4th, and hope they will give us as splendid a selection as this time.

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THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY during this past week, invited a number of gentlemen to meet and consult with the Government of the Society, as to the best means of securing the success of a series of orchestral concerts. The matter was fully discussed at the meeting, and a committee was chosen to consider the matter more fully, viz: Col. T. E. Chickering, Dr. J. B. Upham, Dr. George Derby, J. H. Marsh, Esq., and Henry Ware, Esq. The prospect is that an opportunity will speedily be offered to the musical public of this vicinity for subscribing to a series of six concerts of the first class, with a long series of rehearsals, both at a price lower than has been thought possible for many years. It is absolutely necessary however that a sufficient number of tickets be subscribed for *at once* to ensure the undertaking. An admirable series of concerts will be given at the lowest possible rates of admission, so that crowded houses are imperatively necessary either to start them, or to carry them on. We presume that full particulars will be given in a few days.

The First Orchestral Concert of the Season

Will be given on Monday, December 3, at the Music Hall, at 3 o'clock, P. M. It is a benefit concert, and will present to the public a choice selection of good music. An orchestra of forty-four artists will perform the grand Jupiter Symphony of Mozart, in itself half a concert. In addition to it the Allegretto from the 8th Symphony by Beethoven is to be played, that genial, lovely gem, which has been a favorite with our Boston public for years. And besides these two, the Overture to "Oberon," by Weber, and the Wedding March from Mendelssohn's music to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," will form part of the programme. If we take into account the fact, that the Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. ZERRAHN, have not been heard this season, this opportunity to hear so large an orchestra play those beautiful pieces should be a sufficient inducement to fill the hall.

But the programme presents other attractions, so rarely found together, that the concert promises to be of unusual interest. Mrs. HARWOOD, deservedly the favorite Boston Prima Donna, is to sing, as appears from the programme, the "Barcarolle" which pleased so much at Mr. Otto Dresel's first soiree. Messrs. DRESEL, LANG, LEONHARD and PARKER will perform two of their pieces for eight hands, "Les Contrastes," by Moscheles and the sparkling "Invitation à la Valse" by Weber in Mr. Otto Dresel's arrangement, on two of Messrs. Chickering's Grand Pianos. Mr. WM. SCHULTZE will play a Solo on the Violin and the Orpheus Musical Association will sing some of their four-part songs for the rendering of which they are so justly famous.

We do not think any of the concerts since the benefit concert for Mr. Trenkle presented so many attractions. And if the public are as generous as the artists, who have all volunteered their aid for the benefit of the German-English school in this city, the concert will be as well attended as it deserves to be, promising so much that is excellent and a combination of artists as we seldom find united.

It has the additional merit of being the harbinger of more orchestral concerts, the Philharmonic society having taken steps to secure a series of six concerts, with rehearsals on Wednesday afternoons.

Let it therefore be well attended. See advertisement in another column.

Walter Savage Landor has occupied himself for a long time past in putting his complete writings in order for the press. His entire works, corrected and enlarged, as they may be, he has put into the hands of Mr. Fields, the Boston publisher, selecting him as his final editor.—N. O. Picayune.

Meyerbeer is preparing a melo-dramatic version of Henry Blaze de Bury's five-act play, *La Jeunesse de Goethe*, for a speedy performance in Paris.

(From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin)

A Soiree Musicale in Bethlehem.

My thoughts were rapidly flowing into a misty reverie, suggested by the ghostly appearance of a group of orchard trees whose white-washed trunks, seen vaguely in the gathering shades of eve, and presenting a variety of fanciful shapes, seemed like a band of sprites starting Lehigh Mountainward for a nocturnal revel *a la diable*; indeed Heine's vivid pictures of the Hartz Gebirgen were swimming through my mental vision, when the cars halted amid a number of unsightly coal trains and much confused shuffling in front of the Bethlehem station. Avaunt now, all ye goblins, witches, elfins, and cloven feet of the Brocken! There are familiar faces before me and old memories banish ye all, even as the morning sunshine dissolves the gray, phantom mists of the night; nor can I longer liken the roundly-washed stones on the banks of the romantic Lehigh, to the play-balls which evil spirits cast at each other on the Walpurgis night, when I attain the opposite side of the bridge and espy the obese toll taker. He used to be sexton of the church in my day, and I can see him now handing around coffee and cake in the love-feasts which were wont to gladden my young heart in days lang syne. The town seems somnolent now, as you pace its hilly streets; and the mountains in the distance, stripped of the garb which rendered them so beauteous to summer tourists, and furnished the subject of many rhapsodical letters in the press, look brown and cheerless as Bayard Taylor's pictures of the hillocks about Kautokino, in Lapland. That scene of summer fashion, beauty, gaiety and refinement, the *Sun Hotel* stands upon its site "like some banquet hall deserted"—nothing there to remind the casual visitor of its midsummer glory, save, perchance, the smiling countenance of its proprietor, Mr. Leibert, or the active attendance of the well-known "Sam." At the supper table there are the regular boarders of the establishment; a New York drummer for the jewelry business; several Eastonians out for a pleasure ride; a lugubrious individual predicting the direct disasters to our happy Columbia—and finally, a classically chiseled profile surmounting a handsome evening dress. "That," whispers my *vis-à-vis*, "is Miss K—y, of New Orleans, a charming pianiste."

The man emphasized the word *charming* with a glad expression of face, which showed how much the presence of the accomplished Southerner in their midst is appreciated by the habitudes of the hostelry. Wallace, Strakosch, Gottschalk, Thalberg—all have borne graceful testimony to the talents and art-enthusiasm of the young lady in question. She has left for the nonce the busy and distracting scenes of metropolitan life, for a more uninterrupted pursuit of her studies, among a people whose ideas and appreciation of music have claimed the admiration of the world. Mr. Bleck, the *Dorf-organist* of many years standing, is now piloting the young Southern *pianiste* through the intricacies of harmony and counterpoint—well pleased, as he informed me, with the application and progress of his pupil.

Supper finished, a leisure stroll brought me to the house of a much valued friend, R—, just returned from a pleasure tour in Europe—a man of great intelligence, fine musical endowments and scientific attainments. How his expressive eyes fairly glistened as he dilated upon the *Euryanthe* of Weber, which he had seen in Dresden, with a completeness in detail that was wonderful, or glowed with enthusiasm in relating his impressions of the sublimity of Beethoven's mass in D, whose heavenly measures pealed over the gallery of the Stephan Kirche in Vienna. Such a narrator carries the listener bodily into the scenes under description. When the conversation changes, you come back to America from London, Rotterdam, Utrecht, Dresden, Vienna, or Berlin, as the case may be, with the most vivid impressions.

But the chief object of my hurried visit to Bethlehem was yet to be accomplished, viz: to hear Mad. Dressel, a new musical arrival, who is creating an immense sensation among the "gude folk" of this latitude. L—, the kind improvisator of the soiree I am about to describe, had excited my curiosity to a towering pitch by his confident assertion of her great vocal powers—the more that my trust in the correctness of his judgment has long since been fully estab-

lished. Madame Dressel is a Russian by birth, and comes to Bethlehem to take charge of the music department of the Moravian Female Seminary there, at the recommendation of such men as Richard Wagner, the great apostle and originator of the *Zukunft's Musik*, Blumenthal, the pianist, and others to whom an agent of the school in the Vaterland applied for advice. Her manners are essentially French—lively, sprightly, and full of *bonhomie*; and she is making laudable efforts to master sufficient of English towards a complete understanding with her pupils. For some years attached to the opera in Dresden, the reminiscences of this phase in her artistic career have constant possession of her. Thus, the expression of her features and the dramatic appreciation of each morceau, shows that when she vocalizes an air of *Fidelio*, the *Pizzaros*, *Jaquinos*, *Marcellinas*, *Leonoras* and *Florestans* of other days are fitting before her mental vision. She opened the soiree with a superb achievement of the famous aria from *Der Freischütz*—"Wie nahte mir der Schlummer," and indeed, furnished such a rendition, as, in its occasional outbursts of intensity and alternate subsidence into the more peaceful measures, managed with consummate vocal control, must have elicited the bravos of any audience in front of the footlights. Her voice is a pure soprano of great power and of adequate compass to the performance of almost any rôle in the classic or modern *repertoires*; while her familiarity with all standard operas is something to excite astonishment. I heard her sing the above mentioned aria from the Freyschütz, the C minor air of Marcellina in *Fidelio*; she gave us intensely dramatic renderings of several *Leonora* solos from the same work; bore her share in the beauteous four-part canon "*Mir ist so wunderbar*;" interpreted for us a detached *aria* of Beethoven's—"*Ah! perfido*," (*Ha! Treuloser*;) with the most intelligent appreciation and expression; she accomplished all these without a recourse to the score, her capacious memory carefully treasuring them as the most precious sources of enjoyment to her. I verily believe she knows the whole of *Fidelio*, *Freischütz*, *Euryanthe*, *Preciosa*, and all the languishing haubles of the Italian school to boot, fully as familiarly as others know the English alphabet. She adores Beethoven, and talks understandingly of Wagner, whom she knows intimately, tolerates Bellini, whose *Casta Diva* is one of her sources of triumph, but is semi-facetious about other Italian operas. I have been thus particular in my description of this great acquisition to the cause of music in our country, not by way of advance puffing for a public appearance (she has not the slightest intention of it), but because I know the interest taken by the BULLETIN and its thousands of readers in the cause of good music; and if this be not an item worth recording,—the arrival of an *artiste* such as I have portrayed, why, I must have watched the progress of music in our communities to no purpose—that's all! Does not each important accession to the ranks of art leaders, such as this, multiply the chance of an ultimate national taste which shall improve the social circles of our vast population, and eventually furnish us with native performers, singers and composers, even as Germany and other lands team with those whose services in art add lustre to their national *status* among nations?

There were other features at this pleasant Bethlehem soiree worthy of mention. A young Fräulein, G—n, performed Litolf's *Spinn-lied* with much grace and accuracy of execution. Another, Miss B—h, bravely took the alto in the four-part canon from *Fidelio*, at sight, and came off creditably, while a basso, attacked with much confidence his own part in the same *morceau*. Mr. R—, who accompanied for the most part, displayed the most intimate knowledge and appreciation of all the composers whose compositions constituted the informal programme of this agreeable evening. Years ago, this able musician led the Bethlehem Philharmonic Society, in the heyday of its success and enthusiasm. I can see him now at his *pult*, checking the rashness of a clarinet in some peaceful *andante*, or frowning authoritatively at a certain youth whose excruciating *viola* intonations must have harrowed his sensitive ear. Ah me! the glory of the Philharmonic has disappeared before the progressive mania of these latter days, which incites the rising generation of the once peaceful village to essay its fortunes in the great world round about, or imbues them with home speculations and business strivings, totally antagonistic to a proper fostering of noble idealism. The old Philharmonic belongs to the past history of Bethlehem; but there still remain individual performers, and a general taste so pure, together with so much of correct theoretic appreciation, as may yet entitle Bethlehem to the proud name of the "most musical inland town in the United States."

Phila., Nov. 16, 1860.

PROF. V. GATES.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC.
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

I hear the angels calling. Song. L. O. Emerson. 25

A fine song; the words by J. S. Adams. This song will be found appropriate for the exercises of spiritualistic denomination, for which there is a great want of suitable music.

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A pretty, humorous ditty for ladies.

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This is a gem, outshining most of the ballads of the day.

Darling Willie. A. Nish. 25

Charming, for young singers.

Still in my dreams, with guitar acc. C. J. Dorn. 25

Her bright smile haunts me still. " " 25

Two of the prettiest late English ballads, already extensively known, adapted with an accompaniment for the guitar.

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A potpourri from one of Verdi's earlier works. Beyer's selection embraces the best airs, including of course the popular Trio.

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An instructive piece on a favorite air from this opera. Mr. Müller has made himself favorably known to his brother teachers by several series of easy teaching pieces.

The Morning Hour. A Collection of Finger Exercises and the Major and Minor Scales.

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This is a series of manual exercises which this highly esteemed instructress of the pianoforte has been using with her pupils for a number of years. This work will make itself indispensable wherever it becomes known. It combines what is most useful in Schmitt's Best Companion, Czerny's, Herz's and Knorr's Scales, and other similar works.

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A pretty march, rather easy, introducing the air of a favorite ballad of the author, Katie of Babble Brook.

Cotton Planters' Convention Galopade. Piano

Solo. 4 hands or 6 hands. C. H. Loehr. each 15

Written for class exhibitions. The piece is suited to the abilities of young players. Either arrangement is complete in itself but all these may be performed together, making six performers on three pianos.

Books.

ROMBERG'S VIOLONCELLO SCHOOL. A complete Theoretical and Practical School for the Violoncello, with Illustrations. By Bernard Romberg. 2,50

This is a standard work by one who is a complete master of the instrument. It is reprinted from the most recent European copy, and having passed through a careful revision in all its parts can be recommended as the most thorough and useful course of study on the violoncello obtainable.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 452.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 1, 1860.

VOL. XVIII. No. 9.

Italy.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I.

Across the sea I heard the groans
Of nations in the intervals
Of wind and wave. Their blood and bones
Cried out in torture, crushed by thrones,
And sucked by priestly cannibals.

II.

I dreamed of freedom slowly gained.
By martyr meekness, patience, faith.
And lo! an athlete grimly stained,
With corded muscles battle-strained,
Shouting it from the fields of death!

III.

I turn me, awe-struck, from the sight,
Among the shouting thousands mute,
I only know that God is right,
And that the children of the light
Shall tread the darkness under foot.

IV.

I know the pent fire heaves its crust,
That sultry skies the bolt will form
To smite them clear; that Nature must
The balance of her powers adjust
Though with the earthquake and the storm.

V.

And who am I whose prayers would stay
The solemn recompense of time,
And lengthen slavery's evil day
That outraged Justice may not lay
Its hand upon the sword of crime!

VI.

God reigns, and let the earth rejoice!
I bow before his sterner plan.
Dumb are the organs of my choice;
He speaks in battle's stormy voice,
His praise is in the wrath of man!

—Independent.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Johanna Kinkel's Eight Letters to a Friend.

ON INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO.

(Translated by WM. GRAUERT, A. M.)

VII.

Historical study of music without any musical knowledge is next to impossible. Even the simple piano player can hardly do without thoroughbass, and no teacher should practice a piece with an advanced pupil, the inner structure of which he does not know. He who knows nothing of chords, plays the notes like a child having learnt by heart a Latin poem without knowing its meaning. Let me give another analogy; a painter who did not study anatomy, will never paint the human body with as much expression as another who knows exactly what muscle moves beneath the skin. You can perceive by the very arrangement of the folds, whether the painter has observed only the surface of his subject. Just so you will perceive from the player's performance, whether or not he is conscious of the skeleton of the composition.

There are, indeed, great talents whose musical

derivatory gift leads them without knowledge on their part, to a further goal than that reached by others less gifted, notwithstanding their knowledge; but that does not do away with my assertion: for what could the former obtain with their knowledge? and what would the latter have remained *without* it?

A dilettante able to overcome the difficulties of the easier Sonatas of Mozart ought to understand enough of thoroughbass to be also able to improvise a prelude or an accompaniment to a little song and to transpose it into any key. This is surely not asking much; but still, how much more valuable would this capacity be than the most perfect performance of a difficult piano concert?

The thoroughbass studies, as I consider them, adapted to the wants of young girls who can devote but little time to music as only a part of their general education, should, of course, not be arranged so as to remain only on the paper and to obtain after immense writing the result of an exceedingly dry attempt at composition. Each newly won chord is to be applied to the piano and to be recognized wherever it occurs in the compositions of others. This stimulates the desire of knowing more about it; the pleasure and interest in music will grow with every newly conquered step. How reverently does the pupil look up to the enigmas in the richer artistic creations, whose grandeur he now begins to perceive, when his Ariadne-thread suffices no longer to penetrate into their labyrinthine depths; and how, in his eyes, all the shallow and merely external sinks to the ground, when he understands the poor stuff out of which the prestige was made! It is already gaining a point, when the pupil feels that there is a work beyond his horizon not to be touched by his judgment, or that he likes some other work because it pleases the ear, but comprehends that it is worthless. If he is conscious that he was pleased by something dull and alien to the sublime, he will no longer torment the artist with his own silly talk on the art.

Anything mathematical appears peculiarly difficult to female nature; for this reason most pupils will and do grow weary when thoroughbass brings them to the inverted counterpoint, the principle of which male students conceive so readily. We must make extremely slow headway and be as patient as with a child's first attempts at speaking.

Let me describe to you my method of impressing on young girls the system of related keys quickly and easily. A rigorist may scoff at it; but as in numberless cases it has turned out to be more practical than the system used in books hitherto, experience will speak in my favor.

First I make a table (on music paper) of twelve systems in which, following the quint-circle, each key (scale) is written, so that C major commences above and F sharp major is on the seventh line changed into G flat major, F major concluding the lowest line.

Then I place the triad upon the first and fifth (tonic and dominant) observing, at the same

time, that this triad's intervals were already contained in the scale; above them I write the names of tonic and dominant. Thus they get down the whole length of the table, a synopsis of the important dominant-chord on the 5th step of each key. They are now to compose little pieces in which only these two chords alternate; there is no possibility of error; for there will always be a satisfactory 'tune,' if the tonic is the beginning and the end. They may, for variation's sake, extend them to wide and narrow arpeggios; all they are forbidden is a progression of the upper and lower part in fifths and octaves. They must not be allowed to step further before they are well informed in this matter. Even the most careless pupil will easily perceive that the simplest way is to descend with the right hand when the left ascends, and vice versa, or to make a small step with the one hand, if the other makes a large step.

Thus the pupil may soon become acquainted with a third chord, viz. the triad on the sub-dominant (fourth step of the scale); it may, also, be easily found (4th above or 5th below the line). The left hand should not touch (in these exercises) any other tone besides the fundamental base, at least not till all the relative keys of the table have been gone through with. Any inversions confuse the pupils, before they have become firmly impressed with all triads in their primitive natural form with their respective *positions*. If they cannot hit upon any further form, in order to construct a little phrase out of those three chords, the teacher must assist him and point out some new form within the scope of these chords.

Most of the people's songs may be accompanied with these three chords; nay, if you add a minor chord, you will have almost sufficient material from which to make an entire Italian Opera.

The next chord to be added to the number of the triad on the sixth step of the scale, to which you give the name of parallel key, by which name the pupils know it since they first learned the scale on the piano. This chord again finds its place anywhere and forms between each of the preceding strict and major triads a soft reconciling element. If you want to advance rapidly, the pupils must apply the old figures again as they have become more varied by the accession of the minor key.

You may, in this wise, quietly continue the application of each new chord to all keys excluding, with all the pupils free scope, the progressions of upper and lower voices in fifths and octaves, as mentioned above. After the parallel key you may best insert the minor triad on the second step of the scale, and conclude with the most difficult triad, that on the third step (mediant). Point out to the pupil that this chord may best be applied after the dominant to which it bears the greatest affinity.

This course being finished—and it may be finished in a month with a pupil of ordinary musical ear—she will of herself not make any more progressions of fifths and octaves.

If you teach her in addition to apply and resolve the chief chord of the Seventh, she can help herself for all wants of a dilettante. If she feels like going on, add to the table the inversions of the chords and their application, which you cannot accomplish, however, without written exercises. The next step to thoroughbase is thus made; all chords, modulations, &c. come now in their respective order; but the "dilettante" woman has no time for them; and even if she learned them, they would be of no use to her, unless she had creative power. You may, finally teach to very judicious pupils, the different kinds of chords of the Seventh.

This will suffice to render the complete theory an irrepressible want for pupils of great talent. But the teacher should not forget that marrying cuts off considerably any learning of women. This regard should of itself induce him to arrange definite steps for lady dilettante upon which they can so inform themselves that they will not need to unlearn *that* in the course of their lives.

(To be concluded.)

Dinorah,

OR

THE SAINT'S-DAY OF PLOERMEL.

CHAPTER I.

Come with us, reader, to Brittany, land of gnome, dwarf, brownie, fairy, sprite and goblin; land of imagination and superstition, and stronghold of legendary lore!

The evening sun is setting, and, as it sinks far away westward, cradled in a mass of rugged, fantastic shaped clouds, purple and golden, its last rays linger on a wild stretch of broken moorland country.

Goatherds and peasants are wending their homeward way across the moor, and, as they gain the many paths which intersect the plain, they break up into knots, each selecting the shortest road to the welcome homestead.

The scene is truly pastoral; the moor scented, in the evening air, with thyme, broom and heather; the long, yellow haired goatherd and peasant, dressed in the simple and primitive habits of a remote and thoroughly rural province; the white and grey flocks answering the call of the herdsman and congregating together, from height and hollow; the deep-tolling bell from the chapel on the hill-side, mingling with the shrill, tinkling carillon of goat and sheep-bells—all to combine a picture of Arcadian simplicity.

While the peasants are taking leave of each other—a farewell rendered short and impatient by the fast coming gloom, and a remembrance of the weird inhabitants of the haunted glen, away in the distance—a strange figure crosses the moor. It is that of a young Breton maiden, beautiful of face, despite the mass of thick, unkempt hair which flows about it in matted confusion; graceful of form, notwithstanding the mass of tawdry, torn finery that envelopes her person. The wreath, the scarf, that coral necklace, the bridal hues of the once gay dress, the bridal bouquet so firmly clenched in her hand—all denote that this poor creature is some crazed being, whose wits have gone with that marriage-day disappointment!

A large white goat flies before her; and presently, exhausted by her efforts to catch it, she falls upon the moor, exclaiming—

"Marie, Marie! pretty playmate, I am weary of seeking for thee."

The peasants, observing her, whisper to each other—

"Alas! there's the poor mad girl again! Always seeking for her lost goat!"

"Marie! Marie!" continues the crazed girl; but the goat heeds not the call. One of those rapid transitions which accompany wandering reason succeeds, and the girl rises on one knee and rocks herself to and fro. "They say we are both crazed, Marie; but we know well how untrue it is! Our wild life is better than all their gladness!" Again she changes her attitude; and now she clasps her hands to her bosom, as though an infant were cradled in her arms. "Sleep, my darling," she cries, swaying forwards and backwards, "Sleep, darling! Nought can harm thee now! Am I not watching over thee? Hark to your cradle song—the brook chasing through the leafy glade! But, see! The wolf, in the dark, would creep upon us!"

And, full of wild fear, she springs to her feet, and flies, with the speed of the frightened hind, over the moor, away into the gloom!

The night has now fallen. The moor is deserted; and no sound can be heard save the wind, which sweeps across it, wailing for the departed sun.

Far away, across the dark plain, a light can be descried. Let us hasten towards it. We stop at a rude cabin, the door of which a man is hastily unfastening. On entering, he deposits a rude piece of musical apparatus, in the shape of a Breton bagpipe, on the rough bench beside the almost consumed logs, which, now and again, crackle upon the hearth. Having kindled the wood into a flame, by throwing fresh logs upon the hearth, the man wipes from his forehead a quantity of cold perspiration, and breaks into a soliloquy.

"Well, here I am—safe at home again! Witches and will-o'-the-wisps, Corentin, the wandering bag-pipe player laughs at you! Catch me staying abroad after dark, piping the soul out of my body for a couple of crowns, as Martin had the face to ask me to do, merely because he has got married, and because he and his bride want a dance! Catch me crossing the moor after nightfall! Catch me passing the end of the lane that leads to the demon's glen. I dare say she's sitting there now—the wild woman of the wood, who goes about dressed as gaily as Martin's wife was this morning. If she happens to take a fancy to a young man, and if he happens to say a civil word to her—twist goes his neck, and off she sets to catch some fresh victim! The very thought of it makes my flesh creep! Confound those logs, why won't they burn?"

The hut was almost in darkness, and the superstitious musician quickly struck a light, from flint and steel, and lit a lamp. Scarcely had he deposited the lamp on the rude bench which served for a table, when he started back in terror.

"Bah! It's only my own shadow on the wall," he said, reassured. "I thought it was my grand father, come back again to see how I was keeping the old place in order, and what I was doing with the money bags he hid away so cunningly! Plague take this lamp. One sees more shadows with it than without it."

The musician now went towards a rough chest, which was placed endwise in the corner, and began to search within it.

"Which way is the bread? Oh! here it is!"

Having secured a large roll of bread, Corentin returned to the chimney, and brought out, from among the dying wood-ashes, a small pan.

"I wonder if the soup has kept hot?" he began, as he lifted the lid and peered into the pot. Evidently satisfied with his investigation, he sat down, placed the pan between his knees, and commenced breaking the bread into it.

"Eating is as good as company—especially when one doesn't happen to be fond of one's own! Eating gives a man courage, too—especially if he does not have a supply to begin with. Well—I know I am not as bold as a trooper; but is it my fault? A man, after all, is only such as he is born; and who can help that? Nature makes ——"

The wind had blown the crazy window open, and he had put a sudden stop to the philosophical musings of Corentin, who sprang up in alarm, crying, "Holy mother! What is that? Ah it's only the wind!" he said, shutting the window. "My grandfather's bagpipes might have afforded shutters, I beg to say, ere he left this tumble-down place to anybody. Well, as soon as I have ferreted out all that the old man may have left in nooks and corners, I'll bid adieu to this rotten old place, and—Eh! there's another noise—a footstep! No there is not! The best thing I can do is to make a noise myself. When one can't hear anything, there's nothing to be heard; and if fear takes away a fellow's courage and appetite, music, on the other hand, makes him bold and hungry!" With these words the musician equipped himself with his bagpipes, and soon drowned the sighing of the rising wind with his discordant din. Unfortunately for Corentin, his lamp, which, like music, was necessary to maintain his courage, suddenly went out; and, at the same instant, the terror-stricken bagpiper saw, by the flickering light from the logs, the door of his cabin pushed open, and the wild woman enter.

Corentin had hardly strength enough to cross himself, and to gasp out, "Oh! oh! Who—who are you?"

The wild woman seemed regardless of the terror-stricken youth for a moment; but presently she burst out into a song—

"Tune up thy pipes to a ditty gay;
Play away,
And never stay,
My merry neighbor,
What shall I give thee, piper, pray?
Why—a kiss, for thy labor!"

Impelled by some unknown power, Corentin could not help obeying the strange command.

"It is the Queen of the Glen," he muttered to himself. "I am lost!" The wild woman continued her song—

"Go on! go on! go on!
At thy peril something gay,
At thy peril, piper, play!
Though to-morrow we shall marry,
I will have my tune to-night!"

Then suddenly changing her mood, the Wild Woman of the Glen, as Corentin called her, but who was in reality the poor mad girl we have seen chasing her goat over the moor, caught the musician by the hand. "Give me thy hand to dance with me," she said, and immediately resumed her strange ditty—

"Here's my hand: so advance
Through the maze of the dance.
We are gone ere they find us!"

And so lightly we pass
O'er the dew on the grass,
No trace is behind us!"

"I will not, I will not," cried Corentin, crossing himself fervently. "Avaunt, witch."

At this moment a loud noise was heard outside. Some one was impatiently battering upon the door. The wild woman ceased her song, flew to the window, opened it, and fled into the night.

"Halloa, Grandfather Martin," shouted the impatient visitor on the outside. "What, Grandfather Martin. Open, I say."

"Heaven defend me," cried Corentin, creeping behind a chair. "Some one asking for Grandfather Martin, and it's almost midnight."

Tired with shouting, the visitor forced open the door with a succession of lusty kicks.

"Help. Get thee hence, Satan," cried the cowardly and superstitious Corentin.

"Come out, idiot," said the visitor, dragging Corentin from his retreat. "What do you take me for, ninny?"

"Well, if you are not *he*, who are you?"

"Who am I? An old friend of Grandfather Martin's. Where is he?"

"Out at present. Out, I assure you."

"Out. Where? I'll go and find him. Where is he?"

"Perhaps you know already. He's perhaps up there—perhaps down there. How do I know? 'Tis three weeks since we buried him."

A cloud passed over the stranger's face as he heard this.

"Buried, and I counted on the old man's help!" he muttered to himself. "Buried him," he repeated, resuming his former expression. "And you are his heir and successor, eh?"

"If four tumble-down walls make a property, I am an heir," replied Corentin. "What else did my grandfather die worth? Sir," he continued with a bow, "I am too poor to keep up all his acquaintances."

"Poor. What has become of the bags full of crowns old Martin made by playing on his pipes?"

It was not from fear of an unearthly visitor that Corentin's legs shook this time. "I shall be robbed and murdered," he groaned inwardly. "Sir," he began in an insinuating voice, "how shocking it is of people to spread such ill-natured reports. Good evening to you, sir."

"What, turn an old friend of your grandfather's away, would you? Do you think me the Evil One they say he was in league with? Well, if you were more hospitable, it would be better for you. A few thousand crowns, perhaps. 'Tis a pity."

"Sir, did you say a few thousand crowns? What do you mean, sir?"

"Nothing."

"Thousands of crowns nothing to a beggar like me."

The stranger seemed to hold Corentin in too great contempt to answer. But, as he turned his face towards the dying embers on the hearth, the knitted brows and quickly moving lips told that deep thoughts were present in his brain.

"There may be something made of this poltroon after all," he muttered to himself. Then, turning to Corentin, he said aloud, "Thousands of crowns, and something more. But never mind; finish your supper, empty your bottle, go to bed, and dream you are married to the Wild Woman of the Glen."

"Sir," said Corentin, "I see you are a worthy person. Would you not eat a bit for company's sake? As to the bottle of wine, I have none to offer."

"Well, I have walked far. Do you know a crown when you see it? There," said the stranger, handing the coin to Corentin. "Fat Paul's tavern is not far off. Go, fetch a bottle of wine, and let it be good stuff."

Corentin's hand clutched the crown greedily.

"Suppose, sir," he said, in a half whining tone—"suppose Paul can't give change?"

"What's change to a thirsty man with his thousands of crowns to fling away? Be off, my brave fellow. I am dying for a drink."

No sooner had the door closed on Corentin than the stranger gave vent to these words—

"The scheme will do. The fish jumps at the bait. His avarice will make him forget his fears, and the wine will do the rest. So old Martin is dead? And so it is his grandson—a precious miser like himself—who shall be the first man that touches the treasure. Is he worth being sorry for? Oh, Dinorah, if I long for this treasure, I want it only for thee; and if some one's life must pay for it, better his than mine. Come what will, however, this night shall decide my fate. Ah, there you are, lad," said he, looking up and addressing Corentin who had entered with the bottle of wine. "Come sit down and let us drink. Come, let us make each other's acquaintance."

What is your name?"

"Corentin, travelling bagpipe player."

"Good; well mine is Hoël."

"Hoël!"

"Yes, good sir."

"Did you fancy the wine was never coming? But Paul's tavern was so full. 'Tis the eve of our Saint's-day."

"Ah, the Saint's day of Ploermel to-morrow, is it?"

"Yes; and the grandest Saint's-day in all Brittany," said Corentin, depositing the bottle upon the table, and placing the change out of the stranger's reach.

"Ah," replied Hoël, with a sigh. "I know something about that day already. Perhaps you may have heard of such a place over yonder, as the Willow Farm?"

"The Willow Farm," repeated Corentin, as he arranged the table. "Perhaps he will not ask for his change," he muttered. "Yes; as you were saying—the Willow Farm," he said aloud.

"Yes; the farm that was burnt by lightning, just a year ago, on the Saint's day of Ploermel."

"If I could only make him drunk," whispered Corentin to himself, as he busied about spreading the table and lighting the lamp—"if I could only make him drunk, he would forget his change. Yes," he continued, speaking aloud, and taking his seat at the table. "Burnt by lightning, you were saying. The Willow Farm! Yes; I have heard of it."

The stranger seemed only to utter his thoughts aloud—

"Her father lived there—my Dinorah's father. We were to have been married—my Dinorah and I—immediately after the celebration of the *fête*! You are a stranger hereabouts? Well, the lightning set fire to the farm; the house was burnt to the ground."

"Burnt to the ground." Corentin repeated

aloud. "He does not remember his change," he said to himself.

"Well," Hoël went on, "we were beggared—both of us. How could I marry her? I saw the farm in ashes. How could I marry her? Drink, Corentin. I would have sold my soul, at that moment, for a bag of money, to build the farm again. I was so wild with misery. But you don't drink. Did you ever hear of old Anthony?"

"Old Anthony! Old Anthony, the wizard?"

"Bah, wizard. Well, he passed near me, saying with a sneer, 'Oh, the bridegroom wants money, does he? Well, I dare say the bridegroom can find money, if the bridegroom knows where to find it.' But you have nothing in your glass. Why don't you drink?"

"I do—I do drink. Go on."

"Come along with me," said Anthony. "If the bridegroom wants to find money, there's money where he may find it. Lots of money. Gold. Diamonds. Jewels! Drink, young man."

"Gold. Diamonds. Jewels! Where?"

"Where. 'Hidden in the Demon Glen,' said Anthony. 'Dwarfs and brownies hide the treasure; but it is to be found, and he who is to find it must fast and pray, and live alone, and speak to no living creature—least of all, a living woman—for a twelve-month. Do you want to rebuild this farm house? Do you want your betrothed?' said old Anthony. 'If you do, come along with me; but if you do, you must come at once.'"

"Gold. Diamonds. Jewels. Well, and so you went along," said Corentin, taking off a glass of wine at a gulp.

"I was desperate," said Hoël. "I was hopeless. What could I do? How could I marry her? I left her. I left money for her with an old friend. Money. A miserable sum compared with what I had paid for the coral necklace she wore. Well, as I have told you, old Anthony knew about hidden treasure in the Demon Glen. He wanted his share of this treasure, but —"

"But," replied Corentin, cupidity glaring from his distended eyes.

"But he happened to die, as your grandfather, old Martin did."

"Die."

"Aye; but he left me a legacy."

"A legacy. What legacy?"

"Instructions how to obtain the hidden treasure hereabouts. Here's the hazel-wand he left me to dispose of the dwarfs and brownies. 'After the year has passed,' said he; 'when the night shall come, there will be a bell—a goat's bell—that shall ring. Follow that bell; it will go on—on to the Demon Glen. As the midnight hour strikes, wild fire will play over a stone; and that is the stone which covers the hidden treasure.'"

Corentin's curiosity made him thirsty. He swallowed off a glass ere he spoke.

"Treasure. What? he exclaimed. And with dwarfs and brownies to guard it. I like treasure as well as you. But what's to be done with the dwarfs and brownies?"

"What's to be done? This!" And the stranger showed his hazel-wand. "Anthony gave me first a caution, and then a prayer backwards. 'Do not listen to whatever may be said to you,' said he; 'turn a deaf ear to everything.' If you come with me, I will teach you the words. What

say you? Thousands of crowns, remember. Well, is it a bargain? Yes or no?"

"Share and share alike. But what good can I do? I have not passed a year in a wood without talking to a woman."

"That's no matter. There must be two. And since Anthony is dead and your dear grandfather also, why should not his grandson profit?"

"What can be his fancy for sharing the treasure with me?" said Corentin to himself.

"Come," said Hoël, impatiently seizing Corentin by the wrist, and half dragging him through the door of the hut.

"Hark. What is that?" cried the frightened Corentin.

A bell was sounding in the darkness.

"Come along. 'Tis the goat's bell, that is to conduct us to the gold. Listen, fool. We must find out on which side it rings. Come along. Quick."

And the poor musician was dragged by the stranger, forth into the darkness.

CHAPTER II.

"Halloa! Not so fast! Wait a moment! Why, they are half way home already! Good night, there, neighbor! I say, Claude, you have made me drink too much of Fat Paul's wine to-night."

"Better too much than not enough," replied his companion.

These are evidently some of joll Fat Paul's company wandering home over the moor.

"Well, that's true," said the first speaker. "But what business had I sitting so long in Paul's tavern, when I promised to take that poor, crazy girl back to the village? And now, how is one to find her, Master Claude?"

"How should I know?" replied the person addressed. "What a fancy it is of hers to go rambling and roaming about the country when the moon's at full! If you catch her you won't keep her in a house. So, what I say is, what's the use of trying to find her, poor mad thing?"

"Well, that's true. If they would have left poor Dinorah alone, after her old sweetheart had left the country, she would not have been so bad. But when they tried to make her marry long George, the tailor, in order to drive Hoël out of her head, that upset her quite: and who can wonder, Master Claude?"

"Not I for one," replied Claude. "Yet, if Hoël comes back a rich man—for Long George, the tailor, says Hoël swore he would come back a rich man—think you he will look at her as she is now?"

"Why, no! Unless he can bring her brains back; but money will hardly manage that. But come along, my head is as heavy as lead, and I want to get home."

Scarcely had this worthy pair staggered away, ere the poor creature, the mad Dinorah, came bounding along, singing her snatches of wild song:—

"Here am I! here am I!
My Hoël waits hard by,
But no! he will deceive me,
The night is coming; they have passed on, and leave me!"

At this instant the moon broke out from a cloud, and cast Dinorah's shadow before her on the heath.

"Ah, morning at last! And here is my own dear friend!" she exclaimed, addressing her

shadow. At last we shall sing at the wedding—we shall dance at the wedding! Shall we not?"

And she flung herself on the ground, and commenced talking with the shadow near her. But presently the moon became obscured by a passing cloud, and the shadow disappeared. The poor being broke out—

"Ah, cruel! thus to leave me in loneliness and pain. Said I ought to grieve thee? Return—return!"

The moon again burst forth; the shadow returned.

"Ah! here is Hoël!" she cried. "Give me your arm, and let us go! The bell is ringing: our friends all ready. To-day is the Saint's day. Look yonder, the procession is coming; all the village is on its way to the chapel to see us married."

The night was beginning to redeem the promise of the high wind that had been raging for an hour. A tempest was coming on. Peals of distant thunder were heard. And, as the poor creature caught the sound, she exclaimed—

"But, mine own, do you hear the thunder? But no matter, the storm may rage as wildly as it will, our love is too strong for it. Come, dear Hoël—come to the chapel!"

In her mad terror, poor Dinorah fled over the moor, nor stopped till she reached the entrance to a rocky ravine. The place was wild and awful in aspect. A number of Druidical stones lay piled up, marking the altar of a by-gone religion. Behind was a bridge, formed by the trunk of an old tree flung across the rocks, and beneath this rushed a body of foaming, tumbling water. She was not alone in this terrible spot, however. Two men were seen entering the ravine; one was waving a hazel-branch before him, and calling to his less resolute companion to follow.

"Come on," said Hoël—for it was he. "Yes, this is the place, I see; the Demon Glen of which Anthony told me."

"You see! You must have the eyes of an owl, then," replied his companion, who was no other than the bagpipe player. "It is pitch dark. Pity we forgot the lantern."

"Why, man, the lightning will do as well. Just such weather as it were a twelvemonth ago, on the last Saint's-day. Hush," Hoël continued, as he counted the chimes of the village clock, which faintly sounded a long distance away. "Yes, it is eleven o'clock."

"And at twelve the wild cross of fire will play upon the stone."

"Till daybreak," said Hoël. "And if we lose to-night's chance, we may take leave of the treasure for ever."

"And where shall we see the fire?"

"Over yonder, across that bridge."

"Bridge, do you call that rotten old tree? Expect a man to cross it in this weather, too? I wish I was safe in my cabin."

"Wait here, coward, while I go and examine the place. Wait here while I cross the bridge. Stop, I'll leave you my hazel-branch, for company and protection. Remember you bring it along with you when I call." And with this, Hoël commenced clambering up the rocks towards the old bridge. But scarcely had he crossed the tottering path, and disappeared among the rocks on the other side, when Corentin shrieked out—

"Come back, Hoël! For Heaven's sake come back! It is all over with us. Here is the wild woman again."

It was Dinorah who stood before the trembling piper.

"Is it thou, piper?" she cried.

The musician could only drop the hazel-branch, fall on his knees, and cry, "Oh, oh!"

"Thou art Long George," she exclaimed. "'Tis useless to deny it. I should know that wicked smile anywhere. Who bade thee make love to me? I am not mad, though they say so; for I will not marry thee. Go, bad, malicious man! Go, I hate thee!"

"Idiot that I was," said Corentin, "not to have known who it was before. It is the poor, harmless, crazy girl who lodges with Louis' mother, and who always fancies some one is coming back to dance with her."

"Hush, didst thou not hear?"

"Hear! Hear what?"

"A stone that fell in the valley yonder."

"A stone! Can Hoël have played me false, and found the hidden treasure without me? Hold, comrade, have you found the hidden treasure?"

"The hidden treasure!—the hidden treasure," shrieked Dinorah, and she burst into one of her wild songs—

"Dark thy fate is glooming;
Man of evil omen—
He who first lays hold on
Hidden treasures golden,
Dies ere the year is over."

"Dies ere the year is over," she repeated.

"Dies ere the year is over! Ah! now I begin to see what that traitor, that strange comrade of mine, meant with his sharing and his generosity, and his letting me go first."

At this moment, Hoël returned across the frail bridge. "Are you there, comrade?" he cried. "What has happened to make you call so loudly? Did not the hazel-branch protect you? The bridge is safe enough for you! and methinks I have found the very stone, on the other side. Come, prepare."

"But why am I to go before you?"

"Because I wear on my finger a blessed ring that might interfere with the charm."

"A ring! I wear two—two blessed rings—one in each ear."

"Will you compel me to use force, miscreant?"

At this juncture Dinorah came up to the pair, still singing the ditty—

"He who first lays hold on
Hidden treasures golden,
Dies ere the year is over!"

"I've got it—I've found it," said Corentin, suddenly. "You shall not go first; I shall not go first: she shall go first!"

"She—a woman! What, expose her to the peril?"

"No matter for such as she—'tis the mad girl whom I took for the Wild Woman. Hush, there is no time to lose. I will make her go."

"This is what Anthony foretold," said Hoël recognizing Dinorah, but shrinking away from her. "Let me be wary. Is it a demon? Is it shadow? Is it a woman?"

"This way, fair one," said Corentin, wishing to lead Dinorah towards the bridge. But Dinorah heeded not. She sang—

"The long-betrothed I wait to see;
O! bird of morn! the night is o'er;
Repeat thy song of love once more!"

"That voice," gasped Hoël. "Can it be my Dinorah's! Oh, no. Anthony told me, if I saw my father ready to die, my mother sue for mercy,

or if my love went weeping by, 'twould be but a delusion to thwart me. I must heed not, hear not, or my hope is lost."

At this instant Dinorah's truant goat appeared on the bridge, and instantly the girl, throwing off her coral necklace, flew towards it. The goat was by this time in the middle of the bridge, and Dinorah eagerly following it. Hoël, seeing the necklace, stepped forward, and, picking it up, recognized his old love-gift. "It is she," he cried; but before the words had left his lips, the tree had broken down, and Dinorah was plunged into the boiling cataract below. Forgetful of his long-sought treasure—forgetful of everything but his Dinorah, Hoël rushed forward to save her from destruction.

It is the morning of the Saint's day; the storm of the previous night has passed away, and the happy villagers, whose homes are this time uninjured, are preparing to celebrate the *fete* of Ploermel. A procession is making for the village church; two persons are walking under a canopy of flowers; one is a young girl who leans upon the arm of her lover. The peasants come forward, and offer the maiden a bridal veil and a green branch. This maiden is Dinorah, saved from death by her lover, Hoël, upon whose arm she is now resting. By degrees, Dinorah, struck with one familiar object after another, has regained her faculties, awakening slowly as if from a dream, till she at length recognized her Hoël. And now the two are proceeding to the church to have their union solemnized.

Corentin creeps up to Hoël, and asks, "About that gold? Have you found it?"

And Hoël, pointing to the blushing girl at his side, answers—

"Yes! for here is treasure untold!"

Philadelphia Weekly Union.

Teaching the Piano in Classes.

VIRGINIA, November 17th, 1860.

MR. EDITOR:—In your "Journal" of November, you invite all such as are interested in an inquiry made by some one from Holly Springs, Miss., to give their experience. As the subject is one of the greatest importance to me, I will state you my experience for what it is worth. The inquiry is: Can a teacher teach more than one pupil on the piano at one time, doing them all justice?

Now I will grant that three, four, or more pupils who are to receive instructions upon the piano at the same time, have precisely the same degree of common sense, the same quantity of musical talent, and pay a like attention to their lessons. I will furthermore suppose that they know all the notes and the keys on the piano alike and well. With this class the teacher begins his first lesson. Now as every teacher of any experience knows, the reading of notes, even in the first "Five Finger Exercise" and the striking of the right key on the instrument is not the work of one single moment. Here then is the first difficulty. A will strike a key while B or C may be looking for it yet. The next thing is the manner in which they strike that key, and here is an obstacle over which no advocate of class teaching can come. One pupil will let the hands hang down from the key-board, the other will let the fingers play in the air, while one finger strikes a key; still another will hold the wrist high and bend down the knuckles; or another will press the thumb against the hand and strike with the whole hand instead of letting the thumb work independently; while some turn their hands outwardly when using the fifth (little) finger.

These are obstacles sometimes of the greatest

magnitude even by single scholars, but how much more must it be the case with classes. Any teacher who really desires that his pupils should derive the greatest benefit from his instruction must admit that upon this basis, viz: the right and proper use of the fingers rests all after success. But has not every one seen and sometimes sadly beheld the awkward manner in which learners play octaves or sixths, (I mean consecutive ones?) and has it not sometimes baffled the exertions of a teacher for months to correct this faulty habit? How then are all these faults in different degrees with different pupils to be corrected in a class? Suppose A makes a mistake, the teacher corrects it while the others wait; next B makes a mistake and a different one from A, then A and C must wait and thus we proceed say one line. Is this the end of it? No! not by any means. The same fault will be made by the same pupil perhaps ten, or twelve times, if not more. Can the teacher stop the other pupils every time and still say that he has done justice to them? Has he not squandered the time for which they pay, and which of right belongs to them?

There is but one way to teach by this method, and that is, to force every pupil to make the same mistake and to make it as many times as the others, not more nor less. And do you ask when will that be? I must say never, never! But now I will grant that the fingers are drilled, then comes the time. The advocates of class-teaching say they can teach the time better in classes. But suppose the pupils are changed from one class to another, and does it not always take sometime for the new comers to accustom themselves to the new class? It is in my opinion an illusion; the pupils are only taught to accustom themselves to each other's playing.

I have had scholars from a neighboring city, who were taught in classes, and so far from understanding the time they did not know one note from another. They follow the leaders, who reap the benefit to the disadvantage of the others. If I could consider it teaching music, when my scholars learn a piece of music, parrot-like, without knowing why and wherefore this or that thing has to be done in a certain manner, or if I could consider my scholars players, when they rattle over a Polka or Schottisch, then I would advocate class-teaching, for I believe a scholar with any sort of musical talent would follow and catch the "tune" without studying the thing itself.

How, I ask, will a teacher impress the right coloring of one of Beethoven's or any other classical composer's compositions upon his pupils in a class? It is preposterous to think of it. But unfortunately too many are considered music teachers who cannot go beyond a Polka or Schottisch.

Lastly I would say to your correspondents in Mississippi, don't make your art the means of filling your pockets. If it rewards you, so much the better. But let your aim be the continual improvement of music. Don't consider a man a musician, who instead of improving, degrades this noble gift to man. Look how many of our illustrious masters died almost penniless, but behold them how their lustre shines in the constellation of the musical firmament, a lustre which will never fade as long as mankind shall be grateful to their benefactors.

I hope, Mr. Editor, to hear from some one else who can do this important subject more justice than I have done, but I could not refrain from condemning an abuse which is being practised upon a credulous public. Yours, etc., E. L. J.

BRADBURY'S PIANO FACTORY.—Our readers recollect that the piano-forte manufactory of Messrs. Light & Bradburs was burned down last December. We are glad to be able to announce that, with characteristic enterprise, they are going again, under full steam, with a new building on the old site, but enlarged nearly three-fold, with all new machinery, and making better instruments even than they did before, as well as making them much faster, and more of them. Warehouse, No. 521 Broome street.

HOOK AT THE PIANO.—One of Hook's extraordinary talents—which amounted in him to almost a genius—was his gift of singing improvised songs on the spur of the moment while under the influence of excited convivial feelings. He would sit down to the piano-forte, and quite unhesitatingly, compose a verse upon every person in the room, full of the most pointed wit, and with the truest rhyme, gathering up, as he proceeded, every incident of the evening, and working up the whole into a brilliant song. He would often, like John Parry, sport with operative measures, in which he would triumph over every variety of metre and complication of stanza. But John Parry's exhibitions are carefully studied, whereas Hook's happiest effects were spontaneous and unpremeditated. The effect he produced on such occasions was almost marvellous. Sheridan frequently witnessed these exhibitions, and declared that he could not have believed such power possible, had he not witnessed it. Of course, Hook was usually stimulated by wine or punch when he ventured on such exploits; and it is recorded, that during one of his songs, at which Coleridge was present, every pane in the room window was rattled by the glasses flung through them by the guests, the host crowning the bacchanalian riot by demolishing the chandelier with his goblet.

Musical Correspondence.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 14.—With the new Academy of Music, (just being completed,) and the Philharmonic Society, Brooklyn can be set down in your books as a decidedly musical city. May be you knew that before. Well never mind, it is a very pleasant fact to me, for I hope to have the pleasure of sending you much good news in the course of the season. First of all let me speak of the "Philharmonic" with its very perfect orchestra of fifty performers with EISEL as conductor and NOLL as leader. The subscription list is even better than last season's, and the enthusiasm and appreciation above concert pitch. Next Saturday evening comes the first concert of the season at the Athenæum, which very nice hall has been much beautified and improved, making it one of the best concert rooms in the country. The orchestral programme consists of Beethoven's second Symphony, (D major,) Schumann's overture to "Manfred" and Kreutzer's overture "A Night's Sojourn in Granada." The two rehearsals already given were delightfully satisfactory, and the enjoyment increases upon each hearing. So I write this letter before the concert, for fear that your humble servant will be "too full for utterance." Afterwards, FABBRI and STIGELLI and BERGNER (the violincellist,) are to be the soloists, and a delicious programme, with a full house is to be the result.

The Academy of Music will be completed by January. It is a fine building indeed, amply large, although a trifle smaller (and thereby better,) than the New York Academy. The exterior is of pressed brick with sandstone ornamentation, romanesque in style and withal decidedly beautiful. The interior details are everything to be desired. Superb stage, unequalled scenery, machinery, etc. Every seat commands a good view of the stage, and the comfort of the audience has received all attention. At one end of the building and over the vestibule is a cozy concert room, with accommodation for about nine hundred people, which will be a nice arrangement for all sorts of soirées and other good things sure to come. This beautiful room will also make a fine promenade for the *entr'acte* on Opera and Philharmonic nights. The fact is, it is a good thing to have an Academy of Music, and the one just spoken of will give a great impetus to musical matters in Brooklyn. The people are on the *qui vive* for the opening, of which—particulars—when they come. Choir matters are without change, (I believe), excepting at the Church of the Holy Trinity, where the ordinary quartette arrangement has given place to the much better and fuller effect of double chorus, with four solo voices. This is being accomplished by

your old friend GEORGE WILLIAM WARREN, who having spent all his life in Albany, and thirteen years (not besides) as organist of St. Paul's Church of that city, accepted a call to "Holy Trinity" last August, and is now a resident here. As your talented and appreciative correspondent — *t* — (where's *Trovator*?) renders it unnecessary for me to cross the ferry to supply you with metropolitan musical information, I beg leave to say, that I have nothing more to say—this time. As ever your devoted,

JEM BAGS.

CHICAGO. — The PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY of Chicago gave their first concert in Bryan Hall, on Monday Eve. Nov. 19, to a large and one of the most intelligent assemblies ever seen in Chicago. The hall was well filled, though only 200 tickets were issued by the Society; the rest were subscribers. The performances were in every respect satisfactory and realized more than the expectations.

PART I.

1. Symphony No. 2, in D major, Opus 36..... Beethoven
a—Introduzione Allegro con brio. b—Larghetto Cantabile. c—Scherzo. d—Finale Allegro molto.
2. Quintette and Chorus, from "Martha"..... Flotow

PART II.

1. Overture to the "Merry Wives of Windsor"..... Nicolai
2. Sextette, from "Lucia"..... Donizetti
3. Solo for the Violin. (Fantasie dédiée à Paganini) de Beriot
Performed by Mr. Emil Weinberg.)
4. Chorus, from Tannhäuser..... Wagner

The perfection of the orchestra, displayed in the performance of the Second Symphony, Overture to the Merry Wives of Windsor, and Tannhäuser, was remarkable, considering that this was the first public rehearsal of a new Society, not over six weeks old. The vocal performances are also entitled to much praise, and the violin solo of Mr. Emil Weinberg, a pupil of Spohr, elicited the warmest applause. The next concert will be given December 17th. The following well known gentlemen compose the Board of Directors for the first year:

President, E. J. Tinkham. Vice President, Wm. H. Clark. Secretary, Otto H. Matz. Treasurer, Wm. H. Waite. Librarian, A. De Passio. Conductor, Hans Balatka. Executive Committee, E. F. Stickney, E. W. Smith and A. W. Dohn.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 1, 1860.

Mr. Otto Dresel's Second Soiree.

1. Choral..... J. S. Bach.
2. Sonata, (E♭, op. 29,)..... Beethoven.
Allegretto—Scherzo—Minuetto—Finale.
3. Romance, (op. 28,)..... Schumann.
Etude, (E♭,)..... Chopin.
4. Marcia Funebre..... Chopin.
Intermezzo..... Otto Dresel.
Polonaise, (in A,)..... Chopin.
5. Adagio from 1st Concerto..... Chopin.
Song without words..... Mendelssohn.
6. Three four-part Songs..... Mendelssohn.

There are limitations in human nature. I suppose it is best so, disagreeable as it is sometimes. One of us goes about with a soul all burning with musical enthusiasm; he discriminates correctly, he feels delicately, but his fingers will not work. There is another one. Nothing excites him more than a painting. He has the eye of an artist and he even tries his hand at the brush—but the colors refuse to mingle at his bidding. He fails. There are people that fail in that which they would love best to do. They are the receptive natures, and have to be satisfied with their emotions. Then there are others who have working fingers. Tintinabulation exquisite—but no emotions. So there are painters with a power over color. They obey them, they mingle gorgeously; but the man's picture lacks the essential thing, the poetic feeling, the artistic point of view.

But happy is he who unites them both, the artistic feeling and the artistic mastery of the mechanical. And happy are those that may admire the artistic perfection of his productions.

The Beethoven Sonata in E flat, op. 29, No. 2, bearing the question mark half seriously, half archly at its head, and the sweet smile answering it, was just the proper medium to lead one from the deep devotional, I am almost tempted to say, contrite feeling of the Choral into the gladsome fellowship of man. There is this in Mr. DRESEL's playing, that the ideas of the composer take form under his fingers. You cannot mistake nor the timid, half melancholy question nor the airy, flitting smile, nor the tender, longing sigh, nor the hearty, rollicking fun, when he interprets the master. His rendering is in harmony with the intentions of the composer; he awakens the sleeping Graces and makes them enchant us with their motion. The Choral with its thoughtful entwining of parts, each of which tells its own devotion in its own manner, leads us far from the world without, deep into the secret chambers of our own heart. But the Sonata repeats for us the young days of our happiness. Its feeling is youth, youth with all its brilliant fervor and mystery, the world yet a paradise and hopes blossoming everywhere. How mysterious and in the same breath, how innocently frank and playful are those passages, where in the second part (*m* 21) the left hand plays the sixteenths *b natural*, *D flat*, and *c*, *C* against the simple six-eighth notes *f*, *g* and *e*, *c* of the right hand. How lovely and simple is the Mozartean melody, the counter-theme of the first part. This part is full of the peculiar Beethoven flavor, early though it was written, and though the influence of Haydn and Mozart was still upon the master. Witness the trill in the cadenza at the end of the first part.

Busily trips along the accompaniment to the genial and happy melody of the Scherzo in A flat major. But here we see again the budding genius of the master. Who but he would have contrasted this same lovely melody by those mysterious restive questions, descending staccato to a single repeated tone, as he does in *m* 9—18? Then, introduced by the Tonic chord, fortissimo, both parts run off staccato in sixths, playing together like a pair of happy children, and closing the part in the same joyous playful manner on the Dominant and Tonic in E flat. There was as much of the waywardness and happy abandon in the rendering as in the piece itself. The Scherzo is written in the happy flow of youthful feeling, when the realities of life have never yet shown their Gorgon heads, withering the gladsome forms of sweet innocent fancy. The humorous element, so potent in the latter Scherzos of the master, that mocking at grief, familiar, deep-felt grief, the superiority over it, gained in many a hard struggle within the lonely heart full of longing unsatisfied, appears here in faint touches only, such as for instance *m* 9—18 quoted above.

Sweetly and gently, an innocent love song—a passage from Paul and Virginie—flows the Minuetto in E flat major along. Tenderly and lovingly, expressing a mysterious undefinable feeling of bliss and love, exchange in *m* 4 and 5 of the Trio, the Diminished Seventh Chords *f sharp*, *a*, *e flat*, and *a*, *c*, *e flat*, *g flat*, *a*, with the corresponding Dominant and Tonic chords of E flat in the first and second measures. And innocently, sweetly, with just a shade of deepest tenderness, closes the movement with the Coda. And what shall we say of the Presto—Finale, this embodiment of mirth, rollicking, frolicking, exuberant joy. Horace could not but have this movement in his anticipating mind when he sings in one of his odes, "now is the time to drink, to strike the earth with an easy foot." Many a fair face beamed with delight at the splendid rendering of the careless abandon to joy in the first twelve measures. And many an eye glistened with rapture at the whole-souled

romping fun of the passage, measures thirteen and subsequent. The delicacy of touch, the ease of hand with which Mr. Dresel rendered this matchless movement was enchanting. The harmonic change with the surprising reëntry of this second motive in G flat major, at the beginning of the second part, the first part closing with the Dominant Seventh in E flat, is again one of those admirable touches of Beethoven's genius.

The close by means of the first phrase is happy, sweet and yet, by a few closing chords, surprisingly strong. Beethoven would have been charmed to hear his work so beautifully played. It was inspiration—and the nicest shading, the warmest coloring marked the rendering of the work.

Why does Mr. Dresel not play one Sonata by Beethoven at every one of his soirées. I am sure the audience would thank him earnestly.

The noble Romanze in F sharp major, by Schuman, is a very good specimen of the deep feeling, the skilful coloring and the strict form in which the composer gives utterance to his musical ideas. The Germans call Romanze a poem, the subject of which is love placed in conflict with some serious adventure. This seems to be the subject of this Romanze. The sweet melody in the form of a duet—how beautiful those faint upper tones of the figuration, repeating it, came in—is built on a groundwork of most solid harmonic texture, in some places full of imitations, in polyphonic treatment, the various parts skilfully being led their own way and yet perfectly chiming in with each other. The tasteful, fresh étude in E flat was followed by that exceedingly happy Valse in A flat, op. 42, played with the same matchless grace and taste as the preceding pieces. We might venture the question, however, was it not somewhat too fast, too nervous? We have to thank Mr. Dresel much for this kind addition to the programme as well as for the Polonaise, likewise by Chopin, played in the second part, before the Spring-song.

It was well that the pause between the two parts lasted as long as it did. The sombre Funeral-March in B flat minor, from the Sonata, op. 35, by Chopin, opened the second part in quite a different strain from the close of the first. It has been heard often, but it loses nothing of the annihilating feeling of despair in the first part. How awfully those Tonic chords in B flat minor, alternating with the Quart-sixth-chord of G flat major, impress one! And then the gigantic rise into D flat major, descending to the corresponding minor key again in repeating the phrase! There is a colossal breath of plan in the march, that makes it an epic of the deepest meaning. The second melody in D flat major, sweet, loving, as an angel's voice, surprisingly relieves one from the fearful grandeur of the first part. The genial Intermezzo by Mr. Dresel, in pure taste, happily led us over to the chivalric Polonaise by Chopin in A major, op. 40. There is a haughty, noble, bold expression in this Polonaise, as of the accepted lover in the fullness of his triumphant joy. Especially marked is this bold, chivalric feeling in the third and fourth parts, the Trio, where even the accompaniment breathes that proud and lofty spirit which is supposed to be preëminently developed in the aristocratic classes of Europe, and especially in the Polish nobility. The absence of all sentimental feeling is noticeable, the piece running on in an uninterrupted current of proud splendor.

The beautiful Adagio from Chopin's first concerto is so well known, both as to its contents and the artistic rendering of the same by Mr. Dresel, that comment seems unnecessary. Very excellent, to allude only to one particular, was the limpid, graceful flow of some swift figurative passages in the middle and toward the end. They appeared like a shower of most fragrant variegated blossoms descending of a delicious evening.

The Spring song never wears out; it is truly one

of Mendelssohn's happiest creations. We think the passionate Polonaise in C sharp minor, op. 26, with its sombre hues and more melancholy character formed a most happy contrast to the pieces between which it was placed.

We must not forget to mention the tasteful manner in which Mr. Leonhard entered into the spirit of the composer and the solo performer in his accompaniment to the Adagio from Chopin's concerto. We wish earnestly, this artist, with his enthusiastic striving after the best in his art and his great ability, would give us an opportunity to hear him oftener than he does. Nor ought the Choral to pass unnoticed, in which the voices of Mrs. Harwood, Mrs. Kempton, Messrs. Draper and Langerfeldt mingled sweetly, devotionally. Mrs. Harwood's voice was beautiful and sympathetic as ever and the rich tones of Mrs. Kempton's contralto came in strongly and pleasantly. In the Mendelssohn songs they did not seem so fresh. We noticed in the first soirée that Mrs. Harwood's voice lost of its sweet, sympathetic quality, at the same time when the temperature of the hall was almost insufferable. It may have been from the same cause this time. If the second of the three four-part songs had been omitted, we think the entertainment would have gained. The intonation especially in the tenor was not as pure as in the others, and some of the phrases seemed more hurried and less clear than was desirable. Did the sudden lapse from warm Indian summer time to icy winter in a single afternoon affect them? The Boston climate is very trying to voices.

There is one feature in these soirées, which makes anticipation, enjoyment and remembrance of them equally pleasant, the consciousness that everything in them is in harmony, perfect fitness and artistic taste. Mr. Dresel is surely conferring a great benefit on the musical community by them. And we only regret that we have not more of them.

The public seem to appreciate the character of these exquisite concerts, the hall being completely filled. The third soirée of four takes place to-night.

*†

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY in its advertisement in another column gives the particulars of the terms upon which its concerts will be given. The orchestra will consist of 44 members, larger considerably, it will be perceived, than we have had for many years in Boston, except on special occasions. The expenses of the series have been carefully estimated, and it is absolutely necessary that the number of tickets mentioned, be secured by subscription, in order to give the concerts. The lists are in the music stores, and at such low prices, we shall confidently expect, within a week, to see them filled.

Musical Chit-Chat.

PARIS. — Theatre Imperial de l'Opera Comique. The "Pardon de Ploermel" has been taken up here, with a new *Dinorah*, Mlle. Montrose, who sang it with great success, making an immense advance in the estimation of the public, being hailed as one of the most brilliant French singers.

The part of Hoël was given to Mlle. Wortheimber, being a change of sex in the part, and it was sustained by her with admirable success. Some changes were made in the score, which were written by Meyerbeer for Madame Nantier-Didiee.

At the Grand Opera, The Prophete, Il Trovatore, Lucia and Orfe have been given. Semiramis was to follow. La Traviata had been given with Tedesco.

Vestali is about to make an operatic tour in the French provinces and in the Hague and at Rotterdam to sing in Romeo and Juliet, Orphée, Favorita and Il Trovatore.

Il Matrimonio has been revived also, with Mlle.

Maria Ralter, Alboni, Penco, Gardoni, Zucchini and Badiali.

Schubert's "Erlking," arranged for the orchestra by Berlioz, has just been published in score and with separate parts. This produced an immense effect when sung by Roger at the festival at Baden, and will be eagerly sought by all singers whose voices were adapted to it.

It is said that the celebrated pianist, Leopold de Meyer, has been struck with paralysis, and it is doubtful whether he will ever be able to appear in concerts again.

Martha is to be brought out with Alboni in the part of Nancy, the other characters being sustained by Mario, Mlle. Ralter and Graziani.

DRESDEN. — We learn that Madame Bürde-Ney will leave this city for New York, where she is to create the part of Dinorah in Le Pardon de Ploermel, so that we are possibly to hear Meyerbeer's great new opera, at last. All over Europe we read accounts of the performance of this great work, all glowing with enthusiasm at its beauties and success. Spohr's Faust is to be revived in the course of the winter.

ROCHESTER. — The Ladies Charitable Society gave a concert November 23, at which a young lady well known in Boston and Cambridge as a very remarkable singer made her first public appearance. The Democrat speaks as follows of her performance:

Miss Greenough has truly a wonderful voice, and she manages it in such a manner as to make it very effective. She has evidently been carefully trained under masters who knew the value of the pupil they were educating. We do not pretend to possess sufficient knowledge of such matters to write an elaborate critique on her style, but we have been present at many concerts and have listened to many celebrated singers, from Jenny Lind down, and in our judgment Miss Greenough might without presumption, aspire to the level of any of them; the incomparable Jenny herself, being excepted. No doubt further cultivation and severe study, would be necessary before this young lady could achieve the very highest rank in the musical profession, but she possesses the material with which to build to the summit of excellence. Indeed, we have heard not a few operatic celebrities whose execution was much inferior to hers. Her manner before an audience is such as to give the impression of great self confidence. It is not that of the amateur. Miss Greenough received several encores and bouquets. Only once did she deign to respond, beyond a momentary reappearance, and then she sang a lively little song in some unknown tongue. We liked it better than any of the more important pieces sung by her, except the final "*Salut à la France*," which is always a favorite. By special request she sang in the course of the evening, the "Shadow Song," which was much admired.

NEW ORLEANS. — A large and fashionable audience attended the new Opera House, to witness the début of Madame Borchard, as *Leonora*, in the Trovatore. The performance not only fully sustained the reputation which this artist had brought with her from Europe, but vastly exceeded the most sanguine expectations. Her voice is a pure soprano, and most remarkable for its extent and amplitude. Her vocalization is exquisite and correct. In presto passages, it vibrates with as much ease, rapidity and evenness as in the less difficult parts. Her method is the style of correctness, and it is not too much to say that her vocal powers are of an order to which our people have not been accustomed since many years. She was received with the wildest enthusiasm and delight, and achieved a triumph of which she may well be proud. — N. O. Courier.

The Albion speaks thus of the Philharmonic concerts and of Schumann:

The next event in the musical world of New York was the first concert of the Philharmonic Society, which took place last Saturday evening. The Symphony was Robert Schumann's second. Some people find fault with this composer because, as they say, they cannot comprehend him; I suppose they mean

by this remark that they cannot trace a distinct melody—that which is sometimes called the "tune." It is true that a perpetually recurring air does not run through most of his movements, and that there are few passages which the hearer can remember and whistle as he recalls them. Considering this, it is perhaps right to say that Schumann is difficult of comprehension. But yet he seems to me to be rich in meaning. Who does comprehend a composer, except in cases where his idea is so palpably presented that he who runs may read? I have no sympathy with those who would give to a piece of music but one voice, and who dogmatically put into words what they declare to be the master's meaning. Music, from each of its thousand strings, sends a different utterance. To you a particular passage sings of a bright future, and sunshine leaps into your soul; to your next friend the same passage but tells of departed joys, and, while listening, his heavy heart recalls the purple hills and the sweet autumn days receding so rapidly into the past. A third listener hears the voice, and his eye grows bright as a vivid picture of heroic strife is painted on the canvas of his brain; he is the hero of a conflict in which, with thrilling words exciting the ardor of his followers, he battles for the noble right, and hears the soul-lifting, triumphal harmony rewarding his valor. Another, under the same spell, dreams only of Arcady, and hears but the shepherd's pipe in the distance, as he himself talks of love to an ideal nymph at his side. To this man is presented the bracing air of sunrise, the dew of the early morning; to that one comes the softened light of eventide, and the glowing western sky lies in entrancing beauty before him. And yet all these phases of fancy are made to appear by the same succession of musical tones, and it is most probable that not one of them came to the composer's mind, coloring his work. The value of a piece of music to most of you, who, I hope, do not listen to it critically, is in the train of thought, or rather, of reverie which it induces. I say I hope you do not listen to it critically, because I believe that such a manner of hearing robs you of much enjoyment, and destroys the best effect of the feast. That striving to comprehend the composer, as you term it, interferes sadly with your pleasure in most cases, by turning your attention from the fancies of your own intelligent brain, evoked by the sweet concord. At least I think so.

Roger, the distinguished singer at the French opera, whose right arm was shot off by accident last autumn when he was out hunting, was furnished by Van Peeterssen, the renowned maker of artificial limbs, with an arm and hand which were regarded as a miracle of skill and successful ingenuity. But though it was impossible for one who was not in the secret of this substitution to discover that the arm was a supplementary one, the singer could neither extend this arm straight before him, nor could he raise it upwards. Mathieu, another famous manufacturer of artificial limbs, has now contrived for the veteran artist an arm and hand which seemed to have reached the limits of the possible in this line; as, by its aid, every movement required by the needs of ordinary life can be performed with the utmost ease, and in a manner so perfectly resembling the action of a living arm that the illusion is absolutely complete. Instead of obtaining the flexions of the forearms by means of the shoulder acting upon a string of cat-gut, as in former attempts, he has contrived a system of machinery in which the string is attached to the front of the hip opposite to the side from which the arm has been amputated. The movement of the artificial arm is thus due to a slight twisting of the body. In extending the arm, and moving the fingers, the cord by means of which these motions are accomplished is attached to the upper portion of the living arm, and is made to act by a movement of the shoulders. Finally, a third cord, whose function is to give motion to the index of the artificial hand, is attached to the hip on the side from which the arm has been amputated. The result obtained by the changes thus introduced by M. Mathieu into this system of fabrication may thus be summed up: By the aid of artificial arms constructed on the old system, it was possible to execute flexion and rotation of the forearm, and to move the fingers; by the aid of the new system, not only may the arm be bent, and made to assume every variety of position, but the forearm may be fixed at will; and, by means of very simple machinery, at two points of the flexion, rendered sufficiently rigid to permit the wearer to write, use a fork, and perform a host of similar actions.

Robin Hood and English Music.

(From the *Illustrated Times*.)

Considered as an English opera—that is to say, an opera of which the music is English in style, and not merely adapted to English words—we may say at once that *Robin Hood* stands alone; for to say that it is the best of its class would be really nothing. Where is its class? What English operas are there of which the music (with the exception of the ballads, which have always the effect of interpolations) belong really to England, as our poetry belongs to it, and by far the greater part of our painting? These ballads all cast in the same mould—of which, in most of our operas, the soprano, the tenor and the bass sing at least two a piece, of two verses each, and the contralto one of similar dimensions—are so far English that they generally suit the English words, and that they are found only in English operas and in those of M. Flotow, who, however, cannot claim to have invented the style. They delay the action; they are tediously alike; they are, therefore, seldom in character with the piece to which they belong, or, to speak with more propriety, in which they are introduced; nor are they written for the theatre, except in so far that the theatre is the advertising-ground of the music-publishers. We do not include in this class such airs as "The Power of Love" in *Satanella*, or "Flow on" in *Lurline*, which, besides being beautiful melodies, form essential parts of the operas in which they occur; but every one knows the musical *entrées* to which we allude, and which are as objectionable in English operas as are the conventional and eternally-repeated side-dishes of which "G. H. M." complains in English dinners. Still our composers are in a curious dilemma. Their operas are to be English, but are not to depend on ballads. They are to be dramatic, but are not to be imitated from the models of Italy, Germany, and France, where the operas most generally admired in Europe (including England) have been produced. That the ballads to which we have referred are English we consider beyond a doubt, or there is an end to nationality in music. Indeed, we could not, help mentioning, in reviewing Mr. Chappell's excellent work, *Popular English Music of the Olden Time*, how similar in style some of the melodies of Queen Elizabeth's, and even of the preceding reign, were to those produced by our most successful English composers in the present day. The "Baillif's Daughter of Islington" (second tune), with a more modern accompaniment, would not be unlike some of the ballads of Mr. Macfarren; and, "Oh! the syghes that come from my heart!" (a love song of the time of Henry VIII.), similarly re-arranged, and introduced into one of Mr. Balfe's operas as a solo for the baritone, would pass for one of that composer's happiest inspirations. The music of our English operas is generally imitated more or less from foreign models in the *finales*, the concerted pieces (except here and there part-songs in the old English style are introduced), and the dramatic portions generally; but the ballads have quite an English character, for we find scarcely anything like them abroad, and specimens which closely resemble them in *English Music of the Olden Time*.

Mr. Macfarren, however, has given an English style to his work throughout. He was justified in doing this (which Mr. Wallace, for instance, would not have been justified in doing for *Lurline*) by the nature of his subject, so thoroughly English. But in writing *Robin Hood* Mr. Macfarren has not founded a national style of operatic music; for the same style applied to subjects not English might be found as inappropriate as the music of *The Barber of Seville* if adapted to *Tom and Jerry*. A great deal can be written and very little decided about this question of nationality of style in music. If Auber's style is French (instead of being his own; as we should say), what was that of Ramenu? If "The Marseillaise" is such a thoroughly French air (as every one admits), how is it that it happens to be an importation from Germany? The Royalist song of "Pauvre Jacques" passed for French, but it was Dibdin's "Poor Jack." How is it that "Malbrook" sounds so French, and "We won't go home till morning" so English?—an attempt, by the way, having been made to show that the airs common to both these songs were sung originally by the Spanish Moors. We fancy the great point, after all, is to write good music; and if it be written to good English words, full of English rhythm and cadence, it will, from that fact alone, derive a certain English character. In the meanwhile, *Robin Hood* is as English as the same composer's *May Day* and *Christmas*, and full of beautiful music.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."—N. P. Willis, in a letter to the *Home Journal*, thus describes the playing of "God Save the Queen," in Grace Church, New York, by Mr. Morgan, the celebrated organist:

The church was empty in a few minutes, all except two or three expectant listeners who lingered in the

aisle; and the slow measure of the hymn was first murmured low, like the scarce articulate utterance of a prayer in solitude. With the dimness of the light upon the splendid architecture around, and, with the absolute stillness of the atmosphere, this beginning was most impressively reverential. And then came the few notes of the air, played with massive solemnity and strength—like the chant of a whole army on their knees—impossible to hear without an awe that hushed the breath. And the variations commenced, progressing upward with the exquisite complexities of inspired composition—the original, simple air, dominant throughout—and brain and heart, thus far, keeping pace with the anthem's stately tread. But, how describe the gathering together of all these wonders of sound, these miracles of surprises in harmony, and thundering them forth in one burst of a hallelujah, with the whole power of the player and his instrument! The hush of the deserted building, and the reverberating echoes from the arches of the vaulted roof, probably added to the effect—but I began to feel that strange sense of uncertain foothold upon earth which comes with the overtaking of reason and sympathy. Borne to the limit—where mortal comprehension ceases and angels take up the hymn—and still the instrument went on! I was losing the knowledge of where I was, reeling in an ecstasy of wonder, when the sublime hosanna was suddenly still—ceasing, I scarce knew how. I had a vague sense of an apology to make, for I had jumped up and seized hold of the player's arm in my bewilderment—but, with a moment or two of looking down upon the stillness of the deserted aisles, I felt the calm of the place, and so, with large drops of sweat standing on my forehead, I recovered the knowledge of my whereabouts. I had really been almost wrought up to frenzy with the skill and power of that wonderful music.

Liszt.

From Paris to Vienna in 38 hours *via* Strasburg. A wonderfully short journey compared to that of ten years since over the same ground, but still wearisome enough. While indulging in a few hours' rest, which such fatigue rendered indispensable, I was this morning, at eight o'clock awoke by the most tremendous storm of pianoforte thunder and lightning that ever disturbed the sleep of a worn-out traveller—a perfect hurricane of harmony—a chaotic mass of sound, in which the music of the past, present, and the future was jumbled together in the most unintelligible confusion. Tarentellas, triumphant marches, *scherzos*, and *allegros* seemed to my unaccustomed ear to be commingled without any definite purpose or design, excepting that of making as much noise as the unhappy instrument was capable of producing, according to the rhapsodical mood of the performer. I listened for a time, and then tried to sleep again in vain. I rose and went to the window, which looked out upon the court-yard of this most respectable hotel, "Zur Kaiserinn Elizabeth." The domestics were at their usual occupations; the boots was busily employed in polishing the last of at least fifty pairs of shoes; the housemaid was sweeping the room opposite. No one appeared to pay the slightest attention to the tempest which was raging in the apartment on the first floor opposite, of which the window had been opened in order, very probably, to allow the deafening volumes of sound means of escape in safety. Tranquility, under such circumstances, was hopeless. I rang the bell and inquired, more or less indignantly, who was allowed to create such a disturbance at such an early hour to the annoyance of all reasonable people.

"Ich weiss nicht, mein Herr," replies the Stuben-mädchen, "ausser Doctor Liszt wohnt in dem Zimmer gegenüber." Further information was unnecessary. The mystery was solved; the pianoforte thunder and lightning by one word explained. Liszt, and Liszt alone, could have evoked such a torrent of sound from any instrument. It ceased almost as soon as I had learned its origin. The morning rhapsody of the lion-pianist had exhausted itself.

During the day I met Liszt, and had an opportunity of seeing that time has not spared him any less than it has more ordinary mortals. The long lanky hair still falls over the lofty brow; the eagle-eye still glances brightly; but the hair is tinged with grey; the brow is furrowed with wrinkles, and ugly crow's-feet radiate from the eagle eye, somewhat disfiguring the kaiserliches Gesicht of the eminent virtuoso. We talked of England, of which, for some reason or another, Liszt is evidently not very much enamoured. Whether he is disappointed at the cold reception we have given to Wagner, and our want of faith in the music of the future, I know not. It is, however, not improbable, seeing what an energetic disciple he is of the new school. He is as usual travelling *en prince*, attended by a suite of hangers-on, *soi-disant* admirers.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 453.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 8, 1860.

VOL. XVIII. No. 10.

The Old Bass Viol.

Have you never heard of good Father Train,
Who schooled so soundly and preached so plain,
And fought the devil with might and main?

Small hire he got, yet he always throve,
For he gave his heart to the trade he drove,
"He taught for a living, and preached for love."

Noble and bold were the words which rung
In council and kirk from his godly tongue,
And noble and bold were the psalms he sung.

Long years hath the veteran's grave been made,
But I prize the altar at which he prayed,
And the old bass viol whereon he played.

It is leaning now by my study door,
And I love its worn face all the more,
That it lightened the burdens a parson bore.

I love to think that far or near,
Though sense be lost to the palsied ear,
There's always a music the soul can hear.

I love to think that early and late,
Though the tongue with melody never can mate,
Some thrill of song in the soul may wait.

It is muffled away in the breast alone,
A gift, mayhap, to the heart unknown,
Till the joys of heaven unfold the tone.

But many, awake on earlier wings,
Will answer in music to all sweet things,
And copy their joy on earthly strings.

And he is one. In his holiest time
He proved the cheer of the viol's chime,
And worshipped the Lord, in psalter rhyme.

So summer and winter came and went,
While the songs and the fates grew kindly blent
Of the man and his chosen instrument:

That when the soul of the saint arose,
His track the soul of the viol chose,
And the music-pulse in his bosom froze.

All stringless, beaten, and bent awry,
Into a garret dark and high,
They flung the poor, dumb prophet by.

There, long, in the curves of its shattered shell,
The spider folded her silken cell,
And the death-watch tapped to his mate, "All's well."

And many a summer the earth-wasp came,
With wings that quivered and flashed like flame,
And glued its nest to the ruined frame.

But for a chance he had slumbered yet,
With the lull of the death-watch's drowsy fret,
And the fly-dirge droned from the spider's net.

I heard where the lorn old wizard lay,
And calling him forth from his nook one day,
I won him back to his ancient play.

I burnished his faded form, and wrung
His writhed joints till the old grew young,
And his grand-toned nerves I newly strung.

Then I healed him many a ghastly hole,
And gave him the grace that time had stole,
And tunelessly back came his aged soul.

By the window I sit when the day-beams wane,
And he leans on my breast and sings his strain,
Till I start at the voice of Father Train.

And I know that, beyond the burial calm,
The saint is leaning with harp and palm,
And joining his old-time viol-psalm.

Watchman and Reflector.

Madame Anna de la Grange has just arrived in Paris. Vestvali is also singing there. Alboni, too, is in Paris, and Tedesco, as we have seen elsewhere, now "fair, fat and forty" at least.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Johanna Kinkel's Eight Letters to a Friend.

ON INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO.

(Translated by WM. GRAUERT, A. M.)

(Concluded.)

VIII.

The keys seem, in a grand tone piece, to be in mutual contest and strife; they are, like many agents of nature that are developing themselves, endeavoring to rise to the light, to assume forms and to live through their piece of universal history. But even the humoristic intrigue of less grand compositions delights us, as it is performed in ever shifting scenes in the most ordinary sonata by the family of keys.

The Tonic's Triad enters, like the lord of the household, in the full consciousness of his dignity; he opens a conversation with his consort Dominant and admonishes to virtue his son Subdominant, and his sweet daughters, the two Mediants. He starts for a journey, and Mrs. Dominant is pleased to put on the unmentionables in his absence, i. e., to vindicate to herself the subsemitonium, whereby, at the end of the first strain the illusion becomes so complete that everybody thinks the Dominant was the "Lord" of the House.

But the putative Tonic badly knows how to maintain her lordship. The children rebel at the very outset of the second part; Subdominant boldly invites his befriended neighbors and their headlong revels made the house topsy-turvy. All kinds of amorous Sevenths approach from afar and near, swarming around the Mediants. Dominant vainly strives to maintain order; at last she summons, with a prolonged outcry, the father to return. If we did not know in the middle phrase who was the master and who the servant, all doubts are disappearing now, when genuine Tonic-Triad reënters the house with his inherited legitimacy. All other triads seem now to lay excuses for the past at their lord's feet who cheerfully pardons them, assigns them their proper places and brilliantly ends his glorious career in a final chord with which the most malevolent can not find fault.

There was, some decades since, an epoch of piano-composition, representatives of which lavished their best powers on secondary things. The substance of a music-piece, of sometimes great beauty, was enveloped in a conglomeration of arabesque-like tinselly passages, disfiguring, hoop-skirt like, the natural form. A normal piano concerto of that time lasts about three-quarters of an hour; it contains—if we sum up the customary *cantilene* passages in the first part, the adagio and the rondo—five melodies, each of about 16 measures; all the rest are runs and skips, the continuation of those few melodies being left to the accompanying instruments. Variety of difficult manipulations for the fingers was most valued, they had to be executed in the quickest tempo and were always rewarded by the loud applause of the listeners.

The virtuosi now developed the fingers at the expense of the mind; they sacrificed to their vanity their artistic conscience and appeared solely with such pieces in public whose practice cost many months of life to the very skilfullest. The lover of art, though evincing a momentary delight while listening to such a piece performed with grace and skill, could still not dissemble that nothing truly beautiful was obtained by its difficulties, that they rather tended to fill the public with stupid wonder.

This has passed away; the difficult now endeavors to serve at least a highly artistic purpose although the old abuse has not yet been done entirely away with. Most of our recent piano compositions require, above all, a nice and expressive execution; mechanical difficulties have pretty much been pressed into the background, nor is this prevalent idea weakened by incessant repetitions and variations; we are rather inclined to object to their concise brevity.

The first impulse to this change was given by Felix Mendelssohn, in his popular Songs without Words; they stand in the same relation to the former piano-concerto as the simple song does to the pretentious bravura-air. Their contents are the outpouring of the soul, called forth by its cheerful or melancholy disposition, or by a landscape, hunt, water-trip, &c. Some definite kinds, although differently conceived and executed, may be found in each volume. Thus, for example, No. I. is always a solemn melody in very soft modulations, soaring above a somewhat livelier arpeggio-movement, expressive of the soft longings of unuttered love, or of sweet repose. A song of painful complaint follows or a wild rider's song, where we hear in the dark forest the roaring of storm and rain accompanying the horse's clatter and the lonely fellow's defying song. The unimpassioned melody of religious fervor or still resignation to a supreme rule is not less traceable in several of these songs. It is not exactly a chorale or of customary ecclesiastical style, but the sanctity and dignity of the chords and rhythms is thoroughly permeated by the breath of prayer.

The Venetian gondola-air is represented a few times in an equally successful manner. Most beautifully did Mendelssohn conjure up the charm of the starry night by the choice of keys and the position of the chords. Whoever observes the first two measures, cannot doubt that no picture of clear daylight will be unrolled here. Dark shadows are shrouding us in deeper and deeper hues, a peculiar moist glitter rises forth from the bass chords, as if we were looking down into the green sea; now come in quiet measure the beats of the oars around which is playing an undulating accompaniment; little staccato progressions in thirds resound fallaciously; the guitar tones that accompany the two-part melancholy and slow song soaring from out the inner room of the gondola far away over the lagoons.

In song No. III. in the first vol., in the cheerful green key of A major, brings before our imagina-

tion a hunting-picture in its freshest vigor and elegance. The sounds of the horns invite to the dark forest, horses galoping and waving plumes of knightly forms fly past; harmony paints the tarrying, seeking, wandering to and fro, and, finally, the finding of the track. All exult; down they rush through the thicket where the entangled twigs clamorously open and close. A last rustling in the foliage, a dying sound far-off, and the most elegant whispering roulade, like a whirled dust cloudlet, shuts the scene with a few tones, as if all had been a dream.

The song No. IV. in the 2d. vol. depicts the silent wandering along a murmuring brook. The playing figure of the bass glides away like crystal-clear waves over rare pebbles. The final passage, developing itself from this base and arising with sweetest elegance, resembles the evening breeze whirling up in its flight some apple-blossoms and showering them upon the wanderer's path.

A duet between bass and upper voice is added to these songs without words; it is, of course, a *tender* duet. It is regarded as one of the finest numbers of the collection, and certainly justly so although it does not, owing to its definitely circumscribed form, admit of imaginative explanation, like many others.

Another one having the character of popular song is much praised by the dilettante, but it somewhat offends the refined ear by the doublings of its octave-runings which, in fact, reflect the popular song in its peculiarity.

No. II. of the 5th vol. is a sort of triumphal song sounding forcibly like a song of liberty. It is well that pure tone-language is a Sanscrit for the German police, or else they would forbid its rhythm. There is in it a chain-crushing power, buoyant, carrying off and electrifying the listener. It looks as if the pangs of those times had fled into the harmless piano and sought there a vent, when speech was silenced. Tone-art is so magic that each epoch hears or lays in it its most urgent wants.

FREDERIC CHOPIN, a Pole by birth, has as great a share in the reform of piano-music in general, as Mendelssohn. While Mendelssohn's fine understanding and highly refined taste extinguished or bent into right shape the execrable tendencies of the previous period, simplified its forms spiritualized its contents, but, on the whole, built on the existing ground, Chopin's geniality broke hitherto unknown roads into the romantic dawn of most wonderful harmonies. His music stands beside that of Mendelssohn like fairy tales beside History. It is not as healthy, nor as true and sensible, but possesses for all that the warm spell and awe of the fairy tale.

It would not be impossible to make even a connoisseur believe that a Mendelssohnian melody, if he hears it for the first time, was one of Mozart or Beethoven yet unknown to him; because Mendelssohn is, with all his originality, nearly related to these great masters. Chopin's melodies, on the other hand, are *unheard of*, none similar has been invented previous to them. Thus it happened that, when he first appeared, almost all persons of more than 40 years hated him, and found him to be quite incomprehensible, while the youth was quite enthusiastic in his favor.

If we investigate the cause of the indescribable awe and delight with which Chopin fills us, we

arrive at a solution that might to many a one appear fabulous: Chopin wants to redeem the quarter-tones looming up now gloomily like shadowy forms between the unharmonic invasions.

In order to justify this view, we must look back a little in the history of music. In the earliest centuries of the Christian era, when not the ear, but mathematical calculation decided which intervals must sound well or badly, the part-phrases progressed in fifths and octaves; for thirds were regarded as intolerable dissonances. The very progression of harmony, which we feel to be the most shocking, was then considered the only right one. The human ear was not yet sufficiently refined to distinguish nearer harmonies. The fifth, perhaps even the fourth, were just distant enough; but the minor third (this insinuating, voluptuous favorite of *our ear*) produced probably the same impression as does to us the minor second, or the simultaneous touch of C and C sharp.

If we imagine now the adoption of quarter-tones into our system of intervals, the second would perhaps, become for us henceforth the same that third is to us now. Any one cognizant of the history of music will recollect the revolution called forth by the first introduction of the third and the ensuing fall of the old musical system and the entire structure of our present. It required a long time, until it was recognized as euphonious. To it we owe now the series of most beautiful harmonies that since centuries ever surpassing one another refreshed our souls. But it would sometimes appear as if the source were exhausted; the recent melodies sound more and more like imitations or superficial changes of old ones and the ear sighs for something new, unheard of.

Emancipate the quarter tones and you have a new world of tones!

But to us, accustomed as we are, to the long standing division in half tones, the innovation will sound shockingly and like a mere noise of dissonances; the next or third generation, known having taken in the strange sound with their mother milk, will perhaps greet in them a fresh, doubly rich art.

It is at this mysterious door that Chopin seems to knock; his melodies glide restlessly through the half tones, as if seeking nicer, more spiritualized *nuances* than the existing would offer to his intentions. This door being once burst open we have come a step nearer to the eternal sounds of nature; for why are we unable faithfully to set in tones and only feebly to imitate the æolian harp, the rustling of the forest, the bewitching tones of the water? because our so-called whole and half tones are scattered too clumsily and gapingly, while Nature possesses not only quarter and eighth tones, but also an infinite scale hardly to be dissected in tone-atoms! *

A nocturno of Chopin seems as if it were striving to call forth that mood which breathes around us in deepest loneliest midnight when standing listening upon a lofty open spot, and when all the whispering sounds awaken that are at all other times smothered by the noise of the day. Then there is a flowing down from the stars, or rising up from the valley bottoms, a blending together to something hardly audible. No fluttering, no sounding fills the wide atmosphere; but *it is there*

[It strikes me, as if this remarkable and beautifully true idea had never been pointed out so enthusiastically as here.—
TR.]

that music of the night for which there is no name — none can deny it, who ever listened to it.

Chopin has expressed, as has no other composer, the "Weltschmerz" and wretchedness of the youth of his times. He poured out ironically these sentiments in his numerous mazourkas which borrow nothing of dances but the name and the 3-4 time.

The public at large prefers to Chopin's compositions those of Thalberg, on account of their brilliancy and easier comprehension, as they exact more from the performer's fingers than from the listener's thought. They are without mind, but full of gace and betray less invention than skillful elaboration. The light and gay element of South-German, more properly of Viennese elegance and enjoyment of life is reflected in them. They are excellent salon compositions and as such hardly as yet surpassed.

Midway between Thalberg and Chopin stands Adolph Henselt, more solid than the former, less genial than the latter, but combining a small share of the excellencies of each. He describes, like Chopin, scenes of nature, not her awful enigmatic spell, but only the glittering, superficial form. He adds, from an inexhausted depth of most painful feelings, the poisoned arrow, and shows us, at the highest, only a clear drop of blood upon a snow-white bosom. His rocket-passages are not as glistening as Thalberg's, but they rest upon a more elaborate harmonic basis.

One peculiarity of Henselt (imitated by many) are the strange keys exorbitantly laden with sharps and flats, in consequence of which it cannot be denied that many an ordinary idea appears more original than it indeed is. This oddity renders many a popular piece necessarily difficult for dilettante. One should, indeed, not abuse for every trifle the holy D flat major, the tragic A flat, of E flat minor, and the purple-clad F sharp major; this frivolity deprives these keys gradually of their nimbus; they became common like G and D, and the composers are robbed of them as the most convenient means for apparitions and grand effects. Many are thus already accustomed to consider, in the first moment, as poor and shallow, a really respectable composition appearing in a simple key and claiming favor only by its inner substance. It is a similar want of taste to that met with frequently in exhibitions of Art. Nearly all landscapes shine in golden evening tints or receive a shattered light through the fissures of a thunder-cloud. If you look upon an excellent composition beside them, with a natural green in healthy day-light, the eye requires a long time till it finds out that this is genuine truth and that the others were only dazzling pictures.

Beethoven's grander piano-sonatas, which stand out unique and incomparable and do not belong to any particular epoch or fashion, ought to be the last study of an accomplished performer, to be undertaken only when he can give an account to himself of their intrinsic spirit.

A new Music Hall in New Haven was opened for the first time last week. It is one of the largest halls in New England; is 81 by 122 feet, and 35 feet from floor to ceiling; seats 2,500 people; has about 300 gas-burners, and these are lighted all at once, by an *electric battery*—the vast hall being illuminated at a single flash.—*Daily Times*.

Grétry.

(Continued from page 276.)

We have now reached the work which I consider the chief among all that Grétry produced, *Richard Cœur de Lion*, the words of which were written by Sédaine. He attained in this score the highest degree of pathos. I have no intention of entering into a detailed analysis of this work. The compass I desire to give this notice will not allow of it, and moreover, all the airs are familiar to the ears of the teacher. It is impossible, however, not to mention the frank joyousness of the peasants in the chorus—

"Sais-tu que c'est demain,
Que le vieux, Mathurin,"

as well as the following *motive*, the couplet of Antonio—

"La danse n'est pas ce que j'aime."

What grace, too, there is in the air of Laurette!—

"Je crains de lui parler la nuit."

Does not a vein of delicate and good-tempered irony pervade the verses of Blondel?—

"Un bandeau couvre les yeux."

But the romanza "Une fièvre brûlante," has justly become the most celebrated piece in the score. It is a noble and simple air, of a touching character, and more elevated style than the common run of Grétry's writings. Mozart need not have disowned it.

Grétry excels, however, more especially in pieces of a simple and rustic character. He is quite at home in depicting a village festival. In support of this assertion, I will cite the couplets of the peasantry—"Et zig, et zig"—at the commencement of his career. He sought in preference to all others such subjects as make little demand for orchestral display—a simple song in 2-4, or more frequently in 6-8, accompanied by violins, hautbois, and basses, and the effect was produced. Subsequently, when he grew jealous of the renown of Cherubini and Méhul, he attempted to stimulate these masters, and failed. He was wrong to attempt the treatment of subjects of too high a flight for his manner. *Pierre le Grand* (1790), *Guillaume Tell* (1791), are far from having enhanced his glory. He had overweighted his talents, and grace deserted him.

The success of *Richard Cœur de Lion* was immense, and Grétry had composed it with great rapidity. The following stanza was accordingly written on the occasion:—

"Ceux-là font bien, ceux-là font vite,
Le plus grand nombre ne fait rien;
Mais Grétry seul à le mérite
De faire beaucoup, vite, et bien."

At the close of the first performance the authors were called for, and Grétry alone appeared.

The art of stage decoration had made notable progress at this time—a progress due in great part to Mlle. Clairon. Philippe, who, like Trial, Laruelle, and Dugazon, has bequeathed his name as the habitual designation of the class of characters played by him, filled the part of Richard. He appeared on the first night wearing the Order of the Garter—an anachronism which was corrected at the second performance.

Richard Cœur de Lion was played in England; two managers produced it simultaneously. The manager of Covent Garden, wishing to outshine his rival, took it into his head to remodel the French work, and introduced other music into it by Anfossi, Bertoni, David Rizzio, Duni, Zennucci, &c. The entire conglomeration was hissed, including what had been preserved of the original score. The Drury Lane manager, better advised than his compeer, had contented himself with a literal translation of Sédaine; the music was adapted to the English version without any alteration whatever, and the work was in the highest degree successful.

On the 25th of January, 1785, Grétry produced *Pamurce dans l'île des Lanternes*, the words by Morel;* and on the 16th of January, 1786, *Les Méprises par Resemblance*, in three acts, the words being by Patrat; on the 8th of February the *Comte d'Albert*, in two acts; and the sequel of the *Comte d'Albert* (by Sédaine), which was performed at Fontainebleau, November 12th, 1786, and at Paris in 1787. These works added nothing to the reputation of Grétry, which had been raised to its pinnacle by *Richard Cœur de Lion*. *Le Prisonnier Anglais*, produced December 26th, 1787, failed with signal opprobrium. The composer revised this work in concert with the librettist Desfontaines, and it reappeared, in 1793, under the title of *Clarice et Belton*. I may also mention, by way of note, *Le Rival Confident*, a comedy in two acts, played June 26th, 1788, which preceded by some days *Amphytrion*, a grand opera. To the same purpose I will add the names of *La Rencontre Imprévue*,

*Morel was the author of *La Caravane*, in which he is said to have been assisted by Louis XVI.

May 1st, 1790, from which the air of *La Sonnette* has survived; *Anacréon chez Polyrate*, 1797; *Lisbeth*, 1792; *Eliza*, 1799. All these were deficient in the simplicity which characterised the early works of Grétry, without possessing the brilliancy of the more modern works. They appeared feeble, and not without reason, to a public whose musical knowledge had made progress, and who would no longer content themselves with a feeble and colorless orchestration.

At the close of Grétry's career, however, he no longer paid any intention to this important department of his art, and after having written the melody, he left the task of writing the accompaniments to some of his friends. "The orchestral part of his last twenty operas," says M. Féty, "were written by M. Panseron, the elder."

Zémir et Azor, *Le Tableau Parlant*, *L'Epreuve Villageoise*, &c., which the Republic had banished from the stage, "as failing to present examples of ardent patriotism and fiery love of liberty and equality," were revived under the Empire, with enthusiasm, by Ellevion, of whom I shall frequently have occasion to speak.

It is related, that leaving the theatre after a performance of *Zémir et Azor*, Napoleon encountered and remarked an old man who was bowing to him with pertinacity. "What is your name?" said the Emperor, a little abruptly. "Still Grétry, Sire." "And why do you not compose any more?" "When the nightingale grows old he hides himself, and sings no more." "You are not like him," replied Napoleon; "for your music is of the kind which will be always sung."

The next day Grétry received a diploma of knighthood in the Legion of Honor, and a pension of 400*fr.* a year.

Grétry was sadly afflicted in his private life. He had had three daughters, Jenny, Lucile, and Antoinette. Jenny had a charming voice, but died at the age of sixteen, just as she was beginning to profit by the lessons which her father had given her. Lucile seemed destined to a brilliant career. At an early age she displayed a taste for composition. Sédaine wrote for her *Le Mariage d'Antonio*, a sequel to *Richard Cœur de Lion*. This work was played July 29th, 1786. In his *Essais sur la Musique*, Grétry relates with affection how he assisted his daughter in the composition of this work, and directed her efforts without her knowledge. "Remark," he says, in another place, "the little bravura air in *Le Mariage d'Antonio*. Pergolese would not have been ashamed of it. There is not in this air any more luxuriance than is needful, and becomes the young village girl who sings it." And further, on referring to the manner in which his daughter wrote it:—"She wept," he said, "sang, played her harp with incredible energy." She also wrote a little opera called *Lucile et Antoinette*, and died two years afterwards. She had been forced out of vanity to marry a rich banker, who rendered her life miserable for the short time it lasted after her marriage.

Antoinette, the third, was betrothed to Bouilly, the author of *Guillaume Tell*, better known through his tales than his dramatic works. The poor betrothed one joined her sisters in heaven ere the marriage was celebrated.

The wretched father, profoundly afflicted by the loss of the beings who were most dear to him in the world, and also not a little wounded, no doubt, to find success deserting him to wait on other composers, withdrew to Montmorency, in Rousseau's hermitage, which he had purchased. From time to time he appeared for a short period in Paris; but his visits, instead of cheering him, added to his melancholy. Abandoning music for philosophy, he wrote a book, entitled *De la Vérité*. He died at Montmorency, November 24th, 1813. To complete the list of his works I have only to mention:—*Le Jugement de Midas* (1778), *Andromache* (1780), *Emilie* (1781), *Raoul Barbe-bleu* (1785), *Basile* (1792), *Joseph Barra* (1794), *Denys le Tyran* (1794), *Le Barbier du Village* (1797), *Le Casque et les Colombes* (1801), *Delphis et Mopsus* (1803).—*London Musical World*, November 10.

†It is a fact that Grétry's opera suffered neglect under the influence of the prevailing revolutionary sentiments, which required music more exalted in expression, and the works of Lesueur, Méhul, Cherubini, Bertoni, &c., threw those of Grétry for the time being into the shade. But a brilliant reaction took place when Ellevion took possession under the Empire of the part of Blondel in *Richard Cœur de Lion*, to which he added *Zémir et Azor*, *L'Ani de la Maison*, and *Le Tableau Parlant*. The success of these works rose even higher still on the advent of Mad. Boulanger in 1811. Then came Ponchard, who added still more to Grétry's restored glory, devoting to his music the fruits of his instruction in the excellent school of Garat.

A statue of Weber was to have been inaugurated at Dresden, Oct. 11. A cantata by Rietz, words by Kühne, was to be performed by Royal Chapel, and the vocal and instrumental societies of Dresden.

The Sisters Marchisio.

The new celebrities of song, Milles. Carlotta and Barbara Marchisio, who recently came out at the Grand Opera of Paris, in *Semiramide*, with such brilliant success—were born at Turin, and are derived from a family of distinguished artists, which included musicians of great ability. One brother, Antonio Marchisio, was a composer of note, and Joseph, a pianist of the first class. From their earliest years both sisters manifested an extraordinary aptitude for music, and this was encouraged by both brothers, who did all in their power to develop their talent to its fullest extent. Antonio gave them all the instruction he was enabled to do, and when he and Joseph discovered that both Carlotta and Barbara in their extreme girlhood had beautiful voices, they placed them under the most efficient singing-masters. Their progress was remarkable. In a brief space of time they became the vocal wonder of their native place, and were sought for with the utmost eagerness at the mansions of the aristocratic and wealthy. After restricting their performances for several years to the concert-room and private parties, the sisters were at last induced to try the stage, and here a new career of honor and prosperity opened for them. They visited the chief cities of Italy and Spain, and sang at all the principal theatres, including the Scala at Naples, the Fenice at Venice, the first operas at Rome, Turin, Trieste, &c. Fame crowned them wherever they appeared. Their singing was the admiration of all who heard them, and their reputation spread far and wide. More especially were their *ensemble* performances the theme of wonder and delight. Nothing so perfect, so harmoniously blended, it was said, had been remembered in duct singing. Moreover, they were mistresses of all styles of singing—as capable in florid as in plain music—in the classical as the romantic—in Mozart and Rossini as in Donizetti, Meyerbeer and Verdi. They performed in all kinds of operas, and their reputation gained ground with every successive representation. Rumor was not slow in wafting their names to the French capital, and the manager of the Grand Opera, having had additional information of a private nature respecting the merits of the fair artists, at once engaged them to play the two principal characters in the French version of Rossini's *Semiramide*, then about to be produced. Indeed it is doubtful if the opera would have been brought out but for the sisters Marchisio, whose Assyrian Queen and Arsace respectively, were highly eulogised by the leading authorities of the Parisian press, and received by the public with acclamations.—*London Musical World*, November 3.

"DIXIE" AT THE THEATRE—A FUNNY SCENE. —We take it for granted that everybody recognizes the existence of a peculiar song and air known as "Dixie," since it is sung, whistled, and played by brass bands without limit, and at all times and places; but what its meaning was, or who originated it, would puzzle a philosopher to tell. The air seems to infatuate the ear, and is now practised from one end of the Union to the other, with various variations, and always with enthusiastic effect. A few evenings ago, the orchestra of the St. Louis Theatre was good enough to favor the audience with "Dixie," and came very near ruining the drama in that locality by so doing. The assembled sovereigns hushed themselves into breathless silence at the first bar, and sat spell-bound as the last notes squeaked in their ears. The curtain rose, and an actor stepped forth to commence the play; but in an instant the whole house was in an uproar, and "Dixie!" was thundered by a hundred patrons of high old art. In vain the actor tried to make himself heard; "Dixie!" was the cry, and the orchestral artists began to handle their instruments in a very nervous manner. Finally the actor retreated furiously from the stage, and the venerable manager appeared in a flaming passion. "Gentlemen, what means this ill-mannered confusion? What do you want?" he asked in a rage. "Dixie!" was the everlasting response from pit, boxes, and tiers. "Well, you can't have it!" thundered the old man, furiously. "You've had 'Dixie' once to night, and you'll have 'Dixie' no more." Like a ruffled red rooster, the outraged old boy stalked away behind the scenes—and once more the actor marched on; but his appearance was the signal for an uproar worthy of Pandemonium, above which the general roar for "Dixie" swelled with appalling force. The stage folks saw that it was useless to resist the popular will. Music had beaten the Drama on its own ground. Tinkle went the prompter's bell—down swept the curtain with indignation in its rustle, and again was "Dixie" poured forth in bewitching strains by the orchestra. The audience heard it through with silent, but very visible delight, gave the poor musicians three hearty cheers at its

conclusion, and then suffered the play to proceed. Who shall deny, after this, that "Music hath charms?"—*N. O. Delta.*

NEW ZEALAND.—"Handel's oratorio, *Israel in Egypt*," writes the *New Zealander* of August 1st, "was performed by the Auckland Choral Society on Thursday, 5th ult.—and this time without interruption from fire or other casualty. The instrumental portion of the orchestra was weakened by the departure of the band of the 65th for Taranaki, and had to consist entirely of stringed instruments. The chorus was very numerous and on the whole well balanced. The massive double choruses were given with great precision and vigor; and the same remark applies to the rendering of the chorus as a whole. Mrs. Corlett again rendered valuable assistance in the solos for soprano, and the Misses Hampson acquitted themselves very creditably in the solo and duet pieces in which they took part. The solos and recitatives for male voices were sung by Mr. Reid, Mr. Leech, Mr. Ely, and Mr. Strauch; and the well-known duet, 'The Lord is a Man of War,' was sung by Messrs. Strauch and Carleton. Taken as a whole the performance was a very successful one, and shows that the Society is not relaxing in its efforts at continued advancement in the practice and performance of the highest order of musical composition. Captain Balneavis led, Mr. Fleetwood presided at the piano, and Mr. J. Brown conducted. The attendance was very large, and the want of hall-stewards was much felt."—*London Musical World*, November 3.

Musical Correspondence.

PARIS, NOV. 10.—To-morrow makes four weeks that I have been here, during which time I have endeavored to collect the statistics of music publicly performed, with an honest desire to be able to compare this city with Berlin, Vienna and other German capitals, as affording opportunities to hear performances, fitted to awaken and improve a musical taste. So far as a file of daily papers affords the means of coming to a conclusion, aided by the street placards, I think the following abstract may be held to be correct. Symphonies, none, Oratorio music, none, Quartet, Quintet and other chamber music, none, public performances by distinguished artists, none. There has been one performance of music for men's voices, not by the Orpheus, whom Dwight heard, but of similar kind. Beyond this and the common Musard dance, potpourri, &c., music, I know of nothing but the Church music on Sundays, and the theatres. Of the last here is an abstract of what they have produced—nearly, if not quite complete.

At the Grand Opera, (French,) The Prophet, Halevy's Jewess, Semiramis, Trovatore, have occupied most of the evenings, the two former being most often given. Tedesco is the Fides in the Prophet, which was given for the two hundred and thirty-eighth time, November 15th.

At the Italian Opera, with Mario, Alboni, Graziani, &c., I note the following works—Ernani, Cimarosa's exquisite *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, Rossini's Barber, Rigoletto, Traviata. Verdi, on the whole carrying the day.

At the Opera Comique, Ma Tantedort (music by Caspers, who is he?) Le petit Chaperon rouge, (Boieldieu), Fra Diavolo, Le Docteur Mirobolan, Le Caid, Le Rendezvous bourgeois, Maitre Pathe-lin, a Cle' des Champs, Le Pardon de Ploermel, Les Deux Gentilhommes, Joconde, Bon soir M. Pantalon, Les Diamants de la Couronne, La part du Diable, La chien du Jardinier. I am not sure that these are all, but sufficient to show that the public here delights in and will support those short, light operas and operettas, which I think among the most enjoyable things in music, of which they perform two or three in one evening, and which might be so easily introduced upon the stage of the Boston Museum, and with success, I verily believe.

At the Theatre Lyrique, Le Val d'Andorre, (Halevy), L'Auberge des Ardennes, Si j'étais Roi, Les

Rosieres, Les Dragons de Villars, Orpheus (Gluck, with Mad. Viardot as Orpheus,) Crispin rival de son maitre, Les Valets de Gascogne. Of these in several cases, two have been performed upon the same evening. The Val d'Andorre has already run some twenty evenings, and the Orpheus seems destined to have a similar success.

At the Palais Royal they give three or four vaudevilles of an evening, whose name is legion and which are much like the old English so-called operas, being mostly dialogue with songs interspersed. The revival of the Orpheus at the Lyrique has brought out another burlesque there with the title "J'ai perdu mon Eurydice."

I say another burlesque, for such was the origin of the "Orphée aux Enfers" with the exquisite music of Offenbach, at the Bouffes Parisiennes, which is to be withdrawn within a few days, having already reached its two hundred and ninety-eight representation! — A. W. T.

ST. LOUIS, NOV. 22.—We once took a young lady to whom we were "devotedly attached" to the opera. She liked music, so did we, though sometimes we prefer to change the key "from long metre and short metre to meet her by moonlight." Overcome by the ravishing allurements of the opera, she exclaimed, "How well music does go with singing."

We were not particularly impressed with the remark then, but fully realized its truthfulness, when attending the second concert ever given by our Philharmonic Society on Wednesday evening. A word about its formation.

The St. Louis Philharmonic Society was formed "to advance the study and promote the progress of music in St. Louis, and to encourage the reunion and social intercourse of the lovers of music in our city." There are three classes of members, life members, subscribing members, and performing or active members. The subscribing members pay fifty dollars each. There are now one hundred and three, and only in its second month. These one hundred and three men, represent over twenty-five millions of dollars of this city. Every concert increases the members. They will spend every cent gained this year, over five thousand dollars. The tickets for the concerts are never sold, any member selling or disposing of a ticket for gain, forfeits his membership. The performing members number one hundred and ten. They each pay five dollars per year. The musical year consists of eight months from September till May, one concert to be given every month, and the tickets distributed regularly among the members, as many tickets in all being given as there are seats. These concerts are given in our finest hall, and are attended by the finest audiences St. Louis can boast of.

Their leader, Mr. EDWARD SOOBELESKI, has a better European than American reputation. A better musician never was west of the Mississippi river, as he can both lead the orchestra and the vocal score. His office and the librarian's are salaried. Of course some of the orchestra are hired, there being no amateur player on the clarinet, horn, &c. They have two rehearsals every week, and the leader gives two extra ones besides, and in addition to all this the leader devotes three hours every day to instructing members not well up in their parts. The rehearsal rooms are the finest for the purpose I ever saw. The first concert was a complete success. The programme being mainly classical music.

The society is regularly organized, having a Board of thirteen Directors, and all other regular officers. James E. Yeatman, President; Charles Balmer, Esq., Vice President; John J. Anderson, Esq., Treasurer; George W. Parker, Recording Secretary, &c. I enclose you a Constitution, &c. No active member admitted without a thorough exam-

ination. All officers are publicly nominated at least one week before election, and no member can perform publicly at any concert, soirée, &c., as a member of the Society, or use the Society's name.

The second concert of the Society was given on Wednesday evening, 21st inst., to an audience of over two thousand. I append a programme. Every thing went off as well as the most ardent friends of the society could wish.

PART I.

1. Overture, "The Elopement,".....Mozart
2. Chorus, "Blessed is the Lord," from the Oratorio of Elijah.....Mendelssohn Bartholdy
3. Trio for Soprano, Tenor and Bass, from Fidelio.....Beethoven
4. Symphonie in D, first part.....Beethoven
5. Sextette, "Chi mi frena," from Lucia di Lammermoor.....Donizetti

PART II.

1. Overture, "Der Freischütz,".....C. M. v. Weber
2. Double Chorus from Antigone, for Male Voices.....Mendelssohn Bartholdy
3. Flute Solo, "Air Allemand".....Boehm
4. Cavatina, "In tears I pine," from "I Lombardi".....Verdi
5. Solo and Chorus, "Inflammatus est," from Stabat Mater.....Rossini

The Society are determined to cultivate a taste for classical music. The Symphony of Beethoven and Chorus from Antigone, sung by over one hundred and twenty voices were especially fine. As might be expected many could not understand it. One young lady near me, remarked after the symphony was played, "Well, ain't that funny music?" Just so, it was funny to some, but we hope it will not be long.

We would like to make particular mention of the soloists, and of some other things, but somehow no matter how kindly a thing is said, some one is offended. If you criticise they are offended, if you praise they are offended, because some one else is praised more, and so it goes. The writer of that article in the *Musical World and Times*, from Cincinnati, Ohio, just hit this city too. We have no musical critic in this city at all connected with any paper. It is only a "local" and the motto "cut it short" and praise home talent or "advertising talent." They contract for advertising and so many lines of "notice," and so it goes, and so it always has gone, and will go, I suppose. The Society give their next concert next month.

I can not close without adverting to our system of music in the Public Schools. The "Board" and Superintendent are doing all they can to make music an indispensable branch. The Superintendent is earnestly striving to promote this necessary end. The greatest obstacle is the people who refuse to vote supplies. They see no necessity for buying aught but chalk and black boards, entirely ignoring the ennobling influences of music. But of that more anon. — PHIL.

HARTFORD, CONN., DEC. 3.—Nothing of any great musical importance of late, excepting the concert of the "BOSTON GERMANIA BAND," and that of Miss LUCY J. RAMSEY, of Middletown, Conn.; both of which "drew large houses," and sent the people away highly delighted. This was the first appearance of Miss Ramsey in Hartford, as a public singer, although a native of Hartford, and I am happy to state that she made a most decided "hit" with her voice, execution and manner; in fact, I can recall no singer since Mad. BISCACCANTI appeared in Hartford, who has won the sympathies and hearty approbation of our entire audience, as did Miss Ramsey the other evening. Possessing a voice of great natural purity of tone, she has been a favorite pupil during the past year of the well-known teacher, Signor RIVARDE, of New York, in which time she has made immense improvement in style and execution. Her renderings of "Ah! non credea," and "Vana, vana!" from Meyerbeer, were highly successful and brought out rounds of applause. The old saying, "A prophet, &c.," can hardly apply in

this instance to Miss Ramsey, for she has certainly made herself "known" and appreciated in her "own country," and should she again appear in this her native city in concert, I can assure her, she will be greeted with an overflowing house and scores of admirers. May much success attend her! Our favorite organist, Mr. Geo. E. Whiting, is about to leave us, I am sorry to say, to take up his residence in Boston, I am happy to say. He has secured to himself many friends during his two years' residence in Hartford, and goes away with the regrets and many kind wishes of numerous admirers. I trust that his uncommon talents as a fine musician, as well as a remarkable performer, will be fully appreciated in your critical city. Look out for him!

Quite refreshing and "like old times" to see once again the signature of "Dash & Dash," as well as that of "Trovator." What could we do without them? When is "A. W. T." coming home with his Beethoven? That's all. II.

New Books.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES LAMB. In four Volumes. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. Salem: H. Whipple & Son.

We owe a debt of gratitude to the publishers, for adding to our household treasures this beautiful edition of these, among the dearest and most familiar of household words. The edition is the best and most complete ever published uniformly, as it embraces the "Final Memorials," published after the death of Mary Lamb, which disclose the secret history of their lives, and complete the record of a rare and shining example of brotherly and sisterly affection. The typography and paper of these volumes are little short of perfect, as may be supposed, when we say that they are fine specimens of the work that comes from the famous "Riverside Press." An excellent portrait of Lamb is prefixed to the first volume. The brief biography by the late Mr. Justice Talfourd glows with the affectionate love of a life long and dear friend, and lets us in very near to the hearts and home of Charles and Mary Lamb.

It is fitting that these choice treasures of our English literature of the early years of this century should be so beautifully stored in these volumes. The works of Charles Lamb are among those that we like ever to have near at hand, so full are they of wisdom, of humor, of pathos and the tender outpourings of one of the most lovable and loving of human hearts. The letters too, admit us to fellowship with the leading minds of the literary world of that time, and we enjoy a full communion with the spirits of Coleridge, Wordsworth and Southey, to name no others of the now famous company who composed the circle of the friends of Charles Lamb.

While an ardent lover of all that was beautiful in Nature, Art and books, Lamb seems to have had but little culture in that art to which our columns are devoted, yet he is for us a real "lucus a non lucendo," and we cannot forbear to quote his

FREE THOUGHTS ON SEVERAL EMINENT COMPOSERS.

Some cry up Haydn, some Mozart,
Just as the whim bites; for my part,
I do not care a farthing candle
For either of them, or for Handel.—
Cannot a man live free and easy,
Without admiring Pergolesi?
Or through the world with comfort go,
That never heard of Doctor Blow?
So help me heaven, I hardly have;
And yet I eat, and drink, and shave,
Like other people, if you watch it,
And know no more of stave or crotchet,
Than did the primitive Peruvians;
Or those old ante-queer-diluvians
That lived in the unwash'd world with Jubal,
Before that dirty blacksmith Tubal
By stroke on anvil, or by summ'at,
Found out, to his great surprise, the gamut,
I care no more for Cimarosa,
Than he did for Salvador Rosa,
Being no painter; and bad luck

Be mine, if I can bear that Gluck!
Old Tycho Brahe, and modern Herschel.
Had something in them; but who's Parcel?
The devil, with his foot so cloven,
For aught I care, may take Beethoven:
And, if the bargain does not suit,
I'll throw him Weber in to boot.
There's not the splitting of a splinter
To choose 'twixt him last named, and Winter.
Of Doctor Pepusch old queen Dido
Knew just as much, God knows, as I do.
I would not go four miles to visit
Sebastian Bach; (or Batch, which is it?)
No more I would for Bononcini.
As for Novello, or Rossini,
I shall not say a word to grieve 'em,
Because they're living; so I leave 'em.

GERMAN POPULAR TALES AND HOUSEHOLD STORIES. Collected by the Brothers Grimm. Newly Translated. With Illustrations by Edward H. Wehnert. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

Still another pearl of price the same publishers sends us in these world renowned stories, the *Kinder- und Haus Märchen* of the brothers Grimm. Children's fairy stories, on the surface, but told with the rarest grace of diction and sentiment, that make them as fascinating to the grown up reader as the immortal Arabian Nights. They are excellently translated, and the smaller illustrations, tail-pieces, &c., are spirited and well executed. The larger cuts are not in keeping with the general good style of these volumes which are well printed on good handsome paper. The publishers seem determined to establish a high reputation for the character of the works issued by them, and the manner in which they are got up. They finely rival the good name won by the late firm of Phillips, Sampson & Co., of which Mr. Lee was for many years an important member.

ANALYSIS OF THE CARTOONS OF RAPHAEL. New York: Charles B. Norton.

This little volume gives an intelligent analysis and description of the famous Cartoons at Hampton Court, and has been prepared for the subscribers to the engraving, from the great works of Raphael, which are published by Mr. Norton. It is however of independent and intrinsic value to all lovers of art.

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED BIBLE AND NATURAL HISTORY are most admirably illustrated in the best style of modern wood engraving, and aside from their cheapness, are desirable from the excellent manner in which they are got up. The text of the Natural History is full of valuable and carefully arranged information. It will be a valuable work when entirely completed.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for November. Reprint of Leonard, Scott & Co., New York.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 8, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Chopin's Mazurkas, Nos. 1 and 6.

Mr. Otto Dresel's Third Soiree.

This evening offered us a most excellent programme, which we print below. It will be perceived that it presented two great pieces, one of which generally is considered sufficient for an evening. By the skillful arrangement of the programme, and by placing the pieces of greatest importance first in each part they did not impress us otherwise than as being very fitting and welcome, and we were very glad to have them both.

PART I.

1. Septett, (D minor). Hummel
Allegro con spirito—Scherzo—Andante con variazione—Finale.

2. Fantasie, (op. 17, last movement). Schumann
3. "Nachtgesang im Walde," for male voices. Schubert
4. Bolero. Fred. Hiller
- PART II.
5. Second Concerto, (D minor). Mendelssohn
Allegro appassionato—Adagio—Finale.
6. Gondoliera, for male voices. Gade
7. Mazurka, (op. 50, A flat). Chopin
Fugue, (C sharp). J. S. Bach
8. Mazurka, (op. 59, A flat). Chopin
8. Chorus of Dervishes, from "Die Ruinen von Athen." Beethoven
9. Valse, (op. 70, G flat), and Ecossaises. Chopin

It is perhaps not well to speak of personal impressions and predilections in a notice of a concert; but where everything is so excellent one may be pardoned for expressing oneself particularly struck by some of the pieces. Most interesting to us seemed (besides the Septuor) the movement of the Fantasia, by Schumann, in C major; the Fugue in C sharp, by Bach, from the "Clavecin bien tempéré"; and the Dervish Chorus from Beethoven's music to "the Ruins of Athens." To speak of the Fantasia first, we find the solution of the question contained in the motto to the Fantasia in this very last movement. Full of originality and noble grandeur, leagued intimately with sweetness and grace, it has a surprising, more than commonly interesting effect. It is written in a broad, noble design in two parts frequently with a double accompaniment. The harmonic changes often produce a mysterious enchanting effect, as if they were to herald forth the tone, "the low tone" the artist is striving to find. The motto, by Fr. Schlegel, runs in this way:

"Through all the tones is sounding
In life's bright stream on earth
A low tone interwoven
For one in secret list'ning."

The theme following the first three Arpeggio measures, with its counter movement in right and left hand, is great in its simple statement, but rises to an unusual magnificence in the middle of the movement, where it appears entwined with a most sweet melody of a few measures in skillful imitation parts. Alas, that we cannot describe its various beauties! Language is unwieldy when contrasted with tone. In the accompaniment to this tender, longing melody is one effect of most touching sweetness and warmth of coloring. And yet it is a simple half step before the Tonic and Dominant chords of the accompaniment. Such little things are born of genius. So are the introductory harmonies to this same melody with their unusual changes of keys, the melody being stated in A flat, F major and G minor successively without preparation or leading over chords. They have a similar effect to that produced on us by colored rays of light, mysterious, an atmosphere of shining mellow tones—indefinable. A fine effect has the doubling of the melody in the working up of this theme; first one octave, then two octaves apart, with accompaniment in the middle and a separate bass below. And this working up develops the theme to such grandeur that the piano seems to assume the dimensions of an orchestra, the various parts swelling and spreading, replete with inner life, wrestling with each other, all striving for the same goal, all great, majestic, magnificent, until they unite in a short melody made of the same motive, but of fresh, confident character, changing to the same question that is found at the beginning. And the same sad, plaintive strain is followed both times by the same wondrous, enchanted harmonies (this time D flat, B flat and C major), followed

by a short working up and then by the same fresh confident melody, which, together with that sweet melody mentioned above seems to be the answer Schumann found to the motto. Most strange, yet fitting—from the land of variegated fancies—are the following of the closing harmonies: C major, A major, D flat major, Dominant-Seven in C, all in original positions, e, e, f, f, e being the soprano tones. It is a vain endeavor to catch the spirit, the flavor, the coloring of a piece so rich in peculiar effects, and express them in words. We long to hear the three other movements, the first two of which are connected in such a way, that the first forms a framework for the second. It is full of genius and thought, and has, besides, all the freshness of youth, being his 17th work.

The Fugue in 3 parts might as well have been written yesterday or to-day instead of a hundred or more years ago, so fresh and graceful is it. The form disappears entirely in the subject of the piece, which is both tender and brilliant, of course when played with such perfection, as Mr. Dresel does it. The Chorus of Dervishes is truthful and characteristic in the highest degree, one of those dramatic pieces of music, that transport us at once into the situation. It is frantic, abso- lutely mad, breathing the fiercest fanaticism, being written throughout in unison of all the voices only the accompaniment being figurative, though in the same fierce homophony, characteristic of the whole piece.

The Concerto by Mendelssohn in D minor is less known than that in G minor. It is strong and original in its first movement, which opens with a dialogue between the orchestra and the piano, continued until the latter has obtained the mastery. This event is expressed by a powerful run in octaves after which the movement really begins. The last movement is graceful and very brilliant. The Adagio is less original than the other two movements, but, as everything written by Mendelssohn, chaste and faultless in form. The Mazourkas in A flat, of which we like the first one best, gave Mr. Dresel another pleasant (to all his audience surely) opportunity of playing Chopin in his masterly manner. So did the beautiful Valse and the two exquisite Ecossaises in D and G major from the 7th book of Chopin's posthumous works. What a strange half-melancholy coloring the second one has? His playing was matchless as it always is. The piano is made to give forth under his hands such tender and sweet tones as one never expected from an instrument, naturally dry.

The accompaniments were played by Mr. Leonhard with his usual taste and the Orpheus sang as well as we are accustomed to hear them. A deep-felt piece of landscape painting that night-song in the forest by Schubert, with its phrases half-breathed, half-sung, now rising up splendidly with the light of the full moon, then dying away in the dense darkness of the woods.

The concert presented even a richer feast than the preceding ones. For to-night we are promised a Beethoven Sonata. It is only a pity that it is the last of these beautiful soirées. The hall was crowded, yet more comfortable in point of temperature than at either of the evenings preceding.

THE HARP MUSIC received from J. F. Browne, of New York, noticed a few weeks ago, we should have stated is for sale by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Translated from Friedrich Wieck's "Clavier und Gesang," by Fanny Malone Raymond.

A Soiree at Banker Gold's.

PERSONAGES.

GOLD. (a banker, who loves music).
Mrs. GOLD. (sings, and is "suffering").
SILVER. (a book-keeper, formerly a singer with Strauss).
HEILIG. (a friend of the family—a musical *mucher* *).
FORTE. (a foreign pianist, weak in the nerve-).
DAS. (a piano-forte teacher).
EMMA. (his daughter).

Mrs. Gold has just finished singing Krebs' song, "Loving I think of thee" (all four verses) in the modern Italian style, trembling on every tone, the upper and lower tones forced, with plenty of ornaments, intermingling sudden forte passages with almost inaudible throat piannissimos; and the whole thing a quarter of a tone too low.

Das, (anxiously.) Will you not continue, Mrs. Gold? Or is the instrument so high that you must first get accustomed to it?

Mrs. Gold. Oh, no! the fine song touched me too deeply, and I am such a sufferer. (Aside to Das), Herr Forte did not accompany well at all; sometimes he played too softly, and then he came in with things of his own, that quite overpowered my suffering voice.

Das, (aside to Emma). What an evening we have in prospect!

Gold, (who has been talking about the funds in the next room, hurries in, a little too late, and seizes his wife's hands). Admirable, wonderful, superb! You are in excellent voice to-night, child! Ah, if the Lind had only heard that!

Heilig. Superb! charming! and so touching! There is a—a sort of—a religious type in that song—a—a piety—pray, now, do give us the "True happiness," by Voss, that will make our enjoyment perfect, overpowering. There is something divine in song! And your delivery—your expression, Madam! your sympathy with the composer!

(Mrs. Gold has already got "the true happiness," ready, and can scarcely wait until Forte has finished murmuring through the symphony in a curious piano. Heilig already begins to shed tears, while the great virtuoso turns the four bars of the prelude into eight. During the cloudy, wavering "happiness" he rolls his moist eyes about, and says, at the end of the first verse, while the accompanist's fancy is taking a higher flight, "I am silent; no words can express my feelings!")

Das, (aside to Emma). My daughter, observe that hypocritical feeling; and hear how people must not sing. This pretended warmth is, to the true and unprejudiced musician, nothing—but hollow, empty, unnatural affectation. But you will often meet this amateur suffering.

(Mrs. Gold has finished all the verses of "The true happiness" and seems to have almost recovered. Gold talks with Silver in the "stock-room." Das stands with Emma, very much bored, at the end of the room).

Forte, (sits down to the piano-forte, and says in French to Mrs. Gold). Madam, you are the central point of all fine music. To breathe my inmost feelings over the piano-forte, before such a being, I count one of the happiest accidents of my artist-wandering. What a loss to the German opera, that your position prevents you from aiding it to retrieve itself; you, a star of the first magnitude!

Mrs. Gold. (Quite well again). I cannot deny that the Lind never pleased me. She is, and always will remain a Swede—cold. If she had been educated here, she would have heard warmer examples than in Stockholm; that would have given her a true direction of feeling.

Forte. Very true; you put the right estimate on her talent; and in Paris, where she might have heard

* Mucher,—a word that signifies both goat and hypocrite.

such examples, she lived altogether too retired. I was concertizing there myself then; but as she refused to sing in my concerts, she did not hear me play.

Silver, (to Mrs. Gold, who seems seized with the singing fury). Madam, will you do me the favor to sing the duet between Adam and Eve, from the "Creation" with me?

Mrs. Gold. Here it is. But bye and bye. First, Herr Forte will play us his newest compositions for the left hand, and then something by the romantic, sensitive Chopin.

Gold, (rushes in). Yes, yes! Chopin's mazurka in B major! Henselt, Thalberg, Dreyschock have all played it here to us. Oh, it is touching!

All, (except Silver, Das, and Emma). Touching! Das, (to his daughter). If he plays as he accompanied, you will hear how this mazurka should not be played. It is not touching, but boldly reflects the Polish dance rhythm, as the peasants improvise it—though certainly idealized in Chopin's own style.

(Forte, after some dangerous runs up and down, and some very loud octave passages, with the pedal, gallops into the mazurka, without any pause, and commences it presto. No time or accent can be heard; nothing but eternal rubatos and tasteless retardandos. Some passages are slipped over pianissimo, others suddenly thumped out too fast and abruptly; the last chord makes all the strings vibrate and costs one of them its life.)

Gold. Excellent! Bravissimo! What execution! Such artistic exploits make one forget even the Bourse itself!

Mrs. Gold. You thrill one's inmost nerves. No creative spirit can penetrate the inner heart of Nature, as the English poet, Pope, says—but you have penetrated to my inmost heart! Now let us have the mazurka in F sharp minor, opus 6.

Heilig. What a musical evening Mrs. Gold has again prepared for us! What sublime sorrow breathes through that production!

Silver, (aside). What would father Strauss say to this affected, unmusical interpretation, defying every principle of good taste?

Das. Would it not be desirable to send for the tuner, Mrs. Gold? The B string needs to be drawn up, for the second will soon follow it also, as it is already cracked, and too flat.

Forte, (triumphantly). Let it pass! Cela va sans dire! it often happens to me. The piano-forte is a field of battle where some sacrifices must fall.

Das, (aside to Emma). He thinks that if it does not resound, it will rattle; and untuned tones make more "effect" than true ones.

Emma. Where has he studied piano-forte playing?

Das. My child, he never learnt it at all. He is a genius; it comes of itself to him. Instruction would have fettered his genius, and then he might have played clearly, correctly, naturally, and in good time and taste. This unbridled, unmeasured hurly-burly is what people call "The genial piano-forte swing."

(Forte tumbles hurriedly through several heterogeneous chords, with the pedal raised, and then begins the mazurka in F sharp minor without preparatory modulation. He accents strongly, robs one bar of two quarters to bestow them on the next, and after ending the mazurka, strikes a few despairing diminished-septima chords, and launched into Liszt's transcription of Schubert's "Serenade" [in D minor]. As the second string of the two-lined B has also given way, there ensues a very remarkable effect, and the company wonders in whispers if the piece is by Mendelssohn, or Proch, or Beethoven, or Döhler, or Schumann? until Silver names the Serenade, and Forte closes with a thrilling effect of the soft pedal which he has already, in his enthusiasm, used several times.)

Das, (to Emma). Never play or sing in company without mentioning beforehand what your selection is.

All, (Except Das and Silver). What a performance! What a truly artistic enjoyment!

Mrs. Gold. This playing is transfiguration itself!

Silver, (to Forte). Did you not compress those two bars of the "Seventh," where it modulates into F major, into one? Was that accidental?

Emma, (aside). That was just where he should have retarded the time.

Forte. One must give one's self up entirely to such improvements. Another time I shall perhaps make three bars out of those two; just as genius and enthusiasm operate within me. People call these "aesthetic surprises." Henselt, Moscheles, Thalberg, Clara Schumann don't understand that sort of thing; that is why they cannot make any more tours; they have no idea of effect.

Das, (to Emma). I trust that your naturally healthy taste, and your musical education, will preserve you for ever from such un-nature.

Emma. Such playing makes one feel anxious and uncomfortable. Is that the "modern demoniacal?"

Das. Yes!

Emma. How can that please people?

Das. Because they are fools enough to think it sounds genial and creative.

(Silver leads Mrs. Gold to the piano, to perform the great duet between Adam and Eve. Forte is exhausted, so Das accompanies. Silver sings with good natural feeling; Mrs. Gold in her above-mentioned manner, but still more time-and-tunelessly; and on the pause in the Allegro she introduces, with her forced, cutting voice, an endless cadenza; throwing her black eyes continually towards the ceiling. At the conclusion, Mrs. Gold, dissolving in emotion, is deposited in an arm-chair by Silver.)

Heilig. Ah, when Haydn is interpreted in such a manner, the divine art celebrates his noblest triumphs! Mrs. Gold, were the fine ornaments of your own composition?

Mrs. Gold. No! I heard them introduced in the "Barber of Seville," by Viardot-Garcia, as "Rosina," and I got a musician belonging to the theatre to write them down for me. But the changes necessary for this duet are my own invention, and I have already surprised many listeners with them. And that great, down-rushing chromatic scale which Garcia introduces as the dreamy, swooning Amina in "La Sonnambula," I bring into the great aria, the "Godly Prophets;" a little timidly, to be sure; for the certainty of a Garcia can only be acquired on the boards.

Emma. But, father, Lind sang this duet with Staudigl in Vienna, quite simply, purely, and in a true sacred style!

Das. That is just why Mrs. Gold thinks that the Lind sings coldly, and needs to hear warmer types. But more of this at home.

Mrs. Gold. Now, Mr. Das, will not your Emma play us some little thing? Afterwards, I will sing, "Of thy goodness, oh Lord," and some of Kücken's duets, with Mr. Silver; and if the company desires it, I will close with the aria "Robert."

Das. Will you first allow me to remedy the broken string?

(The company drinks tea in an adjoining room, loudly admiring Mrs. Gold's cultivation and perseverance. When Das has finished his task, Forte marches to the piano, and plays his own "study for the left hand," stretching out the right hand towards his audience.)

Das (at the close to Forte). Would it not have sounded better, and been easier, and more to the purpose, if you had taken the right hand to it?

Forte. That is a very pedantic remark of yours; but one must forgive these things in old people. You entirely misunderstand my stand-point! Do you not feel that I have already one foot in the future? Do you not comprehend that the public wishes not only to hear, but also to see, something remarkable?

And can you not imagine the great musical effect of my suffering aspect?

Heilig. Do you not feel the extraordinary charm and effect that belongs to the left hand alone? No less the outstretched right?

Das. So? Yes, feeling must certainly have taken a false direction with me. I must get myself up in this Parisian piano-forte exaltation.

(After Das has announced it, Emma plays Chopin's Ballade in A major; the company is attentive.)

Forte, (when it is ended). Bravo! a pretty beginning, Mr. Das! I am sorry that I must now take my leave, but I have to attend two soirées more, and to pay my respects in several places.

Silver. Miss Emma, I am sure that you have already played Chopin's music much and well. Let us now hear his two newest Nocturnes.

Mrs. Gold, (to Emma). Have you heard the celebrated Camilla Pleyel? Do you know her fine Kalkbrenner-like concerto in D minor? Can you play anything in that brilliant style? For instance, Döhler's lovely, affecting nocturne in D flat? Ah, Mr. Secretary X. played it for us lately in a delightful manner!

Emma. Yes, I know it; I have taught it to my little sister Cecilia.

Das. Will you in the meanwhile put up with Chopin's two Nocturnes, op. 48?

(At midnight a fine supper was served, perfumed with excellent wines, and disagreeable recollections of this "musical evening.")

The second concert of the MENDELSSOHN QUINETTE CLUB came off on Tuesday, 4th inst. It was a stormy night, snow having begun to fall early in the afternoon.

1. Quintette, in E flat, Op. 4.....Beethoven
Allegro—Andante.
2. Piano Trio, in D minor, Op. 49.....Mendelssohn
Allegro agitato—Andante con moto—Scherzo—Allegro.
Messrs. Lang, Schultze and Fries.
3. Duettino, from the Magic Flute. "La dove prende amor
ricetto." Arranged for Quintette.....Mozart
4. "La Charité." Transcription for Piano.....Liszt
B. J. Lang.
5. Grand Quartette in D minor.....F. Schubert
Allegro—Andante with Variations—Scherzo—Finale, Presto.
Posthumous Work.

Of the Quintette in E flat the first two movements only were played, which generally speaking, does not seem to be a commendable practice. In a work written in the Sonata form the different movements constitute an inseparable unity, to dismember which is doing injustice to the intentions of the composer. To hear the first movements of a Quintette is nearly the same as seeing the first acts of a drama. The dénouement is wanting. This Quintette one of Beethoven's earliest, is not one of his most interesting works. The disappointment was not so great therefore. It is a different thing when a Scherzo or an Adagio is performed by itself. There the connection is not so apparent, since the preparatory movement does not excite the expectation. Neither when a closing movement of a Fantasia is presented, where the parts are joined more loosely. But of a piece in strict form we would prefer hearing nothing, to hearing only the introductory movements.

Mendelssohn's Piano Trio is too well known to invite comment. It is enough to say, that it was played with much feeling, Mr. LANG sustaining his part admirably, and the violin and violoncello joining him worthily. The piece by Rossini, transcribed by Liszt, bearing the title La Charité (why?) is quite pleasing as to its theme. The working up is tasteful, as Liszt knows well how to arrange pieces. The difficulties of execution disappeared in Mr. Lang's excellent rendering. We have not heard this artist for some time, but he seems to have added to his great ease and strength of execution a nicer taste and deeper feeling, than we ever noticed before.

The Quartette by Schubert in D minor, a posthu-

mous work, is a composition of great originality and beauty. It was played we think some three years ago, but seemed quite new on hearing it to-night. The two motives of the Allegro agitato contrast strongly, the first (in D minor) being passionate and energetic, the second, forming a lovely melody in F major, sweet and nervous withal. The effect produced by introducing it in D major in the third part of this movement was especially pleasant. The movement is strong and passionate, and forms in its agitation and its frequent harmonic changes, a fitting counterpart to the quiet theme of the *Andante con moto* in G minor, ending in G major in its second part. The harmonies of the first part are the very simplest to a melody that moves on four contiguous tones. It flows quietly on, nor do the few harmonic changes in the second part disturb this feeling of stillness and rest. The variations are graceful. The Scherzo in D minor with a beautiful Trio in D major is rather more quiet than Scherzi usually are, for the reasons that the Presto Finale in six-eighth time is an impetuous Tarantella. Characteristic in melody and rhythm, it has a wealth of harmonic combinations such as Schubert likes to employ. The fancy of this remarkable genius delights in revelling in chords, in the boldest, most unexpected changes. Everything he wrote at once shows this peculiarity, which for the most part is employed in perfect fitness, with artistic consciousness of effect. This Presto is evidently the most original of the movements. And the unity of the piece is manifested by the first motive of the first movement coming in quite naturally and intermingling with the motives of the Tarantella. The piece was played very effectively by the four gentlemen. The Duettino from the "Magic Flute," the principal part being sustained by the clarinet, went quite well and was a pleasing diversion of the programme.

The hall in spite of the bad weather was well filled, as it ought to be. Chamber music is one of the most effective means of forming a pure taste for the best music. And it is pleasant to see, that the worthy efforts of the Club in this direction are seconded by the public. *†

NEW YORK, DEC. 5.—Last Tuesday evening Messrs. MASON & THOMAS held their second-Soirée to the delight of the music-lovers who had braved the wretched weather. The concert was fully as attractive as the first of the series—perhaps, still more so. One of Haydn's loveliest, freshest Quartets, in B flat major, headed the programme, and was most admirably played. What a contrast it presented to Beethoven's grand work in C, op. 59, which ended the concert! The one like a limpid, sparkling, mountain brook, the other a mighty torrent, almost too full and broad for its limits. The Andante con moto is wonderful, so weird and mysterious, as if hiding some mournful heart story beneath its depths, as who can tell but it does! But no words can give adequate expression to the beauties of this mighty work. Those who have heard it, know what it is (especially if it is so exceedingly well rendered as on this occasion), and for those who have not I can wish nothing better than a speedy opportunity of doing so.

One of Mozart's charming Sonatas for Violin and Piano, in A, so seldom heard in public, was played by Messrs. Mason & Thomas, and as solo-numbers Mr. Mason gave us a transcription of Liszt's, and Mr. MATZKA a Divertissement for the Viola, which is his instrument. The theme of Liszt's arrangement was the Andante Finale from the opera "King Alfred," by Raff, a pupil of the great pianist, neither subject nor transcription were, however, particularly attractive, though very finely rendered. Mr. Matzka's solo was a composition by Mr. Thomas, in which he showed himself master of his instrument, but which had the fault that it was better adapted to the violin than the viola. Otherwise it was a pleasing and meritorious work.

The Mendelssohn Society have given a concert since I last wrote, at which Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" was sung; not having been present, however, I cannot say what success it had.

Of the production of "La Juive" at the Academy, with its magnificent mise en scene, and, most important, the splendid rendering of its three chief parts, I will leave it to "Trovator" to tell you, as I hope he has enjoyed it as much as I did. —t—

Music Abroad.

The return of *Tobias*, an oratorio written by Haydn at the age of forty-four to an Italian text, and which, it had been supposed, was destroyed in the burning of the Chateau Esterhazy, at Eisenstadt, has been discovered recently, thanks to the diligent search of M. Franz Lachner. It is now being translated into German, and will be performed for the first time at Munich.—*Gazette Musicale*.

VIENNA.—At the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, of such universal reputation, operas are still given with the same perfection of ensemble in respect to execution, and the same slovenly *mise-en-scène*, as distinguished the representations ten years ago. This evening M. Halevy's *La Juive*, a work but little known in England, was performed with the following cast:—Prinz—Herr Gunz; Eleazar—Herr Wachtel; Prinzeßin—Fraulein Liebhart; Rachel—Mad. Csillag; Cardinal—Herr Drachsler. The *primo tenore*, Herr Wachtel, is a German Tamberlik, who indulges in B flats and C's *dipetto* to any extent without the slightest apparent effort. It is truly a magnificent voice which, with judicious care and study, will ensure a brilliant career to its possessor. Herr Wachtel is new to the stage, young and good looking, perhaps the most promising "Helden tenor" of the day. The rôle of Eleazar is one requiring more experience in stage business than he can yet bring to bear. Nevertheless, he sustained the part respectably, and by his singing of the music elicited the fullest approbation of the audience.

Mad. Csillag, the *prima donna*, is well known in England; but the London public have had as yet no opportunity of judging of those remarkable vocal and histrionic powers which have made her such a favorite in Vienna. The operas in which she appeared at Covent Garden were but little adapted to her talents compared to such as *La Juive*, *Macbeth*, the *Huguenots*, &c. As Rachel in *La Juive* Mad. Csillag is unrivalled. In common with Mad. Viardot, to whom there is a striking resemblance both in her acting and appearance, she contrives so completely to identify herself with the heroine of the opera, that the artiste is forgotten in the interest excited in the part she represents. The illusion is sustained throughout and never once disturbed by any extravagant effort at effect. The *Ars celare artem* is the maxim fully carried out, and the impression upon the audience consequently deep and lasting. Mad. Csillag's enthusiastic reception, and the frequent calls before the curtain during and after the opera, proved the admiration of the Viennese public for their favorite *prima donna*.

A hearty greeting to all his friends in England from Ernst. He has been an invalid ever since he left London, now three years ago. After trying many of the German baths, without any beneficial result, he has come to Vienna to consult the medical men, who have given him hopes of a speedy restoration to health, if he follow their advice. He suffers acute pain, and is at times quite unable to stand or walk without support. I called yesterday at the house of Mad. Wertheimer, the most liberal friend of music and musicians in this musical capital, with whom Ernst and his wife are staying. The doctors had just left, and had given a favorable opinion as to the progress of their patient. Ernst was in better spirits than usual, and expressed the greatest interest to know what had been doing in the musical world of London since his absence. During his illness, he has been unable to perform in public. The last time he played was to some members of the imperial family of Russia at Nice, and was then obliged to be seated during his performance. His account of the reception accorded him by the Court, reminded me of the "pitying duchess" in "the Last Minstrel." Thalberg is also here. It appears that he has altogether neglected the pianoforte for the last two years. A large fortune and a lazy disposition make him careless of his professional career.

Of all the hospitable receptions in this city, renowned for hospitality, that given by the amiable Jetty Treffz is the most agreeable with which an Englishman can meet. Having amassed a handsome fortune, the result of a brilliant career in Germany and England, the fascinating Teutonic *prima donna* resides in Vienna, the delight and ornament of a large circle of acquaintance. Her house is furnished

in the English style, and the hospitality is most decidedly after the same approved model. The charming hostess always speaks with gratitude of the pleasant time she passed in England, and does her best to prove the sincerity of what he says by the invariable kind-hearted welcome she gives to those English friends who visit her in this her native country.

The performances at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre this week have been interesting. On Sunday, 21st, *Wilhelm Tell* was given with a perfection of ensemble which intimate knowledge of the work, and frequent performances by the same executants, can alone attain. Objection might be made to the *tempi* of some of the principal *morceaux*, as being different to the English reading of the same subject; but deference must be paid to the Kärnthnerthor authority, as being very probably the most correct in such matters. As the hero of the opera, Herr Beck, fully justified the reputation he has of being the best German baritone of the present day. Voice, appearance, and dramatic talent are happily combined in this artist, all of which qualities are requisite in such a rôle as Wilhelm Tell. Herr Wachtel, as Arnold, again displayed his remarkable vocal powers. The grand duet, "Dove Vai"—to give the Italian and best known title—was magnificently rendered by these two artists and the band, every member of which seemed to devote heart and soul to the performance.

On Monday, 22nd, the German version of Verdi's *Travatore* was given, with the following cast:—Manrico, Herr Walter; Azucena, Fraulein Sulzer; Fernando, Herr Mayerhofer; Leonora, Mad. Csillag; Conte di Luna, Herr Hrabaneck. The Leonora of Mad. Csillag is of very much more dramatic importance than the "walking lady" who wears black, white, and party-colored raiment alternately, and sings a couple of arias upon our Italian stage. Mad. Csillag takes quite another reading of the part, and by the earnestness of her acting, and the grandeur of her declamation, greatly increases the interest of the opera. This is particularly remarkable in the "Miserere scene," where Leonora hears the voice of Manrico from the prison tower. The situation is heightened in effect by the passionate despair portrayed in every note and gesture of this most intelligent artist. The music suits Mad. Csillag admirably, and the character altogether is one of the most successful in which she has appeared.

On Wednesday, 24th, a very different representation took place, being none other than Wagner's *Tannhauser*; or, "The Singer's Strife," which, according to the prophecy of his admirers, is to be the *Don Giovanni*, *Guillaume Tell*, and *Fidelio*, of the next century. From all I had heard of the mysterious character of the work, I prepared myself for an evening of hard labor to understand this music of the future. According to the prognostications of the lovers of the Italian school, I was to be overcome by the first act, and sleep out the rest of the opera; nay, so soporific was the music pronounced that I fully anticipated not perhaps awaking again until the following evening. Such antagonistic opinions naturally excited my curiosity, and rendered the performance of *Tannhauser* the most interesting of all those I had yet attended at the Kärnthnerthor.

The cast of the opera was as follows:—

Herrmann, Landgraf von Thüringen Herr Mayerhofer.
Tannhauser, Minstrel Knights Herr Ander.
Wolfram Herr Rudolf.
Walter Herr Gunz.
Biterolf Herr Hrabaneck.
Heinrich Herr Kampe.
Elizabeth Mlle. Kraus.
Venus Mlle. Hoffmann.
Hirt Mlle. Kudelka.

As *Tannhauser*, Herr Ander (who is known in London as having appeared at the Royal Italian Opera some five years ago) sang and acted with the greatest vigor. His voice is not so fresh as formerly, and must undoubtedly suffer from constantly singing the music of Wagner, which, for the tenor particularly, is even more irksome and wearisome than that of Verdi. It would be difficult to find another artist who could give so much effect to the part of Tannhauser as Herr Ander. Mlle. Kraus was an interesting and efficient Elizabeth. The other parts were creditably sung. To me the first impression of the opera was decidedly favorable, and induced a strong desire to hear the music a second time. Without siding either with those who so enthusiastically uphold or unequivocally condemn Wagner as the master of a new school, which is or is not to be the music of the future, an impartial judge must recognize in his compositions much that is original and artistic in form and treatment, and will listen with respect to the productions of such a writer who, however mistaken, may be his views, will never degrade the art for the sake of popularity.—*London Musical World*, November 3.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 454.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 15, 1860.

VOL. XVIII. No. 11.

The Argument of Lurline.

Wallace's beautiful opera of "Lurline" was produced, for the first time in America, at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, recently. It appears to have made quite a sensation among the majors and minors of that vicinity, and the *Golden Era* contains the following admirably-written burlesque by J. KEYSER, Esq.

Air: "The Tall Young Oysterman."

Count Rudolph was a noble gent, as lived upon the Rhine,
Who spent his money very free in lager-bier and wine;
The Baron Truenfels, likewise, was neighbor of the same,
Which had a rather uppish girl—G. Truenfels by name.

Rudolph would wed Miss Truenfels, but wasn't it a go?
Each thought that t'other had the tin (you know how lovers blow),

But when old T. says "Pungle down," Count Rudolph he says
"Stuff;

I've youth and rank, that's more than gold," says G., "It ain't enough."

"I want a diamond thingam — likewise a nice trossoo,
I want a kerridge of me own, and so young man adoo;"
The Baron also cuts up rough—but Rudolph is content,
And merely takes a stiffer horn, observing, "Let her went."

Now just before this jolly row, a gal they called Lurline
Was living down at Lurlineburg, of which she was the queen;
She was a lady Dashaway—when water was on hand,
But had some spirits of her own she likewise could command.

This girl close by a whirlpool sat—this female named Lurline,
And played with most exquisite taste upon the tambourine;
The way the sailors steered into them whirlpools was a sin—
Young man beware of sich sirens who thus take fellers in.

Now Count Rudolph was wide awake, beyond the power of suction;

Which caused Lurline to fall in love and seek an introduction,
And when he's tight, one day she slips a ring upon his finger;
And thus Count Rudolph is bewitched by that bewitching singer.

Then straightway in 'his boat he jumps, which soon begins to sink,

While all his brave com-pan-i-ons are yelling on the brink:
"You're half-seas-over now, you fool—come back, you'll surely drown;"

Down goes the gallant German gent, a whistling "Derry Down."

Down, down among the oyster beds, he finds his sweet Lurline
A cutting such a heavy swell—a gorgeous submarine;
Her father Rhineberg's very rich, and fellers said, who punned,
"He took deposits from the tars and kept a sinking fund."

Count Rudolph did consent to stay at Rhineberg's flash hotel,
And half made up his mind that with Lurline he'd ever dwell.
"I'm partial to the water-cure and fond of clams," says he;
"But such as you, Miss Rhineberg, are a subject quite *per se*."

But suddenly he hears a noise, which made him weaken some.
The howling of his friends above—says he: "I must go hum."

Good-bye, Miss R." "Hold up!" says she, "we'll do the handsome thing,

Pa gives this massy chunk of gold. You keep my magic ring."

So Rudolph takes the ring and gold, and comes home with a rush,

And very glad his neighbors was to see him come so flush.
And even old Miss Truenfels to welcome him began,
And says: "I always thought you was a very nice young man."

Likewise she says: "My eye," and makes believe to faint away.

And sich like gammon. But the count says: "Come, now, that won't pay!

I loves another!" "Cruel man! That ring I now diskiver
Say whose?" "My gal's!" She snatches it and chucks it in the river.

Now one of Lurline's father's help had caught the ring and ran

To her and says: "You see what comes of loving that young man."

Poor Lurline feels somewhat cut up—and to asuage her pain
She takes her father's oyster sloop and comes ashore again.

'Twas lucky that she did come up, for Rudolph's friends were bent

On sharing Rudolph's golden store, without Rudolph's consent;

And him they would assassinate, but Lurline she says "Hold!"
And waves a wand until they stand like statoots, stiff and cold.

They stood like statoots on the bridge—it was a bridge of sighs;
For straightway most unpleasantly the tide began to rise;
It rose, but when the river swept away the bridge at last,
They found, although the tide was flood, their chances ebbing fast.

It rose until the wicked all had found a watery grave—
And then it sank and left Rudolph and neighbors in a cave.
Rudolph then marries Miss Lurline; is happy, rich and able
To take the lowest bid to lay the next Atlantic Cable.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Diarist Abroad.

NEITHER UTILE NOR DULCE.

[In this short letter "our own correspondent" discourseth, not of art, but of griefs and grievances; and detaileth how through much trial and tribulation he at length cast his anchor of hope in the h(e)aven of Paris.]

And so week after week passed away and the letters did not come, the bill in the mean time receiving its daily increment until it became

A menster of such frightful mien
That to be hated, 'twas but to be seen.

What could I do about it?

But there are generally compensations, greater or less in degree; and so it now proved. Old periodicals, which I had come to Bonn in part to examine, only "turned up" after all sources, as I had supposed, were exhausted. Moreover, when time began to hang heavily, I fell in with a gentleman from whom I learned many interesting things in relation to the feeding of cattle, the cultivation of fodder, and other like matters of special interest—to a musical man. But, joking apart, the enforced delay in Bonn was the means of my meeting that dear friend, so well known to all the readers of the "Journal of Music," just when the crushing weight of his great calamity was upon him, and of admiring the brave manliness and fortitude with which he met it. It was a great grief, but there were duties owing to himself and others and he went about them with a sort of sad cheerfulness most touching to me.

We had a long discussion of routes, and as I had made up my mind to visit Paris, (being upon the scent of something important), the conclusion was, that we should go together up the Rhine, he to turn eastward from Mayence, I westward from that place. Excepting the Rhine trip, it could make no difference whether I journeyed to the French capital by way of Cologne or Mayence—so, at least, we made it out from our book of railroad routes. So on the bright, sunny autumnal morning of Oct. 17, I at last left little Bonn, and at 10 A.M. joined Dwight, who had gone on the day before to Coblenz. We went immediately on board the steamboat, which was already puffing and blowing, and the next moment were passing the bridge of boats. I have seldom, if ever, seen the Rhine so beautiful as on that day. The stream was swollen by the rains of the pre-

vious months, which had seldom ceased for three days together, and the vineyards and wooded hills, had much of the splendor of our own autumnal scenery. True the Rhine has no forests of grand old trees, nor is the variety of the young growth of wood great. But the beeches, birches, occasional oaks, and its green firs and pines, lent a charming color to the heights. Castles, new and old, repaired or in ruins, looked doubly picturesque in the mellow light and in their beautiful surroundings. The air was cool and exhilarating, and everything was cheerful and inviting.

That is Stolzenfels—that lordly castle, rebuilt, not in the best taste, by order of the King of Prussia, who purchased the ruin, it is said, for 70 thalers, and the village, one long street between the heights and the river, is Capellen. It was there that Paul Flemming's postilion awaited the traveller, while he went up to the ruin and was talked to about the *Homunculus*. And there is Camp, with its tall walnut trees, where the landlady's daughter landed Flemming. Just beyond you see the convent of Bornhofen; above it, are the two ruined castles of the Brothers, and across the river, that small house, with the high steps and small balcony, that is the little, out-of-the-way inn of the Star at Salzig, where Flemming dined and obtained the landlady's daughter with the dark eyes to row him across the river. It was all familiar to me; to my companion it was nearly new. I discoursed and he listened so patiently! The boat landed him opposite Mayence just as evening closed in to take the cars to Frankfort, while I crossed the river. And so we parted.

Now behold the D. in the Karp inn—which is much dearer than it used to be. He has dined and is deep in the study of the routes to Paris. True, the proper way from Bonn would have been *via* Cologne and Namur, a ride of some nine or ten hours, but then this trip on the Rhine would not have been. The landlord of the Karp comes to my assistance, and the conclusion of the matter is, to take the train next morning, at 5:30 return to Bingen, and thence to Kreuznach, and so on to Paris, arriving at 10:10 P.M.

So this is happily settled, and Dr. Franklin's maxim is followed, "Early to bed" that I may early rise.

When a fidgetty man, who has no alarm watch, has been allowed to sleep over once or twice at strange inns, he becomes suspicious of the whole tribe of *Hausknechts*, Boots, or whatever name they are known by, and impresses it most strongly upon his mind that he *must* wake at such an hour. He retires very early, makes every preparation he can think of to be ready at a moment's warning, lays himself in his bed and begins at once to make such preternatural efforts to induce sleep, as to effect a double wakefulness. He cannot even become drowsy. By and bye when almost in despair, he drops off as if he had been shot. A long and dreamless sleep follows. Suddenly he wakes. It is light in his chamber,

(the street lamp), he hears people pass upon the pavement, he is sure that he has overslept. He fidgets for a time, springs to the floor, lights his candle, looks at his watch. It is 11 1-2 o'clock. He has slept perhaps half an hour. He tries it again. He hears the church clock strike three-quarters, and knows it is not yet midnight. He sleeps. When he wakes again it is to hear the dying tone of the great bell again. But what has it struck? He lies and in his efforts to keep awake until it again strikes he overdoes the matter and goes off into a profound slumber. But not for the night; he hears the clock again. One, two, three, is it three-quarters of something, or is it three o'clock? No, he cannot wait patiently; he strikes a light again and finds it not yet two. Well, it is of no use: he will let nature take her own course, and his thoughts go wandering over the world, picking out of his experience, his many similar nights in various lands—and he sleeps again. He wakes, and this time the church clock strikes the four quarters, and follows with the deep-toned voice which announces four o'clock. And now he must sleep no more, for in half an hour he is to rise. As the influence of morning comes, he grows drowsy again, but he arouses himself; he hears the first quarter, and as the second is striking, *Boots* knocks at the door, "Herr, it is half past four!"

What good has his fidgeting done?

I was already engaged in such ablutions as are possible with the small bowl and pitcher of water usually to be found in German inns, where this seems to be a dearer liquid than wine and beer, when *Boots* came (punctual to the minute) to arouse me.

It was still quite dark as I passed along the deserted streets to the station, nor was the ticket office yet open. This evening I shall be in Paris, and to-morrow morning with my old college friend, said I, as I paced back and forth and built in the air an imaginary great city, to which I was bound. But it was raw and cold, and I envied those who could sleep for a later train.

Meantime the station becomes astir with the preparations for the early train, and the minute arrives when the ticket-man's little window goes open. "Ein billet nach Paris," say I.

"There is no train thither at this hour. It was suspended two months ago," says the ticket-man. And thus it comes about that I feel no special affection for the landlord of the Karp inn, whose advice I had followed.

"Then there is no getting to Paris to day?"

"No. But riding all night will bring you there to-morrow morning."

"Which I by no means desire to do."

Now I had a long hour for reflection. The ticket-man, too, seemed to feel sympathy for me, and explained about the two routes, from Mayence, which met somewhere on the way, this side the French capital. One thing was very certain that I must ride all night or stop over somewhere. In strange lands I choose to ride by daylight. I do not understand going abroad to see new countries, and then traversing them in the night. The expense could be but little more, and the result of my cogitations was, the plan of going on to Strasbourg, which the map showed could not be a very long journey, spend the afternoon there in the cathedral, of which I had so pleasant a remembrance from 1850, and next morning go on.

6:30 A.M. Off for Strasbourg. Sun rose gloriously. Ran along the plains, which spread away from the Rhine, with some pleasant gentlemen in the car, bound to Worms, to a great agricultural meeting. Worms all dressed out in flags; and a great to-do generally. Saw the "Herr Graf" and another of my gentlemen drive away from the station in an open barouche, as if they were persons of mark. Very likely they were. Slow train, very—but it at length brought me to one of the many "Neustadts" scattered all over Germany.

Cars to be changed. Man in uniform at the station, very polite and agreeable. Informs me that either here or at Weissenburg I shall have to wait two hours for the express train; thinks I had better stop here, as the place is a pleasant one. I agreed with him, for during the last hour the range of hills on the right, the west, had been growing higher and more beautiful, and Neustadt lies directly at their feet. They are the Haardt Mts.—the blue Alsatian hills, which Paul Flemming could see from the splendid ruin at Heidelberg. I gave my things into the man's care and went off upon a walk.

Just as I started, the train which I had left, started also. And now it struck me that I had left my umbrella on board. Had it been very new or very old, I had not taken it to heart. But our acquaintance had ripened into friendship, and it no longer spotted me black and blue with its drippings when it rained. Good bye, old friend.

It was a fine walk over the bridge which spans the railroad, and up the chaussée to the top of the first height; then along a cartway between the vineyards, and along the shoulder of a loftier height, past a house of entertainment for the Neustadt people on holidays, until my cartway brought up in a huge red sandstone quarry. I scrambled out of the quarry, and found pleasant walking on the healthy soil, among the scattered young pine trees, and so came to the top. A higher eminence rose just beyond, and still a second and third beyond that. The last was however too far away for my two hours of time, and I drank the view from the others. Those Haardt Mts. may rise a thousand or twelve hundred feet perhaps from the plain. I stood upon a spur of them jutting out from the main range, so that a good view of their eastern slopes, far away into the blue, was presented. They were no longer blue Alsatian hills, for chestnuts and oaks, young vigorous and leafy, touched by autumn, now made them brown and golden, save where the deep green of pines covered them. To the left was the long range. Below me the small city, and the deep gorge behind it, through which the railroad ran until it plunged into a tunnel and was seen no more. To the right the hills were more clustered and upon one of their lofty tops, the now half restored, huge, old castle of the Maxburg—newly named from king Max of Bavaria, to whom it belongs. But in front what a plain, at least as seen from this height!

And this is a view so utterly unlike anything which I have ever seen in America, so essentially European—why not try, perhaps for the twentieth time, to give an idea of it?—away in the distance, 25, 30, 35 miles, for aught I know, the chain of mountains, where Heidelberg lies, form the dim horizon. All the space between, looking down so far upon it, seems level as a

floor. No hills, valleys, woods are there—all is under the highest culture. Each field distinct by its color, whether of the soil or the crop upon it—no walls nor fences between—a vast, wide-spread plaid of ten thousand checks. Here and there, like islands in a lake, roofs and fruit trees are clustered in an undistinguishable mass; they are the villages and little towns—no scattered farm-houses vary the scene as with us and in our fatherland, England. I watch trains of cars departing from the station below, and they are not lost behind hills or in excavations, but grow less and less until they disappear in the distance. And over all, to-day, the bright sun sheds a flood of golden light, and flashes upon the surface of the distant Rhine, winding its way seaward.

Where I stand the hilltop is covered with boulders of sandstone, among which a scanty growth of pitch-pines rises; but the mass on which I am is large enough to give me a clear view. It is so still here—no sound but the sighing of the wind in the trees. It would be pleasant to have a companion, but pleasanter to be alone. Ah me! how I feel all this beauty.

Then I plunged down the steep side of the mount, and went through a part of the little city meeting the people in great numbers returning from their fields, some with barrows, some with baskets, some with huge bundles on head or back—all coming home to dinner and bringing beets, potatoes, or turnips with them, for it is harvest time. Not rich people they, but evidently contented, healthy men and women of the peasant class.

I had hurried down from my walk and had half an hour to spare. Calling for my *impedimenta*, lo, with the travelling bags, the umbrella! Who so happy? not so much at not having lost the old friend, as that I had been wise and not expended useless sorrow at its supposed loss. For it is noon, and I, at the earliest, can reach Strasburg not before three or four o'clock. That will, however, give me some time to see the cathedral. The train comes and departs from Neustadt and I go on rejoicing. A common looking man and two pretty children—little girls—say of four and six years—are in the division of the car with me, a passenger or two besides.

"Those children," says one man to another, "are little Americans."

Whereupon I address the father in English, and he tells me how, after many long years at Baltimore, living as a gardener, during which he made one visit home, in the little town to which we shall soon come after passing the French boundary, he is now bringing his motherless children to the care of their grandmother and aunts. Soon the other passengers leave, and then we—the Americans, for he has become a citizen and is proud of it—we have long, long talks about home. And the little girls are so glad after the long passage to Rotterdam, and then up the Rhine in the steamboat, to find a gentleman to talk English to them; and they are so bright and pretty, and look so *homelike* in their little American sun-bonnets—and then this coarse uneducated Alsatian is so motherly to them—I declare the whole thing assumed something poetic in my eyes even before we reached Weissenburg, which is the French frontier town where we are to have our baggage and passports examined.

The baggage business is accomplished, and I go to the passport room of the station house to

get that document. Mine is lying by itself, and not until the others are disposed of do I touch mine.

"You cannot go on," says the man.

"Why is that?"

"Your passport is not in order. It is not visé for France."

Then for the first time the necessity of anything of the sort strikes me! Not having had any idea before coming to Bonn that anything for my great object could be in Paris, I had no visés, and now I was very suddenly and unpleasantly reminded that they were necessary. What to do? One of my travelling bags goes on to Strasburg, the others I take from the car, and by his advice I go up into the town to the Prefect, where I get my passport viséd to Strasburg. This costs me some three hours waiting for another train. All had gone wrong the whole day and I was in no jolly frame of mind as after dark I entered the station at Strasburg and put up at the inn "de L'Esprit" — the tavern of the Holy Ghost! Sleep is good for a man. He feels more at peace with himself and the world after the night's rest. So, Oct. 19th, I went to the Cathedral and enjoyed its dim religious light, its painted windows, its grand architecture, and then to the prefect for another visé!

"I will go on this afternoon, stop over night somewhere and reach Paris in the middle of the day, where one warm heart, from old college days awaits me," said I.

"Come again at eleven," said the official to whom I applied.

At eleven, the man whose particular signature was wanting, had not been in. "Come again at three in the afternoon," they told me.

"But I shall lose the train," said I.

"What can we do about it?" was the reply.

3 P.M. "Come again at four." Well, the train was long since off, so it made little difference with me now. At four the important document was handed me, but was only viséd to Chalons. There is then nothing to do now but go on in the night train to that city and there get a new visé. In the station house, it occurred to me to ask of the policeman if I *must* stop at Chalons? He rather laughed at me for putting so simple a question.

"Nobody will look at your passport," he said, "take your ticket direct to Paris."

Well, he ought to know, and I did so; rode all night; reached this city, Saturday, Oct. 20, just as I reached Berlin, Oct. 20, 1849, feeling myself in a very strange garret.

As to this passport business I can't understand it, but I have fully made up my mind to three things, (after thus losing three days' time and some twelve or fifteen dollars), which I add as

MORALS.

I. Do not go round when the direct route lies right before you — as from Cologne to Paris.

II. Before you travel in Europe see that the passport is in order.

III. Never go out of your way to do a good-natured act.

A. W. T.

Cimarosa.

IL MATRIMONIO SEGRETO.

The *Matrimonio Segreto* and *Il Barbiere* are works endowed with eternal youth; there is no need of singing this refrain that was written to

celebrate the happiness of Alcestis and Admetus, and set to such beautiful music by Gluck.

Parez vos fronts de fleurs nouvelles,

Tendres amants, heureux époux!

Le printemps et l'amour, de leurs mains immortelles,

S'empresent d'en cueillir pour vous.

The flowers with which Cimarosa and Rossini knew how to adorn the brows of their favorite scores need not wait for Spring and Love to come to renew them. Genius has given them immortality; they will enchant with their freshness and perfume, the future generations, (to which nevertheless such odd things are dedicated), as they have enchanted our fathers, and as they now enchant us.

It is because this union of Alcestis and Admetus, that model and paragon of human unions, was intimate close, complete, as is also the union of words and sounds, of melodies and situations in these two productions so full of genius.

Never has music spoken better, never has language sung better. There is no need that you should be *dilettante*, or know a word of Italian; you can understand, the play of the actors assisting you, both the *Matrimonio* and the *Barbiere*, not with that mild and vague sort of comprehension which takes in only great things, but with that lively perception, that lets nothing pass, just as you understand the most ravishing pieces of the *Theatre Francais*. O Cimarosa! O Rossini! In your mouths does music indeed become an universal language.

Nor is it alone by a community of genius that these two beloved sons of the Italian Muse are united. There are other bonds of union. See with what expressions of tenderness, respect and admiration, the survivor speaks of his predecessor. Hear him pronounce those words which he repeats so willingly. "When, said he, I was all powerful at the *Theatre Italien* of Paris, I caused the *Matrimonio Segreto* to be brought out by Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, Mme. Malibran and Mlle. Sontag. It is a treat which I offered to myself."

We must believe, for the credit of the public of that time, that it knew how to enjoy as it should, the divine enjoyment of such a work given by such interpreters.

In his youth, Rossini had the good fortune to find his equal in love and admiration for Cimarosa. This was the Cardinal Gonzalvi, an intelligent, amiable and tolerant man who constituted alone, during a pontificate, the whole Papal government. Every Thursday the artist went to dine with His Eminence, and in the evening they *cimarosa-ed* together most zealously. At first it was only two airs, lately taken from the immense repertoire of the author of the *Matrimonio*, prepared during the week with the greatest care. Then they wandered at pleasure as the recollection or fancy of the moment might dictate. Sometimes the Cardinal shed abundant tears even at hearing mere *buffo* airs by the master of this class of airs. Stendahl, who knew this fact, attributes it to the great dilettantism of the statesman. But he overlooks a fact which information from the most reliable source enables us to establish, viz: that *Monsignore* and Cimarosa had been connected by the closest friendship, had passed their youth together, and that they had given, with each other's assistance, many a serenade under the balconies of the fair Roman ladies. And so, all is explained.

Perhaps also, the all powerful minister of

State, knew, more surely than it could be known in his time, or in our own, the true cause of the premature death of his admirable friend, which all Italy attributes to the imprisonment of Cimarosa in the abominable dungeons of Naples, after the reaction caused by Queen Caroline and Lord Nelson.

The crime of the composer was having written a cantata in honor of the Parthenopean Republic. It is true that he had also written, in 1786, for a royal birthday, another cantata entitled: *La Nascita del Delfino*, and that the Parthenopeans had just the same reasons for imprisoning him that the *Carolins* had. But revolutions pardon oftener than do counter-revolutions.

Whatever the cause, whether dilettantism, memories of friendship, or regret for the loss he had suffered, the Cardinal was never weary of weeping at the music of Cimarosa, and Rossini was never weary of singing it.

So things went along for some time, but with a slight change, which however, is nothing musical in its nature. The *maestro* could not fail to discover, with his rare *erspicaci*, that the table of his Eminence was very far removed in many points, from the immutable laws of the hygiene of a singer. So in the interest of his vocal organ, he came to dispense with the dinners, but always continued faithful to the soirées, the most delightful of his whole life.

Cardinal Gonzalvi had a fine bust of Cimarosa made. As soon as he was no longer all powerful, this piece of sculpture was banished to the obscurest corner of the Capitol. Terrible effect of the cantata, which brought about the ostracism even of the bust of the great man! Surely, musicians should never write anything of this dangerous class.

The fecundity of Cimarosa was prodigious. The *Matrimonio* is his sixty-seventh work, and, (what confounds one with amazement,) the single number sixty-six, of the catalogue that we have before us, comprises *five hundred* detached pieces composed at St. Petersburg for the service of the Court of Russia. Now five hundred such pieces are equal in amount, to twenty-five operas of twenty pieces each.

He has left eighty-two works, of which the first is the *Baronessa Stramba*, and the last *Artemisia*. One of these works *Il Convito di pietra* on the subject of *Don Juan*, bears the date of 1782. It is then anterior to that of Mozart. We must believe that this opera embraces great beauties, for after its first representation the Venetians conducted the author in triumph with torches from the theatre to his residence.

Born in 1754, Cimarosa began his career at the age of nineteen years, which was terminated by death at the age of forty-seven. So, in the space of twenty-eight years, he wrote the prodigious repertory of which we have indicated the extent above by some figures.

The most salient trait of the genius of this great man is the inexhaustible abundance of melodic ideas. Again and again he invents new ones bearing the stamp of the most sparkling comic power or of the most touching sentiment. Nor is he wanting in tragic force, in great situations, although it is not his predominating quality.

At times, he attains it with so powerful a hand that he rises to the level, perhaps even above the most famous masters of the serious school, as in the admirable air of the *Sacrifice of Abraham* in

which the most beautiful and happiest of modulations comes in to give to one of the finest theatrical situations known, an accent and relief altogether unparalleled.

It is needless to say that Cimarosa wrote well for the voice. That would be superfluous. He was Italian and had received his musical education in the Neapolitan school of the eighteenth century, the mother and nurse of so many masters who are comparable at least, for purity of style to our great writers of the seventeenth century.

His orchestration is limited almost entirely to the quartet of stringed instruments. From time to time he mingles some touches of flute, oboe, clarinet, horn or bassoon; but he uses them with extreme moderation. In the *Matrimonio*, for example, there is no longer any flute after the third morceau. With these limited resources, then, with which our contemporary sonorists would not be contested to accompany the ditties of a little girl playing with a doll, he produces all the effects, obtains all the colors, and brings into relief all the accents. In the celebrated air, *Pria che spunti*, a simple clarinet added to the quartet gives a coloring, a poetry and a feeling to the orchestration, which it would seem impossible that so simple a thing could produce.

What surprises one the most in an attentive hearing of the *Matrimonio* is the infinite variety that Cimarosa draws from his quartette of stringed instruments. Mozart has done differently, but has done no better, and if, in his manner of treating the quartet, we find more interior ornamentation, we find more amplitude, more flow, so to speak, in that of Cimarosa.

A complete essay upon the form that Cimarosa gives to his musical morceaux, would, it seems to us, be very interesting; but, as we are unable to give it in this place, we will indicate the principal points.

The *morceaux* of Cimarosa are almost always divided into two great parts, the first in a slow movement, the second more rapid. In the first, he exposes and develops one after another the ideas of his libretto, keeping the strictest fidelity to the sense and accentuation of the words. His melodies, which might be called the melody of diction, has in truth all the nature of the best recitative; but it has contour, color, and a serpentine line, if we may borrow this expression from the vocabulary of the plastic arts, of which the finest recitative approaches neither the head or the hands as Panurge says.

His ideas once stated and well developed, he resumes them again in the rapid movement of the second part, making use of the same words, to which he returns to strengthen them. It is precisely the way of proceeding of orators, in the peroration of their discourses, with this difference, that orators express themselves in prose, while the melody of Cimarosa is an *ensemble* of the finest musical verses that can be found.

But the difference to be especially noticed between the manner in which Cimarosa treats musical discourse and that employed by Paisiello and Rossini, is that Cimarosa, the better to follow all the movements, all the intentions of the words, and the better to construct, in a word, his melody of diction, invents a new song almost every instant, and does not repeat his principal *motif* often enough to confirm its character of principal *motif*, while Paisiello and Rossini make prodigious account of these repetitions, which making a re-

frain, form, in the body of the musical morceau, divisions and intervals of repose, which give to their songs by a just partition of these interior closes, a light, an effective power, an architectural beauty, so to speak, which those of Cimarosa have not in the same degree.

A morceau of Cimarosa is a discourse in free verse, one by Rossini is a collection of stanzas. Discourse, ode—with these two words, one can get a general idea, sufficiently just, of the differences that separate these two immortal masters, who are united elsewhere by this almost divine faculty of melodic invention.—*Opinion Nationale*.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Thronð.

A TALE OF NORWAY.

In the midst of the most mountainous regions in Norway, there is sometimes found a warm dell, which has been fertilized and afterwards become inhabited. Oftener though, such a place is only fenced in and made available as pasture land. The grass is gathered into a barn and remains stored up there, till winter has hardened the roads, when it is carried by cart-loads down to the principal farm-yard. It seldom happens that any one settles there, more seldom yet, if the small tract of land lies three or four miles distant from other farms; the smooth even road and ordinary weather do not lead exactly to that spot. For this reason it is mostly some adventure-loving soul, who undertakes to venture there upon a neighborhood with himself. Amid such a scene, called the Kettle-bottom, Thronð was born. The mother sprinkled him with a little water, saying: "Be called Thronð, in God's name; such was the name of my father before thee and it will injure no one, to be named after him." Alf her husband sat by; he said nothing and so that was all of it. This took place during the autumn, but spring must come again, ere the couple could fight their way through to the church, to let the priest's hand sanctify and confirm what had been done. Their kinsfolk in the village had well expected such a ride to church, for when the couple appeared there one Sunday, and begged for company and godfathership, Arne, the blacksmith said: "Tis none too early for you to come." "Hem, early enough!" answered Alf. "This was Thronð's first visit to church. He was eight years old, and had not yet made the second. "Can I not get to see that big house also, which they call church, father?" asked the boy. "Take him once with thee to the village!" demanded the mother, but Alf replied: "I have enough to carry besides"—and so the matter was dropped for this time. Since Thronð's second year, another had been added to the peasant's family. It was not another child, "for such I have no room" said Alf. It was a poor servant, who was to nurse the child, while the parents were gone to the woods or into the village; and for that purpose they had taken a girl, ten years old and half deaf, whom they could get without wages. In her presence and that of his mother, the soul of the boy was first roused to consciousness; these two his eyes saw daily, hourly. He was not long in comprehending, that he had to cry aloud to the one, to speak low to the other—which his intuitive imagination interpreted in this way; that all the servant-maid bore in her mind was heavy, but that which filled his mother's soul, was light and cheerful, if he only could get hold of it. The father seldom spoke to him; he had hard work to do during the day, and was tired when he came home. On Sundays he slept, to get fresh strength for the week, and therefore this day was the worst for the boy. "Hush, be still, Thronð!" whispered the mother incessantly, and beckoned menacingly with her hand. But the father had long since attained so large a place in the boy's dreamy fancies, that he did not even wish to

talk to him. Such was the case since that Christmas eve, when Thronð got his new cap; they had candle light burning on the table (instead of the train oil-lamp,) ate grits with cream and they sang. Then the father had drawn forth a bottle, such as Thronð had never seen—for "it was white." After Alf had drunk out of it, he had taken the boy on his lap, had stared gloomily into his eyes and called out: "Pooh, you imp!" Then he had said: "I see thou are not afraid—and therefore thou shalt now hear a fairy tale." This tale told of a fairy who rode in one night from the King's castle at Copenhagen up to Walders (in Norway.) He, the father, stood behind on the sleigh next to Jutal, a goblin, and had great difficulty in holding tight on during the fast ride.

Something so wonderful Thronð had never heard in all his life; he could never get it "out of his head," and for several years connected it with the ideal person of his father. If the latter came home late he had been at Copenhagen; if he laid down to rest tired and had a turn, it was only because the goblin had been driving too hard, and on the whole nothing about him went in the common natural course. All that lay beyond the horizon of his home, was in his opinion Copenhagen or Walders; it lay marvellously remote, far, far off and these things did not wind up plainly as every thing at home. The tale filled his mind so entirely for several days and nights, that for a while he did not think of asking his mother or Randi (the deaf girl) for more of that kind. To his great delight however, the mother knew many stories, yet nevertheless none, that equalled the first in any way. The most remarkable feature in those of the mother was, that both the cat and the sheep, as well as the cow, could speak for some time; and if they could not actually do it always, yet "they often come very near it," Thronð said—while he cast, somewhat oppressed, a glance across the room at the old cat. Besides there was many a thing in the woods, from which it was best to keep at a distance as it seemed. The goblins were to be seen now here, now there, and when twilight was settling down, Thronð fancied he saw, how they wrapt in mists and vapors, the whole little flock of cows and sheep. The father soon found out that the mother was in the habit of telling him tales, but he did not like to hear of it. Only when Thronð was afraid to go out-doors, Alf became so angry, that he said to his wife; it served her right that the goblins should come and fetch her away, just for having frightened the boy so. So then it is true indeed that there are goblins, "Thronð thought and pressed closer to the mother, seeking for shelter. From this time forth, she would not narrate any thing more to him, and he therefore addressed himself to Randi, who was always so silent and kept by herself. She knew only one story of a blind girl, who might get her sight back, if a beautiful prince should come and offer her his hand and half his kingdom. The Lord's word he learnt late enough; it was the father himself, who made the son acquainted with that, for Alf was a well read man. It was all taught him in the very words of the Scriptures, but it did not quite impress itself in the brain of the boy exactly, as it stood in the book. God, the father, was to him for a long time the highest King of Goblins with a grey beard and large eyes; he lived somewhere quite near and could see all. For his sake it was also not advisable to dip his finger again in the cream pot, while the mother was at the cow stable.

Thronð might be about nine years old, when on a winter's evening after Christmas, a stranger entered the house, carrying a box upon his back. "God's peace be over thy house!" said he, looking around; Thronð stole quietly over to Randi: "God's peace to thee also!" said the mother, and she pushed a stool towards him, in order to make him sit down. "Are not you the Fiddle-Knud?" she then said, when the fire flickered brighter and lit up his face. "This time you are

not mistaken, Aaste, he replied—many a thing we have gone through, since I played on your wedding-day." Now he related, that he had been in the village on the other side of the mountains till after Christmas, and had earned a good deal of money. On his way home, just on the summit of the mountain, he felt so strangely unwell, that he had thought it would be best again to mingle among men, before walking over the heath. Thronnd noticed that the man had black hair, which he had never seen before—and wore a jacket much longer than that of his father. He had a scar on his face and did not say: "In Jesus name," when he sat down to eat. This man soon after became so sick, that he had to go to bed. "I believe, I shall not get up any more," he said. "Ah, don't talk so," replied Aaste and she covered him up warmly. Thronnd had to lie on the floor this night, the fire flashed on the hearth and he could not sleep. All at once he felt very cold, especially on one side; but he well understood, why it was so, for he fancied he was lying out in the forest. He was astonished and wondered how he got there, the fire he saw at a great distance, and yet it must be burning in the house because the stranger guest was sick. He rose to approach the fire, yet he could not move from the spot. He struggled and pressed forward—for how in the name of God could a whole night be passed in the woods? Then he heard singing, far, far away. He had heard the melody previously—it was a choral—first one sang, and that was the mother, then there were two, three, twenty, many—it was so sweet and delightful to hear.—All at once there was a dead silence and one said: "Let us take him up and carry him somewhere." Then he recollected that he was in the wood—he felt cold again and wanted to cry, but he could not. "They say it is good to say a Paternoster," he thought, yet he could not find the beginning. Now somebody seized him by the shoulder, so that he got his speech back again and called out, "Mother!" in a way to make him shudder at his own voice. "You sleep very restlessly," she said; she stood near him and assisted him in getting up. Of the stranger he saw nothing more; he had gone away, the mother said.

The next day the father came home and worked at a black box—the mother came down from the garret in her black dress—she was to go to the village. She came home, accompanied by three men, who looked so much like one another! Though one had a high pointed cap and the others wore flat caps, yet Thronnd could never make out, which of the men it was, who wore the high cap. They ate and then placed the box, which the father had made, on a cart. "Here is one more" said the mother, and then came to meet them with the box, Knud had carried on his back. "Ay this one he may take, one of the men said, pointing at Thronnd. The mother asked him to thank the man. "Use it as well as he did who left it to you," said the latter and laughed. Then they went slowly away. "What is in this box mother?" the boy asked, when they stood in the room again. "Look at it yourself." That he did. In a handkerchief there lay something fine and light; so light it seemed, that Thronnd remained seated and only looked at the thing. "Take it!" said the mother. "It will not break, I hope?" he asked, and put his finger upon it. Quite pale he started back and springing up, "It weeps!" he exclaimed. Thus it happened that Thronnd got his violin. The violin was black and so was also the Bohemian, who owned it, and whether it was or was not he fancied, that the two resembled each other. That which to him was new and mysterious in the man, he ascribed also to the instrument and that night of witcheries, in which the stranger had arrived, lay in it also, with all its contradiction to reality, its dreams and truth. Alf had once learned a little fiddling, and great was Thronnd's earnest devotion, when he learned of his father how to handle it. It filled the boy almost with awe, in spite of

himself, when his father compelled the instrument to sing the only two melodies, which he knew, namely: The "Lur-Song" and the "Haukefeld." All the fairy tales, nay even all, that he had ever thought, had now to follow him and actually danced over the chords. The *bow* was Jutul, the goblin, and when he rushed over all the strings and through all the scales, this was again the fairy, who rode from Copenhagen to Walders in one night. The "soft quint" was his mother, the next string, which always followed the mother was Randi, the third one had a rough voice and that was the father; the bass was a magnificent chord, but mysterious—it resounded up to him, he was almost afraid of it and dared not give it any name. If he brushed it so, that it made only one tone together with the third, then they seemed like the three strangers; they looked so much alike, that he never knew which of them wore the high cap. If he made the bow strike with its own weight, so that it played very softly as if heard in the distance, this was the goblins, who played within the mountain. A blunder on the "quint" was the cat, one on the bass-string—the cow. Every dance which he learned, was again something definite. One was Moses, who stammered and struck with his staff, another one was the mother in her black robe, at last one tune composed only of long strokes,—that was the king. "But for this constant fiddling," the father exclaimed, scolding, "Ah, thou hast no reason to complain, thou art out-doors the whole day long," answered Aaste, but what shall we say, who have no ease nor peace from sunrise to sunset? "Take the fiddle from him!" said the father. "I have often thought of it" said the mother, but on the next day she taught him a new dance. She knew more melodies, than she herself was conscious of, for Aaste had not always been past thirty, and had not always lived as quietly as now. "What dost thou think of mother?" said, the boy sometimes—"for well nigh half an hour, thou hast been singing the same song for me."

Up to this time he had never yet been allowed to go out with them on the pasture grounds; now not a fine day passed, without his wandering about on the heights alone. If he felt oppressed occasionally, he played on his violin and whatever there was of evil about him, that he forced into it too. When he sat on the mountain-bog, playing, nothing stood fixed before him—neither hills, nor bush, nor rock—they floated. Yet when he became older, he made up dancing-pieces by himself, and since he played the greater part of the day, all that he had learned and experienced, became interwoven also. Every dance, therefore, appeared to him alike beautiful and it never occurred to him to try a comparison; for they all were a work of necessity, every piece. He only perceived that formerly whole melodies bore the signification of his father, mother, the mountain or the wood, while now one single stroke might be thus interpreted. Finer and more attractive, every dance became to him, the more he put into it of feeling and imagination. Once he heard his father relate, that a boy, a little larger than he, had made much money by his playing at the last market fair. This startled him and the idea began to whirl about in his brain. "The boy certainly could not play as I do?" Thronnd thought. When the time of the next fair approached, he asked his mother, when not in his father's hearing, whether he might not go to the market with them. "You are crazy, boy! never let any thing of that kind come to the ears of your father!" said his mother. Yet one day, when they worked together in the field, she said to Alf: "We really act sinfully with the boy; only one single time he has got away from the spot where he first saw the light—that was when he was first baptized." "Ay, we shall miss him soon enough," said Alf, so that the mother felt a strange woe creep round her heart. Since that time Thronnd was silent; but then again once, when

they threshed rye, she ventured farther on. "He, our Thronnd I mean, plays really so beautifully, that he might earn a fine lump of money at the market, take him along, do!" Alf knew how many things the boy would see there, which would afterwards revolve in his brain,—therefore he said: "That might be dear money to us, which he would earn there." Aaste looked at him and remained silent. But when the boy had once directed his eyes to the outward world, he could never turn them back again into himself. Upon another time, some months afterwards, Alf and Aaste spoke at the dinner table about some new settlers near by, who were just to be married; but they had great trouble in getting one thing and another done for them; among others, they could not obtain musicians. Why, God bless them! could not I be the musician? thought Thronnd; but he did not say anything. He waited for his mother until she should be alone in the kitchen. And in spite of all the father had to suggest and remonstrate against, the mother was on the right way and bade the son to offer himself. "He is only a boy yet, but still he plays so, that you feel quite strange and sorrowful in your heart, said the mother, "Certainly he would come and accompany them to church, according to custom," suggested the bridal couple—"if it should not do—no matter, they would not mind it, but might then take another one at the village." Can you imagine any one more glad than Thronnd now was? All that he expected to behold there, met and mingled already with the tunes he was going to play, and it was only with great effort, that he endured the collision. Little he slept in those nights, which lay between that day and the nuptial festival, and from the moment he rose, till late, when his father returned, he played unremittingly. He went with his violin from the chamber to the wood, from the rocky steep down to the fir tree precipice, and played. "Thou art actually fading away my boy," said his mother, pushing his hair back from his forehead. "Ay, I must see what I can do!" said Thronnd.

(To be continued.)

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

The String Quartet.

The String Quartet is one of the purest musical fundamental forms. It grew up with the Symphony both nursed by the hands of the same masters. While these, in their large orchestral works, calculated for large, spacious halls, addressed a large audience composed of the most varied elements, they are, in their String Quartet, so to speak, at home for their friends and selected guests. They then approach us confidentially, and disclose to us their most secret thoughts and emotions. The String Quartet remains far behind the Symphony, in point of power of sound and variety of tone coloring, but it gains by this very limitation an increase of life and richness of development. Precision and delicacy of drawing compensate for the missing charm of colors.

Four of the noblest members of the orchestra step out and form a sub-committee for a general talk on musical affairs. They are all of the same family, and consequently all entitled to an equal share in the debate. Each may demonstrate his individuality freely, but with that due consideration of the opinions of his fellow committee-men which their high standing in the musical world entitles them to. Each must be independent but not inconsiderate; each must sustain an opinion of his own, but also listen to the reasoning of others; in short, the whole must resemble a lively exchange of ideas and remind of the manner in which four well-bred persons converse on a subject which is equally interesting to all. In other words: the characteristics of the String Quartet a polyphonic treatment and the strictest unity and logical development in its construction.—*Gumprecht.*

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, DEC. 10. — Like another Gibbon, I record another Decline and Fall. I place upon the archives of *Dwight's* the fall of Bernard the Great and his operatic dynasty.

Ullman had made extensive preparations for this season at the Academy of Music. If you had met him on any street corner during the past summer, and questioned him about the winter opera he would smile feebly at your benighted ignorance in regard to it, and would then hint mysteriously at the vast preparations and vaster plans which he had under way. Only great operas were to be produced this season, and only great singers were to sing them. Formes, Stigelli, Fabbri, Angri, Czillag, Colson, and others would be mentioned and then the Impressario would have given such a significant nod as if to say, "Wait, ignorant, but well-meaning mortal, wait till fall and then prepare thine eyes and ears for sounds they never saw or heard before! Wait till Fall!"

Fall came and a fall indeed it proved to Ullman. He promulgated magnificent advertisements and made the usual affecting appeals to the public. He dilated upon Granger's armor and upon the *mise en scene* of future operas. He announced *La Juive* for the opening night, and when the time came a crowded house argued well for the success of the season.

Probably, our Academy of Music never before presented so brilliant an appearance at an operatic representation. The boxes were filled with handsomely dressed women and the whole house was brilliantly lighted with the same illuminations used at the Prince of Wales Ball. Then the opera was admirably done. The scenery and grouping were unsurpassed, the processions really splendid and the acting and singing of FABBRI, STIGELLI and FORMES everything that could be desired; there was plenty of orchestra, plenty of good singing, any amount of enthusiasm, not quite enough voice from ANNA BISHOP, and a considerable superfluity of QUINT. The opera was a success and the press was unanimous in its praise.

The second night was not quite so brilliant. Only a few of the extra Prince of Wales jets were lighted, and the audience was not as numerous as it ought to have been. The third night was a magnificent performance but rather small as to audience. On the fourth night it was much the same, and then Ullman came out in a card addressed to the *Herald* and copied by all the other papers if addressed to them, reading as follows:

SIR:—It is my painful duty to announce to the public that I see myself compelled to close the opera.

Notwithstanding the unanimity of approbation with which the "Jewess" has been received by the press and the public, the receipts after the first night have fallen greatly below the expenses. This I ascribe to the precarious state of affairs in general, and to the disorganization into which the opera has fallen during my absence in Europe.

Under these circumstances I can not do otherwise but retire from the management, and tender my best thanks for the generous aid I have received from the press, the artists, and all the employees of the opera.

I am, Dear Sir, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

Academy of Music, Dec. 4.

B. ULLMAN.

Then the opera singers who had all the time been pining for their salaries as the hart panteth for water-brooks, decided to take the management of the opera themselves, and re-opened it on Monday night with "Masaniello." The scenery was shockingly bad and the part of the Dumb Girl, performed as usual in the most incomprehensible manner. But Fabbri sang her little part of Elvira very well, and Formes was a prime *Pietro* and Stigelli a magnificent *Masaniello*. His mad scene in the last act was really thrilling; yet as a whole the opera did not go off as well as it might have done. *Stradella* was advertised for Saturday, but subsequently postponed till Monday night. The weather is now desperately disagreeable and the artists of the Academy have but a poor prospect of success.

CARL ANSCHUTZ appears to be involved in the

fall of the Ullman Dynasty and his place as conductor of the orchestra is taken by THEODORE THOMAS the young violinist who looks "severe in youthful beauty" as he wields the baton—rather nervously it must be confessed—and directs the performance of venerable, spectacled, and bald-headed (no, not eagles) 'cellists and trombonists old enough to be his great-grandfathers. It is always a treat to me to see him in the orchestra. He plays the violin with such careless grace that even his elevation to the orchestral throne does not reconcile me to the loss of his violin performance. Remember that the man don't know me from Adam. I have a sort of general-admiration-for-artists theory. I admire a violin player, a singer (rather wild on the Stigelli question), a horn player, a flutist, and everybody in the orchestra or on the stage, but don't know or want to a soul of them. My experience with smart, clever people and folks of genius, has been that the less one knows of them personally the more one feels like admiring them artistically. So I should deem it an afflictive dispensation of Providence if I had to be personally acquainted with the delightful people I admire. Some day I mean to write you a description of the Academy of Music orchestra and its occupants; but it will be a purely laudatory affair.

That, however, has nothing whatever to do with MASON & THOMAS' soirées, which are certainly the most delightful musical entertainments in the city, after the opera. Dodsworth's room is never crowded to them, and I don't see how they pay. But the audience, though small, is always a splendid one to look at, and you know that staring at people is one of the great delights of going out to public places. There are more strongly individualized "characters" at one of these soirées than in any other assemblage of the same size I have ever joined. But I will not further infringe upon "—t's—" peculiar province by dilating on this entertainment.

Colson, Brignoli, and the rest of the Italian Opera Company are expected here next week to open with a concert the Irving Hall, on the corner of Irving Place and Fifteenth street, the largest public hall in the city, excepting the Academy of Music, which it is so near to. It will be used rather as a dancing than a music room. A concert is also announced for the benefit of HARVEY MAJOR, the one-armed cornet player.

TROVATOR.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 15, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of the 42d Psalm; "As the Hart Pans." By Mendelssohn.

Mr. Otto Dresel's Fourth Soiree.

1. Sonata, (C sharp minor), Beethoven
Adagio—Allegretto—Finale.
2. Two Preludes and Mazurka. (B minor, op. 33,) Chopin
3. Spring Song and Serenade. Robert Franz
4. Two Etudes, (E major and E minor). Chopin
5. Songs: Moonlight Night, and "Du meine Seele," Schumann
6. Andante from Symphony. Schubert
7. Allegro Brilliant, for four hands. Mendelssohn
8. The Erl King. Schubert
Arranged for Piano Solo, by Liszt.
Miss Fay.
9. Song: "O, welcome, fair woods," Robert Franz
10. Marche Hongroise. Schubert
- Slumber Song. Otto Dresel
- Valse, (E♭, op. 18.) Chopin

So these pleasant concerts are over. And instead of looking forward to a musical treat of a Saturday evening, we shall have to be satisfied with reminiscences, pleasant enough, to be sure, but not the thing itself. We know however, that all things in the eternal round of events must come to a close, and so we yield to necessity and are content as best we can. Fortunately for them, some people can live just as contentedly with, as without those soirées, those

at least, that could and did talk quite audibly, having a very nice chat no doubt, during the first and third movements of the C sharp minor Sonata. The only wonder is that such people go to these soirées at all. It seems as if they might enjoy themselves better by staying away. Those round them would surely.

Mr. DRESEL had the assistance of Miss MARY FAY and Mr. KREISSMANN. With Miss Fay he played the Allegro brilliant op. 92, (being No. 21 of Mendelssohn's posthumous works) in A major, and Miss Fay played the difficult Transcription by Liszt, of Schubert's Erlking. We had an opportunity on former occasions to admire Miss Fay's great technical powers. The pieces were well calculated to bring out this proficiency of hers. Her wrist is admirably trained, and the swift staccatoes of the Allegro, as well as the triplets of the accompaniment in the Erlking were played with surprising ease and strength. There was some nervousness apparent in the rendering of the latter piece, which we think might have been avoided by not risking too much. It is never a disgrace to play from notes. Had Miss Fay done so, she would have had strength and nerve enough to play that part of the piece, where it reaches its climax, just before the words of the text: "and in his arms the child was dead," with that degree of force necessary to give it its proper effect. The Allegro opening busily, mysteriously, much like some passages in the Midsummer Night's Dream, has a fine counter-theme in G major, in the style of the two-part songs, and is a most effective, sparkling piece.

The part of the programme played by Mr. Dresel himself included the C sharp minor sonata of Beethoven, with its brooding Adagio, its Allegretto full of pleasant memories, and its passionate, wild Presto—Finale. Whether it was our own frame of mind or not, that had given us an idea of the piece different from Mr. Dresel's conception of it, we are not prepared to say. But in the first movement the rendering seemed too bold and determined, in the last not bold and wild enough. The two preludes by Chopin in D flat and A major, No. 15 and 17 of op. 28, formed a fit transition from the sombre hues of the Sonata. The first of the two with its quiet melody was exactly the piece, to calm down the excitement of the Sonata. The second in A flat, graceful, lovely, contains a beautiful, genial, harmonic effect in its sixth measure, frequently repeated afterwards, where the dominant seventh and the subdominant of A flat follow each other immediately. The half melancholy, half bright Mazurka, in B minor, No. 4 of op. 33, with its trio-like part in B flat, passing in the second statement into B major, and its revery for the left hand towards the close, was beautifully rendered. So were the two Etudes, the one in E major, No. 3 of op. 10, and the other in E minor from the first book of op. 25. Spirited also was the rendering of the Valse in E flat, op. 18, full of the fresh, fervent feeling of youthful passion. The March from the Divertissement à la Hongroise, op. 54, in C minor, is arranged from the original composition for four hands by Liszt. Schubert wrote a greater number of most beautiful piano pieces for four hands than any other composer. In this arrangement the Trio in A flat major is fortissimo and brilliant, while the original marking reads pianissimo, and only mezzo-forte in the second part. The change of character produced by doing this is to be charged to Liszt. Nor is the end of the piece in C major as Liszt put it. The mood of the slumber-song by Mr. Dresel is so admirably chosen, that it is to our mind one of the best of its kind existing. The feeling of rest combined with the gentle undulation truthfully represent the situation. In perfect keeping are the harmonic changes of the exquisite little piece. This transcription by the composer of the prize-song "Sweet and low" is an improvement

on his original. We hope it will speedily be introduced here, when it has left the press of Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel in Leipzig, where it is about to be brought out, as we understand. The Andante from Schubert's Symphony was beautifully played. The Symphony is rather full, and Schubert amassed in it enough musical material for two good sized symphonies. One could not help noticing the length of the piece, the orchestral effects adding charms, which were lost necessarily on the Piano.

The vocal portion of the programme was a valuable addition to the beauties offered in the other pieces. We think Mr. Kreissman never sang to greater advantage. His voice seemed to acquire new power and expressiveness from the evident inspiration under which he sang. The selection was unexceptionable. It is impossible to say which of the three songs by R. Franz was more graceful and lovely. The spring-song by Arndt, No. 3 of op. 23, in G major, almost throughout in light sixteenths is innocent and sweet; the summer-song by Goethe, No. 2 of op. 16 in C major, is graceful, with perhaps a shade more of joyous animation, while the "Serenade" No. 20, op. 17 in B major, is full of the serenity and sweetness of a night in spring, in its stillness interrupted only by the low breathing of the fresh balmy air. There is a naïve grace in this song, distinguishing it from the two others. The second song was a kind addition to the programme. Mr. Kreissmann sang them with all the grace the composer had embodied in them. But still more sympathetically he entered into the spirit of the two songs by Schumann. A peculiar, tender, mysterious atmosphere pervades the song Moonlight night, op. 39, No. 5 in E major. It is even more. There is a holiness in the simple melody, which seems concentrated in the second half of the musical sentence (m 10—13). The second song, No. 1 of the first book of op. 25 in A flat, is the dedication of a circle of songs, which he inscribed to his dear wife when she yet was FRAULEIN CLARA WIECK. It is a song of love full of deepest tenderness and warmth. He called those four books composing op. 25—a leaf from his autobiography—a "Myrtle-wreath." The myrtle in Germany takes the place of our orange-blossoms, encircling the brow of the intended wife, when, before the altar, "the vows are exchanged for life" as Goethe has it. This name is therefore a very fitting title to a series of songs written under the holy spell of pure love. The singing of Mr. Kreissmann was full of the fire of inspiration and one felt, that his heart was in his singing. The favorite Song by Robert Franz, op. 21, No. 1, "O, welcome, fair woods" so took with the audience, that it had to be repeated, which Mr. Kreissmann did, singing it as splendidly as the first time.

The hall was crowded to overflowing. These concerts formed an important part of our musical season, and we only hope, that the sequel of concerts may exhibit some of the taste and artistic feeling brought to bear on the arranging and carrying out of these concert-programmes. Such concerts, besides giving to the audience pleasant opportunities of revelling in "the Beautiful" embodied in the art of music, help raising the musical taste of a community, and are thus an absolute benefit. We never can have enough of them. There is a wish shared by many admirers of Mr. Dresel and true lovers of music, to which we will give utterance here. It is this, to hear Mr. Dresel in some sonatas with the violin or the violoncello. Though we were perfectly well satisfied with the programmes of this season, it yet seems as if it would add variety and charm to future programmes, to hear the piano in concert with stringed instruments, many of the purest gems of classical music being written for this combination of instruments.

We bid an unwilling farewell to those beautiful

evenings, which brought together audiences of the highest character, the delightful hall being graced by the beauty and refinement of the Boston public. That the concerts were enjoyed and appreciated the full houses testify. These evenings will form a bright chapter of their own "Pleasures of memory" to many. *†

The Concert in aid of the German-English School at the Music Hall, on Monday of last week, was very fully attended, and gave pleasant anticipations of the projected series by the Philharmonic Society. The Symphony was the well known C major of Mozart; and, although the orchestra was inadequate in some respects, the performance gave us sincere pleasure. The violoncellos were sadly missed, and there was a lack of precision which further rehearsals will remedy. The pianists, Messrs. DRESEL, LANG, LEONHARD and PARKER, gave us a duo by Moscheles and the ever welcome "Invitation to the Dance," by von Weber. Mrs. HARWOOD sang Schubert's charming *Barcarolle*, with as much delicacy and spirit as before at Mr. Dresel's concert. But the poetry of this delightful song seems to us wasted in the large space of the Music Hall; it was far more satisfactory in a chamber concert. Mr. SCHULTZE played a fantasia from "Lucrezia Borgia," with his usual smoothness and grace.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Our correspondents will confer an additional favor upon us by mailing their communications so that they may reach Boston on or before *Wednesday*. They will thereby secure an insertion in the paper of the next Saturday, and save us the pain of throwing aside communications relating to matters of musical intelligence, that would have been valuable, (often invaluable), if received in season, but which depend for their value upon their freshness.

A FALSE REPORT.—The rumor that has been industriously circulated by mischievous persons the past few days, reflecting upon the credit and stability of Messrs. CHICKERING & SONS, the celebrated Piano Forte manufacturers, has not a shadow of truth. We are happy to say, upon the most reliable authority, that this firm were never in a more prosperous and solvent condition than at the present moment, having but few liabilities and immense assets and resources. With them there is no such word as fail.—*Atlas and Bee*.

Music Abroad.

PARIS.—Mr. Adolph Sax, the inventor of the brass instruments which bear his name, has obtained an extension of his patent for five years.

At the *Theatre Lyrique*, *Orphée* has been given, alternating with the *Val d'Andorre*. At the Grand Opera, *La Juive*, with Mad. Vandenhuevel Duprez and Mlle. Marie Sax.

An Italian mezzo soprano, Mlle. Maria Talvo, who has attained a high reputation in Italy, has just arrived here. Her voice is one of great compass, purity and flexibility.

A new instrument, the *Harmoniflute*, has been used at some concerts in the Bois de Boulogne. It is introduced into the orchestra, and in the overture to the *Pardon de Plœrmel* is said to have been substituted for the organ with much success.

VIENNA.—Haydn's Oratorio *Il Ritorno di Tobia* which is said to have been found again by Franz Lachner in Munich, was written by Haydn, when 44 years of age, on words by Boccherini, then attached as poet to the Imperial theatre, and was in fact never considered lost in Vienna. The work was first performed in Vienna, on the 2d and 4th of April, 1775, for the benefit of the Musicians' Widows and Orphans Pension fund, repeated in March, 1784, enlarged with two new choruses and performed last in December, 1808. The Oratorio consists almost en-

tirely of Recitatives and Airs written in the old style which Haydn afterwards in his *Creations* and *Seasons* entirely discarded. The two most important Choruses in the work have been performed repeatedly in the *Concerts spirituels*. One of them under the title of Storm Chorus, with Latin text, *Insane vance curæ*, has become a favorite Motet for Church choirs. The score of the Oratorio entire may be found in the musical archives of Prince Esterhazy, and a duplicate copy in the library of the Society of the Friends of Music in the Austrian Empire. Notwithstanding all the respect due the immortal master it must be considered an ill advised step to drag this work forth from oblivion.—(*Wiener Rezensionen*.)

DRESDEN.—The bronze statue of *Carl Maria von Weber* was uncovered on the 11th of October, in presence of the King and several members of the Royal family. The statue is placed in front of the Court-theatre. The model was finished by Rietschel, in 1858, and it was cast the year after at the works of Count Einseidel, at Lauchhammer. The statue has a height of eight feet. The pedestal, of granite, is of the same height, and bears upon a bronze tablet the simple names of the great composer.

BERLIN.—Press and Public lavish the most extravagant praises upon a new Prima Donna, Signora *Zelia Trebelli*, from Madrid. She had appeared as Rosina in the "Barber," and Arsace in "Semiramide." Her voice ranges from F sharp below to D above the staff. She is reported to resemble Sontag in her sunniest days.

MAD. CASTELLAN, formerly well known in this country, who first took the rôle of Bertha, in the *Prophète*, is about to return to the lyric stage, from which she had withdrawn. She will sing first at Hanover.

OLE BULL has determined to make another artistic tour, and is soon to appear in Leipzig.

The Countess de Sparre, celebrated when Pasta sang at the Italian opera as the brilliant Mlle. Naldi, has received a legacy of \$100,000. She is the daughter of Naldi, celebrated in his day for a buffo-comico Italian singer; but her retirement from the stage in 1823, upon her marriage with Count de Sparre, a French general, prevented her from acquiring the reputation she might easily have commanded had she pursued her profession. She received this legacy from Mons. Hermann Lippus, an old stock broker, who died childless, and without any kindred, a few days ago.

Hector Berlioz, the Parisian composer, has an admirer, who has proposed to advance \$10,000 to the manager of the Lyric theatre, upon condition the latter brings out his opera, "Les Troyens." The malicious say (and this certainly detracts a great deal from the value of the compliment, if it prove true) the amateur who made this proposal entirely forgot to accompany it with his or his banker's address, without any regard for the manager's curiosity, which is greatly excited to discover this particular.

LOW VOICES.—There was a celebrated bass singer, of the name of MEREDITH, who lived some forty years ago, at Liverpool; he possessed a most powerful voice of great compass, and he was a man of six feet high, with a corresponding bulk. Meredith was informed that there was a man residing at a village in the Vale of Clwd, about forty miles from Liverpool, who could sing lower than he could. Jealous of a rival, he determined to pay the man a visit; so off he trotted, and, towards the evening of the second day's walk, he arrived at the village; and on being informed that John Griffith was digging in his garden, Meredith sauntered about for some time, taking a bird's eye view of the unconscious basso, who was but a little fellow compared with himself. At length, he drew himself up to his full height, and, looking over the hedge, said, on low A in the bass, "Good evening to you, friend." The digger rested on his spade, and answered on low D, a fifth below Meredith, "The same to you, friend." On which Meredith turned on his heel, and walked off, rather disconcerted for a time; but afterwards, he used to recount the adventure with a good deal of humor, concluding with, "So, the deliver double D'd me, and be d—d to him."

We call the attention of those of the musical parents of this city, who have daughters growing up, to Mr. Zerrahn's advertisement. Children who show a taste for music should by all means be encouraged and taught to sing. It is not everybody who can have the luxury of a piano and a long course of training by a good teacher, nor are there more than one tenth of them that derive any real musical enjoyment from it afterwards. But vocal music such as beautifies one's home, and constitutes the means of admission to Choral Societies, is easily learnt. It will yet, and we trust, in not very distant time, be considered an indispensable accomplishment for young persons of good culture, to be able to read music correctly and readily. In the meanwhile it is well that men like Mr. Zerrahn should give their attention to this branch of instruction. We trust he will find encouragement. We understand that one set of classes such as he proposes is in successful operations.

The editor of the *German Musical Gazette* in Philadelphia, a paper, by the way, which we heartily recommend to our German musical friends, observes on piano-classes: "The opinions entertained by different competent persons on this subject, all agree, that only a very excellent teacher will meet with success in class-teaching, and that this method is the most inefficient one, when it is employed by no more than common talent."

CHOPIN'S MAZURKAS.—The Mazurkas of Chopin, which have been given in our music pages are taken from a volume of them now in press by Oliver Ditson & Co. It will be eagerly sought for by all skilful pianists on its appearance, who will also be interested in Madame Kinkel's remarks on the composer, to be found in the last number of the "Journal of Music."

New Music.

DER FREYSCHÜTZ, arranged for the Piano-forte by Alfred Devaux. Oliver Ditson & Co.

This arrangement of Weber's famous opera, which has filled our music pages for some time past, is now complete, and is a desirable addition to the musical libraries of amateurs. We learn from the *Gazette Musicale* that this opera has been translated into ten different languages, viz., French, English, Italian, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Russian, Bohemian and Polish, the original German making the tenth. This fact alone speaks for its universal popularity.

New Books.

A NEW METHOD FOR THE PIANOFORTE. By Nathan Richardson, author of "The Modern School," &c. pp. 239. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

A method for the piano, containing all the instructions and exercises necessary to the acquisition of a tolerable mastery of the instrument, has long been a desideratum. To meet this want, we have methods by Beyer, Bertini, Cramer, Czerny, Hummel, Hunte, Knorr, Müller, &c.; none of which are entirely satisfactory, although each possesses some peculiar merit. An instruction book for the piano, in order to meet the wants of teachers and pupils, must possess certain characteristics, e. g.: 1st. A sufficient number of mechanical exercises, including the scales in every key, both major and minor, and in all movements. 2d. Studies to aid in the mastery of particular difficulties such as octaves, arpeggios, staccato, legato, singing tone, &c. 3d. There should be interspersed with these a number of extracts from different authors, to serve as amusements, studies in style, and for cultivating a correct taste. 4th. The book ought to contain complete, though concise directions, in regard to the manner of practising each exercise, study, or amusement. And finally, the whole ought to be arranged in a progressive order, from the very simplest exercise for beginners, to the extremely difficult studies, or exercises at the close.

In the *Modern School*, (published in 1853,) Mr. Richardson, then just returned from several years' study under the best masters in Europe, attempted to solve the problem. The "fundamental conception" was excellent; but the execution was faulty, from a lack, on the part of the author, of an extensive

teaching experience, without which no one can write a good elementary book in any branch of knowledge. In the words of Mr. Richardson, the method was unsatisfactory in relation to "the difficult progressions and management of many important features in a course of piano tuition, a skilful treatment of which is indispensable to the pupils' rapid progress." Even the mechanical exercises were not well arranged. The scales in double thirds and sixths were introduced very near the beginning of the book, and their difficulty either discouraged the enthusiastic tyro, or they were too often omitted entirely, thereby depriving the pupil of their very important aid in the development of the muscles of the hand and wrist. The compositions interspersed as examples of the styles of different authors, although tastefully and artistically selected, were too difficult for their place in the book. Indeed, Mr. Richardson seems to have lost sight of the apostolic remark concerning "milk for babes." In the *new method* he has embodied the results of several years' study of the short comings as well as of the excellencies of the Modern School. A set of plates, showing the position of the hand while in the act of performing different passages, takes the place of the anatomical plates in the *Modern School*, and is a decided improvement. The elements are quite full and satisfactory. The practical part of the book may be classified as follows:—1. Five finger exercises. 2. A complete library of scales. 3. Studies from Bertini, Cramer, Czerny, &c. 4. Amusements.

These are interspersed in just about the right proportions, and the progressive character of the work is well preserved. Of the necessity of the finger exercises and scales nothing need be said. We are glad to find the book so full in this respect. A study, properly so called, is a composition written expressly to aid in the acquisition of the mastery of some particular effect or difficulty, and the musical effect is made to depend upon the perfect rendering of this difficulty. In Europe much greater prominence is given to studies than in this country. (Indeed, Bertini's method is almost entirely made up of studies, and this is the good point of the work while the drawback is, they are all original, and hence the great uniformity of style.) In this book there is a very good selection of these, numbering twenty-seven, besides some fifteen which are called "amusements," but which properly belong on this head. The "amusements" are numerous and of almost every grade of difficulty. The sources whence these are taken are not indicated; but we are able to identify the following: chorus from Norma (17)—a barcarolle (18)—Hunting chorus in "Der Freyschütz" (29)—waltz (Derniere pensée de Carl Maria von Weber) Reissiger (31)—andante from Clementi (35)—chorus from I Puritani (40)—cantabile by Schulhoff (45)—Mazurka by Schulhoff (46)—Songs without words by Mendelssohn (48 and 49)—nocturne by Dreyshock (51) and a grand finale that looks as if Liszt might have "had a hand in it."

There are some *morceaux* in this work that will prove grateful "show pieces" for amateur players. We may mention amusements 45, 46, 48 and 51; all good, sensible music. There have been two editions published, one having European and the other American fingering, so that all may be suited in this respect. We have at length an instruction book for the piano, that is complete without being too voluminous; interesting, but not superficial; thorough but not tedious. If pupils have common sense and perseverance, this book is just the thing for them. If teachers are laborious and painstaking, they will find the "New Method" a valuable auxiliary to their labor, while if they are lazy and careless, by all means they should set their pupils at work in the "New Method," in assurance that with it the pupil must make some progress. We believe, however, that by far the most important field for usefulness for a book like this, is in the country; since the city teachers, with their ready access to the music stores, can select such studies, exercises or pieces as are adapted to the wants of their pupils, and the method they may use is of less consequence, while its defects may be so readily remedied. In the country, on the other hand, the teacher, far removed from music stores, is at the mercy of the dealers, who often inflict on him quantities of unsaleable trash. Parents object to an additional bill for music, or the teacher is not competent to select properly, so it happens that scholars in general buy but one "instruction book" and no "studies," and it is therefore important that they be furnished at the outset with a really complete "method" for the instrument. We therefore confidently recommend this book to our country friends, both teachers and pupils, who will here find a complete library of "materials" for piano playing, and a good assortment of some thirty amusements.—*National Quarterly Review* for December.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

From childhood's dawn. Ballad. Opera of
"Robin Hood." 25
My own, my guiding star. " 25

Two of the choicest gems from Macfarren's new Opera which has achieved a complete and genuine success at the Royal Opera house in London. The first is a sweet air, sung by a Barytone in the Opera; the last one, by the excellent singing of Sims Reeves, has become an established favorite in the English drawing-room. Other songs, duets, &c., from this opera will follow immediately.

At last. (L'incontro.) Romance for Contralto
or Baritone. *Brambilla.* 25

There is such a dearth of good Contralto songs that this really fine Italian Romanza will not have to go begging for buyers. It is easy of execution.

When glasses take their merry round. Song.
C. Lloyd. 25
Likely to become a standard song at convivial meetings.

Hearts feel that love thee. Trio for female voices
from "Athalia." *Mendelssohn.* 25

A most beautiful Trio, published now for the first time in this country. Teachers of female classes in vocal music should not neglect to introduce it. As a Parlor Trio for three solo voices it is also very pretty.

Evening Shadows. Song. *Mrs. Howland.* 25
A pleasing ballad. Easy.

Instrumental Music.

Shall I again behold thee? (Werd ich dich wiedersehn?) Reverie. *C. Voss.* 25

This little piece, one of Voss' earlier works has long enjoyed an immense popularity among amateur players in Germany. It is a real gem. The sentiment of the title is charmingly expressed by the music.

Anne Lisle. Varied. *Chas. Grobe.* 50

A new set of Variations by the always fascinating Grobe is quite a piece of good news for the world of piano-players, at large. His subject this time is a popular song by Thompson, which appears to best advantage as exhibited by the eminent professor.

Rural festival. (Nebelbilder, No. 16.) *Oesten.* 25

Hope. " " 12. " 25

Lament and consolation. " " 14. " 25

Pretty little sentimental pieces.

Books.

LIBRETTO'S OF SAFFO, LE PROPHETE, and DINORAH, (Le Pardon de Ploermel). Each with Italian and English Words, and the Melodies of the Principal Airs. 25

The above are this week added to the popular Series of Opera Librettos published by Ditson & Co. They are perfect gems in their way and deservedly favorites among the admirers of the Opera.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 455.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 22, 1860.

VOL. XVIII. No. 12.

Sent to Heaven.

I had a message to send her,
To her whom my soul loved best ;
But I had my task to finish,
And she had gone home to rest.

To rest in the far bright heaven—
Oh, so far away from here ;
It was vain to speak to my darling,
For I knew she could not hear.

I had a message to send her,
So tender, and true, and sweet ;
I longed for an angel to bear it,
And lay it down at her feet.

I placed it one summer evening
On a little white cloud's breast ;
But it faded in golden splendor,
And died in the crimson west.

I gave it the lark, next morning,
And I watched it soar and soar ;
But its pinions grew faint and weary,
And it fluttered to earth once more.

To the heart of a rose I told it ;
And the perfume, sweet and rare,
Growing faint on the blue bright ether,
Was lost in the balmy air.

I laid it upon a censer,
And I saw the incense rise ;
But its clouds of rolling silver
Could not reach the far blue skies.

I cried in my passionate longing :
" Has the earth no angel friend
Who will carry my love the message
That my heart desires to send ? "

Then I heard a strain of music,
So mighty, so pure, so clear,
That my very sorrow was silent,
And my heart stood still to hear.

And I felt in my soul's deep yearning
At last the sure answer stir—
" The music will go up to heaven,
And carry my thought to her. "

It rose in harmonious rushing
Of mingled voices and strings,
And I tenderly laid my message
On the music's outspread wings.

I heard it float farther and farther,
In sound more perfect than speech ;—
Farther than sight can follow,—
Farther than soul can reach.

And I know that at last my message
Has passed through the golden gate ;
So my heart is no longer restless,
And I am content to wait. A. A. P.

Musical Culture.

V.

CRITICISM.

One of the most powerful agencies for promoting musical culture is criticism. The critic is, or can be the instructor of both the public and the musicians ; he acts as a medium between the two, explaining their mutual relationship, the

needs and wants of the former, the character and position of the latter. In short, criticism is an institution indispensable wherever the progress and welfare of arts and artists form the objects of earnest labor. It is, however, not always practiced to promote ends so noble, but often employed as an instrument for carrying out the private designs of unprincipled individuals or whole cliques. The mania for criticizing musical compositions and performances is a characteristic trait of this age. Every one now-a-days is a judge ; though he has not the slightest knowledge of the art, and though his nature and occupation are decidedly unmusical. Just enter the shop of a barber, and it will not be long before you arrive at the conclusion that he wields the critical dissecting knife with the same facility as his razor. He will tell you that he has been at the opera last night, and there was a good deal of bad singing ; and as he waxes warmer will cut up the vocalists one by one so that nothing good is left of them. If a man has a second cousin who plays the piano, then his title to a professional critic is established beyond all doubt ; and we shall not have to wait long before we see him at his post, where, according to his meek or savage nature, he will servilely praise dabbles and masters with equal fervor, or indiscriminately condemn everything that may fall a prey to his pen.

It is quite plain that this trifling with criticism, so common now, must needs tend to weaken its force and lessen its beneficial influence. The result partly is that an able critic, who performs his functions as the disinterested and faithful servant of true art, seldom enjoys the confidence, respect and gratitude, either of the artists or the public, to which his labors entitle him. However pure his motives, however impartial his judgments there will always be persons to whom he appears as the interested champion of a certain party ; such persons, namely, as are unable to rise above the (alas !) popular opinion that a man cannot assiduously labor for a good cause without making it the pretext for some hidden design, which ultimately will be revealed in the shape of — dollars. Musicians are, moreover, a peculiar class of people, especially bravura-singers and players ; it is not always pleasant to deal with them. Their vanity rises sometimes to a marvellous pitch so that they firmly believe that every tone they produce is worth its ounce of praise, if not of gold ; and woe to the critic, who ventures a word on their short-comings ! In the first outbreak of anger they will threaten to cut his throat ; but being cooled down they content themselves with challenging him to come forward and show that he can do better than they ; pretending that no man has a right to pronounce a boot ill-made, unless he is a cobbler himself. Nor can they, in their ignorant or vanity be persuaded that this critic has something better to do than to make such little people an object of persecution ; but, that his duty demands, he should warn them, whenever their performances tend to exert a

pernicious influence on the public taste. However, it is but just to add that no one esteems and appreciates an honorable critic more than the *genuine* musician ; he has in him something of the trust, simplicity and affection of a child, and looks upon the former as his instructor and adviser, nay, as his benefactor ; for which, indeed, he has sometimes good cause.

With respect to our theme we consider criticism as the third institution. Instruction lays the foundation for musical culture and continues it so far as the age and circumstances of the pupils may allow. Then follow public performances as the college follows the common school, where those desirous of improvement may enlarge their knowledge and perfect their taste by listening to music of a higher order, of more varied forms and styles, and on a larger scale than the instruction could provide ; they may also learn how to improve their execution, after the manner of the professors and virtuosi who appear here as the performers. Lastly comes the critic who tells them what was good and what was bad in the pieces performed, their tendency and history, the rank and character of the composers, and so on. He also commends or censures the performers in as much as they succeeded or failed in correctly rendering the works ; that is correctly with respect to the designs and intentions of the composer on one side, and the rules and laws of the practical, or executing, art on the other. In short, he seizes every opportunity for imparting useful information ; and while he corrects and elevates the taste of the public he holds up to the musician the ideal of pure and true art and encourages them to renewed efforts. The immaculate image of the divine muse is entrusted to his care, and like a faithful watchman his warning voice resounds whenever it is in danger. His is the noble prerogative to stand up for a genius, whom ignorance, false taste, or it may be malignity, have so long refused to recognize ; his the equally noble task to keep the reputation of acknowledged masters undefiled and to save their glory from the hands of those misguided critics, to whom nothing is sacred ; his also the meritorious, though often disagreeable, work to expose the emptiness and hollowness of the idols which cliques and factions set up for a credulous public to worship. Thus his influence is of the most beneficent kind, while his power seems unlimited.

But his functions do by no means permit him to live and labor continually in the highest spheres of the art ; he is frequently called upon to descend some steps lower and employ his influence for objects more tangible or practical. We must remember that the relation of artists and public is like that of two opponents. The former endeavor to obtain as much money, applause and fame from the latter as they possibly can, and sometimes they are unscrupulous enough to attempt obtaining it by cheat. The public, in their turn, demand an equivalent for what they give and often a great deal more ; their pretensions some-

times assume singular forms which tend to bewilder the artist, if not to ruin him. Some call for this kind of music, others for that kind; these expect to hear Beethoven, while those wish for Rossini; and thus there is no end of demands one contradicting the other. How useful a medium is here the critic, how easily can he allay the confusion! The impartial friend of both the contending parties he is constituted umpire between them, and his word is law. He is expected to know what the public need and what the musicians can and ought to do. He is solicitous that a good feeling be kept up between the parties, and, therefore, warns the performers when they imprudently commit actions that must necessarily disturb it; when, for instance, by ostentatious advertisements, they entice the public into a concert, where they find themselves sadly disappointed. They do not scruple to promise an orchestra of an hundred performers, though they never numbered more than fifty; they pledge themselves to play a Symphony and coolly leave out one-half of it, or substitute an inferior one for that announced on the programme. And thus we could go on a while mentioning practices alike insulting to art and public. While the critic exposes and thoroughly condemns such frauds he is nevertheless guarding the interests of the musicians in more than one way. With a few words he dispels preconceived notions, unfavorable opinions and prejudices, that might have materially damaged their artistic reputations. As he is the personal friend of the most prominent members of them; as he is always present at their social meetings and partaking of their pleasures, he is initiated into all their secrets and mysteries. He always knows when the singers have got bad colds, or when they have met with those small mishaps, that are of no consequence to an ordinary mortal, but which mercilessly harrow the poor nerves of a prima donna. Why did Signora Pollini sing so execrably, last night? Her intonation was uncertain, her time wavering, no tone clear and pure; what was the cause? Ask the critic; he knows it; he was in the "green room" before the commencement (to which of course he has admittance at any time), where he found Signora very much agitated. He will probably allude to it in his criticism; at all events he will inform the public that her failure last night must be ascribed to circumstances beyond her control; he will not suffer the reputation of an otherwise excellent artist to be injured.

But how should we finish, were we to enumerate all cases by which the practical efficacy of criticism is so clearly demonstrated?

The practical tendency of these articles, (as well as the present state of music in this country), relieves us from the obligation of treating of that kind of criticism in which musical compositions are judged, reviewed, and analyzed apart from performances. This forms a most important department in art journals, musical papers and reviews of the first class. The critic has here perhaps better opportunities than elsewhere for exerting his talents, his power and his influence in respect to musical culture. This branch of criticism can of course assume form and character only where the art of composition flourishes, of which it is the natural consequence. Let us hope that some creative genius may soon arise among us whose efforts will command the admira-

tion of his country, and thus give abundant work to all critics, reviewers and art philosophers that are now or who may arise hereafter. BENDA.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Diarist Abroad.

PARIS, Nov. 26, 1860.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

This comes from authority so good, as immediately to gain assent, and yet experience gives one a very different and much more vivid sort of faith in the saying.

The sixth week is passing since I came here and I still wait the "yes" or "no" which is to grant or refuse me permission to examine a mass of papers in one of the Archives, now musty with the lapse of three or four generations. But in these days of Italian Revolutions and Chinese wars, the Minister of Foreign Affairs has other things to think of than the petition of a "Yankee man from America," (John Galt's phrase). But to make a journey from Germany to Paris on the faith of French readiness to aid the cause of Art and literature, and not get a sight of papers a century old is a "sell" on the Yankee man.

Meantime, there are pictures to be seen, new and valuable acquaintances to be made, items to be gathered for "Dwight's Journal," Antiquarian bookstores to be searched, an opera occasionally to hear, "Paris to be learned," and divers other things to be done, to fill up the days and make them seem too short for the work to be done.

Speaking of — well, anything — I called again this morning on Alexander Vattermare, and my respect for the energy of the man and my wonder at his success amid discouragements which would have deterred almost any other man from further labor, were increased. What is the reason that his efforts in the cause of international exchange of books, &c., seem to be so little aided in our country? He told me of instances in which his letters offering valuable collection of books, to Libraries remain unanswered! I never saw a greater enthusiast for our country. Here is a proof of his determination to make us known "to the ends of the earth." He has established a library of American works (400 volumes) in Teheran, in Persia!

Three or four of his rooms are crowded with books in various languages and on all conceivable subjects, in part American works for Europe the rest European and Asiatic works for America. One large pile he designs for Boston, and this brings me to the point for which I have spoken of Vattermare.

Among the collections received from the king of Holland for exchange is a set of publications by the great Musical Society of Amsterdam. I noted several overtures, a mass, a *Tantum Ergo*, and *Te Deum*, all in full score, and several of the annual reports. Upon expressing my desire that these works should go to our Public Library in Boston, he said he would add them to the other books for that city with great pleasure, only desiring something musical to send to Amsterdam in return.

Now, can there be any difficulty in making up a package of musical publications, reports of musical societies, reports upon music in schools, volumes of "Dwight's Journal" and the like, to be sent to Vattermare?

The Society at Amsterdam is an association for the "beoordening der Toonkunst" — the

advancement of music," and the works, which I wish to have secured are by musicians of Holland — a field unknown to as in music almost.

Why could not an interchange be effected through Vattermare of the principal musical publications of Boston and Paris? Why could not our publishers find it in the end profitable to give our Library a copy of their publications for this purpose? Could they not often find works in the exchanges, which it would pay to print? It certainly would seem so.

So much for Vattermare, whom the more I see him the more I respect and like him. His patience and continuance in well-doing, in spite of much very shabby treatment, is worthy of all praise.

I have spent many of my hours of forced leisure, in visiting the studios of American painters and students of painting here, and here are some notes upon them.

Cranch — our well-known "C. P. C." — poet and painter — has now nearly or quite finished several pretty large pictures; two are views of the mouth of the grand canal, Venice, (one of which, in particular, has the brilliant glow of the Italian morning sky) and two are water and coast scenes in the bay of Naples. He has also several new studies of trees and forest glades from Fontainebleau. One of the Venetian pieces I am happy to say has been ordered by a gentleman of Boston.

May, of New York, is just completing a large picture with figures of life size, Columbus writing his will. The subject is, I believe, from Lamartine. The hero, a grand figure, sits supported by an attendant at a table, the pen in his fingers upon the blank leaf of a missal, but at this moment he is not writing, for his thoughts are recalling the scenes of his past life, and dwelling upon the ingratitude which veils his last years in sadness. Two other pictures, in progress, and much less in size, are the Murder of Admiral Coligny, and the duel scene in the village inn, from Waverly. Would not he be the man to paint the great scene described by John Adams, "the colossus of American Independence," in his letters to Judge Tudor, viz., the birth of the American Revolution, or James Otis's speech on the "Writs of Assistance," in the old State House, Boston?

Howland, of Adams, Mass., has upon his easel a large picture, "The Prisoners." The subject is the carrying off of several beautiful women, in a boat, by corsairs, of the Mediterranean, and gives the artist free play for his taste in color. He is just now executing an order for a beautiful female head and face, with a black veil thrown over it, for a gentleman of Boston. Among his sketches are a girl listening to a serenade, and two from Faust.

Babcock, of Boston, is busy at present upon a small pictures, in which the brilliancy of color, which attracted so much attention in Boston three years ago is still marked. At that time, great fault, I remember, was found with his drawing; happily he has been paying special attention to this branch of his art, and with great success.

Boughton, of New York, whose studies have been unfortunately interrupted by illness, has a picture of Whittier's Maud Müller under way, but he has occupied himself mostly for some time in drawing from life.

Colman, of New York, is at work upon a view

of Seville, of which his brother artists speak in high terms.

Brigham, of Boston, is hard — nay, too hard — at work studying in the Louvre, and drawing from life. Rubens is his idol, at which I do not wonder. He has several fine sketches and subjects for large pictures at some future time. Indeed he ranks with the best of our young artists. I am very sorry to hear that he expects to return home next year, for he exhibits so much promise, it would be a loss to our public not to have him have opportunity for the best and fullest development of his powers.

Baker, of Pennsylvania, seems to be devoting himself mainly to figure and portrait painting.

Dana, of Boston, has a large picture upon his easel, "Excelsior," the moment chosen is that in which the youth has fallen and is half buried in snow, but still holds the banner upright. The Alpine peaks with the snow are very effective. He says it is not yet finished, — an artist only can tell why. Some New Yorker ought to give him an order for a picture of the Three Wise Men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl, and very queer chaps they are.

Thom, of New York, is studying with Frère at Ecouen. I am told he exhibits remarkable talent.

Bancroft has just come to Paris for the winter. He is devoting himself to landscape. I have seen none of his works.

Buchanan Read passed through the city some days ago on his way to Rome, after a stay of some months in England. He brought thither a small portrait of Longfellow, which he intended to keep, but the English would have it, and he changed it into gold. He described a beautifully poetic subject, which he is going to work out, but memory has proved treacherous.

Yowell, of Iowa city, I am told, is mostly engaged in filling orders for copies of fine pictures, in which he is remarkably successful. His own works are mostly figure pieces.

I do not know whether all our American painters now in Paris are included in this list; it contains all of whom I have any knowledge, except two or three young students, just beginning their career.

Greenough, the sculptor, is very busy, I hear, but I did not see his studio.

A young Valentine, of Richmond, Virginia, is a promising student of sculpture.

And so — finis.

A. W. T.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Throned.

A TALE OF NORWAY.

(Concluded.)

On that Sunday morning when he wandered over the mountain-range in a new coat, the sun rose bright and clear in a pure blue sky. The mother sat on the threshold under the rough little porch, and followed him with her eyes as far as she could; the father stood at the window, but he went away to lie down, when he heard the mother coming—none of them were to go to church that day. When Aaste had prepared the breakfast, and they sat eating, she spoke it out before Alf, that she really wished to follow him. "Do as thou pleasest," said Alf, and now she dressed in great haste and went. Throned while on his way, thought that the birds had never sung such manifold songs, and it was likely that he himself would sing along with them. But still the best thing will be to spare one's own strength, he meditated; he had not slept the whole night.

He came to the bridal house, actually without knowing how; he could not eat and placed himself at the head of the procession, as his duty prescribed. But neither the procession, nor the spectacle of the bridal pair, inspired him with the least interest, for the expectation of what he was going to see, almost blinded him to the scenes before him. He went in advance, and it seemed to him, as if bride and bridegroom, old and young people, birds and wood, heaven and sun, more singing with him, if not aloud, yet in their inmost hearts. He did not get tired stepping onward like one intoxicated, who does not feel the ground under his feet, he looked out into the dim distance, far far out and played. Sometimes he felt like being soon in the village, yet there was constantly some turn in or hillock on the road. He comforted himself by thinking that after a while the place would appear all at once before his eyes, for he knew distinctly where it must lie. "Let us only turn round the Kammer, (a rocky hill) then we are right in the village," so he heard some one say behind him. His bow made stronger strokes, the finger pressed more heavily upon the string, and, there the Kammer glided by. He saw a light blue smoke rise up to the horizon, and below it there was glimmering and glittering a lustre and a sparkling which he was not able to discern and divide at first sight. By and by it somehow dissolved, it flew and glided asunder, and shaped itself into distinct objects. He perceived different roads and passages, and there lay a house with so many windows, that he supposed he saw an icy plain on a sunny winter's day. Here lay another one, so large, that his father's house might have been placed under the roofed porch with ease, even with the stable towering on its top. And all around, house by house, yard by yard, one white, the other red, not one had a thatched roof but bright slate-covering, which made one's eyes ache. Fine and light it stood there, the whole village, fine and light the mist hung over it, artificial like his violin, nay more artificial was everything around. The carriages within the yard, the horses which stood by unharnessed, the colored dresses of the people, the dogs, playing at the edge of the wood, the children who stood about gazing on, and over all this—away and off—sounded tones long and strong, in decided rhythm, so that he fancied everything he saw, was moving after this measure.

All at once he remembered his own tone, his own music, but in God's name, what had become of that? Certain it was, that the violin must have burst, for no trace of sound was in it any more. Just now, when I wanted so badly to use it! Throned cried, in a low voice, turning pale; perhaps he only did not strike strong enough. Therefore he put all his force into the bow. Some little good this did, but the violin must be burst nevertheless; for well he knew how it would sound—and when he thought of that he was very near bursting himself—into tears. Then he looked again straight forward on his way and noticed a house, much larger than all the others and so wondrously beautiful, that it looked like the shadow of a tree, reflected in the water. For a lofty top it had and finer and more slender grew this, the higher it rose up to the skies. Windows were there, as high as the whole house, and as it lay there—surrounded by a wall and pointing upwards—Throned comprehended all at once, that the sounds he heard came really from above. The whole house itself became music within his thoughts, every part of it must sound and was original song. "That is the church," he thought. An immense crowd of people stood around, they all looked alike and all of them looked cheerful. "They are those, who built the church," he mused, and he did not venture to look upon them out of sheer respect. Then he thought of himself, of what he did here, of the miserable tone the violin had got, just here, where all those stood, who built the church. He was ready to sink deep

into the ground with shame, but onward he must go and even at the head of the procession. That cannot be the right march, thus he comforted himself. Another one resounded under his bow, but gone was all, that it had expressed before—it was only stroke upon stroke and nothing more. "Oh, do not forsake me, thou dear, dear Lord!" the boy prayed—he took refuge in the best and highest he knew. He felt, they looked at him, those "who built the church;" he could not remember anything now—neither the waterfalls nor the woods, nor what they contained—much as he tried to do so. It is well, that neither father nor mother are here, to see my shame, thought Throned—but to his fright, he now thought he saw his mother in her black dress, in the midst of the crowd, she looked so pale. "Ha, ha, ha!" he heard, it must have been close behind him, for he saw no one laughing. His finger lost the right grasp and the bow was gliding over the board; "now I cannot even catch the right tone," this whirled through his brain, he pressed the violin under his chin, took the bow in his firm grasp again, and with the power of anxiety, he hurled a tune down over the strings, straight forth from his very soul; some dance it was, but he did not know it himself. He went up and down on two strings and on three, he wanted to take the fourth along also; there should be even a fifth and sixth, but he could not reach either of the two. "Hey, now it goes well, don't it?" such laughter he heard, he saw the gipsy sitting on the ball of the spire, making faces at him. "Have you come—you too?" and now he felt as if the violin must go up there, if he could not succeed in playing the gipsy down from his seat. His play changed into clouds, which passed to and fro before his eyes; the point of the spire bent and went up again with the Bohemian, the houses danced, people stood fixed, some elf went up on the rocks—if his fingers would only endure it, if only no knots should get into the strings! But out of the crowd, his mother strove to get up to him. "For Heaven's sake, what is it, you play?" He looked at her and plunged back into the mist—far—far. "Yes, go with me, then! I must help myself as well as I can!" He laughed though he trembled all over. There he stood at the church-door, and without looking at the procession, he turned round all at once, his bow in one hand, the violin in the other, and swift as if flying through the air, he rushed by the people, off, away, on and on without aim, passing farm-yards, fields, trees—as long as his strength lasted—then sank down on the ground and cried bitterly. For a long while he lay so—his face turned downward, stillness reigned all around—and so still it was, he thought he heard the Heaven's rustling. Then he rose and beheld his violin, it lay close by him and said not a word. "Yes, it's yet all *thy* fault, I know," Throned said, seizing it: thou shalt go to pieces, because thou mad'st me tremble so. He clutched it in his hand, ready to fling it to the ground with all his force. But then again it seemed to him, that still it encircled all that he had experienced, lived and learned, he remembered again the waterfalls, his father, Jutal the goblin. Throned wept again. "Yes, yes, it may remain whole, as it is—but these wretched strings I must cut—for playing? no! I never shall dare to play again in this world." He drew forth his knife, hastening as much as he could, as if no time were to be lost, and set it at the "quint." "Woe! quint." "I must pretend not to hear it," thought Throned, setting his knife at the next string. This one burst likewise, the third also now only the bass was yet left—"the bass is a dear string, thought Throned, it is hard to get it; I believe, I will leave it on there," said he furthermore, and looked around mysteriously—half bewildered.

* * * * *

When I had read this to my friend, I stopped for a few minutes, but as he did not say anything, I was

obliged to look at him. "Why and what else?" he asked. "How so?" I questioned in reply. "Why, the conclusion!" "The conclusion?" "I thought you might have comprehended the boy in a way, to furnish the result yourself. "And did he become an artist?" What I answered I will write down here at my friend's request, if it were only, to do him a service. "He is the same young man who sits by thy side, playing." No power in the world would have brought Thronde back into the wood. He would have liked to attempt playing what he had seen on that day and what he was still seeing, when withdrawing his knife from the bass. He had first set it on, when the gipsy had shown himself upon the ball of the spire, and had tried to draw the violin up to him; it was only a moment, but Thronde was then ready to lose his senses. This playing it was, that shocked and awed, but it lured also, he thought of it, when he cut the three strings through—but he thought of it likewise, when he spared the fourth. He is now no more doubtful whether he will attain it, nay what is more, he knows that he will attain all that, which sang around him, but for which he could not find strings enough. You hear yourself, how daringly and despairingly he plays; he plays on towards that aim. Years have past, years will come and go, and there he still sits and plays. Wonderful things he fancies and ventures on, sometimes—but strange, very strange is one piece, in which he wails so, that my eyes overflow; for he thinks he sees the fire flicker on the hearth of his home, while he himself lies out in the wood—and he feels cold, especially on one side. But I ever thought of the day, when Thronde told us his story. How a man, an artist, is growing to be one, can hardly be represented or described; but in some such way, I think, it must be brought on. He certainly has certain dreams from his childhood upward, and a dim instinct which comes over him with the instrument; but one point (perhaps unconscious to him) it must be, from which he catches his passionate love for it, one, at which he suddenly seems to lose all his faculties, just where they rise to life and activity. If there is real worth in him, his object and aim stands all at once before him, so hugely great, that to him his instrument seems burst asunder. Is there real earnestness in him, he plays in such a moment for his life or his reason. If he is a strong sound nature the temptation to hazard another attempt, will be victorious; the allurements hung at last only on one string, but this was a deep one. In a moment of rage, Thronde cut the three strings through, without knowing what he did. Sometimes afterwards, when he sat alone, thoroughly forsaken, poor, hungry—he understood, what strings he had been cutting. This is artist's life.

M. B.

(From the New York Saturday Press.)

Beranger.

Pierre Jean de Béranger was born in Paris, the 19th of August, 1780. His father was a money-broker. Of his mother, the principal fact known is that she placed her son out to nurse in the country. To be sure, from this fact alone it must not be concluded that she was perfectly regardless of him, since such was the fashion in those days; and possibly fashion ruled then over the womanly part of creation as despotically as it does now. It is, however, a noteworthy fact, that the man who, of all the noticeable men of modern times, lived his life in the strictest accordance with the laws of common sense as applied to the needs of his own nature,—who disregarded all the rules and prejudices of society, when they conflicted with the development of his own character in his own way,—should have come from a society which was so artificial, that the possibility of any woman other than a peasant nursing her own children, was considered a discovery, and announced as such by the philosopher Rousseau. Perhaps the fact that the great men of the French Revolution sprang from the artificial society of the eighteenth century, is a proof of the wonderful recuperative and compensatory force there is in nature, and that we could apply with advantage some of its suggestions

to our physical life.

The infantile Béranger certainly flourished under this apparently unnatural arrangement; and that, too, notwithstanding the fact that his foster-mother appears to have been as negligent of her assumed duties as his mother was of her natural ones. This Béranger deduced from the fact that he remembered nothing of his nurse, while all his youthful recollections clustered about the memory of the husband of the woman to whom he was entrusted, and who seems to have assumed all the care of the young poet, and to have conceived so warm a love for his charge, that he refused to take any pay for his trouble. "It would seem to me that I sold him," he said. At the age of five, Béranger was brought home.

His maternal grandfather, a Mr. Champi, who had been a tailor, and exceedingly strict in the discipline of his own children—whence, perhaps, arose his daughter's neglect of her maternal duties in mature life—assumed the entire management of his youthful grandson, and was as indulgent to his childish whims as only a fond grandfather can be. The young Béranger went to school, or not, pretty much as suited his own good pleasure. The principal occupation of his early years was, however, taking walks with his grandfather, and playing in the streets of Paris.

Thus obtaining the education which such advantages afford, the young poet grew to the age of ten, when he was sent into the country, to Péronne, and placed under the care of a sister of his father, who kept an inn, was named Madame Bouvet, and who appears to have been very fond of her nephew, and to have understood him better than any one, and aided him more in the formation of his character. Madame Bouvet was a Liberal, and from her Béranger first heard the liberal sentiments which were then fast leading to the French Revolution. It was also from her that Béranger first received the idea of writing songs. With Madame Bouvet he remained until he was seventeen, when he returned to Paris, and went to live with his Grandfather Champi, from whose house he saw the destruction of the Bastille. His father was a Royalist, and firmly convinced that the Bourbons would soon return. In his speculations as a money-broker, he formed all his calculations upon that basis. His son did not agree with him either in politics or in his business operations; but still there was no direct controversy between them.

The elder Béranger was so decided in his politics, that he was finally arrested as a Royalist. This of course ruined his financial operations, and left his son dependent upon his own exertions, and without any means. The loss of money did not disturb Béranger at all. He had so few artificial needs, that it required but little to gratify them. He commenced to write, and was employed by Landon to prepare the text for several volumes of the "Annales du Musée."

In 1810, through the assistance of a friend, he obtained an office in the University of Paris. From this time up to 1813, the date of the Roi d'Yvetot, the song from which his reputation began, Béranger was constantly at work, and probably wrote much, though nothing is known of what he then produced. Chateaubriand says Béranger told him that inspired by the "Genius of Christianity," he had commenced to write Christian Idylls. It was from the fact that Chateaubriand's works had roused Béranger's ambition, that Béranger always had a warm appreciation and friendship for Chateaubriand. Béranger himself said that in his early youth he had tried all sorts of composition, tragedies, dramas, odes, etc., but was satisfied with his success in none of these. The Roi d'Yvetot made a great success, and Béranger felt sure that he had discovered his speciality, and yet the first volume of songs was not published until 1815, in the thirty-fifth year of his age. The volume had a great success. Under the form of light verses the early songs in the collection concealed the bitterest satires against the increasing tyranny of the Emperor, and expressed the popular feeling of the French people, who had not yet forgotten that they had achieved their own freedom. But when Napoleon was unsuccessful, and the allies brought in the Bourbons, Béranger's enthusiastic love for the greatness of the fallen hero, his distrust of all kings and contempt for all authority which relies upon the brute arguments of strength and arms for its support, his passion for liberty, and his sympathy with the national love of independence and of the glory of France, which felt humiliated and insulted by the presence of a king thrust upon them by foreign invaders, expressed themselves in such terms that no wonder the people eagerly welcomed him as the exponent of their sentiments, and the rulers in an equal degree hated and feared him. He was not, however, molested. The government, desirous of gaining the confidence of the people, did not dare to trouble their singer.

In 1821 he had a second volume prepared for publication, and was warned by the Ministry that if he issued it he would be removed from his place in the University. Undaunted by this mean threat, Béranger sent in his resignation to the government, and sent out his volume to the public. This course of action was against the advice of all his friends, many of whom broke off with him. "The people will be with me, and my friends will come back again," he said, and the result showed that he was right. The Government however prosecuted him as a dangerous person, and an utterer of seditious sentiments. The court-room in which the trial was held was crowded with the prisoner's friends, but the trial went against him, and Béranger was sentenced to spend four months in the prison of Sainte Pelagie. During these four months of confinement Béranger was visited by crowds of enthusiastic admirers, nor did his muse desert him. The songs he composed were committed to memory by his visitors, and by means of copies, either in manuscript or secretly printed, spread rapidly.

In 1828 Béranger published a third volume, and in December of the same year was again tried as a dangerous and seditious person, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the prison of La Force, and to a fine which, with the expenses of the suit, amounted to over eleven thousand francs, say twenty-three hundred dollars. His friends wished him to flee, and it was shown him that he would be allowed to reach Switzerland. But Béranger preferred to go to prison. The fine was paid by his friend Berand, before the public subscription which had been opened for that purpose was completed. During the time he spent in La Force, Béranger interested himself in the condition of the prisoners who were detained there, and succeeded in having their comfort greatly increased, and some attention paid to their needs as human beings. In this work he was more interested since a large portion of them were boys, the orphans and vagrants of Paris, who had been arrested for vagrancy and the small crimes consequent to such a condition in a civilized and rich city.

In 1830 came the constitutional monarchy, which placed Louis Philippe upon the throne. The leaders of the movement wished Béranger to accept some of the spoils of victory, and pressed office upon him. He persistently refused all such offers, giving as his reason, that he should never be anybody unless he remained nobody.

In 1833, Béranger published his fourth volume, and in 1834 made an arrangement with his publisher Perrotin, by which he was to receive for the right of publishing the songs he had already written, and those he should hereafter write, an annuity of eight hundred francs, which should revert to his friend and companion, Judith Frère. This annuity Perrotin afterwards increased to three thousand francs; and notwithstanding this generosity and the lavish expense he incurred in getting up the various illustrated editions of Béranger's songs, he made the greater part of his fortune from this contract. In 1847, Béranger added a few songs to the illustrated edition published by Perrotin, that year. These, with the posthumous songs published after his death in 1857, form the whole of his works.

We must accept his success as a song-writer, from the fact of his immense popularity. The charm and grace of the French song is too subtle to stand the rude test of translation. The terseness of their style, the condensation of their thought and expression, their suggestions and their humors are the qualities which made Béranger's songs popular alike among the educated and the illiterate classes. It is only the works which appeal to the broad facts of human nature that underlie all the distinctions of rank or convention, which men are so foolishly prone to institute among themselves, that obtain so wide spread a recognition and become the classics of a nation's literature. The value of Béranger's life to the world, certainly to this portion of it, is however rather to be found in the life he lived as a man than in his merits as an author. The common sense which he made the rule of his life, the self-reliance which he always displayed, the distrust of those in authority, the self-respect which led him to place not his trust in princes, the faith which he evinced in mankind, the honesty, the charity, the kindly feeling for those who were truthful and the contempt he displayed for all charlatans, whatever might be their social position, these qualities it is which makes his character and his life a fit study for the world.

Perhaps these qualities can better be shown by quoting his own words than in any other way. The following extracts of his conversation are taken from his Memoirs, written by Savinien Lapointe, a shoemaker, a poet, a pupil, a friend, a companion, and a biographer of Béranger.

Speaking of a literary life, Béranger says: "Keep

yourself clear of the lower class of literary men, and all hack writers by profession."

Of the comparative merits and lasting interest of the various branches of literary composition, he says: "We commence with Lamartine, then we go to Hugo, sometimes to Delavigne, who does not always respond to our thoughts—and then having rounded the circle, we come back to the song-writer."

Advising Lapointe upon the necessity of trusting rather to severe and long-continued work than to what is called inspiration for the production of works of real merit, he says: "I do not wish just now to criticize you too much, I would be afraid of making you timid by so doing. You should preserve your originality, your boldness, only you must strive to find the right word. You must come to see me, I will lend you a book of synonyms. I myself have worked all my life with dictionaries, and have not yet ceased to consult them. As for the dictionaries of rhymes, that is a different matter, though they are sometimes of use."

Lapointe had called upon Victor Hugo, and told Beranger of his visit, and of the advice Hugo had given him to read a great deal of poetry. "I think differently," said Beranger. "A man should read a great deal of poetry while he is seeking the form in which to express himself. You have found your's, set about perfecting it. Read history; events are the fathers of poetry and of ideas; put the knowledge of events in your head and leave the poets alone."

When Lapointe called upon Victor Hugo he found Henri Heine there. Hugo opened the door himself, and showed Lapointe into a richly furnished room, welcoming him with the sentiment, "Enter sir, enter; poets are kings." At hearing this, Beranger shrugged his shoulders and asked, "What did you answer?"

"Nothing, I bowed again, and was silent and embarrassed."

"In your place I would have said, I came sir to measure you for a pair of boots."

This freedom from parade, this common sense, this self-respect which made Beranger too honest ever to play a part, or to assume a position which he knew he could not fill, while it characterized his life as a song-writer, and was condensed by him into the saying "facts are poetry," was almost the most noticeable fact in his public life. When his friends opposed the publication of his second volume, one of them offered him a much larger sum of money than Beranger hoped to gain from the volume, if he would refrain from issuing it. This offer Beranger refused. Lafitte, the banker, offered him a situation; but Lafitte was his friend, and Beranger would not be indebted to any of his friends. "It is," he said, "because I know how strong an influence gratitude has over me, that I am afraid to contract such an obligation even towards those whom I most esteem." His friend Manuel left him a large bequest; but Beranger felt that he was amply provided for by Perrotin's annuity, and refused to take anything but a watch, which should serve him as a memento.

After the Revolution of 1848, he was elected to the Assemblée Constituante, by over two hundred thousand votes, and wrote to the Assembly declining his seat. The Assembly voted unanimously not to accept his resignation. In his letter acknowledging this compliment, Beranger again declined the honor, and requested to be allowed to live as a private citizen. "This," he wrote, "is not the wish of a philosopher, still less of a sage,—it is the wish of a rhymist who fears that he would not survive it, in the midst of the turmoil of events, he should lose his independence of soul, the only possession for which he has ever been ambitious. For the first time I ask a favor of my country: let not its worthy representatives refuse the prayer which I address to them in again requesting my dismissal; but let them pardon the weakness of an old man, who cannot hide from himself the honor he forgoes in separating himself from them." This second resignation was accepted.

Perrotin, who became quite rich, often wished the poet to leave his simple and unpretending home, and come to live in his country-seat; this invitation Beranger would never accept. "I should feel like an exile in so grand a house," he said, "and my poor friends would not know how to find me."

In 1855 Napoleon III. hearing that Beranger was poor, proposed to give him a pension, and knowing how impossible it was to make Beranger accept any favors, the offer was made through the Empress Eugénie. This offer Beranger also refused to accept, though such an evidence of respect touched him to the heart, and made it difficult for him to adhere to his determination never to put himself under any obligation. "People do not know how much courage it requires to refuse," he said.

Beranger's political opinions may be stated condensely, as a faith in the people, in their ultimate de-

cision upon any question, in their honesty and in the future of the democratic principles of the age, which would, strangely enough, appear visionary and absurd in this republican country. He was no reformer, had no desire to coerce men into freedom, his belief was in leaving them to work out their own destiny. His position in politics was therefore always in the opposition, since it is always safer to distrust the governors than the governed. The first require to be corrected by opposition in their errors, the last correct themselves, since they are the first to suffer from the evil effects of their mistakes. It was this principle which governed his course toward the great Napoleon. "My enthusiastic and constant admiration," he says, "for the Emperor's genius, the idolatry which he inspired in the people who always saw in him the representative of the victorious ideas of equality; that admiration and idolatry which eventually made Napoleon the noblest subject of my songs, never blinded me to the constantly increasing despotism of the Empire. In 1814 I saw in the fall of the Colossus, only the misfortune of a country which the Republic had taught me to adore."

It was the need he felt of always preserving his independence, so that he could express his opinions without any fear of praise or blame, that made him refuse so persistently all office, whether offered him by a ruler or by the voice of the people.

And certainly in this Democratic age few persons have so ennobled the proud position of a private citizen as Pierre Jean Beranger. In this independence of character, this love of personal freedom, this disgust at all cheap notoriety, and contempt for all the modern appliances by which it is gained, this quiet and unobtrusive firmness in maintaining the privacy of his private life, and asserting his right to live as best suited his conviction of his own needs, that Beranger has set an example to the noisy vulgarity of our modern life which cannot be too highly commended.

The life so passed came to a close the sixteenth of July, 1857. His old friend and companion, Judith Frère, had passed away on the ninth of April, in the same year. Beranger had promised her that he should not outlive her more than three months. He was then suffering from the disease of the liver, and the bleeding at the lungs, which caused his death. He died upon his sofa, supported in the arms of Madame Vernet, the wife of Vernet, the painter, and in the presence of some of his most intimate friends. His sister, a nun, had brought a priest to be present at the last moment, and offer those consolations of religion which are needless in such extremities if the life of the subject has been governed by higher aims and a nobler faith than are common among men. Beranger felt that his life had been so lived, that he needed no hasty preparation for death, and therefore quietly dismissed his sister and her priest. He was not more afraid to die than he had been to live, for death to him was not more solemn and mysterious than life. So calmly did the final moment come, that his friends who were in the room hardly knew that his life had ceased.

Though he had requested that his funeral should be as quiet and unostentatious as possible, the population of Paris came out in crowds to pay their last respects to him. His body was placed in the tomb of his friend Manuel, at the side of Judith Frère.

EDWARD HOWLAND.

New York, November, 1860.

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 15.—The last week or so, has given Philadelphians quite an abundance of music. The Italian Opera Company have been singing here, and have presented us with two novelties, "Il Giuramento" and "Mosè en Egitto." The former opera has not been played here since the days of Truffi and Benedetti, and has given much pleasure to the habitués of the Academy. The principal artists acquitted themselves admirably in their respective rôles, COLSON and FERRI having particularly distinguished themselves. SUSINI has been suffering from chronic bronchitis, which has made him so very hoarse, that it is painful to listen to him. It is to be hoped that we shall have some more of the compositions of Mercadante; Elisa e Claudio would amply repay any management bringing it out. Rossini's Mosè was played but twice, and it must be said, that to the public at large, it failed to give the satisfaction the artists had expected.

The chorus was not good, and the concerted music, upon which everything in this opera depends was not as well rendered as it should have been. We regret to say that with one or two exceptions only, the houses were smaller, than we have ever seen. The troupe have joined their forces and now manage for themselves. If their loss here should give them a hint to be less exacting as regards terms with operatic managers in future; it will do no harm. Colson has been contending against "fire and sword" as the other evening she set fire to her dress from a lamp from which the alcohol burned over the side and dropped on her. With great presence of mind she crushed it out immediately, escaping with a burnt hand. A few evenings later, she fell on the dagger in the stabbing scene of "Il Giuramento," and injured her arm quite badly. On Friday evening the Maennerchor Society celebrated their twenty-fifth anniversary at Samson Street Hall. The proceedings commenced with a concert, the following was the programme:

1. Festgesang. Mendelssohn
(Solo, quartets, orchestra and chorus.
2. Polonaise, (E flat), piano. Chopin
Mr. Charles Jarvis.
3. Evening Hymn. C. Zöllner
Maennerchor.
4. Trio (D), piano, violin and 'cello. Reissiger
Messrs. C. Jarvis, S. Hassler and C. Schmitz.
5. A Criminal Case. Comic operetta in one act, arranged by
A. Birgfeld, Director of the Maennerchor.

The concert passed off very agreeably, and the operetta gave much amusement to the audience. At the conclusion of the concert the guests proceeded to the supper room, where a delightful repast awaited them, to which full justice was done. Speeches were made by a number of persons, among whom were Hon. Wm. B. Mann, Adolph Birgfeld, the pleasant director of the Society, the first President, &c. After supper, young and old went into the ball room, and dancing was kept up until an early hour of the morning. Everybody went away delighted. The Maennerchor Society have held weekly meetings, and have done much toward the cultivation of musical taste in our city. We have in pleasant prospect for next week, WOLFSOHN AND THOMAS' second Classical Soiree, and on Christmas night the Handel and Haydn Society bring out the "Messiah" for which they are making extraordinary preparations.

IL FANATICO PAR LA MUSICA.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 22, 1860.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

THIRD CONCERT.

1. Tenth Quartette, in E flat, op. 74. Beethoven
Introduzione, Allegro—Adagio—Scherzo—Presto—Finale,
Tema con variazioni.
2. Abend Standchen. C. Kreutzer
Vocal Quartette.
3. Piano Trio, in D minor, op. 49. Mendelssohn
Allegro agitato—Andante con moto—Scherzo—Allegro.
(Repeated by request.)
Messrs. Lang, Schultze and Fries.
4. Andantino and Scherzo, from the 34th Quintette. Onslow
5. "Komm Stiller Abend Nieder" L. DeCall
Vocal Quartette.
6. Quintette, in D No. 4. Mozart
Introduction and Allegro—Larghetto—Minuetto—Finale, Allegro vivace.

We were offered, as will be seen from the programme, three capital pieces by the trio of tone-poets, who are sure to delight and inspire an audience that loves good music.

The Quartette in E flat by Beethoven grew upon us, as we expected it would. We have hardly to add anything to the remarks made after the first performance of it. The impressions received then were strengthened on hearing it

again. It leaves a feeling of pleasure behind, like that of beholding a strong man of a cast of mind rather serious, indulging in genial fancies, unbending from his more earnest work, and showing the marks of satisfaction in his lit-up countenance. Quiet in the first movements, the latent force breaks forth a little more distinctly in the Scherzo. The graceful second theme, as if dallying with grief that has been overcome, forms a fine contrast to the impetuous beginning. And the still more impetuous Prestissimo again sets off the first two parts to great advantage. The last movement closes strong and brilliant. The Club did well by their audience in repeating the piece, and deserved all the applause they received for their good rendering of it. Mr. LANG did himself a great deal of credit by playing his part of the Piano Trio by Mendelssohn, as well as he did. The first, third and fourth movements were especially good. He played with taste and feeling, and many passages were exquisite. Mr. Lang gave us much pleasure by his appropriate rendering of all light and humorous places, which were played with much grace and ease. His accentuation and phrasing showed that he had carefully studied his work. And it is our conviction, that Mr. Lang need only follow his impulses, and in slow movements his expression will be still nearer to the very best in musical elocution. The fine grand of Messrs. Chickering assisted Mr. Lang very well, and we think he treated his instrument with taste and understanding. Mr. Lang does honor to America, and Boston especially, and we were glad of the very favorable remarks, his playing elicited from the very greatest of living pianists, Dr. Liszt, as we happen to know from a trustworthy source.

The Quintette by Mozart was a most pleasant close to the concert. Mozart is ever beautiful. The introduction in a similar character to that of the Beethoven Quatuor, prefaced a charming Allegro, of a good deal of mirth and humor, and grace withal. The Coda repeating the introduction and the first melody is almost surprising in its abrupt close. The Adagio, a charming quiet melody of great beauty went very well. The Minuetto full of kindly pleasant feeling has a Trio full of sparkling, gladsome joy. This in a still higher degree takes possession of the Finale, which sweeps along gloriously in its first melody. The second one is finely worked up in a short counterpoint, exhibiting an exciting contest between the different parts, until they unite again in the first melody with which the piece closes. The playing was generally well done; only in the first viola an absence of broad tone and treatment was noticeable, which sometimes disturbed the ensemble of the other instruments. Mr. SCHULTZE was especially happy in bringing out the humorous element pervading the work.

The two movements from Onslow's 34th (!) Quintette sounded rather tame, pleasant as they are. Such music is quite comfortable, it does not excite. Though we wish by no means to undervalue Onslow, who has the great merit of cultivating a pure style, and forming it after the best models, we would yet ask how that second theme got into a "SCHERZO?" It is quite pleasing, and the staccato melody in the violoncello impresses one as something original. But what, we ask, has it to do with a Scherzo?

The songs by the new organization, the OR-

PHUS QUARTETTE CLUB, including the principal soloists of the Orpheus Musical Association, were sung quite well as these gentlemen are accustomed to do; the first one better in the repetition, which the gentlemen kindly assented to, when encored. But why select a piece like the second, belonging, as it does, to a superannuated, we had hoped, extinct race of beings in the four-part song creation. Such fossil remains did very well some thirty or forty years ago; but now, when we have a new generation of songs—we will not quote names, merely refer to programmes of Orpheus concerts—why reach back, to bring to light again a piece—of historical value, showing how a text ought not to be composed? Should the gentlemen favor us again at some future time, we would most earnestly urge upon them the expediency of singing a live song, fully developed and organized after the fashion of these later days.

The concert left a very pleasant impression on us. Such sterling pieces as the three, numbers 1, 3 and 6, make any concert agreeable and worthy. A suggestion may be ventured as to the fitness of repeating the parts of compositions in the manner the composer directed it. When Mozart thinks it best to have a part repeated, he is the best judge, we take it. If by doing so the concert would last longer than is desirable for those that live at a distance, it seems to be the best plan to leave out a piece of less importance; we mean, not put it on the programme at all. On the other side of the Atlantic such chamber-concerts frequently consist of two quatuors and one trio, or of a quintette and two quartettes. If we must have "a variety" on this side, to make a chamber-concert attractive, do not let us have it at the expense of a work of standard value.

The hall was crowded. Good and effective ventilation is still a desideratum however. The room grows too warm, and the carbonic acid set free by a large audience is not the best material to keep air sweet and wholesome. When will architects begin to study ventilation? It is a good number of years since Dr. Bell wrote a most thorough treatise on this indispensable requisite of domestic architecture and—what is more—proved the truth of his theory in practice. Is it so far to Somerville—or did architects never hear any thing of the subject?

We are glad to see that the labors of the Club, working in the right direction now for twelve years, are rewarded by a goodly attendance. The next concert will take place on the first day of next year, and we hope the Club will continue to give us fine programmes, and to prosper generally in the year incoming, beginning it as well as they closed this. *†

The Concert Season in Boston.

Our notices of the concerts that have taken place up to this time, show a record of crowded houses, and that too, to concerts of the very highest class, not only in the character of the programme, but in the price of admission. We refer to the concerts of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club and of Mr. Dresel. We are glad for the sake of these artists, who have been unwearied for years, in providing the best for their audiences that their success has been so great. But it is not easy to understand why the offers of the Philharmonic Society addressed to a much larger

public, at a very low price, and of the Handel and Haydn Society, should have failed so entirely of any response. Both of these societies have promised the public entertainments of the highest order in their respective departments, and promises too (not like those of opera managers) which the public knew would be faithfully performed; one waited for the public to come forward and sign its subscription lists; the other solicited the public by individual appeals, but both alike have failed of success. We cannot but regret deeply that we are this winter to be destitute of the admirable choral performances of the Handel and Haydn Society, and the Orchestral Concerts to which for so many years we have been accustomed, but such we understand to be the result of the efforts that have been made to secure remunerative audiences. The theatres meanwhile are well filled every night, and other places of amusement are not without audiences. We trust that another season will tell a different story.

We are glad however that the Handel and Haydn Society is, as usual, to give the MESSIAH on Sunday, the 30th, with the aid, we understand of Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS and other able assistance.

CHRISTMAS is coming apace, and those who are in search of the tokens of love and friendship so commonly interchanged at this time, we would recommend to look, (if they are musically disposed,) at the numerous volumes on the counters of our publishers, the classic treasures of the divine Art, of immortal worth, joys forever. We mean such books as the Sonatas of Beethoven and Mozart, the Songs without Words of Mendelssohn, the Oratorios of Handel and of Haydn, the operas of Mozart and Rossini and Donizetti, and a host of other works which we see there, in compact and beautiful form outwardly, while within they are filled with the choicest inspirations of genius that the world has known.

For very young singers we have (from A. Williams & Co.,) the time honored catch, "The Three Blind Mice," illustrated, with the music, printed on cloth, washable and indestructible, and published by Dean & Son, London.

Jamaica Plain.

It was our privilege to be present at a soirée given by Mr. O. DRESEL, on Wednesday last, at Jamaica Plain. The hospitable mansion of a family living at the beautiful pond and known for their great love of the best music, was thrown open to an appreciative audience, some of whom had come quite a distance to hear Mr. Dresel. He played two sonatas by Beethoven, the one in C major, op. 2, No. 3, dedicated to father Haydn, and the A flat sonata, op. 26, with the theme and variations for its first and the funeral march for its second movement. He also played the Romanza by Schumann, which was admired so much at the second soirée in this city, and Etudes, Valses, Polonaises and Mazurkas by Chopin. The entertainment being of a private character, we can merely chronicle it. But we may say that the audience, mainly composed of persons of musical culture, highly appreciated the selection and were enraptured by the rendering of the pieces. Two songs, one from Fidelio, the other from Don Juan, were sung by a German gentleman, connected with the management of one of the largest firms in Boston, to the no small enjoyment of the audience.

The dwellers in that charming locality seem to be in high favor with Mr. Dresel, to have two sonatas by Beethoven on the same evening. We might

almost grow envious of them, if we had not been present ourselves. As it was, the audience were highly gratified by the noble entertainment, and it was altogether a very pleasant evening, with a home-like charm about it, that made it seem rather hard to leave as early as the last car compelled us to.

*†

The poem on our first page should have been credited to the "Cornhill Magazine" for November.

Musical Chit-Chat.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The interior decorations of the Brooklyn Academy of Music, which are now nearly completed, are on an entirely novel principle, as respects similar places of amusement. All the traditionary scroll-work, gilding, emblematic figures, composition caryatides, papier maché ornaments, and flamboyant trumpery, which time out of mind have been used in the ornamentation of theatres, ball-rooms, and opera houses, have been discarded, and the plainest and most matter-of-fact carpenters' work substituted in their place. The painting is of a corresponding simplicity, being nothing more than a crimson ground, picked out with two shades of salmon color, and what is the most surprising about it is that the effect is extremely agreeable and refined. It looks like a place intended for rational amusement and not a gilded pandemonium, where the chief objects aimed at are to bewilder the imagination and weary the eye. The small concert room attached to the Academy is ornamented in a style of corresponding simplicity and good taste. One of the advantages of this style is that the mind is put at rest immediately by discovering the actual strength and solidity of the structure, as every beam, pillar, and apparent support is exactly what it pretends to be, and not a hollow sham. The Brooklyn Opera House is a novelty, both externally and internally; and though no one could imagine from its appearance for what purpose it was designed, we believe it will be pronounced one of the best adapted buildings of the kind in America. Not the least admirable feature of it is its roof. It is so rare to find a building in New York with a becoming roof to it, that it will be a comfort to any one with an eye for architectural proportions to look upon this very remarkable building.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

CHICAGO.—The Philharmonic Society has organized under Mr. Balatka, formerly of Milwaukee. We learn that their subscription list numbers thirteen hundred. A contrast to the list of our Boston Philharmonic. Here is the programme of their first concert:

PART I.

1. Overture.—"Max Robespierre,".....Litolf
2. Romance for Tenor.—With accompaniment of Violoncello and Piano.....Tiehsen

Mr. Louis Mauss.

3. Grand Concerto in E, op. 11.....Chopin
- For Piano, with Accompaniment of Orchestra. Larghetto, Vivace.

Performed by Mr. Paul Becker.

4. Terzetto and Chorus—from "Elijah".....Meudelssohn

PART II.

1. Introduction and Chorus—from the Third Act of "Lohengrin".....Wagner
 2. Allegro Scherzando—from the Eighth Symphony.....Beethoven
 3. Aria for Soprano—from "Gemma di Vergy".....Donizetti
- Miss Anna Fessel.

4. Overture, "Nozze di Figaro".....Mozart

THE MUSICAL UNION, at their annual meeting, elected Dr. L. D. Boone, President, C. M. Cady, Vice President, and Geo. F. Root, Conductor. Mr. Root intends taking a permanent residence here, he having an interest in the flourishing music-furnishing establishment of Root & Cady, heretofore E. T. Root only having been associated with Mr. Cady in the business.

By this accession they doubtless have become so firmly rooted that no wind of rivalry can upturn them.

Music Abroad.

BERLIN.—At the Victoria Theatre Verdi's *Traviata* has been given for the first time, Madame de Lagrange making her debut in the part of Violetta, and displaying a prodigious facility of execution joined to acting full of energy, she produced an extraordinary impression. It is pleasant to read the accounts of the appearance of singers so familiar to us, who came here without European reputation, but become famous in this country, without that prestige, such as Tedesco, Mad. de Lagrange and the veteran Badiali, and to see how the verdict given here in their favor is affirmed by the judgment of cultivated European audiences.

Mlle. Trebelli, the new contralto, has not accepted the engagement offered her at the opera in Berlin.

ROME.—A new opera by Pacini, *Gianni di Nisida*, has been brought out here, with great success, Bettini taking the principal tenor part.

FLORENCE, Nov. 19.—Amid all the martial stir, and the shock and excitement of revolution, Italy does not lose her love of music, or neglect to seek the means for gratifying it. It would be strange indeed when such an admirable political harmony has begun to exist and a generous and wise patriotic union is growing up, that there should not still be heard on every side the old concord of musical sounds. Here, in Florence, we have been having a musical season of six weeks. Opera has been given at three theatres of as many different grades, from the more exclusive *Pergola*, down to the popular *Nazionale*. *Il Profeta* has had a run of about three weeks at the former theatre, and *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, at the latter. Bellini's opera of *Norma* has been put upon the stage at the *Pergola* during the past week, with the Frenchwoman Masson for *prima donna*, whose success in her part, both as singer and actress, is well spoken of. So far as the public is concerned, the opera is tolerably well sustained, notwithstanding the absence of so many of its former supporters. To the managers, however, it can hardly prove a profitable enterprise.

Last night the Philharmonic Society gave a concert or *accademia*, as they call it, for the gratification of about four hundred invited listeners. This society, as is well known, is the high court of musical art in Florence, and the repertory of the productions which it brings out, is generally of a very superior character. Both the society and its audience is composed of those most skilled in, and the best judges of art, and the reunions have always a somewhat elegant and fashionable character. Like a ball, the concert commences at about nine at night. The present entertainment was more interesting than usual to us Americans, because to one of our countrywomen of talent was assigned a conspicuous part. Miss Abby Fay, of Boston, sang to the satisfaction of all her friends, and with much applause, from the general Italian audience, the very sweet cavatina, "Come per me sereno," from Bellini's opera of *La Sonnambula*. I have heard but one expression, that of warm praise of the excellent manner in which the part was performed, both as to the bearing of the singer upon the stage and the musical execution. Among much that was good in the eleven pieces executed at the concert Miss Fay's performance was acknowledged to be among the best. From Italians I learn that this singer has already acquired a very high degree of artistic culture, and only needs the inspiration of passion with somewhat more of technical discipline, to insure professional success.—*Cor. of the Transcript.*

In the great singing festival held at Liege on the

30th of October, more than 2,000 voices—French, Belgians, Germans—took part. The first prize was carried off by the Concordia Society of Aix-la-Chapelle.

A Festival Cantata for the arrival of the new king of Italy, in Naples, has been prepared by Maestro Pistilli.

Signora Floretti, a *prima donna* who made a favorable impression at the Theatre San Carlo, Naples, a couple of years ago, has been transplanted to St. Petersburg, where she is said to have satisfied that critical public in "I Puritani."

M. Chelard's opera, "Macbeth," has been successfully revived at Vienna.

London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—One line may chronicle the doings of the English Opera during the two weeks past. The success of *Robin Hood* continues unabated. It will take three lines, however, to chronicle the doings of the Italian Opera in the same space of time, although nothing absolutely new has been adventured. The week before last *Il Trovatore*, *Don Giovanni*, and the *Huguenots* were given on alternate nights with *Robin Hood*; but the success of Verdi, Mozart, and Meyerbeer has in no way lessened the attraction of Mr. Macfarren. English dramatic music is at present decidedly in the ascendant. The prospects of "National Opera" never looked so flourishing. The success of *Robin Hood* is a warrant for that. There is just now no hint about what is to succeed Mr. Macfarren's opera. Mr. Wallace's *Amber Witch*, we hear, is not yet ready, and should a new work be required at this side of Christmas, Mr. Frank Mori's *Bride of Florence* has, we believe, the best chance. The first operatic essay of the composer of *Fridolin*, and some of the most popular songs of the day, will be looked forward to with interest.

At the ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA Loder's *Night Dancers* was revived.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The third season was inaugurated on Monday, Nov. 12, most propitiously. The programme was agreeable and interesting from end to end, the performers, all of the first class, playing and singing their very best, and the audience that crowded St. James's Hall as able to appreciate as eager to applaud. Three great composers, who, though they have fulfilled very different missions in art, have each in a remarkable degree contributed to its progress, and, moreover, possess a something (almost, it may be, undefinable) in common—Spohr, Dussek, and Weber—were drawn upon for the selection, vocal and instrumental; and certainly, belonging as they all do, more or less, to the "romantic" (in the deep-felt, earnest signification of the term) and, at intervals, quasi "melancholy" school, their united efforts resulted in as cheerful and brilliant a musical entertainment as, perhaps, was ever provided. Here and there a bit of "sentiment," it is true, peeped out; but it came like a stray sunbeam on a bracing winter-day, and the contrast only helped to endow the predominating vigor of the rest with the additional life and charm. We subjoin the programme:

PART I.

- Quartet, in G minor (strings).....Spohr.
Song, "Rose softly blooming" (Azore e Cembra).....Spohr.
Canzonet, "Name the glad day".....Dussek.
Sonata, in C major, Op. 24. Pianoforte solus.....Weber.

PART II.

- Sonata, in B flat, Op. 69 (pianoforte and violin).....Dussek.
Song, "Restore those visions bright".....Spohr.
Song, "Glücklein im Thale" (Euryanthe).....Weber.
Quartet, in B flat (pianoforte and strings).....Weber.

Conductor—Mr. Bennett.

Paris.

Nov. 7.—The Italian Opera is now in the full swing of the season, and latterly there has been a complete run upon Rossini. *Il Barbiere* with Mad. Alboni, and MM. Badiali, Zucchini, Gardoni and Angelini, and *Cenerentola* have awakened all the early and bright memories of old opera-goers. Badiali's Figaro, though not so fresh and youthful as might be desired, is admirable in style, and Gardoni's Almaviva exhibits both talent and grace. The Rosina of Alboni, however, is matchless. In the singing lesson, she has gone back to Rode's air again instead of the piece by Hummel, which she had latterly substituted for it, and all who heard her had reason to be thankful for the change. But with so lovely a voice it matters but little what she sings. The most common place strains are converted into strings of pearls as they issue from that enchanted larynx. Alboni's

reception in Rosina was a succession of encores and calls before the curtain. *Cenerentola* was not quite so warmly received. It is difficult to say why, for it is masterpiece of the buffo style, and proceeds throughout with unflagging spirit. The finale of the first act and the sextuor, *Questo nodo* are pieces, which once heard, engrave themselves forever on the memory. Alboni was, of course, the principal figure in these as in the first-named opera. Her final rondo was electrical in its effect, and the last variation was called, or rather shouted, for, unanimously. Gardoni and Zucchini were well up to the mark, and Badiali's Dandini was of the good old stamp, and showed that this artist is thoroughly master of the secret of the buffo style which so enchanted our fathers.

Haley's *Val d'Andorre* has been produced at the Théâtre Lyrique, having been made over to that house by the former manager of the Opéra Comique.

The *Pardon de Ploermel* has been produced at the Opéra Comique, with the remarkable feature of the part of Hoël being sustained by the female bass, Mlle Wertheimer. Her success was complete, and Mlle. Wertheimer entirely won the favor of her audience by her excellent acting, and the masculine vigor of her singing. Mlle. Monrose made her first appearance as Dinorah, in which she showed considerable grace, and a power of free, nimble, and correct execution. Mlle. Belie sang the scena, written by Meyerbeer for the Italian version played in London.

Nov. 10. — The month of November is not propitious to the operatic or dramatic world. A skirmishing party of colds, catarrhs, and influenzas prelude the advance of winter, and many a distinguished artist, disabled has to retire to the rear. Among others, M. Gueymard has been incapacitated by a severe lumbar affection, or, as we should say, a lumbago, and the revival of Haley's *Juive* would have had to be postponed had not a M. Renard been in readiness to supply the gap. Mlle. Maria Sax made her first appearance in the part of Rachel, and thoroughly succeeded in the attempt. Mad. Vandenheuvel-Duprez, as the Princess Eudoxia, was no less successful; while M. Renard looked the character of Eleazar to perfection, and acquitted himself of the music to the entire satisfaction of the audience. All three artists were called before the curtain.

The Italian Opera has been in a perfect torrent of prosperity. The re-appearance of Mario, and the return of Ronconi to Paris after an absence of ten years, have been the very intelligible cause of this flood of good fortune. Mario, Ronconi, and Alboni are the only Almaviva, Figaro, and Rosina of the day, and we doubt whether either has been surpassed of yore. The good Parisians, for once, are sensible of this artistic verity, and applaud them *ad nubes*.

The new opera comique by Scribe and Auber is in full preparation. The principal artists to whom it is to be intrusted are Mlle. Montrose, Mlle. Prevost, MM. Montaubry, Couderc, Barrielle and Ambroise. There is also immediately forthcoming a new opera in one act by MM. Sauvage and Ambroise Thomas. It is generally reported that an important change is about to take place in the staff of the Opéra Comique. Mad. Ugalde is to retire and Mad. Saint-Urbain is to exchange the boards of the Italian stage for those of the Salle Favart.

At the Théâtre-Lyrique *Orphée* has been taken up again with Mad. Viardot, who has thus anticipated the period announced for her re-appearance, namely the beginning of January. A Mlle. Oruil made her debut in Gluck's opera with some success. Her voice is fresh and flexible, though somewhat weak in the middle notes.

Nov. 20.—M. Gueymard having recovered the painless flexibility of his lumbar regions, the run of the *Prophète* has been resumed.

Nad. Penco has made her first appearance this season in *La Traviata*. She was recalled at the end of the first act, after the grand air "Follie, follie," and was warmly applauded in the *brindisi*, the duets with Gardoni and Graziani, and the whole of the third act.

The Opéra Comique is up to the roof in preparations. Another new opera, entitled *André*, in two acts, has been accepted. The words are by M. de Leuven, and the music by M. Porse. At the same time the new opera by Scribe and Auber is being zealously pushed forward. Meanwhile Mad. Cabel has been reëngaged, and has played in *La Part du Diable* and *L'Etoile du Nord*. Mlle. Saint-Urbain, of whose intended debut at this house I said something in my last, is to play the principal part in M. Offenbach's new opera, instead of Mad. Ugalde.

The Odéon has just put forth an amusing "proverb" entitled *Une Epreuve après la Lettre*, and the Palais Royal presents its frequenters with a parody on *Orphée*, called *J'ai perdu mon Eurydice*. At the Variétés we are presumed a "Revue," with the title, *Oh là que c'est bête tout ça*. The gods avert the omen!

Vienna.

Nov. 6.—A second hearing of *Der Fliegende Holländer* confirms the impression that it is the most satisfactory and the least eccentric of all Wagner's operas. Written apparently before the ambitious intention of forming a new school of music for the future had seized and fettered the mind of the composer, it is a work containing some of the freshest and most vigorous efforts of his genius. Instances certainly occur where novel effects are attempted, in which the style subsequently adopted by Wagner is foreshadowed; but they are rare and almost forgotten in the many points of excellence to be admired. The overture—a composition of neither the form nor importance to justify that title—opens with a subject which most frequently recurs throughout the work. This theme pervades the opera, and is that with which the *Holländer*, in thought and presence, is identified. It is very effectively introduced, as the commencement of Senta's ballad in the second act, when she relates the story of the Flying Dutchman, and foretells her own destiny. Whether dramatically or musically considered, the treatment of this subject is most successful, and increases the interest of the whole work by the skilful manner in which it is made subservient to the progress of the plot. The notion may not be original, but its development evinces a knowledge of the resources of his act, which none but a thorough musician can attain.

To the first act the storm and the chorus of sailors on board Daland's ship forms a spirited introduction. As the tempest temporarily subsides, the tenor solo, a mariner's love song, contrasts well with the preceding and subsequent description of the elemental strife. The storm rises again (most graphically portrayed in the orchestra), as the vessel of the Flying Dutchman appears. The grand scena of the *Holländer*, "Die Frist ist um," and his following duet with the bass (Daland), are both in Weber's style, and would not be unworthy of that master's signature. The act terminates with a chorus of sailors as the ships set sail. After a short instrumental prelude the second act begins with a melodious chorus for female voices, sung by Senta's companions, while they spin. In this a striking effect is made by the women laughing in chorus, jeering Senta for her melancholy. Then follows Senta's ballad already mentioned, a composition full of character and dramatic feeling; after this there is a duet between the soprano and tenor, Senta and Erik, her betrothed, when the lover urges his suit in a most plaintive melody, not altogether new, but so harmonized and instrumented as in a great measure to disguise its Italian origin. At the conclusion of the duet Erik departs, and Daland (Senta's father) returns accompanied by the *Holländer*, in whom Senta recognizes the object of her ideal love and destiny. It is in the treatment of this situation, the most important moment of the libretto, that the composer fails. The *Holländer* and his victim are made to stand and look at each other for some time, while their emotions, supposed to be under various influences, are very inadequately depicted by music in the orchestra. The result is such as might be expected—the situation is lost. A solo for Daland "Mögst du, mein kind," the duet between Senta and the *Holländer*, "Wie aus der Ferne," and a tretto for the three just named, are the other *morceaux* in this act. The third and last act opens with a chorus of sailors about to leave the port; they are joined by women bringing provisions. The ship of the *Holländer*, lying at anchor, is hailed by the women and sailors, but no reply is given by the mysterious crew. Suddenly the wind rises, and the spectral mariners man their ship, singing the refrain with which the *Holländer* has been identified. A double chorus between the two ships's crews follows, and is the noisiest and least effective piece of music in the opera. Senta subsequently appears, followed by Erik, who endeavors to dissuade her, in a duet *allegro agitato*, "Was musst ich hören," from following the *Holländer*. The last finale, in which Senta, Daland, the *Holländer*, the choruses of the sailors, and the women take part, is admirably contrived, and forms a fitting termination to the work. It is somewhat singular that Wagner should consider the *Fliegende Holländer* as the least important of his operas, another instance that composers are not by any means the best judges of their own productions.

At the Kärntnerthor Theatre the repertoire is almost similar to that of last week. Some changes will, I believe, be made in the performances announced, for even an opera house, under the management of an Emperor's representative, is not exempt from such casualties. "I have sent word that I shall not sing this evening," exclaimed one of the artists whom I met yesterday. "No sing," I replied; "but you are announced, and will not surely disappoint us." "No, no! I won't disappoint you," was the reply. "But let the Director think so. A few hours' Bauchzwicken will do him no harm."

Special Notices.

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Sons of the greenwood. Cavatina.

"Robin Hood." 30

The greatest plague on earth is love. Duet for Soprano and Tenor.

"Robin Hood." 25

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Good night, good night to all.

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Lines written on the death of an accomplished young lady, an only daughter, who was burnt to death by the explosion of a fluid lamp. Her last words as she parted from her friends on that fatal evening were "Good night, good night to all." The music is appropriate. The piece has a very pretty vignette.

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An elegant piano arrangement of a beautiful melody. The "Warblings at eve" by this author, one of the most charming piano pieces ever written, will no doubt prepare the way for these admirable Transcriptions of English, Irish and prominent operatic melodies of which this piece is the last number.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 456.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 29, 1860.

VOL. XVIII. No. 13.

A Day Dream.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A day dream by the dark blue deep ;
Was it a dream, or something more ?
I sat where Posilipo's steep,
With its grey shelves, o'erhung the shore.

On ruined Roman walls around
The poppy flaunted, for 'twas May,
And at my feet, with gentle sound,
Broke the light billows of the bay.

I sat and watched the eternal flow
Of those smooth billows toward the shore ;
While quivering lines of light, below,
Ran with them on the ocean floor.

Till, from the deep, there seemed to rise
White arms upon the waves outspread,
Young faces, lit with soft blue eyes,
And smooth, round cheeks, just touched with red.

Their long, fair tresses, tinged with gold,
Lay floating on the ocean-streams ;
And such their brows as bards behold,
Love-stricken bards, in morning dreams.

Then moved their coral lips ; a strain
Low, sweet and sorrowful I heard,
As if the murmurs of the main
Were shaped to syllable and word.

The sight thou dimly dost behold,
Oh, stranger from a distant sky !
Was often, in the days of old,
Seen by the clear, believing eye.

Then danced we on the wrinkled sand,
Sat in cool caverns by the sea,
Or wandered up the bloomy land,
To talk with shepherds on the lea.

To us, in storms, the seaman prayed,
And, where our rustic altar stood,
His little children came and laid
The fairest flowers of field and wood.

Oh woe, a long unending woe !
For who shall knit the ties again
That linked the sea-nymphs, long ago,
In kindly fellowship with men ?

Earth rears her flowers for us no more,
A half-remembered dream are we,
Unseen we haunt the sunny shore,
And swim, unmarked, the glassy sea.

And we have none to love or aid,
But wander, heedless of mankind,
With shadows by the cloud-rack made,
With moaning wave and sighing wind.

Yet sometimes, as in elder days,
We come before the painter's eye,
Or fix the sculptor's eager gaze,
With no profaner witness nigh.

And then the words of men grow warm
With praise and wonder, asking where
The artist saw the perfect form
He copied forth in lines so fair.

As thus they spoke, with wavering sweep
Floated the graceful forms away ;
Dimmer and dimmer, through the deep,
I saw the white arms gleam and play.

Fainter and fainter on mine ear
Fell the soft accents of their speech,
Till I, at last, could only hear
The waves run murmuring up the beach.
—*New York Ledger.*

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Diarist Abroad.

PARIS, NOV. 27, 1860.

I wrote formerly of the pleasure given me by the sound, healthy music in these days of "the future," by Offenbach, as heard in two of his operettas, which had gone from the Bouffes Parisiennes, to the German theatres. It so happened that the first performance, which I heard here, was his "Orphée aux Enfers," at the aforesaid Bouffes. The thing as the name implies is a burlesque upon Gluck's Orpheus, and an immensely comical affair it is, even as seen without understanding the dialogue—for my knowledge of French is that of the eye—spoken it is "all Greek" to me. The piece has now reached more than 300 representations. One reason of its running so long is doubtless the small size of the theatre—the smallest I ever saw. Still the piece itself has great merit as a burlesque, and the music is delightful in itself and delightfully appropriate. A song by John Styx is quite remarkable for its humor. Of the broad farcicality of this burlesque, perhaps this will give an idea. Orpheus is deprived of his Eurydice by the shepherd Aristæus, who is in fact Pluto in disguise, and who takes the lady down to his own regions, where he may make love to her at his leisure. Jupiter, who is sadly henpecked by Madame Juno, hears about the affair from Mercury, and determines to "cut out" his brother god. This he undertakes to do in the form of a huge blue-bottle fly. The scene in which he visits Eurydice in this form is one dangerous to diaphragms.

I meant to have heard it again, for the sake of the music, as well as the laugh, for it—the music, not the laugh—besides its melodiousness, shows a variety and beauty in its orchestration, a working up of themes and a general effectiveness, which seems to prove more genius than we have met with in many of our younger composers; a genius, too, which is content to do what it can do well, without straining after awful sublimity, where it would be all out of place. Offenbach is of a Jewish family of Cologne, I am told; at all events he is a pupil of Ferdinand Hiller, of that city—and a creditable one.

Another evening I went to the Theatre Lyrique to hear Gluck's "Orpheus," with Mme. Pauline Viardot as Orpheus. I had heard and read so much of this lady as a great lyric artist that my expectations were sadly disappointed. Could she ever have had a voice? A great actress she assuredly is, and her style of singing

very great. The character is, however, with me, identified with Johanna Wagner, as she was five years since. And she, in all points except vocal execution, is (as in stature) head and shoulders above Viardot.

In putting the opera upon the stage, too, what a falling off from the royal stage in Berlin—the scene in Tartarus perhaps excepted—but what a Frenchy Elysium! That wonderful piece of music, the dance of the demons, was omitted, a piece which as played in Berlin adds so much by contrast to the musical painting of Elysium. Nevertheless, it was a great treat. Why could not this be brought out, with an English text, at the Boston Museum, instead of shallow pieces, which are neither one thing nor another?

At the same theatre I have seen Halevy's "Vale of Andorra, an opera in which most of the scenes are spoken dialogue and not to be understood by me. The music pleased me much, far more than anything else which I have heard by Halevy. The only good singer was the old bagpiper, a splendid barytone and a very fine actor. He would be a valuable accession to the New Orleans French company. The ballet is introduced twice, and very good dancers appeared in it; not much inferior to those I have seen on royal and imperial stage in grace; equal in sprightliness and far beyond them in lasciviousness. As a rule I dislike the introduction of ballet in opera, anywhere except in ballet pantomimes, and would most gladly have dispensed with it here. Not so the French audience. It was immensely delighted. The auditorium is not very large, the stage is a fine one, the machinery and scenery excellent. Why need our stages be half a century behind those of Germany and France in these respects, as all my friends here agree they are?

Having a curiosity to see one of the famous French pieces of Magic, I went into the Theatre Imperial du Cirque, to a performance of the "Hen that laid the golden Eggs." The eggs had an explosive mixture, and the actors had but to crack one upon the stage to have their wishes fulfilled. The transformations were, many of them, very fine and surprising. In one instance, the breaking of an egg changes almost instantly half a dozen windmills on hillocks, into magnificent barges floating in (stage) water, and filled with cavaliers and ladies. A very comical idea is that of introducing, what I suppose must be the King of all dunghill cocks—in shape of a man dressed to imitate that famous bird, whose gestures as well as the jokes he uttered were received with roars of laughter. This piece had a great interest for me as being an excellent specimen of that sort of magic opera which was so much in vogue in Vienna 75 years ago, and to which we owe Mozart's "Magic Flute." I am told, however, that another piece at the Porte St. Martin, of this class, is still finer. The music is partly new and partly selected by a man named Clairville. Among the selections is the huntsman's chorus from "Der Freyschütz." As a

whole it is very light, melodious, and pleasing; very enjoyable. Some of the scenery is superb, particularly one of the infernal regions, in which, my friend H. tells me, the French are very great, and with whom it is a favorite subject. Solo singing mostly poor, poor voices, poor execution; chorus good; the songs, as a rule, little more than repetition of words, half spoken, with a nice orchestral accompaniment. One comical musical effect was new to me.

One of the actors begins a song and at the end of the first line others strike in with a single note, fortissimo. No. 1. stops, eyes the others, as Ravel used to eye the man who stole his bottle, for some six or eight bars, and then goes on again, with another line, only to be broken off in the same manner. As the pauses were nicely calculated, so as not to lose the rhythm, and the music really pleasing, the effect was very ludicrous.

I have been to hear the "Prophet," partly because in spite of Blank and Dash, I like the opera and partly because this is a good work by which to see for myself in the Grand Imperial opera in Paris is in fact so far above and beyond anything which one can see in Germany. I have been so often assured (generally by friends who have never been in Berlin!) that if I really would see one of Meyerbeer's great show pieces I must come to Paris, that my curiosity was greatly excited. The music is, of course, the same to all intents and purposes orchestras of very nearly the same number of performers; choruses also, both large and good; solo singers six of one, half a dozen of the other; here Fides was Tedesco, now a pretty extensive, middle-aged, dark-eyed German woman, singing just so roundly as of yore at the Howard Athenæum, when she so captivated Henry, her voice, I think somewhat worn, her execution exquisite. There (Berlin) Johanna Wagner, with a grand, full voice, that always took hold of my feelings at once, a great actress, but as a singer deficient in those graces and that execution, which only early and the right culture can give one. Which of the two I should choose to hear in this part, it is quite difficult to decide.

As to the putting of the "Prophet" upon the stage, on the whole I prefer Berlin. Certainly the skating scene and the sunrise there are far more beautiful and true to nature than here. The Berliners know how to skate—these people did not. The Cathedral here was more showy but was very nearly an impossible one, while at Berlin you saw old Münster on the stage and a real Gothic edifice. Here it would seem to be the aim to dazzle the auditor; in Berlin to give him true representations of nature. Hence, when one sees Spontini's "Vestal," the "Magic Flute," "Orpheus," and the like plays there one gets a fund of knowledge from the scenery. I am told that "Semiramis" is thus put upon the stage here, now, but I have not seen it.

I believe these are all the operatic notes which I have to impart.

As to other music I have heard none, save some very fine pianoforte playing at "C. P. C.'s". The performer was a young woman, Miss Colmache, daughter of a well-known literary lady here, and sister of the singer, whom the *Journal* must know as Mlle. Vaneri, of Her Majesty's Theatre, in London. I was exceedingly impressed with Miss Colmache's performance, particularly Beethoven's C sharp minor Sonata, op. 27; not

more by her execution than by her poetic conception of the music. A more simple, unaffected natural person one does not often see; an enthusiast for music for music's sake; full of Beethoven and Chopin. What is more, she has thought and can talk of the art sensibly. I wish she was in Boston. I hear that her sister, now engaged in Italian opera, is a fine English oratorio singer. I saw Thalberg the other morning. He is going to Naples, to my great disappointment, as this deprives me of a sight of many valuable manuscripts, which I hoped to examine.

Nothing further about the production of Tannhäuser here. There is a story that the director of the opera gave as an insurmountable objection to the work, that it contained no ballet, with which Wagner refused to have anything to do. But thinking better of it, he wrote all night and the music was finished. But as he would have the ballet at the opening of the work, (in the hall of Venus), the director was not satisfied, and how it will be arranged is still the question. It can be nowhere else without violating the principles on which Wagner constructs his work.

A. W. T.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Letters on Musical Subjects.

VII.

A LETTER FROM ZURICH—MARX ON BEETHOVEN'S LIFE AND WORKS.

MY DEAR FRIEND.—Since writing my last letter to you, (see *Journal* of April 21st,) much time has elapsed and much land and sea has been between us. I feel so little like beginning where I then left off, that you will have to excuse me to-day for letting some one else speak. The extracts from a letter received a few days ago will be as interesting to you, I hope, as anything I might write. It is dated Zurich, Dec. 3d, and was written by a lady friend, a teacher of music. Concerning a little scholar, who began with her about the middle of September, she writes: "As long as we did not play from notes, instruction was mere play; with them some difficulties came also, of course. Now we have quite a long part of the road behind us. She plays without mistakes, moderately fast, all the major keys through two octaves, without an undue motion of the hand, raising her fingers nicely from the joints. She knows of course how to form the scales, as she learned long ago the difference between the whole and half-step by ear. She knows how to find the tonic chord of each major key in its various positions—the names of the inversions I do not use yet—and plays them as broken chords. From any given fundamental tone she finds without hesitating large and small second and third, fifth and octave; less readily the fourth, sixth and seventh. She also knows the intervals by ear when I play them. In naming them I use the terms first, second, &c. degree. She used to play little pieces from Knorr's edition of Müller. Now, since she has made good friends of the bass key and the bass notes we play from the second book of "Köhler's Volks-melodien" besides other little pieces, which she learns by heart quite readily. When she knows a little piece quite perfectly, I play it to her once more and then tell her, now look at every note with the intention of learning it by heart; after having played a short musical sentence in this way, I make her look at her hands and she knows it by heart. In this way we go over the whole piece, and then she plays it from beginning to end without interruption."

I quote this extract as it may show you how intelligent teachers think and proceed with reference to learning pieces by heart; a practice which is still condemned by some and also to give you an exam-

ple of how much may be accomplished in two and a half months, with a daily lesson of half an hour's length. Most beginners get too few lessons. Little at a time, regularly and often is the best rule for the nursing of children, concerning their physical, mental and musical diet.

"The little musician knows all the portraits of the great tone-masters hanging in my room, and might tell you something of every one of them. My little pupils, boys and girls look forward with eager anticipation to Christmas and to Mozart's birthday, which the crowd of little ones are going to celebrate at my house. In winter I have once or twice a month a musical Sunday at my rooms. I made this arrangement as we have here so few opportunities of hearing good music and this is a point of so much importance. My older pupils come, we make music and read something on music. For a change we read Goethe's Egmont on Sunday last with Beethoven's music, of course only in the arrangement for four hands, as we have no orchestra at our command. Making music at the piano by oneself does not make a person musical; therefore such reunions are necessary."

"We have just now one of the most famous piano players here, ALFRED JAELL. He gave one concert and will give one more. I confess that he did not come quite up to my expectations. From all I had read and heard about him, I expected more. His technical ability is perfect, his touch is capable of all the shades from the most tenderly breathed piano to the greatest force; and yet—he is wanting in that which raises FRAU SCHUMANN so high above most piano players—soul." It may be added here that the lady is a personal friend of Frau Clara Schumann. She continues: "In hearing him play one cannot help thinking that he feels nothing of it himself. One admires, but is not taken hold of by the magic power which in Clara's playing at once transports one unto other undreamed of spheres. A remark of one of my pupils, a young man, best characterizes his playing. I had given him lately Hanslick's book on the Beautiful in music. Hanslick denies, as you know, that music expresses any ideas, restricting it mainly to a play in beautiful forms. After the concert the young man said: 'If one were to hear music played in such a way only, Hanslick would be right, no doubt; but as we fortunately hear it differently done, he is wrong.'

"A few days ago an interesting little book came out entitled: "The Spirit of Music by L. Nohl." It is based throughout on Vischer's Aesthetics; in the purely musical part of it, however, he unfortunately does not always refer to sources as infallible as that. That he bases his remarks concerning Mozart on Otto Jahn is quite right; but the views of Marx on the last works of Beethoven seem to me after all somewhat too vague. Old Mr. Marx, who used in former times a number of unnecessary words, shows quite plainly the marks of old age; he is frequently quite too wordy. This footing on Marx even misleads the author, who is otherwise correct and original into some contradictions,—a pity, since the book is really excellent. I am looking forward with lively anticipation to some interesting new works. Some serenades for the orchestra and the first concerto for the piano by Johannes Brahms, will shortly be published by Reiter-Lindemann in Winterthur. This publisher is certainly quite praiseworthy. He never yet accepted, and never will accept for publication an inferior composition. But from unknown talents, who cannot find a publisher, he takes everything. Is he not an excellent old man?

That they are beginning in Germany to lower the concert-pitch, you know, I suppose. Cologne has the honor of having taken the lead in this movement. All the old wind instruments have been abandoned, new ones having been bought, which are in accord-

ance with the normal (Paris) diapason. Now if Meyerbeer's operas vanish from the répertoires—there is little hope for it, to be sure—and if Wagner's do not take their places, we shall have less ruined voices in future." So far my extracts.

The lady's allusion to Marx' book on Beethoven calls to my mind an intention which I had since those articles on Marx appeared in this paper (April 21st and 28th, 1860). They were written with a great deal of knowledge on the subject, but also with a great deal of malice. We will admit all the author of those articles says about the faults of M.'s book as to biographical data; we will even admit that he quoted other works incorrectly—an admission which we only make because we have not got a copy of the second edition of Schindler's life of Beethoven before us, in which Schindler speaks in the highest terms of this same book of Marx. But what business had the writer to put in stories to prove the vanity of Marx even if they be true. Does this foible incapacitate Marx from judging of the contents of Beethoven's works. What the opinion of a thorough German critic on this work is, the translation of some articles written by Mr. Brendel, of Leipzig, the editor of the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," in the next "Journal" will show you. The evident gusto with which the writer of the paper in this "Journal" drags forth personalities, that have absolutely nothing to do with a review of a work containing musical criticism of the highest order, shows that there is another motive at the bottom. There is a bitter feud existing between a faction of old school musicians and those who follow Marx, who has undeniably written the best book on musical composition. As long ago as 1835 Marx attacked the old school, taking for his text a work by Dehn on musical composition. Dehn and his friends never forgave Marx the utter annihilation of the book and its system. And thus it happens that all possible personal abuse is heaped on Marx by that faction. As these private matters are utterly irrelevant to the impartial review of a momentous work we abstain from any further remarks on them. And by way of fair play we will translate and publish the review of Dr. Brendel, which is written by a person competent and impartial.

You subscribed to the Philharmonic concerts—of course. Pity that not more persons did the same. The lists look rather blank. It would be a nice thing for Boston not to have any Philharmonic concerts this season. Well, after the old Handel and Haydn Society fell through with their subscription list, anything in this line seems possible here in our Athens.

G. A. SCHMITT.

Cambridge, Dec. 2d, 1860.

Lurline.

A REVIEW OF MR. WALLACE'S NEW OPERA.

It is not usual to criticise an opera before hearing it on the stage; but when the score, neatly printed and adapted to the ability of musicians of only ordinary skill, appears from the press, it appears to us that it possesses as many claims to notice as a new book, at least. There are thousands of amateur piano players and vocalists in this city who are fully able to play and sing most of the pieces in Wallace's *Lurline*, and for them the present brief analysis of the opera, as published by Hall & Son, is intended.

Mr. Wallace is known personally to many of our citizens, and as a composer his name is familiar all over the country. His piano-forte adaptations of operatic and other airs, and his original compositions for the piano, are among the most graceful and effective ever written. As an opera composer his reputation in this country rests entirely on his *Maritana*, and he has but recently finished the *Amber Witch*, of which much is expected.

Lurline, his best work so far, was first produced at Covent Garden Theatre on the evening of the 25th of February, 1850, and has already been played some fifty nights with renewed applause. It has proved an undeniable success, and while it has brought money to the management it has proved a happy vehicle in which the singers engaged could ride still

further into public favor, and has also done infinite credit to the composer. If Wallace's next opera proves as happy a success as *Lurline*, he may rest contented.

The libretto of the opera is by Mr. Fitzball, who has had considerable experience in this line, but it must be confessed, has not done full justice to his subject, the Rhine story of the syren of Lurleiburg. Mendelssohn commenced an opera on the same subject, but did not live to finish it. The following is the plot of *Lurline*:

Act I.—Count Rudolph, an extravagant young German in an antique castle on the banks of the Rhine, having dissipated his patrimony among his graceless followers, proposes marriage with Ghiva, the daughter of a baron reputed rich, who, thinking his daughter's suitor wealthy, approves of the project; but an explanation taking place, the proposed alliance is mutually decided to be inexpedient. Previous to this rupture, Lurline, the Nymph of the Rhine, who, by her enchanted harp and song, lures vessels to destruction in the whirlpool of the river, has seen Count Rudolph in his bark and fallen desperately in love with him. Accordingly, she presents herself to him at a wild banquet, (the last that he and his companions have determined to hold in the castle,) and surrounding him by spells, places a magic ring on his finger and disappears. On recovering his reason the Count has become enamored of the beautiful Water Queen; the notes of her bewitching harp and voice attract him to the Rhine; he embarks, despite all interferences, is engulfed and supposed to perish.

Act II. opens in the coral caves under the waters inhabited by Lurline and her nymphs, in which, by virtue of his talismanic ring, Rudolph is enabled to exist. His followers are seen in a boat singing a requiem for the loss of their chief, by which he is so affected that he urgently desires to return to them for a short time. Lurline consents to his departure for three days, and agrees to wait his return on the summit of the Lurleiburg at the rising of the moon on the third evening, and he departs laden with gems and pearls from the ocean halls.

Act III. On returning to his companions Rudolph discloses to them, and to the Baron and Ghiva, the source of his newly acquired wealth, and the old matrimonial project is renewed. Ghiva, fearing again to lose her betrothed, steals from her his enchanted ring, by which alone he can return to the coral caves, and throws it into the Rhine. In the meantime Lurline, inconsolable in the absence of the young count, sings her lament to her harp nightly on the Lurleiburg, where a gnome in the service of the Rhine King finds and brings her the enchanted ring as a proof of her lover's infidelity. Lurline resolves to upbraid him for his perfidy, and visit him with her vengeance.

The old mansion on the Rhine is now the scene of great festivity, but amidst it all the Count thinks sadly of his forsaken Lurline, but dare not present himself before her without the lost ring. Lurline appears to him alone and demands it. A scene of reproach ensues, ending by her denouncing the treachery of his companions, who, grown envious of wealth, had plotted to destroy him and plunder the castle. Rudolph is implored to take refuge in flight by Ghiva, but he prefers death at the feet of Lurline. The assassins approach, when Lurline's affection returning in full force, she seizes the harp, and by the spell of music causes their destruction and saves her penitent lover.

The opera is preceded by an unusually long and elaborate overture, opening with a slow choral movement in D sharp major, which key predominates throughout. The overture without being a plagiarism, at once reminds the hearer of that to Weber's *Oberon*; and it may be remarked that the critics have generally noticed that in *Lurline* Wallace adopts Weber's style, and indulges in some of the orchestral effects which Weber has already made familiar to us.

The overture finished, the orchestra proceeds with a brief introduction, in which the smooth triplets, which serve as accompaniment to the melody, serve to suggest, with tolerable clearness, the idea of waves. Rhineberg appears and sings an accompanied recitative, containing little snatches of melody, and followed by a rapid air in F minor, "Idle Spirit," supposed to be addressed to some supposititious gnome. A dialogue in recitative—there is no spoken dialogue in the opera—follows, between the gnome and Rhineberg, leading to a *spiritual* chorus of water-spirits, welcoming the King of the Rhine:

In the halls of liquid crystal,
Where the water-lilies bloom,
Where the music of the billow
Lulls thee on thy wayward pillow,
King of the Rhine!
Welcome to thy home!

—the melody of which is repeated by the voices, with a varied accompaniment. A brief recitative that leads to Lurline's opening air, which is indeed the theme running through the whole opera. The words sung by the syren are these:

I.
Flow on, flow on, oh! silver Rhine,
Convey to him these tears of mine;
Ye rocks that wildly spread around
Let th' echo's note his name resound,
And breathe to earth and sky
My love and secret sigh;
Waft, echo, waft above,
Oh! Rudolph, thee I love.

II.
Ye flowers that strew the crystal tide
With perfume, tempt him to my side,
Ye nymphs that dwell beneath the wave,
Transport him to my coral cave—
Oh! Rudolph, thee I love.

Exquisitely beautiful is this melody, while the

harp accompaniment gives to it peculiar effect. It is one of the most elegant and happy of Mr. Wallace's vocal compositions. It is followed by recitations and a romance for Lurline, "The Night Winds," a weird plaintive melody in A minor. The words are:

Where the night winds swept the wave,
And the white surge forms a grave;
When the moon withdraws its beam,
When the stars no longer gleam,
Then my wild chords pierce the gale.
And distract the mariner's sail;
On the bark plunges through billows and gloom,
To the Lurleiburg whirlpool, its wreck and its gloom.
Yet when 'tis calm and Naiads charm
Is hushed and silent as the deep,
And the mariner pale as his own white sail
Lies fathoms down in his quiet sleep
Oh! then I weep.

And the syren proceeds to tell her father a youthful knight gazed on her from his skiff and her harp fell tuneless from her hand. She was, of course, in love.

Very beautiful is the succeeding chorus in D flat major: "Sail! sail! on the midnight gale!" Its rapid, march-like movement has already made it a favorite with our brass bands, and it is probably the most ear-taking melody in the opera. A buffo duet for Ghiva and the Baron follows, with a sparkling accompaniment in the Rossini style, for orchestra. A trio and chorus—"Drain the cup of pleasure"—lead to a quaint and beautiful romance for tenor—"Our bark in moonlight beaming," in which Rudolph tells how he first heard Lurline. This is one of the most original pieces of the opera. A highly dramatic concerted piece concludes the act.

Act II. opens with a chorus of gnomes, followed by a delicate melody, "Under a spreading coral," by Lurline. A brilliant chorus and dance, "From his palace of crystal," lead to a romance for tenor, "Sweet form that on my dreamy gaze," of the Balfé school. Lurline has a pleasing drinking song, "Take this cup of sparkling wine," followed by a rather insignificant quartet and chorus. A drinking song for the gnome (basso) shows some singular orchestral effects, which again suggests Weber. Ghiva then has an easy and pretty ballad, "Gentle Troubadour," the melody of which unites both simplicity and originality. A hunting chorus, for male voices, with accompaniments for wind instruments, which follows, is usually encoored in the representations of the opera. Rhineberg has a rather mawkish ballad, "The nectar cup may yield delight," and then ensues the very beautiful scene in which Rudolph, beneath the waves, hears his companions singing his dirge. The *andante* movement—

Peace to the memory of the brave,
Tranquil may their slumbers be,
Peace to the dead beneath the wave;
Rudolph, peace to thee;

alternates beautifully with the interpolated strains of Rudolph and Rhineberg. This is one of the most finished compositions in the opera, as regards its harmonies and dramatic coloring. The act closes with a superb and melodious concerted piece, which, like those of Donizetti's and some of Bellini's, is worked up to an admirable climax, and followed by the usual *stretta*. Altogether, this act is the most effective of the work.

Act III. opens with an orchestral introduction leading to another ballad in the Balfé style, "My home, my heart's first home." A rather dreary chorus about "Gold," and a duo for Ghiva and Rudolph, with exquisite melody running through the accompaniment, brings us to an elaborate scena for Lurline, in which the interest is hardly sustained to the end. A very beautiful unaccompanied quartet, "Though the world with transport bless me," which will become a popular concert piece, brings us to a grand duet for soprano and tenor, noticeable rather for dramatic coloring than melody, and then, after a few intervening recitatives and bits of chorus, we have the *finale* to the opera in a recurrence of Lurline's opening air, in which the disappointed syren sings:

Flow on, flow on, thou lovely Rhine,
The spell has ceased which made thee mine;
Oh! bloom enchanted scene
While young and pure hearts beat,
Or pure and gentle lips repeat
The Legend of Lurline;

while the chorus listening to her distant strains maintained a subdued vocal accompaniment. As the air concludes, Lurline darts off into a series of graceful *fioriture*, the chorus still accompanying. Then, as she strikes her harp, a prolonged thrill on E, gradually dying away, is the last note of the syren which we hear.

"Lurline" is indeed a beautiful work; and, what is quite as important, it is published, either entire or in parts, by Hall & Son, and easily accessible. We direct the attention of amateur singers to it, and pianists will find in its melodies accompaniments sufficient to occupy their attention for many a pleasant

evening. That Lurline will be popular here when better known there can be no doubt; for rich harmony, graceful finish, and gushing, fresh and easy melody, is always popular with true music lovers; and all these qualities are combined in Mr. Wallace's new opera.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Notes of Birds; A Hint for Musical Critics.

There is an old saying to the effect that it takes all sorts of people to make a world." For instance, a Mr. W. D. Hipkins ("Phœbus! what a name!") is just now descending most learnedly and amusingly, in the columns of a London journal, on *The Mystery of London Bird-Fancying*. In order that our readers may form some idea of the solemn importance of this mystery, we subjoin three brief extracts, expounding most luminously the vocal characteristics of three among the chosen tribes. We commence with the Linnet. Hipkins *loquitur*:

Linnetts are said by bird-fanciers to possess certain properties of song, which are thus denominated:—Weeting, chowing (rough and mellow), feering, laughing, piping, rattling, scriggling, wying, and whisking. The bird that sings sweetest is said to do his song in the finest key, and, if he goes through his song without stopping, to lead and finish well. If he begins imperfectly, or stops in his song, it is termed a bad lead or finish. The birds are distinguished by the terms battling-birds and song-birds; the former, from singing matches, and being continually carried about to rooms where birds of a similar character are brought, become lavish and hurried in their song. The latter (which are better fitted to teach young birds, and are principally kept for that purpose) are said to keep good time, and are noted for the beauty of their song; and I may mention that a song-bird linnet, the property of Mr. R. Moody, was lately sold for £10. I now proceed to the detail of song—the jerks. Of these, of course, I can only give a portion, and those the most approved at the time I went to hear matches sung. The following are the names of a few sung by the best birds:—Tollic tollic chay, ic ic quake aweet; lug lug orch aweet; ter weet, &c.; tollic chou, ic ic quake chou; egip egip pipe chou; ogip egip poi; tue tue feer; tue tue vizzy; and a very rare old song, au au chay chawisk. Some birds do an objectionable song called the donkey, ic au jab; and some, after finishing a jerk, end with chite chite chite. This, with good fanciers, would, notwithstanding that they did plenty of "toys" (a term for good song), cause them to be parted with as cast-offs, lest they should spoil their nestlings, branchers, and young linnet-mules; they were, however, readily bought for battling-birds, in which this defect of song was often passed over, provided they were spirited birds. I may mention here the linnet's calls, as they are sometimes named at the commencement or during the song. Tollic, tollic, pew and poi, and the chuckle; they are so plain that any one who has once noticed them would immediately recognize them.

Very good and clear for the Linnet. The Goldfinch comes next, and we really think our Operatic critics might learn to distinguish betwixt the "tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee" of their subjects, by careful study of Hipkin's discriminations. Thus does Hipkins define the Goldfinch's strong points.

I will now describe a portion of what fanciers designated as the best song of the goldfinch. The properties were *sepating*, sublinking, and chulmying or churmying; there are but few birds at present that excel in the latter property, and the owners highly prize them. The running song was, Sublink, sublink, churmy churmy chink (or churmy chay); sepat sepat, churmy chay; widdle widdle chay, &c. It was the first of these jerks in particular for which Foote's mule was considered so valuable, from its rarity. It led and finished well, and its song was clear and distinct. It was considered one of the best song birds of its kind to be found, and, I think, better than any goldfinch or mule to be heard at present. The present favorite song, as read by fanciers, is Sipit slam slam, widdle widdle swity, off which jerk some birds do the hussle chay, and the sipit widdle widdle, slam slam widdle chay. Slamming was formerly disregarded, not being considered a good property, as birds singing their natural note (those caught after moulting in the fields) were distinctly designated rough slamming birds. The song of the latter, however, is not so distinct and clear as that of birds which have been taught; but there is not to the uninitiated so marked a difference between the songs of the taught and the untaught birds, when heard together, as there is between those of the furzy and the song-bird linnet.

You may exhaust a pipkin by emptying it of its contents. Hipkins tapers off when he comes to speak of the Chaffinch, which he does in this fashion.

The English fanciers have several strains of birds, thus denominated in former times; the chocweydo, the whitfadoo, the kissmedear, &c., but the chocweydo is considered the best song; one of the best limbs being ching ching ching, ull ull ull, chockweydo; the last note the oftener repeated the better—technically termed heavy in the mouth; this applies to all the notes, the principal difference being the termination or finish of each strain. The birds vary the notes in each limb, but terminate with whitfadoo, kissmedear, or chocweydo, according to the strain to which they belong.

If we should ever have Frezzolini, Fabbri, and D'Angri simultaneously on the boards of our Academy of Music—for example, in *Zerlina*, *Donna Anna* and *Donna Elvira*—why, this number of the *Albion* ought to be in great demand.—*N. Y. Albion.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 29, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Commencement of the Opera of "Martha," Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

NEW SERIES.

BERLIN, Dec. 3, 1860.

Already five or six weeks in the heart of musical Germany! And not a word of it recorded for our readers! Long weeks of travelling and novelty, too, before that, where music was not a direct object. But the kind reader knows what news came one day with a stunning blow upon the happy traveller, palsyng the hand that writes. But God's sun still shines, life still goes on. Nature is beautiful and still speaks to the soul, and so do Art and Music, still divine and true to our deepest needs, even when sorrow shakes the whole bright and wondrous fabric of this life, till life and time appear unreal.

A brief sketch now, a catalogue of what these five or six weeks have afforded of the richest musical opportunity, enough to occupy perhaps several letters, and then we will return at leisure to the interesting topics. And first

A WEEK IN LEIPZIG.

It was quite late in October. At the edge of evening, wet, muddy, dark and cheerless, with every outward impression of the gloomiest, unacquainted with a human being there, alone, with a great isolating grief for a companion, the traveller entered this Mecca of a music-loving pilgrimage. The heavenly ministry of music was now truly to be tested. It was not many hours before he stood within that homely, quaint old architectural curiosity, the Thomas Kirche, in which old Sebastian Bach was Cantor for so many years. There was the old organ, far up, in the second gallery, at one end of the church, and there were assembled the boys of the Thomas School, some thirty or forty in number, to sing, as they always do at one o'clock on Saturdays, motets and anthems; and hundreds of lovers of such serious music make it a point always to be present. This time we had not the good fortune to hear anything of Bach. The pieces were: 1. a Motet by Richter, one of the present professors in the Conservatorium, a composition of much contrapuntal merit and much beauty, in a somewhat Mendelssohnian vein; and 2, a *Pater Noster*, by Meyerbeer. The music in itself was not unedi-

fying; but the sound of those sweet, clear, fresh young voices, beautifully blended, and without accompaniment, was something almost angelic, and fell like a refreshing dew upon the weary spirit.

The next morning (Sunday), in the same place, the Lutheran service opened with a chorale, followed by an elaborate Cantata in several movements, with chorus, soli and orchestral accompaniment, composed by Richter, after the traditional example of old Bach, who every Sunday for some years made it his religious task there to produce a fresh, original Cantata of this sort. The cleverest musician in our day would think it not a small achievement to produce a few such in a lifetime. Verily, if ever music was the daily service and religion of a whole life, praising God with all one's heart and all one's soul and all one's strength, forever striving with a pure zeal and contentment for the highest, inspired with true creative faculty and ever fresh designs, inspired with love of work, to realize them, it was so then and there with Bach. Such gigantic industry, so patient, cheerful, happy, inspired by such genius, and aiming ever at the most beautiful, the perfect, undisturbed by any poor anxiety about the world's applause, but thinking always only of the BEST and reaching it with certainty of aim proportioned to such singleness of purpose, is about as good an illustration as human biography affords of what may be meant by "the beauty of holiness." A man of genius constantly producing his greatest in the routine of weekly service! And for whom? For what? For the congregation of a local church, who can scarcely be supposed to have appreciated the wondrous skill and subtlety of such art, or to have been struck by the Cantata otherwise than they may have been by any idle passing notice of the Gothic ornament upon the walls and colored windows of their churches; and where too it must seem very doubtful if the means existed for any adequate rendering of the music, such as we now have. They heard each Cantata once, and then it was put away and forgotten, not to come to light again until now, a century later, when these works are for the first time published and performed in concerts, to become henceforth the admiration and the study of all musicians and all music-lovers who are in earnest with their art. It is as if Albrecht Dürer or Da Vinci had every Sabbath hung up a fresh painting, a production of his highest art, before the altar, to be wondered at for the moment, and then put aside most probably forever.

On this occasion the composer had for his Cantata the advantage of a modern orchestra, which Bach had not. It was a sight hardly to be seen elsewhere, we imagine, in a plain Protestant church on Sunday morning, the organ-loft bristling with violin bows and bassoons, the *fagotti* (fagotti) of the orchestral commonwealth; and it was a sound as strange to hear the confused tuning thereof going on amid the chorale of the morning service sung by the congregation down below. And among these violins were famous men, as David and Dreyschock, and Dawidoff among the 'celli. Conductor of the whole was the learned contrapuntist and professor, Hauptmann, now for years the occupant of old Bach's post of Cantor. It was a sweet, soothing, tranquilizing music, fit for the religious hour; a rich offering at the same time of artistic skill, both in

the contrapuntal texture and the instrumentation of the work; the softer and more sentimental passages (not in a bad sense of the word) being again in a kindred vein with Mendelssohn. The choir, of which the soprani and alti consisted of the boys we heard the day before, sang it as well as one could wish. The only drawback was the place itself, and the strange position of the choir up in that "sky parlor" of a great cold, dreary house.

The next Wednesday morning gave me the first taste of the famous Gewandhaus orchestra. It was the rehearsal for the concert of the following evening, which I also heard. Certainly here was an assemblage of such musicians, such artists as I had never seen before in one orchestra. Here, too, were the traditions of the place, where the spirit of Mendelssohn reigned so long, reviving and continuing the influence of Bach; here the local pride in art, in conscious striving for perfection, progress, ("Aufschwung," as the Germans have it), which, whether real or in large part fancied, is admirably expressed in the motto it has set up for itself over the arch and the bust of Mendelssohn at the stage end of the tasteful little hall: *Res severa est verum gaudium*, (The severe thing is a [our] real delight). There was an inspiration at least in the audience, in large part furnished, particularly at the rehearsal, by those engaged as teachers or as pupils in perhaps the most earnest and ambitious musical conservatory in the world. The galleries, sunken in the wall on three sides of the room, above, were filled with the pupils of both sexes, who have free admission to all these twenty concerts and rehearsals; while below one listened the more earnestly that he found himself sitting in the company of Moscheles, Richter, Hauptmann, Wenzel, Papperitz, professors in the school, besides much of the first musical society in Leipzig. It is an orchestra of eighty. At the head of the unrivaled body of violins was Concertmeister David, on a raised seat, a strong, impetuous looking man, with the confident air of one long accustomed to go ahead and set the tempo in all musical movements where he is concerned. To look upon him one wonders at the rare feeling and expression with which he plays in solo, say in a Sonata of Beethoven, as I heard him once in private. As Conductor or Director there stood forth a man of gentler, finer mould apparently, one who seemed almost physically weak for such an energetic office, in the person of Carl Reinicke, the young successor to Rietz, who has removed to Dresden. There is something in the voice and general appearance of the man that reminds one of our own Otto Dresel, and he is evidently a musician of the same fine, firm fibre and the same clear, earnest stamp. He is certainly one of the most masterly pianists and genial composers of the day, as he with simple kindness gave me opportunity to know one morning, when he played to me not only some of the most imaginative works of Schumann, but also some truly significant and beautiful variations of his own upon a theme of Bach, and a charming Notturmo. Amid the artistic surroundings and in the cheerful and serene atmosphere of his artist home, it was too much like hours now ever sadly to be remembered, and the sympathetic tones touched deeper springs perhaps than they intended. The critical opinion of the Leipzigers upon the new conductor as such, and whether he is to make good the place

of Rietz, seemed then to be not quite made up. Of the three preceding concerts there had been some complaint of something like timidity, want of that heroic vigor and decision in the taking up of movements, to which they had been accustomed. I have heard nothing to the contrary of the most cordial understanding, personal and artistic, between him and the sturdy coryphaeus of the violins above-named; but one may easily imagine a conflict of temperaments, beyond the control of either, in such a relationship of leaders, which, in so delicate and sensitive a matter as the conducting of the orchestral ship through all the rough and smooth seas of a symphony, would naturally most disturb the finer nature of the two.

But Leipzig knew too well the value of the man it had called to itself, and is proud of the possession. As presiding spirit and director in the Gewandhaus concerts they feel that Reinicke is the right man. And this is felt particularly in the important function of determining the programmes, selecting and preparing the subject matter of the concerts. These have been so far of remarkable interest, representing many sides, while always classical and sterling. Indeed the selections have had quite an historical character, illustrating progress, and contrasting new with old, not afraid even of the newest tendencies. Thus the leading features of the first concert were one of the latest works of Beethoven, the overture, op. 124, and a Symphony and Violin fantasia by Schumann; of the second, Beethoven's 7th Symphony, Of the third, Handel's "Water Music"; a tenor Aria and a Concerto (C minor) for two pianos, by Sebastian Bach; a Symphony by his son, C. P. Emanuel Bach; a Symphony by Haydn, Aria from Mozart's *Idomeneo*, and Overture by Gluck. One would gladly have arrived a few days earlier for that. Another evening has been largely occupied with Cherubini, a composer much too seldom heard, taking advantage of the anniversary of his birth. The Concert which I heard rehearsed and finally performed was the fourth of the series and presented the following works;

FIRST PART.

1. Symphony (No. 4, A major).....Mendelssohn.
2. "O weint um sie," from Byron's Hebrew Melodies, for Soprano solo, chorus and orchestra, (first time).....Ferd. Hiller.
3. Frühlings-Fantasie, Concertstück for 4 solo voices, orchestra and pianoforte.....N. W. Gade.

SECOND PART.

4. Music to Byron's "Manfred," with connecting poem read.....Robert Schumann.

All fresh and modern again; but by composers who had too much genius of their own to need to try by the discarding of old forms to hide the want of genius.

I can never forget the sensation produced upon me instantly by the first notes of the fresh and buoyant allegro of Mendelssohn's well-known "Italian" Symphony, as it sprang so fountain-like into the air from those instruments that seem quickened with one soul. It was a delicious surprise, thoroughly stimulating to the whole musical and poetic sense, and transporting and possessing you at once. Truly I had never heard a symphony so admirably played. And yet the orchestra had imperfections. Some of the wind instruments, especially the horns, were coarse,—a temporary misfortune which no doubt will be, if it has not been already remedied; for of course

the spirit exists there which must bring the whole up to the standard of past years as completely as the mass of strings, which is magnificent. A task of more difficulty was successfully essayed by the orchestra in rendering the overture, accompaniments, interludes and melodramatic bits of Schumann's "Manfred" music. To the entire work we listened with profound interest. It seemed to be in all respects one of the very best of Schumann's works, full of imaginative thoughts, and happy always in the expression of them. Indeed a real work of genius. The overture (which has been heard once in Boston) is a powerful reproduction in tones of the dark and melancholy soul of Manfred, with all the dreams of beauty and of love that play across the guilty and mysterious background. The songs of the Spirits of Air, Water, Earth, and Fire, with the Alpine suggestions of the accompaniments, are full of poetic beauty and rare and exquisite surprises. The tremendous chorus of the spirits Manfred summons up is of an overwhelming grandeur. Then, too, there are nice bits of pastoral relief now and then in the orchestra, such as the chamois hunter's horn, and so forth. And the *Requiem* from the cloister in the distance, introduced for a finale, has a solemn, beautiful effect. One thing marred the whole, and that was the connecting poem, which was well read, but which was not Byron; instead of that a miserable abridgment of the "Manfred" had been concocted by some bardling in such a manner as to empty it of all its poetry and still protract the performance to a tedious length. The choruses were finely sung by members of the Sing-Akademie, the Pauliner Sängerverein and the boys of the Thomas choir. The solos were badly sung; uninteresting voices, and often out of tune.

Ferdinand Hiller's mournful music, if not strikingly original, is masterly in style and treatment, and an adequate, beautiful, impressive rendering of the lamentation of the Hebrews in their exile. It is such music as truly meets and fills the soul that is in grief. It flows in a rich, full flood of solemn euphony. Would not our Boston societies do well to procure this work?

Gade's "Spring" fantasia is an elaborate work marked by the same individuality as all his works—the constant individuality of the man and not any new individuality of the work itself. The same wild seashore reverie, not unlike Mendelssohn in his "Hebrides" and "Scotch" Symphony, but weaker far, pervades it. Portions, particularly of the purely instrumental interludes, were very beautiful; but as a whole it grew monotonous, and the musical reflexion of the thought in some lines of the lively little lyric poem was tame and commonplace.

The hall was uncomfortably crowded at the concert. One wonders that such an orchestra, giving such famous concerts, must needs imprison itself in and limit its audience to a room accommodating not more than 800 persons; and this time many seats were canceled to make room for the chorus. It is true the place has its charm and its tradition. It is no wonder that they like to keep alive good music in the very room where Mendelssohn so long presided. And so that little hall, somewhere in the middle of the vast gloomy old pile of building, centuries old, is made light and genial with all the symbols and suggestions of pure Art; it is a beautiful hall; most tasteful in its proportions and adornments; Mendelssohn's

bust and the motto over it, above the stage, keep the first meaning and intention always present; and of course it is inspiring. They have a notion too, that it is a hall particularly good for sound — so it is; and that you catch all the finer shades of the orchestra there much better than in large halls, where much would be lost. But we could not help feeling that the *fortissimos* were sometimes lost, too, in the small place. One must not stand too near, if he would see a colossal work of architecture or sculpture. Leipzig has no large music halls. In Dresden it is even worse, the Symphonies, as well as Chamber Concerts, there being given in a still smaller room in a hotel. In Berlin it is not much better, as to size. Strange that we, in our American cities, with not the tenth part of so much noble music to be accommodated, are so much better off for music halls!

But I forget. Leipzig has vast halls — magnificent, sumptuous halls, worthy of royal halls of state, in which music is made day and night, the year round. And so has Dresden, and Berlin, and the other German cities. But these are cafés, beer and billiard saloons. Strange scenes they present to the uninitiated. All the population throngs to them apparently; through three or four hours of an afternoon or evening, thousands of people, of all ranks and ages, women and children, whole families often, go and sit there around little tables, sipping coffee, beer, or what not, the whole place cloudy with cigar smoke frequently, many of the women knitting or sewing in the most comfortable, sociable way, as if in their own houses, chatting away in the intervals of the music, but all as silent and attentive as at a lecture or a sermon when the orchestra begins.

There are several such places and such orchestras in Leipzig; always one or more for a resource, if time hangs heavy on one's hands. Here the programme seemed mostly miscellaneous and light, now and then a good overture or symphony offsetting quantities of polkas and fantasias. But in Dresden and in Berlin they have larger orchestras, and programmes loaded with solid classical music, in such amounts and such variety, that the most eager music-lover can hardly keep the run of his too many and too tempting opportunities. Would you believe, reader, that I have actually heard in one of those places, amid all the smoke and beer and coffee and knitting needles, the ninth symphony of Beethoven—the three first movements entire, and a pretty formidable abridgement of the fourth (the choral) movement to boot! So also the entire "Egmont" music; and often in one afternoon two symphonies, three overtures, and something else. These are the people's concerts. Of course they are not counted among the high festivals of Art. But how much they are doing to make Beethoven and Mozart, and Mendelssohn and Schumann, &c., as familiar as household words among all classes that can be called respectable! How they make the finest music at least as generally appreciated as the finest poetry and other literature! What an education to the heart, mind, imagination of the masses! What an intellectual resource to couple with amusement, and make life safe while it is free and happy! Grief itself can look on such a scene and thank God for the inextinguishable sunshine, the symbol of his presence, and for the genius of joy that never dies out in his children.

I had hoped to say something in this letter of the Musical Conservatorium in Leipzig, and to have made myself more fully acquainted with that famous institution. That must be reserved for another time. That week I was on my way to Berlin, to get settled for the winter after some four months of constant travelling, in the hope of frequent visits from that centre to Leipzig, Dresden, Hanover and other musical places. But reading that those two noble artists, Clara Schumann and Joseph Joachim, were to give the first of three concerts the next evening in Dresden, how could I hesitate to go first there; and how that providential impulse was rewarded it will take another letter to tell. A rich week was spent there; and such rich acquaintance, friendship I may say, commenced, that already the cloud and the heaviness of long weeks of bitter, restless solitude began to seem lightened, and the world itself again. And then came the attraction back to Leipzig for one day again, by so rare an opportunity as a performance of the Christmas Oratorio of Bach! And now several weeks in Berlin, rich with the *Orpheus* of Gluck, the *Fidelio* of Beethoven, several operas of Mozart, the "Ruins of Athens" music of Beethoven, nearly all his symphonies, and more than we have ever heard in America of the symphonies of Mozart and Haydn, and many more by others old and new, all the four *Leonora* overtures, works of Schumann, noble choral works, and works of all kinds, the mere list of which would be longer than this letter. So indeed would be the mere list of what is announced for performance during the next eight days here.

All this is yet to be recorded,—not to speak of the great blank covering a period before this, which may still yield up some reminiscences in chance connection with appropriate topics. And now that it has pleased the good God to lift this ban of silence, we trust our broken Correspondence will continue, as before, its even flow, perhaps in somewhat deepened channels. D.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, DEC. 24. — I regret that indisposition prevents me from giving you any more than the programme of our last Philharmonic concert,

PART I.

Symphony, No. 6, "La Pastorale," Op. 68, in F.... Beethoven
Concerto, for Piano, in A minor, Op. 54.... R. Schumann
Mr. S. B. Mills.

PART II.

"Festknecht," Poème Symphonique, 1st time.... F. Liszt
Grande Fantaisie Russe, for Violoncello.... A. Kummer
Mr. F. Bergner.
Paraphrase de Concert, for Piano, "Rigolietto".... F. Liszt
Mr. S. B. Mills.

Overture, "The Jubilee," in E.... Weber
and remarking that the whole was very finely performed. Mr. MILLS proved that he has only gained in excellency as a pianist since his arrival here, when he played this same beautiful concerto at one of the Society's concerts. Mr. BERGNER showed himself a perfect master of his instrument. The Society, in spite of the gloomy prospects of the present winter, is flourishing in an unusual degree. The first concert, instead of being, as I mistakenly asserted some time ago, not as full as usual, was the best *first concert* of the season that has ever taken place — and since then the number of members has greatly increased.

MASON & THOMAS' Soirées have met with a very annoying interruption. Mr. BERGMANN, infected probably by the spirit of a portion of his adopted country, has quarreled with the rest of the Quartet,

and followed the example of "our little sister Caroline." As he is a rather more important element in the Union to which he belonged, than the above-named young lady in hers, the delightful concerts in which he took a part, have come to a sudden stop. The general sympathy is with the deserted, however, and every one hopes that they will find some one to show that Mr. Bergmann's place can be filled.

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CHICAGO, DEC. 19. — *Philharmonic Society's Second Concert.* — One of the largest audiences assembled on Monday, Dec. 17, at Bryan Hall, to testify their appreciation for the really excellent concerts, given monthly by this Society. At an early hour the Hall, which is one of the largest and most beautiful in the West, was filled and every seat occupied.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Overture, "Max Robespierre".....Litolf
2. Romance for tenor, with Accompaniment of Violoncello and Piano.....Tielson
Mr. Louis Mauss.
3. Grand Concerto in E, Opus 11.....Chopin
For Piano, with Accompaniment of Orchestra. Larghetto, Vivace. Performed by Mr. Paul Becker.
4. Terzetto and Chorus, from "Elijah".....Mendelssohn

PART II.

1. Introduction and Chorus, from the third act of "Lohengrin".....Wagner
2. Allegretto Scherzando, (Eighth Symphony).....Beethoven
3. Aria for Soprano, from "Gemma di Vergy".....Donizetti
Miss Anna Fessel.
4. Overture, "Nozze di Figaro".....Mozart
Conductor, Mr. Hans Balatka.

The orchestral performances throughout gave general satisfaction, and the ever pleasing Allegretto from the 8th Symphony was enthusiastically encored. Mr. PAUL BECKER, the classical pianist, in his usual smooth and graceful style, played the Grand Concerto in E, by Chopin, a composition full of originality and peculiar effects. The Choruses from Elijah and Lohengrin, sung by the Mendelssohn Society and members of the Philharmonic were poorly sustained and lacked spirit and animation. The Recitative and trio to the former were almost a failure. Miss ANNA FESSEL sang an aria from "Gemma di Vergy" with good effect, and was heartily applauded. She has a good vocalization and a voice of great power. Having but lately removed from Milwaukee, it was her first appearance here, and certainly a very successful one.

The third concert is announced to come off on Monday, Jan. 14, and is looked forward to with high expectation by the numerous friends of the Society.

NASHVILLE, TENN., DEC. 20. — A correspondent (from whom we shall be glad to hear again), sends us a notice from the *Nashville Union*, of the second concert of the Philharmonic Society of that city. Everywhere but in our own Boston, Philharmonic Societies seem to thrive this winter.

"Second Philharmonic Concert." — The Philharmonic Society are giving excellent fulfilment of their promise to devote themselves to the study of the great masters whose compositions have been stamped as classical, by the acclamation of the musical of all nations. Their programme on Tuesday night embraced the following pieces, each a gem in its way:

1. The Introduction and Allegro movement of Haydn's Grand Symphony in D, (one of the twelve composed for Salomon's concerts.)
2. Lanner's Lauterbrunnen Waltzes.
3. A concert Overture by Kallivoda.
4. Mendelssohn's Wedding March.

The performance of Haydn's Symphony was, we think, much the most successful effort the Society has yet made; the beauties of Haydn's graceful melodies were enthusiastically and skilfully interpreted by the various performers, and the *ensemble* derived from Mueller's masterly guidance a precision and concert of action which brought out all the finely grouped harmonies of the work.

The set of waltzes next on the programme was the only piece which connoisseurs will hesitate to receive as strictly classical; but really when such a composer as Lanner uses the waltz as the form of his graceful compositions, we lose sight of the original destiny of such works as subordinate to the business of the ball room, and enjoy the sparkling fancies of the composer as much as if he had constructed them upon the more dignified model of the overture or symphony."

Our correspondent writes:

"In addition to what is there stated, perhaps a little information about C. H. MUELLER, our conductor may be acceptable; he is not unknown to Boston musicians having I believe for a season conducted the concerts of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society; long before that he was known to the present writer as leader of the orchestra in the Norwich Theatre, England, and of the Choral Society of the same city; this Society is not unknown in musical history being the substratum of the celebrated Norwich Musical Festivals for which Spohr, Benedict, Mendelssohn, Sterndale Bennett, Belfield, Molique and other eminent composers have written some of their best works. Among the musical people of that most musical city, Mueller was highly esteemed as a first class orchestral conductor, and has since held important positions in London, and in various American cities; whatever breeze it may have been which first landed him in Nashville, it blew good fortune to our Philharmonic Society which has made wonderful progress under his direction, partly attributable to his skill as a conductor, and partly to his extensive and *recherche* musical library, which contains a variety of scores of the great masters almost unheard of in this country. CITHARISTA.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

Procrastination is also the order of the day at the Opéra Comique. The new opera which M. Offenbach has been writing in conjunction with M. Scribe, is still only in the state of promise. The performance has, however, been positively announced for this week. Mlle. Saint Urbain, who is to play the part originally intended for Mad. Ugalde, is said to be thoroughly "up" in her part, and panting for action. The opera which M. Aime Mailland, the composer of *Les Dragons de Villars*, has written for the Théâtre Lyrique, is also in the limbo of suspense, owing to the unabated attractions of *Orphée* and the *Val d'Andorre*.

At the Bouffes Parisiens the egregiously protracted run of the parody on Gluck's opera, *Orphée aux Enfers*—over three hundred nights—is about at last to be arrested, and *Fortunio* will reign in its stead.

Mad. Penco is shortly to make her appearance in *Norma* at the Italian Opera, and a new tenor from Sicily is to play the character of Pollio. There is also to be another *début* on the same occasion—a *comprimaria* recently engaged by M. Calzado, whose vocal powers are highly spoken of, will canvass the suffrages of the public as Adalgisa. There is a rumor, of which I am unable to test the truth, that Signor Ronconi is shortly about to perform a histrionic *tour de force*, by playing Don Basilio and Figaro the same night. That this accomplished and versatile artist is fully capable of executing this feat, and keeping the individuality of the two characters in question as distinct as though there were two Ronconis equally gifted with the dramatic faculty, there can be little doubt. But whether the proceeding is not somewhat undignified, and savoring of a vanity unbecoming so great an artist, is another question. From this point of view, knowing the strong good sense of Signor Ronconi, it seems more than probable he entertains no such intention; at any rate, the feat is only possible in the first act.

At this moment is proceeding a sale of autographs of considerable interest, being the collection of M. Lajarriette. A few of the letters may be referred to here, as specially connected with "music and theatres." First, there is a little note from Boieldieu to Choron, in which he fixes 2,400 francs as the price of a "Te Deum" for the Church of Notre Dame. Paer, who was not so well off, addresses a petition to a minister of state, containing the very modest request that "his superannuated pension may be continued." Favart, in a charming letter to his wife, while he admits that the Flemish women are amiable, protests that he will never have eyes but for her. Gavandau, who, in 1793, was dismissed his post of officer in the *milice Parisienne*, supplicates

the members of the *Comité Révolutionnaire* to reinstate him, not for his own sake, "which is of little matter, but for the sake of the honor and esteem of his comrades in arms, the highest pleasure and foremost need of a true Republican." Rouget de L'Isle writes for the directorship of the Opera. He promises "to rescue that magnificent manufactory, that immense centre of French industry, and to make it a truly national stage, the most splendid and the least burthensome which has ever existed in France or elsewhere."

There is a letter from Rachel. She is to make her re-appearance on the 1st of June. "But is it permitted," she asks, "in a theatre, that a tragic actress should sometimes suffer human affliction (her sister Rebecca was ill)? It requires (viz. the theatre), like a despotic tyrant, that our souls should not extend beyond the foot lights. Allons, since I have a salary, I must turn somersaults like the clown (*Paillasse*) when the bills announce me."

There is also a letter from Mad. Raucourt to André Dumont, a member of the Committee of Safety, urging him to obtain the liberty of a woman who had been arrested. She says, "Put my note in your pocket, that you may be reminded of my entreaties. Adieu, André, adieu. Thine!"—*London Musical World*, December 1.

Vienna.

The reputation of the Kärntnerthor Opera House, although, for reasons which shall hereafter be considered, now somewhat on the wane, will give an interest to the following list of the managers and singers at present employed in the undertaking:—

GENERAL DIRECTORS—MM. Esser and Schober. FINANCE DEPARTMENT—Herr Steinhäuser.

COMPTROLLERS—Comte Lanzcoransky and Hofrath Raymond.

PRIME DONNE—Mad. Csillag, Mad. Dustman Meyer, Mad. Wildauer, Mlle. Kraus, Mad. Hoffman, Mlle. Liebhart.

CONTRALTO—Mlle. Sulzer.

SECONDE DONNE.—Mlle. Ferrari, Mlle. Weiss, Mlle. Kudelka, and Mlle. Koschok.

PRIMI TENORI—MM. Ander, Wachtel, and Walter.

SECONDI TENORI—MM. Gunz, Campe, and Barach.

BARITONI—MM. Beck, Hrabanek, Libisch, and Rudolph.

BASSI—Drachler, Schmied, Meyerhofer, Koch, Grauer and Hölzel.

1ST VIOLIN—Herr Helmesberger.

CONDUCTORS—MM. Esser, Proch, and Dessof.

The band and chorus, formerly of such remarkable excellence, have suffered considerably from the fact of three conductors being appointed to a post which one alone should fill.

The retirement of Eckert from this position cannot be sufficiently regretted. Since he left the precision and vigor of both the orchestra and chorus have but too evidently diminished, and it is hardly a matter of surprise, when it is considered that three conductors, Esser, Proch, and Dessof, supply his place alternately, and thereby prevent the possibility of that unity of feeling so absolutely necessary between a band and its conductor, which can only be attained by long and constant practice with each other. It is to this system of divided management that the decline of the Kärntnerthor Opera House is to be attributed. Its effect is observable in every branch of the establishment. Most evident in the band and chorus, it is also apparent on the stage in the slovenly costumes and careless *mise en scène*. Let us hope the system will be changed, and before it is too late. Comte Lanzcoransky regain your vigor, and don't let the Opera House, which formerly was an honor to you, lose its reputation through your indifference and neglect.—*Ibid*.

London.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—On Monday night an operetta in one act, entitled the *Marriage of Georgette*, was produced with unequivocal success. *Les Noces de Jeannette*, the French original, from the joint pens of MM. Barbier and Carré (authors of *Dimorah*), was brought out some years ago at the Opéra Comique. The music, by M. Victor Massé gained the first laurels for a young composer who has since taken rank among the most popular disciples of the late Adolphe Adam, and whose latest notable performance, *La Reine Topaze*, was, like *Les Noces de Jeannette*, composed expressly for the now celebrated Mad. Miolan Carvalho.

The *Marriage of Georgette* was preceded by the ballet of *The Ambuscade* and followed by Mr. Loder's admirable *Night Dancers*. Mr. Balfé's new opera—*Bianca, the Bravo's Bride*—is in active rehearsal.

DEATH OF RELLSTAB.—The most celebrated of the journalists of Berlin, Louis Rellstab, died on the night of Nov. 27. The evening previous he had been present at the opera, and the next morning was found dead in his bed. He was born April 18, 1799, at Berlin, where his father was a music publisher and afterwards a bookseller. Having finished his classical studies, Rellstab, in 1815, entered the service, which he left in 1821, with the rank of lieutenant. In 1827 he became connected with the *Gazette de Voss*, to which he contributed articles concerning music. He was also one of the *collaborateurs* of the *Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*. Our readers have not forgotten his recent correspondence, which was distinguished by the poetic elegance of style, filled with images. Among his works unknown to criticism may be cited the libretto of the "Camp of Silesia," for which Meyerbeer wrote the score. A long procession accompanied his mortal remains, among whom were seen Meyerbeer, M. de Hulsen, superintendent general of the Theatres; the Aulic Councillor, Schneider, and a host of artists from the theatres, journalists, &c. The singers of the Opera executed several morceaux around the bier, before the body was removed. After the funeral oration, pronounced by the preacher Stahn, the procession moved, preceded by the bands of the Cuirassiers and of the Dragoons of the Guard.—*Gazette Musicale*.

Signora TREBELLI, it is said, has been engaged at Berlin for five years.

Musical Chit-Chat.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB hardly need that we should direct our readers' attention to their advertisement on the first page. There will be much curiosity to hear the new quintette, by Mr. Eichberg, the accomplished conductor of the Museum orchestra.

THE ORPHEUS QUARTETTE CLUB announce a concert which should be fully attended. The gentlemen composing this Club are the very élite of the Orpheus Society, and gave the highest satisfaction at the last concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

THE MESSIAH. Our readers will not fail to notice the advertisement of the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. They offer the MESSIAH for Sunday night, and we learn that on the success which attends this performance depends some projected performances at which it is hoped to secure the assistance of Formés previous to his approaching return to Europe.

M. R. P. is informed that Rau's works on Beethoven are not biographies but a sort of romance. They are alluded to by the "Diariat" in a recent letter and have not been translated into English.

NATHAN RICHARDSON.—An Instruction book for the Piano has just been published, which purports to be a collection of the last efforts of the lamented NATHAN RICHARDSON, when in fact it is but a re-modeling of an old production, which he himself discarded as imperfect. The title-page of the book is "The New Modern School for the Piano Forte," with a portrait of Nathan Richardson, and purporting to contain "all that is original, important, and valuable, in Mr. R's former works," and it is made to resemble in its general appearance the "New Method for the Piano," which has met with that eminent success which the genius of its departed author could not fail to secure for it.

Persons purchasing carelessly are quite likely to be misled, and to take the book when they suppose they are getting the New Method, though a very casual examination of the contents of the two books will reveal the great difference between them. It is deeply regretted that any publisher should be found willing to issue the book in its present form, as to the extent it may be sold it is injurious to the fame of the author, who is no longer here to protect himself, and takes from his widow so much of the only means of subsistence left to her by her distinguished husband. From the proceeds of the sales of the New Method, the copyright of which was her legacy, she has brought the remains of her husband from a foreign land, and deposited them in the soil which was familiar to his youth, and from future sales she must rely for her support.

The unnecessary cruelty of introducing as a compliment, a portrait of Mr. Richardson into a book designed to do him incalculable injury, we forbear commenting upon.

These facts, we trust and desire, will induce the friends of music to do justice to the dead and the living.—*City Item*.

Music and Peace.

Music is the language of harmony. It is the highest mode of articulate expression, and its true voice ever speaks for peace and love. The devil has taken possession of all the best tunes, said an old divine, once upon a time, and he might have added that he hired all the poets too. But it is one of the hopeful signs of this transition age that not only poetry and music, but the general arts, are returning to their legitimate offices of advancing the general harmony and elevating the general virtue. The poets, whom Horace stigmatized as cowards and humble laudators of the deeds they were disqualified to perform, now stand, like Lamartine, and Victor Hugo, and John Bowring, and Bryant, and Longfellow, in the van of liberty, and have braved oppression and wrong; and painters, whose grandest tableaux were of battles, now present to the eyes of the people, like Edward Landseer, the beauties of peace beside the horrors of war. Music, when attuned to the harmonies of nature, always subdues and softens the soul. Thibaut, the celebrated professor of law in Heidelberg, relates that a young man, his guest, who had listened to the performance of a composition of Lotti, exclaimed, when he left his house, "Oh, this evening I could do no harm to my greatest enemy." Zwingle, the Swiss reformer, when reproached by Faber, afterward Bishop of Vienna, for cultivating music, said, "Thou dost not know, my dear Faber, what music is. I love to play a little upon the lute, the violin, and other instruments. Ah, if thou couldst only feel the tones of the celestial lute, the evil spirit of ambition, and of the love of riches, which possess thee, would then quickly depart from thee." When the child upon its mother's knee is weeping, she soothes it with a song. "The ancients pretended," says Madame de Stael, "that nations were civilized by music, and this allegory has a deep meaning; for we must always suppose that the bond of society was formed by sympathy or interest, and certainly the first origin is more noble than the second." Among the instrumentalities of peace and love, surely there can be no sweeter, softer, more affective voice than that of a gentle voice breathing music.—*Burrill's Citizen.*

Influence of Music on the Mind.

The love of sweet sounds has prevailed in every age and every clime as one of the most prominent characteristics of humanity since the world began. From the reed pipe of the shepherd, with which he endeared himself to his bleating flock, and obtained a solace for his own heart, to the grand choruses of the Grecian drama, where refinement and luxury came as aids to the potent spells of harmony, man, whether savage or civilized, whether in war or peace, in comfort or distress, has ever sought for emotions of pleasure in the concord of sweet sounds.

The ecstasies of the mind when brought under the influence of modulated sounds, have often operated as powerful aids to heroism, and to lofty purposes of good, and have inspired feelings of poetry and devotion, such as in a silent world could never have been born. The tragedian Alfieri composed all his beautiful dramas either when listening to soft music, or immediately after having heard it; and at such times his soul was so completely possessed with the beauty of the melody and the bewitching powers of musical strains, that he was as one inspired by some higher power, and felt himself immortal. In fact, with many men of refined feelings, and possessing delicate sensibilities to the charms of music, the performance of beautiful composition acts as a spell of enchantment, and deprives them of all power to resist its influence. Such men as Alfieri, when under the sorcery of music, are as men bewitched. Milton exquisitely expresses this in a passage where the marriage of poetry and philosophy is for once perfect:

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the cloister's studious pale,
And love the high-embowered roof,
And antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below.
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness through mine ear
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

To the potency of music in influencing the feelings and conditions of the mind, must we attribute the attachment of races to their native music and national songs. A rude, uncultivated, and dejected peasantry may suddenly be roused from their serfdom by the airs and songs of their homes; and, while awakened to a consciousness of their wrongs, inspired with strength and purpose to destroy them. The effect produced on the Swiss soldiers, when in the service of the French, by an ancient air known in Switzerland as the "Ranz des Vaches," was so

powerful, that it was forbidden to be played; it so forcibly reminded the men of their homes amid the mountains, as to make them desert. Scarcely any people are more attached to their native music than the Scotch; and whenever they hear the airs of their own hills, they are fired with enthusiasm and the love of home. At the battle of Quebec, in 1760, while the British troops were retreating in great disorder, the general complained to a field officer in Fraser's regiment of the bad behavior of his corps. "Sir," replied he, with some warmth, "you did very wrong in forbidding the pipers to play this morning; nothing encourages the Highlanders so much in the day of action: nay, even now they would be of some use." "Let them blow like the devil, then, if it will bring back the men," answered the general. The pipers were ordered to play a favorite martial air, and the Highlanders, the moment they heard it, returned, and formed with alacrity in the rear. In the late war in India, Sir Eyre Coote, aware of the attachment of the Highlanders to their favorite instrument, gave £50 to his troop to buy a pair of bag-pipes after the battle of Porto Nuovo.

The effect of music on the mind is much influenced by association and memory. In the attachment of men to the songs and airs of their native land, there is also associated the scenery, the green valleys, the brown woods, the mountains, moors, and streams; which memory, with fancy's vivid pencil, paints upon the heart when awakened by the songs of home. But there is something deeper, something more occult and mysterious in the power of harmonious sound. When we listen to the performance of exquisite overtures and passages selected from the great masters, when wholly unaccompanied by the magical tones of the human voice, we become conscious of an effect the cause of which lies more remote than the associations of scenery and the dear memories of home, and which can only be explained by attributing them to an internal and intuitive perception of the mind, by which it clings with rapture to these waves of sound, not for the memory of scenes which they awaken, but for the love of harmony alone. Milton, when his darkness was approaching him, speaks of rays of light rushing upon him with a kind of noise; and the blind have frequently attached a perception or idea of color to sweet sounds. The senses all mutually affect each other, and the use of either suggests to the mind certain objects which belong to the others also. It is by this unity of sense that the whole being becomes enchained by modulated sound, and the correspondence between musical vibration and nervous action, is so close, that music alone is capable of influencing the health of the body and the soundness and character of the mind. In the Auxerre Asylum, many insane persons have been restored by means of music; and the reports made by inquirers into the treatment of lunacy, invariably testify to the value of music in restoring the insane. The highest geniuses are frequently but a few removes from madness; and, in such, the extreme susceptibility of the nervous system renders music one of the most powerful of charms. Mozart, even when young, would turn pale at the sound of a trumpet, and become convulsed at a harsh discord; and only a melody and touch like his own could soothe and balm his heart.

The old fable of the bite of the tarantula being cured by the sounds of music only, deserves to be regarded with more reverence than an old wife's tale. Democritus tells us, that many diseases may be charmed away by the melody of a flute; and it is well known that Asclepiades treated sciatica successfully with the sound of a trumpet: and what is worthy of remark, he tells us that the malady did not disappear unless the diseased part trembled in sympathy with the sound.

There is no music either so soothing, or so capable of inspiring the mind with energy and warmth, as that of the human voice, and it is only in so far as each instrument corresponds with some tone of utterance belonging to human passion, that it becomes capable of raising the mind into action, and endowing the nervous system with force, precision, and vigilance.—*Life Illustrated.*

THE TELEGRAPH IN THE OPERA.—In the new French opera house about to be erected, says the *Constitutionnel*, "the electric telegraph will, it is said, play a very prominent part. An instantaneous line of communication is to be established between the Cabinet of the Minister of State and that of the director of the theatre; a wire will also run from the box office to the principal hotels, so that strangers will be able to engage places immediately on their arrival in Paris, and by the aid of the same electric power the prompter will be enabled to give notice to the actors and actresses in their rooms when the curtain is about to rise."

Special Notices.

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An easy song, well written and likely to be received with much favor by amateur singers.

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The first is a fine song for a baritone voice. The duet should meet with a ready sale as the few operatic duets for low men's voices that have been available for amateurs, are pretty well worn. This new one will be a favorite with singers and hearers.

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Der Freischütz. Rondo. J. E. Muller. 25

A pretty and instructive piece for young scholars.

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One of Strauss' best sets, which is known wherever the waltz is danced, in a capital four-hand arrangement. When well played these waltzes have a wonderful effect.

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A valuable addition to the list of Ditson's Brass Band music, which already comprises the best and most popular Serenades, Marches, Waltzes, &c.

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A new mazurka by this popular author. It will soon be on the piano of every amateur player who is fond of the light sparkling parlor music, which Ascher writes so well.

Books.

THE HOSANNA. A new Collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Anthems, Motets, Sentences and Chants, for the use of Choirs, Congregations, Singing Schools, and Musical Associations. By Leonard Marshall. 75

In presenting a new edition of this work attention is particularly called to its adaptation to the wants of either full choirs or quartets. As simplicity in pieces designed for general use is undoubtedly a great desideratum, a large number of the tunes in this book have been made as easy as possible, always, however, with a care that a just musical effect should not be sacrificed to mere facility of execution. A sufficient number of pieces composed with particular reference to quartets and singers of more extended musical education, have also been inserted. Care has been taken not to omit those old and well approved tunes which have been found so useful for congregational singing; and several American compositions popular a quarter of a century ago, also, the Anthem for Easter are included.

The Anthems, Sentences and Choirs form an important feature in this book.

The Elementary department is on the Pestalozzian system, it is thought that the intelligent practice of these exercises will impart not only a theoretical, but a practical acquaintance with all the elementary principles of vocal music.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 457.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 5, 1861.

VOL. XVIII. No. 14.

Robert Franz.

Robert Franz was born on the 28th of June, in the year 1815, at Halle on the Saale. His parents belonged to the middle class, and had in their characters none of the elements to which the artistic tendencies of their son could be traced. His father was, as it not seldom happens, a sworn enemy to all so-called unprofitable things and gainless arts. Notwithstanding this, he must have been the more gifted of the two for music; for in his old age he sang to the great enjoyment of his children, a number of chorals and motets, which he had from time to time heard and learned in his school-days, with the purest intonation and most undeviating accuracy. These artistic manifestations only extended to church music—he was insensible to all other musical impressions. His mother possessed sound and sterling qualities, and sought by her own diligence to supply the deficiency of culture which was a necessary result of the manner in which she was brought up. She took great interest in the education of her son and daughter; the employments of the father kept him the whole day away from the house, so that he concerned himself but little about this children.

In this way the boy grew up, while his relations, and perhaps even he himself remained unconscious of the musical capacities slumbering within him. His father took him sometimes to church on high festival days; when the customary church music was to be performed; "which must have whirled around wonderfully in my head, for I well remember to have dreamed and hummed about the house for weeks afterwards." But there the thing ended. When old enough he attended the grammar school of the Halle "Waisenhaus," whose higher classes practised singing one hour weekly. "The 'Cantor' now and then allowed us to sing two and three part songs: the second part was sung by carefully chosen pupils, to whom I in no way belonged, and who were placed upon a separate bench. I sat with the larger number. Often I could not resist the strong desire I felt of extemporizing a second part, and drew upon myself, in consequence of this unlawful private amusement, many hard boxes on the ear from the 'Cantor,' which did not however prevent me from running courageously into the same danger on the very next occasion. The rest of the school did not sing by note, but only by cipher; in the higher classes alone did the 'Cantor' venture to exercise us in reading by note.

In his fourteenth year he left the grammar school and entered the Latin school, formerly the "Waisenhausgymnasium." About this time, as he himself relates, his first musical tendencies were manifested. One of his relations had a son who was a piano-maker, in Vienna, and who, while on a visit to his mother, had discovered an old clavichord at an auction. This spinet like thing, not leathered but quilled and without dampers, he strung anew

for his own use, and then left it with his mother for her own private entertainment. "The good woman sat for hours at the instrument, and thrummed unweariedly on the keys, without having the least idea of music. My mother gave me an account of this interesting pastime, and curiosity, or if you will, an inner voice, impelled me to take a personal observation of these performances. This decided my fate. From this time I was not to be separated from my relation, and vied with her in attempts—quite enough to make one's hair stand on end—to draw harmonious sounds from the dismally groaning instrument. The mere playing upon it naturally could not long content me, and I forthwith betook myself to more earnest studies. In the drawer of the clavichord I discovered a written set of long forgotten dances, probably a relic of the first possessor, and this furnished the basis of my artistic development. At the grammar school I had learned some violin notes, and I found out with my own hand the tones corresponding to them. The bass-notes naturally gave me more trouble, but these also I gradually learned, and was thus placed in a position to lay quite extensive plans. With the most striking perseverance I contended boldly with all obstacles, though it is to this day a complete riddle to me, how I succeeded in successfully overcoming them." His mother must have been at first greatly astonished to witness this absorbing interest, but finally, though with many shakes of the head, she consented that he should ask his father to purchase the beloved instrument for him. Then arose an energetic opposition; his father would not have such a disturber of peace in the house; but finally yielded to his repeated solicitations and bought the instrument for eight Prussian thalers. Then began a noise in the paternal house—father, mother and sister from that time enjoyed no more quiet hours.

"I was then a stout boy of fourteen years, who was not to be trifled with in any way and knew how to carry his point. So I now petitioned for an instructor on the piano, and my mother was actually compelled to procure one for me." A relation, who played a little on the piano, was intrusted with the instruction of the young art-aspīrant, and one need only recall his own experience, in order to obtain an idea of the manner in which the ground was prepared for the budding sapling. The teacher did not know much more than the scholar—soon came saucy questions, and consequently serious collisions, and it may be imagined that the "stout youngster" did not sweeten the task to his preceptor. The final result of these proceedings was a change of teacher, though without any especial gain for the pupil, as the new master was worth no more than the old; the little drama was repeated in the shortest space of time, and so it happened, that I went from one teacher to another, without having enjoyed anything which deserved the name of instruction. I found myself thrown upon my own resources, and wavered about first

in one direction and then in another, in the most bewildered manner. Two circulating libraries in Halle supplied the varied materials for musical studies, and all were blindly taken out and heaped one upon another; Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Herz, Kalkbrenner and Hummel; you may imagine what a confused state my head was in. At least these mad doings found by chance a wiser limitation." A teacher at the Gymnasium named Abela, held once a week a chorus practising for the more gifted pupils. Our friend joined the class, and the master's attention was soon attracted to him. He himself played but little on the piano, and was delighted to discover in the boy a "remarkable reader by note," to whom he could without anxiety trust the accompaniments. "These chorus rehearsals certainly exercised an important influence upon my later development; the cantatas of Mozart and Haydn, the oratorios and psalms of Handel concentrated my rambling attention and formed a lasting foundation for future growth. It is true I remained as before self-taught, but now in a way which must preserve me from a ridiculous end."

As his devotion to music took exclusive possession of the mental faculties of the youth,—"wherever I was, it was unceasingly running in my head"—so it could not but follow that his studies at college should be seriously interfered with. The unclassical pursuits of the youth were at first treated with ridicule and then with harshness—so much the more intense did his longing become to devote himself unrestrainedly to artistic pursuits. While in this distress he entered a higher class at the college—and his parents found themselves finally compelled most reluctantly to yield to their lost son and to place no further obstacles in the way of his devotion to the art. His mother was in despair, because she saw no end to the thing, his father scolded, their interest in him only made his situation more insupportable through taunts and reproaches—"only my simple but unshaken belief in my destiny enabled me to stand from amid all this misery and to induce them to bring this painful situation to an end, by taking me from college, and allowing me to try my fate under the auspices of Fr. Schneider. My attempts at composition had all the faults of foolish self-teaching, and betrayed neither talent for form, nor any intrinsic worth. If at this day a young man should present himself to me who had accomplished the same as I had done at that time, desiring me to decide upon his future course, I should advise him to do anything else rather than to enter upon the profession of an artist. I was only an inferior performer on the piano, and on the organ, which I had taught myself, I was equally unskilful. With regard to Schneider's requirements of young art-students, he was easily satisfied; we were expected to be present at the hours of instruction, and at the orchestra and singing-rehearsals, otherwise we were left to ourselves. Here also it ended in my being again thrown upon my own resources. Not a long time

elapsed before I belonged to those "personis ingratiss" who thought they knew many things better than the master. When I reflect now impartially upon my connexion with Schneider, I do not wonder for an instant that we separated from each other; two more uncongenial natures than were ours could scarcely be found. Among my remaining fellow-students, I chose only the congenial ones, and we pursued our artistic studies privately on our own responsibility."

After remaining two years at Dessau he returned home, but at once encountered again the same bitterness. It was required of him to give undeniable proofs of his ability under the most difficult circumstances in the world. His compositions thus far were good for nothing, they had the doubtful worth of pedantic studies. Not being far advanced as a performer either upon the piano or upon the organ, our friend was wanting in those qualifications which were needed to awaken the interest of the public in him. The paternal house possessed no connexions, but on the contrary was rather a hindrance to their being formed. For that purpose all the relations desired to see substantial results of his studies, and as these could not be brought forward, there was naturally no lack of reproaches of the severest and most inconsiderate kind. In order to escape these he endeavored to obtain a vacant place as music teacher and director of a small singing society in Schönebeck. Some good spirit, however, counselled him to take a survey of things in the place itself before entering upon the engagement. "But what I saw and heard there, was not at all attractive! Without hesitation I shook the dust from my feet and returned to Halle, never more to leave it. Naturally this attempt also aided in rendering my stay in my father's house still more uncomfortable; I was deserted by all except my mother. Had I not possessed her, had she not remained true to me and stood bravely by my side—I should have sunk under this dreadful wretchedness."

After nearly a year of such suffering, Franz was admitted into the musical circle of Schröner, "Landgerichts director" at Halle, and this event exercised an important influence upon his future development. Principally compositions of the old Italian masters and works of Bach and Handel were practised in this circle. Franz, at first one of the chorus, soon became the accompanist, and thus the direction of the whole fell into his hands. "Puffed up with self-sufficiency, the sad inheritance of the high school at Dessau, I looked at first with contempt upon the efforts of these dilettanti;" they knew neither simple nor double counterpoint, they knew not how to fabricate canons or to manufacture fugues. Quickly enough must I have made myself ridiculous from my arrogance—they saw in my knowledge only means to an end and with regard to this end their views were different from mine. They judged of the intrinsic worth of a work of art, not of its form, the latter was a matter of course in a true work of art. That I continually got the worst in these contests was plainly visible to me, and I began to reflect more deeply upon these fundamental principles. From this time things appeared to me in a new light. The old Italian masters did not move me much, but Bach on the contrary made the greatest impression upon me. Until now I had really known him only by name. Wholly astonished I entered

suddenly upon a world of which my soul had never dreamed. At this time also, began my first acquaintance with Schubert; and it may easily be imagined what a strong impression this soul of fire must have produced upon me. The results of this newly acquired knowledge were not slow to manifest themselves, and I drew a dash over my past life and so to speak began a new existence. The compositions of Bach and Schubert served as models for me; first of all I entirely gave up composing: what I wished to express, was in the most violent opposition to my now circumscribed interests. These raged entirely unchecked within me and finally took possession of me so wholly, that my devotion to them was fast becoming morbid. Schubert especially wrought so fearfully upon my brain, and made my nervous system so irritable that it unfortunately made me subject to a deafness, which to this day still torments me." Gradually his acquaintance in Halle became extended beyond that little circle. Intercourse with young academicians furthered his culture; Ruge's periodical review, which at that period was exerting a great influence in Halle, aided his strivings; the philosophical, æsthetic and critical knowledge also that he had acquired, found application in his artistic studies, and aided him in an important manner to understand the principles of art. He had a large circle of friends and acquaintances, "a continual coming and going, with a constant ebbing and flowing of ideas, refreshed me infinitely, and taught me to look at things and to judge of them from different points of view. After my passion for Bach and Handel had somewhat cooled, or rather after I had appropriated to myself what in them was congenial to my nature, a period followed, which drew me strongly towards my eminent cotemporaries. Pre-eminently did Schumann bring to maturity, much that until then slowly fermenting had been working within me." A long journey to Salzburg and the Tyrol which Franz undertook for the sake of trying to restore his hearing, must have exercised a healing and strengthening influence upon his whole being, for after his return, signs suddenly appeared of self-dependent creative powers: "I must compose, because I cannot help it. The longer my powers had been pent up, the more stormily did they now burst forth. From that time I date my true studies; I taught myself art-expression. With every new song my power increased, and I gained variety in form, which until then had been wanting to me. The necessity of acquiring clearness in my ideas was exceedingly useful to me; I never succeeded in composing until I knew exactly what I meant to express. Ambition had until then been a stranger to me—that also had been an advantage to me; for I composed not for others, but first of all for myself, pouring forth my little sorrows and joys in true artistic genius. This egotism did not allow me to think of bringing my compositions into publicity—that seemed to me like a profanation of my holiest feelings." Many friends of our artist, and among them especially his present brother-in-law "Hinrichs," urged him strongly to publish some of his sets of songs. He sent them to Schumann who interested himself most earnestly about them, and almost immediately obtained a publisher for them. Of his method of occupying himself with art, he says himself, that in spite of his constant musical pursuits, he

could yet speak of no really musical studies in which he had been engaged at any one time. "I threw myself over head and ears into everything which interested me, and can only truly think of myself as enjoying. By nature I possessed great powers of observation, I never enjoyed blindly, but ever sought to understand clearly the reasons of my satisfaction or dissatisfaction with the objects. To this harmonious balance between reason and feeling do I owe principally what I have become; it has helped me easily to surmount all difficulties. A sound instinct also impelled me to occupy myself only with those things which corresponded to my taste and feeling, and to have absolutely nothing to do with whatever was in opposition to my own individuality. In enjoying I have always learned, and that has been my experience until the present day. That I almost exclusively employed the song-form, and but seldom wrote in any other manner, was at first the result of irresistible necessity: later I was convinced that in this form my meaning received its truest expression. In the main I have not swerved from this rule, and could with difficulty resolve to make a trial of any other mode." Franz lives at present honored in Halle his native place, which could not refuse to recognize his genius, although his fame first extended itself abroad, before he was justly appreciated by his fellow-townsmen. Thus gradually the direction of the "Sing-Akademie" and the Halle "Gesellschafts Concerte" fell into his hands, he had been for a long time already their organist. At the University he had lately been elected music director. He had given, as before mentioned, a direction and important artistic meaning to the musical life at Halle, especially through numberless classical performances, more particularly of the works of Bach and Handel; the firm yet modest character of our artist cannot fail to exercise an important moral influence over his whole circle of friends and acquaintances, the performances of the Halle "Akademie" are a reflection of himself; musically solid, upon the ground work of perfection full of freedom, without vain show or regard to momentary consequences. Franz at present enjoys the universal esteem of his fellow-townsmen, and the exalted appreciation of his fellow-artists.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Music in France.

We have long felt the need of an epitome of French musical history, some sketch book of the annals of the art, which might serve as the thread upon which to string the facts in history and biography, which we are continually picking up in the course of our reading, but which we know not exactly how to place in proper historical and chronological order. There are plenty of old books, some of them are of great extent—none of them to our purpose. M. Charles Poisot, of Paris, has just published the book needed. Originally essays in the *Univers Musical*, it is now a carefully revised but rapid survey of the music of his country down to the year 1860. The whole forms but a small duodecimo volume of some 300 pages. The first seven chapters are devoted to the origin and progress of sacred or liturgic music, of course that of the Roman Catholic church, of which confession the author is a devoted member, as a hundred passages in his work prove. This fact, however, is

one which rather adds to than diminishes the interest of his book, as it gives us an insight into that religious feeling, from which has sprung so much of the most glorious music of the greatest composers—that of the mass, the highest form of music in the opinion of such men as Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini.

Then follow sketches of the history of the Grand Opera, of the Chanson and Vaudeville, of the Opera Comique, Instrumental Music, the Conservatoire, &c.

It seems to us that we can do our readers no greater favor than to give them, from time to time, portions of this work of M. Poisot, and beginning with a translation of the first few chapters of the book, not perhaps the most interesting, but we hope of no small value, especially to that portion of our readers who sympathize with the author in their religious faith.

We add here some passages from M. Poisot's introduction, from which the reader will see that he is as devoted a Frenchman as he is a devout Roman Catholic. Whether the reader will be disposed to admit the author's claims of credit to France and Frenchmen, is perhaps a question. What he says of the Bards may not perhaps be new, but as they form his starting point, it seems proper that it should find a place here.

"No one, to my knowledge," says M. Poisot, "has treated the subject which I have here undertaken. Yet, in fact, precious documents are scattered through great numbers of books; but they needed to be brought together, made complete and arranged in chronologic and historic order.

"This seems to me the right time to bring out to the light our French school, formerly so brilliant, still so remarkable and yet so little known by artists, amateurs and the public generally.

"Opera, it is true, originated in Italy; Germany is the fatherland of instrumental music and the symphony; but France had also its national music in the chanson, the vaudeville and the comic opera.*

"Through the good sense, taste and wise eclecticism which characterize it, the French school at the present time tends to become universal in Europe and to rule the entire musical world. [Bravo, M. Poisot!] Why does every illustrious stranger seek with such ardor success in Paris? Because Paris is, in fact, the head of the civilized world, the modern Athens, the city which makes reputations; and as our language, so clear, so perspicuous, so precise, tends by its use in European diplomacy to conquer the place held by the Latin in the middle ages, so our school of music is substituting itself for all others through its faculty of absorbing the various merits of the schools of the most diverse countries. * * * * *

"Before speaking of the divisions which we have adopted in this work, let us cast a glance backward upon the music of the ancient races, which fixed themselves successively upon the soil which we inhabit."

We omit what the author now says upon Enoch and Jubal and Tubal Cain, and other worthies, doubtless better known to our readers than to the public which M. Poisot addresses. Nor will we follow him in following the disper-

sions of the races which sprang from Shem, Ham and Japhet, but take him up again at the point where he speaks of Bardism.

"According to J. C. Walker, in his *Memoirs of the Irish Bards*, (4to. Dublin, 1786), Ambergin, brother of Heber, first Monarch of Ireland, had the rank of Chief of the Bards. This dignity imposed on him the triple duty of poet, historian and legislator. The Colleges of the Bards were held in the depths of oaken forests. There, the Druids taught their disciples the elements of history, the art of oratory, the Laws, by means of poetry, in which was contained all the science of those distant ages. Music was always connected with this multiple course of instruction and was regarded as the most exquisite division of human knowledge. Their teachings were oral, and were continued from twelve to twenty years.

"The word *Bard* comes from *Bâr* or *Barydd* which signifies the "fine frenzy" or exaltation of the poet. Famous singers celebrated to the sound of the lyre or harp the acts and deeds of heroes and preserved the genealogies of all their princes which they carried back in a direct line to Adam!

"In Ireland, when the student had finished his course, a bonnet called *barred* and the degree *Ollamh* (or doctor) were conferred upon him. Every profession being hereditary the candidates for Bardism were necessarily of certain families.

"As soon as the young Bard had received his degree of *Ollamh*, the choice of his profession was determined by that of the family to which he belonged. He became *Filea*, *Breitheamh* or *Seanacha* according to his birth; these offices, long united in the same person, had become separated, their duties being thought too numerous for a single individual.

"The *Ollamhain-re-dan* or *Filidhe* were poets; they preserved in verse the traditions of religion; they animated, both before and during the combat, the soldiery with martial odes and songs of war; they celebrated valorous deeds, and composed verses upon the births, marriages and deaths of the chiefs and princes, who held them in their service. The *Filidhe* were also the heralds and faithful followers of their princes; they marched at the head of the armies, clad in long white flowing robes, holding magnificent harps in their hands and surrounded by the *Orfidigh* or musicians of the orchestra.

"During battle, they held themselves aloof and from a safe place—their persons being held sacred—watched the deeds of their chieftain. The muse animated them and aided their watchfulness: some even pretended to the gift of prophecy, and the better instructed among them were admitted into the order of the Druids.

"The *Breitheamhain* or *Brehons* promulgated their laws in a sort of recitative, sitting upon an eminence in the open air. They united the double functions of judges and legislators.

"The *Seanachaidhe* were antiquaries, genealogists and historians; each province, chief, prince had their own.

"Besides these three orders of Bards, there was another of inferior grade comprehending all players upon instruments. To all classes of these, their profession was also hereditary.

"In Gaul, as in Ireland, the Bards immortalized in their verses the actions of heroes; moreover they often interposed in combat and through their influence the sword was often returned to

its scabbard. They even censured their chiefs, when their actions were not exempt from reproach.

"Thus viewed, the part which music played becomes really sacerdotal. It added to the majesty of religious rites, by giving more of force and harmony to public prayer, appeased the fury of the warriors, taught history and preserved the memory of grand deeds, reprehended those who did wrong; truly grand and important functions, whose benefits might in our day be felt, if those who rule in art would will it seriously and perseveringly.

"Under the Roman dominion Gaul received the influence of Greek civilization, but the Roman emperors were often cruel and sanguinary. A law of Claudius abolished the Druidical rites and ordained the extermination of the priests. The noble profession of the Bards degenerated by degrees under the corrupting influence of strange and pagan manners. According to Athenaeus, they became mere courtiers and parasites.

"The principal string instruments in use in Roman Gaul were the barbiton or lute; the psaltery of ten strings, which were played with a plectrum; the cythary of two, four or eight flaxen strings, under powerful tension. Among the wind instruments were the horn of the Urochs; the marine trumpet [?]; Pan's pipes; trumpets, straight and curved; the simple flute, straight or curved, long or short; and the double flute of wood or silver. The bag pipes and shepherd's pipes are curious relics of our ancient instruments. The instruments of percussion in use in those times were, cymbals, *crotales*, cithern, (of Egyptian origin), and the Basque drum. But, soon the invasion by barbarous nations began to pull down the structure of the Roman empire; the Burgundians and Franks successively overran Gaul, and Clovis founded the first united French monarchy.

"A grander cause of civilization had risen in the East. In time of Augustus Christianity was born in the stable at Bethlehem. The apostles soon spread the Good News in all lands. The church at Lyons was founded by Pothin and Iranaeus, coming thither from Smyrna. Christians were multiplied through the influence of eloquent preaching but more through martyrdom. Clotilde converted Clovis. Martin, Hilaire and Denis had planted the faith among the Gauls. When the light of the Gospel had caused the dark mysteries of Druidism to vanish, the Bards no longer sang the praises of false gods, but made their harps to sound in honor of the Trinity. The Christians also spread their doctrines with the aid of hymns and sacred canticles. Thus we see that in all times, under all forms of civilization and religion, music was added to prose and poetry to augment their force and add to their effects."

(To be continued.)

Moravian Christmas Festivities.

In no church upon earth are the festivities which characterize Christmas better calculated to arouse and impress a just conception of the holy subject of commemoration, than among that devoted band of Christ's followers—the Moravians. Truthful specimens of art, illustrating a variety of incidents connected with the nativity, decorate the houses of the village congregations, while the services in the churches themselves are conducted with appropriate forms, heightened by impressive and beautiful music. To the children, especially, are these annual religious demonstrations fraught with the highest temporal

* Has England nothing? Can M. Poisot show any secular part music earlier than the old English "Sumer is Icomen in"? German writers allow (by inference) credit to England in this branch of music.

and spiritual pleasure—scenes and services these which cling as the ivy itself to their hearts, through all the shifting phases of after life. On Christmas Eve, a prominent place is assigned the little ones of the flock, immediately in front of the minister, who discourses upon the gospel narrative of the Saviour's birth in language adapted to the understanding of the simplest intellect. The children unite enthusiastically in the hymns of joy and praise; and, to quote an able writer, "when, near the close, Christ is being sung as the 'Light of the World and Sun of Righteousness,' the doors of the hall are thrown open, and hundreds of burning wax tapers illuminate the uncertain light of the declining day, words cannot express the delight beaming in the countenances of the happy gathering of little ones." Festivities, thus peculiar and impressive, annually congregate into the Moravian towns immense herds of country farmers with their sons and daughters. These latter are attracted by the twofold object of witnessing the religious exercises, and of gadding through various houses in which there may be found ingenious and tasteful "Putzes," or Christmas decorations; many of which it may be remarked, would suffer but little, when subjected to severe art criticism. Amid boughs of spruce, hung in graceful and thickly netted wreaths and festoons, forming verdant alcoves, may be discovered fanciful imitations of landscape features; mills in active operation; ponds alive with ducks and geese, steadily sailing with the motion of unseen magnets; flocks of sheep and squadrons of grazing cattle; and perchance, suspended over all this idyllic scene in miniature, a large, illuminated transparency, portraying with vivid effect the infant Saviour in his rude manger, surrounded by the brute denizens of the stable. Angels pendant, swing gracefully through the scene, lighted into effect by multitudinous wax candles.

The music in the church services is admirable and appropriately chosen. Rich, gushing tones of the organ, moulded into devotional harmonies by well-skilled students of the solid German choral style, peal solemnly through the sacred edifice; and from the key-note at the close of the voluntary proceeds a classic symphony, in which a full orchestra combines with the instrument, thus doubly enhancing the effect. And after the symphonic prelude, the choir, numbering many well-trained voices, vocalizes anthems replete with love and gratitude—glorifying the incarnation of a world's Saviour in strains of joyous and heavenly harmony. These anthems are culled from the works of Haydn, Graun, Beethoven, Beckler, and others; nor can any person who has ever heard the Rev. Francis Hagen's beautiful composition—*Morgenstern auf Fenster Nacht*—sung in alternate melodic movements by the choir and the band of little children below, forget its almost heavenly effect. Many of our patrons, who have been educated in the celebrated Moravian schools, will recall vividly the scenes herein described. May each succeeding Christmas find them as happy as they must have been while seated in the unostentatious churches of the villages wherein passed their school days. And, in conclusion, a merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year to every reader whose eyes may chance to light upon this article!—*Amateur's Guide, Phil.*

Women and Music.

Dr. Holmes, in the "Professor's Story" in the *Atlantic Monthly*, speaks thus of the women without music in their souls.

"Beware of the woman who cannot find free utterance for all her stormy inner life either in words or song! So long as a woman can talk, there is nothing she cannot bear. If she cannot have a companion to listen to her woes, and has no musical utterance, vocal or instrumental, then—if she is of the real woman sort, and has a few heartfuls of wild blood in her, and you have done her a wrong—double bolt the door which she may enter on noiseless slipper at midnight; look twice before you taste of any cup whose draught the shadow of her hand may have darkened!

"But let her talk, and, above all, cry, or if she is one of the coarser-grained tribe, give her the run of all the red-hot expletives in the language, and let her blister her lips with them until she is tired, she will sleep like a lamb after it, and you may take a cup of coffee from her without stirring it up to look for its sediment.

"So, if she can sing, or play on any musical instrument, all her wickedness will run off through her throat or the tips of her fingers. How many tragedies find their peaceful catastrophe in fierce roulades and strenuous bravuras! How many murders are executed in double-quick time upon the keys which stab the air with their dagger-strokes of sound! What would our civilization be without the piano?

Are not Erard and Broadwood and Chickering the true humanizers of our time. Therefore do I love to hear the all-pervading *tum tum* jarring the walls of little parlors in houses with double door-plates on their portals, looking out on streets, and courts which to know is to be unknown, and where to exist is not to live, according to any true definition of living. Therefore I complain I not of modern degeneracy, when, even from the open window of the small unlovely farm house, tenanted by the hard-handed man of bovine flavors and the flat patterned woman of broken down countenance, issue the same familiar sounds. For who knows that Almira, but for these keys, which throb away her wild impulses in harmless discords, would not have been floating, dead, in the brown stream which runs through the meadows by her father's door,—or living, with that other current which runs beneath the gas lights over the slimy pavement, choking with wretched weeds that were once in spotless flavor.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 5, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha," Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

NEW SERIES.

No. 2.

BERLIN, Dec. 6, 1860.

After the week described in Leipzig came a yet richer week in Dresden, most beautiful of German cities. Golden October days, most rich and solemn, and nights as lustrous as the crystal air and harvest moon at its full could make them. But no—before going on with our slow record of the past, what if we gratify, or perhaps tantalize, the impatient reader by a moment's leap over into the present. Let us anticipate an instant and take just a glimpse of what is doing here and now. It is a bare inventory that I have to offer, simply the musical programme of this week in Berlin; which shall serve as a sample, hardly above the average, of the whole winter. See then what may be heard in Berlin in a single week. If the list is unusually rich in some particulars, as, for instance, in concerts of the great choral societies, it is below the average in others, say in the German department of the opera and in violin quartets. As it is, I can name only what is publicly announced, making no mention of much that is going on continually in smaller theatres and saloons, as well as occasional private or semi-private soirées of a selecter sort, which are not advertised. On the other hand, let me include in the account one or two choice private opportunities, which enrich the week for your reporter personally, since the object here is to show how much good music one may hear in Berlin in a week, as well as how much he must also lose from the impossibility of being present in two or more places at the same time. Let us begin with

Sunday, Dec. 2.

10 A.M. Services in the Dom or Court Church (Lutheran). The choir of boys and men, the most perfect in all Germany, sing a *Te Deum*, unaccompanied, in perfect tune, with silvery purity of voices, and some chorales.

4 P.M. LIEBIG'S KAPELLE (Orchestra), of forty-five, at Mäder's Salon, one of those splendid halls, where men, women and children spend their social afternoon, chatting, knitting, sipping coffee, and listening devoutly to the music, especially if it be Beethoven. Programme:

Overture: "Lear and Cordelia".....*Marie Moody*
Fantasia and Sonata, arranged for orchestra by
Ritter Seyfried.....*Mozart*
Overture to "Leonore," (No. 1).....*Beethoven*
Scherzo from "Midsummer Night's Dream."
Mendelssohn

Overture to "Leonore," (No. 2).....*Beethoven*
Symphony (No. 12), in D major.....*Haydn*

6 1-2 P.M. ROYAL OPERA HOUSE. German night. *Macbeth*, in 5 acts, after Shakspeare; music by Taubert, kapellmeister and conductor of the opera. Lady *Macbeth* by Frau Jachmann (JOHANNA WAGNER).

VICTORIA THEATRE. Italian Opera, with Mme. ANNA DE LA GRANGE, Mlle. DESIREE ARTOT, M. Carrion, &c. Probably *Norma* or *Lucia*, or some such old story. Possibly, *Il Barbiere*, a story (i. e. in music) that does not grow old.

FRIEDRICH-WILHELM-STÄDTISCHES THEATRE—terrible name to pronounce or write!—Light French Vaudeville or Comic Opera. Offenbach's *Orpheus in Der Hölle*, and Maillard's *Glöcklein des Eremiten* (Hermit's Bell), appear to divide nearly all the evenings between them.

Monday, Dec. 3.

ROYAL OPERA. Merelli's Italian Company. *Il Trovatore* (!), by Sig. Verdi. This troupe possesses one rare magnet for the public, in a fresh contralto of the very rarest, purest quality, Mlle. TREBELLI (*née* Gilbert, at Paris). No contralto that we ever heard—not excepting even Alboni—has a voice of such clear, metallic, fascinating quality, or sings the music of Rossini in a style so finished, chaste and noble; and there is the charm of unaffectedness in all she does. One longs to hear her in an opera of Gluck. She is a musician, too, it is said. From her earliest childhood her teachers were German, and at the age of 10 or 11 she could play Sonatas of Beethoven or fugues of Bach on the piano. Afterwards, when the rare treasure of her voice claimed especial culture, she was initiated into the songs of Schubert and other noble tone-poets. I have heard her only in *Tancredi* and a poorer opera of Rossini, and found report completely justified. The only soprano prima donna of this Italian (!) company is the Signora Lorini (our American Virginia Whiting), who has attained to a marvellous degree of facile florid execution, or what they call here *coloratur*. The men are quite indifferent.

The other two opera houses as above.

Tuesday, Dec. 4.

4 P.M. LIEBIG, at the Tonhalle (café, &c.). Gentlemen most politely requested not to smoke; with which request they comply for the most part, with a degree of self-sacrifice only appreciable by Germans; let the rest of us be thankful, and indulge them all the more on the first fit occasion. A few sneaking whiffs of rebellion there will be, naturally, in obscure corners on the outskirts of the crowd and up in the galleries; but, on the whole, pretty well for Germans. Verily Liebig is an institution. The man who, through the spell of Beethoven and Mozart, and even duller emulators of their fame, can keep tongues quiet in their heads and cigars reduced to secret restlessness in pockets, through three or four whole hours of German life, is certainly a benefactor to Art and the world. And his is no false, merely negative, Temperance Society principle.

He does good positively. He does not simply take away, he gives you something; pours you out generous, foaming, overflowing measures of pure soul champagne, the glorious inspirations of the masters who have sung best from the heart to the heart of universal harmony. And think how cheap we get it! It is almost "Come ye to the waters, without money and without price."

The admission to each concert is *five silbergroschen* or ten tickets (to be used when you will) for one *thaler*, that is, 7 1-2 cents for each concert! For which you get, this afternoon, this bill of fare:

- Overture to "Zampa".....*Herold*.
Symphony, in E flat.....*A. Romberg*.
Overture, (by a new aspirant).....*H. Urban*.
"Invitation to the Dance".....*Weber*.
Overture to "Tannhäuser".....*Wagner*.
Symphony, in B flat, No. 4.....*Beethoven*.

5 P.M. SING-AKADEMIE. Rehearsal at their beautiful. Three hundred voices; ladies and gentlemen who feel it a privilege to pay something for the pleasure and instruction of practising the best kind of choral music under the direction of such masters as the venerable GRELL, (now esteemed the first composer of sacred music in Germany), and BLUMNER, his colleague, author of a successful oratorio, "Abraham." The pieces under rehearsal (the most rigid and the most cheerful that we ever witnessed), for the approaching concert, are two: A Mass for sixteen voice-parts, containing really sublime effects, and a *Te Deum*, both by Grell. This will be the second concert of their series; at the first they gave the *Paulus* of Mendelssohn.

6 1-2 P.M. ROYAL OPERA. Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, with a new German text, in place of the coarse and silly one to which he wrote it. Frau Köster, Fr. Bötticher, Fr. Herrenburg-Tuczek, Herren Krüger, Salomon and Bost. Conductor, Herr Kapellmeister Dorn.

Other Opera houses as above.

Wednesday, Dec. 5.

6 1-2 P.M. ROYAL OPERA. *Semiramide*, with Lorini and Trebelli.

VICTORIA THEATRE. Mme. Lagrange in *Rigoletto*.

FRIEDR. WILHELMSTADT. DO. Offenbach's *Orpheus*, &c.

7 P.M. LIEBIG, at Sommers' Salon. Enormously crowded and hot. Discomfort seeks relief (for self alone) in noise and bad tobacco smoke. Exceptional this. What perhaps aggravated the restlessness was the long time devoted in the first section of the programme to the airing of new composers' aspirations and the gratifying of curiosity to hear what is written now-a-days in the way of overture and symphony. The first two pieces, especially the Symphony, proved exceedingly *langweilig*—tedious.

- Overture to "Don Carlos".....*L. Deppe*
Symphony in A.....*A. Fischer*

- Overture: "Nachklänge von Ossian".....*N. Gade*
"Spring-Song," arranged for Orchestra. *Mendelssohn*
Romanza, for Violoncello.....*Franchomme*
Overture to "Coriolan".....*Beethoven*

Symphony (No. 13), G minor (not the G minor) *Mozart*

7 1-2 P.M. Herr G. WEISS gives a Soirée, chiefly for the production, it would seem, of his own sacred vocal compositions. This is a great week for new productions. He has a delegation of voices from the Sing-Akademie to aid him.

This is his programme:

1. Sacred Chorus: "Lasst uns, &c.".....*G. Weiss*
2. Recit. and Air from "Passions music".....*J. S. Bach*
3. *Geistliche Gesänge*, from the "Imitatio Christi" of Thomas à Kempis.....*G. Weiss*
4. Sonata in C, op. 53.....*Beethoven*
5. Song: *Beli Raggio*, from "Semiramide".....*Rossini*
6. Songs and Morning Hymn.....*G. Weiss*

Thursday, Dec. 6.

10—12 A.M. Two hours at the organ with old BACH, in the Kloster-kirche. This was a special, private boon, enjoyed by only three listeners. The organist was a young countryman of ours, of whom our readers have heard, and will hear more, Mr. John K. Paine, of Portland, Maine. Unwarmed and cheerless as the great church was, all brick within and brick without, it soon sent a thrill of inward warmth through one to hear the noble themes enunciated and so wonderfully developed through the interwoven voices in such works as these:

1. Toccata and Fugue, in D minor.....*Bach*
2. Sonata, in G major, (in form of Trio for two Manuals and Pedal).....*"*
3. Prelude and Fugue, in G.....*"*
4. Toccata, in F, (very brilliant).....*"*
5. Variations on "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser," by the performer.

6 1-2 P.M. ROYAL OPERA. *Mathilda di Sabran* (or *Corradino*), comic opera, by Rossini, Mmes Lorini and Trebelli.

Other Opera houses as usual.

7 P.M. SECOND SINFONIE SOIRÉE of the Royal Orchestra, in the Concert-Saal of the Opera House. Eighty musicians, conducted by Taubert. These are the great Symphony concerts of Berlin; the proceeds go to charitable objects. The instruments are all in the hands of the very first artists. The programme always consists of just two Symphonies, two Overtures, and nothing else. This time it is less interesting than usual to a veteran concert-goer, since the pieces must be mostly quite familiar to him.

- Symphony, in B flat major.....*Haydn*.
Overture, to "Les Abencerrages".....*Cherubini*.
Overture, to "Euryanthe".....*Weber*.
Symphony (No. 2) in D.....*Beethoven*.

7 P.M. Concert of the "MOHR'SCHEN GESANGSVEREIN," for charity, and also for the airing of young composers' ideas. The pieces announced were:

1. Overture, C minor, comp. by.....*H. Mohr*
2. String Quartet, F major.....*"*
3. "Der Wasserneck," a Lyrical Cantata, for Chorus, Solo and Orchestra.....*R. Würst*

Friday, Dec. 7.

4 P.M. LIEBIG, at the Walhalla, to accompany the chocolate and coffee, and keep the knitting needles up to concert pitch.

- Overture to "Leonore" (No. 1).....*Beethoven*.
Symphony in E flat major.....*A. Romberg*.

- Overture to "Leonore" (No. 2).....*Beethoven*.
Andante, from a Symphony.....*Abt Vogler*.
Overture to "Leonore" (No. 3).....*Beethoven*.

Symphony (No. 13) in C major.....*Haydn*.

A rare chance in this and the next named concert to study Beethoven's working processes, and trace the growth of his thought, how it worked itself out by successive trials to full and complete expression. And all for three groschen! Surely here is a good *seven and a half cents' worth* of Beethoven, to say nothing of Father Haydn, Romberg, &c.

6 1-2 P.M. ROYAL OPERA HOUSE. German night. The fairy opera, *Oberon*, by C. M. von Weber. Here is temptation; but we are committed to the next, viz.:

7 P.M. ROBERT RADECKE'S second subscription concert, in the hall of the Sing-Akademie. These are the fresher, livelier series of orchestral concerts, representing progress, presenting greater variety of matter than the Royal Orchestra, arranged and conducted by a fresh and energetic young man. They correspond more nearly perhaps than anything else in Berlin to the Gewandhaus concerts of Leipzig. But the orchestra is less large and perfect, namely Liebig's, which is quickened, however, into new life under Radecke's control. Numbers 2 and 4 in the following programme, are new compositions by artists living in Berlin.

1. Overture (No. 1) to "Leonore".....*Beethoven*
2. Psalm 137: "By the waters of Babylon," &c., for chorus, solo and orchestra. (Conducted by the composer).....*George Vierling*
3. Concerto in E minor, piano with orchestra, entire, (played by Herr Gustav Schumann). *Chopin*
4. "Ein Märchen," overture, (the composer conducting).....*Richard Würst*

5. Symphony (No. 3), in E flat.....*R. Schumann*
In the first of his four concerts Radecke gave us the entire music of Beethoven to the "Ruins of Athens," and Schumann's overture to "Genoëva."

Saturday, Dec. 8.

7 P.M. ROYAL DOMCHOR. First Soirée in the hall of the Sing-Akademie. Boy's and men's voices, unaccompanied. Nothing finer of its kind in Europe, so they say.

PART I.

1. "Lamentabatur Jacob," by *Cristoforo Morales* (born at Seville, 1520, died at Rome, 1574).
2. Chorus (for men's voices,) by *Giovanni Croce* (1594).
3. "Agnus Dei," by *Bernabei* (1720).
4. Fugue for piano, in A minor, by *Bach*.
5. "Adoramus," by *Benelli*.

PART II.

6. Motet, by *C. S. Schröter* (1740).
7. Chorale: "Wenn wir in höchsten Nöthen sein," by *J. S. Bach*.
8. Andante and Allegro from piano-forte Sonata in F minor (op. 57), by *Beethoven*.
9. Motet, by *Johann Cristoph Bach*.

6 1-2 P.M. ROYAL OPERA. Italian. *Semiramide*.

VICTORIA THEATRE. Lagrange in parts of *Norma*, *Don Pasquale*, *Il Barbiere* and *Lucia*.

Sunday, Dec. 9.

4 P.M. LIEBIG'S ORCHESTRA, at Maeder's Salon, again.

- Overture to the *Wasserträger*.....*Cherubini*.
Symphony in A major ("Italian").....*Mendelssohn*.

- Overture to "Don Carlos,".....*Deppe*.
"Auforderung zum Tanze".....*Weber*.
Overture to "William Tell".....*Rossini*.

Symphony, in C minor.....*Beethoven*.

6 1-2 P.M. ROYAL OPERA HOUSE. German opera: *Armida*, by Gluck.

At the Victoria, *Norma*; at the Friedr. Wilhelmst., "the Hermit's Bell."

7 P.M. The BACH-VEREIN, conducted by G. Vierling, give the first of three concerts. The principal features of the programme are: Cantata, by *Bach*: "Bleib bei uns, denn es will Abend werden." Passions-music, by *Schütz* (17th century). Cantata, by *Bach*: "Ich halte viel Bekümmerniss."

—But I had best draw the curtain, ere the reader cry: "What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom." Truly here is full as much as any mortal ears could crave to hear in eight days. And now, if one were disposed to be ugly, he might call on his friend, the editor at home, for a like statement of what Boston has to show for any given week; but coupled with the taunt should be the benevolent wish that that friend might never be drawn asunder by announcements of Bach on one side of the Lindens, and Gluck on the other, the same evening. Boston shall arrange her attractions better, and take care that Bach cantatas fall upon the Verdi nights.

—And now let us recall the harvest moon and Dresden. D.

Handel and Haydn Society.

An immense audience filled the Music Hall on Sunday evening last to hear "The Messiah." One would think that such a large attendance would warrant a series of concerts for the winter; but the Society, we learn, are doubtful as to the result, and have abandoned their project. The concert was in many respects a successful one, though there were few marked features in the performances. The body of tone was large and full, as it seemed to us; although being compelled to sit next to the stage, we lost much of the sound that was wafted over to the balconies. The choruses were generally well sung, though with scarcely the precision and steadiness in time that could be desired. The altos and sopranos occasionally indulged in cross purposes, giving the effect of a slight see-saw movement. However, it is not worth while to be too critical when the general result is satisfactory. Of the solos it may be said that they were carefully rendered, but without the spirit that rouses the enthusiasm of an audience. The debutante, Miss GILSON, a high, pure soprano, seemed to receive the largest share of applause, even more than was given to Miss PHILLIPS for her grand and artistic performance. However, the public, not unnaturally, likes a new face and a sweet voice; and Miss Gilson's notes are all pearls. The excessive use of *portamento* in "Come unto Him" gave it a sickish sweetness to our ears. A singer ought to show some nerve even in a *legato* strain. When the timidity incident to a first appearance has worn off, this lady may take a good position among our oratorio singers.

Mrs. HARWOOD was heard with most pleasure in "I know that my Redeemer liveth." She gave this sublime song a fullness and significance that one rarely hears even from more celebrated artists. In the recitatives, while we have no special fault to find, we miss a certain dramatic vigor necessary for their highest effect. Mr. ADAMS has, as our readers all know, a sweet toned voice, inclining to a tender expression, so that his singing is more impressive in a smaller hall and in music of a different character. He was technically correct and gave his best endeavors to render the airs effectively; but his powers do not seem to be suited to the severe and rugged style of Handel. The new bass, Mr. THOMAS, has a light and flexible voice and a correct method, but he lacks the ponderous tone which these sombre strains seem to demand.

Of Miss Phillips we can say but little, for her voice and style are so admirable, and her genius so widely known and recognized, that it is scarcely necessary to do more than to mention her name. Her singing of "He was despised," was enough to establish her as an artist of the highest rank.

On the whole, the Society is to be congratulated; and if nothing more can be done in these troublous times, we must wait till next winter for another Sunday evening concert. We hope, though, they will think better of it.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

FOURTH CONCERT, JAN. 1, 1861.

1. Quartette in B flat, No. 6, op. 18. Beethoven
Allegro—Adagio—Scherzo—Finale, La Malinconia Adagio and Allegro.
2. Aria, "Ah s'estinto ancor mi vuoi," from Donna Caritea, Mercadante Mrs. J. H. Long.
3. Andante and Scherzo, from the Quartette in E, op. 81, (Posthumous work.) Mendelssohn
4. Songs, { "My dream of love is over," Spohr
"Recitative and Air, "Deh vieni," from Le
nozze de Figaro. Mozart
Mrs. Long.
5. Quintette in B flat, (first time.) Julius Eichberg
Motto—"Sehnen, Trachten, und Sterben."
(To aspire, to strive, to die.)
Allegro—Scherzando and Adagio—Finale. Allegro.

We have scarcely ever heard the strings of the Club sound fresher and purer than during the first two movements of the Beethoven quartet. The hall, not being quite as crowded as at the last concert, had just the right temperature. The quartet went very well; the gentlemen seemed to play with a will, and brought out finely all the youthful mirth of the composer. One of his earliest works, it is as pleasant as Mozart's; much of its form, the short melodies, the cadences, the trills, tells of the period when he yet wrote within the accustomed limits of traditional forms. The whole of it is delicious. If "la Malinconia" is not as deep as he felt and wrote in after life, we do not find fault with him. It is a *real*, though a very slight melancholy, and is set off finely by the two movements between which it is placed. These two seem of the same material, the same motive and feeling running through both of them. Unfortunately the first violin was somewhat out of tune during part of the third movement, and seemed to be at loggerheads with some of the highest notes. We noticed this in Mr. EICHBERG's quintet too a few times.

Mrs. LONG's part was rendered in her splendid way, with her fine voice and careful school. The aria from Mercadante, she sang most to our liking; the song of Spohr and the *Deh vieni* were rendered rather colder than they should have been.

It is a matter of some delicacy to speak of a new work, if we cannot afford it full praise. Such is our case. We think Mr. Eichberg ought not to have put the motto on the programme. Raising expectations that are not fulfilled, stating a programme that is not carried out, leaves unpleasant impressions. Better leave free play to imagination—it is not well to tie it down. Of the four movements the fourth seemed to be the best. Through the whole work however we could not find the connecting link, the idea. The first motive of the first movement is grand and good. But though the form is faultless, often ingenious, though the motives are worked up skillfully, though several of the melodies are very good (so the second theme of the last movement, with a Mendelssohnian grace and flavor about it,)—we yet could not see the connection of many of the musical phrases. The last movement with its strong first motive, its half melancholy second theme, and a third melody coming in afterwards of quite a pleasing character, has nothing in it of death. The first movement might be aspiration and striving, but neither the Adagio, which begins with quite a noble strain nor the last movement, can possibly be construed into dying. To be short: the work has many fine passages as to melody and harmony and working up of motives, but it is in our opinion not a work of inspiration and genius, rather one of industry and talent. While we applaud the ambition of Mr. Eichberg to write in a noble, elevated form we regret not to be able to say more to encourage him.

Of the intentions of the Club, very praiseworthy and welcome, to give Saturday evening concerts, our readers will find some notice in our advertising columns.

On Saturday last Mr. B. C. BLODGETT a young musical student recently returned from Germany, gave a musical soirée at the rooms of Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co., with the assistance of Mrs. J. H. LONG, Miss D. P. PEARSON, Mr. W. H. SCHULTZE, Mr. WULF FRIES and Mr. F. H. HOWARD to about two hundred invited guests. Mr. B. will no doubt become an ornament to the circle of musician-artists in Boston. His style does not show as yet any individual character or poetic inspiration; it is all learned, but learned well. The selection of pieces was judicious. The novelty presented—a Trio by Jadassohn—proved to be highly interesting.

Musical Correspondence.

ST. LOUIS, DEC. 22.—We have had considerable music lately, Mrs. C. VARIAN JAMES gave six "grand concerts" and our Philharmonic Society its third. I enclose programme:

PART I.

1. Overture, "Preciosa" C. M. v. Weber
2. Chorus, "Gloria in Excelsis," from Mass in G.C. M. v. Weber
3. Cavatina, "Pensa alla Patria," from "l'Italiana in Algieri" Rossini
4. Allegretto from "Third Symphony" L. van Beethoven
5. Recitative, Aria and Chorus, "Guerrieri, a voi," from "Norma" Bellini

PART II.

1. Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream" Mendelssohn
2. Chorus, "Gloria Patri" Palestrina
3. Duo, "Sul Aria," from "Figaro" Mozart
4. Violin Solo, "Souvenir de Bellini" Artot
5. { a.) Air and Chorus, "Oh May" }
{ b.) Quartet and Chorus, "Grand Finale" }
from "Eurionthe" C. M. v. Weber

We liked Mrs. James very much indeed. I had prepared an elaborate article on our third concert, but for a wonderful and unusual thing every paper in the city prepared and published long articles, something never done before here, and have appropriated every fine sentence I had ready, so I can only say that there were 2000 present of our best citizens, and that everything was a complete success.

The violin solo was the surprise of the evening, DR. KELLERER proving himself really to be an artist. We were disappointed in not hearing a flute solo by Mr. CARR. If you have a better *professional* player than Dabney Carr, why—I never heard him. The solos of this and the last concert sung by Mrs. ALLEN, Mr. CATHERWOOD, &c., and the parts sung by Miss VON PHUL and Miss MCGUNNEGLE, were the best ever sung here, excepting the first prima donna. Mr. Catherwood's voice is four or five notes lower than CARL FORMES, and no wise behind in power. In the last Miss Von Phul in the sextet from Lucia, and Mrs. Allen in, "In tears I pine," surprised their best friends.

The Society has many efficient members who contribute very materially to its advancement. CHARLES BALMER is one of the most active, and to him in no little degree does this Society owe its sound footing. PATTI did not come; is in New Orleans, I believe.

A. C.

ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, DEC. 31.—If Charles Wesley were living to-day he certainly could not complain that the devil has all the best music. "The school of the prophets" at Andover has an organization (without an organ) under the name and style of the Lockhart Society, which gives us better music than "the Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders" to which the Satanic legions march in the first Book of the Paradise Lost.

Last Thursday (Dec. 27) the Lockharts gave a concert in the Town Hall, which is universally acknowledged to be the finest ever heard in Andover. Classic gems of Mendelssohn and Beethoven, fairy fantasias of Chopin, solemn wailings of Van Bree—one could well imagine that one was listening to Otto Dresel and the Orpheus. (Let these artists be void of fear—the Lockharts will soon be scattered among

the Turks and cannibals as young missionaries.)

The Society is peculiarly fortunate at this time in possessing a leader (formerly of the Harvard Glee Club) who has not only musical skill but what is quite as needful, great enthusiasm, and a rare faculty for inspiring it in others.

It has good reason also to be proud of its pianist—a gentleman who inherits the name and genius of all the Masons. If any association would license him he could doubtless preach sermons without words

"Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose.

But musical as is Apollo's lute."

(Of course he would have a right to use notes.) These artists are the two great lights. Then there were sixteen stars who ruled the night. I append their programme for your edification.

PART I.

1. Tirolerlied.....Kummer.
Flute and Piano.
2. Chorus, "Sanctus." Arranged by.....Tufts.
3. { Quartette, "Serenade".....Eisenhofer.
Chorus, "Wo Solch ein Feuer".....Mendelssohn.
4. { Marche Funebre.....Chopin.
Charakterstück.....Heller.
Piano.
5. Chorus, "Integer Vitae".....Flemming.
6. Solo, "Die Reue".....Fuchs.
7. Chorus, "Setze mir nicht".....Mendelssohn.

PART II.

1. Caprice de Concert, (La Traviata).....Ascher.
Piano.
2. Duo, "Qual Mare Quel Terra".....Verdi.
3. Solo and Chorus, "Agnus Dei." Mass in C. Van Bree.
4. Adelaide.....Beethoven.
Flute and Piano.
5. Quartette, "Love".....Cherubini.
6. Chorus, "Huntsman's Farewell".....Mendelssohn.
7. Eight Voices, "Wanderer's Night Song".....Lenz.
8. Chorus, "Farewell".....Mendelssohn.

If we take into consideration that this classic programme was the work of gentlemen who sang together for the first time at the beginning of the present term and pilfered their half hours of practice from Hebrew and Edwards on the Will, it is no slight praise to say that they were successful, that half the pieces were enthusiastically encored and that the other half deserved the same praise.

It was a good thing both for the Society and for the Seminary. People see that Theologians can do something besides put folks to sleep. The announcement of a concert by Old School Theologians would twenty-five years ago, have attracted as much attention as a chorus of mummies with the accompaniment of the Bones. But it is fit that the oldest and holiest of the fine arts should number its votaries in this chosen seat of Orthodoxy just as in the Theological School at Bethel young prophets went down from the hill of God to greet King Saul with psaltery and tabret and pipe and harp.

DA CAPO.

BALTIMORE, JAN. 1, 1861.—We have had but little music in this monumental city during the present season. A pleasing Concert by FORMES, FABRI, and STIGELLI,—a poor performance of Haydn's "Seven Last Words of the Redeemer," given by the Choir of the Cathedral and "other amateur vocalists"—a week of very bad and poorly paid opera—another operatic concert. This is the whole catalogue of the vocal entertainment which Baltimore has treated itself to thus far this winter. Haydn's Oratorio of the "Seven Last Words" I had never heard before and parts of it seemed to me very grand and effective. But it was given without expression, without time, without animation, without everything, in short, which was needed to give a fit interpretation of such a work. Add to this that the performance took place in a hall nearly twice as long as your Music Hall with but half its breadth (erected over a market, and dignified by the name of the Maryland Institute Hall), and that the noise of shuffling feet and clattering tongues was almost incessantly heard mingling with the feeble tones from the distant platform, and you can easily imagine the sensations which

tingled the ears of one accustomed to the full choruses of the "Händel and Haydn," and the decorum of a Boston Concert Room. As the concert was "for charity," I tried to be religiously reconciled to the very un-devotional nature of the performance, and so, closing my eyes, I fancied myself to be in some vast cathedral, and tried to imagine that the strains of music which came so indistinctly from the distance proceeded from the lofty choir, and that the noise of treading feet was but the sound of passing worshippers who had knelt and prayed and were giving place to other devotees. The illusion, however, was only temporary, for I had never associated with solemn worship and pealing anthems beneath "fretted vaults" and in "long-drawn aisles" such harsh confusion of feet and tongues and voices as greeted my ear from every side. Next time such a charity concert is given, I shall leave my "quarter" at the ticket-office, out of regard for the poor, and then, out of regard to myself, shall—go home.

For instrumental music we have had four concerts thus far, given by the "Beethoven Society," and to all lovers of good music, these performances have given great delight and satisfaction. I believe this is only the second season of the "Beethoven," and the Society is already one of which Baltimore may well be proud. The following gentlemen make up the company: MAHR, 1st violin; GIBSON, 2nd violin; LENSCHOU, 1st viola; THEIDE, 2nd viola; SCHEIDLER, Piano; JUNGnickel, Violoncello.

Like your "Mendelssohn Quintette Club," the Beethoven is made up of artists in the best sense of the term. All of them are finished performers, and thorough musicians, and all are alike animated by a strong love for their art. Nothing but their devotion to the highest order of musical compositions and their determination to aid in cultivating a knowledge of these works among the musical public here, could sustain such a society in Baltimore, for the pecuniary support which is given them is very much less than is awarded to similar societies in Boston and New York. The 3d Concert of the "Beethoven" was given a fortnight ago last evening. The following is the programme:

PART I.

1. Overture, from the Opera, "Don Giovanni," for Piano, Violins, Viola and Violoncello, by.....Mozart
2. Solo Quartetto, for 2 Violins, Viola and Violoncello, by.....Orund
3. Quintetto, for 2 Violins, 2 Violas and Violoncello, by.....Beethoven

PART II.

1. Quartetto, for 2 Violins, Viola and Violoncello, by.....Haydn
2. Grand Duo, from the opera "Martha," for Violoncello and Piano, by.....Gregor and Servais
3. Grand Potpourri, from Preciosa, for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, by.....C. M. V. Weber

The Quintette by Beethoven was the one in E flat, but to my surprise, only the first movement was played. I was still more astonished when, upon remonstrating with a member of the Society for thus preparing me for a feast and then withholding she feast itself, I was told that the audience wouldn't endure the performance of an entire Quintette or Quartette of Beethoven! "Endure," indeed, when we had just listened to the whole of the Solo Quartette by Grund, a very pleasing thing to be sure, but as a whole wearisome and unsatisfactory! Such treatment of an audience made up of music-lovers, all of whom seemed fully to appreciate the fragment of Beethoven to which we were served, seemed to me no less absurd than would be the conduct of a teacher who should think his pupils advanced enough to be wearied by Ben Jonson's prolixities, but not yet capable of appreciating a play of Shakspeare. I shall look for better things from the "Beethoven" hereafter. The 4th concert was given last evening with the following programme:

PART I.

1. Sinfonie, in C major, (by particular request,) for Piano, 2 Violins, Viola and Violoncello.....Beethoven
2. Quartetto, for 2 Violins, Viola and Violoncello.....Haydn
3. Grand Solo, for the Violin, performed by F. G. De Beriot

PART II.

1. Quintetto, for 2 Violins, 2 Violas and Violoncello. Beethoven
2. Grand Trio, from "Maritana," for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello.....Wallace
3. Overture, from the opera "Guillaume Tell," for Piano, 2 Violins, Viola, and Violoncello.....Rossini

The Quintette of Beethoven this time was the ever beautiful "Septuor," three movements of which were admirably rendered. Then we had the whole of the sparkling symphony in C major, which was much more effective than I had expected from only four stringed instruments and the piano. As the pathetic

Andante of the "Septuor" seemed a most fit expression of the sadness of the "dying year" whose last moments were thus speaking on through "music's golden tongue," so the symphony was the embodiment of all the joys and pleasures which the old year had brought us. The Quartette of Haydn was well performed, but why is it that all other Quartettes seem so to lack the soul which we feel in all of Beethoven's works? The form seems to me to be the same, but will some of your critics tell me what is this grand difference which I am sure has been felt by many others besides your correspondent?

I must notice in closing this hurried epistle, a marked improvement in the diminution of the opera element in the programme. I am sure the "Beethoven" as it grows older will adhere still more steadily to its highest purposes, and give their pupils (for such are all of their audience), healthy discipline in the "classics" in place of all the nursery rhymes and picture books to which, in music, we are all so apt to cling with more than childish fondness.

H. G. S.

New Publications.

We have received from A. WILLIAMS & Co., "The Knickerbocker" for January, 1861, in a new dress and new cover, which we cannot like so well as the time honored old one. Mr. Clarke is still at its head, and many of the best American writers are contributors to its well printed pages.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.—Singing carols is something rather unusual in New England, and when we read of the mediæval carols, and the "yule log" at a time when

"A Christmas gambol oft would cheer,
A poor man's heart through half the year."

it delights us to imitate the goodly German or English holiday customs with all their domestic festivities. Our Christmas Eve was gladdened by a serenade, in front of the Advertiser office last evening, a genuine carolling, which, according to the ancient custom of singing canticles at Christmas, was intended to recall the songs of the shepherds. The following are the two carols with which we were favored:—

Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child!
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace!

Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from Heaven afar,
Heavenly Hosts sing Alleluia!
Christ, the Saviour is born!

Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy Holy Face
With the dawn of redeeming grace
Jesus, Lord, at Thy Birth!

Earthly friends will change and falter,
Earthly hearts will vary;
He is born that cannot alter,
Of the Virgin Mary.
Born to-day.—Raise the Lay;
Born to-day.—Twine the Baw;
Jesus Christ is born to suffer.
Born for you: Born for you.—Holly strew:
Jesus Christ was born to conquer.
Born to save: Born to save.—Laurel wave:
Jesus Christ was born to govern.
Born a King: Born a King.—Buy wreaths bring,
Jesus Christ was born of Mary,
Born for all: Well befall. Hearth and Hall,
Jesus Christ was born at Christmas,
Born far all.

These carols were sung by a choir of boys from the Advent Church, Green street, who performed their parts finely. We wish them all a "Merry Christmas" and many happy returns of their annual carollings.—*Daily Advertiser.*

London.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—Another glorious triumph for English opera—another hope for national music. Mr. Balfe's new opera, *Bianca, the Bravo's Bride*, produced on Thursday evening, was one of the most legitimate successes ever witnessed within the walls of any theatre. The excitement commenced with the overture, which was encored, and was rampant at the end of the first act, when a vociferous call was made for Mr. Balfe, who, after some delay—doubtless not being prepared for so early a summons—made his appearance, and was received with deafening acclamations. Four long acts, enduring four hours and a half, would have cooled any ordinary enthusiasm, and have tired any ordinary patience; but the applause, far from abating, went on increasing, and was most vehement in the last two acts, the audience unanimously encoring a gallop in

the last scene, which was indeed inevitable, since the music is exciting in the extreme, and the *pas* is most admirably arranged by M. Petit, the *maître de ballet*, and was capitally danced by the young ladies.

The libretto of the *Bravo's Bride* is from the pen of Mr. Palgrave Simpson, who has founded his plot on Monk Lewis's melodrama, *Rugantino, the Bravo of Venice*, and has pretty closely adhered to the original. *Rugantino* is not only buried in oblivion, as far as regards production on the stage, but is excluded from most editions of English dramatic works, even from those, like the *London Stage*, which pretend to comprise every work that achieved popularity in its day. It is, however, included in "Cumberland's Plays," but does not appear to have obtained much favor at any time. The story, as adapted in the libretto, may be thus briefly detailed:—

A certain romantic young Prince of Ferrara falls in love with Bianca, daughter of the Duke of Milan, but, though betrothed to her in some mysterious way, which does not appear, wishes to be loved for himself, and not for his princedom. He takes upon him the guise of a young soldier of fortune, and wins the heart of the tender Bianca, but withholds confession of his affection. He departs to the wars—to test the young lady's love by absence, we may suppose—and "crushes the bravo band." How this is effected we are not informed; but the "bravo band" is headed by a terrible chief, Fortespada, whose very name strikes terror to all the country round. Our prince is "led by fate" to the brigand's den, and finds him dying, and so penitent, that he confesses "a foul conspiracy of death" on the part of certain nobles against the Duke of Milan, in which he is implicated. The brigand gives the prince a list of the traitors, and dies. Upon this, the better to prosecute his plans to discover the head of the conspiracy, the prince disguises himself as the brigand, gains access to the conspirators, and induces them to elect him as their chief. He has them thus entirely in his power, but why he does not denounce them at once is not told. The prince is a great adept at disguises. Two of the conspirators having determined to kill Bianca in the grand cathedral of Milan, where she goes alone to pray, our prince, who knows everything, is ready behind a pillar, caparisoned as a mendicant, and stabs the highborn gentleman who was about to stab her. Bianca faints, and on coming to herself she sees the beggar transformed into the brigand, and is terrified when she hears him claim her, in life or death, as the "Bravo's Bride." The young lady—who must have been singularly obtuse as to vision not to detect her lover through one of his disguises—naturally screams, and brings her father and friends to her assistance. The Prince, however, is not so easily caught. Directly he hears the approach of footsteps he assumes the garb of a monk, and makes his escape. We need not dwell upon the incident of the Prince appearing to the Duke as the bravo, since nothing comes from it, but may go at once to state the *denouement*, which happens thus:—Changing his tactics, the Prince appears to Bianca as Odoardo, when a confession of love takes place on both sides. The lovers are detected in their transports by the Duke, who, at first enraged with Odoardo, at last consents to grant him his daughter's hand, provided he would place Fortespada in his power that night, at twelve, in the great ducal hall. Nothing can be easier for the Prince to comply with, as we know. Accordingly at night, when the ball goes forward, and the midnight hour has tolled, Odoardo appears and announces that he has captured Fortespada alive. "Bring him before us," cries the Duke, whereupon the Prince retires, and returns as the Bravo. He is unanimously voted to destruction, when the royal troops appear, and, at a sign from the Prince, carry off all the conspirators in custody. Lastly, his Royal Highness declares that Fortespada and Odoardo are the same, and, being pressed for further disclosures, confesses that the Prince of Ferrara is identical with the bravo and the young officer.

Of the music generally we are inclined to think that the composer has expended more thought and care upon it than on any previous occasion. But on this point we must defer entering into details until our next. The first performances of our impressions shall be published with our criticism of the music.—*London Musical World*, Dec. 8.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The weather has not been very favorable for the winter concerts, four of which have been now given; nevertheless, the attendance on each occasion has been larger than might have been expected. The programmes continue to preserve their distinctive instrumental features, which Mr. Augustus Manns finds he has been wise in adopting. A symphony and one or two overtures invariably constitute items in the selection, for the most part executed with efficiency and vigor. The

new vocal favorite has been Mad. Palmieri, who made her *début* last Saturday, and sang airs from the *Bohemian Girl*, and the Italian repertory with marked effect. Also the lady's *caro sposo*, Signor Palmieri, presented himself as a tenor singer, with no remarkable results. M. Joseph Heine, a violinist, made his first appearance, and executed Ernst's *Pirata fantasia* with much applause. The symphony was Mendelssohn's A major, alias *The Italian*.—*Ibid*.

LEAMINGTON, (England).—A famous young violinist, J. Becker, who has met with much success in England, has met with a singular accident. One of the strings of his violin breaking while he was examining it, struck him in the right eye, probably depriving it of sight. The unfortunate young artist is thus stopped at the beginning of a brilliant career. The accident occurred at Leamington.

Paris.

THE SISTERS MARCHISIO.—A Paris journal, *La Presse*, in noticing a musical performance which recently took place at the house of Madame Orpila, one of the most distinguished amateurs in the French metropolis, thus speaks of the two fair artists, Milles. Carlotta and Barbara Marchisio, who have already won for themselves so much renown at the Grand Opera and in private *salons* by their *ensemble* singing: "But the principal attraction of the evening was the first appearance in this artistic *salon* of the sisters Marchisio; they sang the duos from *Matilda di Shabran* and *Norma* in the midst of a transport of enthusiastic applauses; the perfection of their method, the richness of their organ, but, above all, that admirable combination of the two voices, the quality of which harmonizes so perfectly, that marvellous blending together even of the most difficult *nuances*; those oppositions of light and shade so wonderfully managed, so exquisitely graduated, in short, all those qualities of *ensemble*, twins, as it were, which characterize and individualize the talents of the sisters Marchisio, astonished, no less than enchanted, the brilliant auditory. We doubt whether the sisters Marchisio ever obtained a success more real and more flattering at the same time. Among the company who were most liberal of their applause were Mad. Miolan-Carvalho, M. Duprez, and the "brothers Braga."—*London Musical World*, Dec. 8.

FLORENCE.—A new musical journal *L'Italia Artistica* has appeared here, and has reached its eighth number.

ROME.—Another new opera has been brought out at the Apollo theatre, called *Stefanias*, revealing the artistic talent of the young maestro Raffaele Gentili.

AMSTERDAM.—The Society for the promotion of the Science of Music at Amsterdam had invited about eighteen months ago, the learned in music of all countries to join in a competition, for which the works might be written in any language. The prize task was an historical treatise on the musical condition of the Netherlands during the sixteenth century. At the meeting of the 23d of last October, the dispensation of the prizes took place; they were all won by German competitors. The first prize was gained by Herr D. Arnold, of Alberfeld, for an historical critical essay on the rhythm and melody of the old Netherlands national popular songs. Herr Kade, at Dresden, won a second prize, for a monography on Matthaus le Maistre; and Herr E. Pasque, at Darmstadt, received a prize for a monography on Adrian Petit. Moreover, the Society has undertaken to support the publication of the works of Herren Arnold and Kade.

HAVANA.—The opera season commenced in the city of Havana on the 2d of Dec. with the "Trovatore." The *Diario de la Marina* says:—"Senora Lotti possesses many natural recommendations. She is of a beautiful figure, has a fresh and musical voice, which she manages with much skill, taste and elegance. Senora Natali (Fanny) is already well known to the public. Senor Pancani economized his voice on his debut, but in many of the fine passages he gave evidence of great ability. Senor Cresci, was also disposed to reserve his voice for a greater occasion, but he shows that he knows how to sing and to use his excellent talent to advantage. Altogether the 'Trovatore' was well represented. Senor Gottschalk directed the orchestra with his usual ability."

Special Notices.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 458.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 12, 1861.

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Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sketches of French Musical History.

SACRED MUSIC.

I.

It may be considered as established, that the germs of the various forms of the music of our epoch are to be sought in the chant of the ancient bards—in *Bardism*. By sharing in the rites of the Druids, they added to the solemnity of their religious ceremonies; in celebrating the noble acts of heroes, they gave birth to a form of narrative, which at a later period was transformed into the romance, the ballad, nay, even into works of history; and finally while censuring private immorality, they indicated the true way in which Art and the theatre might become teachers of good morals—their end being to instruct as well as to amuse. *Castigat ridendo mores*, as the old motto of the Opéra Comique justly had it.

In our opinion many a beautiful operatic subject might be drawn from the ancient Druidic and Gallic periods of history. We have never seen the *Ossian* of Leseur, but the Bards' chorus of Rossini in *La Donna del Lago*, which was afterwards introduced into the opera, *Robert Bruce*, is powerful and majestic. The mass of men's voices in unison, sonorous and vibrating, relieved by the most splendid orchestration; those grave personages in flowing white tunics, holding golden harps, and crowned with oak wreaths, and arranged in curved lines rising like the seats of an amphitheatre, formed a picture of magic splendor, well exhibiting the lofty poesy of that grand form of imperfect civilization.

With the Roman conquests, Bardism degenerated and gradually disappeared. No longer exerting a salutary influence upon society, the bards sold their songs for gold and encouraged vice instead of virtue. Moral depravity drew after it the fall of the Roman Empire, and the invasion of the barbarians almost annihilated, for the time at least, the culture of the fine arts and especially of music. Meantime everything began very soon to wear a new aspect; Christianity, by its divine, supernatural power, civilized the most barbarous races and after the battle of Talbiac, Clovis, the fierce Sicambrian, peacefully bowed his head under the powerful hand of the Bishop, St. Remigius.*

Music, that universal language, reflecting alike the passions, ideas and sentiments of each epoch, was religious in its origin; so it follows, that, after the changes in the patriarchal traditions, which gave birth to the various pagan and idolatrous rites spread through the greater part of Earth's surface, the celestial muse was marvellously regenerated after baptism in the pure and living waters of nascent Christianity.

The Church from the beginning had a liturgy; whether in its origin it was Jewish, Egyptian, Greek, or, perhaps, derived from all three, is

now difficult to decide. Be that as it may, the Apostles established successively the reading of the Evangelists, the benediction of the people, the [preface and the canon; in a word all those several parts which by degrees have come to form the holy sacrifice of the Mass.†

From the year 104 A. D., hymns to Christ were sung, and the 42d Canon of the Apostles ordains that the Cantor, as in case of the sub-deacon and the reader, should cease from his functions and be thrust out of the communion if addicted to gambling and other forms of intemperance.

In the third century, St. Denis of Alexandria, St. Cyprian and the canons of the council of Elvire, in the fourth, Popes Sylvester and Damasus, St. Athanasius, Cyril of Jerusalem, Basil of Casarea, Prudence, &c., occupied themselves with the liturgy. Diodorus, Bishop of Tarsus, and Flavian of Antioch introduced into the church the alternate (Antiphonal) chanting of the psalms, a practice soon afterwards brought by Ambrose to Milan. Saints Hilaire of Poitiers, Loup, Bishop of Troyes, Salvien of Marseilles, Mamert of Vienne, Apollinarus, bishop of Claremont, laid the foundations of the ancient Gallic liturgy.

In the sixth century, St. Cæsar d'Ales, Elps, the wife of Boethius,‡ St. Benoit, patriarch of the Western Monks, and St. Germain, Bishop of Paris, composed a great number of hymns. At last in the seventh century, Pope Gregory the great compiled the Antiphony, founded the college of singers (in our day the Pope's choir) and established the practice of singing entirely without orchestral or organ accompaniment. Schools of Roman singing were successively established in France in the churches at Soissons, Metz, Tours, Strasburg, Lyons and Dijon. Why was the single, universal liturgy proclaimed at the council of Vannes, (about A. D. 465) so soon abandoned? Because, alas! however difficult it be to organize and place upon a solid foundation any establishment, it is still more difficult to maintain it, by reason of the force of human passions before which too often the most sacred things are not safe. Egotism, self-love, the spirit of revolt, insubordination and disobedience have unhappily left their marks deeply impressed upon all the crises and revolutions of our poor humanity.

According to M. Castil-Blaze, Clovis was not insensible to the charms of music. Desirous of having in his service a famous virtuoso and skilful professor, he sent to Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, for the singer Acorede, recommended by the wise Boethius, who came to the French Court to delight the most aristocratic ears.

Gregory of Tours reports that at the burial of St. Clotilde, the ceremony was accompanied by

†The writer is Roman Catholic, and perhaps a Protestant historian would not here agree with him.

‡The Nouvelle Biographie Universelle, says [Art. Boëce] "Son mariage avec Elps paraît être une fable."—"his marriage with Elps appears to be a fable."

a numerous choir of psalmodists. (Cum magno psallentio.)

Towards the year 556, Quintianus, Bishop of Claremont, discovered in a monastery a youth named Gall, endowed with a voice so charming that people came from all quarters to admire him. The prelate desirous of cultivating talents so promising, presented him to Theodoric son of Clovis, and to the queen his wife. They, charmed, retained him at Court. The king conceived a strong affection for him, took him with him upon his journeys, and after the death of Quintianus gave him the See of Clermont. Gall was after his death canonized for his virtues, and tenor singers might well claim him as one of their patron saints, at the present day.

Chilperic, king of Soissons, youngest son of Clotaire I. composed hymns, which however are not praised by Gregory de Tours; Gontran, king of Bourgoyne et Orleans—by some authors classed among the blessed—was so passionately fond of music could not take his meals without hearing the psalms and responses of divine service executed with much perfection. We shall not affirm that the virtuous monarch did not often himself give the pitch, and direct the performances of the choral society of Soissons, even then ancient.

Dagobert (whose name signifies *heroic singer*) was also a famous dilettant. Assisting one day at vespers in the abbey of Romilly, good Christian as he was, his ear was suddenly struck by the tones of an admirable voice. He divined at once that such a voice could only belong to a beautiful woman. Falling desperately in love with the songstress, the beautiful Nantechilde or Nantilde, he divorced his queen Gomatrude and espoused the charming recluse. This story in such skilful hands as those of Scribe might furnish a companion piece to the *Domino Noir*.

In the *Vie de Saint Eloi* mention is made of a singer in service of Clotaire II., named Maurin, whom the applause of the Court had rendered vain and presumptuous—a proof that twelve hundred years ago the fault of singers were the same as now. Thierry III. it is said, had players upon all sorts of instruments, who accompanied the fine voices of singers, the whole combining to produce delicious concerts. Saint Ausbert at that time the prince's chancellor, was so transported as to write: "Pray God! if thou hast given to mortals the power of thus elevating our souls, even to thee, what will it be to hear in heaven the eternal song of angel's and the saints?"

The musical chapel of the King of France was just established in the Cathedral at Paris by St. Germain, bishop of that city and almoner of King Childebert.

It thus appears that the Mevoringian dynasty had in its service both singers and performers upon instruments; but they were only heard at public ceremonies or during the repasts of the sovereigns. Occasionally, however, there was a

*The baptism of Clovis by this saint is the subject of the altar piece in the church of St. Remigius, at Bonn.

concert or ball at Court, and then the musicians were required to preside at the *esbattement joyeux*—pleasures of the highborn dames and their lords. Under those slothful kings, music necessarily degenerated and became the handmaid of sloth and feebleness, but the mayors of the palace had already seized the power, which was soon to place them upon the throne and gave France in Charles Martel a worthy predecessor of the immortal Charlemagne.

In short we may call the Merovingian era the liturgic epoch, though we would not affirm that the *chanson* had not already been heard. §

But we must consider humanity as a whole and take it as it is, with its varied tendencies, as they appear more or less developed, according to the moral complexion of each era. Literature, art, music, reflect exactly the grand mean, or average of the manners of any historic period. By turns religious, warlike, dramatic, the musical expression of each century breathes the form, I might almost say the *costume*, of the dominant social life; it is the result of the true mean of that which produces it. The man of genius receives this general impulse, this grasps it as a whole and impresses his own zeal upon it. The man of talent confines himself to imitating the man of genius, but can never reach his original and creative power. From the fourth to the seventh century we may name among the immortal melodies which saw the light at that ancient period and which time has selected because their beauty is unchangeable: 1st., the *Te Deum*, a hymn grand, sublime as the heavens, broad as the earth, this hymn of incomparable solemnity is considered the joint production of two fathers, man of sublime and universal genius at that period of the primitive church, Saints Ambrose and Augustine: 2d., the hymns for Christmas and Epiphany; they are full of character and are attributed to Sedulius, preacher and poet, who, according to Trithemius, wrote A. D., 630; 3d., the hymn, "*Vexilla regis prodeunt*," composed by Fortunat Bishop of Poitiers. This piece, inspired by the history of the Passion in the New Testament, possessed a melancholy charm, which could only have been borrowed from Christianity.

§ See the Latin rhymed verses which celebrate the victory of Clotaire II., over the Saxons, beginning thus:

"Do Clotario est canere sego Francorum."

On Rudimental Instruction on the Piano.

BY F. PETERSILEA.

NO. II. TOUCH (*Anschlag*).

A right beginning saves a vast amount of time and labor in the progress of any undertaking, and yet it appears to me, that more judgment has been used in any other department of study, than in that of the Piano.

A correct position of the arms, hands and fingers is generally understood and thoroughly explained in some Instruction books; the object—to produce a *good touch*—and the means chosen (the little pieces, amusements, ay, even studies,) are such as to produce, nay *force* the opposite effect.

About thirty years ago Kalkbrenner invented and recommended a Handrest; I found it exceedingly useful, but nobody else ever uses it, as far as I know. Correct time is considered indispensable; then why not use the Metronome Hummel has recommended it in the strongest

terms. My regard for it is such, that for twenty-five years or more I never taught a pupil without it. It does not merely assist in keeping time; but by means of the bell points out the Rhythm—the *accents*, and without a due regard for these, there is not the slightest chance that a good touch ever can be obtained.

The Touch is two fold: *Mechanical* and *Melodious* or Expressive.

Some pieces and passages admit only the former; others, only the latter; still others, and by far the greater part of good Music, both. Every fine player knows this. Unconsciously a good player will use the one or the other, as circumstances require. But this seeming unconsciousness is the result of a perfect Mechanism first acquired, and superior taste and judgment added in later studies. The causes for a bad touch are vastly more numerous now than they were twenty or forty years ago. In a former period the music of Mozart, Haydn, Clementi, Cramer and Hummel was the object of the highest ambition. Now it is Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin and Liszt! The passage from the former school to the latter is now-a-days traveled in a rail-road fashion; some think, also, that the old stuff of former ages might better be let alone altogether.

The beginner must only use the mechanical touch, for at least a couple of years. The music chosen for lessons and studies must be free from features, which require or admit expression. No crescendo, diminuendo, accelerando, ritardando, irregular accentuation, ff. pp. sfz. is admissible. *The student of painting has to learn to use the pencil before the brush, drawing before coloring!*

The difference between *mechanical* and *melodious* touch may be stated thus: "The former consists in a *STROKE*, (the literal meaning of the German word, *Anschlag*), the latter is produced by *PRESSURE*. The former produces only heavy and light or accented and unaccented notes, never admits of the slightest stiffness, pressure or strain; may be given by the *Finger* (Finger action), *Hand* (Wrist action), or *Arm* (Elbow action), according as the notes to be played, are legato, marcato, staccato, heavy or light. *FINGER ACTION* only is to be employed in legato movements. (The Slur is at present not to be thought of, its use and abuse shall be noticed in a future article). The accent is produced by lifting the Finger as high as possible before its *FALL*; the light note is the result, if the finger is but slightly raised. N. B. Remember: in either case the finger falls like a hammer on a loose hinge.

The *WRIST ACTION* is used only in playing detached notes. The hand is kept expanded, level, the fingers bent but motionless, the arm in its steady level position, the hand uplifted, more or less, in consideration of heavy or light notes, and let fall. (Excellent drawings for Finger and Wrist action are found in Richardson's New Method, but for *pure Elbow action* there is no plate. The Figure in which Elbow and Wrist action combined is shown, is applicable only to the melodious touch. A true representation of *ELBOW ACTION* for mechanical touch, would show the arm in the figure V; the wrist elevated, the hand entirely loose, the Fingers straight, pointing perpendicularly upon the keys. The rise and fall of the arm must correspond with the distance of the intervals and the power desired; but the Fingers must not attack the key from a

greater distance than is absolutely necessary, for superfluous motion is worse than useless. The *melodious touch* may proceed either from the Finger, Wrist or Elbow—from the finger and wrist action combined—and lastly from Elbow and Wrist action joined. For perfect drawings see the plates of Richardson's new Method. But in every movement of the Finger, hand or arm, there is a certain restraint, control, regulation (of course I do not mean stiffness). Therefore in short: *THE MECHANICAL TOUCH IS SIMPLE, THE MELODIOUS TOUCH COMPLICATED*, and consequently unsuitable for the beginner.

The proper cultivation of the mechanical Finger action or touch shall be the subject of my next letter.

(Translated from the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," vol. 50, Nos. 3, 11, and 16, for Dwight's Journal of Music, by G. A. Schmitt.)

Ludwig von Beethoven's Life and Works.

BY ADOLF BERNHARD MARX.

Reviewed by Franz Brendel, Editor of the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik."

I.

Since Mr. Stourdza, the Russian privy-councillor condemned the German universities and gave his verdict against all German culture, no greater insult has been offered to German nature and German art from the neighboring eastern empire than *OULIBICHEFF'S* book on *BEETHOVEN*. True, we have been accustomed for centuries to receive from those plains, Huns, Mongols and the cholera; but those are dispensations of heaven which we have to submit to. But the book of Oulibicheff, the work of a "sinful man," which he was swinging as a scourge over the sins of the musical representative men of the nineteenth century, has deserved a reproof at the hands of a German for some time. Not because it is of any importance, whether a Russian dilettante in Nischney-Nowgorod finds in Beethoven's F major symphony the sublime production of an Olympic humor or the effects of a "Chimera"—a creation of his own brain! That might trouble us Germans little. But Oulibicheff, having become the favorite of all musical dilettanti by his Mozart-Biography, has been proclaimed all-powerful "hetman" by the whole horde of Cossack critics, from the Volga to the Seine, in consequence of his predatory invasion into the sacred realm of German Art. He sets up the wail of woe, repeated for ever and ever, over the fallen angel, the apostate from the church of Haydn and Mozart, in which the only safety is found; over the man worthy of our pity, who bore the cross of deafness and succumbed to that cross. But if, in his case, deafness and bad example are considered mitigating circumstances, what fate do those wicked persons, who are not willing to make the brook run up hill, who in the time of round hats and natural hair think another kind of music possible, yea, even necessary, than in the time of perukes, queues, and three-cornered hats! To kill these Herostatuses critically, it is necessary to insist on the axiom: "*principiis obsta*" (resist principles) with all possible energy. After one-half of Beethoven is killed, his sinful part given to the flames, then the heretics, anabaptists and musical Hussites will perish by their own folly.

Under these circumstances it is important in the highest degree, and pleasant to see a savant of excellence, Mr. MARX, rise to vindicate in warm, eloquent language, in a manner truly scientific, the whole of *BEETHOVEN* to Germany and poor mankind. Yea, the whole *BEETHOVEN*. For this purpose, he attacks from the outset the idea of a musical apostacy, Beethoven's, and the error of a gradual development, Beethoven's, in three or four styles.

Beethoven's gigantic genius would have signalized an epoch in any century. If an unfavorable fate had thrown him into the 16th century, he would perhaps have overtopped PALESTRINA and ORLANDO LASSO. A mild and kind Providence ordained him to be the successor of MOZART and HAYDN. Both are the most glorious productions of the 18th century on the musical soil of all the world. BACH and HANDEL were the most decisive representatives of the self-conscious, GERMAN Protestant mind, which finds its world within itself or builds it up within itself in cheerful battle for thought, secure against all inimical powers. HAYDN and MOZART, on the contrary, were Catholics, sons of the more universal religion; but their catholicism was at the same time the mild and humane one of the age of Joseph II. They did not do away with the terrors of hell and purgatory; but their pure souls had the blissful consciousness that the fire of hell and purgatory was not going to burn them. Haydn, in his well-balanced, harmonious frame of mind, wrote hymn after hymn of joy and happiness of life. Thus he created God's world anew, not as the vale of sorrows of the theologians, but as an emanation of the free spirit of God. Irresistible enchantment pervades the works of his younger pupil and master, MOZART. At Salzburg stood his cradle. In that delightful valley, whose magnificent mountain forms are yet far from the sublime ruggedness of the stock of the Alps, half-Italian breezes float around us. Here the heart swells with longing for the gardens of the Hesperides to the south of the Brenner mountain. Such a longing for unknown isles of happiness, the striving after the sunny world of eternal love and youth is the golden tenor of almost all of Mozart's works. Therefore all the sweet yearnings of youthful happiness in love tremble through his symphonies and operas; he is for this reason able to picture the terrors threatening this happiness of love. And therefore nature denies to him sorrow and the strife with those powers that night have destroyed his empire of youth. He died young, very likely to the advantage of his glory.

If love and longing of youth were the exclusive contents of art, Mozart would be the master absolute, and passing beyond him treason against art. But when Mozart died European mankind underwent, for the second time, the fall of man—the French revolution was beginning to send up its fiery rays.

(To be continued.)

Ludwig Uhland.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Of all living German poets, Uhland is perhaps the best known beyond the limits of his native country. He is not, therefore, necessarily the greatest; for in the higher qualities of passion and imagination he is surpassed by Rückert, while in vigor Freiligrath is his superior. Neither of these poets, however, approaches Uhland in those qualities of simplicity, sweetness, and quaint tender fancy, which have made him so popular, even with those who know him only through translations. Few English poems have had a wider circulation among us than his "Crossing the Ferry," commencing:

"Many a year is in its grave,
Since I crossed this restless wave."

—or, "The Castle by the Sea," in Longfellow's version. In Germany no poet has written such a number of songs and ballads, which have been taken at once to the heart of the people, and have become the commonest household words of Song. Uhland is a popular poet, in the best sense of the word. Tender, true, loyal to his fatherland, full of all noble and generous inspirations, he has written no line which can possibly be perverted to exercise other than a good influence. In this respect, as well as in the consistency and integrity of his life, he strongly resembles our own Bryant.

Uhland was born in 1787, in the little town of Tübingen, in Würtemberg, where he now resides.

He studied jurisprudence, and resided for a while in Stuttgart, where he was several times elected a member of the Constitutional Assembly, always heartily coöperating with the liberal and progressive party. Many of his political lyrics breathe a bold and ardent spirit of freedom. I scarcely know a bolder or more manly utterance than that song of his, which every German student sings:

"If now a soul from heaven descended,
At once a hero and a bard."

He soon withdrew from active life, and burying himself in his beloved Tübingen, devoted his days to poetry. In 1848, only, his repose was broken. He was chosen to the German Parliament at Frankfurt, where he resumed his old place, on the extreme Left, and spoke good words for German Unity and German Freedom. He has amply proved his political kinship to the poets of Suabia—to Schiller, and Schubert, and Hauff.

The first German book which I ever attempted to read was Uhland's Poems. Before I had been a week in Heidelberg, and while I was still unable to ask for a clean towel, I had read "The Blind King," and "Little Roland." The delight which these poems gave me, lightened the study of the language, and I did not stop until I had mastered the book from beginning to end. I was anxious to know something about the poet whom I had thus learned to love, but those who had seen him described him to me as a dry, silent, ungenial old man, in whom no trace of the poetic character could be discerned.

Nevertheless, I determined that I would visit him in the course of my three months' walk through Germany; but when I reached Stuttgart, toward the close of the trip, with twenty cents in my pocket, and fifty miles yet to be traversed, and the bottles of the clouds emptied upon my head, I set my teeth together, looked at the statue of Schiller, and started for Heidelberg through the rain.

Seven years afterward, on my way from Constantinople to England, I found myself again in Würtemberg. I had not much time to spare, but the reflection came: I may never be so near to Uhland again; he is an old man, and if I fail to visit him now, I may repent it all my life. So I stopped for the night at Stuttgart, and booked myself for the diligence which started at dawn for Tübingen.

It was a tiresome, dreary ride over the windy uplands. In the gloomy autumn day, the cold fields and dark woods of pine exercised a depressing influence upon me, and I began to wish myself back again. The only other passenger was a young man, who was completely absorbed in his own thoughts, which he wrote from time to time in a note-book, as well as the shaking diligence allowed. I was curious enough to steal a glance now and then, and discovered that he was composing a poem, "right out of his head," as the country people say. During the ride of six hours he produced three stanzas, of eight lines each, and alighted in Tübingen with an air of great exhaustion. I wish I knew who he was; I even wish (I am ashamed to say) that I had spied out the title of the poem, that I might have the pleasure of ransacking modern German literature to find it!

Tübingen is a quaint little old place, on the side of a hill, overlooking the valley of the Neckar. But I had not come to see the town. My first business was to write a note to Uhland, stating who and what I was, and why I wanted to see him. Having dispatched this by a servant of the hotel, (who, I thought, seemed a little surprised, and spoke of Uhland as coolly as if he had been a shoemaker,) I lay down on my bed to await the result. In half an hour the man came back, stating that Herr Uhland would receive me immediately; and he thereupon accompanied me to the poet's residence.

I was ushered into a bare little library, lighted by a single window. It resembled, in fact, a lawyer's office much more than a poet's sanctum. A side-door opened and Uhland entered. He shook hands with a manner which was benevolent rather than cordial, and invited me to a seat on

the sofa. After the usual commonplaces, he conversed very pleasantly. I found at once that he was thoroughly simple and unobtrusive, yet cheerful and kindly—anything but dry and cynical, as he had been represented.

His stature is small, and his figure slight. The shoulders stoop a little, which makes him appear older than he really is. His face is thin, and much wrinkled about the mouth and eyes—but the eyes themselves are soft, clear, and blue, with the same fresh, youthful character which I found in those of Humboldt. His nose is prominent and full of character, his forehead high, and finely modeled, and his scanty hair, once blond, is now silver-white. The form of his head has much resemblance to that of Bryant, but he lacks the splendid Homeric beard of the latter.

I asked him whether he had written any poems recently—whether we might not expect something more from him. "I would not swear," he said, "that I will never write any more; but I have never yet written except from the necessity of expression. Whether that necessity will come again, is a thing which I cannot foresee, but it is certainly less active now than in my younger years." He then went on to speak, with great frankness, of his own works, not concealing his satisfaction at their popularity, yet not elated thereby, for they were evidently written for himself, and the effect which they might produce on others was but a secondary consideration.

After an hour spent in pleasant talk, I rose to take leave, and then ventured to ask for his name, as a souvenir of my visit. He wrote upon a slip of paper: "An inhabitant of the Suabian Land to the wanderer from the Orient," signed, and gave it to me, with a friendly invitation to visit him again. As I returned to the hotel the rain began to fall, so I kept within doors all evening, and at midnight took a return diligence to Stuttgart. So that all I saw in Tübingen was the poet Uhland.

Here is a tender little song of his, which has not been translated:

TO THE NAMELESS ONE.

Oh, would that I were standing
Upon a mountain's crown,
With thee on vales and forests,
With thee, love, looking down:
There all around I'd shew thee
The world, in morning's shine,
And say: if it were mine, love,
So were it mine and thine.

And in my heart's deep valleys
Couldst thou but thus look down,
Where all the songs are sleeping
God sent, my life to crown,
The truth I cannot utter
There might thy dear eyes see:
Each hope and each achievement
Received its life from thee.

—Independent.

(From the Monthly Religious Magazine.)

History of the Oxford Singing-School.

BY REV. E. H. SEARS.

The singing-school I understand to be one of the essentials of a New England ecclesiastical organization, and I do not think we can come to a full understanding of New England life, education, character, and manners, unless we know something of this, not the least important of its institutions. I am a graduate of this institution,—not, I am sorry to say, with the first honors, but I have been through all its drill, been initiated into all its mysteries, and feel myself tolerably competent to write its history. The history ought to be written by some one. Our school was marked by curious and interesting incidents, some of them highly illustrative of Yankee tastes and proclivities. I have waited now thirty years, and I am afraid if I wait any longer all the actors in the drama will have passed off the stage, and the history will never be given to the world. I shall be obliged, however, to alter a few names, and make some new combinations of incident, so as not to hurt the feelings of some people who are yet alive; otherwise the reader may rely upon my accuracy. I enter upon the subject *con amore*, since it is one with which poetry and music are blended with such endless shades and variations.

The village of Oxford is situated on one of the

hills in the interior of Massachusetts. It contains a meeting-house, a store, a post-office, what used to be a tavern, and half a dozen houses in which the first of the village aristocracy reside. The village, I am told, did not take its name from the English seat of learning, but rather from its bovine and agricultural interests. Large herds of cows and oxen graze in its pastures; and it is delightful, on a summer's evening, to see the flocks of the dairy vending along into the barn-yards, and the milkmaids and milk-women heing thither with their pails; for the women in Oxford have never been deprived of their right to labor. Great cheese-rooms are filled with long rows of cheeses, of most beautiful yellow, all the work of the women and the girls. Somehow the blushes of the "evening red" pass into the cheeks of the Oxford maidens; they are pictures of health and womanly strength; the sunset skies of purple and crimson, whose lights play over their features, scarcely give them a deeper tinge than Nature had done before, and the business of the dairy is enlivened with the psalm-tunes learned at the singing-school.

I must give an account of the state of things before the memorable singing-school of 1830 revolutionized the affairs of the village of Oxford. The meeting-house had square pews, both on the floor and in the galleries, and a sounding-board over the pulpit, which was always just going to fall on the preacher's head. The minister was a venerable preacher, of the old-school orthodoxy. He wore a white neckcloth, without any collar; his thin, white hair always lay sleek on the top of his head. He always came in at the north door, and, as he took off his hat on entering, he stroked the top of his head three times (I always wondered why, as nothing was never out of place there), and ascended the pulpit stairs, the very picture of piety and meekness.

Once in two or three years the parish went through the process of "seating the meeting-house." You must understand that the pews were not owned individually, but by the parish, and the parish as yet was the whole town. Consequently there was a committee appointed to "seat the meeting-house." It was well understood that some pews were more aristocratic than others; these were assigned to the doctors, the lawyer, the justices of the peace, and now and then to some rich Farmer Scrapewell, whose wife and children flared out in finer silks and broadcloth than his neighbors, and who would "sign off" if left out among the Snookses and Smiths. There were two pews, one under each flight of stairs, which always caught the fag-end of the parish. In one "Old Dick" and his family were always seated, who were colored people; in the other a half-wit, named "Cornelius," with a few of his peers. There were two pews below, one at each of the opposite entrances, to which no one was assigned by name, one being reserved for single men, and the other for single women, and which got the name of the "old bachelor's and old maid's pews." It is a curious fact, which always puzzled me when a boy, that, while the former was generally occupied, not a person was ever seen in the latter within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, though the meeting-house had stood for half a century. The gallery pews were never "seated," but left free to the young people in general, the boys at the right of the minister and the girls at the left; and they were always full. Indeed, in the good old times the house was generally filled in all its parts, except the pew for single women, which was a blank spot in the gathered and packed humanity of the village of Oxford.

But we are more specially concerned with the singers' seats, and it lies upon me to describe them. They occupied three sides of a quadrangle, the pulpit being at the middle of the fourth. Consequently, the singers sat in single rows running across three sides of the meeting-house, the treble fronting the bass, and the leading chorister fronting the pulpit. The leading chorister was a tall, bilious, wiry looking person, by the name of Peter Bettis. You should have seen him in his glory, especially in the full tide of one of the "fuguing tunes." His forces marshalled on each side of him, he would bend his lithe figure, now this way, now that way, throwing his voice into the bass and into the treble alternately, as if rolling a volume of song on each side out of his own inexhaustible nature. It really seemed, sometimes, as if all other voices were touched off by his, like a row of gas-lights breaking out in long lines of splendor by the touch of a single flambeau. Especially when they sang, as they very often did, the 122d Psalm, proper metre,

"How pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry;"

you should have witnessed the strophes and the antistrophes, sometimes in jets and jerks, sometimes in billows, which the bass rolled forth and the treble rolled back again, and which then the three living

sides of the quadrangle would all take up anew, and bring down in one tremendous crash of harmony,—Peter Bettis, as the central figure, swaying with the inspiration, riding on the whirlwind and directing the storm.

"T were worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array."

On the left of the chorister were the picked young men, the flower of the Oxford farms; on his right the girls, in neat white dresses, and in long continuous rows, beginning away at the south side of the church and extending to the north, and then making a right angle and coming up snug to the right shoulder of Peter Bettis,—all ruddy and smiling as the roses of June. Without much abuse of metaphor, you might call these two quadrangular sides the two wings on which Peter Bettis soared into the empyrean of the celestial symphonies.

The choir was a unit, and the Oxford parish was in its palmiest prosperity. I am compelled, however, as an impartial historian, to record the fact that even now there was a small speck in the horizon. There were two other choristers—Timothy Case and Jesse O. Whitney—who sat with the bass. Timothy Case never liked Peter Bettis, notwithstanding Peter's popularity in Oxford and vicinity. Though Peter Bettis would carry by storm the whole congregation, Timothy Case always stood out and muttered some sulky criticism upon the singing. It fell to him as the second chorister to take the lead in Peter's absence, when he would try to outdo his rival, especially in singing treble, by which means he got the name of "Squeaking Tim." But he was not without his influence in the parish, for he married a cousin of Farmer Scrapewell's wife, and some thought him the better singer of the two. I cannot pretend to balance the claims of the two gentlemen.

Such was the state of affairs when the singing-school opened. A Mr. Solomon Huntington, who had taught singing with immense success in the neighboring and fashionable town of Grandville, came to Oxford. "What do we want a singing-school for," asked several, "when the singing is as perfect now as it can be?" Not so, however, thought the Cases and the Scrapewells. Not so thought the young people who attended the Grandville concert. Not so thought several others who met at the Oxford Mansion-house to hear Mr. Solomon Huntington sing, and play on his bass-viol. He was a portly, sociable gentleman, who had seen the world. He had great compass of voice, and when he played on his violin, and represented a thunder storm, a conflagration, the judgment day, the battle of Trafalgar, and several other catastrophes, they were constrained to acknowledge that music had not reached its grand diapason in Peter Bettis.

The school opened in the centre school-house. It was crammed. Peter Bettis was there, with the three vocal sides of his quadrangle. Timothy Case was there. The Scrapewells were there. The *élite* of the village was there in reserved seats. All the singers in town came thither, bells jingling, boys and girls laughing and frolicking. After the school got fairly launched and organized, Mr. Solomon Huntington had a good many criticisms to make. He told them that half of them swallowed the music down their throats without letting it come out at all. "Fill your chests and open your mouths, not squeeze your mouths up as if you were going to whistle Yankee Doodle instead of singing praises to the Lord, thus—" And he would fill his lungs, and open wide his mouth, and pour out a thunderous volume of sound, and roll it and quaver it and shake it into sparkling scintillations, and throw them all over the school-room like sparks from a smithy's anvil. Then he would show off the opposite method by way of contrast and ridicule. He would compress his lips and chest, and grunt out some guttural sounds, or whine through his nose, "That's the way you sing here." Curious developments followed. It was soon evident that there were two opinions about opening the mouth. Some kept their mouths shut closer than ever; these were mostly the older singers. Others expanded their jaws to a most astonishing capacity. I had never noticed but what Peter Bettis opened his mouth sufficiently during his flourishing administration; but now you could hardly see the motion of his lips. On the other hand, the more Peter Bettis shut his mouth the more Timothy Case and Jesse O. Whitney opened theirs. The question was discussed at parties and sleigh-rides. Mercy Bettis said that when she saw the Scrapewell girls sing she could think of nothing but a trap-door. She would not open her mouth as if she was going to swallow the universe,—not she. At the next party Emily Scrapewell, in one of the "awful pauses" in conversation, accosted Mercy Bettis on the opposite side of the room, inquired for her health,

and said she understood she had been threatened with the lockjaw. It was an injudicious remark, though it raised a general titter at Mercy's expense. There was a division among the singers, however, and it could not be helped. Mercy rejoined that "She would rather die of lockjaw than have her jaws dislocated in yelping Watts's hymns." After the two parties had got thoroughly formed, I often amused myself with looking over the school-room during the singing, and among the odd fancies that came into my head, I represented to myself the Oxford singing-school overtaken by some sudden judgment and turned into petrifications, or, like Lot's wife, into salifications, some with their mouths wide open, some with their lips screwed together, and I wondered what the geologist would make of it as he dug them up or quarried them out at some future age, and whether from this single fact he could thread back the history of our singing-school and of its division into the trap-door and the lockjaw party. What would he make of the preserved fact? Would he not say that one part was gasping for breath? or would he not say they were trying to eat the others? Would he ever suspect the truth? and hence may we not infer the uncertainty of most of these antideluvian speculations? This, however, by the way.

The singing-school had not proceeded far before it was deemed necessary to affect a complete reorganization of the choir in the church. Mr. Solomon Huntington said it was impossible to sing with the singers strung from one end of the meeting-house to the other. They must "sit together." The whole plan of the galleries must be changed. That row of pews opposite the pulpit must be torn away and an orchestra must be formed there. Now came a worse crisis in the affairs of Oxford. The quadrangle must be broken up, and with it the two choral wings on which the congregation for half a century had soared to the stars. I cannot record all the speeches and debates. Mr. Huntington carried all his points from beginning to end, for the young men and women were always with him. Indeed, I am candid to say that he was an intelligent and worthy gentleman, and I presume he was right in this matter, though I always mourned the mutilation of that old church. There the two wings of Peter Bettis had caught me up into the heavens, and made me feel the truth of an old gentleman's saying, that "the singing was the best part of the sermon." There I had come up to hear the sermon, sometimes rather to look at the minister while my thoughts were running along the other side of that quadrangle where the roses from all the farm-houses were ranged a-row. The astronomers say that the best way to see a star is to look one side of it. So I have no doubt a great many of us youngsters looked at the minister for the purpose of seeing particular flowers on the right wing of Peter Bettis's quadrangle. I suppose it was wrong; but I am writing history, and feel obliged to be candid.

Then there was all the reverence and affection bound up in the arrangements of an old church, the same as in an old Bible or hymn-book. Every board that was torn from its place tore into the very heart of Deacon Webster and old Uncle Eliakim Jones, and several other patriarchs, who would gather at noon in one of the great square pews, lean their gray heads upon their staves, and talk over the old times and the degeneracy of the age. But the reformers had their way. The quadrangle was broken up. The pews in the north gallery were ripped out and piled away as old lumber, and seats were arranged one behind another, the singers seated anew, beginning with the graver men and matrons, and ascending and tapering off with the boys and girls, whose heads nearly touched the ceiling above. The next Sunday, hark and behold! the musical wings were clipped forever and the singing rained down from what they called an orchestra perched away up in the north gallery. The people below, however, call it by different names, and by names which were anything but complimentary. "Pigeon-loft," "hay-mow," "hen-roost," and divers other terms suggestive of rural tastes and occupations, expressed the disgust of the Oxford conservatives at the desecration of their meeting-house. The controversy between the trap-doors and lockjaws, conveniently abbreviated as the "traps" and the "locks," paled away, though it was not forgotten, in the new controversy between the quadrangles and the orchestra men, which extended beyond the choir and involved the whole congregation.

(To be continued.)

Carissimi, a famous composer of music, being praised for the ease and grace of his melodies, exclaimed: "Ah! with what difficulty is this ease acquired."

Prospects of Operatic Music in America.

It is a common maxim that we have no means to judge of the future, save through the experience of the past. Like many other common maxims, however, which are acknowledged to be sound in theory, and are systematically eschewed in practice, it is seldom adopted by individuals or classes, as a rule of action. The projectors and conductors of Opera houses, for instance, invariably regard it as a "glittering generality." No consideration of past failure deters either class from renewed experiment. Huge theatres for operatic purposes, have gone on or are going up all over the country, which will favorably compare in splendor and dimension with those of the European capitals. New York, Boston, and Philadelphia have their Academies; Brooklyn, regardless of expense, points exultingly to her \$200,000 edifice. Turning to the West, we find the ambitious Pike investing his magnolian profits in a sumptuous pile, which he gracefully christens with his poetic name. There seems to be an abiding faith in the musical proclivities of the American people. One *impressario* after another gets into difficulties, and finally disappears in the Slough of Despond; yet the new temples continually arise, as if to multiply chances for the unlucky speculator to tempt financial ruin. The very name "Academy of Music," has been such an unfortunate one, that we wonder ingenuity has not been taxed to invent a title which should be a harbinger of hope rather than an omen of disaster. In fact, the first regular theatre for the performance of Italian Opera in England was styled the Royal Academy of Music, and was as ill-fated as most of its god children have been. Established in 1726, largely aided by Royal and aristocratic patronage, supported by the talents of Handel, Bononcini, and Ariosti, whose works were interpreted by the best living singers, this establishment closed its doors in 1728, after sinking £50,000,—a much larger sum than now,—over and above the regular receipts from public patronage.

These considerations, however, by no means prevented the speedy inauguration of similar enterprises, whose histories bear the common family resemblance. Thus men refuse to be guided by the experience of others. Each imagines his case is to be the exceptional one. Each has his favorite schemes, hobbies and pets whose judicious juxtaposition and distribution shall disarm criticism and forestall failure. Each falls into the delusive snare of trusting that the enthusiasm with which the Hydra-headed monster always welcomes a new undertaking, is an earnest and reliable indication of permanent and substantial support. Each finds out his blunder when there is no longer anything in his pockets to buoy up the weight of his *aces* of wisdom. We are well aware that it is easier to speak of the causes of failure, than to point out the means for effectual remedy. It is very certain that there is a very strong taste for Italian music among our people collectively. The problem is, so to direct that taste into steady channels, as to induce its gratification to pay for the cost of the article it requires. That no solution has yet been arrived at is sufficiently obvious. The late Manager of our Opera house has unquestionably labored hard to please the public and to maintain his position. There have been drawbacks. He has mounted most expensively and unprofitably, the least melodious and popular operas of his repertoire—the *Sicilian Vespers* and the *Jewess*. Good works, on the contrary, have been carelessly presented. It is an unfortunate illustration of the doctrine of compensations, that bad operas have been so finely equipped, and fine operas so ily. He has been drawn into the blunder of risking the reputation of his house on the untried efforts of novices who have displeased the public by "stepping on the top round of the ladder at once, an experience which precludes the possibility of ascension and includes the probability of a fall." Finally, he has "enjoyed the disadvantage" of too marked and blatant a support from a press which too regularly swamps its candidates, to permit the rational hope of even a musical exception. The minor detriments, such as undisciplined employees, an army of impecunious lobby-ites, half *claque* and half *clique*, and the succumbing to the caprices of conceited artists, are, we presume, to be classed more or less among the inevitables when so delicate an exotic as the Opera in its embryo state. But we believe New York is now getting sufficiently cosmopolitan to admit of an Opera enjoying that precision of discipline, fertility of resources for the *mise en scene*, and judicious advantages of every means for increasing receipts, common to Old World establishments. We venture to suggest among the latter, that the upper part of the house in the Academy of Music has never yet been made to pay what it should. Let comfortable stalls and small boxes be arranged in the upper tiers, and let for the

season, at a fixed moderate price. People who are now ashamed to go to any but the most expensive part of the house—which they can often ill afford—would soon be induced, by comfort and permanency, to avail of the new convenience. The Stockholders would best subserve their own interests by consenting to forego their existing monopoly of the (nearly) three hundred choicest seats in the house, reserving, simply, their right of admission. These reforms being achieved, a strong effort should be made, by offering liberal inducements for wholesale purchase, to lease the boxes in family (or grand) tier, also by the season. The patronage of the general public is too unreliable, too much affected by weather and caprice, to be regarded as a substantial basis for the treasury; such a basis must come as in London and Paris, from subscription. Let now a well balanced company of competent artists, whose selection shall be placed in hands of unmistakable experience and taste, and whose engagements shall be strict enough to prevent public disappointments, be brought forward, and there will be, with the suggested improvements, greater reason to anticipate successful and permanent establishment of Italian Opera in America, than we have yet had the right or the means to count upon. It is a pity that so elegant and refined an amusement should not obtain something better than its present precarious foothold here, and without being uncharitable enough to wish any one any harm, we shall be glad to see in the future, a management with sufficient spirit, dignity and capacity, to compass the necessary reforms, and to realize an Opera House as a solvent and abiding institution.—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer*.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING IN RICHMOND, VA.—The slave population and their employment are objects of interest to the visitors to all Southern cities. Go into a tobacco manufactory here and you will see from fifty to one hundred blacks of both sexes and all ages, busily engaged in picking and rolling the weed, and preparing it for boxing; while at the same time a flow of delightful harmony is kept up as their united voices join in some of their peculiar hymns, many of which are the same as are heard in the churches of Boston. The slaves work and sing as a matter of course; they could not well do the one without the other; and to a question of mine, after visiting some twenty or more factories where the same habit was observable,—I was told that their song was never interrupted by any one, though in several instances conversation with the proprietor was almost impossible, in consequence of the "congregational singing" among the operatives.

I visited one of the churches for blacks yesterday afternoon, and found there the same disposition to sing as prevails in the factories. No sooner had the last words of one hymn left the lips, than some little whining voice, or oftener, a gruff bass one, would lead off on something else; and I began to think that the congregation did not intend their preacher should have an opportunity to commence his portion of the service at all. There are no churches for free blacks in Richmond, but free and bond all worship together, and not a few whites are found among them, also; who are always treated with the greatest respect.—*Corr. of Boston Evening Transcript*.

THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF HANDEL'S "MESSIAH."—When Handel's "Messiah" was first performed, the audience was exceedingly struck and affected by the music in general; but when the chorus struck up, "For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," they were so transported that they all, together with the king, (who happened to be present,) started up and remained standing till the chorus ended; and hence it became the fashion in England for the audience to stand while that part of the music is performing. Some days after the first exhibition of the same divine oratorio, Mr. Handel came to pay his respects to Lord Kinnoul, with whom he was particularly acquainted. His lordship, as was natural, paid him some compliments on the noble entertainment which he had lately given the town. "My lord," said Handel, "I should be sorry if I only entertained them, I wish to make them better."

ANECDOTE OF ZEUNER.—Our notice of Zeuner's "Feast of Tabernacles," reminds us of an incident in his life, illustrative of his extreme sensitiveness. At one time organist of a prominent Episcopal church in this city, Zeuner, allowing his fancies to assume the shape of a masterly impromptu fugue upon a certain Sunday, astounded the few appreciative and knowing members of the congregation with his wonderful performance—while

he simultaneously shocked the many-headed with what seemed to them totally incomprehensible and devoid of beauty. At the conclusion of the service, one of the prominent members, meeting the great organist in the vestibule, put the following query to him: "Mr. Zeuner, pray, is our organ out of order? There was such an unaccountable jolting and rumbling in the pedals this morning, and altogether it sounded very strangely indeed." This lamentable display of musical ignorance entirely overcame the testy and sensitive harmonist. With a contemptuous hiss between his teeth, he strode from his interrogator, nor ever went near the stately church again, professionally or otherwise.—*Amateur's Guide*.

Here is a bit of pleasantry which goes to show what sort of a life is led by a Parisian theatrical manager. M. Beaumont, who has recently assumed the direction of the Opera Comique, and is supposed to be an exemplification of the proverb, that a "new broom sweeps clean," or that, in other words, his profession is paramount to every other consideration, is already in his office at nine o'clock in the morning, walking up and down the room, with an air of importance justified by his responsible position. A liveried servant enters and obsequiously asks if M. Beaumont "desires breakfast to be served?"

"Breakfast, indeed!" ejaculates the great man. "Either I am director of the Opera Comique, or I am not. If I am the director, it is my imperative duty to receive petition—I mean pieces. It is now between nine and ten o'clock, and not a single act have I yet accepted. Business before pleasure! Introduce the petitioners!"

The servant throws open the doors of the ante-chamber, and a throng of authors and composers rushes into the cabinet. After patiently listening, during two mortal hours, to the demands of his courtiers, the King of the Opera Comique is once more alone, and can at least breakfast in tranquility. M. Beaumont has done a good morning's work; and six new operas are added to the repertory of the establishment. The servant sits in the ante-chamber, awaiting the termination of his august master's repast. All at once, a gray-haired stranger enters, carrying under his arm a voluminous roll of music.

"Is the director in?" asks the stranger, in persuasive accents, at the same time slipping a Napoleon into the chamberlain's hand.

"The director is at this moment particularly engaged. He is breakfasting, and cannot be interrupted."

"Would you have the kindness to announce me?" entreats the stranger. "I am convinced he will receive me."

"I am quite sure it would be useless. You come on business, I suppose."

"Yes. Say that it is M. Auber, with a new opera."

"Let me advise you, M. Auber, to come some other day. We have already received a sufficient assortment in your line, this morning!"—*N. O. Delta*.

JULLIEN'S EXTRAORDINARY DUEL.—M. Jullien was first noticed by the public as leader of the concerts at the *Jardin Turc*, at Paris, since built over. A five story house now stands where he once stood, as we have also so often seen him here, with primrose gloves, and shirt cuffs turned up to the elbow, wielding the sceptre of the king of the orchestra. It was during his reign at the *Jardin Turc* that, according to M. Lecomte, the following accident happened to him: "He had an extraordinary duel, unprecedented save amongst Ariosto's fabulous heroes. One of the musicians, who had been a fencing-master in a regiment, had a dispute with him, and sent him a challenge. Jullien asked a week to prepare for the duel, and his request was granted. At the end of that time the encounter took place with swords, and he received a furious thrust, which ran him right through the body, the hilt of the weapon actually resting upon the wound, and his antagonist having naturally let go his hold, Jullien rushed upon him, and in his turn dealt him a desperate blow; after which, having thus revenged himself, he remained erect, with a sword sticking out of his back! Nobody daring to withdraw it, he himself had the energy to pluck it from the wound. It had made itself a passage which, wonderful to relate, interfered with none of the organs essential to life. A month afterwards, Jullien had resumed his baton and his primrose gloves, and, pallid and in elegiac attitudes, he once more presided over those concerts to which the fame of his adventure now attracted all Paris. The circumstances which decided him to quit Paris, were, like everything in his life, singular and out of the way. Having some cause of complaint against the authorities, he revenged himself by the composition of an odd

posting-bill, in which a combination of letters, put in larger type than the others, formed, when seen at a distance, words offensive to the police. He had to run for it, and then it was he went to England."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 12, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha," Piano Solo.

Orpheus Quartette Club.

On Saturday evening, Jan. 5th, the gentlemen composing this Club, Messrs. W. and C. SCHRAUBSTÄDTER, LANGERFELDT and JANSEN, the solo singers of the Orpheus Musical Society, gave a concert at the hall of Messrs. Chickering, assisted by Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG. The programme was excellent, and the execution for the most part also. The singing of these gentlemen in the Orpheus concerts made them deservedly favorites, and the ensemble-pieces they sang that evening, were done with that nicety of shading, that strict and careful entering in the intentions of the composer, which is a characteristic of the Orpheus, and a proof of Mr. KREISSMANN'S careful training.

PART I.

1. Quartette, "Ich grüsse dich,"Haertel
2. Aria, "O Isis und Osiris," from the Magic Flute.Mozart
Mr. R. Jansen.
3. Tartini's Dream, Sonata for Violin, (1690,) by request,
.....Tartini
Mr. J. Eichberg.
4. Duetto from Don Giovanni.Mozart
Messrs. C. Schraubstädter and R. Langerfeldt.
5. Quartette, Walzer.Vogl

PART II.

6. Quartette, "Draus ist alles so prächtig,"Spohr
7. Aria from Don Giovanni.Mozart
Mr. C. Schraubstädter.
8. a. Elegie.Eichberg
b. Fabanna.
Mr. J. Eichberg.
9. Songs. a. Ungeduld.F. Schubert
b. Er ist gekommen.R. Franz
10. Quartette, Abendlied.C. Kreutzer

The four quartets are good pieces. The tender "Ich grüsse dich" and the similar "Abendlied," the May-song, "Draus ist alles so prächtig" with its simple melody like a people's song and the favorite sparkling "Walzer" each one good in its way, have all of them their peculiar charm. The fine harmonic effects of No. 1 were accurately rendered, and the whole piece sung with truthful expression. The same is true of the "Abendlied," the "Walzer" went as well as usual; in the quartet by Spohr, a greater degree of simplicity would have improved the rendering. The solos were well done, though not as well as the ensemble-pieces. We think we have heard Mr. Jansen's voice to greater advantage before in the same air than on Saturday. There was hardly life enough in his performance. This want of life was noticeable to some extent in the Duetto and the Aria from "Don Giovanni." The two songs by Schubert and Franz were better rendered than the other solo-pieces, though in some places they were overdone, especially the second.

Mr. LEONHARD who was expected to accompany the solos, and Mr. Eichberg's pieces being prevented from so doing by news of an unexpected sad event, the gentlemen were fortunate in having Mr. MEYER'S assistance, who without any rehearsal played well. It would be unfair,

therefore, to reflect on the fact that the accompaniments were too loud for the most part. Undoubtedly, had Mr. Meyer been able to rehearse with the gentlemen, he would have found the proportionate harmonious degree of strength.

Mr. Eichberg's part of the programme was performed with rare mastery and taste. The famous sonata, "Il trillo del diavolo" was rendered excellently. The trills with their accompaniments had a perfect finish and a drastic strength about them; in hearing them, one might imagine the savage scowl or the sardonic grin of the unutterable personage whose name the sonata bears. The tenderer, elegiac portion of it were played with fine taste and warmth of expression. The legend of this sonata as Tartini is said to have related it himself, is as follows: "One night I dreamed, his Satanic Majesty was addressing me in the following words: 'you are after all a cold composer, poor in invention, and but a common fiddler. I do these things better.' Then he played me a sonata such as I had never heard before, full of trills, which I like so well. I awoke, jumped up, tried to write down the sonata, which I still imagined I heard. I wrote a curious, very difficult sonata, full of the most artful trills. But I felt that my composition was far below the excellence of the original. Yet a d—lish sonata it is nevertheless." It is historical, that he preferred it to all his other compositions and had it constantly hanging on the wall of his room, opposite the door. The date 1690 as stated on the programme is an error, however, as Tartini was born only in 1692. With the same excellence in expression, breadth, strength and sweetness of tone, the two pieces of Mr. Eichberg's composition were played, of which the second seemed to us the most original. It is a pleasure to hear so difficult an instrument as the violin handled so well and masterly. It was a rare treat. A praiseworthy feature in Mr. E.'s two pieces, was the absence of all the routine clap-trap, we are accustomed to in the majority of violin-pieces. They are noble in treatment, and leave a pleasurable satisfaction in the mind of the hearer.

The concert was a very pleasant one, and was so received. The audience was a good one; from the absence of many persons whom we know to be great admirers of the singing of the Orpheus, we conclude, however, that the enterprise did not have publicity enough. Everything here depends on advertisements—no, fortunately not everything but a good deal concerning the business arrangements of concerts. We wish the concert might have been as profitable to the gentlemen as it was agreeable to the audience.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Messiah.

I have been considerably amused during the last few days, at reading the various newspaper criticisms on the performance of the *Messiah*, by the Handel and Haydn Society, on the 30th ult., but still more so by the opinions expressed by those same writers, that the *Messiah* is, after all—much of it—unfit for cultivated ears to listen to, in this advanced period of musical knowledge and experience.

While some of our best informed, and most judicious critics have given the old Society credit for having given to the public a very good per-

formance of this Christmas Oratorio; others have indulged in a strain of remark quite the opposite; and, in answer to the latter, I will only say that in common with many others—who perhaps are as competent judges as those who exhibit such wonderful capacity for faultfinding—I listened attentively through the performance with a high degree of satisfaction, and without discovering those blemishes so freely spoken of.

To an unprejudiced listener such expressions as "tame and spiritless"—"see-saw style of singing the choruses"—"catch-penny form" of presenting it to the public with a meagre chorus, orchestra, &c. &c., are very ridiculous, and can have no other possible effect than to convince the reader that something more than a desire to chronicle faithfully the doings on that occasion was the prime object.

But when one glances his eye over the criticisms of the work—the *Messiah* of Handel—he is lost in amazement at the exceeding knowledge (acquired in so short a space of time) and critical judgment of some of these newspaper writers. For instance, one who but a year ago,—or possibly two years ago—indulged in columns of praise of the Cantata called the "Haymakers," (a very clever thing in its way,) and who made use of this expression in relation to it, "we consider this composition as one of the greatest works of the age," now says that "the grandeur of this oratorio (the *Messiah*) cannot be felt by us with our progressive ideas, our present knowledge of the works of other great masters," having, undoubtedly, the "Haymakers" firmly fixed in his mind.

Another writer likens the magnificent runs and roulades of Handel's songs and choruses to a "festoon of onions to the rhythm of a hornpipe."

Surely we are progressive, and very soon we may expect to find the *Elijah* or *St. Paul* of Mendelssohn superseded (in the minds of many of these learned modern critics) by some composition of wondrous beauty, particularly adapted to Negro Minstrelsy.

The same writer says, "Let any other man write such stuff and the world will be shocked." Probably those magnificent fugues of connected notes in Mozart's *Requiem* were entirely forgotten when he penned that paragraph.

The assertion that the *Messiah* was never performed so well here as it was by the Mendelssohn Choral Society, a few years ago, and that it was then "faultless," is simply absurd. The Handel and Haydn Society, at the Festival of 1857, with a chorus of six hundred and an orchestra of eighty, gave this grandest of Handel's works in a manner to leave comparison with any other performance of it quite out of the question.

A highly respectable and popular Weekly, in a notice of the performance, written apparently in a very decidedly foggy atmosphere, speaks of the "imperfect organization of band and chorus, so evident on the start," &c., but neglects entirely to give an opinion of the merits of the composition. It would have been pleasant to have heard from him on that important point; but in the absence of such a decision as he is capable of giving, the musical world are obliged to withhold judgment until further developments. B.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB will give the first concert of their new series this evening, the programme for which is an inviting one; as it offers

to us the celebrated Septet of Beethoven, (op. 20.) which has never been played in public before in Boston. Messrs. HAMANN, HOHNSTOCK and STEINE will assist in the performance. The remainder of the programme is more calculated to attract a popular audience than the ordinary ones of the Club at their regular concerts. Mrs. LONG is to sing several songs, Mr. SCHULTZE gives a violin solo and Mr. ZOHLER a flute solo.

We hope that a crowded house may reward this new undertaking, which is designed to attract two very different classes of hearers.

The next regular concert of the Club will take place on Tuesday next, when we shall hear Franz Schubert's Octette, by way of novelty. Mr. H. Draper will sing.

BOSTON MOZART CLUB.—We have received a copy of the Rules and Regulations of the club of amateurs recently organized under this name, for the purpose of rehearsing and performing orchestral music, to which we made mention some weeks ago. It surely augurs well for Art here that such an organization should exist among us, and we are glad to learn of the success of the undertaking. The following are the officers for the present year: Wm. M. Byrnes, President; Augustus Flagg, Vice President; George Papendiek, Secretary; James Swan, Treasurer; George D. Russell, Assistant Manager; Edward Kendall, Librarian.

In addition to the performing members, the Club includes associate members, both gentlemen and ladies, who, by the payment of a small annual assessment, have the privilege of attending all the rehearsals and musical entertainments of the Club during the winter. We learn also that members of both sorts, active and associate, will be gladly welcomed by the Club, and that the officers whose names are well known in the community will give all information in the matter to those who are interested. The Club meets every Monday evening at the Piano Warerooms of Messrs. Hallett & Cumston, 339 Washington Street.

The National Airs and Songs.

Differ as people, here and there, may, in these times, the NATIONAL SONGS seem everywhere to strike a vein of patriotism, and to touch a chord that never fails to respond. No one is willing to abandon them, poor as they may be intrinsically. A correspondent of a new Orleans paper warms into a positive enthusiasm, he protests against giving them up. He says:

I sincerely believe I never could learn to get entirely over a certain moisture of the eyelids that always comes to me when listening to the sweet and stately melody of the Star Spangled Banner, whether issuing from a company of mimic soldiers in the broad glare of day, or whether at nightfall, gently swelling over moonlit waves from a far-off line-of-battle-ship. Nor do I think I could easily conquer a certain tingling of the finger-ends, and a peculiar combative tendency which will creep over my usually quiet nature, when the soul-stirring notes of Hail Columbia, marching onward like an army to the field, suddenly breaks upon my ear. Much less, in view of the fact that even Yankee Doodle, played on a two-stringed fiddle by a negro boy, seated upon a cotton bale, will cause emotions patriotic in character, would I guarantee to nerve my heart to utter forgetfulness of any other of our national melodies, endeared to us by so many recollections of bravely-fought fields and hard-earned victories.

The New Orleans Crescent also protests against giving up Hail Columbia or the Star Spangled Banner, and even claims a special property in them for the South. None the less do we claim them here as ours, and long may they be a part of the common birthright of all AMERICANS. The Crescent very properly says:

"These tunes and anthems of right belong to the

South; and as they are glorious tunes and anthems, we should cherish and perpetuate them, instead of throwing them back into the possession of those who have causelessly and wantonly become our enemies. These magnificent compositions first burst upon the world when the whole country was a slaveholding country; and like nearly everything great in war, peace, intellect and science, which made our forefathers illustrious, sprung from one general source. Instead of abandoning, let us claim them as our own legitimate property. They are a proud portion of our birthright. Our whole people have listened to their swelling strains with unalloyed delight; and tens of thousands would almost as soon fight for their retention as they would for the protection of their section—so strong is their reverence for, and powerful their attachment to, the grand old tunes they have admired and loved from earliest boyhood to the present moment.

For these reasons, leaving out of the account numerous others which could be brought forward, we sincerely trust these truly Southern National Airs, wherever performed in public hereafter, will be greeted with that hearty approbation which has been bestowed upon them from the time when the memory of the oldest citizens runneth not to the opposite."

New Publications.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for December. Reprint of Leonard Scott & Co.

"Maga" is always full of good meat and we greet every number with undiminished pleasure.

MARION GRAHAM, or "Higher than Happiness," by Meta Lander, author of "Light on the Dark River," &c. Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. 506 pp.

Musical Chit-Chat.

MASON AND HAMLIN'S MELODEONS.—The manufacture of *melodeons* and other instruments of that nature has grown within a few years into a large and important business. This class of instruments often fills a place that no other can supply, and various reasons, (beside an absolute preference for the tone) lead to their adoption and use.

The instruments made by the firm mentioned at the head of this article are distinguished as among the best, if not the very best made in this country, for tone, power, external finish and variety of style. At the late Fair of the Mechanic's Association in this city, Messrs. Mason and Hamlin were awarded the first premium, a SILVER MEDAL, for their Melodeons and Harmoniums. From the report of the judges accompanying this award, we make the following extracts:

"The instruments exhibited by the firm of Mason and Hamlin were of remarkably fine workmanship, and the care exercised in voicing the reeds has made them better than those of any other makers, with whose instruments your Committee are familiar. The enterprise and ingenuity which has been bestowed on them, and elevated them from the low level which in their first inception these instruments held, cannot be too highly commended and encouraged. Without discussing the question whether one kind of mechanism is more legitimate than another for producing tone in instruments of the organ class, there can be but one opinion of the advance already made in the manufacture of reed organs, and their present superiority over the specimens of former years; and your Committee would most cheerfully award to Mason and Hamlin the principal merit in promoting such a desirable result." The judges were: Messrs. William Read, Charles J. Capen, J. Baxter Upham, Carl Zerrahn, George Derby, James C. D. Parker and Samuel Jamison.

PITTSFIELD, MASS., Dec. 28.—The Cantata of "Paradise" and the Peri was performed by the pupils and music teachers of *Maplewood*. The correspondent informs us that the occasion passed off finely. The music was by Mr. J. L. Eusign, who is one of the teachers of music in the institution, Messrs. K. Treuer and Otto Feder, being the others.

A MUSICAL ENTHUSIAST.—Dr. Ford, the rector of Melton, was an enthusiast in music, very singular in his manner, and a great humorist. His passion for sacred music was publicly known, from his constant attendance at most of the musical festivals in the kingdom. I have frequently met him, and always found him in ecstasies with Handel's music, especially the *Messiah*. His admiration of this work was carried to such an excess, that he told me he never made a journey from Melton to Leicester that he did not sing it quite through. His performance served as a pedometer by which he could ascertain his progress on the road. As soon as he had crossed Melton-bridge, he began the overture, and always found himself in the chorus, "Lift up your heads," when he arrived at Brooksby-gate; and "Thanks be to God," the moment he got through Thurmaston toll-gate. As the pace of his old horse was pretty regular, he contrived to conclude the Amen chorus always at the cross in the Belgrave-gate. Though a very pious person, his eccentricity was, at times, not restrained even in the pulpit. It need not be stated that he had a pretty good opinion of his own vocal powers. Once, when the clerk was giving out the tune, he stopped him, saying, "John, you have pitched too low—follow me." Then, clearing up his voice, he lustily began the tune. When the psalmody went to his mind, he enjoyed it; and, in his paroxysms of delight would dandle one or both of his legs over the sides of the pulpit during the singing. The doctor was himself a performer, had a good library of music, and always took the *Messiah* with him on his musical journeys. I think it was at Birmingham festival that he was sitting with his book upon his knee, humming the music with the performers, to the great annoyance of an attentive listener, who said, "I did not pay to hear you sing." "Then," said the doctor, "you have that into the bargain." — *Gardiner's Music and Friends*.

NEW ACOUSTIC APPARATUS.—The paraboloid sounding apparatus proposed several weeks since for the City Hall, has been secured and tested, and with the most satisfactory results. The contrivance is simple, and consists chiefly of a large oval apparatus after the style of a shell, erected ten or twelve feet above the platform, and supported by a couple of pillars, a few feet above the speaker's head. A very low sound of the voice is distinctly heard at the opposite end of the hall, and no echo is produced, however loud it may be. The whole thing cost but about \$200, and the benefit derived is worth that much during a single lecture season. It will be used during Mr. Youman's lecture, at the City Hall, this evening. — *Springfield Republican*.

GOTTSCHALK.—Private advices inform us of the illness of the great American pianist, who still remains in Havana. At one time the attack proved so dangerous as to require the constant attendance of three eminent physicians. His friends, however, will be pleased to hear of his gradual convalescence since then. The character of the disease is not stated. — *Amateur's Guide*.

Musical Correspondence.

TRAPPE, PA., Jan. 2.—The *Creation* was given in this village on Christmas Eve, by the Phi Kappa Tau Society, of Washington Hall. There was a goodly number of singers, accompanied by piano and several other instruments. The performance was characteristic of those given by the same society on former occasions good. The audience was larger than at any previous performance, and evidently appreciative; for *The Creation* entire was not sufficient. A gem from *Moses in Egypt* was given. C. H. JARVIS, of Philadelphia, presided at the piano, and closed with a masterly performance of an exceeding difficult piece. The solo singers were Miss TILLIE A. GROSS, C. D. HARTRAFT, A. RAMBO, H. R. WEAND and H. W. SNYDER. The whole was under the conductorship of A. Rambo. This is a noble cause, and we say persevere. Q.

NEW YORK, JAN. 7.—In regard to opera there is very little to say. The Formes company gave one performance on New Year's night, which was well attended by Germans at theatre prices, but the panic, "hard times" and secession excitement have all been too strong to give poor Apollo a chance to twang his lyre again in Gotham. It is rumored that the Colson troupe will open the Brooklyn Academy of Music before long. It is probable that they will also give a few performances at our Academy of Music. Rumor hints the possibility of a new opera house being built in this city, further up town than that on Fourteenth Street. We need it about as much as a dog needs two tails.

Concerts announced this week are Miss HAWLEY's on Tuesday evening. The lady is a contralto vocalist of considerable ability, and a singer I believe in St. George's Church choir, where KING the best organist in the city (of his style) is engaged, and plays excepting on Christmas days and such like occasions, when he don't find time to attend. If Miss Hawley don't sing at St. George's, she sings somewhere else, it don't matter where. Her annual concert this year takes place at a new concert saloon, Irving Hall, a room highly spoken of. I give you the programme:

PART I.

1. Solo, Violin—(Fantasia,) "Anna Bolena".....Allard Henri Appy.
 2. Song, "The Anchor's Weighed".....Mr. Simpson.
 3. Sacred Song, "Ruth and Naomi".....Topliffe Miss Hawley.
 4. Solo, Piano, Fantasia, (F sharp, minor).....Mendelssohn Mr. Beale.
 5. Duo, "The Sailor Sighs".....Balfé Miss Hawley and Mr. Simpson.
 6. Finale to the Second Act of "Lurline".....Wallace Mendelssohn Union.
- Solos by Mrs. W., Miss Francis, Mr. Simpson and Mr. Werneke.

PART II.

1. Solo, Piano, Variations on "Home, Sweet Home".....Thalberg Mr. Beale.
2. Cavatina, "Roberto Devereux".....Donizetti Miss Hawley.
3. Song, "Home of my Heart," (Lurline).....Wallace Mr. Simpson.
4. Trio, "Turn on, Old Time," (Maritana).....Wallace Miss Hawley, Mr. Simpson, and Mr. Werneke.
5. Solo, Violin, "Grand Variation" (La Norma),.....Appy Henri Appy.
6. Song, "Good Night, Farewell".....Kucken Miss Hawley.
7. Chorus, (Lurline).....Wallace Mendelssohn Union.—Solo, Miss Breunen.

The Mendelssohn Union assisting at this concert, the Harmonic Society will assist by way of balancing attractions, at a concert to be given at the same place on Thursday evening, by Mr. BRISTOW, for a charitable object. Felicien David's *Desert* will be produced on this occasion.

A new singer has arrived here, but has not yet appeared. He is a tenor, SIMON LEVIDAN by name, an Italian, and formerly one of the Garibaldians. He has a powerful *tenore robusto* voice, and would take well in the Verdi Operas. His voice would easily fill the largest theatre, and I think that in case the lyric drama ever revives in this section, Simon Levidan's name will become better known. There is a new prima donna here also, a Mlle. ELENA who comes from Rio. In the present operatic stagnation she had better have stayed there.

Some little gossip and perturbation has been created in church choir circles by the communications of one "TIMOTHY TRILL" to the *Despatch* of this city. Timothy is an organist who possesses some brains, a facile pen and a great many absurd notions. He composes music, and too much of it for his own good; but he is a clever writer and "cuts up" the follies and whims of church choir members admirably. He has exposed some curious instances of musical charlatanism, and his communications are worthy the attention of *Dwight's Journal*.

I don't know how it is in Boston, but as far as New York is concerned, church choirs and their occupants form a most amusing study. It is incredible how many stupid, incompetent, yet self-conceited people belong to choirs—how much twaddling, cackling, gossiping, slandering, backbiting, reviling and all uncharitableness is going on in them. Changes are constantly occurring. If a man or a woman gets a station in a church worth having, he or she is thenceforward the target for aspersions and envy. He or she is the object of official assassination; and he or she has the pleasant knowledge that a band of least fifty individuals are panting to turn him or her out of the position and fill it themselves. Under handed means is familiar to the majority of our choir musicians. Germans who can live on three cents a day, and save two of them, are ever ready to underbid an American musician, and I could give instances in connection with some of our choirs which would amaze everybody but a New York musician. Efforts have been made to unite our church choirs into a sort of mutual benefit Society; but the personal piques and jealousies were too strong for the successful accomplishment of the plan. TROVATOR.

WORCESTER, JAN. 5.—I have for a long time been hoping that some one in the "heart of the Commonwealth," would inform you of our musical affairs here, but as I have not seen a communication in your valuable paper from this place, for a long time, I will write a few lines which you can publish if they are worth publishing.

Concerts this season are like angel's visits, few and far between. On Friday of last week we were favored with a concert by the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, of Boston; assisted by the popular vocalist Mrs. LONG. She never sang better. The concert as a whole was faultless.

Our Mozart Society is in a flourishing condition, numbering one hundred and fifty members, with Prof. E. H. FROST, Conductor; B. D. ALLEN, Pianist and G. P. BURT, leader of orchestra. Handel's "Messiah" was performed by this Society on Saturday evening, Dec. 29th. Both solos and choruses were well rendered. "I know that my Redeemer liveth" was sung by Miss WHITING with fine effect, and was the gem of the evening. The remaining solos were sustained by Miss FISKE, Mrs. PIERCE, Mrs. DOANE and Mrs. HILL; Messrs. FROST, WHITING, ALLEN and LAWRENCE. The orchestra played the accompaniment finely, and also the overture to Zampa.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club propose giving a series of chamber concerts, commencing Friday of next week. In my next I will give you an account of their concert, I shall also have a few words to say in regard to our Mendelssohn Choral Club under the direction of Mr. B. D. Allen. M.

A WHISTLER ENCORED IN A THEATRE.—Night before last a little event occurred at Niblo's Theatre which will long be remembered by all who were present. Pending the appearance of the members of the orchestra, who were for some reason behind time, a plainly dressed man in the third tier commenced whistling that peculiarly plaintive melody, "The Last Rose of Summer," with a sweetness and grace quite bewitching. By degrees the accustomed hum of voices in the parquette and boxes ceased, and all eyes were turned upward in the vain endeavor to trace whence came the mysterious and thrilling strains. The audience seemed entranced with the strange warbling notes and trills of the whistler, and perfect quiet reigned throughout the house. Some of the actors peered from behind the curtain, and even the musicians crept silently into the orchestra. With the most intricate variations, the whistler finished the air, when a storm of applause broke from the audience, which almost shook the house to the centre. Again were the shrill and peculiar notes of the whistler heard, and again was the house reduced to breathless silence. The strange music ceasing a second time, the orchestra struck up an operatic air, but their music was fairly drowned by the storm of applause. One of the ushers finally traced out the whistler, and churlishly turned him out of the house. —N. Y. Tribune.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The skipper and his boy. V. Gabriel. 30

A free and happy imitation of Hullah's musical version of "Three fishers went sailing." It is a sad and mournful story and with the assistance of the highly suggestive music, is capable of producing a deep impression.

Tender blossoms. (D'un pensiero.) Duet. "Sonnambula." 30

The beautiful Quintet Finale in the second act, where Edgardo denounces the vainly pleading Aminta, arranged as a duet for two Ladies' voices, to new and original words, by Linley. It is a gem.

Jennie of Mendee. Song and Chorus. W. O. Fiske. 25

Simple and pretty. Just the thing for Amateur Quartet or Serenading Clubs.

Faded Flowers. Song by Willing Arranged with Guitar Accompaniment. Dorn. 25

A song which has become very popular of late, and promises to be still more so.

Instrumental Music.

Fort Sumter Grand March. D'Albert. 30

Major Anderson's Quickstep. " 25

Both the pieces are dedicated to the commander of Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor whose recent coup d'état has gained him such great notoriety in all sections of the country. They are both very fine pieces of music, and will recommend themselves, even without the title, to lovers of this style of music.

On rocking waves. Th. Oesten. 35

The second number of a cyclis of elegant Piano pieces, entitled "Bygone hours," which the composer has lately added to the favorites of the day. The set is fully equal to the "Sounds of Love," by the same author, of which one or two numbers are in the hands of almost every advanced player.

Lucretia Borgia. Rondo. Julius E. Muller. 25

An instructive piece of pleasing character for about the third quarter.

Books.

THE PIANIST'S BEST COMPANION. (SCHMIDT'S FIVE FINGER EXERCISES.) A collection of two hundred and thirteen Five-finger Exercises for the Pianoforte, intended to impart an independent and equal action of the Fingers on that instrument. Composed by Alöise Schmidt, with an introduction by J. A. Hamilton: 50

The practice of five-finger exercises, or, in other words, of passages in one fixed position of the hands, has been found so eminently useful, not only to beginners, but even to advanced pupils, as a means of forming a true and graceful position of the hands and arms, and equality in the action of the fingers, that such exercises are now placed before pupils by all respectable masters throughout Europe. This collection will be found more ingenious, diversified and complete than any other yet published.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 459.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 19, 1861.

VOL. XVIII. No. 16.

The Birth of the Year.

BY FREDERICK TENNYSON.

Let us speak low ; the infant is asleep ;
The frosty hills grow sharp ; the day is near,
And Phosphor with his taper comes to peep
Into the cradle of the new-born year ;
Hush ! the infant is asleep—
Monarch of the Day and Night ;
Whisper yet—it is not light :
The infant is asleep.

Those arms shall crush great serpents ere to-morrow ;
His closed eye shall wake to laugh and weep ;
His lips shall curl with mirth and writhe with sorrow,
And charm up Truth and Beauty from the deep :
Softly—softly—let us keep
Our vigils ; visions cross his rest ;
Prophetic pulses stir his breast,
Although he be asleep.

Now, Life and Death arm'd in his presence wait ;
Genii with lamps are standing at the door ;
Oh ! he shall sing sweet songs ; he shall relate
Wonder, and glory, and hopes untold before.
Murmur melodies that may creep
Into his ears, of old sublime ;
Let the youngest born of Time
Hear music in his sleep.

Quickly he shall awake : the East is bright,
And the hot glow of the unrisen sun
Hath kissed his brow with promise of its light ;
His cheek is red with victory to be won.
Quickly shall our king awake,
Strong as giants and arise ;
Sager than the old and wise
The infant shall awake.

His childhood shall be froward, wild, and thwart ;
His gladness fitful, and his anger blind ;
But tender spirits shall o'ertake his heart—
Sweet tears and golden moments, bland and kind !
He shall give delight and take,
Charm, enchant, dismay, and soothe ;
Raise the dead, and touch with youth
Oh ! sing that he may wake !

Where is the sword to gird upon his thigh ?
Where is his armor, and his laurel crown ?
For he shall be a conqueror ere he die,
And win him kingdoms wider than his own !
Like the earthquake he shall shake
Cities down, and waste like fire ;
Then build them stronger, pile them higher,
When he shall wake.

In the dark spheres of his unclosed eyes
The sheeted lightnings lie, and clouded stars,
That shall glance softly, as in summer skies,
Or stream o'er thirsty deserts, winged with wars ;
For in the pauses of dread hours
He shall fling his arms off,
And, like a reveller, sing and laugh
And dance in ladies' bowers.

Ofttimes in his midsummer he shall turn
To look upon the dead bloom with weeping eyes :
O'er ashes of frail beauty stand and mourn,
And kiss the bier of stricken hope with sighs.
Ofttimes like light of onward seas,
He shall hail great days to come,

Or hear the first dread note of doom,
Like torrents on the breeze.

His manhood shall be blissful and sublime,
With stormy sorrows, and serenest pleasures,
And his crowned age upon the top of Time
Shall throne him great in glories, rich in treasures.
The sun is up ; the day is breaking ;
Sing ye sweetly ; draw anear ;
Immortal be the new-born year,
And blessed be its waking.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sketches of French Musical History.

II.

ERA OF THE CARLOVINGIANS, A. D. 751—987.

Upon the fall of Merovingian dynasty, the second race of kings, known as the Carolingians, came into power. We must not forget that from the time of the conversion of the Gauls to Christianity down to the discovery of printing, the church was, in France, almost the only depositary of the traditions of letters, sciences and arts. The nobles wielded the sword, the peasants (serfs) cultivated the soil, the "clerks" only, in the monasteries, copied the manuscripts of antiquity and made additions to the sum of human knowledge. Music, too, followed the same course, and experienced a similar development to language, grammar, and the seven liberal arts, among which it was also numbered.*

Ecclesiastical music—the Gregorian chant—was also called *Roman*, because, at first established at Rome, it spread thence throughout the West.

Towards the end of the sixth century, pope Gregory the Great, determined to restore the ancient splendor of the church service. He called about him men of skill, and being himself a very expert musician, he applied to the improvement of vocal music those theories of Boethius which had then recently popularized among the Latins the difficult rules of the Greeks. He established at Rome a school of sacred music in two sections ; one by the staircase of St. Peter, at the Vatican, the other in the Palace of St. John Lateran. In the second the Pope himself gave instructions to the pupils, of whom the most remarkable were rapidly advanced to high ecclesiastical dignities. The school continued to flourish for several centuries after the death of the pontiff, producing a great number of singers who spread with great eclat the Gregorian or Roman modes of singing in France, Spain, Germany and even England.

According to Castil-Blaze the chapel or musical establishment of the kings of France was not regularly organized until the year 750, under the reign of Pepin the Short. Seven years afterward this sovereign sent an embassy with presents to the Eastern Emperor Constantin, who, in return, sent as a present to Pepin, an organ, which the king placed in the church of St. Cornélius, at Compiègne. Walafrid Strabo relates

* The "Liberal Arts" were Rhetoric, Dialectics, Mathematics, Arithmetic, Geometry, Music and Astronomy.

that a woman, listening for the first time to the instrument, until then unknown in France, actually fainted through pleasure and excitement.

The use of the organ quickly spread and its introduction into the ceremonies of the church proved exceedingly effective in improving the science of harmony. During Pope Stephen's residence in France, Pepin had been struck with the melody and majesty of Roman singing. Wishing, at a later period, to establish it in his kingdom, he applied to Pope Paul, who sent him the books containing the music ; after which, Simeon, one of the first of the Roman musicians, by order of the Pope, opened a singing school at Rouen, where Remi, brother of Pepin and Bishop of the city, placed a great number of pupils, who were afterwards to be distributed in the provinces. This was the origin of "Masters of Music."

Gervold, chaplain of queen Bertrade, possessed a fine voice and good knowledge of the art of singing ; he also, in 787, established a music school, in the monastery of St. Waudrille, of which he was abbot, which became celebrated. But the barbarism of the prevailing taste soon corrupted the primitive purity of the Roman music ; for when Charlemagne went to Rome with his chapel, the third time, to celebrate Easter, a dispute arose between his singers and the Roman. The former pretended to sing best, the latter claimed this praise, and this upon the ground that they had been instructed by St. Gregory ; and accused the French of having perverted the ancient music. The matter was referred to Charlemagne, who decided the point by asking his singers, "Which water is purest and best ; that which runs from a living spring, or that which collects from various streamlets ?"

The singers replied unanimously that water was most limpid at its source, and became the more impure as it was the farther conveyed in canals.

"Well then," cried the king, "return to the source of St. Gregory, for it is clear that you have corrupted the chant."

On this occasion Charlemagne obtained of Pope Adrian, two singers, Theodore and Benoit, well versed in the art of teaching Gregorian singing, who took with them their Antiphonaries, (Books of the Service) written in the Roman notation. On his return to France, Charlemagne established one of his men at Metz, the other at Soissons, and ordered the Music Masters of all the French cities to correct their Antiphonaries after those of St. Gregory.

Paul Diacre was ordered to prepare in two volumes the offices for all the festivals of the year, and Leidrade, archbishop of Lyons, established a school in his Cathedral, on the model of Charlemagne's chapel. At this place the custom was adopted of chanting every office by rote as it was done in the Emperor's court. Charlemagne occupied himself much with music and demanded frequent rehearsals from his singers. He composed, among other things, that magnifi-

cent hymn, which is still sung at Pentecost, beginning with the words, *Veni, creator spiritus*. We have remarked the appearance of the B flat in this hymn as also in the *Vexilla Regis*. But it is only inserted here to soften the interval of the third (tri-tone), although its effect is, as in the other piece mentioned, to give the melody that tint of sadness, which is inherited in our modern music by the key of D minor. The principal musicians, contemporaries of Charlemagne, were Bede, the celebrated English monk, and Alcuin, his learned disciple, who became the professor and friend of the Emperor. We may note, too Chrodegang, Bishop of Metz, who introduced the pure Roman chant into his diocese, and Theodulphe, Bishop of Orleans, to whom we owe the hymn for Palm Sunday, *Gloria laus et honor*.

Louis the Pious, successor of Charlemagne, inherited his father's love for music, he often joined his choristers in singing and caused a magnificent hydraulic organ to be constructed for his beautiful church at Aix la Chappelle. During his reign the most remarkable liturgic musicians were, Amalaine, Deacon at Metz; Agobard, Archbishop of Lyons; Helicasar, Chancellor of the Crown; Walafrid Strabo; Rhaban Maur, Archbishop of Mayence; and Angelome, a monk at Luxeuil.

Charles the Bald was, like father and grandfather, also a musician. He composed the office of the Holy Shroud, for Compiègne and the response of St. Martin, *O quam admirabilis*. At the same time, Remi of Auxerre, Reginon, and Hucbald were laying the foundations of the science of harmony.

In the tenth century, Aurelian already gave rules for modulation, while Guy of Auxerre, Odon de Cluny and Jean de Metz emulated the ancients in hymns and songs composed in honor of divers saints. But by the side of the purely liturgic was now springing into being a music popular and secular, — songs of new Frank bards — who whether in the Teutonic, Latin or Romance tongue — then the most widely spread languages, celebrated the exploits of contemporary heroes. We have read the poem composed by the Frank, Angelbert, upon the battle of Fontenat or Fontenay (June 25, 841) and can affirm that it is not wanting in a noble and martial character. We must mention as remarkable:

1. The complaint on the death of Charlemagne.
2. The complaint on the death of Abbé Hug.
3. The Chant of Godeschale, monk of the abbey of Fulda and Orbais (France) who died Oct. 3, 868 or 869, after condemnation as a heretic.

These pieces have been published by the learned M. E. De Coussemaker, in his *Histoire de l'Harmonie au moyen Age*. The music to the Odes of Boethius and that to the odes of Horace contained in the same volume, appears to us but ordinary; but the *Chant de la Sybil* upon the last Judgment, has a large and awful effect, and so has that to the *Prose des Morts* of Montpellier and that to the *Libera* in the Missal d'Aquilée. Here then we have the origin of the *Dies Irae*, that sublime and awe-inspiring inspiration attributed in our time to various authors whose names are the subjects of dispute and controversy. The poem, in honor of Otho III. dates from the 10th century; but nothing is so melodious and

graceful as the table song of the same epoch published by M. de Coussemaker, after MSS. in the imperial libraries of Paris and Vienna; both poetry and music have a freshness of color which will always be young — another proof of the truth of the old saying "the truly beautiful is immortal."

But as composition, sacred and secular, was already cultivated in those remote and barbarous times with success, so musical notation was becoming by degrees reduced to a system and harmony or rather counterpoint was born and nourished in the pious solitudes of the cloisters. To the ancient alphabets had now succeeded a rotation in points and the *neuma*.* These signs, upon the absolute value of which the learned are not yet agreed, had at first but the appearance of apostrophes or accents; but becoming too complicated, a horizontal line was soon introduced — the first element of our *staff* — giving something of geometric regularity to the quantitative signs, which still were in the main arbitrary in form. Music must, however, have a method of instruction founded upon tradition, for no written signs can ever fully express the manner of its execution.

We must go back to the *Sentences* of Isidore of Seville for the first definition of modern harmony, considered as the concord and union of several simultaneous tones. [Vide Gerbert, *Scriptores Ecclesiastici*, vol. i., p. 21.] Aurelian de Réomé, Remi d'Auxerre, Reginon de Prum, Scotus Erigonus developed those combinations of tones which the monk of Angoulême called the art of *organizing*. They gave, in fact, the term *organum* to the vocal or instrumental parts, which served as a relief to the principal melody.

But the first author of the middle ages, who treated of harmony, with all the practical details necessary to convey an exact idea, is Hucbald, a monk at St. Armand in Flanders, who lived at the end of the ninth and the beginning of the tenth centuries. His *Musica Enchiriadio*, (vide Gerbert, vol. I.) is composed of nineteen chapters, most of which are specially devoted to Harmony. He applies the term *Diaphony* to the harmonious singing of dissimilar sounds heard simultaneously. Two species of *Diaphony* are distinguished. In the first, the melody is accompanied in direct movement by the octave, fifth or fourth. This diaphony, which corresponds to the *mixture* on the organ, is, in its effect, hard and barbarous to the cultivated ears of our time. The constant employment of these perfect chords in all the various combinations of three and four parts had nothing offensive to the primitive musical ear of our good ancestors; these intervals, the succession of which is absolutely proscribed in our times, were even regarded as "producing a harmonious concert, a music of great sweetness." (Gerbert, Vol. I. 166.)

The second series of diaphony was composed of intervals mixed by motion direct, oblique or contrary. In the 18th chapter of Hucbald's manual, we find an example, which includes, besides the fourth and fifth above cited, the unison, second and major third.

But this is sufficient upon music during the era of the Carolingians.

* The late Prof. Dehn had projected a treatise upon the *neuma*, of which his sudden death has deprived the world.

Miss ABBY FAY, of Boston, is in Florence.

Musical Culture.

VI.

RETROSPECT.

The various subjects which we have attempted to discuss under the general title of *Musical Culture* are of such moment that to treat them thoroughly many volumes would be required; what we have given must therefore be considered merely as suggestions. With reference to the two articles on *Instruction* we wish no one to infer from the stress that we have laid on the development of the *musical* capabilities of a pupil, that we underrate the importance of educating the powers of mechanical execution. The reason why we said little or nothing about the latter subject was, as stated there, that most instruction books — we mean of course the better class of them — have treated of it in a satisfactory manner. But not only the instruction-books; almost all books treating of musical subjects in general, all journals of music, most papers devoted to schools and education, many conventions of musicians and teachers — since the instrument became popular — have made it a theme for discussion. In short, it is a subject that is not left to rest for a moment; and naturally enough, nothing important can be said of it now which in some form or other has not been heard a thousand times before.

That the art of piano-forte-playing consists in a skilful use of the fingers and hands is doubtless true; but it is no less true that *music* should form a prominent part of a performance, or to speak more plainly, that the most astonishing feats of digital and manual skill do not make up for the absence of the musical spirit. We must, however, admit that the composers are partly responsible for the eagerness with which inferior professional players, and amateurs, seize on the common-place productions of the so-called manufacturers, just as they are responsible for the fact that so many superficial and trivial songs are publicly executed, even by superior singers. In both cases they have committed the fault of disregarding, at least to a great extent — the nature of the voice and the instrument, as well as the inclinations of the performer, especially the public performer; they are too sparing with the wealth of sound and euphony at their disposal and give the musician too little opportunity to play or sing as he would like. As regards the pianoforte, in its present state, there is an abundance of sound in its strings, a power, a variety of light and shade, and of instrumentation, that are too often disdained by the so-called classical composers and abandoned to their inferior contemporaries, who turn them to all sorts of abuse. To compose in the style of Bach, Mozart or Beethoven, is very well; but it should be done with regard to the improvements the instrument has gained since those masters lived and labored. We must also not forget what a fascinating power *splendor* exercises on youthful minds. Let every musician ask himself, how often in his life he has succumbed to its charm, and let him cease to accuse the amateur player who prefers a splendidly arrayed piece by Thalberg to the poor, intractable and finger-breaking skeletons furnished by the so-called learned composers or the uncompromising masters of counterpoint. When ugliness shall pass for beauty we may perhaps expect to find it otherwise.

To the article on *public performances* we may add here that our musicians manifest in general too conservative a spirit. It would seem that for us there exist no Symphonies of Schumann, Berlioz, Gade, Rubinstein, Hiller, Wuerst and many others, whose works are worthy a place on a programme. Year after year we must hear Beethoven's fifth and seventh, though by this time they might be supposed to have been thoroughly digested by the music-lovers in these quarters. In chamber-music there is a still greater choice, and Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn (singular that Haydn is almost totally neglected), without compromising their glory, might well make room, now and then, for others. The number of composers is almost legion who have successfully cultivated the stringed quartet, though their names are not in every one's mouth. But let us not be misunderstood. Any musical institution which draws its programmes principally from the afore-said great masters is entitled to much credit; for, who can do without listening often to the lucid, serene Mozart, and to the deep, passionate Beethoven? and who, that is desirous of seeing a good taste diffused and love for the art excited, could recommend a better selection to that effect? But, nevertheless, such an institution misconceives its task, if it confines itself, besides one or two others, exclusively to these composers. Therefore, a little more variety, gentlemen! a little more regard for the age in which you have the honor to live and which showers its blessings upon ye.

To write about *criticism*, as we have attempted in the fifth article, is an ungrateful task; because it is a subject so pregnant, so many-sided, and capable of so many different modes of treatment, that after all one may have said, it yet seems, as if the most important part were left out. It is also a very delicate subject, if one deems it necessary to expose the abuses that are carried on in the name and under the guise of criticism. We confess frankly, that the inclination to undertake that business was very strong. But, after all, what would it avail? Would it abate the nuisance? Doubtless, not in the least. Moreover, we do not belong to those who think that, because they have access to the press, they have also the privilege of assailing a profession that counts among its members so many noble men and excellent writers; though we must admit that even these not unfrequently follow the impulse of the moment, or an acquired routine, without remembering the terrible power of the press. How many a deserving artist has had occasion to deplore the consequences of a hasty judgment on himself and his works! It is, however, not always the unappreciative and unfavorable, but frequently the laudatory, criticisms that are misapplied and thus work injury. We see often one artist of a city coaxed and petted before the public, while the rest, though equally meritorious, are hardly deemed worth noticing. The truth that an abundance of praise heaped on one is bestowed at the expense of the others, is too frequently forgotten; and the consequence is that both, the critic and his favorite, are hated by the weaker portion of those others, and that all of them feel discouraged. The demon of partiality, that arch-fiend to justice and truth, is perpetually lurking about a local critic, attempting to drag him from the right path.

As regards criticisms on compositions it seems

necessary here, where the superficial and the solid have advocates equally numerous, to uphold the standard of high and true art with inexorable firmness. This alone can inspire friends with hope and confidence; this alone can strike enemies with discouragement and dismay; this alone can finally secure the victory for the good over the bad. However, this by no means implies that every thing shall be decried that does not quite come up to the standard of an elaborate master-work. While a critic's refrain in his addresses to the artists should for ever be: "Onward, to perfection!" and while he should omit no opportunity of stimulating and encouraging them to achieve the highest, the sublimest, he should acknowledge every species that has a right to exist, and he should give the composer credit for as much virtue as his work displays. A barn, a dwelling-house, a palace and a cathedral rank differently in architecture and command different degrees of respect, according to the idea they respectively realize, and according to the amount of invention, of science, skill, labor, patience, perseverance and similar virtues, which the construction of each requires. The barn is as little to be despised as the cathedral, if it is correctly built and exhibits as much taste as is consistent with its nature and destiny. Thus, in music, we have the Oratorio, the Opera, the Symphony, the Song, the March, the Waltz, and so forth; or, in other words, we have sacred, opera, concert, chamber (or parlor), military, and dance, music. Each is as necessary as the other; but as works of art, one species is of an higher order than another. The composer of a Waltz, if the piece shows invention, taste and skill, is entitled to respect; but the composer of a Symphony, that manifests the same good qualities, is entitled to much more respect; because the composition of a Symphony requires a far greater amount of all of the virtues before enumerated than a Waltz. Accordingly, it is a good sign, which speaks well for the artistic culture of a city or a country, and for its intellectual and moral superiority, if one sees its artists cultivating the higher forms more or less exclusively. Those critics that discourage every effort in a higher direction by persuading themselves and the public into the belief that superficial opera-music — such as that which the modern Italian composers and their imitators, to whatever country they may belong, are fabricating — is the quintessence of true art, would do well to consider this and cease their noxious labors. As before remarked, we grant everything the right of existence; but let it pass for what it is, and let it be judged accordingly.

We find it natural that people are delighted by the mediocre, when they have not yet culture enough to enjoy the superior. What an immense number of all sorts of books one must have read, beginning with the stories of Mother Goose, before one is enabled to appreciate Shakespeare's Hamlet, Goethe's Faust, or Humboldt's Cosmos! The same process is necessary in music with reference to the enjoyment of works of the first class, or classical works. It is a presumption, therefore, that is hardly equalled, if persons, or cliques, who have neither the sensibility nor the culture necessary to perceive, and delight in, the excellence of such works, declare there is nothing superior in them, if they do not say something worse, and now labor to guide the taste and judgment of the public according to their false

theories, theories of which the principal doctrine is, that the more readily a composition adapts itself to an undeveloped ear and to an indolent mind, the nearer approaches it to the ideal of a true work of art. An opera, in which there is an abundant lack of dramatic truth, whose melodies are skimmed from the surface and whose harmonic, modulatory and contrapuntal structure ignores all art and science — this is true music. Now, look here, young musicians, ye, who have a burning desire for perfection, who are unhappy, if you cannot exercise your talents on the highest, whose life's aim and end is to realize the true destiny of a man and an artist — see, what a glorious future those critics and connoisseurs are preparing for you! Hang up your hopes, turn back your aspirations a peg or two, sit down and echo the strains of Verdi and Flotow, or else your career will be a failure! But, fear not! By the power of Bach, by the fire of Beethoven, by the religious fervor of Handel, it shall not come to pass! The dignity of the Art is given into your hands, and no would-be-critic or would-be-connoisseur can harm it, if you stand firm.

Schiller says: wherever Art is fallen, it is through the artists. The sentence may be inverted and remain equally true: wherever Art has risen, it has done so through the artists. Accordingly, the music of this country, its rise, progress and glory, depends chiefly on the musicians. Those, of course, only are meant who have the will and the power to do something for it.

It is true that the times are exceedingly unfavorable for musical enterprise of a higher character. We not only allude to the political struggle that is rending our country at this moment, but also to the restlessness and materialism which characterize this age. Still, it should not discourage us, but rather demonstrate the necessity of nourishing the flame of the muse and keep it burning brightly, so that its divine glow may illumine the darkness around us.

Let every one, however limited his opportunities, however small the circle over which his influence extends, do what he can to promote the best in art and life, and we shall see our wishes crowned with success.

BENDA.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Ludwig von Beethoven's Life and Works.

BY ADOLF BERNHARD MARX.

Translated from Dr. F. Brendel's Review, by G. A. Schmitt.

(Continued from page 331.)

"In spite of all chronological accounts," says MARX, (p. 220, part I), "there is more than a century between Mozart's and Beethoven's time; there is between them the great French Revolution. It would be a great mistake to presume that its influence extended to political affairs only, and not at the same time to the social state of Europe and to the minds of men. The time of Haydn and Mozart with its modest contentment and its restriction to private interests and individual emotions, to the enjoyments and cares of private or family life had gone. The interests and pleasures incident to it have remained and will remain as long as we are mortal. But there have risen beside them those more comprehensive ones connected with the ideas of liberty and constitutional law, connected with the right of the masses to take a part in public affairs, giving to all and everything a higher aim and tendency, in proportion as they take root."

Beethoven grows up with this growth of mankind

in Europe. The days when mankind revelled in childlike pleasures had vanished; those beautiful times were irretrievably lost. We may remember them with pain and longing, as SCHILLER turns back to the Gods of Greece; but all our longing will never bring them back. Beethoven, having eaten from the tree of knowledge, being a son of the 19th century, could not content himself with the subordinate position of Haydn and Mozart, to make music for the pleasure of an aristocratic mob. Proud of his dignity as an artist, he felt himself the equal of the princes and the powerful in his intercourse with them, just as Handel before him with the English aristocracy. Add to this "crime" that B. did not prefer to die as a young man, after creating his 2d symphony, but rather write a number of his principal works in the mature age of manhood. Every old maid of rank would have celebrated B. as the universal heir and successor of Mozart, somewhat eccentric, to be sure, but amiable. B. preferred to live and to rise by the strength of his own genius in the full power of manhood.

We pass by the interesting account Marx gives of B.'s young years at Bonn. His star was destined to rise at Vienna over the pure spring of Haydn and Mozart. In our statement of B.'s relations to his predecessors we merely endeavored to reflect the ideas of Marx. BACH and HANDEL, on the contrary, had but a limited influence on his development. As to BACH "B. was influenced by him as by HANDEL. He absorbed as much of them as his own individual nature might. He never studied them with a view of appropriating them or fashioning himself after them (Marx I. p. 55)." CHERUBINI's operas and MEHLER's "Joseph," the latter we rate higher though than Marx—certainly exerted only a superficial influence. In instrumentation and harmonization and harmonization especially, a relation between B. and Cherubini cannot at all be assumed.

The number of works B. wrote in his youth is very small. All developed, like Pallas Athene, he presented himself to the nation, though not at first as colossal in size as in the Missa solemnis and the Ninth Symphony, Marx enumerates (p. 65) quite a number of smaller works, which B. probably wrote in the time from 1783—1795. With the works, which, according to Marx's view, appear small when measured by B.'s standard, and are like a combination of the works of his youth are to be classed: the Variations on a theme in F, op. 34, and the Variations on a theme—or, rather, two themes—from the Finale of the Eroica, with a fugue, op. 35. With all due deference to the judgment of Marx, we think these variations deserve a higher place. Just in these variations the great tone-poet takes his ideas from the innermost depths of his soul, he shows that if he did not exhaust the theme, in itself not at all grand, in the Eroica, a theme which occurs in the ballet "Prometheus" likewise, he did it only with reference to the limitations of form. If we hear these variations played by an inspired artist, of the orchestral power of H. v. BULOW, we cannot help liking and admiring them. The two small Sonatas in G minor and major, op. 49 certainly belong to a very early period. They are insignificant to be sure. But how much do they not impress children, who generally are first introduced by them to B.! The writer remembers the time with pleasure when a world of rapture and joy arose before him from the Andante in G minor, little as it is. Marx fitly calls all these smaller works connecting links between the genius and the public.

B. was despised on the one hand and excommunicated on the other for his revolutionizing the musical form of those times. Marx proves incontrovertibly that B. emancipated himself from traditionary forms without becoming formless. The subjects of his poems demanded another form. Such is always created by a genius who makes an epoch in art.

"Beethoven is not placed high enough by those who consider this exceeding the old limits of forms as a dominant feature. To relinquish forms may be the result of arbitrariness or striving for originality, or ignorance and want of skill in the handling of forms. This relinquishing of forms taken by itself is not therefore freedom, not proof of an artist nature. Beethoven had to carry out a higher destiny. As a true, cultivated and faithful artist he entered into the forms created before him and completed them, filling them with his whole energy. But where they did not correspond to the idea of his work, he went beyond them, enlarging or creating new forms." (Maax I. 85.)

The form not being an external necessity, but like the human face, the mirror of the soul, it is inadmissible to assume different levels in the development of B.'s three successive styles. B.'s mind grows: as long as the old form is sufficient for his mind, he puts forth his blossoms within its limits. When it grows too narrow for him, he bursts it, creating a form of his own. This continuous growth of B.'s mind, LISZT beautifully and ingeniously described in a letter to LENZ written in 1852. We cannot refrain from quoting the principal passage from the document as communicated by Lenz (Marx 85):

"The solution I arrived at with reference to this question (namely, how far traditional forms necessarily determine the organization of the musical idea) such as it manifests itself in Beethoven's works themselves, would lead me to divide them not into three styles but into two classes. The first being that where the traditional and conventional form contains and determines the idea of the master; and the second that, where the idea expands, breaks, recreates and shapes the form and the style according to his wants and his inspirations," &c.

We will ask now, could Haydn's charming Symphonie militaire, this delineation of a harmless citizen looking on comfortably and enjoying the rounds of blind cartridges, have the same form, the same proportions as B.'s Eroica, the first movement of which appears to us like the bringing up of Jupiter amidst the din and clangor of the hammer of the Cyclops? Or had not B. to create his form himself for a poem, which before him no one could write.

Under the lead of our guide we now enter the temple of Beethoven's art itself. Here we are convinced at once that B. opened in his compositions for the piano an entirely new unknown domain to art. HAYDN and MOZART do not, with the exception of a few works, make use of the piano as an instrument for its own sake, but as the most convenient organ, "to pronounce musical ideas" (Marx I. p. 103).

(To be continued.)

(From the Monthly Religious Magazine.)

History of the Oxford Singing-School.

BY REV. E. H. SEARS.

(Concluded from page 332.)

The next thing was the choice of a leading chorister, for Mr. Solomon Huntington's term was drawing to its close. The "traps" of course went for Timothy Case, and the "locks" went for Peter Bettis. There was, however, a third party, which represented young Oxford, and which held the balance of power. They were mostly "traps" in principle, though they did not make that the most important plank in their platform. Peter Bettis, however, was chosen by a decided majority, for he rallied around him the kindly disposed of all parties, who would not see him rudely thrust from his place. He rose, with a good deal of emotion; his words were few, but to the point:—

"I thank you, my friends, for this honor, but I must decline. I will never sing with the choir huddled together like a flock of sheep."

Of course the reader will excuse him for drawing his imagery from his own bucolical reminiscences. The third party rallied its forces. They put forward as their representative, a young blade by the name of Seth Hubbard.

Seth lived in a remote part of the town, but he

was one of the rising lights of Oxford. He was fond of singing, fond of dancing, fond of female society, and female society was generally fond of him. He was engaged to two young ladies at the same time, and would have been to a third had not "circumstances prevented." There was a girl of smart, queenly appearance, that came up from Mr. Thomas Cleveland's dairy-farm, and sat and sang in the quadrangle. Ellen Cleveland was among the best specimens of honest country life. Strength of muscle, mind, and heart had come to her from the work of the dairy-room. She had large black eyes, her cheeks were like two baldwins, and her ruby lips poured forth strains which could always be heard, clear as a lark's, in the highest and most tumultuous flights of the quadrangle. Her vocabulary was very limited, especially in the direction of polite phrases, and she cut short with the word "gammon" a great deal of the general nonsense at the country parties. It was currently reported and believed that Seth had tried to engage himself to Ellen Cleveland, than she cut him short with "gammon," that she applied her palms to his ears in such wise that fuguing tunes sang through his brain spontaneously for several hours, and that she set him whirling like one of her own cheeses till his face subsided into a homeward direction. This, however, had been hushed up, and Seth had come clear shining out of any little clouds of this sort. Every Sunday he came with his gilt buttons gleaming in the distance. As far as you could see Seth, so far you could see the row of metal on him, shining in the sun. Even the clouds of dust which the carriages raised along the road seldom shut out entirely the glimmer of the fourteen buttons as they hove in sight. You might say of Seth then, when on his way to church, more truly than Goethe does of the loved one,—

"I see thee, if far up the pathway yonder,
The dust be stirred."

Seth was chosen first chorister by a triumphant majority. He was a decided "trap," and some of that party having formed a coalition with young Oxford, carried the day. Almost all the older singers, who had given dignity and character to the quadrangle, went below into their pews. They were not going up into that pigeon-loft, let Grandville and all the world do as it might. Peter Bettis never sang any more. His mouth came closer and closer together, till he occupied the extreme left of the "locks," and when the orchestra party prevailed, it shut entirely, and he went below.

Great preparations had been made for the first Sunday after the reorganization of the choir. Mr. Solomon Huntington has closed his school and gone. The choir have met every evening in the week to practise under the new chorister, and it is expected there will be an uncommon blaze of harmony from the pigeon-loft on Sunday. Something must be done to shame the conservatives, and convince the "old fogies" of the quadrangle that theirs was not the music of the spheres.

Sunday comes: the choir are in their new seats, Seth Hubbard shines in front in his twice sevenfold metallic brilliancy. During prayer time and sermon time there is much bustling and rustling and turning of leaves; at other times—but the reader must not expect me to describe the torrents of psalmody that rolled down from the pigeon-loft into the aisles. The grand effort, however, was reserved for the close. After the last prayer in the afternoon, Parson Harrison rose, and announced to the audience that the services would close with a voluntary. Thereupon Seth Hubbard left the pigeon-loft and went below. The people stared and stretched their necks as he came wending up the broad aisle, flinging the golden sheen around him, till he stood in front of the deacon's seats, below the pulpit. Then the strophes and anti-strophes broke forth as follows:

CHOIR (in the loft.)

Come, pilgrim, come away,
C-o-m-e, p-i-l-g-r-i-m, c-o-m-e a-w-a-y,
Come, come, come, come, come, come,
Come, pilgrim, come away,
C-o-m-e a-w-a-y.

SETH (below, solus).

I hear the voice of angels
They cry Co—me a—way,
C-o-m-e a-w-a-y, c-o-m-e a-w-a-y.

CHOIR.

C-o-m-e a-w-a-y, c-o-m-e a-w-a-y,
Come, pilgrim, come away,
Come, come, come, come, come, come,
Co—me a—way.

SETH.

They cry Co—me a—way.

SECOND TREBLE.

Come, pilgrim, come away.

BASS.

Come, pilgrim, come away.

TENOR.
Come, pilgrim, come away.
OMNES.
Come, pilgrim, come away.
Come, come, come, come, come, come
Come, pilgrim, come away,
Come away—come away—come away—come away,
C—o—m—e a—w—ay—y.
SETH.
They cry, C—o—m—e a—w—ay—y,
Co—me a—w—ay—y,
A—w—ay—y.

All party distinctions in the choir seemed to have disappeared for the moment. Even the "locks" opened their mouths, and leaned forward from the loft in a perfect deluge of harmony, and it was some time after the last lingering "Come away" had crept off through the vacuum of the "old maid's pew," and vanished before the congregation came back to themselves. I watched Parson Harrison. He looked very solemn, and kept stroking the top of his head. I could understand why he should do it now to prevent his hair from rising up, though I do not know this was his real motive.

"How did you like the singing?" was on everybody's lips as we came out of church. I was non-committal, for I really did not know what to say. My thoughts had taken a sort of spiral motion, and I preferred waiting till they subsided into their old channel. I saw the Clevelands walking ahead of me, and quickened my pace and came up with Ellen.

"I did n't hear your voice in the choir to-day."

"No. I sat below."

"You don't approve of the new arrangement?"

"O, I don't care a fig where the singers sit. 'T is n't of so much consequence where the seats are as who fills them."

"I expected to hear you to-day, as I understand you belong to the 'traps.'"

"Well,—I mean to open my mouth so as to let the words come out without hitting, when there's anything to come out."

"That singing this afternoon I consider rather remarkable."

"Gammon."

The same performance was repeated two or three Sundays, after which the chorister sent notice to the pulpit that another voluntary was to come off.

Parson Harrison was one of the best of men, though when he had something disagreeable to say, or something which required more moral courage than usual, he never looked his audience in the face, but always looked straight at old Dick's pew. I have heard him preach some exceedingly pungent sermons, but he always poured them all in upon the negroes. Once, I remember, he preached a sermon against dancing, all of which went straight as an arrow at old Dick, though the poor old cripple couldn't dance a step to save his life. The minister, in this new emergency, after the last prayer, made a pause, stroked the top of his head, which he seldom did in the pulpit, and looked at old Dick, from which I knew he was going to say something that gave him pain.

"The voluntary can be omitted. Shall we receive the Divine blessing?" And the congregation were dismissed.

Father Harrison had told some one that he thought the voluntary dissipated the solemn impression which he wanted the sermon to leave upon the minds of the people, and he felt obliged to leave it out.

We have come now to what may be called the "Decline and Fall" in the History of the Oxford singing-school, if not of the Oxford parish itself. The next Sunday both the quadrangle and the pigeon-loft were deserted and desolate. The hymns were given out, but nobody responded. I knew how deeply the minister felt it, for he looked under the stairs and preached at old Dick all day. In the afternoon, however, he gave out "Hymn 148," which in Dwight's edition of Watts, you will see, if you turn to it, is preserved in its original beauty, having not yet been tinkered for the modern compilations. There was a subdued pleading in the voice of the venerable man, which was very tender and touching, as he read these stanzas:—

"Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known,
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

"Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God
But favorites of the Heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad."

The pastor sat down after reading the hymn, and stroked the top of his head three times, as if waiting for a response. I could not see how the old singers below would resist the appealing pathos of his voice, as it quivered through the stanzas. I thought Peter

Bettis would certainly open his mouth. But it had closed forever on the melodies and shut them in. The pastor was just taking up his notes when a female voice broke forth, at first subdued and almost choked with emotion, but finally it soared clear and bird-like, scaling the empty pigeon-loft and waking its echoes. It was Ellen Cleveland's. One voice after another dropped in as the strain went on. Even old Dick and black Phillis opened their mouths, and Cornelius responded from under the opposite stairs; and the last stanzas of the hymn went up from every part of the house, with an unction I have seldom witnessed:

"The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields
And walk the golden streets."

It went up from the congregation as if a mighty wind had come suddenly and swept them like so many human lyres, and rolled away in a soothing and billowy motion through the arches. It seemed to be alive and have a soul in it. People looked towards the Cleveland pew. Ellen's voice ruled the whole, and when the strain closed, her eyes were swimming in tears.

This went on for several Sundays, when lo! Seth Hubbard and his compers reappeared in the pigeon-loft. They were determined, they said, to break up this screeching from all over the church. It was disgraceful. It was barbarous. They would see whether the pews would sing down the gallery. Fortunately they did not try. The pews became mute as the pigeon-loft became vocal. The pigeon-loft, however, were never after edified by the prayers and sermons, and they regarded their own performances the only ones which it was not a waste of time to hear. They spent the time between the singing in eating pea-nuts, reading newspapers, or making arrangements for the next ball, and thus they managed to fill up the hour at church rather pleasantly, notwithstanding the dull sermons and prayers.

Here my personal knowledge ceases, and I must write from hearsay the closing chapter of the history of the Oxford singing-school. I left the good old town to be educated somewhere else, and only came back to get short glimpses of the ancient church and its mutilated galleries. Good Mr. Harrison had left,—the kind-hearted old pastor, whose smooth, white hair was the silvery shine of the heavenly purities which he approached so near. The Scrape-wells turned against him. "Squeaking Tim" went to the Baptists. Young Oxford thought they ought to have a minister who had some taste for music, and who kept up with the times. Jesse O. Whitney and his brother-in-law joined the Methodists, that their fuguing faculties might have unobstructed swing. Seth Hubbard, notwithstanding his metallic splendors, disappeared under a cloud which the reader will excuse me from describing. Old Dick had sunk into his grave,—not, I trust, without sanctifying grace, considering all the orthodox sermons which had been piled upon his head. Ellen Cleveland was there,—no longer a tenant of the Cleveland pew, but of Esquire Brown's, whose daughter-in-law she was, and she had brought up already three cottage flowers to be sprinkled with baptismal waters. There was no settled pastor; a preacher was "supplying," and the church was about half full. A new set had succeeded to the pigeon-loft, assisted by a flute and a violin. There was nothing in its performances to blame, and not much to praise; but it made me sigh for the golden days of Peter Bettis.

I by no means affirm that the singing-school was the cause of all this decline. I only aim to give its beginning, its middle and its end. Certain I am that things went rapidly down as soon as the quadrangle was broken up. Certain I am, too, that they went rapidly up again in the short interval when Ellen Cleveland led off the congregation; and we came out of the church with our hearts brimming over with devotional rapture, and our souls melting together in brotherly and sisterly love. And I brought away from the church these two ideas,—and have carried them with me these thirty years, all after experience so confirming them that the Smithfield fires could not melt them out of me,—that the Divine influx comes with special power and fullness into congregational singing, and that singing-schools are a curse to human society.

MR. SEGUN. — A son of the late Edward Segun, the famous basso of the troupe which bore his name, has arrived in this country. He is said to possess an excellent baritone voice and a fine style, cultivated in the Paris Conservatoire. On dit, that he purposes organizing an English Opera Troupe for the production of Balfe's "Rose of Castile," Wallace's "Lurline," and other operas, new to the American public. — *Amateur's Guide.*

Music Abroad.

Music in Italy.

LA SCALA, MILAN. At this leading Italian opera house, the season has opened brilliantly, Verdi's grand opera of *Attila* having a brilliant run. The basso, Dalla Costa, takes the part of "Attila," in which he is described as very fine. The part of "Odabella," the heroine of the opera is sustained by Mme. Borsi-Deleaurie, the wife of Mr. Louis Deleaurie, who has lately established himself in Philadelphia as a teacher of singing. We have before us three Milan papers devoted to Music and the Drama. One of these, "*L'Amico degli Artisti*," says of the performance of *Attila*: "La Borsi-Deleaurie well sustained herself in the good opinion of the public, by her fine soprano voice, of great compass, clear in the low as well as in the high notes, and by her bold and expressive acting. It is much to be desired that she be heard in some other opera, where her talents will be much better displayed." Another of these papers, *Don Marzio*, says: "The first applause was given to the Signora Giulietta Borsi-Deleaurie, who, in her grand cavatina, displayed all those rare gifts that are so much appreciated in our theatre. La Deleaurie is a fine artist, and as such we have already applauded her on the stage of the Carcano theatre, in the early days of her career. Indeed, she enjoys an established reputation, acquired in the principal Italian and foreign theatres, and most recently in the San Carlo, of Naples, and the Principe of Barcelona; so that on our stage she could not fail to be deservedly honored with the title of an experienced artist. Her voice is a true soprano, sympathetic, extensive and spontaneous; her acting is correct and spirited; besides which she is a complete mistress of the stage, and has the gift of a handsome face." Another journal, *Il Trovatore*, says: "The two artists who best sustained themselves in the favor of the public, were the Signora Borsi-Deleaurie, and the basso Dalla Costa—a brave Amazon, and a most respectable King of the Huns. Signora Borsi-Deleaurie, with her voice of extraordinary extent and volume, with her euergetic singing and animated acting, had a general ovation in the andante, and in the cabaletta of her cavatina, receiving most prolonged applause. She may be proud of her success, as she had to conquer so much opposition, and present herself in a theatre where bad humor is always ready to explode like a mine." It is to be hoped that the success of Mr. Deleaurie as a teacher of singing, in which he has no superior in this country, may be such as to induce him to reside here permanently, in which case his talented wife may be heard in our Academy of Music.

TURIN.—At the Carignano Theatre, Verdi's *Luisa Miller* has been brought out, with Mme. Angelica Moro as the prima donna, and Melzi as the baritone.

TRIESTE.—Bellini's *Sonnambula* has been produced, with Tiberini and his wife, (late Ortolani) in the leading parts, and their success has been immense.

PIACENZA.—Rossini's *Cenerentola* is the popular opera in this city. Mme. Brambilla-Marnelli, the buffo Bottero, the tenor Vistarini, and the barytone Giannini being the principal artists.

PALERMO.—Verdi's opera of *Stiffelio* has been produced with success, a tenor named Mazzoleni creating a genuine furor. The prima donna was Mad. Boccherini, and the barytone Pizzigati.

ROME.—Pacini's new opera, *Gianni di Nisida*, continues to be popular.

NAPLES.—The San Carlo was opened on the 29th of November, with Mercadante's opera of *Il Giuramento*, which had great success. A new singer, Signor Limberti, was much applauded.

GENOA.—The opera of *Vittore Pisani* and *Linda* were played lately for the benefit of the prima donna, Mme. Branzanti. — *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

VIENNA, NOV. 15, 1860.—(From our own Correspondent.)—The rehearsals of Rubinstein's opera, *Les Enfants des Landes*, has been suddenly discontinued. It appears the tenor Wachtel is in litigation with the direction of the court theatre at Hesse Cassel, having failed to fulfil his engagement last year for some cause, whether sufficient or otherwise, to be decided by the lawyers. An official request has been made by the legal authorities of Prussia, that Wachtel, *pendente lite*, should not be allowed to sing in Vienna, which request has been acceded to by the Austrian Government, and Rubenstein's opera postponed in consequence. It is a question whether Wachtel's salary will be suspended, but I should hardly suppose the Viennese authorities will so far

take part in a quarrel, in which others only are concerned. It is bad enough that they have prevented his appearing, and acted courteously to a neighbor to the detriment of an artist. Refusal of payment would be the most unjustifiable and discreditable proceeding, as evincing decided partiality in a dispute, the rights of which have yet to be determined.—*Ibid.*

MADRID.—In a recent number of the *Madrid Correo* there appears the following critique respecting the *début* of an artist who for some years held an honorable position in the Royal Italian Opera Company:—"The great novelty of the evening was Mad. de Mérie Latlache; who was making her *début* in our theatre. Every one was anxious to see and hear the celebrated contralto, who had sung for ten consecutive seasons at the Imperial Theatre of St. Petersburg, and has been so well received in all the capitals where she has appeared. Expectation was not disappointed; and the part of Orsino was sung by Mad. de Mérie in a style thoroughly worthy of an artist of her reputation. She possesses a magnificent and fresh contralto voice, an excellent method of singing, and a fine presence. She acts with consummate talent, and is, in fact, gifted with all the qualities which may be expected from an artist of her reputation. Our public saw immediately what kind of lady had to be judged, and soon pronounced in favor of the talented and comely contralto, covering her with applause both in the course of the opera and in the well-known *brindisi*. This last Mad. de Mérie sang in the best style possible, giving proofs of a rare talent, and that exquisite taste which is peculiar to great singers. Mad. de Mérie dresses with such gracefulness and propriety that she won for herself general approval, and she wears the male attire in a fine and very engaging manner. The reception which this artist met at the hands of the public could not be more brilliant; it was, in fact, in keeping with her merit. From this great success we are led to look forward with much pleasure to further performances, such as *Arace* and others of the same kind, wherein Mad. de Mérie will have an opportunity of displaying all her powers. M. Bagier, the manager, could not have secured a better artist, and we congratulate him with as much warmth as several of our contemporaries have done before us."—*Ibid.*

Paris.

The correspondent of the *N. O. Picayune*, relates an anecdote apropos of Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, of a French literary adventurer, who had been long entertained at Parisian cafés by a travelling Englishman, for the pleasure of his company. He says:

Fast as time flew away, nevertheless the Englishman could not forget when the term of weeks he had allotted to his sojourn here had expired, that he must return to London. One night, after a dinner which had been watered most abundantly with the most generous vintages of Bordeaux, the islander announced to his companion their last repast together had been eaten. The Frenchman grieved more than I can easily express to you, as I am sure you are unable to conceive the heaviness of heart with which one descends from the luxurious table of the Café Anglais to the bread and cheese of a beggar's garret. His gaiety entirely abandoned him, and energetically as the Englishman plied him with wines, he failed to rally the fallen spirits of the former. While the Frenchman the next morning was gazing at the morsel of bread and cheese he had purchased for breakfast, but was as yet unable to touch, his viscera still being in too deep mourning for the Café Anglais, a knock at the door roused him from his contemplations. He found at the door a porter and a fine dog. The porter bore a letter from the Englishman asking the Frenchman to accept for a souvenir of their common hours the dog the latter had so often admired. The Frenchman, who had found providing his own mouth with food a task frequently attended with insuperable obstacles, could not undertake to supply another mouth with aliment. But having heard the Opera was in quest of dogs to appear on the stage when Herr Wagner's "*Tannhäuser*" is played, he led the dog to the opera house and offered him for a candidate in the canine chorus. He applied too late. All the places had been filled. Nevertheless his walk to the opera house turned out to his advantage, as he met, soon after he quitted the court yard of the opera house, an acquaintance, who being struck by the extreme depression depicted in every line of the poor devil's face, asked the cause of it. Being told how the manager of the opera had refused the dog without so much as listening to an enumeration of his talents, the acquaintance inquired into them, and finding the animal a beast of parts,

which the dog's face avouched were really in his possession, that is, if the rules of physiognomy be grounded on accurate observation, he purchased the dog. Although he paid five hundred francs for him, he has had no reason to regret his choice. The first use the vendor made of the money was to return to the Café Anglais and take one—a last—good breakfast; which meal being ended, he was heard to exclaim as he stepped out on the boulevard—"I had no idea dog meat was so good."

I believe it is no news to you that a pack of hounds is to figure in "*Tannhäuser*," I sometime ago mentioned it. There is quite a rage now for the introduction of live animals upon the stages of the town, perhaps in consequence of the success which has attended the introduction of live rats upon the opera stage. They are introduced into every ballet, and upon ballet nights it is impossible to procure a seat there. A goat, as you know, plays the leading part in Mons. Meyerbeer's "*Pardon de Ploërmel*." Next week we are to have sure enough camels at the Cirque—which, despite its name, is a theatre, not a ring. These novel performers really throw a good many families into distress. It requires a very decided "turn" and a long practice to become even tolerably expert as an animal, to move the feet in brute rhythm, and balance the body with beastly elegance, and give life to the painted pasteboard. It takes at the least six months for a fellow to make a decent jackass. You can scarcely believe it from what you hear every day on the street! It is considered very fortunate that managers have hitherto been unable to introduce the natural agitation of the ocean on the stage, as a great many "waves of the sea" have large families to support and would be reduced to starvation if they were thrown out of employment. The introduction of animals on the stage gives them great uneasiness and many sleepless nights, and I have heard whispered they think of deputing the highest "wave of the sea" in their fraternity as a committee to beseech the Emperor to frame stringent laws prohibiting managers from introducing beasts upon the stage. They contend that as the Government has protected Corneille, Racine and Molière from burlesque writers, protection should be likewise extended to them, and further, because animals may be salted down or eaten fresh, or, if they be unfit for these uses, may be skinned and the skin sold, whereas men cannot be sold for more than 25f., even when corpses are most scarce at the hospitals, and the damage done by the suicidal act which must precede every such sale would reduce even this paltry price, as such damage would render them to some degree improper to figure in anatomical museums.

A new and important phase in the musical pitch movement has just occurred. At the last sitting of the Royal Academy of Belgium, in the Fine Arts class, M. Fétis read a report on the question whether it was expedient that Belgium should imitate France in adopting the measures which have there been taken with respect to the new diapason. The learned professor came to the conclusion that the diapason should be *fixed* as it at present exists, but *not lowered*. M. Fétis probably wishes that the C sharp, "*de poitrine*" of certain exceptionally gifted tenors, should lose none of its marvellous character.

Mad. Carvalho is now at Nantes, where, after singing at a concert given by the Société des Beaux Arts, she is giving a series of performances at the theatre. There is an excellent operatic troupe there under the direction of M. Solié.

The opera balls, under the direction of Strauss, whose orchestra will be employed, are to commence on the 15th of this month, previous to which there will be a ball for the pension fund of the establishment.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The new opera of M. Offenbach, *Burkoff*, which has been put off on account of Mlle. Saint Urbain's illness, has caused the manager of the Opéra Comique to bring unexpectedly forward a little opera called *l'Eventail*, which its authors had given up all hope of seeing performed before next year, if at all. The words are by MM. Barbier and Carré, and the music by M. Ernest Boulanger.

M. Offenbach's opera will, it is said, be produced on the 20th inst., and Mlle. Marimon will take the part intended for Mlle. St. Urbain.

At the Italian Opera *Marta* has been revived, and Mad. Alboni has made with her brilliant singing and consummate acting in the part of Nancy, a complete sensation.—*London Musical World*, Dec. 22.

SAN FRANCISCO.—The English opera troupe that for a long time has been singing here, has brought its performances to a close, and, at the latest dates, was upon the point of sailing for Australia.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 19, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha," Piano Solo.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

FIRST SATURDAY EVENING CONCERT, JAN. 12.

1. Septette, in E flat, op. 20.....Beethoven
For Violin, Viola, Violoncello Bass, Clarinet, Horn and Bassoon.
- Introduction and Allegro, Larghetto. Minuetto. Theme, with variations. Scherzo. Finale, Adagio and Allegro
2. Recitative and Air, "Che farò," from Orpheus.....Gluck
Mrs. J. H. Long.
3. Fantaisie for flute, on a Russian Air.....Heinemeyer
Fred'k Zohler.
4. English Ballad, "Through Meadows Green".....Hasse
Mrs. J. H. Long.
5. Fourth Concerto for Violin.....DeBeriot
William Schultze.
6. Song without words, in G, No. 4, Fifth Book.....Mendelssohn
7. Scotch Ballad.....Burns
Mrs. Long.
8. Finale, 2d Act "Robert le Diable".....Meyerbeer
Arranged by T. Ryan.

At this concert we had the pleasure of hearing Beethoven's Septet played by Messrs. SCHULTZE, violin, MEISEL, viola, W. FRIES, violoncello, STEINE, bass, RYAN, clarinet, HAMAN, horn, and HOHNSTOCK, bassoon. This beautiful, genial work, one of the master's earliest being op. 20, is like a garden full of lovely flowers, the fresh morning air wafting far their fragrance over pleasant vales and hills under an azure sky in spring time. It was his spring time, it was his time of happiness when he wrote it, and here he has gathered up that delicious feeling of youth with its hopes and joys, with its unbounded confidence and self reliance, with its frankness and genial warm love for the universe; gathered them up in undying strains of rapturous melody and sweet sympathetic harmony. He did not like it, after he had grown older; he did not want to be reminded of it, wishing he had never written it. But genius, towering above other mortals in stature, has its own proportionate standard. Its ideal aspirations enlarging and ripening into fruits, more sweet and luscious as time passes on, grow more and more exacting. Genius is its own severest critic. Contemplating its own earlier works genius may miss the vigor, the depth of emotions, the ripeness of feeling, in short the maturity of experience, at which it arrived in the course of its own progress. But we have a right to admire even such works as bear the marks of younger days, of less perfect mental development. Indeed we cannot help finding them beautiful. They seize upon us, they wake up to delicious reality the joys of our own youth long laid by and covered up with the ponderous duties of to-day. Such is this septet, and so pleasant and true to life, that one never thinks of the time it takes, (it being quite long,) but is carried on and on, from pleasure to pleasure. The work is so well known in the four hand arrangement for the piano, that it is unnecessary to speak of its contents at length. It was well performed, and excepting some uncertainty in the ensemble of a few of the opening and closing chords in some movements, it went finely together, the performers evidently enjoying it as much as the audience. The Adagio alone might have been improved we think by a slower movement. It was begun in the proper tempo, but soon it in-

creased, taking away some of the delicious sweetness of the quiet flow of its Adelaide-like melody. We also beg to dissent from the manner in which the cadenza in the Finale was performed. A longer stop at the pauses and more breadth and hesitation in the closing portamento tones would have materially improved it. There is a marvellous effect in the rhetorical pause; half, nay the fiftieth part of a second added to a pause or to a note in a leading-over passage often adds great dignity. Messrs. Haman and Wulf Fries deserve especial mention for the fine taste with which they performed their soli. The bassoon very good for the most part was somewhat too explosive, a superabundance of air escaping, which marred the effect sometimes. It was a very good performance, generally speaking, and we applaud the Club for bringing out this work, which we hope they will repeat in the course of their concerts.

Mrs. LONG contributed to the performance two charming songs, very familiar to those who attended the Jullien and the Sontag concerts. She sang them admirably as regards voice, intonation and execution, but they seemed lacking in spirit and life and characteristic expression. Her rendering of the song of Orpheus, *Che farò* was quite faultless, and gave much pleasure.

Messrs. Schultze and Zohler appeared to great advantage in their solos which commanded liberal applause, both gentlemen playing with a singular purity and sweetness of tone that never fails to appeal to the ear of an audience. The experiment ventured by the Club seems to have met with undoubted success, and we congratulate them on being successful in attracting so large an audience. The second concert takes place this evening.

FIFTH CONCERT OF THE SERIES OF EIGHT.

PART I.

1. Quartette, in D, No. 10.Mozart
Allegro—Adagio—Minuetto—Finale, Allegro.
2. Fantaisie for Violoncello, on an original theme.Weber
Wulf Fries.

3. Adagio and Scherzo, from the 3d Quintette in B minor.Spohr

PART II.

4. Octette, in F, op. 166.Franz Schubert
For 2 Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Bass, Clarinette, Horn and Bassoon.

Introduction and Allegro—Andante—Scherzo, Allegro
Vivace—Finale, Andante and Allegro.

In spite of the rain and bad walking the hall was well filled. The piece of the greatest interest at this concert being given in the regular order, Tuesday the 15th of January, was Schubert's Octette. Whatever we hear of Schubert, from his little German dances, musical epigrams as it were, and his Waltzes and Polonaises up to his Symphony, gives us pure delight. Noble, impressive melodies, full and original harmonies, with wonderful changes, and a rhythm all his own, make his compositions excellent above many others. Schubert's genius was of a very high order and his fertility in pieces that are classical and will live for ever, astonishing. This is his 165th work, and yet it is as fresh as if it were one of his earliest. There is hardly a repetition of ideas, a reminiscence in his writings. Mendelssohn frequently repeats himself. Some melody in almost all his larger works bears a strong resemblance to his two-part songs or songs or his songs without words. With Schubert, on the other hand, everything is fresh, new, not heard of before. That is genius. This octette for two violins, viola, bass, clarinette horn and bassoon was played by the gentlemen who took part in the Septette of Beethoven on Saturday

last, except that Mr. ZOHLEK played the Viola and Mr. MEISEL second violin. Each of the movements, has its own beauties and the whole is a work of uncommon excellence. We will defer a more detailed account of it until after a second hearing, which we are to have to-night. We merely add that the rendering was very spirited, each of the gentlemen doing his best. The other pieces played at the concert helped to make a very satisfactory programme. Mozart's Quartette is well known, so that we need not speak of it more than to say, that the portion we heard of it was finely rendered, pure as to intonation and with good expression. Mr. WULF FRIES played the Fantasia for Violoncello, by Weber, on an original theme to great acceptance. It is originally written with an accompaniment for the whole orchestra; but for this occasion the accompaniment was arranged for seven instruments. In an abbreviated form Weber published this piece in the 2d book of his exquisite "12 Pieces faciles," op. 10, for 2 or 4 hands. It is very pleasing and effective. Especially happy is the variation in a dance-rhythm, where in the second part the bassoon has a short imitation of the melody as played by the violoncello. The Adagio and Scherzo, by Spohr, was very good, and the concert, both in programme and execution one of the best we have heard the Club give.

Let none of our Boston readers fail to hear the Octette to-night. They will be amply repaid even if they should have to come through slish and rain.

In the notice of the Orpheus Quartette Club concert, in our issue of Jan. 12th, a misprint occurs which we wish to correct here. On the concert programme, distributed at the door, the title of Mr. Eichberg's second piece in the second part was misprinted Favane. Our types made it Fabanna. It ought to be *Pavanne*, being the name of a solemn, antiquated dance, the title being given to it on account of its resemblance to the majestic, measured steps of the peacock. *†

Musical Correspondence.

BROOKLYN, JAN. 14, 1861.—Mr BAGG'S New Year's compliments to Dwight's Journal and reports this very pleasant city to be in a state of snow storm, and musically, quite excited, for the Brooklyn Academy of Music (just finished) is to be formally opened to-morrow (Tuesday) evening with a grand instrumental and vocal concert, the programme being rendered by the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society, with the brilliant voices of Madame COLSON, Signori BRIGNOLI, FERRI, and SUSINI. EISEL conducts, NOLL leads and MUZIO directs the vocal part. The same admission card (Price \$5) admits to a promenade Concert and Ball for Thursday next, after which this magnificent opera-house will be considered fully dedicated to the various muses.

The 2d regular Philharmonic Concert is to be given on Saturday evening next. It was to have been on the 5th, but was postponed so as to take place at the Academy, which is now engaged by the directors for all future concerts and rehearsals. The first concert (in November last) was attended with such a rush that your humble servant (Mr. Baggs) along with at least five hundred other disconsolate individuals was unable to get in, although on hand a full half hour before the time of performance. The Athenæum is really a fine concert room and will hold fifteen hundred people, but it is entirely too small for any such flourishing institution as the "Brooklyn Philharmonic." The programme for next Saturday is rich indeed and includes Mendelssohn's Third Symphony in A minor, "Recollections of Scotland," Weber's Overture to "Euryanthe," and a novelty in the way of an overture by Litolff, the "Bride of Ky-nast."

Next week inaugurates our first Italian Opera season. Tuesday we are to have COLSON, BRIGNOLI, FERRI and SUSINI in Mercadante's "Il Giuramento," and on Saturday, the young American *Prima Donna* ISABELLA HINCKLEY, in "Lucia." As your correspondent has had an intimate acquaintance with Miss Hinckley for many years, and has watched her artistic course with the most particular interest, he is anxious to know the verdict of the public on her voice and talent. She is by no means a novice, but has been before an European audience for the last two years, and completed a successful engagement in Berlin just prior to her return to America. Miss Hinckley is a native of Albany, N. Y., and was a pupil of George Wm. Warren. She went to Italy in the spring of 1857 and after fifteen months' lessons from the justly celebrated Romani was pronounced by him as complete in lyric art as he could make her. She then made her *début* at the Concerts of the Philharmonic Society of France and was lauded in the musical papers of the day, extracts of which have appeared in many of our principal papers.

Her first operatic engagement was proffered by the grand old composer and master Pacini, but it unfortunately fell through, on account of the war, which at that time put a stop to all musical matters in Italy. She then procured a most excellent engagement for Holland and *en passant* gave a very successful concert at Paris. She has sung in all the principal cities of Holland and in many of Germany and is now "home again" just in time to be involved in Mr. Ullman's annual failure and the "inevitable crisis;" Muzio has however come to the rescue, and if I am not very much mistaken *la belle* Hinckley will make a sensation.

I wanted to send you the programme of the Christmas Music at the Church of the Holy Trinity, and many other minor items, but will leave all for my next, and also apologize for the unusual length of this letter. As Mr. Baggs don't profess to write as correspondents ought to—that is regularly and elegantly. He would be happy to hear from "Trovator" and "—t—" on Brooklyn matters. By consulting the New York papers of to-day, they will find that the competition of the Academy of Music is "the musical event of the week" and I may add a great thing for Long Island (which by the way still remains in the Union). The attractions will now be worth the ferry-ride and the trouble, and the "wandering minstrel" will meet your New York correspondents at the landing, and do the honors with all possible *gusto* and pleasure. Long wave the union of New York and Brooklyn, now even in "Philharmonic" and Opera House, so come over Mr. Trovator and take "—t—" with us and spend a musical evening, and if you need any extra inducement, we'll execute (most summarily) our celebrated solo on the historically cracked but still charming clarinette, and as "we never stop short of a shilling,"

Will remain your everlasting, JEM BAGGS.

Musical Chit-Chat.

MASON & HAMLIN.—The extensive Melodeon factory of this firm, of whose instruments we made some mention last week, was entirely consumed by fire on Monday of this week. The contents of the building were completely destroyed, and so rapid was the progress of the flames that some of the occupants had to heat a hasty retreat to save their lives. The loss of Messrs. M. & H. was considerable, but we trust that they may soon be able to begin again the business which they have so honorably and successfully carried on, and we join most sincerely in the sympathy felt for their disappointment and loss in this community.

NEW ORLEANS.—Here PATTI has for some weeks continued to bewitch the opera goers, playing in her usual round of characters. The papers are unanimous and loud in her praise.

A Benefit at Paris.

Benefit performances rarely prove profitable here. I know there are exceptions, and three, four, and sometimes six thousand dollars have been cleared over all expenses; there was Rachel, who invariably cleared \$1,000 for the beneficiary, whenever she would condescend to play; and I dare say Grisi and Mario may perform the same miracle still. There is not in the whole catalogue of actors any other name so potent. The other actors, when they give a benefit performance are obliged to torture their invention to discover some way of pleasing the public. They endeavor to skim the theatres of their most popular actors, they endeavor to hit upon some mode of appealing to the public which shall strike attention—no easy feat in a great capital, where thousands of people are constantly soliciting attention. When they have done their best in this way, they must apply to the police for permission to give the performance, give it the written permission of every manager whose actors figure at his benefit, and lay his bill of fare before it. If the police is satisfied, it grants permission to give the performance, and gives the beneficiary liberty to increase the prices of admission. Then comes the great difficulty; getting a theatre. As every theatre in town is occupied by its own company during the winter, and their managers are not only averse from the feverish preparations made to carry the benefit performance to a successful close, but if they have a successful play they cannot easily be prevailed upon to interrupt its run—managers of theatres, like most heirs of hazard, are superstitious creatures. If they do not refuse the use of their theatre, they place it at a most extravagant rent, which absorbs every sou the beneficiary can reasonably hope for. This is the reason most benefit performances here take place very late in the season: in the winter the theatres are sure of being full, so great is the number of people in town; when summer approaches the audiences grow thinner and the manager's terms diminish. But then the poor beneficiary's chance of obtaining anything for his performance, decrease likewise, in a most alarming proportion. Nor is the rent of the theatre the only expense antecedent to the performance: there is the orchestra to be paid—the gas to be paid—the police to be paid—the printer to be paid—the bill sticker to be paid—the poor tax to be paid—the author's copyright to be paid—the carriages for the actors and actresses to be paid—the bouquets for the actresses to be paid—the *claque* to be paid—in short, the poor beneficiary hears "to be paid" so often he feels he is a mere gambler, who is risking a very large sum of money to obtain a very small gain. Even though his purse be empty; his troubles are not ended, he must make up his "poster." Actors, somebody has said, are the best fellows in the world upon condition each has a great deal more success than his comrades. Now, in making up a "poster," the beneficiary must strive to attain two things; attract the public and please the vanity of the performers who figure on it. I read some time ago, the confession of a person who gave a benefit, and he says, speaking of the difficulty of making up the "poster": "Whenever an actor is left to choose a part, a scene, or a piece, he is sure to make a bad selection. Have you ten singers? They insist upon singing ten long airs, full of trills and quavers, the longer the better, and they insist their 'time' shall be placed neither at the beginning nor at the end of the performance, but all in the middle. You have six actresses? They all insist upon playing the chief part of a different play, and you can find nobody to give the answer. Then how are their names to be printed on the 'posters?' Of course every name must be in capitals; but then in what order must they be placed? Will you begin with dancing or singing, comedy or drama? Will you adopt the rank of the theatres or the rank of the artists? There is a very simple order which can be easily adopted—the alphabetical order—but precisely because this is the simplest method it will satisfy nobody. At last your 'poster' is on the wall, and then the public begins to make this calculation: Twenty sous for the celebrated tenor, twenty sous for the celebrated singer, twenty sous for the celebrated tragic actress, ten sous for the bass singer, ten sous for the baritone, twenty sous for the danseuse, twenty sous for the fourth act of the 'Huguenots,' fifteen sous for 'Galatée,' ten sous for 'Gil Blas,' five sous for each comic song; the pianist is thrown in to boot; total, ten francs; and so he goes and buys his ticket. If you give the public nothing very tempting, he turns his back on your fine 'poster,' and walks off. If you give really a tempting performance, the ticket buyers purchase instantly every ticket, leap into their cabriolets, visit every hotel in town, sell their tickets to foreigners, double and triple the price paid for them, and put in their pockets the

largest profits the benefit gives to anybody, and is no way of preventing them from driving this trade. The beneficiary is assailed with requests of all sorts all the day long. Friends he has neither seen nor heard of for ten years, remind him how old and and ardent their friendship is; relations he never heard of before come up from their provinces expressly to go to his benefit; daguerreotypists beg him to give them a sitting and a seat; they have promised to take his portrait to complete their collection of eminent people, and his portrait everybody is asking for; the artists who *lend* the beneficiary their assistance only ask for one box for their family, one box for their friends, some tickets for the third tier for their porter, their hair dresser, their chamber maid, and fifty seats in the pit for their accustomed *claqueur*, as he alone understands their 'points,' and knows how to take care of their 'entries' and 'exits.' At last the time draws near when the performance is to begin. The beneficiary is trembling from head to foot. The artists who are to appear do not come: each tries to come later than the other to avoid beginning the performance.

The greatest confusion reigns in the green room; temporary dressing rooms have been erected everywhere; some are dressing in the manager's private room; others are dressing in a corner of the green room; these are dressing in a passage; those are dressing in hacks at the door: hair dressers rush madly about in every direction; dressing maids are so bewildered they do not know what to do; this actor bawls for his breeches; that actor screams for his wig; the 'first young lady' calls for her crinoline; the 'first young gentleman' asks for his calves: the baritone gorges his throat; the songstress practices her trills and quavers: the stage manager yells orders which nobody obeys. 'Clear the stage!' The curtain rises. The entertainment is fatiguing, long and disconnected. The order of the bill has been changed. The public is ill humored: it purchased its places in the street, or from the wine shop, paying three times the price asked at the ticket office, and it is angry with the actors for the cheat put upon him; the actors, furious in consequence of their comrade's success, or their own want of success, lay all the blame on the beneficiary, although he isn't to blame, for he took every precaution to assure that every artist should have the same quantity of applause, the same number of 'calls out,' and the same number of bouquets. He made a contract for this in advance, and heaven knows what these ovations cost him, at what a *d—l* of a sum of money the bill for 'enthusiasm' amounts to. The performance ends about two o'clock in the morning. The theatre then is about two-thirds empty, for the audience have departed one by one, cursing the fellow that gave the benefit, the fellow that sold the tickets, the fellow that played. The exasperated *danseuse* vows she never in all her life before was exposed to such an insult, and she never will so expose herself again! What! lose her most beautiful *entrechats*, wantonly throw away her *ronds de jambe*, caper before empty benches! And all through the fault of the fool who organized his benefit so stupidly! Poor beneficiary! Overwhelmed with reproaches, tired to death, heels over head, nervous, sick, depressed, disheartened, he asks the treasurer of the theatre for his account. A legion of supplementary expenses, which no imagination could have conceived, makes its appearance in formidable figures—extra fees to the machinists, extra fees to the musicians, extra fees to the chorus, fine for ending the performance after midnight, drayage for scenery, copying music, *pour boire* to hack drivers, and so on on on on on. The bills are settled, and then the beneficiary says to himself, wiping his forehead: 'Thank heaven! all is over now. I have run from one end of Paris to the other; I have lost a fortnight in the course of which I have been able neither to play nor to rehearse; I have caught a rheumatism, which will keep me in bed for at least three weeks: I have worked like a galley slave; I have discontented the public, and put all my comrades out with me; I have lost nothing by the benefit, for after all the expenses are paid I have twenty francs profit coming to me. Gads! there's no room to complain after all, for it might have been a deuced sight worse!' The beneficiary has scarcely these words out of his mouth, just as he is about quitting the theatre, a 'Please, sir!' greets his ear. He turns and discovers a bouquet, with half a dozen fellows behind it. 'Hallo!' exclaims he, suspecting there is a snake lurking beneath those flowers, 'and what may that be?' 'It is a bouquet, sir, we have the honor to present to you. Don't forget the callboys, please sir!' 'You are very kind, vastly kind, my lads, and I am mightily obliged to you, 'pon my word I am; here's twenty francs for your bouquet; it's all I made by my benefit!'—*Corr. N. O. Picayune.*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

A mid the glad throng here to-night. Ballad.

Langton Williams. 25

A song of decided beauty and power, which will be quickly recognized by all singers who are on the "qui vive" for something new and good.

I wandered by the brookside.

Balfé. 24

A new musical setting of a favorite poem. There has been a melody written to it some time ago by Hime, which the public received with much favor. The probability is that Balfé's air will far exceed the other in popularity. It is undoubtedly a fine song.

A maiden fair and young.

R. S. Pratten. 25

Composed for and sung by Mrs. Henri Drayton in the charming operetta of "Diamond cut diamond." It is eminently pleasing, and one of the prettiest songs which the amiable prima donna essayed.

Instrumental Music.

Drowsy Polka.

E. Beyer. 25

This polka is just now universally popular all over Germany. It is introduced into every farce, with words improvised on subjects of the day and closes with a refrain in which a chorus joins. Part of the original words have been printed with the music. It is easy.

A beautiful dream. (Nebelbilder.)

Oesten. 25

One of a series of little melodious and original pieces, for which young people ought to be particularly thankful to the talented author, as they are positively charming.

Autumn Reverie. Tremolo Etude. D. H. Hood. 25

A pleasing original melody varied in the Tremolo style. Good practice for the fingers.

Riverside Barcarolle.

W. H. Clarke. 35

A first effort which shows the young composer to possess the rare gift of melody and a good sound knowledge of the practical part of his art. We dare say that pretty well advanced players will derive great pleasure from the perusal of this piece.

Etude Mazurka. Four hands.

A. Talex. 50

A dashing mazurka, perhaps the most brilliant of any pieces of this class, in the form of a duet. The arrangement is by the author.

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A meritorious composition of medium difficulty.

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WHOLE No. 460.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 26, 1861.

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Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sketches of French Musical History.

SACRED MUSIC.

III.

FROM HUGH CAPET TO ST. LOUIS, A.D. 987—1226.

Having thus rapidly passed in review the condition of music in France under the first two Dynasties, let us now see what happened in the interesting period from Hugh Capet to the close of the reign of Louis IX.—that king so brave, so virtuous, so constantly occupied with the good of his subjects. Ecclesiastical Art developed, the science of Music advanced, but the *chanson*, that form so eminently national attained still grander proportions, thanks to the heroism of the feudal spirit, to the noble sentiments of chivalry, and to the enfranchisement of the communes, which went so nobly hand in hand with the sweeping enthusiasm of the Crusades.

And, first, to speak of sacred music, we remark that Robert the pious (996) often figured among the singers of his chapel. He was to be seen in his silken cope, wearing the crown, and marking the measure and rhythm with his sceptre. We possess *hymns, sequences and responses* by that monarch. His wife, Constance, whose haughty and imperious character caused him much trouble, wished to be the subject of one of his compositions and would take no denial. Knowing no means to put an end to her pressing entreaties, he wrote a hymn in honor of the martyrs, beginning with the words, *O Constantia martyrum*. The queen saw in these words an allusion to her name, and King Robert, profiting by her error, gave her to understand that it was written in her praise, though his design had been but to celebrate the constancy of the martyrs.

During the eleventh and twelfth centuries the most distinguished hymnologists were, Fulbert, Bishop of Chartres; Saint Odilon, abbot of Cluny; Raynald, Bishop of Langres; Hildebrand de Lavardin, Archbishop of Tours; Geoffroy, Abbot de la Trinité; St. Bernard; Peter the Venerable; Adam, Canon of St. Victor; Maurice de Sully, Bishop of Paris; and the famous Abelard, from whose pen are 96 hymns in manuscript, still preserved in the Library of the Dukes of Bourgogne at Brussels.

In 1214, Guerin, Bishop of Senlis, drew up the army in order of battle in the field of Bouvines. Guillaume le Breton, chaplain to the king, Philip Augustus, standing behind his sovereign, intoned with such vigor, first the psalm, *Benedictus Dominus* and then the *Exsurget Deus*, as to contribute not a little to the splendid victory gained by our brave warriors on that memorable day.

But by the side of the liturgic music, a new form of the art was developing itself keeping step with the progress of the vulgar tongue, the first movement of which is the famous oath pronounced by the troops of Louis the German and Charles the Bald, who had formed an alliance against Lothaire, Emperor of Italy.*

During the time of Philip I., the *chanson française* had appeared above the horizon and its most famous adepts during the twelfth century were, Count de Bethune, Giles de Beaumont, Jean de Neuville, Helinand, Count de Soissons, Christian de Troyes, Auboin de Sezanne, Perrin Dangecourt, Blondel de Nesles, Gace Brûlé, Raoul de Coucy, and above all, Thibaud IV., Count de Champagne and king of Navarre.

The most ancient form of the *chanson* is the *lay*, a sort of plaintive elegy upon the pleasures and pains of love. The *chansons royales*, so called because sung at court, had usually five couplets; to this was added the *envoi*, a dedication composed generally of three or four verses. The songs, called among the Provençals, *tensons*, were a form of the *chanson* in dialogue, which turned upon some point debated by two interlocutors. This species of the *duo alterné* took at a later period the title of *jeu-parté*. The *sirvente* was a form of satire, in which the poets attacked the vices of their time. The *sonnet* was the *chansonnette* of the time; the *renverdie* celebrated the return of verdure and the spring time. The music of the *chansons* was noted in the longs and breves of the plain chant—square notes, without bars to measure the rhythm and written upon a staff of four lines.†

These simple and natural melodies needed the aid of tradition to be sung so as to produce their full effect, they were executed either solo or with the accompaniment of either harp or viol. The harp of that age had 24 strings; an old poet has given each an allegorical name. The *rote* was a hurdy-gurdy, named thus (Latin, *rota*) from its wheel. Finally, under Philip of Valois, the different kinds of musical instruments were increased to the number of thirty. But let us not anticipate.

The *Jonglerie*, which originated about the twelfth century, was composed of four distinct orders; 1. The *Trouvères*, who were poets and authors; 2. The *Chanterres*, who executed the works of the preceding; 3. The *Conteurs*, who finally became historians; and the *Jongleurs*, who played upon instruments. Philip Augustus having driven them from the French Court (doubtless for their immorality), they travelled from city to city; but after this banishment their profession declined. Meantime many of them had acquired considerable fortunes, and a few great lords followed their example in cultivating poetry and music, though merely as an indulgence of their taste and not for profit.

The principal didactic author of the period of which we are speaking is the illustrious Guido d'Arezzo; he invented the staff[?], the clefs, and various musical exercises or formulas, which would be found even now excellent for rendering

* The first writers were Norman; we owe to them the *Roman du rou* and that of *Alexandre*, which gives us the term, *Alexandrine verses*. After the Normans the Provençal troubadours cultivated the *gaie science*, which extended to Paris and the surrounding provinces.

† The fifth line of the staff was added towards the end of the reign of Louis IX., at the beginning of the 13th century.

voices true and supple. Adopting as his basis the simple and pregnant divisions of the Monocord, he deduced from them the modern gamut, to which he united the eight ancient tones or modes. His works are truly masterpieces, and it would be of great service to music to publish a complete edition of them with a translation and illustrative notes.‡ To Guido, music without lines was "as a well without a rope." As a teacher he was so excellent that his pupils sung at sight with one month of instruction.

In the second volume of Gerbert's *Scriptores ecclesiastici de Musica Sacra* § are found the following works of Guido; 1. his Micrology, a short exposition of his method of teaching music; 2, a treatise in Latin verse, giving an excellent view of his method; 3 and 4, rules and an epistle upon the *chant inconnu*. He gives in it the famous gamut drawn from the hymn of St. John, excellent exercises for striking intervals, and the advice to color the lines C yellow and F red. These various and remarkable improvements gained him great praise from Pope John, who then occupied the chair of St. Peter. The 5th treatise of Guido is a corrective for the crowd of errors which had crept into the Gregorian chant. What would the venerable monk say if he could come back to earth now? The 6th and last shows how music is founded upon arithmetic, but it is not certain that Guido was its author.

Be this as it may, counterpoint was developed during the eleventh and twelfth centuries, under the learned and skillful pens of Bernon, John Cotton, Guido de Chablis, John de Garlande, Francon de Cologne, Aristote, Aribon the scholastic, Peter Picard, John de Bourgogne, Jerome of Moravia and Walter Odington. We leave it to the learned to elucidate their barbarous and doubtful texts; for our part let us examine the musical documents of that epoch which we have been able to procure, and which are still little known.

The music of the *chansons* of Count Thibaut is stamped with grace and nature; it is still but a kind of unmeasured plain chant, though, here and there, we find melodic forms full of beauty. I cannot say so much upon the rondos in three parts by Adam de la Hale, nor of the *dechants* and *motets* in two and three parts with or without imitations, which M. Coussemaker has edited with so much pains. The youngest pupils of counterpoint in the Conservatory at Paris would write more correctly and at the same time more agreeably for the ear.

Among the specimens contained in the beautiful volume of Mr. Coussemaker, we have always remarked, the *Lamentations of Rachel*, consoled by an angel; this has both sentiment and color. We may say the same of two pieces pretty well wrought out and which appear to us to be the origin of the mysteries and liturgic dramas, so numerous in the middle ages. The *Wise and Foolish Virgins* is a sort of short oratorio, not

‡ This work is now promised by M. Adrian de La Fage.

§ This work is in the Boston Public Library.

wanting in interest; it begins with a choral after which many stanzas alternate between the wise and the foolish virgins. Merchants interrupt the declamation of the latter, and then, after some words of Christ, demons seize the foolish virgins and send them to hell headlong.

The *Prophets of Christ* form a series of recitatives analogous to our key of F major. After a general prologue by the precentor, he addresses, successively, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Habakkuk, David, Elizabeth, John the Baptist, and even to Virgil, Nebuchadnezzar and the Sybil and all reply each in his own manner, that Christ will come and that he will be adored by all the nations of the universe.

The dance air of the thirteenth century, drawn from the Library at Lisle, appears to us beautiful in character; it resembles the ancient *bourrées*, which are still sometimes heard from country fiddlers. I have noted it from the manuscript, very differently from the learned M. Coussemaker; I prefer, as my own, my version to his, and yet I dare not affirm mine to be the more correct. As the measure is not indicated, the melodic sentiment and intuition must in some degree here supply the fault owing to the fact that notation was then in its infancy.

The words of this air are very moral; they signify that "nobility adorned with good morals has nothing equal to it in the world."

But we have reached a period of decay; it is that in which we see, upon solemn words in Latin, upon fragments of the psalms and Evangelists, a *dechant* in the vulgar tongue and thoroughly profane. We are involuntarily reminded of the obscenities in stone, which may be seen in nooks and corners of our old cathedrals, or of the gross illuminations, which sometimes disfigure precious manuscripts of pious and mystic prayer-books.

There is then an angel and a demon in our poor humanity, and the above is a most complete and irreputable proof of it. How else could they sing a galliard during the *Introit*, a jest during the *Graduale*, words like these "God! I could not sleep at night" while others sang "*Et vide ed inclina aurem tuam.*" They mingle the most opposite elements,—profane art with sacred—farce with solemn instruction.

Here probably is the justification of the banishment of the *Jongleurs* by Philip Augustus, and, at a later period, the reason for the famous bull of John XXII., against the abuses of ecclesiastical music. A little more and music would have been banished entirely from the churches, and if God had not raised up a genius like Palestrina, it would have been all over with music in the old basilicas. But such a fall was not yet to take place. Before its disappearance, the Art of the middle ages, between the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries, produced all its flowers and fruits; it was only upon the revival of art letters, that it by degrees gave up its territory to antique and pagan art. We hope that in our epoch, it may revive, profiting by the knowledge acquired by study and experience and employing it in a still more grand and profitable manner for the progress and happiness of humanity.

his visit to Sir Roger de Coverly, was pleased with the old gentleman's arrangements in relation to preaching; instead of calling upon his curate to deliver a weekly discourse of his own apropos to nothing, he gave him all his time for parochial duties, preferring on Sunday to have him read a sermon in strong English and fullness of thought of the old masters of the art, Taylor, South, and others like them. How often I have wished that this might be done not only in old England in Sir Roger's chapel, but in New England in many a meeting-house, where I have suffered out my hour!

The principle is a good one in other matters than preaching; where the right thing has been well said, why strive to say it again? If a man has no impulse within to say something, which is truly his own, why labor to fill so many pages of manuscript?

Now this is in fact an apology, if one is needed, for not undertaking to make a mass of matter upon certain musical topics here and, instead thereof, giving you a letter or two, made up mainly from translations. A man, who signs himself Alexis Azevedo, is the musical critic of the *Opinion Nationale*. He gives a weekly article and this article I find always entertaining and instructive. He says, what he has to say, much better than I can, and moreover, if I give specimens of his articles you will have the satisfaction of knowing thereby something of the tone in which actors, singers and composers are here spoken of. There is plain speaking, and pointed; faults are not smoothed over, nor deserved praise withheld. Besides this, the critics know what they are about, at least judging from the French point of view.

I go back five or six weeks and begin with the first appearance of Mlle Sax at the Grand Opera, she having been previously at the Theatre Lyrique.

At the time of this young lady's appearance at the Lyrique, says M. Azevedo, we were among the first to bid her welcome. Her magnificent voice, and the intelligent manner in which she sang the part, and so delicate and self-sustained, of the countess in the *Marriage of Figaro*, were in our opinion the best promise of a brilliant future. Others have shared our opinion as is proved by her call after a short stay at the Lyrique to the Grand Opera to take the leading mezzo-soprano parts.

So long as the young songstress was making her first attempts between Mad. Carvalho and Mad. Ugalde—those excellent and devoted godmothers—there was little necessity of giving her counsel; for she was learning both from precept and example. But at the opera things are not in the same fashion—precept is often wanting, and the examples are not all to be followed. Moreover the parts for a mezzo-soprano are essentially dramatic, written mainly for declamation, sometimes even for screaming, and are therefore not the thing for a young, not thoroughly educated beginner.

Now, a soprano, singing the parts of Mathilde or Lucie, may by this exercise reach the perfection of her art. So can a contralto, in the single part of Leonore in *La Favorite*. But Alice, Valentine, Rachel are parts better fitted to form the actress than the singer. These being her parts, we have an opportunity to address certain observations to Mlle Sax, the only object

of which is to aid her in preserving her fine organ as long as possible.

Mlle Sax sings rather by instinct than from knowledge; she owes more to nature than to art. Her voice ample and of fine quality is wanting in ductility and is sometimes a little out of tune in passages requiring much force.

To soften her fine voice, and gain the power of producing fine shades and contrasts and conquer an immovable firmness of pitch, she needs to study vocalization and the producing of pure tones with some Italian master of the old school. Above all she must husband her resources, seek out her faults, and not give up to fatigue and the bad vocal tendencies of the parts given her at the opera, as so many have done.

The part of Rachel (in Halévy's *Jewess*), in which we more particularly marked the performance of Mlle Sax, is one which demands infinite care and extreme skill to prevent the loss of the purity and freshness of a frail voice. Had we leisure we might make a complete analysis of the *Jewess* in proof of this assertion; but time and space both are wanting for so formidable an undertaking. We may perhaps do it some day, nevertheless. Meantime, we assert, without fear of contradiction that the music of Rachel is not precisely a gushing warbling, and that a young person whose voice needs both firmness and suppleness cannot find in it that fine vocal style which is needful to her profession. In fact it is not written in a good vocal style; we desire no other proof of this than that fine (?) skip of the voice—an interval of eleven notes—between the words 'Dieu' and 'vengeur'—an interval doubtless placed there to glorify the grammatical rule, that the adjective must agree with the noun! We need no other proof than the tormenting accompaniments, roaring, impenetrable to the human voice, which often tempt us to exclaim, "for mercy's sake, halt a moment, and let us hear the rest of the song," and which with an implacable persistence seem to reply, "well don't you wish you may get it?"

No, Mlle Sax ought not to engage in a contest with these invincible accompaniments, of the result of which there can be no doubt. She should perfect herself in the art of singing out of the theatre, and at the theatre her tactics should be such as we take the liberty of suggesting the principal points of; viz., to produce her "effects" in places where the accompaniment allows the voice to be heard and to make up, in passages of powerful orchestration, for the want of great loudness and exertion of the lungs, by a neat articulation and strongly accented syllables and by such appropriate gestures, as will make her presence more felt in the midst of the tempest, than by the most evident efforts and most dangerous straining of the voice.

By means of such care and precautions Mlle Marie Sax may with right aspire to the position of a worthy, perhaps a great artiste. At all events she will last longer than her predecessors, which, as it seems to us, is not to be disdained.

The D. finds the above to be good and sensible words, conveying a lesson, which may be studied profitably, also out of Paris; and by others than Mlle Marie Sax.

Now to what M. Azevedo says of Ronconi.

After an absence of more than three years Ronconi makes his appearance upon the stage of the Italian Opera in the part of Figaro. Ron-

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Diarist in Paris.

PARIS, Dec. 26, 1860.

The short-visaged, taciturn Spectator, during

coni is one of the greatest artists, one of the most extraordinary dramatic individualities of our time. If any comparison was necessary we might compare him to our own Frederick Le-maitre. Everything he touches bears the impress of his originality. But is this the idea of the authors, that he should render them in the manner in which *he* conceives his parts? It may be permitted, indeed we are forced to doubt this. It is rather his own, Ronconi's, ideas, which he expresses, the piece being but his medium. But then what genins in his transformations, what knowledge of scenic effect in his rendering!

One can hardly speak too strongly of what he has made the part of Figaro. It is certainly no longer the Figaro of Beaumarchais and Rossini, which adds a few cunning tricks to a torrent of fun without parallel; it is another Figaro, master of himself and of the others, a diplomat, a *dry old file*—a cat in a bird cage. He plays with the passions of those about him, as with chess-men, utterly without sympathy. Not only do they excite no answering emotion in him, but he does not even seem to comprehend them except as means to aid him in his projects. With what disdainful, skeptical cruel railleury, he receives the letter which Rosina sends to Lindor. Certes, this Figaro can never love, nor, what is more, be jealous of Suzanne; this man makes the *marriage* impossible.

The stealthy manner in which he listens to the air of Bartolo, on calumny, is in itself a poem. With a few steps, gestures and attitudes the artist makes of this scene of espyal one of surpassing interest.

It is strange that notwithstanding the deal of originality which Ronconi impresses upon the Barber of Beaumarchais and Rossini, he never tires with filling his part with the most astonishing buffooneries; yet true to himself he executes them with an imperturbable coolness; his comrades can hardly restrain themselves, and sometimes do not. For instance on the first evening he had worked out a sort of trill or shake, by a curious intermixture of three or four different voices; seeing that Mad. Alboni could hardly keep her countenance at such an unheard of trill, he made a horrible grimace of the sort which Panurge executes when he is endeavoring to abash the Englishman. The most hardened could not see that memorable grimace without a smile. Mad. Alboni was obliged to take refuge for a moment behind the scenes. We should never end if we undertook to describe all the tricks played by him with the napkin in the shaving scene, Bartolo's great cane, where he chases Bazile from the stage, and a multitude of other drolleries, which we do not approve in such abundance, but which still are worthy of notice, being executed with such incredible skill.

French words scattered through the Italian dialogue were not wanting, as may easily be believed. In the serenade scene, Figaro, handing the guitar to the count, said "It is tuned to the normal pitch." Mario for the first time singing in new pitch, made the most natural gesture of astonishment in the world.

Speaking of the normal pitch, permit us to make a slight digression. People think this a new thing. Not at all; why, in the year 2284 before Christ, Chun, successor of Yao, Emperor of China, established uniformity of weights measures and musical pitch throughout his em-

pire.* The means employed by the Chinese to regulate this matter is curious enough. They take a hollow bamboo of a certain determinate length, and fill it with grains of millet. If the grains prove to be of the exact number prescribed, this bamboo will give their normal pitch of A. If not they change the bamboo until one is found of the same length of course, and of the right diameter to exactly hold the millet. One sees instantly, that they have not reached quite the nicety of our experimenters!

But return we to Ronconi; in the trio of the Barber where the count and Rosina instead of hurrying away down the ladder from the balcony, stop to sing of love and relieve their feelings in never-ending roulades, this Figaro's impatient movements are really exciting to the audience. He goes and comes; stamps his foot; bites his lips, folds his arms; pulls the count by the cloak. There is a marvellous intelligence in such play.

Now we shall doubtless be asked if Ronconi preserved his voice and talents as a singer. We honestly answer—we do not know. We shall not be able to satisfy the curious on this point until we have heard him in a part where the singing is more than the acting. Now, in the Barber he acts more than he sings; or rather he is continually in action and never singing.

Of Mario our critic says:—

Mario has returned to us! Has he preserved his voice and vocalization? Has he gained? Has he lost? It is difficult to say; be it the fatigues of his journey, the new pitch, to which he must become accustomed, or has he caught cold, nothing is so uncertain as M. Mario; now rising to artistic heights now sinking to depths incredible. All that we can affirm is, that there is nobody within our knowledge able to sing the opening cavatina of the Barber like him.

Now read M. Azevedo on Mad. Viardot and Gluck, and see what a good lesson he gives to vocalists.

The return of Mad. Viardot to the Theatre Lyrique gives us again the immortal *Orphée* of Gluck. However it be with others, we do not cease to hear and admire this music at once so clear and profound, grand and simple as the antique, pathetic as tragedy, descriptive as painting, in which through the careful use of the simplest means, the grandest possible effects are produced every moment. Full of power, emotion and a sacred fire which she radiates upon all about her, Mad. Viardot proves herself at every repetition, as upon her first appearance,—a great lyric tragedienne throughout the piece, an extraordinary singer in the final air of the 1st act. Let us linger a moment upon her manner of singing this air, for it is the last living vestige of the art of vocalization in the serious style as practised by her illustrious father and his contemporaries. They sang their ornaments and roulades with the full voice, with fire, strength, feeling. With them they were not mere scales, trills, divisons, but means of expression as pathetic, true, touching as the accents of the recitative or the pure melody. And here we have defined in a word, the "lyric tragedy in ornate style." When, for instance, a work like the *Otello* was executed by the performers of

genius, who added to their natural endowments the true vocal culture, both the characters and the alterations of the piece gained largely from music in energy and relief. Now-a-days, the singers in executing ornaments and showing off their vocal agility, only employ about an eighth of their voices—Othello coos, Iago cackles and crows.

Thus the intention of the composer disappears, the tragedy vanishes, and nothing of *Otello* remains but beautiful melodies and charming feats of vocalization. And yet we live at a period when all the strength of the human voice is called into requisition both in season and out of season. Why not then use it where it is so necessary to the composer's idea? Alas! people no longer know how to sing!

A little piece just brought out at the Bouffes is spoken of thus:—

At the Bouffes-Parisiennes a short one act piece has come upon the stage, entitled *L'Hotel de la Poste*, music by M. Dufresne, composer of the *Valet de Gascogne*. The score is markworthy for its abundance of natural melodies and by a very intelligent application of music to the demands of the theatre. It has a serenade, two quartettes and many other striking things of the right sort. The more we hear the music of Dufresne, the more we are assured that this composer, by his view of melody, his spirit and scenic tact, might keep up, with happy and brilliant success the traditions of our truly national comic opera, now obscured by the mists and fogs which come to us from beyond the Rhine. Will then an opportunity be given this gentleman to exhibit his fine capacities, by intrusting to him a good text to be composed for good singers? We doubt it, for the composer is guilty of the greatest of faults—he is a Frenchman!

Goethe and Mendelssohn.

THE FIRST MEETING BETWEEN THE POET AND THE COMPOSER.

M. Le Rallstab, a German writer of considerable reputation, has recently published in Germany two volumes of his autobiography, replete with interesting gossip about distinguished men. He tells the following tale of the meeting of the author of *Faust* and the composer of *Elijah*:—

In the evening we assembled in Goethe's rooms to tea, for he had invited a large party of his Weimar musical acquaintances, to make them acquainted with the boy's extraordinary talents. Presently Goethe made his appearance; he came from his study, and had a habit—at least I generally noticed it—of waiting till all the guests were assembled ere he showed himself. Till that period his son and daughter-in-law did the duties of host in the most amiable way. A certain solemnity was visible among the guests prior to the entrance of the great poet, and even those who stood on terms of intimacy with him underwent a feeling of veneration. His slow, serious walk, his impressive features, which expressed the strength rather than weakness of old age, the lofty forehead, the white, abundant hair, lastly, the deep voice and slow way of speaking, all united to produce the effect. His "Good evening" was addressed to all, but he walked up to Zelter first, and shook his hand cordially. Felix Mendelssohn looked up with sparkling eyes at the snow-white head of the poet. The latter, however, placed his hands kindly on the boy's head and said, "Now you shall play us something." Zelter nodded his assent.

The piano was opened and lights arranged on the desk. Mendelssohn asked Zelter, to whom he displayed a thoroughly childish devotion and confidence, "What shall I play?"

"Well, what you can," the latter replied, in his peculiarly sharp voice; "whatever is not too difficult for you."

To me, who knew what the boy could do, and that no task was too difficult for him, this seemed an unjust depreciation of his faculties. It was at length arranged that he should play a fantasia, which he did

* See, *Historie general de la Musique et de la Danse* by de la Fage, vol. I. p. 48. I think the work is in the Boston public Library.

to the wonder of all. But the young artist knew when to leave off, and thus the effect he produced was all the greater. A silence of surprise ensued when he raised his hands from the keys after a loud finale.

Zelter was the first to interrupt the silence in his humorous way, by saying aloud, "Ha, you must have been dreaming of kobolds and dragons; why, that went over stick and stone!" At the same time there was a perfect indifference in his tone, as if there were nothing remarkable in the matter. Without doubt the teacher intended to prevent, in this way, the danger of a too brilliant triumph. The playing, however, as it could not well otherwise, aroused the highest admiration of all present, and Goethe, especially, was full of the warmest delight. He encouraged the lad, in whose childish features joy, pride and confusion were at once depicted, by taking his head between his hands, patting him kindly, and saying jestingly, "But you will not get off with that. You must play more pieces before we recognize your merits."

"But what shall I play," Felix asked, "Herr Professor?"—he was wont to address Zelter by this title—"what shall I play now?"

I cannot say that I have properly retained the pieces the young virtuoso now performed, for they were numerous. I will, however, mention the most interesting.

Goethe was a great admirer of Bach's fugues, which a musician of Berka, a little town about ten miles from Weimar, came to play to him repeatedly. Felix was therefore requested to play a fugue of the grand old master. Zelter selected it from the music book, and the boy played it without any preparation, but with perfect certainty.

Goethe's delight grew with the boy's extraordinary powers. Among other things he requested him to play a minuet.

"Shall I play you the loveliest in the whole world?" he asked, with sparkling eyes.

"Well, and which is that?"

He played the minuet from Don Giovanni.

Goethe stood by the instrument, listening, joy glistening in his features. He wished for the overture of the opera after the minuet; but this the player roundly declined, with the assertion that it could not be played as it was written, and nobody dared make any alteration in it. He, however, offered to play the overture to "Figaro." He commenced it with a lightness of touch—such certainty and clearness as I never heard again. At the same time he gave the orchestral effects so magnificently that the effect was extraordinary; and I can honestly state that it afforded me more gratification than ever an orchestral performance did. Goethe grew more and more cheerful and kind, and even played tricks with the talented lad.

"Well, come," he said, "you have only played me pieces you know, but now we will see whether you can play something you do not know. I will put you on trial."

Goethe went out, reëntered the room in a few moments and had a roll of music in his hand. "I have fetched something from my manuscript collection. Now we will try you. Do you think you can play this?"

He laid a page, with clear but small notes, on the desk. It was Mozart's handwriting. Whether Goethe told us so or it was written on the paper I forget, and only remember that Felix glowed with delight at the name, and an indescribable feeling came over us all, partly enthusiasm and joy, partly admiration and expectation. Goethe, the aged man, who lays a manuscript of Mozart, who had been buried thirty years ago, before a lad so full of promise for the future, to play at sight, in truth such a constellation may be termed a rarity.

The young artist played with the most perfect certainty, not making the slightest mistake, though the manuscript was far from easy reading. The task was certainly not difficult, especially for Mendelssohn, as it was only an adagio; still there was a difficulty in doing it as the lad did, for he played it as if he had been practising it for years.

Goethe adhered to his good-humored tone, while all the rest applauded. "That is nothing," he said; "others could read that too. But I will now give you something over which you will stick, so take care."

With these words he produced another paper, which he laid on the desk. This certainly looked very strange. It was difficult to say were they notes or only a paper ruled and splashed with ink and blots. Felix Mendelssohn, in his surprise, laughed loudly. How is that written? Who can read it?" he said.

But suddenly he became serious, for while Goethe was saying, "Now, guess who wrote it?" Zelter,

who had walked up to the piano and looked over the boy's shoulder, exclaimed, "Why, Beethoven wrote that! any one could see it a mile off. He always writes with a broomstick, and passes his sleeve over the notes before they are dry. I have plenty of his manuscripts. They are easy to know."

At the mention of the name, as I remarked, Mendelssohn had suddenly grown serious—even more than serious. A shade of awe was visible on his features. Goethe regarded him with searching eyes, from which delight beamed. The boy kept his eyes immovably fixed on the manuscript, and a look of glad surprise flew over his features as he traced a brilliant thought amid the chaos of confused, blurred notes.

But all this lasted only a few seconds, for Goethe wished to make a severe trial, and give the performer no time for preparation. "You see," he exclaimed, "I told you that you would stick. Now try it; show us what you can do."

Felix began playing immediately. It was a simple melody; if clearly written a trifling, I may say no task, for even a moderate performer. But to follow it through the scrambling labyrinth required a quickness and certainty of eye such as few are able to attain. I glanced with surprise at the leaf, and tried to hum the tune, but many of the notes were perfectly illegible, or had to be sought at the most unexpected corners, as the boy often pointed out with a laugh.

He played it through once in this way, generally correctly, but stopping at times, and correcting several mistakes with a quick "No, so;" then he exclaimed, "Now I will play it to you." And this second time not a note was missing. "This is Beethoven, this passage," he said once turning to me, as if he had come across something which sharply displayed the master's peculiar style. "That is true Beethoven. I recognize him in it at once."

With this trial-piece Goethe broke off. I need scarcely add that the young player again reaped the fullest praise, which Goethe veiled in mocking jests, that he had stuck here and there, and had not been quite sure.—*Boston Daily Advertiser*.

SPOHR AND THE VIOLIN.—Of Spohr's distinguished merits as a composer of quartets, enough has been said in the analytical programmes of the Monday Popular Concerts. The reproduction of a few sentences will suffice to explain, to such as have not hitherto been in the habit of attending these performances, the opinion entertained of the late Kapellmeister of Hesse-Cassel as a fertile and ingenious producer in this particular branch of his art. As a composer of quartets—it was urged—and indeed of all varieties of chamber music,—for stringed instruments, Spohr eminently excelled. Only Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn can be said to have surpassed him; while, on the other hand, he produced in this department almost as much as the last three in common. Here, however, his darling instrument was at command, and none will refuse to admit that, as a writer for the violin, Spohr was unrivalled. No predecessor or contemporary has done so much or so well for the first of orchestral, as it is the first of solo, instruments. His compositions for the violin (as a performer on which, in many respects, he equally transcended all competitors) form one of the most important and valuable bequests that genius has made to art. He represented, moreover, and pre-eminently, the great German school of playing, the most solid, legitimate, and classically pure, if not the most graceful, impetuous and brilliant. "All the composers for the violin put together, since legitimate music was provided for that instrument, could not," says a modern critic, "make one Spohr." This was the domain in which he knew no rival, and in which, whether as producer or executant, he distanced all competitors. Spohr was the rock against which the so-called virtuosity of his time could make no head. In an age of semi-charlatanism he retained for his darling instrument its classic character, and dedicated works to the fiddle which are likely to survive while music continues to be cultivated. Violinists, indeed, of every category, those alike who aim at mere display and those who entertain a worthier ambition, are infinitely his debtors; since, through the method he inculcated, and the writings he published, he not only regulated taste and developed style, but, more than any predecessor or contemporary, helped to advance the mechanism of the instrument, and thus to multiply its resources and vary its means of effect. His quartets (of which he produced about three times as many as Mozart, and twice as many as Beethoven), his quintets, and other examples of what it termed *chamber music*, form a library of themselves.—*Programme of the Monday Popular Concerts*.

Ristori.

Dreary December has brought in its train the season of Advent. In the welcome given to an interminable catalogue of religious festivals, we have taken a solemn addios of theatrical amusements—solemn, not on account of the excessive brilliancy of the autumnal pleasure campaign, but because the suggestion of a good thing is liable to create pleasant emotions in the mind; whereas, the absence of suggestion causes an emotional vacuum. Besides influenzas and perpetual rain diluted, at rare intervals, by a few stray sunbeams, were made indurable in the consolation of Bellini's heart vibrations and Meyerbeer's intellectual outpourings. Influenzas and rain remain—poor substitutes for melody and harmony of sound.

Adelaide Ristori inaugurated the autumn season by giving six representations at the cosy little Niccolini theatre. Ristori possesses to so eminent an extent the power of fascination, that much time must elapse before sober, calm criticism can be released from the captivity in which it is enthralled by this actress. It is difficult to listen to reason when the sight, that most susceptible of our senses, is under the spell of enchantment; for as long as men are mortal, beauty will have more or less worshippers. Ristori, personally, is very attractive. They say that, when she was a girl, so wonderful was her beauty that her mere presence upon the stage was sufficient to create a furore amounting almost to frenzy. At that time she was simply a comedienne, and was not considered by Florentines to be possessed of more than ordinary dramatic talent. It is only within the last ten years, since her fame has been acknowledged abroad, that she has assumed an eminent position in her profession. Even now the Italians are not willing to accord her that meed of praise which is lavished upon her by foreign nations. Ristori's appearance is quite anomalous. It is of a type quite frequent in America. Her hair is brown, her complexion fair, her eyes of that bluish gray cast so charming in its expression and variety; her features are finely cut and regular; she has a beautiful mouth, and equally beautiful teeth; her height is noble, without towering above the woman measure, and her entire figure is exquisitely proportioned. Her hand and arm are a study, and did all Italian women possess as pretty a foot, their reputation in this respect would be quite different from what it is at present. Ristori is not only beautiful on the stage, but sympathetic, also, and many an artist at Rome has sought her as a model for Madonnas. Her voice is of contralto calibre, and most sonorous. It is managed with that colloquial art (so rare in America,) by which its power and purity are preserved through hours of most exhausting exercise.

As a comedienne Ristori is unrivalled. Her elegance of manner, dress and action, her conversational tone, her natural esprit and charming smile, eminently fit her for the personation of modern life. I never saw anything more refreshingly natural than her acting in a petite comedy called "I Gelosi Fortunati," in which a husband and wife both equally jealous and equally without reason, play at cross purposes. No amendment could have been suggested; complete satisfaction pervaded the mind; but in the tragedy, with sorrow do I confess it, she must yield the precedence to Rachel. Rachel was so grand, so consummate in and true to her art, that she never condescended to sacrifice the artistic for that which would produce greater momentary effect and call forth indiscriminating applause. Ristori has a disagreeable mannerism of closing her eyes, imagining that she is adding effect to the situation. In this she may be imitating Rachel, who occasionally contracted her eyes, but only occasionally, when the action was a natural one. As imitators invariably distort, so Ristori has confirmed into an unpleasant habit what Rachel used with extreme delicacy.

Then again, Ristori is exaggerated. This fault is probably owing, and therefore partly excusable, to her almost constantly performing before foreign audiences who have no knowledge of the Italian language, and in consequence she is tempted to interpret her author by pantomime, which really is most wonderful and comprehensive. Still, once resorting to excessive action leads to melodramatic style, which, however acceptable to English and French, who demand a key to unintelligible words, must necessarily be severely criticised by Italians and those acquainted with Italian, to whom the language is no mystery. And when Italians object to gesticulation, which is one of their great characteristics, you may be very sure that it is more than superabundant.

Ristori is *artful* in her art, and therefore not the highest order of dramatic genius; nevertheless, she is probably the first of living actresses. Certainly England and America have no one in the least com-

parable to her, and her acting never fails to give infinite pleasure. "Giuditta" and "Medea" are considered to be the characters which she best portrays. The former tragedy, founded on a well known scriptural subject, is a late production of Giacometti, a Genoese poet, and though it cannot take a high rank in literature is very effective upon the stage. It was written for Ristori, and therefore is adapted to the displaying of her peculiarities. The scenes where Giuditta determines to go to the camp of Holofernes, and slay the arch enemy of her tribe; where, upon appearing before him in all the splendor of her beauty, heightened by gorgeous dressing, she quells his anger by fascinating him with the most marvelously assumed expression of seductive love; finally, where, before completing her vengeance, she fears her inability to accomplish the self-imposed deed; the despair which overwhelms her, when upon seizing Holofernes' scimitar, the only weapon upon which she can rely to execute the bloody work, she is unable to sift its immense weight—the unexpected appearance of Holofernes' mistress, with the intention of murdering her rival, whose presence hastened the moment of exaltation, when the scimitar became as light as air, and waving it aloft, Giuditta rushed to the barbarian's couch and slays him—all are bits of tremendous acting. In Medea she depicts more varied emotions with equal power. Admirable are her transitions from vengeance to love, from love to pathos, and when material feelings are eclipsed by lover's hate and retaliation, she looks the very personification of the heathen tigress, Medea. Horribly natural is Ristori's portrayal of Myrrha in Alfieri's tragedy of that most abominable of heathen subjects. Alfieri materially alters mythology by making Myrrha guilty in thought only. Through four long acts she depicts the one dreadful passion of incestuous love for her father, which she struggles against, for which she hates herself, but to which she is doomed by Venus, under whose curse she lives and dies. When her father, Cinyras, forces her to the last act, to reveal to him the cause of her mysterious suffering, and her vindictive tempter forces her to disclose her crime in these insinuating words:

"Oh madre mia felice! almen concesso
A lei sara—di morir—al tuo fianco."

(Ah, too happy is my mother! at least it will be permitted to her to die by thy side,) the expression of Ristori's face, and her delivery of these two lines positively made one's blood run cold; and the gesture which the dying girl directed to her father, imploring him to conceal from her mother her impious revelation, was worthy of being perpetuated in marble.

Notwithstanding the literary merit of "Myrrha," and Ristori's accurate conception of her character, the tragedy should be banished from the stage, for it can be productive of no good, and only fills the audience with horror and disgust. It is a wonderful *tour de force* on the part of Ristori, which must be quite as repulsive to herself as to her audience. But enough of Ristori for the present.—*Cor. of N. O. Picayune.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 26, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha," Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

NEW SERIES.

No. III.

BERLIN, Dec. 26, 1860.

The day after Christmas! A sober, quiet day, and snowing fast. Seasonably has the brilliant sky of yesterday curtained itself for the rest of all who had returned as it were to childhood for the last day or two, breathing the quick oxygen of renewed youthfulness and joy in larger doses than our careworn systems can endure long at a time. And what a happy, holy, and whole-hearted day the German Christmas is! It lasts all this week; and really it has been a tree growing, and budding, and blossoming into the full flower of yesterday, for three or four weeks past. All this time, dull and sunless as the short, short days have been, has the whole air been full of coming Christmas. I met it in the eyes of all the happy, eager children trooping home from

school, the boys with knapsacks on their backs—a pretty uniform, but—sadly suggestive of the next livery which the military fatherland will put upon them when they reach the proper age! The shop-windows under the Lindens have been irresistibly attractive with all sorts of beautiful books, engravings, jewelry and toys. *Weihnacht* was everywhere the word; *Weihnachts-geschenke* and *Weihnachts-anstellungen*, Christmas gifts and Christmas exhibitions, have filled all the newspapers with curious and fantastic advertisements. Every great square held and still holds continual market, covered with booths, richly spread with everything to tempt the wondering desire of childhood; a gay and chattering scene, where you walk through endless labyrinths of charming, dazzling, comical inventions, as if it were the heyday of elves and gnomes and cobolds reëstablished in the busy and prosaic streets of a great artificial nineteenth century city. Crossing, some three weeks since, the great Schiller Platz, on which I "take my comfort in mine inn," to the royal Schauspiel-Haus, or theatre, that stands between the two great domed churches, occupying with them the middle of the square—to buy my ticket to the evening's performance of Goethe's "Egmont," with Beethoven's music, I had to make my way to the door through long winding narrow paths, of fragrant little hemlocks, pines and *tannen*, as through a Birnam wood of a night's growth. This they call "*unter den Pyramiden*." Curious roots the tree pyramids all had to-wit, little four-legged wooden crickets, painted of all colors. These were Christmas trees for sale. So in the larger square between the Palace and the Museum, on my way to pay another visit to the Giottos and the Fra Angelicos and Lippo-Lippis, to Titian's daughter, and Corregio's "Io," and the Raphael Madonnas, of which there are a half dozen here, to Murillo's Antony of Padua holding the beautiful Christ child—to the marvellous old altarpiece of the Van Eycks, to the old German masters, and the Rembrandts, Vandykes, Rubenses, &c.—I found the whole space occupied with green and rustling *pyramiden*. And in the great Schloss-markt, and in the Neu-markt over in the old city, and about the gates of Berlin as you go out towards Potsdam, or elsewhere, all is overgrown and waving with these groves and forests of commercial Christmas. For those who despise nature, and prefer Art or miracle, there are artificial trees, such as never grew beneath the sun, except it were in some Catholic legendary heaven, with green paper foliage and gold paper blossoms—"Californien Blumen"!

In the afternoon, returning from my walk over the snow under the sober woods of the Thiergarten musing along and alone, and owning the sweet and soothing influence of nature even in this blackened, wintry aspect, warmed by the joy of pretty children happy in the snow, and of the skaters on the little lakes and rivulets,—hailing too, with an inward thrill of consolation and of new faith, the Christmas emblems in the exquisite fairy frost work that has woven itself about the branches of those grand old mossy trees—I meet on the main avenue, that leads out from the propylæan Brandenburg gate, a constant succession of curious, long, boat-shaped wagons, in which are huddled together parties of strange old women, with great baskets, some asleep and some laughing and chattering loudly in the broad North German peasant dialect. These are the presiding spirits of the tree markets we saw in the morning. They have "struck their tents like the Arabs," leaving the square to helmeted policemen, and the flocks of plump little birds that come peeping and sprinkling themselves down over the snow.

But we did not intend to go into all this childish description; the spirit of the season must excuse it. I hasten to the richer experiences of Christmas proper. First, however, remarking that this most poetic, childlike Christian festival, while more and more is

made of it every year, seems to have assumed a very calculating and commercial character, as all things do and must do in this commercial phase through which our race is passing, also remarking, on the other hand, that the German Christmas has by no means lost its sincerity and heartiness. Its heavenly meaning is not all forgotten in mere trade. Even in the eager clamor of the market squares there mingles much of the hearty ring of cheerfulness and good will, and faces beam with kindness, with hope of a good time for all, even in the heat of puffing and parading one's own wares. The charm and feature of the German Christmas seems to be, that it is a day when all are thinking of the children, and happy in their happiness. The tree is lighted for the little ones, and all hands and hearts are occupied in busily preparing and in lighting the old surprise whose whose magic is still fresh and perfect to the all-believing and imaginative child mind. Christmas here is not so much, as it is with us, a season for the exchange of gifts between friends of all ages. The home part of the festival is chiefly for the children; and when we are all occupied with what we most wish for our children, can it be possible that purer, kindlier, more childlike thought and aspirations should not take possession of ourselves? How beautiful it is to see in every house the fanciful, mysterious work preparing—the little prying and suspicious rogues excluded, kept as much as possible in wondering ignorance till the wonder-tree shall burst upon them in full radiance and golden bloom! and to see all the elders, not merely mothers, aunts and sisters, but papa himself and the good uncle, whether he be tradesman, scholar, grave official, or mechanic, busying himself willingly and happily for once in this innocent child's work! Did I not call at my good friend's, the Professor's, the evening before Christmas Eve, and was I not instantly pressed into service with the rest, to help gild the walnuts and hang up the golden fruit, under the instructions of papa and the brave old uncle who had served in Lützow's famous troop in the heroic days, while more delicate and cunning fingers cut out California magnolias from golden paper! and all for the surprise and joy of one little *mädchen*, whose quick senses have divined all, more than all, I dare say, already.

Nature, the wise mother, seems this time to have dealt with us all as children in the same way, and to have kept us for a long time in a dark room with all the windows of heaven curtained and the folding doors drawn to, while she prepared her full flower of a Christmas day, that was to burst upon us in perfect winter splendor, a day of quite ideal weather, with an air so nimble and so full of oxygen that no mean man could live in it—a very Christmas tree of a day, flashing with gems and golden fruit, and spiring upward to the purest heavens. For weeks, nay for two months preceding, nearly all the days had been of the most dull and murky character; a mild, moist, muddy, sunless winter weather. The days were growing shorter and shorter by the almanac, while practically there seemed to be no day at all. The sun rose and set constructively. A dead leaden sky prolonged the winter of our discontent until it should be glorious Christmas. Yet under the darkness, as with those who wake before day-dawn, what hopes and pleasant plans were cheerfully astir, what eager expectation and excitement! When the days are near the shortest and the turning of the year at hand, a thrill of new life and encouragement creeps musically through all the fibres of our being; and it is as if the very heart of the planet leapt in unison with all our private hearts. And so, if the days were short, the wintry period itself seemed shorter, and *Heilige Nacht*, or Christmas Eve, was soon upon us; and with it came the moon out like Madonna through the clouds, that "turned their silver lining to the night," and hosts of stars like cherubs leaned upon the pearly clouds admiring, and the

air grew colder, yet more warming with a vitalizing heavenly warmth. For there are two kinds of cold weather; one a negative, a bitter, black, denying kind of cold, that chills like Mephistopheles; the other a celestial, crystal, clear, exhilarating cold, that seems at once to warm and purify the blood, and puts the finest nerves in tune, and sharpens every sense, and quickens all good impulses, and sets us in a right believing, wholesome and unshrinking frame. And such celestial cold it was that chased away the hosts of darkness that had so long encamped around and overshadowed Berlin. This is your true Christmas cold.

And in this quick, stimulating cold, under this glorified sky, over the glad sparkling snow, walk with us now (it is five o'clock, and the sun has been down a good hour and a quarter), up the brilliant, stately avenue of the Lindens, past houses and hotels and palaces, with the light of the Christmas tree breaking through many a window, over the bridge with its white statues looking doubly ideal over the snow, through the crooked narrow ways among the booths across the royal square or Lustgarten, to the royal church or Dom Kirche. A gloomy, homely looking pile it is, but this evening the angels are to sing "Peace on earth, good will to man" in it. There is to be a "liturgical service," consisting nearly all of music. We make our way through the crowd, to the farther end of the long, narrow, tubular interior, spanned by a continuous arch for ceiling, and groping along past the old electors and Teutonic Ritters, stretched at full length in bronze upon their monuments, find standing places in the gallery above. Far away, in the opposite end gallery, are the organ and the singers, boys and men, the famous Dom-chor, half screened behind the great confused, lifeless altar picture in which some artist has endeavored to convey his notion of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. And suddenly there was a sound, as of the heavenly host—I can hardly help using the Bible language—so pure, so clear, so richly, sweetly harmonized were those sixty or seventy voices that then softly swelled upon the air, and sang through a long anthem, in such perfect tune, without accompaniment. It was the Psalm: "Why do the heathen rage," &c., ending with an elaborate ascription and amen. The composition, which seemed to be modern, was not particularly fine or striking in itself, but in good style, appropriate; quite as interesting as many of those old Flemish and Italian pieces which this choir are so fond of singing for the antiquity of the thing; at all events beautiful *so sung*. Is there any sound so exquisite, so holy as that of a mass of voices blended in perfect purity and which really *sing* together? The silvery soprano of the boys was heavenly; the alto just rich and positive enough; the tenors warm and ringing, unforced, and obedient as by instinct to the least hints of expression; the basses full and sonorous; and of each kind just enough; each furnishing in quantity and quality just what the harmony required. I do not say that a choir of men and boys is better than one of mixed voices, or for most purposes so good. But here was something singularly perfect and effective of its kind. When we are in the wrong way or despairing, may such sounds fall upon the darkness of our soul!

And now, as if to break the spell for a moment and remind us that we are yet of earth and discord, comes the painful shock of the organ commencing miserably out of tune. A poor, dead, heavy, unsonorous sort of organ at the best; the more so now that it had lost the truth. With this uncertain and unquicken sound it gives out the chorale; and the congregation join in the first verse with quite a little unity and clear ring of concord, though with a good will,—nay with some dreadful croaking close by, very likely, to preoccupy your private ear, if you happen to find yourself in a neighborhood where the will is very much better than the deed. But hark!

the organ ceases, and the second verse is the same chorale glorified and sounding in the heavens; it is sung now in true harmony instead of in false unison, by that fine choir alone. The organ and the congregation have, however, the last word. And now enters the minister before the altar, and reads in short sentences the simply liturgy, interspersed with responses from the congregation, and from the choir (some of these latter of exquisite beauty); short readings from the gospels; two or three anthems; two or three more chorals, alternating between choir and congregation as before, types of the angelic and the earthly—but no sermon—how weak one would have sounded amid such transporting strains of a more universal, pure soul language!—and the service is concluded in a single hour, one beautiful and holy hour—and all walk out again, refreshed and edified, tuned to the true tone of Christmas, into the moonlight and starlight gleaming on the snow, each to the happy home where the children wait the lighting up. There are no operas, theatres, or shows that evening—I wonder if that can be said of any other evening in the whole year in Berlin—all is sacred to the merry meeting round the tree in every home; the ideal was not to be sought abroad, it comes and waves its lily wand in every house.

The next morning was right cold and clear; a brilliant day with a dry vivifying air, as unlike all the days I had yet experienced in Berlin as possible, and like our finest winter days in dear New England. I took a long walk over the Kloster Strasse, to the Parochial Kirche, and attended morning service. There you find a really superb organ, one of remarkable power and lifesome equality of tone. Its pipes speak as though they had life in them, and were not afraid, not conscious of bad habits. The tones leap out lustily as if glad and fit to praise the Lord and celebrate the Christmas. It was built in Berlin. I entered during the singing of a chorale by the people; one of the grandest of the old chorales; a solemn minor tune, but with a warm Christmas glow in it. How different the impression from that of the evening before in the Dom Kirche. Here the organ was *in tune*, and in master hands, those of Haupt, who is one of the very first, if not the first, of the real classical organists in Germany, who build upon Bach. (A man of about fifty; pupil of Mendelssohn, of Zelter; intimate friend of Felix as long as he lived; a true man of a true, clear spirit, wise and thinking, thoroughly the artist, alive to all that is high and true, without a taste of vanity or meanness, and only not widely famous because he loves to stay quietly at his post, as Bach did.) Upheld by the rich, ringing, true tones of that organ, the voices of the people sounded also true; and though verse after verse was sung, with brief inspiring interludes, I did not weary of it, but grew to love its sameness; one's soul could bathe in the pure, strengthening flood of such tone. A glad, clean spirit seemed to pervade all. The place was as cheerful as sunshine. The interior of the church is nearly square, or rather, round; for each of its four sides, from the corners, opens back into a wide, deep recess, richly vaulted. In the gallery thrown across the one opposite that which contains the organ, was a large choir of both sexes, including boys, all holding broad music sheets before them, waiting to begin, and looking like some of the choirs in the religious paintings of the old masters. They sang without accompaniment, a beautiful anthem or *Te Deum*, with very harmonious effect, and frequently afterwards took their turn in the same manner in the responses between the pastor and the chorales of the people. The church was by no means crowded; when at length the vacant pews were unlocked to those who had been standing in the aisles, we took our seat in one and found inscribed upon the front the names of each of its lawful occupants (how curious are names); one was "Violet," and that immediately before me "Tannen-

baum" (or Christmas tree); no wonder that he had to keep at home. Mingling with the music and the prayers, came down occasionally from the tower the silvery chimes, which rang out the notes of another Christmas chorale dear to the hearts of Germany. The sermon was sincere and good, and not too long, and the whole service one of the most edifying that I remember anywhere. I had hoped for a good organ fugue, though, at the close; but the organist, with whom I walked out, explained to me that the warming of the church had put certain portions of his instrument out of the fit condition. Few persons have to wrestle hand to hand with the icy Winter like your organists; he must do all his practising in cold churches and be always his own stove. But to compare this congregational singing with the other—what a difference it does make, to be sure, if music be in tune or out of tune! The moral correspondence is most intimate; singing, which is out of tune, strikes into our moral consciousness; we listen with a sense of all our sins clinging about us and dragging us down; whereas perfect tune sets all that is strong and hopeful in us ringing, relates us to the stars, and redeems us back in triumph to the whole world's harmony.

I will not attempt to describe the liveliness of Berlin throughout the day; thronged streets; the sleighing, and the skating parties in the Thiergarten; the bands assembled at noon to play by the guard-house; the crowds of officers decked out with a fabulous variety of splendid uniforms; the children reflecting the same military fancy in the streets, parading in their Christmas presents, in hat and plume or velvet—several small youth's I met in suits of complete armor, knights in miniature; joy and kindness in all faces, even in the helmeted, long-skirted policemen, who to the stranger commonly seem to creep about him everywhere with surly vigilance as if eager to arrest him on some technical conclusion.

Concerts and operas offer less than usual in the Christmas holidays; the public entertainments are mostly of the most light and popular character. Yet Leibig is still faithful to his calling. He gave one of his cheap classical concerts yesterday afternoon (Christmas day); five of them during the week; the programme each time containing two symphonies, three overtures, and something else. They add up as follows:

SYMPHONIES. HAYDN: No. 16 (E flat); No. 17 (E flat); Weihnachts Symphony; military do—MOZART: "Jupiter" in C.—BEETHOVEN: No. 8 (in F); No. 5 (C minor); No. 2 (in D); No. 4 (B flat); Scherzo from No. 9.—SCHUMANN: No. 3 (E flat).—MENDELSSOHN: No. 3 (A minor).

Overtures. MOZART: *Clemenza di Tito*. BEETHOVEN: *Prometheus*; *Coriolan*.—GLUCK: *Iphigenia in Aulis*.—TAUBERT: *Fest Overture*.—SCHUMANN: *Manfred*.—ROSSINI: "Tell;" *La Gazza Ladra*.—MENDELSSOHN: *Hebriden*; *Sommernachts Traum*.—CHERUBINI: *Lodoiska*.—ONSLow: *Hansirer*.—LORTZING: *Fest Ov.*—GADE: "Ossian."—WAGNER: *Tannhäuser*.

Miscellaneous. Song from *Tannhäuser*. Procession of women in *Lohengrin*. Finale from the *Zauberflöte*. Weber's "Invitation to the Dance." Prelude from Bach, with melody by Gounod, &c., &c.

A pretty solid supply for one week! The Royal Opera seems mostly given over to the Italians this week. But on Friday night comes the *Iphigenia in Aulis* by Gluck. And for the same night is announced Bach's famous Mass in B, by the Stern'sche Gesangsverein. Perhaps, however, this is only a rehearsal.

Christmas dramas, spectacles, and tableaux are drawing thousands to a dozen theatres every night. But there is one exhibition, which has been open in the Royal Academy building for some weeks past, of a really artistic character. At least the idea in itself is admirable, although in the execution I was somewhat disappointed. The artists, to increase this fund for the relief of unfortunate artists and their families, arrange every year at this time an exhibition of transparent paintings, of a sacred character, each picture accompanied by some piece of old modern church music sung by the Dom Chor. This time I doubt if the paintings be as fine productions as in the last years; and the singing seems to be by only a delegation of the Chor. D.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

SECOND SATURDAY EVENING CONCERT.

PART I.

1. Allegro Moderato, from the Quintette in C, op. 7. V. Lachner
2. Romanza. "Il Sogno," with Violoncello Obligato. Henry Draper. Mercadante
3. 1st Air Varie. for Clarinette. Klose Thomas Ryan.

4. Canzonetta, from the Quartette in E flat, and Song without words, in G, No. 4, Fifth Book. Mendelssohn
5. Entre Act and Air, from "Le Pre aux cleres" Herold

PART II.

6. "Echoes des Alpes." Solo for Violoncello. Alard Wulf Fries.
 7. Song, "Le chemin du Paradis." (The way to Paradise.) Henry Draper. Blumenthal
 8. Octette, in F, op. 166. Franz Schubert For 2 Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Bass, Clarinette, Horn and Bassoon.
- Introduction and Allegro—Andante—Scherzo, Allegro Vivace—Finale, Andante and Allegro.

This concert, on January the 19th, offered, as will be seen from the programme, several excellent pieces, chief of which, of course, was the Octette. The rendering was very good and the piece made new friends. It is so full of fine melody and harmony, all so tastefully worked up, that its strength is almost hidden by the beauty of it. After a thoughtful introduction, Adagio in F, which foreshadows both the melodies in their principal motives, comes in the Allegro, full of nerve and strength in the first and sweetness and grace in the second melody. It rises to a strong climax in the second part, followed by a few measures of deepfelt breathings of the mind—instruments answered plaintively by the strings; after which the third part breaks forth with fresh energy like the first, and is closed by the second theme played by the horn at the close of the coda, which, of course, also introduces the first in *piu Allegro* movement. The first melody of the Andante in B flat is given to the clarinette. It is a simple melody, kind and quiet, rather musing withal; and is finely contrasted by a second melody, for the violin, entering at once in G flat, assuring and loving. These two melodies are the material for the movement. With many beauties it yet ranks, to our taste, lower than the three other movements, which is no disparagement, the others being so very beautiful. The Scherzo in F has two melodies, made of a part of the first motive in the first movement. It is a frolicking movement with a good deal of archness and grace. The clarinette, piping away on f, f, g for four measures, accompanied by harmonies in the strings that sound as if they were full of mischief, adds much to the exhilarating effect of the piece. In the second part it introduces the second melody, full of good-natured glee. After a few measures of dissembling plaintiveness the sport begins anew, more whirling and giddy than before. The Trio in C major is rather quiet, almost out of keeping with the rest, but for the last four measures of each part, which connect it in character with the first two parts. The movement has nothing in common with Beethoven's later Scherzos, but stands in between them and some of Haydn and Mozart. Full of real glee and fun like the latter and nearly as variegated, though not as deeply colored as those of the former, it combines good humor with a touch of seriousness that befits it well. Very striking is the short introduction to the *Andante molto* to the Finale, *Allegro*. A solemn, impressive tremolo measure by the Violoncello brings forward the first motive of the first movement. In that introduction it began its course, half timidly as if groping its way; here it steps in strong, almost triumphant at first coming to a passive stop after a less triumphant repetition, when the last movement begins *Allegro*. Its first melody played piano has a rhythm quite peculiar and original, the first sentence of the period having rhythms of three, three and two measures, which gives it a marked, wilful and determined expression. Of fine effect is the repetition of the theme *forte*. In contrast with this, the second Melody is all grace and loveliness. Gradually several of the rhythms of the first movement are introduced, giving one a pleasant sensation of the unity of the piece. The two melodies mingle, oppose, flee each other and unite again, imparting an uncommon union of strong life and brilliant beauty

to the movement. The coda begins with the introduction to the movement, this time absolutely victorious and certain. Like the true artist he is, the composer represents the musical idea in the three stages of feeling at the beginning, in the progress and at the end of its development, uncertain at first, more assured, almost triumphant in the middle, victorious at the end.

The rest of the Coda, *Allegro molto*, is filled with the first melody of this movement. It is needless to speak of the masterly treatment of the instruments, or of the working up of the motives and themes or of the fine effects in harmony and rhythm. It is enough to say that the piece is a masterpiece full of undying beauty. It is the more beautiful since force and grace are so intimately blended that at first hearing one might undervalue the strength, while at second hearing or when looking it over again, a growing sense of power comes upon one, so well balanced are these two elements of which the work consists. The rhythm as well as the harmony give a character of originality to the work, which is made almost gorgeous in some places with the splendor of its harmonious combinations.

Whether we speak the mind of the majority, we know not; but we for one should feel grateful to the club if they would let us hear it once more during the winter.

With exquisite grace the gentlemen played the Canzonetta from the well-known Mendelssohn Quartette; and with vigor and true taste the piece by Lachner. Mr. FRIES was as successful in his solo as Mr. RYAN in his, both reaping great applause. MESSRS. DRAPER and ZÖHLER the first in his songs and the last in the flute part of the Mendelssohn song without words did not please us, whatever may have been the applause of the public, which was liberally bestowed. Both gentlemen lack feeling. Mr. Draper tries to make up for it by a constant tremulando and overstraining. The former has the effect of putting the listener in a feeling of uncertainty. One has not the opportunity of a moments repose on a distinct and clear tone of the same number of vibrations, but is wearied by a constant unrest. The latter makes the voice of Mr. Draper sound harsh in the forte passages. If it were possible to accustom himself to a true and better intonation, Mr. Draper ought not to think any amount of quiet steady scale practice misapplied. Mr. Zöhler played that exquisite melody of the song without words just as coldly as it seemed possible for a person who observes forte and piano marks, as he did. The gentlemen who played the accompaniment with good taste, very properly attempted to diminish and slightly to retard at the end of the melody; to no purpose however. We are not surprised that the song was encored; its beauty warranted it; but true and fine taste shows in little things, which, to be sure, pass unheeded by the ears of the multitude.

The accompaniment to the songs was played by Mr. Mayer with great delicacy and fine shading, he doing himself a great deal of credit.

The hall was crowded to the utmost. It seems as if the club might fill a larger hall, so many persons had to stand. We are glad of their prosperity and hope that it will continue.

We shall have to make some remarks about the use these Saturday concerts might be put to by the club in our next number. For the present we will make a suggestion. How would it be if the club kept expanding and as it progressed from quartettes and quintettes to septettes and octettes, enlarged to smaller symphonies, such as father Haydn left in untold numbers; or even several of Mozarts might be performed. Haydn's symphonies are almost unknown in this part of the country. But enough for to-day.

To-night we have another Saturday concert, and the next concert of the regular series of eight takes place on Tuesday next, January the 29th. *†

Harvard Musical Association.

The twenty-fourth annual meeting of this society took place at the Revere House, on Monday evening of this week. Many of the same familiar faces of college days were there, many younger members, and others whose kindred tastes have caused them to be sought for as members of the association.

The usual routine of business occupied the early hours of the evening, the reports of the treasurer and librarian showing the fund and library of the association to be in an unusually prosperous state.

Then the officers were chosen, the old board being unanimously reelected, viz: Henry W. Pickering, Esq., President; John S. Dwight, Esq., Vice President; Hon. John P. Putnam, Treasurer; Dr. J.

Baxter Upham, Cor. Secretary; Henry Ware, Esq. Rec. Secretary; Dr. F. E. Oliver, Charles F. Skinner, Esq., Directors at Large.

After the election of the new members the festive features of the meeting were initiated by the singing of *Non nobis Domine*, after which the company took their seats at the beautiful table arrayed by the good taste of Mr. Bingham, the superintendent of the Revere House. A fine statuette of MOZART, new to our eyes, occupied the President's end of the table, and beautiful flowers decorated it at intervals. At the opposite end was a truly grand Chickering pianoforte, and near it the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, who were the welcome guests of the Association for the evening.

As reporters do not have seats within the circle of this board, we cannot fully give any account of the good things that sparkled from the lower quarter of the table, interspersed with choice music from the skilful artists who were the guests, from the Glee Club of the Association and rare piano music contributed by Messrs. J. C. D. Parker and J. H. Wilcox, members of the H. M. A.

But we cannot at this time forbear to allude to the spontaneous rising of the company as the instruments rung out the "Star Spangled Banner," in response to the remarks of one of the speakers, and to the speech then made by another, expressing the hope at some early day we should have a noble and real National Anthem, worthy to stand by the side of the grand English melody, God Save the Queen and the Marseillaise of France. He said that we had ten poets, here in the ranks of our own body, that includes the names of Holmes, Longfellow and Lowell, to name no more, and might we not find the composer too, who could worthily complete the work? He would say nothing in disparagement of the airs we already have that to some extent stir the blood and the patriotism of us all, but might we not look forward and hope for some better one, more worthy to be accepted as a National Anthem?

An allusion to the poet Burns called out one of the older members, one, however, whose whole-souled enthusiasm never cools or grows old, who exhibited to the company a lock of the hair of that "Highland Mary," who has inspired some of the rarest songs that the world has among its treasures of song.

But, we trespass a little upon the courtesies of the occasion, and will say no more than that the evening passed into the morning, in the interchange of the social pleasures of the meeting, before it was dissolved, all, as usual, looking forward with pleasant anticipations to the return of the next annual festival of the association.

FORMES, STIGELLI, PATTI. — All lovers of Italian music will rejoice to see the nouncement of a concert by these artists, to be given on Monday evening. It will be the last of Formes, as he leaves us for Europe in a short time.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

MR. EDITOR. — Will you permit me to call the attention of those seeking a music teacher, to the rare merits of a young person, recently a pupil of Otto Dresel. Miss LAURA LINCOLN BROWNE is the only child of the late J. W. Browne, of the Suffolk Bar, whose sudden death last summer, threw mother and daughter upon their own resources.

I have heard this young lady play, and find her not only a worthy scholar of a distinguished master, but possessed of an essentially fine musical organization. Add to this, that she is modest, earnest and faithful, and her terms, by advice of friends, made very reasonable, and you will feel safe in joining in my recommendation of her.

Her residence is at No. 9 Kingston Street, and she is permitted to refer to Miss Graupner, 131 Tremont Street; Mr. Dresel, Hotel Pelham; Mr. Aphorp, 17 State Street. E.

Nathan Richardson and his New Method for the Piano.

An article having been published by Messrs. Russell and Tolman, reflecting severely upon the motives of Nathan Richardson in publishing the New Method for the Piano, we have waited for a reply from some member of his family. But the whole matter is so complicated, and the quarrel so fratricidal, that the widow of Mr. Richardson, who is the principal sufferer from this attack, shrinks with instinctive delicacy from coming before the public to disprove assertions recklessly made, and which no one but he who rests in the quiet grave, could positively expose. The whole tenor of Mr. Richardson's life, his letters, his conversation and confidence with his wife and friends give abundant evidence of his honor, integrity and singleness of heart, and endeared him to all who were not influenced by motives of selfishness or envy. Believing that Mr. Richardson while stricken with disease became the victim of designing men, and that the history of the last year or two of his life, if revealed, would make them sink into insignificance, or cause them to desire to do so, we extend to the aggrieved widow our respectful sympathy.

For ourselves we have a few words to say:—The fame acquired by Mr. Richardson as author of the "Modern School," gave assurance that a new work prepared by him after many years of experience, would be valuable to teachers and pupils. When, therefore, to our great surprise Messrs. Russell & Tolman refused to publish the "New Method" and it was offered to us, we at once agreed to accept the terms, provided we became satisfied that the work was all that it was represented to be.

The ms. was immediately placed for thorough examination, in the hands of eminent teachers fully competent to judge of its merits. The result was entirely satisfactory. Mr. L. P. Homer, an intimate friend of Mr. Richardson's, who had assisted him in preparing the book and had a better knowledge of its value than any one excepting the author, did much towards giving us a favorable opinion of it, and assisting in completing the bargain.

Far better would it have been for Messrs. R. & T. to have accepted the proposition for its publication, than to have allowed the necessity of paying a part of the price in advance for Mr. Richardson's immediate wants to have deterred them from doing so, and thus saved themselves much time, money and unhappiness in endeavoring to depreciate the forthcoming work.

From the moment it was known that the "New Method" was to be published by us, no steps were left untaken by Messrs. Russell & Tolman to defeat its success and injure its future prospects. The price of the "Modern School" was reduced, an abridgement of that work with English fingering, issued, and one of that firm travelled through the country, book in hand, bartering and exchanging until the market was actually glutted with the "Modern School." Hostility to Mr. Richardson's new book was the grand moving power of this expedition. It was hoped that those who were thus burdened with quantities of the "Modern School" would feel interested in forcing that book upon their customers and would use their interests against the "New Method." But the crowning effort of unfairness was the "New Modern School."

We have no objection to the rehash of the "Modern School," for water will find its level, but when it is called "dastardly" to defend him who is in the grave, what epithet shall be applied to those who attempt not only to blast the fair fame of the lamented dead but to lacerate the wounded feelings of his relatives?

Why was this decidedly unique collection called the "New Modern School," if not to appropriate one half of the title of the "New Method?" Why was it stated upon the title page that it con-

tained "all that is original, important and valuable in Mr. Richardson's former works," if it were not to give the impression that it was a later work by Mr. Richardson than the "New Method?" Why were the illustrations used in the "New Method" imitated, and even the new feature of "Amusements" copied, if not to deceive the purchasers into the belief that it was the "New Method?" Why was the name of Mr. Richardson placed in conspicuous characters upon the title-page of the "New Modern School" if not to give the impression that he was the compiler? And to cap the climax of ingenuity and deception, why was the portrait of Mr. Richardson placed in the book in seeming respect of the illustrious dead, if not to give the work a currency which it could not otherwise obtain, and thus, by the appearance of doing him honor, endeavor to deprive his widow of her only means of support?

In the publication of the "New Modern School" an unscrupulousness has been manifested which is perfectly marvellous to observe. The "Modern School" was recommended to the public by a host of composers and teachers of the first class, consisting of Thalberg, Knorr, Breyschock, Otto Dresel, J. G. Webb, the Masons, Trenkle, etc.

Messrs. R. & T. seem to consider that these names having been once obtained by Mr. Richardson in the approval of his first work, are lawful property, and may be used with impunity for any dish which circumstances may induce them to serve up. The names of these well known and respected parties have been paraded not only in the advertisements of the "New Modern School," but in that classic *morceau* itself, in the most audacious manner. Even the oft reiterated "caution" of Messrs. R. & T. which failed to explain why the "New Modern School" was palmed off as the last work of Mr. Richardson embraces these names. Probably the "New Modern School" has not been seen by these gentlemen, else in justice to themselves, if not from sympathy for the lamented Mr. Richardson and his widow, they would have insisted upon the withdrawal of their names.

While soothed with the flattering unction attributed by Messrs. R. & T. as the means whereby the "New Method" has been so thoroughly successful, we must deny the soft impeachment, and insist that, if by their published acknowledgements, the "Modern School" was deserving of high encomium, it is reasonable to suppose that the maturer judgment of years, larger experience, the advice of the wisest teachers, and the knowledge of the short comings of the "Modern School" should have admirably fitted Mr. Richardson for the task of preparing a work that stamps his name with honor, and entitles him to the lasting gratitude of teachers and pupils.

The real cause of all this discussion—these attacks upon the defenceless, lies in a nut shell. The "Modern School"—the abridgment of the same, and the grand compilation named the "New Modern School" are unsaleable, while the *chef d'œuvre* of Mr. Richardson, the "NEW METHOD" has become the standard work of Pianoforte instruction throughout the country.

OLIVER DITSON & CO.

LUTHER was a lover of music, and has himself written a treatise on the art, as also several highly melodious songs. It is to this circumstance he owes his surname of the Swan of Esleben; but there are certain compositions of his which prove him any thing but the gentle swan, in which he rouses the spirit of his followers, and excites himself to the wildest ardour. The songs with which he made his entrance into Worms, followed by his companions, is a genuine war-song.

The old Cathedral trembled at the unwonted sounds, and the crows rose affrighted from their murky nests on the summit of its towers. This hymn (the "Marseillaise" of the reformation) has maintained, up to the present day, its energetic influence; and, perhaps at no very distant period, we may shout in similar contests these old sonorous and iron-clad words—

"God is our refuge and strength," &c.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

O take me to thy heart again. *M. W. Balfe.* 25
A very pretty new ballad.

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A song of olden times, lately revived by the Old Folks' troupes, particularly Father Kemp's.

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Flowers from foreign lands. *L. W. More.* 25
Simple and melodious songs.

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On yonder rock, from "Fra Diavolo," 4 hands. *Beyer.* 15

March from "Moses in Egypt." " 15

Hear me Norma, from "Norma." " 15

Market Chorus, from "Masaniello." " 13

Little hand pieces useful for instruction. The melodies are of the very prettiest, such as are most likely to be caught by the young, untrained ear of the pupil.

Overture to Egmont. *Beethoven.* 50

An overture which will probably never disappear from the repertoire of orchestral societies. It has proved one of the most popular of Beethoven's. The piano arrangement is full and effective, yet but moderately difficult.

Salut a la France. Four hands. *Beyer.* 15

Air in "I Capuletti." " 15

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Short and pretty. Written for the assistance of teachers. They are sweetmeats for pupils in the second quarter.

La Prière d'une vierge, (Maiden's Prayer.) Varied by *Chas. Grobe.* 50

Since the air of this sparkling piano piece has found so many admirers it may be predicted that the same in a new, elegant and richly ornamented dress, prepared by the popular Grobe, will be highly successful.

Annie Laurie. Impromptu. *J. S. Drake.* 25

A short, but very brilliant arrangement of this favorite air.

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ONE HUNDRED SONGS OF IRELAND. Words and Music. 50

A capital collection, including the best sentimental, patriotic, traditional and humorous Songs and Melodies of "the land of sweet Erin," and one that cannot fail to be heartily welcome to the tens of thousands who look over the waters to "that green isle 'mid the ocean" as the home of their earliest recollections. It is, undoubtedly, the most complete compilation of Irish songs, published in connection with Music, obtainable in this country. Amongst the number will be found several of Moore's best songs.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 461.

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Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sketches of French Musical History.

SACRED MUSIC.

IV.

FROM LOUIS IX. TO THE END OF THE 15TH CENTURY, 1226—1500.

We now come to the noblest period of the middle ages; that in which we find their fullest development—and their close. In fact the preceding epochs were but the preparation for this; in art the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were as the bud, flower and fruit of that chivalrous and marvellous period, when religious faith was the ruling power, and ennobled all sentiments, all hearts, all ideas and all works. How far removed was everything from the indifference, egotism and mercantile spirit of our days!

Its architecture gives to my feelings a perfect idea of the artistic development of that magnificent period. In the 13th century, the pure and simple Gothic with its pointed arch forms, which almost everywhere superseded the round Roman arch. In the 14th and 15th centuries the art blossomed, its ornaments became radiant and splendid, so, too, music plain and simple became figurative—counterpoint blossomed into many parts and the apogee of the scholastic vocal forms may be decidedly fixed at the end of the 15th, or, at the very latest, within the first half of the 16th century.

Let us, then, without disparaging Greek art, or denying the superiority of the forms of the antique, study with zeal and affection the precious remains of the middle ages, and we shall see that an epoch which gave us the sublime inventions of the mariner's compass, of gunpowder and printing, may, without fear, compete with our own, which has given us railroads, photography and the electric telegraph.

In the middle ages great men had the advantage of being eminent; while now specialties are carried to such an extreme as to cut off views of grand generalities and of the synthetic harmony of human knowledge. For instance, why have we no longer such church fathers, such men of universal learning as Dante, Thomas Aquinas and Pie de la Mirandole, who could compose theses on all subjects—*de omni re scibili*.

Knowledge did not separate itself from wisdom or become, as too often in our time, a mere pretentious varnish of erudition.

But a truce to general considerations, and return we to the sacred melodies most filled with divine inspiration. The office of the holy sacrament composed by Thomas Aquinas, by command of Pope Urban IV., is really a masterpiece; we know not which to admire most, the poetry or music; we bow before that gigantic composition, which already comes to us down the current of six centuries losing nothing of its splendor and majesty.

In the 16th century what more graceful than the *Stabat mater* of Jacopone? What more

touching than the *Prose* in honor of St. Yves, composed by the blessed Charles de Blois, Duke of Brittany? What more delicious than the offices of the Presentation, Visitation, Transfiguration and Compassion of the Blessed Virgin, written by Philip Macerius, Raymond de Capoue, Jacques Gil and Jean Trithème.

The *Rational*, or manual of divine offices, by Guillaume Durand, Bishop of Mende, is a colossal liturgic Encyclopædia, which ran through no less than ninety-four editions, in the space of two centuries. This beautiful work now, for the first time translated from the Latin into French by Mr. Charles Barthelémy of Paris, has been published by Mr. Louis Vivés in six volumes, 8vo.

Guillaume Durand was born in 1230 at Puy-misson, in the diocese of Beziers. He began the study of the canon and civil law at Montpellier, and at the age of twenty-four closed his university course in Paris. Having received his doctor's degree, he became professor successively at Bologna, and Modena, and was present in 1274 as an actor in the 14th General Council, at Lyons. Having been papal Legate under Nicolas III., Martin IV., Honorius IV., and Boniface VIII., Durand was consecrated Bishop of Mende in the Cathedral at Clermont, May 16th, 1287. Three years previously he had finished the eight books of his *Rational*, in which he teaches that "such ceremonies of the church as are without meaning should be abolished." This work, a true summary, is a collection of all the more pure religious and artistic traditions. The learned Benedictine, Gueranger considers it as "the last words of the middle ages upon the mystical character of the ceremonies of divine worship." The first edition was finished at Mayence, Feb. 6, 1496, by J. Fust and P. Schaeffer (Gernzheim). This book, the first printed upon metallic types, varies in price from \$200 to \$650.

The most remarkable composers of this epoch, now but little known, are;

1. Jehannot Lescurel, of whom rondeaux in three parts are extant;

2. Guillaume de Machault, who composed among other things a mass executed at the coronation of Charles V. Two folio volumes by this author now exist in the Imperial Library in Paris; they contain about 80,000 verses, consisting of complaints, lays, ballads, chansons with music, &c.;

3. Eloy, who wrote in 1440 a mass in five parts, beginning with the words, *Dixerunt Discipuli*;

4. Guillaume Dufay, one of the first regular composers in that transition epoch, author of French chansons, motets, masses in four parts, &c.;

5. Busnois and Binchois, chapel masters of the Dukes of Burgogne, Philip the Good and Charles the Rash;

6. Ockeghem, a Belgian, pupil of Binchois and chapelmaster of Charles VII.;

7. Joan Cousin, of the chapel of Louis XI.;

8. Josquin Després, chapelmaster of Louis XII.

But corruption had crept in; the profane and sacred were mixed to a degree indecent and licentious. Pope John XXII. uttered the bull, *Docta Sanctorum*, the object of which was to call back church music to the simple, primitive chant and to punish those who abused the plain chant by small notes, sudden breaks, lewd songs and vulgar motets.

The principal didactic authors upon music of the 13th century were Marchetto of Padua, and Master Philip de Vitry in whose treatise we first find the celebrated plea for using sequences of perfect chords in direct motion, that is, the octave and the fifth. The 12th century offers us upon rhythmical music the works of Francon of Cologne, Elie Salomon, Imbert de France, and Jean de Muris, Doctor of the Sorbonne, canon of the church at Paris and Rector of the University in 1350.

The *Somme* (summary) of Jean de Muris is a very curious view of the musical art of that epoch. His work is divided into twenty-three chapters, alternately in prose and verse. He cites Saints Ignatius, Ambrose, Gregory, Odon, Guido, Salomon and Hermann; he intersperses his work, moreover, with quotations from pagan authors, as Aristotle, Horace, Terence, &c. It has surprised us to find in Jean de Muris, the musical hand, which we now find used in the Method of Wilhelm; whence it appears that the practice of counting notes (or intervals?) upon the joints of the fingers is not a modern invention.

In the speculative part of his work, Muris speaks of the tetrachord of Mercury and Orpheus, and divides the monochord into 2, 3 and 4 parts, which give the octave, fifth and fourth. In his treatise on practical or rhythmical music, Jean de Muris explains of pauses and of simple, double or triple longs*. Finally, discussing music in parts, he treats of five species of *prolongations*—the *maxime*, the long, the breve, the semibreve and the minim. He defines the "perfect long" as a note measured in a single respiration (sub uno accentu) by the time of three breves, and the "imperfect long" equal in duration to two breves. After speaking upon this point, he explains the art of singing and develops his doctrine of musical proportions.

In the 15th century, appeared the treatises of Tinctorius and Adam of Fulda. In the work of the latter, finished on Friday, Nov. 5, 1490, is to be seen the figure of our double crochet (?) called at that period *semifusa*. But the theatre had already come into existence with the Mysteries represented by the Brotherhood of the Passion. M. Danjou has published in his *Revue de musique religieuse*, a *Mystery of Daniel*, with notes, which we trace back to the 13th century, and M. Fetis cites the *Jeu de Robin et de Marion* as the most ancient comic opera known. Its author was Adam de la Hale, surnamed le Bossu d'Arras, who was born about 1240 and died about 1286. We shall develop in the next pa-

* The ancient square notes called *longas* or *longs* as opposed to the breves, or shorts,—of which we still retain a few.

per the question of the origin of the modern theatre, which coincides with the discovery of the chord of the seventh and the dominant, attributed by M. Fétis to the composer, Monteverde.

Be this as it may, before entering upon the history of the modern art, let us say a last word upon the serious and beautiful liturgic music, which is older and the mother of all other. Let us not forget that Christian religious music is higher and more noble than any other branch of the art, since it raises our hearts and minds to the author of every good gift.

Too often, alas! theatrical music excites instead of moderating the passions, and is therefore perhaps dangerous to minds frivolous and sensual in character. Let us not forget the precept of the apostle Paul, who enjoins us to "be filled with the Spirit, speaking to ourselves in psalms, hymns and spiritual songs." This recommendation, addressed by the apostle to the Ephesians; he repeated to the Corinthians and Colossians, because he knew the efficacy of religious songs to fill our hearts with divine grace, with the love of God and our neighbor, a precept which, according to Christ, fulfils all the law and the prophets. Like St. Paul, Tertullian, Eusebius and St. Clement of Alexandria recommended the employment of music in the church; heretics even employed it as a means of propagating their errors, and the council of Antioch put the religious song of Paul of Samosata into the Index. The Council of Laodicea even sanctioned the practice of singing unauthorized canticles in church.

Meantime melodies inspired by the Christian spirit appeared still from time to time. The *Stabat mater*, already mentioned, as well as the *Dies Irae*, was attributed to various authors, and the *Salve Regina* has been considered the work of Hermann Contract, Peter de Momoro, Adhemar, Bishop of Puy, and even of St. Bernard. Arevalus and Daniel have published collections of precious Spanish and German hymns; it is to be desired that France should produce a methodical collection of all which belongs to her.

But already satires had multiplied and given birth to the theatre. Gautier de Châtillon wrote verses against the prelates; Peter de Vignes pointed out the disorders of the hierarchy; Thomas a Becket stigmatized the Simonites. These es. says all tended to form a Christian theatre, in which vice was censured but to reform abuses. Before going into details upon this interesting topic, let us remark, that the first grand liturgic drama was, undoubtedly the sacrifice of the mass, repeated daily in commemoration of the sacrifice of blood on Calvary. Nothing is so grand (to a Roman Catholic) in fact, as the simple dialogue and the mutual confession, which forms the introduction to the most sublime of mysteries. Who can show us anything more touching than the *Kyrie*, that plain song of repentance and hope; more joyous than the *Gloria*, that real canticle of the angels; more solemn than the *Credo*, more humble than the *Offertory*, more elevating than the *Sanctus*, or sweeter than the *Agnus* and the *Communion*? How beautiful a subject for a great musician! but to equal it, he must have both faith and genius — and these qualities are rare in all eras.

Madame Bisaccianti, though she sings at a cheap concert saloon in California, receives, it is said, a prima donna's salary of not less than \$50 per week.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Diarist in Paris.

PARIS, Dec. 28, 1860.

I have been to hear the *Trovatore* at the Italian Opera. It is a good thing to hear *Trovatore* at the Italian opera if one *must* undergo it. There were Mario and Alboni, and Rosa Penco, and Graziani for singers—and how gloriously they sang—and what abominable trash they had to sing!

"But, Mr. Correspondent, the public judges otherwise." Indeed then I am wrong. I do not like yellow-covered novels of blood and thunder—but they sell enormously. Of course I am wrong again.

Penco with a delicious organ, is wiggle-voiced, so that she afforded me but very little pleasure; but oh! Mario and Alboni! Those pure, flowing, grand tones—when Verdi gave any opportunity for them to employ them! 'Tis wonderful. The Alboni sort of voice is of all the most charming to me. The deep full tones are so full of feeling—so passionate—they flow down into the heart so luxuriantly. Do you remember Angri's singing the *Ah mio figlio*, from the Prophets? That is one of my musical experiences, which never grew old, and which I never forget. The stuff which Mario and Alboni had to sing in *Trovatore* is so commonplace and flat, that I could give myself up to the mere charm of their voices, and surely that is an immense gratification, if only indulged in occasionally. Think of Alboni's voice in Gluck's *Orpheus*—if she would only sing it once!

I never heard Mario before and whether he was in good or bad voice, I do not know,—but Titchachek at Dresden is the only tenor I have heard, who approaches him.

Graziani is a very fine baritone—but is a stick of an actor. The opera house is not very large. It is very beautiful and well fitted for sound. The stage appointments, the scenery, and orchestra very fine. The audience talking, now and then humming the airs and melodies in your ears, exclaiming and fussing generally is abominable. So much for this.

Doubtless in the older volumes of the Journal of Music will be found recorded at divers times and in sundry manners, the fact that at Berlin young men who receive prizes in any of the arts, receive them in the form of a small annuity, to enable them to travel for improvement two or three years. This is a thing, which I wish to "keep before the people" in the hope that sometime or other some rich, heirless bachelor, or somebody else may leave a fund for the aid of musical students. Something of the sort exists here, and I turn to my pleasant feuilleton in the *Opinion Nationale*, to give you what M. Azevedo says about the musical prize just won, the work which won it, and the young man who is to have it. I like the man's ideas—if you do not—answer them or omit them, as you will.

He says:—

If there was any demand for them, we might have in France a multitude of new composers and any quantity of new music; we need no other proof this than M. Paladilhe, whose piece has come upon the stage of the Grand Opera after receiving the first prize of the Institute, commonly called the Roman Prize (*prix de Rome*). That composer is only sixteen years of age.

And first we ought to applaud with all our might the resolution taken to perform M. Paladilhe's cantata at the opera. Its execution on a grand stage and before a large audience is true encouragement, is giving real opportunity for gaining knowledge, is the best reward to a composer. But so excellent a thing must not be an exceptional favor, an ephemeral thing. It must become a regular institution, and annually the prize-work be given to the public on the stage.

We have too often and too distinctly said, that only an invasion of the musical realm by a great force of new composers and vernal compositions, can prove a remedy for that snoring lethargy, so much like death, in which we see music with us gradually sinking and dying—to be misunderstood in what we are about to say. No one can sincerely accuse us of wishing to cast prospective shadows over the pleasures of a young composer of sixteen years, rejoicing in the twofold approval of the Institut and the public; nevertheless both for his own interest and that of his fellow-students, we introduce here certain reflections and questions:

"—— Il faut parler

Il faut en se moment si flatteur et si doux,

Si d'angereux peut etre

Qu'un fils de l'Institut apprenne tu connaitre!"

Now after this twofold success what is M. Paladilhe going to do? According to custom and proverb he is going to Rome? What can he learn there? What will he do? Well he will hear the singing of castrati. But he might have that pleasure without quitting Paris. He will learn that music is taught better here than anywhere else,* he will do just what his predecessors have done, and that is mighty little!

When institutions are founded, there are always excellent reasons why they should exist. And it is just for this that they are founded. But when after two centuries nothing save the institutions themselves remains unchanged, it would be a miracle if they now fulfilled the intentions of the founders.

When Louis XIV. established a French academy at Rome, music so to speak had no existence, with us; Lulli, to get his singers to keep time was obliged to beat the measure upon the floor with a heavy cane. One day he unluckily hit his own foot, wounded it, gangrene ensued and he died of the injury. In those days the art both of tone and rhythm, transformed by the discovery of Claude Monteverde flourished in Italy in prodigious splendor. To draw the pure water from the abundant and limpid fountain was the dictate of good sense, the right of genins, to say all in one word, was but reasonable. But it is at least useless to pour out such water upon desert sands, and for this purpose to undertake long, expensive journeys.

In the Rome of to-day there is no theatre which can compare with our Italian Opera, no orchestra which can compete even with ours of the second rank, no school approaching our conservatory in excellence. A musician then educated in Paris can learn nothing there.

But still the eternal assertion remains, "Travelling forms youth." Well no doubt it does form it. Change of place, seeing, comparing are good for anybody; but while our young prize composers are seeking inspiration from the marvels of

* In which we do not agree with Mr. [Azevedo, by any means.

nature and the plastic arts, they lose their ties with and their props in the musical world at home, that Ariadne's thread which in vile prose is called the routine of the workshop, and when they come back they find in Paris monuments of which all Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Florentine, Gothic architecture could never lead them to expect the existence,—that is to say, theatres, which have for singers and the public "practicable" doors, "opening or shutting" as the leases have it, while for composers they have doors painted on the wall against which they can break their heads, happen they to attempt to pass through.

Now, clearly, there is no use in spending three years in ecstasies before the frescos of Michael Angelo and the Madonnas of Raphael to gain ability to contemplate a bit of scene painting for the rest of life.

If there is really a desire to raise up composers, there is, we repeat, but one way of doing so; and that is to enable them to make themselves heard often and under favorable condition. No one can become a good swimmer out of the water.

In hearing the cantata of M. Paladilhe, it is hardly possible to believe it the work of so young a man, so much experience and skill are revealed. A few harmonies rather strained, occasional or orchestral effects rather forced, are the only blemishes which his school have left remaining. The recitatives are all easy of declamation, and the melodies free and singable if not very original. The horn solo in the introduction, the Russian air sung by M. Michot, the phrase in the middle of the duet, and the trio are the brilliant points in this short work, in which here and there among the energetic effects which the subject demands, we hear passages striking for their grace.

Taking *Ivan IV.* for what it really is, namely, a sample card of its young author's talents, we may infer that he will be no less at home in the opera comique than in the Grand Opera. And now, just starting for Rome if he dared, he would reply to the offer of paying for this journey, what one of Henri Monnier's characters said upon an invitation to dinner, "I should much rather receive my part in money." So, M. Paladilhe would above all things like to remain upon the scene of this his first success and continue his career without interruption. But the rule commands, he must obey. We wish then this young man, who some day may take his place among the masters of the French school, a happy voyage and a prompt return. Above all we wish him upon his return a more generous and encouraging hospitality than that which his predecessors have obtained for their works.

From all which, good friends of the Journal, we may conclude that in this man's opinion, the heaven of Paris is not quite the Elysium for young composers which some have represented it to be; and that Southard is not the only man who at home can find no chance of producing a *Scarlet Letter* or an *Omoo*.

A certain Monsieur Wekerlin produced at a concert in the Italian opera house (Dec. 19,) one of those musical hybrids, or in this case perhaps, better *amphibia*, called odes symphoniques, this particular one being *Les Poemes de la Mer*.

My jolly Frenchman begins his notice of it with a story. Some ten years ago, says he, Eu-

gene Lepoittevin, the fine marine painter, having just finished a house at Etretat on the sea shore, determined to have a house-warming—a sort of pic-nic and invited a pretty large company of friends of both sexes. For the purpose of regulating the details of the festival, he called a preliminary meeting of the company, at which the following resolutions passed:—

1. That each should furnish his or her own candle.

2. That each should furnish one dish.

3. That the dishes should be determined by lot, in order to avoid the inconveniences of too much of one thing, not enough of another and the like. So next day the lots were drawn. Fortune, often so malicious, played no very bad trick upon the author of the lines; at first the roast ducks, it was thought, fell to him; but it proved to be a mistake in reading the card, and he was let off with his fright, and the furnishing of the kidney beans *a la crème*.

Madame Dorus Gras the great songstress drew the coffee. This was certainly rather an unlucky lot for her, as she had no coffee service except a small travelling pot just large enough for a single cup. But pains and patience conquer the greatest difficulties; our amiable companion by thirty-two several boilings discharged her obligations, and with coffee so perfect that the recollection remains among our cherished memories.

Madame Anicet-Bourgeois had the tarts and to M. Pingret the Medal Engraver, fell the roast beef (roasts-beef, the printer has it here.) This roast beef, a huge piece, had its comical adventures; the head cook at the hotel, had so carefully hidden it in his oven, for fear of its being stolen by his understrappers, that when it was called for, no one could find it; however, about the middle of the dessert, all at once it appeared—a little too much done perhaps and curiously shrunk.

Finally, the fish fell to the part of our bard, Eugene Lepoittevin. This rejoiced all of us greatly, for in fishing ports, it is hardly possible to get fish; we can only enjoy the odor. The fishermen are hardly ashore before their booty is on its way to Paris. But our painter had made himself the friend, sponsor, crony, counselor, and benevolent giver of old clothes to all the fishermen in the place, and could therefore be sure of obtaining the desired fish. He was safe enough, where all the rest of the world might have run aground.

It came, the day of the grand repast, and we took our seats at a table, lighted with 32 candles of which 28 were extinguished a moment afterwards by a gust of wind strong enough to displace the bundle of hay, which filled a window provisionally, while awaiting the good offices of a glazier. The candles being relighted and the bundle of hay restored to its place, then and there was served that fish, which we owed to the munificence and decisive influence and decisive influence of Eugene Lepoittevin. And such a fish! Good heavens! Pliny and Daubenton never described its like. Cuvier alone in his hypothetical descriptions of lost species, could have conceived a fish of such length and thickness. All the colors of the rainbow, and a multitude of others showed resplendent upon its scales. It was a more extraordinary animal than the famous bear of Lagingeole. Never in the days of Nero did the ancient circuses resound to

the plaudits so uproarious as the prodigious shouts with which we hailed this prodigious fish. When our admiring excitement had somewhat subsided, the owner of an oyster park, as one, who ought to know more in matters pertaining to fish, offered to divide and serve the dish. His face was radiant with delight at the opportunity of dissecting so rare a specimen. Rising the fish-slice with a magisterial air he said, "Trust me, this fish will prove as fine as it is large, for I feel no bones." He raised a slice of the fish. But what a change in his face—what a catastrophe—for the slice slipping from the knife, fell upon the table and flew into a thousand pieces! Then and not till then, we discovered that the famous fish was of clay, which the skillful Lepoittevin, unable to obtain the real thing, had modelled and painted with perfection sufficient to deceive anybody.

But give us some account of the *Poemes de la Mer*, cry our impatient readers.

Softly, gentlemen, that is just what we are going to do. As Lepoittevin's fish had the form and colors of a real one, so the *Poemes de la Mer* have the forms and colors of a true ode-symphony—but within it they are all clay. The substantial, such as invention, originality, inspiring melody, just expression, and real description, are all wanting perchance, we declare with all humility, that we could not perceive them.

Do you want proofs? Well, here are a few. The author makes us hear a *revery*—to which the vocal part is made up of the same one note, constantly repeated. The accompaniment to this is varied to the limits of possibility, and is sufficiently ingenious, we admit; but a *revery* is an indeterminate succession of vagrant ideas; and can this be expressed in a song of one note? Why it is perseverance, or rather obstinacy, which one would express in this manner. A fixed light would hardly give one an idea of a shooting star. The "Rising of the Waves" is a continuous crescendo; but waves have a habit of changing every moment. To imitate them, one should write a multitude of crescendos periodically interrupted and constantly renewed—and not a single and unvarying movement. "Sunshine on the Sea" closes with a sort of fugue; is this a formula to express the setting of the sun? Why this closes with a forcible movement, when certainly a decrescendo is the only means of imitating musically the sinking of the star-of-day. If not, what does the composer mean by his fugue? We know not; but for our part we never saw the least analogy between the sun and the fugue.

We will not pursue this matter farther; choosing to add that the "Song of the Cabin Boy" very sweetly sung by Mlle. Balbi, and the "Promenade" a sort of a barcarole lullaby, sung by Felix Levy, very sympathetically, were encouraged.

This experiment, unluckily a very costly one to M. Wekerlin, cannot be without its value to him. The manner in which the audience evidently favorably disposed, took the more ambitious parts of the work, and the great applause bestowed upon some pieces hardly up to the romances of an album, show him clearly the path he should follow in future. By not looking too high, and by shunning the path of that artist so difficult to follow, Felicien David, this gentleman with his undoubted aptitude for arrangement and

orchestration may find good employment for his talents.

Rather plain speaking, this; but I have not heard that M. Wekerlin has taken up the pen like our new men in Germany, to prove the critic wrong, and that people must and shall like his music, in spite of their ears.

Last week was given at the Grand Opera the 400th performance of Rossini's *Tell!*

At the Bouffes they have not yet withdrawn the burlesque Orpheus, which has reached now about 340 representations.

Wednesday, Dec. 19, Joseph Wieniawski, gave a concert at the Salle Pleyel. Mendelssohn's Trio for Pianoforte violin and 'cello in D minor, with the exquisite Scherzo—which is not a reproduction of the Summer Night's Dream Scherzo, was the leading piece. A sonata, waltzes and other like pieces for the pianoforte, composed and played by Wieniawski, and some airs and songs made up the rest of the programme.

W. is a little fellow, hardly larger than Mozart in person, certainly not as a composer. The sonata was dreary—the smaller pieces lively and pretty. As a pianist, he ranks high, though not to my notion up to Rubinstein, Thalberg and Dreyschock.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Ludwig von Beethoven's Life and Works.

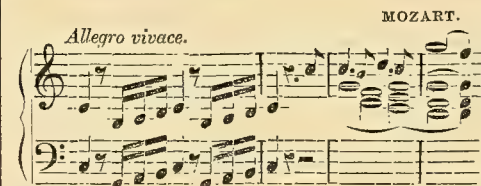
BY ADOLF BERNHARD MARX.

Translated from Dr. F. Brendel's Review, by
G. A. Schmitt.

(Continued from page 340.)

It was, after BACH, Beethoven's work, to develop ideal expression on the piano, to free the tones from the limitations of the republican orchestra, to unite the world of tones in all its harmonious fullness under the monarchical rule of the piano-player. But it is a well-known fact, that great players learned just by studying Beethoven's piano works to give the right coloring to the works of the Leipzig maestro. Opus 1 of Beethoven's works consists of three Trios for Piano, Violin and Violoncello, compositions that will remain fresh forever. HAYDN did not think the third one in C minor suitable for publication. Posterity nullified that opinion. Just this Trio we like best. "The close of the Finale," says Marx, "has in it something like delicate clouds, like a veil of mist. Does not, in the first movement and in the first theme of the Finale, Beethoven decidedly show already the Faust-like character of a number of his later works? We have to forego following in a dry review, the masterly analyses, which Marx gives of a number of works from the latter years of the last century. We pass by Beethoven's unhappy love for the countess Julia Guicciardi, and the *Sonata quasi una Fantasia* in C sharp minor, op. 27, No. 2, breathing forth his sufferings from love. Of the fate that struck him with hardness of hearing, increasing with the years, we shall speak below, and we turn now to his first two Symphonies. According to Marx's opinion, the first Symphony in C major, op. 21, was written about 1799 or 1800. From the outset Beethoven enlists new troops for his symphonic triumphal processions. "While Beethoven's great predecessors are satisfied without oboes or clarinettes, Beethoven makes use of them from the beginning; to this basis are added afterwards, where it is nec-

essary, trombones, piccolo flutes and the serpent (a large wooden bass instrument), also the big drum. That is Beethoven's orchestra," (p. 213). Thus armed the master marches forth to battle. It is a different banner, decidedly, from that of MOZART, that waves over the regiments of his scores, and only a prejudiced opinion could discover in the C major Symphony nothing but a clever study after the model of Mozart. Oulibicheff, quick at comparisons, as all the people of the salons, finds the prototype for Beethoven's work in Mozart's C major (Jupiter) Symphony. Marx proves incontrovertibly, that besides the key of the beginning, C major, both works have not the least relation as to ideas. It is sufficient to compare the beginning of both works as Marx quotes them:



"Just here," says Marx, and every one of his readers will agree with him, "Mozart is farthest from Beethoven, consider only the artless playing with contrasts of Mozart, and the compact energy of Beethoven." It deserves praise, that Marx defends this Symphony against those that would underrate it. We should but little honor the memory of Beethoven by making light of the beauties of his earlier works, because afterwards he created mightier ones. Though it is Beethoven's own fault, he having so lavishly poured forth gigantic works on us. In his *Grand Symphony* in D major, op. 36, he already rises above his preceding work. We need not quote the ALLEGRO CON BRIO, conscious of victory, nor the sweet *chiar-oscuro* of the *Larghetto*. Here is a longing for love, transfigured by sweet moonlight, German and truly poetic, a fullness to overflowing of rapture and pain of love. Every one hears, we dare say, like Marx, in the Finale the words, "the matter is settled, over, victoriously ended." And what a climax in the close of the Finale, this welling up again of the tones before the pause, and the endless jubilee of the close! Beethoven's biographer closes with the analysis of this symphony his first book, comprising the time from 1770—1804. We now enter the realms of the *Eroica*.






A New Crotchet.




"VANITY FAIR," is the only comic paper that approaches in any way to the famous "PUNCH," that has yet been published in this country. "Vanity Fair" is often equal both in pictorial illustration and in the real wit of its articles, to its London prototype.

The last number has an article under the above heading, upon the text that "Music is the food of Love," showing that, as we have but five musicians to about every hundred people, the supply is wretchedly inadequate to the demand. The writer then




gives samples of a simple system of learning music, "of furnishing one's own love food." Probably our own enlightened readers will not be very much puzzled by

LESSON I.

wind was blowing from the  when JOHN and MARY climbed the  that crossed their path. JOHN, leaning on his , descended the hill, and managed to  reach the  early,

but MARY slipped, and came down by the  Falling down  precipice, she hurt her arm, which began to  and JOHN cried from above,

"You'd better not  that experiment!"

He then procured a  and drew her up the side of the precipice,  where they both sat down to .

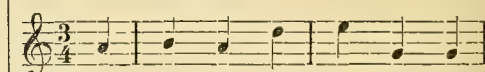
The insuperable advantages of my New Method have so firmly impressed me, that I believe the time will yet come when whole novels will be written in this manner, and will give the reader as much pleasure from their musical as from their literary character. Think of a romance, the heroine of which should always be introduced with a plaintive minor melody, while her lover—the hero—should make, with every word, a sweet and rotound base to her harmonious life! I have partly finished a book of musical fables, beginning with BLUEBEARD, set in the Key of B. The Key is of course, the fatal one, and B stands for the tyrant's name. I succeeded excellently in explaining the Sensitive Seventh, in this little book, by means of the story of the Old Man with Seven Sons, six of whom were bold, brazen fellows, and the other, a timid, retiring youth. The work, however, fell through, in consequence of my inability to find a noble illustrative of the Tetra-chord.

Another kind of exercise, adapted to the study of orthography, is as follows:

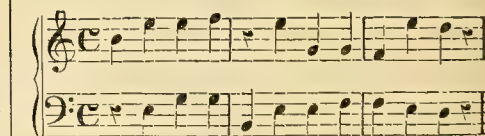


Who would think that this little melody, so touching and plaintive, possesses an inner meaning! Yet, read the notes, as they come. The first bar is A. The second, D E A F. The third B A B E! A deaf Babe! No wonder the air is sad. But how infinitely more touching it becomes, by playing D, instead of F, at the close of the second bar!

Why is it that this simple score excites such disgust? Read it and see!



A B A D E G G. Enough, in faith to disgust anybody. And here is an instance of combination, which I consider one of the finest pieces of culinary music ever composed. Try this air gently on the piano, and see what a gusto it has!



The harmony off E G G and B E E F, changing from base to treble, is delicious, and the F E D, in unison at the end, comes in charmingly. How appropriate, too is the *Rest* that terminates this exercise!



Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 2, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha," Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

[The following letter from Mr. Dwight should have preceded the one published in our last number, but having, in some way miscarried, must appear at this time.]

NEW SERIES.

NO. IV.

A WEEK IN DRESDEN.

BERLIN, Dec. 10, 1860.

Dresden! the beautiful. Lucky stars beckoned the wanderer that way in those last days of October—those sad, golden days. It was a deviation from the programme, and a new postponement of long needed rest. The week in Leipzig was a passive opportunity availed of on the way to Berlin, whither one looked forward to some sort of settled life and centre for the winter, whence long excursions could be made from time to time to Leipzig, Dresden, and the other spots where music has her choice temples. But rest is neither found by seeking nor by shunning. Nor is it always well to cleave to any plan or purpose as if our own will were destiny. There are times when a higher power, mysterious, doubtless all-wise, assumes the whole control of all our movements, and we can but be passive, aspiring to no greater virtue than a childlike trust, a patient faith that all is ordered for the best. Drifting, drifting, under a cloud apparently, and without compass; but sometimes into some little haven, where, as it was the traveller's experience this time, there is yet peace and sunshine to be felt, with zest of companionship, yea friendship—besides solid furtherance to one's main purpose in a European journey. For those four months of roving had been only incidental; the real motive of the journey was to pass a musical winter in Germany, that, enriched by its experiences, he might be fitter for his work. Did he not owe it to himself, to Art, to the position which he occupied as editor of this Journal of Music, to know music and the musical life, by direct observation, in the most musical country? And here now he reads one evening in the *Zeitung*, which he happens to take up while yet fresh from the Gewandhaus Concert, with the wild Schumann harmonies (the "Manfred" music) ringing in the brain, that on the morrow evening two of the noblest interpreters of the noblest in German Art, whom more than any two perhaps he wishes to hear and know, and to whose fame the readers of this Journal are not strangers, would commence a series of three musical soirées in the Hotel de Saxe at Dresden. Is it not enough to say that these were CLARA SCHUMANN AND JOACHIM!

It is but four hours by the railroad. So off we start in the cold, foggy morning, seeing nothing nor caring much to see, while whirled across those flat, uninteresting battle plains that stretch beyond Leipzig. A white, dry fog; there is a sense of promise in it; and by the middle of the forenoon the warm sun glows through, revealing through a hazy and poetic atmosphere, a picturesque succession of red-roofed towns, and little vine-clad hills (northernmost region of the grape this!), with pretty glimpses of the Elbe sparkling across green fields, and, beckoning in the distance, the domes and spires and palaces of Dresden. At noon we cross the stone bridge, over the swift, broad river that comes sweeping round through "Saxon Switzerland," whose hazy purple outline already tempts you on the far horizon,—the blue Elbe cradled in Bohemia—and enter the stately cheerful city, and are soon housed in the pleasant hotel in which the concert is to be. Seated at the table d'hôte, there is a vacant chair beside us. Presently a sense of somebody entering and asking for somebody; and

somebody introducing himself with cordial hand-grasp, and sorry to have been engaged in rehearsal when our letter was sent in, and "shall we talk German or English?" (of course we choose the latter), has taken the vacant seat, and we are in full tide of eager conversation, as clear to one another as old friends, and in instant *rapprochement* on most topics of most interest to both. We talk of the "Diarist," whom he knows and esteems; of music, from Bach to Wagner, of the first of whom he is one of the truest exponents, entering into the very spirit of him, while he can afford to admire much in the latter; of Art, mutually pleased to find that each has been thinking of Kaulbach as a sort of Meyerbeer in painting. We talk of Emerson, of whom he is a warm admirer, familiar with all his writings, and delighting in such free, quickening mountain air of thought; of America, whose generous idea and destiny he understand and has interest and faith, more than I have found before in Germany; of England, and the rival musical critics, Davison and Chorley, both of whom he esteems, and Macfarren more than either; of what music has to offer me in Leipzig and in Berlin, in Dresden and Vienna, and in his own Hanover; of Schumann and his noble artist widow; of Liszt at Weimar, and of his *partie* in Germany, and what not.

Our companion is a strong, broad-shouldered, manly looking fellow, of two or three years under thirty; with a massive, overhanging brow, Beethoven-like; a heavy mass of rich dark hair; large grey earnest eyes; pale face, full of intellect, of firm will and genial good feeling; a certain gleam of genius in those eyes; a somewhat knotted habit of the brows, as from intense concentrated brain-work, and a strongly marked, almost severe look when the face is in repose; but quickly lit up with glad recognition, or softened with tender sympathies; the sunshine of a cordial, generous, social nature breaks out in an instant from those eyes. Decidedly a strong, fresh, wholesome individuality; generous and sunshiny; full of friendliness; moody withal, and capable of feeling bored; high-toned, brave, and *genial*, both in our English sense of hearty, and in the German and artistic sense, implying imaginative, creative energy—the adjective of *genius*. A large and catholic view of men and things; and a strong character. You do not often find all these traits in a *virtuoso*; and this is no mere virtuoso; this young man is JOSEPH JOACHIM; who, though his chief medium has been the violin, has made himself more known and deeply felt by a certain magnetism of genius and of character that works behind all that.

And now—begging our friend's pardon for thus unceremoniously and bunglingly attempting his portrait—let us leave him to the drudgery of putting on strings, while we talk a walk on the Brühl terrace along the Elbe, over the bridge and back, and by the the royal palaces and church and theatre, coming unexpectedly upon the newly erected bronze statue of Weber by the way; and back to the hotel to find ourselves in the evening in the pretty concert-saal, where are assembled all the beauty and refinement of Dresden musical society, awaiting the beginning of the first concert. It is a small hall, holding perhaps from six to seven hundred persons, and is completely full. This is the only regular concert hall in Dresden, strange to say; and even the symphony concerts of the fine large orchestra, which Rietz directs, have to be given here. Here is the programme:

1. Sonata (D minor, Op. 121) for piano and violin played by the concert givers Schumann
2. Cavatina, from the "Swiss Family," Weigl
3. Ballade (G minor), piano, played by Clara Schumann Chopin
4. Allegro brillante, 4 hands, by Fr. Marie Wieck and Mme. Schumann Mendelssohn
5. Sonata for Violin, by Joachim Tartini
6. 3 Lieder: a "Im Freien" Schubert
b "Schneeglöckchen" }
c "Er ist's" }
7. Sonata (A minor, Op. 23), for piano and violin... Beethoven

Of the first piece, as a composition, I can hardly venture to speak after a single hearing and at this distance of time. It certainly interested me much, and impressed me with that sense of depth and power and passion, with passages of playful fancy of quite exquisite individuality, that Robert Schumann almost always gives me. But it was one of his latest and by no means clearest works. It is a high and worthy mission which Madame SCHUMANN takes upon her, of interpreting to the world, through her wonderfully perfect pianism, so genial and so classical, the, as yet but poorly understood and undervalued creations of her talented husband's genius. Of her I can speak, for the impression is distinct; how could it fail to be. She has the look, the air and manner of the true artist and the noble woman. Her face is full of sensibility and intellect; large dark eyes, full of rich light, and lips that always quiver with the exquisite sense of music. A large broad forehead, and head finely shaped, with rich black hair. The profile is just that of the twin medallion portrait which represents her with her husband; but the face and head are wider than that had suggested to me, and indicate a greater weight and breadth of character. The features are in constant play, lit with enthusiasm, as if the music never ceased. Her *technique* as a pianist is beautifully smooth, clean and perfect; she has mastered all that years ago under the severe but admirable teaching of the old Wieck, her father. There is an inexhaustible energy in her playing, when she deals with the strong tone-poets such as Beethoven; you miss none of their fire and grandeur. I never heard more sustained nobility of play, nor more facile, nor more finely finished. But such an artist does not play to exhibit her own skill; but to bring out and present in all their individuality, in just the right light, the beauties she discerns and feels in those creations of the masters which are worthy of such illustration and will live. She is a thorough musician; has a clear and true conception of all the classics, the inspired tone-poems of the piano; and an equal contempt for all trivial or weakly sentimental show-pieces; to the performance of mere operatic fantasias, and the like, she never condescends. Mere brilliancy is nothing; she knows the real gem from the bit of glass that also sparkles in the sun. Her thorough acquaintance with her memory of all the principal sonatas, trios, &c., of Beethoven and other masters is remarkable; in the rehearsals her memory often is the test to which the correctness of differing editions of the parts is referred. I have heard no more satisfactory rendering of Beethoven, Bach, Mozart or Haydn. Of Schumann's music she is of course the interpreter. The Ballade of Chopin, and all that I have heard her play of him, were most admirably executed by her, especially the brilliant side of Chopin; but I would not dare to say that I had never heard the peculiar individuality and fineness of that poet *par excellence* of the piano brought out with a more intimate and sympathetic truthfulness. Altogether CLARA SCHUMANN seems to me the noblest, truest type of the artistic woman that I have known, with the exception of Jenny Lind. Not that she has the same force of genius, or the same all-conquering magnetism. Without magnetism, of course, a great singer were inconceivable. But she has the same artistic feeling and entire devotion to the pure ideal. She is a living impersonation of the artist conscience, aided by rare native faculties and rare educational experiences. She is gifted alike with sharp, discriminating insight, and with unflagging enthusiasm. Some think she has not so much warmth as critical correctness. But she is a woman, large-hearted, loving, full of sensibility, as well as a skilled, clear-sighted, critical musician. Her art is religion to her; relates itself to the very ideal end of life. If she has not creative genius, if she does not compose, if she gives readings, no one can doubt the fervor with

which she loves her authors, nor the deep genuine joy with which she reproduces them.

It surely was a privilege, and not a shade of disappointment in it, to sit there and hear sonata-duos of Schumann and Beethoven rendered by those two large-brained artists. They have played much together, sympathise in tastes and principles, maintain the same uncompromising attitude of loyalty to truth in Art, agree in their conceptions of what they play together, are equally above all drawbacks of uncertain skill, and so are perfectly sure of one another in what they undertake. It is rarely that such artists meet in any work.

Of JOACHIM's playing one owns first of all its magnetic, searching, quickening quality. It is not a violin, but a man that speaks. There is a feeling of depth and breadth conveyed in what he does. He draws the largest and most marrowy tones out of his strings that we have ever heard. There is force of character in every sound; and yet the most subtle, fluid modulation through all shades of feeling, the tenderest as well as the strongest. And nothing seems dramatically got up for mere effect; it all comes so natural, so real that you yield yourself entirely to the music, and never think to analyze, to mark just what is done. It is alike full of passion and of self-possession; strong emotion and repose. We have heard that Sonata of Tartini, with the *trillo del diavolo*, finely played before; but never did it present itself in half so vivid colors as when he played it. In Joachim's playing I never thought to notice in what particular technical feats or qualities he shone, or how he compared in any of them with others. These were all forgotten in his music. Nor did he, the virtuoso, ever place himself between you and the music. Dignity, nobility of style, depth of feeling, and a certain intellectual vigor characterized his playing. But if we are asked, wherein above all he shows the master, it is in what may be called *contrapuntal* playing. This is much more than giving out full chords with the melody; it is the giving of a distinct individuality to each of the four parts in the harmony; it is the eliciting of a virtual quartet from a single violin. This makes him preëminently the player of the violin sonatas, preludes and fugues, toccatas, &c., of Sebastian Bach; and indeed this art he must have learned from his deep, close study of the violin works of Bach and from his earnest penetration into the very spirit of Bach, into the very soul of his method. Among all violinists, and all virtuosos Joachim is the greatest Bach-ist. That height won, all the rest is easily and of course his.

The only disappointment of this evening was that there was no Bach in the programme. But I was easily reconciled, knowing how soon that satisfaction was in store for me. The next morning we had more long talk together in the artist's room, and then he fulfilled his promise of playing to me Bach's *Chaconne*, the noblest of all violin solos that I had ever yet heard. It was without accompaniment, complete in itself as Bach wrote, and, as Joachim plays it, not to be improved by even Mendelssohn's piano part. How the inspired sounds filled the room like a great flood of tone, and filled the soul of listener and player, and how the former felt that those whom he will never see on earth again must hear (for what so bridges over the gulf between time and eternity, as music that is so true and great?), it were idle to attempt to tell. In that listening I incurred a great debt which only a renewed life can pay. Visitors came in; Kapellmeister Rietz, Concertmeister Schubert, Hans Christian Andersen, the Danish novelist, and an intelligent, enthusiastic, gentlemanly musician, the conductor of the Tonkünstler-verein, a social club mostly of accomplished musicians, who compose an orchestra, and meet once or twice a week to practice the less known works of Bach, Handel and other old writers; and he invited us to the club room in the evening to hear so rare a curiosity

as a couple of the famous Hantboy Concertos of Handel. From there I went to the Royal Gallery of Paintings, and was soon seated in wonder and transport before the incomparable "Dresden Madonna" of Raphael. Was it not a work of inspiration? The parallel between Raphael and Mozart has been often drawn. I could not but feel the force of it after seeing this picture. As Mozart said of his own music, here was a work which must have stood before its author's mind at once, whole and entire in all its parts, completely realized in one fusing instant of genius at its full heat. It is beauty, loveliness, holiness itself. Was not that a morning to thank God for? The *Chaconne* of Bach interpreted by Joachim, and the loveliest of all Madonnas, realized by Raphael! Nor was that all. D.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

THIRD SATURDAY EVENING CONCERT.

These concerts are in a fair way of becoming an institution. They are always crowded and we think, the Club might feel warranted in taking a larger hall. It is just large enough for the Tuesday concerts but uncomfortably crowded on Saturdays. The pieces presented were very acceptable in the main; the same cannot be said of the rendering of some of them.

MISS PEARSON is a débutante and as such entitled to some leniency on the part of the critic. We will say for her that the two arias selected were good pieces enough. So was "Savourneen Deelish," in its way. When Miss P. shall have learned to sing with a pure intonation; when her *fioriture* come somewhat nearer the mark in the way of finish and fluency; when she shall have learned to enter into the spirit of the compositions she is going to sing; then will be the time to give an opinion about her merits or demerits, as the case may be. For the present we will add merely, that *embellishments* are entirely out of place in a simple national air such as the Irish ballad she sang; that in rendering them the only admissible addition to the music is soul.

In the two movements from the Trio by Beethoven Mr. HAMANN proved that he entered into the spirit of the composition. It was evident, however, that his technical powers were not always entirely sufficient, to make his playing perfectly satisfactory, there being some unevenness in the left hand. In the septette the same gentleman played the horn-part with rare grace and ability. This piece was rendered finely; and without entering into the details of the performance we may say that Mr. STEIN this and the first time when the piece was played, handled his instrument with great taste and mastery. We were glad to notice an improvement as to the movement of the Adagio cantabile, which was misstated on the programme as Larghetto; the *cadenza* in the last movement, was also played better by Mr. SCHULTZE than formerly. The ensemble of the chords at the beginning and end of movements was perfect. The strong Allegro from Mozart's G minor Quartette was done very well. And in the same manner Mr. MEISEL acquitted himself in his solo, which was enthusiastically received. Saturday audiences have this merit over Tuesday ones, that they applaud with a will, which is a commendable practice in an audience, especially where applause is deserved.

SIXTH CHAMBER CONCERT.

TUESDAY, JAN. 29.

PART I.

1. Quartette, in G, No. 75.....Haydn
Allegro—Adagio—Minuetto—Finale, Allegro Vivace.
2. "Elogy of Tears,".....Schubert
Mrs. Harwood.
3. Grand piano Trio, in E flat.....F. Schubert
Allegro—Andante con moto—Scherzo—Finale, Allegro.
Messrs. Parker, Schultze and Fries.

PART II.

4. "Ye Faded Flowers," (Trock'ne Blumen).....Schubert
Mrs. Harwood.
5. Second Quintette, in C, op. 29.....Beethoven
Moderato—Adagio—Scherzo—Finale, Presto.

A gem of a programme finely set. Father Haydn, the giant Beethoven and the splendid Schubert are excellent company. Their poetry emanated from hearts that were suffused with the glow of broadest humanity and from heads on which the laurel of immortality sits well.

The artists did well to make their programme as chaste and select as it was. And they did still better in varying it out so well. Mrs. HARWOOD who seems to grow more youthful as the years pass on, sang her part to full satisfaction, and was deservedly called back after her second song. Her voice not less than the good use she makes of it, her fine expression and the evident feeling with which she sings, make it ever pleasant to listen to her. The accompaniment to the first song might have been softer and more delicate. The Quintette by Beethoven, is surprisingly strong and beautiful. It grows upon us, devolving new beauties at every hearing. The piece was played well throughout, especially so the last movement. The second part of Goethe's Faust was not out when this quintette was written. But one might suppose Beethoven had contemplated a musical transposition of the character of Euphion in this last movement. So full of the flashes of genius, so wayward, so bold in the highest flights of fancy; it seems in listening as if Faust and Helena were standing and looking with delight not unmingled with secret apprehensions at their phantom son as he rises from crag to crag. The beautiful genial melody, *Andante con moto* which twice interrupts the Presto, finely sets in relief the striving and pressing Finale.

Schubert's Trio in E flat, with a ballad for its Andante, almost rising to the dramatic power of the Erlking its genial Scherzo, a canon nearly throughout, its strong Adagio and Finale was played finely. The technical difficulties in the Finale were felt as such however; and in the piano-part which was on the whole quite well played by Mr. PARKER, a few little technical things were observable, capable of improvement. But as a whole the piece was very satisfactory and was very well received.

The Quartette by Haydn, sparkling, amiable and graceful, was played with fine taste by the gentlemen. We were surprised not to find more applause bestowed on it. Is it because we hear so little of Haydn?

This was a concert, that is an honor to the club. The hall might have been fuller. But we are satisfied that those that went will not forget this evening for a long time.

To-night the fourth Saturday concert takes place, which we hope to see as well attended as the preceding ones were. *†

Stigelli's Concert.

The concert on Monday evening last, at the Music Hall, was attended by the largest audience we have seen this season. Every seat was filled in a few minutes after opening, and soon the ample stage was completely covered. Formés did not appear, being indisposed, so that the burden fell mainly upon Stigelli and Mlle. Patti. But the audience was good-humored, and the singers in capital spirits and voice, and the great basso, though for a moment regretted, was soon forgotten. Our readers do not need to be told anything about STIGELLI; his energy, enthusiasm and thorough artistic culture have been fully exhibited here before. And we have never heard him under more favorable circumstances than on this occasion; his voice was clear and ringing, and in the vast space it sounded mellow in spite of its force and volume. The pieces he sang have mostly been heard here before; but the ballad entitled "The Little Brother and Sister," composed for the occasion, was novel and striking. The music is not at all ballad-like, but rather descriptive, full of dramatic points, and capable of thrilling effects when rendered by such a master of passion as Stigelli.

Mlle. CARLOTTA PATTI gave the audience a most

agreeable surprise. She has a voice of great compass, — reaching to E in *alt.* — clear and full of melody though not powerful, much resembling that of her sister Adalina; and she has, what none of her sisters have, a brilliancy of execution that will not suffer by comparison with the best artists we have ever heard. She did not attempt any music that required much depth of feeling or sustained power; her choice seemed to fall upon compositions in which to display her facile grace and inborn taste for ornament. In the aria from the Magic Flute and in the Venzano waltz she showed herself perfect in all the nameless arts of floriture, and, in stereotyped phrase, brought down the house in a storm of applause. The public will be pleased to hear this charming vocalist again.

Mr. LANG played Liszt's transcription of "La Charité" and Thalberg's fantasie on themes from "L'Elisire d'amore," with his usual correctness and elegance. If this accomplished pianist fails to arouse enthusiasm by the exhibition of great power or feeling at least he always pleases by the beauty of his touch and the faultlessness of his style.

The ORPHEUS CLUB sang four pieces, with their usual perfection of light and shade, and in more absolutely good tune than we have ever heard in their performances. The harmonious blending of tone was exquisite, and the unanimous applause of the audience showed how heartily the singing was enjoyed. Altogether the concert, though not a great event, was highly agreeable and satisfactory. In the dearth of music this winter it was enjoyed with a zest we have rarely experienced.

Mlle. Patti, our readers will be glad to learn, announces a concert for this evening, which we suppose will be substantially a repetition of the one noticed above. Whether the same substantial reward will be reaped, remains to be proved.

New Publications.

THE SHADOW IN THE HOUSE.—A Novel. By John Saunders. New York: M. Doolady. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1861.

With some defects of construction, such as vagueness in the plot, and an amusing *feminineness* in the treatment of some matters of business that hardly seem characteristic of the manly name of John Saunders, the *Shadow in the House* is nevertheless a book which the intelligent reader will read through to the end with much pleasure. The characters are few in number but skillfully drawn and the story interesting and novel.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, for January. Contents: The political Year; the Purist Prayer-book; Uncivilized Man; English Embassies to China; Horror, a true tale; What's a Grise?; Norman Sinclair, Part 12; A Merry Christmas; The Indian Civil Service. Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

Cassell's Illustrated Family Bible.

Cassell's Popular Natural History.

Cassell's Illustrated History of England.

We have received from the publishers numbers 20 of the Bible and the Natural History, and No. XI. of the History of England, and can only repeat the commendations that we have before given both of the illustrations and the letter press of these publications.

THE TRIBUNE ALMANAC, for 1861. A. Williams & Co.

This has become an almost indispensable publication to every citizen, from its copious and minute statistics of the political state of the country, in which musicians too, have some interest.

LEE & WALKER'S MUSICAL ALMANAC, for 1861, edited by Charlie Grobe op. 1300.

But more to the purpose of the musical reader is the Almanac whose title is given above. It is edited by Charles Grobe and contains much matter useful and interesting to musical persons. A catalogue of "Our musical contemporaries," giving the name, date and place of birth and residence of all the persons most concerned in musical art, literature or trade, is contained in it. Many well selected articles fill the rest of the work, with a catalogue of the publications of Messrs. Lee & Walker. It also includes the usual calendar pages of an almanac.

MR. J. C. D. PARKER'S CONCERT, advertised in another column, is an attractive one in its programme to the lovers of the best piano music, and we need not say to his many friends in this vicinity that there will be little danger of any disappointment in the performance. Mr. Parker's merits as a pianist have been so often set forth in our columns that we need not repeat our praises at this time. We can only wish him a crowded house on Tuesday evening.

THE BOSTON MOZART CLUB.—The amateur club mentioned in these pages some weeks ago, gave its first concert to its associate members and invited friends on Monday evening, at Messrs. Hallett & Cumston's pleasant little hall, which was filled, in spite of the attractions offered at the Music Hall.

PART I.

Symphony in D major.....Mozart
Allegro—Andante—Minuetto and Trio Finale Allegro Vivace.

PART II.

1. Overture, "Prometheus".....Beethoven
2. Transcriptions for Orchestra.....Suck
a Spanish Song: "La Naranjera."
b Lied.
3. Solo for Violoncello with Quartette accompaniment.
Kammer
4. Concert-March.....Suck
5. Overture "Nozze di Figaro".....Mozart

A good programme, everyone will admit, and very well was it performed by an orchestra of over thirty members, we should think, under the lead, (as they have been under the instruction) of Mr. Suck. Quite strong in the string department, both in numbers (having six first and six second violins) and in excellence, it will be seen that it was well constituted to give an adequate rendering of a Mozart symphony and we can say that the performance was exceeding enjoyed, the more so, as the symphony was one not very familiar to our concert goers; vigorous, lively, and truly Mozart-like in its character. We regretted that a conflict of duties drew us to the Music Hall, so that we did not hear the whole of the programme.

We congratulate the Club on its success, and look upon it as a good omen for the future success of public concerts of orchestral music, that so many gentlemen amateurs, from various walks of life, of such well known influence in the musical community, can be brought together often enough, and have skill enough, to give so creditably such a programme. Such a Club must do much to revive and create a desire for such music. In the next letter from our editor abroad, he alludes to this Club, in an account of a similar organization in Dresden.

We regret that a line in the letter of our correspondent "Trovator," (Jan. 12,) should have given pain to a distinguished New York organist, Mr. W. A. KING, who writes us that in *twenty-six* years he has never been absent from any festival of the church where he is engaged, until last Christmas day, when detained at home by sudden illness in his family.

One page of our last number failed to receive the usual editorial supervision. We beg our readers to substitute *wind* for "mind-instruments," in the concert notice. We also called the poets of the "Harvard Musical Association" *true*, and not "ten," as the types made it.

Musical Chit-Chat.

ST. CECILIA.—A gentleman travelling through France, saw, in a collection of pictures, a portrait of St. Cecilia playing on an organ, surrounded by a number of little angels on wing. On asking of a Frenchman an explanation of the picture, he replied that the Saint, on one occasion, played and sang with such superlative effect, that the chapel became suddenly full of cherubim, who had been attracted from heaven by the divine strains. The fair Saint, feeling for the fatigue consequent upon their prolonged flutterings, requested them to be seated, in these words; "Asseyez-vous donc, mes enfans." "Merci, Madame, merci, — mais nous n'avons pas

de quoi," ("we have not wherewithal") replied the all-winged, no-bodied celestials.

C. M. VON WEBER was very jealous of what he conceived to be a leaning in his friend and fellow-pupil, M. Meyerbeer, towards the Rossinian style. He thus expresses himself on the subject in a letter to M. Godefroy Weber; "Meyerbeer is becoming Italianized (ist ganz Italien verfallen) — where are now all our brilliant expectations?" He afterwards says, "Meyerbeer is going to Trieste to bring out his *Crociato*; he will afterwards return to Berlin, where, perhaps, he may write a German opera. God grant he may! I have made several appeals to his conscience."

LITTLE PICCOLOMINI IN A NEW CHARACTER.—Piccolomini, the charming little opera singer, is now the Marchesa della Fargua. A correspondent of a London paper, who recently visited her, says: "I was during a fortnight at a charming villa, three miles from Sienna, the residence of the parents of our beloved and most celebrated artist, Maria Piccolomini, now Marchioness della Fargua, of the Dukes Caetani, and it was by a miracle that this dear creature did not find herself in tumult and great peril on the return of the Swiss, headed by that assassin, the too infamous Schmidt, in the city of Pieve. When I arrived at the Villa Piccolomini I found all the family re-united. Her sister Laura had, on the 8th of October, married a young Siennese, 23 years old, very rich, who possesses divers villas and a beautiful palace in Sienna. An heir to the family of La Fargua is expected in April."

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JAN. 22, 1861.—Another operatic enterprise has been started here, by the Associated Artist's Troupe, consisting of BRIGNOLI, SUSINI, FERRI, COLETTI, Madame COLSON and Miss PHILLIPPS. They opened the season last night with Mercadante's *Giuramento* which has not been played here for ages. It was very well done, except in the choral department, which was shocking. Colson sang superbly and Miss Philipps was equally good, this delightful contralto constantly showing signs of improvement. There are hordes of opera singers here, just now, who are busy in getting up concerts, and ANNA BISHOP had a concert last week, at which FREZZOLINI sang and threw into doleful contrast the long list of nobodies who also took part. Madame Bishop sang as well as I have ever heard. A *Gratias Agimus Tibi*, with flute and voice bravura passages was admirably done. Miss ROWCROFT, a new concert singer, sang last week at Dodworth's with fair success.

Ullmann prophesies — I fear his ominous prediction will be fulfilled — the speedy downfall of the present operatic dynasty. The attendance on the first night of *Il Giuramento* was not near as good as it ought to have been. Ullman thinks that it would be a good idea for all the operatic singers in the country to go back to Europe, and then opera might be tried here with a new batch — but not at present — Ullmann is content to manage "but oh! not now."

Horrible times for musicians. I don't see how they manage to live, but live they do, and live well — at least opera singers do under any circumstances.

TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, JAN. 28.—We have had a pleasant operatic excitement in the debut in *Lucia* of the Boston prima donna, Miss HINCKLEY, who sang Wednesday night, the 23d. She is young, pretty. In person she is of good height, excellent figure, brown hair, superb teeth and possesses an expressive and pleasing face. When on the stage is quite free from affectation, but tries to act well, and for a novice is quite successful. Her voice is a soprano, with capital low notes, and not piercing high ones. She sang very well, with fairly brilliant execution and made a decided success. She will do better in heavy parts for which her great power and compass of voice

well qualify her. Last Saturday she sang in Brooklyn, at the new Academy of Music, with even greater acceptance than in this city. The audience was immense. Indeed, Brooklyn is just now ahead of New York in operatic appreciation, the audiences there are large and enthusiastic and in this city small and sleepy. *Il Giuramento* was played for the second time to an audience which barely paid for the gas-light. So the managers intend giving for the present three performances a week in Brooklyn, and only two in New York. So we are playing second fiddle to our sister city.

ANNA BISHOP is organizing an English opera company, from the remains of the late deceased Cooper Opera Company. Brookhouse Bowler will be the tenor, Aynsley Cook the baritone, and Miss Kemp the contralto. Madame Bishop has sent out for the music of Macfarren's *Robin Hood*, but will cut her own throat by opening the season with an English version of some Italian opera, in which we have heard, in the original, far better singers than any in her new opera company. TROVATOR.

CHICAGO, JAN. 19, 1861.—The third Philharmonic Concert on Monday, Jan. 14, was a complete success. Every seat in the house was filled.

PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, "Le Vampyr".....Lindpaintner
2. Quartette, from Second Act of "Martha".....Flotow
3. Funeral March.....Chopin
Free transcription for Orchestra, by Hans Balatka.
4. Piano Solo, "Il Trovatore".....Prudent
Performed by Miss Irma de Pelgrom.
5. Solo for Mezzo Soprano, O mio Fernando, from "La Favorita".....Donizetti
6. Andante from the Fifth Symphony.....Beethoven
7. Quartette and Finale, from the first Act of "Gemma di Vergy".....Donizetti
8. Wedding March, from "Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn

The orchestral parts of the programme were excellently performed, especially the Andante from Beethoven's fifth Symphony, and the Funeral March by Chopin, transcribed for the orchestra by Balatka. The quartets from Martha and Gemma di Vergy and the solo, O Mio Fernando, for amateur performances, were creditably rendered.

The great surprise of the evening was the announcement of the President of the Society, E. J. TINKHAM, Esq., that Mad. FABBRI, who had just arrived from St. Louis and attended the concert, would favor the audience with an aria from *La Traviata*. She made her appearance amidst great enthusiasm, and was often interrupted during her singing by the unrestrained applause of the audience. At the close she was called to the stage three times, and finally consented to an encore. The audience were fairly electrified with her magnificent singing, and the universal verdict ranked her as the very best cantatrice who has ever appeared upon the Chicago stage.

PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 19, 1861.—CARL GAERTNER'S Second Soirée was given at Chickering's Saloon last evening. It was well attended by an encouraging audience, who, as they had good reason to be, seemed delighted with every part of the following programme:

1. Quartette in G minor: Piano, Violin, Viola and Violoncello.....Mozart.
2. Solo, for Violoncello: (by Mr. Engelke).....Kummer.
3. Concerto, op. 47: (by Mr. Gaertner).....Spohr.
4. Ballade, op. 32: (by Mr. Jarvis).....Chopin.
5. Quintette, in C major, op. 29.....Beethoven.

Mr. Gaertner did full justice to his parts in the Quartette and Quintette. His bold style and full round tone made the Spohr Concerto a most happy selection.

Mr. ENGELKE, formerly of the Jullien orchestra, and, since, conductor of the Drayton Parlor Operas, is a violoncellist of great execution and fine taste. He played the Kummer's fantasia on "Robert" in his usual style.

Mr. JARVIS, who can play everything else and "Chopin" into the bargain, gave us the Polonaise (op. 22) of Chopin, as an *encore*.

The op. 39 of Beethoven (agreeable remembrancer of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club) was, with the exception of the second movement, beautifully performed. In the Adagio one of the gentlemen dropped a measure and was obliged to travel over five or six to find his way into the quintette.

There was nothing else to mar one of the most agreeable musical entertainments ever enjoyed by Philadelphians—at home. MINOS.

WORCESTER, JAN. 23, 1861.—We have been favored with the first of a series of concerts by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. The programme embraced a fine selection and well rendered.

The Mozart Society gave a concert in Fitchburg last evening, which was a complete success. The spacious Town Hall was crowded by a highly appreciative audience, who testified their appreciation of the entertainment by continued applause and repeated encores. The programme was miscellaneous, embracing selections from the Messiah and Seasons, with Songs, Duets, &c. Miss Fiske sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth" with much taste and fervor; Miss Doane sang "Come unto him," with good taste, and has improved much since we heard her last. The song and chorus "Ye winged Winds," brought Miss Todd a second time before the audience.

The Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Burt, acquitted themselves admirably and are a great acquisition to the society. Messrs. Reidle and Fischer, gave a "Grand duo Concertante" for the flute and clarinet, which was well rendered, but quite too lengthy. Messrs. Heywood and Dorman gave "Oh! di qual," from Ernani, arranged as a cornet duo with fine effect.

The Mendelssohn Coral Club, of which I spoke in a former letter, is composed of about twenty members under the direction of Mr. B. D. Allen, and at present is rehearsing "Mendelssohn's four part songs." We also have a Trio Club among us.

Prof. Frost is doing a good work for us here, and creating an interest in the right direction. He has two large classes besides directing the Mozart Society, and is decidedly popular with all.

The second of the series of Concerts by the Quintette Club is announced for Friday next. M.

FLUSHING, (LONG ISLAND), JAN. 21, 1861.—Musical matters in this place have been very quiet for a few months past; nothing in the way of concerts, since the Gearys sang here, having taken place.

The Episcopal church in this village has, within a month past secured the services of an excellent musician as organist and director of music, in the person of Mr. Frank Gilder, who has trained a fine choir of boys.

There are some eight or ten boys, who sing the treble and alto parts, besides several gentlemen to sing tenor and bass. The choir has been a very great success and there is not a choir in the village that can excel, if any can equal them. No choir that has before sung in the church ever gave such universal satisfaction. Some of the boys are the possessors of very fine voices. The leading soprano and alto have remarkably rich and powerful voices. They sing the chants very effectively, the "*Gloria in Excelsis*" particularly sung in a manner that produces a most splendid effect, and all the chants which have been selected with the greatest care, are rendered in a very effective manner.

I understand that Mr. Gilder intends soon to give a concert in Flushing, we hope such is the case as he is a very fine pianist, and is very popular here.

MUSICS.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Call of the fairies. Trio for female voices.
B. Richards. 50

A brilliant and highly pleasing trio, in the style of Glover's favorite compositions of the same class.

There are kind hearts everywhere. Ballad.
J. R. Thomas. 25

A pretty, simple ballad, worthy of the pen that wrote the "Cottage by the sea," and "Bonny Eloise." The poetry is very fine and the song is no doubt destined to be popular.

The old farm gate. Song. R. S. Taylor. 25

A fireside song which has much in it to recommend it. It is easy.

Bury me in the sea. Handel Pond. 25

A thrilling ballad.

Call me pet names. Mrs. Mary Bloede. 25

A new and fair musical rendering of these words, which have been set to music by several composers before.

Instrumental Music.

Le Pre aux Clercs. (Bouquet of melodies. Beyer. 50

Extracts from Auber's celebrated opera, which is full of gay, lively airs, well known all over the world, while the opera itself has remained comparatively unknown outside of France.

Minnie Clyde. Varied. Chas. Grobe. 25

A new number of the well-known "Melodies of the day," a collection of familiar airs set for young pupils with the addition of a pretty variation or two.

Overture Nabucodonosor. Verdi. 75

This splendid overture is familiar to Boston from numerous performances by various bands during late years. The piano arrangement is full and effective.

Still in my dreams thou'rt near. Varied. Grobe. 50

This will be good news to the large class of piano players for whose fingers Grobe knows so well how to write. The beautiful melody—by Foley Hall, the composer of "Ever of thee"—is or ought to be a household air.

L'Etoile aimée. (Thou art so near and yet so far.) J. Ascher. 50

A brilliant transcription of Reichardt's beautiful melody.

Books.

ONE HUNDRED SONGS OF IRELAND. Words and Music. 50

A capital collection, including the best sentimental, patriotic, traditional and humorous Songs and Melodies of "the land of sweet Erin," and one that cannot fail to be heartily welcome to the tens of thousands who look over the waters to "that green isle 'mid the ocean" as the home of their earliest recollections. It is, undoubtedly, the most complete compilation of Irish songs, published in connection with Music, obtainable in this country. Amongst the number will be found several of Moore's best songs.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 462.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 9, 1861.

VOL. XVIII. No. 19.

Hofer.

From the German of Schenkendorf.

When the Landlord of Passeyer
Insbruck town by storm had taken,
All the students, full of fire,—
Book and bench that day forsaken,—
Thronging came, at noon, a greeting
And a serenade to bring him,
And his noble deeds repeating,
Songs of praise and thanks to sing him.

But the hero silence beckons,
Then he speaks, "lay down the viol,
God's war-trumpet stern thought wakens,
Meet we all the last sore trial.
Not to hear my poor deeds chanted
Left I wife and children weeping,
Earthly foes I meet undaunted,
Fixed on heaven my eye still keeping.

Kneel beside your rosaries rather,
Them I count the fairest viols;
Eyes upturned to God the Father
Help shall find in mortal trials.
One low prayer for me, poor servant,
For your Emperor then pray loudly,
'Give good rulers praises fervent!'
That song makes my heart beat proudly.

"I have now no time for praying,
Go and tell the Lord, your maker,
How it stands; what seed decaying,
Swells in many a blood-dyed acre;
How we're fasting, watching, toiling,
And how many a gallant ranger
Shoots no more, has done with smiling—
God alone is our avenger!"

C. T. B.

(Translated from W. H. Riehl's "Musikalische Charakterköpfe," by Fanny Malone Raymond.)

A Dramatic Ballad Singer and a Musical Aristocrat.

I.

WENZEL MÜLLER.

Were you ever at a representation of "The Devil's Mill on the Wienerberg," the old Austrian "Magical comic-spectacle-opera," which once so much delighted our grandfathers, who liked more substantial sport than that of to day? The Devil's mill, with its iron-clad knights, its languishing Minne-singer, the wicked miller who ground up his wife for amusement, and the Falstaff-Caspar, who rides off through the air on the miller's ass? The Devil's Mill, with its abrupt music, where every aria is a country ballad, and every orchestral theme a carnival dance? The piece is some times given now-a-days, for the amusement of the gallery and the little children; but a cultivated, grown-up, and reasonable public gets out of the way of such mad drollery. As for myself, I have always remained uncultivated, childish, and unreasonable, and could not withstand the temptation of going to see the Devil's Mill, which, with its abrupt, carnivalesque ballad music, made a wonderful impression on me. Certainly there is some secret charm in these old tunes, patched together by Wenzel Müller; but they must be heard with child-like simplicity and faith, in or-

der to enter fully into the spirit of it. It is the charm of the people's song, but not the humorous or sentimental one which is so much fancied at present. Here we listen to songs overflowing with a rough abandonment to merriment, and also some of those half comic, half horrible people's songs, as they are still sometimes sung to the barrel-organ, before a painted canvass: in which the tendency of the people to the horrible, monstrous, and superstitious seeks an artistic satisfaction, and seems, at the same time, to be laughing at itself. Wenzel Müller's mastership lies in the fact that he reflects the true, unaltered people's song in his farce of enchantment, and that, too, in an inimitable manner. He is the greatest ballad singer of whom the entire history of German music can boast; a man who recognized the germ of the poetical, the strength of German nationality, even in the rhapsodical fair melodies (and the penetration of genius was necessary for this); who brought the people's song, in all its divine, rough force on the boards; and, besides that, a true Austrian, an unmistakable child of Vienna, full of fresh, harmless humor, and good-hearted gaiety; to whom a Ländler, even listened to from a blind, wandering fiddler, was dearer than all the Italian flourishes in the world, a really national tone-poet!

In the history of Wenzel Müller's life, but few original passages are to be found; but these characterize the man. In the people's theatre of the Viennese Leopoldstadt he had flourished the baton for many years; here his ballads and musical uncertainties had become celebrated. There the original master, who, according to Devrient's impression, nailed the Viennese drolleries to every ear, so that it was impossible to resist them,—was invited to Prague, to fill the post of opera director in a far more advantageous and brilliant manner. But he had not long given himself up to this wider circle of action, than he felt it unsuited to him; he could no longer bear his distinguished position as chapel-master; he was homesick for his national farces, and had no rest until he found himself once more comfortably settled within the narrow limits of his Leopoldstadt theatre. There is the true Wenzel Müller, as he lived in his harmless, hearty songs, taken from the mouths of the people; who, contented with ballad-singing, felt at home and happy in it alone.

This romantic opera, which a grown-up, cultivated public avoids, once delighted all Germany. The old popular tales, that, a generation before, had taken refuge in Vienna, as their last sanctuary, began, illustrated by Wenzel Müller's irresistible melodies, a truly triumphal progress to the northern ocean and the Baltic, and over the seas into England. And even the greatest and most ideal master of German composition, could not withstand the influence that, flowing from the great ballad-singer of the Leopoldstadt, inoculated the whole of Germany. The humor of the Austrian popular song, was the prototype of all the German musical humor.

Wenzel Müller, was only a "little master." I

do not know whether, in his whole life, he ever finished one thoroughly worked out musical creation. But the little master who sang such a song as "He who never was drunk" and a hundred as good, has done something that very many great masters could not imitate. With some of his songs, one is doubtful whether he stole from the people, or the people from him. One must not be led astray, because he composed to a piteous flat and unpoetical text, that does not sound at all like national poetry. I have tried to wed some of his most graceful and child-like melodies to those truly natural and spiritually related poems by Hoffmann von Fallersleben, and they went together as if from one mould. One fancies that the poet and the musician must have been one person, so admirably do words and music suit each other. This proves that the old Viennese composer and the modern poet drank from the self-same spring of national song; it proves that both struck the right tone, too, spite of the immense difference in aim and means, and the different view of the world which each man had.

Wenzel Müller, the father of the resuscitated Viennese farce, was taught by Dittersdorf, the great founder of German comic opera; but Dittersdorf, fluently, humorously as he carried out his ideas, was a thoughtful, learned musician, nay a pedant, beside the gay, sanguine Wenzel Müller; he is a refined coquettishly elegant cosmopolite, beside the frank, thoroughly Austrian man of the people. But often as Müller wrote for the theatre; none of his pieces deserve the name of operas; they are comic romantic-ballad-dramas! He is seldom humorous in the highest sense, but simply merry and low-comic; he often writes himself out, is tiresome at times, and flat to the borders of triviality; he has not the patience to carry out artistic forms in a rich manner; he is no sorcerer in the technical treatment of his subject. These weaknesses are also native to the actual popular song. The people's song is commonly only fine in part; just so with Müller; only on his ballad-singer side is he the true wizard. He is as national as Hauswurst, Nastel, or Casperl.

This dramatic ballad-singing, although really of mean origin, still can boast of an old name, a long art-historical row of ancestors, a proud pedigree. Its roots are firmly fixed in those old tunes of the middle ages, that were played in the streets between the sacred mysteries.

In Vienna burlesque had kept the field since the old days; longer here than elsewhere did Hauswurst lord it on the boards; and in the Viennese theatres, improvisation, the very nerve of the national drama, was long in vogue, after it had been done away with in other places. Hauswurst would not allow himself to be proscribed as in Northern Germany, and when North German pedantry had just hunted him from the boards, the merry Viennese, by means of Wenzel Müller's melodies, sang themselves into a new Hauswurst, although he was called

Kasperl or something of the sort. What remains to us of the respectable firm, under the names of Frankfort Hampelmann, Berlin Bummel, &c., on the stage, has been spared through Wenzel Müller; but for his music, no one could have borne the ancestors of these characters in the Viennese farces. Since he has preserved to us the last remains of the historical Hanswurst, and fought, with his bold naturalness, against the pedants of the schools, he the ballad-singer, must be respected as a fellow-combatant of the literary "stormers and drivers," the Lessings, Schillers, and Goethes, unclassic as his apparition may seem in such classic company.

The Viennese popular opera, brought to its fullest bloom by Wenzel Müller, was not a base return to the old merry-Andrewisms,—a mere chain of intrigues for Hanswurst to hang his pranks upon; it mirrored, in grotesque caricature, all that the thin dramatic present could offer; and that, too, in the happiest manner. The flourishing chivalric spectacle of the day, with its grim, serious heroes, and loveable ladies, was united to the newly opened world of fairy and spectral enchantment. It is difficult to say, whether the thing is intended in jest or in earnest. The horrible is mixed up with the drollest ideas in such a manner, that even the later romantic school might learn something from it. The Shakespeare enthusiasm of the cultivated may here find its popular companion-piece. Is it not a charm resembling that which lurks in Kauer's "Donau-weibchen;" a tender, romantic breath of the spirit world, a piece out of the "Midsummer Night's Dream"—music and poetry both Germanized in the style of a Viennese suburb? Is it not the voluptuous, gloomy horror of an old ballad, which at times causes a cold thrill to run over one, that touches the listener, in certain parts of Wenzel Müller's "Devil's mill?"

In this great ballad-singer's time, the literary and critical enthusiasm for the German people's song, had just sprung into new life. From these literary tendencies the worthy Viennese chapel-master was certainly very far removed; in the simplicity of his heart he borrowed from the national melodies, because they pleased every one, and sounded so gay and intelligible; and he thought no more about it. And how do we know how much the charm and success of his songs helped to kindle the enthusiastic researches of certain admirers of national melody? And these investigators are held in honor; but no one thinks any more of old Wenzel Müller. Wenzel Müller lived long to prosecute his merry occupation. That is easily understood. He shook more than two hundred musical farces and fairy operas from his sleeves. That agrees with the species of production. He who cannot shake such things out of his sleeves, should let the business alone; and he whose conscience is not easy enough to take for granted the sins of a composition that one can shake out of one's sleeves, is no born ballad-singer. In his old days, Wenzel Müller often declared that he could not imagine why people made such a fuss about Mozart. Mozart wrote only seven operas; but he, Wenzel Müller, wrote over two hundred of them, besides a heap of music for the church. This valuation characterizes the old ballad-singer.

Müller died just before his seventieth year was completed. He had outlived his fame, but not

his works. This is a rare destiny. The grey beard heard his songs in the mouths of the people every day; heard his thoughts and forms imitated, added to, and worked out; but people no longer remembered that these thoughts and forms originated from him; and had the old man declared that it was so, he would have been less willingly believed than another. Such an incognito has a charm of its own, but it would be martyrdom to an ambitious soul. But Wenzel Müller could scarcely have been such an one.

Let no one despise Wenzel Müllerish farces, for they are a great historical proof of the triumphal strength of national song in Germany. For it is a prerogative of the Germans, not only to possess fine national melodies of their own, but also a talent for appropriating any fine national music. The history of the Dessauer March is an excellent proof of the assimilating power with which the German popular mouth stamps and almost re-creates a foreign melody. This march is altogether an Italian composition. When Leopold of Dessau besieged Turin in 1706, the vanquished Italians marched forth to meet him, playing this air. The pealing battle piece pleased the Germans, their own trumpeter began to blow it, the popular mouth took up the catching melody, Germanized its Italian turns, claimed the tune as German property; and thus the Turin march of homage has become a German battle-song, the material of which we won in Italy with the sword.

Wenzel Müller has had many pupils and imitators; none of them excelled him, but rather retrograded. He is the beginning and the end, the only competent dramatic ballad-singer. The Viennese farces still vegetate, and thrive fungus-fashion, but Germany is no longer enraptured with them. The right musician, the real ballad-singer is wanting. Raymond strove to ennoble the texts of these popular buffooneries. He finished some fine things; and yet, when he had completed his best effort, his admirable "Prodigal," he wanted to throw the manuscript in the fire; and after poetizing a little longer, he shot himself through the head.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sketches of French Musical History.

SACRED MUSIC.

V.

THE 16TH CENTURY, 1500—1600.

We now come to the most interesting modern epoch; that in which the scholar turned back to antiquity and grafted the study of it upon the science of the middle ages. The combination somewhat hybrid in the result gave this century less of unity and another character than that which had distinguished which had preceded it. But it exhibits an intellectual movement with which, as it seems to me, that of none of the ages immediately preceding can be compared. This magnificent era, which is known as that of the *Renaissance*, or of the Revival of Letters, because Leo X. and Francis I. gave new birth to, or revived in it, the study of ancient art and literature, produced Michael Angelo, Raphael and Palestina—that sublime trinity in art—embracing in its grasp architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry, and music. If, rending the bosom of the Roman church, the sixteenth century had the misfortune to produce Luther and Calvin,* the old faith can offer as an offset to these pretended Reformers numerous illustrious

saints, such as St. Charles Borromeus, St. Theresa, and St. Francis de Sales. King Francis I. founded the College of France and the royal printing press. Jodelle, Marot, De Thou, Montaigne and Rabelais wrote their masterpieces. The Tuileries and the Pont Neuf were begun, and the popular Henry IV. put an end to the wars caused by differences in religion by the celebrated edict of (1598).

The council of Trent reformed many abuses and produced grand and previous results. In France, Clement Jannequin composed in the time of Francis I. the *cries of Paris*, a curious medley treated with much art, and the *Chant de la Bataille de Marignan*, which is also brilliant and well written. To the celebrated Josquin Deprés succeeded his pupil John Mouton, master of the grand chapel-music in 1520. This eminent composer had the glory of instructing Adrien Willaert, one of the chiefs of the Belgian school. Under Henry II., Catherine de Medicis called an Italian musician, Baltazarini, to Paris, creating for him the office of chamber musician.

Charles IX., a fine singer and violinist (his instrument is preserved in the Library of Cluny,) invites the famous Roland de Lattre (Orlando Lasso) to take direction of his music. In his time appeared the composer Goudimel, a Hugonot, born at Besancon. This son of Franche comté had the glory of forming the divine Palestrina, and perished miserably in the sad and fatal night of St. Bartholemew.

Eustache du Carroy, born at Beauvais, was chapel-master under Henry III. and Henry IV.; he contributed powerfully to the conversion of the latter and during the king's abjuration at the church of St. Denis caused a magnificent *Te Deum* to be executed.

We may mention as composers of the second rank, Jean de Milleville, Gilbert Colin, Arcadet, Maillart, Certon, Manchicourt, Phinot, Claude Lejeune, of Valenciennes; also Beaulieu and Salomon, masters of the chambermusic under Henry III. Of these composers we have a vast number of masses, motets, chansons, etc., published by Attaignant, the first music printer of Paris, 1527. This publisher, the earliest known in France left a precious collection in 5 volumes, now unhappily very rare. It would be well worthy the dignity of the Imperial press to publish a new edition.

But the French theatre had already ended its first phase, the exclusively religious; as that period is little known it may be well to enter upon some details which may prove interesting to our readers.

We would recommend the learned and curious work of Charles Magnin to such as wish to penetrate into the Origin of the Modern Theatre.* For our part, we will speak only of the ordinance against players (789) by Charlemagne, and the mandate d'Endes of Sully, Bishop of Paris, published in 1198 against *La Fête de Four*, which had gradually obtained footing in all the churches of France. The impure remains of Paganism gave way to the real Christian theatre, which had its origin actually at the tomb of Christ, after pilgrimages to the holy land, so frequent in those devout ages. On returning from the holy places, the pilgrims composed canticles upon their travels, introducing into them the story of the life and death of the Son of God, they chanted also the miracles of the saints, their martyrdom, and legends of the time, giving also in public places a sort of theatrical entertainment, fitted to instruct the people while amusing them. This exhibition pleased and excited the piety of the divers citizens of Paris, who furnished funds to erect a theatre for the representation of mysteries upon festival days. "The first essay was made at the borough of Saint Maur, two short leagues from Paris. They took for their subject the 'Passion of our Lord,'—which appeared very novel and gave the spectators great pleasure."

Some twenty or twenty-five years later, Charles

* The reader must not forget that a devout Roman Catholic speaks

* "Origines du Theatre moderne," 1 vol. 8vo. Paris, Hachette, 1838.

VI. by letters patent granted, Dec. 4, 1402, permitted the Brotherhood of the Passion to give public representations. The Brotherhood established in the Church of the Trinity, rue St. Denis, at Paris, was authorized "afin qu'un chacun par devotion se puisse et doiboe adjoindre et mettre en leur compaignie à iceux maîtres, gouverneurs et confrères de la Passion Nostre Seigneur, etc." This theatre had great success during the reigns of Charles VI., Charles VII. and Louis XI. Mysteries were also exhibited at Rouen, Angers, Le Mans, Metz, &c., and the Brotherhood obtained in 1518, a confirmation of their privilege by Francis I.

The performances were continued at the hospital of the Trinity until 1539, and then in the hotel de Flandres to 1543.

July 16th, 1548, the Brotherhood gave its Masters and Governors power to purchase part of the hotel de Bourgogne in the rue Mauconseil. A decree of the Court, Nov. 17, 1548, maintained the sole right of the Brotherhood to represent pieces upon that theatre; but it is ordained that they shall play none but secular, licensed and moral pieces, and they are forbidden to represent any sacred mysteries. It would seem that these pieces had degenerated into a monstrous medley of morality and buffoonery. The Brotherhood then leased their theatre to a troop of comedians reserving to themselves the "two boxes of the Masters." Besides this Brotherhood, two other lay associations gave dramatic representations.*

I. The Clerks de la Bazoche, who were organized in the time of Philip the Fair; their arms were three inkhorns of gold upon a field azure; their orchestra consists of a kettle-drummer, four trumpets, three hautboys and a bassoon. In 1442, they played *moralties*, farces and buffoon pieces, which were first examined by the Parliament. But abuses very soon crept into the company, for in 1476 a decree suspended their performances, down to the accession of Charles VIII. (1497). Louis XII. re-established the liberties of the theatres, "thinking thus to learn many things, which it would be impossible for him otherwise to know." During the reign of this prince the Bazoches arranged their theatre upon a marble table in the grand hall of the palace, which was destroyed by fire March 6, 1618.

2. The Youths of Sans-Soucy, young people of rank, educated and fond of pleasure obtained patents from Charles VI. Their chief had the title of *Prince of Fools*. This association at first kept themselves within bounds. A sensible and inoffensive criticism was the basis of their pieces. Later, the Prince of Fools gave the Clerks of Bazoche permission to play his pieces, and in exchange was allowed to represent farces and moralities. Some time after, the Brotherhood of the Passion added also to their plays the Prince of Fools and his subjects. This company had the protection of Louis XII, who permitted them freely to exhibit the faults of all classes not even excepting himself from their criticism so long it was just. The principal dramatic authors of this curious period were:—

1440. The brothers Grebau, ecclesiastics, authors of the *Mystère des Actes de apôtres par personnages*.

1470. Jean Michel, d'Angers, author of the *Mystère de la Passion*, represented at Angers towards the end of August 1486, and at Paris in 1507. This remarkable man was appointed first Physician to Charles VIII. and afterwards counsellor of the Parliament at Paris.

1500. Eloy d'Amernal, priest and master of the boys in the choir of Bethune, where he was born. We owe to him *La Grande Deablerie*, printed in 1508.

1508. Simon Bougouin, valet de chambre of Louis XII. wrote the morality *L'Homme juste et l'Homme Mondain*. He published also a *Traité de l'Epinette* (Treatise on the Spinnet).

* The company called "Les Confreres de la Passion"—the Brotherhood of the Passion.

1510. Pierre Gringore, called Vaudemont, author, actor, and undertaker of mysteries. This poet renounced the theatre to devote himself to works of piety. He was buried in Notre Dame.

1510. Jean du Pont Alais, contemporary and cousin of the preceding, was hunch-backed and a companion of Louis XII. and in the passage near the Church of St. Eustache at the time the pastor was delivering his sermon. The priest descended, went to Pont-Alais, and asked, "How dare you play the tamborine while I am preaching?" "And how dare you preach, while I am playing?" returned the other insolently. The priest complained to the magistrate, who imprisoned Pont-Alais. It was six months before he obtained permission to resume his tamborine.

1524. Barthélemy Aneau, born at Bourges, was professor of Rhetoric at Lyons and was stoned to death June 21, 1565. He was a Lutheran and had (it was affirmed), hurled a large stone at the consecrated wafer and the priest who carried it. We owe to him a *Mystere de la Nativité*, composed in *imitation verbale et musicale*.

1530. Jean Parmentier, born at Dieppe in 1494, composed loyal songs, ballads, rondos "good and excellent moralities," among which was one "very elegant," for ten actors in honor of the Virgin Mary. (Pub. Paris. 4to. 1531.)

1649. Louis Chocquet put into French rhymes with dramatis personæ the book of Revelations of St. John, which was represented at Paris in the hotel de Flandres in 1541 and was printed in folio.

1549. Margaret de Valois, sister of Francis I., wife of Charles, Duke of Alençon, afterwards of Henry d'Albret, King of Navarre. This queen composed comedies and moralities, which were represented by the maids of her court. She died at the chateau of Odos in Bigorre and was buried at Pau. Her works were printed in 1547.

The most celebrated actors of this interesting period were Clement Marot, Jean de Serre, count de Salles and Jacques Mernable.

The most ancient and most celebrated of all the mysteries beyond contradiction, that of the Passion, of which the first edition appeared in 1490. A magnificent performance of this immense masterpiece was given by order of Conrad Bayer, the 75th Bishop of Metz. God was represented by Signeur Nicolle de Neufchatel in Lorraine, who was pastor of the church of St. Victor of Metz, and another priest, Messire Jean de Niccy, had the part of Judas. On the day of the first performance at Angers, grand mass was celebrated in the place prepared for the mystery, and vespers were put off that the canons and singers might assist in the play.

The principal mysteries, which followed were *Gris-elidis*, or the *Miroir des dames Mariées* (of 2,000 verses, printed in black letter, in 4to.) *Mysteres de la Resurrection*; *Mysteres du Vieux Testament*; the *Sacrifice d'Abraham*, played at the hotel de Flandre in presence of Francis I.; *St. Catherine*; *St. Barbara*; *La Sainte Hostie*; *St. Denis*; *St. Christophe*, &c. These pieces were all divided into many *journees*, and interspersed with songs, dances and symphonies. This was the real Christian opera of the middle ages.

An organ, placed in the *paradise* of the stage, accompanied the voices of angels and of the numerous partakers of the action, who, as a rule, closed the performance by a grand and solemn *Te Deum*.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Diarist in Paris.

PARIS, JAN. 4, 1861.

My paper this morning contains the advertisements of the following theatres; Grand Opera, Theatre-Francais, Opera Comique, Odeon, Theatre Italien, Theatre Lyrique, Gymnase, Vaudeville, Varietés, Palais Royal, Bouffes Parisiennes, Porte St. Martin,

Gaité, Ambigu Comique, Theatre du Cirque, Theatre Dejazet, Folies Dramatiques, Delassement Comique, Theatre Beaumarchais, Luxembourg, Theatre San Marcel; beside which there are several smaller places of dramatic amusement, divers casinos, public balls attended by "public" characters, and the like. There are then some twenty theatres, of all classes, open of an evening; the two principal operas playing but four or five nights a week. The first impression is, what a theatre-going, amusement-seeking people these French! Twenty theatres a night for a population perhaps a half larger than New York, and four or five times that of Boston and suburbs! But, per contra, these theatres are nearly all small; I doubt if the Bouffes, for instance, can seat 500 people, and the grand opera, I think, must be crowded with an audience of 2000. Again theatricals are almost the only public amusement; concerts are very few and far between, and are attended by small heavily paying audiences; public lectures, public meetings of all kinds are unknown. I have had this matter in my thoughts during all my stay here, and conclude, upon the best information that I can get, that upon any given evening a much larger number of individuals will be found amusing themselves in public places in New York than in Paris.

Just look at it; estimate the number of people which are in the New York theatres alone, from the Academy of Music (How much there is in a name!) down to the German playhouse in the Bowery, and how much short of the number of auditors in the Paris playhouses would the aggregate be? Then the crowds attending that American product, negro minstrelsy; the concert goers; the audiences of the popular preacher and lecturer; the crowds enjoying the excitement of public political, charitable and other meetings; well, now, does it turn out that the Parisian population is more given to public amusement than our own?

There is one point worthy of note in relation to the theatres here and that is the large amount of music during the performances. Pieces semi-musical seem to be as much demanded as in Germany; and very nice little orchestras there are, and singers which answer all purposes. Great voices and great execution are not demanded, and moderate abilities somewhat cultivated please. Occasionally, one appears and exhibits both voice and talent, and such an one makes the small stage but the steppingstone to a larger sphere of action. So it is in Germany. For my part I can enjoy a neat little piece with pretty, not great singers, a hundred times more than some ambitious attempt at great things, where, with the exception of the two, or at most, three singers of world-wide reputation, all else, scenery, orchestra, chorus and minor parts are utterly inadequate to the representation of the composer's and librettist's ideas.

Oh for a Boston or New York Shikaneder! Not because of his love of wine and women, his gluttony his debts and his carelessness for the morrow—but because he gave, in his little booth of a theatre in the "Free house auf der Wieden," piece after piece, in which, in the language of the people with all the extravagance and low drollery, which marked them, there was always an appropriate music at least, and which led his audience by degrees up to that appreciation of good music, which secured the marvellous success of the Magic Flute, so soon as the novelty of its glorious music was worn off!

The oldest operas now performed anywhere in the world are those of Gluck, Mozart, and Dittersdorf's "Doctor and Apothecary," Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*, and some other products of the German and French schools of comic opera. And these two schools grew up out of the popular pieces given in small theatres for popular audiences.

Oh, for an Emanuel Schikaneder in Boston! A man who has so much faith in public taste for music

as to venture to engage a respectable orchestra, and give, if not original works, at least translations of pieces, which without making great pretensions have real value both as plays and musical compositions. But where are the singers? The demand would soon find its supply. Better voices, as nature has made them, you will find nowhere than at home. We do not need Sontags and Albonis to give us pleasure—so long as we are contented with simple natural melodies. I grant that we do need them if we are to have nothing sung but grand airs expressly written for musical phenomenal men and women. (Is there anything more distressing than to hear a great scena made familiar to us by Lind and Sontag, sung by a pupil after two quarters with Signor Contrapunti?)

The average size of the theatres which I have seen in London, Germany and Paris is less than that in our large cities and, of course, only in very few are voices of uncommon power needed; yet ours are not too large to be filled by voices such as may be found in numbers among our singers—provided they were properly taught. (An immense amount of talent runs to waste with us.) I would not propose that a Shikaneder try to do anything in the Boston Theatre or Academy as you have now dubbed it, for that is worse constructed for sound than any other I was ever in—the deviser of it evidently forgetting that the audience wishes to hear as well as see. But such a place as the Museum would be excellently fitted for him. It is good for sound, and is larger than several stages upon which world renowned works were first brought out.

Not to pursue this point farther, let it be added that the real German and French opera grew up from small beginnings—from popular pieces written for popular audiences—and that the same cause, until human nature is changed, will produce the same effect; even among us.

Great epoch-making works are not an every-day product—neither in literature nor in any of the arts. In opera Gluck gave us the two Iphigenias, the Orpheus and the Armida; Mozart the Marriage of Figaro, Don Juan, and the Magic Flute; Beethoven, Fidelio; Cherubini, the Water Carrier (Les deux Journées) and Lodoiska; Weber, Der Freyschütz and Oberon; Rossini, the Barber and William Tell; Auber, Masaniello; Meyerbeer, three, and Halevy, one, &c. The number in proportion to the aggregate of new works is small. They stand out as do the few great books of the last hundred years, or the few great paintings, or the few great works in sculpture. But as thousands of books, thousands of paintings, thousands of statues, not great, have, during these years, given the world in the aggregate more pleasure and delight than the few, so it is with opera. No one can compare Rossini's Barber in the points which we consider as deserving the epithet great, with his Tell, and yet it has probably delighted a hundred fold more auditors than its more ambitious sister. Oh for a Shikaneder!

Experience has given us the truism,—the demand creates the supply. Look at our list of lectures in America, our troops of blacked minstrels, our political orators, our men who sell themselves soul (if they have any) and body for office. So here, there is never a want of new pieces for the stage—not "great" always, but in a large proportion of cases, having something in them which causes them to live their day, and pay their authors, an adequate compensation for time and labor. I notice that the list of new theatrical pieces in Paris for the quarter ending Dec. 31, gives the number as being twenty-nine—not including the catch-penny, blood and thunder comedies and laughable tragedies of the minor theatres, which do not attain to the dignity of a notice in the papers.

Of these, the following may be classed as belonging to the musical drama, although the part played

by music in the vaudeville is small—that species of plays being, as nearly as I can describe it, a farce with songs.

Oct. 8. Une Tasse de Thé. Vaudeville in 1 act, at the Vaudeville Theatre. Music by Derley.

" 8. La Famille d'Horloger. Vaudeville 1 act, at the Palais Royal. Music by Deslandes.

" 8. Un Gros Mot. Vaudeville, 1 act, Palais Royal. Music by Dumonstein.

" 10. Le Docteur Mirabolan. Opera in 1 act, at the Opera Comique. Music by E. Gautier.

" 15. Ce qui plait aux Hommes. Vaudeville, 1 act, at the Variétés.

" 29. Un Trouper qui Sait les Dames. Vaudeville, in 3 acts. Variétés. Music by Morand.

Nov. 8. Le Guide de l'Etranger en Paris. Vaudeville, 1 act, Variétés.

" 28. M. Tyran en Sabots. Vaudeville, 1 act, at the Gymnase. Music by Lafarge.

" 28. Le Passage Razinwill. Vaudeville, 3 acts. Palais Royal. Music by Thilboust.

Dec. 3. Le Papillon, pantomime ballet at the Grand Opera, 2 acts. Music by Offenbach.

" 17. Les Mutines de l'Ami Pontet. Vaudeville, 2 acts. Variétés. Music Mehel Carré.

" 17. La Maitresse du Mari. Vaudeville, 1 act. Variétés.

" 17. Le Passe de Niche. Vaudeville, 1 act. Palais Royal. Music by Thilboust.

" 29. l'Eventail, comic opera in 1 act. Opera Comique. Music by Boulanger.

" 29. Les Pêcheurs de Catane, operatic piece, 3 acts, at the Theatre Lyrique. Music by Aimé Maillard.

" 31. Le Roi Barkouf. Comic opera, 3 acts. Opera Comique. Music by Offenbach.

" 31. Une heure avant l'Overture. Vaudeville, 1 act, L'Etincelle, do. 1 act. Both at the Vaudeville Theatre.

Most of these you see, are slight pieces, with no great strivings after effect, and nearer in character to our farces, than any thing else upon our stage. Suppose we make a few notes upon some of them,—notes mainly stolen by the present writer.

Le 'Eventail (the Fan) is a pretty little piece in one act, teaching the great moral "it will not do to play with love." The scene opens with a serenade which Fabrice, a young poet, gives to a beautiful widow, of whom he is enamored. She is not in love with him and gives him a gentle hint of the fact by sending four bullies, armed with clubs, to attack him. Capt. Annibal, a fine looking, drinking, gambling, jolly fellow devoted to adventure, hearing the noise rushes from the inn where he is drinking to Fabrice's aid, and the ruffians are driven off. Hearing the young man's story, he determined to assist him to vengeance, and they devise a plot by which the captain shall pay his court to the widow, and when he has obtained permission for an interview with her, Fabrice is to go in his stead, and give the lady a piece of his mind. They have forgotten to withdraw to some private place before their conversation and the widow hears it all from her balcony.

Phœbe the widow's sister has fallen in love with Fabrice, and so deeply as to tell him of it directly. Lucky chance for him, he thinks—he will pretend to return it and thus find opportunity to get satisfaction upon the other.

Well, the captain lays siege to the widow, and finds her so agreeable, that he falls in love with her. She intending to mystify him loses her heart. Fabrice's pretended love for Phœbe becomes real—and so there are mystifications all round save for poor Phœbe. At length the fan comes in, of which the widow understands the use as well as if she had read the essay in the connoisseur. She drops it to give the captain an opportunity of paying her a visit to restore it. But Fabrice now demands it as the means of carrying out their little complot. But the captain is now in love and refuses. They get angry, draw swords,—but conclude to cast the dice for it. The poet obtains it, and Phœbe, the good angel in the piece prevents any bad use of it. The widow refuses the captain's heart and hand until he brings the fan. He is in trouble; but Phœbe persuades Fabrice to go in the night and give the fan to the captain who restored it to the widow, and all marry and have until this present writing so far as is known lived happily.

There is not much dialogue, the piece being full of songs, serenades, and what not. M. Boulanger's music is very much praised for its liveliness, appropriateness, melody and fine instrumental accompaniment. Of the particular pieces noted are the serenade and drinking song, a duet and an air "I am twenty-one."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 9, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha," Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

NEW SERIES.

No. V.

A WEEK IN DRESDEN, CONTINUED.

BERLIN, Dec. 10, 1860.

My last letter was to have recorded a rich week in Dresden; but with the space given the two principal figures, I only succeeded in writing out the first twenty-four hours. The rest shall come straight from pocket notes, in diary fashion.

Oct. 27. After such a morning (the Chaconne of Bach played by Joachim, and the "Dresden Madonna") one felt well in the open air; Nature in her October garb, rich, but without the brilliancy of our autumnal woods, seemed doubly lively and responsive. There was a warm glow of promise in the sadness. A long walk by the river's side, and through the fine parks outside of the beautiful city. The moon stood almost full, against the fading purple of the sunset; and from the chill of evening I took refuge for a short time in the large and elegant restaurant and concert-room on the Brühl terrace, that overhangs the river. Here are concerts every afternoon or evening; sometimes orchestral, sometimes vocal; commonly the former. This time it began at six, and as we sipped our coffee, men, women, children, around little tables, we listened as long as we liked to music by "the Kapelle of the Herrn Stadtmusik-director Hartung, under the direction of the Herrn Kapellmeister Puffholdt." Entrée two and a half neugroschen (between 6 and 7 cents); but expected to take coffee, beer, or something for the inner man. It was a decent little orchestra of about 24, and played quite well; one of three or four such Kapellen, which play almost every day, in rotation in places of this sort. Not so large, nor so good an orchestra as Liebig's in Berlin, nor so exclusively classical in its programmes. Yet once a week, at least, they play a Symphony, and always several solid pieces mixed with lighter. The programme this time was one of the richest, and also miscellaneous. A large card hung in front of the stage, always told the number of the piece up for performance. The pauses mean coffee and kellers obligato.

PART I.

1. Overture to "Hans Heiling,"..... Marschner
2. Aria and Duet from "Euryanthe"..... Weber
3. "The Adventurer's," Waltz..... Lanner
4. Finale from "Wasserträger,"..... Cherubini

PART II.

5. Overture: "In the Highlands,"..... Gade
6. "Night," from Symphony "The Desert,"..... F. David
7. Adagio, from "Moonlight Sonata,"..... Beethoven
8. Overtures, "Iphigenia in Aulis,"..... Gluck

PART III.

9. Symphony (B flat, No. 2)..... Haydn

PART IV.

10. Overture: "Schauspiel director,"..... Mozart
11. Serenade (new)..... Kitzler
- 12 and 13. Waltz and Polka..... Strauss, &c.

The scene was what chiefly interests me:—the free and easy, cheerful, sociable, respectable looking company. In many instances it was the family circle transferred to the café-concert; the German substitute, if not equivalent, for our home tea-parties. And, all alive and sociable as everything was, what listening silence so soon as the orchestra commenced! A single "hush" from the humblest individual is instantly respected. I tell it to my young countrymen and countrywomen, that they may know there is such a thing recognized in the world as good manners in a concert-room.

But I must go without the symphony; for Herr R. is to call for Joachim and me, to take us round to the club-room of his Tonkünstler-Verein, to hear the Hautboy Concertos of Handel. We enter a long room, across one end of which are rows of music stands for an orchestra of 25 or 30. The gathering crowd through which we are led, of members and of guests, all real music-lovers, is very talkative and lively, and the reception right artist-like and cordial. J. of course is a popular hero in all such assemblies of the faithful, and every brother must seize his chance to grasp the strong hand and exchange some pleasant words with him; so that we are some time in reaching the seats assigned to us before the orchestra.

The bond of union is purely art and the society of artists; they meet to practice the music simply for the love of it (particularly the less known works of older masters), not to rehearse for any business purpose. It is something like the "Amateur Orchestra," that for many years existed, perhaps still exists, in Boston; only these are not amateurs, but mostly skilled musicians who hold places in the Royal Kapelle, &c. Herr R., their leader, an intelligent gentleman, learned in the history of music, and enthusiastic about the great old masters, plays, I was told, a trombone in the Kapelle. He prefaced the performance with a few remarks to the listeners on the history and peculiar structure of the two concertos about to be tried. We found them very interesting; full of the broad, jubilant, strong life of Handel, his unsentimental tenderness, his sweetness and nobility of melody, his thoroughly ingrained, spontaneous contrapuntal unity, his darling quaint conceits and mannerisms—which may fatigue, but cannot nauseate, like those of the modern operatic stage. They seemed not so much concertos for a solo instrument, in our present sense, as orchestral pieces (*concertstücke*) with oböe or both oböes, *obligato*—and that only in some movements. They come as near to the Symphony form, almost, as that one which I have since heard by Emanuel Bach. But perhaps the term "suites" for the orchestra would best describe them; each presenting a succession of different movements related in character and key. There were the strong, billowy figures, in which giant Handel delights, kept up in massive combinations of all the strings, and answered by flutes, oboes, bassoons and horns. And here one could see the sense of that construction of the orchestra in Handel's time, which strikes us as so odd when we read about it. Who does not always feel,—when the overture to the "Messiah" or "Samson" is given, for instance,—that there is something ridiculously pinched and feeble when the strong phrases of the whole body of strings with double-basses are answered by a pair of

starveling flutes and oboes? Handel had hautboys and bassoons by tens and twenties in his bands. Such points naturally were discussed in these reunions of musical inquiries. The oböes were beautifully played; and one of them had a most lovely melody to play, or rather sing, in an Adagio Cantabile of rare beauty, that would seem modern alongside of Schubert and Weber, both in its melody and its accompanying figure.

We had to leave this pleasant sphere of musical spirits, when the desks and seats were thrust aside for long tables with beer, cigars and regular evening *commerz*; not before inscribing our names in their books, and receiving pressing invitations to come again and often; particularly one, which we accepted, for an evening of the next week, to hear Handel's "Fire" and "Water" music; but which, to our regret, did not take place, owing to the absence of some essential instrument. Now that can really be called a musical city, in which the best musicians can be socially and musically at home one or two evenings in the week in this way. And could such societies exist in Boston, it would be one of the best means of making that a really musical city.

We go out into the moonlight, and, turning some dark corners—my companion leading—enter one of those smoke holes, swarming with beer-drinking life and laughter, distributed about in which, according to affinities, you may find the larger part of the intellectual, as well as the duller population, on any evening, in every city of Germany. The object is to find an old man, who is supposed to "*kneip*" here, and who, in his way, is quite a character. And presently there rose from the cigar smoke, in the further corner, the white head of a tall and rather courtly personage,—high intellectual forehead, strong profile—a face combining severity with companionable humor and a spice of drollery even—who greeted us very cordially, and entered eagerly into talk about America, and about the musical signs of the times, the old school and the new, &c., Plainly an oracle amongst his younger *con-sodales* in that corner, most of whom appeared to be musical. This was father WIECK, fond of having his own way evidently, but genial, witty, and proud (as he might be) of his daughters, Clara Schumann and the fräulein Marie. He knows well what is good in music; is a sharp, true critic, and is still as he long has been, one of the very best teachers of the piano living. Princes seek his tuition for their daughters, and pay him princely prices; and that his method is a good one, he has at least two notable examples in his own family to show. He is a thinker and not a mere man of routine; and he carries himself not only with dignity, but with freshness of youth still; good for conviviality and good for work. The old man and our strong young violinist were evidently on the best of terms together. It was pleasant to see them; and so it was to see with what a mixture of admiring affection and respect the young men would address their questions and remarks to the "Herr Concertmeister," as Joachim is styled at the court of Hanover, where he controls the music upon terms worthy of the independent spirit of an artist, and does not have to drudge in royal church and theatre like the Kapellmeisters of Dresden and most German courts. But, reader, it is time to take you out of this smoky, although genial, atmosphere, which we have only entered because

it seems to bring one more into the heart of German, and particularly musical German life. Out in the crystal cold October night air again, we breathe new life, and, with the great shadowy dome of the Frauen-Kirche looming before us grandly against the chaste stars, and the world dreaming in moonlight around us, we walk back to our hotel, to a sweet sleep (mingled with whatever sadness) after so beautiful a day.

Oct. 28.—Sunday. Attended morning service in the Court Church or Cathedral—Catholic Court of a Protestant people! But then some old Elector of Saxony, successor of Luther's foremost political friend and champion, was glad enough to get the crown of Poland at the easy price of turning Catholic; and so it has stood ever since, his family piously adhering to his example. Princes have convenient consciences in these matters. Crowns make creeds convertible; you can change all so long as the first and central article, "the divine right of kings," remains untouched. The church is an elaborately decorated structure in the Italian style, in somewhat oval shape, with a crowd of tall statues, more imposing by their size and the great shadows that they cast than beautiful, keeping watch and ward around the roof. It is of a blackened stone color, and connected by a bridge with the still more black and shabby looking royal palace. Opposite to it is the theatre, more elegant, eclipsing both. And the royal orchestra, or *kapelle*, from the theatre is transferred to the church choir on Sundays. Inside, the church has some splendor, several large paintings, fine, but not first-rate, and some frescoes on the ceiling which seem to emulate the style of Michael Angelo. A line divides the whole length of the church, and the women sit or stand on one side, the men on the other, less in the royal box, on one side of the altar, sat the old King John, looking rather sleepy and blasé; he should have more sympathy with free and noble spirits than to have consented to the delivering up the Count Teleki to Austria, for he himself translated Dante. There was a fine Silbermann organ; a fine orchestra, and a fine choir of boys, as well as of mixed voices; and the music is commended to strangers by the guide-books. This time a new mass was performed, the composition of one of the kapellmeisters, KREBS, who conducted in person. It was smooth enough, sweet sounding, commonplace production, rather sentimental than expressive, quite as much Italian as German, and not deeply expressive even in the *crucifixus*. The short choral and liturgical strains sung by the boys spoke to me more.

The rest of this day does not belong to you, O reader—until the evening, when from the solitary walk I hasten back across the bridge,—the perfect beauty of the full harvest moon reflected on the Elbe—to be in season for the opera, Mozart's *Zauberflöte*. With all the excellent drollery and extravaganza that is mixed up in it, the prevailing impression of that opera on my mind has always been religious and sublime; few things come nearer to the character of great sacred music, than does those portions assigned to Sarastro and the priests, and the music of the trials in the last act. It was written in the same period and in the same state of mind with the *Requiem*. (This suggestion is not made here for the first time in this Journal.) And the plot itself, what is it, with all its fantasticalities, but the initiation,

through the trial and sacrifice of two young souls into the mysteries of the higher life, of a pure, immortal love? Who will say the music is not equal to the theme? The theatre is indeed a beautiful one, but had a somewhat old and dingy look inside; and those who sit in the parquet are more crowded than in our Boston Theatre; nor is it quite so large as either of our "Academies of Music." But the arrangements, decorations, &c., are most tasteful; and the stage effects, and scenery far beyond what we have.

The piece was very finely performed; the great excellence being in, what we had been led to expect of German theatres, the perfection of the *ensemble*. It was good enough *as a whole* to reconcile one to considerable inadequacy in two or three leading parts. The maiden part of Pamina, for instance, was hard and soulless in the rendering of Fräulein Baldamus; and I felt this the more after the beautiful and touching manner in which I had heard the same part sung, and seen it acted, in Munich, by a young debutante of remarkably fresh, soulful quality of voice, (Frl. Stehle), who entered admirably into the pure and innocent feeling of the music. The Sarastro had a ponderous voice enough, but no priestly dignity and air of wisdom; round-faced and beardless like a lazy tavern-keeper. The tenor, Herr Rudolph, as Tamino, was fair, and sang at least in good taste. The Queen of Night, Fran Janner-Krall, had a good degree of brilliant vocalism for those high bravura passages, and made one feel too that there is character and passion in that music. Papageno (Herr Dettmer) was delightfully droll and clever, making the grotesqueness of the part poetical and true to the music. Then certain parts, which have some of the finest and heavenliest music, the Three Ladies and the Three Genii, always abridged and murdered on our stage, were here entrusted to really good singers, and nothing was left out. The choruses of priests were given with sublime effect; so admirable in a male chorus I had never heard. Nor in any opera, so admirable an orchestra, unless perhaps in the Grand Opera, in Paris. It seemed to me even more perfect than the Gewandhaus orchestra; the wind band certainly was so. And Herr RIETZ was the model of a conductor, all alive and life-inspiring. It was a perfect luxury, apart from the singing, to hear the Mozart music brought out by that orchestra. The scenic displays and transformations too, were marvellous; everything artistic, ideal, up to the intention of the music, cooperating with it; instead of making burlesque of the whole thing, as we so often see in the hurried, bungling, pompously heralded attempts to get up some grand opera in the short "seasons" of our speculator impresarios in Boston and New York. I went away, although it *was* a theatre, with thoughts solemnized and at the same time exalted; far more so than from the church mass in the morning. We talked late and long that night.

Oct. 29. A bright, cold day. The morning goes off rapidly in the gallery of paintings. First—there is no resisting it—another look at Raphael's heavenly Madonna. She seems to glow with a yet heavenlier loveliness, to have soared to a yet higher sphere, since the first visit. I never saw a picture that was so full of soul. Its influence is like music. From the good copies you can imagine that; but you must come to the

original to realize it. Next, we slip into the small side cabinets and traverse the whole twenty of them till we find ourselves in the corresponding hall at the other extremity of the long building, before the also admirable, but by no means equally inspired, Madonna and child of the younger Holbein, with the old Burgermeister and his family of Basel kneeling before them. This is the great treasure of the gallery in German art. Before many other curious, often beautiful German works we stop; one or two only by Dürer—you must go to Munich for him; many by Cranach; a few by Van Eyck, Hemlin, &c. There are fine Rubenses; particularly fine Rembrandts and Van Dycks. The Spanish school, too, is rich: Murillo, Velasquez, Herrera, Spagnoletto (his St Maria of Egypt kneeling before her grave, an angel throwing her grave-cloth over her—dismal situation, but wonderful picture). And there is no end of exquisite little pictures by the Dutch masters:—Ostade, Teniers, Netscher, Wouvermann, Metsu, &c., &c.,—and Mieris, whose minutely finished, charming little character pieces seem to contain the germ, if not almost the model, of this new modern French school of Frères, &c., so much imitated by our young American artists. But, next to the Madonna of Raphael, the picture before which I lingered longest was a small one by Titian, called the "*Zinsgroschen*," i. e. "the tribute money." Two heads only, that of Christ and of the Pharisee holding up the coin. The former is the most beautiful, spiritual, reverence and love inspiring face which I have yet seen in any painters imagination of the subject; for they are of course all failures. The color seems actually *breathed* upon the canvas—or rather, wood—it does not seem like paint or anything mechanical. Next in point of interest was Correggio's Adoration of the Shepherds, commonly called Correggio's "Night," and half a dozen other of that master's more important works.

I hurry back, belated, to the rehearsal of our two artists; too late to hear much, but not for the beginning of a pleasant acquaintance with the Frau Clara Schumann.

After dinner a walk alone into the yellow woods of the royal *Grossgarten*, or Great Garden, the finest and most extensive of the beautiful parks about Dresden. Tastefully laid out roads and walks, elegant palaces and groups of statuary surprising you at various turns, and cafés as big as palaces, &c. It was one of these last that the wanderer sought, a long time bewildered in the pleasing labyrinth; for he had seen a concert announced there. Luckily belated! for he entered just in time to hear only the two middle pieces of the programme, which were all he wanted. Such was the profound, attentive silence of the groups around the coffee-tables at that moment, that he almost feared to enter; but he must creep to a seat, or lose what the orchestra had just commenced, a symphony (No. 1, in C) by Weber. That romantic composer he had never met before in this form. It was interesting, not poor in Weberish ideas and warmth of instrumentation; in the andante and the Finale (Presto) beautiful; but not a great symphony. The other piece was the *Coriolan* overture of Beethoven, in point of fiery, concise, concentrated, complete utterance his best. And during both these pieces the beer mugs and coffee cups refrained from rattling, as did thoughtless tongues, and women plied their

knitting-needles all so quietly and listened, as if that was what they had come for. Is not this a musical people? It was a nice orchestra, directed by one Mannfeldt.

The evening brings the second Soirée of CLARA SCHUMANN and JOACHIM, and we are seated in another brilliant audience, more numerous and enthusiastic than before. Programme:

1. Sonata (A major), piano. J. S. Bach
2. Leier: "Waldeggespräch" (Eichendorff) } Schumann
"Dein Angesicht" (Heine). }
3. Sonata. (B minor) piano. Clementi
4. Rondo brilliant (op. 70), piano and violin. Schubert
5. Adagio, and Scherzo, violin. Spohr
6. Lieder: "Geständniss (Geibel)" } Schumann
"Der Hidalgo" (Do). }
7. Sonata (op. 47, A major), piano and violin. Beethoven

You may imagine that the "Kreutzer Sonata" was played on this occasion about as grandly and inspiringly as it could be played. No violin, no strings, that I have ever heard, vibrate so strongly out of the soul of Beethoven, as Joachim's; and Mme. Schumann so far, take it all in all, impresses me as the best interpreter of Beethoven on the piano. Joachim, too, gave us the best side of Spohr that evening. Could Spohr himself have presented himself to better advantage? The Sonata by old Bach was of course one of the *newest*, freshest things, which one can hear in these barren days of virtuoso-dom and "Zukunftsmusic." A most charming and really edifying variety in this programme was furnished by the songs of Robert Schumann, four of his most felicitous and beautiful. And they had the advantage of a singer, a young tenor from the Royal Opera, Herr SCHNORR VON CARLSFELD (a son, I think, of the distinguished painter, who designed the Niebelungen frescoes at Munich), who in warmth and sweetness of voice, purity and style, and delicate truth of expression and feeling excels any German tenor I have heard, and can sing such German songs as satisfactorily as one can ever hope to hear them.

Another long letter already, and yet not done with Dresden! D.

Mr. J. C. D. Parker's Musical Soirée.

PART I.

1. Quartette. Haydn
2. Variations Concertantes, for Piano and Violoncello. Mendelssohn
3. Aria: "Quando miro" Mozart
4. Piano Sonata, op. 7. Beethoven
Allegro con brio, Largo, Allegro, Rondo Grazioso.

PART II.

5. Grand Duo. Two Pianos. "Hommage à Händel" Moscheles
6. Songs: { "Sun of the sleepless," (from Byron's "Hebrew Melodies") Mendelssohn
"Love's Messenger" Fesca
7. { Presto Scherzando. Mendelssohn
Valse, op. 18. Chopin
Miss Fay.
8. Trio for Piano, Violin and Violoncello. Schubert
Allegro, Andante con moto, Scherzo, Finale. Allegro.

As will be seen from the programme, the selection of pieces by Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin and Schubert was a very good one. In fact there was too much of a good thing, the programme was too long. Mr. PARKER had the assistance of Mrs. HARWOOD, Miss MARY FAY and the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. He appeared in four pieces, one solo and the other concerted. Best of all we liked his playing in the Variations by Mendelssohn with Violoncello and in the Trio by Schubert. In the latter we found great improvement since the last hearing at the Mendelssohn Quintette Club Concert. It was played with energy and taste, smoothly and effectively. It was a pity, however, that we had to go without the Scherzo, certainly the most pleasing movement to the public. We understand, of course, that the lateness of the hour was the reason for the omission. Yet we would gladly have staid the four minutes longer, to hear it. The variations gave real pleasure, being played finely by Messrs. Parker and WULF FRIES. The Duo by Moscheles, "Hommage à Händel" likewise went very well with the exception of the Introduction which was taken somewhat too slow. It is a beautiful, strong and noble composition

and pleased much. We should have liked less *rubato* playing in the Beethoven Sonata. The earlier sonatas of Beethoven, in fact all but the very last, require strict movement, and lose of their chaste character by a different treatment. With Beethoven all is on a large scale. Expression in his works depends principally on contrasting period against period, one large mass against another. Much less than in Chopin's or Schumann's works it is to be left to the arbitrary feeling of the player. It is only in his latest works that he employs a frequent change of *tempo* in the same movement of the sonata and there he always states it. So for instance in the A flat Sonata, op. 110, where in the last three movements the *tempo* frequently changes. The Allegro (Scherzo) would have been improved, we think, by a little more ease and abandon. The first two parts are full of roguish grace, which an easier, more lively style would have brought out. The trio, minore, was played somewhat louder in the first part than seems admissible. There the faint melody is to be surrounded by a halo of tones, shrouded in an atmosphere of sombre hues by means of the arpeggios which are to be as delicate as possible. The Rondo was less finished as to the mechanical part than the other movements.

Mrs. Harwood sang the aria in the first part in the right manner and with much feeling and expression. Her voice was not as clear as usual in the second part. The song by Mendelssohn, though it was sung so as to produce the sad melancholy mood in which it is written, would have been improved by a trifle more of feeling; it sounded slightly monotonous. The song by Fesca was the only piece that did not merit a place on the programme. It is taking, and was encoored; but it is not of sterling merit. It bears the strong family-likeness of a number of boleros, without excelling in original ideas. Mrs. Harwood acted in good taste not to repeat it, but to substitute the beautiful song by Schubert, "Faded flowers," which she sang beautifully.

Miss Fay acquitted herself finely in the Duo by Moscheles, where she played with marked taste and precision. Commendable is her touch. She brought out finely the nicest shadings, and in the piano passages exhibited a warmth and sweetness of tone that was truly pleasing. She also played very well the Presto scherzando by Mendelssohn. Less good was her version of Chopin's Valse in E flat. It lacked tenderness and nice shading and was hurried in many places, especially so at the close.

Members of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club assisted in the first and the last piece on the programme. They played well in both, especially so in the E flat Trio by Schubert.

In the place of the first piece, however, we had two movements from Mozart's D major quartette (No. 10), the first and third. The practice of playing parts only of a quartette or any piece in the sonata form is a bad one. We had occasion to make the same remark some time ago. It is especially so in a chamber concert like this, where we expect choice pieces entire. The same applies to repetitions of parts; in the Beethoven Sonata, as well as in the Trio by Schubert, a repetition of parts was omitted. Now we have no doubt, that Mr. Parker is as convinced as we are of the necessity of carrying out the intentions of the composers in this particular as in every other, and, as remarked before, ascribe these omissions to the length of the programme. But then it would have been better to curtail the programme and let us have entire pieces as the composers intended them. The Adagio in the Mozart Quartette lost much by not being preceded by that naïve and graceful Minuetto and followed by the lively, sparkling Allegro Finale. It sounded dead, tedious.

We applaud Mr. Parker for his good intentions in presenting so rich a programme to the public. In these days, when so many persons think it best to come down to the taste of the public, it is refreshing to see a faithful devotion to what is best and noblest in art. We wish the public had shown themselves as interested in the classical music offered by filling the hall better. *†

Popular Concerts.

"It is ill wind that blows nae body gude," says the Scotch proverb. In the dearth of our concert season the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB conceived and carried out the good idea of giving Saturday evening concerts, which were to be of a "quasi popular" character, as a contemporary happily styles it. They have given three thus far, in each of which they presented pieces of sterling merit. And an especial gain it was for us, to have converted pieces for wind and string instruments such as the septette by Beethoven, which was repeated. The Octette by

Schubert was first played at a concert of the regular series, but was repeated at the second Saturday concert and Mademoiselle Patti's concert, which took the place of the fourth Saturday concert. The aria from Orpheus by Glück, the Allegro from Lachner's Quintette, the Canzonetta from Mendelssohn's Quartette and the Songs without words, though arrangements, all belong to what may be called strictly classical music. This selection is highly commendable and we do not find fault with the other pieces presented at those evenings.

There is a large class of persons, who either from a natural defect, or want of practice in listening to the best, or from a habit of listening to bad music, are unable to find enjoyment in what some people sneeringly term "classical" or "scientific" music. We almost wish those terms had never been employed. They are so often used as an excuse for disliking good music, that it would have been better had such people been left in ignorance of the distinction between compositions conveyed in those words. There are naturally those, who find anything tedious that is written by Bach or Handel; musical critics (save the mark!) who find the Messiah antiquated, who call the Octette by Schubert "broken-crockery music," going into ecstasies over the Haymakers and La Traviata. Now such people are to be pitied; for surely they would wish to admire the best, if only they could. And from their individual point of view they admire the best, in La Traviata or the Haymakers. There are such people in literature and every art. What would the New York Ledger, to name the prominent representative of a large class of papers, do without patrons in literature? How would the daubers, who make those pictures that we receive periodically by the ship load from across the Atlantic, be able to earn a living, if it were not for just such persons, who admire the fearful specimens of the art of "the first European artists," as the advertisements of the auctioneer invariably read? We cannot expect that every one should stay away from the theatre, when "sensation pieces" are on the stage for weeks in succession. We cannot expect people suddenly to fall in love with Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser and Chaucer, and leave off reading stories "that are not continued." In short, we cannot expect people as a mass to like what is best, to have a tendency for the ideal. The mass of people, on the contrary, have a tendency to what is mediocre or commonplace, and so we have flourishing "opera houses," nightly thronged by "appreciative audiences," places that derive a principal attraction from the fact, that the natural color of the face and hands is changed to a more sable hue. And therefore we have no orchestral concerts, no "Philharmonic Society" this winter, because there is not interest enough in the mass of the people to pay \$2.50 for six concerts.

There is demand for music of a low or at least common place character, and therefore that demand must be satisfied. And it will be satisfied. But this is a fact so well understood that it were hardly worth the ink shed in writing these paragraphs, if there were not people who conceive it to be their especial duty, to put in a plea for such music. It is scarcely a twelve month since a musical paper, not far from the town where we are writing, was inaugurated by a leader setting forth, that the concerts in Boston had been of too elevated a character; that they needed to be popularized; the public desired another class of music; and that therefore the programmes in future ought to be of a mixed character so as to attract large (mixed?) audiences. This reminds me of the preface to an instruction-book, in which the author alleges, that the majority of persons that learn music, do not desire or comprehend good music, and that in view of this fact (undeniable, to be sure,) pleasing music ought to be put in instruction books. Which the good man did, and thus supplied the "longfelt want." There is no danger, therefore, of that want for music of a lighter character ("Dixie," &c., &c.) being unsupplied. It is taken care of in the places proper for it. But where it ought not to be supplied, is just in the Music Hall or any other place where good concerts are given. We know there is music of a lighter kind, which is not as bad as Dixie; quite good in fact, of its kind, such as good waltzes and polkas and other dances, a number of operatic songs, without much lasting value, but as useful as candy or checkerberry lozenges. That too, is furnished generally in its proper place by bands, in afternoon concerts, &c. We have not the least objection to its being performed at its proper time and place. But to advocate the introduction of lighter music in "Philharmonic concerts" proves the incapacity of such persons or papers to take an intelligent part in the discussion of musical matters.

city of such persons or papers to take an intelligent part in the discussion of musical matters.

The mass of the people remain children, intellectually and morally. And therefore they ought to be treated as such. Generally speaking we have the idea that in the case of children a progressive course of instruction is best, proceeding from the rudiments up to the higher branches. Well then, if the public be like children, let them be musically instructed, proceeding from the A B C among musical compositions to the nobler effusions of the human heart, from simplest national air or waltz and polka up to "classical or scientific" music.

The M. Q. Club have undertaken to give "quasi-popular" concerts. They have shown by their programmes, what was to be expected, that they have the due regard for what is best, by introducing such excellent pieces at those Saturday concerts, as they have. We will conclude this article by repeating a suggestion made in the Journal before, and adding another. Among Haydn's 37 Symphonies there are six for eight, two for nine, seven for ten, five for eleven performers and one for twelve. Fifteen only of the thirty-seven require an orchestra of from thirteen to nineteen performers. As the Club have already brought out a Septette and an Octette, some of these symphonies might be put on their programmes; so introducing Boston audiences to much that they would hardly have heard, if we had orchestral concerts. "It is an ill wind that blows nae body gude."

Another suggestion would be, to place the pieces of sterling value in one and those of less importance in another part of the programme, so that one might not be obliged to hear pieces of little interest, while waiting for those held in higher esteem. This would work both ways. Persons who wish to hear lighter music need not sit out a classical piece and vice versa.

We wish to say more on this subject in a future article. *†

Mlle. PATTI'S CONCERT attracted a large audience last Saturday evening. The Mendelssohn Club contributed the Schubert Octette, divided into two parts, which was more effective in the great hall than we should have supposed it could be.

Mlle. PATTI abundantly confirmed the good impression she made at the concert of Stigelli, and was enthusiastically applauded in all she did. And of STIGELLI what can we say that we have not already said. Mr. EICHBERG played a violin solo in his usual faultless manner, and Mr. S. B. MILLS, the pianist of the evening, showed himself an artist of remarkable skill, and made upon the audience the marked impression that we anticipated in hearing him some months ago, in private. The audience, we think, would have been better pleased with a Chickering piano, as the Steinway grand used at this concert was certainly no better an instrument than we are accustomed to hear in concerts here, and the New York *chef d'œuvre* failed to excite the admiration anticipated, or to bear the comparison with the Chickering's Erard piano.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB are going to present at their next Tuesday's concert for the first time in Boston a Quintette in F minor for Piano and strings by Dussek, also to play the grand quartette in E flat, op. 127, by Beethoven, which so took with the public last year, truly a splendid project.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. — OUR readers will be glad to see the announcement of a concert tomorrow evening by this Society, in connection with Stigelli and Mlle. Patti. The programme embraces sterling selections of choruses from St. Paul, Elijah, Solomon and the MESSIAH, and Stigelli will sing the *Cujus Animam* of Rossini which he is so well adapted to give in the best way.

Musical Correspondence.

ST. LOUIS — FABBRI, has been here, and gave three concerts, assisted by Abelli Baritone, and Herr Müller, Pianist. Do you expect to be bored with a criticism? If you do, you won't. It is the fault of our geographical position that we do not hear any body till you get all the information you wish. The merits of all the artists are fully discussed before we get our chance. So we can only say that Fabbri has been here, through the liberality of Mr. Boernstein. You know how she sang, and how we were delighted.

But something remains for us to speak of. The state of the music in our city amongst ourselves, or in other words, the welfare of our Philharmonic Society. The spirit is still kept up and it is making rapid progress. Mr. Sobolewski, conducting orchestra and vocal both with the same facility.

PART I.

1. Overture, "Le Nozze di Figaro,".....Mozart
2. { a } Chorus, "Arise up, arise," } from Orato- { Mendelssohn
 { b } Choral, "Sleepers awake," } rio St. Paul. } Bartholdy
3. Bravura Song "Happy Birdling," with flute accompaniment.....W. V. Wallace
4. Piano Solo, "Concert Stueck,".....C. M. Von Weber
5. Duett, "While thus around joy," from La Favorita.....Donizetti

PART II.

1. Overture, "Fingal's Cave,".....Mendelssohn Bartholdy
2. Chorus, "Happy and blessed are they, from St. Paul.....Mendelssohn Bartholdy
3. Violin Solo, "Je suis le petit tambour,".....F. David
4. Scherzo from 7th Symphony.....Beethoven
5. Solo and Chorus, "Conjunction et Benediction," from "Les Huguenots,".....Meyerbeer

The very elements conspired to make this a success. The weather was settled, and the full moon shone with a softer and mellow light than ever is seen in your colder latitudes—and to crown all it was—think of it, it was in *St. Louis, splendid sleighing.*

It is three years since I have seen a sleigh, and as I listened to the sweet music of the soft bells, and the crisping snow, and watched the sleighs, driving up and depositing their precious burdens until 2400 were anxiously waiting for the overture, I again fancied myself in your city. Never did concert prove a more perfect success. Miss McGunegle sang the Happy Birdling, Mr. Carr of course playing the Flauto obligato, Mr. Chas. Balmer presiding at the piano. Mr. Bodie, played the Concert Stück, and suffice it to say that nothing more could have been desired in its performance. The duett from La Favorita was sung by Mr. Crowell and Miss Walker, and the Violin Solo by Prof. Anton.

The overtures and choruses were well received. I know not how now many there were in the chorus, I counted 165 from where I sat.

In the "Benediction" Miss Annie Dean Mr. Catherwood and Mr. Labatski took the prominent parts and many times have we heard worse singing, even in the great metropolitan troupes. Does not the Society deserve credit for bringing it out and doing it well, and all the rest of that programme besides? The influence of such a society as ours, can hardly be over-estimated. people are beginning to think of other music than "Dixie." The society is now firmly established and has over \$7000. The Director is a man of the highest ability, the members are talented and hard-working and the community are being more and more interested every day, and we wish you to take notice that New York and Boston will have their most formidable rival in our great Western Metropolis. A. C.

CINCINNATI, JAN. 28, 1861.—The third concert of the Cecilia Society was given on Friday, 25th inst., with the following excellent programme:

PART I.

- Vintager's Chorus from the "Seasons,".....Haydn
Duo for Violin and Pianoforte.....Heller and Ernst
Aria from "The Marriage of Figaro,".....Mozart
Adagio and Finale from "Sonata," F Min.....Beethoven
a "Passage Birds Farewell," } For Soprano and Alto,
 b "Flowing and Ebbing," } Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
Scene from "Tannhäuser,".....R. Wagner

PART II.

- Hunting Chorus from the "Seasons,".....Haydn
Concert Song.....Eckert
Concerto for Violin.....De Beriot
Three Songs.....Rob. Franz
 a Love in Spring.
 b Autumn Sorrow.
 c He has come in Rain and Storm.
Finale from the uncompleted Opera "Lurelin,"
 Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

The magnificent finale from Mendelssohn's unfinished opera, *Lorelei*, was the gem of the evening, and to *Mad. Rive* we are under especial obligations for the excellent manner in which she sustained the difficult Soprano Solo.

Owing to the illness of Mr. Howard Vaughan, who was to have made his first appearance in public here, the Duo for the Violin and Piano and the Concerto were omitted. The disappointment which the an-

nouncement created was relieved in a measure by the substitution of Beethoven's 6th minor Sonata, performed by Mr. Andrés. In the last movement of this Sonata we should have preferred a more strict adherence to the *tempo* in which it was begun; the Adagio and Allegretto however were faultless. The scene from *Tannhäuser* was given as well as could be expected from a feeble piano accompaniment. For a more thorough appreciation of the three songs by Robert Franz we could suggest a repetition of the same in the next concert. J. A. D.

THE GREAT ENGLISH TENOR.—There is a great *tenor* singer in London, who has not yet been heard in this country. His voice combines the power of Braham, the pathos of Incedon, and the sweetness of Sinclair, all names of renown in the English ballad line. This famous *tenor* receives fifty pounds—two hundred and fifty dollars—every time he sings, whether it be in opera, gratorio, concert, or isolated entertainment. People go many miles to hear this vocalist, and people are often disappointed, for no Italian *prima donna assoluta*, no dainty and idolized *primo tenore* from the Scala or the San Carlo, ever had such a talent for "sudden indisposition." For some time the impression was strong that the gentleman was given to potations of inordinate strength; but this notion wore away when it was discovered that the great *tenor* labored under such nervous and neuralgic affections that he was obliged to resort to resort to the electric baths, and smaller nostrums, every day in his life. He really was ill, and no mistake. We observe, by the London papers, that it is now the fashion to turn the famous *tenor's* sickness to account. He is, for example, announced to play "Robin Hood," or to sing at a *matinée*, Morris's "Star of Love," or "Woodman, spare that tree." He is taken ill; but the audience have paid their money, and they go away, after hearing an indifferent substitute performance, hoping for "better fortune next time." A few days elapse, and then comes the announcement, "Fra Diavolo," by our hero, "his first appearance since his hoarseness." There is a rush. For three consecutive nights he sings. Again a stoppage and then a new excitement: "Elvira," Mr. ———'s first appearance since he was *upset in the buggy*. We see, by the Times, that the uncle of the distinguished vocalist has just died. A decent pause, and then we may expect to read, "Come into the garden, Maud," will be sung by the popular favorite, his first appearance since he *lost his uncle*! really the liberties which vocalists and their "managers" take with an enlightened public, in trying to make capital of disasters and domestic affairs, would be intolerably offensive if they were not insufferably ridiculous.—*Home Journal*.

THE MYSTERY OF MUSIC.—What a mystery is music—invisible, yet making the eye shine; intangible, but making all the nerves to vibrate; floating between earth and heaven; falling upon this world as if a strain from that above, ascending to that as a thank-offering from ours. It is God's gift, and it is too lofty for anything but his praise; too near to the immaterial to be made the minister of sordid pleasure; too clearly destined to mount upwards to be used for inclining hearts to earth. O, that the churches knew how to sing; making music a joy, a triumph, a sunshine, a song of larks, as well as a midnight song of the nightingale!—*Arthur's Italy in Transition*.

REV. DR. GUTHRIE, the distinguished Scotch divine of Edinburgh, says the correspondent of the *Banner*, recently made a statement in regard to postures of public worship, which has created a sensation. He expressed from the pulpit, a few Sabbaths ago, a wish to "disburden the conscience" on a matter which had long pressed upon it:

"He said that the proper attitude for singing was standing—proper because it was an act of worship, and proper because it was the better fitted for the act of singing. He said that he believed that there were a prejudice in favor of sitting during the singing of the psalms on the ground that it was a good old Scotch custom. This was an entire mistake. The good old Scotch custom was to stand, and sitting was first introduced in Scotland by the recommendation of the Westminster Commissioners, who wished that there should be an *uniformity* in worship in both parts of the island. It was introduced in Scotland in compliance with English prejudices.

"In like manner," said Dr. G. "kneeling at prayer, and not standing, is the proper attitude. He could himself testify that standing is a constrained attitude, in a narrow pew, distracted the attention and rendered it very difficult to follow the clergyman."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Gold rules the world. From "Bianca, the Bravo's bride." 25
My childhood's days. " " " 25

Two Songs from Balfe's new Opera. As Balfe did not bring out a new opera last year and is said to have taken more than usual pains with this latest work of his, there will be considerable curiosity to see the gems. The opera has been eminently successful in London. Other songs, duets, &c., will follow immediately.

- The Balm of Gilead. H. T. Bryant. 25

A very funny song, which has often been executed at Excursions, Picnics, Camp-meetings, &c., during the last few years, and is now printed for the first time.

- The reaper and the flowers. Song. J. R. Thomas. 25

The well-known beautiful poem of Longfellow's, very finely set to music.

- Cleon and I. Ballad. J. H. McNaughton. 25

A simple song for young singers which will prove very acceptable.

- Amongst the village swains. From "The Marriage of Georgette." 25

A popular song from a new comic operetta, by Victor Massé, lately brought out in London with great success.

Instrumental Music.

- Liberty Duet in "I Puritani." Four hands. 15

- Fra poco a me, in "Lucia," " 15

Easy arrangement for pupils in the second quarter.

- I know that my Redeemer liveth. Four hands. Rimbault. 15

- With verdure clad. Four hands. " 15
Very easy arrangements.

- Overture, Merry Wives of Windsor. Nicolai. 75

A standard overture, and one of the very prettiest. It will soon become as familiar as the overtures to Zampa, Martha, &c.

- Austrian Medley. Chas. Grobe. 50

A potpourri of melodies peculiar to Austria, consisting chiefly of Tyrolean airs.

Books.

- DINORAH (Le Pardon de Ploërmel). A Romantic Opera in Three Acts, with Italian and English Words. The latter by Henry T. Chorley. The Music by G. Meyerbeer. 3,00

An elegant volume is here presented as the seventeenth of the Series which, under the general title of "Standard Operas," has been issued during the past five years by Ditson & Co. This new opera of Meyerbeer contains many attractive features and has already attained a marked popularity with the admirers of the class of music it so ably represents.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 463.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 16, 1861.

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(Translated from W. H. Rieh's "Musikalische Charakterköpfe," by Fanny Malone Raymond.)

A Dramatic Ballad Singer and a Musical Aristocrat.

II.

ASTORGA.

Emanuel von Astorga, ordinarily entitled "the Baron," was an Italian singer and composer, who lived in the first half of the eighteenth century.

I picture Astorga to my self as a proud, tall, noble form, a little bent by the weight of secret sorrow; a bold, yet finely cut profile; a dark, burning eye; a pale, spiritual face, formed by locks of long, raven-black hair. Don't tell me that he wore, in all probability, a long peruke, or at least powdered his dark hair; his thoroughly romantic character, gives the lie to peruke and powder. His manners were those of a man of the world; but under this thin mask of custom and education looks out the Poet, who, forced to live amid the splendor of courts, would more willingly have lived alone. Not merely his compositions, glowing with southern fire, stamp him as the musical romanticist of those "pig tail" days, but also his very personality, the destiny that wove the events of his life into a poem. In that life re-echoes the primeval story of a soul, repulsed from the world of action, and withdrawing into the cloistral sanctuary of art.

We first meet the youth of twenty—on the Rabenstein, held fast by the executioner's assistants, lest he should turn his eyes from the yet palpitating corpse of his father. It was the weak mind of Philip the Fifth of Spain, who, by such means kept down the spirit of revolt in his island of Sicily; Astorga's father had been one of the heads of the party that drew the sword to further the independence of this island. His mother's heart broke. It is said of the son, that he remained some weeks, in dull unconsciousness, on the place of execution, and that the fearful picture of his youthful anguish had more effect on the susceptible Sicilians than the fear of punishment. Then it was that the countess Ursini, the celebrated "governess to the queen" (rather to the king) had him removed to the convent of Astorga in Spain.

From this came the musician's pale face under its black locks; from this the breath of melancholy that floats over all his works. But this trait of melancholy in Astorga's creations is separated, from the root up, from the sentimentality of most modern artists with—pale faces. He really lived through a most tragical life; he might have truly said "Out of my great sorrows, I make my little songs." It was not the hospital air of the study, but the woe of a cruel, historical hour, that laid such pallor on his cheek.

The deepest obscurity hangs over the beginning and the end of his life. His own name is not known. King Philip had his escutcheon broken up, his family estate confiscated; and the family name of the outlaw has disappeared, and is entirely forgotten. From the silent cloister,

where Emanuel drew new interest in life from art, he took the name of Astorga. It can scarcely have soothed the anger of the King, when he found that the son of the condemned man won for his new name, a letter-patent of artistic nobility, that probably softened his grief for the extirpation of the old one. A cloud rests upon the master's end. He retired to a Bohemian cloister, no one knows where. And between this mysterious entrance and end, lies a romance.

From the Spanish convent Astorga went to the court of the Duke of Parma. Here the poetic youth became enamored of the Prince's daughter, in much such a manner as Goethe has pictured in "Tasso." Astorga was at once more and less happy than Tasso. The duke, who saw through the affair, sent him to Vienna, the most musical court of those days; and thus the artist was ushered, against the will of the lover, into the great musical world, and a disappointed passion was the price he paid for his entrance into an admirable school of art. Good musicians were then sure of a welcome at the Vienna court. The chapel-music of Leopold the first, employed about one hundred of them. The emperor himself tried all who wished to become members of his court as artists; he often deserted the study of political counterpoint for that of music, and was more at home among musicians than ministers. When he felt his last hour approaching, he sent for his musicians, and expired in the midst of a concert.

The unhappy Sicilian nobleman found a friendly asylum in Leopold's court, and the emperor favored him with his friendship. On the death of the latter, Astorga travelled through half of Europe, on an artistic tour. It was a very aristocratic pilgrimage. The composer most commonly rested in the palaces of princes. He left the fame of his genius behind him everywhere, but only once did he appear publicly, at the representation of an operetta.

Although he saw many towns and countries, he veiled his face from his fatherland, and never saw it again. But although the singer probably wished to forget his fatherland, it was impossible for him to disown it. In the tender melodious flow of the rondos in his chamber-cantatas, the national Sicilian melodies pierce through.

It seems as though the "Siciliano," the original of the graceful rhythm of the softly gliding six quaver bar, was ringing in the composer's ear continually. Often, while listening to one of Astorga's love songs, we have heard in fancy the "O Sanctissima" of the Sicilian sailor, lightly striking out his oars to the measure, while a soft evening wind bore the trembling, re-echoing sound over the boundless plain of a peaceful sea.

Critics have doubted some of the peculiar features in Astorga's life romance. They have found too little prose, too little of the philister in it, to give it the stamp of probability. But the scanty remains of Astorga's works prove the truth of these peculiar features, as much as their

harmony and melodious form witness common facts of his outward life.

It is probably by something more than accident, that Astorga composed the "fac ut animæ donetur, Paradisi gloria" of his glorious Stabat Mater, in such a wonderful manner. Is not that the soul, that has swam through seas of sorrow, and th a even in the sight of the glories of Paradise, cannot express an echo of melancholy? And then the spot where the sword pierces the heart of the mother of God! Pertransivit gladius! The basses cry out the words demoniacally, in chromatic passages, against the swelling upper voices, and cut, with the sharpness of a sword, through the woof of the melody. Few composers, in this repeatedly composed passages, thrill the listener, through marrow and bone like the usually gentle Astorga. It is the sword, that on the place of execution, cut through the father's life, and pierced even to the soul of the son, he has probably here written down in notes, the history of his own sufferings, unconsciously.

Another great church composition of the master's, his Requiem, has been but lately discovered, in fragments. Obscurity closes about this man; but the little of his that we know and possess, is so precious, that it only makes one hunger after what is probably lost altogether.

Let us take the chamber cantatas by Astorga. A cantata "for solo voices" taken from those pig-tail lays, is usually a dry, rattling, sheepish love song, an endless quavering sigh of trills and passages. Always the same litany of betrayal, inconstancy, and all the woes of love, in minor, or else the undescribable delights of love in major. Such cantatas are tedium embodied in notes. They generally strike us as not merely old fashioned, but unnaturally wrinkled and hoary. It is as if Methuselah were making a declaration of love to some maiden of seventeen, in bag-pipe trills. In Astorga's cantatas we find the verses trite, and the form the outward one of the day. But we forget these defects for the sake of the deep, warm, soulfull glow, that gushes from the tones that overflow the meagre text. Astorga's chamber music takes the same place beside the compositions of his musical contemporaries of the Neapolitan school, as the pictures of Murillo beside the latter fruits of Italian painting in the seventeenth century. It is the musical Tasso, languishing for his Leonora at the court of Parma, who steps before us in these hymns of love, and not the stiff schoolmaster Nicolo Porpora, who wrote solfeggi over oaths of love. It is the romantic glow, the warm coloring of a southerner, that separates Astorga so sharply from the generality of his contemporaries, and that brings him so near to the present day. And yet, amid all the glow of passion, he never entirely forgets his musical aristocracy, never throws aside his dignified, refined reserve in all artistic forms.

In the whole history of music, it is probable that no two characters can be found, so completely opposed to each other, as Wenzel Müller and

Astorga. It seems even a grotesque conceit to group them together at all.

But both were characters in the fullest sense of the word; both original, genial, only moving apart as regards object and means. Müller wrote for the people, Astorga for the small number of poetical devotees; one was a lonely spirit, the other lived with the mass. Müller is little esteemed, because he was too popular; Astorga little known, since he was too aristocratic. Both were ignored by the pedants of the school; Astorga, because he had too much poetry, Müller, because he had too much nature for them. Astorga's influence was insulated; Müller was surrounded by scholars. One led a jolly citizens' life, the other was driven from adventure to adventure. Of Müller's circumstances we know very little, while his works are pretty well circulated; Astorga's history is comparatively well known, but few of his compositions have reached us. Here we know the artist through his life—there the artist's life in his creations.

The silent joy, the scarcely to be restrained delight, the Columbus-like consciousness of the amateur, who discovers, under a heap of paltry pictures, some masterwork, veiled in the dust of centuries, has often been described, in just and earnest terms. The enthusiast becomes a child once more, the pleasure of long past Christmas eves, lives again for him. All this I myself experienced, when, among some musical manuscripts, which I had obtained from an old collection in Holland, I found two "new" cantatas by Astorga, those very love-songs by the Parmesan Tasso which I have mentioned above. When one discovers such buried treasures in poetic literature, one's first thought is to publish them. With musical discoveries it is generally the last thought. There are few paying people, who will interest themselves for an Astorga. Then the thought of being the only one to possess and enjoy a masterpiece, has a great, though probably a selfish charm. Only on the hundredth anniversary of the death of Sebastian Bach, the glory of the German nation, was a Bach-foundation established, in such a manner, as to give every one, at length, the opportunity of procuring, by subscription, a correct and complete copy of our most national composers' works! No other art can offer a counterpart to their shameful example.

It has appeared to us a mere mockery, when we have observed how much a certain church aria of Stradella's has been lately sung in concerts, solely because it has pleased a libretto-poet to take an anecdote from the old musicians, life, and travesty it in opera form. On a sudden, the long-forgotten Stradella has become interesting, and every one is curious to know how the man really sang, who cut such a sentimental figure on this board as tenor amoroso.

Some admirers of Astorga had his finest work, the *Stabat Mater*, engraved (a few years ago); it was not done for the sake of gain, but to give their enthusiasm the satisfaction of exciting a sympathetic feeling in others. The name of a publishing firm does not appear on the title-page of the score; it is simply decorated with a cross. It is the cross, on which the ideal tone-poetry of the past has been crucified, by some of our modern musicians.*

* A poetic writer on the same subject, asks, "Has this cross reference to the unknown and forgotten grave of the dead, or the heavy burden that the living bore?"

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Diarist in Paris.

PARIS, Jan. 4, 1861.

Les Pecheurs de Catane (the fishermen of Catania) at the theatre Lyrique is having quite a success, and yet as a play it is severely criticized, apparently with reason. In act I, the fisherman Cecco is in love with Nella, but without return, on the excellent grounds that she loves Fernand, a Spanish Lamartine, a great lord, nephew of the Governor of the island. It follows that she is not only in trouble herself but the cause of it to others. This must not be, and so, to make all right—she does that which makes all wrong—enters a convent. A heroic and decisive act enough, and we expect now that she will be heroic and decided all through the play. Being in a nunnery unluckily does not make her happy, and she groans behind, as Cecco does before, the grates, while the old folks make up a match between Fernand and his cousin Carmen, daughter of the governor. But the young man being in fact in love with Nella continues to put off the marriage for the present and hopes to get her from the cloister forever, when she comes to spend the usual three days at home before taking the vows. When she leaves the convent to this end, Cecco in his delight sings unutterable joys—if the expression be not too Irish—but Fernand does no more than give her a bouquet in which are concealed the magic words "I love you!"

In act II. we see the fishermen engaged at their occupation by torchlight, protected by an image of the Virgin, lighted by a red lantern. Cecco meeting Nella sings her a touching song expressive of his love and jealousy, at which she is so moved as to shed a flood of tears and the auditor expects her at last to give way and comfort the poor fellow with her hand. But after Cecco departs and before she dried her eyes, Fernand appears. At the sight of him she forgets everything; Cecco, the nunnery, her tears her vows, even the madonna illuminated by the red lantern and exclaims to her beloved "Ask of me whatever you will!" Hereupon the writer, from whom I am stealing, engages in somewhat severe criticism upon M. M. Cormon and Michel Carré the authors of the text for making their heroine guilty of such an untheatrical proceeding and one so unnatural, as this throwing herself into the arms of Fernand under the circumstances, without a word of reflection, regret, shame, clearly is. The music might save the situation—but does not. Sure of Nella Fernand determines to carry her off, and sends her a note appointing her rendezvous and requesting her to sing that his boat may follow hers. The person to whom the note is confided gives it to Cecco—a grand burst of jealousy—who causes Nella to sing—Fernand follows and is siezed by some insurgent fishermen, who are overtaxed by the governor, and who intend to keep him as a hostage until their demands are satisfied. In spite of a tempest Nella, accompanied by Cecco, goes in her boat to the castle and obtain the means of releasing the prisoner.

In the third act, Carmen who is waiting her intended, has obtained mercy for the revolted fishermen and an amelioration of the laws affecting them. But she is so full of marriage thoughts that the papers are lying forgotten among the trifles upon her dressing-table; but the appear-

ance of Nella praying for aid for Fernand brings them to light again. Nella is enchanted to have saved her lover, but finds marriage with him out of the question, and as she cannot and will not love and marry Cecco, she has no resource but the convent—into which she does not enter for the very good reason that she goes mad and dies—like the Lucia and Traviata business.

M. Maillart's music finds a considerable degree of favor. The introductory chorus; the religious and feeling song of Nella on leaving the convent, her air, half Sicilienne, half tarantelle; the orchestration in the fishing scene by torchlight; the swallow song, and the touching romance, "I am jealous," are noted as fine. The third act is the feeblest but, why did the writers of the text go over ground which has been treated before and upon which Donizetti and others have exerted their talents?

The burlesque Orpheus with Offenbach's music ran on to about 350 representations—of course this great number being partially due to the smallness of the place—but that the music had much to do with it, is shown by this fact, that before it was withdrawn two other works of his were acting, one, the ballet *Le Papillon* at the French opera, the other *le Roi Barkouf*, a comic opera at the Opera Comique.

King Barkouf is sadly treated by the critics—that is the text—and the music too, for that matter, as being too much of the burlesque order. The man of the Presse begins, "M. Offenbach must complain of the absurd poem to which he has been condemned, and M. Scribe has also cause of complaint, if indeed Barkouf, be his last work, as it is said. This would be closing his career with the song of a goose. What a strong faith a writer must have in the patience of the public to produce before it such nonsense. What a contempt of justly acquired reputation and for the literary Mr. Grundy (*qu'en dira-t-on*), is shown in the signing of a celebrated if not illustrious name, to such a farce, unworthy of the booth at a fair!" and so on. "Barkouf is a monster without head or tail, an indigested potpourri of silly situations and insipid jests," and so on. The other critics, whom I have read, talk in a similar manner.

But who is "King Barkouf?"

The people of Lahore were much given to sedition, and their kings, appointed by that old Public Functionary, the Grand Mogul, however an easy life they may have led of it, came in divers cases to uneasy ends; for instance, King Barkouf's illustrious predecessor, they had thrown out of the window, a process so bad for his health, that he then and there gave up the ghost. The Grand Mogul was justly incensed at this treatment of his vice, and appointed Barkouf king in his stead. Barkouf is a dog, that once owed Maima as his mistress. He reigns, as do many Public Functionaries, by the advice and consent of his ministers, or cabinet, he having only to sign papers, that is put the stamp of his paw upon them. To Maima he is a lamb, but to Vizier Balababeck he is a veritable tiger. On the whole the new king, to whom are shown all the honors, and who has his court and all sorts of sovereign powers, under the Mogul, does pretty well signs papers, and lives in clover,—but occasionally he gets his temper up and plays the very what-is-it? with his inferior understrappers. In one of these transports of fury, the tiptop

cupbearer of his majesty brings a paper for his sign-footual. This act is one commanding officer Saib to espouse the rather over-ripe daughter of the said cupbearer. Barkouf, it would seem, understands all the horror of condemning that fiery young man to the withered charms of that particular dame, and utterly refuses his signature. Now Mariam and the said Saeb are—keep it dark—lovers, and pretty far gone in the disease. She comes, and seeing at a glance that Barkouf is her old companion offers to do the needful and bring him into subjection. They will not admit her at first expecting to see her torn in pieces, but she perseveres and to their astonishment, is received by the dog with every mark of affection. She has heard of the project of marrying Saeb to her withered rival and determines to prevent its execution. From this time Maima is “interpreting secretary” to his majesty, and Labore under her wise government becomes the land of Cockayne. The imprisoned insurgents are pardoned, and Saeb is not forced to marry against his will. The courtiers and members of the cabinet find their projects defeated, and prefer rather than lose their offices, which have become almost hereditary, to secede from the Grand Mogul’s empire, and call in to their aid England and Louis Napoleon—pshaw, I mean, the Tartars, poison King Barkouf, and have everything their own way again. It is the cupbearers business to do the poisoning, and he mingles the drug with the dog’s drink. But Maima finding out the plot commands in the name of Barkouf, the conspirators to drink of it. Of course they will not; of course, this unmasks them; of course this is very original and effective! Well, the Tartars approach the city, Barkouf, Saeb and the army attack and route them, the dog falling fighting valiantly. The great Mogul is in high good spirits at the result. He commands Maima to select a new king. She chooses Saeb, they marry on the spot, and, it is to be hoped if they are not dead that they are alive still.

The *Presse* is severe upon the music; so is the *Opinion*. But the latter finds much sweet melody in it. It says, “melody reigns in the work as Barkouf did at Lahore. So long as Maima is interpreter all goes well. But when the great public functionaries mingle in all goes badly. In fact it is not melody which they sing but a sort of rhythmic harmony, or still better, a harmonic hash of which here is the recipe for the use of such persons as desire to find an easy amusement in composition of this sort:

Take the principal note of a chord, or a some aggregation of a sound; lay it upon a chopping block; cut it into quarters, eighths or sixteenths, according to the necessities of the syllables; press the hash to give it form, between two sham pauses, then sauce it with orchestration and serve promptly. This is precisely the way in which cooks make meat-balls.”

The grand fault, which the critics find is that Offenbach, in writing for another stage and another audience than those at the Bouffes, has not written in another manner, that he still remains the maker of burlesque music, in placethere, but not here.

In farther commendation I will add some passages from the *Patrie* upon Offenbach, for if he is destined to become a great composer, it is well to know how his early efforts are received, and if not, we shall see how nearly French newspaper criticism hits the truth.

After speaking of the many difficulties, which beset the path of young composers—another proof that Paris is not quite an Elysium for musical students—he adds that now and then a lucky individual appears and to the number of these favored existences, these happy destinies, must be added the name of M. Offenbach.

“Very young when he began his career which was a virtuoso, he drew attention immediately and everywhere. His instrument was the violoncello; he was one of the most distinguished performers whom we have heard, and rapidly acquired a sort of reputation; in his case it was legitimate, but with what pains and efforts have so many others alone been able to gain it? But this was not enough for M. Offenbach. He dreamed of theatrical success and the more enduring glory of the composer. So he wrote and in his first essays made his mark as he had done as a virtuoso.

Then the direction of a theatre was entrusted to him. Master of himself, judge of his own works, and able to appreciate his own merits at their proper value, his ambition now encountered fewer obstacles than ever. Eulogiums almost unanimous, an unusual kindness on the part of the public, the press encouraging him with a benevolence almost amounting to partiality, roused his ambition too high and misled the young author as to the real grasp of his talents, the true measure of his powers. Hence the first check, which the constant good fortune of M. Offenbach has received. From this first error proceed his first disappointments. It is an easy thing for a man to give way to the suggestions of vanity, which will creep into the most diffident and modest heart. Can we blame Offenbach, then, for having given way? At all events it must be admitted that his genius was restricted upon the narrow stage, where it alone had play; that it wanted a larger field, a broader horizon. The author of the new *Orpheus* thought so and resolved to strike a decisive blow for fame.

“Eminent composers regard it as a distinguish-honor, as an unheard-of happiness to have their works brought out at the Grand Opera or the Opera Comique. M. Offenbach has boarded both at the same time. The idea of appearing upon both stages at once, and of obtaining on the same day a double triumph, was a beautiful dream; but one which only a genius could make real. Such extreme satisfaction of an honorable pride is to be purchased only by men, who can pay for it with masterpieces. Now whatever idea we may have of Offenbach’s talents, it cannot be admitted that they are of a nature to authorize such pretensions and to justify such rashness. For when the power is less than the wish, courage degenerates into temerity. M. Offenbach shines at the Bouffes Parisiennes, but is eclipsed on stages of greater pretensions. We have proved this in case of the ballet *Le Papillon*, we see it again in the opera *Barkouf*. In the first of these there are qualities incontestably good in the midst of numerous weaknesses; in the second we find much less to praise. *Barkouf* is a check—but let us add in justice, that the authors of the text are in great measure responsible.

“We insisted in our last article upon the necessity of a composer having a good subject; but we did not expect that so striking a demonstration of the principle would so soon be afforded.”

Then the writer proceeds to say that reduced

to one act and brought out at the Bouffes it might do, but that at the Opera Comique it is utterly out of place and ought never to have been admitted there. Scribe, too, is by no means complimented for having his name added to that of M. Boissaux as one of its authors. I will only add one sentence of the many upon the music. “There is not a salient melody, nor an original one in *Barkouf*; all is sought; the ideas are elaborated by efforts, labor takes the place of inspiration, the will that of creative energy.”

Plain speaking this—now just suppose, the man was an American and had produced his work in Boston or New York, and that any one had ventured to talk in this strain?

This evening (Jan. 9), at the Bouffes are to be given *La chanson de Fortunio* and *Le Savetier et le Financier*, music of both by Offenbach; and the *Popillon* at the Grand Opera.

Translated for Dwight’s Journal of Music.

Sketches of French Musical History.

SACRED MUSIC.

VI.

1600—1800.

Before continuing the history of the theatre in France and showing how by degrees the various dramatic forms assumed their social character, let us cast a rapid glance at the condition of sacred music during the two centuries which have preceded our own.

The liturgic unity of the Roman church, established with so much care in the 16th century, was soon broken, so to remain with no attempt to renew it, until our own days. The Council of Trent was opened in 1545, under Pope Paul III., but was adjourned from time to time. Paul III. and Paul IV. had passed away, and Pius IV. came into the papal chair.

A project of reforming the liturgy was formed at Augsburg, by Charles V., Emperor, in which he demanded that the prayers of the church should be conformed to the institutions of the ancient Fathers. In 1562 a representation was made to Cardinal Lorraine of the necessity of ‘purifying divine service. Pius V., who had now succeeded Pius IV., took in hand the manuscripts of Paul IV. and all the papers of the Grand Council. He put in force again the canon of Gregory VII., upon the selections from the Scriptures in the morning lessons; the homilies of the holy fathers were selected with remarkable discernment and the legends of the saints were rigorously purged of all that was apocryphal. [?] When this work was ended Pius V. promulgated the new edition of the *Roman Breviary* at St. Peter’s on the 7th of the Ides of July, 1568. In 1570 he made a special purpose of promulgating the new missal.

At this epoch the French churches had a liturgy formed upon the Roman one introduced by Charlemagne, and of customs, which they had the right to maintain by the express provisions of the Bull. The University of Paris had always exhibited a vigorous orthodoxy in regard to the liturgy, and the council of Rouen, held in 1581, recommended conformity to the constitutions of Pius V. In 1583 the councils of Rheims, Bordeaux and Tours made the same recommendation. In the following years Bourges, Aix, Toulouse and Narbonne received the bull of Pius V. and other provinces adopted similar measures for liturgic reform. The reformed Roman service books were also introduced into the chapel of the King by order of Henry III. but the parliament exhibited an opposition of evil augury to the old principles of the liturgy.

The Gregorian chant had so degenerated that Pope Marcellus thought seriously of banishing music en-

tirely from the churches. Palestrina saved the art by his masterpiece, — the mass known by that pope's name — and disarmed the enemies of sacred music. The council of Trent prohibited all lascivious and secular airs, both upon the organ and in the vocal music of the service, but recommended the study of ecclesiastical singing in the seminaries of theological learning. Gregory XIII. reformed the calendar, and promulgated the Roman martyrology. Pope Sixtus V. established the congregation of Rites, and published an edition of the Vulgate; Clement VIII. published the Pontifical and the Roman ceremonial.

Why need this universal liturgy, so dear to the hearts of all true Catholics and again adopted by the general assembly of the French clergy in 1605, have been invaded and caused to degenerate during the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.? Why that individualism, which separates, rather than that heartfelt sympathy, which unites?

Meantime, in the 17th century, a few champions of the old order of things ardently opposed the "pretended reform" of the liturgy; among the more noted names we may mention Cardinal Bonæ (in his *Rerum liturgicarum*, and his *De Divina Psalmodia*; the Benedictine monk, Benoit de Jumilhac, Nivers, Mabillon and Martène. In the 18th century, when faith was so feeble and tottering, it is pleasant to be able to recall the names Bergier, Lebeuf, Poisson and Gerbert. But let us return to our special domain, that of music. Formé and Picot, sub-master of the music of Louis XIII.; that king himself composed motets, an office for Ash-Wednesday and a *de profundis* upon occasion of sickness. The Bournonvilles and Auxcousteaux were fine organists for that period, Gautez and Gobert famous chapel-masters.

In the time of Louis XIV. the orchestra joined the voices in the performance of sacred music.

Dumont, born at Liege in 1610, author of the celebrated mass in plain song, which still remains popular in the French churches, refused, as did his colleague Robert — both being sub-masters of the royal chapel — to submit to the orders of Louis XIV. The two artists, holding to the decisions of the council of Trent, resigned their places. Harlay, Archbishop of Paris, decided that the council did not forbid instrumental symphonic music in the church. Dumont persisted, withdrew and died the next year, (1684).

Lulli then proposed to divide the duties among four masters, and obtained one of the places for his pupil, Colasse. Abbé Robert, who had also retired, recommended his protégé, Goupillet, to the king. The archbishop of Reims besought his Majesty to receive Minoret, and, for the fourth, Louis chose Miche, Richard de Lalande, born at Paris, Dec. 15, 1657. Twenty candidates having presented themselves, the king had selected from them eight composers of similar merit, and caused them to be shut up, each by himself, to compose music for the psalm *Beati quorum*. Lalande bore the prize away.

The four organists, who divided the service in the chapel, were J. Tomelin, Nivers, Buterne and Lebegue. The Archbishop of Reims, grand almoner master of the chapel royal, gave orders to grant all the French musicians liberty of offering their services to the king.

They sent to Italy for singers and instrumental performers; the royal music-corps was increased to the number of twenty four. Madame Lalande and her two daughters sang at chapel pieces expressly composed for their beautiful voices. Lalande himself who rose to be superintendent of the royal music and chevalier of the order of St. Michael, was the fifteenth child of a merchant tailor. In childhood he was one of the boys in the choir at St. Germain d'Auxerrois and a pupil of Chaperon, and in manhood distinguished himself both as organist and composer. He wrote sixty motets for grand chorus during the forty-five years of his service under the king.

Having lost his wife, Anne Rebel, in 1722, he petitioned for liberty to divide three-quarters of the duties of the chapel-mastership without reserve among other musicians. This being granted he selected Campra, Bernier and Gervais, a choice which gained him as much honor as did his disinterestedness. The king gave him a pension of 3000 livres during his life, which closed June 18, 1726. Lalande reached the age of 67 years. We owe to him the music of *Melicerte*, the ballet *Les Elements*, and grandly effective choruses. His most celebrated motets are the *Dixit dominus*, *Exsurgat Deus* and *Te Deum*. He had shared with the younger Lulli the superintendence of the royal music.

A curious general remark is suggested by the foregoing facts; it is this, — sacred music declined in France in proportion as dramatic music improved. In the 17th century, Louis XIV., who, 'spite of his faults knew how to encourage both literature and art, determined to have Lalande to superintend his sacred as he already had Lulli to take charge of his theatrical music. The great king encouraged carefully the nascent merit of the young artist, and hastened his progress as much by his commendations as by his liberality, Lalande having broken his violin, upon Lulli's refusal to admit him into his orchestra, studied the organ and harpsichord and finally became, at the same time, organist to four churches in Paris; these privileged parishes were St. Gervais, St. John, the great Jesuits, and Petit St. Antoine. He had also excellent pupils, whom he taught with great assiduity.

His two daughters died within twelve days of each other, of small pox, at the ages of 24 and 25 years. The king, who had just lost his son, had the kindness to call the artist, and speaking sorrowfully of their analogous misfortunes, added, pointing upward, to the broken-hearted father, "Lalande, it must be submitted to!" In 1723 Lalande married his second wife, Mlle. de Cury, daughter of the physician of the princess de Conti. Three years afterward he was attacked by an inflammation of the lungs, which carried him off; he died a Christian, leaving one child, a daughter of 21 years, the recipient of the royal favor even in the cradle. Lalande's love of labor was extreme. He felt the life of man too short for reaching perfection, and continually retouched his works yet never fully satisfied himself with them. Toward the end of his life his only occupation was the revision of the productions of his youth.

The long and scrupulous criticism to which he subjected his works prevented him from publishing them himself. His widow, devotedly attached to the memory of her illustrious husband, made it her only study to render that memory immortal, by her care in bringing out his remarkable compositions. Lalande took great delight in reading the Psalms, which excited in him strong emotion. He was a rare accompanist and the least praise made him blush. Difficult as to his own compositions, he gladly played what was fine in the works of others.

Like all great men he suffered from the envy of others. He was unjustly accused of plagiarism. He had no doubt studied profoundly the music of preceding ages, surpassing in erudition all the musicians of his time [in France] — but so have the most celebrated authors, Moliere, Despreaux, Racine, &c imitated the ancients; but it is the work of genius to transform the ideas of others, and however much originality one may possess there is always apparent something of tradition. De Blamont, disciple of Lalande, borrowed in his compositions from his master, — his marvellous treatment of the voice; his exquisite harmonies; his exquisite adaptation of his music to the sentiment of the words. A lover of grand and sublime ideas, Lalande was at the same time learned and profound, simple and natural. His constant aim was to touch the soul by his richness of expression and the vivacity of his pictures; he calms our emotions by the grace of his

themes and by the lovely episodes, which he so tastefully introduces into his most labored choruses.

Philidor the elder, librarian to Louis XV. brought together a most precious manuscript collection of all sorts of popular airs, fugitive pieces, Christmas carols and French ballets, which is now preserved in the Library of the Conservatory at Paris. After the death of Louis, the Regent made desperate reforms in the chapel and dismissed half of the executive musicians, Destouches succeeded Lalande as chapel master, and, later, Mondonville, Blanchard and Maudin took the places of Gervais, Campra and Bernier. The organists of that period were Calviere, Daquin, Laudin and d'Agincourt.

Under Louis XV. Rebel, Blanchard, Burg, Ganzargues and Mathieu were the masters of music, and Rebel and Francoeur had the superintendence. In 1768 a prize was offered for the best motet upon the psalm *Super flumina*. Twenty-five compositions were sent in and François Giroust gained the gold medal.

The king named him, in 1775, master of the music in his chapel, and later, superintendent of his music. He wrote an oratorio on the subject of the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea and a *Regina celi* after a picture of the Resurrection. He was born at Paris, April 9, 1730 and died at Versailles, correspondent of the Institute, April 28, 1799.

From the 10th of August, 1791 until July 20, 1802, occurs an interval of eleven years, during which sacred music, already in deep decay, totally disappeared in France, borne away by the turbulence of the Revolution.

Ludwig Rellstab.*

The place occupied by Rellstab's efforts in the more extended sphere of polite literature will be properly appreciated by the biographer, who enters into all the details of the case. We propose merely to throw a light over the influence exercised by his writings and opinions on matters connected with art-culture in Berlin. With him there has been extinguished a prominent mental element in society here. In him we possessed, for many years, the prompter of all movements whence art-culture was developed, or by which it was purified — the representative of public opinion on it. The man who was able to guide the views of the masses, and fascinate them by his words must have possessed a peculiar power, most unmistakably conscious of its effect, and imbued with all the more authority from the fact, that it cannot capriciously talk people over, but demands an independent judgment.

Next to his talent, and talent under all circumstances pursues its own path, the peculiar course of culture distinguishing Ludwig Rellstab's life, will aid materially in explaining his importance. The years of his childhood and youth date back to the time of fertile ideas and imposing deeds in the German fatherland. Classic literature had just penetrated, body and bone, into the educated world, and romanticism was putting forth its most luxurious blossoms. Between the two, among the people, were the rough contrasts of debasement and elevation, all exciting circumstances, which necessarily assisted a boy of a peculiar and strongly marked disposition. The family relations and domestic matters by which the boy's first notions were suggested, were likewise of a favorable description.

At the period when Ludwig Rellstab was born in Berlin (April 12th, 1799), his father, a man of liberal education, especially on the subject of music, possessed a considerable establishment as a bookseller music publisher, and printer. Regular concerts, with a full band, used to be given in his house, so that the artistic feeling of his son was awakened by hearing the works of Sebastian, Emanuel, and Friedemann Bach, Mozart, and other masters. During the summer, the family resided at a small villa in the Thiergarten,† which, being then in its natural uncultivated state, afforded the boy plenty of places to play in, while it also excited the most delicious feelings in his poetical mind. His mother was a model of the most noble womanly qualities. On the occasion of his making a journey, in the year 1821, to Weimar, Zelter recommended him to Göthe, "for the sake of his excellent mother, of whom he had been very fond.

* Translated for *London Musical World* from the *Vossische Zeitung*.

† Zoological Gardens, now a favorite resort of the people of Berlin.

The incitement, also, to action which he derived from his playfellows, especially from his cousin, Wilhelm Häring (Willibald Alexis) may not have been without influence upon his growing capabilities.

For the nonce, however, as we learn from Rellstab's own confession, these capabilities were principally displayed in the manufacture of pasteboard articles and fireworks, and in executing conjuring tricks, it being an interesting and curious fact, that the first notice Rellstab wrote for the *Vossische Zeitung* was a criticism on a conjuror, who gave his performances near the house of Rellstab's father, in the Thiergarten. Rellstab was then twelve years of age. His father, who used, as a musical critic, to furnish articles for the paper, from time to time—prevailed on the boy, who was rather advanced in his German school studies, to write the report, which was kindly accepted by the then editor, Professor Catel. In other branches of learning, it is said that the performances of the young author were not particularly conspicuous, although at the Joachimsthal and Werdener gymnasia, which he attended, he enjoyed the good fortune of being under such celebrated teachers as Bernhardt, Zumpt, Twesten, Lange, and Spillecke. It is true that the period in question was that of the most lively and enthusiastic sympathy for the welfare of the Prussian and German fatherland. When the pupils of the third class, who were old enough to bear arms, although tolerably ill acquainted with their Latin dictionary, advanced in brilliant uniform to meet their younger schoolfellows; when the masters, who had previously bestowed only blame on them, shook hands at parting, and pressed them to their heart, we do not think they were adopting the best plan to keep up the taste for Curtius or Julius Cæsar in the youngsters left behind. "Tears of the tenderest emotion," so Rellstab himself tells us, "fill my eyes even now, as with hair grown grey, and my life drawing to its close, I write down these lines recalling the sad and yet never-to-be-forgotten delicious hours of my youth and boyhood." That the great events of the time did not produce a merely transient impression upon him, was proved by his most determined resolution to embrace the career of arms. His father used frequently to have violent disputes with him on this subject.

Meanwhile the second campaign had begun, and his father had died suddenly of apoplexy while out walking. The youth, now in his sixteenth year, could no longer resist the impulse of his heart; Körner's songs of freedom, set to Weber's vigorous melodies, were whirling around on his brain. He offered himself as a recruit to the Colomb'sches regiment of hussars, and was accepted. He was, however, dismissed after his first period of service, because one of his eyes, which was weak, became entirely useless. His determination was extraordinary, possessing a touch of obstinacy. He succeeded in prevailing on his guardian to allow him to enter the Military School, and it was not long before he was promoted to be mathematical master and officer. The assiduous youth had thus gained a starting-point for independent exertion, and, with his restless love of work, a sentiment shooting out in the most opposite directions, he was enabled to concentrate his strength and fix his eye steadily on certain objects.

The peaceful state of affairs in Germany—a state of affairs continually affording fresh foundations for artistic activity—awakened or collected in Berlin all kinds of intellect, and introduced Rellstab into the midst of the busy throng. Ludwig Berger and Bernhard Klein constituted the centre of a new musical epoch. The youthful Rellstab joined them. Ludwig Devrient shone as a star of the first magnitude in the theatrical world; Zelter occupied the place of honor among the representatives of serious, respectable old men; E. T. A. Hoffmann was an original on the domains of music, painting, poetry, and even jurisprudence; old Körner and Streckfuss furnished, in their way, considerable incitement to literary efforts; while Rungenhagen, W. Bach, and C. Reichardt joined the narrower circle of musical activity. It was said that men so universally gifted ought to light and maintain the fire of intellectual and artistic life at one common point of reunion. At such a point, the younger Liedertafel was founded by Rellstab, Klein and Berger. Zelter did not hesitate becoming an honorary member. Rellstab was the poet of the association, and that which was called into existence by the free intercourse of the members echoed far and wide, exercising a decided influence on the taste for art evinced by the educated classes.

Rellstab's musical studies, which, during this time, had been neglected, but for which his strict father had laid a solid foundation, were again resumed. Berger and Klein, who not unfrequently used to take a delight in listening to the young officer's extemporizing on the pianoforte, took him as their pupil, guiding him to correctness of composition, reading scores

with him, and initiating him into the depths of Mozart's and Beethoven's compositions.

On a course of such irregular, although serious work, his duties as teacher at the brigade school exerted, besides many other disagreeable results, a paralyzing effect. Rellstab always spoke of the military profession with the highest respect, and among his most intimate friends he numbered officers of high rank; the sympathies of his life, however, had their roots in a very different soil. He resigned his commission, and as, after the decease of his mother, he had inherited a competency, he was easily enabled to discover the paths which conducted his talent to maturity.

His friends had long perceived and appreciated his poetical powers. It was partly owing to their influence and partly to a plan which he had formed in his own mind, that he resolved on attempting to divert German opera into new channels, so that the literary foundation for the music might be included in the domain of independent art, properly so called. He wrote the words of *Dido*, and Klein composed the music. Berger was enraptured with the subject and its treatment, of which he had been informed by Rellstab; C. M. von Weber, in Dresden, Tieck, and Jean Paul valued the work highly (Rellstab's correspondence contains proofs of this), and formed their estimate of the author's talent accordingly, although a considerable number of lyrical poems had already laid the earlier foundations of his reputation. The first representation of *Dido* took place on the 13th of October, 1823, the birthday of the present king. The opera was revived in the year 1827, and once more performed in 1854, but it never achieved a decided success. We will return to Rellstab's theatrical labors presently.

(To be continued.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 16, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS WEEK'S JOURNAL.—The May-Bells and the Flowers, a Vocal Duet by Mendelssohn.

Editorial Correspondence.

NEW SERIES.

NO. VI.

A WEEK IN DRESDEN, CONCLUDED.

BERLIN, Dec. 20, 1860.

Oct. 30. That Tuesday shall be memorable for a long day's excursion, in company with Clara Schumann, and the daughter, (a blooming maiden with musical voice and the father's features), and the sister Marie, and our strong-tone hero Joachim—in a great open carriage—only think of it, with real horses—and a driver that would lose the way, so as to prolong the pleasure—and the finest of October days, though far from warm—out to one of the most characteristic and romantic points of the so-called "Saxon Switzerland," the *Bastei*. When such artists have holiday, it is a good thing to be of the party;—that is, if they want you. And was it not a charming way to take, to make the stranger acquainted—a stroke of hospitable genius on the part of the warm-hearted artist women, ever occupied with earnest cares and duties, mother of seven children, thrown upon her Art for their support, busy with the concerts, busy with a thousand artistic relations, and with the laborious practice necessary to maintain, as she fully does, her pre-eminent position among genial classical pianists? A few hours' drive brings us to the path down in the famous *Utevalde Grund*, through which wonderful ravine we thread our way afoot, winding upwards find ourselves upon a narrow gallery of rock, perched high in air, some six or seven hundred feet above the Elbe that sweeps right round its base, and this is the *Bastei*, and you look off over a vast plain, broken by low mound-like mountains, round and flat like huge Titanic mill-stones, each entirely by itself, with miles of deadest level between it and the others. The sun is just dropping down in the West, purpling the water and the skies (how short the days!), and the great round moon is already taking color and serenely throned above the whole magnificent, cold scene. Art has contrived curious towers, and bridges, sacred

niches and inscriptions all about our rocky perch; and feudal legends, of robber knights who used to swoop down upon their prey on that quiet river, are not wanting; while close around us, springing from the plain, and rising to an equal height with us, are strange fantastic shafts of rock, a sort of Giants' Causeway, only all set apart, as if the whole sandstone mass had been cleft this way and that way to the very bottom, as we see a block of wood cleft into a bunch of matches. But I am not going to describe the *Bastei*; you will find it very well done in Murray. Suffice it to say the only title of this region to be called a "Switzerland" lies in the fact that it is as unlike Switzerland as possible. That is the very charm of it. It has no snowy mountains, no glaciers, no blue peaks and needles, no *cols*, no mountain chains, nor valleys, nor pasture Alps and *matten*—nothing that is Swiss, and nothing that is grand. But it is a wild kind of beauty on a smaller scale, entirely *sui generis* and unlike anything else; a weird, romantic beauty; some strange old poetry and magic seems to haunt there; the tones of the wind seemed fraught with mystical suggestion as they swelled and died away around the *gasthaus*, in which our merry company were sitting after yielding to the fascination of the scene outdoors as long as cold and hunger would permit. I wonder if their secret did not pass into the strings of that matchless violin, whose soul and master we had with us!

What a cold drive we had home under that harvest moon! The fields and hills spread white as snow around us, blanched it the pale moon gleam. And when we reached the broad part of the river where we had to cross, behold, the ferry boat was on the other side, and Charon snug asleep, insensible to our repeated shouts, or hearing in his dreams the halloos and shrill whistles of our driver mellowed into the wild hunter's waldhorn or the Wanderhorn of Oberon. Happy boatman. What cruel delusions waits thee! Still we shiver. A whole half hour we stand there at the water's edge and freeze; the glistening air itself is frozen white and solid. At last a light begins to wave reluctantly and sleepily about the cottage; and there are sounds of chains and paddles, and a boat steadily approaching through the small eternity it takes to cross a rapid stream in such an hour, and brisk exchange of tongue artillery between our charioteer and Charon,—and we are underway again—or underweigh—chilled into society of silence, like a Quaker meeting—musing on the rich day we had had, and owning the majestic beauty of the night, grateful for all this to Nature, although her handgrasp just now is none of the gentlest. But we were soon thawed, we two, after we bid good night to our fair entertainers, and were snuggled over a good fire and other good things in our hotel, just in the mood of talk, and quite agreed that such a day was worth the freezing.

Oct. 31. A sharp, clear air, fit to be breathed upon this day of the *Reformations Fest*—proudest anniversary of Protestant Germany. And where should it be celebrated if not here in Saxony, in spite of the anomaly of a king one of whose Elector ancestors slid back to Rome and then picked up a crown? The shops are closed, and the streets have an almost New England Fast or Thanksgiving aspect. All the large churches—the court church excepted—are thronged two or three times during the day for solemn, cheerful service; and the old Lutheran hymns ring out with a will from thousands of united voices, and the debt of Germany, of civilization to Luther, with the duties thence arising, is the theme of many a glowing preacher. I go in the morning to the most curious and interesting, perhaps, as well as one of the largest of these old churches, the Sephien-Kirche. There we may hear perhaps some organ-playing by the most famous of the German organists now living, the old Johann Schneider. His post of duty is here, at the old Silbermann organ, stuck up in the gallery

in a corner of the vast and unsymmetrical interior. Such was the crowd, standing in every aisle, that there was no penetrating beyond a place directly underneath the organ gallery. If there had been any fugue or voluntary before service, I had lost it. But it did edify and thrill one somewhat to stand there part and parcel of that crowd, when there went up from young and old the mighty intonations of *Ein feste Burg*, sustained by the great flood of organ harmony. Many stanzas were sung; and between them were short interludes, often of a very brilliant character, which showed a master hand indeed, but not a very sober taste. One could not help thinking that the old man had taken a strange time to figure in the character of virtuoso and indulge in such fantastical surprises.

Then came an hour of chamber music of Bach and violin, all by ourselves. A beautiful Andante of the old master was played to an audience of one—and it is probable that not so much as one was thought of when the thing was written. That full brook flowed just as steadily and sweetly in the unbroken solitude, as when the world looked on. And so it would have kept on running (for it was the right master hand that smote the rock, that is the strings) that morning, but that a visitor, a poet, dropped in full of talk, Hans Christian Andersen, the Dane, a homely, tall, good-natured, lively, gaily dressed, enthusiastic individual, pleased with his own echo in the world. And should he not feel pleasantly? Had he not just been bidden into the presence, to read before his Saxon Majesty, the royal *Uebersetzer* of the more than royal Dante, his last drama, romance, or what not in *ms.*? But now adieu! auf Wiedersehn! because my lady waits. We step across the hall, into the concert room, where the two artists must rehearse for their last Soirée. So, after cordial inquiries and assurance on all sides that all are safely thawed out after the last night's cold adventure (for surely Charon, the real mythological old fellow, never had a colder, stiller set of ghosts to ferry over—though "we were no ghosts, nor that stream a Lathe, (as these presents show), the audience of one is ensconced in a corner, and the morning's business preceeds. Sonatas for piano and violin, one by Mozart and one by Haydn, are the subject. Fine specimens of their authors' finest art and genius, and not-dismissed until the rendering was so faultless, that one saw the genial masters in a fresh light and conceived a new love for both of them. It is a good thing, after long preoccupation with such deeper spirits as Bach or Beethoven, to be reminded, in such a way as a pianist like Clara Schumann can remind one, of a Clementi, a Haydn, &c. Such interpreters as these two, know how to place them all in the right light, relatively before you.

Nov. 1. Another morning rehearsal. Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven (glorious Sonata), Bach. After dinner a long walk, over the bridge, through the Neustadt, and round towards the right bank of the river, to the place of entertainment called the Linksche Bad, where there is another large and sumptuous café-concert hall. The programme was rich; containing, besides lighter things, the "Pastoral Symphony," Gade's "Ossian" overture, Duet from "Jes-sonda," Overture to "Egmont," Andante and variations from Haydn's 12th Symphony, Overture to "Nozze di Figaro," and to the "Swiss Family," *Lieder ohne Worte* by Mendelssohn, and an arrangement from a very striking song by Schubert, the *Greisengesang* (Song of the Old Man), which impressed me as one of the best things of this kind of treatment, if we must have such things served up by an orchestra. The frigid chords (so Schubert like) which describe the wintry snows of age upon the head ("the roof"), contrasted with the warmer harmonies of the summer that abides within, are quite effective. It would be a good change in our Music Hall "Rehearsals" from the "Serenade" and *Lob der Thränen*, now so staled by repetition.

In the evening came the third and last Soirée of Clara Schumann and Joachim, with the assistance of Frau Garrigues-Schnorr von Carolsfeld as singer. The illness of Herr Schnorr, the husband, caused a real disappointment, and some change of programme, making it as follows:

1. Sonata (F major), piano and violin :
Allegro, Variations. Tempo di Minuetto. Mozart
a "Thränenregen," (Wir sassen so traulich beisammen.)
b "Mein." (Büchlein, lass dein Rauschen sein)
3. Sonata (op 101) for piano. Beethoven
4. Three Duettinos, piano and violin. R. Schumann
5. a Romanza, for violin. Beethoven
b Bourrée and Double, do. J. S. Bach
6. a Ballad: "Heinrich der Vogler" Löwe
b "Lithuanisches Lied" Chopin
7. Sonata (G major), piano and violin: Andante—Adagio—Cantab.—Finale all' Ongarese. Haydn

The piece by Haydn is found as a Trio; but the violoncello, which scarcely more than doubles the bass in the piano, could be left out without loss—by such players. It is one of the happiest strokes of Haydn's genius; the best movement exquisitely sunshiny, like Jack o' lantern on the wall. It was played *con amore*, with the most accurate and nimble fingers, and such nice and vital accent as the best player only can command when all the nerves are rightly strung. These variations by Mozart could not have been more generally perfect and Mozartish in the rendering. It certainly was a notable achievement for a woman to bring out clearly, finely, warmly, grandly, as Mme. Schumann did, the beauty, force and meaning of a Sonata which is one of the most difficult alike to comprehend and execute, of those remarkable works of the last period of Beethoven—and one of the most richly imaginative and original. If there is any part of it into the sense of which perhaps a man might enter more completely, it is that singular quick march, the like of which no other hero mood of genius ever marched by; for that treads airy heights for which methinks, only a man's brain can be at once enough intoxicated and enough self-possessed. Talking the thing over together, afterwards, we did not find the lady fully sympathise with our admiration of that particular movement. (Among the "Davidsbündler"—Ensbuius, Mester Raro, and the rest—there would have been none to say us nay). As Joachim dealt with it, there seemed a great deal more in that often played Romanza of Beethoven, than there ever had before. It held the audience in ecstasy. The *Bourrée* (old dance rhythm) and *Double* (or Variation), was given with masterly vividness and truth of outline, and afforded still new evidence that old Bach is the youngest man alive in music, as well as the ripest. The vocal selections were choice; each with a characteristic charm; the singer could not be charged with neglect of expression; there was only too much of it; a certain extra dramatic infusion of energy, which let the melodies have no peace to "flow at their own sweet will." The three little instrumental Duos by Schumann were a nice substitute for some Duets of his which were to have been sung. More rare or charming song selections one can scarcely hear, than graced these concerts. Robert Schumann is never more genial, more felicitous than in his songs; and where should one expect to make their acquaintance in the right way, if not in just these concerts, which are pious tributes to his memory and genius, by one who has the best right to interpret him?

The concert over, now imagine a very pleasant, sociable symposium in an upper room of this same nice Hotel de Saxe. It is a genuine German sit-down, where everybody is expected to be just as free and happy as he can. And everybody can be just as happy as he has a right to be; and no more, *nicht wahr?* It is at once an artist and a family *Gesellschaft*. All of the Wieck and Schumann representations are there, who chance to be at hand. But the Amphytrion is our hero of the victim, who would insist upon the mountain's coming to Mahomet.

There's magnetism in the man, as we have said; and where do you ever find power, that is not tyrannical-ly used? So, not content with "ascending me into the brain" in the form of Beethoven and Bach, he must needs start other subtle effervescing spirits on the same track. We are a dozen all told. Three generations of that musical family of Dresden represented. A right German party! But it is not complete, the younger branches are not happy, nothing can go on, until the grandpapa is found, dragged from his *Kneip*, led in triumph and installed with all due honor and uproarious rejoicing at the head of the table. Then all are very happy; the middle-aged and youngest very talkative and jokeative, and the dear old lady looks a deal of silent happiness; and Altmeister Wieck is very wise and fatherly and witty in his chair of state, and jokes about the *Wunderkindervater*, as the father and the teacher of two such artists as Clara and Marie, with such a son-in-law as Robert Schumann, may well call himself. Not a few sharp criticisms he drops, too, on the new school music—all in fun of course! And very comical and to the point are some of his illustrations of prevailing tricks in fashionable false schools of singing. For this old man possesses the true art of disciplining the voice as well as the fingers. The daughter Marie, who is full of generous good nature and good sense, as well as musical talent, is a fine singer, has a rich mezzo-soprano admirably developed, and sang one evening in my hearing Mendelssohn's *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*, and that impassioned song of Beethoven, to Goethe's verses, *Herz, mein Herz*, in a way to make them felt. I think I forgot, in speaking of the first Soirée to mention the artistic touch and finished tasteful execution with which this young lady played the upper part in the "Allegro Brillante" of Mendelssohn with her sister. I have heard her also play Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" variations, and some of those bewitching little quicksilver clavier movements of Bach, with a spirit and a nicety not to be surpassed. Good for the Wunderkindervater! Health!

Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

SEVENTH CONCERT OF THE SERIES OF EIGHT.

The programme presented some excellent pieces. The beautiful Quintette in D by Mozart, the Capriccio in B minor by Mendelssohn and last and best of all the gigantic Quartette in E flat by Beethoven, which we heard for the first time in Boston last year, were in themselves enough to make a most satisfactory programme. The other pieces, the Piano Quartette by Dussek and the Clarinette solo were pleasant additions. The club deserve a good deal of credit for the large amount of good music given on one evening.

PART I.

1. Quintette in D. No. 4. Mozart
Introduction and Allegro—Andante—Minuetto—
Finale, Vivace.
2. Quartette, for Piano and string Instruments, in F minor, Op. 41. Dussek
Moderato ma con fuoco—Adagio espressivo—Finale,
Allegretto. (First time in Boston.)
3. Andante Pastorale, from the Clarinette Concerto in E flat. Crusel
Thomas Ryan.
4. Capriccio, in B minor for Piano, with Quartette Accompaniment. Mendelssohn
B. J. Lang.
5. Twelfth Quartette, in E flat, Op. 127. Beethoven
Maestoso and Allegro—Scherzo—Finale,
Allegro.

The Mozart Quintette went very well, and we take pleasure in noticing the smoothness and brilliancy with which each performer carried out his part. The Quartette by Dussek is a pleasing composition and was rendered well by Messrs. LANG, SCHULZE and WULF FRIES. For a variety it is well to hear such a piece, though Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Weber, Schumann and Schubert have superseded the style of Dussek by a more vigorous, inspired and brilliant one. Of the composers who wrote concerted pieces for the piano in the style of Mozart, Hummel alone besides Mozart produced some works that will be

handed down as classical to posterity. But here, where we hear so little music, where in chamber-concerts some of the best composers thus far have been represented almost exclusively, every addition of good or even respectable music is a gain in the knowledge of musical literature. Dussek's work is good. It was very well received. Mr. Lang played the Capriccio with fine execution and correct taste. He gave genuine pleasure, and we compliment him for his performance.

The Quartette of Beethoven came upon us with new magnificence and force, lifting up the mind high into the regions of beauty, of the ideal. Sublime, tender, with a tinge of sadness and almost playful; most loving and warm, impetuous and good-humored, with hidden strength; satisfied, triumphant and cheerful, the melodies run on through the four movements, borne up and permeated by most unexpected harmonies and an original vigorous rhythm. A work full of the perfection of ripe age, the result of a strong individuality, written in the happy mood of a man above his fate and his time, it stands a monument of beautiful life for all time. We might not be quite satisfied with some of the tempi; might wish for more tenderness in the first movement; in some places for a more marked piano-simo in others for a stronger fortissimo. But we are grateful for the opportunity of hearing so grand a work and shall be very happy if a repetition can be granted us at some future concert.

Mr. RYAN's clarinette solo so pleased the audience that it was enthusiastically encored, and played again. Simple melodies are easiest comprehended.

The house was quite full, which in consideration of the bad walking and travelling generally is a pleasing evidence of the popularity of the club.

We are unavoidably prevented from attending last Saturday's concert. We put the programme on record, which it deserves for the Clarinette—Quintette in A major by Mozart and some of the pieces by Beethoven, and Mendelssohn. We are glad to notice that the best piece is placed in the middle of the programme, thus accommodating such persons as would only care for this one. We hope that this plan of placing the best pieces in the middle will be kept up.

PART I.

1. Moderato, from the Quintette in Cop. 29. Beethoven
2. Cavatina, "Or la Sull'onda." Il Giuramento. Mercadante
Mrs. Kempton.
3. Adagio und Scherzo, from the Piano Trio in D minor. Mendelssohn
Messrs. Lang, Schultze and Fries.
4. Fantasia for Flute, on favorite themes. Briccialdi
Fred'k Zohler.
5. Quintette in A. op. 108, Clarinette principale. Mozart
Moderato — Larghetto — Minuetto — Finale, Tema con Variazioni.
6. "Song Without Words," for Piano. Mendelssohn
Mr. B. J. Lang.
7. English ballad.—"The breeze that wafts my sigh to Thee." Wallace
Mrs. Kempton.
8. "Les Rivals," grand Duo Concertante, for Violins.
Kalliwoda

Messrs. Schultze and Meisel.

This evening a Nonette by Onslow, for Violin, Viola, Violoncello, Bass, Flute, Oboe, Clarinette and Bassoon is promised, which will be played for the first time in Boston. The club show a commendable zeal in presenting concerted pieces, new to Boston audiences, for which they deserve reward in the shape of crowded houses. *†

Handel and Haydn Society.

The concert given on Sunday evening by this Society with Mlle. PATTI and STIGELLI, drew a good house but opened with a bad omen, an apology for the latter, who was indisposed. The programme of the concert was therefore little aid to the hearer, as regards the solo pieces, as it was little adhered to. Except to occasional concert goers, the performance was not an attractive one, made up as it was of choruses selected from various works by various composers, which, though all of the very best, inevitably lose their power and effect thus taken out of their connection. How even the Hallelujah chorus of Handel, perhaps the grandest of all choruses, fails to stir one as it does when the mind is led up to this grandest of climaxes, as it does in its place. The choruses on this occasion, it seemed to us, lacked life and the orchestra was frequently not to be heard.

Mlle. PATTI, who sang the sacred aria of the Queen of the Night, from the Magic Flute, soaring

up to the transcendental tones, impossible to most mortals, and who deemed it advisable to improve Schubert's Ave Maria, by another one of these feats of vocal high and lofty tumbling, was about the only person that was applauded vigorously. STIGELLI did better than the audience, after the apology, had any reason to expect, although evidently not in good voice. As to floriture, melody and expression his Preghiera, which he sang with Mlle. Patti, might have been some aria di bravura; that by Verdi from Joan d'Arc, sung by Mlle. Patti, might have been a march. The composer probably wished to mark as it the prayer of a military person. Now in view of the fact, that before Him to whom prayers are addressed, there is no respect of person, the idea of introducing a march-movement into a prayer seems slightly ridiculous. However, as Verdi has to answer for so many violations of good taste, this may as well go with the rest.

THE ORPHEUS CLUB.—The Bards. Our readers will not forget to attend the performance of *Die Barben*, by this Society this evening at the Boston Theatre. They will find the libretto in the columns of the Boston *Musical Times*, a useful guide at the performance. We cut from a letter in the *Evening Transcript*, some statements in regard to the Club, which may be perhaps new to some of our readers:

"What I observed particularly in it, was, that it brought forward quite prominently the fact that the Club are amateurs and do not sing for compensation, except so far as to pay the expenses of their hall, leader, sheet music, &c. I was not aware before that there was any doubt about the object of the Club in meeting regularly to rehearse, and occasionally giving a Concert or offering there services to others, but find upon inquiry that many persons in Boston suppose them to be professional singers. Of course such a supposition is entirely erroneous and objectionable to several members of the Club, who would never think of singing with them as professional singers. The Club meet regularly twice a week to rehearse, and pay a regular monthly assessment. All the proceeds of the Concerts go to the treasury, or are voted to other persons, as in the case mentioned in the article in the New Bedford *Mercury*. The Club voted to send the proceeds of the Concert in that city to the family of Zolner, a German composer, lately deceased."

The new Catholic church at the South end, one of the largest edifices in the country, will be inaugurated on next Sunday evening by a sacred concert, in which eminent soloists and a large chorus take part. The programme is quite good, comprising selections from the best masters. The whole is under the direction of the Organist of the Church, Mr. J. H. WILLCOX.

Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, JAN. 31, 1861.—The concert of the Philharmonic Society, given on Monday night, Jan. 28, was a decided success, pecuniarily and otherwise. The musical constellations were in their glory, and FABBRI was the planet, around which they all revolved. Never before has any musical artiste won such a triumph, and never before, in this city, did so vast a concourse of people turn out to hear one. Long before eight o'clock every nook and corner where a chair could possibly be placed, was occupied and hundreds were turned away, unable to gain admission. Whenever Fabbri appeared, the audience were in raptures, and we do not remember a time, when applause came so heartily, so enthusiastically as on this occasion.

PART I.

1. Overture, The Merry Wives of Windsor. Nicolai
2. Attila, Grand Aria. Verdi
Sung by Madame Fabbri.
3. Grand Concerto, in A minor. Hummel
For Piano and Orchestra, performed by Mr. R. Muller.
4. Maria di Rohan, Andante and Aria. Donizetti
Sung by Signor Abelli.
5. Der Auswanderer, The Emigrant. Mulder
With accompaniment of Violoncello, Madame Fabbri and Mr. Melms.

PART II.

1. Andante from the Fifth Symphony. Beethoven
2. La Rosa di Firenze, Grand Rondo. Perugini
Sung by Madame Fabbri.
3. By general request, Grand Duo Concertant. Mulder
For 2 Pianos, Performed by Messrs. Pecker and Mulder.
4. La Naranjera, The Orange Girl, Popular Brazilian Characteristic Song. In full national costume.
Sung by Madame Fabbri.
5. Rakoczy March, Ancient Hungarian Melodies.

Of the concert we can only say that it was everything that the most sanguine could have wished.

Fabbri added new laurels to her crown, and Chicago will long remember her, always ready to give her a generous welcome, whenever she returns. The Philharmonic Society may safely assert, that they got up the best and largest concert that has ever been given in our city. The orchestra, under BALATKA's judicious baton, is fast approximating completion, and will perform Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony at the next regular concert, which occurs on Saturday, Feb. 9th.

NEW YORK, FEB. 4.—There has rarely been such a dearth of musical matter in our good city, as there is this winter. The opera—our share of it, at least—is not worth speaking about; in Brooklyn the novelty of the thing puts more spirit into it, but, not yet having been able to accept Mr. Jem Baggs' kind invitation, (for which I am much obliged to him), I cannot inform you whether the performances there are really so much better than here. There have been a few straggling concerts, fine ones, too, such as one by Mr. Satter, another by the Arion Singing Society, &c., but as they were hardly advertised, and the givers thereof were very chary with their favors to the press, few persons knew of them. So the Philharmonic, last Saturday, stirred us up considerably, not only by giving us some music once more, but some very good music. By way of a striking contrast, we had a Symphony by Schumann and one by Haydn—certainly the two extremes of symphonic writing. The first, in E flat, has never been produced here before; it is in five movements, of which the first three are decidedly the finest. The second, particularly, a little Intermezzo, is a gem, so quaint and thoroughly original. The fourth, Largo Solenne, would probably appear to much greater advantage, did it not follow immediately upon the Adagio, but so much slowness becomes wearisome. The Symphony by Haydn, No. 2, in B flat, is one that we have frequently heard from the Philharmonic orchestra; it is very pretty and graceful, but by no means as fine as several others of Haydn's, and it is surprising that the Society prefer constantly repeating this particular one, to making their public acquainted with others by the same master. One of the most charming of them all, in E flat, we never hear; nor has the Military Symphony ever been produced here. The overture to Tannhäuser, ever welcome, was the third orchestral piece, and sent home glowing with excitement even those to whom it was most familiar. It is certainly one of the most stirring, effective compositions I know of, whatever other objections it may be liable to. Mr. SCHREIBER played a couple of solos for his instrument, the cornet-a-piston, with his usual, almost faultless excellence, and the remainder of the programme was taken up by the noble chorus of the Liederkranz, who made a decided sensation, which they undoubtedly deserved, for they sang very beautifully. Their rendering of the first piece, "Frühlings-Nahen" (Approach of Spring), by Kreutzer, showed a wonderful skill in shading and expression. They were encored, and after taking all the trouble of marching off the stage, the whole body filed back again, and sang Mendelssohn's "Froher Wandersmann" (the happy wanderer). In the second part they sang a beautiful composition by Schubert, "Nachthelle," which was likewise encored and repeated. Altogether, the concert was one of the most satisfactory we have ever heard. —t—

FEB. 12. A larger audience than usual assembled at Mason and Thomas's Soirées last Tuesday, but it proved none the less appreciative. Mr. Bergmann's place at the violoncello was supplied by Mr. Bergner, and the latter filled his post in a manner which made it impossible for any one to regret the change. The programme was a most artistic one, the usual solos were omitted, and it consisted of only three members—two Quartetts and a Trio. All the greater, therefore the enjoyment of it, and it is to be wished that other concert-givers might take a lesson from this arrangement; at least in point of brevity. A Quartette in E flat, by Cherubini, was a novelty which was more interesting than attractive. If I am not mistaken this is the first time that any of these composers quartets has been performed here. He wrote but three, and, though scientifically worked out, they can hardly, as a whole, be called pleasing. In the one in question, the Scherzo was an exception; it has the rhythm of a Bolero, and is spirited, and very striking. Schubert's Trio in E flat, Op. 100, and the A minor Quartet of Schumann, were old beloved friends, ever fresh in their beauty and originality, and always welcome. The performance of all these compositions was admirable; it could hardly be otherwise where the artists feel how devoutly they are listened to. The mood of the audience has, of course the greatest influence on that of the players. —t—

THE GREAT LABLACHE.—Among other distinguished artists with whom I become intimate during my association with theatrical affairs, was Lablache—old Lablache, the incomparable basso, the inimitable buffo—whose voice and presence moved us to tears in "Norma," or made our sides ache with laughter in "Barbier." Dear old Lablache! with your fund of anecdote and *bon mots* you have left us, and your pretended successors do but prove the irreparable loss we have sustained. I was constantly in company with the great basso, and often had my pity excited by the inconvenience he suffered from his colossal proportions. No ordinary made chair was safe beneath his enormous weight; a servant, where it was practicable, carried one about for his especial use. It was difficult to get a carriage whose door was wide enough for him; in London he had, of course, his own brougham in attendance. On one occasion the rehearsal at the theatre terminated sooner than was expected, and Lablache, anxious to reach home, ordered a street cab to be called. The driver looked alarmed when his fare issued from the stage door. "He'll never get in, sir," said the man despairingly to me, as I was shaking hands with Lablache, who also seemed to have his doubts upon the subject. We approach the vehicle—the door was opened wide. Sideways, headways, frontways, backways, the prize basso tried in vain to effect an entry. Without assistance it was impossible. Two men went to the opposite side and dragged with all their force, while two others did their utmost to lift him in. "Its no go," cried the cabman; "he'll ruin my cab." One more effort. A long pull, a strong push, a pull and push together—the point was gained—Lablache inside, puffing and blowing from the exertion. But the difficulties had not yet terminated—he had inadvertently sat down on the wrong seat, with his back to the driver. Wishing to change the position, he rose, in turning round the whole of his prodigious weight was upon the few slender boards forming the bottom of the cab. Imagine the horror of the cabman, the astonishment of Lablache, and the surprise of a large crowd which had been attracted by the terrible struggle we had when the boards gave way and his two feet were seen standing in the road. The cabman swore, Lablache grinned, and the crowd roared. No scene in a pantomime could have been more ludicrous. Fortunately Lablache received no injury; had the cab been in motion, the consequences of the accident might have been serious. The same process of shoving and pulling, but reversed, was necessary to get him out again. Whether greater violence was used than at first, or not, the door in this instance was torn from its hinges, and the cab (previously a good looking vehicle) now presented the most melancholy appearance of a perfect wreck. The driver uttered curses both loud and deep, but was pacified by the assurance that the damage should be repaired and his loss of time remunerated. I am not aware that the portly basso ever attempted to ride in a hack cab.

FROST MUSIC.—I was once belated in Canada on a fine winter day, and was riding over the hard snow on the margin of a wide lake when the most faint and mournful wail that could break a solemn silence seemed to pass through me like a dream. I stopped my horse and listened. For some time I could not satisfy myself whether the music was in the air or in my own brain. I thought of the pine forest which was not far off; but the tone was not harp-like, and there was not a breath of wind. Then it swelled and approached; and then it seemed to be miles away in a moment; and again it moaned as if under my very feet. It was, in fact, almost under my very feet. It was the voice of the winds imprisoned under the pall of ice suddenly cast over them by the peremptory power of the frost. Nobody there made air holes, for the place was a wilderness; and there was no escape for the winds, which must moan on till the spring warmth should release them. They were fastened down in silence; but they would come out with an explosion when, in some still night, after a warm spring day, the ice would blow up, and make a crash and racket from shore to shore. So I was told at my host's that evening, where I arrived with something of the sensation of a haunted man. It had been some time before the true idea struck me, and meanwhile the rising and falling moan made my heart thrill again.—*Once a Week.*

PARIS.—On his side, the Count de Morny, under the name of Mr. de St. Rémy brings himself out as a musical composer at the minor theatre of the Bouffes Parisiens. His operetta, "Le Mari Sans le Savoir," is agreeable enough; the piece and the little airs in it are heard with pleasure. This however, did not prevent a malicious wag finding that the trifle itself was badly named. According to him, the true name that

it should have borne is "Le Musicien sans le Savoir." But Mr. de Morny may have fellow-laborers; it is probable, nay it is certain. Still he has shown that he knows how to select them well. Only I ask myself what is to become of authors by profession, if it pleases great lords thus to invade their domain. Let the rich and influential cultivate literature and Art—nothing could be better; but, for merey's sake, don't let them monopolise the theatres and the literary periodicals, already so difficult of access to poets, and to men of conscientious talent. Since I have been studying Parisian society, I have been struck with the slender encouragement awarded to genuine artists. Poetry is disdained; nobody reads it; and the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has the good habit of not paying a sou for the most charming bit of verse. As for musicians, they have the resource of giving lessons and concerts. Poor musician! Be possessed of genius! Be incomparably virtuoso! So shall you be condemned to listen to the false notes all the blessed day; and then, the evening having come, to hurry from drawing-room to drawing-room, to play, to sing your latest productions, to lay yourself out to please with unwearied complaisance—in the hope that, after several months of these cruel exercises, your admirers may be disposed to patronize your annual Concert! I understand now the expression of the greatest composer and virtuoso of the day, Henri Vieuxtemps. He said to me once: "If ever I have a son, he may perhaps make shoes; but he shall certainly never play the violin!"

There are nevertheless in Paris several Professors who have acquired wealth and standing. There are some even who receive company, and do the honors well, and whose drawing-rooms are by no means the least attractive of those so which a stranger here craves entrance. I will not speak to you to day of the reception of Rossini, where excellent music is heard every Saturday. This sovereign of the monarchs of melody charms the evening of his life by composing scraps for piano or voice, which he refuses to publish, but which some of his favorites are permitted to read in his presence. The soirées of Rossini cannot but be very interesting, whether he himself deigns to accompany Badiali, or whether he contents himself with encouraging by a kindly word, with stimulating by a piquant remark, the zeal of his fervent admirers and disciples.

Yet certain assemblages more modest, and presided over by divinities less exalted, deserve mention none the less. In the first rank of those inestimable and much esteemed Professors, to whom I alluded just now, I must place Mademoiselle Josephine Martin, who also is "at home" every Saturday evening. This pianist, whose fingers are rapid and light and charming, has the merit of playing with exquisite distinction, and of composing pieces at once brilliant and original. One must hear her interpret her own *Fantarella*, her delicious *Ménuet*, her *Ouvertures des Chasses*, and her Spanish *Fantasia*, to appreciate fully her double merit as an accomplished musician—a merit which she enhances by a modesty and a gentle grace, that many artists might take as models. Mlle. Josephine Martin occupies an enviable and envied position in the Parisian world; her drawing-room is the rendezvous of the best company, and of the best and the best-liked among artists.

Henceforward the amateurs of music will only have the embarrassment of choosing. The Conservatoire opens its doors on Sunday next; and the and the Quartette parties, the *Matinées*, and the *Soirées Musicales*, are announced as numberless as the locusts of Egypt, of ill-omened memory. But I will not drown you in this deluge of harmony, though I will endeavor to hear what is worth listening to, so as to be able to trace in a few lines the portraits of those select artists who are to be fêted this winter in Paris, and to point out to the lady readers of the *Albion* such novelties as may be worthy their attention and their favor.—*Corr. of N. Y. Albion.*

ADVICE TO BEGINNERS.—Never learn a piece of music without bearing in mind the title, and particularly the composer's name.—Never learn a piece without counting.—When learning a piece, never hurry the time. Practice it slowly, at first, until you become able to play it in the proper *tempo* with a clear and firm touch.—Always mind the fingering which is printed, or marked by your teacher.—Never bungle a piece; always learn to play it.—It is better to play simple pieces well, than difficult music wretchedly.—Don't let your exercise-book become dust-covered from neglect.—Practice your *scales* daily.—Never miss an opportunity of hearing good music.—Read good musical papers. (We recommend *Dwight's Journal of Music*.—*Easton Times.*

Special Notices.

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Of medium difficulty, lying within reach of most players of two years' practice. It introduces the most sparkling airs from the Opera. Teachers will find this a very useful piece.

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By the composer of some popular pieces, and likely to become a favorite.

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Our best players will be eager to have a look at this latest work of this highly esteemed composer, and will no doubt be highly enraptured with it.

Overture Night in Granada. C. Kreutzer. 50

One of the most pleasing overtures, often heard in the concert room, and one whose beauty will never fade out.

Books.

THE CHILD'S FIRST MUSIC BOOK. For the Pianoforte. By J. T. Craven. 50

The popularity of this book for beginners has induced the publishers to issue this new and greatly improved edition. For the youngest scholars it will be found exceedingly useful.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 464.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 23, 1861.

VOL. XVIII. No. 21.

A Lost Chord.

By Adelaide Anne Proctor.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sketches of French Musical History.

SACRED MUSIC.

VII.

1800—1860.

In 1791 of the 130 dioceses in France, 80 had abandoned the Roman Liturgy; but the church at Aby, Aix, Amli, Arles, Bordeaux, Bourges, Cambrai, Embrun, Narbonne, Tours, Vienne, Strasbourg, Avignon and some others remained faithful. In 1797 came the constitutional schism and the pretended liturgic unity of Gregory. At length after ten years of persecution the churches were opened again. That of the Carmelites, where the pontiffs had received the martyrs crown, became the rendezvous of the pastors, decimated by the scaffold. At Lyons from 1801 the procession of the Fête-Dieu again passed through the streets, and the Concordat, ratified by Pius VII., was finally promulgated April 18th, 1802 by Cardinal Caprara. At the same period appeared the *Genius of Christianity* by the immortal Chateaubriand, who again placed literature and art upon their true basis.

Napoleon I. was consecrated Emperor in Notre Dame by Pope Pius VII., but the imperial chapel employed the Parisian liturgy, instead of the Roman rites. Later, Louis XVIII. re-established the Roman liturgy in the Royal chapels, and, in 1831, Louis Philippe caused the name of the king to be added to the prayer *Domine Salvum*. Finally, July 1st, 1840, the Roman liturgy was

officially re-established at Langres by Bishop Parisi, which gave one of the earliest impulses to a return to unity.

The Archbishop of Paris revived liturgic science by his admirable pastoral letter upon ecclesiastical studies. We may then believe that soon and throughout our beautiful land, we may again repeat the old axiom, *Legem credendi statuat lex supplicandi*.

In 1811, Choron published a pamphlet upon the necessity of re-establishing the chant of the Roman church in all the churches of France. His school was suppressed after the revolution of 1830. He had meantime produced singers of great merit—Nourrit, Duprez, Wartel, &c., &c. Choron rendered great services to the music of France; besides his *Dictionnaire des Musiciens*, in two volumes, he published in connection with his pupil and friend Adrien de la Fage, an *Encyclopédie complete de la Musique*, both vocal and instrumental.

In December 1853, a new school of sacred music was established at Paris, under the patronage of the Minister of public instruction and church affairs, M. Louis Niedermeyer is the acting director. He was born at Nyons, a small place in the canton of Vaud, of a family originally French and Protestant, but has since claimed and obtained the right of French citizenship. Quitting Switzerland at the age of 16 years, he studied for two years at Vienna, the pianoforte with Moscheles and harmony with Forster. He spent the next two years at Rome and Naples, studying composition with Fioravanti, chapelmaster at St. Peter's and Zingarelli, director of the conservatory at Naples, and at the age of 19 produced an opera entitled *Il Reo per amore*. He settled at Paris at the age of 21 where he has published a large number of melodies, upon texts by Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Casimir Delavigne, Emile Deschamps, Milleveve, Manzoni, &c. His *Lac* obtained a European reputation. In 1827 he produced upon the Italian Theatre a work in two acts *La Casa nel bosco*; then successively at the Grand Opera, *Stradella*, *Marie Stuart* and *La Fronde*. With the valuable assistance of M. Dietsch, the skillful chapelmaster of the Madeleine, and recently appointed chief of the orchestra, at the opera as successor to Girard, deceased and of M. d'Ortigue, author of the great *Dictionnaire Liturgique* published in 1854 by Abbe Migne, there is no doubt that Niedermeyer will produce pupils worthy of his pure and classic taste. Familiar with the music of the great old masters through his participation in the concerts of the Prince of Moskwa, he will be able to give a healthy impulse to contemporary sacred and effectually oppose the fall of the art.

The Abbot of Solesmes, Prosper Gueranger, has also rendered eminent services to the liturgy by his important publication. (*Institutions Liturgiques*, *Année liturgique*, and *Histoire de Sainte Cecile*.) But let us return to the history of the chapel music.

The imperial chapel at the Tuileries was solemnly dedicated, Feb. 2, 1806. Lesueur was appointed director; Rey, Master of music, Rigel and Piccini organists and accompanists. Before this Paisiello, director of the chapel of the First Consul, had had a salary of 12,000 francs per annum, with a dwelling and carriage free. He composed 16 complete services, a grand mass for double chorus, a *Te Deum* and prayers for the imperial coronation.

Jan. 1. 1812, an order was sent to Zingarelli, then chapelmaster of St. Peter's at Rome, for him to compose a solemn mass for choir and orchestra for the imperial chapel. For this work, which was composed in 8 days, and was executed Jan. 12th, 500 francs were paid. In 1814 and 1815, great changes occurred in the chapel, Lesueur became joint superintendent of the music to Louis XVIII., with the illustrious Cherubini. Later, Plantade joined these eminent artists in the capacity of master of the music.

March 14, 1820, a *Requiem* by Cherubini was sung at St. Denis, at the funeral services for the Duc de Berry.

May 29, 1825, were executed at the coronation of Charles X. at Reims, a mass by Cherubini, anthems and a *Te Deum* by Lesueur. July 25, 1830 the last mass by the Chapel Royal, was sung at St. Cloud. King Louis Philippe having suppressed the chapel this old institution was not revived until our own day by the present Emperor, Napoleon III., who who has given its direction to Auber, the illustrious pupil of Cherubini.

In closing this paper let us rapidly review the main facts in the history of (Roman Catholic) sacred music, as exhibited in the excellent *cours complet de plain-chant* published by M. Adrien de la Fage. He divides *plain-chant* into four sections: 1. Recitation, 2. Psalmody; 3. Plain-chant properly so called, 4. Hymnody. In the remarkable appendix to his works, he makes these four divisions correspond to the four historic epochs of sacred music. His first epoch extends from the Christian era to the time of Constantine, A. D. 300; the second, from Constantine to Gregory the Great, 300—600; the third from Gregory to Guido of Arezzo, 600—1000; the fourth from Guido to the time of figurative music, 1000—1400. La Fage adds to them the epoch of decay—that is from the 15th century to our era. In fact, dramatic music has soared so high in our time, as to far outstrip its mother; but we are of opinion that the latter may yet be renewed and elevated if composers of talent in general would occupy themselves seriously with it and could be properly rewarded for their labors.

The most ancient hymn of christianity is doubtless that sung at the Last Supper by Jesus and his disciples, after the example of their master James and Paul recommended the singing of hymns and spiritual songs. Justin and Origen mention hymns sung by the early Christians; Eusebius, John Chrysostom, and Clement of Alexandria recommended song without instru-

mental accompaniment. At first the psalms of the Jews were used, then the septuagint Bible, then the old Latin version, which is still in use in the Bastille of St. Peter at the Vatican. Hymns in verse date from the third century.

Recitation with a sustained pitch and musical accent, was performed in the synagogue by a principal singer, called the *Khasan*; by the Greeks *Protopsalte*; by the later's *Cantor*.

The canonical *Hours*, or seven daily prayers, and the divisions of the year into determinate periods, were introduced in the second epoch.

"The usages of the East and Greece were introduced into the West by Pope Damasus and through the exertions of St. Ambrose, bishop of Milan, to whom is attributed the music of the *Prefaces*.

There was a regular ceremony of investiture, accompanied with a benediction, when one entered the ranks of the singers; and the candidate was exhorted to sing with his mouth, what he believed in this heart and to prove his faith by his works. (Vide ut quod ore cantas, corde credas; et quod corde credis operibus comprobés.)

A singing school was established under Pope Sylvester and St. Hilaire; the *Graduale* an important part of the ritual, the execution of which was given to the most skillful artists, was named from the *Ambon*, the slight elevation or step, where they recited the Gospels, epistles and canons. In 450, in the time of Theodoric, appeared the fine books *de Musica* by the learned Boethius. The school of St. Gregory, directed by a *primicier*, was continued until 1377, in time of Gregory XI.

Charlemagne introduced the Roman ritual into his chapel in France and the organ gave great vigor to the progress of musical composition.

The first missal dated at Paris saw the light in 1507 and the *Graduel des Chartreux* was printed in the same city in 1578.

Palestrina was charged with the revision of the offices by Gregory XIII.; before his death he had reached the end of the *Graduale*, *De tempore*; after that event his son caused the work to be finished by an unknown musician and sold the whole as the work of his father. The fraud was discovered, the contract was annulled, but unfortunately the original manuscript disappeared.

Guidetti, a pupil of Palestrina, published the *Directoire du Choeur*, the *Office of the Holy Week*, the *Passions* and the *Prefaces*; all of which had been revised and appeared by Palestrina.

In 1614 and 1615 an edition appeared at Rome containing the reformed chant, by order of Paul V., this work was probably directed by Giovanelli, the successor of Palestrina, and chapelmaster at the Vatican. Similar editions appeared at Paris after the year 1636, published by Vitray and Cramoisy.

We refer to the above mentioned work of La Fage for the bibliography of works upon the plain-chant. He gives a learned and detailed list of all the principal works to be consulted upon this subject; we note in it:—

1. Flores Musicæ omnes Cantûs Gregoriani, published at Strasburg in 1458;

2. Antiphonarium et Graduale, Paris, 1649, 1655;

3. The Editiones at Nevers, 1658, 1696 and 1734;

4. Methods of plain-chant by Jumilhac, Poisson, Lebeuf, Gerbert, Abbé Roze, Fetis, Clement, Nisard;

5. Gerbert's Collection in 3 vols. 4to;

6. Antiphonary of St. Gregory, edited by Lambillotte;

7. Ortigue's *Dictionnaire liturgique*.

We add to this list the *Traité d'accompagnement du plain-chant* by our learned friend, Stephen Morelot, and we have all the necessary works.

The revive the ancient liturgic traditions in all their purity, it is desirable to establish in the Holy Chapel at Paris, a model ritual, which may serve as a type for other churches and which would be marvellously suited to the beautiful architecture of the edifice.

A word in closing upon choral singing in France, which it would seem must be improved and extended by the multiplication of the *Orphons*. Choron, Wilhem, Hubert, Gounod, Chené and other professors less known have developed in the laboring classes a taste for such music which may well be considered a preservative against bad passions.

Here we have precious elements for a glorious future of the art; we have but to learn to direct them and we shall soon obtain grand resources for all the festivals and solemnities both civil and religious.

NOTE.—M. M. Bazin and Padeloup have just succeeded M. Gounod in the direction of the Orphons. M. Delaporte devotes himself to this matter with indefatigable activity.

On Rudimental Instruction on the Piano.

BY F. PETERSILEA.

NO. III.

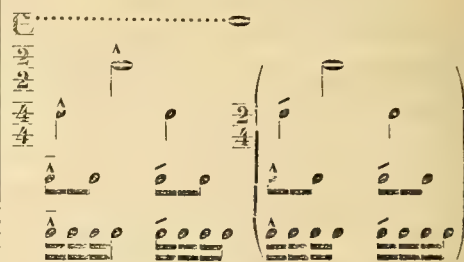
Finger, Wrist, and Elbow Action; Mechanical and Melodious Touch—have been spoken of in the former letter; it has also been stated, that mechanical and melodious touch stand to the pianist in the same relation as pencil and brush to the painter, that the beginner has nothing to do with the latter. Even as nature employs the elements of matter in endless variety and combination without showing classification, so does the artist in his limited sphere; but the beginner needs the most systematical arrangement, division and subdivision, whether he studies Chemistry, Natural history or Music.

To secure a correct mechanical touch, it is of the most importance, that each action (Finger, Wrist, and Elbow), should be separately taught in a suitable course of exercises and studies; that Wrist action must not be employed, until Finger action is thoroughly learned. It is therefore self-evident, that five finger exercises claim our first attention; but before I can move another step, I must speak of Accentuation, the first element of a correct mechanical touch.

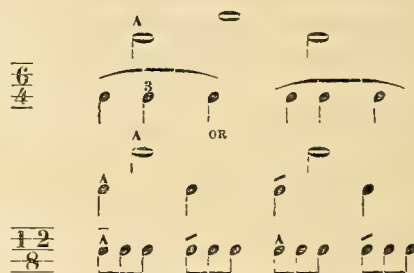
In looking at the first little lesson an intelligent pupil may naturally inquire. What is the object of these numbers 2-4, these barlines and measures, as you call them? I will tell you. Music is somewhat like the language you speak and read. Words are arranged in the sentences, phrases and periods, without which arrangement language would be unintelligible; a right application of Accent or Emphasis is also needed, to prevent confusion. When you read a poem, you may notice particularly an accented syllable regularly followed by one or two unaccented ones; this arrangement is called *Rhythm*. It is even so in music. These numbers 2-4 show, that in every measure are two notes—quarter—of which the first is the *good note* (nota buona) the second the *bad note* (nota cattiva) or call them the accented and unaccented note; if you like it better. But as your lessons will soon become more difficult, and have a greater number and variety of notes in every measure, I will show you a little table, by which you can learn at once a correct accentuation for all future occasions; It is the ingenious work of Gottfried Weber.

A measure or bar contains either two or three beats; in the first case it is *Even time* (common), in the second *Uneven time* (triple).

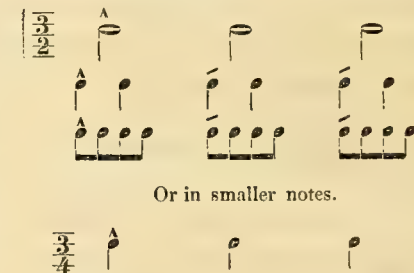
A. *Even time with even divisions.*



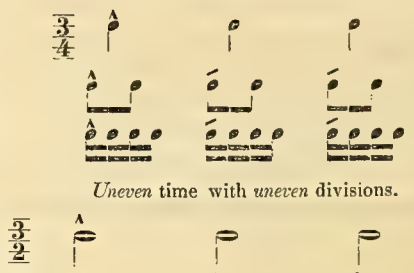
Even time with uneven divisions.



B. *Uneven time with even divisions.*




Or in smaller notes.



Uneven time with uneven divisions.



The figure A indicates the greater, a the smaller accent.

In the group  accents fall on the 1, 3, 5, and 7 note; the fifth is twice as strong as the third and seventh, the first twice as strong as fifth; there is consequently but one heaviest note in every bar. These accented notes are beats to be counted; accustom yourself, while doing so to indicate their relative force by a corresponding tone of voice, don't say: o-o-one, two-o-o, drawing out each word as if you were measuring tape. Speak each word short, brisk; but one with particular energy. Notice further, that it is better to count one, and two and, if four beats must be counted, instead of one, two, three, four; speak the word and in the lightest manner, and drop it, as soon as the counting of two beats only becomes advisable.

I return now to the *Five Finger* exercises or lessons.

It is a strange mistake, to occupy the scholar for the first few months with the useful but uninteresting, unharmonious, unmelodious five-finger exercises of Aloise Schmidt, Hummel, Herz and others of the same description, for they have in the first place no musical interest, attraction, and secondly furnish no opportunity for reading bass notes or playing an independent part with the left hand; but the eye must at the very start be made accustomed to overlook to parts, and to read the lower before the upper, or no future period will ever entirely repair the mischief of merely reading the melody and giving only occasionally attention to the accompaniment.

If the first lessons are to be of any service, they must possess the following qualities:

1. Compass of five keys. 2. All the attraction of Melody and Rhythm, which any good tune ought to have. 3. A suitable bass, by which the left hand is trained equal to, and independent of the right. 4. Last but not least: *The same note must not occur twice or more times in succession*: for the same key cannot be repeated correctly, except by a motion of the second finger-joint (as in the Tremulo) or by wrist-action, neither of which the scholar has learned yet. The unavoidable consequence would be a stiff movement of finger and wrist action combined. The lesson must be so constructed, that the notes can be played in an uninterrupted *legato*, until a correct finger action is thoroughly secured.

The easy little tunes, recreations and amusements, (not possessing this quality) which are usually intermixed with the dry, repulsive finger exercise like sweetmeats with bitter pills will not only neutralize all the good of the latter, but force even on the best scholar a stiff, entirely unmechanical touch, in spite of all the teacher may say.

(To be continued.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Ludwig van Beethoven's Life and Works.

BY ADOLF BERNHARD MARX.

Translated from Dr. F. Brendel's Review, by G. A. Schmitt.

(Concluded from page 356.)

II.

It is not granted to the artist of the nineteenth century to stand in the frigid elevation of clouds and let the nations and their fate pass beneath him, as if wrapped in mist. From the eighteenth century Goethe carried over into the nineteenth the spirit of an age complete in itself, the spirit of plastic quiet. "Nothing of politics," said Stein* to Arndt,† as the latter saw him walk with Goethe, through a cathedral at Cologne, "the man is too great to take a part in our struggles." Let us rather say, Goethe's soul was gifted by nature with a double vision. He looked back on the still, peaceful world of the eighteenth century and then again an endless perspective full of future generations opened before him. The time of strife he had passed through in his youth. Finished, self-sufficient, he could not but be cold and unsympathising with the ideas of the times. A different case it was with Beethoven. He first came upon the stage in the time of struggle, as a son of the epoch beginning in 1789. He saw the world without in endless strife, all the forces unchained; and just so fate had ordained it for him, to pass within his own heart through one of the hardest struggles that ever fell to the lot of mortals. It is well-known that he was hard of hearing already in the time of the 2d symphony. Afterwards he became deaf. Weak-minded critics, as an excuse, as it were, for his grandest works, pretended that he was crazy too. Others attempt to deduce his "errors" from this deafness. Marx, however, clearly proves — if there be need of proof at this day — that his deafness did not affect

his musical creative genius; that it merely entered the "outer halls" of his art, merely injured his (piano)-playing.

The result of his struggles and this lively sympathy with the world without him, is his third symphony, the Eroica. It was first dedicated to Napoleon Beethoven, full of the grand ideas of the republic of Plato, saw in him the hero, who endeavored as a tyrant, as a dictator, in the sense in which the Greeks understood the word, to restore a disjointed commonwealth. To celebrate this hero, Beethoven wrote the symphony, "Bonaparte." When the news reached him that this hero had "soiled himself by a grease-spot," as Heine expresses it, Beethoven changed the title and the work appeared, entitled, "*Sinfonia eroica composta per festeggiare il sovvenire d'un grand'uomo.*" It is ascertained, beyond doubt, that "the Eroica" was finished before Beethoven received the news of Napoleon having declared himself emperor. This refutes all the nonsense concerning changes which Beethoven was said to have made in the Eroica in consequence of the fall of the French republic. Marx took the trouble of thoroughly proving this untrue. His refutation of Oulibicheff is one of the most splendid passages of the book. The Russian holds, like Fétis, the opinion, that the second movement of the Eroica was really nothing but the Finale of the symphony in C minor. The difference in key, the absolute absence of all connection between the two movements, then the historical facts, and last of all the C minor symphony itself, as we shall see, are sufficient proofs that this view is superficial and arbitrary.

It is a different thing with Wagner's view. Wagner does not take the historical facts into account. His explanation of the Eroica is based on the inner life, on motives simply taken from the nature of man. He sees in the hero the full, the whole man. In accordance with this, Wagner states the artistic contents of the work as the manifold, powerfully mingled emotions of a strong, perfect individuality to which nothing human is alien, but which contains within itself all that is truly humane, and sets them forth in such a way, as to arrive, after most openheartedly showing all the noblest passions, at a most satisfactory perfect statement of its nature, combining most sympathetic tenderness with most energetic strength, &c. (Marx I. 283.) This view is not in opposition with the work. It merely generalizes, as Marx correctly observes, the idea, which prompted Beethoven to write the work. This "music of the idea" was the momentous progress on the path of which Beethoven entered in the Eroica. While music until then had only expressed emotions, it now began to represent life, that is to say, complete situations of life, with its own means, according to the idea, to the idealized image, which had formed itself in the artist (Marx I. 281). Music proceeded in the opposite direction with poetry. The latter began with the epos and ended with lyrics; the epic element was introduced into music at the beginning of our century by Beethoven. We have to deny ourselves the pleasure of following Marx in the excellent analysis, which he gives of this instrumental epic. We merely mention, what real pleasure his exposition of the Finale gave us. To us likewise it always appeared like the image of peace, the object of war.

We need not be astonished that the Eroica pleased less than a symphony by Eberl, according to a statement in the "*Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung.*" The thinking-apparatus of the public is ponderous, and the critic is as a rule but the obliging tribune of this unorganic mass of people, called public. That need not surprise us. Oulibicheff, after all a man of esprit, hears in one place of the first movement, the death-rattle, expressed with that "truth too faithful," which becomes an untruth in the domain of art. Marx (I. 303) reminds him of the man possessed by

an evil spirit in Raphael's Transfiguration, of Lear, Othello, Æschylus, Dante, &c. Useless labor! Why trouble such persons, that find to this day, Lear too awful, Richard III too fearful

(To be continued.)

Ludwig Rellstab.

(Continued from page 373.)

Meanwhile, he transferred his place of residence to Frankfort-on-the-Oder, in order to be able to undertake, free from interruption, greater works. He here drew up the plot for his tragedy of *Karl der Kühne*, which he afterwards completed at Weimar. He now commenced his travels, continuing them almost every year to his death, for the purpose of obtaining on the one hand, by intercourse with eminent persons or suggestive characters in the social and artistic world, matter for his productions, and, on the other, in order to elevate himself by the charms and magnificence of nature, which he loved like a child.

We accompany him with interest to Dresden, where, during 1821, he passed a pleasant time—associating, as he did, with C. M. von Weber and Ludwig Tieck—and, especially, took a great interest in the celebrated evening readings of Tieck; to Baireuth, where Jean Paul most cordially welcomed him in the bosom of his family, and where in the "Fantaisie" and "Eremitage," now so well known through the "Siebenkäs," and more especially in the little hostelry of the wonderful "Frau Rollwenzel," he enjoyed many hours of the most interesting conversation, and conceived the highest respect for the great poet; to Weimar, where he made a lengthened sojourn; where he was a constant visitor of Göthe's daughter-in-law, Ottilie von Göthe, and where on, several evenings, he was present, with Zelter, at the parties in Göthe's house, often deeply moved by the great poet, but, as a general rule, not feeling captivated by his aristocratic and reserved demeanor, particularly when he remembered Jean Paul. We here find him making the acquaintance of Johanna Schopenhauer—the mother of the celebrated philosopher—Hummel, Riemer and Eberwein. We likewise are informed of an interesting evening at Göthe's, when Zelter introduced his pupil, Felix Mendelssohn, then twelve years old, to the prince of poetry, filling the latter with surprise and admiration at the boy's great musical talent.

In Heidelberg, Rellstab formed the acquaintance of Kreuzer, and that original, Thibaut, so esteemed for his old Italian Gesangverein, and whose work, on the Purity of Music, created a sensation in its time. Welcker, Moriz Arndt, A. W. von Schlegel, F. Hebel, and Caroline Pichler pass before our gaze, and we possess from Rellstab's pen characteristic sketches, which, with as much penetration as love, exhibit to us the sayings and doings of these various individuals. What captivates us most, however, is Rellstab's intercourse, in 1825, with Beethoven, the sick genius, nearly crushed by his mournful fate. What we glean from this residence of Rellstab in Vienna is not important in an artistic light; he often visited Beethoven, and conversed with him by means of a writing-tablet; but, as far as Rellstab is concerned, the Beethoven conversations are worthy of attention, because the touching tenderness with which the young poet was treated called forth, in his *Reise Mittheilungen*, one of those admirable sketches, where overflowing sensibility and respect for the object described go hand in hand with the most artistic form of style.

If we cast a glance over the career of our friend up to this time, and also recollect the condition of political newspapers at that period, as well as the limited interest possessed by the articles for the general reading public, it cannot be denied that a man of Rellstab's talent, thus cultivated and precisely in its prime, would, if gained over for a journal, invest with preponderating importance any paper for which his services might be secured. In addition to this is the fact, that on returning from his interesting travels in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, to Berlin, Rellstab found that capital in a state of art-enthusiasm produced by Henrietta Sontag, and which formed a glaring contrast to his travelling impressions. A reflex of his opinions on this head is to be found in the saucily satirical sketch of character, published under the title of *Die schöne Henrietta*, a sketch, in which so delicately clear a light, speaking in a literary sense, was cast upon sundry individuals in Berlin, besides the fair idol of the day, that the author's reputation in the capital was firmly established from that moment. For a *feuilleton* writer the ground was sufficiently prepared; the only thing needed was the seed from which not only the varied pictures of Berlin society, but also the serious truths of scientific and artistic life shut up.

The then editor of the *Vossische Zeitung* was Herr Lessing, a commissary of justice, and descended from

* Prussian minister.

† Professor at Bonn and famous champion of the German cause against Napoleon.

a branch of the family of the celebrated poet and critic of the same name. This gentleman secured the young author's services. On the 31st October, 1826, Rellstab's first criticism appeared in the *Vossische Zeitung*. His talent for communicating art impressions, and conveying in his writings the innermost thoughts of the public, went on increasing year by year, and attained its culminating point in 1847, after which date the political life of Germany, nay, more, of Europe, entered a completely new phase. Pecuniary losses, occasioned by the year of the revolution, and many other dispiriting causes, crippled, in some degree, his mental energy. His opinions and feelings would not accommodate themselves to the new development of political life, and he abandoned a considerable portion of his usual labors. We must, therefore, bear in mind the period we have mentioned if we would properly appreciate the services he rendered to newspaper literature.

With the greatest possible impartiality—for the love of truth shall have as great a share as friendship in our sketch—we will go through Rellstab's musical criticisms belonging to this part of our subject. We are presented with a picture gallery of the artistic individualities who shone, during a period of more than twenty years, in the art-firmament of the educated world. We first read notices of Mad. Sontag, Catalani, Schechner, Sessi, Heinefetter, and Milder. Subsequent years make us acquainted with Hummel, Fräulein von Schätzel, Paganini, and Schröder-Devrient. To these we must add the names of Mendelssohn, Kalkbrenner, Wild, the brothers Müller, and Mad. Schechner-Wagen. After 1835, there appear in the foreground artists better known, and more popular at the present day. Among these we make the acquaintance in their most brilliant impersonations of the more or less important members of the Theatre Royal, who belonged for some time to that establishment. Herren Bader, Mantius, Krause, the ladies Von Fassmann, Louise Schlegel (Mad. Kröster), and Tuczeck, excite our lively interest, while the concert-room, as well as the stage, is from time to time transiently illuminated by stars of the greatest splendor. Clara Novello and Pauline Garcia, the Sisters Milanollo and Jenny Lind, Vieuxtemps, Thalberg, De Bériot, Liszt, and other great artists come under this category. There is no scarcity either of elaborate judgments on eminent art productions, both novelties and revivals. We read with lively interest minutely critical notices of Bach's *Passionsmusik*, of *Fidelio*, of Bernhard Klein's *David*, of Löwe's *Sieben Schläfer*, of Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and of other works

(To be continued).

Church Music in New York.

Trinity Church Corporation is the richest religious institution in the country, and has under its management one church (Trinity) and three chapels, viz; Trinity Chapel, St. John's and St. Paul's.

Trinity Church stands on Broadway, at the head of Wall street, and is widely known for the beauty and purity of its architecture, and the height of its steeple, which is the tallest on Manhattan Island. It is in the lower, or business part of the city, and its congregation is composed mainly of the floating population—hence it has been designated the Metropolitan Church.

The music of Trinity, which is of the ancient ecclesiastical style, has always been quite celebrated for its excellence, and a large sum of money is appropriated annually to its maintenance. Dr. Hodges, who officiated as organist here for many years, and had many admirers in all parts of the Union, was afflicted with paralysis some two years since, from which he has never fully recovered. He is now residing at West Point, and has been succeeded by Mr. H. S. Cutler; formerly of the Church of the Advent, Boston, who fully sustains for the music of this church the high reputation which it has always borne.

The organ is the largest, as well as the most extensive, ever constructed in this country, with one exception—that built for St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church at Albany, by Simmons & Willcox, of Boston. It cost about twelve thousand dollars, and was built in the year 1846, by Henry Erben, of this city, under the supervision and after the designs of Dr. Edward Hodges. It has three manuals, the keys of each giving a distinct foot tone, and contains 44 stops, which is not an unusual number, but each one of these represents a much greater number of pipes than in most organs: there is one *thirty-two foot* stop in the organ.

The base is a beautiful piece of workmanship of the Gothic order, in harmony with the architecture of the church, 40 feet in height, of solid oak, richly carved, and was designed by Richard Upjohn, Esq., architect of the church.

The music of this church is what is technically termed the choral, or cathedral service, which consists

in introduction by the Priest or Minister on a given monotone, with responses by the choir in full harmony, and it is the only church in this country where it is carried out in its integrity. The choir is composed of boys, sixteen in number, who sing the soprano and alto parts, with six men to balance them in tenor and bass. All are placed in the chancel after the English style, which is said by the highest authority in such matters to be the only proper place. They are robed in white surplices, and ranged on the *Decani* and *Cantoris* sides, facing each other; the chants, psalms, etc., are chanted antiphonally, the full choir coming in with excellent effect on the *Gloria*. In connection with the church a Chorister's School has been established for the education of the choristers, who belong mostly to the middle and wealthy classes. Two hours each day are devoted to their musical instruction, which is directed most efficiently and thoroughly by Mr. Cutler, organist of the church. None are admitted to this school except those who can pass a critical examination, both as regards natural musical capacity and quality of voice. Their ages range from ten to sixteen years. Mr. Cutler has discovered that one of these boys, Walter Fernandez, of Spanish birth, and now about 12 years of age, possesses a soprano voice most remarkable for its upward compass, which extends to C in *alt.*—almost the highest note ever attempted by the most noted female soprano singers. Mr. Cutler's voluntaries are short, and always extemporized.

Trinity Chapel is located on 25th street, near Broadway, and was built in 1855 at a cost, including ground, of \$225,000. It is a remarkably substantial structure in the Gothic style, and measures 180 feet in its extreme length inside. The walls are built of free stone and lined with the French Caen stone. The internal decorations and ornamentations are of the polychromatic style, finished in the highest style of art, and are in perfect keeping with the architecture throughout. It is located in one of the most fashionable quarters of the city, and its congregation is made up of the *élite* of New York society. The organ, when completed, will be one of the first class, with 44 stops, but at present not more than half that number are in use; it is placed to the left of the chancel, entirely concealed from the view of the congregation. The design and peculiarities of arrangements are those of Doct. Hodges of Trinity Church, and the builders are Messrs. Hall & Lorbagh of this city.

The organist, Mr. William H. Walter, is a gentleman of much experience, having served in this parish fifteen years, and played in all of its churches; he is the author, or rather compiler, of a very superior collection of music, and his style of playing shows that he is possessed of a most thorough and cultivated taste. He is fortunately not at all hampered by the caprices of clergy or congregation in his selections, which occupy a position midway between the ancient English, and modern secular *quasi* operatic schools, and embrace within their scope the compositions of such as Purcell, Boyce, Doct. Nares, Clarke Whitfield, Jackson, and Doct. Hodges, together with many of his own; his voluntaries are selected mainly from the *chefs d'œuvre* of Mozart and Haydn. The choir is a double quartette, comprising six professional singers and two amateurs; we can safely say that, as a whole, it is second to none in New York; in fact the congregation—being a very appreciative one—would only tolerate the best of music. The sum of \$2500 is appropriated annually for music in this Chapel.

Many of our church choirs contain amateurs who become eminent in the course of time as musicians, and these are great incentives to their joining in this capacity, for, in the absence of *Conservatoires de Musique* in this country, many persons, finding themselves possessed of musical abilities, enter the service of the church, in order to enjoy the facilities here extended for practice; and, at last, the finest voices and most skillful performers, grow into notoriety through this means. Such has been the case with not a few of our public singers.

At St. John's Chapel, in Varick street, there is an organ built by Thomas Robjohn, in 1841, which, though over twenty years old, is a very good one, and celebrated for its diapasons. It is enclosed in a rich black-walnut case, of the Grecian style, very highly ornamented. Mr. George F. Bristow, formerly of St. George's Church, is the organist, and, as his merits are well known, we will not speak of them in detail on the present occasion. The choir is a quartette, made up of the following: soprano, Mrs. Holder, alto, Mme. Stöpel; tenor, Mr. J. W. Good; and basso, Mr. Henry Tucker. Their execution of the music displays much beauty and grace.

St. Paul's Chapel, on Broadway, adjoining the Astor House, is one of the most ancient of our city churches, and contains an organ built in England by one England of London, some sixty years ago. It was a good one in its day, but has been very materially altered, and the character of it entirely changed

It is presided over by Mr. Michael Erben, a brother of Henry Erben, the celebrated organ builder, and son of Peter Erben, formerly organist of Old Trinity Church. He is a most able performer, and one thoroughly qualified in every way to direct the music of this church. The choir is a double quartette, and the music is finished and thorough in every particular.—*Evening Transcript*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 23. 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha," Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

NEW SERIES.

No. VII.

A WEEK IN DRESDEN, CONCLUDED.

BERLIN, Dec. 27. 1860.

Much more might be told of that week; but I must make an end of it, simply recalling of the next day's experiences (Nov. 2), first a morning delightfully spent, with an artist for a guide, and with a musician, full of fresh enthusiasm for all things beautiful, for companion, among the famous paintings. We went first to the atelier of Professor Hübner, who has so admirably catalogued the Dresden gallery, and spent a pleasant half hour in examining his poetic designs for the *Treppenhaus*, or entrance hall or stairway, of the royal gallery, in which the rise and progress of Art and Civilization are presented in a series of exquisite allegorical frescoes—for he too is one of those industrious geniuses, who,—like Cornelius, like Kaulbach (in the *Treppenhaus* of the Berlin Museum), Schnorr (in the *Niebelungen* frescoes at Munich), Schwind (in his legend of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and of the minstrel contest at the Wartburg—the best of them all, to my mind)—keeps perpetually weaving, over all the walls of German palaces, the rainbow web of classic and Teutonic fable, and heroic memories, and moral meanings. With this obliging, informed Virgil for a guide and an interpreter, we ascended into the Paradise of the Royal Gallery. (Pardon the inaccuracy—Virgil, I believe, never got beyond the Inferno;—much that you find in these galleries, however, would justify the use of the latter term; for it is surprising how few of the old painters could resist the fascination of such subjects as the Last Judgment and the agonies of sinners.) And so we saw the Raphael Madonna, and the Correggios, and the Titians, and the Holbein, and the other immortals; saw much in each that we should not have seen with our mere dilettanti laymen's eyes; among the rest a little picture from the earliest period of Da Vinci, of which the authorship was first discovered by internal evidence by the Professor, and afterwards conclusively confirmed by documents. The exposition of the evidence, in the painting itself, was such a lesson in Art as one seldom gets in wandering through famous galleries, who is not himself a painter. Our guide is; so we must let him return to his rainbow weaving; while we, left like two children in a field of flowers, roam about awhile longer, from picture to picture, wherever anything attracts, without aim or method, without haste or rest, until the sense is weary and one sees more with the eyes shut than open. Everybody knows that no occupation fatigues brain and body so soon, as looking about in a picture gallery. The reason

is, because it is neither the one thing nor the other, neither occupation nor release from it, neither study nor amusement, neither work nor rest; but a sort of uncertain, contradictory distracting *limbo* between both states; it has neither the active repose of concentrated and creative thought, nor the passive repose of pure *abandon*, flinging all thought away; a hundred things half occupy you, but none occupies entirely; a hundred lovelinesses seem to fascinate and to seize hold of you, but not one has possession of you. Such is the fatality of "doing" picture galleries; while he who goes to study or to copy, in right earnest, may stay there all the hours of daylight and come away no more fatigued than mother Earth by spinning on her axis. Yet do not suppose that it is not good to look and see all one can. The lesson of all this is, simply, do not try to see more than you can, at once; leave off when the brain grows weary; look as long as looking is a real delight, and not a fancied one painfully pressed upon you by an avaricious sense of duty. In such fresh hours some things, the best things, at any rate the best things for *you*, will certainly commit themselves to your memory, without much trouble or anxiety on your part. To be sure, there is much to be said for one who is in a hurry, who, like all travellers, finds himself continually in the tantalizing dilemma of splendid opportunities and short time. But we are continually reminded that opportunity is twofold; there is both outward and inward opportunity, or, in the technical phrase of metaphysics, objective and subjective opportunity; and either without the other profiteth a man little. Food is good, but not without appetite, and appetite is fever without food.

Secondly, a play of Shakspeare in a German theatre. One could strain a point, and even go out of time and out of mood, to seize such an opportunity. (How inconsistent we, like most preachers, are!) For have we not often heard it said, that nowhere can one see a play of Shakspeare so well done, so conscientiously and so artistically in all its parts, as in the Royal theatre in Dresden? And that there are few Shakspearian actors in our day superior or equal to Herr Dawson. So we went to see him enact King Richard III. He certainly has many of the qualities of a great actor, though I should not (at least from this experience) think of comparing him to the elder, or even to the younger Booth. He has thoroughly studied and conceived his part, and gives you a consistent individuality. There is subtlety and magnetism in him. You are impressed with power, and of the masculine imaginative sort. But we in America have certainly seen greater. In his utterance he is not free from a certain French nasal tone, which seems to be a common trick of German actors. In Berlin one might take this for a tradition from the times of Frederic the Great. The acting and scenic presentation of the piece, too, as a whole, was good, better than one sees on an American stage—so far as it went. But the expectation of completeness was not met. There were large and most extraordinary omissions and curtailments. Here, to be sure, were no bad actors; several were excellent:—refreshing contrast to our cheap, demoralizing system of trusting to the attraction of one great actor, while all the secondary parts are caricatured. In Germany you see artistic conscience even in a theatre.

There was one thing, however, that could but annoy a lover of Shakspeare, and all the more if he chanced also to be musical. The tent scene of Richard, the vision, was accompanied by fits and starts of miserable melo-dramatic music in the orchestra (Rietz did not conduct that night);—not such music as Beethoven put to "Egmont," or Mendelssohn to the Fairies, but a poor, sulphurous, blue light kind of instrumental *spukerei* by some obscure composer, no doubt manufactured for the occasion, which seemed entirely untrue to the character and dignity of German Art. I must believe it to be exceptional. For an overture, too, was played that by Cherubini to *Elisa*, a thing of an entirely different character from Richard.

Nov. 3. The golden harvest moon episode is over. A cold Novemberish day, colorless and black, for my last in Dresden. But if the morning frown without there is summer within. The violin is willing; preludes and fugues of Bach, toccatas, passacailles, what not, pass off the forenoon very satisfactorily, interspersed with chat with artists.

In the evening Weber's *Preciosa* at the Opera—or rather, somebody's four-act Gipsy drama of *Preciosa*, with dance and music by Weber. This was an experience to give one a new faith in the stage. It was the pure ideal of romance; a thing so free from any taint of coarseness, commonness, flat sentimentality or dullness, that it seemed rather to enact itself immediately in the visionary chambers of the brain, than in an artificial theatre. It was altogether beautiful, in music, scenery and action. The impression it produced was fresh and sweet as spring. Mere light and pretty fancy as the little play is in itself, it becomes so ethereal and transparent in von Weber's music, and somehow music, stage-machinery and actors all conspired so happily to make an exquisite poetic whole of it, that its effect on the mind was far more edifying than that of many things which contain more matter and aim higher. One only wished that there were more of the music; for what there is of it is of the very finest, most imaginative that ever came from Weber's brain. The overture, the song of *Preciosa*, the Gipsy dances and marches, are perfect in their way; and rendered that time by an orchestra and chorus, under Rietz's direction, not to be surpassed. That scene of the Gipsy encampment in the woods by moonlight, with the well known chorus: *Im Walde*, was the most ideal whole of music, scenery and grouping that I ever witnessed. The moonlight was real. The perfection to which the arts of scenery and stage effect are carried in the best theatres in Germany would astonish some of our friends, who rest so happily in the belief that the Boston Theatre and the New York Academy of Music beat the world in these ingenious contrivances. Let them see *Preciosa* as I saw it in Dresden, or *Oberon* as in Munich, or "Midsummer Night's Dream" as in the Berlin Schauspielhaus, or *Lohengrin* as in the Berlin Royal Opera house, and they will think Boston and New York a century behind the age in these things. The way that one scene melts into another sometimes is magical; more like "dissolving views" than like any mechanical result of wheels and arms and pulleys. The part of the Gipsy maiden, *Preciosa*,—of course a stolen child of noble parentage—who exercises a supreme sway among the swarthy lawless tribe

through the pure spell of her beauty and her goodness, and who like a clear star therefore radiates a steady, holy lustre through the clouds and wild woods of the story, found a quite poetic presentation in the person, voice and action of Fräulein Ulrich. Dawson, as the Gipsy chief, seemed perfectly at home. It was a delightful thing to see and hear for once; and I should fear to see it a second time, lest the complete charm could not be repeated. The music, every bit of it, was choice and healthy. Having to leave Dresden very early in the morning, one could not carry away a more charming last impression of it. And that journey was to take me to the *Weihnachts Cantata*, or "Christmas Oratorio" of Bach the next afternoon, in Leipzig! D.

FLORENCE, JAN. 17, 1861. — A crowded audience—among whom was a large deputation of Americans—assembled at the Pergola last night to witness the first performance of Anna Bolena; it being also the occasion of Miss CHAPMAN's debut in opera. It was a judicious act on the part of this young lady not to assume the task of carrying the opera through upon her own merits; a mistake into which most novices, both upon the Dramatic and the Lyric stage are apt to fall; wisely enough the part of the heroine was sustained by Mlle. MASSON, of Parisian fame, while our young countrywomen was cast in the less assuming, but somewhat arduous part of Lady Jane Seymour. It was surely no small thing for a young American girl to appear for the first time before an audience which has the reputation of being the most critical and the least merciful in Europe. Miss Chapman must have summoned to her aid her whole stock of self control to avoid being utterly overwhelmed with that most deplorable of catastrophes, a *stage fright*. She succeeded, however, in preserving a perfectly calm, dignified and yet thoroughly modest demeanor throughout the evening, which, together with her really imposing presence and an unusual share of beauty, seemed to impress the Florentine public favorably; upon whom personal attractions are never thrown away.

Miss Chapman's first cavatina, which has in itself not much to recommend it, and which neither displays the singer's voice nor execution, was well delivered, and met with a complimentary reception. Her voice is a little too much for her yet and she does not quite get it under her control when she first begins to sing. It sounds a little bit hard as if needed oiling; but this oiling or mellowing comes as she goes on, and after the first two or three phrases it came out rich, full and pure, showing her hearers that this first requisite of a singer she possesses in an eminent degree, and of a rare and fine quality.

An unfortunate part of the performance for singers, audience, and certainly for the poor man himself was the terrible fiasco which the basso made in Henry the Eighth, from the moment he sang the first note, and which he increased and completed with every note he sang. As most of his part was sung with Miss Chapman it is wonderful that she was not involved in his ruin; but she had been instructed to go straight through with her part, and trust the keen ears of her audience to detect the culprit in the duo and trio both of which were utterly ruined by the false notes of the incompetent basso. His name is of no consequence and the sooner a kind oblivion covers it the better. "Non ragionam' di lui ma guarda e passa," at the close of the first scena between Lady Jane and the King there was a good deal of hearty applause and the king appeared leading the favorite by the hand. They bowed and retired, but this would not do; the applause continued louder than before. Again they appeared, and this time the applause was mingled with hisses and groans. The two retired once more, and then there were loud cries

of *Sola! Sola!* and the young debutante came out alone amid most hearty cheers and vivas, testifying that these severe critics were as anxious to encourage her for doing well, as these were determined to mortify and disgrace the other for doing badly.

The long scene in the second act between the Queen and Lady Jane was the gem of the evening and one of the bright spots in a dragging and uninteresting opera, despite a great deal of lovely music that is in it.

I may congratulate our young countrywoman upon having made a most favorable impression upon a public, willing to express approval if pleased, but who are most cold blooded, — not to say brutal — in their condemnation of mediocrity. Here there is no such thing as "damning with faint praise, as with our good natured audiences; but a smart shower of hisses, and even sometimes loud shouts of "*Bestia*" and "*Animale*" are the sure punishment of perhaps, such a trifle as a false note.

Miss Chapman, of course, is yet ignorant of *stage business*; that can be obtained only by practice and familiarity. Her best friends must desire to see her continue as at present in parts of second importance, till she has accomplished all that well-directed industry has in store for her.

At present the voice of Miss Chapman is a pure soprano, remarkably fine in the upper notes, but most pleasing in the middle register. It has a clear penetrating quality which will render it effective in the largest theatres. It has not much of the warmth or sympathetic quality of the best voices that I have heard. Neither is it a willing voice like Alboni's; but yet it is a voice that will make her fortune anywhere after it is thoroughly broken in. To the zeal as well as skill of her accomplished teacher, Signor Luigi Vannuccini belongs a great deal of praise for the excellent method he has observed in his course of instruction, as well as for the thorough manner in which he prepared Miss Chapman to go before so critical a public in this past.

In conclusion let me say that all of Miss Chapman's defects are memorable blemishes on a field of fair promise; her future is in her own hands. She has every thing to *hope* for, if she will let *hope* be the word and back it with effort.

J. L.

The Bards.

The Orpheus Club attracted a great audience on last Saturday evening that quite filled the Boston Museum, to hear the operatic travesty, "the Bards." We can give no better notion of the plot than by copying the abstract which was distributed to the audience. The performance was in *German*, but no one who did not understand the language could fail to understand the main points, so admirably was it acted.

"The Bards" are a set of Drinking Druids, who, while vowed to abstinence from spirits, exhibit in their persons and manner a frequent departure from their vows. The opera opens with a chorus in which they relate their laws and duties. One Bard accuses Stiefel of having drunk beer, and his instant punishment is demanded. He is accordingly led away to await his doom. The Chief being left alone indulges in a private eulogium upon his favorite beverage, gin. While thus employed, the Grand Priest enters and detects him in the forbidden enjoyment. But instead of being angry, he is induced to pay his own respects to the bottle and they conclude with a mock heroic duet. Freia and Piefke then enter. She was once a servant maid named Julia in a Berlin tavern, where she was met and won by Piefke, a cockney tailor. He leaves her, and after being turned away, she strays among the Bards and becomes one of them. There she attracts the notice of the High Priest who makes love to her, but unsuccessfully. Piefke finds her out, and, while she is telling her story, they are discovered by the jealous Priest. They beg his forgiveness with burlesque pathos and fire; but, on learning that they are married and have a son, he calls in the Bards, denounces them, and they are led away to prepare for death.

The Second Act opens with Piefke bemoaning his fate alone. The Chief enters and informs Piefke that he is his uncle, and was once a cobbler. He promises Piefke, that if he will aid him in exposing the Grand Priest, who has also broken his vow, and whose place the Chief is desirous of obtaining, his own life and that of Freia may be saved. The Bards then enter leading Freia, and Piefke is struck with terror. But, gaining courage, he accuses the Grand Priest of having broken his vow. The latter is searched and a gin-bottle is found in his pocket. The Grand Priest, in his turn, accuses the Chief, and both are led away to execution. Piefke then implores Freia to fly with him to Berlin; but she upbraids him

with cowardice. While thus debating, the Bards without proclaim Piefke their Chief. At first he refuses to accept, but Freia says, that if he does not, she will kill herself and Fritzchen, their son; he finally consents. Fritzchen, a tall, blonde, gawky youth, is brought forward. The old men are pardoned, and the opera ends with a grand hurrah over the new Chief.

Of course, the whole thing is a broad burlesque, the music as much so as the words, although such burlesque music as only a real artist could write. The trills, roulades, cadenzas, were of the ultra Italian operatic style, while the dramatic situations, poses and points, reminded you of all the operas you had ever heard up to this time.

The music we should have stated is by Julius Frendenthal, director at the Court of the Duke of Brunswick.

The whole force of the "Orpheus" made up such a male chorus, as no opera company ever vouchsafed us, of musical voices, and perfect training it is superfluous to say. In the costume, of the priests in Norma, their action was spirited and funny, most refreshing to behold, after the conventional gestures and movements of the opera choruses, to which we have been so long accustomed.

The principal solo parts were taken by Messrs. Langerfeldt, Schraubstädtler and Jansen, and very admirably were they given. Beside being as our readers very well know, perfectly at home in the music, with voices of the best, they were perfectly at home in all the stage business, as few amateurs are whom we have ever seen upon the boards. The first named gentleman as Freia, the priestess (dressed à la Norma) was inimitable; his gentle movements and feminine graces would have put to shame some Normas of the stage, and only the tall stature and flowing manly beard betrayed the sex. If there were a fault it would be that the Freia, half servant girl half priestess, was made too lady like. A funny contrast was the lover Piefke (Mr W. Schraubstädtler) in blue swallow tailed coat, white hat and all the airs of the Berlin tailor so ludicrously in contrast with the priestly robes of the others. The grand duo of the chief priests, after the manner of the Puritani duet, was rapturously applauded and repeated, the aged priests waving little star spangled banners (of thirty-four stars, we trust) after the fashion of Bndiali & Co. Nor should we forget the blonde four old Fritzchen, whose infantile tricks added much to the effect of the denouement.

The piano accompaniments were finely given by Mr. Leonhard, the orchestra parts not having arrived. A crowded house would attend to witness a repetition of the Bards.

Vivat hoch! Long live the Bards! — at least such jolly bards as our old friends of the Orpheus represented. Little music we have had in these troublous times, whilst listening for the first gun from Fort Sumter; little music of a grand, or even grandiose style; all the more welcome, therefore, this delightful mess of nonsense, this musical farce, fit to be done on Twelfth Night, before the Abbot of Unreason, with Don Quixote on one side of his chair and Bombastes Furioso on the other.

The libretto has been spiritedly rendered by our townsman, Mr. C. J. Sprague, but no translation can give a full idea of the mock-heroic doggerel, the bombastic commonplaces, the verbal infelicities of the original. The music, though intended as a burlesque upon the Italian school is, for the most part, really excellent, with flowing melodies, strongly marked rhythm, and finely wrought cadences; and much of the fun of the opera depends upon the linking together of the absurd nonsense or prosaic sentiments with music of a stirring character. Throughout the first act we have a travesty of the style of Bellini and Verdi; in the second act the composer has paid his compliments to Meyerbeer with laughable effect. Unfortunately the orchestral parts could not be obtained in season, and the performance was accompa-

nied only by a grand piano; but it was easy to see that the tricks of the operatic composers are most cleverly taken off here, as well as in the vocal score.

The Bards are dressed in imitation of the Druids in "Norma," and many of the situations are suggested by that opera. They are bound to abstinence from alcoholic drinks and yet are obliged each to carry a bottle; from which, of course, they drink in secret, and as was said of Old Simon the Cellarer;

— "ho! ho! his nose doth show

How off the black jack to his lips doth go."

Piefke, a tailor turned poet, is the hero, most artistically represented by Mr. Wilhelm Schraubstädtler, the well known tenor and teacher of music. In Germany a tailor is known by the slang name of *buck*; so that when in a duet with his mistress the syllable *ma* is repeated in the tone of a bleating kid, the allusion brings roars of laughter from those familiar with the language. The goddess of his idolatry, *Freia*, (the name of a Scandinavian divinity) was formerly a bar-maid, and had been secretly wedded to the aspiring tailor. Being surprised in their interview by the Chief of the Druids, they are condemned to death; notwithstanding which they fall on their knees and beg for his blessing. "Nein," he sternly answers. "Your blessing!" they cry. "Nein!" "Just a little blessing!" "Nein!" "The least bit of a blessing!" "Nein!" "Then let it alone; we'll do without it." Piefke is the personification of a coward and his tremors are as amusing as the fright of Bob Acres; but in the end, for no reason whatever, he is made chief, after stipulating that he shall have a thousand dollars salary; and the first act of his reign is to allow an unlimited drinking of schnapps.

Freia we had supposed would be either a tame failure, or a broad bit of impropriety; but nothing could be better than Mr. Langerfeldt's performance of this part. His costume was so absurdly like Norma's, and the feminine walk, air, management of long skirts, and mode of holding a handkerchief were delightfully hit off. Indeed, we should have supposed that this gentleman, as well as Mr. Schraubstädtler, had been old stagers, familiar with the boards, and instructed in all the by-play that fills out the ensemble of the scene.

The chief, a solemn personage, was Mr. Jansen, a basso of considerable power and sterling merit. *Orobustes* (*gnasi Orobusto*) was represented by Mr. Carl Schraubstädtler with admirable spirit. At one point he and the Chief sing a very heroic duet, and being recalled they rush down to the footlights, as we have seen our Italian baritones in *I Puritani*, bearing little flags, and roaring out the refrain with ridiculous emphasis and over-gesticulation.

Some of the changes are very sudden and mirth-provoking. Thus in a chorus *Schlaetet ihn—Kill him &c.*, conceived in a truly tragic vein, the music shifts imperceptibly into a polka movement, and all the rage ends in froth. And in the last act when *Freia* sings a ballad (of which Meyerbeer himself might have written the music) and the chorus join in a lugubrious strain, leaning on each others shoulders, the ternary rhythm becomes at once a waltz, and all go spinning round like tops.

Perhaps the finest portion of the music is in a martial quartette near the close, a magnificent four-part song; but this, as usual, is set to the most nonsensical words.

Fritzchen should not be forgotten. Although supposed to be four years old, he comes on the stage a man in size but wearing nankin jacket and trousers, and greatly addicted to molasses candy.

Throughout there is a mixture of languages, German, French and Italian; the hackneyed phrases of the opera appearing in every burst of passion; e. g. *O crudel Piefke mio. O Piefke mai*, and the like.

The choruses were admirably sung; full, sonorous, well balanced and vigorous. It would be a treat to

hear a serious opera with half as good a chorus. We must give our thanks to Mr. Kreissman and his associates for a series of hearty laughs, a pleasure not often enjoyed in these serious days. And so *Vivat hoch!*

We understand that the performance will be repeated within three weeks.

CONCERT BY MR. J. EICHBERG.—Mr. Julius Eichberg is going to give a concert at the hall of Messrs. Chickering a week from this day (2d of March). As the former concerts of this artist presented music to please the most fastidious, so this promises to be one of rare excellence. Mr. E. is going to play among other things a Sonata with piano by Bach, the piano part being taken by Mr. O. Dresel; the Chaconne by Bach and a Violin Concerto by himself. The Orpheus Quartette Club will sing three songs, Mrs. Kepton two and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club will play Mozart's Quintette in C. This programme together with the excellence of the performers ought to attract a full house. The Sonata by Bach alone would be worth going for, being played by two artists like Messrs. Dresel and Eichberg.

Concert at the New Catholic Church.

A new Catholic church has been erected on Harrison Avenue in this city, called the Church of the Immaculate Conception. It is a very large edifice of white granite, in the renaissance style; and whatever may be its faults to critical eyes, it has by far the most imposing interior of any place of worship in our city. It was opened to the public for the first time last Sunday evening for a sacred concert given under the direction of Mr. J. H. Wilcox the accomplished organist of the church. The choir consisted of twenty persons, among the most cultivated of our singers. The programme embraced some of the well known masterpieces of church music; the *Benedictus* from Mozart's Requiem Mass, the *Kyrie*, from his Mass No. 7, Hummel's *Alma Virgo*, a magnificent *Ave Maria* by Donizetti, and Handel's *I know that my Redeemer liveth*. The music was admirably performed and its effects was greatly heightened by the grand acoustic properties of the building.

It might be invidious to speak of individual excellences, but we must mention Mrs. Harwood's splendid success in the great air from the "Messiah," Mrs. Fowle's fine performance of Hummel's great solo, and Mrs. Kempton's feeling and graceful singing of Franz's *Ave Maria*. Mr. Powers, whose sonorous voice and finished style are well known, was unfortunately under a cloud, being quite ill and hoarse, and therefore unable to do justice to *Pro peccatis*.

As a whole the concert was truly delightful and was enjoyed by the audience, we are sure, more than any similar performance for a long time. The vast church was densely thronged, every seat being taken, and the ample aisles, as well as the enclosure of the altar and the singer's gallery being completely filled. Indeed, some people, who ought to have known better, appropriated the seats of the choir, so that not only the gentlemen but the ladies, fatigued with the day's duties in church, were forced to stand during the whole evening.

The concert will be repeated to-morrow evening, and we have no need to bespeak a full house as it is sure to be crowded.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The novel attraction of the Bards, drew us away from the Mendelssohn Concert on Saturday evening, but we learn that the concert was well attended; and the programme is worth putting on record.

4. Aria, "Possenti numi,"—Magic Flute.Mozart
Mr. J. W. Emerson.
5. Nonette, in D minor, op. 77, (First time.) . . .G. Onslow
For Violin, Viola, Cello, Bass, Flute, Oboe, Clarinette,
Horn and Bassoon.
Allegro—Scherzo—Tema con variazioni—Finale, Introduction and Allegretto.
6. "Souvenir de Spa,"—Pantaisie for Violoncello. Servais
Wulf Fries.
7. Finale. 2d act of "Robert le Diable."Meyerbeer
Arranged by T. Ryan.

At their concert this evening the Nonette of Onslow is to be repeated.

THE ORCHESTRAL UNION.—All will be glad to see announced in another column, a series of afternoon concerts at the Music Hall, to commence on Wednesday next, Feb. 27th.

The mere announcement of orchestral music should be enough to fill the hall to overflowing, after so long a fast from everything of the sort in this city.

Their programme embraces the Fifth Symphony, the Tannhäuser Overture and many other good things.

THE DIARIST IN ENGLAND.—The Athenæum gives the following notice of our "Diary," Alexander W. Thayer, Esq., from which we learn that he is in England. The columns of this Journal ever since its first number, bear witness to the industry and zeal with which he has pursued his labors and we hope that the suggestion of Mr. Chorley will meet with a cordial response from those who can aid him in the prosecution of his researches.

Mr. Thayer, the American gentleman who has been for some years collecting materials for a life of Beethoven in all parts of the Continent, is now in England, with a view of making researches here. His gatherings, we believe, have been extensive, and made with a scrupulous desire for accuracy. It would be only courteous in any real admirer of music and of Beethoven, belonging to this country, who may have contributions in store, to afford this gentleman the opportunity of examining them. We shall be happy, in default of better means, to be the medium of communication with him.

MISS HENSLEY.—At a concert recently given at the royal palace, Lisbon, Gazzaniga, Miss Hensley and the father of the young King of Portugal took part. Gazzaniga, says *L' Eco d' Italia*, after the concert was presented by the King with a diamond brooch. This *prima donna* is not the only musical character of that name. There was a Signor Gazzaniga (born at Cremona in 1743, and died in 1817), who was a voluminous composer, and who wrote an opera on the old plot of "Don Giovanni."

CLASSICAL MUSIC.—In a notice of Mr. Carl Gärtner's concert in the *Phil. Bulletin*, we find the following:

There are many who fancy that because music is Classical, it is too dark and hidden to be understood by ordinary hearers. All we would ask of such, is, have you an intelligent, educated mind? Then go and listen, not once, but two or three times, and we think you will decide there is some interest for you in the highest field of musical art. We look at and enjoy the finest paintings and statuary, not because we understand how the artist selected and arranged his palette; how he directed his lights and shades; how he shaped and rounded the bust so full of life's breath; how he moulded the head, telling of the strong intellect; but because his mind speaks to ours through the great work his Maker has given him the talent to create. And so it is with the musical art. We feel a great spirit is speaking to us in his language which appeals to our sense of hearing, just as the other spoke to us in his language through the sense of seeing.

We scarcely hope these matinees will become popular. A purely intellectual entertainment, perhaps, never can be so. But we trust they will be patronized by those who feel life has higher aims than the rapid making and frivolous spending of money, and who believe an hour so spent must be more profitable to themselves and children, than in the idle walking of our fashionable thoroughfares, or the reading of much of the literature of our present times, the enervating effects of which we must daily lament.

SILENCE IN NATURE.—It is a remarkable and very instructive fact that many of the most important operations of nature are carried on in unbroken silence. There is no rushing sound when the broad tide of sunlight breaks on a dark world and floods it with light, as one bright wave over another falls from the fountain, millions of millions of miles away. There is no creaking of axles or groaning of cumbersome machinery as the solid earth wheels on its way, and every planet and system performs its revolutions. The great trees bring forth their boughs and shadow the earth beneath them—the plants cover themselves with buds, and the buds burst into flowers: but the whole transaction is unheard. The change from snow and winter winds to blossoms and fruits and the sunshine of summer is seen in its slow development, but there is scarcely a sound to tell of the mighty transformation. The solemn chant of the ocean, as it raises its unchanged and its unceasing voices, the roar of the hurricane, and the mighty river, and the thunder of the black browed storm: all this is the music of nature—a great and swelling anthem of praise, breaking in on the universal calm. There is a lesson for us here. The mightiest worker in the Universe is the unobtrusive.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, FEB. 12, 1860—Last night Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera* was produced according to the announcements. The house was crowded, and the illuminations used at the Prince of Wales Ball were again brought into service and with admirable effect. It was, indeed, a brilliant sight, the ladies were superbly dressed in the full opera costume, which of late had been abandoned. There was one lady in a left hand proscenium box, who attracted great attention from her resemblance to the Empress Eugenie. She was tall and slender, had a queenly bearing, an arching neck and wore her hair brushed back, while her head was adorned with a magnificent gold crown—head-dress it could not be called—on which were clusters and flowers of emeralds and rubies, spangled with dew-drops of diamonds. An elderly lady in the same box, dressed in deep black, and wearing a white cap served as a contrast to the gorgeousness of the Crowned Lady. The entire party were strangers, and during the intermissions between the acts attracted the attention of thousands of curious admirers.

There was also that delightful rustle of satisfaction about the house which a full and well-dressed audience always induces. Everybody saw acquaintances on the opposite side of the house, and the bobbing and nodding gave quite an animated appearance to the scene. The artists of the opera were themselves amazed at the superb *coup d'ail*, and afterwards declared that never, even in Europe, had they beheld such a magnificent sight as that which met their eyes from before the footlights.

But what about the opera. A good deal about it. I suppose you will clip from the New York papers a description of it. I enclose the *critique* of the *Times* of this city which I fully endorse and you can use it if you please, and save yours to command, a vast amount of trouble. You can print it or not as you please. (Next week, Signor Trovator.)

I wish I were a person of huge importance, for then my opinion would be worth having, and I would write to Mr. Verdi a letter something like this:

Dear Sir: I believe I am acquainted with all your best operas, and I don't think that, all things considered, you have produced anything yet superior to your *Lombardi* and *Ernani*. Your *Ballo in Maschera* exhibits a great deal more scientific research than either, and is the most dramatically consistent of all your operas, notwithstanding its ridiculous plot. The finale of the second act is the most effective thing of the kind you have ever written, and I say this with a full recollection of the Miserere scene, of the quartet in Rigoletto, and of the finale to the second act of the *Vespers*. You have done for opera writing something akin to what Thalberg did for pianoforte composition. He, taking a melody, added to it an accompaniment, thus enabling one performer to play simultaneously the two parts—something scarcely ever thought of before. You have managed to delineate simultaneously on the stage, by the most appropriate and characteristic music the most diverse passions, so that, unlike other Italian composers of concerted pieces, the strain which serves for one

1. Introduction to the Bohemian Girl.Balfé
2. Adagio, from Quintette No. 6, op. 100.Reicha
For Flute, Oboe, Clarinette, Horn and Bassoon. (First time.)
3. "Souvenir de Haydn." Solo for violin.Leonard
William Schultze.

character will not serve for another, but sung together they produce the most admirable harmony, like the different colors in a great painting. A celebrated composer wrote a waltz in two parts, either of which played separately was a perfect waltz in itself, is much boasted of by his admirers; but you, Mr. Verdi, have carried this art to perfection, and his waltz is a mere toy that one can pull into grotesque shapes by a string, while your great concerted pieces are like earnest, living humanity.

Why then when you can do things so well, do you stick in the *Ballo* those soft commonplace airs, as I suppose they must be called, which have no melody but which are mere sequences of notes without anything to recommend them? You know you can write real melodies, and if you had thrown some more of them into your latest opera, it would have been better for its popularity.

Come over to America. You would be received with delight by all excepting a few American Dutchman. By these I mean a class of Americans who have embraced more Teutonic ideas about music than the Teutons themselves and who view Italy as a musical Nazareth, whence no good can come. Fortunately these people though they talk a great deal are quite harmless.

You are the greatest living composer, excepting, perhaps, Meyerbeer and Rossini, and just now are more popular than either of these two; the Americans like your bold, vigorous style, and it would be a great card for you to write an opera for an American house, and to come over and get it up yourself with Muzio. I don't suppose people would go wild about you as a general thing or get up noisy ovations; but you would receive a welcome from the great body of our music lovers such as no other living man could as spontaneously call forth; and Verdi, with all his European popularity, might consider such an ovation from the New World as the most royal and gratifying he has ever received.

So, Mr. Verdi, I close with thanks for the great enjoyment your music has afforded to many of my countrymen and countrywomen; and gratitude that I did not live and die before the composer of the *Ballo in Maschera* is one of the strongest emotions experienced by

TROVATOR.

CHICAGO, FEB. 14, 1861.—The fourth *Philharmonic Concert*, last Saturday evening, Feb. 9th, was another decided success for the managers of these excellent entertainments. Nothing else of the kind has ever gathered so much of the culture, the refinement, the wealth and fashion of the city as these occasions. FABBRI seems to be greatly pleased with the cheerful patronage and warm appreciation extended to her in our city, and she continues to draw long after the novelty of a first impression is worn off. The more the public hears, the more it wants to. Her resources are inexhaustible. On the stage, she is ever amiable, complaisant and self-possessed, while she never disappoints the expectant public by negligent attire, or careless and indifferent singing. This, superadded to her matchless powers, is one great secret of her popularity here. She tries to please and always does please.

1. Sixth Symphony—Pastoral—, Op. 68, in F major. Beethoven.
2. Aria, from "Belisario".....Donizetti.
Mr. C. R. Adams.
3. Grand Scena and Aria from "Nabucco".....Verdi.
Madame Fabbri.
4. Piano Solo.....Mulder.
Mr. Richard Mulder.
5. The brightest eyes, (By request).....Stigelli.
Mr. C. R. Adams.
6. Das Schwabenmædel.....Proch.
Madame Fabbri.
7. Carnival de Rome, Burlesque, arranged by....Balatka.

The performance of the Symphony was most creditable to Mr. Balatka and to the orchestra, and its effect upon a large and appreciative audience, which,

for nearly an hour, gave unremitting attention, was a reward indeed. Mr. ADAMS, of Boston, kindly assisted at the concert. He has a sweet tenor voice and a very correct intonation. In the Aria from *Belisario* the large orchestra was almost too heavy for his powers. His style suits the oratorio and simple song. In the latter he gave us the "Brightest Eyes" most admirably.

New Publications.

OLIVER COLLECTION OF HYMN AND PSALM TUNES, SENTENCES AND CHANTS. A National Lyre for use in the Church, Family or Singing School. By Henry K. Oliver. Boston: Oliver Ditson.

No book of sacred music (by which in this connection, we mean *psalm tunes*), has more commended itself by its intrinsic excellence than the "National Lyre," edited some years ago, by the compiler of the work under notice, in connection with Messrs. Tuckerman and Baneroff. Especially to quartette choirs has it proved a most acceptable and useful book, by the care with which the music has been arranged for the use of such choirs by the pleasing character given to the individual parts and its agreeable harmonies, quite remote from the commonplace see-saw of most books of this character.

"Oliver's Collection" has the same characteristics as the National Lyre and we see that many of the best tunes of the latter collection are transplanted bodily into the new one. A longer experience has suggested to the editor, (who is an amateur well known in the community as the late Mayor of the City of Lawrence, and former head of one of the great manufacturing corporations there) a large number of tunes which he has added: some of them quite new to this generation, although by the best English composers of this kind of music. Of the contributions of the editor himself, we need only say that the beautiful and familiar tune *Federal Street*, is one of his compositions, to prove that they are not the lowest in the order of merit in the book. The original tunes contributed by Dr. J. F. Tuckerman (also an amateur) are likewise worthy of note, as among the most pleasing and useful in the collection. The usual elementary instructions commonly prefixed to such collections are omitted so that the whole book is devoted to music, embracing beside, the tunes, anthems, motettes, chants, &c. We know that some are a little disposed to sneer at a new book of *psalm tunes*, and would look upon the space and time as wasted that is devoted to noticing such a collection. But this book is not one *manufactured* to sell, but is the result of a long and loving service in the music of the church, and a selection guided by such an experience of what is best adapted to the ordinary service of our Protestant churches in this country, is likely to commend itself at once to our church choirs.

DINORAH.—LE PARDON DE PLOERMEL. Our publishers have added this new and to us unknown work of Meyerbeer's to their series of operas. We observe by an exchange that it was to be performed in New Orleans Feb. 4th, and in the course of time we shall doubtless hear it in Boston. Meanwhile it will be pleasant for our opera loving readers to become familiar with its melodies and prepared to listen to its performance with intelligence. This edition is printed from English plates, uniform with the vocal score of Don Giovanni, published some time ago. The type is clear, both of the music and the words which are given in English and Italian, (the translation by H. F. Chorley, Esq.)

MARTHA.—The piano solo arrangement of Flotow's Martha, now in course of publication in these pages, has just been issued complete by the publishers. No opera perhaps is better adapted for transcription for the piano than the bright and sparkling Martha, and it will be a pleasure to many to revive by this outline the pleasant memories of the admirable performances of this charming opera which we have heard in Boston.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, for January, (Republished by L. Scott & Co., New York, received from Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. Contents: Ancient Ballads; Alcohol; What becomes of it in the Living body; Canada; Bible Infallibility: "Evangelical Defenders of the Faith;" The Neapolitan and Roman Questions; American Slavery: the Impending Crisis; Cavour and Garibaldi; Dante and his English Translators; Contemporary Literature.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, for January. Contents: Canada and the Northwest; The Welsh and their Literature; The United Netherlands; The Iron Manufacture; Italy; The dogs of History and Romance; The Income Tax and its Rivals; Essays and Reviews.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW for January (L. Scott & Co's edition) has been received by Nichols, Lee & Co. Contents: Church Expansion and Liturgical Revision, Japan and the Japanese, The Victoria Bridge, Political Ballads of England and Scotland, Ocean Telegraphy, Autobiography of Dr. A. Carlyle, Motley's History of the United Netherlands, Forbes and Eyndall on the Alps and their Glaciers, The Kingdom of Italy, and Naval Organization.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

From my childhood. Duet.

From "Bianco, the Bravo's Bride." 25

Another favorite number in the string of gems from this opera which has just been published.

Child of my heart. Song. C. E. Kimball. 25

A very attractive parlor song of medium difficulty.

New England left out in the cold.

C. E. Kimball. 25

Received with great applause at the concerts of the author in the Eastern States.

Allie May. Song and Chorus. G. A. Cargill. 25

A new minstrel song with a taking air, easy to sing.

Yes, I dreamt I was Queen of Air. S. Glover. 25

One of those pretty lively airs in strongly marked rhythm, of which Glover's facile pen has furnished so many, most of which please young singers immensely.

Instrumental Music.

Fra Diavolo. Ferd. Beyer. 50

From the Boquet of Melodies set, containing the familiar gems of the Opera, of medium difficulty.

Reward of love. I. Oesten. 35

A new number of the "Bygone hours," a collection of highly interesting piano-pieces in the style of the "Sounds of Love" and not less beautiful than these.

Ecume de perles. (Champagne.) Grand Etude de Concert. C. Voss. 75

A sparkling "Brindisi" which well deserves the fine sounding name the author has chosen for it. It is not more difficult than Voss' popular operatic arrangements. Taken altogether it is perhaps the most pleasing piece of this class which has been issued for many a day.

Governor Grey's Schottisch. Maria J. Jones. 50

A pleasing Schottisch with a handsomely illustrated title-page.

Danish Polka. (Lotte is dead.) Jul. Weel. 25

A new contra-dance which is becoming very popular. A description of the figure is added to the music.

Books.

ZUNDEL'S MELODEON INSTRUCTOR.—The complete Melodeon Instructor, in seven parts. Designed as a thorough Instruction Book for the Melodeon, Seraphine, Eolian, Melopean, Organ, or any similar instrument. By John Zundel. 2,00

This work is not only an "Instructor" but in every sense a "complete" instructor for the melodeon and instruments of like nature. Its contents embrace all that can possibly be looked for in the form of instructions, examples and exercises. It is universally pronounced the most thorough instruction book of the kind, and is recommended by Lowell Mason, Emilius Girac, Wm. B. Bradbury, and every one who has examined it.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 465.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1861.

VOL. XVIII. No. 22.

The Union.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Still sail thou on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempests' roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hears, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sketches of French Musical History.

VIII.

OPERA.

1548—1700.

We spoke in a former paper of the introduction by the Brotherhood of the Passion of the theatre into France through the performance of mysteries—grand show pieces in which music played an important part. From 1528, the period in which the Parliament put a stop to the representation of religious subjects, plays of *profane** character, but always lawful and decent, were given in the theatre of the hotel de Bourgogne. Jodelle imitated the ancients and was followed by Grevin, Garnier, Hardy, Saint-Gelais, Theophile, Racan, Mayret, Gombault, Rotrou, Scudery, du Ryer, and finally by the immortal Peter Corneille.

We refer those of our readers, who are curious to study thoroughly that interesting epoch to the history of the French Theatre; we will only remark that Jodelle, in 1630, filled the entr'actes of his tragedies by the singing of verses of a moral character, and that at a later date an orchestra took the place of these singers.

To show farther that the theatre was originally held to be a proper place of amusement, and that if immoral pieces have occasionally crept upon the boards, it was only through abuse and corruption, we cite an extract from the *Declaration* of the King, Louis XIII., upon the subject of the Comedians, given at Saint Germain, April 16, 1641.

"Fearing that the comedies represented with such good effect for the amusement of the people are sometimes accompanied with improper performances, which leave bad impressions upon their minds, we have formed the resolution to give the orders necessary to put a stop to such

improprieties. To this end, we forbid, by these presents, signed, with our own hand, all comedians to represent any improper acts, to use any words of lascivious or double meaning, which can offend the modesty of the spectators, and this under the penalty of being declared infamous.

"In case the comedians aforesaid contravene our present declaration, it is our will that our judges interdict the theatre, without however empowering them to inflict heavier penalties than fine and banishment. In case the said comedians so regulate the performances of the theatre as to free them from all impurity, it is our will that their profession, which is one to divert the people from divers bad occupations, shall not be imputed to them for blame, nor shall prejudice their reputations in the public opinion. And this we do, to the end that the desire of escaping the reproaches to which they have subjected themselves hitherto may be as strong a motive for restraint within the limits of their duty in the public performances which they give, as the fear of the penalties which will be inevitable in case they contravene the present declaration."

The opera is an Italian creation; the first essays are generally considered as the work of Peri, Caccini, Emilio del Cavaliere and Monteverde, who flourished in the 16th century.

In 1570, Charles IX granted letters patent to Antoine de Baif for the foundation of an Academy of Music. In February, 1577, the first Italian troupe, *gli Gelosi*, gave a performance to the Estates of Blois, under Henry III., then in session at Paris; and on Sunday, May 19, in the theatre du Petit Bourbon, rue des Poulies.

In the same year Baltazarini was called from Piedmont to Catharine de Medicis by Marshal de Brissac. This composer assumed the name, Beaujoyeux, and wrote in 1581 for the nuptials of the Duc de Joyeus the *Ballet Comique de la Royne*. The libretto text by d'Aubigne turned upon the adventures of Circe; Salmon and Beaulieu, chapelmasters to Henry III., wrote a part of the airs and recitations. The lyric part was by Lachesnaye, almoner to the king. We find in this work pieces for cornets and flutes; also airs for dancing, recitatives, chansons, &c., of pleasing melody. How companies of Italians came to France in 1584, 1588, 1608, and 1623. From the beginning of the 17th century, the lyric drama triumphed in Italy. Pope Clement IX. rhymed texts for operas, and Urban VIII. sent the Nuncio, Cardinal Alessandro Bichi to Louis XIII. who demonstrated to the king the possibility of giving operas in French.

In 1645, Cardinal Mazarin brought a new Italian Troupe to Paris, which opened at the Petit Bourbon, Dec. 24, with the *Festa teatrale della finta Piazza*, a melodrama in five acts, by Balbi and Torelli, and according to Castil-Blaze the first French opera was given the following year at the Episcopal palace de Carpentras, under the title of *Akebar, roi du Mogol*.

In 1652, a seventh Italian opera troupe became

stationary, and played with success *Orfeo e Euridyce*, and an opera ballet in three acts, entitled *Nozze di Teti e di Peleo* (Jan. 26, 1654). Innocent X. sent Cardinal de la Rovère to Paris; this Nuncio counselled Louis XIV. to cause French operas to be performed and gave the subject of a lyric drama to Abbé Perrin, who called in Cambert, organist of the church of St. Honoré, to compose the music.

Cambert, the first French dramatic composer, was born at Paris, about 1628, and became pupil of Chambounières upon the harpsichord. His first work was the celebrated *Pastorale en musique*, performed for the first time in April, 1659, in the chateau of M. de la Haye, at Issy. Its success was immense. There were seven characters represented, a bass, a barytone, a tenor, a contralto and three soprani. The principal parts were performed by the Mlles. de Sercamaman, and the Count and Chevalier Fiesque. The king and Mazarin were so well pleased, that the work was again represented at Vincennes and Cambert was appointed superintendent of music to Anne of Austria. At length, June 28, 1669, the first operatic patent was granted to the Poet, Abbé Perrin, the composer, Cambert, the Marquis de Sourdeac, principal machinist, and Champéron, financier.

In 1661, Cambert wrote *Ariane*, which was rehearsed at Issy, but not represented owing to the death of Mazarin. In 1662 he composed *Adonis*, an opera which has been lost; but it was not until March 19, 1671, that the first performance of *Pomone* took place, but which ran eight months in succession.

There were in the first regular French opera five solo men's parts, four of women, fifteen chorus singers and thirteen instrumental players. The dances were directed by Beauchamps. Perrin's share of the profits, about a quarter, was some 30,000 livres.

Les Amours de Diane et Endymion, by Sablières (text) and Guichard (music) was performed at Versailles, Nev. 3, 1671; and *Les Peines et les Plaisirs de l'Amour*, a Pastoral, in five acts, by Gilbert; Cambert and Sourdeac saw the light at Paris, April 8, 1672. Lulli could not bear this series of triumphs; the cunning Florentine obtained the privilege of Perrin and put an end to the performance of the *Ariane* of Cambert.

Cambert went to London, produced his opera in presence of Charles II., and was appointed by that king superintendent of his music. But the blow was fatal. Cambert, who loved his country could not bear the success of an odious rival, who had driven him into exile. He died of regret and despair at London, in 1677, at the age of only 49 years.

In this manner France has too often sacrificed her national artists to strangers. It would be worthy of our opera to avenge the memory of the illustrious and unhappy Cambert by reproducing a work of this first French composer, whose glory it was to lay the foundation of our still existing imperial academy of music.

* As we say "profane history."

Jean Baptiste de Lulli was born at Florence, in 1633. Having studied the works of Rouetta, Cavalli, &c. he left Italy at the age of thirteen year and became scullion to Mademoiselle de Montpensier. His talents, as a violinist were greatly admired by that princess; but her favor was very soon lost. He was dismissed from her house on account of a satyric song. The author of the famous air *au clair de la Lune* studied the harpsichord and composition under the organists Metree, Roberdet and Gigault. He was naturalized in 1662 with the title of Esquire, and, after invading the places of Lazarin, Cambeport, Michaël Lambert, he usurped in June, 1672, the letters patent of Perrin and Cambert, and erected a theatre in the tennis court of Bel-Air, rue de Vauvignard. His associates were the architect Guichard and the machinist Vigarani, of Modena. On the 15th of November, 1672, the house was opened with *Les Fêtes de l'Amour et de Bacchus*, in five acts, with a prologue.

Cadmus, Alceste-Thesée followed in order. A contract was made with Quinault, the poet, who received the 4,000 Livres for each book, and 2,000 Livres as a "gratification" sent by Louis XIV.

After the death of Moliere, Feb. 17, 1673, Lulli obtained the hall in the Palais Royal, where the operas was established from June 15th, 1673 to 1781.

Le Triomphe de l'Amour, opera-ballet by Ben-serade. Quinault and Lulli, was represented for the first time May 16, 1681. Mad'lle de la Fontaine was the proclaimed queen of the dance.

Fifteen operas were composed by Lulli, from 1672, to his death, which occurred March 22, 1687. Among them we note *Psyche, Bellerophon, Proserpine, Amadis, Roland*. The other most successful ones were *Atys*, called the opera of the King; *Iris* called the opera of the musicians; in which was the beautiful Trio of the Fates; *Phaeton*, the opera of the people; and *Armida*, opera of the women. *Acis and Galatee*, the last work of Lulli, was first performed six months after his death. He was himself a very fine dancer and had composed twenty-five ballets.

In 1677, Dumenil, a cook, made his first appearance as a tenor singer in *Isis*, and thereforeward divided such parts with Clediere. After Rossignol and Beaumavielle, Gaye, Hardouin and Lafrêt distinguished themselves as bass singers. Thevenard, barytone, appeared first in 1675 in the *Grotte de Versailles* (in the part of Tircis) and continued upon the stage until 1730, when retired with a pension of 1500 livres. Mlle. Castilly created the part of Pomone; Mlle. Verdier gave Flore in *Atys* and later Mlle. Saint-Christophe distinguished herself as first songstress.

In 1680 Marthe Le Rochois, a pupil of Lulli, created the part of Arethuse in *Proserpine*, and afterward the beautiful one of Armida. This actress was not beautiful, but was admirable in recitative; she held the place of prima donna down to the year 1698. Her pension, upon retiring from the stage was but 1000 livres, but the chronicler adds that the Duc de Sully gave her an annuity of 500 livres.

The most remarkable dancers of that period were Beauchamps, Saint André, Pecourt, Dolivet, Bouteville and Balon.

Lulli gained a fortune of 800,000 livres* in fifteen years. In his character this illustrious composer was extremely violent; we are assured,

that during his rehearsals he at times conducted himself towards the actors and even the actresses with a harshness amounting to brutality. His death is said also to have been occasioned by a movement of passion, viz., striking the cane with which he conducted with great force downward, instead of the floor he hit his foot. The wound became gangrenous and caused his death.

After Lulli, his son-in-law Francine obtained the privilege of the opera, of which the profits amounted to 60,000 livres per annum; and on the 30th December, 1698, Dumont was joined with him by the king. A period of decay in the opera followed which continued to the time of Rameau, (1733).

Not to break our chronology let us say here a few words upon this period of transition.

Louis and Jean Louis Lulli, brother-in-law of Francine, played without success *Orpheus* in 1690 and *Alcide* in 1693. Calasse, pupil of Lulli, who directed the orchestra, as well as Lallouette (its chief to 1677), and who instrumented his master's works from the hints given him, brought out in 1687, *Achille et Polyxène*, and followed it up with eight other operas among which we may note *Thetis, Pelée, and Jason*. Colasse became an alchemist. He afterwards obtained the patent of the theatre at Lille, was ruined by a fire, and died finally poisoned by the vapors of his laboratory.

Teobaldo di Gatti, a Florentine, and for fifty-two years first violoncellist at the Academie composed for the theatre *Coronis* and *Scylla*. Marin-Marais, a celebrated viola performer produced *Ariane, Alcione* and *Semele*. Desmarests, superintendent of the music of Philip V., gave to the opera *Dido, Circe, and Theogene et Charclée*. Carpentier, pupil of Carissimi, produced his first work, *Medée*; Gervais gave *Meduse* in 1697; Mlle. de Laguerre composed *Cephale et Procris*; Lacoste brought out seven operas well forgotten in our times.

All these secondary works soon disappeared to make way for the *Europe galante* of Campra, which had a great success in 1697. The libretto was by La Motte. Its charming choruses are worthy of remark. Marthe le Rochois created the parts of Cephise and Roxane in the Ballet opera; and Mlle. Maupin aroused the enthusiasm of the public in the part of Clorinde in *Tancrede*, and Minerva in *Cadmus*, operas by the same author.

Campra was born at Aix en Provence, Dec. 3, 1660. We are indebted to him for the celebrated air, *Furtemberg*, and twenty operas, of which the most distinguished are, *Le Carnaval de Venise*, the *Ballet des Ages*, *Hesione*, *Camille*, *Tancrede*, *Iphigenie en Tauride*, etc.

Gualtier de la Ciotat, director of the theatres at Marseilles, Toulouse and Montpellier, produced a work, both the text and music, *le Triomphe de la Paix*.

The *Phaeton* of Lulli had great success at Lyons during the carnival, but the instrumental performers were not brilliant. The director was obliged to cry *gare t'ut!* (look out for the seventh!) when the note occurred upon the higher strings, and the player recoiled from the difficulties of the *Medee* and *Philomele* of Carpentier. (The air *Songes d'Atys* was the great stock piece

*Supposing the old *livre* to equal the present franc, we have here about \$150,000. Money was then more valuable than now—would purchase twice or thrice the quantity of necessities.

in these times for violinists; *La Tempête d'Alcyone* took its place as such in 1706. Corelli's sonatas did not appear until 1715.)

The origin of the word *bricche*, synonymous with the mistake or oversight in music, may naturally find place here. The members of the orchestra being loudly blamed evening after evening by the Parterre for their faults of execution, resolved to be more careful in future and laid a fine of six sous upon every mistake or error made in public. With the proceeds of these fines, an immense brioche was purchased and eaten at the month's end—good care being taken to "wet" it properly. The guilty ones figured at the supper with a small brioche of pasteboard at the button hole.

The last work of any interest represented at the opera during the 17th century was *Isse* of Destouches, which brought its author a present from the king of a purse containing a 100 Louis d'or. Louis XIV. by the letters patent dated Feb. 25, 1699, granted to the general hospital at Paris a sixteenth of the receipts at the academy. Such was the origin of the *droit des pauvres* (rights of the poor) ever since deducted from the receipts of the theatres.

Zelia Trebelli.

Signor Zelia Trebelli is of French descent, born in Paris, where her father holds a high government office. Her real name is *Gilbert*. Her musical talents manifested itself early; she therefore received instruction in piano-playing when she was only six years old, her first teacher being a German, which circumstance has greatly influenced the direction of her musical taste. These instructions on the piano were continued for ten years and made her an excellent pianist. The young girl was most fond of the study of Beethoven's sonatas and the well-tempered clavier by Bach. The parents, not thinking to make an artist of their daughter, brought her up for the elevated social circle in which they moved. When Zelia was sixteen years old she took a fancy to have singing lessons and her father desiring she should become able to sing ballads acceptably, secured a teacher for her in one *Fr. Wartel*, a German, who had formerly earned a fine reputation as an interpreter of Franz Schubert's musical poems, and of late has been connected with the Grand Opera in Paris. Wartel at once discovered the talent of the young girl, and persuaded the parents, by no means easily, to have her educated for the lyric stage. When their consent was obtained, Wartel devoted all his time, energy and knowledge to the instruction of his promising pupil. Zelia seeing that the Italian language would be of great service to her in the development of her voice studied it and subsequently resolved to go over the Italian lyric stage altogether.

In the fall of 1859, Signora Trebelli left her teacher and made her debut in Madrid with an Italian troupe. During the whole winter season she had such a success as beginners rarely attain. She first appeared as Rosina in the "Barbie," with *Mario* for the count. Her second essay was the Page in the "Huguenots." Her engagement in Madrid terminating in April, 1860, she returned to Paris and resumed her studies with Mr. Wartel, until July 1860, when *Merelli* engaged her for his Berlin troupe. She made her first appearance in Germany in the old city of Cologne, as Arsaces in "Semiramide" with the most decided success. She then went to Hamburg and finally to Berlin, where everybody went crazy about her. Her repertoire up to this day consists of Pierotto in "Linda," Orsini in "Lucrezia," Rosina in "Barbieri," Arsaces in "Semiramide," Fidalma in "Matrimonio Segreto," Urbano in "Ugonotti," Duchess

in "Luisa Miller," Countess in "Tre nozze," Azucena in "Trovatore," Madalena in "Rigoletto," Cenerentola in the opera of the same name, Isabella in "Italiena in Algieri."—*New Zeitschrift*.

Ludwig Rellstab.

(Concluded from page 380.)

Rellstab's musical education reposed upon undoubted talent. The latter was, however, not so highly developed, so far as technical matters and the syntax of the art were concerned, as to enable him to write a symphony or a quartet. That the power of doing so is necessary in a critic, will, however, be asserted only by an artist who may, perhaps, have learnt something, but who is deficient in the best and most requisite qualification. It is true that the technical and theoretical education of the critic must not be so far below the productions criticised, that he cannot see his way clearly everywhere, even in the score of a great work of art. But it must be remembered, that Rellstab wrote for a political paper, and for readers who desired to be informed from day to day, of what was going forward in the world. This object is satisfied by an innate taste for art, a general æsthetic education, the power of describing a thing popularly, and a warmth of sentiment which can excite sympathy and enthusiasm for art and artists. Critics like Fink, Gottfried Weber, and in some degree, Rochlitz, can give the musician many a suggestion worth remembering; but whether the divine spark lurks within his work or production, they will not always be competent to say. In difficult cases, Rellstab could not do the first, but he was always able to do the last.

The task which he more particularly imposed on himself was to introduce the susceptible and educated men of the non-professional public and *dilettanti* into the magic realms of tone, and to foster in them a love for what is beautiful and grand in art. His decisions were, therefore, in most cases, of a positive nature, and seldom crushing; it was only when vanity and arrogance, qualities so frequently found in artists, came glaringly under his notice, that he cast into the scale the whole weight of his eloquent language and love for what is unconditionally beautiful. In all things, but more especially in his dealings with his opponents, he was frank and outspoken, accepting the combat even where he foresaw a defeat. All the worse for him! Openness and truth were fundamental traits in his character. Was he defeated in his contest with Spontini? The evidence is now tolerably complete. What share personal excitability had in the quarrel we will not inquire; both the persons concerned suffered and were punished.

With creative artists, Rellstab was mostly conscientiously severe. In this he was swayed by moral motives; art occupied so high a position in his eyes that he regarded an unsuccessful artist's career as the most unfortunate of all existences. Whoever starts with the notion that a critic must never be mistaken, and that it is a capital crime for him to contradict himself once in his life, may take as an answer many a beautiful confession of Rellstab's, such, for instance, as:—"With regard to my artistic errors and mistakes—how many have I committed, and how frequently, even now, am I doubtful whether I was right at first or afterwards. I do not spare myself, but give myself up with my contradictions and changing views. I stick to the French proverb, that 'he who never changed his opinion never had one.'" Rightly understood, this proverb contains a truth well worthy of our attention. When looking back over Rellstab's criticisms, we linger with heartfelt delight over the notices more especially dedicated to some particular impersonation or to the artist individually. This delineation of Leonore and Donna Anna, as performed by Mad. Schröder-Devrient in the year 1831; of the funeral service in honor of Klein, in 1832; of Fräulein Sechener in Iphigenia and Fidelio, in 1829; of Liszt's concerts, in 1841-43; but above all, his criticisms on the sisters Milanollo, the parts played by Jenny Lind from 1844 to 1846; and the artistic, loving memorial erected by him, in 1847, to that noble pair, Fanny Hensel and her brother Felix Mendelssohn, are specimens of characteristic musical criticism, in which fine critical perception plays quite as important a part as an ardent disposition entirely engrossed by its subject and held captive by the omnipotence of art.

Notwithstanding many an erroneous opinion with regard to details, Rellstab was always right in the long run. For the impressions of what is conditionally and what is unconditionally beautiful he possessed a degree of susceptibility which seized on anything certainly and quickly, and had the right word, the most intelligible and frequently most happy turns for what was to be described. This delicacy of perception on his part was not acknowledged by unprofessional men alone, but even by artists, and we recollect some

expressions of approval, nay, more, of astonishment, on the subject from Mendelssohn, who, as is well known, never hesitated to say freely what he thought. We are rendered acquainted with the humorous side of Rellstab's criticism—his gentle nature never turned to satire—in the twelve annual series of the little musical periodical, *Iris*, which was discontinued at the end of the year 1840. In this publication Rellstab discussed those musical matters of the day which came under his notice, and did not give him any particular trouble.

Rellstab's labors for the *Vossische Zeitung* extended, however, far beyond his duties as a musical critic. The editorship of the French article was for a long time in his hands, and he discharged his task with great prudence; occurrences in municipal and social circles, when described by him, always excited the interest of the reader; novelties in literature introduced by his pen scarcely needed any other advocate. He was, moreover, employed for a large number of periodicals published in other places; he educated singers, both male and female, for the stage, and wrote many-volumed romances, tales, dramas, and poems. We possess his collected works, as published by Brockhaus, in Leipsic; but if we were to put all he has written into the shape of books, we might fill a whole library. Such restless activity required unusual natural gifts, quite as much as an iron will and unexampled industry. Among his works in the department of the *belles lettres*, besides some of his tales, the two romances "1812," and the one he wrote last, *Drei Jahre von dreissigen*, occupy the first place. There is no doubt that Rellstab's talent was most to be relied on in the description of occurrences and impressions. It happened, however, that he ignored this predominating faculty of his. In the project of recasting German opera, the noble end in view was worthy of praise; but Rellstab's strength was not sufficient for it; his dramatised *Eugene Aram* obtained a respectable success, because the original work came to his aid; his *Feldlager* was borne up, and that for a few years only, by Meyerbeer's music. For the course of the action arising from the most marked opposition of the various personages, for striking combination, by which the interest of the public is concentrated, for that shortness and sharpness of expression which dramatic composition requires, his pen was too lyrically soft, and his views of things too broad. Nature had created him to be a writer of epics, a narrator. He *willed*, however, and, even in this instance, his will achieved a certain success. Just as his partiality for acknowledged tendencies in art sometimes caused him to appear unjust towards ideas newly sprung up, in opposition to his many years' experience, he not unfrequently over-rated the measure of those artistic abilities which tallied with his own views. In such instances, his prejudices and his good heart ran away with him. This enables us to explain, on the one hand, his repugnance to Spontini, and, on the other, his exaggerated valuations of Bernhard Klein and Ludwig Berger, to whom he erected monuments of love and respect in his monographs.

Rellstab was very happily married as far back as 1834, and from period looked upon his existence at home, in the bosom of his family, as an oasis, which invited him from a whirlpool of exciting troubles to cheerful repose and recreation. It always afforded him the greatest pleasure to collect around him, in his own house, esteemed friends, whom he used to captivate by his humor, his happy talent of narration and his kindly disposition. This kindness in his family circle was not, however, confined merely to the surface, but extended to his most intimate relations.

He had long set all his worldly affairs in order. The recollection of the way in which his father died, and the warnings he received during the last two years of his existence, impressed him with the probability of his soon sinking to rest. When we take into consideration the fact that his mind could not remain quiet, and that, according to human experience, he must have fallen a victim to a more terrible weakness, we must despite all the grief of his family and friends, consider his lot a happy one. A higher will than that of man wished to show his kindness towards him. In the midst of cheerful prospects the evening hour of farewell was approaching, to be followed by a tearful morning-greeting. The night of the 27th to the 28th November was for him the day of eternal light. He achieved reputation, honor, and love; they will survive him!

Un Ballo in Maschera.

Verdi's new opera bearing this title was produced at the New York Academy (Jan. 11th):

Many years ago, says the *N. Y. Times*, AUER composed music to the plot of this opera, and succeeded in putting a very strong mark to a galop in the

last act, which became famous in consequence. The libretto, then newly from the hands of the young and ambitious SCRIBE, was regarded as a failure, and "Gustavus the third" owed all its success to the decorations and the particular splendor of the last ball scene. The ingenious Italian who has annexed the Verdian version, changed the *venue* from Stockholm to Naples. Instead of the unfortunate Swedish monarch, the hero became a Duke and a Governor. In this shape the work was prepared for the San Carlos Theatre, but the Government of the late lamented King BOMBA objected to its performance on the ground, possibly, that Naples being a despotism, the catastrophe might suggest the political wisdom of tempering it with assassination. Subsequently, the hero, thus originally transmogrified from a Swede into a Neapolitan, was subjected to another change, and came out as a red-coated British Governor domiciled officially in Boston, as Governor thereof, and surrounded by two worthies, named respectively *Samuel* and *Tom*—which a French paper injuriously asserts, are names of negroes baptised by the Methodists. BOMBA did not object to have a British Governor assassinated in his presence, and so the new version passed muster in Naples, but the French appetite was differently affected, owing, perhaps, to the new commercial treaty. To suit the Parisian taste, therefore, the hero was turned into a Spaniard, and as such is nightly being poniarded in the gayest metropolis of the world. It will be perceived by this brief history that the libretto is a very happily constituted production, and flourishes in one clime as well as another. It should be remembered, however, that the local coloring of some of the music has been damaged by the various changes to which it has been subjected. It is very proper (to illustrate,) for the hero to sing a barcarole, being a Neapolitan and in Naples, but as an Englishman in Boston—the character we have him in here—it would be better to give him a convivial song of the good old two-bottle stamp, or a square out psalm-tune in common metre.

We give the plot in the fewest words possible. *Ricardo*, Count of Warwick, and Governor of Boston, (Signor BRIGNOLI) finds himself surrounded by an opposition party, who have resolved to effect his overthrow by assassination. The count, courageous and gallant to all the world, entertains privately a strong sentiment of attachment for the wife of his Secretary, *Reinhart*, (Signor FERRI,) but, like an honorable man, determines to conquer it. He meets the lady (Mme. COLSON) during the progress of the play, accidentally, under circumstances which excite the suspicions of the husband, who, imagining that his friend has been perfidious to him, becomes furious, and blindly joins a plot against his life. He it is who assassinates him at the grand masked ball of the last act. The Governor expires, after performing poetical justice (which means exoneration) on the heroine, exempting her wholly from participation in his guilty passion. The heroine, who as a matter of course loves the count, seeks the intervention of a sorceress, and by that lady's advice goes to a certain spot at midnight to gather a powerful herb by which her unholy desires may be governed. The part of this sorceress possesses but little weight or interest, and is an extremely ungrateful one for a singer of Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPP's ability. Adding in this place that the opera is written in three acts, but for convenience is played in four, we proceed to a consideration of the salient *morceaux*, and a further elucidation of the points.

As to the music of the new opera, the critic continues:

The acknowledged admirers of the composer are divided about its merits, some classing it with the "Trovatore" and others ranking it with the "Sicilian Vespers." Without trying to balance a nice question of comparative excellence, we will say that it is scarcely likely to obtain the popularity of the one, or merit the trifling consideration of the other. In the "Masked Ball" VERDI attempts more vehemently than heretofore, and as we think more successfully, the portrayal of dramatic passion. His concerted pieces are never merely exercises for the vocal display of so many voices; they are always well-devised contrivances for the exhibition and illustration of the varied emotions of the scene. The more detached *morceaux* are characterised frequently by rare originality, and by a certain rhythmic crispness which scarcely suggests the master's ordinary waltz-like mode. There are two characters which have received the strongest delineation—the Page and *Rheinhardt*—representatives of thoughtless gaiety and of intellectual sobriety. The melodies given to each are frequently superb, and never sink into insignificance. The soprano part is evidently written for the present generation of sopranos, and is good, but not all important. We need scarcely add that Mme. COLSON was more than equal to its requirements. The

orchestration is admirable throughout; thoroughly thoughtful and musician-like, yet not pedantic or labored. We are disposed to regard the work as one of the best dramatic productions of the modern Italian stage, and as a certain monument of the genius of the composer. If we may judge by the applause, last night, the public will soon be of the same opinion.

The *Tribune* gives the following criticism of the music:

The music is the chief thing, and merits notice. The composer has sought and succeeded in making his music dramatic—means adapted to ends, with the qualification that the melodies are inferior to his earlier works. The first act is, as a whole, uninteresting. As the action proceeds, the music is intensified; and some dramatic situations are capitally set forth. The pieces may be briefly mentioned as follows: An orchestral introduction paints the first scene—the supposed repose of the Earl, and the dark mutterings of the conspirators. The first chorus is good—the contrasts between friends and enemies being clear, and the brevity due the situation being held to. In instrumental music the composer may be as long as he chooses—the dramatic composer must be guided and restrained by the scene. Hence the nonsense of comparisons between operas and symphonies, or parlor critiques on stage music. After some interlocutory work, a graceful andante, with an unmeaning doubling of the voice part throughout by certain wind instruments, follows, nicely delivered by Brignoli. An andante sung by Ferri, of no very striking merit, follows. A song—a washed-out sort of little melody—given by Miss Hinkley, is next in order. This young lady is capable of doing better things than page's parts. The concerted piece after this is not much. The Witch solo music is large and solemn, and was well rendered by Miss Phillips. The talk-like trio which follows has no independent musical interest, but is a stage requirement. A sailor-song in barcarole time is very pretty. The phrasing under the words *con lacere vele e l'alma in tempesta* indicates the genius of the composer. The concerted piece, *E scherzo od e follia*, is admirably written and the dramatic contrasts clean-cut. The chorus, *O figlio d'Inghilterra*, is excellent—resonant, vigorous and to the point. The air *Ma dall'arido stelo divulsa*, is a laudable effort in the direction of novel phrasing—agitated and broken—the orchestra filling the gaps. In vocal music the composer must follow syllables and lines and in intervals such as God and nature allow; in instrumental music he may make chaos come again, as we too often see in the things called original—written invariably by men who cannot compose for the voice, and therefore incapable of the highest, most expressive, and most concentrated form of musical thought. Madame Colson sings with the accuracy of the Parisian school, and always intelligibly. The duet, after some want of the love on the slow movement, settles into an allegro where the composer uses the open notes, 1st, 3d, and 5th, to express the easy currency of the way cleared up, and is very elegant and ideal. This was handsomely sung by Madame Colson and Signor Brignoli. The trio, *Odi tu come fremono*, would—less the hurried desperate character—be liable to the cheap criticism of dealing in hard unisons, instead of harmonies due three distinct voices: but the situation and the common impulse of the characters, establishes the logic of the procedure. Brevity, too, here is another sign of intelligence. This trio was most effective, especially for those who, in dramatic music, look for means adapted to ends. The concerted piece *Ve se di notte qui colla sposa*, is beautifully written, and shows the author possessed of the comic element. All contributed to its effect; our friends Sam and Tom. Messrs. Colletti and Dubreuil, doing the laughing part. The Minor Andante, sung by Madame Colson, *Morrai ma prima in grazia*, is very good, but not sufficiently distinctive from hautboy elegies in ordinary. The melody *Eri tu*, for Baritone, by Ferri, was nicely delivered—less the tremolo style. It is very artistic, and borders on an inspiration. The conspiracy music, *Io son vostro*, is admirable and effective. There is the economy of means manifested. Blaring instrumentation is avoided, up to the climax. A little bit, *Di che fulgor*, nicely sung by Miss Hinkley, leads to a well-arranged concerted piece. A tenor air, *Mu se m'e forza perderti*, is well adapted to the situation, and effectively presented by Brignoli. The ball music—the dancing music is inferior to Auber's masked ball—but is well managed as to instrumentation. The military band and orchestral dialoguing is brilliant; and the three-four movement on stringed instruments behind the scenes, with the tragic dialoguing on the stage, while the dark intentions are hinted in the orchestra, is thoroughly well managed.

A first hearing of an opera is more or less unsatisfactory. Until the themes become familiar, the au-

dience is not too well pleased. The best parts of *Un Ballo* will grow with additional hearings.

The critic of the *Allion* says: The briefest statement of the merits of the work may be thus made: There are about seven or eight numbers of positive excellence out of an aggregate of twenty-nine. In the balance, the musician will find much that is excellent, and the public a great deal that is readily memorable. The third act is equal to anything Verdi has ever written, and the same may be said of a good portion of the second and fourth acts. That we regard the work as unequal will be readily perceived by what we have said, but we do not look upon it as a "comparative" failure. It is unquestionably a more meritorious work than the "Sicilian Vespers," but does not approach the "Trovatore" or "Traviata" in sustained interest or in the general salencies of melodic invention. The freshness that is in it is of so singularly an original kind, that we shall be greatly mistaken if the work does not enjoy a long and prosperous "run."

PARIS, JANUARY 23.—There is nothing I have to tell you this week equal in importance to the production of the new opera by Verdi at the Theatre Italien last Sunday week. *Un Ballo in Maschera* is precisely identical in subject with the *Gustavus III.* of Auber, but M. Somma, the young poet to whom the libretto is due, has not followed Scribe's example in writing a ballet-opera, but has simply composed a lyrical drama, to the perfection of which neither dance music, nor the legs, nor the arms of choreographers are required. This same M. Somma was once what is called *regis seur* at the Trieste theatre, but has given himself up since to the muses collectively, and has produced, it is said, many good things, among which is cited, *Parasina*, a tragedy composed for Madame Ristori. But to our opera. Originally it was to have been brought out at the San Carlo in Naples for the carnival of 1858; but the authorities then and there could no more abide conspirators than Dame Quickly could abide swaggers, and so teased and plagued the composer during the rehearsals, wanting this dramatic effect, and that burst of emotion to be sacrificed to police squeamishness, that one fine day he rolled up his score, put it in his pocket, and walked home, defying the threatened law proceedings of the manager, who modestly laid his damages at 10,000*l.* The proceedings in the suit of Garibaldi and others versus Francis Bomba having commenced in the meanwhile, and not being likely to terminate favorably to the defendant, the manager's action has been postponed *sine die*. After a year's interval the composer spied a chance for his work at the Apollo Theatre in Rome. Here too the censorship had to be reckoned with; and, to conciliate the papal government, the action of the piece was transferred to Boston in America, of all places in the world where since its first foundation by the Puritan forefathers of its present inhabitants, there never yet in all likelihood was seen even a single masquerader. The King of Sweden was changed into an English Governor, and in this shape the work was represented at the carnival of 1859 with the most complete success.

The critics here have a way of regarding everything produced on a Sunday to be as good as damned before it has seen the lights, the managers being supposed to reserve their most doubtful attempts for that day. But M. Calzado has reversed this state of things, and seems to have adopted the maxim, the better the day the better the deed; for he could not have entertained any doubt that Verdi's opera would turn out as it has done, a thorough success. The cast of the characters comprehends the names of Mads. Alboni and Penco, Mlle. Battu, and MM. Graziani and Mario, all of whom, with the exception perhaps of the last named, who is laboring under illness, exerted themselves with marked effect. The latest work of the Italian composer is pronounced by those who are better entitled to be heard on the subject than your humble correspondent to rank with his best works, and in some respects to surpass them notably in the orchestration, which is more careful, and evinces more signs of thoughtful elaboration than is usual with Verdi. The general character of the opera is something between the *Trovatore* and the *Traviata*, having much of the vigor of the former blended with the lighter graces of the latter.

M. NABICH, the celebrated trombonist, is now in Paris, as his neighbors, wherever he is living, will pretty soon learn to their sorrow. When he was in London he lived in Newman Street, where his memory will be for ever embalmed in the curses of the inhabitants at his furious blasts when practising to retain his mastery over that dolorous implement of torture. The shaky mansions of that gloomy thoroughfare were imperilled as by an earthquake (a *trombonement de terre*) or a tornado, for the man blew a hurricane through his brazen tube. Some thought it was the

crack of doom, and an old applewoman at the corner fell down on her knees, and confessed her sins aloud. Nabich is in Paris.

Bristow's Oratorio "Praise to God."

Timothy Trill, in the *N. Y. Dispatch*, has an article on our native composers and their works. After speaking at some length of Mr. W. H. Fry, he proceeds as follows:

Mr. George F. Bristow's name comes second on the short list of native composers, after which come Mr. J. M. Deems, G. H. Curtis, Charles Hommann, F. Benkert, Foster and others. Mr. Bristow is a younger man than Mr. Fry, and his works have been very differently characterized. A concert-overture, four orchestral Symphonies, an opera "*Rip Van Winkle*," and an oratorio are the works which have thus far been submitted to the public for their verdict. His concert overture and two of his Symphonies have been produced at the New York Philharmonic Society, and one of his Symphonies (No. 2) had a great success at Jullien's concert at the same time that Fry's *Santa Claus* was brought out. The latest of Mr. Bristow's works is his oratorio "*Praise to God*," produced for the first time in public last Tuesday evening.

I may be mistaken in my ideas, but it seems a pity that such a title should have been given to a work having the mere words of an ordinary Cathedral morning service for a libretto. Then again, I rather consider an Oratorio that which custom has led to being defined "a musical drama, in whose performance there is neither scenery, action, nor costume, and whose subject is generally scriptural." Now the "*Te Deum*" is certainly neither scriptural, nor is it dramatic. There is no variety in the *dramatis personarum*, nor is there any plot, consequently to my ideas a "*Cantata*" would much better suit the composition, which would also be better sustained by the character of the music I imagine, than the name of "Oratorio" is.

However, I merely advance the above as an individual opinion of a very unimportant person, and not as in any manner affecting the main characteristics of the work in a scientific point of view, since the music must hold its own, whatever be its title.

The "*Praise to God*" is founded upon the words of the "*Te Deum Laudamus*" and "*Benedictus*" of the Episcopal Liturgy, and is divided into nineteen numbers, analogous to the Oratorio form. Of these there are 9 choruses, 2 bass solos, 2 duets, 1 trio, 1 tenor solo, 2 quartets, 1 alto solo, 1 soprano solo, and a fine orchestral introduction, descriptive of the assembling together of the nations before they join in the glorious hymn, "*WE PRAISE THEE O GOD!*" This introduction is a great and noble feature of the work, and is a fine specimen of close and harmonically observant instrumentation, and the opening *motivo* strikingly enunciated by the *trombi* is woven into the *finale* of the composition in a very happy manner.

In order to give a correct analysis of the work as calling into action the main requisites of a successful composer, a few words in general may not be esteemed misplaced.

Firstly, ideas would certainly seem to be necessary although so many persist in writing *without them*! Secondly, the proper form in which to present those ideas; and, thirdly, the manner of instrumentating those forms—and we will here treat the voice as a variety of instrument. Now, if I were to be asked to compare the three men, Berlioz, Fry, and Bristow, judging from my limited opportunities of studying their works, I should base my opinions upon their relative development of those three requisites. I should say that Berlioz had the last of the three; Fry, the first; and Bristow, the second, in disproportionate degrees. Be it understood that I desire not to be considered as expressing myself disrespectfully in relation to these gentlemen; on the contrary, I venture to draw this close comparison with that feeling of delicate reserve which I think always becomes a mere critic, who has selected so exalted and sacred a theme as his subject; and while I point out the especial and predominating characteristics in their common musical proclivities, I would be worse than a fool to intimate their *total want* of the other two requisites of successful composers.

With the exception of Charles Hommann, of Philadelphia, I think Bristow is the most complete master of the Symphonic form of any American candidate for the composer's laurels. This is observable not only in his strictly orchestral works, but gives an appearance of solidity, and invests with a classic odor—if I may use the term—even his freer compositions, which, to the indiscriminate hearer, seems like an indulgence in reminiscences of Mozart and

Haydn; while, at the same time, such objectors could not for their lives tell from what works of those masters such passages were taken! * * *

The "Praise to God" has been published in most fascinating form by Ditson & Co., of Boston, and I should certainly think would be hailed with acclamations by all the choral societies in the country as a new, fresh, and easily comprehended work; at all events it certainly deserves to be.

Of its performance, it was the best I ever listened to from the time-honored honest old "Harmonic," and did great credit to all concerned. The single Alto solo was charmingly sung by Mrs. Jameson, who received a well merited encore, and Miss Brainerd was unexceptionable, as she generally is when she confines herself to sacred music or ballads. Mr. Thomas was also excellent.

The next thing this society should do is to attack Fry's *Sabat Mater*, and until they do so I shall give them no peace. It is a work which has been published for two years, and yet has never been heard in this city.

Ferdinand Hiller on the Music of the Future.

FIRST LETTER.

"The Music of the Future; a Letter to a French Friend, as a Preface to a prose Translation (into French!) of his operatic Poems," is the title of a pamphlet, which has recently appeared by Richard Wagner. The subject of the pamphlet is, as the author himself declares, to enlighten the Parisian art-critics with regard to his point of view as a composer, and "dissipate a large amount of error and prejudice," in order, at the approaching representation of *Tannhäuser*, to divert the judgment of the public from "an apparently suspicious theory," wholly and solely to the work itself. As the pamphlet, which is tolerably short, contains the pith of Wagner's views, and as it is not very probable that the majority of the public has been enabled to become acquainted with them from his long-winded books, allow me to direct, on the one hand, the attention of your readers to these views, and, on the other, to subjoin a few observations to as concise an analysis as possible of them.

Wagner's *Letter*, to all intents and purposes, is divided into two parts, although these are somewhat jumbled up together in a not inartistic manner. In the first place, it contains the author's views on the development of music, as well as the opinion of some of the greatest masters and the principal school of national art, with, further, an explanation of his own development and present point of view. As it is not my intention to produce a new edition of the pamphlet with marginal notes, I will take the liberty of compressing as much as possible of Wagner's opinions concerning the historical portion of our art, and of then passing on to his individual point of view, although it is in the nature of things that the opinions which guide an artist in his productions are most intimately connected with those which he has adopted concerning the development of his art and the most striking specimens of it.

"Among the Greeks we know music only as the companion of dancing; the motion of the latter gave music, as well as the poem sung by the singer to a dance-tune, the law of rhythm, which laws determined so decisively the verse and the melody, that Greek music (under which term poetry was nearly always implied) can be regarded only as dancing expressing itself in tones with words."

I willingly leave persons more learned than myself to come to an understanding with Wagner concerning these assertions. As we are told, the choruses in Greek tragedies, as well as, moreover, most of the magnificent songs of the Hellenic poets, were sung in a certain manner, and even sung with instrumental accompaniment, though this singing may have been of only a declamatory description!—if the immortal poems of the Greeks were in reality only dances expressed in tune and words, the fact presupposes a kind of dance more wonderful than all the great things antiquity has bequeathed us.

But let us return to Wagner's development. These Greek dance-tunes, he proceeds to say, were employed by Christian congregations in

Divine service, after they had been stripped, on account of the solemnity of the ceremony, of their rhythmical ornamentation, and thus endowed with the character of our present choral. That such transformations were effected, at the period of the Reformation, with the popular national songs, is an undoubted fact; but it is, perhaps, less convincingly proved that the first Christians pursued the same course with the songs employed at heathen festivals. Be this, however, at it may, Wagner is guilty of a piece of injustice to the Greeks, in all other cases so honored by him, when he dwells on the "uncommonly small expression in antique melody, after it had been deprived of the ornamentation of rhythm;" for the rhythm is not the ornamentation of a melody, but a considerable part of its individuality. In the most concise manner possible (against which no objection can be made) Wagner comes to the employment of harmony and polyphony in the music of the Christian Church, and speaks in terms of enthusiastic laudation of the "highly-consecrated" (*hochgeweihten*) masters of the old Italian school. The views to which he now gives utterance concerning the development of Italian music, are, however, so incomprehensible, that we must quote them textually, in order not to cause those versed in such matters to suppose we have misunderstood our author:—

"The decadence of this art in Italy, simultaneous with the development of the operatic melody on the part of the Italians, I cannot designate otherwise than as a relapse into paganism. When with the decay of the Church, the worldly desire for the employment of music gained the upper hand among the Italians, they gratified their wish most easily by restoring to melody its original rhythmical quality, and using it for singing just as it had formerly been used for dancing. I will not here stop to notice especially the striking instances of incongruity between modern verse—developed in accordance with Christian melody—and this dance melody imposed on it; I would merely direct your attention to the fact that this melody has nearly always been kept quite indifferent to this verse, and that, lastly, its variation-like movement has been solely dictated by the vocal *virtuoso*. But, what more than aught else, induces us to designate the development of this melody as a relapse, and not as a step in advance, is that most indisputably it could not turn to account the extraordinary important invention of Christian music: harmony, and polyphony, which embodied it. On an harmonic foundation of such scantiness, that it can conveniently dispense with all accompaniment, Italian operatic melody, even as regards the disposition and connection of its parts, has been contented with so poor a periodical structure, that the educated musician of our own time contemplates with sorrowful astonishment this meagre and almost childish form of art, whose narrow limits condemn even the most genial composer, when he has aught to do with it, to a complete formal stand-still."

In the face of this statement we read in the history of the music of the last two or three hundred years, as follows:—In the beginning of the 17th century, opera sprang up in Florence from a wish to resuscitate Greek tragedy. It was soon felt that polyphonic song, which alone prevailed at that period, as a *form of art*, and employed pretty well the same style for the Church and for poetry (in the madrigal), could not be retained, since the object in view was to exhibit, musically, events and persons, and allow them to express themselves. Hence the composer cultivated monophonic song accompanied by instruments both in the freest declamatory form (the recitative), and in the fixed, melodically-marked form of the aria and concerted pieces. It was thus that music began to enter on the task which one feels inclined to claim for it, nowadays, almost exclusively, namely: to be the interpreter of human passion—out of the style of the old church music, obeying the most restrictive laws of harmony and rhythm, however great results it may have effected in its way, nothing could have been produced bearing the remotest resemblance to modern music. Though from the important part assigned to the solo singer, vocal virtuosity has attained to the most objectionable abuse of its strength, and even though the Italian serious opera may have long been ossified, the comic opera of the Italians (the *opera buffa*), on the other hand, laid the

foundation for the entire rich development of modern music. The greatest composers, Handel, Gluck, Haydn, and Mozart have to thank the Italian school principally for the expansion of their powers. Not only would there have been no *Don Juan* without this "relapse into paganism," but we should have no sonatas by Bach, no symphony by Beethoven, and no *Tannhäuser* by Wagner. That which we nowadays term melody, and which constitutes the soul of music, could not by any means, have been obtained without the "original rhythmical quality;" and if we owe this also to heathendom (a fact, however, anything but proved), we have reason to be more grateful to it than we imagined, even after all the treasures it has lavished upon us. As matters stand, we cannot, without being altogether unjust, deny the extraordinary, and, in the main, happy influence which the Italians have exerted upon the development of music. Even the Oratorio, which, at the latter period, was raised by a certain Handel (whom Wagner passes over without naming) to importance in the history of civilisation, took its rise among the Italians; nay, even in the domain of instrumental music, the Italians have not only given great impulses to others, but have produced considerable works themselves.

(To be continued.)

The President elect at the Opera.

While Mr. Lincoln was in New York he attended the performance of the *Ballo in Maschera* at the Academy. The *N. Y. Herald* gives this account of the ovation that he received:

Mr. Lincoln did not enter his box until some time after the conclusion of the overture to the opera, and after the singers had appeared on the stage. The place assigned him and his friends was the first private box from the stage, on the second tier, on the right side of the house. His entrance was made very quietly, and *sans ceremonie*, and it was not until he had been for a long time seated that any one in the body of the building knew of his arrival. But as he was expected, people naturally began to look about for him, and as those who knew the location of his box were perpetually pointing in that direction, there soon began to be a general movement of eyes to that point. At last, the plain black cravat, the neat shirt collar turned over the neckcloth, the incipient whiskers and good humored face, that sat so demurely in the box, left no doubt on the public mind that Abraham Lincoln of Illinois was among them. All this time the opera singers were doing their best; the chorus chaps were expending their unwearied lungs to the extent of their second class abilities; and the trumpeters and drummers were blowing and thumping their instruments in the most approved style. But it was no go at this particular moment. The President elect was the superior attraction for the time being, and the opera folks had to be content with little or no attention from their usually very attentive auditors. Presently the first act was brought to a close, and the scene descended amid a perfect storm of enthusiasm, half of which was no doubt intended for the players and the other biggest half for "Honest Old Abe."

The intelligence that Mr. Lincoln was in the house now began to spread from box to box, and from the lower auditorium to the gallery above, with something like electric speed. Shout after shout of applause arose from the lower boxes and seats, and were taken up and re-echoed from those above. The demonstration of respect and reverence to the chosen President of America at length became so general and enthusiastic that no person present could be said to be a non-participant in it. At first, the object of this genuine outburst of patriotic feeling sat as still as when he first entered, only occasionally bowing from his seat; but as this did not seem to satisfy the clamorous audience he presently arose to his feet and his tall sinewy form was then seen in its full proportion, towering above his friends in the box a full head and shoulders, like Saul among his brethren. With his rising the applause and enthusiasm seemed to have reached its apogee; gentlemen waved their hats and caps over their heads; the ladies did the same with their handkerchiefs, while the whole audience, without exception, joined warmly in the applause. The scene was most animated and exciting, and it may well be considered one of the most flattering ovations yet offered to Mr. Lincoln in the Empire State, and coming as it did from a class of citizens whom the President elect could not have had so excellent an opportunity of seeing assembled to-

gether under any other circumstances,—and in consideration of the wealth, intelligence and respectability of those who were so met together—the demonstration becomes doubly valuable, and will not, as it should not, be readily forgotten by Mr. Lincoln.

On resuming his seat the applause broke out again and again, from all parts of the house, though not so enthusiastically as in the first instance; and before the last echoes of the final burst had subsided, the scene went up and discovered the whole force of the opera troupe on the stage with their unrolled musical scrolls, preparing to enchant their audience with the deservedly beloved national hymn, "The Star Spangled Banner." With one of the artistic flourishes of Muzio's magic baton, the harmonious tones of the accompaniment trembled through the orchestral instruments and resounded through the house. The audience was inclined to applaud even this first faint foreshadowing of the anthem's stirring strains; but they were prevented by the advance of Miss Hinkley to the front, who, turning to Mr. Lincoln's box, and yet partially facing the audience, sang in her clear, sweet voice the first stanza of the popular hymn. The chorus was taken up in a most spirited manner by the whole troupe, and it seemed to want very little to induce every one in the audience to join. Just before the first verse was begun there were cries "All up," to which the audience unanimously responded, and all with common consent rose to their feet. Mr. Lincoln and his attendants were about the last to rise, and not long after he was on his feet the chorus was concluded amid rapturous applause, as the words were echoed:

The star spangled banner—oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

A splendid Union American banner blazing with the full glory of thirty-three stars, was dropped from the proscenium with an effect that words can scarcely convey. The enthusiasm and excitement of the people was unbounded, and there could be no doubt that he was greatly affected by the solemnity of the manifestation.

The second verse of the anthem was sung by Miss Phillips, and so on through the song alternately with Miss Hinkley. The last verse was sung with great pathos and feeling, and at the conclusion the applause that followed was indeed a flattering tribute to the talented *artistes* who so well did their part.

Before the applause subsided, Muzio started the other national song "Hail Columbia," from the orchestra. It was received with loud applause.

Cheers were then given for Lincoln from the upper boxes, followed by cheers for Muzio and the opera singers; after which the excitement gradually subsided, and the opera was allowed to proceed with its usual harmony.

Mr. Lincoln did not remain longer than to the close of the second act of the performance. He left immediately after, and did not return, though every one thought he would come back. His departure was effected as quietly as his entrance; and thus ends the operatic demonstration in honor of Abraham Lincoln.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 2, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Commencement of "The Hymn of Praise (Lobgesang) a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

EIGHTH AND LAST CONCERT.

This concert passed off excellently, the house being literally crammed, so much so that even ladies had to stand. The programme was an attractive one and was well carried out.

1. Quartette, in E minor No. 2, op. 44. Mendelssohn
Allegro appassionato — Scherzo — Andante — Finale,
Presto.
2. "Boquet D'Immortelles, solo for Violoncello. Bockmühl
Wulf Fries.
3. Andante, con Variazioni and Finale, from the D minor
Posthumous Quartette. F. Schubert
4. Meditation, on Bach's first Prelude, for Violin Obliga-
to. Wagner
Carl Meisel.
5. Nonetto in F, op. 31. Spohr
Allegro—Scherzo—Adagio—Finale. Vivace.

The principal piece was the NONETTE by SPOHR. With regard to this piece we confess to a pleasant surprise. We had not expected so sound and beautiful music from this composer,

who in his latter works had a tendency amounting almost to a morbid mannerism, to constant modulation. A feat that makes it actually painful to listen to them. But here we have simple, graceful melodies, worked up in a pleasing manner, splendid in instrumentation and a grateful abundance of most charming orchestral effects. The tenor of the whole piece is wholesome and its effect elevating. Of the four movements the first is the most satisfactory, worked up in the richest manner, with quaint, surprising imitations, especially of the first theme. The second theme is beautiful, has a subordinate share, however, in the treatment of the motives. The Scherzo has a good deal of humor in it. The Adagio requires more breadth of tone in the strings, suffering somewhat from the want of it at last night's rendering. It is, it seems to us, and we say it without meaning disparagement, as a composition the weakest movement of the four. The last movement having in its first theme a rhythm much like a dance, is beautiful in itself, but compared with the first it is not grand enough. Yet with all these shortcomings the piece is one, that has much intrinsic worth and is a valuable addition to the repertoire of the club. It was performed very well with the exception of the Adagio, of which we made mention above. Messrs. SCHULTZE, Violin, MEISEL, Viola, WULF FRIES, Violoncello, STEIN, Bass, F. ZOHLER, Flute, RIBAS, Oboe, RYAN, Clarinette, HAMANN, Horn and HOHNSTOCK, Bassoon, gave us a pleasing combination of sounds, and performed their various parts finely, with much taste and precision. Especially well done was the point of culmination in the first movement, where the composition rises to dramatic effect, the whole movement, indeed, having much in it, that reminds one of a scene in a drama. Quaintly the oboe came in in the Finale with its sharp, clear tones, in a very original leading over passage. We hope to hear the piece before long again at one of the Saturday concerts. The well-known Quartette in E minor by Mendelssohn was played masterly, especially so the genial, sparkling Scherzo with just a tinge of weird, elfin enchantment about it. More of this weird, erl-king music is in Schuberts D minor Quartette of which two movements were played. We hope the "broken-crockery critic" was not present; they would have pained him, they were so beautiful.

In Gounod's Meditation, on the prelude to Bach's first fugue in C major (the *violino obbligato* played very well by Mr. Meisel), we wished more prominence had been given to the piano part, which is the principal one, and ought to come out with a clear ring to it. Mr. Wulf Fries did himself much credit by his Violoncello Solo on "immortal airs" by Mozart, playing very tastefully and with great mechanical excellence the composition which is in many places quite difficult.

Altogether it was a pleasant concert, a fine close to the series, which brought us many valuable novelties, for Boston audiences, at least. We are very glad to see the enterprise and tact of the club, shown in the production of concerted chamber-music exceeding the limits of the quintette, so well rewarded as they were this season. Doubtless one reason for their full houses was the absence of orchestral concerts and the general meagreness of our musical season thus far. They were almost the only persons that furnished music periodically this winter.

We are glad, however, that at the close of their regular series, the Orchestral Union under Mr. Zerrahu takes up the good work, promising regular Wednesday afternoon concerts. Of the first of them we shall have to speak presently.

We hope the Mendelssohn Quintette Club will add a few more Tuesday evening concerts, say half a series, so as to lead us musically through March and April. We have scarcely any doubt as to their success, should they conclude to do so.

The audience was very enthusiastic, applauding every thing, and demanding a repetition of Gounod's meditation. The best feeling evidently animated both audience and performers and we pronounce the concert a decided success. *†

Concert at the New Catholic Church.

On Sunday evening last another concert was given in this beautiful church, essentially a repetition of the one noticed in our last, with some variations in the programme. Mrs. Harwood being indisposed some of her parts were assumed by other ladies and some of them omitted. The most artist-like and perfect among the solos was Mrs. Kempton's singing of the *Ave Maria* by Robert Franz, which was in every respect admirable, in feeling, in execution, in beauty of voice, and in the marked effect produced upon the audience upon which no note was lost, in this immense church, seventy feet longer than the Music Hall. Certainly it is the finest building for sound, either for music, or (to judge by the effect of an announcement made from the choir concerning Mrs. Harwood's absence), for speaking. We know of no hall, large or small to compare with it in this respect. The old organ of the Franklin Street Cathedral, which is a mere pigmy to what should stand in the lofty and ample space of the choir gallery, sounded almost grand and noble, as heard from the chancel.

Next to Mrs. Kempton's solo, we should rank those of Mr. Powers, who gave very excellently the *Tuba mirum* and *Pro peccatis* with true feeling and full and admirable voice. Miss Pearson's facile voice gave the due effect to the florid intricacies of Guglielmi's *Grotius agnus tibi*; but we think such music as this, made up largely of echoes and imitations, utterly out of place in such a programme and such a place. Such imitative music would not be tolerated upon the lyric stage, we are sure, and seems strangely incongruous in the House of God. Florid and ornate as the music of the Catholic Church may well be, and yet accord well with the splendors of its service, it seems to us that such as this passes the bounds that properly limit the sphere of sacred music. Of the choruses, by far the most effectively sung was the beautiful *Kyrie* from Mozart's 7th Mass, it was even more impressive than the chorus. *The heavens are telling*, which was given by a larger number of voices.

Mrs. Fowle sang the *Inflammatus*, from the Stabat Mater and an *Alma Virgo* by Hummel with all the good qualities of voice and style that have become familiar to Boston audiences.

Mr. J. H. Wilcox who directed the concert, and to whose good judgment is due the selection of an excellent programme and fine performance, played the accompaniments upon the organ assisted by Mr. B. J. Lang. With such skilful accompanists it will be seen that there was nothing wanting to please the immense audience that more than filled every seat in the church, though it was not so uncomfortably crowded as on the former occasion.

Orchestral Union.

1. Overture, "Fra Diavolo". Auber.
2. Two-Part Song. Mendelssohn.
(For two Cornet-a-Pistons,) Messrs. Heinecke and Pinter.
3. Symphony, No. 5. (C minor). Beethoven.
4. Overture, "Tannhäuser". Wagner.
5. New Waltz, "Forget me not". Carl Zerrahn.
6. Miserere, from "Il Trovatore". Verdi.
7. Galop, "Marseillaise". Lumbye.

The first afternoon concert saw the Music Hall entirely filled—a good omen for the success of the undertaking. The programme was a very good one and so too was the performance, though we should have been glad to see a stronger force of violins in

the Symphony and the Tannhäuser overture. These were, however, well played and were indeed a rich treat after so long an abstinence from any orchestral music. The lighter part of the programme was also pleasing, and we cannot omit to notice the nice bit of violoncello playing by Mr. FRIES in the *Miserere* scene from *Il Trovatore*.

We trust that this full house will inaugurate a fashion of full houses for the season, and that many such fair and spring-like days will tempt all true music-lovers to come again.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, FEB. 26. — To my great regret indisposition has again obliged me to postpone my report of last week's concerts till the last moment, when I have no time for any but a hasty notice. I had the pleasure of being present at two of several entertainments of the kind that were given. The first was the concert of Mr. SATTER, on Tuesday evening, when the programme was as follows:

1. (By request.) Illustration de la "Juive".....Satter.
Gustav Satter.
2. Sonata, C sharp minor, Op. 27.....Beethoven.
Gustav Satter.
3. "The Jewish Maiden".....Kuecken.
G. C. Rexford.
4. (a) Nocturne, (E flat).....Chopin.
(b) Song without Words, (Duo, A flat).....Mendelssohn.
(c) Minuetto, 6th Symphony, (E flat).....Mozart.
Gustav Satter.
5. Concert Solo.....Aptommas.
6. "Fair Stars".....Proch.
G. C. Rexford.
7. (a) "Printemps d'Amour," Mazurka.....Gottschalk.
(b) "Lullaby," Cradle Song.....Wm. Mason.
(c) Sextett of "Lucia".....F. Listz.
8. Concert Solo.....Aptommas.
9. (By request.) Improvisation.
Gustav Satter.

Mr. Satter played as he always does, with most wondrous execution, and, for the most part, exquisite taste. His rendering of the Minuet in Beethoven's Sonata could not be surpassed; his interpretation of the other two movements did not satisfy one quite as well. The first was a little too pianissimo, so that several notes were lost; the last he took too rapidly, and did not put enough variety of character into it. Of the three pieces which he played, the "Duet" by Mendelssohn and Minuet by Mozart were deliciously rendered, while technically speaking, none of the others left anything to be wished for. Mr. REXFORD a debutant, hitherto unknown and unheard of, labored under the disadvantage of supplying the place of Sig. Stigelli, who had been announced to sing at this concert. The gentleman has a fine voice, but exhibited certain airs and habits in his singing and gesture which savored strongly of the amateur.

On Thursday night Madame ABEL made her appearance once more, after a long pause. Her concert was well attended, and in every way a success, but I shall have to leave a mention of its details and merits for my next week's letter. —t—

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 23, 1861.—A large audience greeted Mr. Gärtner and his associates at his Soirée last evening, at Chickering's Saloon. I send you the Programme for the occasion.

1. Quartette, in C major.....Haydn
2. Romanze for Violoncello.....Engelke
3. Concerto in D minor for Piano.....Mendelssohn
4. Introduction and variations.....David
5. Grand Duo, for two Pianos.....Schumann
Andante and Variations.
6. Quintetto, in E flat.....Beethoven

All the items were satisfactorily rendered by those to whom their performance was respectively intrusted. In the Haydn Quartette with the magnificent Emperor's Hymn, Mr. Gärtner's great ability as a quartette player was conspicuously preëminent.

The Mendelssohn Concerto found a capable and faithful interpreter of its many beauties in Mr. Jarvis, whose rank as among the first of American pianists, is so generally recognized, that a commendatory comment here, upon his playing, would be superfluous. The Andante, with variations, of Schumann, for two pianos, was very smoothly performed by Messrs. Jarvis and Cross. Scientifically considered, this composition has undoubtedly great merit as a musical work; yet an impartial critic could not hesitate to pronounce it somewhat dull, and rather deficient

in point of melody, of which there must be a little in the most classical music. To our mind the air being an Andante might have been performed at a less accelerated tempo, without any injury to good taste.

Mr. Engelke's Romanza for violoncello, without reflecting a great deal of credit on his ability as a composer, is very pretty, and Mr. E's playing is all that could be desired in richness of tone and facility of execution.

We have decided objections against even as great a musician as Ferdinand David, transforming the immortal "Lob der Thürnen" into a tarantelle, for the sake of manufacturing variations; and although Mr. Gärtner performed the solo better than we have ever heard him play anything before, yet we could not but wish that the "variator"* had selected an air better suited to the purpose of turning and twisting it about so that its most intimate friends would not know it. There are some airs, you know, which are so remarkably deficient in beauty, that the more they are disguised the greater your delight; such are especially adapted to the wants of the getters up of variations,—of Ferdinand David, for instance.

The Quintetto in E flat, Beethoven,—with its peculiarly graceful Scherzo, closed a concert, which as regards the individual efforts of the performers, was the most successful that Mr. Gärtner has yet given.

The Germania,—our "peculiar institution" still holds its own in the affections of musical people,—and considering the quantity of "talk" that abounds of a Saturday afternoon in the Musical Fund Hall, one might say of the most unmusical people, as well. The Germania is fashionable, even if it is but a "shilling concert," after all. Practically, its influence in the formation of a popular taste for the best music, is, and has long been, very great.

People who pretend to know anything hereabouts, read the very entertaining and pleasantly written Editorial Correspondence in "Dwight," and express their great delight therein. R. D. C.

* To coin a word. These men are not always composers, *pas du tout*.

WORCESTER, FEB. 25. — *Washington's Birthday in Worcester.* — Ten years ago. Dr. Lowell Mason and Prof. William Russell lectured upon music and elocution before a New Hampshire Teachers' Institute. The appreciative and graceful allusions made from time to time, by each of those accomplished instructors to the department of the other, called attention to the relation existing between elocutionary and musical expression, and the result was a classical and pleasing entertainment in which the two gentlemen united. Prof. Russell read brief selections from different authors in his own happy style, which owes its superiority no less to his thorough appreciation of all that is best in literature than to his eminent mastery of that most wonderful instrument, the human voice. After each reading, Dr. Mason, at the piano improvised a song without words upon the theme thus furnished. The repeated transitions from the interpretation of ideas by speech, to their interpretation by musical composition, produced a series of counterparts often spoken of since with the most delightful recollections.

A more elaborate effort of the same nature was made in Worcester, on the evening of the 22d instant. Prof. RUSSELL read to a large and attentive audience a few scenes from Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," in connection with the rendering of Mendelssohn's music for the play, by Mr. B. D. ALLEN, who was assisted at the piano by Mrs. E. B. DAME. The vocal parts were sustained by Miss ELLEN FISKE and the ladies of the Worcester Mendelssohn Choral Club. It was a privilege to listen to the Wedding March in its own place, preceded and followed by fairy music that must haunt the future of its hearers with sweet memories of Mendelssohn. The solos and choruses elicited the highest praise from those who could appreciate them. The great-

est charm of Prof. Russell's reading was that no exertion was apparent in it. Whatever the part, the sportive discourse of fairies or the conversation of mortal lovers, the poet's tribute to his maiden queen or the well-known passage in which the poet's office is itself so worthily magnified, the anger of Egeus or Oberon or the blunders of a low-bred Athenian stock-company, the reader did not "mouth it as some players do," but illustrated constantly the true office of elocution, to be a pure medium for the communication of thought and language; not a prism, transmitting only distorted and falsely-colored forms, but the vital air, itself invisible, through which we look without illusion at landscapes and planets and stars. The most beautiful feature of the entertainment was the mutual deference shown by the talented musician who arranged it and the venerable professor whose reputation added numbers to the audience. Mr. Allen offered only a musical accompaniment for the reading. Prof. Russell insisted, meanwhile, that the reading should only serve to introduce the different portions of the music. Other excellencies may be those of mere performers. This was an attribute of genius. So, we may imagine, would Shakespeare and Mendelssohn yield to each other the precedence and the palm. Both yielded on this occasion to a patriotic impulse: for, previous to the commencement of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," our national hymn, "My country! 'tis of thee" &c. was sung with thrilling power, as if in recognition both of the anniversary and the present crisis of the Union.

LINDA.

Musical Chit-Chat.

THE "ORPHEUS" IN SALEM. — The Germans have a word, which is untranslatable as far as the sentiment of it goes. "Musikanten-Fahrten" literally is musician's travels; but the two words have not any of the frolicking, jovial ring to it, that makes the German word so pleasant to German ears. We do not allude to the sound of the words but to the reminiscences called up by them. One needs to have seen a company of German "Liederflöer" (glee-singers) on a visit to a neighboring "Lieder-Tafel," marching gaily through meadow and wold, over hill and dale, making the air vocal with their merry "Wanderlieder;" or in the pleasant summer-garden sitting round their "Tafel" with things before them, containing a certain home beverage made of hops and barley, which the Maine liquor law forbids to use lawfully (except in the original packages), or, perhaps still better, some of nature's most genial gifts to man, grown on grape-vines, which said law likewise consigns to ignoble disdain; we say, one should have seen them to know the full meaning of the two words, "Musikanten-Fahrten." Such a mirthful jolly trip was the one the Orpheus made to Salem on Friday evening last, Washington's birthday, to give a concert for the celebration of the Sixth Anniversary of the Young Men's Union of that city.

The programme was a very rich one and, to judge from the rapturous applause bestowed on the songs, of which several had to be repeated, much pleased the audience. Being "one of them," we modestly refrain from a criticism.

The Club, accompanied by some of the passive members went and came in an extra train. And though the national beverage of the Germans was wanting, and a substitute to be had only in homoeopathic doses from the bounty of some of the more provident members, yet what with cigars, and singing and shouting and stories the time passed swiftly. We would gladly expatiate on this topic, would say a word, for instance, of the mock-heroic representation of the mock-heroic opera "DIE BARDEN," which was acted, as far as the scenic accommodations of a railway car would permit, not even Fritschen refusing to obey the summons of the stout arms of the "call-boy" (ought to be "man," but in default of such a word the technical one is retained); or mention the march from the Eastern railroad depot, to some nameless place, (unmentionable because of said Maine liquor law), with "Sing und Sang" through the drowsy streets of Boston. But the character of this journal as a critico-musical organ forbids the discussion of outside matters, and so we forbear.

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A MUSICAL COMMUNITY.—An English magazine says: "In a Kentish village numbering hardly more than five hundred inhabitants, the children, the young men and women, even several of the old men who work on farms, have become singers. Every Christmas and Easter, for some years past, they have performed an oratorio of Handel or some other great master; they cherish their church music, and they live together with their minds awakened to such a sense of harmony that for years past not one of them has been punished for, or accused of, offense against the law."

MUSIC OF A PINE GROVE.—It was extremely hot, and we waited impatiently for the coming of the sea breeze, which blows regularly from off the ocean. As yet all was quiet as the grave, and not a pine tree stirred its tendrils. Did you ever hear the voice of a pine forest? There is nothing else in the world at all like it. I have heard music when the intonation of the organ ceased, and a single voice, almost angel-like in sweetness, seized the strain and carried it up to heaven; and again, when the full bands of wind and string instruments sounded in harmonious unison; but not these, nor the roar of artillery, nor yet the deep boom of the ocean on a sounding shore could ever awaken one half the emotion within my breast, as can the melancholy wail or unbroken thunder of a sea of mountain pines. On the present occasion, the silence was overpowering and we were almost gasping for relief, when there was a sound as faint as the last dying cadence of a vesper hymn, and instantly every tree became instinct with life.

The sound increased in volume until the dark aisles of the forest were pealing with a sullen roar, and soon it burst upon us in the full tide of its strength, and rejoicing in its power. It came like the clashing of bucklers, like the roll of thousand drums—music fit to usher in the morning of some mighty day in the history of mankind—giving the idea of countless armies, or the triumph of a Roman Emperor. Down the cañons and gorges of the mountains it surged, swept like a whirlwind over the surface of the lake, rushed up the rugged sides of Uncle Sam, till from his savage battle-front, he growled back response to our own mountain peak, which all the while kept thundering to him aloud.

ANECDOTE OF BEETHOVEN.—The following amusing anecdote is told in the "Autobiography of Louis Spohr," recently published in Germany. "Beethoven was accustomed, when conducting, to guide the orchestra by the most vehement and extraordinary gestures and motions. At the last concert he gave in Vienna, he was playing a new piano-forte piece of his own. He soon forgot that he was performing a solo, and began to direct in his usual fashion. At the first sforzando, he flung his arms so widely asunder, that he hurled both lights off the piano to the floor. The audience laughed; and Beethoven was so put out by the disturbance, that he began over again. A friend, fearing that, at the same passage, the same occurrence might be repeated, ordered two chorus boys to stand one at each side of Beethoven, holding candles in their hands. One came unexpectedly near the performer. When the eventful sforzando broke in, he received from Beethoven's right hand, suddenly flung out, so downright a box on the ear, that the poor lad, in affright, let his candle fall to the floor. The other boy, who had more prudently followed all Beethoven's movements with anxious looks, barely succeeded, by a rapid ducking of his head, in avoiding the blow just reaching him. If the audience laughed before, they now broke fairly out into a bacchanalian shout of mirth. Beethoven became so enraged that he snapped half-a-dozen strings together. All the attempts of the real lovers of music to restore quiet and attention proved for some time fruitless. The first allegro was wholly lost on the audience. Since this mishap, Beethoven never again could give a concert."

We find in the Berlin musical paper "The Echo" a few pertinent remarks by Dr. Zopff, well known to our readers by original contributions to our pages in past years. He says: "There is now a great confusion of ideas as to the meaning of good and bad, classic and light in music, and this confusion is fast getting worse and worse. Very soon nobody will know which is which. One striking example of the lack of character in our art at the present day is offered by the lax treatment of the great or perfect third. Probably no interval is so generally taken too low as the major third. This is most noticeable when it is played on low instruments or sung by bass-singers, as the lowest note of a chord. Then it is

sometimes impossible to tell whether the chord is major or minor. Yet this interval is the most decisive in the scale! How many of our professed music lovers would not be seriously embarrassed if they were asked to tell the mode of a piece, whether major or minor, after only hearing it? In a great measure responsible for this is the machine-like, lifeless scale practice on the piano-forte, where major thirds, for reasons of the temperament, are all tuned too low. Such music is the surest means to make the juvenile ear unsusceptible."

AN IMPROVED PIANO ACTION.—Mr. Irving I. Harwood, of this city, well known to all musical people through his long connection with Chickering & Son, has recently invented and patented an improvement on piano-forte actions, which is applicable to instruments of all styles. It is a valuable invention, and the results, which the pianist is able to accomplish by its means, will be hailed with great satisfaction by pianists. It allows of the reiteration of a note with the utmost rapidity and certainty, while the key is depressed to nearly its full extent, without any liability to that "catching" which troubles pianists in such passages, rendering them unequal. So we learn from the Post.

LIGHTS IN THEATRES.—At the first sitting of the French Academy of Sciences this year, the president sent in a paper on the foot-lights of theatres, and other matters relating to their construction. The competition opened by government, he observes, for a new opera-house, invests the subject with peculiar interest, and it is therefore essential to take the following circumstances into account:

1. That the foot-lights in their present position are extremely hurtful both to the eyes and voice of the actors, especially in the case of singers.

2. That the communication existing between the stage and the lower story by means of trap-doors, cause drafts of cold air which are highly prejudicial to the actors.

3. That it would be highly advantageous both to the actors and to the public, if the foot-lights were replaced by systems of illumination from above, invisible to the public, and exercising no noxious influence over the performers.

VERDI IN POLITICS.—We have already announced the fact that Verdi was a candidate for a seat in the Italian Parliament, meeting this month, and that his chances are good. This news will not surprise those acquainted with the sentiments of the illustrious composer. Before he became a great composer, Verdi was noted for his patriotism; and his music, in which that feeling is everywhere visible, is but the reflection of a generous nature devoted to the freedom of his country. The Italians, by sending him to Congress, will not only reward the greatest of their musicians, but also one of her staunchest patriots.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME."—How many eyes have been dimmed with tears—how many hearts have been stirred with sorrow—over the exquisite pathos of "Home, Sweet Home!" But how few of the thousands who have murmured its sweet words and drank its divine melody, know that its author was a sad and weary exile, to whom the joys of home and kindred were unknown, and the tender influence of love denied! How few know that the last years of his life were spent in poverty and exile in strange lands and among alien people; that his last hours were soothed by no loving hand, and no weeping friends followed him to his grave. A few miles from Tunis, within sight of the ruins of Carthage, overlooking the blue sea, the poet sleeps his last sleep. A monument, erected by the United States government with the following inscription, says the Globe, marks his grave, says the "Globe:"

In Memory
of
HONORABLE JOHN HOWARD PAYNE,
Twice Consul of
The United States of America,
for
The City and Kingdom of Tunis,
This stone is here placed,
By a grateful Country.
He died at the American Consulate, in this City,
After a tedious illness,
April 1st, 1852.
He was born at the city of Boston,
State of Massachusetts.
His fame as a Poet and Dramatist
Is well known wherever the English language
Is understood, through his celebrated
Ballad of "Home, Sweet Home,"
And his popular tragedy of "Brutus," and
other similar productions.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal Beauties of Verdi's new Opera "Un Ballo in maschera."

La rivedra nell' estasi. (I shall never behold).
Romanza. Tenor. 25

A short, melodious strain, full of delicate shadings and very effectively introduced in the opera.

Alla vita che t'arride. (To thy life with smiles abounding). Cantabile for Baritone. 25

A very pretty movement in Bolero time, which has made a decided hit in New York, and will find its way to the great singing public.

Volta la terrea. (Lift up thine earthly gaze).
Rondo for Soprano. 25

A Bravura Song for a Soprano voice, in two-four time, with a melody at once pleasing and characteristic.

Di tu se fedel. (Declare if the waves). Barcarolle for Tenor. 35

A perfect gem both in and apart from the opera, in the form of a Gondola-Song in six-eighth time. When rendered by a skilful vocalist it must create a great sensation.

Morro, ma prima. (I die, but first in pity.) For Soprano. 25

This song will soon be familiarly known as the "Prayer from the Masked Ball." It is a beautiful movement.

E sei tu che macchiavi. (It is thou who hast blighted). 40

A capital Baritone Song.

Ma se m'è forza. (But if compelled to lose thee now). Romanza for Tenor. 30

A beautiful piece, in a minor key, but closing with a bright strain in major, coming in about as relieving as Manrico's Song from the dungeon dispelling the doleful minor of the Miserere music.

Saper vorreste. (You'd fain be hearing). Canzonet for Soprano. 25

A lively Arietta in Waltz time, short and not at all difficult.

T'amo, si t'amo. (Fondly I love thee). Duet for Soprano and Tenor. 40

This is the great Duet in the Opera, into which the composer has infused the best of his talent. The melodic texture is dramatic. The Orchestra accompanies with a Waltz which flows on gracefully and forms a charming contrast to the dramatic notes of the singers.

Books.

THE PARLOR GLEE BOOK. Containing all the Principal Songs and Choruses, performed by "Orday's Æolians." 1,00

One of the most attractive music books of the season. It contains a large number of choice and popular pieces, most of which have been rapturously enjoyed by large audiences in this and other cities. Its elegant appearance and its charming contents render it a very desirable acquisition to every young lady's collection of favorites—an ornamental and useful accompaniment to the pianoforte.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 466.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1861.

VOL. XVIII. No. 23.

The American Flag.

BY DR. DRAKE.

When Freedom from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with the gorgeous dyes,
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumping loud,
And see the lightning-lances driven,
When strides the warior of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven;
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows in the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory.

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph, high.
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy meteor glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;
And when the cannon-mouthings loud,
Heave, in wild wreaths, the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
There shall thy victor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes the blow,
That awful messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,
When death careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back,
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
The dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendor fly,
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's only home,
By noble hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us;
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
With Freedom's banner waving o'er us!

Mme. Plessy, the comic actress, went recently to witness Offenbach's "Orphée aux Enfers," and being asked how she liked it said:—"I have been greatly amused. I fancied myself at Bedlam on the chief turnkey's birthday, which all the lunatics were celebrating.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sketches of French Musical History.

IX.

OPERA.

1700—1800.

In our last paper we saw the establishment of the royal Academy of Music by Cambert and Lulli. The style of these masters was large and severe, although one feels still a little of the heaviness and monotony of the plain chant. This could not be otherwise at a time when the dramatic music of France was still in its infancy, and was still moving along, so to speak, in company with religious music properly so called.

In the grand 18th century, which is so variously but perhaps not decisively judged, we shall see the opera twice transformed under the powerful hands of Rameau and Gluck, without reckoning the intermediate periods of transition which are a sort of providential interposition, that the works of men of true genius may be more brilliant in their success. Lulli died in 1687, at the moment when the *Ariane* of the unfortunate Cambert was represented at Nantes.

Let us now note the more remarkable events in the history of the Opera during the thirty-three years which elapsed between A. D. 1700 and the appearance of Rameau. Campra, a native of Provence, was the only composer of superior merit who helped to fill out this period of transition. His first production, and a successful one, was the *Europe galante*, an opera-ballet by La Motte two years later followed the *Carnaval de Venise*, a work of the same character. In 1700 he gave the theatre *Hesione* a piece in which Mlle. Clairon, of the French Comedy, afterwards performed the part of Venus. *Tancrede*, *Iphigenie in Tauris*, *Téléphe*, *Camille* and many ballets are the principal productions of the facile pen of Campra. His last opera was *Achille and Deidamie*, first performed Feb. 24, 1735. His style was elegant and graceful, but wanting in force and grandeur.

Destouches, born at Paris in 1672, was superintendent of the royal music and inspector-general of the opera for the period of thirty-six years. After his *Issé* he produced the *Carnaval et la Folie*, an opera ballet, which was often revived between 1703 and 1755, and several other works which did not keep the stage. His last dramatic production was entitled *Les Stratagemes de l'Amour*. As a composer he was not above the second rank. He made a voyage to Siam with the Abbé de Choisy, and died at the age of seventy-seven.

Mouret, a native of Avignon, son of a silk merchant, is the last musician of that period whom it is worth while for posterity to remember. Appointed superintendent of the music of the Duchess of Maine in 1707, he produced many operas and ballets, among them *Les Fêtes de Thalie* and *Les Fêtes de Diane*. His opera, *Ariane*, attracted notice. The death of the Duc de Maine having deprived him of these offices which he held and an income of 5,000

francs, he became insane and died at Charenton, Dec. 22, 1738.

For the sake of completeness, we mention also, Bourgeois, a counter-tenor singer, author of two ballets; Roger, author of *Pyrrhus*; Montclair, to whom we owe the opera, *Jephté*, and the introduction of the contra-bass into the French orchestra.

Meantime the Regent, who was a composer, had produced *Panthée*, *Jerusalem* and *Hypermetre*; Tribou had succeeded the tenor Muraire; Chassé, an excellent barytone, had gained great applause for his fine voice and dramatic talent; Mlles. Le Maure, Petitpas and Pelissier disputed the palm of vocal art, while Dupré and Mlle. de Camargo reigned in the dance; when at last the illustrious Rameau of Dijon appeared upon the scene. Like so many great men he had struggled many years before succeeding in proving to the world his great powers. Already celebrated as organist and for his profound knowledge of musical theory, he desired to add to this double crown the laurels of the theatre. At the age of forty-four years, having never yet had a text entrusted to him for composition, he applied to the Abbé Pellegrin, who imparted to him, not without much hesitation, the poem *Hippolyte et Aricie* taking his note for 500 livres tournois. The first act was very soon composed and copied, and it was determined to rehearse it at the house of the Farmer-General, La Pouplinière, a Mecenas of the time. Pellegrin was present. Struck with the originality of the music, he fell upon the neck of Rameau, lavished his praises, and tearing the note in pieces, exclaimed, "Such a musician needs give no security." Oct. 1, 1733, *Hippolyte et Aricie* was performed at the Académie Royale and a violent opposition arose against this masterpiece. Its complete success was nevertheless not long delayed; it became very soon astonishing. Campra being asked by the Prince de Conti as to the real value of the work, replied, "Monseigneur, there is enough in this score to make ten operas: this man will eclipse us all." It was not long before the Académie and its friends were divided into two hostile camps, the Lullists and the Rameauists, as at a later date we shall find the parties of the Gluckists and Piccinists. *Les Indes galantes* performed August 23, 1735, proved to the public that Rameau understood the ballet as well as the opera. At length *Castor and Pollux*, given for the first time in 1737, established the glory of the new composer and made him absolute master of the stage until his death in 1764.

Les Fêtes d'Hébé, *Dardanus*, *Les Fêtes de Polygamie*, *le Temple de la Gloire*, *Zaïs*, *Pygmalion*, *Les Fêtes d'Hymen et de l'Amour*, *Platée*, opera buffa, *Nais*, a ballet, and *Zoroastre*, a grand opera in 5 acts, text by Cabusac, showed successively the wonderful flexibility of the genius of Rameau. *La Guirlande* and *Acanthe et Cephise* were given in 1751, the same year in which the great composer celebrated at Versailles the birth of the Duc de Burgogne, *Lysis et Delie*, *Daphnis et Egle*, *Les*

Surprises de l'Amour, ballets of Marmontel, Calé and Bernard were followed by the *Paladins*, the last work of a composer, now almost an octogenarian.

Rameau had perceived, during a journey to Milan, that it is *melody* alone, which gives life to dramatic musical works. Grand harmonist as he was, and he may perhaps justly be called the founder in France of the important science of harmony, he did not neglect the vocal parts, which, let us repeat, form the first foundations of a good opera. Instrumentation owes also to Rameau great progress. The overture to *Hippolyte et Aricie*, somewhat in the style of Handel, is far superior to the meagre symphonies of Lulli. The chorus, "Dieux vengeurs lancez le tonnerre!" the tempest which follows and the enharmonic trio of the Fates are movements of an energetic and striking effect. What more beautiful than the chorus in *Castor and Pollux*, "Que tout gemisse!" what more pathetic than the famous air, "Tristes apprêts, pâles flambeaux!" what more fresh and graceful than the minuet, "Dans ce doux asile!" The rhythm of his airs, the free and daring movements of his choruses, and the comparative richness of his instrumentation secure to Rameau a place in the highest rank of the musical art; his contemporaries gave him full recognition; and we, in our day, should confirm their judgment could we have one of his masterpieces reproduced with due care. To crown Rameau's success Louis XV. appointed him chamber composer, gave him a patent of nobility and bestowed upon him the grand cordon of St. Michael. But Rameau, independent almost to brutality, was enraged to find that he must pay the expenses at the chancellor's court of his patent of nobility, and exclaimed in a passion, "I purchase letters of nobility! *Castor and Dardanus* gave me them long since; I can use this money to far better advantage." As his refusal might become a cause of scandal they gave him the decoration; the patent of nobility lapsing for want of registry. He died at the age of eighty-two. In his honor the magistrates of his native town released him and his family from taxation forever.

During the reign of Rameau few remarkable works by others saw the light [in France.] We ought, however, to record the success of *La serva Padrona* by Pergolese, in which La Tonelli and Manelli appeared in all the splendor of their fame, and of *Daphnis et Alcimadura*, a Languedoc opera, both words and music by Mondonville.

The *Devin du Village*, of J. J. Rousseau, appeared on the stage March 1, 1753. Castil-Blaze affirms the music to have been by a citizen of Lyons, named Granet. We do not take the responsibility of this assertion.

By this time the troop was almost entirely changed. Mlle. Chevalier had succeeded Mlle. Petitpas, Mlle. de Fel Mlle. Pelissier. Jeliotte, tenor singer and composer, had given a marvelous representation of the fine part of Castor; the ravishing Sophie Arnold, who made her first appearance Dec. 15, 1757, clothed in a magnificent lilac robe embroidered with silver, had shown the great expression of her touching voice in the important parts of Thelaine and Iphise. La Guimard had appeared in the ballet of which she very soon became the ornament, when suddenly, April 6, 1763, was destroyed by fire, the hall in the Palais Royal, built in 1637, by Lemercier,

and which so often had resounded to the melodious strains of Lulli and Rameau. From Rameau to Gluck was a period of ten years, during which were produced *Aline reine de Golconde*, by Sedaine (text) and Monsigny (music); *Sylvie* by Lanjou, Berton and Trial; *Ernelinde* by Poinsinet and Philidor; *Ismène et Ismenias*, music by La Borde; *Endymion*, a ballet by the celebrated Gaëtan Vestris; and *Sabinus*, a work correct but cold of Chabanon and Gossee. All these works have but a secondary merit.

At length, April 19, 1774, *Iphigenie en Aulide* by the Chevalier Gluck made its first appearance in the new hall of the Palais Royal, which had been opened Jan. 26, 1770, with a beautiful revival of Rameau's *Zoroastre*.

At 5 1-2 P.M., the Dauphin and Dauphiness, the Count and Countess of Provence took their places in the royal box. The whole court, resplendent with pearls and diamonds, had preceded them. After the first recitative of Agamemnon (played by Larrinée an excellent barytone, formerly hairdresser of the opera, Marie Antoinette, the declared protectress of the new composer, gave the signal, and a thunder of applause interrupted both singer and orchestra, both equally astonished at the immense success. Eight operas written for theatres in Italy had placed Gluck at the head of the operatic composers of his day; two works written for London had not obtained the like success. The master had come to the conviction that all operatic music should be made to correspond to the situation which it was to express; the force of the rhythm and the accent of the words, was the basis of his new style.*

M. le Bailli du Rollet, an attaché of the embassy at Vienna had, to this end, transformed the *Iphigenie* of Racine into an opera, at the second performance of which the enthusiasm of the audience manifested itself still more strikingly than at the first. Madame de Barry, favorite mistress of Louis XV., was determined to continue her system of opposition to the Dauphiness, Marie Antoinette. With the assistance of the Neapolitan ambassador, she negotiated an engagement with Piccini, with the promise of 2000 crowns per annum if he would establish himself at Paris. Some three months after the death of Louis XV., Gluck's Orpheus was introduced and enchanted the Parisians. The chorus of the demons, and the admirable pathos, which characterizes the entreaties of the Spouse of Eurydice make a masterpiece of the second act, which will always remain one of the finest productions of human genius. Legros, and in our own times Delsarte as well as Madame Viardot have given this scene in a manner truly sublime.

* It may not be within the plan of M. Poisot to give an account of Gluck's history at Vienna—or will he ignore it? See the article Gluck in the New American Encyclopedia.

The Organ.*

TWELFTH STUDY. THE INFLUENCE OF FORM OR QUALITY OF TONE CONTINUED. THE FORM OF THE MOUTHS AND TONGUES OF THE PIPES.

Since the vibrations, which produce the sound in an organ pipe, depend for their character on that of the vibrating apparatus, the dimensions of this apparatus in all its parts must necessarily influence the quality of the tone. In the case of pipes with mouths, as distinguished from reed

pipes, it is of the greatest importance, and most essential, to make the lips exactly parallel to one another, first, for their effect on the eye, then for their effect on the ear; for if the proportions of the mouth are destroyed, it is no longer possible so to train it as to get from it those effects which are proper to it, and which it is most desirable it should produce. A low mouth, one, that is, in which the lips are at no great distance from one another, will yield a feeble sound, but a cutting quality of tone. This is due to the quick rush of the wind, which, on first issuing from the throat † of the pipe, dashes headlong against the cutting edge of the upper lip, at the very outset of its flight, and at the top of its speed. In this case the upper lip has great hold upon the current of air on its first issuing from the throat of the pipe; but in proportion as the lips are removed to a greater distance from one another, the upper lip will have less hold upon this current, and the result will be a less cutting quality of tone. The higher, the more gaping a mouth is, the weaker also will be the sound emitted by it, and the quality of its tone will be then somewhat hollow and without much body, not wholly unlike the voice of a singer who opens his mouth too wide. From this defect his voice loses in vigor, and becomes dull. Perfection would seem to consist in a certain roundness of tone lying midway between the two extremes.

There is a measure for the length of the lips, which admits of no deviation, and this is, that they should be as long as the fourth part of the circumference of the pipe. But the height of the mouths, the distance—that is, from lip to lip—varies, as we have already seen, according to the nature of the stop; and the great variety of flue-pipes, open and stopped, especially in Germany, shows us how builders are able to make use of the greater or less distance of one lip from the other for the production of an almost infinite variety of qualities of tone, and even shades of the same. We also find in the scales or measures laid down by German and French builders, that the third or the fourth, and even two-sevenths of the length of the lips, is given for the height of the mouths of the open pipes, and that for stopped pipes, for the obvious reason that they are more dull in their sound, their mouths are opened almost to the half of the length of their lips. A difference, too, is made in determining the particular measures between the pipes of metal and those of wood, but this regards the builder only; all that it concerns us to notice is the influence that this or that particular kind of lip has upon the quality of the tone.

We have noticed the effect that follows from the lips being at a greater or less distance, when one is perpendicular to the other; we have next to consider the effect of their being at various distances in a diagonal direction. This diagonal distance has more effect, properly speaking, upon the speech of the pipe than upon the quality of its tone, though, as has been already shown, the quality of the tone does undoubtedly very closely depend upon the relative proportions of all the sound-producing parts of the pipe. We know very well that for the pipe to speak properly, or yield its true quality of tone, the air coming from the throat ought to be directed by the lower lip against the cutting edge of the upper lip. This upper lip is then made for this reason a little in arrear of the lower one, and it is the greater or less departure of the upper lip from the perpendicular line that falls between it and the lower lip which regulates the sound and quality of the tone. If the upper lip is either too much in front of the lower lip, or too much in arrear of it, the pipe will not speak at all, for the air in either case does not then get that sort of cut against the edge of the upper lip, which is absolutely necessary for it, in order that it may make the pipe speak. If this lip (the upper that is) is not far enough in arrear, within the pipe, the pipe will speak its octave; if, on the other hand, it is too far back, the pipe will be slow to speak, and in both these ways the quality of tone is very sensibly modified.

From what has been now said, it will be clear—

† This is perhaps more commonly called the wedge.

* From *L'Orgue, sa Connaissance, son Administration, et son Jeu*, by Joseph Regnier.

ly seen that the wind may be said to find the centre of its action in the mouth of the pipe. The lips are subject to a perpetual and not inconsiderable tremulous emotion, which would very soon change their form unless they were made thicker than the rest of the pipe, and that more especially about the base of the mouth. Some builders even, for the sake of greater solidity, edge the mouths of their open metal pipes with a thin plate of metal fixed at right angles to each extremity of the mouth. This they are obliged to do in the case of their stopped metal pipes, because otherwise they would not be able to tune them, the tuning of these pipes being effected either by pressing these plates of metal, or *ears*, as they are called, closer together, or by separating them further apart. After the lips, we have to consider that part of the vibrating apparatus which is called the language. This is a small piece of metal which, according as it is set at a greater or less distance from the lower lip, and according to the angle which it makes with it, has a most material influence on the character of the sound. Its edge, by almost meeting the lower lip, forms, with it, the throat of the pipe, and the more cutting this edge is, the more cutting also will be the quality of the tone. Its thickness is a matter of considerable importance, for if it were too thin it would yield to the pressure of the wind, and though it might not lose its hold, it would at least get out of place and lose its proper position exactly opposite the lower lip. Hence it is better to make it of tin than lead, because tin is less flexible and less easily oxidised by the air than lead. In thickness it should be about the third of the height of the mouth, and it should be inclined to the lower lip at an angle of about sixty degrees. It is quite as important for the language to be parallel to the lower lip as it is for the lips to be parallel the one to the other. Its office is to direct the current of air against the upper lip. If then the language is inclined at too great an angle to the lip, the air will be directed by it into the body of the pipe and not against the lip; if it is not inclined enough, the air will be directed by it wholly outside the pipe; if, again, the language is depressed on one side, and raised up on the other, it will no longer be of any use at all as a means for directing the current of air. Hence, the least movement in the language from its true position has great influence on the sound, and consequently on the quality of the tone, for if it is so inclined as to direct the air too much to the inside of the pipe, the quality of the tone will become dull and unmusical; if too much to the outside of the pipe, the quantity of the sound will not be so great in amount, and the quality of the tone will become hard and wanting in body. If the language is too near the lip, so as to form with it too narrow a throat, the pipe will not be supplied with a proper quantity of sound, and hence its quality of tone not being in proportion to its scale, will be wanting in sufficient body of sound; if the language, on the contrary, is too far removed from the lip, it will make the throat too large, and, in this case, the quantity of wind, which it will allow to escape, will be more than the vibrating apparatus requires for its proper action, and hence the quality of tone will again become not only unmusical, but also what is technically called windy. The same effect will be produced if there are too many of those teeth or notches, which it is necessary to make in the edge of the language in order that the pipe may speak with greater promptness. If these notches are only lightly marked it will not be difficult to obtain a biting quality of tone; if they are cut deep and near together, they will have a very considerable influence in diminishing the force of the air, because by their roughness they will put a hindrance in the way of its passing freely through the throat. In general, if the throat is too narrow, the pipe has great difficulty in speaking, but when it will speak well under such straitened circumstances, the quality of its tone will be much more clear and keen; when, on the contrary, this same aperture is only a little too wide, the sound and quality of tone will be somewhat more mellow, but the quality will lose something

of its keenness, and be deficient both in steadiness and vigor.

In the reed pipes, the vibrating apparatus, the reed, that is, and all that is necessary for the proper sounding of the tongue, have no less an influence on the quality of their tone than that which is necessary for their speech in the pipes, of which we have been just speaking. Shortness in the reed † is the cause of sweetness and thinness in the quality, length in the same enables builders to put strong tongues, the tone of which will be equal in brightness to its strength. "It is remarkable," says Dom Bédos, "that reeds varying in length find favor with all the most skillful builders. . . . So made, they must of necessity yield sounds differing from one another in power, and each sound good in its kind. Without pretending to decide which system is best; whether, that is, it is better to use long or short reeds, I certainly think that short reeds are better for organs intended for small churches, because in their case the builder is obliged to voice them soft. Large reeds require to be voiced loud, and therefore they would have a very good effect in large churches."

The hardness of the tongues, attained by cold beating, and their thickness, are also an important element towards forming the quality of the tone of reed pipes. If the tongue is harder than it ought to be the quality will be also hard, poor and feeble if the tongue is also feeble. "If they are much beaten," says our author, "they must be smaller than if they are only moderately beaten, or not beaten at all. As in the flue pipes, it is necessary for the lips to be exactly parallel to one another and to the language, so also in the case both of *striking* reeds and *free* reeds, regularity of movement in the tongues, and an exact proportion between their length and thickness, are most essential elements towards purity and brightness in the quality of their tone." This observation, taken together with what has been said about the reed and its parts, the vibrations of which perform the same office as those of the column of air in the open or stopped flue pipes, makes it quite evident that if the smaller pipe of such stops yields a fine and thin quality of tone, the small tongues of reed pipes will yield also a quality of tone every way analogous to this. In fact, the quality depends on the mass of air made to vibrate, and the mass of air made to vibrate depends on the size of the tongue; the greater, then, the surface of the tongue striking the air, the greater, also, the column of air made to vibrate under its blows. From this follows a singular phenomenon, which science finds it more easy to attest than to account for, and this is, that though the length and thickness of the tongues act very powerfully upon the pitch of reed pipes, so as even to make it vary a note higher or lower, their breadth acts upon nothing but the quality of their tone. And hence it is certain, that, however much the breadth of the tongue is either increased or diminished, as long as the length and thickness of it remain the same, the number of the vibrations will remain the same also, and, consequently, that the note or pitch of the pipe will not vary. All the difference that will arise from this variation in the breadth either way will be, that narrowness in the tongue will yield the quality of tone of all the finer kinds of scales, and that breadth will yield that of all those scales which allow to the wind a fuller and more ample range, while an exact proportion between the parts will assure to them both roundness and vigor. In all these respects there is so great a correspondence between reed pipes and open or stopped flue pipes, that which is said of the one class may with equal propriety be said of the other.

† This is called the beak in German building manuals. A better term, as giving rise to less confusion.

Ferdinand Hiller on the Music of the Future.

FIRST LETTER.

(Continued from page 389.)

When Wagner, with daring strides, comes to speak of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, the

three pillars of instrumental music, he again puts forward, with exaggerated one-sidedness, the influence of "dance-melody" upon the wonderful productions of this kind of composition. It is not to be denied that many dance-poems and rhythms are at the bottom of these productions (for the dance, to which belongs the *march*, is that *pure* music which is most intimately connected with our most primitive life-utterances); it was not, however, only the other forms of art, such as the fugues, &c., also mentioned by Wagner, but likewise the developed forms of vocal music, the employment of the orchestra in the lyric drama, and, finally, the free invention of the more considerable instrumental performers, which together constituted the base on which to raise a branch of art which is able, nowadays, to bring forth such an extraordinary effects.

These effects are appreciated by Wagner according to all their mysterious strength, and he expresses the opinion that the "conventional development of languages," which scarcely any longer furnish "purely human feeling" with the organ necessary for its expression, are, perhaps, the reason that this feeling in Beethoven's instrumental music opened itself, as it were, a new road by which it might uninterruptedly flow forth. We would pass over the question of languages—a very difficult one at the present day—did it not lead Wagner to a conclusion which cannot well be given otherwise than in his own words:—

"In the face of this irrefutable recognition," he exclaims, "there can henceforth be only two modes of development open to poetry: either an entire passing-over into the domain of the abstract, a pure combination of ideas and representation of the world by an explanation of the logical laws of the process of thinking—and this poetry does as philosophy—or intimate blending with music, but with that music whose endless power has been laid open to us by the Beethovenian symphony."

This is pretty nearly tantamount to a death sentence on poetry, for what poetry (?) does as philosophy is no longer poetry (or is not philosophy)—while if it is confined to the blending with music, it is altogether deprived of independence, and can no longer speak as a mental art, pure and free, to our mind. This assertion of Wagner's proceeds, however, so directly from the views which most peculiarly individualise him, that the present is the proper time to pass on to those passages of his *Letter* which he has dedicated to the inward, and although with very most brevity, to the outward course of his development.

I am acquainted with no great composer who did not feel, in his tenderest age, attracted, almost with the force of instinct, to music, and who did not, in his earliest youth, in one way or another, by singing, playing, or composing, manifest the musical capabilities with which he was gifted. It is a very important fact, if we would understand Wagner's individuality, that matters took a completely different course with him. Although he felt a certain taste for music, and was greatly fascinated by certain productions, especially by those of Weber, it was not till later, and then, too, through poetry, especially dramatic poetry, that he came to devote himself more carefully to the study of music. He had written a tragedy, for which he wished to compose music to be played between the acts, &c., and so he took lessons in harmony and thorough-bass. The taste for composing or playing music for its own sake alone had been denied his youth. He had never, with uncritical ingenuousness buried himself in the treasures of our instrumental compositions; purely musical thought, although, at first, seldom anything else than the reproduction of what has been learnt, played, or heard, never became a habit with him. From the very commencement, he beheld in music the companion, or, rather, perhaps, the higher interpreter of poetry, and moreover, of dramatic poetry, and as soon as he had learnt sufficient to achieve "technical independence," he set about composing the music for the librettos he had written.

When he had arrived thus far, he found much to annoy him in opera generally, as well as in the condition of the German operatic stage. It is a mournful truth, but we Germans possess no

German opera, although we have produced the greatest operatic composers. Whether it results from the still prevailing taste for what is foreign, or from the management, destitute of all national feeling, of our lyrical stage, such is the fact. A Mozart, a Beethoven, and a Weber produced half-a-dozen masterpieces; but an opera, built on a foundation of genuine patriotic thought and feeling, and developing itself full of life, such an opera as not Italy alone, but France also, possesses (in her *Opera Comique*), entirely fails us. Every author who writes an opera-book, and every composer who sets it to music, begins, if he does not borrow French or Italian forms, with the whole structure of the work, so to speak, from the very commencement. That, on this plan, a creation of great originality now and then is produced, is quite as undeniable as that such isolated creations do not suffice to form a decided taste, or, indeed, any taste at all, and that, in the confused medley offered them, the great mass of the public must be deprived of any point of support, and any opinion.

A man of passionately artistic nature, like Wagner, must have been affected by this state of things in a doubly disagreeable manner. As musical director at various theatres, he was placed in the very midst of all these miserable doings, and compelled to busy himself, down to the minutest details, with the flattest and most rapid trash. What he says on this head, will, as far as Germany is concerned, certainly meet with the most general assent. So many repulsive impressions did not, however, render him blind to isolated instances of what was beautiful; many of the works of Spontini and Weber, and especially, the performances of Mad. Schröder-Devrient, filled him with enthusiasm, and prevented him from losing sight of his ideal of a dramatic-musical work of art. Greek tragedy, in its religiously poetical magnificence, was present to his mind; but it is in vain that he seeks, at the present day, for an Athenian public. He has stated his views concerning the connection between politico-social and artistic matters, in a small work entitled *Art and Revolution*. We cannot well blame him for contenting himself, in the midst of imperial Paris, with this much, and not saying any more on this subject to his French friend.

To the attention paid by him to the Greek theatre, Wagner connects the ideas which led him to compose that one of his works which—by the title at least—is most generally known, namely, *Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft*. He sees the decadence of the Greek theatre principally in the endeavor of the various arts to be regarded as so many separate ones, instead of remaining united, and thus producing the greatest possible effect upon the stage. But was this union, to the extent Wagner attributes to it, ever found in Greek tragedy? Were the propylæa a theatre? Did Phidias work for Sophocles? Was not the magnificence of the Greek theatre merely one of the blossoms of the wonderful civilization of the Greeks? And did it not perish, because an eternal law ordains that even what is most beautiful springs into life but to die?

No matter! At all events, Wagner is indisputably right when he attributes to the connection of certain arts a most particular collective result; not only the past but the present is continually furnishing us with proofs that, from the earliest times, every one was of this opinion. We decorate profane and religious edifices with the works of painting and sculpture; we perform music in churches: and the most intimate connection of poetry with music has been, since the very commencement of civilization, felt to be requisite by man. Opera, too, although, according to Wagner's statement, bearing the same relation to his ideal, "as an ape to a human being"—opera, since its birth, has always kept in view this union of the arts in the connection of dramatic poetry with dancing, music, painting and architecture. Wherein, therefore, lies "the fundamental faultiness of operatic composition," in which Wagner does not find even "prepared" the ideal of such a dramatic work of art as the greatest minds have attempted to realise? It lies, in his opinion, in the magnificence of the

drama (libretto) offered by the poet to the musician. The poet, he tells us, found certain fixed musical forms, with which he thought he must not interfere, ready to his hand, and their restrictive power restrained him from anything in the shape of a really important creation, while not permitting, as a rule, "really great poets" to have any connection with opera. "The ideal perfection of opera is dependent on a total change of the character of the poet's participation in the work of art." The poet himself, we are furthermore informed, must be finely conducted, by his endeavor to work more and more purely and immediately on the feelings, to the limits of his "branch of art," "and, therefore, that work must be considered by us as the poet's most successful one, which, in its last degree of completion, becomes wholly music." "The ideal subject," we are informed, "is to be found in the myth, and only the extraordinarily rich development, unknown to former centuries, to which music has attained in our day," can render possible the execution of the work of art. In this course of thought, which, however, is only implied, lie the strength and the weakness of Wagner's views.

FERDINAND HILLER.

Church Music in New York.

In the former article on "Church Music in New York," the author asks us to make the following corrections. For *distinct* foot tone, read *sixteen*, for *introduction* read *intonation*, and for *base* read *case*.

Most of your readers are already aware that in the Roman Catholic Church, Music ranks even higher than symbolism as the primary attractive feature, around which all else is made to revolve; it is the pivot, the centre of attraction, and a large sum of money is annually expended by this church to secure in its service a high order of talent. But, in the Protestant Episcopal church, whilst it is more of a secondary consideration, it cannot be denied that the choral part of the service holds a very important place; and it is gratifying to all lovers of the good and beautiful in art to observe, that particular care has been bestowed upon this element of our worship, during the past few years, with a view to render it finished and artistic in its character.

One of the most noted churches of the latter denomination in New York, is Grace Church,—Rev. Dr. Taylor's—which is located on Broadway, near Tenth street. It is built of marble, in the Gothic style of architecture, and attracts universal attention from strangers visiting the city; externally, from the symmetry of its proportions and commanding position; internally from the eloquence of its distinguished Rector, and the attractive quality of its music, which is directed by the well-known organist, Mr. George Washbourn Morgan—a native of Gloucester, England. The organ was built by Henry Erben; it formerly stood in Grace Church, Barclay street, and has occupied its present position about fourteen years. It is not an instrument of great power, but it is well proportioned to the size of the building, and is full, even toned and mellow in its diapasons. It is enclosed in a highly ornamental case, representing a model of the west front of Milan Cathedral. It has three ranks of keys and thirty-six stops. The pedals are arranged in a semi-circular, or rather *oyster shell* form, after a plan of Mr. Morgan's which has also been introduced into the organ of a church in Providence, R. I., and the Tabernacle in this city. It is a valuable invention, enabling the performer to sweep over the pedals with much greater ease than the method now in use.

The choir is a quartette, comprising the following talent: Soprano, Mrs. Bodstein, (formerly Miss Julia Northall); Contralto, Miss Demorest; tenor, Mr. George Simpson; bass, Mr. J. Connor Smith. As these singers are well known to the musical public, we will not at this time enter into details of their characteristics, but content ourselves simply with saying that they are an ornament to the musical profession of the city. The style of music is less ecclesiastical, and more ornate than at the churches described in my last, and consists mainly of selections from the works of Beethoven, Mozart, *et als*, interspersed with original compositions of Mosenthal, King, and Mr. Morgan. To convey an idea of the capabilities of the choir, I annex a programme of the music sung on Sunday morning last: Opening voluntary, from Beethoven's second Symphony in D; Gloria, from Hauptmann's mass; Jubilate, Morgan; Psalm 34th, King's collection; Hymn 96th, arranged by Edward Schermerhorn, Esq.; closing voluntary,

Fugue in F, Hesse. A large number of listeners may be seen lingering in the aisles at the close of service each Sabbath, who remain until Mr. Morgan has finished the concluding voluntary; this is always very elaborate and in the morning consists of a fugue or some classical selection, whilst in the afternoon it usually partakes more of the light and popular style.

Mr. Morgan's playing was so admirably described by Willis, in the Home Journal, a few weeks since, that I have scarcely anything to add. A recent writer, speaking of his style, says it is founded on the teachings of the English school of sacred harmony, and he seldom indulges in the Italian *morceau* species. We are less reminded of the *Trovatore*, and more of the *Creation*, when hearing him play. Undoubtedly he has no superior in the world as a pedal performer, but few equal him manually.

The congregation of Calvary Church, Rev. Mr. Hawkes, corner of Fourth avenue and 22d street, is one of the most refined, intelligent and aristocratic in the city; the music, under the direction of Mr. J. Mosenthal, deserves particular notice. Mr. Mosenthal is known throughout the land as a most gifted artist and musician, besides being a composer of great ability. The music is rendered with as much taste and genuine artistic thoroughness of execution here, as at any other church in the city. The *repertoire* is extensive and varied, comprising adaptations from the masses, selections from the collections of Greatorex, King, etc., with original compositions of the organist. The choir is quartette; the soprano and alto parts are sustained by the two sisters, Misses Madeline and Mary Gellie, and the tenor and bass by Messrs. Cooke and Philip Mayer. The organ is a very good one, built by Stuart in 1847, containing 40 stops with three manuals. During the summer season, a *vesper* service is held at this church in lieu of the regular afternoon service, to which this merit, at least may be ascribed: that it is a great relief to both clergy and parishioners. We think that the example could be profitably followed by other churches, both in and out of New York. It consists simply of the reading and singing of the liturgy, without sermon, and with two or three additional pieces of music. The valuable musical resources and facilities of this choir give them every possible advantage for carrying such a service to a high state of perfection.

The music at St. Thomas's Church, Broadway, corner of Houston street, is worthy of a passing notice. Miss Hattie Andem is the leading soprano, whilst the other three singers composing the quartette choir of this church are amateurs. Mr. John F. Huntington, the organist, is a pupil of Dr. Hodges, of Trinity Church, and the music partakes largely of his style. Mr. Huntington is himself a composer of some repute, and occasionally introduces compositions of his own. On festival days, when the Church Committee leave everything to the judgment and management of the organist and director, the music is superior, and many are attracted thither for the express purpose of hearing it. The organ is a very good instrument, with 34 stops, built by Hall & Lorbagh.

In times past the choir at the Church of the Holy Communion (Rev. W. A. Mullenburg's in 6th Avenue, has been noted for its excellence; but, at present, does not rank so high as formerly. It is composed of sixteen boys, with six men, as at Trinity Church, divided into two equal portions, forming distinct choirs, who sing responsively; but, as many of those qualities which render famous the choir of Trinity, and give such grand effect to the music, are here entirely lacking, no comparison can be instituted to their relative merits. Mr. Fitzsimmons is organist, and Mr. Johnson leader and director of music.

There are other Episcopal churches in the city, of which the music deserves particular mention; they will furnish material for one more letter; after that, we propose to pass in review the choirs of leading churches of all other denominations.—*Transcript*.

The Messiah at St. Paul's Cathedral.

For the first time since its erection by Sir Christopher Wren, an oratorio has been heard in our magnificent metropolitan cathedral. The occasion, as our readers need hardly be informed, was in aid of the funds for the purchase of the large, and equally fine organ, which formerly did duty at the Panopticon—or Alhambra, as it is styled by the present proprietor. In addition to this, money is also wanted for the completion of the decorations now in progress; and the capitol chest being (according to official statements) at remarkably low ebb, an appeal to the general public, in the shape of a grand musical performance, was deemed the most fitting method of replenishing it, and thereby aiding the "good work."

The intention may be, and undoubtedly is, excellent; but whether the means adopted were the best for the end, may be a question for future consideration. At present, we can do little more than chronicle the event of yesterday (Friday), and must reserve detail until our next.

On the whole, the performance of the *Messiah* agreeably disappointed us, as we had expected, from the enormous size of the building and the immense height of the cupola, a somewhat similar result to that of the "festivals" at the Crystal Palace.

This was, however, far from being the case. We heard every note as distinctly as if it had been at Exeter or St. James's Hall. In more remote parts of the cathedral it might have been different. Those, for instance, who were ranged along the nave might have lost much of the effect of the solos; but still the fact is proved beyond dispute (and we speak with some experience of cathedrals and music-halls) that stone is unquestionably a better medium for the concentration of sound than glass and iron. The new organ—respecting the placing of which some curious information is afforded in the official programme—is fixed at the back of the south transept, the chorus and band extending to its boundary and junction with the nave; the body of the church immediately beneath the cupola being absorbed by the reserved seats, the southern transept also occupied by the audience, seats in the nave, extending to the western entrance, also completely filled, and some few persons in the choir—from four to five thousand forming the total present.

Mr. Goss, the accomplished organist of the cathedral, wielded the *baton* over the six hundred who composed the band and chorus; and, taken altogether, a more solemn and impressive rendering of the master-piece of Handel, which assuredly was "not for an age, but for all time," has never been heard in the metropolis. True that in some places, critically speaking, there was a tendency to retard the times, but with the present vivid impression on our minds, we are not disposed to take exceptions, and must rather speak in laudatory terms of the performance in its entirety. Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, to whom was allotted the whole of the principal soprano music, sang charmingly, her particularly clear and distinct enunciation of the words being especially worthy of praise. The whole of the tenor part was given to Mr. Sims Reeves, who more than ever distinguished himself, being in remarkably fine voice, and infusing all the pathos, tenderness and energy of which he is so thorough a master, into his singing from first to last.—*Musical World*.

THE DUKE AND THE "FRIENDLY SINGERS"—The Duke of Saxe-Coburg has been honored by a distinction not often accorded to princes. In Vienna there is a singing club, which takes upon itself to reward the composers of good vocal music, by conferring upon them the greatest gift in the bestowal of the society. This consists of a letter of congratulation, accompanied by a ducat (a five florin gold piece), the club thinking too highly of the quality of its own applause to back it up by anything more than a mere symbol of approval. The Duke, who is a very active composer, has of late produced a new anthem for the German Fatherland, which the club in question has acknowledged in the usual manner. Letter, ducat, and all duly found their way to Coburg. To this extraordinary mark of merit, the brother of Prince Albert replied in an epistle too characteristic of its royal writer not to be given in *extenso*:

"Gentlemen,—My friendly singer's greeting in reply to yours. Permit me to express to you my agreeable surprise at the receipt of your letter and metallic accompaniment. If I ever entertained the depressing idea that it was the performance of a prince which caused general recognition of my national anthem, you have furnished me with a most conclusive and most gratifying proof to the contrary. By bestowing upon me the same mark of approval which you are in the habit of awarding to composers of every rank and degree, you have conferred upon me a greater distinction than by a pompous acknowledgment out of the usual course. Among all the memorials which I possess, or, with Divine assistance, hope to be able to deserve as a son of my country, your ducat will certainly not be the least prized. You, gentlemen, occupy an equally high place in my estimation by the genuine German confidence with which you have taken me for what I should like to be in reality—an equal among equals. As such I give you my hand with the sincerest respect, and ever remain yours truly.
ERNEST.
Coburg, Dec. 4."

Peeps Behind the Scenes.

MR. WISP AT THE OPERA.

He Goes upon the Stage—His Debut in the Ballo in Maschera—His Costume—Glances at Hinckley—Colson, Brignoli, &c.—Mr. Wisp's Singular Courage and Hardihood—The Disastrous Fall of Brignoli—End of the Op.

"Signor Muzio will introduce a grand gallop, composed ex-

pressly for the occasion, which will be danced by the corps of ballet amateurs and those patrons of the opera who may wish to be on the stage during the masquerade scene."

These words the reader will find in the daily advertisements of the opera company at present performing at our Academy of Music, and he has probably felt more or less of an inclination to join those "patrons of the opera" who may trip it on the light fantastic on the stage of our metropolitan opera-house.

Mr. Wisp experienced such an inclination. Though he had for ages attended the opera with undeviating regularity, and boasted that he had heard every opera and every singer in New York, for the last ten years, he had never penetrated the sacred mysteries of the footlights and side wings, and had only worshipped the operatic stars from afar off. It is, generally, by the way, the best to do so, as admiration frequently decreases in exact proportion to the approximation of the admirer to the admired object.

Mr. Wisp, on purchasing his ticket, after having made heroic but vain endeavors to get in as a dead-head, secured a check entitling him to admission behind the scenes during the last act of the "Ballo." Twenty of these checks are issued each night, and are quite insufficient to meet the demand for them. The way to get them is to apply at the box-office when you purchase your ticket, or else to make direct application to Mr. Grau, the general manager of the minutiae of operatic affairs under the present regime.

Mr. Wisp waited with considerable impatience for the end of the third act, while the nervousness incidental to a *début* prevented him from fully appreciating the presence even of Mr. Lincoln and the Prince of Rails, who were in one of the proscenium boxes, accompanied by sundry and divers western people. He could, however, observe that Mr. Lincoln is by no means familiar with operatic performances; that he has no very clear understanding about them, and that he is more ready to pick out the ludicrous incidents of the plot and action, than the beauties of the music. Mr. Wisp was also vastly disappointed to notice that the President elect retired before the best portions of the opera were performed.

MR. WISP GOES BEHIND THE SCENES.

After the laughing chorus was over Mr. Wisp left his seat, and going around the north lobby presented himself at the stage door, in company with about a dozen other people bent on the same errand.

A Cerberus, apparently a member of the chorus, dressed in seedy blue velvet and tinsel, stood at the door demanding checks of strangers, but admitting without hesitation everybody who either was or looked like an Italian singer—and as no American can ever assume the indescribable air of gentlemanly laziness peculiar to this select class of community, he had no difficulty in deciding at a glance.

Once past Cerberus, Mr. Wisp found himself one of a noisy, babbling crowd of persons of both sexes, dressed in the most diverse styles of costumes. There were lords and ladies, peasants, ballet dancers, *prime donne*, dominoes, devils, a bear, a harlequin and civilians. There were small boys and old men—military looking individuals with fierce moustaches, and by contrast a few meek looking women in flabby bonnets and shabby shawls. Through this motley crowd Mr. Wisp pushed his way, asking loudly for Bruschi.

THE OPERATIC COSTUMER.

Bruschi, it must be known, is the costumer of the establishment, and a slender, active little Italian, with a little black moustache and little black eyes. His command of the English language does not recede the fluency of a Chapin or a Beecher, but he is very obliging, and Mr. Wisp is under eternal obligations to him for the privilege of examining his treasures of costumes and masks, and selecting therefrom.

The room where Bruschi presides is the green-room. It is furnished with a few tables, a number of settees around the wall, a piano-forte and a triolodeon. Here the members of the chorus assemble between the acts, or when not wanted on the stage, and here the ballet dancers rehearse their steps before bounding before the footlights.

Mr. Wisp was soon too deeply absorbed in his own personal troubles to pay much attention to these objects and persons. He was distracted between the rival attractions of a blue muslin domino with a pink hood, and a yellow one with a green hood. Neither was he by any means indifferent to the charms of a white species of shirt, with white overalls, and an immensely high peaked sugar-loaf hat, with which dazzling costume a number of individuals were attiring themselves. After mature deliberation he decided in favor of a black domino, which he donned with considerable difficulty and the kind assistance of Signor Bruschi. The black domino and the black kid gloves he wore imparted to Mr. Wisp a sombre, not to say funereal aspect which he felicitously relieved by perching on his head a little blue velvet hat with a red feather.

Thus accoutred, Mr. Wisp surveyed himself in the large mirror with evident self-satisfaction, the bear, Signora Elena, the *premiere danseuse*, three blue dominoes, five individuals in the white peaked hats, Signor Susini in citizen's dress, three chorus ladies and divers other persons, taking the same opportunity to catch a glimpse of their reflected forms.

Just then Mr. Wisp bethought himself of the masks, and rushing frantically to Bruschi, demanded one. The obliging Signor presented such an array that the vacillating Wisp was again plunged into the profoundest perplexity. Here was a mask with a lopsided nose about six inches long; here one with huge bulging cheeks; here one with two noses; here one with a pug nose turned up as high as the forehead, and indeed in every instance the nasal organ was distorted in some very singular and incredible manner. Then there were black and brown masks and devil's faces. There were also those genteel little half-masks with lace depending therefrom. While Mr. Wisp was, however, giving the subject due reflection, and had for the moment turned his face from the collection of masks, the Philistines came and despoiled him; that is to say, a number of "patrons of the opera" presented themselves to the gentle Bruschi and quickly snapped up the false faces; so that when Mr. Wisp had decided in favor of a highly elevated pug nose, the masks were all gone.

The distress of Mr. Wisp at this discovery could be but feebly portrayed in words. He wandered disconsolate, like the old man in Rogers's "Genevra," looking for something he knew not what. Nor was his anguish assuaged by the fact that his companion, Bister Borritz, E-q., rejoiced in the possession of a mask with a nose that was trying to run around the left side of his cheek to his ear, and which certainly became him very well indeed, making him look more fascinating than ever he did before.

Pulling the hood of the domino over his head, Mr. Wisp set off on an exploring expedition. At the north side of the stage he found Brignoli's dressing room, neatly furnished, with a large mirror, on either side of which were two gas-burners, protected by wires, while a pair of lighted wax candles stood upon the dressing-table. Then there were scattered here and there ribbons, and trinkets and bits of finery which suggested the making of dolls for a fancy fair rather than the apartment of a respectable bachelor.

THE STARS.

In one place Mr. Wisp joined a group gathered around Miss Hinckley, who is quite as beautiful away from the footlights as when before them. Her dress of the page in the *Ballo*, which becomes her so admirably, was the theme of admiration, and the luxuriant hair which she disposes of in such fascinating curls is, good reader, real, and not of Celestin Dibblee's manufacture, unless Mr. Wisp is very much deceived. Sprightly in conversation, as well as prepossessing in appearance, Miss Hinckley will, it is to be feared, be spoiled by flattery before she has time to become a first-class *prima donna*.

Talking about first-class *prime donne*, there, by one of the wings, is that elegant creature Colson. She is so bewitchingly lady-like and fascinating as she stands there in the rich white watered silk robe, trimmed with down, which she wears in the last act of the *Ballo*, that Mr. Wisp feels as if he would give indefinite sums for the glove she is so gracefully drawing over her jewelled fingers. Pretty soon Susini heaves in sight and comes to anchor near Colson; other human barks shoot out from nooks and corners, and in a little while the *prima donna* is the centre of the admiring circle.

Adelaide Phillips, seated on a bench with a comfortable shawl drawn around her, is so amiable looking that Mr. Wisp is amazed to think that she was the *Ulrica*, the magical witch of the second act. Italian artists in swarms are attracted to her side, and the young men who are not (but whose rich fathers are) "patrons of the opera" hover around her, and are peacefully happy.

GETTING A MASK.

All this time they are singing on the stage; Ferri has finished his beautiful air with the harp accompaniment, and, with Coletti and Dubreuil, is engaged in that rather tedious trio. No one behind the scenes pays the slightest attention to them; and indeed it is curious that though so near in fact, the voices of the singers sent out into the vast auditorium can scarcely be heard here, and Mr. Wisp gnashed his teeth to think what large quantities of "glorious opera" he is losing. Suddenly he is addressed by a mysterious man who stands in the doorway of a little closet near the entrance to the stage:

"Wont a mask?"

Mr. Wisp does want a mask, and so the Mysterious Man gives him a bit of fragmentary evidence in the shape of a false face without any nose, with only one string, and with the left cheek gouged out.

Mr. Wisp mildly remonstrates. The Mysterious Man wants to know if nobody is to take the old masks. He thinks that perhaps Mr. Wisp would have them get new masks every night.

Mr. Wisp, rebuffed by this taunt, snatches up a characterless-looking mask, with a nose of only human dimensions, though certainly coming to a somewhat preternaturally sharp point. By the aid of pins and Bister Borritz's facile fingers the mask is adjusted, the blue hat with the red feather tipped jauntily on one side, the hood thrown over the back of the head, the muslin domino wrapped majestically around the form, and W. Peleg Wisp, Esq., stands prepared for his *début* in Italian opera.

* * * * *

MR. WISP MAKES HIS DÉBUT.

The eventful moment has at last arrived! Mr. Wisp makes his *début*.

The whistle is sounded and he hurries behind the central scene. It is rolled slowly up, disclosing first the nose of the prompter, then the head of Muzio, the heads of the people in the parquette, the balcony, the first tier, the second, the amphitheatre and the rich and elaborate frescoed ceiling. What a gorgeous sight! Heads, lights, heads, lights, faces, gas jets, bonnets, flowers, handkerchiefs. Parquet parti-colored; balcony whiter, dress-circle very white and gorgeous; family circle dark and clerical; amphitheatre very dark, with a perspective of illimitable gloom. Such was the effect produced by the garments of the occupants of the different portions of the house.

Muzio gives the signal for the ballet, and off dash the dancers, while the chorus and the "patrons of the opera" and Mr. Wisp stands in long groups at one side. The "Prince of Rails," the son of the President-elect, is near by, in a quiet-looking domino. Next him is a venerable lady of the chorus; then the dandyish young son of a prominent Broadway clergyman; then two or three "supes" of Irish extraction, in seedy moth-eaten tights, and very dirty hands; then a ballet dancer with low-necked short dress; then some more "patrons of the opera," and "supes" and chorus-singers in abundance.

Peeping out from behind the scenes are artists—Susini, Stigelli, Carlotta Patti, Madame Strakosch, Miss Kellogg.

MR. WISP'S SENSATIONS—THE SCENE CLOSES.

Soon following the stream, Mr. Wisp begins to promenade down the side of the stage and across by the footlights and in front of the prompter. Though outwardly calm, he is inwardly perturbed. Supposing his mask should drop off! Supposing his domino should be pulled away in the crowd! Horrible suppositions!

Peeping through the eyelets in his mask he discerns his own unoccupied seats, and almost wishes he was back in them. He sees people staring persistently towards him with opera glasses, and hears the tramp of the ballet dancers rushing upon him. So he skurries to the other side of the stage just in time to avoid a collision with the two principal dancers, and seeks refuge behind a lady connected with the chorus.

This lady is not attenuated. Far from it. She is quietly dressed in scarlet and yellow, and so Mr. Wisp, in his black domino, is quite eclipsed by her. Reassured, in this hidden retreat, he ventures to loosen his mask, to take it off to pull his hood across his face, leaving space enough to look out, however. He then takes his opera-glass and coolly scans the audience. There is Snooks with a very pretty young lady. Who can she be? He recognizes Jenkins with his cousin. There is old Blobskins as sleepy as he can be, forced to go to the opera with his wife and daughters. There is Bunsby the historian, as solemn as a Sphinx. There is—ah! but here comes Colson, so perfectly queenly in that snowy white costume, and with the little black mask on her face. She is searching for her lover to warn him of the impending assassination. She looks for him among the chorus women; she searches for him vigorously in the vicinity of Mr. Wisp, and at last catches a sight of him on the opposite side of the stage. Then follows that remarkable duo in which the voice of the distracted woman is heard above, but does not interrupt the gay though not exuberant ball music. The conspirators approach, Ferri, Dubreuil and Colletti in their becoming blue dominoes. The duet continues. Mr. Wisp, who has been reading Mrs. Mowatt, is seized with a sudden dread lest some machinery will fall from the top somewhere and crush him when suddenly Ferri stabs Brignoli, who drops heavily on the sofa, breaking it, and making Miss Hinckley turn round to hide her laughter from the audience. But Colson, earnest and effective actress as she has become, maintains her identity with the part to the end, and does not betray if she feels any symptoms of mirth; and so the curtain falls, and in rapid succession the amphitheatre, and the family circle and dress circle, and the balcony and the par-

quette, and Muzio's head and the prompter's nose, disappear. The opera is over, and the dead Brignoli revives, and immense buzzing and gabbling suddenly springs up, while Mr. Wisp doffs his domino and goes home a happier and wiser man.—*New York Evening Post*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 9, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

Mr. Julius Eichberg's Soiree.

This concert, which took place Saturday, March 2nd, at the hall of Messrs. Chickering, was the musical event of the week for the lovers of classical chamber music. It was an unusual week for music-lovers, having ushered in the first of orchestral afternoon-concerts this year. And Mr. Eichberg's concert came in as an harmonious Finale. The attractions of the excellent programme, together with the well-known mastery of Mr. EICHBERG and the artists that assisted him, drew a crowded house, filling every seat and sending some persons into the ante-room.

1. Quintette, (No. 1, in C).....Mozart.
Moderato—Adagio—Minuetto—Finale, Allegro.
Messrs. Eichberg, C. Meisel, Th. Ryan, F. Zohler and Wulf Fries.
2. Die Capelle.....C. Kreutzer.
Messrs W. and C. Schraubstaedter, Langerfeldt and Jansen.
3. Chaconne, for Violin.....S. Bach.
(With the Piano accompaniment by Mendelssohn.)
Messrs. J. Eichberg and Otto Dresel.
4. Aria: "Che faro senza Euridice," from the opera
Orpheus.....Gluck.
Mrs. J. Twichell Kempton.
5. Sonata, for Violin and Piano, in G, op. 30, No. 3.
Beethoven.
Messrs Otto Dresel and J. Eichberg.
6. { a Ich grüsse dich.....Haertel.
b Abendständchen.....Kreutzer.
Messrs. W. and C. Schraubstaedter, Langerfeldt and Jansen.
7. Ave Maria.....Schubert.
Mrs. J. Twichell Kempton.
8. Concert-Allegro for Violin.....Eichberg.
The Accompaniment by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, Messrs. C. Mayer and C. Fries.

We regret that Mr. Eichberg did give us too little, and, paradox as it may seem, we at the same time regret that he gave us too much. He gave us too little of the Quintette of Mozart. In looking at the Venus of Milo or at the famous Torso, we never can suppress the disagreeable feeling, resulting from the symmetry and harmony of these wonderful works being destroyed; it mars our enjoyment, however often we resolve to enjoy what is left. The same feeling we have, when hearing fragments, torsos of works of musical art. It was regretted by many persons around us that the Quintette was broken off after the second movement, some of them expecting to see the gentlemen come back after they had tuned their instruments. This regret was felt the more keenly as Mr. Eichberg's masterly first violin lent fresh charms to the beautiful work. When an artist unites perfect mastery over the mechanical with deep feeling and poetical conception of musical works, then the listener may give himself up to the beauties of the composition with unalloyed pleasure. It was therefore to be regretted that Mr. Eichberg gave us too little of the Quintette. As by shortening the programme the whole of it might have been played, it is to be regretted that he gave us too much of other good things. He was worthily seconded by the members of the Quintette Club. The efforts of the gentleman playing the first viola, though they came not up to Mr. Eichberg's masterly playing, are worthy of praise. Mr. Eichberg's playing of the Chaconne and the Beethoven Sonata with Mr. DRESEL gave perfect delight. The great difficulties of the first piece he overcame without any effort and both pieces were played with artistic mastery by the two artists. The last movement of the Beethoven Sonata, a perfect torrent of most intense

enjoyment, was electrifying to the audience. It is hardly fair to be dissatisfied with the choice of this beautiful work, indeed we were very glad to hear it, and enjoyed it. Yet we have heard this sonata often while of Bach's violin sonatas one hardly hears any. But while we personally should have preferred a Bach Sonata, we doubt not that the Beethoven Sonata was more enjoyable to the audience. The Concert-Allegro, accompanied by Mr. CARL MAYER on the Piano, the CLUB, and Mr. FRIESE on the Double-bass, is a piece written in a noble style, with many happy touches, showing the thorough musician in every particular. The first motive is excellent, full of nerve and energy. As matters of taste we may say, that it seemed to us unnecessary for effect, to have laid the second melody in two octaves; and that the accelerando and Presto at the end as well as the entire treatment of the close of the piece seemed to us disproportionately grand. In general, however, the piece is very enjoyable, having a solid musical foundation, on which a skillful hand raised a structure satisfactory and pleasant to hear. Mr. Eichberg's playing in this and in the other pieces he performed was a new proof, if such were needed, of the gentleman being a thorough artist. There is so much soul in his tone, so much feeling that comes and goes to the heart, so nice a shading and phrasing in his performance, and so perfect a mastery over the mechanical difficulties of this most difficult of all instruments, except the human voice, that it is great pleasure to listen to his playing.

Mrs. JENNY TWICHELL KEMPTON gave great satisfaction to the audience by her two songs. She sang with much feeling and her sonorous voice made the wonted pleasant impression. A little less rubato in the Ave Maria, which she repeated in answer to the calls of the audience, would have improved it. But why change the close by going up to the Fifth instead of the Third before the last tone? The composer, who had good taste enough, knew what he intended to have when he wrote the piece. No one has a right to change his reading.

The singing of the ORPHEUS QUARTETTE CLUB was as well done as we are accustomed to hear these gentlemen, the flower of the Orpheus musical society. A slight deviation from perfect tune in the beginning was amply made up by the beauty of their singing. They did not escape an encore which they answered by the ever favorite "Walzer," by Vogl.

A very pleasant concert it was, and we wish we could hear Mr. Eichberg soon again. Such concerted pieces as the Beethoven Sonata, played by such artists as Messrs. Dresel and Eichberg, we hear much too little of in our concerts. This ought not to be. We have several artists that can play such works. It is a pity they do not oftener bring out such works of intrinsic value, in which the mechanical ability of the performer is not made the principal thing, as is the case in the majority of pieces for the violin, but where it is made use of as a means, more than which it is not, to give life and existence to the idea emanating from the mind of the composer.

We are under obligation to Mr. Eichberg and his assistants for the pleasure this concert gave us, and repeat the wish to hear him soon again. *†

Italian Opera.

With spring come the singers, and however unfrequent their visits may be during the winter months, we are always quite sure of a flying visit from the opera troupes, as the days grow longer and the evenings shorter. Not a few of our readers will rejoice to see the announcement of the Company of the associated artists, of a short season, (which we hope, may as heretofore, turn out to be a long one) of Italian opera at the Boston Academy. The list of associated artists embraces well known names—Colson, Adelaide Philipps, Brignoli, Stigelli, Susini,

to mention no others of those well known, and several new aspirants for the good opinions of the Boston public, who have never yet been heard here, among whom are Miss Hinckley and Miss Kellogg, of whom our readers have heard something from New York.

The season opens with an old favorite opera *Martha*, in which Colson, Adelaide Phillips, Brignoli and Susini appear. Then new operas are to follow. First *Il Giuramento*; not absolutely new to us, who can never forget the charming Truffi of past years, but to younger opera goers, quite unknown, and which will be a welcome addition to their operatic knowledge. Then comes new and famous operas, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, the last work of Verdi. *La Juive* of Halévy, and last but not least in interest, the immortal *Moses in Egypt* of Rossini, which will revive pleasant memories of the first season of Italian opera in this city, when the now famous Tedesco, by her youthful beauty and her almost incomparable voice, so took us all by storm.

The programme for the season then, is an exceedingly attractive one, and the scale of prices a reasonable one. We trust to see the theatre filled, and in spite of the season of Lent, which will prevent many from attending, we doubt not that crowded houses will reward the company, as it often has in past times, with a full treasury during the short season of opera promised us in this city.

Martha will be given on Monday evening next.

Orchestral Union.

The last afternoon concert was listened to by a crowded house, every seat of the Music Hall being occupied. The programme was an excellent one, the 5th Symphony of Beethoven being repeated by request, and very excellently played, as well perhaps as could be by the present force of the orchestra. We have said the concert was listened to by the audience, and are glad to say that this was literally true, as the audience was more quiet and attentive than afternoon audiences commonly are, and we are glad to be able to record improvement in this respect. We append the programme, and regret not to have heard the whole of it.

1. Overture, A Night before Granada..... Kreitzer.
2. Romanza, From Don Sebastian..... Donizetti.
Horn Obligato. by M. Hamann.)
3. Symphony, No. 5, (C minor), (by request). Beethoven.
4. Overture, Don Giovanni..... Mozart.
5. Concert Waltz..... Strauss.
6. Eulogy of Tears..... Schubert.
7. Grand National Potpourri.

MOZART CLUB.—We would call attention of the members and associate members of this club to the advertisement of the next entertainment of the Club which will take place at the Mercantile Hall Summer street.

The last Saturday Evening concert of the Mendelssohn Club takes place this evening. Spohr's Nonetto will be repeated. The programme will be found in another column.

On Saturday evening next the Orpheus, we understand, will repeat the "Bards," with orchestral accompaniment.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 4.—My last letter ended with a mere notice of Madame Abel's Soirée and a promise to give you this week a more detailed account of it which it merited. It was a very fine concert, with the only drawback, as I have heard several persons say, "that there was not enough of it." Madame Abel proved that her long retirement from the public has been used to good advantage, in spite of illness and other obstacles to progress. She never played better than on this evening, and, I am happy to say, appeared entirely free from the nervousness which heretofore has so often prevented her from doing herself justice. She was assisted by

Messrs. Bergner and Centemeri. With the former she opened the concert by playing Chopin's Polonaise for the piano and 'cello, a brilliant and effective composition, but hardly characteristic of its author. In the second part these two also played Gounod's Meditation on Bach's first Prelude, which, however, is not as well adopted for the violoncello as for the violin. Madame Abel's Solo pieces were the magnificent first movement of Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 53, Chopin's Polonaise in C sharp minor, an Etude on the Barcarole of Weber, by Stamatz. The latter is the only one of these three which is not well known to most of your readers. It is a charming morcean, like the whole set of Etudes on Themes from Weber's Oberon, from which it is taken. I need not say that Mad. Abel did ample justice in every way to all the characteristics of these totally dissimilar pieces.

Mr. Bergner played a Pièce de Salon, by Strausky, exceedingly well; it consisted of variations on the Sounds from Home, or a similar theme, and was better than most arrangements of the kind.

Sig. Centemeri, who has been quietly working his way into the public favor for a few years past, has a fine baritone voice and an excellent school. He was rather hoarse on this occasion, but still sang a Romanza from Maria Padilla, and an Aria from Le Pardon de Ploërmel very acceptably. It is to be hoped that the success of this Soirée will tempt Madame Abel to give us another treat of the same kind before long.

Last Tuesday Mason and Thomas gave another Soirée, which was, however, not quite as interesting as a whole as some of its predecessors. It opened with a trio in G. minor by Schumann, a work very difficult to understand, and acknowledged to be one of his weakest compositions of the kind. This was followed by a solo from Mr. Bergner, the same which he played at Mad. Abel's Soirée, which however suitable it might have been for a miscellaneous concert, was entirely out of place in one of these Classical Soirées. Those who attend the latter, come with the expectation of hearing none but really classical music, or at least such as from its more elevated character and style can be brought under that head. Mr. Mason's Solos, for instance, though not laying claim to any great profundity, were totally different from this mere show-piece. They were a couple of little Reveries, "*Au Matin*" and "*Au Soir*," of which the first was particularly pleasing and graceful, and a Valse-Caprice much after the manner of Chopin, although not enough so to lose its originality. Mr. Mason is very happy in his piano-compositions; they are always attractive, and of infinitely more sterling value than most works of our young composers, which, unfortunately, is not saying much after all. The last piece on the programme was Beethoven's Quartette in E, Op. 59, No. 7.

This stupendous work though a marvellous piece of instrumentation, is almost beyond the limits of a string quartette, and requires the most elevated mood and perfect mental and physical freshness in both players and listeners to be perfectly rendered and fully appreciated. These requisites were a little wanting on Tuesday night, and the impression was not quite what it might have been. Still, one received enough to carry home a sense of very deep enjoyment of the beauty and awe at the grandure of the composition, together with a longing to hear it again before this impression should have died away entirely.

Mr. Satter made quite a successful move in giving a Matinée last Thursday. Dodworth's pretty room was crowded, mostly with ladies. There were hardly twenty gentlemen in the room. The pianist seemed in his element, and for the greater appreciation of his powers (by eye and by ear) had his instrument placed in the middle of the room, so that the play of his nimble fingers could be more generally watched. I subjoin the programme.

1. Overture, "William Tell,".....Rossini
2. Sonata, A flat, Op. 26.....Beethoven
a Andante con Variazioni. b Minuetto.
c Marcia funebre. d Finale.
3. a Impromptu.....Chopin
b "Tennessee," (Mazourka.).....Gottschalk
c "La Voix du Cœur," (Poesie).....Satter
4. Overture, "Tannhäuser,".....R. Wagner

The first and last numbers are well known, and who has not admired Mr. Satter's reproduction of these overtures? His rendering of the Sonata was perfect, technically so, of course, but also in the spirit of it. So too with Chopin's Impromptu, which I have never before heard played satisfactorily, and which seemed only too short. At the request of several ladies, the pianist interpreted an improvisation on Italian airs, which created new astonishment at his powers in this direction. He gives another Matinée next Friday, which is to be hoped will be as successful as the first.

ST. LOUIS, FEB., 1861.—We wish all those who are opposed to teaching music in our schools could have heard the thousand children in the Library Hall, Friday evening, the 22d. They would have been forced to admit that, at least, the children improve their opportunities and really sang very well. The audience loudly cheered and encored the Union.

We had two fine concerts given by the Swiss Bell Ringers, a band of this city. As good a concert on the bells as I ever heard.

Monday evening the 25th, our Philharmonic Society gave another concert.

PART I.

1. Overture, "Titus,".....W. A. Mozart
2. Chorus, "How bright and fair," from "Guillaume Tell,".....G. Rossini
3. Aria, (Tenor), "This image is enchanting fair," from "Zauberflöte,".....W. A. Mozart
4. Concertante, (first part) four violins.....L. Maurer
5. Terzetto, "Ferna Crudele," from "Ercani,".....G. Verdi

PART II.

1. Overture, "Oberon,".....C. M. von Weber
2. Recitative and Aria, (Soprano) "Ah! perfido!".....L. van Beethoven
2. Andante, from "5th Symphony,".....L. van Beethoven
4. Aria (Baritone), "Lonely in distant land" from "Nabucco,".....G. Verdi
5. Grand March and Chorus, from "Tannhäuser,".....R. Wagner

The Andante from the symphony in the second part and the Concertante for four violins pleased me most. The last chorus was very fine. I do not know what guided them in their selection of soloists, without it was the principle of "give each one his turn."

The orchestra now is very fine indeed—and the chorus members 170. The audience numbered 2,500, and everything seems marching along to success.

As my signature of A. C. leads many unjustly to blame my friend Catherwood, I will in future sign my real name. B.

A NEW CANTATA.—"Holyrood" is the title of a new work of Messrs. H. F. Chorley and Henry Leslie and was produced (Feb. 1) at St. James' Hall. The *Musical World* gives an abstract of the plot and sums up the matter thus:

Holyrood is, we think, his best lyric production. The four characters—the Queen, Mary Beatoun, Rizzio, and Knox (soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass)—are skilfully proportioned out, and happily contrasted with a view to musical treatment, and had the prophecy of Mary's crimes and fate, which is wholly repulsive to the unexciting (but by no means uninteresting) character of the rest; been omitted there would be little fault to find. In selecting the period of Mary's innocent life, Mr. Chorley would, we suggest, have done more wisely, and carried out the ends of poetry more legitimately, had he abstained from all hint of the terrible future, and confined the part of John Knox within the limits furnished by history. We should then have had an unsullied picture, and a far more agreeable one, while the composer would have been saddled with a task from which (with the context in view) Meyerbeer himself would have recoiled.

Mr. Henry Leslie, too, in the music of *Holyrood*, has written what, in our opinion, if not his most ambitious, is in a great measure decidedly his most genial and spontaneous. As a mere composition, there is very little in the work against which criticism could take exception; while in expression it is invariably unaffected and real, only falling short at that one incident which, as we have already said, had better be left out. He has treated the situation where the Queen's revels are interrupted by the Puritan singers admirably, adding both force and solemnity to the repetition of the psalm-tune (a very good one), enriching the accompaniment (so called "moving bass")—which at first (like the tune itself) is in unison—with harmony. His dance-music in both instances is excellent; the minuet (with its pretty vocal trio, "Fal, la, la") being as sober and stately as the quick step; appropriately ushered in by an imaginary bagpipe and introducing, as in duty bound, those "consecutive fifths" recognized as a traditional inheritance of Scottish dance-music, is bustling and lively. The whole of this scene, indeed, to make use of an old phrase, is "musick'd" with an

unflagging spirit. The three songs, too, have each their individual merit and marked character. The pretty ballad of Mary Beaton, "There was once a maiden," would, however, be just as acceptable without the melodic jerk at the end of each verse, which does not render it a bit more Scotch, or a bit more engaging. Rizzio's canzonet, "Colla stagion novella" (words by L. Carrer), is on a larger plan, and naturally of a more refined character. It consists of a graceful slow movement and vigorous *allegro*, evidently modelled on the Italian manner, though (in the case of the first especially) rather modern Italian than what may be supposed to have been Italian in the time of Rizzio. But best of all is Mary's French ditty, "In my pleasant land of France," in which are most effectively alternated a plaintive minor theme, and a melody waltz time, ending in the major, the whole set off with a gay and brilliant peroration (*codu*). The duet for the Queen and Knox, "E'en if each should wholly fail me," a sequel to the incident of the prophecy, is vocal, melodious, and impressive, a grateful relief, moreover, to the gloomy matter that precedes it. The recitative, solo or in dialogue, are everywhere well composed, and show Mr. Leslie an adept in the art of putting vocal declamation to music. Equally worthy of praise are the choruses, whether the short and in some degree fragmentary ones, "Will she not listen?" and "Hark! 'tis her foot," the unison psalm-tune of the Puritans, already named, or the more extended pieces which commence and terminate the work—"The mavis carols in the shaw," and "Hence, with evil omen," the first (in three divisions, with solo for contralto, after the Scotch manner) tuneful and eminently pastoral at the outset, expanding in vigorous treatment and interest with the allusions to the Queen, the last appropriately jubilant and lively throughout, both (like all the rest of the *cantata*, by the way) instrumented for the orchestra with unvarying skill and proportionate effect.

PRINCE GALITZIN'S CONCERTS.—The Concert recently held by Prince George Galitzin in St. James's Hall, was one of remarkable and varied excellence. A first-rate band, led by that practised English violinist, Mr. Willy; a chorus, exclusively of amateurs, giving the music set down for them as perfectly as though they had been a body of expert professors; and solo singers, thoroughly up to their work, constituted the executive force. The programme had the double merit of being excellent in itself and almost entirely new; and this, combined with the unquestionable talent of Prince Galitzin, whether regarded in the light of composer or conductor, stamped the whole entertainment as one of genuine and uncommon interest.

A large part of the selection consisted of Russian music. Prince Galitzin had already afforded the English public an opportunity of estimating the pure-national genius of Bortnianski at its proper value. No. 7 of the *Cherubini's Songs* was heard with unequivocal satisfaction in June, 1860; and on Wednesday night No. 6 ("Adoramus"), from the same original and striking series, justified all the praises lavished on its companion. The music of the Russian church more than three quarters of a century ago elicited the lively sympathy of foreigners. From Sarti, Cimarosa, Galuppi, and Paisiello—the four most renowned Italians who, by munificent offers, were persuaded to visit and compose for the Russian capital—to Boieldieu, "the French Mozart," as he has been not unfairly styled, and who wrote several operas for the Russian stage, we hear nothing but eulogistic allusions to its simplicity and grandeur. Of all the Russian composers for the church, Bortnianski was the most justly eminent. Although a serf in the Ukraine, he had a generous master, who, struck with his early aptitude, sent him to Rome to study under Galuppi; and not the least merit in Bortnianski was, that after his return from Italy, when appointed chorus-master to the Imperial Chapel, he rendered himself famous by the production of music as unlike that of Galuppi as possible. But this same Bortnianski possessed undoubted genius; and it is a fair question whether, if Galuppi had gone to Russia, to practice with Bortnianski, instead of Bortnianski going to Italy to practise with Galuppi, there would have been much difference in the end. The music of the Russian has an earnestness to which that of the somewhat trivial and (not quite undeservedly) forgotten Italian can lay no pretension. Another Russian composer was brought forward on Wednesday night by Prince Galitzin. We allude to Lamakin, whose works, though for the most part existing in manuscript, are highly esteemed, and, as the well-written and extremely interesting comments on the programme remind us, marked "by a simple and devotional character rarely obtained except by the greatest masters." The chorus of Lamakin presented on this occasion

illustrates one of the most solemn incidents of High Mass, and is a very favorable specimen of his manner. The most striking features of Prince Galitzin's concert, nevertheless, were the vocal and instrumental selections from Glinka, who, as a musical composer, is to Russia what Mozart is to Germany, Rossini to Italy, Auber to France, Gomes to Spain, and Bishop to England. Glinka is not only the greatest genius of Russia, but universally accepted as the national composer of that country. Of his opera, *Life of the Czar*, we have spoken more than once, and we were positively charmed with the air, "Witern Warheit," introduced for the first time on the present occasion, and well suited to the magnificent bass voice and energetic delivery of Herr Joseph Hermanns, whose impersonation of the Comendatore at her Majesty's Theatre made so great an impression in the summer. A "Persian chorus"—so called, the melody being pronounced of Persian origin—afforded some idea of Glinka's second opera, *Lousslan and Loudmila*, which many connoisseurs even go so far as to prefer to his *Life for the Czar*. Into this question it is not necessary to enter, but if all the rest of *Rouslan and Loudmila* equals the "Persian chorus," it must be a work of a high and imaginative class. The chorus is for woman's voices, and the ladies of the choir may be fairly complimented for the unexceptionable style in which it was given. Not satisfied with presenting his favorite as an operatic composer, Prince Galitzin enriched his programme with a "page" from Glinka's instrumental works, in shape of a *scherzo* for orchestra, entitled *Kamarinshai*. This, in its way, as genuine a masterpiece as could be heard, is founded on two national melodies, the one a popular air frequently sung at betrothals, the other an ancient Russian dance-tune. The orchestration is as fanciful as the themes are graceful, piquant, and suggestive, and the conduct of the entire movement just as ingenious. It was played by the band to absolute perfection, enthusiastically redemanded, and repeated. A brighter example of Glinka's skill and invention as a composer for the orchestra could hardly have been picked out, although, as doubtless, in forthcoming concerts, Prince Galitzin will make the English public aware, that some of the great Russian musician's so called "*fantasia-overtures*" are well worth an attentive hearing. A "selection" from the first act of *Life for the Czar*—in which (after the manner of the late M. Jullien's *pot-pourris*) several of the most striking themes and musical situations are interwoven—and a vocal trio, called "Les quatre soupirs" (sung, and well sung, by Miss Susannah Cole, Miss Lascelles and Mr. Henry,) were the other specimens from Glinka. The "selection," arranged for the orchestra with masterly skill by Prince Galitzin, was splendidly executed, the solos for flute, oboe, cornet and ophicleide by Messrs. Pratten, Lavigne, Levy, and Hughes, being warmly and repeatedly applauded.

Some pieces of Prince Galitzin's own composition afforded unequivocal pleasure, and among these may especially be named the *Chanson Bohemienne*, with solos for *contralto* voice and oboe (Miss Lascelles and M. Lavigne), the melody of which strongly recalls the principal theme in the passionate last movement of Beethoven's quartette in A minor; a delicious polka entitled *Lelia*, as short and concise as it is sparkling; and the *Russian Quadrille*, founded on the national air, "*Santze na zakate*" ("The sun is setting.") "*Mnie markatno molodienei*," &c.; the last and most vigorous of which Glinka's own Russian hymn, introduced at the end of his *Life for the Czar*, excited the utmost enthusiasm and was unanimously encored. A more effective and brilliant production of its class than this *Russian Quadrille* has not been heard for years, nor could a finer performance have been desired, even by the composer himself.

Last, not least (to end with the beginning), the concert opened with Beethoven's grand and truly superb overture in C major (Op. 124), prepared for the inauguration of the Josephstadt Theatre at Vienna, on the occasion of the Emperor of Austria's fête (1822). This overture was dedicated by Beethoven himself to Prince Nicholas Galitzin (Prince George Galitzin's father); to whom also were inscribed, and for whom were expressly composed, the three renowned quartets ("Posthumous," as they have been incorrectly styled) in E flat, B flat, and A minor, Op. 127, 130 and 132. The execution of the overture, under the Prince's direction, was quite worthy its transcendent merits, and inaugurated with appropriate "pomp and circumstance" an entertainment which must have interested and thoroughly satisfied every amateur present. Prince George Galitzin cannot be too highly praised for his manner of conducting, which is at once clear, emphatic, and thoroughly musician-like. He takes rank, in short, with the ablest orchestral directors of the day.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Santa Lucia. Concert-Rondo for a Mezzo Soprano voice. C. Braga. 40

The melody which forms the theme of this brilliant Aria is a charming Neapolitan chansonette, or street-song, as it were, somewhat resembling the well-known song of the Duke in "Rigoletto." Around this air the arranger has thrown a cluster of beautiful variations. Mad. Borghi-Mamo, of the Paris Italian opera, first introduced it in the "Barber of Seville," and it has now entirely superseded in Europe the Ricci and Venzano Waltz and similar Bravura pieces of the concert-room. A fine English version is added to the Italian text.

Market Chorus. (Acorrete giovinette.) From "Martha." 25

Printed from the plates of Ditson & Co.'s edition of Standard Operas for the convenience of Singing Societies and Classes. The music embraces the whole of the celebrated market-scene to the appearance of Martha.

O Charlemagne. (O sommo Carlo). From "Ernani." 25

The celebrated Finale of the third Act, one of the finest ensemble-pieces in the whole range of Italian Opera. This is exactly as sung in the Opera, got up in this cheap form for the benefit of Societies which use a large number of copies.

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Available for church-service. Quite pleasing and not difficult.

The Lark and the poet. Mrs. L. A. Denton. 25

A charming song, and must prove a great favorite. It is the production of a very talented lady, a much respected teacher and vocalist in Buffalo. Her compositions are all of high order and give evidence of the true artist.

I sing, I sing of a wondrous thing. S. Glover. 25

A little pleasing Song, quite delightful for singing people who are neither too young nor too old.

Father Molloy. As sung by Henri Drayton in his Parlor Operas. 25

All those who have visited the charming entertainments of Mr. and Mrs. Drayton during their sojourn in this country will recollect this gem of a comic Song, which was introduced in the operetta "Diamond cut diamond." It is capable of being made very effective, as Mr. Drayton has amply proved.

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THE PARLOR GLEE BOOK. Containing all the Principal Songs and Choruses, performed by "Ordway's Æolians." 1,00

One of the most attractive music books of the season. It contains a large number of choice and popular pieces, most of which have been rapturously encored by large audiences in this and other cities. Its elegant appearance and its charming contents render it a very desirable acquisition to every young lady's collection of favorites—an ornamental and useful accompaniment to the pianoforte.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 467.

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Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sketches of French Musical History.

IX, (Continued.)

OPERA.

1700—1800.

At this epoch the harpsichord used in the orchestra for accompaniment gave place to the harp. Three personages only figure in Orpheus; Orpheus, Eurydice, and Amor (Cupid), Legros and Mles. Arnould and Rosalie represented them. The dance (*pas de trois*) executed towards the end of the piece, by Vestris, Gardel and Mlle. Heinel, was regarded as a prodigy in its kind. "Now that I have enjoyed so much in two hours, I conceive that life may be good for something," said Rousseau as he left the theatre at the close of the first representation. Abbé Arnaud, after listening to the air of Agamemnon, "Au faite des grandeurs," in the first act of *Iphigénie*, said, "With that air one might found a religion!"

Louis XVI. abolished, as contrary to good morals, the article in the rules of the Académie, which destroyed at the doors of the Opera the authority of father, mother, and spouse. Until that time it had been sufficient for a wife or daughter to be inscribed upon the books of the theatre, even if no proof of talent had been exhibited, to make her perfectly free and independent in all her actions.

April 23, 1776, *Alceste*, by Gluck, played by Mlle. Levasseur, afterwards by Mlle. Laguerre, was produced upon our first lyric stage. The first two acts were generally applauded, the third appeared monotonous. Gluck made some changes in it, but said that his music would, by and bye, find full recognition if not immediately. And in fact, before the end of the year, the *Alceste*, better understood, took its place beside the *Iphigénie* and *Orpheus*.

A mystery had been made of the engagement of Piccini. Le Bailli du Rollet made it known to Gluck in a letter dated Jan. 15, 1777. The composer was at the time in Vienna engaged upon the score of his *Armida*. He showed some temper upon learning that the *Roland* of Marmontel had been entrusted to his antagonist; for he had already begun another *Roland* upon the text by Quinaut. The engagement of Piccini led him to abandon the work. He said, however "If the *Roland* of Piccini succeeds, I shall take it up again." From that time the contest raged; pamphlets inundated the green-room of the theatre; the newspapers were filled with epigrams, bonmots and even abuse. Suard, Arnaut, Coquean, du Rollet led the Gluckists; Marmontel, Laharpe, Ginguené and d'Alembert the other party.

The musical public was in the height of its excitement when *Armide* appeared upon the scene (Sept. 23, 1777) and gained but a doubtful success. The Lullists now demanded the reproduction of the music of that master, and organized the next day a powerful opposition to a second representation of the new work. Gluck

wished them to give Lulli's *Armide* immediately; but they would do nothing of the kind and the great master was forced to go to Versailles to petition the (now) queen, Marie Antoinette, to come again to his protection. She acceded to his wishes; the blow was warded off; the presence of the queen prevented the hissings intended.

Gluck was by nature intriguing, jealous and very self-interested [?]. He caused the performances of Sacchini's *Olympiade* to be suspended, and afterward arrested the performances of the same work upon the stage of the Italian Comedy. All Paris revolted at these manœuvres; they brought great disfavor upon the German musician, whom the French nation had loaded with honor and rewards. Gluck revenged himself by treating the music of Rameau with little favor. There was in fact much resemblance between the two masters. Both sought truth of declamation. Gluck, who was a great student of Homer, had perhaps penetrated more deeply into the spirit of the antique and attained to greater breadth in his recitative; but after all, he did but continue the development of the dramatic and lyric school of the great French master, whom he did not surpass in the qualities of grace and delicacy.*

The *Roland* of Piccini came upon the stage Jan. 27, 1778. Notwithstanding many faults of execution, the public received the work with marked favor. The queen was present but did not applaud. Still Piccini was taken to his home in triumph. The charms of its melody made a lively impression, and although the opera offered but one really fine scene, that in which the wrath of Charlemagne's nephew is contrasted with the naïve and tranquil joy of the shepherds who witness the loves of Angelique and Medor—the success of the Italian *maestro* almost balanced that of the German *meister*. Gluck now dreamed only of crushing his rival, and this he effected by the representation of his *Iphigénie en Tauride*, which took victorious possession of the theatre, May 18, 1779. While the musical war was at its height, Berton, director of the opera, undertook to restore peace, by making friends of the two chiefs, whom he invited to meet each other at a grand supper. Gluck and Piccini embraced and took places at the table side by side. During the dessert, Gluck, exhilarated with wine, said to his neighbor, loud enough to be heard by the others; "My dear friend, the French are good people but they make me laugh; they wish us to give them song, and they do not know how to sing. You are a man celebrated through all Europe; and you think that to sustain your glory, you have but to write beautiful music, and to reach higher perfection in art. Believe me, one should think of making money here, and of nothing else."

* That Gluck was deeply impressed by the strong character of Rameau's music and by its novelty, no student of universal history will deny. But oh, M. Poiset, do you make Gluck a mere developer of his school? and if so, are you right?

Piccini replied that Gluck's example proved that one might labor at the same time both for glory and for time. They parted with demonstrations of friendship, which seemed sincere; but the war of which they were the subject continued none the less.

Devismes, the new director, who gave to the theatre an activity until then unknown (in Paris), brought out at the opera the best Italian works of Paisiello, Anfossi, Sacchini and Traetta; † he desired also to bring about a match between Gluck and Piccini by giving them the same subject. He therefore gave to each a different text, with the same title, *Iphigénie en Tauride*.

Gluck in the savage drama, which had fallen to him, found scenes analogous to his energy of style, to his vast power of expression. Piccini, on the contrary, found in his text, badly constructed as it was, an interest more tender, and one which inspired him with a music of a touching character. However, after the vigorous impression of his rival's opera, the softer emotions produced by the work of Piccini, following too the other, seemed feeble and trifling.

How was it possible, in fact, to struggle against the air of Thoas, *de noirs pressentiments*, or against the choruses and dances of the Scythians, preceding the sublime dream of Iphigenia! What could be opposed to the admirable parts of Orestes and Pylades, to the choruses so full of religious feeling, and to the instrumentation so vigorous, so full of fire and soul! At the last rehearsal of this masterpiece of Gluck, a young man stole into the back of a dark and empty box. Burning with the desire to witness the first public performance of a work, which had stupified him with admiration, he had decided to pass the night in the theatre and go without food or drink all the next day.

An inspector making his rounds found the intruder and took him to Pierre Gardel, the dancer. He proved to be a young musician, and his name was — Mehul. He confessed ingenuously that he had endeavored to conceal himself in the theatre, because his purse was too empty to allow him to purchase a ticket. Gardel, touched by the circumstance besought him to accept a ticket, and this was the foundation of a firm friendship between the two artists. The dancer afterwards presented Mehul to Gluck; the young man became a pupil of the great master and in process of time rose to be his worthy competitor and successor.

For the *Iphigénie en Tauride* Gluck received not only the 12,000 livres previously stipulated, but 4,000 as a "gratification."

Emboldened by this unexpected profit he demanded 20,000 livres for his score of *Echo et Narcisse*. After long discussion, 10,000 was accepted. But even at this price the speculation proved unfortunate for the manager. Four

† Some very fine descriptions and analyses of works by Traetta, well worth translating, may be found in Heinse's "Hildegard von Hohensthal." The book is in the Boston Public Library.

months only after the recent triumph Gluck received a rude check. *Echo et Narcisse* could not keep the stage in spite of the aid of Noverre's ballets; still the hymn to love, the closing chorus is a remarkable piece. Strongly touched by its ill success, Gluck quitted Paris, never intending to return again. He departed to Vienna, notwithstanding the wishes of the Queen. He intended to close his career with *Les Danaïdes*, but an attack of paralysis forced him to give up the work, and he transferred the text to his pupil Salieri. Six years afterward, Nov. 25, 1787, a second attack of apoplexy took Gluck from his friends and the musical art at the age of seventy-nine years.

Piccini, to whom the retreat of his rival had left the field free, brought out successively *Atys* (1780) and *Iphegenie en Tauride*, Jan. 23, 1781. On the 11th of May of the same year Gluck wrote from Vienna; "Do not believe the current reports of my return to Paris. I will not see that city again until the French have made up their minds as to the kind of music one shall write for them. That fickle people, after having received in the most flattering manner seemed to become disgusted with all my operas; and now here is the *Seigneur bienfaisant* † taking all their attention; they are apparently wishing to return to their popular songs; well, let them go."

† In three acts, text by Chabannes, music Floquet, first given Dec. 14, 1780.

On Rudimental Instruction on the Piano.

BY F. PETERSILEA.

(Continued from page 379.)

Wrist Action.

After the scholar has made a reasonable progress in such studies, in which only Finger action, uninterrupted legato, regular accentuation and strict time has been the object, it is well to admit pieces in which the members and phrases are to be separated, where the same note also may be repeated. But this demands first an explanation of *Wrist action*.

Once more I will request the scholar to draw the chair to the table. Rest your arm upon it; form the same position of the hand and fingers as formerly explained; viz., the hand fully expanded and level, the knuckles depressed, the thumb straight, fingers well curved, see that the extreme finger joints are not bent so much inwardly as to bring the nails in contact with the table, nor be turned outwards, but rest *perpendicular*. The nails must be kept short enough, never to project beyond the tip.

Exercise 1. Now throw your hand upwards and let it fall, striking the table with the four finger tips and the whole length of the thumb, but do not stir the arm; repeat the movement a number of times; not in quick succession, leave a little pause between every throw and fall in order to perceive whether the hand and fingers retain their position and remain motionless; for there must be no motion either in the arm or fingers, only in that joint by which the hand is attached to the fore arm.

Exercise 2. Repeat the same stroke, but let only *one* finger come in contact with the table. Commence with the thumb. Keep it straight and motionless, the hand level and extended as before, but the fingers only slightly bent and uplifted, so that each finger-tip is about half an inch above the table, while the thumb lays with its

whole length upon it. Try now the first finger. Set its first joint perpendicular, all other fingers uplifted, thumb straight, knuckles low. Don't stir a finger, particularly the one which strikes. In like manner proceed with the others.

N. B. This is the manner in which you have to strike the same key a second time with the same finger, also the first note of a group unconnected with the preceding one. This stroke from the wrist causes a separation and accentuation of groups and answers, therefore a two-fold purpose. But beware of withdrawing the hand with a jerk for the instant you do so, the wrist joint becomes stiff. I cannot avoid speaking here of a certain figure, — the slur, well understood by every violin player, but used in such an unlimited sense in piano music, that many writers and players consider it only a sort of fantastic flourish of the pen, answering the same purpose as similar dashes and scratches in common writing, *id est*; to show the bravura of a Don Quixote, making professional passados at a windmill. The true meaning of a slur is; to indicate closely united groups, distinctly separated one from another, and suspended accentuation. There can be but *one* heaviest note in a slurred group, at the commencement, if the tempo is Allegro and the execution mechanical; in the centre, if the passage occurs in an Adagio or Andante movement, requiring the melodious touch, the crescendo and diminuendo. The slur is always understood to have the latter meaning, if drawn over dotted notes. The greatest caution ought to be used by composers and music engravers to point the slurs correctly. It is almost impossible to find a single piece of piano music entirely free from mistakes of this description. This is a great evil in any case, but particularly so for the beginner; it causes either confusion, misunderstanding or utter neglect of this important mark.

Exercise III. Strike with two fingers, viz.: x and 2 — 1 and 3 — 2 and 4 — x and 3 — x and 4 — 1 and 4.

Exercise IV. Strike with three fingers: x, 2, 4 — x, 1, 3 — 1, 2, 4 — 1, 3, 4.

N. B. This is the manner in which you have to strike chords. Positively no other movement is admissible, until a correct mechanical wrist action is formed.

In the preceding letter I mentioned the fact, that a good touch could not be acquired without a knowledge of *Rhythm*, based upon strict time and *accentuation*; to this I will now add, that Rhythm may be considered yet in a more extended view or on a larger scale. There is not only perfect symmetry in every bar or measure, but each measure (taken as a unit) is but a fraction of a higher rhythm, according to which musical sentences or periods are formed. The systematic arrangement of a piece of music is similar to that of a poem. Popular tunes have generally periods of eight measures; the half period of four members is called a *Phrase*, this may again be divided in two parts of two measures each, called *Members*. This is the most simple rhythm, most easily understood, therefore popular. Now observe: The same law of rhythm, according to which the first note in the measure is better than the second, the third better than the fourth, the second and fourth equally light, the first the strongest, — is equally true in regard to four measures forming a phrase. The greatest accent falls on the first note of the first measure, &c.

(If the tempo is of a slow description requiring expression, the best note is generally placed in the centre of the group; of four quarters in a bar the *third* is the best; of four bars in a phrase the third requires the most tone. In the mode of accentuation lies the chief mark of distinction between the Allegro and Adagio. But in speaking thus, I allude to a more advanced stage of the pupil).

By means of correct accentuation and separation of the different Members and Phrases a musical sentence becomes intelligible; without it, feeble, clumsy, at any rate confused. If the attention of the scholar is fixed at the very beginning on this subject, there can be no difficulty in not only distinguishing the relative importance of the notes contained in each measure, but also that of the different measures forming the Phrase; for rhythm is natural to every human mind, is based on the love of order, regularity, symmetry; even people not at all gifted with an ear for music may have this quality developed in an eminent degree: the drums, tambourines, castanets produce rhythm without melody. No one but the deaf can fail to understand rhythm.

Any amount of force necessary for correct accentuation can and ought to be produced without pressing or straining by a judicious employment of Finger, Wrist, and Elbow action.

Ferdinand Hiller on the Music of the Future.

SECOND LETTER.

(Continued from page 396.)

Is it possible for a poet, following quite freely and without any obstruction of his poetic fancy, to produce a dramatic work of art, which shall, in the highest sense of the words, *require the aid of music* (*musikbedürftig ist*)? This is plainly not possible; even if released from all consideration for so-called musical forms, he must restrict himself to those regions which, as a rule, still contain sensations expressible by music. Can a composer, when he sets about the composition of an opera, proceed with the same freedom, limited only by the nature of the laws of music, as if he were composing a symphony? Certainly not; he must satisfy the internal and external dramatic requirements of the subject, and lay aside the *purely* musical standard. As we see, it is an alliance between two powers, which, in order to co-operate, are compelled to make reciprocal concessions. The determination of the measure of these concessions is just the question which, since the time of Gluck, has so often thrown men's minds in commotion. When stripped of a mass of empty phrases and secondary details, it forms the pith of the noisy Wagner-question, which sets so many pens going. The real answer to it can be given only by works of art, and not by æsthetical conflicts of words. To conceive a drama in which the struggles represented are, in the main, confined to such as proceed from the world of sensations; whose action shall, with circumspect swiftness, so proceed as to keep the sympathies of the audience always alive, without, in consequence, preventing the music from being developed with the requisite breadth; whose poetical dialogue, finally shall not express so much as to render music superfluous, or so little as to render it impossible, and whose diction shall not, by its superabundant beauty—or platitude—reduce the composer to despair, is certainly no easy task, but, at the same time, it is not one which has never hitherto been accomplished. Nor is it an easy task for the composer—while striving in his expression to do justice to each situation, each character, and each word, as well as to the general tone of the drama—to avoid depriving his work of musical beauty, and, while doing so much for the poem, not to impinge upon the rights of his own art. Wag-

ner's complaint against opera hitherto (and, in far too many instances, he is certainly not wrong), is that the musician has demanded too great concessions, which the poet has but too willingly made; our complaint against Wagner is, that he has often, somewhat criminally, attacked music, and the deepest conditions of its existence, in favor of the stage. His followers may not allow this; we, however, cannot agree with the assertion that the most important operas hitherto produced, not with regard to the music alone, but to the poems as well, hold the same relative value to his works (for it is only by means of these that we get anything like an idea of his ideal), that "the ape does to a human being,"—and if there has been, in any quarters, so strong an opposition against him, one principal reason for this is to be found in the fanatical exuberance of many of his partisans, who endeavor to raise him to an eminence to which he had no claim.

The peculiar and genial feature in Wagner's character consists in the varied nature of his talent. When he produced his *Tannhäuser* in Dresden (people were then far from making a kind of poetically musical Messiah of him), every person who left the theatre must have said to himself, that, despite all objections that might be raised, the most sincere recognition of his ability was due to the man who had conceived the subject of such an opera, who had worked it out, both linguistically and musically, and who, lastly, had so admirably got up and produced the work upon the stage. From this, however, to a combination of the powers of a Shakespeare with those of a Beethoven, in a single head, was a great stride; and, while every educated person allowed that Wagner's poem rose, by its conception and execution, above the operatic writing prevalent in Germany, it could as little be considered a literary production of the first rank, as the music, despite much that was interesting and effective, placed by the side of what our great composers have done, while in those parts which many have praised as the most important in the opera, people saw deficiency rather than progress; in other words, a frequent immolation of the truly musical in favor of the declamatory element, a fact on which I must speak somewhat at length.

The theories of an artist have their first and deepest roots in the powers and inclinations with which he was born. We have seen that, from the very commencement, Wagner was filled with passionate impulse for the stage; but an impulse in which music did not find a place until afterwards. He is deficient in the primitive and instinctive delight in what is purely musical, however full he may be of the creations of Beethoven. The *Letter* we are now discussing points often enough to this fact. The so-called "opera melody" he always treats with sovereign contempt; while, on the other hand, he goes into raptures with the endless melody. There is not, however, any endless melody, any more than there are special opera melodies. There are musical thoughts which flow with a more rapid or broader stream, which are constructed after some model, or originally, and which are expressive or inexpressive, trivial or noble. But a recognisable form must possess some musical thoughts, if it would combine in itself character and sensual charm. Wagner may still continue to see an "idealised dance-form" in the wonderful structure in which a man like Beethoven connects and carries out his ideas, repeating them in the most animated turns. It is a fact, however, that the freest of all masters was so great in this, because he knew how to give his melodies a form as strong and firm as though they had been cast in bronze. But a Beethovenian composition is by no means "a single melody, accurately connected;" it is a chain of melodies, carried out into a work of art full of unity. That most primitive gifts of musical invention, which is granted to all men of great musical genius, which above all things, is manifested in the creation of such, so to speak, palpable motives, is the weaker side of Wagner's talent. It is, however, a piece of ingratitude in him to be so evilly-disposed towards the "opera melody," for in his operas, it is to those pieces in which he has managed to give us

melodies, and, consequently, "opera melodies," such, for instance, as the chorus of pilgrims and the festive march in *Tannhäuser*, that in spite of anything that can be said, he owes his greatest musical success.

In stating that Wagner had been denied the power of purely receiving good music, I was led to the assertion by some other passages in his *Letter*. For instance, after speaking of the symphony as "a revelation from another world," which forces itself upon us with such overpowering force, and determines our feelings with such certainty, that our logicising reason is totally confused (?) and disarmed (?) by it, he says, shortly afterwards, that the question about the "Wherefore" is not completely silenced, even at the hearing of a symphonic composition, but is actually productive of "a confusion in the casual conceptive power of the hearer, a confusion not only capable of disturbing him, but of becoming the ground of a false judgment." The mysterious element in the impression produced by the higher kind of instrumental music, may and should urge the philosopher to seek the "wherefore;" that the unmusical hearer, but one not destitute of fancy, may start the question, not as to the "wherefore," but as to "what does that mean?" may pass; but that the musical hearer, and much more the musician, should not receive a symphony by Beethoven as a creation perfect and complete in itself, and completely satisfying musical logic, the only logic with which we have here ought to do, is scarcely credible. Whoever, after the enjoyment of such a work, asks for any kind of explanation, may possess a highly educated mind, but decidedly no really musical nature.

"To answer this disturbing, and yet so indispensable, question, in such a manner that it may be eluded by the silencing of certain measures, can be only the work of the poet," Wagner goes on to say, adding that this must be done in the drama.

"The drama, at the moment of its being really scenically represented, immediately awakes in the spectator an intimate interest in an action so truly imitated, at least as far as is possible, from actual life, that in this interest man's sympathetic feelings of themselves are worked up to a state of ecstasy, in which he forgets the mysterious 'Wherefore,' and at once, in the greatest excitement, willingly delivers himself up to the guidance of those new laws, in conformity to which music makes itself so wonderfully intelligible, and, in a profound sense, immediately alone answers rightly the 'Wherefore?'"

Or, to express ourselves simply: When music is sung to words by certain individuals, and in clear situations, every one knows what it is meant to express. But little is gained by this; for if the music is not beautiful, no heart is warmed by the "wherefore" being answered; while if, in its beauty it exercises its power, the force of this power is as wonderful when the music has a substratum of words as when such is not the case. Nay, it becomes even more wonderful, for the power of words, the highest power on earth, vanishes before it.

Who has not experienced the truth of the very common fact, that the most magnificent poem is incapable of producing any effect in a bad composition, while a middling libretto not only does not injure fine music, but through it, is actually raised into a higher sphere? It is a truth which cannot by any means be disputed, that in the connection of poetry with music, the immediate and the stronger effect is produced by the latter. When we reproach Wagner with sacrificing far too frequently the really musical to the declamatory element, even in cases when this, in a certain degree, is not at all rendered necessary by the importance of the words, we find, at the same time, an excuse for him in his double capacity of author as well as composer of his dramas. But we must protest against the result of a totally individual endowment, which may be called simultaneously over-complete and incomplete, being elevated into a law—against deficiency being pronounced advancement. Grant that Wagner's example may tend to better lyrical dramas being offered by better authors to the composers, who did not previously know it, that it is not neces-

sary to work on a French or Italian model for the purpose of producing effect; there is certainly no objection to this; but the composers who have sworn allegiance to the banner may rest assured that they will sink into a bottomless abyss, if they do not present us, even on the stage, with what is independently musically beautiful; for besides, and above all the charm exerted by action, legends, figure, and rhyme, men require, if they do hear music, that it shall be genuine music.

But Wagner's successes speak in his favor; he says so himself. Yes and no. After a great many, mostly superfluous, wordy disputes, Wagner's operas have been received into the repertory, where they find a place among the works of the composers of all nations, without affecting the impressions produced by those works—a proof that, on the one hand, they do not differ so very much from the latter, and, on the other, that they are not sufficiently strong to act in a really reformatory manner on the public taste. This, by the way, Wagner himself confesses, at least as far as *Tannhäuser* is concerned; for he says, "If I should have the pleasure of seeing my *Tannhäuser* favorably received by the public of Paris also, I feel sure that I shall owe my success for the most part to the very evident connection of this opera with those of my predecessors, among whom I will particularly remind you of Weber." (The connection between *Lohengrin* and Weber is perhaps not much less evident.) He hints, however, that Weber made concessions to the "Gallery," while he himself (Wagner) has abstained from so doing. We cannot here enter into the consideration of these concessions, our only object being at present to state the most material views of our author; but if the refusal to make certain concessions is a proof of courage, it is not always a proof of wisdom.

Wagner will not, however, at any price, allow us to expect from his earlier works "the most stringent" of the conditions resulting from his theoretical maxims; he will permit us to do this only in the case of his newest work, *Tristan und Isolde*, which, although published has never been performed. "Not," he tells us, "because I formed it according to my system, because all theory was completely forgotten by me, but because, in this case, at last I proceeded with the greatest freedom, and the most entire disregard of all theoretical considerations, in such a way that, during its execution, I became aware that I soared far above my system." In this opera he has had recourse to the orchestra of the symphonist, and allowed the poet (himself) to call to him:—

"Stretch out your melody boldly, so that it may flow like an uninterrupted stream through the whole work. In it do you say what I pass over in silence, while you alone can say it, and silently will I say everything, because I lead you by the hand."

"In truth, the greatness of the poet is mostly to be measured by what he passes over in silence, in order to allow us, also silently, to say what is inexpressible; it is the musician who converts this silence into clear tones, and the infallible form of his loud-sounding silence is endless melody." (!)

The orchestra is here to assume towards the drama a relation somewhat similar to that taken by the tragic chorus of the Greeks towards the dramatic action; and yet again this is not so; for the relation of the chorus was of a reflective kind, and stood apart from the action, while the orchestra takes a most lively share in all the motives of the latter, and the great total of this symphonic opera (I am giving only a short but accurate outline of what Wagner says) will produce the impression, which nature, full of life, produces, in the forest for instance, with her thousand voices, on him who gives himself up to her.

The score of *Tristan und Isolde* has been published, and I have read it through as carefully as I could. I should not think, however, of giving an opinion on it now. What completely distinguishes the music of this opera from all that has hitherto been created in the domain of music, is that it contains only slight indications, not of no model-like "opera-melody," but of no vocal melody at all. The orchestra forms an unceasing and

ery complicated web of tone, and gives us by ar the principal part of what the composer is attempting to express. If Wagner succeeds in effectively producing this work, we shall, with reason, be able to say of him, that he has done not only what never has been heard, but also what never has been heard of.

I must now notice several detached observations contained in the *Letter*. Wagner says he wrote his theoretical works in an "abnormal" state, which "oppressed in a strange manner" his brain; and he almost appears to regret what he has penned. It is possible that his operas (if I may be allowed so to designate his dramatic works) would have met with more impartial appreciation without the works in question, but the appreciation would then have been far less noisy. It is not to be disputed that the critics were partly very much opposed to Wagner, though again, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that his partisans filled the press with their laudation in a manner which had never been witnessed even in the case of the greatest productions. When Wagner says that his known operas were so scurvily treated by the musical critics, partly on account of his theories, although these compositions were written before the appearance of his literary works, he should not forget that these very works have been adduced, by his partisans, as proof of the excellence of his ethical views. What is right for the one set of men is just for the other.

As people are accustomed to hear Wagner and Liszt mentioned as obeying the same views, the following apothegm of Wagner's, in reference to Liszt's *Symphonische Dichtungen*, must appear worthy of remark:—"It is not a programme, which excites more than silences the obstructive question as to the 'wherefore,' which can therefore, express the importance of the symphony, but only dramatic action itself, scientifically carried out."

The ominous expression, "Music of the Future," which forms the title of the *Letter*, is treated, quite incidentally, as one erroneously derived from the idea of the *Kunstwerk der Zukunft*. Every one, who has really the interest of music at heart, will be heartily glad to see "the Spectre of the Music of the Future," as Wagner designates it, disappear, and return to the simple designations of good and bad, beautiful and trivial music.

Although I have given utterance to only the most inconsiderable portion of the thoughts that the perusal of Wagner's pamphlet have suggested to my mind, I will conclude my letter, which is already, perhaps, far too long. May these hasty lines in some degree help to "dissipate a large amount of error and prejudice," and to bring people back from extreme views, which are calculated to produce more mischief the longer they obtain.

FERDINAND HILLER.

Music and Musical Criticism.

SCUDO ON VERDI—CIMAROSA'S *MATRIMONIO SEGRETO*—THE ITALIAN OPERA AT PARIS, &c., I.

Scudo, in a late number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has one of his characteristic and clever articles on the influence of criticism. He says criticism is simply reason clothed with feeling; it does not create the principles on which it bases its judgments; it draws them from history, and from master pieces of the human mind.

In speaking of the arbitrary meanings attached to the words beautiful and ugly, false and true, just and unjust, the errors we are apt to make in forming our opinions, and the presentiments, as he calls them, existing in the conscience, of that which is really beautiful and true, he says finely, that time develops these premonitions; these presentiments of native conscience "become facts, and transform themselves into monuments, which monuments accumulating, stand as land marks of the different eras of civilization which have existed on earth."

As usual he takes occasion to protest against Verdi; a protestation he has been making religiously for a decade of years. He says Verdi is not a great composer. The musical language he creates is violent and often rough. He writes badly. He is almost ignorant of that art which is so important to

the creative artist,—the art of developing an idea and drawing from it the legitimate consequences. His effects are abrupt, and he violates the passions instead of evoking them with management. His characters are almost always in a fury, with a dagger in their hands. His monotonous and bloody melodramas have spoiled the taste of Italy, made her forget how to laugh—she who laughed so well; taken from her the fine traditions of the art of singing, and excited in this highly gifted, but idle and passably ignorant nation, a senseless pride.

Quite an array of charges against Verdi, who has, however, for his comfort, the possession of present popularity. The imitators of Verdi meet with no gentler words of course; they are as Dogberry says "tolerable and not to be endured," because, says M. Scudo sharply, the manner of this master is entirely individual and he himself is not able to modify it. It is only genius seconded by science that can renew and transform itself, and M. Verdi is a man of talent simply, who has practice without true knowledge. His music produces on the public the effect the red mantle does on the bull. Its confused sonorousness is intoxicating, over exciting the material sensibilities, and rendering them incapable of tasting the qualities of a superior art, which art speaks to the imagination, awakens the fancy, and gently penetrates to the depths of the soul.

"This is what we have written," he adds sturdily, "for ten years, and all the success of the author of *Ernani*, *Rigoletto*, and *Il Trovatore* has not been able to shake our convictions. We shall not contend with the public as to the pleasure that certain operas of M. Verdi gives it; but it must permit us to say that it deceives itself as to the equality and merit of the object which flatters its taste, as well also as to the nature of the æsthetical or mental pleasure which it fancies it is receiving."

In this same article is a *resumé* of the music given in Paris this last autumn at the Italian and Lyric Theatres and Opera. On the 30th October *Il Matrimonio Segreto* was sung at the Theatre Italien by Zucherini, our old favorite Badiali, Alboni, Penco and Battu.

This causes M. Scudo immense satisfaction of course. He ejaculates with orthodox zeal: *Voilà de la musique jeune, éternellement jeune!* The day when this ensemble of grace, sentiment and serene gaiety—that gaiety which arises like a day-dawn in a satisfied soul, and not that which spring from malice of the mind—the day when this simple history of an honest family, troubled momentarily by the little entanglements of a youthful and discreet love, shall no longer be understood and appreciated, except by a few tardy amateurs, a sad revolution shall have taken place in the musical art and the moral order. We shall be no longer here, God be praised!

Alboni, he tells us, was charming in the part of "Fidama," the old merchant's rich sister, and she restored that delicious air,

"E vero che in casa
Io son la padrona."

which she sang with a spirit and sweet irony which set well on her smiling and full blooming face. Madame Penco, who has studied hard in order to merit the favor of the Parisian dilettanti, was very good in the part of "Carolina," whose honest indignation and naïve tenderness she brought out cleverly. She sang the fine recitative of the cantabile in the second act, with breadth and in an elevated style.

This account given by Scudo *so con amore*, has been read on a sweet spring-like morning, the soft west wind blowing, February though it may be, with a tenderness such as Scudo describes the love in the "*Matrimonio Segreto*," *printanier et discret*; it breathes in at the window over the pretty Madeira vine, whose tender twining branches are running up the wall, making picturesque frames for the lovely Mozart and Raphael heads hanging there.

What can be done that would be more in keeping, than to fill the west wind with Cimarosa's melodies? There is the opera score on the music shelf, and there the open piano and an hour or two of sweet leisure just the open window, "*printanier*," if not *discret*. The little hound terrier, tired of play, sleeps in her basket, giving low growls at the last peals of merry child laughter. The old poplar tree bole spreads out a summer-like shadow on the grass which is always green in our lowland country. The quiet is almost voluptuous, and Spring is very winning, peeping in on us in this pretty way, here when it might be mid-winter counting by dates.

The *Matrimonio Segreto* music sounds beautiful in these surroundings. Like the poor tenore at the Theatre Italien, M. Gardoni, we may *estropier* the incomparable airs, but we have no M. Scudo audience to shock; only our own indulgent easily pleased ears.

The original play, from which the libretto of this

Opera was taken, was written by Garrick; but the English story is very different from that of the playful Italian comedy, for it is horrible and tragical, while the Opera is as graceful in the plot and management as in the music.

It is the most popular Opera ever written, taking its immediate and marvellous success and long continued favor together; and it was composed by Cimarosa with the greatest ease. He wrote several of these lovely airs in an evening, with a party of friends around him. The celebrated "*Pria che spunti*" in the second Act, Paolino's great air, was written at Prague after he had spent a fortnight there in doing nothing but walking about the town and amusing himself.

Cimarosa was in the service of the Emperor Leopold, of Austria, at the time he wrote this Opera, 1792. The night of its first performance it had a droll success, such as no other opera ever had. After it was over, the Emperor invited composer, singers and orchestra to a fine feast, after which they all returned in a body to the theatre and repeated the Opera the very same night.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

(To be continued.)

Church Music in New York.

In the service of the Romish church, from time immemorial, the talents of the best composers have been availed of to render the music as attractive and at the same time as impressive as it could be made; to this end have the abilities of such minds as Haydn, Mozart, Cherubini, and contemporaneous composers been directed, whilst in the Protestant church of all denominations, the power of music to elevate and purify the mind has been, until within a brief period, almost entirely ignored or overlooked.

The ancient and severe English style is rapidly going out of use, and giving place to the more effective and less solemn modern school. Of course there are exceptions (such as Trinity Church), but such is the general tendency. In some of our Catholic churches, the music approximates very closely to what one hears in the cathedrals in Paris and Germany: foremost among these is the Church of St. Francis Xavier, in Sixteenth street, where the music is under the direction of Prof. William Bergé, a graduate of one of the first universities in Germany, who has been in this country about fifteen years. The music of this church is of an imposing description, and the choir capable of executing the most difficult compositions extant. They receive every month manuscript masses from the pen of Mercadante—at present sojourning in Italy. Prof. Bergé is himself a composer of much ability, and produced at this church, Christmas day, a mass of his own composition, which has withstood the most searching criticism, and was accorded to possess singular beauty and merit. On this occasion the soloists were—soprano, Mrs. Cooper; contralto, Madame Colletti; tenor, Mr. C. Hubner; and bass, Mr. C. Werneke. A powerful chorus assisted. The *World*, in a recent number, said of him:

Bergé divides the palm of merit with Morgan, so far as strict organ playing goes, but is said to excel him in point of brilliant execution, and a power to produce wonderful orchestral effects with his instrument. His reputation is European as well as transatlantic, and it is doubtful whether Catholic music is interpreted with as much brilliancy and finish anywhere out of Italy, as at the Jesuit chapel in Sixteenth street. He has done more towards encouraging a taste for brilliant church music than any other organist that was ever among us, native or foreign.

The Church of the Immaculate Conception, in Fourteenth street, was completed some three years since, and contains an organ built by Erben of this city, which is an instrument of unusual power. The music is directed by Herr G. Schmitz, organist of the church, a player of no ordinary capacity, with surprising powers of execution, manifest even in the plainest Gregorian chants. His accompaniments and *extempore* voluntaries compare favorably with those of the best European organists. The first soprano singer is Mme. Caradori; contralto, Miss Frost; tenor, Mr. H. Schmitz, a brother of the organist; and basso, Mr. Durlion. On the eighth of December, at a musical festival in commemoration of the anniversary of the "Immaculate Conception," at this church, some thirty of the leading musical talent of the city took part. We attended vesper service here yesterday, and heard the brilliant "*Tantum Ergo*," composed by Rossini for the coronation of the Pope, rendered in a manner not soon to be forgotten.

At St. Stephens in Twenty-eighth street the music is of a highly finished and artistic character. Dr. Cummings, the prelate of this church, is known to many of your Boston readers, having delivered the address at the laying of the corner stone of a large educational institute in Roxbury a year ago; also from having lectured before the Young Men's Christian Association, at the Hollis Street Church, in

November last—almost the only case on record of a Catholic Priest having occupied a Protestant pulpit. He is personally a good judge of music, and has frequently been known to pay a good premium for an extra soprano solo. The regular choir consists of Madame Isadora Clark, first soprano; Madame Berger, alto; Signor Quinto, of the Academy of Music, tenor; and Signor Centemani, barytone, with a chorus of amateurs. Occasionally the *Prima Donna*s of the various operatic troupes take part in the music of this church, and the writer has heard such singers as Gazzaniga, Patti, and Carl Formés there. The organist, Mr. C. Wels; is a very superior performer, and one of our best pianists, who has succeeded W. A. King, formerly of Grace Church, and author of the celebrated "Grace Church collection of music." The latter now officiates at Rev. Dr. Tyng's.

There is a large German Catholic Church in Third street, where there is an *orchestra*, in addition to the organ and choir: it is scarcely necessary to add that the music is more noisy than beautiful. There is also a French Catholic Church in Twenty-third street, where the music is superior.

At St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Mott street, where Archbishop Hughes officiates, the music is not of so high an order as in the above, neither at St. Peter's, in Barclay street, although in both of these it is far above mediocrity, and comprises selections from the favorite composers. There are several minor Catholic Churches in this city and Brooklyn, where the music is good; but my space forbids mentioning them in detail.—*Transcript*.

Eugene Scribe.

This most prolific and successful of all dramatic writers, died recently in Paris at the age of seventy, a good old age, but an extraordinary age for a literary man to attain. Scribe, however, was not a man of genius. He was a man of talent, understood scenic effect admirably, and wrote with great point and neatness. He never attempted in his works the delineation of passion; but he knew well how to appeal to the sensibility of an audience. His sentimental domestic dreams in one and two acts at the Gymnase (then the favorite theatre of the Court and the Duchess de Berri), first made his reputation. Among these the best were the "Happiest Day of My Life," "A Daughter to Marry," "A Marriage of Reason," etc., etc. He afterwards wrote for the Theatre Francaise several good five act comedies:—"A Chain," "The Minister and the Mercer," "A Marriage of Money," etc. Mlle. Mars was then still on the stage and many of the pieces were written expressly for her. For Rachel, Scribe wrote "The Czarina." His name is associated with the great works of Auber, Donizetti, Halevy, Meyerbeer and Verdi.

Dramatic literature is the most productive of all literary labor in France. No wonder then that Scribe realized an immense fortune. Scribe was the author of three hundred vaudevilles, one hundred comedies, one hundred operas, ninety-two comic operas, twenty ballets, twenty two dramas, and about thirty volumes of novels and tales. It is not, however, to be supposed that Scribe actually wrote all these, though most certainly all his earliest works are his own. Latterly he adopted Dumas' fashion of giving the skeleton of the play and getting it written by various authors; or he would take a play already written and offered to him for approbation, putting in the finishing touches, which ensured its success. It is said that, looking over the best of his dramatic works, he discovered that he had titles beginning with every letter of the alphabet except X, and that, anxious to complete the list, he immediately wrote the piece entitled *La Xacarilla*. He was no less successful as a writer of opera librettos, having written those of Robert le Diable, Le Juive, Les Huguenots, Le Prophète, La Dame Blanche, Le Cheval de Bronze, Fra Diavolo, L'Ambassadrice, Le Domino Noir, L'Etoile du Nord, &c.

Scribe also wrote several interesting novels, among others, *Piquillo Alliaga*. In 1836, he was elected Academician, and was commander of the legion of honor. He had by the frequent repetition of his plays amassed an enormous fortune. However he continued to the last a most laborious life. The two following lines were engraved over the gate of his Chateau at Séricourt:

"Le Théâtre a payé cet asyle champêtre
Vous qui passez, merci; je vous le dois peut-être."

It was always his pride, that all he possessed he owed to his pen. In his residence is a series of paintings, representing the first poor beginnings of that career, and also his successes until the day when he drove in his own coach into the court of his chateau which he was proud to think and tell the theatre had paid for. Scribe, late in life, married Mme. Biclery, the widow of a liquor dealer

in the Fauburg St. Antoine. She was immensely rich, so that M. and Mme. Scribe lived in great style. They were exceedingly hospitable, receiving much company, both in Paris, in his mansion built by himself, on the Rue Pigale and at his country house of Mortolaise. Scribe had no affectation of artistic life. He was not a Bohemian, but a sober citizen, a man of business, honest, amiable and good tempered. Having no pretensions to high birth, (being the son of a shop-keeper,) he himself, chose his own armorial bearings, just as the knights did of old, from their own achievements. He chose a pen, (a graceful quill, not a stiff steel pen,) with the appropriate motto, "Inde Fortuna."

German Piano-fortes.

Pianoforte playing is perhaps more general in this country than in any other. It is a common accomplishment of both sexes—one that is cultivated by the members of all classes and professions. I have met military men to whom the compositions of Bach and Beethoven are as familiar as the word of command. And have many a time wondered at the seeming incongruity of a captain booted and spurred, sitting down to the pianoforte, and playing off many a long fantasia, while his charger was neighing impatiently for its rider. All the most eminent pianists, those who by their practice skill and by their writings have developed the resources of the instrument are, with one or two honorable exceptions, of German origin. And yet in Germany hardly any advance in the structure of the pianoforte has been made for the last fifteen, indeed I might say twenty, years. Those improvements in the mechanism of the instrument which have been introduced at different times by the manufacturers of England and France, and which have tended so considerably to its perfection, have not been adopted by the German makers, from whose factories pianofortes are still produced, remarkable for the primitive simplicity of their action and similarity of tone. It is not that the improvements and recent inventions are unknown or unheeded, but whenever they have been copied, the result has not been favorable; the old principle has always been found the most profitable, and is consequently adhered to. Economy is urged as the chief object of the German manufacturer, and any innovation to increase the expense in making an instrument therefore eschewed. The price of pianos in Germany is considerably less than in England and France, eighty or ninety pounds being as much as can be expected for a grand, and the average charge much lower.

Notwithstanding their adherence to the old system of construction and mechanism, the German makers turn out some very excellent instruments. Those of Borsendörfer are acknowledged to be the best that are made in Vienna. This firm has but lately opened a new establishment, in which are to be found the factory, a magnificent suite of show rooms, a concert room to accommodate 600 or 700 people, and a princely residence for the proprietor, all under the same roof. It is a splendid building, situated in Neu Wien, a Vorstadt consisting entirely of modern houses, which in point of solidity and appearance, surpass those of Vienna proper. At the invitation of Herr Dachs, a talented pianist of the classical school, who may some day be as well known in England as he is respected in his own country, I visited Borsendörfer's new premises last week. They are admirably fitted up with every contrivance for the expeditious manufacture of the pianos in the different stages, from the very commencement to the moment when they are exhibited for sale in the show rooms. There are 300 men employed, who finish, upon the average, 30 pianofortes per week, a small number, perhaps, compared to the supply of such houses as Erard, Broadwood, and Collard, but adequate to the demand, which it must be remembered, is almost limited to Austria and Southern Germany.

The building is handsomely decorated. In the reception hall stands a colossal statue of Beethoven, as the sole ornament, giving the visitor a favorable impression of the taste of the proprietors, an impression which is confirmed by every object he sees throughout their model establishment.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS A LIBRETTIST. — "And will a once good and kind master of mine in the craft of letters be angry with his old apprentice and journeyman in these desultory reminiscences? I set down among the fasti of the St. James's Theatre a certain opera called the *Village Coquette*, to which he, a very young man then, with long silky hair, and a cataract of white satin for a cravat, as you see him in Mr. MacLise's picture, wrote the libretto, and in which John Braham enacted the part of a convivial but dissolute squire (in a scarlet velvet

coat and top boots of shiny leather)? The *Village Coquettes*! I remember almost every line of the words and every bar of the music. John Parry, the vivacious, the genial, the evergreen prince of buffoon-singers was among the *dramatis personæ*. There was that charming song of "Autumn Leaves," which I sincerely wish somebody would revive now. John Braham had a wondrous song about 'Snipe shooting in the snow.' Whether he fled the days of the *Village Coquettes*? The squire in the scarlet velvet coat is dead. There was a gentleman attached to the St. James's Theatre, who united the functions of treasurer and writer of burlesques, and whose name was Gilbert Abbott à Beckett. He lived to be a writer of leaders in *The Times* and one of the most upright magistrates that ever sat on the bench. He died very sadly and prematurely, too soon for friendship but not too soon for fame. Laughing John Parry laughs yet, and carols gaily. The writer of libretto is alive and famous to all the world. His name is *Charles Dickens*; and did I need a further excuse for routing up these old memories, it would be in the fact that he who composed the music to the *Village Coquettes* also lives, a good and honorable and just man? He has unhappily fallen upon evil days, and in life's wane has to begin the world again; but the author of the words to his songs has no more forgotten the old days than I have; for at the head of a committee for raising the funds for a testimonial to John Hullah I find the name of Dickens."—GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA (*Temple Bar*).

VIENNA.—At the Opera House, Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* was given on Sunday, Feb., 3rd. With this exception there has been little doing in the way of music since I last wrote.

The chief topic of conversation among musical people, is whether Madame Csillag will return here next autumn. Those who pretend to be good authorities on the subject assert that her engagement with Ullmann has been forfeited by the bankruptcy of that American impresario, and that the lady has an extraordinary offer of an increased salary (according to the official list she already receives more than any of the other artists) if she will renew her contract at the Kärntnerthor Theatre. Whether this be true or not, it is certain Madame Csillag cannot well be spared from Vienna, and I can easily understand the new director, Signor Salvi, advising his imperial master to induce her to remain. There are few *prime donne* anywhere with such *répertoire* at her command, and no one who is so popular with the Viennese.

A new theatre is spoken of, to be erected on the Schotten Glacis. There will be no Italian opera this spring in Vienna.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 16, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

Italian Opera.

Just as Mr. Rarey has come to tame his wild horses upon the platform of the Music Hall, under the very nose of Beethoven, the Academy of Music has been purged of the Centaurs that have held it. The ring is gone, the clown and the riding master have departed, the crack of the whip is no longer heard within its walls, the saw dust is swept away, and Music reigns again supreme in her beautiful temple.

The company of associated artists were welcomed, on Monday evening of this week, by the fullest house that we remember ever to have seen on an opening night. People here generally wait to see what a day may bring forth and are slow to trust their dollars to the uncertain fortunes of the opening night; but on Monday the sparkling and lively *Martha* filled the house, the upper tiers and parquet being entirely full. Such an audience could not but be a sympathetic one, and the old favorites, Mad. COLSON, ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, BRIGNOLI and SUSINI were most cordially welcomed as they successively appeared.

There is little to be said of the performance of an opera so familiar to us and by singers so well

known. Mad. COLSON is admirably fitted in every respect for the character of the Lady Harriet, her artistic style and flexible voice giving the fullest effect to the flowing lively music, and her ladylike elegance and beauty being in keeping with the character she assumed, especially in the Fair scene, where she well represented the lady in disguise, while, in the other parts of the opera, she did not have to disguise herself as a lady, as some do. Of Miss PHILLIPPS, there is little to be said, as her fine singing and sprightly acting in this opera are familiar. SUSINI is too ponderous and stately in his ways to give the character of Plunkett with the life that Formés threw into it, but he sang the music excellently. BRIGNOLI shone with undiminished lustre in parts where he could be conspicuous, as in *M'appari tutto amor*, but we wish him a sounder artistic conscience, and could not help reflecting how curiously a trio or quartet would sound, if soprano, alto, or basso should follow the example of the great tenore, and sing only where they can sing alone. Brignoli's incomparable voice is all his own, and so is his sluggish nature. We cannot find fault with him, if he does not act with the fire of Formés or Stigelli, for it is his nature, but we may, at least, claim an honest and conscientious rendering of music where the "silver voice" is as necessary to the due effect of the whole, as it is in the beautiful solos in which he (as well as his audience) takes delight. The chorus was meagre in numbers and power; the orchestra good. As to the costumes of which the programme had a good deal to say, we could not but think that the "original sketches" for the dresses of Brignoli and Susini could have come only from the "Book of British Costumes" by one Mr. Punch, for surely no English yeomen were ever so arrayed before.

Lucia di Lammermoor was given on Tuesday night for the debut of Miss ISABELLA HINCKLEY, the young American prima donna; a real native American this time—American born and bred. She at once attracted the attention and good will of the audience by her beauty, and the first notes of the opening scene, *Ancor non giunse*, showed us that she had a voice fresh and sweet as spring flowers, a mezzo soprano of large compass and sympathetic quality; of much natural capacity for the execution of difficulties, equal to the performance of the most intricate music, although frequently betraying some lack of confidence in the approaching and attacking of difficult and dangerous passages that we should naturally expect in a young novice, but which study, care and good schooling will, in no long time, remove. Her voice is admirably true in tune, but her enunciation is indistinct, so that words are recognized only with difficulty; a striking contrast to the orotund distinctness of the native Italian, of which the utterance of Brignoli is so beautiful and absolutely perfect a model, both to singers and speakers. Indeed, there can scarce be a better study for a public speaker in this matter, than to mark with care this feature of Brignoli's singing. It is worth of score of lessons in elocution.

Miss Hinckley's performance through the opera was well sustained to the end, confirming all the impressions which we received of her early in the evening, and showing, in addition, a decided dramatic talent in her acting of the more intense passages of the opera. She was vehemently applauded, and we must consider her debut to have been marked by unusual success.

STIGELLI sang the music of Edgardo with all his peculiar charm and gave to the exciting scene of the Malediction an energy and intense verisimilitude that has never been surpassed or indeed equalled here, by any other tenor. With Miss Hinckley he succeeded in giving an *éclat* to the sextette that was hardly to be expected, when the important part of Ashton was given not only *sotto voce*, but actually inaudibly, by Signor FERRI, who thus not only deprived the sing-

ers of important support, but defrauded the audience of what was necessary to the completeness of the rendering of the music. Generally, an attentive, conscientious and pleasing artist, he has never before appeared to so little advantage. We can pardon or at least tolerate the constant *tremolo*, attributing it to a mistaken theory or a bad school, but neither audience or critics, can endure such noticeable and marked neglect on the part of an artist, or long fail to remind him that he does not fulfil his part of the contract he has entered into with the public. Signor BARILI filled the rôle of Raimondo with credit; Signor LORTI sang very well the Arturo music; and an opera would hardly be one without the familiar presence of the useful Mad. AVOGADRO, who has filled certain characters for so many years.

The performance, which as a whole, it may be seen was an unequal one, was brought to a brilliant close by the superb singing of Stigelli in the finale. In him we have an artist who always throws his whole soul and his whole talent, and all that he has to bring to his audience (which he always has in mind) into every effort that he makes. Would that we had more such as he! The house was not so full as on the first night, still a very large and paying audience was assembled.

Wednesday night gave us *Il Giuramento* of Mercadante, which has not been heard here since the days of Truffi and Benedetti. We must confess to recalling but very little of the beautiful music of this opera, save a few morceaux that have long ago become common property, and also to being entirely mystified by the intricate complications of the plot. The opera was preceded by Verdi's overture to *Giovanna d'Arco*, which was well played by the orchestra and pleased the audience much. The opera was admirably rendered by all the artists. Indeed it gives rare opportunities to each of the characters to display their best points separately, and it likewise abounds in beautiful passages of concerted music.

MAD. COLSON, as Elaisa, sang with rare excellence and made the character, by her spirited and admirable acting, one of great interest. In fact, in no respect does Mad. Colson ever disappoint her audience; she is always up to what is required of her, and always does her whole duty as well as it is possible for her to do it and in a manner that few can equal.

Miss PHILLIPPS admirably supported her throughout the opera. The music that falls to Bianca is elaborate and difficult of execution but she met and conquered all difficulties, in the most triumphant and satisfactory manner. The beautiful duet, *Dolce conforto al misero*, was most exquisitely sung by these ladies, and its repetition was imperatively demanded and acceded to.

BRIGNOLI had those opportunities which he delights in and never fails to improve, abundantly given him in this opera, his very first entrance upon the scene being in the beautiful aria, *Bell' adorata imagine*. In the finale he was quite spirited in action, and we cannot remember the occasion when he has appeared so animated or so entitled himself in this respect to higher commendation; while to praise his matchless singing, is a superfluous, though always agreeable, duty. After Mario, there is no such tenor voice within our knowledge.

So, Signor FERRI was admirable in his singing, this evening, receiving the most enthusiastic applause. The prayer, *Alla pace*, was very beautifully rendered by him. His dress and personal bearing were exceedingly appropriate and picturesque.

The whole opera was well given and is full of beauties, and was formerly a very popular one in Boston. The distractions of the plot, however, and the novelty of the music (to ears a little surfeited with Verdi and Donizetti,) demanding an incessant attention on a first hearing, may account, in some degree, for the moderate applause and some apparent

want of enthusiasm on the part of the audience, which would, no doubt, be different in a more intimate acquaintance.

This afternoon *Ernani* is offered, with Mad. Colson and Stigelli, and the last act of *Lucia*, Miss Hinckley taking that character. On Sunday evening the opera troupe and the Handel and Haydn Society unite their forces, and give Rossini's *Stabat Mater* at the theatre.

On Monday, Miss KELLOGG, another new American artist, will appear in the pretty part of *Linda de Chamounix*.

PRIVATE CONCERTS.—Mr. George E. Whiting's and the Mozart Club.—Both these concerts offer something worthy of note.

On Mr. WHITING's programme of the entertainment given March 1st, at the Tremont Temple a good deal of classical music appeared. Mendelssohn's F minor Sonata (op. 65, No. 1) a Fugue by Bach in G minor, one by Schumann on Bach's name, the chorus "Fixed in his everlasting seat," by Handel, were pieces showing that the gentleman is in earnest. That this is really the case Mr. Whiting's own Fantasia proved, which is written in a dignified mood, becoming the solemn and grand instrument for which it is written.

We may add that Mr. Whiting showed considerable dexterity in the treatment of manuals and pedals. We would urge upon Mr. Whiting to continue the study of such masters as he presented in his concert.

The audience enjoyed the selection highly and especially after the minor pieces, such as Mendelssohn's Wedding March or Mozart's F minor Fantasia for a musical clock, applauded very heartily.

We should have noticed this entertainment in our last week's issue had not the pressure of other matter prevented it.

A very pleasant surprise the "Second Social Orchestral Entertainment" of the Boston Mozart Club gave us. We were not prepared to see so many amateurs together, much less to hear them play so well. It certainly reflects much credit on their leader, Mr. Suck, to have trained his orchestra of about thirty performers so well. The programme included the E flat symphony by Haydn, probably the most beautiful he wrote, the overture to "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" by Mozart, and the Concert Overture by Kalliwoda in C. We noticed as especially good the string-quartette and the horn. This way of meeting together for the love of music solely without an eye to the dollar is a pleasant sign of progress among us. We hope the B. M. C. will flourish and prosper, and by giving such fine entertainments as this was, do their share in the good work of improving public taste. They have our congratulations and best wishes. *

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—We regret to have lost the last afternoon concert, which offered unusual attraction, as may be seen from the programme which we subjoin. We learn that the house was crowded again.

1. Overture—Der Freyschutz..... Weber
 2. Marcia Funebre..... Chopin
(Arranged for the Orchestral Union) by G. Kopitz.
 3. Symphony No. 1..... Beethoven
 4. Les Preludes..... Liszt
 5. Selections from Huguenots..... Meyerbeer
- The next concert we are promised Mendelssohn's Symphony, No. 1; Suppe's Overture, "The Farmer and the Poet," Romanza "L'Eclair," and Lanner's Concert Waltz "Jubel."

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 11.—Before this letter reaches you, the opera company lately playing in the city will have appeared in Boston. The season here has been totally successful until the last week when the receipts fell off fearfully.

Miss Kellogg has been the chief novelty after the

new opera *Un Ballo in Maschera*. She sang moderately well on the occasion of her debut, and exceedingly well at a matinée performance of *Linda* on Saturday. The opera season has altogether been the longest ever known in the history of our Academy. The new opera has proved a genuine success and is already very popular. The foreign music dealers have sent on for additional copies of the score, and our home dealers have given commissions to arrangers, to prepare piano arrangements of the principal airs.

There has been considerable concertising of late. Gustave Satter has given two matinée performances, both of which were well attended and have done the pianist much credit. Rapetti the violinist and opera conductor gives a concert to-night at Irving Hall, at which his daughter sings and several instrumental soloists assist. To-morrow Miss Emma Rowcroft gives a vocal matinée, the first part composed exclusively of sacred music.

As the first of May approaches, there is commotion and agitation among church choirs and many important changes will take place this season. At St Stephen's Roman Catholic church, where Charles Wels plays, and Isadora Clark sings, there will be quite a revolution. A Signor Speranza who made a *fiasco* at the Academy of Music some months ago under Strakosch's regime, will take charge of the choir and young Morra, a son of the useful Madame Morra who takes the subordinate parts in the operas will be the organist. In Episcopal choirs revolutions will be numerous and complete. TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, MARCH 12.—On Friday last Mr. Satter gave a second Matinée, which was, however not quite as well attended as the first one. Among the audience assembled, however, there were sundry very restless spirits, who, by constantly changing their seats, or standing up in the middle of the room, close by the piano, and consulting about the best place, not only annoyed other people exceedingly, but obliged Mr. Satter to make a very inappropriate pause between the movements of the piece he was playing. This latter was the Pastoral Symphony, in Liszt's two-hand arrangement. It is about as perfect a reproduction of the orchestra as it is possible for the piano to give, and Mr. Satter played it exquisitely. In the second part he gave Fantaisies of his own on the Huguenots and Don Pasquale and a banquet of short pieces, consisting of Chopin's lovely A minor waltz, a Midnight Barcarole by J. Hopkins, a very pleasing and original composition indeed, and a Ballade, "Loreley," by himself, also a striking piece. A request for an Improvisation was handed in, but with no effect this time. And indeed, one ought to be satisfied with the variety and many-sidedness of Mr. Satter's repertoire. Technically, he is equally successful in every possible style of music, whether this can be said of the spirit of his interpretations, every one must judge for himself, and by his own feeling and taste.

Another Matinée is announced for next Friday.

A Miss Lesermann, a singer, made her debut last week in a miscellaneous concert at Irving Hall, assisted by a number of our leading artists. Last evening Sig. Rapetti brought out his daughter, Miss Cecilia R., in the same capacity at a similar concert, and it is said with great success. A third vocal débutante, a Miss Emma Rowcroft made her appearance at a matinée this afternoon. Add to these our two new operatic acquisitions, Misses Hinckley and Kellogg, and no one can say that vocal music is not flourishing among us. You will hear from other sources of charming little Miss Kellogg's success in *Linda*. She seemed just made for the part, and there is something so winning and ladylike about her, as if she had just stepped from our midst upon the stage, that we cannot help feeling the warmest interest in her progress and success. —t—

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 12.—Messrs. Editors: The preponderating taste of this musical municipality appears to be for popular orchestral concerts; the Germania Rehearsals have always paid; the Promenade Concerts at the Academy of Music were always successful; and at different times the crowded audiences that greeted Gungl and Jullien, show proof that the efforts of a well trained and well directed orchestra are sure to meet with appreciative support and encouragement in Philadelphia.

On Monday next a series of popular concerts, after the style of Jullien, are to be inaugurated at Concert Hall; we are then promised the production of the best works by the best composers; with the assistance at times of a numerous and competent chorus. The management of affairs, musical and financial, is to be in the hands of Mr. ENGELKE, well known as a musician of the greatest ability and, *par excellence*, as a gentleman. He has in his possession for reproduction the best part of the orchestral scores, originally belonging to the great Jullien, with which great man he was long associated on terms of the most friendly professional intimacy. Mr. Engelke certainly brings ability sufficient for its accomplishment to the undertaking, and with the assistance of the people he can make these concerts a great and permanent success.

The monotony pervading our musical life is to be agreeably relieved in a few weeks by a short season of opera, including representations of "La Juive," "Un Ballo in Maschera," by way of novelty, and the old stock of "Martha" and "La Traviata," by way of novelty, too, I suppose. * * *

An incorporated institution of many years existence here is the Quartette party at the house of Mr. M., on Market street, on an afternoon of the week, which, since I write from Philadelphia shall be nameless. Mr. M., has the finest quartette of stringed instruments perhaps in the country; his repertoire, of its kind and its way, is very full and very perfect; and of a consequence the resident talent here most do congregate. Should you be so fortunate as to drop down among us at any time, you must get the Directory, or call on the Mayor, who being a religious man will doubtless direct you to the spot. MERCUTIS.

MONROE, MICH., FEB. 23.—The celebration of our cherished anniversary—Washington's Birth-day, was not confined to large cities, or particular sections of the country, and if we, of the Western country, outside of the cities, do not always make so much of a show of our enthusiasm it is no less heart-felt and earnest.

Among the demonstrations of the day in this quiet little city was the concert given at the Seminary, a programme of which I append, which was received with marked favor and shows I think a good degree of conscientious desire for good music in a Female Seminary as also the manner in which the music was received, an appreciation of music above the dance-music of the day.

PART I.

1. Duo—a 2 Pianos, "Recollections"..... Miss Chandler and Mr. Chamberlin.
2. Piano Solo—Andante, op. 32..... Thalberg
Miss Gustine.
3. Vocal Duett—"Speed My Bark".....Neukomm
Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlin.
4. Piano Solo—"Yankee Doodle".....Strakosch
Miss Chandler.
5. Song—"Friend of the Brave".....Caleott
Mr. Chamberlin.

PART II.

1. Piano Solo—Sonata, op. 26.....Beethoven
1 Andante. 2 Marcia funebre. 3 Allegro.
Mr. Chamberlin.
2. Vocal Duett—"Swallow's Farewell".....Kucken
Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlin.
3. Piano Solo—"Moise".....Thalberg
Miss Chandler.
4. Song—"Our Native Song".....Russell
Mr. Chamberlin.
5. Piano Solo—"Silver Spring".....Mason
Mr. Chamberlin.

The city paper in speaking of the concert uses the following language:—

THE CONCERT AT THE SEMINARY.—The concert at the Young Ladies' Seminary on Friday evening last, given by Prof. Chamberlin and his pupils, in honor of the officers and members of the U. C. D. Society, was very largely attended, and was a pleasant affair. The study hall was filled to its utmost capacity. The performances both of Mr. Chamberlin and his pupils, Misses Chandler and Gustine, were excellent. The "Swallow's Farewell," sung by Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, was excellently done,

and by request was repeated. "Our Native Song," and "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," were both well performed by Mr. Chamberlin. C.

WORCESTER, MASS., FEB. 27.—Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* was read at Mechanic's Hall, on the evening of the 22d inst., by Prof. Russell of Lancaster, with Mendelssohn's music which was performed by a select choir and by Mr. B. D. Allen and Mrs. E. B. Dame, pianists. The reading did not meet the expectations of the large audience, but the music was exceedingly well performed, thanks to Mr. Allen, to whose direction it had been intrusted.

On Sunday evening the Mozart Society gave a concert for the benefit of a pet object of our charities, the Orphans' Home, and a most successful concert it was. Under Mr. Frost's direction the choruses went off finely. It is rare to hear them sung with such expression, and in such excellent time. The singers, a hundred and fifty in number, took them up readily, and sang in truth, with "spirit and understanding." We must mention, as especially good, the "Wonderful" chorus, *All we like Sheep, Behold the Lamb of God*, and the *Hallelujah*, which always carries inspiration with it. Mr. Stocking sang *Comfort ye*, with smoothness, and correct execution; also, *Thou shalt dash them*. Mrs. Pierce's musical alto, with more earnestness of manner, would have made us pleasantly remember *O thou that tellest*. Mr. Lawrence gave *The people that walked in darkness* with very good effect. Miss Fiske sang well in *Rejoice greatly*; and, *I know that my Redeemer liveth*, that great song of faith, she sang as one feeling its mighty truths. Miss Muzzy, whom we heard for the first time, sang *Come unto Him* with much sweetness, but there was a lack of correct intonation. Mrs. Hill's *He was despised*, was one of the fine things of the evening. Mr. Sargent, a new-comer, astonished and pleased all by his artistic rendering of *Why do the nations*, and *The Trumpet shall sound*. One rarely hears recitatives better sung than they were by most of the singers. The orchestra, fifteen members, rendered efficient aid under Mr. Burt's direction, and Mrs. Hammond's piano-accompaniments were deservedly commended.

Popular and patriotic concerts are the fashion this week. Miss Lizzie Heywood and Master Rentz appear at one to-morrow night. A concert by resident talent will be announced next week, the proceeds to be added to the Kansas contributions. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club give the last concert of their series on Friday evening, with Mrs. Kempton vocalist. Their programme is hardly up to the usual mark. It contains, however Mozart's Clarinette Quintette, and the Fifth Symphony *Adagio*. S.

Another American Singer.

In the *Signale*, (Leipsic) we find the following notice of Miss Jenny Busk a young lady of Baltimore, Md., who has been studying music for eight years in Germany.

The cantatrice, Miss Jenny Busk, a young American, who has finished her studies in the conservatory at Leipsic, has lately attracted much notice. We remember that this genuine child of the New World excited already, while at school, extraordinary hopes, which now seem about to be realized, as she has lately sung in the cities in the vicinity of Leipsic with great success, as we learn from the reports now before us. Dr. E. Baldamus speaks, in the *Cöthen Gazette*, concerning her concert given on the 12th of December, as follows:—"This cantatrice unites all excellencies of a good school with a pleasant voice, pure and certain intonation, perfect control over her means, symmetric formation of sound, extreme purity and elegance of the colorature, noble tact in the accents of her performance, and, above all, the spirit of a clear perception, together with an enthusiast appreciation of the art and the composition. We desire that Miss Busk should appear before a Leipsic public and grant them the enjoyment of her fine talents."

Music Abroad.

PARIS.—At the Theatre Imperial Italien, The Barber, Il Matrimonio Segreto and Don Giovanni have been given lately. The *Gazette Musicale* says that Mozart's *chef d'œuvre* demands an ensemble of artists very difficult to be found, and that the cast this year left much to be desired in several rôles. Mme. Penco alone was complete in that of Donna Anna. Mlle Marie Battu gave with much taste and life the part of Zerlina. Mlle Dalmondi who made her debut as Donna Elvira had a feeble or exhausted voice, with no medium tones, singing true however, — a great quality. Gardoni and Zucchini filled well the parts of don Ottavio and Leporello. As for Mario, he was entirely Don Juan in his splendid black dress à la *Henri II.*, in his sword, his cane and in the serenade *Deh! vieni alla finestra* which he sang deliciously.

He seemed however to care but little for the rest and sang the *Fin che dal vino* almost like couplets in a vaudeville, rather spoken than sung. But what odd stage play had he conceived for the finale of the first act? Instead of the sword he has only a poniard, with which he threatens Leporello, and, in the moment of the general tumult, when every body is against him, his valet brings him two enormous pistols, beautiful works of art, no doubt, but which, in the hands of a gentleman of that epoch, produce a very singular effect. Why does not Mario understand that Don Juan and the revolver ought to have nothing in common? Why not a rifled cannon? The masked trio was encored, (just as it always is here) and Mme. Penco was complimented with a bouquet.

LEIPSIK.—The *Neue Zeitschrift* reports that "In a concert given by *F. Menzel* in the Schützenhaus, Mr. Carl Hause from Boston took part. He played only compositions of his own, and was applauded for the mechanical dexterity which he displayed and which is quite commendable. We refrain from saying more until we have heard him in works of other composers."

London.

At Her Majesty's Theatre *Fra Diavolo* has been produced with Mlle Parepa as Zerlina. Wallace's *Amber Witch* was announced as to follow. At the Royal English Opera, Stoepel's *Hiawatha* was brought out (Feb. 11) by Miss Pyne and Harrison with Mad. Stoepel, (Matilda Heron) as reader of the poem. The *Musical World* speaks favorably of the composition. Balfe's *Satanella* followed with Miss Pyne and Harrison. Concerts are numerous. The Monday Popular Concerts at St. James' Hall gave a programme made up entirely of Beethoven. The *Musical World* says of it:

The entire programme was devoted to Beethoven, and comprised no less than four *chefs d'œuvre* of the great "tone-poet"—two for the first time, at the Monday Popular Concerts. The Quartette in C major (op. 59), which has been already heard at these concerts (Nov. 14, 1859), and is the last of the three dedicated to Count Rasoumowski, the Russian ambassador at Vienna, and, as all our readers know, one of the most strikingly original of the stringed compositions of the great master. Enough to say that in the hands of Messrs. Vieuxtemps, Ries, Schreurs and Piatti, the performance left nothing for the most fastidiously hypercritical taste to desire. So in the trio in C minor for violin, viola and violoncello (the last of four), which was equally faultless in execution, and made a worthy commencement to the second part, the performers being summoned forward at the end.

To Miss Arabella Goddard the musical public is in a great measure indebted for the resuscitation of Beethoven's latest piano-forte solos—the envy and despair of those with less intellectual grasp and manipulative skill who consequently pronounced these works as meaningless and unplayable—the truth being that they lacked the comprehension to understand and the fingers to execute such wholly exceptional compositions. Opus 111—the thirty-second and

last of the sonatas of Beethoven—was introduced by Miss Goddard some time since at one of her memorable *soirées*, and its reproduction at the Monday Popular Concerts was looked forward to with much interest, the op. 109 (E major) having been so well received in March last year. That the expectation formed was by no means deceived may be readily understood by those who know how thorough a mistress of her part is Miss Goddard, the audience showing the most strict attention and the warmest appreciation of this truly magnificent sonata, after her matchless execution of which she was unanimously recalled into the orchestra and applauded with the heartiest enthusiasm.

The last piece formed an appropriate climax to the very admirable selection of the evening,—every note of the now familiar Kreutzer sonata being enjoyed to the full and applauded to the echo. Indeed it has rarely been our lot to listen to such a marvellously spirited performance—Miss Goddard and M. Vieuxtemps outshining even themselves, and both being ing recalled at the end.

FATHER KEMP'S OLD FOLKS.—An American entertainment without the nigger element is a novelty to commence with. Here we have a troupe of minstrels, wanting the conventional blackened faces and red ruled shirts, illustrating the various actions and passions of humanity by the power of music, and making themselves agreeable without bones, banjos, and muscular contortions. Father Kemp's Old Folks have the least possible pretensions to anything out of the way. Their sole peculiarity consists in their costume, which professes to be that of "one hundred years ago," and which certainly look odd enough to belong to a century or two more remote. The troupe consists of thirty ladies and gentlemen, part forming the orchestra, part chorus, and a few soaring into the empyrean of single voices. The orchestra is not very powerful, nor is the choral force remarkable for its strength, but they sing and play well together, and Father Kemp marshals them in a skilful manner. Of the solo singers we must specify Miss Emma J. Nichols, "the favorite young American vocalist," as she is styled, who may without violence, though young, be denominated the vocal soul of the Old Folks. Miss Nichols has a very fine, powerful contralto voice of peculiarly telling quality, and which she manages with sufficient ease, although apparently without much art. To a real vocaliser such a voice would prove an immediate fortune. The young lady is an immense favorite already with the audience of the lower room at St. James's Hall, where the Old Folks are now exhibiting, and gives some of her songs nightly—more especially "The captain with the whiskers," with an effect hardly to be described. The rest of the company do not number among them any Sims, Reeveses or Louisa Pynes.

VERDI IN PARLIAMENT.—Our readers who now and then hum "Il Balen," "La mia Letizia," and dozens of other popular melodies, will be glad to hear that Verdi, who is an ardent liberal (not republican) politician, has been elected a member of the Italian parliament. Through the spirited medium of Reuter's telegraph, we have received an anticipatory report of his maiden speech, which is as follows:—*Care campagne e voi teneri amici*, I am glad to meet you on the parliamentary stage of our beloved country, and I trust my humble efforts may be instrumental introducing concord and harmony in our deliberations, and composing our fears. Let us, *amici miei*, act together in concert, and soon our beloved *Italia* will no longer be a *Traviata* among nations. Under the guidance of our *Ré Galantuomo*, we will also soon free *la Bella Venezia* from Austrian tyrants, and when he cries to us, "*Suivez moi*" and "*Vieni in Roma*," let our response as a band of brothers, be *Guerra, guerra!* and if our words are piano let our blows be *forte*, so that the *finale* of our operations may be a blaze of triumph, such as *Il Signor Bunn*, *mio caro amico* *Inglese*, never dreamed of in his most poetic flights. With such a leader and conductor as *Vittore Emmanuele* and *chefs d'attaque* like Garibaldi, Cialdini, Persano, and other great warlike artists, we must succeed; and though the Pope and Francis Joseph, on the score of some of my works being produced in Rome and Venice, style me a double base traitor, my *aria d'intrata* shall ever be *Viva l'Italia Unita*. Let us repeat overtures on any other terms, either from foreign, royal, and imperial managers, or the *sediziosi voci* of Bombastic bravoes and reactionary prompters. This speech which was delivered in recitative, excited the greatest *furor*, and the members were so excited, that for several minutes the cries of "Bravo" and "encore" shook the building.—*Liverpool Porcupine*.

Special Notices.

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The last of a series of four compositions which have been announced through these columns. The good Pianists all over the States cannot help taking notice of these pieces. They will soon be heard in Exhibitions, Concerts, in the music-room of the professor and the parlor of the fashionable dilettante.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 468.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1861.

VOL. XVIII. No. 25.

Il Giuramento.

In the year One thousand four hundred and blank
A lady performed a most singular prank,
For against all precedents anywhere heard,
The female in question DID keep her word;
Which fact is so queer,
You may fancy to hear
How such a phenomenon chanced to appear.

Taormina (the name of a town you must know,
In Lippincott's Gazetteer put down just so,
And not, as Librettos might lead you to think,
A man or a woman, or something to drink)
Taormina, I say,
A Sicilian cité.

Was the scene one time of a brilliant soirée;
Though if the Academy shows it up fair
I'm not very sorry I wasn't asked there,
For it seems a witch Sabbath of frightful old girls
With very thick ankles and very false curls,
And gents who, unvouched for as princes and earls,
Would show a clear cross between cut-throats and churls.

You'd be frightenn'd to meet
Such a set in the street,
If the watchman, per custom, was far from his beat.
Which leads us to drop this small inquiry, in —
Why choruses always are ugly as sin?
But while Sicily's upper-ten belledom and beaux,
Are singing away more or less through the nose,
Viscardo (Brignoli) stark straddles ahead,
With his larynx of silver, and pedals of lead.

And makes a great show
Of sighing and wo,
About an old sweetheart, lost some time ago.
Yet methinks all his grief may be all in my eye,
For he's having a very good time on the sly,
With a much fairer lady, bight Colson, that is
Elaisa—which seems the Italian for Liz—
Who's thick too with Count Manfred, unprincipled dame!
She's flirting with both in a deep double game!

And when caught making eyes
At the wrong man, she lies,
And says she's but thinking of dad in the skies,
And a Vow to be paid,
An incognito maid,

Who saved that papa in a John Brownish raid.
But no one was good in that dissolute day,
For the Count, too, behaves like a perfect roué,
Quite horrid to see in a gent fiancé!

Now a certain Brunoro, at singing a stick,
But in mouthing and gestures, the very old Nick,
Hates Bianca, Manfredo's intended that is,
Since in stealing a kiss, he got slapped on the phiz,
So he hints the new bride that his countship has got,
Is the same girl that Viscardo is trying to spot,

Then, to add to the fun,
Tells Eliza she's done,
For her lover is off and her rival has won.
Thus, when the fond pair try to bill and to coo,
They suddenly get in no end of a stew,
For Eliza pops in, like a jealous old shrew,
And cries with great gout
For the Count and his crew

To settle the hash of the amorous two.
But just as you wait for the mischief's own row,
She finds that Bianca's the girl of her vow,
Whom she's bound to befriend though thick and through thin!
So you see what a pickle Eliza is in!

Then she dowses her jib,
Tells a whopping big fib,
And the Count rests content with his destinate rib,
When the men, in the notion that everything's right,
Stir their stumps to go off on a jolly good fight.

But Cupid soon after will put in his oar,
And get the poor lovers in troubles once more.

So Viscardo the true,
As from battle he flew,
Must needs send his lady a small billet-doux,
Which gets to Manfredo and gives him the cue.
Why won't swains be content with whispers and busses,
And not send these letters to get them in fusses!
For the Count works his soul to a terrible fume,
And shuts up his bride in his family tomb,

And thereupon asks, with politeness surprisin'
She'd drink to his health in a cup of cold pisin!
But Eliza is minding her P's and her Q's,
And her friend, by her aid, prussic acid eschews,
Takes Daffy's elixir and gets a good snooze.

But oh! lackaday!
There's the dickens to pay!
Eliza won't live when her beau's gone away,
And thinks that her hopes will be satisfied wholly
If she could only die by the hand of Brignoli!

So tells fib number three,
Says she killed his Amie,
And gets stabbed by her sweetheart as pat as can be.
But, — all lady-killers take note if you please, —
This slaughtering damsel is not the right cheese
For just after the blow,

When the victim cries "O,"
Bianca wakes up and asks what's the go;
So Viscardo finds out in his folly and fury
He's like to be tried by a Coroner's jury.
Then Colson, before she goes off in a fit,
Wants Brignoli to pet her a little wee bit;

But he's under a ban,
The unfortunate man!
Either acting 's a science he never could span,
Or public affection is not in his plan,
So poor Colson dies in the best way she can.

MORAL.

The point of this tale
Remember! don't fail!

It may save you from premature kicking the pail —
Don't swear! yea and nay are the best institutions,
And 'tis fearfully rash to make good resolutions!

And ladies! take warning besides, from the rhyme.
Don't favor two lovers at any one time!

You'll be sure to be hurt,
If so greedy a flirt;
And between the two stools you will fall in the dirt!

Philadelphia Bulletin.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sketches of French Musical History.

IX, (Continued.)

OPERA.

1700—1800.

June 8th, 1781, another fire destroyed the new opera hall of the Palais-Royal. As after the last work of Rameau, so, one may say, after that of Gluck, the fire was determined to prevent that vaulted roof still echoing to the sublime accords of the master, from being long profaned by the vulgar and paltry airs of his unworthy rivals. Be that as it may, twenty-one human bodies were found in the ruins. Three capuchins perished victims to their duty. Rey, chief of the orchestra, saved with great difficulty the score of his *Coronis* from the flames, and Lefebvre, the librarian, faithful to his post in the danger, did not quit the spot until the last manuscript had been placed in safety. Opera, houseless for sixty-six days, found a refuge in the hall of the Menus-plaisirs, where the *Devin du village* and then *Echo et Narcisse* were reproduced. Lenoir, the architect went rapidly on with a new building; and in less than three months finished the theatre of the *Porte-Saint-Martin*, which was opened to the public Oct. 27, 1781.

To recompense Lenoir, the queen, who had just given birth to a Dauphin, granted him the order of St. Michel, and a pension of 6,000 livres.

From this time to the Revolution of 1789, the

principal successful works performed at the Académie Royale, were:

1. *Colinette a la Cour*, by Gretry, Jan 1, 1782.
2. *Renaud*, by Sacchini, an Italian composer, befriended by the Queen.
3. *Didon*, by Piccini, in which Madame Saint-Huberti gained real triumphs.
4. *La Caravane du Caire*, text by the Comte de Provence, music by Gretry.
5. *Les Danaïdes*, music by Salieri, pupil of Gluck, (1784).
6. *Le Deserteur*, a delicious ballad, by Maximilian Gardel.
7. *Panurge*, a happy work of the Comte de Provence and Gretry.
8. *La Toison d'or*, text Desvieux, music Vogel, (1786).
9. *Œdipe a Colone*, a magnificent success for Guillard (text), Sacchini and the actor Cheron.
10. *Tavane*, opera in 5 acts, text Beaumarchais, music Salieri (1787).
11. *Le roi Theodore*, by Paisiello, followed by Cherubini, who was then beating between the styles of Piccini and Gluck.
12. *Les Pretendus*, by Lemoyne, an opera the success of which caused Sacchini to die of chagrin, in his despair at seeing the Queen forced to support, to his detriment, a French rival.
13. Finally, the *Demophon* of Vogel; this opera had a posthumous success, as in case of the *Œdipe a Colone*, and in our own times *Les Puritanis* of Bellini, and *Le Pre aux Clercs*, of Herold.

Vogel, worn out by disappointment, died at the age of thirty-two; he had waited seven years to see the ninth performance of the *Toison d'or*, a score of much merit, dedicated to Gluck. Dauvergne, director of the opera, had advanced him the money for his manuscript, to get him out of trouble. Meantime, from 1782, Louis XVI. had paid attention to the Académie; he began by reducing to the half its excessive cost, and, in 1784, he established a number of prizes for operatic texts. Then he bought the theatre of the *Porte-Saint-Martin*, laid a stamp upon music, the revenue of which went towards the expenses of the school of singing and declamation established by the Baron de Breteuil; and in 1787, issued a set of wise ordinances for the regulation of the theatre. But the tempest's voice was heard already growling in the distance; Sept. 20, 1791, the royal family appeared for the last time at the opera. The play was *Castor and Pollux*.

The revolutionary period had begun. July 30, 1790, the actors of the opera executed, in the church of Notre Dame, the *Prise de la Bastille*, a sort of musical drama by Marc Antoine Desaugiers. A profitable reproduction of Rameau's *Castor and Pollux*, retouched by Caudeville, took place June 14, 1791; the liberty of the theatres was proclaimed in the laws of the January 13 and March 2 following.

The actors' names were, for the first time, printed upon the posters, on occasion of the performance of the *Offrande a la Liberté*, an opera-ballet, by Pierre Gardel and Gossec. It was a putting in action of the *Marsellaïse*, Mlle. Mail-

lard, placed upon a small mountain, representing Liberty.

From the 1st of April, 1792, the city of Paris ceded the opera to citizens Francoeur and Cellerier, and in 1793,—that year of dark memories,—Hebert made out a list of 22 names, which held the members of the opera within due limits by the fear of the scaffold. They played the *Triomphe de la Republique*, by Chenier; *Siege de Thionville*, by Jadin; *Apotheose de Marat et de Lepelletier*, executed upon the boulevard in front of the opera house. Suddenly, Sept. 16th, Francoeur was imprisoned at La Force, where he remained a year upon an accusation of having put malicious obstacles in the way of bringing out an opera on the subject of the *Passion de Jesus Christ*. Sixteen persons belonging to the theatre perished by violence from 1792 to 1794.

In the midst of these sanguinary horrors, was celebrated in Notre Dame, Dec. 10, 1793, *La Fete de la Raison et de la Liberte*, in which the beautiful Madame Sophie Momoro, the wife of a bookseller, was forced by her husband to represent the principal part. The unhappy creature wept with vexation, and shivered, naked to the public gaze, the thermometer being below freezing point. Next day at four o'clock was a second performance, which terminated in a veritable orgy and in bacchanalian excesses of the lowest kind.

In 1794 were played *Horatius Cocles*, by Arnault and Mehul; a *Sans Culottide*, in 5 acts, a lyric medley, by Maline and Porta, under the title of the *Reunion du 10 Aout*; and the *Rosiere republicaine*, by Marechal and Gretry. On the 8th of June of the same year, Louis David, the painter, and Maximilian Robespierre had caused to be performed an ambulatory ballet in the public squares, entitled *Fete a l'Etre supreme*, (Festival in honor of the Supreme Being!). A hymn, text by Desorgues, music by Gossec, beginning with the words, *Pere de l'Univers*, was distributed gratis in thousands of copies among the people.

That was a time of hymns of every sort; *le Chant du depart* by J. Chenier and Mehul, was contrasted with the *Reveil du peuple*, music by Pierre Gaveaux. A decree of Jan. 4, 1796 forbade the singing of the latter piece, as being tainted with royalism.

That was surely an extraordinary period in which we find behind the scenes of the opera, the Marquis de Louvais, performing the functions of assistant machinist, Perne and Villoteau, men worthy of seats in the Institute, reduced to the humble employment of singing in choruses.

After the fall of Robespierre, the architects Cellerier and Fontaine caused the busts of Marat and Lepelletier, which had been placed (Oct. 23, 1793,) in the proscenium of the opera, to be destroyed; and, Aug. 7, following, the theatre was transferred to the Rue Richelieu, upon the site of the hotel Louvais, by virtue of a decree of the committee of public safety, dated April 14, 1794.

It is said that Henriot, a believer in the uselessness of reading, had expressed the hope, in supporting this proposition, that through the vicinity of a building so likely to be destroyed by fire, his horrible motion to burn the Library, might thus be effected.

With the change of place the opera changed its name to Theatre des Arts. Now, for the first, seats were placed in the parterre. Masked balls were introduced Dec. 20, 1796, but no novelty

was produced during the sixteen months from Aug. 10, 1795 to Jan. 17, 1797. On this day Gretry obtained a splendid success by his *Anacreon*, which was produced with the celebrated singer, Lays. Worthy of remark were an air of the tyrant Polycrate, sung by Adrien, and a solo for clarinet, played to perfection by Lefevre. The public became gradually disgusted with the eternal performance of republican plays, and the old operas again came upon the stage; purified, however, by democratic arrangers.

July 28, 1798, the performances were suspended upon occasion of the triumphal entry of the works of art from Italy—the plunder of Gen. Bonaparte. The entire operatic troop figured in the procession. After being closed some two months, the theatre, splendidly refitted, opened its doors again, when Mlle. Chevalier made her first appearance in the part of Antigone. She was afterward the celebrated Madame Branchu.

In 1799 the concerts of Garat, Rode and Duvernoy brought receipts to the amount of 15,000 francs.

June 4, *Adrien*, by Hoffman and Mehul, had a fair reception; Mehul was an imitator of Gluck; he had not yet risen to the height which he afterwards attained. The salaries of the *premiers sujets*, which, in 1776, were 6,000 livres, were now raised to 12,000 francs. At this time the principal singers were Cheron, Lays, Lainez, and Mesdames Maillard, Cheron and Latour; dancers, Vestris, Milon, Gogon and Mlles. Clotilde, Chevigny and Gardel. Catel was accompanist, and Rey head of the orchestra.

Nov. 11, 1799 was the second day after the 18th Brumaire. The opera was *Les Pretendus*, and the words of the quartet struck the entire audience. As Julie and her lover sang "Victoire! victoire eclatante!" the applause was great. The *Pretendus* reply "C'est notre retraite qu'on chante." The applause became furious when the latter added to their refusal, "Mais attendez au moins que nous soyons partis."

Nov. 27, *Hero et Leandre*, a ballet in one act, by Milon, had a complete success, Mlle. Ninette Duport made her first appearance in the part of *Amour*, and Mlle. Clotilde-Pallas danced the pyrrhic with a grace only equalled by her vigor and nobleness of mien.

Finally, Dec. 31, 1799, there was a grand reproduction of *Armide*, upon a scale of vast luxury and splendor. The price of the tickets for amphitheatre and orchestra was raised to 10 francs for the first three representations.

Armand Vestris made his first appearance in the *Caravane*, being brought forward by his father and his uncle—a new triumph for that family. Cellerier was now joined by Devismes and by Bonet de Treiches, an ex member of the convention, in the direction of the opera.

We have omitted to mention that upon the 20th of March, 1793, a translation of Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* had been produced. This masterpiece, so very successful at a later period, was not at first comprehended. True the delicate music of this master of masters, must have been in singular contrast to that of the *Apotheose de Beaurepaire* or the *Siege de Thionville*. Mozart had been in Paris from the 23d of March to the end of October, 1778, but had been unable to obtain the composition of any work for the stage. In one of his letters he writes: "It is

very difficult to find a good text, the old ones, which are the best, are not framed after the modern style, and the new ones are good for nothing; for poetry, the only thing of which the French may be proud, is declining daily; and it is just here that the poetry ought to be good, since they knew nothing of music. There are but two texts which would suit me. The first, in two acts, is *Alexandre et Roxane*. The second, in three acts, is *Demophon*, translated from Metastasio, diversified by choruses and ballets, and adapted to the French stage. If they should order an opera of me, I should have much to trouble me; but that causes me little disquietude; I am already used to that. And then this wretched French language is abominable for music. It is really a pity. German is divine in comparison. And the singers, Good God! They do not deserve the name, for they do not sing; they scream they howl with full strength of lungs, through their throats and noses." We see, that the opinions of this Raphael of music, expressed in 1778, are perfectly apt to our own epoch.

Music and Musical Criticism.

SCUDO ON VERDI—CIMAROSA'S MATRIMONIO SEGRETO—THE ITALIAN OPERA AT PARIS.

I.

(Continued from page 404.)

The sweet spring has suddenly departed; clouds have passed over the bright sun; the soft west wind has changed and become fitful and moaning; heavy gray clouds come looming up around the horizon, and the little hound terrier grows restless and wakeful.

We have searched out and dwelt on all our favorite passages in this lovely Opera. The "*E vero che in casa*," which makes one think of Mozart and of Gretry's saying that Cimarosa put the pedestals in the orchestra, and the statue on the stage, while Mozart did just the opposite.

In this passage, the orchestral pedestal is covered with such lovely relieves, that the petulant little Fidama statue is comparatively quiet.

The sun was beaming very brightly when we enjoyed that cantabile movement of Carolina, in which she expresses her short lived, but honest indignation at the

"Disgrazia meschinella!
Io rival di mia sorella!"

Such exquisite taste is displayed in this. A Verdi would have thrown this "*Deh lasciate ch'io respiro*" into an "*Ercles vein*;" but the discreet Cimarosa knew how such a quiet little woman as Carolina ought to express her indignation; it was not of the Bohemienne or even the poor artist form, "full of sound and fury, often signifying nothing" alas!—but the quiet expression of a conventional anger, that always means something.

And here we have come to the Farinelli duo finale, just as the window has to be lowered, the fire stirred up, and the sombre grey of February winter accepted after all the sweet hopeful promise of the morning. So we shut up the opera book, put it back on the music shelf, take up the fretful little terrier who is protesting in howls as sharp as M. Scudio's criticisms against the music, and return to the magazine article.

Ah! here we come across some other musical people we know of—Mario and Ronconi. They sang in November, at the Theatre Italien, in the *Barber of Seville*. Mario still looks young, Scudo says; but his voice, which might formerly have softened the hearts of savage beasts, can do so no longer. He possesses only a few notes, now, of that fine key board which was once his; he shortens his passages, breathes at every syllable, and often sings false.

Ronconi, too, who has not sung in Paris for a decade of years, shows alas! that he is human. His "*Figaro*" Scudo pronounces a burlesque, and he says the fastidious Parisian audience were

little pleased with the attempt which he and Mario made, of putting a lively little dialogue in the place of Rossini's music.

The troupe of the Théâtre Italien has some familiar names in it: Mmes Alboni, Penco and Battu. The *chef d'orchestre*, M. Bonnetti, is sadly displeasing to M. Scudo. He only understands Verdi's music, and such an one is not a good *chef d'orchestre*.

"We shall never cease repeating this common place truth," he says; "the power of music, as that of all arts, consists in the careful observation of shades; without this attention to the delicate lights and shadows, which make up the character of a work, music is no more than gross effects of rhythm and sonorosity, which soon fatigue us."

At the French Opera, there appeared in October, a singer who delighted the Philadelphians one bright spring some ten years or so ago—Tedesco. We remember, she was the prima donna of a Havana troupe, which troupe left, as its musical waves swept back, Perelli, high and dry on the shores of our amateur musical society. He gave up the training of gay young Tedesco opera singers, and took to teaching the young Miss Grundys "to aggravate their voices," so that, like "sweet bully Bottom," "They could roar you as gently as any sucking dove, aye, an 'twere any nightingale."

In the meanwhile, his buxom Tedesco pupil has grown and waxed strong in fame and voice. Scudo says she is a placid, good humored singer, who never gets in a passion; she never tries "the Eracles vein the part to tear a cat in, to make all things split;" she preserves religiously her fine voice and health, which are both as fresh as if no fatal decade of years had passed over them.

She lacks only one thing to make of her a great dramatic singer,—that which Roland's horse needed—*un certo non so che*, a soul, a spirit, a breath, as the Bible calls it.

In M. Scudo's passing notice of the Theatre Lyrique he makes this characteristic remark apropos of Gluck's Orpheus:

"In the order of sensations which the Fine Arts give us, the romance in Orpheus, 'J'ai perdu mon Eurydice,' and the music in the Elysian scene, second act, are worth more, yes, count more in the sight of God and man, than thirty other operas I could name. But we must submit to circumstances and acknowledge that in this life as in the other, there is a little circle of elect for whom alone are destined certain works of the human mind."

Southern European as M. Scudo is—Venetian we believe—he works and thinks more like an Anglo-Saxon than a "foreigner." He is the Ruskin music critic of the present day, full of prejudices and dogmatism but he has also healthy, true enthusiasm, and a great deal of tender feeling. He is a strong, suggestive writer, of information and culture, and however one may differ from him, it must be admitted that he is honest, and endeavors as much as lies in his power, to fulfil his own definition of the critic's mission—"to awaken public conscience to protest against evil, excite and encourage true talent generously, and prevent corrupt forms of art from making artists forget things which are eternally true."

Where he fails it arises from inherent defects in his earnest, true nature; defects which are like spots in the sun, springing from the very brightness of his eager, warm temperament.

All reformers, it has been said, must be like the entering wedges in wood-splitting, made of strong, coarse material; and the true critic must have the ardor and heart of youth with the head of age, and a face like Dante's astrologers, turned backward forever toward the tradition of the past.

M. Scudo concludes the article as follows:

"In terminating this chronicle of '*faits accomplis*,' in the art of Mozart and Rossini, would that we could add the report of some good news which the future has in reserve for us. From what side of the horizon shall rise up the man predestined to renew vital forms and to communicate to art, which is degenerating more and more, the fertil-

izing impulse of which it has so much need?"

"Shall it be regenerated Italy, Germany or France that shall give birth to this prophet of nations, this ideal musician, who shall put to flight the cobblers and tinkers who overwhelm us with their rough, shabby work? From whatever place this revealer of a new beauty shall arise, he shall be welcome. We are dying of ennui and inanition; mediocrity oppresses us. Reputations which depend on merit about as deep as the surface given by veneering or electrotyping, are becoming a scandal to, and turning the consciences of people of taste.

"There is a difficulty in defending oneself against the corruption of the crowd which invades the theatres and concert halls. It seems that the very soul has lost its power of assertion; that there is a mercenary politeness towards individuals shown, and unworthy arrangements for mere interest's sake are being made, all of which take from us the courage to love boldly that which is beautiful, or repulse that which is ugly.

"We no longer dare blame or hate anything, and all mental works whatever may be their merit are received with an equal benevolence, which kills emulation and discourages true talent."

Thus we see that even among the fastidious Parisians there is as much cause for complaint of the insincerity and worthlessness of public opinion, as we may have fancied was peculiar to our own country, and which has been curiously peculiar to every *aujourd'hui*, from the days of the Athenians to the present.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

Death of Eugene Scribe.

The North Briton brings us intelligence of the death of the most celebrated and prolific of modern dramatic authors—Augustine Eugene Scribe—to whom, more than to any other one man, the modern French stage owes its popularity and preëminence, and to whose facile pen and ingenious brain, English and American dramatists are so frequently indebted for the plots and incidents which they palm off as original.

We have as yet received no particulars as to the death of this distinguished writer, but merely the bare announcement of his decease. He was quite an old man, having been born in the Rue St. Denis, Paris, on the 24th of December, 1792. His father, who was a prosperous silk-mercant, sent Eugene to the college of St. Barbe, where he showed his aptitude in the line in which he afterwards achieved so high a rank. When twenty-one years old he wrote his first composition for the stage—a vaudeville for the Gymnase—and for nearly half a century since that time he has written incessantly, his works including some twenty-five comedies, over one hundred and fifty vaudeilles and as many operas. He was a member of the French Academy, and had received decorations from almost every sovereign in Europe.

To give a list of the successful plays of Scribe would fill a column. So perfectly did he understand all the details and minutiae of stage life, and so familiar was he with the effect of dramatic incident and stage situation, that his later works never failed, and very many of them have been again and again translated and played under different titles at the various theatres in this country and England. But Scribe is known here quite as much from his opera librettos as from his plays. Almost all the great operas produced by other than purely Italian composers are based on his plots and language. With Auber and Meyerbeer he has long been a literary partner, and he has also been associated with Verdi, Halevy and Donizetti. The librettos of the "Star of the North," "Robert le Diable," "Le Prophete," "Pardon de Ploermel," "Sicilian Vespers" (composed by Verdi for the French opera), "Masaniello," "Gustave III." (and through that, of the "Ballo in Maschera"), and indeed almost all of Auber's works, and Halevy's "Magicienne," "Tempesta," and "La Juive," are samples of the extraordinary versatility of Scribe. They prove that, admirable and popular as he was in comedy, his talent was by no means confined to this; for there are scenes and situations in these opera plots which are unsurpassed in the entire range of modern drama. For instance, the great cathedral scene in the "Prophet," in which John of Leyden, without speaking to her, makes his mother deny her son; the scenes with Robert, Bertram and Alice in "Robert le Diable," and several situations in "La Juive."

The last work of Scribe was a comic opera, in three acts, to which Auber composed the music, the entire affair thus being the result of the joint labors of a septuagenarian and an octogenarian, for Scribe was seventy and Auber over eighty years old when they produced "La Circassienne," which was first played at Paris about six weeks since. Yet, both words and music are as fresh and happy as though Scribe and Auber were in the prime of life, or rather the hey-day of youth. Perhaps the world will never see again such a remarkable pair of "young old men" as these. Paris critics term "La Circassienne" a veritable model of a comic opera.

Oscar Comettant, who will be remembered as having passed some years as a pianist in New York, and who is now connected with the *Paris Art Musical*, relates a recent interview with Auber.

"It is a difficult and thankless trade," said the author of Masaniello, "this of a musical composer. To practically succeed so as to enjoy the fruits of one's labor requires both luck and talent; and, generally, more of the former than of the latter."

"But good luck usually follows real talent," said Comettant.

"Not always," replied Auber; myself, for instance to whom many people award some little merit —"

"It is deserved," interrupted the other.

"Very well," continued Auber, smiling. "I owe whatever reputation I may enjoy the coöperation of M. Scribe.

"This is but modesty on your part."

"It is justice. If, after my first few failures, I had not made the acquaintance of Scribe, whose admirable facility lent itself readily to musical fancies, and who often wrote his words to music I had composed in advance, I am convinced that fortune would not have treated me like a pet child, as it has frequently done. Yes, my fortune is M. Scribe himself."

Scribe has been also the fortune of Meyerbeer, Halevy, and of theatrical managers all over the world. Nor was fortune chary of favors to himself. He received a princely income from his works, had his hotel at the French capital, his domain in the country, and an elegant villa at Mendon, near Paris. Scarcely a man of the present generation could have prepared a more delightful autobiography. For years he had mingled with the best literary and musical society of Europe, and associated intimately with the leading celebrities of his age. It is to be hoped that a man who has enjoyed such unusual facilities has left behind him materials for a memoir which could not fail to prove lively and interesting.

Bristow's New Oratorio.

The New York *Albion*, which is usually chary and cautious in its praise, speaks in the following terms of this new work!

On the same evening Mr. Bristow's new oratorio, "Praise to God," was repeated, for the second time, at Irving Hall. We designate the work in accordance with the composer's classification, but without, in the slightest degree, recognizing the word "Oratorio" as properly used in this connection. A sacred drama, having action, or, at least, a dramatic contrast of emotions, is what we regard as an Oratorio. This, most assuredly, is not the characteristic of the Song of Praise in the Episcopal service. The responsibility, however, rests with Mr. Bristow. He uses the word to describe an entertainment of an sacred character. So be it.

Mr. Bristow does not occupy the position in American Art that he is fairly entitled to. He is not only the best composer the country has produced, but the only one (except Mr. Fry) whose works have crossed the Atlantic. For these facts he should be famous, instead of remaining comparatively obscure. When Julien was here, Mr. Bristow was one of the first to enjoy his kindly appreciation. The good hearted conductor not only brought out some of his works, but actually made a speech about their merit; and so honestly was he convinced on this subject that shortly afterwards, when he returned to London, the same productions were revived to a Metropolitan audience, and we believe with success. The Pyne and Harrison troupe secured an opera from Mr. Bristow, and "Rip Van Winkle" enjoyed much popularity. It was to have been brought out in London, but other works have crowded it from the bills, although it still occupies the most favored place in the repertoire of the company. In addition to what Mr. Bristow has thus accomplished, he is the author of many miscellaneous pieces, and finally of the so-called Oratorio, "Praise to God." There is no country in the civilized world where sacred music occupies so low a station as it does here. If we go into the churches we hear frivolous music, sung by a quartet of voices, and accompanied by an organist who would be rapturously appreciated in a lager beer cellar. John Wesley could not assert now that the devil has all the best tunes. If we go into the Concert room we hear, once a year, the "Messiah," and semi occasionally a Cantata, performed in a rudimentary manner by a small number of ladies who are no doubt highly respectable and delightful companions, but hardly first class artists even in a choral point of view. Of that hearty enthusiasm for sacred music which prevails everywhere in England, and which frequently embarrasses the conductor with the amount of resources at his command, there is absolutely none. It will be seen then that Mr. Bristow's self imposed task has been a matter of love rather than prospective profit. And the more we examine the work, the more we become convinced of the fact. Every page reveals the devotion of a classicist who has studied thoroughly the school in which he belongs and believes implicitly in its tenets. Those who expect to discover innovations of style and form, such as characterized some parts of Mr. Costa's "Eli," will be

disappointed. Mr. Bristow's ideas are fresh and original—singularly unborrowed indeed—but his manner of conveying them is identical with that adopted a century ago. We do not say that he is wrong in adhering to the old plan; we do not even pretend that it can be materially changed. But in the present day, when Art is moving onward with giant stride, it is at least curious to come across a work that ignores progress, and boldly swears by the models of the past. Judged by these same models, Mr. Bristow's work deserves to rank high. There are some choruses in it, which, in boldness of outline and happiness of general completion, would not suffer by being compared with the best Handel, the master of the art, has left us. The concerted pieces are frequently very good, although, as there is no dramatic interest in the poem, the responses are mere alliterations, having none other than harmonic significance. The *solis* are, musically considered, in advance of the other portions of the work, and although somewhat cold in their character, are laid out more in accordance with the modern idea of that just balance of phrases which should constitute a melody than we are apt to find elsewhere. It cannot be denied, however, that Mr. Bristow rambles occasionally, even as Handel did, and without seeming to have the slightest apprehension of the singer who is to interpret his thought; thus we find the bass running the gauntlet from E below the bass staff to E on the second line above, a sweep which will not always be rendered as clearly as it was by Mr. Thomas on Thursday. Our space is now so limited that we must accord our verdict in the fewest possible words. Here it is: Mr. Bristow's Oratorio is the best work of its kind that we have heard or seen, after the great masters. It is not a progressive work. It accepts as a truism that Handel was right and absolutely perfect. It does not try to get away from Handel, but, on the contrary, draws closer to him in every great emergency. Judged then by the Handelian standard, Mr. Bristow's "Praise to God," deserves to rank as a great production.

Music.

Strange how the mystically mingled sound
Of voices rising from these rifted rocks
And unseen valleys—whence no organ ever
Thundered harmonious its stupendous notes,
Nor pointed arch, nor low-browed darksome aisle,
Rolled back their mighty music—seems to me
An ocean vast, divinely undulating,
Where bathed in beauty, floats the enraptured soul:
Now borne on the translucent deep, it skirts
Some dazzling bank of amaranthine flowers,
Now on a couch of odors cast supine,
It pants beneath o'erpowering redolence:—
Buoyant anon on a rejoicing surge,
It heaves, on tides tumultuous, far aloft,
Until it verges on the cope of heaven,
Whence issued, in their unity of joy,
The anthems of the earth creating Morn:
Yielding again to an entrancing slumber,
In sweet abandonment, it glideth on
To amber caves and emerald palaces,
Where the lost Seraphs—welcomed by the main—
Their lyres suspended in their time of sorrow,
Amid the deepening glories of the flood;
There the rude revels of the boisterous winds
The tranquil waves afflict not, nor dispart
The passionate claspings of their azure arms.

[Motherwell.]

Music Abroad.

UN BALLO IN MASCHERA.—From all parts of the great capitals of Europe we have accounts of the brilliant success of Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera," so well received at our Academy of Music. At Naples the superintendent of the theatres has written to Verdi, asking him to come and assist in the production of the "Ballo," which was written for the San Carlos theatre, but forbidden by the Bourbon censors. If Verdi accepts the invitation, the work will be sung in Naples by Medori, soprano, Dory, contralto, Negrini, tenor, and Coletti, baritone. At Rome, where the Pontifical government has suspended the representations both of *Trovatore* and *Traviata*, and where the "Ballo" was first produced, this latter opera has been revived, with Bendazzi, Tati, the tenor Gaziani, and the baritone Bartilini. The success of the opera has been greater this winter than last, and the singers have been called before the curtain twenty times each night. At Milan the "Ballo" is in rehearsal for the *debut* of the baritone Butti. At Lisbon the popular opera has been sung by Madame Erci, Miss Hensler and others. At Barcelona it has been produced with a splendid cast, including Carozzi-Zucchi, Brambilla and Naudin. At Paris, with Penco, Alboni, Badiali and Mario, it has met with the same success. Musard has introduced his "Ballo in Maschera" quadrilles at his concerts, and Oscar Comettant, the pianist, well known here, has written a *caprice de salon* for the piano, on themes

from the new opera. Indeed, the "Ballo in Maschera" promises to become Verdi's greatest hit.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

PARIS.—The Paris correspondent of the N. Y. Albion gives the following account of Auber's new opera *La Circassienne*:

I pass therefore to the Opéra Comique; and in assisting at the representation of *La Circassienne*, we have not quite done with carnivalesque disguises, though I need not go through the libretto of this last work of Messrs. Scribe and Auber. It is a tissue of improbabilities and impossibilities in which one sees a painter sent by the Emperor of Russia to take out-of-door sketches in the midst of a rigorous winter and in a country where one must camp beneath snow and ice; and in which one makes acquaintance with a Sultan and the customs of a Harem, such as are exclusively known to Mr. Scribe himself. The tricks of the author of the "Crown Diamonds" cannot be analysed; every one knows that he has reduced dramatic art to a series of surprises sprung upon you. *La Circassienne* is the work of a veteran and belongs to a libertine age; but it is a remarkable instance of what may be effected by an unrestrained imagination, seconded by a wondrous knowledge of the stage and by a dramatic tact absolutely consummate.

But it is not the piece—neither the prose or verse of Mr. Scribe—that draws me to the Opéra Comique. It is the music of Mr. Auber, of that remarkable man whom I meet taking his daily promenade on the Boulevards, and who, at the age of 79, has more of youth in him than the young men of to-day. His last opera, the thirty-ninth that he has written if I don't mistake, contains a number of "motifs," agreeable, lively, piquant, and artfully disposed. It is not passionate music; it does not carry you away; but there is something sprightly and charming in it, as in Voltaire's small pieces of verse. Far inferior to "Fra Diavolo" and to the "Domino Noir," *La Circassienne* is a work that I place about on a level with "L'Haydée." The overture, without ranking with the best, is destined to become soon popular; and it closes with a waltz movement, slow and voluptuous, which occurs again in the second act of the opera, and which forms indeed the most original and the best-relished page. All the first act is delicious, and the only fault in the work is that its musical interest becomes more feeble as it progresses. The law of *crescendo* should always be observed, but one can forgive an octogenarian not being faithful to it, seeing that in so many instances he has shown how well he can follow it.

At the Theatre Lyrique, has been given Mr. Clapissou's 3 act opera, *Madame Grégoire*, the heroine of Béranger, so dear to lovers of song. The joyous old gossip of the poet is singularly metamorphosed in the piece, and has not inspired in any extraordinary manner the author of "La Fanchonnette." It is true that, in losing Madame Miolan Carvalho, the Theatre Lyrique has lost its nightingale.

At the Opéra the *Tannhäuser* is in active rehearsal, and it will soon break forth with its explosions of trombones and instruments germanico-philosophico-democratic. Already Liszt has arrived in Paris, where all the "musicians of the future" have agreed to meet, to swell the triumph of their king-prophet, Richard Wagner. Waiting my doom to undergo these deafening tempests, or these instrumental riches destined to hide a great paucity of ideas and a plentiful lack of invention, I continue to enjoy to the full the splendid concerts of the Conservatoire, the delightful *Matinée musicales* of the violinist Alard, and the soirées of Jules Schullhoff.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 23, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

Editorial Correspondence.

NEW SERIES.

NO. VIII.

ROYAL ORCHESTRA SINFONIE CONCERTS.

Berlin, Feb. 1861.

In the distribution of the elements it has been usual to assign to the Germans the kingdom of the air. It must be confessed that they administer it very badly. It is not enough to say, that

they ignore the air; they seem to positively hate it, and try altogether to exclude it. They abhor it, as nature does a vacuum. They have the same proud affection for this kingdom of theirs, and rule it with the same tender mercy, that Phillip I. did the Netherlands; they *smoke out* any vital atom of it as composedly and cruelly as that benign and gracious monarch, that innocent, sublime Defender of the Faith, burned the souls out of his live subjects. They do not condescend to persuade the world, as they have long since persuaded themselves—they tranquilly assume it as a settled principle, and act accordingly, (at your expense, however much you may protest), that human lungs were never made to breathe fresh air, but only to inhale tobacco smoke. Every breath that man drew previous to this state of grace, which came in with the discovery of "the weed," was hopelessly profane and subject, of course, to the condemnation of the natural man. This is the chief weapon wherewith they arm themselves against the Legion that lurks invisible in the unsanctified circumambient element. This is one way they have of keeping order in their kingdom; the sovereign method of fumigation and extinction. This is one way by which they fancy they maintain due subordination among the subtle, dangerous spirits of the air. And so in every little *coupé* of the railroad train, in every place of waiting, every café concert, every *kneip* and supper room, in all streets, and especially in dense crowds going in and out of places, the inevitable cigar is lighted; and the denser the smoke, the stronger and more disagreeable the smell, the better for you, so you seem to read in the complacent smile of your tormentors. (It reminds one of the answer of the boy in one of our backwoods States, who was expostulated with for watering his horse in a muddy ditch: "Why sir, the dirtier you get it into him the better for him, so as the animal don't complain.") With this difference, though: that you, poor victim of the smoke diet, may complain all day by every pantomimic sign and gesture of annoyance and distress, and your seasoned German, who is so exquisitely unfailingly polite in a thousand technical superfluous ways, who takes his hat off to you on the least occasion, begs your pardon without any provocation, and who cannot take up a newspaper laying three yards off from you without saying "By your leave, sir," and "are you not reading it," or enter a seat half a dozen from you without first asking you if it is *besetzt* (reserved for a friend of yours),—will smoke in your face and smother you so that you cannot talk with him; sociably inclined as he may show himself, without ever betraying the least symptom of a suspicion on his part that it is possible to be selfish or uncivil in the exercise of the smoking prerogative, or possible that any human individual can be otherwise than benefited by what comforts him. Tacitly and as a matter of course he demands your sympathy, if not your participation, in this odorous protest against Nature. It does seem as if Nature on the other hand, with subtle satire, had anticipated her revenge in this very invention of the cigar to be the type and correspondence of selfishness, just as the lily is of Purity, the violet of Friendship, and soon. Walk under the Lindens and meet the sallow insolent face, with knit brows, fierce or anxious eyes, hurried and important gait, mingled look of defiance and uncomfortableness, rush-

ing past you with the inevitable cigar cloud (of the meanest quality, perhaps, but not the mildest) streaming full in your eyes and nostrils, and does he not look to you the incarnation of low arrogance and selfishness? What cares he for you or anybody, as he steams along completely fortified in the rank cloud which he diffuses round him to shut out your sphere? You go to buy your ticket at the railroad office, and in the eager crowd that besets the window you have a bad cigar thrust into your face on one side, and a vile pipe on the other, at the risk of fire as well as smoke, all which you must endure or yield your place to such well armed competitors and after-comers. Or you stand admiring before some fine engraving that has caught your eye in one of those rich windows on the Lindens, and presently a fellow with a cigar—a gentleman perhaps?—pushes before you without ceremony and supplants you; in vain for you to contend against such odds; he has the advantage over you; he fights instinctively with the same weapon as a certain formidable little animal does that shall be nameless.

But, good friends, let us—we who love a world well aired, and do not like smoked suppers nor smoked symphonies (such as one gets at Liebig's)—let us not be selfish in our turn. Some smokers are not selfish; some are genial, generous and noble; just the best fellows in the world; poets, artists, men of genius even, who, if they love to draw the soothing, fragrant cloud and halo round them, do it to exclude the petty cares, the acrid consciousness, the staring prose and common place of the confusing and impertinently near to-day; that so they may isolate themselves in a poetic atmosphere and realize the glorious, tranquil freedom of the soul, and that the soul may have as it were a canvas whereupon to breathe its exquisite ideals, be they music, poetry or picture, for the delight and inspiration of us all. The humblest of us have the element of genius in us, if we are not geniuses—inasmuch as we have souls—and can therefore appreciate and need a comfort of this sort. Joy to any mortal who finds comfort in it, so long as he can do so with due decency and a regard for others.

But this is wandering with a vengeance. Actually in the midst of a moral essay on tobacco, when our theme was music! We began with air; but music is made of air. To come one step nearer to our subject. Smoke, we have said, is one way in which the Germans rule their kingdom of the air as if they would exterminate it. Their other way is, to confine it until it be dead; to carefully exclude all quickening draughts of fresh air. Of ventilation they will stubbornly know nothing. Their ever present terror is a draught; so they keep out of the air as much as possible, that they be as unfit for it as possible, whenever they must come into it. So you must endure the martyrdom of closed windows in cars, and more than a summer heat without a vitalizing breath of summer air in lecture rooms and concert halls and theatres. However spacious and however splendid, it is at the risk of suffocating that you sit through the grandest operas or symphonies in these halls, unless you happen to be fortunately placed. In crowded rooms, in close, stale air, the famous university professors hold their lectures, as if one must cease to inhale breath before he can imbibe ideas; as if the brain became a better passive recipient of doctors' lore

by cutting off its vitalizing supplies of oxygen. You wonder if the German is as afraid of pure water as he is of air? Pray do not ask.

And now we have reached our subject. The "Sinfonie Concerts" of the Royal Kapelle, or Orchestra, in Berlin, are perhaps the best of the kind that Germany or the whole world affords. They are given in a moderate sized concert room in the Royal Opera House, architecturally the most exquisite and tastefully rich room for the purpose that I ever beheld. You fancy yourself in one of the choicest Art sanctums of a king's palace. In fact the place is the king's; it is where the royal family and court take their symphonies; it is fashionable; and admission, although not costly is a privilege. But it is always, upon these occasions, crowded to the utmost, and most miserably unventilated. The hall holds eight or nine hundred people. Nearly all the tickets are held by subscribers, mostly by families who have a sort of pre-emption right of long standing; indeed the right of subscribing is often inherited through generations in a family. As a rule all the seats upon the floor, where alone the heat and close air are endurable, are pre-occupied in this way. It is the same case with the concerts of the Conservatoire in Paris. The newcomer can only bring a ticket to the balcony, which surround the hall high up underneath the ceiling, answering chiefly the purpose of architectural ornament and serving as a sort of continuous crown or capital to the system of pilasters, which divide the arches of the four walls and which terminate in large and beautiful caryatides, like water nymphs, holding their rich arms in various graceful postures and bending their beautiful necks to uphold its weight. An exquisite, classically, chaste, light gallery to look up to from the floor, but a suffocating Tophet of a place to the poor musical enthusiast who finds a seat in it. There all air seems absolutely shut out (except the airs that vibrate with enfeebled spirit from the instruments below); and all escape of hot and dead air just as absolutely barred. Three times has your reporter's eagerness to hear the orchestra doomed him to this experience, and three times he has had better luck. The concerts are given at irregular intervals, usually on Saturday evenings, and on these occasions there is no performance at the Opera, for it is this noble orchestra which lends more than half the glory to *Fidelio*, and *Don Juan*, and the *Iphigenias*, &c., as you see them splendidly and thoroughly brought out in this theatre. I have attended five of the six concerts composing the first "cyclos," and the first of the new cycle of three. These have been the programmes:

November 10.

Symphony in D.....Mozart
Overture to "Faust".....Spohr
Overture to "Athalia".....Mendelssohn
Symphony No. 7, in A.....Beethoven

December 22.

Overture to "Jessonda".....Spohr
Symphony in D minor, Ch. Phil. Emanuel Bach
Scherzo (G minor) from "Midsummer Night's
Dream".....Mendelssohn
Symphony No. 8, (F major).....Beethoven

January 21.

Overture on the Chorale: "Ein' feste Burg."
Otto Nicolai
Symphony in G minor.....Mozart
Overture to "Coriolan".....Beethoven
Sinfonia Eroica.....Do.

January 26.

Symphony in G major.....Haydn
Overture to "Anacreon".....Cherubini

Symphony No. 1 (C major).....Beethoven
Overture in "Leonore" (No. 3).....Do.

February 2.

Overture to Goethe's "Iphigenia".....
Bernhard Scholz
Symphony in A major.....Mendelssohn
Overture to "Oberon".....Weber
Symphony No. 4, (B flat major).....Beethoven

February 11.

Symphony in E flat.....Haydn
Overture to "Vestalin".....Spontini
Overture to Byron's "Manfred".....Schumann
Symphony in C major.....Mozart

The list, it will be seen, includes principally the well-known and greatest works; particularly the best specimens of the three great symphony masters. What a pleasure it was to hear these, even from the balcony aforesaid, may be imagined when you reflect that the orchestra of eighty is perfect in all its parts; perfectly balanced; fine in every single instrument, the player of each being a finished artist "fully grown up" (as the Germans say) to every task that can legitimately come before his instrument; that they are kept in constant discipline and sympathetic play together, as severely nice and careful for the theatre work of every evening, as for the symphony of now and then; that they have one of the most experienced and admirable musicians living, TAUBERT, for a conductor; that they have royal patronage, and play before an audience as enlightened and appreciative in these things as could be anywhere assembled. These concerts, too, are not pecuniary speculations; their pay for them does not depend upon their audience; they have not to compromise the highest demands of Art and taste for popularity. All the money received from the sale of tickets goes to a fund for their widows and orphans. (In fact, very few, if any concerts are given by societies in Berlin to make money; nearly all the concerts are ostensibly for charity, or for some public cause; he who would air a new composition of his own must get musical friends to unite with him in the name of some charitable object.)

How much more pleasant it was of course, to hear the music from a good seat on the floor! There, besides a chance to breathe, you feel the magnetism of so fine a company; you may smile more or less at much that seems mere fashion, rank, convention, vanity; but there is a general average of high intelligence and character; you see it in the faces; you have the best society of Prussia about you; although in respect of personal beauty the eye misses the rich field of blossoms over which it has been wont to rove in many an American audience. There too you can fairly see and get to feel a personal interest in the orchestra; particularly in Taubert. He is the very model of a conductor in firm, gentlemanly, graceful, quiet, yet decisive manner. There is an air about the man that wins and engrosses everybody. You feel an entire confidence in him. His face is singularly interesting, full of character and kindly feeling. There is a certain something like Beethoven in it, only milder and much happier. You know from his look and his whole air that he is genial and wise, that he is true and kind. He is not a great genius, has not a very marked creative individuality as a composer; yet is he a graceful characteristic, fine composer, one of the masterly musicians, and with a right genial vein in him. It certainly was something to produce those exquisitely fanciful and quaint children's songs of his—or rather,

songs of childhood for older people. And I must own that the music of his opera of "Macbeth" afforded me a charming evening, one of beautiful and fresh sensations, little as I can now recall of it. It is true that he has not all the fire in him of some younger conductors. It is possible, it would be quite natural, that he sometimes in his comfortable and long accustomed position, should sink a little into the vice of routine. This I have heard said of him by high authority; but I must confess that so far I have not been able to see it.

D.

Italian Opera.

Since our last we have had the somewhat unusual excitement of the production of a new opera of Verdi's and the debut of a new American prima donna, whose claims are perhaps stronger in respect to nationality than those of any who have preceded her, being, as we learn, American in birth and education, having received her entire musical instruction in this country. Music, to be sure, is a universal language and the birth place of her servants is of small moment, still it is pleasant to see the result of a purely home education so satisfactory and even brilliant as in the case now under notice.

ERNANI on Saturday attracted an audience that would doubtless have been a large one, had the weather been more promising. Mad. Colson appeared as Elvira, Stigelli as Ernani, Susini as Silva and Ferri as the king. The performance was an exceedingly spirited one, and was constantly rewarded by the most enthusiastic applause. Mad. COLSON was never in better voice and gave us all the music of Elvira in the best manner, STIGELLI too seemed inspired to unusual efforts, even for him, who always does his best; FERRI and SUSINI looked these parts with picturesque dignity and effect, the former singing in his best manner. All the artists entered with a zeal into the performance that is a little uncommon at a "Grand gala matinée." The Finale was given with fine dramatic effect and worthily closed an uncommonly good performance of this favorite opera. The orchestra was frequently at fault, more so than is pardonable in an opera so familiar to every one. Miss ISABELLA HINCKLEY then appeared in the mad scene of Lucia. She gave much pleasure by her intelligent and in many respects effective rendering of this scene, receiving generous and well merited applause.

UN BALLO IN MASCHERA.—To hear a new opera, hardly known yet abroad, never yet performed in London and only within a few weeks brought out in Paris, is quite an event in the operatic experience of Boston. We cannot fall back upon the received opinions of Europe as we may in the case of older works, and we surely cannot pin our faith to what the New York papers have told us. In fact, in making up our opinion we have to rely wholly upon our own impressions.

We have had two opportunities since our last, of hearing Verdi's new work; it having been given on Friday of last week and on Monday of the present week.

We have already given from other sources some sketch of the plot, which in itself is a good one, simple and easy of comprehension with but little aid from the libretto.

To be sure, the incongruities and absurdities were more than numerous, as seen by us, sitting here in Boston, in the old province of Massachusetts Bay, where the scene is laid. The scenery, the costumes the manners and customs of the people and even the surface of Nature itself, as it was represented (to say, nothing of what was beneath the surface, in that wonderful witch's cave), were ludicrous in the extreme. We doubt whether the old Province House (the mansion of our royal governors) ever saw any such fan-

tastic mummery as a masked ball, unless, in our own day, the "Minstrels" who now hold it, may have enacted one within its walls.

Setting all this aside, however, the plot is dramatic, well constructed and easily understood, and the cast was admirable. Brignoli as Ricardo, Ferri as Renato, Colson as Amelia, Adelaide Phillips as Ulrica and Miss Hinckley as Oscar, filling their respective rôles in an admirable manner that left little to be desired. Nor shall we omit to notice Barili and Dubreuil in the important parts of the two conspirators, Sam and Tom.

The impression made at the first hearing by this opera, and entirely confirmed by a second, was very satisfactory and pleasing. The music is characteristic of Verdi, of course, yet free from his more marked mannerisms and tricks of composition, free from the almost stereotyped phrases, both of melody and of instrumentation to which we have become accustomed. In fact, the Ballo in Maschera seems to mark the beginning of a new style in the works of this popular composer, and we should incline to the belief that he has taken a leaf from the experience and practice of Meyerbeer. Particularly in the treatment of certain dramatic situations are we reminded of the latter. The music of the two conspirators, who perpetually hover round the scene like birds of evil omen, recalls vividly Meyerbeer's treatment of the somewhat similar characters of the Anabaptists in the Prophet. The orchestration of the whole opera moreover, while bearing strong marks of the hand from which it came, is in a different vein. It is softer, more subdued, more varied, and the instrumental combinations are often novel, for the work of Verdi. The concerted music is remarkably beautiful, fresh and novel, especially, we might mention the trio and laughing chorus, at the end of the third act, as being ingeniously elaborated and singularly effective and dramatic, as illustrating perfectly the thing which the composer had to describe. The trio, *Odi tu come fremono*, a hurried passionate scene, is one of these passages of intense dramatic effect. The solemn dark phrases of the conspirators are always in wonderful contrast to the action and music of the other characters on the scene, and they are throughout conspicuously before the mind and the eye of the spectator. The receding voices of the conspirators and chorus as they leave the scene produce a marked effect. In strong contrast to Sam and Tom is the character of the page, Oscar, which is made very attractive by Miss Hinckley's graceful impersonation of it, and musically is very interesting from its sparkling pretty songs so different from the sombre mood of Renato and from the mysterious character of the conspirators. Indeed the whole opera is one of strongly marked contrasts. The governor and his secretary, the wife and the sorceress, the page and the conspirators, are constantly set off against each other, making a most attractive musical *chiar' oscuro*.

Each of the principal characters has beautiful solos, which we need not say with this cast were beautifully given. Very sparkling and fresh is the lovely barcarole sung by Brignoli in the cave of the witch and admirably adapted to his voice. Indeed he sings throughout this opera, evidently *con amore*. We have no space to remark upon these more fully now. The character of Ulrica is perhaps the least interesting; and the incantations of the witch came short of the proper effect, although Miss Phillips made of the part all that can be, we should imagine, which is not small praise, since Alboni, in the same character, has failed of success.

Mad. COLSON sang exquisitely and acted with her accustomed fire and grace, at the first representation, especially in the moonlight scene, but on Friday was ill, yet unwilling to disappoint the audience, did her best, although obliged to omit some of the music.

FERRI gave his part of Renato, with excellent con-

ception and artistic style. His dress was picturesque and his bearing and action exceedingly effective. He sang beautifully the air *E sei tu che macchiavi*.

In short, we have been much pleased with the new opera, and are not content with what we have heard of it. The first act is less interesting than the others but the dramatic and musical interest progress and increase gradually till the climax is reached. It certainly adds much to Verdi's reputation, is a work which does honor to him in every way, and has in it many of the elements of extended popularity and a long life.

At the first performance the theatre was packed from top to bottom, even standing places being hard to be obtained. A large audience witnessed the second performance, and many will be glad to learn that it is to be given for the third time this afternoon.

Linda di Chamounix was selected for the debut of Miss CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, on Tuesday evening. The sweet simplicity of the young Savoyard peasant girl is easily reproduced by the powers of a young girl, coming within the sphere of her experience and not forcing her to counterfeit passions of which youth and innocence can have but small conception. The opera is thus well adapted for a debutante.

We have rarely had occasion to record a more complete and genuine success than was won by Miss Kellogg on this occasion. An entire novice upon the stage, having appeared only some half dozen times in all, coming to us almost unheralded and unpuffed, indeed almost unknown, she has stepped into the position of a public favorite, at a single bound. In person she is slender and graceful, with a pleasing face, intelligent and intellectual, rather than a beautiful one, capable of the most varied expression. Her voice is a pure high soprano, of that thin and penetrating quality that cuts the air with the keen glitter of a Damascus blade, wanting now, of course, in that volume and power which age and time will give, yet sufficient for all practical purposes; of course, furthermore, not so full in the lower register as it will be in time. She reminds us much of Adelina Patti as to the quality of her voice, and indeed in her execution, which is finished and thoroughly artistic, saving little of the novice, but worthy of the experience of a longer study and maturer age. Every thing attempted is done with admirable precision, neatness and brilliancy that leave little to be desired. In the opening cavatina, *O luce di quest' anima*, she exhibited at once these qualities, giving the air in a way that brought down the house in spontaneous applause. As she proceeded she evinced a rare dramatic talent and an apparent familiarity with the business of the stage that was truly remarkable. The grace and simplicity of manner that mark her, are, however, native and not acquired, and seem a real gift of nature. Through all the changes of the opera, she showed herself always equal to the demands of the scene, so that, as an actress, we should set her down as possessed of a rare instinct, if not, indeed, of positive genius. We do not remember any one in the character of Linda who has given it more acceptably than she.

She was admirably supported by Miss PHILLIPPS as Pierotto, who eclipses all without exception who have sung this charming character, from Signora Sofia Marini in 1847, down to the present time. No one has sung the music more perfectly, no one has ever acted the character so well.

BRIGNOLI sung delightfully and we have seldom heard more marked applause than that which followed the duet between him and Miss Kellogg.

FERRI was very effective as Antonio; indeed his conception of every character that he assumes is of the highest excellence, and on this occasion his singing was unusually pleasing.

DUBREUIL made an excellent Marquis, deserving favorable notice. The only drawback to a very perfect performance was the severe hoarseness of

SUSINI, whose appearance should have been preceded by an apology, so large a part of the audience being strangers to him and his usually excellent singing. He acted however with much spirit. Miss Kellogg impresses us as an artist full of the best promise. We trust that she may not be forced too fast, nor overworked, that the freshness of her voice and the life and energy of her young nature may not be prematurely injured by labors too great or by an unwise ambition. We are glad to learn that no necessity obliges her to go upon the stage, but that a true love for art is the only impulse. The studies so well begun, it must be remembered are only begun. There is no end to study in so high an art, for a person of so much promise, to whom such high achievements seem possible.

Jamaica Plain.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.

A series of three concerts at Eliot Hall in the above place has just come to a close March 7th. The kindness of a correspondent enables us to give a short account of the labors of the club in that beautiful village. Three concerts were got up by subscription through the efforts of a gentleman of Roxbury, who on similar occasions before has shown his love of music. The first concert unfortunately came on that memorable Thursday, February 7th, when a spring-like morning was followed by a night so intensely cold as to prevent a large attendance; and the following nights there were full houses and enthusiastic audiences. In the second concert the club were assisted by Miss Housron of the Old South choir, who sang two songs to great acceptance.

Of classical pieces the club played Mozart's Quintette No. 4 in D, Beethoven's Quintettes in B flat No. 6, op. 18, and in C. op. 29 entire; and the following parts of pieces: Andante and Variations from Schubert's posthumous Quartette in D minor, and the Andante and Canzonetta from the Quartette in E flat by Mendelssohn. There were arrangements from Robert Le Diable and from Don Giovanni, and overtures, besides the usual soli on the violin, violoncello, flute and clarionette, played to the great satisfaction of the audience.

PRIVATE CONCERTS.

There were last year and are going on this year musical gatherings at Jamaica Plain, which we think a good proof of the love that is borne there to good music. We say *good music* advisedly, as we happen to know several of the parties that usually entertain the company, and their taste and love for the best in music, and as we have been permitted a glance at their programmes. The first "Musical" came off on March 8th, and comprised beside some vocal and instrumental pieces by other composers, selections from Weber.

Such gatherings are pleasing evidences of the spread of musical taste among us. It is a true pleasure that cannot be replaced by any other way of enjoying music, to make music together in the home-circle. There is the delight in music, where the heart has a share too. Here around us are all those whom we love best, uniting, for the pure love of it, in the production of music. The way we play may be mediocre, it may be inferior, if judged by a critical standard. But the sweet sounds and the love flowing over in them please and elevate nevertheless. The next way of enjoying music in company is at such musical gatherings of friends and acquaintances. A little more formal, requiring somewhat more of a preparation, still social, free from the stiffness of the concert-room and genial. There is an indescribable charm in anything we have done or are doing ourselves. And thus the feeling of satisfaction makes up, in a great degree, for whatever may fall below the standard of the artist. It is a desirable way of spending evenings, very useful to the spread of good taste and commendable in the highest degree. There

may be such gatherings in other places. If so, we would be very glad to hear from them. *†

THE SACRED CONCERT.—The post of a lobby member of the legislature or of Congress may be an agreeable and useful one; that of a lobby member at the Boston Theatre, however, is neither the one nor the other. We, therefore, did not avail ourselves of the complimentary (?) ticket sent to us to the concert of the Handel and Haydn Society and the Opera troupe on Sunday last; having, moreover, a well founded distrust of such a union of uncongenial elements, performances so given having never reflected credit upon either body engaged in them.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The last concert was attended by a crowded house. Some Hercules should have cleansed out the Augean stable and purged the Music Hall from the signs of the presence of Mr. Rarrey's horses. We annex the programme, and regret that we have not space to give more particular notice of the performance.

1. Overture, "Dichter und Bauer," (first time)... Suppe.
2. Romanza, from the Opera L'Eclair (for Flute and Corn, Anglaise).
- Messrs. Ribas and Zohler.
3. Symphony No. 1. (1st time in Boston)... Mendelssohn.
4. Les Preludes... Liszt.
5. Grand Ballet, from "Robert le Diable"... Mendelssohn.

A. P. HEINRICH.—We translate the following from the New York *Abendzeitung*, and trust that some of Father Heinrich's friends here may be able to relieve his necessities in his sickness and old age. Further information may be had at the office of this Journal.

"There is among us an aged artist, numbering eighty years. Every reader of this paper knows him as a highly gifted musician. His many valuable manuscripts fill large trunks, and in face of these riches, the old man lies sick and without money in the second story of the house, No. 33 Bayard Street. ANTHONY PHILIP HEINRICH is too illustrious a person to be suffered to make his debut before the world in the character of a beggar. He has worked much and the world owes him. Will you not, my fellow citizens, liquidate part of this debt? I trust that the German-American part of our population will see to it that this venerable old man is not only relieved but done justice to."

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 18.—MR. SATTER seems so well satisfied with the success of his *Matinées*, that he repeats them weekly, and as he tries to please every class of listeners in his programmes, he is likely to continue to draw fair audiences (in two senses) for some time longer. Last Friday he produced Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony in a two hand arrangement. The very obvious difficulties of the latter he surmounted with the most perfect ease, and played the whole in just the right spirit. The Andante, particularly, was *very* beautiful, and the Scherzo a marvel of delicacy and nimbleness of finger. The Finale was so dependent on orchestral effects, that even more skilful hands could not have made it appear to entire advantage on the piano; however, it presented no drawback to the enjoyment of the whole. This number was followed by another little *bouquet*, (not "banquet," as your printer makes me say in my last) of minnets, by Haydn, Beethoven, and Mozart, all of them exquisitely rendered; the individuality of each brought out and contrasted with the others most truthfully.

After this came a graceful, dance-provoking waltz by Mr. Satter himself, in compliment probably, to the preponderating element in the audience, as it was called "Les Belles de New York." This being encored, Mr. Satter responded by an improvisation or Fantaisie on the Serenade and Eulogy of Tears, by

Schubert, and ended the concert by a Fantaisie on Traviata. This last was the merest show-piece, and not worthy of one who is capable of so delighting even the most critical, as Mr. Satter. Any one claiming the name of artist ought never to lower himself to please even a portion of his public. Even modern Italian Opera airs can be arranged and worked up with genius, and need not be spoilt by ornaments and variations entirely inappropriate to their character, but when these same flourishes are applied to the beautiful melodies of Schubert, or, as in the Fantaisie on the Huguenots, the sublime choral "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," is dressed up in a fancy costume of roulades, trills, etc., thus being robbed of all its grandeur and solemnity, this is still less excusable. Such clap-trap performances should be beneath the dignity of one who can interpret the Pastoral and Scotch Symphonies, Beethoven's Sonata, op. 26, Chopin's Impromptu and the like compositions as Mr. Satter can.

On Saturday our fourth Philharmonic Concert took place, attracting the largest audience that the Society has had this season. Even the amphitheatre was comparatively full, while below not a seat was vacant. Beethoven's ever beautiful Seventh Symphony headed the programme. Then came a novelty to us at least, in the shape of Mozart's Piano Concerto in D. major, rendered I may say to perfection, by Mr. Hoffmann. If I am not mistaken you have heard this beautiful work several times in Boston; here it was produced for the first time, and appeared to afford the greatest enjoyment to every one but a party of young ladies and gentlemen in one of the proscenium boxes, who were so persistent in carrying on a loud conversation, that only repeated and energetic hisses from all parts of the house could at last silence them. It would be advisable for these individuals, if they cannot possibly converse as well at home as at the Philharmonic concerts, to choose at least some point in the house which is less conspicuous, and not so much like a whispering-gallery, from whence the sound of their voices is carried over all the house, not even excepting the amphitheatre. The second part opened with Schumann's Overture to Genovefa, also unknown to us heretofore, and concluded with that to les Francs-Juges, by Berlioz—both very effective; but the former of more intrinsic value than the second. Between these Mr. Mollenhauer played one of his indescribable—compositions they can hardly be called—rather combinations of every possible trick and *tours-de-force* for the violin. Mr. Hoffmann played a couple of solos, the second of which, a Polonaise by Lubeck, was very effective and powerful. Both solo-players were encored with enthusiasm, and replied by short pieces. —†—

NEW YORK, MARCH 18.—MISS CECILIA RAPETTI, a daughter of the well-known violinist and opera leader, made her debut, last Monday evening, at Irving Hall, before a large audience. She is young and talented, possessing a good mezzo soprano voice with excellent low notes, and, moreover, gifted with those rich sympathetic tones which are so much more grateful to the ear than the most difficult but mechanically executed cadenza. She was very much frightened but did not show it, and she sang very well, though the selections made were poor, her principal songs being the hacknied *Aria di Sortita*, from *Traviata*, and the corresponding aria in *Trovatore*. The allegro to the *Traviata* air the young vocalist omitted.

There were a great many personal friends in the room, but even without their aid, the debut would have been considered a success. To be sure one surly old music teacher went into the green-room between the parts and said that the *debutante* might do for the parlor but was wholly unfit for the concert room. But all this was bosh. Miss Rapetti is now a pleasing and delightful singer, and, with further

development of years and physical strength, will please even the surly musical teacher unless he be an obstinate idiot.

I spent a delightful hour the other day with GUSTAVE SATTER. He lives at 154 Waverley Place, in this city, and has a large parlor, in which the principal article of furniture is one of Steinway's grand pianos. Of this instrument Satter speaks in the highest terms. He has had it for two years, has taken it with him, by sea and by land, has visited with it various parts of both South and North America, and yet finds its tone as brilliant and gratifying as ever. This is certainly a proud testimonial for the makers of the instrument, who are now fairly rivalling the Chickering's. The Steinways, it may be remarked, are recovering from the business prostration into which all kinds of trade have been thrown during the past winter, and now give again full work to their large body of employees.

But to Satter. He plays in a private room and to one person quite as well as in a concert hall before a large audience. It was a treat indeed to hear his admirable fantasia on *La Juive* and his brilliant arrangement of *Ernani* airs in the finale of the third act was finely worked up. Then he played some pieces of his own composition and closed with a wonderfully long and difficult fugue of Handel's, composed for some festival at Westminster Palace. All these, Satter played from memory. He never uses notes when playing before any one. Unlike other eminent pianists here, he does not teach, devoting his whole time to concert giving and practise. He has taken up his permanent residence in New York.

Miss EMMA ROWCROFT gave a matinée concert the other day. She is a vocalist of considerable merit, and the daughter of a British ex-consul to Cincinnati. She has come to New York to settle down as a teacher, and has given one or two concerts. At her last matinée, she gave, among other things, the "Shadow Song," from *Dinorah*, and did it very well, too.

Talking about *Dinorah* reminds me of ADELINA PATTI, who is singing with such acceptance in that opera at New Orleans. She has been engaged to stay there another month. Her sisters are in this city at the home of the Strakosches in 22d street. Such an ineffably musical family never was heard of. You know that Mrs. Strkosch was formerly Amalia Patti, the contralto. The sister, older than she, Clothilde Barili was Mrs. Thorne and was a good prima donna. She died some years ago. Then came Amalia. Then Carlotti Patti, who has recently appeared as a concert singer with eminent success. Then Adelina, who is a real musical wonder. The portraits of these four gifted sisters hang up, side by side, in the 22d street house.

The father of the Patis and Barilis was in early life a tenor, and was associated with Sanquirico and Palmo in one of the earliest operatic enterprises of New York. The mother was a prima donna. Then there are the two sons Ettore and Nicolo Barili, and nobody knows how many musical relatives may exist in Italy. But certainly there is no such a musical family in this country. The Strakoschs are not musical with the exception of Maurice, and he and his brother Max are the only members of that family in the country.

Musical people here are quite anxious to hear how the Ballo in Maschera will take in Boston. It is much liked here by all except a few bigots and will now draw as good a house as any other opera that can be named. Brignoli sings excellently in it, although they say that Mario in Paris, can't do anything with the part of *Ricardo*. Brignoli can.

That reminds me. Funny story about Brig. They say that he has a certain talisman or treasure which he carries about with him wherever he goes. It is not a cross of gold, nor a mystic vial, nor a

saintly relic; but the head of a buck! The animal was shot some time ago in the western wilds and Brignoli had the head stuffed, with the antlers preserved; the whole forming a unique and pleasing ornament. He is very fond of it and probably you may see it by applying to him in Boston.

There will be a number of changes in church choirs this spring. I have already notified you of the revolution in Dr. Cumming's choir, where Isadora Clark sings. At Dr. Cheever's church also, a revolution takes place. The congregation has been much weakened by repeated secessions, in consequence of the political views of the pastor, and cannot afford to keep their excellent but expensive choir, of which Mrs. Jameson, the best singer of sacred music in the city has for years been the leading soprano. At Christ church in this city where two Boston singers Mrs. Mozart and Mr. Millard form half of the choir there has also been a change, the organist, Mr. Schmidt having gone to San Francisco. His place is temporarily supplied by Mr. McKorkell, the harpist and organist. At Dr. Hague's new Madison Avenue Baptist Church, there has been a squabble, and Mr. Beals the English organist engaged there has left after playing some two months, a Mr. Thompson succeeding him. It is now-a-days quite the cheese for our resident musicians to have regular weekly reception nights at which music and talk form the entertainments. Musical soirées are also becoming more frequent in private circles. Aptommas, the harpist, has regular weekly receptions on Saturdays, and that on Saturday last is a sample of the kind. By the annexed programme, you will observe that several professional artists, the wife of the senior editor of the N.Y. Express and a number of amateur pupils of Aptommas were among the performers.

Inflammas—Stabat Mater, Mme. De Ferussac and chorus
"Rend your Hearts"—Mr. Cook
Organ Solo—(Meditation Religieuse). Mr. Villanova
Ave Maria (with Bach's Fugue). Miss Gaynor
Accompanied upon the Harp, Organ and Violin, by
Messrs. Rapetti, King and Aptommas.
"Rest in the Lord"—Elijah. Mrs. Elliott
"Pro peccatis"—Mr. J. R. Thomas
Harp Solo—Sacred. Mr. Aptommas
Duo Religioso. Mr. Millard and Miss —
"Fac ut Portem". Mrs. Elliott
L'Annonciation—For Harp and Organ.
Messrs. Villanova and Aptommas
"Lord Remember David". Mr. Millard
Cantique de Noel, (with harp and organ). Miss Gaynor
Il Preghiera—Mose in Egitto—Solos by
Messrs. Cook and Thomas and Mrs. Gottendorff
Accompanied on four harps by Mrs. James Brooks, and
the Misses Gaynor, Brooks and Van Buren.
Hymn—by all. "From all that dwell below the skies"

I have frequently in my letters to Dwight given gossip about church choir affairs. Let me now give a specimen of meanness on the part of a church which is well worthy of notice.

There is in this city a wealthy congregation who have recently erected a new church edifice and placed in it a splendid organ built by Erben. At the opening of the church, several other choirs and a first soprano well known in Boston, were called upon to lend them aid. A skilful English organist was chosen, and a double quartette choir engaged. Soon the leader of the choir squabbled with the bass of the auxiliary quartette, then he quarrelled with the organist who with quartette No. 2 left the church.

Now the church is rich. Remember that. There's no necessity of the trustees doing a small thing. But they did it. A distinguished organist of another church managed to get one of his pupils in the vacant place, promising himself to play at the evening services gratuitously. Thus he ensures a pupil at \$50 a quarter.

Now where's the meanness. Not so much in the teacher—not as much in the amateur pupil, but in the church trustees, who think they make a great bargain, getting an organist or two of them for a trifling sum, and thus keeping some good, deserving and perhaps needy organist out of a place which can really afford a good salary. Now, that this is a very contemptible style of economy is the opinion of
Trovator.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Here with thee. (Tecco io sto.) From Verdi's
"Un ballo in maschera." 75

Duet in the second act between Richard and Amelia
(Soprano and Tenor). It is a piece of much beauty of melody and fine dramatic power, and has been unhesitatingly acknowledged here as one of the lasting gems in the opera.

O thou wert bright as op'ning day.

E. C. Sebastiani. 25

A pleasing song.

If I could change as others change. Song.

M. W. Balfe. 50

A Parlor Song, which is much admired in England, and is deserving of a wide popularity.

The man who didn't take a paper. L. Heath. 25

A pretty comic song in that happy vein which the author has so successfully touched in some previous songs, as, for instance, the "Woman's resolution," or the "Matrimonial jars," both of which have taken immensely wherever they were performed.

Instrumental Music.

Forget me not Waltz. Arranged by

Carl Zerrahn. 50

As played twice by the Orchestral Union in their afternoon concerts. For a long time no waltz has so generally pleased, and the calls for it previous to its publication have been very numerous. It will no doubt continue popular.

Let me kiss him for his mother. Variations.

Chas. Grobe. 50

Ordway's popular air nicely varied. Of the difficulty of the "Shells of Ocean" and other popular pieces of the celebrated author.

Air d' Isabelle in "Robert le Diable." Transcription. Otto Dresel. 50

The air of which this is an elegant arrangement opens the second act and begins in the Italian version "In vano il fato." Those teachers who are afraid to use classical music with their advanced pupils will find this an unobjectionable substitute. The treatment is thoroughly artistic, and everything arranged to the best advantage. Operatic arrangements of such intrinsic merit are rare.

Books.

DITSON & CO'S STANDARD OPERA LIBRETTOS, each 25

The librettos of twenty-three Standard Operas are now published of this admirable Series, rendered popular by their correctness of text, excellence of typography, and convenience of size. During the present season of opera in this city they have been found quite indispensable with those who sought to enjoy, understandingly, the performance; and we have no doubt that in all other localities they will be found equally desirable. They contain an Italian and English text, an epitome of the plot, and the music of all the principal Airs.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 469.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1861.

VOL. XVIII. No. 26.

Spring.

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

A flush of green is on the boughs,
A warm breath panteth in the air,
And in the earth a heart-pulse there
Throbs underneath her breast of snows:

Life is astir among the woods,
And by the moor, and by the stream,
The year as from the torpid dream,
Wakes in the sunshine on the buds:

Wakes up in music as the song
Of wood bird, wild, and loosen'd rill
More frequent from the windy hill
Comes greening forest aisles along;

Wakes up in beauty as the sheen
Of woodland pool the gleams receives
Through bright flowers, overbraided leaves,
Of broken sunlights, golden green.

She sees the outlaw'd winter stay
Awhile, to gather after him
Snow robes, frost-chrysell'd diadem,
And then the soft showers pass away.

She could not love rough winter well
Yet cannot choose but mourn him now;
So wears awhile on her young brow
His gift—a gleaming icicle.

Then turns, her, loving, to the sun,
Upheaves her bosom's swell to his,
And, in the joy of his first kiss,
Forgets for aye that sterner one.

Old Winter's pledge from her he reaves—
That icy cold, though glittering spar—
And zones her with a green cymar,
And girdles round her brow with leaves.

The primrose and wood-violet
He tangles in her shining hair,
And teaches elfin breezes fair
To sing her some sweet canzonet.

All promising long summer hours,
When she in his embrace shall lie,
Under the broad dome of bright sky,
On mossy couches starr'd with flowers.

Till she smiles back again to him
The beauty beaming from his face,
And robed in light glows with the grace
Of Eden-palaced cherubim.

O Earth, thy growing loveliness
Around our very hearts has thrown
An undimmed joyance all its own,
And sunned us o'er with happiness.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sketches of French Musical History.

X.

OPERA.

1800—1830.

Dramatic music, like literature and the plastic arts, reflects in every age the predominant spirit which governs the ideas and manners of a people; this art—doubtless more powerful than any other, since it combines them all, as it were, in itself—

renders obvious to sense, if we may so speak, the picturesque side of the human soul, and gives the careful observer a daguerreotype of the mobile and varied physiognomy of the ages as they pass.

Just as the musical era of Cambert and Lulli seems to us to correspond exactly with the grandeur of the times of Louis XIV. so Campra represents the affectations of the Regency, Rameau paints for us the inimitable gracefulness of the epoch of Louis XV. and Gluck the austerity of manners under Louis XVI—a king who vainly strove against the dissoluteness of a corrupt court. We shall see during the first thirty years of the 19th century, Lesueur and Spontini faithfully rendering the grandeur and mystery of the Imperial era, and the immortal Rossini brilliantly reflecting, during the more quiet times of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., the important literary transformation effected by the consecutive labors of Chateaubriand, Lamartine and Victor Hugo.

The time of the Consulate, which was but a preparation for the Empire, is essentially a period of transition. We therefore find little to notice in the annals of the Theatre of Arts from 1800 to 1804, except *La Dansomanie*, a ballet by Gardel and Mehul; *Praxitée*, which we owe to the pen of Madame Devismes, wife of the Director of the Opera; *Les Mysteries d'Isis* a pasticcio by Moreland Lachnith from Mozart's Magic Flute and works of Haydn; the Cantata composed by Lesueur in honor of peace and the heroes of France (April 14, 1802); the *Semiramis* of Catel, a work correct, but cold; *Tamerlan*, by Winter, which had but a dozen representations; produced at Notre Dame, on occasion of the solemn proclamation of the concordat, a mass performed by an aggregate of 400 singers and instrumentalists; and finally the *Anacreon* of Cherubini, in which Lays, crowned a wreath of ivy, grape leaves and roses rejoiced,

Animé du triple desir
Des Vers, de l'Amour et du vin.

A conspiracy of the republicans against the first Consul Bonaparte was to be executed on the 18th Vendemaire, de l'An IX. (Oct. 11, 1801); and the Opera house was selected as the place to for the deed. The play was the *Horaces* by Porta. The chorus of the Oath was designated by the leaders as the right moment for simultaneous action by the band, which was to be scattered through the theatre. Sixty of them were seated in boxes taken for the purpose, or were mingled in the crowd of spectators. Their plan was to extinguish between the acts, the lamps which lighted the corridor of the first boxes and to hurl from the upper rows a great number of fuses and crackers on fire, which would naturally frighten and confuse both spectators and actors. Profiting by this moment of general terror, tumult and confusion, the conspirators would be able to assassinate the First Consul and his companions. One of the traitors, struck with remorse, went during the night and made known all the details of the plot to the prefect of

Police. Bonaparte to whom the matter was revealed at 4 o'clock in the morning held a council with his chief officers. In the evening he went to the theatre; the general officers clothed in citizens' dress, mingled themselves in the crowd and acted their part so skillfully, that it was impossible to suspect them of knowing all the particulars of the plot. They went directly to the boxes of the conspirators, and besought the occupants to retire peaceably and without noise. At length the elder Horace upon the stage came to the passage,

Jurez donc devant moi, par le Ciel qui m'écoute
Que le dernier de vous sera mort ou vainqueur.

This, the preconcerted fatal signal fell upon the ears of the First Consul; but, the conspirators, taken with their hands filled with arms and fireworks were already under guard beneath the staircases of the theatre. Before the end of the third act, they had been carried to their prisons in carriages. During all these proceedings the spectators were hardly aware that anything extraordinary was taking place. Some slight excitement was visible in the lobby which was filled with people, but no one knew precisely the key to the enigma.

On the 3d Nivose (Dec. 23d) of the same year a new conspiracy was indicated by the explosion of the infernal machine. Without exhibiting the least trace of emotion, Bonaparte, who was on his way to the opera house at the time of the explosion, entered that building to hear the first performance of Haydn's *Creation*. Garat, Cheron, and Mesdames Barbier, Valbonne and Branchu sang the principal parts in that master work.

Daniel Steibelt had exhausted all his skill in adjusting the barbarous text, as translated by a hack writer, to the admirable melodies of the great German master, and in spite of the disadvantages of the translation, the oratorio produced an immense effect. 156 vocalists and as many instrumentalists, with a pianist to accompany the recitatives, in all 313 performers took part in the work. The receipts on this occasion reached very nearly the large amount of 24,000 francs. It had attracted the notice of the first consul that 17 boxes, containing 94 seats were occupied gratis by the municipal officials of the government. Struck by this wrong, as the reason of the annual losses of the theatre, he wrote with his own hand a note, still preserved in the collection of the Comedie Francaise, of which the following is a copy:—

"A datter [sic] du 1er nivôse, toutes ces places serout payées par ceux qui les occupent.

BONAPARTE."

It was not long before the conqueror of Italy was proclaimed Emperor, and Dec. 2, 1804, the musicians of the opera joined those of the chapel in executing the Mass of Paisiello at the coronation of Napoléon and Josephine, which took place in Notre Dame.

The two most important works executed in the Imperial Academy from 1804 to 1814 were, beyond controversy *Les Bardes* by Lesueur and *la*

Vestale by Spontini. But before going into details upon these two remarkable productions, we will note rapidly ;—

1. A translation of Mozart's *Don Juan*, sung by Rolland, Luby, Derivis and Mlle Armand ;

2. *Nephtali* by Blangini, the performances of which, having been interrupted by the Emperor's absence in Poland, were renewed upon his return by his order ;

Of less note were *Paul et Virginie* a ballet by Gardel and Kretzner ; *le Triomphe de Trajan* by Esmenard, Lesueur and Persuis ; *Aristippe* and *La Mort d' Abel* by Kreutzer, imitated by the *Mort d' Adam* of Guillard and Lesueur ; *Fernand Cortes* by Spontini, which ran eighty nights consecutively ; *Les Bayaderes* by Catel ; *Jerusalem* by Persuis ; and *Les Abencerrages* by Cherubini. The first representation of *Les Bardes* was upon the evening of July 10, 1804. After the third act, Napoleon sent Marshal Bessières to call Lesueur, that he might express in person the lively satisfaction which the work had caused him. After some complimentary words, Lesueur was about leaving the imperial box, when Napoleon holding him by his coat said, "Remain here and enjoy your triumph to the close." He afterwards added "your fourth act is superb but the third is unapproachable ; I give you the cross of the Legion of Honor."

Some days after the Emperor sent Lesueur a small box of gold containing bank notes to the amount of 6,000 francs. On the edge of the box inside was engraved "L'Empereur des Français a l'Auteur des *Bardes*."

The first performance of *La Vestale* was upon Dec. 15, 1807. Spontini, already known by several works, had at length obtained a text from Jouy, composed it and submitted the score to the judges of the Imperial Academy. They found 'good things' in it, but with one voice condemned its extravagance of style, the boldness of its innovations, its abuse of loud instrumentation and the hardness of many of its progressions. The decision was that the work should not be performed. Thanks to the Empress Josephine Spontini surmounted the opposition of the jury. The opera was put in preparation by order of the court, when suddenly Spontini was forced to bow his head and submit his score to Persuis and Rey, who manipulated it at their ease but did not succeed in completely spoiling it. So at last the work was produced and received with enthusiasm. The execution was very fine. Lainez, Lays and Derivis filled the parts of Licinius, Cinna and the high priest.

Madame Branchu gave Julia, and Mlle Mailard the grand vestal. The entire second act is a masterpiece of sentiment and expression ; it is both charming and vigorous. The prayer, the "Impitoyables dieux !" the cavatina of Licinius, the finale duett, and the stretto in three kinds of time—all this produces a marvellous effect ; and yet without the high protection, which sustained the efforts of the composer, this masterpiece might never, perhaps, have passed the threshold of the theatre. The changes which Spontini had been forced to make in his music raised the expenses of copying to the enormous sum of 10,000 francs.

As we have seen, Napoleon strongly favored the encouragement of letters and the arts ; a sufficient proof of this we find also in the remarkable report made by Chenier at the instance

of the Emperor on the state of literature at the end of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th centuries.

Decennial prizes were instituted by an imperial decree, dated at the palace of Aix-la-Chapelle. 24 Fructidor an XII. By this decree 10,000 francs are granted to the composer of the best opera at the Imperial Academy of Music, and by a posterior act, of Nov. 28th, 1809, grand prizes of a second class are proposed, first, to the author of the best lyric poem set to music, and secondly, to the composer of the best Comic Opera represented upon any of the principal stages. Nov. 9, 1810 there was a grand distribution of the prizes.

The poem of the Vestal, by M. de Jouy and the music of the same work carried off the two prizes. A "very favorable mention" was accorded to the *Semiramis* of Catel, and a grand prize of the second class to the *Joseph* of Mehul. *Les Deux Journées* by Cherubini, *Montano et Stephanie*, by Berton, *Ariodant* by Mehul, and *L'Auberge de Bagnères* by Catel only obtained "honorable mention."

Four years later hostile armies approached and menaced Paris. Jan. 31, 1814, an occasional piece was hastily arranged, called the *Oriflamme*, the object of which was to revive the hatred of the French against the strangers. It was but a short time however before the Russians and Prussians laid siege to the capital and on the first of April following the *Vestal* was played at the opera in presence of Alexander and Frederick Wilhelm III.

May 17th Louis XVIII. visited the Academy Royale de Musique, once more, on which occasion were given *Œdipe à Colone* and *Le Retour des Lis*, a ballet improvised for the occasion. Dec. 14th *Castor et Pollux* was revived ; and April 18, 1815, Napoleon in turn was present at a performance of the *Vestal*, followed by the ballet *Psyche*.

July 9th, Louis XVIII again entered the opera, now in company with the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, *Iphigenie en Aulide* and *la Dansomanie*, were performed, and Lays sang the *Vive Henri IV*.

An ordinance of the King, of Jan. 18, 1816, regulated the rights of authors. The same year two successful works were produced, *le Carnaval de Venise* a ballet by Kreutzer and Persuis and *le Rossignol* an opera in one act by Lebrun. The *Fêtes du Cythère* was hurriedly put together for the marriage of the Duc de Barry by Dieulefoi, Brifant, Berton, Kreutzer, Spontini and Persuis. Reproductions were successively, *Fernand Cortes*, *Les Danaïdes*, *Tarare* and the *Caravane* of Gretry. *Les Jours Floraux* by Bouilly and Aimon had but a moderate success. The *Olympie* of Spontini was played but twelve times though mounted a cost of 170,000 francs.

But the unlucky 13th of February 1820 put a sudden stop to the performances in the Academie Royale. The Duc de Berri was assassinated at the opera on the last Sunday of the Carnaval. Horrible and touching contrast ! the unfortunate prince stretched upon his bed of death, while the actor Elie was receiving the applause of the spectators in the part of Punchinello. The entire royal family in tears, hardly separated by a thin partition from an audience convulsed with mirth—was not this a most energetic instance of the sorrow and vanity of things of this world ?

The last sacraments were administered to the dying duke, on the spot where the crime was committed, upon condition that the opera house should be demolished. Such was the will of de Quelon, archbishop of Paris.

The opera fled to the Salle Favart on the 7th of April. Mlle. Bigottini obtained there a good success in the ballet *Clari* ; and Sept. 29 the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux was celebrated there by the performance of the *Choruses of Athalie*, music by Gossec, and the ballet *Paris*. Fine composers, too, joined to celebrate the baptism of the new prince, in an occasional opera entitled *Blanche de Provence* ; they were, Berton, Boieldieu, Cherubini, Kreutzer and Paer.

The present opera house in the rue le Pelletier was opened August 16, 1821. The performances were the variations by Paer upon the *Vive Henri IV*, *Les Bayaderes* of Catel and *le Retour de Zephire*, a ballet. Adolphe Nourrit, a pupil of Garcia made his first appearance as Pylades in *Iphigenie en Tauride*. Nov. 1. Habeneck succeeded Viotti and Kreutzer as orchestral director. *Aladin ou la Lampe merveilleuse*, music by Nicolo and Benincori obtained great success. Feb. 6, 1822. But a new revolution was approaching in the realm of music. Castil-Blaze had invigorated the public taste already by bringing to its knowledge foreign masterpieces, in his pasticcios of the *Folies Amoureuses*, *La Forêt de Senart*, and by his translations of the *Barber la Pie voleuse*, *Otello*, *Marguerite d'Anjou*, the *Marriage of Figaro*, *Tancrede* and finally *Robin des Bois* [pirated and altered from Weber's *Freyschütz*] which latter, at first coldly received obtained afterwards an uninterrupted series of 387 representations at the Odeon. Herold and Auber began to be known in 1823 by the *Lasthenie* and the *Vendôme en Espagne*. *Pharamond* was given June 10, 1825, on occasion of the coronation of Charles X.

After the *Don Sanche* of Theaulon and F. Liszt, was represented May 6, 1826. *La Chasse du Jeune Henri* a picturesque symphony by Mehul, put into action by Gardel. Oct. 9, the benediction of the flags in Rossini's *Siege de Corinthe* was applauded. What can we say of the *Moïse* first given Feb. 26, 1827 ; of the *Muette di Portici* the masterpiece of Auber (Feb. 29, 1828), of *Comte Ory*, that delicious work of mixed style ; of *Guillaume Tell*, the brilliant reproductions of which do but add to its eternal youth ? What is most to be admired in these works, the vocal melody or the orchestration which is so brilliant without being bellowing as in the great works of the present time ?

That was also a beautiful epoch in song when one could hear on the same evening Mesdames Sontag and Malibran of the Italian Opera, uniting in the performance of *Tancred*, *Moïse* or *Don Juan*. A magnificent performance Jan. 24th, 1830, brought into the treasury for the poor more than 50,000 francs !

John Hullah.

A ladder with the Latin motto "Per scalam ascendimus," mounting by the scale (or ladder), stood over the fireplaces of St. Martin's Hall, was destroyed by fire. The master of the hall was Mr. John Hullah, the most effectual musical reformer whose good influence has been felt by the people of England in our day, or in any day before it. His energetic hand has held the ladder by which other men have mounted ; but it has been to him no ladder of fortune. Even before he was burnt out by fire the other day, he was burnt out by zeal.

In a Kentish village numbering hardly more than five hundred inhabitants, thanks to Mr. Hullah's scales, the children, the young men and women, even several of the old men who work on farms, have become singers. This Christmas, and every Christmas, and every Christmas and Easter for some years past, they have performed an oratorio of Handel or some other great master; they cherish their church music, and they live together with their minds awakened to such sense of harmony, that for years past not one of them has been punished for, or accused of, against the law. The vicar and his parish are as one family together. At one of their mid-winter oratorios a young woman did not come in till after the music had begun. Her house had been snowed up, but her father, a farmer, had been getting his laborers together, and they had all cleared a way for her, that she might go and take her part in the sublime strain.

At the bottom of this what do we find but Mr. Hullah's music books? Some of them found their way by chance to Pitcairn's Island, where men have learnt from them to make the desert blossom with their songs. Year after year Mr. Hullah has taught classes. His disciples have taught in the provinces with a steady zeal, of which we shall best show the force and the effect by an example.

Twenty years ago, there was no popular taste in this country for anything but dance music, comic songs, and sentimental ballads of the weakest texture. Nobody then believed England to be what everybody now sees it is—a musical nation. English opera then was a tradition more than half suspected to be, like other traditions, fiction. Now, the two largest theatres in London vie with each other in producing it, and we have discovered that our nation begets not only singers and good judges of song, but musicians and composers who in the new atmosphere of national appreciation will know how to hold up their heads in presence of the foreigner.

It seemed to Mr. Hullah in those bygone days that a diffused knowledge of the elements of music would be a great gain to his country. He was first struck by the deficiency, not in observation of the lower, but of the middle and upper classes. When polite folks came together they bored one another with bad solo singing, and concerted music was almost impossible, because there were few vocalists who could really read music at all.

About the end of eighteen thirty-nine, Mr. Hullah, having become acquainted with Dr. Mainzer's system in Paris, again went thither; for he had heard of M. Wilhelm, and he found "him carrying out his system of teaching on a very extensive scale, having direct government sanction and support so far as his school for the poor, whether children or adults.

Twenty years ago, Mr. Hullah proposed to the Committee of Council on Education, of which Dr. Kay was then secretary, to open singing schools for schoolmasters of Wilhelm's system in London; and these singing classes soon grew into classes for all kinds of persons; but their growth was impeded by want of a place of meeting, ample, convenient, and not costly. St. Martin's Hall, of which the first stone was laid by Lord Carlisle in June, 'forty-seven, was built; but, alas! St. Martin's Hall, in the phrase of the money getter, "did not pay." It is difficult to estimate the value of the work done in it for the education and refinement of the people. The effort to maintain it had drained all the resources of its founder and its maintenance began to seem impossible when the recent fire brought the whole case to a final issue. Yet, during the past twenty years one hundred and ninety-five classes of adults, of both sexes, averaging seventy persons in each class, have been taught by Mr. Hullah himself, and by a loyal body of assistants, of whom the foremost were Mr. May and Mr. Monk, and two other gentlemen presently to be mentioned by name. The sale of the musical publications has been enormous, and among these, each set of large sheets represents a class somewhere—a single book often the study of a teacher; parents have learnt that they might teach their children. Brothers and sisters have taught one another. The men in the lighthouse on the North Foreland, having got hold of one of Mr. Hullah's manuals, worked through the exercises together, helping and correcting one another as they best might. Others had used, and are now using the book. That is a part only of what the sale of one copy represented.

Mr. Hullah's earnestness and skill were soon appreciated. At the outset of his career he was appointed professor of vocal music at King's College, where he still, as professor, teaches church singing to students of the theological department. In 'forty-four, a class of about fifty was formed for a daily lesson, on Mr. Hullah's system, at Trinity College, Cambridge. Its members were heads of colleges, tutors and masters of arts. The ladies of the same families had

their own class in the hour following. In four or five months these students sang glees, madrigals, part songs, anthems, and motets of rather more than ordinary difficulty. The lessons were resumed after the long vacation, and at the end of the year several private choral performances were given at Trinity Lodge. A class for the under graduates had been at work also; and there were classes for townspeople of divers grades. Mr. Banister, who represented Mr. Hullah in this leaving of Cambridge with a sense of music, taught also in London a class of wives, sisters, and daughters of mechanics, who, attending themselves, several hundred strong, to be taught by Mr. Hullah, begged that a class might be formed also for their women folk. The result was a class of seventy, to which the women came half an hour before time to secure good places, anxiously conning their last lesson while they waited, and at which they made progress with a speed only to be accounted for by those who could picture the home evenings in which the husband and father joined with his own household in song, and while comparing the fruits of their lessons they all helped each other.

A more striking illustration of the diffused influence of Mr. Hullah's enthusiasm, is to be found in the result of the labors of Mr. Constantine among the mountains of Cumberland and amidst the whirl of the machinery of northern England, among a people famous in these days for their good choral singing. When, in 'forty-two, Mr. Constantine began working Mr. Hullah's system, under the direction of Mr. Crowe, at Liverpool, he taught the first mixed class of ladies and gentlemen in the National Schoolroom at Birkenhead, and gradually undertook the following round as his week's work. We begin it in the middle: Wednesday, the first business, was to get to Ulverston, twenty-two miles distant; the way being across the sands of Morecombe Bay. This journey in winter time, had to be made often in the dark, because the low tide and the morning sun would not always keep in harmony together. The winter fogs, too, are, in Morecombe Bay, not very welcome to a lonely rider travelling on horseback, and obliged to rely on his horse's knowledge of the track. Class day in quiet Ulverston was always a gala day. The singing master's horse was sure to be well looked after. For Ulverston, the town farthest north in Lancashire, stands on a tongue of land where there was nothing to enliven its work, but the market day, till the musician came. The four thousand and inhabitants yielded three singing classes. One contained about fifty ladies and gentlemen, another forty children, and the other was a general class of a hundred. The excellent organist kept up the work, and has conducted a musical society from that time, we believe, to this. People came from miles away to be taught in these classes. A cart-load of poor children used to be sent by a kind lady from Bardsea. A hale old clergyman walked, in all weathers, nine miles into Ulverston and nine miles home again, to qualify himself for teaching, upon Mr. Hullah's system, his school-children and parishioners, that so he might elevate not only the music in his church, but also the happiness, and even the morals of his district. He was rewarded with a success beyond his expectations.

On Thursday the lecturer went on to Ambleside, a ride of twenty-one miles, to a place that is, in winter, very quiet, with its five or six hundred inhabitants sorely in need of wholesome entertainment. Here, where there used to be the most horribly nasal and inharmonious imitation of church music, there is now sung by the people a plain musical service, irreproachable in taste. On Friday the round was from Ambleside, fourteen miles on, to Kendal, where there were four pretty good classes, but these did not live to a second course. Sixteen miles on, next day, Saturday, brought the teacher to Casterton schools. Having taught there, a ride of seventeen miles to Preston was followed by a railway journey to Lancaster and back to meet classes there. Sunday was spent at Preston. A ten-mile ride, on Monday, to Blackburn, carried the music master to three classes, the last a very large one, chiefly composed of factory maids. On Tuesday the Lancaster classes were revisited by way of Preston, and so the week's round ran for one of Mr. Hullah's propagandists, in the winter of the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-three. The elementary classes led to the forming of an advanced class, for the practice of Part Music in Preston, Lancaster, Ulverston and Ambleside. The largest classes, however were those at Penrith. The same teacher afterwards taught in other towns both in the North and West of England. At the present time sixty or seventy students leave every year the Home and Colonial schools, and twice as many are in training. The national training schools—St. Marks, Chelsea; Battersea College; Whitelands—each yield about fifty teachers every year, teachers

who have had some musical training. At very many schools—indeed, in all parts of the country—the good work is going on. In Mr. Hullah's personal teaching the interest has been so strong, that some members of his first upper school, formed twenty years ago, have abided by the classes until their recent dispersion. One energetic pupil walked twelve miles to a railway station, thirty miles distant from London on his class nights, and was punctual in attendance. The head of a private school at Tunbridge attended a course, travelling to town for every lesson, and repeating what he had learnt to his own pupils after his return.

It has been found that the number of people who are supposed to have "no ears" is wonderfully small; while only a few may have true genius for music, all can learn its grammar, and by patience with attention learn to hear their part not disagreeably in madrigals and psalms. Thanks to these singing schools the national ear has improved, and the national taste has been raised. Witness the enormous multiplication of concerts in which the choral performers are amateurs; witness the increase in the demand for musical publications and in the sale of musical instruments, especially of pianofortes and harmoniums; witness the great improvement in church music, and the admission even of chants into dissenting chapels. Wherever there is a large town it is now possible to form a chorus at a minute's notice, and it will be a chorus of singers, who are most at home in the best music, and enjoy its performance for the music's sake, far more than anybody can enjoy the act of listening.—*All the Year Round.*

Church Music in New York.

The law of supply and demand is one of the first in nature, applicable alike to all material, social, intellectual or moral requirements. Thus, when an era in the progress of nations is reached, which calls for great men to take the helm and guide the Ship of State, the supply is always commensurate with the demand, and they are sure to be forthcoming. So it is in all departments of human affairs. At the present time, in accordance with this law, and the advancement of the age in matters pertaining to science and art, a demand exists in all branches of æsthetic culture for something of a better and higher order than our fathers and the generations which preceded us enjoyed. This we find applies particularly to the subject under consideration. The distinguished foreign artists—such as Leopold de Meyer, Herz, Thalberg, and Jenny Lind—who have visited this country, have done much toward creating and developing a taste for fine music among us; as a natural consequence, the want of able performers has been felt, and they have appeared. Many of them have grown up in our midst, and some are from other countries, who, coming here with the intention of remaining but a short time, have preferred to make this their permanent residence.

It has recently been stated in some of the leading German papers, that New York contains more first-class resident pianists than any city in Europe, and we think the same may be truthfully said of organists. Prominent among them is the organist of St. George's Church, in Stuyvesant Square, of which Rev. Stephen H. Tyng is rector. This is, without exception, the largest church in the city, and will seat 2500 persons comfortably; its congregation is one of the most wealthy and fashionable in New York. Of the vocal part of the music at this church we do not propose to say much at present, as a change is soon to be made in the organization of the choir—the quartette of amateurs, of which Miss Dingley is the soprano, being about to give place to a double quartette better adapted to the size of the building. The character of the music is similar to that of Trinity Chapel—described in a previous letter—occupying a position midway between the ancient ecclesiastical and modern secular style. Of the instrumental portion of the music we cannot speak too highly. The organ was built by Henry Erben—by many thought to be the best builder in this country—and, next to that of Trinity Church, is the largest in this city; it contains forty stops, many of which are to be found only in this instrument—one of them is an imported German Gamba, of peculiar richness. The Pedal Organ contains seven, of which one—the Gamba—is a thirty-two foot stop.

Mr. Wm. A. King, a native of London, and son of M. P. King, the celebrated composer, and author of the Oratorio of the Intercession—is the organist. He is the "king" of performers upon the "king of instruments," and has been in this country about twenty-six years, during which period he has officiated as organist at most of the leading New York churches, including Grace, Calvary, and St. Stephen's, Roman Catholic. He has great natural abilities, received his early education at the Royal Acad-

emy, London, and played the organ with skill at the age of twelve years. As an *extempore* performer, he is unexcelled, and his reputation as such has long been established. Overtopping all others of his style, and maturing a great gift in this direction, added to his long experience, he now stands confessedly at the head of the school to which he belongs. His accompaniments are masterly, and in this department he has few superiors; his execution throughout is most delicate and beautiful, characterized by faultless taste, and yet few can produce more power when occasion demands. We were present last Sunday evening, when he extemporized a closing voluntary, which held in wrapt and undivided attention an audience of at least two hundred persons, to the close. His playing is imbued with a feeling and energy that transports the hearer's thoughts far above the limits of what the mere instrument can effect. It has been truly said that a large and powerful organ in the hands of a master in one of his best moments of musical inspiration, is inferior to no source of the sublime in absorbing the imagination, and awakening the finer feelings of our natures.

Before concluding our comments upon the Episcopal Church Choirs, we must not omit to mention that of St. Bartholomew's in Lafayette place, corner of Great Jones street, a large and plain, old-fashioned structure. It contains an organ built by Erben many years ago, which is not an instrument of the first class, but the music is artistic and finished, consequently, worthy of notice. Dr. Clare W. Beames, who was formerly connected with the Italian opera and well known as a vocal teacher, is organist and director. He filled the same position at St. Peter's (Catholic) Church, in Barclay street, from 1838 until 1845, and since then seven years at the Church of the Ascension; during which time he presented to the public many of the classical works of Haydn, Mozart and other composers, hitherto unknown in this country. This choir is a quartette. Miss Marie Brainerd, the celebrated vocalist, sustains the soprano; Miss Lindsey, contralto; Mr. Cafferty, the well known artist, (in painting) tenor, and Dr. Roath, bass, the latter three are amateurs in music. Miss Brainerd is a very fine singer in oratorio, and is considered among the best in sacred music; she has also met with considerable success as a singer of miscellaneous pieces in concerts. The whole form a very effective choir, and the music comprises selections from the classical composers, the Grace Church and Greatorex collections, with anthems, chants, &c., of Dr. Beames's own composition.

Brooklyn is fast becoming one of our most musical cities, and the opera has met with more patronage there this season than in New York, but this is owing in part, to the general desire experienced by the public to view the interior of the new Academy of Music. For the same reason, the concerts of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society—which are given at the new Academy—have been attended by upwards of three thousand persons this winter. Church music receives a large share of attention, and, in some of its many churches, the music rivals in brilliancy with that of the leading ones in New York. The largest, handsomest, and most costly of all of them is the Church of the Holy Trinity, located on the heights, corner of Clinton and Montague streets, near the new Academy of Music. Much attention is here bestowed upon the music, and the choir is very thoroughly drilled. The plan upon which it is arranged is antiphonal or responsive, with eight voices on each side, including a fine quartette, of which Miss Comstock, a very superior singer, is soprano and leads the *Decani* side; Miss Chase leads on the *Cantoris* side. Miss Smith is a favorite alto singer, and Messrs. Comstock and Haynes *bassos* of considerable merit. The class of music here produced is of about the same school as that sung at Trinity Chapel and St. George's, New York; services composed by Mr. Warren, the organist, are sometimes chanted. Mr. Warren has it in contemplation to train a number of boys, in addition to the present choir. The organ is a large one, containing forty stops, two octaves pedals, and three ranks of keys. It was built by Crabb, of Flatbush, Long Island, and has recently had several new stops added by Johnson, of Westfield.

Mr. George Wm. Warren, the organist and musical director, is a native of Albany, and acted in the same capacity at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in that city for thirteen years. There, he had a large and fine choir, and became extensively known throughout the country as a teacher and professor. Miss Hinkley, the present popular *prima donna* of the Italian Opera, was one of his pupils, and a member of St. Paul's choir for three years previous to her departure for Italy. Mr. Squires, the celebrated American tenor, was another one of his pupils. Mr. Warren received a call to this church, and came to Brooklyn in August last; here the purity of his style, the total

absence of all effort in his performance, and the true musical feeling with which he is endowed, have won for him an enviable reputation as an artist of the first rank. It has been stated in some of the papers that the sum of \$3000 per annum was paid Mr. Warren, as salary for his services; this is an error. The amount of \$2000 is appropriated for the music of the church, of which about one-half is for the vocalists. Mr. Warren's voluntaries are of a classical description, comprising selections from Mozart and others, and are sometimes *extempore*. We observe that he always improvises a prelude before giving out a psalm or hymn, after an English custom lately adopted by some of the first organists in New York and Philadelphia; it is an excellent plan, calculated to afford rest to the minister, besides adding grace to this portion of the services, but we cannot hope to see it generally introduced, as it requires more ability and originality than the majority of organists possess.—*Transcript*.

Signor Arditì.

Of all the foreign musical artists who have established themselves in this country, there is no one more deserving the esteem of the profession than this well-known *chef d'orchestre* and composer. A few details of his career, during which he has been associated with the most celebrated vocalists and instrumentalists of the present day, cannot but be interesting to our readers. Luigi Arditì was born at Crescentino, a small town in Piedmont, in 1822. Evincing great musical talent when very young, he was placed under the celebrated Professor Caldera, with whom he rapidly acquired a proficiency in violin playing and composition. At the age of fourteen, by the advice of Caldera, his father sent him to the Conservatoire at Milan, where he devoted himself to a serious course of study, and distinguished himself by the production of an opera entitled *I Briganti*, which was performed with considerable success during the carnival of 1841. In 1842 he gained, for the third time, the prize at the Conservatoire for composition, as well as for violin playing, and on this occasion was presented with a violin by Viceré, as an especial mark of approbation. He took leave of the institution in the autumn of 1842, and may be said to have commenced his public career early in the following year, when he was engaged as orchestral conductor at Vercelli. He afterwards performed in several of the principal towns in Italy, and returned to Milan in company with the sisters Milanollo, for whom he composed and arranged some of their most effective duets. During 1844 Arditì extended his travels to Rome and Verona with Bottesini. Their success was unprecedented. Encouraged by the results of their concerts, they had determined to visit England together, when an advantageous engagement for America, offered by the impressario Marty, induced them to set sail for that country, where they arrived in September, 1846.

Arditì was appointed conductor of the Italian Opera at the Tacon Theatre in the Havana, Bottesini being in the orchestra under his direction. At the conclusion of their engagement with Marty, they made a tour through the United States, and remained some time in New York. Recalled by Marty to conduct the opera at the Tacon Theatre, Arditì remained in the Havana until the end of 1850, during which season the company included the well-known names of Bosio, Steffanone, Tedesco, Salvi, Bettini, Lorini, Badiali, Beneventano, Marini, &c. When in the Havana he was generally called "Créolo," from the many graceful dances he composed which became popular. In 1852 he was engaged by Alboni to accompany her during her *tournee* through the States, and then, desirous of holding the reins of management as well as the conductor's baton, he became impressario in partnership with Mad. Devries, and maintained the enterprise successfully for fourteen months.

He was subsequently under an engagement to Sontag at New Orleans, at the expiration of which his services were secured by Mr. Hackett to direct the operas and concerts given with Grisi and Mario during their visit to America. At this time he conducted the performances on the opening of the Academy of Music at New York.

It will thus be seen that Arditì was connected with every musical undertaking of importance in the New World for a period of ten years, or from the time of his first contract with Marty, in 1847, to the moment of his leaving the United States for the purpose of revisiting his native country, in 1856. Upon his return to Europe, he accepted an engagement as conductor at the Naum Theatre at Constantinople, where new honors awaited him, and where he was decorated by the Sultan with the Order of the Medjidie. Upon leaving Constantinople, Arditì returned to Milan, here his reputation and ability as a maestro induced

the indefatigable Lumley to make an engagement with him, which has continued up to the present time, and thanks to which, his remarkable talent has become known to the English public.

During the last twelvemonths Arditì has published many of his compositions, some of which have become popular. Among these will be remembered the Valse Chantante in D, entitled "Il Baccio," which was sung with so much effect by Piccolomini, for whom it was expressly composed. One of his works which is still unpublished, is an opera called "La Spia," of which those who have heard it speak in the highest terms.

It has afforded us much gratification to have been able to give this brief outline of Signor Arditì's successful career, his musical acquirements and amiable qualities making him in every respect worthy of the social and professional position he has attained in this and every other country he has visited.—*Lond. Mus. World*.

A DANCE FOR LIFE.—Espinoza, the little ballet dancer with the big nose, who was attached to the Ravel company some years ago, and made quite a hit in "Esmeralda" at the Boston Theatre, and who had in reality an unusual degree of dramatic and salutory talent, is said to have experienced a singular adventure since he was last seen here. On one of those tours taken by theatrical people in search of the golden fleece, in which they sometimes make the most marvellous perambulations and undergo the most moving accidents by flood and field, Espinoza found himself in the Rocky Mountains; not intending to set up a ballet where Fremont raised the American flag, but with a view to eventually reaching California and discovering a placer.

However, he was destined to perform before a very different audience from those which had applauded his pirouettes in the parquette at Boston. He was captured by a tribe of Indians and doomed to torture. While his masters were gambling around him in their uncouth style, it suddenly occurred to the young Spaniard that his own remarkable friskings might amuse them, or else he was shocked at the bad style in which they performed, and became anxious to instruct them in the movements with which he was familiar.

At any rate he induced them to loosen his bonds, and began to dance. His pranks were so outlandish and extravagant, his gestures so novel and unprecedented, his twistings and turnings, his jumpings and vaultings so entirely surprised the unaccustomed audience that they stared in stupid amazement. It must have been a strange scene. The naked dusky Indians grouped around this little Spaniard, ready so soon as he tired or as they tired of him, to put an end to his life as well as his dancing, and he capered away madly for their amusement. This was indeed "the dance of death." But he intended it should be "the dance of life."

He so fascinated the savages that they became intent on nothing else; and finally when they gathered around him a complete circle he introduced a dance, that many New Yorkers must have laughed at and wondered at when they saw it on the stage; he began running right and left, backwards and forwards, hitting here one and there another, dispersing his audience, touching one with his arm, another with his feet, completely absorbing and delighting them; and while their surprise and pleasure were at the height, suddenly leaped into a vacant saddle on one of the fleetest horses of the band.

The Indians thought this too one of the pranks of his performance, and did not discover their error till Espinoza had shot so far out of their reach, that no effort sufficed to recapture him. He arrived safely at the company from which he had originally strayed more fatigued than after any of his dances in the opera. His audience shouted and screamed, but not with admiration, at the last; and he could boast of having created a more genuine sensation even than Ellsler or Cerito, or any of *les deesses de la danse*.

VERDI AS A POLITICIAN. The celebrated composer of the "Ballo in Maschera" has been elected a member of the Italian Parliament. He recently wrote the following letter to the President of the College of San Domine, of which he is a deputy:

President: The honor spontaneously offered me by the College of Borgo San Domine deeply affects me. It proves to me that I enjoy esteem as an honest and independent man, dearer far to me than the little glory and small fortune bestowed on me by art. I thank you, then, President, and beg you warmly to thank for me the electors, who have entrusted me with the honorable charge. Would you kindly assure them at the same time, that if it is not given me to carry into Parliament the splendor of elo-

quence, I shall carry into it independence of character, a scrupulous conscientiousness, and the firm will to co-operate with all my might toward what is good for the honor and closer union of this our native country, so long afflicted and divided by civil discords? Now, to the end that this long and hitherto fond desire of seeing a united country may be satisfied, fortune sends us a king who loves his people. Let us rally, then, all around him, since, if he shall be acclaimed before long the first King of Italy, he will also be, perhaps, the only one who has truly loved his people more than his throne. I beg you to accept the sincere expression of the esteem with which I take pride in declaring myself your devoted servant,
G. VERDI.

Sant' Agata di Villanova, Feb. 6, 1861.

The critic of the *Boston Atlas and Bee*, who went to a concert of the Handel and Haydn Society, got in, but found no seat—talks some plain common sense to managers and people connected with performances generally, as to the amount of courtesy they display towards those from whom they habitually receive ten or twenty times the worth of the free admissions rendered. After opening his mind pretty freely on the subject, the critic furnishes the following "bill of particulars" of things suffered and enjoyed in his professional tour. It is very much as the experience of nearly every one of his brothers foots up at some time or other:

The Handel and Haydn Society
In account with *Caput Mortuum*.

	Dr.	
For two car tickets.....	\$	08
" damages from a wet foot.....		25
" swearing while going back.....	10	00
" extra tobacco smoked.....		05
	\$10	38
Per contra.....	Cr.	
By wear and tear of conscience saved in not having to puff the concert.....		39
By comfort in giving a piece of his mind.....		9 99
	\$10	38

—Exchange.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 30, 1861.

IN THIS NUMBER the usual pages of Music give place to a Title-page and Index of Vols. XVII. and XVIII.

Editorial Correspondence.

NEW SERIES.

No. IX.

ROYAL ORCHESTRA SINFONIE CONCERTS.

(Concluded.)

Berlin, Feb. 1861.

I will not enter into any premature comparison between the Royal Orchestra of Berlin and that of the Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipzig. At all events, it would be unsafe to declare the superiority of the former on the strength of a single hearing of the latter, such as I have before reported. Certain it is, that, taken at that moment the Leipzig orchestra was not so perfect, and probably not up to its own standard. The strings were all that could be wished, but in the wind band there was harshness, blur and indecision. It was the animating verve and spirit of the rendering that saved it; and yet there was complaint of falling off in this respect. In Taubert's orchestra the balance is perfect; the reeds and brass are all as true and pure in tone, as sure and clear in outline, and as delicately subordinated as the rest; always present in just the right degree of force, and furnishing the right characteristic color, spoiling no effect by over-prominence, and falling short of none. Each man blows and fingers with the skill and certainty of a consummate virtuoso, but without the virtuoso's egotism; a common classical feeling, an artistic loyal instinct merges each in all. It often seemed to me as if Herr Taubert sat at the keyboard of a single universal instrument, and that one master mind

played the whole, to whom every tube and string were as responsive, each with exactly the right shade of tone, as are the keys of the pianoforte to the masterly interpreter of Beethoven or Chopin. Now this, to be sure, is only saying what every orchestra ought to be; it is the abstracting of all the bad from all the good qualities; it is describing an ideal orchestra. A thing more easily described than found. Such generalized fine talk is commonly dangerous, and so overshoots the mark in respect to anything actual, that it describes nothing. But here is just the place for it, when one at last does find something so complete and faultless; something in hearing which you are relieved of all sense or dread of interfering mechanism; in which you meet the composer mind to mind, and the music seems breathed upon you from the source that first inspired it. That certainly is the best orchestra in which you forget the orchestra itself, and deal solely and directly with the composer's thought. And that I could do all too easily for one who has to make a critical report about it.

The Seventh Symphony of Beethoven was as fine a test as one could have, on the first evening, of the virtues of such an orchestra. Or rather, to put the right foot first, such an orchestra could not do you a more edifying service than to let you hear the Seventh Symphony. There was only one disappointment; we were in the gallery, the air was dead, and of course the sounds could not vibrate with their full resonance upon the ear; your reason recognized how full, how perfect the orchestra was, but subjectively to you the effect was deadened, it needed room to ring in, needed freedom, it reached you partly paralyzed. (Ventilation of rooms has more to do with acoustics than we are wont to imagine.) Such an experience is like listening with wool in your ears. But even with these dampers on the strings (the nerves of hearing), the symmetry and nicety of the rendering were unmistakable. I shall never forget the impression made upon me by the exquisite *pianissimo* with which that mysterious Allegretto (second movement) was commenced by the low strings, and how the stream grew richer and stronger by a *crescendo* that held one one in breathless interest. It is almost worth coming to Europe for to hear a *pianissimo* for once in one's life. I think we have only taken the will for the deed at home, and not a very united will at that. In Leipzig, listening to Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony, I was surprised and charmed (whether I mentioned it or not) by the exquisite fineness, neatness and precision with which the whole body of violins ran through those long sustained passages of *staccato* triplets in the Allegro. It was the same here too. And that work furnished one chance for comparison of the two orchestras in the same task. I should say that the performances were in the main about equally good, with the exception that in the Leipzig one the brass in the strong passages was sometimes coarse in quality and overpowering; the horns in the Trio stammered, &c. In the Andante, the melancholy church-like movement, the reeds here were marvellously expressive; such bassoons and oboes, with such characteristic individuality of sound, I have not heard elsewhere.

But what else of Beethoven? The *Eroica* came out much more clear and majestic, more like a grand consistent whole, to me, than it ever did be-

fore; although that work still lacks to me the perfect unity of form, the suggestion of a single and successful cast, which is so undeniable in the other great ones, teeming as it is with glorious passions, with most original and frequently sublime ideas. But the *Marcia funebre* is the grandest thing of its kind, and was made uncommonly impressive in this rendering. It was for this, doubtless, that this Symphony had been selected.

It was played in honor of the late king, Friedrich Wilhelm IV., who had died on the first of the month; and the concert was the first after the expiration of the *Trauer* period of 18 days, during which all public music, all theatres and entertainments of all kinds were absolutely suspended, and even formally forbidden. How could Germans, especially Berliners, manage to exist so long without music? You wonder that they submit to the compulsory mourning at so severe a sacrifice. But they submit to anything in the name of loyalty and court tradition. Heavy is the tax which Europe pays to *etiquetterei*. When the king dies the whole land must go into mourning; it is not left free to each one's feeling; it is not treated as a matter of feeling; it is an outward observance ordained and imposed on every one; those of such and such a rank must wear such and such crape, and dress so and so, for so many weeks or months; and *all* must go without music and all public entertainments for a period arbitrarily appointed for them, since it is not safe forsooth to trust the matter to the sincerity of private grief. The nation is the royal house, the people are the royal family, according to the king theory, and are expected to don the livery of the establishment to swell the pomp of its funerals. And so Berlin, so all Prussia, actually existed the first eighteen days of January without theatres or concerts. Of course it was a ruinous interruption of business to some of the dealers in these articles; but good for the keepers of cafés and beer saloons; these became the sole resource for the evenings; for no matter how much crape he wears, how loyally he puts on all the shows of mourning which the Court prescribes, how many black flags wave from palaces, hotels, and fashionable fancy and drygoods shops, how outwardly complete and rigid the so-called *Landestrauer*, construing God's sunshine out of existence for such period as pleases the powers that be, still your Berliner must enjoy himself, must drink and smoke, and reserves one sovereign right against any infringement of which the whole nation would be most sure to rebel—to wit, the right of Beer. By a curious coincidence the only real Winter we have had in Berlin began and ended with those eighteen days; during that period the presence of his icy majesty was very near and palpable, his freezing breath upon us; the temperature was most of the time below zero and yet never so cold as in the coldest days of our less northern Boston; the climax of the cold, the one day that might have passed for a fair specimen of a right clear, cold New England winter day, was that on which your correspondent nearly froze his feet at Potsdam watching the funeral procession of the King. With the return of music came the melting airs of Spring; the snow departed, not yet to return, and the weather on an average has been milder than our April. (This is the middle of February). But the *Trauer* is observed much longer by the court and all officials and their families; and to this fact it

was owing that many subscribers' tickets to the Sinfonie Concerts were not used, but were offered at sale for the last evenings to some of us outsiders, so that we have heard the music to the best advantage from good seats on the floor.

Of the other Beethoven works in the above programmes, I enjoyed most the overtures to *Leonora* (No. 3), and to *Coriolan*, certainly the two grandest which he or any one has written, and that warm, impassioned, exquisite love Symphony—the Symphony in which the sentiment of “*Adelaide*” and the “*Moonlight Sonata*” has found its largest expression—the Symphony in B flat, No. 4. This last was just the kind of piece to hear in such a room, from such an orchestra; the impression of its beauty was as pure warm and complete, as that of one of Raphael's loveliest creations.

I should hardly have thought it possible for me to listen with much interest again to that hacknied Symphony of Haydn's, which goes by the name of the “*Surprise*.” But here the marvellous perfection of the rendering lent such a charm to the mere elegance and perspicuity of Haydn's style, that any one could sit through it with delight. And so with the other Haydn Symphony. Judge then how unalloyed the pleasure must have been of hearing from the same orchestra the symphony by Mozart in G minor, which, the more one knows it, the more he is inclined to regard it as a perfect Symphony, one of the very best existing models of the form, so beautiful and so spontaneous as well as logical in its entire development, as to show that the Symphony form is really not arbitrary, not the fashion of an age, the slavish copy of some one man's success, but founded in the very nature of music and the human soul. The great “*Jupiter*” of Mozart, too, was superbly played; it was easy to trace the four mingling fugue themes in the last movement, in so faithful and distinct a rendering.

Of works more out of the beaten concert track of these days, the Symphony by Emanuel Bach, the son of John Sebastian, naturally excited the most interest, and it had been revived a few weeks before in Leipzig. It was written before the Symphony (or Sonata) form had reached its development, and before the modern orchestra existed. The string quartet of the orchestra is but passingly relieved and colored in it by a few wind instruments. In point of form it seems to occupy the most important step between the old Bach and Haydn. It has three well defined movements, leading without break into one another; and it is full of life and fire, with not a little freakishness, particularly in the finale, where a famous trill is executed by nearly the whole orchestra *en masse*, the double basses included. I must say I enjoyed it, but must hear it more than once in order to know it. Another rarity, comparatively, but very different, was the overture to “*Anacreon*,” by Cherubini; this is one of the most lifesome, stimulating, original, and altogether felicitous productions in the shape of overture that I have ever heard, as sparkling and as wholesome as its subject could suggest.

The two overtures by newer composers, Nicolai and Bernhard Scholtz, were both interesting. The latter, to Goethe's “*Iphigenia*,” has much of the dignity of Gluck, but more enriched with modern orchestration, and made at least a *succes d'estime*. The former, founded on the choral: *Ein feste Burg*, is called a religious festival over-

ture, and was composed in 1844 for the third centennial festival of the University at Königsberg, whose foundations were laid in the same time with those of the Reformation, when these grand old chorales, which form the true heart and subject matter of the great Protestant sacred music, (Bach's motets, cantatas, &c.), as the *Canto fermo* did of the Catholic, sprang into being. It was a true thought, therefore, to choose for the substance of his overture this most representative one of the Lutheran chorals. He gives it out at first solemnly and grandly, and skilfully and justly harmonized, in massive chords of the whole orchestra (accompanied in the original performance by chorus and organ). Then out of fragments of the subject an elaborate and interesting double fugue is developed, in quite a Handelian style, and the overture concludes with the chorale *en masse*, as it began. The work exhibits the composer of that graceful, pretty trifle, the opera “*Merry Wives of Windsor*,” in a more serious and important aspect. There are traces of a happy inventiveness already in the opera, especially the overture; but as a whole it is a failure; and of course the idea of setting Sir John Falstaff to music was simply absurd. But those who knew Otto Nicolai well, lament his early death, as well as his somewhat troubled and eccentric life, as that of a man who had real musical genius in him. Certainly this overture shows depth and grandeur of conception and of feeling, as well as musicianship in the sterling contrapuntal sense. A Motet of his, sung lately by the Dom Chor, confirmed the impression. D.

Italian Opera.

Mosé in Egitto, which was to have been given on Wednesday, was postponed to Thursday. The tremendous snow storm of that evening however, diminished the size of the audience, which would, under other circumstances have been a very large one, as, in the early days of Italian opera, Moses was one of the most popular of all operas, and as the frequent performances by the Handel and Haydn Society of it in its oratorio form have made the music quite familiar to very many people.

It was indeed refreshing once more to hear so grand a work from the hand of the great living master, whose mind seems to be the inexhaustible fountain of melody ever fresh and ever new. Then the prodigal wealth of ornament, and the richness of accompaniment make any thing from the pen of Rossini a rare feast to ears that have been fed long upon the thinner diet offered by his, in some respects, degenerate successors. Our wonder never ceases at his surprising fertility and variety in the points that we have alluded to.

The day gained by the postponement was an obvious advantage to SUSINI, who, in the condition in which he undertook to appear in *Linda* on Wednesday, could not have sustained the burden which the shoulders of Moses have to bear. The improvement in his voice was very marked, so that he went through the evening quite successfully as regards the music, while his imposing personal presence, and careful attention to the acting of the character, made his impersonation on the whole quite effective. It was a serious drawback however, that his noble voice so inadequately carried out his intelligent and artistic conception.

FERRI as Pharaoh was a worthy representative of the Egyptian king. His bearing and manner were truly royal and he gave good effect to the stirring incidents of the scene.

STIGELLI of course left little to be asked in his rendering of the music of Amenofi. The character

is one of little interest dramatically, hardly more so than that of Pollione in *Norma*, thus giving scarce any opportunity for the energy and fire characteristic of the best efforts of Stigelli.

The duet between Pharaoh and Amenofi was splendidly sung by Stigelli and Ferri, and the audience would only be contented when the curtain which had fallen upon the second act was raised and the duet repeated. The duet with Mad. COLSON was very brilliantly done, and prodigiously applauded. The character of Anaide is not one well adapted for this lady, for the purpose of displaying her personal graces and her elegance of manner, and the dress is one severely trying to a pretty woman whose good instinct in matters of the toilet is so conspicuous. She sang however, with all her accustomed effect and brought down the house by her brilliant rendering of the music.

Miss PHILLIPS as Sinaide appeared to great advantage and her reliable character as a singer, saved some of the concerted pieces, none of which went very smoothly, from the discredit of entire failure.

The spectacle and tableau at the end was as ludicrous as ever it was in old times, but perhaps was as well done as it can be here. The choruses were tolerable and in respect to costume and scenery the opera was quite well presented.

Rigoletto was performed on Friday with Miss Kellogg as Gilda, Stigelli as the Duke and Ferri as Rigoletto. The opera is not nor will it ever be a popular one, and is full of some very unmusical music. For its effect it depends upon the character of Rigoletto, which on this occasion was most admirably represented by Signor FERRI, who gave it all the pathos and passion that it requires. It was one of the best personations that Ferri has ever given us, excellent and versatile as he has proved himself. It is no small credit to appear as he has on every night in characters of such different natures, and to have given them all so faithfully and so well. Ashton, Renato, Antonio, Pharaoh, the King (in *Ernani*) and lastly Rigoletto, have all been rendered with the same zealous attention, artistic conception and admirable effect, and have done much to place this artist, in spite of some vocal drawbacks, very high in the scale of public favor.

STIGELLI sang *La donna e mobile* finely, but no time can efface the recollection of Mario in this air. He was hardly in a congenial element, playing the dissolute deceiver of the Jester's daughter, but the music was faithfully and effectively given.

Miss KELLOGG “renewed her triumphs” as the bills said, in the character of Gilda, giving it with admirable conception and excellent and artistic style, though somewhat wanting in force in the great quartette, pitted against three such voices as were with her. Miss PHILLIPS was an incomparable Maddalena and gave great life and spirit to the scene.

Un Ballo in Maschera was promised for Saturday afternoon upon the bills, “without abridgement or curtailment,” and the performance was perhaps as near to the promise as it is possible for an opera company to keep its word with the public. Have such people no consciences? We have rarely heard an opera more mutilated and more thoroughly shorn of its fair proportions, by leaving out the best part of it, than on this occasion. For example, the whole of the first scene of the second act, which Mad. Colson omitted at the previous performance from indisposition, was again omitted, apparently without this excuse, the audience thus losing one of the finest passages of the opera musically, one also of great dramatic interest. Again the long and important scene that begins the third act, between Renato and Amelia was entirely omitted, very essential to the correctness of the plot, which moreover includes the finest air that Ferri has to sing in the whole opera, whose admirable rendering of it we noticed last week. The scene is also of exciting interest, from the great effect with which it has been given by Colson and Ferri at the previous performances.

BRIGNOLI too, followed suit by cutting the exquisite air of the fifth scene of this act, *Ma se m'e forza perdersi*. The performance however, was made to last the usual time by intolerably long intervals between the acts, so that it occupied exactly the time that it did when given complete the first evening. In other respects this was a very spirited and good performance. Indeed the beauties of the opera grow upon us so that we are loath to lose any of them, even if they are not specially promised. As so many of the prominent solos were omitted at this performance, Miss HINCKLEY in the part of Oscar became almost the most prominent among the characters, and she sang them all with much spirit. The sprightly, light air *Volta la terra* at once fascinates the audience in favor of the pretty, saucy page and fixes attention upon him, whenever he appears to cast a gleam of sunshine upon the dark passions of the scene. Of this kind of music we know scarce any thing more fascinating than the page's song in the ball room, *Super vorreste*, which is invariably encored by the audience. The melodies of the opera prove to be of the kind that fix themselves in the memory, and will soon be welcomed as familiar friends.

Il Trovatore. The performances of this week began with this opera, with Miss HINCKLEY as Leonora. We have become so accustomed to identify her with the handsome little page in the *Ballo*, that we were fairly surprised at seeing the beautiful Leonora of this evening come upon the stage, lovely enough in truth to captivate Manrico and the Count di Luna and excite them to deeds of desperation to win her. Miss Hinckley's performance of Leonora was a succession of triumphs throughout the evening, and we were also not a little astonished at the power and fine effect with which she gave the spirit of the character. We dare say that some sagacious critic with score in hand will have discovered that some little passage of difficulty may have been omitted, that some lofty feat of vocal gymnastics that we have heard from a Lagrange perhaps may have been missed from her rendering; this may be true, but it is equally true that the real inner spirit of the character and the music has not often been more vividly, faithfully and artistically presented. The most vigorous applause and repeated calls before the curtain rewarded her for all her efforts and frequent bouquets were thrown at her feet. The *Miserere* scene was finely given and frantically applauded, (not by the *claque*, for the deadheads do not sit in the amphitheatre), and its repetition insisted upon by the most prolonged and vociferous demonstrations of delight. Signor Brignoli declined, (although, doubtless, for good and sufficient reasons) to make the additional effort, and thus placed the young prima donna in the awkward position of coming forward to the footlights to respond to the call and being obliged to retire again. The handsome tenor might at least have made his bow and acknowledgement, and the gentleman might have been more considerate of the feelings of the lady. A quite general tribute of hisses was his reward, when, after a long interval, during which the audience would take no denial of its request, the scene was repeated. Another avalanche greeted Signor BRIGNOLI when he appeared upon the scene, which he endured with an imperturbable gravity that quite conquered his enemies, and he took his revenge by singing more exquisitely than ever the remaining music that fell to him, extracting applause from the unwilling hands of those who only just before had hissed him. Miss PHILLIPS as Azucena, made unusual efforts and gave the part with wonderful spirit and dramatic effect. FERRI is an admirable Count di Luna and Barili well sustained the part of Ferrando. Altogether the performance was a very spirited and excellent one, and Miss Hinckley has every reason to congratulate herself on so successful a debut in a difficult part in which the achievements of very great artists are familiar to the audience before which she appeared. This opera always draws a good house, and

the intense passion of some of its characters and the intense music illustrating it, produces an undeniable effect upon the hearer. We have scarcely ever enjoyed the opera, as a whole, more than in the representation of Monday evening. We are glad to have had this opportunity of hearing *Il Trovatore* while the impressions of Verdi's later work are so fresh, and glad to find that our favorable impressions of the latter are even strengthened by comparing it with the earlier work of such universal and undeniable popularity.

"*Moses in Egypt*," performed as an oratorio on Sunday evening was not a very marked success. Choral societies for oratorios, and Italian artists for operas! They cannot exchange places with advantage. The music, we hardly need say to a public familiar with it for these dozen years, is wonderfully melodious and sparkling, and is just as enjoyable now as when it was first brought out. It did not derive any new significance or power from the last rendering. Many of the solos, however, were finely sung; the choruses and accompaniments were good considering the number of performers; and if the principal singers had not utterly spoiled two of the finest quartettes by their jarring *tempos*, we should have had a much pleasanter memory of the concert.

Linda was repeated on Tuesday, Miss KELLOGG in no respect falling short of the impression she made on her hearers at her debut. SUSINI was unable to sing, and Barili, at short notice, was substituted for him. It therefore became necessary to omit considerable portions of the opera. Miss PHILLIPS, BRIGNOLI and FERRI sang excellently and except for the large omissions mentioned above, the performance was spirited and satisfactory. The duet *A consolarmi affrettisi* was encored and the duet between Linda and Pierotto was very brilliantly delivered by Misses Kellogg and Phillips. Signor DUBREUIL improved much in his personation of the old marquis and contributed largely to the good effect of the performance.

La Juive.—Halévy's famous opera was given for the first time on Wednesday evening. The announcements of the management had considerably raised the expectations of the public as to its attractions and merits, so that the theatre was again filled to its utmost capacity, offering a most agreeable spectacle to the associated artists, suggestive of large receipts. It is of course impossible to speak with any minuteness of the music of a new opera by a composer almost unknown to us except by name. It gave us little of the melody that one carries away in the head, although it is brilliant and effective from beginning to end, and admirably fitted to the dramatic, even melodramatic requirements of the scene.

Several of the choruses are carefully elaborated and were quite well given. The scene of the feast of unleavened bread was also very impressive and finely sung by STIGELLI with some of the principals and chorus. But the chief attraction of the opera as given by this troupe, at least as it strikes one at the first representation, was the marvellous impersonation of the old Jew Lazarus, by Stigelli, which was one of the most effective and masterly performances that we have ever heard from him. Both in the general effect and in its minutest details it was done with admirable perfection. His dress, facial expression, gait even, were studied with the greatest care and all contributed to the vivid portrayal of the character, on which the whole interest of the opera twins. We need not say that the music was rendered with the finest effect. Mad. COLSON too, shone as a star of the first magnitude, being in the best voice, costumed to the last degree of picturesque perfection, and a beautiful realization of the lovely Jewess. SUSINI made a most imposing Cardinal, but still seemed to suffer from indisposition, although he gave with sufficient effect the music of the part. Signor SCOLA whose name has appeared thus far upon the bills as stage manager, appeared before the public in bodily presence for the first time, as Leopoldo, quite good looking and princelike, but with the merest thread and shadow of a voice, which however, he managed well and intelligently carried out the business of his part.

Miss HINCKLEY looked very charming as the Princess Eudoxia, and sang well, acquitting herself creditably in the close comparison into which she was brought with Colson.

The spectacle was quite imposing; supernumeraries abounded in gorgeous array, and made an almost interminable procession. The interest of the plot and the music culminate in the final scene, where the Jewess refuses to abjure her faith and is plunged into the boiling cauldron, just as the Cardinal, who presides over the *auto da fe*, learns that she is his lost daughter, and not, as had been supposed, that of the Jew Lazarus, who is to share her fate. The composer, himself a Hebrew, reserved his best efforts for the climax of this closing scene, illustrating the noble fidelity to the faith of the chosen people, that in all ages has been its leading and most honorable characteristic.

Orchestral Union.

AFTERNOON CONCERT.—An excellent programme and a "very middling" audience to use a common phrase. Four out of the six pieces suitable for any philharmonic concert! That is doing very well for an afternoon concert.

1. Overture, Fidelio.....Beethoven.
2. Grand Concert Waltz.....Strauss.
3. Concerto in E flat, for Pianoforte.....Mozart.
(With Orchestral Accompaniment.)

Performed by B. J. Lang.

4. Overture, Tannhäuser.....Wagner.
5. Andante from "Hymn of Praise".....Mendelssohn.
6. Bedouin Galop.....Lumbye.

The Orchestra, as well as the pianist, Mr. LANG, played with exquisite taste. The purity and crispness as well as the nice shading in the concerto in E flat were charming. The fine Chickering grand showed no signs of striking its colors or surrendering to the invading force of the Steinways.

Mrs. C. VARIAN JAMES, whom we at last have been permitted to hear, made a mistake in not having her name announced on the bill. "Who is she?" was the general question, and from what we heard yesterday, Mrs. James need not be afraid of coming out known to all. She sang a *Scena ed Aria* from Verdi and showed that she sings with spirit and bravura, has unusual routine, and as far as we could judge, has a strong and round voice. Some of her tones did not show the smoothness and fullness of the others, especially the lower ones. Yet we should like to hear her again before saying more and with better understanding on the subject. We hope she will soon come out again, and by a varied programme make us familiar with all her powers. Our first impression was a pleasant one. *†

ORGAN CONCERT.—Mr. GEORGE E. WHITING, whose recent concert we noticed at the time, will give another, at the Tremont Temple, on Thursday, April 4 (Fast Day), at 3 o'clock. His advertisement will be found in another column.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 26.—I send you the programme of Mr. SATTER's last *Matinée*, which was better attended than the two preceding ones. (Why did you not *enclose* the programme, — *t*—?) The *pièce de resistance* was the Sonata, which Mr. Satter interpreted very finely, particularly in the second and third movements. To the exquisite Adagio he did the fullest justice by the delicacy and feeling with which he played it. The Overture, like all Mr. Satter's similar arrangements, was marvellously transcribed, and played with an effect like that of a small orchestra. The three pieces which formed the second number were totally different in style, but neither of them particularly interesting, Goldbeck's too fantastical and effect-seeking, Pattison's rather monotonous, and that of Gottschalk a fantasia on the "Old Kentucky Home," with the banjo accompaniment, which he is fond of imitating and introducing. The Fantasia on *La Juive* is one of Mr. Satter's best. Previous to it he played, by request, his waltz, *Les Belles de New York*.

At the close of the concert, Mr. Satter thanked his audience for their patronage, and announced that he would give his next *Matinée* on the 4th of April, for the benefit of the German Hospital in contemplation here.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

The meetings at Alard's are devoted to the performance of sonatas, trios, quartettes, and quintettes, of the classical masters; and chamber-music can be heard there better than anywhere else in Paris. Alard's style of playing is marked by vigor, animation, and emphasized, accentuation; his mechanism leaves nothing to be desired, and his bowing is excellent. He is a man of about forty-five years of age, with a gaunt figure, tall and emaciated. His manners betray an iron will, and the history of his life would show that his physiognomy speaks the truth. Sprung from the lowest class of society, this skillful artist possesses now a well-merited reputation, and a considerable fortune which does not hinder him from continuing to live as the most modest of professors. His father-in-law, Mr. Vuillaume, is the first musical instrument maker in France; and at his house I have seen some authentic Stradivariuses and a superb *viola di gamba* which once belonged to Francis I. The neck of the royal instrument is magnificent, and ornamented with all the attributes of a King of France. The backboard is still more remarkable; on it there is a plan of Paris in 1515, and above this a copy of Raphael's St. Luke. Alard is in a better position than any one else, for obtaining violins that have belonged to celebrated masters. He has four, upon which he is accustomed to play, a Stradivarius, a Guarnerius, a Stainer, and an Amati. Mr. Franchomme, a cold violoncellist, but correct and pure in taste, plays by the side of Alard—who uses a magnificent bass viol of Stradivarius—on a violoncello once in the possession of the illustrious Duport, for which he paid 22,000 francs, if I may believe what rumors says. Notwithstanding Mr. Franchomme's precious instrument, I prefer, to this astute virtuoso, Mr. Jacquard, whom I have heard with the greatest possible pleasure execute one of Mendelssohn's *sonates de concert* with Jules Shulhoff. The two soirées of this eminent pianist gave me an opportunity of judging of his last works; they are more elaborate, but less melodious, than those in his first style. His *Souvenirs de St. Petersburg* (mazurka), his *Polonaise*, and his *Grande Marche*, are his compositions which please me most. He plays them very well, but makes undue use of the loud pedal, and betrays a nervous abrupt manner, which seems to indicate a man whose health is impaired. Jules Shulhoff is barely thirty-eight or forty years of age; and is said to be one of the most modest and amiable of men; and if it be true that his mind has already been in a measure affected, it is to be hoped that the temperate climate of France and England, where he is soon going, will contribute towards restoring his health.—*Albion*.

Cologne.

Musical Solemnities in Commemoration of Frederick Wilhelm IV. of Prussia.—At noon on Sunday the 20th ult., the Cölnner Männergesang Verein, under the direction of Herr F. Weber, royal music director, executed in the large hall of the Casino, a musical service in memory of the late King. A numerous audience, headed by the principal military and civil authorities, had responded to the invitations, by especial cards of the committee, and completely filled the area of the hall and the galleries.

The Verein regarded the ceremony as an act of profound reverence to the deceased king. In the year 1853, His Majesty received the congratulations of the society on his birthday, and honored with his gracious attention and approbation the performance of several vocal pieces, in the apartments of the palace of Sans Souci. He also presented the society with the large gold medal for art, and endowed them with corporate rights. The hope that His Majesty would take the society under his especial protection remained unfulfilled, but only in consequence of the inscrutable decree of providence which lately plunged the country into consternation and grief.

The programme was carried out in a manner worthy of the occasion, and one deeply impressive from the feeling way in which the music was sung. The choral, "Jesus, meine Zuversicht," by B. Klein, commenced the ceremony. Next came the "Bardenchor," by Silcher, with new words for the first and second strophes; "Ecce, quomodo movitur Justus," by Palestrina; and "Hoffnung," by J. C. Schärtlich. Herr L. Bischoff, who is an honorary member of the society, then recited a poem, written by himself for the occasion, and entitled: "Der Sänger am Grabe des Königs" (The Singer at the Grave of the King), which was instantly followed by the "Lacrimosa dies illa," and "Pie Jesu Domine," from Cherubini's *Requiem*. Then came Silcher's chorus: "Stumms-

chläft der Sänger," G. Sollmer's "Salvum fac regem" closing the ceremony, which had been listened to by all present with the deepest sympathy and devout attention.

The sixth Gesellschafts-Concert, in the Gürzenich, under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, had been set apart, by the managing committee, as "A funeral service in honor of his late Majesty King Frederick Wilhelm IV.," and took place on Tuesday evening, the 22d ult. The hall presented a deeply moving spectacle. The whole of the chorus and audience—numbering about fifteen hundred persons—were dressed in mourning. The front of the stage was adorned with velvet and silver hangings, while sacrificial flames burned in high golden candelabra wound round with flags.

After an "elegiac march," composed for the ceremony by Ferdinand Hiller, Herr Laddey recited a poem: "Zür Erinnerung," by Wolfgang Müller. Hereupon were heard the first chords rose and joined in Mozart's "Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis." It was a very solemn moment. The imperishable monument of Mozart's genius once again—by the union of purely human feeling, religious sentiment and artistic conception, which, in his case, had blended into unity and into the peculiar expression of his artistic nature, directed to the highest objects—filled all hearts with comfort and elevating devotion.

The solos were sung by Mlle. Rothenberger, Mad. B. Herren, A. Pütz and K. Hill Malapert, from Frankfurt-on-the-Maine.

What else would follow the *Requiem* in honor of the memory of the deceased monarch, but the sublime composition by Beethoven, which he called the *Sinfonia Eroica*? The execution was admirable. Added to this was the solemn frame of mind of the spectators, so that, perhaps, the great thoughts, the wonderfully interwoven melodies, and the striking specimens of harmony, especially in the first movement and the funeral march, were scarcely ever so grasped by the performers, in all their significance and profundity, as on this evening.

Munich.

Now that the Prince Carnival has again definitely grasped his all-powerful sceptre, and handed over the concert-rooms to dancing and masquerading, I am enabled to furnish you with a tolerably complete sketch of the first portion of our musical doings during the months of last November and December.

The Musikalische Akademie, under the direction of Franz Lachner, performed at its four Odeon-concerts, an overture for a full wind band (first time), by Mendelssohn; an *andante* for eight wind instruments, by Beethoven; a prelude and fugue for full band, by Franz Lachner; an air from *Orpheus and Eurydice*, by Joseph Haydn; two of the most recently published vocal quartets of M. Hauptmann ("An der Kirche wohnt der Priester," and a song from *Mirza Schaffy*); and lastly, two charming vocal quartettes, for soprano and four male voices, by Ferdinand Hiller ("Lebenslust" and "Die Lerchen.") Besides these, we had Beethoven's symphonies in D major and A major; Mendelssohn's symphony in A major; and the symphony in D minor (introduction, allegro, romance, scherzo and finale), by R. Schumann; the overture (No. 3) in C, to *Leonore*, by Beethoven; the overture to *Euryanthe*, by Weber, and the Scotch piece, *Im Hochland*, by Gade. Herr Lauterbach played Lafont's sixth violin concerto; and Herr Walter, Molique's third (that in D minor). Mlle. Stöger sang Beethoven's concert air in E flat, while Mlle. Stehle, alone, gave us an air with *obbligato* pianoforte accompaniments by Mozart, and with Mad. Diez, a duet from *Idomeneo*.

The Oratorio Association, under the direction of Herr von Perfall, repeated, at its first concert, Handel's *Messiah*; at its second, it performed, for the first time, a motet for eight voices ("Herr höret mein Gebet," by Hauptmann; the "Christnacht," by Ferd. Hiller, and the "Pilgerfahrt der Rose," by R. Schumann.

Chamber music was satisfactorily represented at the concert of Herren Werner and Venzel, aspiring young members of the Court orchestra, and at two concerts given by the pianist, M. Mortier de Fontaine, as well as that got up by him, for a select circle, on the anniversary of Beethoven's death. Two orchestral concerts of Herr Seidel presented us as a novelty, with a symphony (in G minor) by Mehul and one by Rommel, who is a professor at the Conservatory here. Finally, in the way of *virtuosi*, we heard, in addition to that excellent pianist, Mad. Kolb-Dauvin, at present stopping amongst us, the brothers Holmes, violinists, at three concerts, in which the public was especially pleased with the admirable manner in which they played together in Spohr's duet compositions.

Special Notices.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sonnet.

When fleecy cloudlets float about the moon,
When dews fall—her pure tears—and her sweet
breath

The night wind, like some pious Sabbath tune,
The passionate heart to peace attempereth,
Then in my quiet room I sit, and sing
Such songs as solitude and I love best;
Then evil's self seems a harmonious thing,
And life's sad cares resolve in tranquil rest.
Then do I feel that all are sanctified
To noble ends, and purely should aspire;
All, who in song's novitiate here are tried,
Ere they may join the immortal starry choir.
Then thrills of rapture through my being start,
As though the hand of God had touched my heart.

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sketches of French Musical History.

XI.

OPERA.

1830—1860.

The Revolution of July (1830) may be said to have taken place to the music of the duet in *Masaniello*, "Amour sacré de la patrie," and to the song *la Parisienne*, which Nourrit sang with such wonderful expression. After being closed fifteen days the theatre was opened again, Aug. 4, with Auber's *la Muette*, (*Masaniello*), a work fitted as if written for the occasion.

The following 13th of October, they gave *Le Dieu et la Bayadere*, another charming work of Auber, in which Marie Taglioni and Perrot, a pupil of Vestris, executed prodigies of grace and elegance.

March 1, 1831, Veron succeeded Lubbert in the direction of the opera, with a brilliant and profitable success. He gave successively *Le Philtre*, a new masterpiece of Auber, in a lighter style; *Robert le Diable* (Nov. 21), which produced a real revolution in the grand dramatic style; *Le Serment* and *Gustave*, by Scribe and Auber; *Ah Baba*, the last production of the now old Cherubini; and then *La Juive*, the masterpiece of his pupil, Halévy, who may be well called the French Meyerbeer.

Robert the Devil really is the standard-bearer of the new romantic school. This immense work, to which all schools, melted together in the crucible of a patient, learned and eclectic genius, have contributed, will ever remain an imperishable monument of the second transformation of the art in the 19th century. The first was the work of Rossini.

The middle ages and chivalry, happily substituted for the thoroughly used up old clothes of the Greeks and Romans, the eternal contest of Right and Wrong, so admirably personified in the parts of Alice and Bertram, give to this marvellous poem all the attractions of a legend based upon the principle of Christianity. The fugued introduction which precedes the rising of the curtain is at once learned and melodious; the choruses of the Norman nobles, who emulate each

other in the praises of pleasure and love, are of an infinite grace and freshness; the Fêtes of the tournament are of magic splendor; the scene of the nuns has a terrible and sombre effect; finally the closing trio in which the angel overthrows the demon and heavenly voices mingle with sad cries from the realm of darkness is sublime.

And then such execution! Nourrit, Levasseur, Madames Damoreau and Dorus! and Cornélie Falcon, who, after making the part of Alice her own, became the admirable personification of *La Juive*! Person, voice, action, dramatic enthusiasm, that great *tragedienne* united all the qualities so rare, which go to form the consummate lyric artist. What can we say of the orchestration of Meyerbeer? What vigor, sonority, picturesque coloring, exactness in the smallest details! On the other hand, what luxury in the decorations, the costume, the stage appointments! During the rehearsals of this splendid work, public opinion was utterly unfavorable to it; even the actors far from expecting success foresaw but its fall. *Robert le Diable*, that sublime manifestation of genius, was regarded as a labored and fantastic conception, with no melodic value, an opinion which very soon would be justified by the public.

After Rossini and Weber we have had Meyerbeer; after Meyerbeer and Auber we come to Halévy. This master, so profound in his science, so elevated in his inspirations, has continued the romantic movement of which we have been speaking, and which corresponds to that transformation in literature at the head of which Victor Hugo has been proclaimed chief actor. In the works of Halévy, to a great richness of orchestration are added a great knowledge of the voice and a perfect appreciation of prosody and dramatic truth. We know not what to praise most highly in *La Juive*, the pomp of the introduction, the solemn *Te Deum*, the magnificence of the processions, the energy of the choruses, or the beauty of single pieces. Can there be anything more pathetic than the sublime second act, in which the Jewish type is so finely sculptured! What touching simplicity in the scene of the Passover. What emotion in the romance "*Il va ceder*;" what passion in the final duet and trio! And then how grandly is the character of the Cardinal painted in the majestic air of the first act, the awful anathema of the third, and the dramatic duet of the fourth! What can be said of the air of Eleazar, "Rachel, quand du Seigneur," the text of which is by Nourrit, and in which palpitate all the sentiments of tenderness, love and religion which a paternal heart can contain. Is there not something in that funeral march of the penitents in the fifth act, which causes one to shiver with a sort of alarm and terror? That supplication of the young and beautiful Rachel, the sad decorations, the short notes of the executioner to the "*Il est temps*!" all combine to make this work one of the most touching exhibitions which can be offered to the sensibilities of an audience.

Veron alternated his operas with the most seductive ballets, as *La Sylphide*, par Mlle. Taglioni; *La Tempête*, *L'Ile des Pirates* and *Le Diable Boiteux* by Mlles. Therese and Fanny Ellsler.

Add to all this, reproductions of the *Armida*, *La Vestale* and *Don Juan*, and a troop perfectly balanced, and the prodigious success of the opera at that time is no longer astonishing.

Director Veron was succeeded by Duponchel, under whom we had Meyerbeer's second great work, *Les Huguenots*, Feb. 29, 1836.

Nothing new can be said upon the bacchic spirit of the chorus of the orgies, upon the grace of that of the bathers, upon the magnificent septette of the duel scene, upon the celebrated fourth act, in which the sombre conjuration precedes the sublime duet, which will never be surpassed upon the stage. What was there wanting to inspire such artists as Nourrit and Mlle. Falcon.

The fifth act finely closes these scenes of war and love. The ball at which Raoul presents himself dripping with blood; the scene in the convent in which the voices of the Huguenots die away by degrees; and the final tableau in which Marcel unites the two lovers and the choral of Luther, vigorously sung by the three martyrs, appeals the ferocious assassins; then the marvellous stage scene in which the quays of Paris, strewn with the slain, appear in shadow, while the massive towers of Notre Dame are relieved in all their jagged outlines against the azure sky all sparkling with stars; nothing could so picturesquely close so bloody and terrible a drama. Reports of firearms mingle with the groans of the victims; the savage cries of the murderers resound from all sides; the curtain falls upon this scene of horror at the moment when Queen Marguerite reënters her palace, escorted by her pages and brilliantly lighted by the torches, which flame about her splendid litter.

The production of *La Esmeralda*, by Mlle. Bertini, and *Stradella*, by Niedermeyer and the retirement of Adolphe Nourrit from the stage before the debut of Gilbert Duprez were contemporaneous.

Duprez had an immense success as Arnold in *William Tell*, in *Masaniello*, *Les Huguenots* and *La Juive*. His large and noble style of recitative, the great strength of lung with which he gave the high C with the chest voice, filling the theatre with the tone, his neat and sonorous declamation, and his true and expressive method very soon gained him the suffrages of all. Unluckily, imitators, who had neither his genius or his physical powers, in their endeavors to copy him, very soon gave us cries in the place of singing and loudness instead of expression. This tendency to a false taste ruled alike in the provinces and in Paris, and the true vocal art would soon have disappeared among us but for the combined efforts of Bordogni, Banderali, Ponchard and Garcia.

After the appearance of Madame Stolz in

Guido et Ginevra (March 5, 1838) the Grand Opera gave in succession, *Benvenuto Cellini*, by Berlioz; *Le Lac des Fees*, by Auber; *La Xacarrilla*, by Marliani; *Le Drapier*, by Halevy, and *Les Martyrs*, by Donizetti.

M. Leon Pillet, appointed Director June 6, 1840, put the theatre into thorough repair, and opened his administration brilliantly with *La Favorite*, in which Mad. Stolz, Baroilhet, Duprez and Levasseur gained great applause. In 1841, Mario, who had appeared in *Robert* with remarkable success, quitted the opera to join the Italian company. Baroilhet represented *Don Juan* with a tropical fire; Carlotta Grisi captivated the public in *Giselle*, a delicious ballet, by Adam; and *La Reine de Chypre*, by Halevy, gave new opportunities for triumph to Mad. Stolz, Duprez and Baroilhet. On the 15th of March, 1843, *Charles VI.*, by the same master, added a new wreath to the laurels of the great French composer. Nobody can forget the well merited success of the air of the king, the duet of the cards, the popular chorus *Guerre aux tyrans*, the picturesque recitative of the man of the Forest du Mans and the entire part of Odette.

The *Don Sebastian* of Donizetti was given not long before the death of the famed and illustrious composer. But masterpieces became now more rare. The new works which followed in order were *Le Lazzarone*, *Richard en Palestine*, *Marie Stuart*, in which her touching farewell is remarkable, *L'Etoile de Seville*, in which Duprez played and sang the part of Edgar so finely, *David* by Mermet, *L'Ame en peine* by Flotow, and finally *Robert Bruce*, a feeble pasticcio after Rossini, which might have caused a smile of pity on the face of his marble statue, so unhappily placed behind the controllers of the theatre.

At length Madame Stolz,* who had created a void about her by causing the removal from the theatre of all who displeased her, even to the dancers, left the scene, Pillet at the same time giving up the direction and leaving debts to the amount of 400,000 francs to his successors, M. M. Duponchel and Roqueplan, (1847.) At this period, Cerrito and Saint-Leon gained a fine success in *La Fille de Marbre*, and Duprez raised himself to the level of Talma in the famous scene of the degradation of the Chevalier in Verdi's *Jerusalem*.

The Revolution of 1848 broke in upon the successful performances of Carlotta Grisi in *Griselidis*, a ballet by Adam, whose death is a loss to art. *Nisida* by Mlle. Plunkett, *Da Vivandiere*, by Pugnè, and *Jeanne la Folle*, by Clapissou, complete the contingent of that year of political troubles.

At length, April 16, 1849, *Le Prophète*, the third great work of Meyerbeer, was given to the public under the auspices of Roger, the graceful deserter from the ranks of the Opera Comique. The pastorate was given by that singer with delicious taste; Madame Viardot Garcia created the part of Fidès with a dramatic force of expression which raised the fourth act to an incomparable excellence; then Albani, with her commanding voice, adding to a calm dignity a freedom and fullness of breadth, which transports us back to the days of Rubens and Teniers. The Arioso in

the second act reminds us of Gluck, the air of Zacharie of the solidity of Handel; the hymn of triumph, the march of the coronation and the entire scene in the cathedral have a pomp and splendor almost supernatural; and finally, during the lovers' last embrace, amid fire and flame, and falling walls, the tableau, imitating the death of Sardanapalus, has an effect truly striking and marvellous. The chorus which opens the first act and almost rivals the first chorus of Rossini's *Tell* for its freshness and odor of the country, the call to arms so vigorous and martial in its rhythm the delightful ballet of the skaters, the air of Fidès in the 5th act, the bacchanal song of John of Leyden, and above all the dream and chorus of children in the 4th act—all this has a surprising richness of melody and accompaniment. Without attaining the extreme popularity of those which preceded it, owing to the nature of the subject, still, this score of Meyerbeer, fully imbued with a German eclecticism, is perhaps the most interesting of all his works for the amateur and artist.

After the *Prophet* they produced *L'Enfant prodigue* of Auber, Dec. 6, 1859, and the *Demon de la Nuit* by Rosenhain. The *Sappho* of Gounod was both for the composer and for Madame Viardot-Garcia, the occasion of a success solid and honorable. *La Corbeille d'oranges* gave Albani opportunity to exhibit her exquisite talents and *Le Juif errant* of Halevy showed in full contrast the beautiful voices of Massol and Mad. Tedesco.

Dec. 2, 1852 the Academie Nationale de Musique, again resumed the title of Academie Imperiale, and after the unsuccessful *Orfa*, gave *Luisa Miller*, composed by Verdi for Madame Bosio. To the *La Fronde* of Niedermeyer, succeeded *Le Maître Chanteur* of Limnander. Then followed the great success of Madame Rosati in *Jovita*, a ballet by Labarre; but this did not prevent M. Roqueplan from resigning the direction, June 30, 1850. Since this time the opera has been attached to the Emperor's household and under the same administration.

La Nonne Sanglante, by Gounod, in spite of the monotony of the poem, gave Mlle. Wertheimer and Gueymard passages worthy of their talents. Gounod, the last pupil of Lesueur, recalls the large style of his master. At times his melody is curtailed but the idea is never wanting in elevation and nobleness. His choruses and accompaniments are written with a master hand; the symphony of the 2d act of *La Nonne* is worthy of Weber for color and originality.

Since 1855 there has been nothing very remarkable, unless we except *Les Vepres Siciliennes* of Verdi, which gave Mlle. Cruvelli (Sophia Cruvel, a German) opportunity to display the varied resources of her fine organ. *Marco Spada* and *Le Cheval de Bronze* by Auber, passed from the Opera Comique to the Grand Opera. The bringing together in this manner, and perhaps we may say, this confounding of the two grand classes of opera, let us hope will be but the step towards separating them hereafter with more exactness.

If we grant that vocal art has been sensibly declining for some years, this may perhaps be from two causes worth mentioning:

1. The elevation, gradually and constantly, of the normal pitch or diapason.
2. The augmentation of the orchestral forces,

which numbered but fifteen in the time of Cambrert, but now amount to more than a hundred.

The present director is Dietsch, successor of Girard.

Note: The Translator adds here a list of the Directors of the Grand Opera during the present century.

1800. Bonet, commissioner of the Government.

1801. Cellerier.

1802. The First Consul put the Opera under the charge of a prefect of the palace, with Morel as Director. Lemoigne directed it fifteen days during this year.

1803. Bonet again.

1807. Picard, Napoleon's first chamberlain.

1814 The Minister of the Royal household had the Opera added to his duties.

1815. Papillon de la Ferté, director-general for the ministry. Choron, manager. Pertuis, inspector of music.

1817. Courtien, administrator.

1818. Pertuis, director.

1819. Viotti, "

1821. Habeneck, "

1824. Duplantys, "

1828. Lubbert.

1831. Veron undertook the opera at his own risk

1835. Duponchel, director.

1840. Duponchel and Monnier.

1841. Leon Pillet.

1847. Duponchel and Nestor Roqueplan.

1848. Roqueplan.

1854. Nestor, Imperial administrator.

1854. Crosnier.

1856. Alphonse Royer.

The Life of Handel.

By Frederick Chrysander. Leipzig, Breitkopf and Härtel.
From the *Deutsche Musik Zeitung*.

The Second Volume of Chrysander's book on Handel has recently appeared. The first was contemporaneous with the publication of the Leipzig Society's edition of Handel's Collected Works, and thus the foundations were simultaneously laid for two monuments in honor of the master, who had become a stranger in his native land; monuments which will not only hand down his memory to the remotest ages, but also, by their intellectual influence, be of indisputable importance for our own further progress in art. Both enterprises, Handel's Works and Chrysander's Biography, proceed hand in hand towards the same result, namely, to render the life and acts of one of our great masters, in all their truthfulness, the common good. Of his compositions only a few were really known, while some few more were known only by tradition to the larger portion of the public, so that merely indistinct notions of his all-comprehensive musical labors were floating about among the people. Just as, in the case of Bach, until about twenty or thirty years ago, we were contented with the limited side of his art, that is to say, his eminent technical excellence, and did not until very lately begin to penetrate to his really intellectual qualities; we shall, in a short time, change our inadequate notion of Handel's art for others more correct and complete, and, in the place of the few anecdotal narratives from which the large mass of public derived their ideas of his life and disposition, without attaining a truthful and definite picture of his character, we shall now acquire, thanks to Chrysander's work, a knowledge of the complete and mighty course of development pursued by the mind of one who was as elevated in morals as he was in art.

Both undertakings have come at the right time. It is an indisputable fact that the musical art of the present day possesses in itself, as a counterpoise to that extravagance and pretensions of mere technicality, of which it is generally the victim, a profound impulse to maintain what is true, and to return to what is primary. The attraction towards direct knowledge—a feeling that takes us back to those sources whence the art of our forefathers flowed in never turbid clearness, appears, indeed, to be of a firm basis for vigorous progress. Since the art of our own time does not appear to go further than the Past in achieving a result that may serve as a standard, and does not, moreover, possess in itself the

* M. Poisot treats the matter very gingerly. The fact seems to be, as we have learned it from other sources, that Stolz was Pillet's mistress, and used her power as queen of his affections to retain her place as queen of the stage, by admitting no rival upon it.

productive power for the purpose, there is nothing better left for it to do than, by popularising the perfect work of certain definite periods, to lay down among the people the foundation for future structures. That is the great end which our editions of the works of Handel and Bach have to fulfil. Even at present, people have not as yet come to a clear understanding concerning their relative position. Our first wish in contemplating the work under consideration is that Bach and all our greatest masters may find such historians as Handel has found in Chrysander, or that the latter himself may be their historian.

The endeavor, by means of old art generally, to prepare a secure foundation for our vigorous development must not be misunderstood as a wish to return to antiquated forms and notions. As far as Handel is concerned, such a thing is entirely out of the question; though as a matter of course, certain works of his sprang up under the momentary influence of his age, it might very easily happen that, on examining our productions now-a-days, the question: What of ours had not originated under the same circumstances as the perishable portions of Bach and Handel's works, while, on the other hand, what had risen to such a height of ideality as their great works? would remain unanswered, if we were not sincere enough to own the true state of the case. We hope that our increasing appreciation of the past and its great masters will speedily put an end to complacent theory of the "surmounted point of view," and its two obstetric aids, heaven-storming egotism and unthinking delight in its equal by birth, fashionable feebleness. No one, without rendering himself altogether ridiculous, can any longer give utterance to such opinions as those which recently appeared in a musical paper on Handel's *Israel in Egypt*.

There is now evident throughout Germany a great amount of zeal for the restoration of old masterpieces, not in the isolated cases of collectors and historians, but combined with the wish to place these treasures within the reach of the large mass of the public. Even in our own time the spirit of indefatigable progress towards something higher does not rest a single moment, although we may not be able to perceive its workings in violent revolutionary attempts, but rather in the effort to obtain a correct view of our progress. The task of making the riches bequeathed to us by our great forefathers in art the common intellectual property of all, secures, if it be rightly performed, an honorable position even for our own age. At all events, if the highest ideas of our particular epoch have become the free property of its posterity, and thus placed an entire nation in a higher position and rendered them capable of receiving what is new to them, fresh and more extensive views are opened up in the domain of the mind, until these views are themselves realised in the endless process of intellectual development, and become the foundation for further efforts.

As yet, however, we have absorbed and rightly worked out hardly a tenth part of what art offers; for this reason, putting all other considerations aside, the revivifications of Bach and Handel, on the extensive scale on which it is now practised, is of undoubted importance to us. The notions of church music and oratorios have, at present, disappeared, as much as it was possible, from among us. Consequently we require for both of them complete models, more defined in their form and ideas—models, such as Bach, Handel, and the older masters have bequeathed us—if these kinds of composition are not to give up their ideal empires and sink down into a mere semblance of life in consequence of a combination of subjects and means of expression negating each other. Church music, which finds its idea in man's relative position to the highest intellectual ideas, must fall a prey to a mere over-sensual poetastering of the feelings as little as to the non-independent playing of understanding with pure form. In our own age—which we cannot deny possesses an impulse to render clearer the views of religion, obscured by forms, although for the moment it has not got beyond a dim humanism—church-music, when it has not altogether descended to a mere concert style, has been subjected to mere sentimental ecstasy quite as often as to abstract intellectual formalism. In the works of old church-music, up to its highest exponents, Bach and Handel, the matter and the expression constitute indivisible unity, while the form of expression although determined by the circumstances of the age, is always natural, and springs from the subject. On this account, the study of the old masters is the best invigorating means for the benefit of our own religious art, but only if we endeavor to discover, and, in conformity with the present view taken of things, to render evident in our works the inward relations between outward appearance and the living idea contained in it, and not content our-

selves with the mere contemplation and imitation of outward form and peculiarities.

We are no better off now-a-days, with oratorios, whenever we happen to come across them. Our present music, based entirely upon subjective sensation, does not possess the strength to wed itself to a purely objective conception of the matter given it, and declines into coldness and outward painting. The discordance between the great historical figures of the Bible and our modern sentimentality is generally very great in modern oratorio. The purely historical character of the oratorio is entirely misunderstood—it was so even by Mendelssohn, who introduced into his oratorios the lyrical church elements, namely, the choral, certainly with Bach's *Passions music* as a model, but without perceiving that the latter was a series of special works for divine service, while oratorio is only more distantly related to the purely church view of things, or even has nothing at all to do with it. Mendelssohn wanted to invest oratorio with an additional religious significance, which was quite as foreign to him personally as to the whole polite world in which he lived.

Handel was born to create and carry out Oratorio. It is a sufficient proof of the greatness and importance of this highest form of musical art, that a man of such a mind as Handel had to live a long life of active employment in every way, in order, in his greatest strength and maturity, to complete, in his greatest works, that form in which the passing of idea into reality could be effected in a manner most appropriate to music, namely, the oratorio, in which the feelings enter with the epic view of matters into a compact for the purpose of representing a real action and definite characters, that is to say, in which the feelings become objective, while the action does not step forth outwardly into life, but remains ideal, so that there is nothing to disturb the music, as is not unfrequently the case with visible action.

American Composers.

W. H. FRY.

Among the appointments which, apart from party reasons, do honor to the new administration, as recognizing the claims of men of distinction in letters and art to honorable posts in the civil service of the country, is that of Mr. Fry, to be Secretary of Legation at Turin. Mr. Fry has been for many years one of the editors of the *N. Y. Tribune*, and is well known to our readers by his musical articles, often copied or quoted in these columns. He is also a composer of no small merit, and has a rare fortune among composers, to become a diplomatist. In the *N. Y. Dispatch*, "Timothy Trill" gives the following account of Mr. Fry and his works, among other "American composers."

First on this list comes by all right the name of Wm. H. Fry, Esq., whose opera, "*Leonora*," was the first and grandest work of that calibre ever composed by a man of American soil, and whose other works, especially for orchestra, entitle him to the most honorable and distinguished position among the hundreds of self-styled composers with which our country actually swarms, and who, alas! are continually publishing but never performing their works! ("Nor any other man!")

Mr. Fry's heaviest works are his opera, (composed when he was but 17 years old!) his *Santa Claus Symphony*, the Pastoral Overture "*A Day in the Country*," the romantic tone-poem "*The Broken Heart*," and his truly grand sacred work, the "*Stabat Mater*," a much larger and more serious Oratorio by far than that by Rossini on the same subject.

Besides these, Mr. Fry has been an earnest devotee to a class of composition for which he has rarely gotten any credit; namely, the *Chamber Quartet*. He has written over a dozen of these, one of which, (No. 11,) was produced several years ago by Mr. H. C. Cooper's efforts at one of Dr. Guilmette's Concerts, and one movement of which was *encored*, a very rare honor for this species of music.

Mr. Fry's music is characterized by marked melodic features, imaginative instrumental symbols, and predominance of climacteric force, more than by contrapuntal equilibrium, strictness of classic form, or breadth of Orchestral treatment.

He believes with Berlioz, that no matter how nice the pudding may look, its appearance will not save the oaths of its eaters if it prove to contain nothing but ashes, or the dry chips of Albrechtsberger's and Hauptman's strictures, while at the same time, no one could be more severe with himself than he is, to prove which, one need only glance at one of his fine-

written, complicated, altered, interpolated, scratched and blotted scores, a Chinese puzzle to a Conductor, and the dread of the copyist.

This mention of Berlioz urges me on to remark how often I have been struck by the many points of resemblance between him and Mr. Fry in their peculiar views. They remind one of Bentham among philosophers, or of Fitch among inventors, and neither has had any chance of being influenced by the other, for they carry out each other's theories instinctively, while the weak practical points of each are the firmly sustained theories of the other.

Thus Fry's abundant flow of melody and the predominance given to it in all his works, are quite the reverse of Berlioz who might study for a lifetime without being able to supply a small barrel-organ with six or eight tunes. Then look at the position of the latter as the mighty King of the Orchestra, and the perfection of detail with which his scores are worked up, and the marvellous effects produced by the mere instrumentation alone, in which even the Germans confess themselves inferior. The points of similarity in these two original men, are a firm belief in the sacred truth of tone-painting, (which so many classicists scoff at,) and in the appropriateness of expression in the music of our churches. Liszt, Wagner, Berlioz and Fry have all created much and envenomed discussion on account of their peculiar views, scorn of established customs and contempt for the well-worn paths of science. And why? Because innovators are always the longest in being understood, and old ears are like old dogs, and cannot (soon) be "taught new tricks."

Was not Wagner's sublime overture to "*Tannhauser*" ten years in existence before "the notes ever had a 'resurrection into life from the death-white paper'?" Did not Beethoven actually die, having never heard his own Ninth Symphony? Did not Schubert die before the parts were even so much as drawn out from his Symphony in C minor, it having been left for the enthusiasm and devotion of a Schumann to give the work its first hearing?

A Whitfield or a William Pitt may address the applauding thousands of London, and yet fail to keep sleepy Hottentots awake, but are they not same shining oratorical lights in either case? How can we then despair at the dullness of appreciation which has hitherto marked the public presentation of certain musical works, of whose merit critics are agreed, and of whose genius fellow-composers stand confessors?

A NEW LIGHT IN MUSIC.—We have received the following circular which we give for the benefit of our readers who may never have heard of this great genius—

Eugene A. Wiener, No. 765 Broadway, (near 9th street)—up three pair of stairs—New York. (Portrait of Mr. Wiener).

According to editorial prints, of the first order, one of the greatest living pianists and musical writers! Without an equal as an extemporizer upon any given melody. Acknowledged by the public and the press of the Old and New World.

His method to develop any voice for "song" or "speech" and to remove any morbid obstructions of the voice, invariably surpassing any system known in musical art and science.

His method of teaching the Piano from the beginning to the highest perfection never failed to surround him with enthusiasts.

The effect—whenever imparting his musical knowledge and skill—always proved "instant" and "startling!"

The testimonials of the most competent critics and distinguished people here and abroad, express wonder, and the opinion that they never before have witnessed such a decided success!

Eugene A. Wiener approves of the "modern school" as far as represented in "some" productions of Richard Wagner, Hector Berlioz, Franz Liszt, Giacomo Meyerbeer or Henselt, Thalberg, Kullack, Taubert and others. It is a matter of course, that Wagner, the author of "*Lohengrin*" and "*Tannhäuser*" must prove correct in his leading idea, when pointing at a "Future of Music" inasmuch as the progress of each age being the natural law of expansion, leaving behind the imperfect formations of the past, however venerable they may be.

"Thought" is the creative Power of the Creator, above as well as "within us!" Speculative philosophical audacity is promotive for art and science, "if" the go-ahead principle is realized with that caution, neglected by the otherwise gigantic Robert Schumann, Mendelssohn Bartholdy and Nicolaus Lenau.

Friedrich von Schiller once exclaimed: "Give me a handful of earth, that I may go out of myself!" Eugene A. Wiener thinks, it is better to say within

ourselves, avoiding the risk, to be shattered to atoms against rocky abstractions!

Eugene A. Wiener's "Charitable performances" in this Metropolis attracted large audiences and have been listened to with considerable popular favor, while the proceeds caused a great deal of relief to the distressed!

His splendid Musical Library includes his own writings! Free admission for ladies and children.

Church Music in New York.

The music at the Fifth Avenue Dutch Reformed Church (Rev. J. M. Macaulay's) has for many years been under the charge of our first musicians, and in consequence, noted for its excellence. It is at present directed by Dr. C. A. Guilmette, the renowned baritone singer, favorably known to the Boston public from his performances there in oratorio. The choir numbers about thirty: most of them are from Cooper Institute classes, where Dr. Guilmette is professor. It is very thoroughly drilled, and notwithstanding their numbers, they render the music with very delicate shades of expression. Mrs. H. Westervelt is the leading soprano singer. The style of music is varied, but always adapted to the sentiment of the words—whether grave or gay. Mr. W. H. Currie is the organist, and succeeded Wm. A. King in this capacity. He is a native of Dublin, Ireland, and has been in this country about ten years, of which four or five were passed at Chicago and the West. He is a wonderful executive organist, possessing correct taste, with great creative fancy, and plays with a force and sentiment which give the music far more than its individual effect.

Of the merits of the organ we cannot say much at present, as it is in an incomplete state; but it promises to be one of the first-class when finished and will contain forty-four stops, with two and one-half octaves of pedals. It is in the hands of Thomas Robjohn, to whom the contract was given four years ago. At present not more than one-half its intended complement of pipes and stops have been put in. The pneumatic action was tried upon this organ, for the first time in this country, but has proved defective and troublesome. A new hydraulic apparatus for supplying wind is about to be applied to it, and will soon be experimented with and tested.

Mr. Wm. Mason, a son of Dr. Lowell Mason of Boston, is one of our most talented organists. His merits as a pianist are well known and appreciated by all lovers of classical music; but it is not generally known that he also stands in the front ranks as a performer upon the organ. His playing belongs to the strict school of sacred music, and he ignores entirely the modern secular style, as inappropriate to the service of the church. He formerly played at the late Rev. Dr. Alexander's Church (Presbyterian) in Fifth avenue, but is now temporarily engaged at the New Jerusalem Church in 35th street, of which Mr. Silver is pastor. The services of this Church do not admit largely of musical display, although more is perhaps attempted in this particular one than in many of the same denomination. The opening voluntary is always extemporized by Mr. Mason; then follows a motette, selected from the highest compositions of this class—sung by the quartette choir of amateurs; after which follow chants, at the close a hymn intended to be congregational. The congregation is dismissed without a closing voluntary. Of Mr. Mason's capabilities, the "Diarist," in Dwight's Journal of music, has thus spoken:

"Some two years since a small party remained in Dr. Alexander's church, in New York, after service, and William Mason extemporized upon the organ. That it impressed me strongly is clear from the fact that, notwithstanding all the great organ playing I have heard before and since, that half hour's performance remains fresh and vivid in my memory. In nine cases out of ten, you know beforehand what is to come next in an organ voluntary, just as you know how nine out of ten newspaper stories are to end—or, if your ear is disappointed, it is because the organ knows not where to go nor what to do next. But Mason's themes were so fresh, his episodes so unexpected yet so pleasing, the forms adopted so varied—now a solo with answering chorus from the vox celestis, now the full rolling masses of tone from the grand organ, and at last a fugue moving onward with stately steps—that the ear was constant and delightfully disappointed, the fancy continually excited, and the musical sense filled with enjoyment."

Of the many edifices erected for religious purposes in this city, the Tabernacle (Congregational) corner of Sixth avenue and 34th street, is perhaps one of the finest and most substantial. The society worshipping here has been for many years under the pastoral charge of Rev. J. P. Thompson, widely known as an intelligent and able preacher. They

formerly occupied the old building on Broadway, in the lower part of the city, known as the Broadway Tabernacle, which was used for concerts and other miscellaneous purposes; but, at length, in the march of improvement and the rapid growth of the city, the site of the old building was wanted for a block of stores, it was disposed of at a great advance on first cost, and with the proceeds of this sale, the building which they now occupy was erected and completed about two years since.

It contains a very fine organ, built by Stuart Brothers, after the design and under the superintendence of Mr. G. W. Morgan of Grace Church, with thirty stops, extending throughout its full compass, and two and a half octaves pedals, which are arranged on Mr. Morgan's plan, described by a previous letter. It is played by Miss Marion McGregor of Rochester. As a general rule, ladies are considered inadequate to the control of a large organ, and seldom attempt it; but those who have succeeded rank high as performers. Among these may be mentioned Miss Tillinghast of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Chicago, and Mrs. Belknap of San Francisco, a pupil of William A. King. One of our first organists informs me that he generally has from three to six pupils. Miss McGregor is generally acknowledged to be second to none as a player of strictly sacred music; her style is of the Dr. Hodges school, so called. The soprano singer of this church, Mrs. Eliot (formerly Miss Anna Stone), is a native of Boston, and no doubt well known to many of your readers. Miss Ellen Meyer sings alto, and the tenor and bass parts are sustained by Mr. George N. Seymour and J. T. Lewis respectively—the whole forming a quartette of great efficiency. The music is directed by Mr. H. Camp, who succeeds William B. Bradbury in this department.

Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin's church, in Broadway, is a large and comfortable edifice, and is always crowded by a large and attentive audience, attracted by the eloquence of this distinguished preacher. The music is furnished by a choir of seventy-five children, chosen from the Sabbath school, numbering about three hundred and fifty. They are drilled in the singing school connected with the church every week, and sing, in good time, very plain hymns and tunes, with pleasing effect. Mr. Eickhom acts as superintendent of the Sunday school and director of the choir, Mr. Wilson as leader, and Mr. Anthony Davis (a native of Germany) as organist. The organ was built by the Messrs. Hook of Boston, has 34 stops, three ranks of keys, and is a very fair instrument.—*Transcript.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 6, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

NEW SERIES.

NO. X.

GRELL'S SIXTEEN-PART MASS—THE SING-AKADEMIE.

Berlin, Feb. 21, 1861.

It is almost idle to date these letters. The experiences which they record accumulate so fast, with such full, strong current, never ceasing, each new novelty preoccupying the mind against the last before there is time to write about it, or hardly even to review it in the mind, that all that remains possible for me is to select from the portfolio of memory from time to time, as the painter does from his sketch-book, whatever one happens to feel in the humor for working up, or whatever there may seem to be a call for. Chronological sequence must be given up;—and what of that? The mind's ardor is of more importance than the almanac and has a right to turn it up-side down and supersede it. The music which I hear to-day is heard not always for to-day; but quite as likely for the supplying of a lost link far back in the chain of knowledge and experience, or to save up one against the time of need hereafter. The squirrel does not crack his

nuts as fast as he finds them; it were a poor time to do that just as one has the chance (which may not come so soon again) to stuff his pockets. So henceforth we abandon all thought of sequence, as we already have done practically, with the best will to the contrary. The matter for the weekly letter shall be sometimes the last yield of to-day or yesterday, sometimes of an older vintage; whatever has survived unspoiled some weeks or months, will taste the better. This time I will speak of what last happened, while the impression of it is as fresh and fit for service as it probably ever will be.

A musical work was produced here for the first time last evening of a form and magnitude unexampled in these days, remarkable for any age, but more like one of the most earnest and ambitious products of the days of Palestrina and Orlando Lasso, and the learned Flemish and Italian masters of church music, than like anything that is wont to grow under our nineteenth century culture. It was a complete Mass for sixteen distinct voice-parts, composed by the grey-haired director of the Sing-Akademie, Professor GRELL, and sung by the Akademie, the composer himself conducting. The Mass is purely vocal, a *capella*; voices unsustained by any sort of accompaniment, except that the sub-director BLUMMER touched occasionally a bass note or a chord on the piano as a touchstone of true pitch. There were from three to four hundred singers, with a delegation of sixteen *solis* in front, who sang some movements wholly by themselves, and in other movements alternated with full chorus, with a view to vary, relieve and adorn the great, broad, curiously involved, slowly and majestically moving mass of harmony. The performance had been long expected and much talked of. The Mass was supposed to be the masterpiece of Grell in his peculiar sphere, that of the severe and learned old Italian church style, of which he is thought to be at the present day the foremost representative in Germany; devoted to it with a somewhat pedantic and one-sided life-long persistency (for indeed he seems to be a very dry old man), but with a mastery that entitles to respect in any real branch of Art. The rehearsals had been many and most careful; the Sing-Akademie lending themselves with a most patient loyal zeal to the work, resolved to do their best (and they never do anything that is not marvellously good), to make their director's work tell to the best advantage. The hall of course was completely filled by the most musically enlightened audience of Berlin, including a host of music-directors, professors and composers.

The impression which the work made upon me (and I should judge upon most listeners) was mixed and very curious. Many of the choral effects were positively sublime; and indeed all that was sung *en masse* by the whole choir, so greatly subdivided, sounded rich, full, widespread and majestic to a degree seldom realized. The mere sound of it, of such a broad, deep stream of tone, in which sixteen several streams were blended, was really a new, a glorious sensation, filling one now with awe and now with ecstasy. Some of the climaxes, where all the voices climb through modulations, as in the *Gloria*, the *Quoniam tu solus*, the *Sanctus*, and especially in *Hosanna in excelsis*, were enough to make one breathless with wonder. Of course literal sixteen-part harmony, simultaneous, re-

alized in each instant, is impossible, within the range of all kinds of human voices. That is to say, vocal harmony in chords of sixteen notes is out of the question. The problem is solved only by the contrapuntal process of figuration, imitation, echoing and distributing about of little melodic phrases and fragments amongst the sixteen parts. Everything must be said more than once, in order that all may have a share in singing it. This has its inconveniences, its questionable consequences, to which we shall afterwards allude. But at times and for certain purposes it was exceedingly effective, used as it was with such consummate skill, so as to make a consistent, clear, euphonious whole out of the mingled risings and subsidings of so many little single waves, so many independent voices, each as it were eager to distinguish itself by some individual way of saying the same thing which all had to say. You felt it, for instance, when the whole air seemed cut up into little *Amens*, as fine as the words engraved all over the face of a bank bill. The *Credo* and *Resurrexit* found wondrous confirmation in all this answering of independent voices, this mastering and reconciling of differences and contrasts. Such words as *visibilibus omnium et invisibilibus* lent a beautiful occasion for this sort of treatment. There was once a passage where the contralto voices ran in triplets, varying the theme, whilst the general mass moved on in longer tones, which sounded exquisitely. On the other hand the yielding of the interwoven, figurative style now and then to a brief passage of soft, smoothly flowing harmony, as in *propter nostram salutem descendit* and in another intended to represent the lovely image of the Virgin (*ex Maria virgine*), produced a heavenly feeling. It was as when the ocean that has so long tossed in waves, becomes a mirror glassing the heavens' blue. Always had the composer adapted his music fitly to the thought and to the word of the Latin text. There was no such discrepancy as we find in so many of the more secular sorts of Catholic masses, even some of Haydn's in which the supplicating *Kyrie eleison* is made to revel in careless, florid bird-like warblings. Solemn themes, like the *Crucifixus*, were made profoundly impressive.

On the other hand, the vast design, so well accomplished, carries its own condemnation along with it, in the fact the necessary fact, of its inordinate length. The Mass lasted two hours. However grand in certain points, however interesting and impressive during moments, however full of new suggestion for the technical musician (and doubtless there was much to be learned from it, especially if one would study the score), still the impression as a whole was tedious and exhausting. To carry out such a plan, to give fair play to sixteen voices, required much room, more than the subject warranted in some of the movements. It had to be as long as it was broad. The bread had to be broken among such a multitude that it took a long time to get round. And that, too, in each single movement, or separately treated text, of the Mass. First, for the sake of contrast, movements were treated alternately by the sixteen *solis* and by the whole chorus. Not only did this double the length of everything, but it operated most of the time more as a foil, than as a contrast in itself agreeable. You were too glad always to have the chorus come back. The *solis* sounded hard, un-

genial, thin; the crossings of voices often laid bare dangerous places on the uncomfortable verge of discord, such as you did not feel in the sublime and as it were self-rectifying harmonic masses of the chorus of four hundred. The *Benedictus*, however, which was sung only by the *solis*, was very beautiful and spoke to the feelings. The *Kyrie* and *Christe* were particularly over-long: first by *solis*, then by chorus, then *solis* again, each time treated at exhaustive length; and then a going back to the beginning and summing the whole up by the full choir. Had it begun with the last division, omitting all that went before, the effect must have been finer, one would think.

Grand as the thing was, you listened with impatience. It did not seem to get forward; it continually hung back, after it had fully passed you with its thought and put you in the mood of going on. A certain nightmare spell, the penalty of its own greatness, seemed to have invisibly bound its feet. We have already seen the reason. In treating sixteen voices, something must be found for each to do; they cannot move in four-fold common chords; the voice does not command so many octaves. Accordingly each theme, each motive, each musical statement has to be pulled to pieces and divided about among them in little figurative repetitions, answers, variations, melodic phrases of a moment's length. If this be well done, as it certainly is in this case, it lends a wonderful fullness, and sense of crowded, swarming life, yet quite harmonious, to the whole mass. But it can scarcely be called contrapuntal, or real polyphonic writing, in the high sense; for, though each of the sixteen parts manifests a certain amount of individual motion, it can only move a very little way, it can only go the length of its tether; there it stands tied to its post of a fixed harmony, with liberty to play a little around that, making little variations on it; but it does not move on in continuous self-development, twining itself with other individualities into a polyphonic whole, as in the works of Bach. The separate motion, the little melodic figuration of the parts, adds nothing to the thought and does not lead to anything; it only increases and enriches, so to speak, the sonority of the whole tone-mass at each given moment. It does not amount to creation; it has nothing to do with that part which genius plays in every composition; it is after all an art of effect; it is studied skill. Such a chorus dispenses with all orchestra; it needs none; it clothes itself with its own accompaniment. But in a way that prevents a natural rate of going forward. To accompany itself thus it has to repeat and multiply itself in little, and take many steps without advancing.

How different the polyphony of Bach, of Handel and other great ones! Four-part harmony is enough for them—as a rule. Five parts, six parts or a double choir, exceptionally and occasionally, serve for peculiar effects. The four voice parts have real, independent, characteristic and continuous progress; and for further enrichment, for color and support drawn from wider octaves, they employ instruments, which give a more piquant and decided contrast, and which add interesting accessory ideas. The sound of Grell's sixteen-part choir was unspeakably grand and beautiful sometimes; but you grew weary of it; it was positively a relief to our ears to hear again some four-part harmony, happily afforded in the second part of the concert by another new

composition of his, a *Te Deum*, also a *capella*, and very fine. Introduced occasionally in the course of four-part compositions, for certain purposes, as for instance for the illustration of certain grand texts like some in Handel's "Israel," these sixteen-voiced sublimities might be admirable. But used through the whole length of a Mass, for two hours, they show you that the experiment is after all a failure, that the principle is wrong. It is chiefly as a curiosity therefore that this work is interesting. It proves abundantly the learning, the mastery of Grell. But it is not an achievement for which music can be thankful more than once.

Wonderful as the composition was, in its way, a greater wonder was its almost perfect execution by the Sing-Akademie. To sing through an entire Mass, in sixteen voice-parts, without any accompaniment whatever, during two hours, keeping the most complicated tone-web always whole and clear, entering always at the right time with promptness and decision, never lost or faltering, giving the right shade of expression, the right degree of force to every passage, the tones all pure and musical, the balance admirable, was an achievement which presupposes a remarkable average of ability and culture in the ranks, as well as indefatigable devotion and loyalty to a common end, and the most patient and well-directed practice. We have had something to boast of in the way of oratorio chorus singing in our own Boston; but nothing that could be compared to this. It was the crowning achievement of a society, who, every time that I have heard them have astonished me by the singular unity and perfection of their renderings. The Sing-Akademie, which was the life-work of Fusch and Zelter, to be whose successor therein Mendelssohn aspired, only to be defeated by an inferior candidate, and which stands now higher than ever before, probably, under Grell and Blummer, counting three or four hundred ladies and gentlemen of the most cultivated families of Berlin among its members, and having its own noble building, which contains house-room for its Director, a fine concert hall for its great performances, elegant ante-rooms, with busts and portraits (oil paintings) of the great composers meeting the eye at every turn, with a nice little upper hall for chamber concerts, and all sorts of conveniences—a completely furnished establishment in fact, is very properly the pride of Berlin and the object of much fostering care on the part of Prussian Princes, especially his late majesty King Frederick Wilhelm IV., the record of whose acts in furtherance of a high musical taste and culture in his capital is a rich and long one. The Sing-Akademie is such a musical society as we need in Boston, and in all our large cities, and I must endeavor soon to give a more detailed account of it.

D.

NEW ORLEANS—*Le Pardon de Plœrmel*.—Mr. Boudousquie has wisely decided no longer to delay the production of Meyerbeer's new opera, "*Le Pardon de Plœrmel*." Mlle Adeline Patti, having perfected herself since she has been here, in the leading role, that of *Dinorah*, as that in which it is her intention to make her debut, on the London lyric boards, has been engaged to sing it here; and to-morrow evening the long-looked for opera, with its charming music, its new and elegant scenery, and its appropriate costumes and properties, will be produced—Mlle Patti, Mmes Richer, Pretti and Maillet, and Messrs. Melchisedec, Carrier, Genibrel, Chol, Delamarre and Debrinay forming the cast.

Italian Opera.

La Sonnambula was given on Thursday of last week, on the occasion of the benefit of Signor Brignoli, with Miss Kellogg in the part of Amina, Brignoli as Elvino and Susini as the Count. A Mad. Parazza, whose face has been long familiar in the ranks of the chorus, attempted the important rôle of Lisa. BRIGNOLI, of course, did his best, and that, in music so congenial to his powers, was of an excellence that can scarce be equalled. It is idle to enumerate the particular passages of an opera so thoroughly familiar as this, in which Signor Brignoli would excel, for it would be merely to give the titles of all the songs of the part of Elvino, from the beginning to the end of the opera. Add to this, that he never sang better and the whole story is told.

SUSINI made an effective Count Rodolpho, so far as good acting makes one, but was still not in good voice.

MISS KELLOGG, in many respects, was an admirable Amina. Her conception of the part was perfect, and generally both her voice and action carried out successfully her idea of the character and the intentions of the composer. In all the arias her neat execution, good style and acute perception of the requirements of the situation contributed to make her efforts satisfactory and pleasing, but in the concerted pieces she was wanting in sufficient power to cope with the more vigorous voices of those who surrounded her. The grand finale, *Ah non giunge*, was admirably executed and elicited much applause. A great drawback to this performance was the utterly incompetent representative of Lisa, who was hardly able to do enough to keep up the thread of the story, even with the omission of all the airs that she should give. The part is an important and very interesting one, and in the hands of Miss Hinckley, for example, (for it is by no means one beneath her), the opera would have been adequately represented. A young and ambitious prima donna could almost create this part before our audiences by giving it careful study. Who will do it?

La Sonnambula was repeated on Tuesday evening of this week for the benefit of Miss KELLOGG, which could have been but little benefit, by reason of the almost unparalleled severity of the snow storm which kept people effectually at home. This evening BARILI took the place of Susini, and consequently much more of the opera was omitted, even *Vi ravviso*. So the opera was practically given with no Lisa and no Count! Which will be omitted next, Amina or Elvino? Miss Kellogg and Brignoli did their best, and the beneficeaire received an offering of flowers at the close of the first act, on being called before the curtain.

La Juive has been twice performed, since our last; on Friday of last week and on Monday of this week. The attention of the hearer, at the first representation, was much disturbed by the intense dramatic interest of the plot, (which is one of the most successful of the works of the late Eugene Scribe), by the pomp of the spectacle, and by the unfamiliar character of the music itself, which fails to make a very marked impression upon the first hearing, beyond a very general one. A second and a third hearing have made its character better understood, and its beauties stand out now quite clearly and distinctly, although they are not of the sort that are easily retained in the memory, the melodies being short and broken, the composer looking always, more to the dramatic than the musical effect of his score, and thus making his music more largely of the nature of recitative and of concerted pieces than of the melodies which characterize the works of other popular composers of the day. These later hearings revealed many passages of much interest. The opening chorus of the third scene, *Celebriam*, is one of much brilliancy and well introduces the great scenic display that follows. The music of the first scene that begins the second act, is full of solemnity,

and of a quaintness that seems in keeping with the religious character of the Jewish festival. The trio between Eudoxia, Leopoldo and the Jew, later in this scene, is one of much beauty and dramatic effect; but we longed to hear such a voice from the Prince as would fill out the harmony with the power that was intended, whereas Signor Scola was almost inaudible.

The portion of the opera which follows, the scenes between Rachel, Leopold and Lazarus, though of great dramatic interest, became a little wearisome from being unduly spun out, unrelieved by any melodies standing in relief from the general monotony of the music. The trio, however, at the end of the act is perhaps the more effective from this contrast and brilliantly closes it. The third and fourth acts do not equal the first and last in interest, with the exception of some beautiful airs sung by Stigelli. The last act is a grand climax to the whole opera, and the solemn dead march that opens it, to which such a thrilling effect of horror is given by the shrill piercing tones of the life that mark its rhythm, make a most effective introduction to this exciting and almost painful finale. Very impressive, and solemn too, are the sombre and strange harmonies of the unaccompanied chorus that announces to the martyrs that the fatal hour has come, freezing the soul of Rachel with terror, and filling the mind of Lazarus with distracting and cruel doubts, whether to save her, or to permit her to suffer as a martyr. These violent passions are adequately and forcibly painted by the music of Halévy taken in connection with the effects of stage and scenery that it requires. How it would strike one apart from these it is not easy to say.

COLSON and STIGELLI again won new laurels by their wonderful impersonation of the characters of the Jew and his daughter, singing with unusual brilliancy and effect at the second performance which was by far the best of the three. *Martha* was repeated to a large audience on last Saturday afternoon, and we are glad to learn that we are to have still another opportunity of hearing *La Juive* this afternoon, which is the very last performance of this troupe which leaves for New York to open at the Academy on Monday.

We go to press too early this week, on account of the annual Fast, to be able to give any report of the later performances.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—THE MESSIAH.

—The time-honored Messiah exerted its accustomed influence in filling the hall completely, on Sunday evening March 31st. Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS is much to be praised for singing with inmost feeling. Especially moving was her air: "He was despised." She proved again, that she is a true and worthy artist. Mr. STIGELLI likewise sang with dignity and feeling, in many instances rising to a high degree of expression. Both these artists added very greatly to the enjoyment of the evening. Misses KELLOGG and HINCKLEY are yet too young to have experience enough in the oratorio style. Deep feeling, dignified expression both being based on the emotion the artist himself experiences, are necessary requisites for a success in oratorio, which the ladies will yet have to acquire. Dr. GUILMETTE ought to sing with a more even tone. His wavering takes away much of the interest in his performance. Most of the choruses were done well. Some runs might have been smoother. *†

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—By an oversight in furnishing the plates for the music pages of this number of the Journal, a continuation of "Hymn of Praise" is presented instead of "Martha," as announced in the usual place.

Music Abroad.

Vienna.

The most important event last week was the appearance of Joseph Joachim. In years gone by, the Viennese had, it is true, heard him as a wonderful child, but the wonderful man still remained a stranger to them. Vienna, the cradle, if not of Joachim himself, at least of his reputation, as well as the place of his education, had some reason to complain of the manner in which she had been invariably overlooked by the artist in the course of his long travels. Young

as he is, Joachim has been considered, for nearly the last ten years, the first of living violinists, and the fact of Vieuxtemps having been, now and then compared to him, proves that those who used such a standard were aware that they had to deal with greatness of no ordinary kind. It was no easy task for an artist to satisfy such high and long-cherished expectations of a public as experienced as ours. And yet Joachim has accomplished it in the most brilliant manner.

He began with Beethoven's concerto in D major. After the very first movement, it must have been evident to all that they had before them not only a most astonishing *virtuoso*, but a man of great importance and originality. With all his *bravura*, Joachim is so totally merged in the musical ideal, that he might be described as a perfect musician, who had passed through and gone beyond the most brilliant "virtuosity." His playing is grand, noble, and free. There is not the slightest tinge of "virtuosity" about it; whatever, in the solos could remind us of vanity or self-esteem is passed over, without our perceiving the faintest trace of it. This nobleness of artistic conviction is so prominent in Joachim, that it prevents our thinking until afterwards of the appreciation due to his magnificent technical skill.

What fullness and power in the tone which Joachim's grand and certain bowing draws from the instrument! It struck us, on the first occasion of our hearing Joachim, that, even in the most emphatic treatment of the lower violin passages, there was none of that peculiarly material scraping and shuffling on the string which we have at times heard in the playing of the most celebrated violinists. Joachim's shake is incomparable for purity and equality while his polyphonic playing is, at one and the same time, so well combined, and yet so sharply distinct, that the listener frequently fancies he hears two performers. In the course of his concerts Joachim will enable us to form a still nearer acquaintance with his technical skill. After once hearing him, it strikes us that it would not be quite safe to pronounce even a general opinion on his merits, since he will probably exhibit his art to us under other aspects. After his first concert, we certainly felt inclined to believe that the expression of what is great, noble, and pathetic was the task best adapted to his nature. He must show us, in other compositions, whether he is as great a master of light grace, easy wit, and fresh humor. His rendering of Beethoven's concerto—especially his execution of the *adagio*, which he gave with deep feeling, but with such a degree of freedom that he almost appeared to be extemporising—afforded proofs of the most decided independence of conception. The concerto was more brilliant and more animated under Vieuxtemps' bow. Joachim exhibited greater depth of feeling, and by truly ethical power, surpassed the effect which Vieuxtemps' playing produced by his gushing temperament.

The second piece was an *adagio* by Spohr, the uniformity of which lost everything like ponderousness in the vigorous and, at the same time, varied manner in which Joachim gave it; but it was in Tartini's *Teufels-Sonate* that he struck us as most astonishing. We feel sure that violinists will agree with us when we say that this specimen of colossal and, at the same, classically refined, technical skill, was something never previously equalled. The most difficult *bravura* passages in this piece—passages which the performer is generally contented to get over with unpretending mediocrity—Joachim not merely produced with ease and certainty, but absolutely in countless instances, impressed an accent pregnant with meaning on this noisy, seething, confused mass of sounds; he "gets up lights" which lent the whole thing a new and expressive character. To sum up, we remember scarcely a second *virtuoso* whose entire performance completely in one and the same mould, and consequently so pure and harmonious in its effect.—*Musical World*.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, APRIL 2.—Alas! for the consequences of being in a hurry, as shown in my forgetting to enclose Mr. Satter's programme in my last. I send it to you now, hoping that you will not consider it as coming too late to be of any value.

1. Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor," . . . Otto Nicolai
2. a "Drusenthal," *Fantasie-stück*, . . . R. Goldbeck
- b Sentiment Postique. J. N. Pattison
- c "Columbia," *Caprice Américain*, . . . L. M. Gottschalk
3. Sonata, D minor, Op. 81. Beethoven
- a *Allo molto*. b *Adagio*. c *Finale*.
4. (By request), Grand *Fantasie sur "La Juive"*, . . . Satter

On Tuesday Mason and Thomas gave their fifth Soirée. Mendelssohn's posthumous quintette, in B flat, opened the programme. The first movement was a little marred by the instruments not being quite in tune; the effect, probably, of the very warm, damp atmosphere. Indeed, neither this movement nor the Finale were as clear and melodious as most of Mendelssohn's compositions and not by any means as pleasing as the Andante scherzando and Adagio, which were well worthy of their composer. This piece was followed by Beethoven's moonlight Sonata, played by Mr. Mason, and a Sonata for Piano and Violin by Raff, in which the same gentleman was joined by Mr. Thomas. This latter was interesting as a novelty, and showed a great deal of vigor and talent, but it had the fault of extreme length, and thus became wearisome. The whole concert would have been more enjoyable if it had been left out altogether. In that case, however, the audience would have missed the very fine performance of Mr. Thomas. An exquisite quartette of Mozart, No. 6, in C, verified the adage of "All's well that ends well," thus sending home the audience with the remembrance of only the many enjoyable points of the concert, and forgetfulness of the few drawbacks which it presented. Another uncommonly fine concert was given on Thursday night, by the Arion Singing Society. The programme was excellent, as you may judge for yourself.

1. Symphonie No. 4 in D minor. R. Schumann
2. Song of the Spirits on the Face of the Waters. Schubert
Grand double Chorus with Orchestra.
3. Concerto for Violin. Mendelssohn Bartholdy
Joseph Noll.
4. Goethe March (First time). Fr. Liszt
5. Overture, "The Magic Flute," Mozart
6. The Forest. Haeser
Chorus without accompaniment.
7. Concerto for Violoncello. Golttermann
Henry Mollenhauer.
8. Cantilene and Finale. (First time.)
March and chorus from "Tannhäuser," R. Wagner
by the "Arion" and the Ladies Chorus of the New
York Singing Academy.

The orchestra, consisting of the best part of the Philharmonic, under the direction of Mr. Bergmann did fullest justice to the beautiful Symphony, and Mozart's ever fresh overture. So also to Liszt's Goethe-march, which was, however the least enjoyable number of the programme. The Arion sang very finely, and gave evidence of Mr. Anschütz' spirited and careful training. The last chorus in which they were assisted by about 20 ladies, gave universal satisfaction. Mendelssohn's Concerto was not interpreted as well as it might have been by Mr. Noll, whose performance lacks entirely the delicacy, refinement and soul which this composition requires. In any thing where vigor and breadth are needed, Mr. Noll leaves nothing to be wished for, he should confine himself to such works. The concerto played by Mr. Mollenhauer was admirably calculated to show off the beauties of the instrument of which this artist is a master; which made his performances exceedingly satisfactory. —t—

PARIS, MARCH 15, 1861.—The new opera house will, it seems now decided, not be built on the site of the old one. The committee charged with making a report upon the plans submitted to them has pronounced the space allotted too small. For a capital as large as Paris, increasing daily in pleasure-seekers and art-lovers, a building larger than the one proposed would be required. The Grand Opera now accommodates 1,800 spectators, the new Academy of Music will, it is computed, not seat more than 2000. When it is considered that the 25 theatres of Paris and the 145 places of amusement are crowded nightly, the demands for a more suitable opera house than the temporary building now in use will be appreciated.

There are few places more uncomfortable than the interior of the theatres of this capital. Even in the best places it is difficult to take one's seat without causing many persons to rise. There is no room: the lobbies are narrow and close. This is no new matter of complaint, and in consequence the Parisian shuns the theatre in summer. When the present government is displaying such magnificence in the

construction of public edifices it will certainly erect for art a monument worthy of the reign that is transfiguring Paris on each side.

The committee then have not accepted any of the plans proposed. These plans which were on exhibition for several days at the palace of industry presented some beautiful façades, though as a general thing there seemed to be a lack of originality. There was much of that classicism of the nineteenth century which stamps the architecture of the reign of Napoleon III.

Great care was bestowed by the artists upon the entrances. The vestibules and stairways were planned in such dimensions that there was cause to fear that the new Academy of Music was to be all exterior. The hall was forgotten in the study for monumental effect.

Prizes were awarded to the authors of five of the plans though none was deemed worthy of acceptance. The exigencies were indeed great upon the architect. The space too small. Carriage ways had to be provided, passages for pedestrians, a private entry for the Emperor all covered and made to tally with the monumental character of the edifice. The boxes were to be preceded each by a sitting-room, and room allotted for the imperial escort. These demands and others were from the first pronounced as incompatible with the space allowed. Several artists in fact sent in their designs disregarding the conditions. The result of the trial was the abandonment of the locality proposed.

And where will the new opera house then be situated? A place contiguous to the Place Vendôme has been suggested. The garden of the Tuileries is seriously proposed. The Place de Rouen so far seems the most advisable, but it is not large enough. However, Paris knows how to demolish if needs be. Since 1852 streets enough have been cleared away not to be frightened at the demolition of some hundreds of houses.

The new *Theatre Lyrique* and opposite to it the new *Cirque Impériale* will, it is hoped, be completed in summer. The work progresses night and day. Those who cross the Atlantic in July may be in time to be present at the first representations.

The receipts for the month of February in the theatres of Paris are 1,751,362 francs. In the month of February last year the receipts were 1,765,398 francs, showing a decrease of above 14,000 francs.

Of new pieces produced with the last two weeks may be mentioned "*Une femme emballée*" comedy by M. Laurencin played at the *Folies Dramatiques*. "*La servante à Nicholas*," operetta by Mm. Nérée Désarbres and Nutter, music by M. Erlanger. "*Je vous aime*," by the son of Victor Hugo, M. Charles Hugo, at the Vaudeville. At the *Opera Comique*, *Le jardinier galant* by M. Ferdinand Poise has taken the place of *Madame Gregoire*, which it resembles in plot. Light, easy music, quick, gay action. Neither of these operettas have superseded the *Circassienne* which still draws as at first. At the Odeon *Le portrait d'une jolie femme*, by M. Rochfort is a weak comedy composed in a pretentious style.

The *Comédie Française* has produced nothing new since *Les Effrontés* which are still being played, though with occasional rays of light along the rows that were so crowded on its first appearance.

At the *Theatre Lyrique*, the representations of *Le Val d'Andorre* are drawing to a close. A new piece *La Statue*, opera in three acts is announced.

The *Massacres de Syrie*, at the *Theatre du Cirque Impériale* still attracts crowds among which the military are conspicuous who come to see the manoeuvres of the camels. A red placard is affixed to the bill posted at the door, informing the public that the camels will make their first entry at eight o'clock precisely, and besides, that "other camels from Africa appear in the grand march at ten." They are pealed, shabby looking creatures those "African camels,"

however, the spectacle is in its way truly "exciting," that's the word. But the massacres must give way next week to a new play by M. Alexandre Dumas, "*Le prisonnier de la Bastille, Fin des mousquetaires*." Are we then to see the last of these Guardsmen? M. Maquet unceremoniously interposes before the production of this last play of Dumas and demands "his share" in the honors and profits. The prolific novelist is not eager to accept the claims of his ancient collaborators, but Maquet has redressed himself by appeal to the tribunals more than once, and we shall probably see on the bills, in spite of the author of Monte Christo, "*par Mm. Dumas et Maquet*."

Mlle Dejaret whom an indisposition had prevented from appearing for some time, has resumed her roles at her theatre of the Boulevard. Mme. Ristori has returned from Russia and is now in Paris preparing herself to appear in "The Madonna of Art" of M. Ernest Legouvé. She is to play at the Odeon and in French.

Ravel of the *Palais Royal* is engaged for St. Petersburg at the rate of 70,000 francs per season.

Wagner's *Tannhäuser* has at last been produced—Wednesday was the first representation. The Emperor was present. It was at his special wish that this German "music of the future," is heard now for the first time in Paris. The first production of *Tannhäuser* is an event even here. Mad. Tedesco personated Venus, and Herr Niemann seems to have satisfied the most exacting.

I must not remain silent concerning the scope of work that has called forth whole volumes of criticism in musical Germany. A magazine has been lately started which openly declares *Tannhäuser* to be the starting point of modern art. The enemies of the new style are bitter in the epithets they apply to it. I have heard a worthy professor in Munich, Riehl lose all patience when having occasion to mention that "new style which is enough to send dogs howling away." And Riehl is a talented critic, and man of exquisite taste; his "musical letters" recommend themselves by the depth of their views and the application the author finds to the sister arts with which music is so intimately linked. The admirers of Wagner on the other hand, are no less celebrated. At any rate it has become a fashion to sneer at the "music of the future." I cannot be one of the sneerers, I have seen of late too many horrid puns and caricatures in the weeklies of Paris.

There was opposition at the first representation of *Tannhäuser* on last Wednesday. There was some hissing, still [the applause drowned these demonstrations. The work has to battle against the ridicule of the press. A dangerous opponent in France. It is too soon to be able to know the sentence of these Sunday critics. In my next I shall recount the failure or success of the work of Richard Wagner.

F. B.

CHICAGO, MARCH 16, 1861.—The fifth Concert of this Society on Monday, March 11, was, as usual, well attended, for the mere announcement of a Philharmonic Concert is sufficient to fill Bryan Hall. The Society, with their efficient conductor, HANS BALATKA, is doing a good work in the cultivation of a high order of musical taste in our city.

1. Overture, "Egmont," Beethoven.
2. Scene for Baritone, "Page Ecuier et Capitaine."
Mr. DePassio. Membree.
3. Solo for Violoncello. "Souvenir de Spa," Servais.
Mr. Melms.
4. Aria, from fourth act of "Martha," Flotow.
Miss Smith.
5. { a Notturmo, } "Midsummer Night's Dream"
{ b Scherzo } Mendelssohn.
6. Overture, "Girondists," Litolf.
7. Trio, Finale, "Ernani," Verdi.
Miss Dewey, Mr. Smith, Mr. DePassio.
8. Fantasia on a National Theme, for Orchestra. Balatka.

Madame FABBRI, we regret to say, has left us, and is now opera-ting with great success, in Detroit and Cincinnati. The best proofs of her popularity and

of the great triumphs which she achieved during her stay here, are the ten concerts, in which she appeared before our best and most select audiences, and in all of which she met with the most cordial reception and with an unprecedented success, such as no artistes, who have appeared before her, can boast of. When shall we hear her like again?

For the next Philharmonic Concert Mozart's Symphony, No. 3, in E flat, is announced.

NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., MARCH 12 — Presuming your readers may be interested in musical matters at Weymouth, I thought I would send you an account of the "Union Choral Society." It was formed last fall, and has about seventy-five male members. The officers are:

President: H. C. Webb.

Vice President: F. B. Bates.

Clerk and Treasurer: Oliver Lord.

Directors: E. Hunt, L. Curtis, J. W. Bartlett, L. Stetson, C. L. Pratt.

Conductor: H. C. Webb, of Boston.

They brought out the "Messiah" and performed it very creditably at Weymouth Town Hall twice, and at Quincy, Hingham, and Braintree Town Halls once each, with an orchestra of 18 pieces and chorus of about 100 voices. The orchestra, with one exception (Hohnstock, of Boston) reside in Weymouth or its vicinity. It was led by Mr. N. U. Torrey, of the Howard Athenæum orchestra, one of our best native born violinists and a Weymouth boy.

The concerts, although costing the Society about \$50 cash resulted in a loss of but \$2.23. This we think doing well for Classical Concerts.

At a Town meeting held last Monday it was voted the Society have the free use of the Town Hall for rehearsals and concerts.

The performances this winter are an honor to the place, and, with the more than ordinary vocal and instrumental talent there is in Weymouth and vicinity, its excellent Conductor, and the encouragement given it by the town, it is hoped and believed that it will be a permanent institution.

The Society is now rehearsing the "Creation," although it will probably not bring it out this Spring but will give one or two miscellaneous concerts.

WARREN.

ST. LOUIS, MARCH, 1861. — Our Philharmonic Society had afforded to the inhabitants of this city, this winter, the first opportunity they ever had of hearing, regularly, classical music. I have been closely watching the effect. Previously, you never heard the subject mentioned save among a few. Now, the whole city has become aroused. Some, because it is fashionable, and they spend all their time at the concerts whispering, and comparing clothes; while the most, I am glad to see, are actuated by an earnest endeavor to learn. This Society has done the cause of music more good than any thing else that has ever been done west of the Alleghanies, as they have aroused the people to a consideration of classical music.

One word here, as to an occurrence that happened; some of the papers criticized the last concert a little, and gave much offence. The editors were informed that they had no right to criticize because tickets were free; they did not deny the truth of the criticism. This is wrong. If 2500 give their time they have a right to criticize. Besides the tickets are not free, as each member paid fifty dollars for seventy tickets. The Society must learn to stand criticism, good or bad, and endure remarks, even ill natured ones. We are glad to learn, however, that the objections to being criticised were raised by some of the very young members, part of whom were the ones criticized, and that their course was heartily condemned by all the rest. We did intend to make long complaints about those who go to the concerts as they go to a fair,

whispering all the time, but we came across this extract and hope you have room for it, or a part at least. I wish the Society would let me make a speech to the audience.

"One who keeps his eyes and ears open," makes in *The Ledger* the following true remarks on that most incoherable class of people, those who whisper at concerts:

"After attending the Philharmonic Concerts of New York for ten years, we make up our minds that there could scarcely be found as many polite people in New York as there were righteous people in Sodom. The music seemed to be designed only as a cover behind which young and frivolous people could whisper. When the instruments rose up into great volumes of sound, of course whispering was drowned, but when the flow of sound subsided, and the more exquisite passages were murmuring gently, we have often lost the whole effect by the sibilant whispers all around. Go where we would, change from parquette to gallery, from one side to the other, everybody was busy in disturbing all who came for music. In the pettishness of disappointment we sometimes have been disposed to place these ill-mannered whisperers in the Apostle's catalogue of offenders, it is certain that they stand high in the court of ill-bred people. A person may be intelligent, well dressed, and amiable, his connections may be high, his parents wealthy, and he may proudly claim to belong to the first society; but a person who whispers at opera or concert, is to be pronounced ill-mannered—and that without appeal or benefit of clergy! Nor is that all. Parents cannot have done their duty whose children do not know any better how to behave on public occasions. And when people who are cheated out of all the pleasure for which they have come to a musical festival, are smarting with this annoyance, they inwardly blame the mother rather than the daughter, and pity children that have been suffered to go out into society with so little knowledge of what is proper. A person who is truly polite at a concert or opera will be polite anywhere."

The material of the Society proves to be excellent, first class, and their energy is unequalled. Besides they have another important element of prosperity, plenty of money. So we promise ourselves great things.

The sixth Concert was Monday evening, March 25th, and by far the best yet, both in number, performers and finish of execution. The St. Louis Opera House, and the theatre are closed and Mr. Vogel with his orchestra joined the Society. The audience, to the number of twenty-five hundred were densely packed in the hall an hour before the time, although it was raining very hard.

PART I.

1. Overture, "Magic Flute"..... W. A. Mozart
2. Chorus: "How lovely are the messengers," from Oratorio "St. Paul"..... Mendelssohn
3. Scene and Aria: "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer," from "Der Freischütz"..... C. M. von Weber
4. Allegro and Finale, "5th Symphony"..... Beethoven
5. Flute solo, "Air Suisse"..... Boehm

PART II.

6. Overture, "Midsummer Night Dream" (by particular request)..... Mendelssohn
7. Chorus: "Oh! great is the depth of the Riches," from Oratorio "St. Paul"..... Mendelssohn
8. Grand Aria, "Le Pardon de Plornmel"..... Meyerbeer
9. Male chorus, "Hunting Song"..... Mendelssohn
10. Song: "Thou art so near, and yet so far"..... Reichardt
11. Finale from "La Traviata"..... Verdi

The solo from *Der Freischütz*, sung by Miss Tourney was the best that we have heard so far in these concerts; we confess to have entertained a prejudice against her heretofore, but last night wholly removed it. The orchestral accompaniment was just what it should be, and it all harmonized so well, that the girl behind me, who had a fine ear for music, exclaimed, "Why, how much her voice sounds like the violins, I can't tell when she is singing, and when she aint." "However," as the man said about St. Paul, "That's where you and I differ."

Mr. Carr's Flute Solo was received with genuine delight. We can say no more of this gentleman than we have. The aforesaid young lady remarked to her beau, "He plays pretty well for an amateur." Allow us to assure the young lady, with our compliments, that Mr. Carr *does* play pretty well for an amateur, and if there is a professional in the United States that can excel him, (I except one) I would like to hear him. Right in here the young lady behind me interposed another remark which I leave for your readers to answer, "Is it the thing for the singers in a concert to wear black gloves" as many did.

The grand Aria Mr. Sabatski sung very well, and the "song" by a pupil of his showed great training. The Overtures, Choruses and Finale could hardly have been better. Too much credit can hardly be given to so young a society, for their rendering of such music. B.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Resignation.

Miss Lindsay. 30

This song has quickly found its way into almost every musical family in England. It is of a truly devotional character, the words breathing a true Christian spirit, the music lofty and elevating.

Thoughts of thee.

Julius E. Muller. 25

This composer of many fine and useful Piano pieces has tried his hand very successfully in a song, which has all the graces of melody and a rich harmonic fundament.

The sunny South.

L. B. Barnes. 25

A melodious, pretty ballad, bright as the genial atmosphere and clear sky of the Southern zones.

Miserere. Sextet.

"Trovatore." 25

Got up in this cheap form for Singing-clubs and Societies. It is printed precisely as sung in the Opera without change of key or any attempt at simplification. This is only one number of a long list of "Operatic Selections" for Choral Societies which are now being published at low prices. Among those out already the "Market Chorus" from "Martha," and the splendid Finale of the fourth act of "Ernani" deserve mentioning.

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Key City March.

Helen M. Spaulding. 25

Physicians' Quick March.

C. A. Stewart. 25

Two good military marches, easy to play.

Un Ballo in Maschera. Beauties arranged in 2 books, by

Adolph Baumbach, each 50

Since this new Opera of Verdi's has gained such a decided hold upon our music lovers here that the demand for a piano arrangement of its sparkling melodies has become immense, this series written in the style of the well-known *Trovatore* selections by the same author will be hailed with gratification. The gems are all there: the splendid Quartet, the sweet Tenor Romanza, the dashing Barcarolle, the Laughing Chorus, the charming Songs of the Page, the galop-like Chorus of the ball-scene. None of the favorites will be missed.

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THE AMERICAN MUSICAL CLASS BOOK. Designed for Female Colleges, Institutes, Seminaries, and Normal and High Schools. Containing Elementary Instructions, Vocal Exercises and Solfeggios, and a Valuable Collection of Duets, Trios, and Concerted Pieces. By T. Bissell. 50

Among the numerous works of the kind this cannot fail of a prominence, since its peculiar features are such as will commend it at once to the patronage of those for whom it is chiefly intended. Its rudimentary lessons proceed with a regularity of precision that cannot fail to fix permanently on the mind of the pupil the essentials of success in future studies—the exercises are in a form to attract the attention, and the selection of music one of the best if not the superior of all similar collections. Principals of Educational institutions, music teachers, and others interested in books of this class will find it advantageous to examine this volume.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

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Sketches of French Musical History.

XII.

THE CHANSON AND VAUDEVILLE.

1050—1860.

According to Berquin, in the *Petite Encyclopédie poétique*, the *Romance de Roland* is the earliest piece of verse known in the French language. This song of war, which of yore animated the soldiers of Charlemagne when marching to combat, gave way very soon to the romance of love which flourished among the Provençal Troubadours. From Provence, the "gay science" spread into Languedoc, then into Picardy and shortly after, even into Normandy. About 1050 the joyous science was known throughout France. As poets of the middle ages we have already cited the names, Abelard, Helinand, and Thibaut Count of Champagne. The courts of love became numerous in the 12th and 13th centuries, and the *Roman de la Rose* appeared

Ou tout l'art d'amour est enclose.

This fine old poem began by Guillaume de Lorris, who died in 1262, was finished by Jean de Meung, surnamed Clopinel.

In 1324 the celebrated Clemence Isaure founded at Toulouse the Academy of the "Jeux floraux" which is still in existence.* Under Charles V. (of France) a new impulse was given to literature; the royal Library was founded—containing then only 900 volumes. Soon after, Alain Chartier, (born 1386, died 1458) gained the title Father of French eloquence. To him the old story refers, of a poet, who one day sleeping in a gallery of the Palace, was kissed by Margaret of Scotland, wife of the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XI). The maids of honor expressing their surprise at such honor being conferred upon the poet, Margaret replied, "I do not kiss the man but the lips, which flow with such sweet and beautiful thoughts."

Martin Franc, author of the *Champion des Dames* and Francois Villon, celebrated for his ballets and rondos, flourished in the time of Charles VIII. Georges Châtelain, educated at the court of the Dukes of Bourgogne, Guillaume Coquillard an official at Reims, René d'Anjou, Count of Provence, and Clement Marot a pupil of Villon, successively attracted the public attention. Jean le Maire born in 1473, Octavien and Melin de Saint-Gelais, came upon the scene a little before the birth of Francis I., which took place at Cognac, Sept. 12, 1494. Of this gallant and cultivated king's epoch the poetical works now most esteemed are those of Bonaventure Desperiers, Marguerite de Valois, Clement Marot and Ronsard. The latter, born in the Vendome in 1525, received, as a present from the magistracy of Toulouse, a Minerva wrought in massive silver. A celebrated club in the time of Charles IX., called the *Pléiade*, consisted of Ronsard,

Jodelle, du Bellay, Baif, Thyard, Belleau and Dorat. It was to Ronsard that the verses of Charles IX. were addressed:—

Tous deux je les également nous portons des couronnes,
Mais, roi, je les reçois; poëte, tu les donnes.

At length Malherbe comes and then the poets of the great century: Corneille, Moliere, La Fontaine, Racine, Boileau; in the 18th century, Voltaire, by his fecundity, wit and facility ruled the French literary world. The chanson [song, ditty] which had reached great perfection in the 17th century in the rhymes of Master Adam, a carpenter at Nevers, who died in 1662, came into new life in the last century in the merry numbers of Collé, Favart, Gallet, Lattaignant, Florian, Panard, Piron, Vadé and Marmontel. Monerif and Berquin wrote delicious romances, and this form of poetry—so often wrecked on the rock of insipidity—has been continued to our own day by the labors of Romagnesi, Berat, Masini, Panseiron, Loisa Puget, Paul Henrion, Etienne Arnaud, &c.

But the chanson got the better of the romance. By turns gallant, erotic, bacchnal, satyric and moral, it gained new life at the dinners *du caveau* [of the wine cellar] founded in 1773 by Piron, Crebillon the younger and Collé. This Society which at first met at Gallet's, was increased by the addition of Crebillon the Elder, Sallé, Fuzelier, Saurin, Duclos, La Bruere, Bernard, Monerif, Boucher, Helvetius and Rameau; it afterwards transferred its *Penates* to the rue de Buci, not far from the café Procope, near the carrefour.

This epicurian association lasted ten years. In 1762, it was revived by Piron, Crebillon the younger and Bernard, and met at the cabaret de Landelle. The most distinguished members during the second period of its existence were Panard, Laujon, Lemièrre, Favart, Colardeau, Vadé, Dorneval, Salieri, Goldoni, Freron, Delille the writer of fables, Philidor, Albanèse and Vernet. Crebillon suppressed the penalty of a glass of water, to which authors of epigrams either unjust or silly had previously been sentenced. A rolling fire of joke and jest filled up the sitting, and all was wit, gaiety and humor. This club continued but five years. Then come the chanson writers of the transition period, Garnier, Laborde, Lattaignant, Boufflers and Parry.

Sept. 22, 1796 the first of the Vaudeville dinners took place. Of the twenty-two members of this jolly company the more distinguished were Laujon, Piis, Barré, Radet, the three Segurs, Armand Gouffé, Dupaty, Dieulafoi. The breakfasts of the "Garçons de bonne humeur"—jolly companions—were eaten by a club of ten persons, Etienne, Desaugiers, Sewrin, Perisus, etc.

Dec. 20, 1805, the dinners of the *caveau moderne* were established, which given on the 20th of each month at the Rocher de Cancale. Piis, Laujon, Cadet-Gassicourt, Gouffé, Desaugiers, Jouy, Ducrai-Duminil were the heroes of this monthly meeting. Beranger was admitted

member in 1813, and the year following succeeded Gouffé as perpetual secretary. But the events of 1815 put an end to the *Caveau moderne*. A second series of meetings began in 1825 at Lemardelay's under the presidency of the witty Desaugiers.

In 1835, a new *Caveau* club was formed at the instance of Albert de Montémont. The Ancelots and Scribes have not desdained to join these witty and interesting meetings, where excellent wine fires the spirit and warms the feeling of friendship. But now, the goodhearted Desaugiers and the immortal Beranger have departed leaving their mantle to Gustave Nadaud, incontestibly the most remarkable of our present writer of chansons. At the same time poet, musician, singer and accompanist, he by his fourfold talents is a worthy heir of his many and illustrious predecessors.

The chanson, that eminently national product of the French mind, was parent of the Vaudeville. The invention of this form, is generally attributed to Oliver Basselin, a fuller at Vire in Normandy, who lived about 1450. The Chansons of this author used to be sung at the foot of a hill called *les Vaux*, which rose from the shore of river *Vire*. The words *Vaux de Vire* became by corruption *Vaudeville*. The chansons of Basselin were revised in the next century by Jean le Houx.

The Vaudeville is essentially of a satyric character; hence the saying, that Ancient France was a monarchy moderated by chansons. The court, the members of the Parliament and high personages were always exposed to the rhymes. They all declared war against the chansons and their authors. Then the comedies made upon the events of the day or upon scandalous anecdotes took the name of Vaudeville. At a later date the same term was applied to the couplets sung in turn by the actors at the close of a play.

But the Vaudeville, properly so called in our day, originated in the Italian comedy and at the fairs of St. Germain and St. Laurent. And so followed chronologically the theatres of the Vaudeville, the Variétés, the Gymnase, the Palais-Royal, &c.

In 1737, Panard brought out at the Fair of St. Germain a piece entitled *Le Vaudeville*. Momus opened the play with his daughter dressed in a costume representing the Fair. She tells her father that she is sad because she loves the Vaudeville, which is a kind of literature which the comic opera will not recognize. Momus consols his daughter and obtains the consent of Bacchus and Joy, father and mother of the Vaudeville. Upon which she, in her character of the Fair of St. Germain, puts on an advocates robe and pleads the cause of the Vaudeville before Apollo; she proves that it has been well received every where else, that it is droll, playful satyric, amusing, witty, in short that it will please as well in the city as in the village. Fully convinced,

* This academy offers a prize for the discussion of the question, "Why in our times does the high comedy disappear from the stage, and give place to hasty improvised dramas in which morality is no less outraged than Art?"

Apollo issues a decree by which the vaudeville is put in possession of all the rights of Parnassus.

Sedaine, who detested this kind of play, afterwards introduced into one of his comic operas, a song expressing his detestation of the *Amours d'été* and the *Vendangeurs*, vaudevilles by Piis and Barré, which were then attracting crowds to the Italian comedy. This song* led Piis and Barré to build the Vaudeville theatre. But we must go back. In the "Theatre Italien" of Gherardi (Paris, 1717), there are few songs; in the "Nouveau Theatre Italien" (Paris, 1773), there is a considerable number of very pretty vaudevilles.

About 1739 Favart devised the 'pastoral' or village vaudeville. *Annette et Lubin* had a fine success. The verses were not without affectation, but were written with elegance.

In 1780 Piis and Barré gave the vaudeville new and vigorous life. Down to that period prose and verse had been mingled, Piis made vaudevilles entirely in verse. His essays were well received and at the comedie Italienne were played successively *Les Amours été*, *Les Vendangeurs*, and *La Veillée villageoise*. But Sedaine, who was giving melodramas, was disgusted with the success of the vaudevilles, and his strenuous opposition led by degrees to the disappearance of the vaudeville from the posters of the comedie Italienne. The first work of this form by Panard, Piron, Favart, Vadé, Lesage, d'Orneval, Fuselier, Anseaume, &c., were played at the fair of St. Laurent. The comic opera having been joined with the Italian theatre, the vaudeville was subordinated there to Italian pieces, to pieces with ariettes, to comedies and dramas, and was thus at length driven from that stage. The verses of Sedaine, spoken of above, led to the establishment of the theatre in the rue de Chartres. Piis having sought and been refused a moderate salary at the Italian comedy conceived the idea in 1790 of removing to another theatre. There was at the time in the rue de Chartres a ball-room called the Winter Vaudeville. Here the architect Lenoir built the Theatre Vaudeville, which was opened Jan. 12, 1792 with a piece by Piis in 3 acts entitled *Les Deux Pantheons*. Barré, Monnier and Chambon became associated with Piis and Rosières in carrying on the undertaking. Radet, Desfontaines, the two Segurs and others, soon began to write for it. During the revolutionary period Radet and Desfontaines were imprisoned six months for a bold sentence in their *Chaste Susanne*; they had put into the mouth of the judge the following words addressed to the two elders; "you are accusers, and cannot therefore be judges." The entire audience saw in this an allusion to the case of Maria Antoinette, whose trial was then in preparation. The two authors finally gained their liberty by some verses of a different tenor. It was long the custom at the vaudeville upon occasions of a new piece to sing a sort of a prologue, which was often written to celebrate this or that remarkable circumstance, and the two imprisoned poets took such an occasion to gain their freedom.

Fanchon la vieilleuse, a piece by Bouilly and

* Bonhomme Vaudeville
Laissez-nous donc tranquilles,
Amusez-nous par vos propos
Et par vos jolis madrigaux;
Mais ve quittez pas vos hameaux
Bonhomme Vaudeville.

Joseph Pain had a prodigious success. Madame Belmont created the beautiful part of Fanchon by her talented performance. Dieulafoi, Desaugiers, Moreau, Francis, Rougemont, Dumersan, Theaulon, Dartois, Dupaty, Merle, de Jouy, Dupin, &c., brought out at this theatre parodies and satyric pieces of exceeding piquancy. Virginie Dejazet and Jenny Vertpré distinguished themselves among the first comic actresses of their time.

In 1816 Desaugiers became director of the Vaudeville. Then Scribe came upon the scene, and with him a new generation of authors; Melesville. Delestre-Poirson, Mazeres, Carmouche, de Courcy, Saintine, Bayard, Dupeuty, de Vilneuve, Vanderbursch, Delurieu, Sauvage and others. In 1819 Delestre-Poirson obtained the Gymnase and drew Scribe thither, who wrote at that time his charming *Repertoire du Theatre de Madame*. De Guerry and Bernard-Leon succeeded Desaugiers, and they were followed by Etienne Arago in 1829. Then followed the dramatic successes of M. and Madame Ancelot, and in 1838 the Vaudeville Theatre in the rue de Chartres was destroyed by fire. At present the Vaudeville is established in the theatre on the place de la Bourse formerly occupied by comic opera.

[Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music by THOMAS RYAN.]

A Cure Effected by Music.

The imagination has often played an important part in medical cures, and our most celebrated physicians do not hesitate to make use of some ingenious ruse to help and cure invalids. It would be easy to multiply the examples of happy effects obtained with pills of micapanis, acqua saccharifera and the use of twenty other substances, insignificant in themselves and without any virtue in pharmacy. The greater part of the so-called miracles effected by homœopathy and the infinitesimal doses employed by it, have no other cause than the effect produced on the minds of invalids by the attraction of the marvelous and by strong faith.

Be that as it may, Dr. Gorré Gassicourt corresponding member of the Academy of Medicine, has communicated to that learned body, a curious and somewhat dramatic case in which the art of Thalberg and Batta has replaced the purging and bleeding so much laughed at by Moliere, who we know consulted his physician, following none of his directions and yet became perfectly well. It is not enough known that Moliere was as hypochondriac as he was jealous and in railing so much at the "malade imaginaire" and "les Maris ridicules" he reproduced and mocked his own weakness.

Let us return to Dr. Gassicourt, whose little work is entitled, "Some Generalities on the Subject of Medicine of the Mind."

After having developed some very ingenious and true ideas on moral effects as a means of cure, Mr. Gassicourt recounts the following:—

"In June 1837, I was called into an English family of which I was the medical adviser, to see a young lady of sixteen or seventeen, who had been recently brought from England, and whose health caused her family the most serious fears. Having tried every expedient, the doctors advised her removal to the continent, hoping for some benefit from the change of air. I found my young patient in bed; she had not quitted it for two months. Her complexion was as white as ivory, blue eyes deeply sunken and without any life, hollow cheeks, lips without color, voice completely gone, everything betokened profound decay. To my questions she only replied by monosyllables, and when I wished to

feel her pulse, she could hardly raise her arm to allow me so to do. A constant fever sapped her drop by drop and a few spoonfuls of broth was all that for several weeks her stomach consented to admit.

The peculiar character of her physiognomy, indicated to me some moral malady, some heart trouble. I was not mistaken. A brother, tenderly beloved by the young girl, had three months before, lost his life while sea-bathing; she received the distressing news without a sigh or even shedding a tear. Since that terrible day, she had fallen into this mournful, deaf and dumb state, that Montaigne speaks of, when overwhelmed by accidents beyond our power of bearing up under.

What had been done thus far for her? Medicine of course had not the slightest success, the most affectionate care, the language of heart, even the recitation made by my advice, of the unhappy event that had so terribly stricken that young soul, affected her not at all, and it seemed impossible to renew the delicate thread so nigh breaking, of that existence but lately so rich in the future and so full of hope. To escape from that concentration of the grief that was slowly but surely undermining the springs of life, required so e shock, a movement of expansion, something to break up the centralisation of thought; anything that loosens grief and will cause tears to flow, following the expression so true of Montaigne, gives release to the soul, separates it more at large and puts it at ease.

I wished to cure my young patient. The wish, in the practice of medicine often gives the power. The idea came into my mind to inquire if she was anything of a musician, they told she loved music passionately. For that reason, replied I, she must love the best music. Mozart and Beethoven completely possess her! Good, cried I, Beethoven and Mozart will save her! They thought I was dreaming, but allowed me full play. That same evening, at the desire of the patient, a piano was installed in the adjoining room, and the next day during my visit, while seated at her bed side, the *marcia funebre* by Beethoven, played with a sentiment, worthy of the work, revealed itself all at once to our ears.

While charmed myself by that admirable piece, written by the master under heavenly inspiration, I followed and studied with an anxiety easy to comprehend, on the visage of my fair patient, the expression of the sensations that were working within her. Inert at first, I soon saw attention depicted on her physiognomy; then, like a flower exposed to the rays of the sun brightening on its stem, her head, lowered the instant before, was now raised. She listened! Suddenly her eyes sparkled with an unusual light, her cheeks were white and red by turns, her respiration became freer and more frequent tears in abundance (the first shed since the deplorable catastrophe) fell mingled with sobs; at last, convulsively agitated a cry escaped, "Let her come!" and immediately her arms opened to give a sisterly embrace to the dear friend who had just caused her to taste the unexpected benefits of those delicious emotions. From that day, her life was saved, Mozart and Beethoven aiding, for music, you may well believe was not abandoned. I could follow with pleasure the gradual coming back of strength and vigor to her frame. Some weeks after, my young patient, her mind serene, happy to return again to that life which is so charming at sixteen, beautified with all the graces of her age, left France and returned to the mother country, leaving in my memory an impression the most profound, yet the sweetest perhaps, that a physician can enjoy in the exercises of his profession.

Behold the power of music; behold another example of the marvels performed by the medicine of the heart. S. HENRI BERTHOUD.

Rossini at Home.

When in Paris for a few days last week, I was fortunate enough to receive an invitation from Rossini to attend his Saturday evening reception, a musical levée, at which all artists and professors of distinction assemble weekly to pay their respects to the illustrious musician.

Rossini lives on the Boulevard des Italiens, at the corner of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, in a magnificent suite of appartements, *au seconde*. It is here he holds his court surrounded by a galaxy of brilliant women, whose wit and conversation are more sparkling than the diamonds of any duchess in St. Germain, and a host of chevaliers, from whose button holes dangle the gaudy decorations of every potentate in Europe. The hour of reception is nine o'clock, the amusement of the evening, music; no tea or coffee, no ices are allowed; the entertainment is purely intellectual, practically musical. And the tea and coffee are not missed; the music and *bon mots* of the amiable host offered far more enjoyment than the most refreshing ice.

The principal salons are thrown open to the guests. As I entered the first room, and tried to make my way through the crowd which blocked up the entrance to the music hall, peering over the shoulders of the visitors, I saw Rossini seated at the pianoforte, accompanying the Sisters Marchisio in a duet he has composed for his two *protégées*. In a brown shooting jacket of the loosest fit imaginable, the sleeves almost covering the tips of the fingers, a very bad wig, nearly of the same color as the coat, the figure at the pianoforte might, at first sight, have been taken for that of an old country gentleman retired from public life, and fastening to any extent upon the rich produce of his goodly acres. But wait awhile. The duet has but just begun. Let the accompaniment warm up. His indolence leaves him, he sits erect, and becomes excited. See how the loose sleeves flap about, look at the drops of perspiration on his forehead, observe the fire and brilliancy of his eye as he turns round to each of the singers, urging them to a greater effort, in some crescendo passages or cadenza.

Yes, there's genius in that figure at the pianoforte, now no longer resembling an old country gentleman, but easily to be identified as that of Rossini. The duet finished amid the most enthusiastic applause of the assembled guests, applause perhaps heartier and louder than is usual at an evening party. Bravo maestro! Bravo da vero! Everybody crowded round the host as he left the pianoforte to go to his own particular chair in the adjoining room. There was a pause in the music. The courtiers busied themselves with congratulating the two sisters, and through them saying a word of flattery to the composer, who every now and then convulsed the room with laughter by some witty remark, which would be carefully noted in the pocket-book of a *soi-distant* wit, to be the next day retailed as his own.

After a short interval, Badioli and Solieri sung the duet from "Il Barbiere," then Badioli volunteered the bass song in the "Stabat," after which a very clever amateur, whose name is, I think, Sampieri, joined Solieri in the Elisire duet, and nearly eclipsed the tenor by his remarkable skill in managing a very fine voice and effective declamation.

Seated next Rossini was an elderly lady, slim in figure, and somewhat wrinkled in feature. She wore what is I believe called a *robe montante*, and evidently was averse to crinoline. She was familiarly addressed by some as Marietta. "Who is that vivacious matron to whom everybody pays so much attention?" "That," said my friend, "is Madame Taglioni." "Not the Taglioni, the celebrated sylphide?" "Yes the same." I looked again, and fancied I could just trace a resemblance in the elderly lady in the black silk dress to that portrait of a *danseuse*, standing in an impossible position on one leg, which hangs in Mitchell's shop in Bond Street, covered with the dust of ages. It was a difficult task, the portrait having on a *robe montante* the very reverse of that which the lady wore who was before me.

Another celebrity of a time gone by was also present—Carafa, the composer of *La Prigione d'Edinburgo*, *Le Valet de Chambre*, and a hundred other operas now forgotten, the delight of a former generation.

The old gentleman is far from being in the same excellent condition as his comrade Rossini, but he nevertheless appears to enjoy life, and to carry his age remarkably lightly. Rossini having listened attentively to the songs and duets mentioned, sent his *cara sposa*, one of the most active housewives I ever met with, to request the Marchisios to sing again. They complied, and he led them to the pianoforte, introducing them to different visitors as they went along in the most eulogistic terms. This time he did not accompany, but stood by and encouraged the young artists with many a "bravo" and smile

of approbation. Eleven o'clock was drawing near, and at that hour the "Reception" always terminates.

The last performance of the evening was by M. Nadaud, who sang some wonderfully lengthy French songs with a sweet voice and great expression.

Then every one prepared to go. Rossini had a kind good-night for all. In passing through the ante-room he showed me Dantan's two caricature statues of himself and Meyerbeer, in which he is represented sitting in a dish of macaroni, hugging a lyre and Meyerbeer as writing for dear life half a dozen operas at once, Rossini seemed to enjoy the joke, and to chuckle at his own idleness compared to the constant activity of Meyerbeer.

Mr. W. H. Fry.—In the *N. Y. Albion* we find the following kindly notice of Mr. W. H. Fry, the newly appointed Secretary of Legation at Turin.

We refer to Mr. W. H. Fry, the composer of innumerable works that have received encomium in these columns, notably of the opera of "Leonora," which was played not long since at the Academy of Music; of a very fine "Stabat Mater," which has not yet received any attention from music-givers; and of several symphonies played by Julien's Band here and in Europe, with invariable success. Mr. Fry, in addition to being a musician, was also a critic. We are humble enough to believe that he has never received his proper reward for what he has done in the cause of Art. But he was also a politician, and genius, even when perverted, is still a power in the land. For making sundry speeches, he has been chosen by his country as a representative of its dignity abroad. The only satisfaction the writer of these lines enjoys is that he is sent to a musical land. Mr. Fry's official residence will be in Turin—the capital of United Italy. The country loses a composer and critic of the first class, and gains a diplomat. Shall we be pardoned if we add that in our judgment the country gets decidedly the worst of the bargain! Do you not see that, whilst there are hordes of diplomats, there are but few masters of the "divine art," and—it is vanity to add—no flux and overflow of gentlemen who, by natural aptitude, education, and susceptibility, are capable of wielding a truthful and fearless pen in the cause of Art.

Critics are so often and so much occupied with mild complainings anent the grievances of others, that they seldom find time to think of their own;—never to speak of them. But behind the trenchant pen often fags a wearied mind. That æsthetic nonentity, created by the mandates of taste, who plods from day to day steadily through a world of mediocrities to the goal where comparative criticism is no longer human, has a heart for which no one gives him credit, filled with tender yearnings, asking for sympathy but winning contempt, insisting on justice but brewing hatred. Among the thousands who criticise criticism, how few are there who think of the critic. What indeed, asks the artist, is a critic but a miserable maggot of the brain who crawls through ideas to spoil them; who takes a fancy and batters it with a fact; who seizes an illusion and flattens it out with a reality. To each of that army of musicians, actors, and painters, who has not been praised more than ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the critic is worse than a superfluity. It is only to the art public that he is a necessity; a portion of the daily meal, a fragment of the early breakfast. He comes punctually like the milk in the morning, and perhaps is not much more invigorating. But, Messieurs the public, that punctuality is the test of his faithfulness, and is purchased with health, even life itself. To secure it, he toils long into the night until his eyes grow dim and the buzz of the yellow flickering gas sounds like the drone of the Fates in his ear. His reward is either absolute oblivion, or the public contumely of those it has been his misfortune to assail. He is never out of his coat of type; never without an enemy to point out how ridiculous it is. Could we strip it off, we should find beneath a kindly human creature with every generous impulse to lead a helping hand to the weak and struggling—and doing it more often than people believe, too; we should find sometimes a sentinel who has grown faint with long watching, we should find in short a gentleman like Mr. Fry, broken in health but strong in purpose, hopeful of the future, but weary, very weary of the present.

To a brother journalist and critic, who has fought nobly in the cause, and retires from the field disabled but covered with honors; to a gentleman of wide attainments and wide susceptibilities, and to a composer of distinguished merit, the critic of this paper pays his homage, and expresses the hope that warmth of an Italian sky may quickly restore him to health. Italy is the mother of Art. It is well that the children of art should go there for comfort and strength in their hour of trial.

Church Music in New York.

The Madison Avenue Baptist Church, built for the society of Rev. Dr. Hague, was completed and dedicated in January last. It is a very handsome brick edifice, and contains a new and superior toned organ of 36 stops, built by Henry Erben, at a cost of \$5000, the peculiar qualities of which were exhibited on Monday evening last, by Mr. Morgan of Grace Church, to a large and select audience. The regular organist of the church, Mr. John H. Thompson, is an *amateur* player, and pupil of Wm. A. King; he has been in Europe, studying music, for the past three years, and is yet quite a young man, but bids fair to become, in time, one of our first organists. The choir is made up as follows: soprano, Miss Trull; contralto, Miss Barclay; tenor, Mr. Miranda; bass, Mr. J. Conkey—the whole forming one of the best quartettes in the city. The style of the music is left to the option of the organist, who shows excellent taste in his selections.

In many respects, the choir at the Church of the Messiah (Unitarian), Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood's, on Broadway, opposite Fourth street, is second to none other in the city, and the music of this church is justly celebrated. Mr. Henry C. Timm, the President of the New York Philharmonic Society, officiated as organist here for fifteen years, and has been succeeded by Mr. Edward Howe, Jr., the present incumbent, who has filled this position during the past five years. Mr. Howe is a gentleman of liberal education, has been a professor of music in New York for eighteen years, and has brought to bear in this department an amount of scientific and theoretic as well as practical knowledge, which has greatly enhanced the value of this portion of the church service. The choir is composed of the following talented vocalists: Miss Grenelle, soprano; Miss Rushby, contralto; Mr. Mills, tenor; Mr. Jewett, basso. They use the "Greatorex Collection of Music," the "Church and Home," recently put forth by George Leach, who was for many years connected with this choir, and other books of that class. The music is given in a finished and classical manner, and Mr. Howe's accompaniments are particularly appropriate and adapted.

The organ is an old one, built by the Messrs. Hook, of Boston, but was remodelled, and had important additions made to it, some ten years since, by Crabb, of Flatbush, L. I. It is enclosed in a fine mahogany case, has two ranks of keys, extending from G to F, 26 stops, and a full complement of pedals. The *swell* is unusually full and fine. When the instrument is used, a jet of gas is kept burning inside of the swell box, the object of which is to keep the swell organ in tune with the great; it is under the control of the organist, and, by the use of this simple arrangement, the pitch can be changed one half tone when it is affected by changes in the temperature. It is the only arrangement of the kind in the country, with the exception of a similar one in the immense organ at Dr. Beman's church, Troy. Both were made by Thomas Robjohn, who has charge of this organ.

The Unitarian Church at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twentieth Street, which has been named "All Souls," and is used by the society of Rev. H. W. Bellows, D.D., presents a very unique appearance externally, as well from the style of its architecture, as from the peculiar arrangement of the building materials in alternate layers of French Caen stone and Philadelphia pressed brick. Internally, it is one of the most elegant and comfortable churches we have. The experiment for increasing the power of the speaker's voice, by placing a paraboloid back of the pulpit, which was so successfully made in Trinity Church under the supervision of Prof. C. W. Hackley, has been repeated here. It is about eight feet in height, in the form of a shell, with a concave surface, painted with a dark ground, upon which is a cross in gilt, surrounded with a "halo" or "glory," and each Sabbath the light of two gas burners is cast upon it. This is, to some extent, carrying out the favorite theory of the pastor, Dr. Bellows, who advocated symbolism connected with worship, in his renowned sermon "The Suspense of Faith." Some radical changes are on the point of being made in the musical department of this church, and, in view of these contemplated changes, we shall not furnish the detail concerning it, with the minuteness which we have observed in speaking of other churches. The organ is a fine one of 34 stops, built by Ferris of this city, and, in architecture, corresponds with the style of the church, the Byzantine. It is played by Mr. Ruopfeldt, who succeeded Mr. Wm. Scharfenberg. Both are German by birth, and artists of some repute.

The music at the new Unitarian Chapel (Rev. Samuel Longfellow's) on Clinton Street, Brooklyn, deserves more than a passing notice. The well-

known vocalist, Miss Mary E. Hawley, sustains the contralto part in the quartet choir, and much attention is bestowed upon the musical portion of the services. Every alternate Sabbath evening, a vesper service is held, which is almost entirely musical, and highly attractive. The organ, built by Stuart of New York, is small, but adapted to the size of the building, and is very efficiently played by Mr. Colby. The pastor (a brother of Henry W. Longfellow, the poet) is at present in Europe.

At Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church in Brooklyn, the singing is congregational, led by a large choir under the direction of Mr. J. Zundel, a composer of considerable note, who was formerly organist of St. Ann's Church, St. Petersburg, and latterly of St. Georges, New York. The organ is small, and not such an one as this rich and influential society should possess. One may hear at Mr. Beecher's Church, the finest congregational singing we have in this country. The "Plymouth Collection" is used by choir and congregation; this contains the music as well as the words, and generally it is a well arranged collection. The house is always filled, the congregation a united one—the result of the attachment entertained toward the pastor by his people—and the effect of their 3000 voices heartily united in singing is sometimes thrilling.

In concluding our observations upon this subject, we would remark that with many minds, an erroneous impression exists that the music of some of the churches described in these letters, partakes of an operatic character. The most effectual method of rectifying this error would be for those who experience it to visit some of our churches and note the impressions made upon the mind by the music ordinarily selected.

The manifest improvement in sacred music of late years is due, in part, to the great advance made in the nature of the books published. The books of old and worn out tunes hitherto considered standard, are fast being supplanted by the more modern "Grace Church Collection" of Wm. A. King, "Greatorex Collection," by the former organist and director of music at Calvary Church, the "Mozart Collection," and others. Among a large class of our people, there exists a demand for music of a more classical character than was called for a generation since. The time has passed away when selections from the "Billings and Holden" collection would be acceptable to worshippers, and there is no doubt that the generation of Psalm-tune books which followed this collection, will eventually furnish material for another series of "old folks concerts."

The demand of the age is for something elevating and inspiring, which, at the same time, can meet the call of the intellect. Those who attend church service seek, as well from the music as from the preaching, to experience an elevating and holy influence; and while some can experience this from listening to the tunes with the harmony as ordinarily arranged, others require new and varying combinations. By these the genius of such as Beethoven, Mozart and Mendelssohn is better appreciated than the combinations of our modern psalmody composers. In the Grace Church collection of music some of the masterpieces of the great composers are embodied, and it is without exception the finest work of the kind ever published. The organ accompaniments are arranged separately, and are of themselves a study; in their complete harmonization, many of the resources of musical art have been employed, and they can be used with only a soprano or tenor voice to sustain the melody as well as in full chorus. This work, printed from engraved plates in the highest style of art, was originally published by Stanford & Delissier of this city, but the plates have been purchased by Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, who now publish it in the original form.

The Greatorex Collection (also published by Ditson & Co.) is a very superior work, containing much good music selected from the standard composers, it is more popular than the Grace Church Collection as the price at which it is published brings it more within the reach of the masses, and it has deservedly attained a wide circulation. These works, although written for use in the Protestant Episcopal Church, more particularly, are equally well adapted to churches of other denominations, and we hope to see them generally adopted, their tendency being to develop a pure and correct taste in this direction.

Music is the highest language of the soul. It is the highest inspiration next to the prophetic, and the time has come when this department of worship has begun to receive its proper attention in our Protestant Churches. We trust that as the age advances in art, science and intellect, more and more thought and attention will be given to develop this inspiring art, and that genius will be well supported and sustained which shall devote itself to the production

and performance of this, the truest prayer and praise.—*Transcript.*

CHICKERING'S PIANOS.—Sitting in the New York Academy of Music at the late Philharmonic concert, we were particularly charmed with the piano performance. Mr. Hoffman is well nigh an inimitable player, but certain it is that the best of players cannot make good music except from a good instrument. From Chickering's piano, which was played on the occasion, every run, scale, phrase, or isolated note reached our ears in its perfect integrity. Not a sound was lost, from the great sweeping chords and ponderous octaves to the most delicate chromatic scale, or pianissimo trill. This is not the case with all pianos. Those from many other factories, although possessing many points, are yet unequal in tone, and the bass not unfrequently entirely drowns the treble. The listener misses the clear, bell-like silvery sweetness of a genuine Chickering, which makes this piano so great a favorite in the parlor, and which was so highly appreciated by Thalberg and Gottschalk. They are the pianos fit for a musical poet. The great reputation which the Chickering's have earned during the past forty years is well-deserved.—*Independent.*

CHINESE MUSIC.—There is a story afloat that a Chinese maestro, Lusing is about to visit Europe on a musical mission, to combat the errors of modern music, and spread throughout the barbarian world the true principles of Chinese music. He will bring with him a Chinese orchestra to produce the compositions of Fo-hi a contemporary of Noah, and those of Pochery To Tis, the Rossini of China, who died only about two hundred years ago. This story *L'Eco d'Italia* gives without comment. It needs none, and will be gladly welcomed by those musicians who can see nothing good in modern music, and chiefly value compositions on account of their age. As they now profess to despise Donizetti, Meyerbeer and Verdi, and gloat on Gluck and Bach, we expect they will soon despise these worthy Teutons, and fasten their affections on Fo-hi, the contemporary of Noah.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

It is said that Meyerbeer's opera, *L'Africaine*, will follow next in succession—that is to say, unless *Les Troyens*, by Hector Berlioz, should find its way to the foot-lamps of the Academy instead—an event which is spoken of, and would beyond gainsay be an act of justice. There have been so many slips between the cup of publicity and the black lips of Meyerbeer's heroine, that she would scarcely be affected by the consequent delay. On the 23d of this month it is announced that there will be an extraordinary performance at the Imperial Opera House. Two hundred executants will perform a selection from the symphonic works of Felicien David, under the conductorship of the composer himself. The *Desert*, the fourth part of *Christophe Colomb*, the overture to *La Perle du Bresil*, and the finale of *Moïse au Sinai*, will be included in the programme.

The manager of the Italian Opera has just engaged Mlle. Trebelli for five years. The terms are said to be 200*l.* a month the first year, 280*l.* the second, and 320*l.*, 360*l.*, and 400*l.* for the third, fourth, and fifth years. These are not bad terms even for an Italian cantatrice, and the lady, who will make her *debut* in *Tancredi*, is said to be indebted for so advantageous an engagement to the two brilliant seasons which she has recently carried through at Berlin and Madrid. The *Nozze di Figaro* is in preparation. Mad. Penco, whose engagement has just been renewed, will play Susanna, Mad. Battu the Countess, and Mlle. Dalmonti, whose *debut*s will continue, the Page. Meanwhile, the Italian pianist, of whom I gave you some notion not long since, is astonishing the audiences at the Salle Ventadour each night of performance with his executive feats. He has himself accompanied by an orchestra, which would seem quite a superfluous measure in his case, for the ubiquitous power of his fingers on the keyboard supplies the place of another pair of hands. One thing is to be said in favor of this hard-hitting gymnast, this "harmonious blacksmith," he conceals the physical effort his feats cost him with a placidity of exterior truly Spartan in its heroism.

Apropos of Mad. Penco's reengagement, and the terms received by Italian artists, it is said that M. Calzado had to submit to an increase in that lady's demands, and has signed an agreement to pay that 252,000 fr. (10,080*l.*) for three seasons of seven months, a private box on the stage, and a multitude of other privileges great and small. Signor Gardoni

is to be succeeded by a tenor *leger*, Montanaro by name whose voice is said to be very fresh and very flexible. Signor Angelini, wishing to go to Russia with Signor Graziani, has been allowed to give up his engagement, the management making no demand for compensation, which may be flattering or otherwise as a man may regard it. Mad. Tagliafico, in her normal capacity of *compraria*, will form part of the company. I told you how Signor Beneventano was to supply the place of Signor Graziani, making up in stones' weight of too solid flesh the deficiencies of the spirit. Not even his title of Baron della Piana can, however, exactly be taken in compensation for the defect in his title to rank as first barytone in a first-rato establishment.

The first concert of the season was given last Wednesday at the Tuileries. Their Imperial Majesties do not seem to fare much more delicately in their musical entertainments than do our own Sovereign and consort at their palace of Buckingham. For curiosity's sake, I will transcribe the programme:—1, Trio, *Pré au Clercs*; 2, Duo, *Chaste Suzanne*; 3, *Les Noces Basques*, pastoral scene for the harmonicon of Debain, by M. Lefebvre Wely; 4, Air, *Song d'une Nuit d'Été*; 5, Chorus and air, *La Circassienne*; 6, Quatuor, by Alary; 7, Duo, *Les Voitures Versées*; 8, Cantique, *Le Domino Noir*; 9, Variations, *les Diamants de la Couronne*; 10, *Scena, La Circassienne*. M. Alary presided at the piano, and the orchestra was conducted by M. Tilmant. A *chef de cuisine* who should place relatively so vulgarly inspired a *carte* before his Imperial master and mistress as their programme, would receive the Imperial sack, and most deservedly, nay, would merit exile to an English club-house. The *chef de musique* of the Imperial household is, on the contrary, "personally felicitated." His Majesty's subjects are either more faithfully served by their music purveyors, or have a better taste which they impose on the programme-maker. For instance, M. Le Président du Sénat, *alias* M. Troplong, had a concert the other day, a portion whereof were the principal scenes from the *Armide* and *Orphée* of Gluck, "interpreted" (vile word) by Mad. Viardot. Mad. Jardier de Maleville, moreover, played Mozart and Haydn to the guests of the same dignity of State. To go on with private musical entertainments—*musique de société*—let me mention, first, that Rossini's "Saturday evenings" are brought to a close—dying most Pesaro swanlike and melodiously. On one occasion M. Duprez organised a concert, the *personnel* of which was entirely composed of his pupils, his own daughter, and M. Vandenhuevel, her husband inclusive, and never were the maestro's salons so crowded. To this succeeded a quieter Saturday, when only four artists exhibited their talents, the basso, Signor Badiali, the new tenor, Signor Montanaro, Signor Perelli, and Signor Bazzini, instrumental, executants, to whom must be added, supplementarily, the Vicomtesse de Grandval.—*Musical World.*

London.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The programme on Monday night was in all respects irreproachable, and in one instance (we allude to the last piece) unusually interesting. We subjoin it *in extenso*:—

PART I.

Sinfonie in C.....Mozart
Ario, "Sombre forêt" (Guillaume Tell).....Rossini
Septuor in D minor.....Hummel
Duet, "Come, be gay" (Freischütz).....Weber
Overture, "Alchymist".....Spohr

PART II.

Sinfonia in A, No. 7.....Beethoven
Aria, "Idole de ma vie" (Robert le Diable).....Meyerbeer
Overture in C major (MS.).....Mendelssohn
Conductor, Professor Sternsdäle Bennett Mus. D.

Still more worthy of being dwelt upon was the very admirable performance of Mendelssohn's overture, which is so rarely heard that it came upon the ear with all the freshness of novelty, and on that account, if on no other, was the most striking feature in the programme. The history of this composition, which only exists in manuscript, may not be generally known. In 1833, on the occasion of his second visit to England, Mendelssohn was deputed by the Philharmonic directors to write some pieces for their concerts. The result of this commission, which reflected the highest credit alike on the judgment and spirit of the society, was the overture in question (which, in consequence of the prominence of a particular instrument in the score, Mendelssohn used to call the "Trumpet-Overture"); the *scena* "Infelice," for soprano, since abridged, otherwise modified, and published; and the Second Symphony (in A major), now enjoying such universal celebrity under the title of the *Italian* symphony—a title invented after Mendelssohn's death, probably by some one who knew more about the composer's intentions than the composer himself. The "Trumpet-Overture," although

in some passages reminding us more of Mozart than any other production of Mendelssohn's pen, is a masterpiece in the fullest acceptance of the word, and so delighted every hearer as to warrant its repetition at an early period, when, we beg leave to suggest, it might appropriately be assigned the place of honor in the programme. This, by the way, is one of the many pieces so inconsistently and so obstinately withheld from publication by Mendelssohn's executors. Happily, the Philharmonic Society, having the score and the orchestral parts in their possession, cannot be prevented from introducing it now and then at their concerts. If the rest of Mendelssohn's unpublished compositions are no weaker, there is no conceivable plea for suppressing them. It is to be hoped that before long some reasonable explanation of the line of conduct it has been necessary to pursue with reference to these interesting manuscripts than has been hitherto vouchsafed may be afforded by those from whom the musical world has an unquestionable right to demand it. At all events, the MS. overture on Monday night was a wonderful success.

THE OPERAS.—*Her Majesty's Theatre.*—Mr. Wallace's *Amber Witch* has now been performed four times, and, as we anticipated, with each repetition, has made strong headway with the public. Deficient in the bright and sparkling, and, consequently taking music of *Maritana* and *Lurline*, it no doubt disappointed many the first night who expected the Balfian and Wallachian tune to prevail everywhere. But Mr. Wallace was determined this time to dig a little beneath the surface, and strive to bring up a great treasure to the light. That he has done so, we believe. The *Amber Witch* is all to nothing his best work—best, not merely because it is more masterly and ambitious, but also because it is more melodious—not perhaps “tuney,” but “tuneful;” as the public are beginning to find out already. In fact, the popular composer of *Maritana* has raised himself higher than ever in the estimation of thinking men by his last opera, and has converted many a sceptic into an admirer. As we shall have next week to give a detail analysis of the music in our review department, we shall not enlarge upon the merits of the opera in this place, but content ourselves with a brief explanation of the book, and a few words about the performance.

The plot of the *Amber Witch* is taken from Dr. Weinhold's well-known novel of that name, which created so profound a sensation in Germany many years ago. The story is divided by Mr. Chorley into four acts. The first reveals Mary, the Amber Witch dispensing food and clothing to the inhabitants of Coserow and its vicinity, who are reduced to famine by the consequences of prolonged and disastrous war (the “Thirty Years' War”). She has inspired both an illicit and an honorable love. The Commandant of the district (of Usedom) endeavors to enslave her affections through the intervention of his own servant and Mary's jealous rival Elsie; while Count Rudiger, who has saved the life of her father, a village pastor, woos her in disguise of a peasant, and enlists her sympathy at once. The king being about to visit Coserow in state, Mary is chosen to present him with the congratulations of his loyal subjects; and in the act of discharging this responsibility, is made aware that her supposed peasant lover is Count Rudiger, a favored courtier of the monarch. Nevertheless, the young nobleman finds opportunity to abate her scruples, and amid the bustle of the ceremony, persuades her to grant him an interview at night. In the second act this interview takes place, the scene being the Streckelberg, a hill supposed to be haunted by witches. Here Mary had discovered the source of that secret wealth by means of which she is enabled to relieve her famished compatriots. An exceptional hill, the Streckelberg, contains a vein of amber, the existence of which is only known to our heroine, and which she gathers and sells at market through the immortality of her father. The meeting of the lovers leads to much the same as that of Romeo and Juliet in Capulet's garden. They plight eternal troth, but, meanwhile, have been overheard by Elsie and her confederates, who, aided and abetted by the jealous commandant, are devising means of having Mary publicly accused of witchcraft. Their machinations are successful, and in the third act we find the unfortunate Amber Witch awaiting her trial in prison. Her only plea is unavailable, a storm having completely swept away the vein of amber. The proffered intercession of the Commandant being indignantly declined, on account of the unworthy conditions that accompany it, Mary is arraigned before the judges, until, moved in an equal degree by the affliction of her father and the threat of torture, she confesses her guilt, and is condemned to the stake. In the interval, Count Rudiger has been incarcerated by his own father, who, informed

of his ignoble attachment through the agency of the commandant, is resolved to prevent its consummation at any cost. The young lover is thus deterred from taking steps on behalf of his mistress; and it is not until the fourth act—when a serviceable *coup de théâtre* makes the obdurate “heavy-parent” die of the effects of a fall from his horse, and installs Count Rudiger in his place, as “Master of Revenstein,” that the latter is enabled to “rush to the rescue.” He arrives with a competent band of armed retainers at the nick of time. Mary is not to be burnt on the Streckelberg, the scene of her presumed transactions with the evil one, and she having repulsed the proffered aid of the commandant, she is at that instant awaiting her doom. Another opportunity arrival, that of the king, is further instrumental in averting the catastrophe. The result will be anticipated. Mary is saved, the Commandant degraded and banished; Elsie dies, as some interpret it, of chagrin and disappointment, while others, judging by the words which Mr. Chorley has put in the mouth of the Commandant—of poison; and the faithful lovers are made happy.

Night's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 13, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Mendelssohn's “Song of Praise,” (Lobgesang).

Editorial Correspondence.

NEW SERIES.

NO. XI.

SYMPHONIES FOR THE PEOPLE.—LIEBIG.

Berlin, Feb. 23, 1861.

The last letters have described musical opportunities of the selecter sort;—the Sinfonie Concerts of the Royal Orchestra, not accessible to the many: the Sixteen-part Mass of Grell, not enjoyable to the many, even were it perfect of its kind. Let us now glance for a moment at the popular side of musical opportunity and culture here in Berlin. Instead, therefore, of proceeding at once to chronicle those experiences which have been worth most, personally, to the writer, and which have been, as it were, new revelations to him of the infinite significance of Music as unfolded in its great forms by great masters; instead of recalling the concerts of the Bach-Verein, the operas of Gluck, the “Fidelio” of Beethoven, the “Paradise and the Peri” of Schumann, the stringed Quartet concerts, &c., &c., let us come back to our indefatigable friend, the people's friend, LIEBIG.

Truly he is a great public musical benefactor, this same Liebig—this grey-haired and fatherly, but yet fresh and rosy-faced, clean, wholesome looking, tranquil, smiling, kindly, energetic, self-possessed, enthusiastic gentleman, who for many years now, four times every week and more, the whole year round, has stood at the head of his well-trained orchestra, now numbering fifty instruments, discoursing to the people,—to men, women and children, assembled in a social, free and easy way, sipping their after-dinner coffee, plying their knitting-needles, or *crocheting*—discussing all the finest Symphonies and Overtures of Beethoven and all the masters;—playing no trash (at least no longer than until it shall have been ascertained to be trash), but only the noble and immortal tone-poems, the true works of genius. For the people, I say; for the price of admission to such luxury, such refining education of the taste, such opening of genial springs of inspiration amid the dull and slavish routine of most lives, is a mere song—three silver groschen, or say seven and a half cents. (Five groschen

for a single admission). He takes the people as he finds them; does not ask the mountain to come to Mahomet, but brings Mozart and Beethoven to them, into their social haunts, as they take their coffee (and their cigar), “their custom of an afternoon.” The little that they pay more for the music, is scarce worth considering.

Liebig is a musical Providence to the Berliners and Berlinerinnen. Without him, how would they (the general public, I mean) get any chance to hear a Symphony? The concerts of the Royal Orchestra, as we have seen, the Sinfonie Concerts, *par excellence*, are a very aristocratic and exclusive institution. The hall is small, and nearly all the tickets are held, and even handed down as heirlooms, in favored families. All the other evenings of the week, that orchestra is employed in the Royal Opera, and not available for concerts. Part of the charm, to the favored few in the Sinfonie Concerts, lies probably in their very exclusiveness. Let them rejoice in their brilliant chandelier light, multiplied in costly mirrors; we of the humbler sort can richly afford not to envy them; for does not Liebig flood us with whole skies full of unobstructed musical sunshine! They get perhaps a dozen Symphonies in the course of a year; we get some hundreds, if we are constant to our Liebig.

And this is not his only service. Music in Berlin has still another cause for gratitude to Liebig. He furnishes the orchestra for most of the great performances of choir and orchestra combined. What would the Sing-Akademie, what would the Bach-Verein, the Stern'sche Gesangverein, and the other important societies do without him? Where would they go for such an orchestra? Neither of them could afford to keep one of its own; and one picked up for the occasion could not answer so well. But if there is to be an oratorio of Handel, or the *Paulus* of Mendelssohn, brought out by the Academy; or the Passion music and the great Cantatas of Bach by the Bach-Verein; or Schumann's “Paradise and the Peri,” or Bach's great Mass, by Stern's Society,—why, there stands Liebig ready with his orchestra of fifty, all trained to hand, kept in continual practice the year round, like any regiment of the Prussian army, all accustomed to one another, all familiar with the whole repertoire of classical composers. He also, in order to maintain an equal standing, to show himself *ebenbürtig* (as the Germans say), or equal-born, with regular kapellmeisters, gives in the winter a selecter series of Sinfonie Concerts in the hall of the Sing-Akademie, which differ from the others only in the higher admission fee, and in the absence of cigars and coffee—the programmes being not a whit better. Our business now is with the cheap concerts.

Here are data from which to form an estimate of the amount and variety of fine orchestral music, which Liebig brings within the reach of every music-lover, during every year, in Berlin. I have before me the programmes of *thirty-four* of these concerts, the whole or parts of which I have heard, since the second week in November. And this by no means includes all the concerts that were given. Allowing for the three weeks of total abstinence from concerts during the period of public mourning after the death of the king in January, they represent about as much as one man could well find time or appetite to hear out of three month's worth of Liebig's performances.

Each programme, as a general rule, contains two Symphonies, three Overtures, and some other piece, besides commonly some favorite tit-bit of the public thrown in for an encore. The thirty-four programmes show the following

SYMPHONIES.

EMANUEL BACH. No. 1, (twice played).
HAYDN. Nos. 7; 12 (in D); 13 (C); 14 (D); 15 (B flat), twice; 16 (E flat); 17 (E flat); 19 (C); 21 (E flat), twice; 28 (A), twice; and the Military Symphony (twice).
MOZART. No. 1 (in D); 3 (E flat); 5 (D); 10 (C), not the "Jupiter"; 11 (B flat); 12 (G); 13 (G minor), twice; 14 (D); 15 (E flat); and "Jupiter" in C.
BEETHOVEN. Nos. 1 (in C), three times; 2 (D), three times; 3 (Eroica); 4 (B flat); 5 (C minor) three times; 6 (Pastorale); 7 (A), twice; 8 (F), 4 times; 9 (without the chorus).
WEBER. Sinf. No. 1 (in C).
ROMBERG. In E flat major (twice); Trauer Sinfonie.
MENDELSSOHN. In A minor ("Scotch"), twice; in A major ("Italian"); early Sinf. in C minor; *Lobgesang*.
SCHUMANN. No. 3 (in E flat), three times.
DORN. Sinf. in F major, twice.
ULRICH. In B minor.
L. MAURER. In F minor.
A. FISCHER. In A major, twice.

OVERTURES.

GLUCK. Alceste; Iphigenia in Aulis.
HAYDN. Intro. to "Creation."
MOZART. Zauberflöte, (twice); Titus; Idomeneo; Villanella rapita; Don Juan, (twice).
BEETHOVEN. Egmont (3 times); Leonora, No. 1 (twice), No. 2 (three times), No. 3 (twice); Fidelio (twice); Coriolan (three times); Men of Prometheus.
WEBER. Oberon (three times); Euryanthe (twice); Freyschütz (twice); Jubilee (twice).
SPONTINI. Die Vestalin; Olympia.
CHERUBINI. Lodoiska (twice); Anacreon.
RIGHINI. Armida.
ABT VOGEL. Demophöon.
SPOHR. Jessonda (twice); Faust (three times).
MEHUL. Joseph and his Brethren.
BOIELDIEU. La Dame Blanche (twice); Caliph of Bagdad (twice).
ROSSINI. William Tell (twice); La Gazza Ladrà (twice).
ONSLow. Der Hausirer (the pedlar).
MENDELSSOHN. Midsummer Night's Dream (3 times); Ruy Blas (twice); Athalia; Hebriden (twice); Paulus; Antigone.
SCHUMANN. Genoveva; Manfred.
GADE. Echoes from Ossian.
LINDPAINTER. Faust (twice).
NICOLAI. Merry Wives of Windsor.
WAGNER. Tannhäuser; Introduction to "Lohengrin" (twice).
RIETZ. Concert Overture.
URBAN. Concert Overture.
MARIE MOODY. Conc. Overture, No. 1; Do., No. 2; Do., No. 3 ("Lear and Cordelia").
WUERST. Ein Märchen (Fairy Legend).
DEPPE. Don Carlos (twice).
REHBAUM. Dornröschen.
MEJO. On the Choral: "Ach, bleib' mit deiner Gnade."
SCHULZ. Faust.
G. VIERLING. Im Frühling (twice).
TAUBERT. Fest Overture (three times); Blue Beard (three times).

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

BEETHOVEN. The entire "Egmont" music (entr'actes, &c.) (twice). Andante from Sonata in A, (arranged for orchestra). Turkish March, from "Ruins of Athens." Septuor, entire, in original form. "Adelaide," for Orchestra. Adagio from 9th Symphony. Scherzo, do. First movement, do. Romanza in E, (violin and orchestra. Parts of the Choral Fantasia (twice).
MOZART. "Die Dorf- und Stadtmusikanten," Comic Sextet (twice). Fantasia and Sonate, in C minor, arranged (three times). Finale to *Zauberflöte*. Finales to both acts of *Don Juan* (twice).
WAGNER. Procession of women from *Lohengrin*. Song from *Tannhäuser*. Bridal Chorus, from *Lohengrin*.
HANDEL. Pastoral Symphony, from "Messiah."
MENDELSSOHN. Scherzo from *Sommernachts Traum*. Finale to *Lorelei*. Spring Song, arranged for orchestra (a dozen times).
GOUNOD. Bach's first Prelude with modern melody (repeatedly).

ABT VOGLER. Andante from Symphony (twice).
WEBER. Invitation to the Dance, arranged by Berlioz (repeatedly).
SCHUMANN. Chorus from "Paradise and Peri," arranged for orchestra.
ROSSINI. *Cujus animam*, for orchestra.
PRINCE RADZIWIŁŁ. Choruses to "Faust."
MEYERBEER. Schiller March (twice).

This is a mere catalogue, to be sure. But every musical person will find it significant. It contains all the best and well known Symphonies of the four great Symphonic masters, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn, besides many of their works which elsewhere seldom or never find their way now into public performance. It contains pretty copious and varied specimens of other writers in this form, both of the most modern, and of older ones which have chiefly a historical interest. In the overtures and other important works of the same composers, it is equally rich. Is there another city in the world where so much as a tithe of all this is accessible, in any three months, or three years, to the great mass of the music-loving people? Is not this a privilege, in respect to culture, to refining influences and cheerful opportunities, to be envied? Truly in this respect the Berliners are a favored people, although they lack some great advantages of our free land too precious to be exchanged even for Art and Music,—advantages, however, of which we ourselves shall never know the real value, and never be quite secured in their continuance, until they shall go hand in hand with these.

— But here time cuts me short. I wish to notice more particularly the manner in which Liebig makes up his programmes. D.

Italian Opera.

The troupe of the "Associated Artists" has left us after a prosperous season of four weeks, in which, we are told by a contemporary curious and well informed in such statistics, their receipts amounted to twenty-four thousand dollars, leaving them a clear profit of six thousand, after paying full salaries to the members of the company. A goodly return for performances often given during storms of unusual severity.

Don Giovanni was given on Wednesday of last week to a full house. Mad. COLSON was the Donna Anna, of course, and sang it admirably, giving with much fine effect the generally omitted air, *Non mi dir*. We have heard many good Donna Annas here, and Mad. Colson will bear the comparison with any of them. STIGELLI was the Don Ottavio and sang *Il mio tesoro* finely, but the insipid lover of Donna Anna is no congenial character for him, and beyond the beautiful song he finds little scope in the part for his best efforts. Miss PHILLIPS was the Zerlina of the evening, and gave the music better than we should have supposed the natural range of her voice would have permitted her, singing with taste and discretion, and we need not say, acting the part effectively and in good taste. Perhaps, her Zerlina was scarcely simple enough for Mozart's little peasant girl, who listens at one moment to the artful flatteries of Don Juan and the next weeps over the piteous tale of Masetto, hardly knowing what she is about in either case, her foolish head completely turned by the soft words of either. Miss HINCKLEY, we were told by the bills, kindly consented to assume the part of Donna Elvira! A wonderful condescension indeed! What is art coming to, if it is blazoned as a favor on the part of a young singer, to be willing to take a leading part in this immortal work of Mozart. Is it not the artist who is honored by being thought capable of filling it, and is it not a worthy object of ambition for any singer to aid in giving completeness and due effect to the production of this masterpiece? Miss Hinckley did it very well, perhaps as well as any of her predecessors in the character. FERRI was a fair Don Giovanni, and SUSINI an amusing Leporello, singing some things very well, being in better voice than usual. The whole performance was a reasonably satisfactory one, the parts being equally balanced and intelligently supported.

The Barber was given on Thursday instead of Moses which had been promised, the change of opera,

of course making a thin house. The performance was a lively merry one, as it generally is, the artists seeming to enjoy the fun as well as the music, and to enter into it with a zest that is apt to hurry them a little beyond due bounds. FERRI was the Figaro and a very satisfactory one. BRIGNOLI, SUSINI and BARILI taking the Count, Bartolo and Basilio, and all very effectively. Miss HINCKLEY was the Rosina, and acquitted herself with much credit. She sang the *Una voce*, in very good style and introduced a brilliant *bravura* waltz in the singing lesson, which she sang finely, being enthusiastically applauded and obliged to repeat it. She entered with spirit into the comedy, and the whole performance, in spite of some imperfections and a little excess of fun at times, was on the whole a very enjoyable and pleasant one.

I Puritani was sung on Friday and Miss KELLOGG attempted a bold and not altogether successful experiment in venturing to assume the rôle of Elvira. This part in which the memory of Grisi is still so fresh, is one that requires more maturely developed powers than those of our young prima donna, to render with proper effect. She did some things well, nevertheless. *Son Vergine vezzosa*, was sung with brilliant execution being warmly applauded, and rewarded by the customary tribute of bouquets. But as a whole, she did not make a marked impression in this character, and will never be recollected in it or identified with it as she may be with Linda or even La Sonnambula. Very much too, of the music was omitted, probably to adapt it to her powers of execution or endurance. With this we have fault to find. A true artist should not, *would* not attempt a great part in this skeleton fashion, giving only sparkling morceaux and cutting other parts vitally essential to the dramatic unity of the plot. Better not soar so high till the wings are strong enough to complete the flight, so will the artist be safe alike from the perils of falling from the dizzy height and from being touched by the shafts that are levelled by critics on every side. BRIGNOLI sang in his usual faultless manner and Ferri and Susini well represented the Puritan colonels, exciting the accustomed popular enthusiasm by their spirited singing of the famous *Suoni la tromba*. The important part of the Queen Henrietta, in the hands of Mad. Avogadro, was worse than nothing. Here was another opportunity for some of the ladies of the troupe who were competent, to show a true artistic ambition by filling the part, thus aiding to give a complete and worthy representation of a great work. When shall we have singers who are also true artists, who so love their art as to be willing at times to assume a place a little lower than the highest, for the honor of Art?

La Juive was performed for the fourth time on Saturday afternoon, being the last performance of the season. We need not say that we enjoyed this additional chance of hearing this opera. The only change was the substitution of Lotti for Scola, in the part of Leopoldo; a somewhat smaller man with a somewhat larger voice than his predecessor. The music written for this character demands a first-class tenor, and the dramatic importance of the part is very great. We could not but wish to hear BRIGNOLI in the part, and speculate what Stigelli might not make of it, were he Leopoldo and not the Jew. With such a voice as either of these in this part, what a fine cast we should have had of *La Juive*. It is vain to hope for such good fortune as to see two such tenors singing together in the same opera. Here is the chance. When will Signor Brignoli improve it? The orchestra was reduced to its usual size, at this performance, and the opera was given almost complete, with such short pauses between the acts that it was compressed into three hours.

So ends a season of Italian opera very pleasant to the hearers, and very creditable to the artists. They have given us two new operas of great interest, two native prima donnas of great promise and good performance, who will be remembered here with pleasure and have left a decided impression of unusual talent upon the audiences who have heard them. They will always be welcomed with pleasure. They have had another prima donna, Mad. COLSON, of long acknowledged talent and a reputation that increases with every effort that she makes; two rival tenors, each unrivalled in their way, a contralto, a

Boston girl, who is *not* without honor in her own city but always gladly welcomed, not only esteemed for her talent as an artist but respected for her excellent private character. Add to these such voices as those of Ferri and Susini, and we must confess to having been favored with a troupe of unusual talent.

Signor MUZIO, the conductor, has done his work well, and is entitled to be honorably mentioned in a review of the season. The business management has been well conducted, as is evinced by the pecuniary success of the troupe and the comparatively few disappointments of any kind that the public has suffered during the season. If the company had done some things in the way we have suggested they *might* have been done, we should have little fault to find.

Organ Concert.

The Organ Concert at Tremont Temple, on Fast-day, given by Mr. GEO. E. WHITING, came too late to receive a notice in our last week's issue. Here is the programme :

PART FIRST.

1. Grand Sonata in F minor, (Op. 65. No. 1.).....Mendelssohn
Mr. Geo. E. Whiting.
2. Chorus; Mighty Jehovah, "Lucrezia Borgia"....Donizetti
Bowdoin St. Choir.
- 3 { *a* Organ Fugue in G minor.....Bach
 b Overture, "Oberon".....Von Weber
 Mr. Geo. E. Whiting.
- 4 Chorus, Joy is over, "Lucrezia Borgia".....Donizetti
Bowdoin St. Choir.
5. Fantasia for Organ in E minor.....G. E. Whiting

PART SECOND.

1. Prelude and Fugue in C minor, (Op. 37, No. 1.)
Mendelssohn
Mr. Geo. E. Whiting.
2. Chorus, The Regatta, "Lucretia Borgia".....Donizetti
Bowdoin St. Choir.
3. { *a* Variations on "God save the Queen".....Rink
 b Andante from Mendelssohn's 4th (Italian Symphony).
 Mr. Geo. E. Whiting.
4. Chorus, Father in Heaven, "Masaniello".....Auber
Bowdoin St. Choir.
5. Overture, "Guillaume Tell," (by request).....Rossini
Mr. Geo. E. Whiting.

Mr. WHITING is a very young man and is said to have studied by himself with the exception latterly of a short course of instruction. If so he deserves great credit for having dared to attack such a programme as that above. The word "attack" seems exactly to express his style of playing, indeed a musical friend who sat by our side would fervently ejaculate at the close of each piece "tremendous execution!" He is a very nervous man, evidently, and his nervousness crept into his performance, more evident in the fugue perhaps, than elsewhere, which as he played it was a grand rush, the time all too fast and consequently one tone hard on the heels of another. The movement of a fugue should certainly be clear and distinct, preserving a certain dignity in its greatest haste.

We are certainly right in supposing that the test of an overture upon the organ, is successful imitation of the orchestra. The organ has the materials, as many of its stops are voiced expressly to imitate the orchestra, truly instrumental. Mr. Whiting's overtures, by this standard, fell short, he did not make good use of his materials, and we missed that perfect connection between the passages so satisfying in a superior orchestra; there was too much patchwork. However, Mr. Whiting is a most promising musician and in his Fantasia he was very successful. It has a character of its own, making it truly original. Many of these compositions are original only in virtue of their want of character. The choruses were only well rendered, showing faithful drill, but needing sadly the electrifying influence of a resolute baton. There was an unpleasant see-saw in the time between the organ and chorus in the first pieces. However, the audience were delighted, either with the music or the swift heels of the organist, and we have no right to complain.

Mr. S. B. BALL gave his annual concert last Tuesday evening, at the School-street Church. Beside his quartette, he had the volunteered assistance of a number of ladies and gentlemen, many of whom are his pupils. The church was well filled, and the programme, which consisted of choruses, part songs, solos, &c., was quite creditably performed, considering that it was amateur talent. Some of the solos deserve particular mention, but we have not space. Mr. Ball was agreeably surprised at the close of the concert, by the gift of a valuable diamond pin, from his pupils.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Mendelssohn Quintette Club are to conclude their series of parlor concerts in this place by a public concert in Lyceum Hall, on Friday, April 19th, and will give Beethoven's Septette and Schubert's Octette, on their programme. Our Cambridge readers should not forget this concert.

The Polyhymnia, a vocal organization consisting of boys and men from the Church of the Advent choir gave a well attended concert at Williams' Hall, on Fast Day eve. The programme comprised a variety of sacred and secular music. Among the former were some of the fine old English Anthems. These pieces were sung correctly but without animation and suffered much from a too heavy organ-accompaniment. Occasionally only, we got a glimpse of the heavenly tone-body of the boys' voices. To our taste the merest outline of an accompaniment would have sufficed. The boys did not need any support from the organ; they came in promptly and firmly as well as true in pitch. This chorus might do a great deal of good by bringing to our hearing part of the Berlin Dom-Chor's repertoire of pieces. Love songs of which the second part had some, are of doubtful propriety for boy's voices, whose tone-color very naturally lacks that warmth which is necessary to portray emotions of the heart.

Musical Correspondence.

PARIS, MARCH 29, 1861.—All the scenic display of the Grand Opera, the preparations that had lasted for six months, the coöperation of the best artists could not ensure the success of Tannhäuser. On the evening of the first representation it might well be doubted whether the failure was real or only apparent. The very novelty of the performance elicited a degree of attention which prevented the full explosion of the discontented. Ulterior performances the piece however, can leave no doubt in the minds of those who were still unwilling to abandon the hope of success on the first evening.

Wagner attacks in every portion of his work what he styles the conventional rules of the Italian opera. Even the most sanguine admirers and upholders of system had not calculated upon the co-operation of the musical critics of the capital. Indeed Wagner has always made light of the opinions of the press. He does not hesitate to assert in one of his theoretical works that he believes himself to be prejudged by the writers of the musical *feuilletons*. It is to the public he appeals, "that public whose taste has not been altogether corrupted by Italian melody." The Paris public must in Mr. Wagner's opinion now, be as corrupted in taste as the Paris critics, for it has judged his Tannhäuser with even less respect. The press had praised certain passages of the work at least, these very passages were received with hisses and interrupted at the second representation.

It seems pretty certain now that the work will be withdrawn. The tumult was so great last Sunday that it was expected every moment that some representative of police authority would make his appearance on the stage requesting the public, in that polite way which is in order in France, to desist from any manifestation of satisfaction. The presence of the Emperor is generally all sufficient to keep the most turbulent audience within bounds. In this case it was not so. Although he himself gave the signal of applause, that applause was immediately met by hisses and occasionally by works little complimentary to those who seemed to conform to the Imperial taste. On the second evening when the applauders and hisses were about divided, in the middle of the second act, the Emperor appeared in his box. All who saw him make his appearance immediately turned and applauded. Those on the same side of the house as the Imperial loge not comprehending the cause of the increased applause made a counter demonstration. It was several minutes before the tumult could be appeased. Such scenes were renewed several times. The orchestra, the actors found favor with the public. It was the composer himself on whom the dissatisfaction seemed to concentrate. Once Niemann, who personated the character of

Tannhäuser threw up his arms and and stopped as if begging the audience for silence. This action was met by unequivocal marks of encouragement for the artist. Nothing but the music itself was the subject of disapprobation.

The failure of the Tannhäuser may be better appreciated from a few citations. The general spirit of criticism may be inferred from the following specimen. It is Fiorentino who writes.

"People imagine that an imperturbable assurance is sufficient to impose one's self upon a public the most railing, skeptical and keen-sighted in the world. There were the other evening at the opera twenty French composers who each have written works superior to anything Mr. Wagner has ever done, and it is in presence of these masters he comes and erects himself into an inspired reformer, an infallible genius."

Little enough is said about the music, perhaps those gentlemen whom the composer seems to have treated with little deference do not deem it worthy of criticism but only of abuse. This they give plentifully. And the legend, the plot, even they cannot digest.

"The legend of Tannhäuser is popular in Germany. The celebrated Tieck has converted it into a tale which we are told is taught to children. Happy young German intellects that are fit from the cradle for such heavy food!"

Without wishing to defend Wagner's system one cannot but be impressed with the injustice, the shallowness, the narrow-mindedness of the spirit that has called forth the majority of the remarks that have been current in the Paris press respecting a work which if it deserve nothing more, deserves at least a serious refutation of the principles upon which it is constructed.

We may expect soon a parody of the piece by Delacour and Lambert-Thiboust. It is to be produced at the Varieties under the title of *Ya mein Herr*. A large caricature in one of the weekly papers represents a bard accompanying his song with a harp, his hearers falling asleep about him. Beneath are the words, "Germany still uneasy in the possession of her Rhine-provinces sends the Tannhäuser to Paris to put the French asleep."

Of the new pieces of the last fortnight may be mentioned: At the Odeon *Le Jaloux du Passé* by M. Scholl; at the Palais Royal *Arrêtons les frais*; at the Gaité, *La Fille des chiffonniers* a melodrama by Anicet Bourgeois and Dagué; at the Bouffes-Parisiens, *Le Pont des Soupirs*, opera-bouffe in two acts by Crémieux and Halévy, music by Offenbach. At the Vaudeville *La femme est troublée* by Dumanoir and de Courcelles.

At the Gymnase a beautiful little Vaudeville was represented last week. It is entitled *Les Trembleurs*, and is written by Dumanoir and Clairville. The hero Monsieur Bruneau trembles constantly at the political state of affairs. He scents war, revolution, invasion in every breeze. He never fails to read the journals which by their detailed accounts of insurrections, and disaffections in every part of Europe render his nights sleepless. The piece is full of pointed couplets which applying well to the present are received with great applause.

At the Italian Opera Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro* was given last week.

The reception of the new ballet by Derley and Petitpa at the Grand Opera contrasted with that of the Tannhäuser. *Graziosa* was composed expressly to show the power of Mme. Ferraris in its fullest relief.

It was on Monday last, March 25, that Madame Ristori made her first appearance at the theatre of the Odeon in the new piece of Ernest Legouvé *La Madone de l'Art*. Having been unable to witness this performance I shall in a future letter revert to this great Italian artist who now presents herself before the French public acting in a language not her own.

It is said that the work of M. Legouvé was inspired by Mad. Ristori herself. The subject is the love of a German prince for a great tragic actress Beatrix. His rank is an unsurmountable barrier to their union. "I love you but never will be your mistress," is the declaration of Beatrix, who henceforth has no other love but art. The moral aim of the piece is to show how really great genius is when it walks hand in hand with virtue. To-day being Good Friday, all the theatres of the capital are closed. F. B.

PITTSFIELD, APRIL 3, 1861.—Notwithstanding the severest snow storm that ever descended from April skies, a select company were assembled last evening at a "soirée musicale" given here by the pupils of the Mendelssohn Musical Institute. Had you been present, Mr. Editor, I doubt not you would agree with me in the opinion that the performances were as well worthy of being styled a "Grand vocal and instrumental concert," as many given under that name in our cities. I send you a programme, by which you will see that the pieces performed were indeed worthy of artists, and were such as those who are ambitious to enter the heaven of the Tone-art, and realize all its glorious wonders, will appreciate and enjoy.

PART I.

1. Overture—Guillaume Tell. Rossini
Misses Julia C. Clark and Harriet A. Hall.
2. Scotch Ballad.
Miss Helen Macgregor.
3. Polonaise—Op. 26. Chopin
Miss S. Louise Monroe.
4. Terzetto—"Era stella del mattino". Mercadante
Misses Macgregor, Clark and Hall.
5. Rondo Capriccioso. Mendelssohn
Miss Elizabeth F. Merrill.
6. Aria—"Dove sono". Mozart
Miss S. L. Monroe.
7. Moonlight sonata. Beethoven
Miss H. Macgregor.

PART II.

8. Grand Duo—Op. 114. F. Schubert
Misses S. L. Monroe and E. F. Merrill.

A taste of the sweet and gentle sadness of Chopin, of the weird and fairy-like harmonies of Mendelssohn, one of the noblest of Mozart's melodies, the wonderful sonata of Beethoven, so gentle and so sad in its beginning, so overwhelming the astonished listener, as it proceeds in its wild movement;—and then, how can I do justice to that "grand" work of Schubert, in the weakness of language and pen? One must hear and enjoy it, in order to realize its beauty and power. May you soon have opportunity to enjoy it as well as I did last evening. The execution of these and all the pieces of the programme was rare indeed, called for no indulgence on the score of dilettantism. The performers must indeed possess natural talent, and also have had the advantage of rare training in all those departments which enable the pupil to render the meaning and intentions of such authors with such skill.

I learn from their catalogue just published that this Musical Institute thus closes its fifth year, having instructed one hundred and fifty-three pupils, of whom twenty-two are or have been teaching successfully, in various parts of the country. May the teachers emulate their master in the high standard to which he earnestly endeavor to raise all who come within his influence, in regard to the class of Music which should receive attention and the manner of teaching and studying it. L. M. R.

TERRE HAUTE, (Ia) —Being compelled about six weeks ago to stay over night in Terre Haute, Indiana, your correspondent was induced to visit an exhibition concert given by the pupils of Mr. Meininger, Prof. of music in the Female College of that place. Having some knowledge of music, I am compelled to say that I was so astonished with the performance of those scholars, both in vocal and instrumental music, that I determined to speak of it to the public through your worthy journal, as sufficient praise can hardly be bestowed upon the professor for his ability and faithful discharge of his duty. One young Miss (whose name I have since forgotten) played the piano in a style, that is not often found in this country from older hands. A. K.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 22, 1861.—Not seeing any notice of the Harmonia First Concert in your interesting paper and knowing the scarcity of musical news in this city I take the liberty of giving you a sketch of the concert of 21st inst.

The programme contained a choice selection of concerted pieces and solos given by the best talent of the society. The choruses were well rendered, particularly the "Morning Prayer" from Dr. Meignen's "Deluge," and the Bacchanalian Chorus from Darley's Cities of the Plain. The gentleman who sang the Bass Solo in Moses, needs considerable study and finish before attempting such parts, but as a whole this chorus was well sung. A duet from Semiramide by two young ladies was very well given, although one might desire a little expression in singing dramatic music. The Trio from Belisario was sung with spirit and feeling, the soprano having a voice of unusual sweetness and clearness, the bass and tenor were of unusual good quality for amateurs. The aria from Nabucco for mezzo-soprano was rendered tolerably; the singer evidently prides herself upon her low notes which are not however, as good in quality as the higher ones, being too husky, and it will be necessary for her to study Italian as her pronunciation is horrible. A Quartette from the Bohemian Girl was very well rendered and appeared to give satisfaction, in fact it was not as well sung by the last opera troupe in this city. Prof. Bishop's Ballad was given in his usual style and well merited the hearty applause it received. "Una voce," from the Barbiere was tolerably well given by a statue-like young lady; the time was entirely too slow, it being a lively piece requiring the quickest movement and most brilliant execution. A Duet called "Addio," by Donizetti was very well sung but was lacking in expression. An Aria from Gemma di Vergy was next given by the soprano before spoken of in the Trio. The rendering of this piece was the gem of the evening the execution style and expression being faultless, this young lady appears to possess a voice of unusual register, singing from "C" in alt down to "A" in this piece and with uncommon strength. The next a male quartette by Darley, was well rendered (if we except a mistake made by the bass), and met with hearty applause, then followed a Duet from Trovatore for mezzo-soprano and tenor, very effectively sung, and we were reminded rather forcibly of Brignoli by this tenor who possesses a fine full chest-voice of unusual sweetness; he should apply himself to study and a few years hence he will occupy a prominent place among the talent of this city, the lady acquitted herself with great credit, singing with expression, showing the proper appreciation of the music; in fact, this piece has been very seldom, if ever sung better on the stage. The closing feature was the "Star Spangled Banner," solo and chorus. The solo parts were sustained by a young lady dressed in costume supposed to represent the Goddess of Liberty, quite a novelty at a Harmonia Concert, and a young gentleman formerly a member of the Cooper Opera Troupe filled the tenor and he sang with great spirit and expression, the lady however sang through her nose, which marred the effect considerably, probably the heavy crown of stars surmounting her head was the cause. I do not like fancy ball costumes in the concert room, particularly when given by a sacred musical society.

The audience rose whilst singing the national anthem, and although it met with much applause still it was not encored. Taking the concert as a whole it was a success, we must not expect to find perfection in amateurs, but all engaged may with study become good if not first class concert singers.

Yours,

VERDI.

CINCINNATI, MARCH.—The Cecilia Society performed in their fourth regular concert—fifth season Gade's composition "Erlking's daughter," for Soli, chorus and orchestra in a highly creditable manner. In the first, miscellaneous, part of the concert Miss Raymond the Contralto, and Mr. Werner, the Pianist, distinguished themselves.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Rock me to sleep, mother. Frank Wood. 25

A very pleasing composition, the more than charming words by "Florence Percy." The public will not be slow to recognize its merits, and we predict for it a wide popularity.

Annabel Lee. Song. E. F. Falconnet. 60

A piece which has evidently been a work of love with the author. Its general plan is well conceived and the details are carefully finished and show consummate taste and musician-ship.

O the dear delight of dancing. Montgomery. 25

A humorous song; easy and very amusing.

I'd be a star. With guitar accompaniment.) C. J. Dorn. 25

Molly Bawn. " " Curtiss. 25

Two popular songs, newly arranged for guitar players.

Instrumental Music.

Russian Medley. Charles Grobe. 50

Russia has a great many airs which are peculiar to her. They have always been favorites with arrangers. From Thalberg to Beyer almost every composer of note has paid tribute to the beauty of these Russian melodies. In this medley they are gathered like a bunch of flowers, each in its own plain and beautiful garb, unadorned by the glittering network of embellishments which they are often hidden in. It is a very pleasing combination.

Willie's favorite Quickstep. S. A. Earle. 25

Great Western Galop. A. Rossi. 25

Two pretty trifles. Good recreation pieces for scholars.

La mia letizia. (In tears I pine). Cavatina from "I Lombardi." Transcribed. A. Baumbach. 35

An effective arrangement of this popular air of Verdi's, just difficult enough to make it attractive to even the advanced pianist. As there has not been any arrangement of this melody, well-known and much admired as it is, our amateurs will not be slow to get a copy.

Lilla March. Junior. 5

Nightingale and Cuckoo Waltz. M. Perabo. 10

Prairie Polka. Ernst Perabo. 15

Pretty trifles, for beginners.

Books.

WINNER'S PERFECT GUIDE FOR THE VIOLIN. 50

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These volumes are the first of a new series of attractive low priced books of instruction and music; for all kinds of musical instruments. They are exceedingly neat in typography, the types being clear and distinct and the paper and printing unexceptionable. The contents are of a popular kind, comprising excellent Instructions, and a very choice collection of the best music of the day.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 472.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 3.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sketches of French Musical History.

XIII.

COMIC OPERA.

1595—1800.

As the chanson engendered the Vaudeville so the Vaudeville was parent of the Comic Opera. The latter in fact was the child of both, since in the Vaudeville *airs* had succeeded the old slow moving tunes.

At first Allard and Bertrand, associated with Widow Maurice and Decelles, had the theatrical exhibitions of the Fair in their hands alone. They afterwards shared them with Dolet and Laplace and were succeeded by Octave and Dominique. Their successors were Saint-Edme and Madame Baron, after whom came Francisque and Lalauze. At length Ponteau obtained from the Academy of Music the right to establish the comic opera, which he held until its suppression in 1742.

The Theatre de la Foire began with farces in which rope dancers mingled their performances. In course of time they began to give fragments of old Italian pieces, to the great discontent of the French comedians, who obtained a prohibition of the giving any piece in dialogue or monologue by the actors of the Foire. They immediately had recourse to the plan of giving the text to the spectators who sang, while the orchestra played the tune; but afterward they obtained from the opera the right of singing.

Lesage, Fuzelier and d'Orneval began immediately to compose pieces different from the vaudeville, being in peculiar, rhymed couplets, and the new form took the name of *Opera Comique*.

The first Comic Opera mentioned by Desboulmiers, in his "Histoire du Theatre de l'Opera Comique" is a piece in one act entitled *Le Retour d'Arlequin à la foire*. It was represented Feb. 12, 1712. Then came *La Querelle des Theatres* and in 1718 *des Funerailles de la Foire*, a piece referring to the suppression of the Opera Comique through the combined influence of the French and Italian comedies. It was not revived again until the Fair of Saint Laurence in 1721, when a piece in one act was performed called *Le Rappel de la Foire à la Vie*. At length after numberless vicissitudes Monet—whose motto was *Monet, mulcet, movet*—reopened the comic opera at the Fair of St. Germain in 1752; and ten years later the company was officially reunited to the Italian comedy. In 1780 the Italian actors withdrew, Carlin excepted; but it was not until 1793, after the law granting liberty to the theatre, that the concern took again a national name, Opera Comique, though originating at the Fair, in dramatic exhibitions which go back to the year 1595. In fact so long ago as Feb. 5, 1596, the Theatre de la Foire St. Germain had been duly recognized and had its privileges upon the payment of the two crowns per annum to the Brotherhood of the Passion.

After Lesage, Fuzelier and d'Orneval, the

most successful authors for the comic opera during the 18th century were, Piron, Panard, Carolet, Fagan, Favart, Delisle, Marivaux, Antreau, Boissy, Vadé, Laujon, Anseaume and Sedaine. The most distinguished composers of that era were Gilliers, Dauvergne, Duni, Philidor, Monsigny and Gretry. Of the second rank, Blavet, Aubert, Alexandre, de la Croix, Mouret, Lacoste, Laruelle an excellent actor, Blaise, Desbrosses, Trial, de La Borde, Dezede, Martini. To Jean Claude Gilliers, a composer very well forgotten now, is due a fame no less than that of having been the creator of that national French form of the musical drama, the comic opera. His airs are distinguished by frank gaiety neatness of rhythm and a melody easy to fix in the memory. Gilliers was born in Paris in 1667 and died there in 1727, aged 70 years. He began his career at the Comedie Française as a violinist, where he wrote the music for the dances in the small pieces of Regnard and Dancourt. As Fétis has not given a list of the works of this founder of the French comic opera, we add partly to fill the gap, the titles and dates of all his pieces, which we have been able to find.

1. *L' Hyménée royal*, an entertainment, text by Pellegrin, 1699.
2. *Cephale et Procris*, 3 acts, text by Dancourt, at the Comedie Francaise 1711.
3. *La Foire de Guibray*, text by Lesage, at the Fair of Saint Laurent, 1714.
4. *Le Tombeau de Nostradamus*, 1 act, Lesage, 1714.
5. *Parodie de Telemaque*, for the opening of the theatre of St. Edme, 1715.
6. *La Ceinture de Venus*, 2 acts, Lesage, 1715.
7. *Les Dieux à la Foire*, a prologue, 1724.
8. *L' Amante retournée*, 1 act, Largillière, Aug. 6, 1727.
9. *Sancho Pança*, 2 acts, Thierry; Aug. 28, 1727.
10. *La niece vengée*, 1 act, Panard, Aug. 28, 1731.
11. *La Comedie sans hommes*, Panard; Feb. 3, 1732.
12. *La Fille sauvage*, 1 act; July 7, 1732.
13. *Le Pot-Pourri comique*, 1 act; pantomime by Panard, 1732.
14. *Sophie et Sigismond*, 1 act.
15. *La première Representation*, Lesage; June 26, 1736.

It is true that all those pieces are far from deserving the title of real musical works, especially in their orchestration. But at that time they did not put the pedestal upon the stage and the statue in the orchestra—to use the fine simile of Gretry. Let us here express our regret that the bust of Gilliers has not been placed in the lobby of the Opera Comique. He was the originator of this form, a fact which should not be forgotten.

After Gilliers and his contemporaries, Mouret, de la Coste, de La Croix, Grandval, Aubert, Alexandre, &c., Dauvergne, (born at Clermont 1713 died at Lyons 1797) attracted public attention by his comic opera *Les Troqueurs*, given in 1753. Down to this time, music had mingled with the dialogue of the comedies only in the form of songs, suited to the action, or in the

vaudevilles at the end of the plays. *Les Troqueurs* on the other hand, was written in imitation of the Italian Intermezzos—the *Serva Padrona* of Pergolese for instance, performed at Paris in the autumn of 1752—that is, with recitatives to connect the musical pieces and gave a new impulse to the development of this child of the comedy—vaudeville. Hence it deserves some description.

Four persons, two men and two women, comprise all the elements of this little drama. Lucas and Lubin are to marry Margot and Fanchon; but before the knots are tied they fall into serious reflections upon the characters of their future spouses. The one is hot-tempered and headstrong as a devil, the other so easy as to be almost sleepy. The lovers conclude that each has a hard bargain and agree to exchange greatly for the worse. So having proved that the exchange has the balance on the wrong side, each takes his own again.

Le Jaloux corrigé by the flutist Blavet, born at Besancon in 1700, obtained a merited success; but soon after this was given there came to Paris an Italian composer, who wrote a series of works full of nature, grace, gaiety and comic power. This was Duni, born at Matera in the kingdom of Naples, Feb. 9, 1709, the tenth child of an obscure chapel master. He received his musical education at the conservatory *dei Poveri di Gesu Cristo* at Naples under the celebrated Durante, then at its head. Receiving a commission to compose the opera *Nero* for Rome, Duni found himself put in competition with Pergolese. The score of the latter was superior to Duni's, but the Neapolitan gained a success by being the first to proclaim in all companies Pergolese's superiority. After travelling extensively Duni was appointed music teacher to the crown prince of Parma. As French was a common language at that court, the composer was called upon to write several little operas in that language. He obtained a distinguished success with his *Ninette a la Cour* (1755), text by Favart, and was then contrasted with the composition of *La Chercheuse d'Esprit* and *le Peintre amoureux de son modele*. He settled in Paris in 1757, where he wrote eighteen operas in the course of eighteen years. The most known are *Nina et Lindor*, (Sept. 9, 1758), *la Fille mal gardée* (1758), *l'Île des Fous* (1761), *la bonne Fille* (1762), *les Chasseurs et la Laitière* (July 21, 1763), *la Fee Urgele* (1765), *Clochette* (1766), *les Moissonneurs* (1768) *The-mire* (1770).

A dozen Italian and twenty French comic operas form a handsome aggregate of musical labor for Duni, who died at Paris June 11, 1775. All his works are full of grace and freshness; his instrumentation was usually extended only to the stringed quartette, sometimes two hautbois or two flutes being added. The vocal parts are, however, delicious, full of taste, nature and true and well conceived expression. The melodies are such as come from the heart, not leaving it void, like those of our day. When art has de-

generated into handicraft elsewhere, its decay is rapid; Let us hope for a revival also in music.

François André Danican Philidor, whose bust is still wanting in the lobby of the Opera Comique was a contemporary of Duni. He was born at Dreux, Sept. 7, 1727 of an old and distinguished musical family, and was admitted among the boys of the royal music at vaudevilles at the proper age, where he studied his art under Campra. Settling in Paris he gave instruction in eking out a living as a copyist. It was at that he studied chess for which he had remarkable talents. The nine years from 1745 to 1754 he spent in Germany, Holland and England, occupying himself much more with chess than with music. His first work for the theatre of the Fair of St Laurent was given March 9, 1759, and obtained a brilliant success. It was entitled *Blaise le savetier*; this was followed by *l'Huitre et les Plaideurs*, *le Soldat magicien*, and *le Jardinier et son Seigneur*. Philidor became composer to the Opera Comique, ruling that stage for which he wrote thirteen works. The most remarkable of them are *Le Marechal*, in 1 act, *le Bûcheron*, *le Sorcier*, *Tom Jones* (1764), and *l'Amitié au Village*, (Oct. 31, 1785).

In 1777 he printed at London his *Analyse du jeu d'échecs*. May 23, 1786, he produced an unsuccessful work at the Grand Opera, *Themistocles*, in three acts, from which time he gave himself up entirely to his passion for chess at the café de Regence. The revolutionary troubles led him to return to London where he died Aug. 30, 1795. His music is free, natural and melodious; he drew his effects from nature and often produced picturesque and original rhythms. His instrumentation is simple, though horns and bassoons are added to the old hautbois and flutes.

Monsigny, a composer of noble family, was born two years after Philidor, at Fauquemberg, near St. Omer, Oct. 17, 1729. He was destined by his family to a financial career, but afterward entered the service of the Duke of Orleans, as *Major Domo*. Until his thirtieth year he lived quietly in the high circles, whence he gained that elegance of manner, which he preserved through life. A performance of Pergoleses *la Servante maitresse*, awakened in him the impulse to write for the stage. He began the study of composition immediately with Gianotti, and after some informal essays of his powers, wrote the score of the *Aveux indiscrets*—and a piece given at the theatre de la Foire in 1759. Its success encouraged him to follow it with two more works upon the same stage in 1750, *Le Maître en droit* and *le Cadi dupé*. The comic force shewn in the latter called from the poet Sedaine the expression, "there is the man for me!" The two authors joined their forces and wrote together a large number of dramas and comic operas, one of which was *On ne s'avise jamais de tout*, (Sept. 17, 1716).

Monsigny's success was so great as to excite the jealousy of the Italian comedy, which succeeded in causing the Theatre de la Foire to be closed.

The next year, 1762, the two theatres were united and Monsigny wrote successively, during the following years, *le Roi et le Fermier*, *Rose et Colas*, *Aline reine de Golconde*, *l'Ile sonnante*, *le Deserteur*, his masterpiece (March 6, 1769), *le Faucon*, *le Ballo Arsène*, *le Rendezvous bien Employé*, and *Felix ou l'Enfant trouvé*, (3 acts,

1777). This was his last work. His rare sensibility was exhausted; this had been his good genius, for it inspired him with a constant supply of melodies so touching as to render his works immortal. In 1798, the directors of the Opera Comique gave him a pension of 2,400 francs. In 1800 he took the place of Piccini as inspector of Instruction at the Conservatory. He succeeded Gretry as member of the Institute in 1813 received the cross of the Legion of Honor in 1816 and died at Paris, Jan. 14, 1817 at the great age of eighty-eight years.

Gretry was as remarkable for his feeling of scenic effect as Monsigny for the exquisite sentiment of his melody. He was born at Liege, Feb. 11, 1741, the son of a poor musician and began life as a singing boy at the collegiate church of St. Denis. Leclerc, Renekin and Moreau were his teachers; but the influence of the Operas of Pergoleses, Buranello, &c., upon the future master, decided his vocation for the theatre; at the age of eighteen he went to Rome, where he studied counterpoint under Casali and at length produced at the theatre Alberti an Italian interlude, entitled, *la Vendemmiatrice*.

The score of Monsigny's *Rose et Colas* gave Gretry an insight into the characters of the French comic opera. He then came to Paris, stopping at Geneva on the way where he produced his *Isabelle et Gertrude*. At length after conquering a thousand difficulties he brought out *Le Huron*, a comedy in one act by Marmontel, Aug. 20, 1758). To this succeeded *Lucie*, then *le Tableau parlant*, a masterpiece of drollery, *Zemire et Azor*, *la Rosiere de Salency*, *l'Amant jaloux*, *l'Epreuve villageoise* and *Richard Cœur de Lion* (1785) which sealed the fame of its author. At the Grand Opera *La Caravane*, *Panurge* and *Anacreon* obtained a merited success. His last works showed plainly the decay of his peculiar genius.

A true vein of melody and expression suited to his text are the distinguishing qualities of Gretry's music. His instrumentation is feeble and has often been retouched in our time. But such touchings are always a very delicate matter and it is at least a very rare thing to succeed; hence we much prefer the naive defects of the author to the deafening noise introduced by modern writers. In 1789 and 1797 Gretry published two very interesting volumes of *Essai sur la Musique*, which we recommend to the attention of all composers. He was appointed inspector at the Conservatory in 1795, and was elected to one of the three chairs of the musical Section of the Institute then formed. Gretry died at Montmorency Sept. 24, 1813, crowned with glory and honor.

"The Music of the Future."

RICHARD WAGNER.

PARIS, MARCH 29.

1. Quatre Poèmes d'opera traduits en prose française précédés d'une lettre sur la musique par Richard Wagner—(*Le Vaisseau Fantome*—*Tannhäuser*—*Lohengrin*—*Tristan et Iseult*)—Paris. A. Bourdilliat et Cie 1861. 1 vol. grand in 18 pp. LXXIII—317.

2. "Zukunftsmusik" — Brief an einen französischen Freund als Vorwort zu einer Prosa-Üebersetzung seiner Operndichtungen von Richard Wagner. Leipzig. Verlagsbuchhandlung von J. J. Weber, 1861. 1 vol. 8° pp. 58.

Richard Wagner has proved himself a writer of talent no less than a musical composer. His works "Art and Revolution,"—"Art of Future"—and "The Opera and the Drama" are noble expositions

of his theories of art, and vigorous defences of his own method of composition as well as bold attacks upon prevalent and hitherto universally adopted rules. Wagner presents himself as an innovator. The principles upon which former composers have worked he treats as radically false, his severity falling especially upon the Italian school, whose best productions he qualifies with the name of *table music*. It would be foreign to our purpose to enter into any details in regard to this æsthetic discussion which has occupied so much space in the German press, we merely wish to record the appearance of Wagner's last production, one addressed more particularly to the general reader and prepared by him previous to the representation of his *Tannhäuser* at the Grand Opera in Paris.

It was at the request and under the auspices of the Emperor himself that the *Tannhäuser* was received. From the first announcement of the intention, now, nearly two years ago, a portion of the Paris press showed itself averse to the step about to be taken. The *Presse* baptised the foreign composer with the name of the Marat of music. An epithet goes far in France in influencing public opinion. The Marat of music! Such was the note of introduction announcing to the Paris public the creator of what other laughers beyond the Rhine had called "The music of the future," from a misinterpretation willing or otherwise of the title of his second work.

The volumes heading this notice were prepared by Wagner to answer or rather to precede the criticism with which he naturally expected his *Tannhäuser* to be met. The letter addressed to M. Frédéric Villot explains concisely the nature of the innovation he has labored to introduce in the treatment of the opera. Then follow prose versions of his operas except the *Nibelungen*, for Wagner, unlike foreign composers has always written the text to his own music. The *Phantom Ship*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and *Tristan and Iseult* are all based upon popular traditions, that are worked up with dramatic interest. They are not mere *librettes* where all is sacrificed to the music, where a few lines or words are repeated to satiety, where are found platitudes which seem to justify the saying of Voltaire that "what is too foolish to be spoken must be sung." The development of the action is complete. They are poems as they are justly styled in the title page: *Poèmes d'Opéra*.

However all these preparations, all the splendors of the scenery and costumes of the Grand Opera could not save the *Tannhäuser* from being mercilessly hissed on its first representation in Paris. We do not wish to quarrel with the judgment pronounced by the public on this occasion. This is no place either to attack or defend Wagner's music, only we would remark that there was in the reception of the *Tannhäuser* every evidence of a *parti-pris* long beforehand, to meet the innovation with sneers and to greet the new music with laughter and hisses. The house was noisy, turbulent, uneasy. Third and fourth rate critics talked in groups. No attention was given except at intervals. Wagner was the Marat of music, a German innovator. The little papers of the capital, unable to touch politics had found matter of joke and caricature for three months back in this *Musique de l'avenir*. It was judged beforehand and the next Sunday there was a wonderful unanimity in the Paris *feuilletons* in regard to the ridiculous pretensions "of this dreamer who set himself up before the wittiest and keenest audience in the world as an innovator"—and the unanimity was so unusual in those who spoke first, so perfect that even similar expressions, comparisons, *bons-mots* a little disguised might easily be discovered trickling through all. It was the small talk of the *foyer* retailed to the Parisian public. And thus are reputations done and undone.

The merit of the letter preceding the translation

of the Opera Poems is that it is adapted to the general reader, musical terms are avoided as much as possible. The general outline of the new system is sketched in as few words as could well have been done. These explanations have been severely criticised. Granting to the opponents that they are perfectly right, the criticism with which Wagner's words of evident conviction were met, seems none the less unfair. It does not touch upon the point at issue. It dwells on minor details. Detached passages and assertions which indeed seem paradoxical are reproduced and exposed to ridicule. To an impartial reader siding with neither party but seeking for information only, the answers of late produced do not deserve a moment of serious attention.

The letter is written in a tone of sincerity that recommends it to the attention of all. The author expresses his sentiments and views in that honest straight-forward way that wins respect of any one who seeks for more than the mere quarrels of art-schools. The very essence of the Italian opera is attacked. Its origin is detailed as also the grand outlines of music in Germany. The author demands a perfect conformity between the music and the dramatic action. They must interpret, complete each other; when words cease to express, music must go beyond, and the words must always be in exact concordance with the feelings called up by the melody. There must be no artificial pauses, no rests. The action must progress as it does in nature, which has caused the opponents to say that Wagner's music was one noisy recitative. In view of this concordance between the two arts, the musician demands the fullest co-operation on the poet. Thus may language, the instrument of abstract ideas act upon the sensibility. Music will be giving to poetry beyond the rhyme and adornings it already possesses, a new element of power. There would be a marriage of both into one work. Each would find in the other that which each alone lacks. And thus would be satisfied in the Opera, that involuntary desire in him that listens to a poem or to a symphony, for something more, something which is neither in the words, nor in the music alone but in both thus combined. The orchestra would then be with the drama in a relation somewhat analogous to the chorus of the Greeks with the tragic action. Only the relation would be much closer, the orchestra being united to the work of the poet by an intimate participation and interpreting it. Such is the theory of Richard Wagner viewed aside from all the means employed by him to attain this end. These means, the chief element of the innovation proposed by him, we are not prepared to discuss, nor does he dwell upon them in the works under notice.

It is to metaphor that he turns in conclusion to characterize the grand melody as he conceives it embracing the whole drama. And above all it is a quiet contemplation he demands on the part of his hearer. When thus listened to, "It must at first produce on the soul an impression like that caused by a beautiful forest at sunset upon him that has just escaped the noises of the town." There must be a perception of silence. When permeated with the feeling of stillness, we seem endowed with a new sense that reveals to us the harmonies of nature, we acquire new modes of perception, the ear is keener. He that is thus prepared to listen to the voices of the words in their infinite variety—"Hears some which he believes never to have heard before;—as their numbers augment so also strongly increases their intensity; they become more sonorous;—as he hears a greater number of distinct voices, he recognizes in these sounds which take a definite character, which swell in his ear and overpower him, the grand the sole melody of the forest; it was the very melody that had produced upon him from the first a religious impression. It is as if in a beautiful night the deep azure of the firmament rivetted his look; the more

he abandons himself wholly to the contemplation of this spectacle, the more the starry host appears clear, distinct, scintillating, numberless. This melody will leave in him an eternal re-echoing; but to tell it would be impossible. To hear it again he must return to the forest and return there at sunset. What would be his folly to wish to seize one of the graceful singers of the woods, to have it brought home and teach him a fragment of the grand melody of nature! What could he hear then unless perhaps—some *Italian* melody?"

Our Early Opera Troupes.

1. Chorus and Introduction. By the whole Company
2. Aria, "Cujus Animam". Signor Salvi
3. Duetto, "Quis est homo," Signorina Costini and Signora Vietti
4. Aria—"Pro peccatis". Signor Cesare Badiali
5. Chorus and Recitative—"Eia Mater". Signor Corradi Setti and Chorus.
6. Quartetto—"Sancta Mater". Signorina Costini, Signora Vietti, Signors Lorini and C. Badiali.
7. Cavatina—"Fac ut portem," Signorina Tedesco
8. Aria and Chorus—"Inflammatum," Signorina Steffanone and Chorus
9. Quartette—"Quandum corpus morietur," Signorine Steffanone, Tedesco, and Signori Lorini and Corradi Setti.
10. Grand Finale. By the whole Company
1. Overture—"Semiramide" (Rossini). . . By the Orchestra
2. Romanza from "Roberto il Diavolo," (Meyerbeer). . . Signora Angela Bosio
3. Duetto from "Nabucco," (Verdi). Signorina Costini and Signor C. Badiali
4. Romanza from "Giovanna d'Arco" (Verdi). Signor Vietti
5. Duetto from "Profeta," (Meyerbeer). Signorine Steffanone and Tedesco
6. Romanza—"Il mio tesoro," "Don Giovanni," (Mozart). . . Signor Salvi
7. Duetto from "Huguenots," (Meyerbeer). Signora Bosio and Signor Marini
8. Prayer from "Moses in Egypt," (Rossini). By the whole Company

☞ Tickets, \$1 each—for sale at the principal Hotels, Music Stores, and at the Door. Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.

We reprint, above, the programme of a concert given here some years ago. We do this to recall to our readers the music and singers which Boston has enjoyed in times gone by. In spite of this, we Bostonians are called on, from time to time, to admire and pay for singers who would scarce be paralleled with those quoted above; and we are thought to be fault-finding, particular, cold, dull, for not going into raptures over them. Look at the many enumerated above in one single concert. Can it be expected that those who have sat delighted to listen to these, are to go into a fever of delight at every soprano, tenor, baritone or bass that chances to come along? And when the public stays away from some entertainments which are not sufficiently attractive, is it necessarily non-musical? Or, if it fails to applaud a second rate performance, is it any reason for the artists to turn up their noses at it altogether? It is well, now and then, to go back and look over our musical antecedents. The fact is, we have heard a great deal of good music here.—*Boston Musical Times.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 20, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

NEW SERIES.

No. XII.

LIEBIG AND HIS CONCERTS, (CONCLUDED).

Berlin, Feb. 23, 1861.

So then—forty-two different Symphonies, fifty-nine Overtures, besides other famous things, in a portion only of the concerts of three months! But it is not only in the quantity of good music which they present, that LIEBIG's programmes are so remarkable. Not only in this cumulative aspect do they challenge attention, but also by the individual and peculiar method of their making up. Liebig has his fancies as a programme maker. He shows his character in it. In the

complexion of each programme you detect a certain educational design, partly in allusion to the present moment and its chance opportunities, partly in pursuance of a serial plan or course. There is certainly an idea running through each programme. Thus, much of the time we find him giving the Symphonies of Haydn and Mozart in course, one after another, almost in the order of their numbers; contrasting them continually with Beethoven, as with the highest standard, the consummate flower of the symphonic art; while at the same time, on the other hand, he also contrasts with him the greatest efforts of his followers, Mendelssohn and Schumann, and frequent specimens of what may be called the period of decadence, the Symphonies of various now living or quite new composers. He is catholic as to men and styles, and tries to represent all, and do justice to all claims of any dignity; and this chiefly that his audience may compare and learn, may have a reason for their opinions about great and little, new and old composers. He is also very hospitable to the efforts of newly risen aspirants. He gives one, sometimes two or three hearings to the Symphony or Overture of some young composer, until it may be fairly said to have had its chance with a public which he is doing his best to make appreciative. For example, one week he brought out three concert overtures by an English lady, Miss Maria Moody, who had come over with the scores to Berlin; they were short flights, showed fair musicianship in respect to form, instrumentation, &c. (the fruit of German studies), passed off with a *succes d'estime*, and were forgotten. Another time he bored his hearers terribly with a new Symphony, by one Fischer, a very weak dilution of Mendelssohn, and an intolerable deal of it; as also with a young Overture that tried to rage like Beethoven, without even matter, not to say method in its madness; but we were at once refreshed and compensated by a touch of the true thing in the fiery *Coriolan* of Beethoven, and a delicious, genial Symphony of Mozart. The lesson learned was worth the patience.

Of course, too, in these programmes he pays his compliments to the musical magnates here, (for our Liebig is a courteous gentleman, and he, also, has a "Hof" prefixed to his title):—to Taubert especially,—to Vierling,—to Meyerbeer, not too much (be it said to his praise), not so much as to his wronged and greater predecessor, Spontini, whom he (Meyerbeer) supplanted, to the regret and shame now of most musical Berliners. Often the programmes have a reference to other performances, and answer a subsidiary purpose as preparations for, or as reviews upon, what is to be heard elsewhere. If Goethe's "Faust" is produced (as it has been lately in incomparable style) upon the royal stage, Liebig takes care to give us several different Faust overtures, including that by Lindpaintner, used in the theatre, and also at another time, soon after, an orchestral review of the Prince Radzywill's Faust choruses and melodramatic fragments. If the "Midsummer Night's Dream" is announced at the Schauspielhaus, with Mendelssohn's music, Liebig takes the opportunity to bring the Overture, the Scherzo, &c., into his concerts. If "Egmont" is the play, he treats us with the entire Egmont music of Beethoven,—enough to rob us of all disposition to quarrel with our coffee. When Taubert, with the Royal Orchestra brings

out Beethoven's Seventh Symphony for the exclusives, that is a signal for the people's kapellmeister to do the same thing for them; while to those who can attend both, it serves for a rehearsal and for deeper acquaintance with the work. Taubert revives a forgotten, interesting antiquity, a pre-Haydnite Symphony, by Emanuel Bach; and Liebig instantly proceeds to play the same repeatedly, until the sound thereof becomes familiar. Again, he does not neglect anniversaries; his programme sometimes reminds us of the birth or death of some great master. Thus on the 27th of January we found a laureled bust in front of the stage, and the selections were entirely from Mozart: Overture to *Zauberflöte*; Fantasia and Sonata; Overture, Finale to first act, Finale to second act, of *Don Juan*; Symphony in C, with the Fugue ("Jupiter"). Even if we suppose that in many instances the programme is made up at random; if we look not beyond whim, accident, or the convenience of the moment for the whole secret of his method, still the chances are of finding something interesting, something to one's purpose in the concerts, take them as they come. In most cases, however, he is plainly governed by some principle of selection and association. Let me recall a few examples.

Here is one of the oddest — the "Faust" programme already mentioned:

Overture to "Faust".....Schulz.
Sinfonie in F major.....Dorn.

Overture to "Faust".....Spohr.
Aria from "Stabat mater".....Rossini.
Overture to "Faust".....Lindpaintner.

Sinfonie in E flat (No. 3).....Mozart.

Faust number One, by a young composer, was a clear, respectable performance, not extravagant or overstrained, and not particularly deep. Spohr's shows his usual mastery, and the freshness of his happiest creative period; not so sickly sweet and cloying as much of his music is; but certainly no musical peer for Goethe's poem. Lindpaintner's is the most elaborate and most, imposing, with full strength of modern orchestra. all *agitato* and would-be exciting, as if full of the delirious tumult of the senses and of all wild dreams and insatiable passions; but still no work of genius. This was the one used in the performance of the drama. Dorn's Symphony seemed also full of *Hexen-brauerei*, "a true witch element;" and you could not help suspecting that Liebig had introduced it from a fancied analogy with that side of "Faust." I know not whether the Dorn here named is the kapellmeister here, Taubert's colleague, and author of the *Niebelungen* opera, or a young composer in Vienna. Certainly this symphony is one of the most wilfully wild, eccentric extravaganzas that ever reached my sense of tune and rhythm; full of flings of audacious fancy, sometimes for a moment interesting and even beautiful, but just as disappointing and unwholesome as the sweet visions summoned by the witch charms, and as instantly vanishing. He seemed to be catching ideas, or rather conceits, by their tails as they ran away (why not let them go?) and dragging them mercilessly back into his wicked conjuring circle. Sometimes it seemed to me as if the composer had caught the first hint of his Symphony from one of those old Dutch paintings of St. Anthony's temptation. There were many hisses mingled with the applause that followed, and just then — so fatally well-timed, that Mephisto him-

self must have been invisibly present — a tremendous crash of broken crockery among the coffee tables! Why Rossini's *Cujus Animam* was put in such company, I was puzzled to conceive. It casts a broad gleam as it goes by. Decidedly the most genial thing of the evening until we Mozart. Had it been placed immediately before that, and after all the "Faust" business, one could have taken it for the "flaming sword," the wall of separation between all this *diablerie* and the Paradise that followed. For it was like Paradise to get back to Mozart. Such a warm, genial, spontaneous Symphony! Such beautiful, innocent, pure music! the inspiration, as it were, of the child soul, the new created, that walks face to face with the Creator. It was good in Liebig to land us there; it was like returning from long nightmare cruises along Colchian shores, amid Medea sorceries and dragons, and finding oneself safe again beneath sweet Ionian skies, where Beauty has her temples in the isles of Greece. I forgot to mention that we did get a bit of relief after the Dorn Symphony, by the introduction of some of those delightful variations out of Beethoven's "Choral Fantasia." Those are *real* fancies, and not struggles after fancy. Liebig often gives them for an encore piece.

Here is the programme for Dec. 18th, in the week of the birthdays of Beethoven and of Weber:

Overture to "Euryanthe" } C. M. von Weber.
Sinfonie in C major,..... }

Overture to "Fidelio"..... }
Romanza in F, (violin)..... } Beethoven.
(Choral Fantasia)..... }
Overture to "Leonore" (No. 2),..... }

Sinfonie in C minor.....Beethoven.

Here is another, of the week during which I heard *Fidelio*, greatest of operas, with the single exception of *Don Juan*, at the Royal Opera House. It is doubly interesting: first, as affording such a study of Beethoven's working processes, of the manner in which he recast his idea, until it satisfied himself; and, secondly, unfamiliar (now) examples of the elegant and even style of Symphony, as first set by Haydn, and followed, at an humble distance, by composers who neither could, nor cared to, go beyond his depth:

Overture to "Leonore" (No. 1).....Beethoven.
Symphony in E flat.....A. Romberg.

Overture to "Leonore" (No. 2).....Beethoven.
Andante from Symphony.....Abt Vogler.
Overture to "Leonore" (No. 3).....Beethoven.

Symphony No. 13 (C major).....Haydn.

And now look at this one, curiously compounded:

Concert Overture.....Maria Moody.
Marcia alla Turca.....Beethoven.
Symphony in C minor.....Mendelssohn.

"Die Dorfmusikanten," Comic Sextet..Mozart.

Overture to "Egmont".....Beethoven.
Symphony No. 10 (C major).....Mozart.

The Moody overture was, as I have hinted, a pretty fair success of woman in male costume; she enacts Symphony about as well as Signorina So and So does Romeo. It consisted of passages passably put together. On the whole not edifying. How all the faces brightened at the magical sounds of Beethoven's Turkish March (out of the "Ruins of Athens" music, the whole of which

was played a few evenings before in one of Radcke's concerts)! The whole work is worthy of Beethoven's good hours; and this march seems to realize the rhythmic pulse of Oriental life by quite as true an imaginative instinct (to say the least) as that by which Mendelssohn is supposed to have caught the fairy vein of Shakespeare. This dimple of sunshine would enliven some of our murky March and April "Afternoon Rehearsal" concerts in the Boston Music Hall. Mendelssohn's early Symphony does not count among his great ones. Its somewhat slender material is worked out to tedious length, but of course in a right musicianlike manner and with elegance and sweetness. Interesting for once to the musical inquirer. It was once given, I think, in Boston, by the "Germanians." The Sextet (for quartet of strings and two horns), is one of those exquisite drolleries with which Mozart's ever buoyant, childlike nature overflowed in social hours, in moments of rest and reaction from severe work. It is a burlesque on the ambitious attempt of a club of village musicians to do the classical thing, i. e., perform a piece in several movements in Sonata form (original, of course). It is somewhat such a thing in music, as Peter Quince's tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe, and quite as laughable and enjoyable. Such solemn, formal emptiness! All the *forms* are in a ludicrous manner kept up, as long and pompous as court ceremonies; but without the shadow of an idea to put into them. The emptiest periods and phrases are repeated, imitated, answered with the utmost gravity; with awful pauses after nothing said — but said emphatically. And such comical blunders! horns in fifths, &c. Attempts to trill in instruments least fitted for it and getting the alternate note a semitone out of the way! In the last movement the double bass leads off with a startling fugue theme (in the lowest depths), and there stops short while another instrument takes it, and so round — and that is a fugue! The best musician could enjoy such fun! The Symphony in C was not the well-known "Jupiter"; if not so great as that, it added to one's stock of Mozart, who left nothing not worth having — although we found the adagio of this a little prolix.

Here is a programme rich in new and old:

Overture to "Titus".....Mozart.
Symphony No. 3 (E flat).....Schumann.

Overture to "Prometheus".....Beethoven.
Scherzo from 9th Symphony.....Beethoven.
Overture to "Iphigenia," with R. Wagner's conclusion.....Gluck.

Symphony No. 16 (E flat).....Haydn.
(Overture to "Coriolan").....Beethoven.

Here is another:

Overture to "La Gazza Ladra".....Rossini.
"Frühlingslied".....Mendelssohn.
Overture: "Ein Mährchen".....R. Wuerst.

Grand Septet.....Beethoven.

Symphony (No. 12) G major.....Mozart.
Overture to "Freischütz".....Weber.

I cite this programme chiefly for the sake of mentioning what a peculiar and enhanced effect the well-known Beethoven Septuor derived from the manner in which it was treated. The first and second violin, and the viola parts were played each by four instruments; and there were four 'cellos strengthened by two double basses. Of course the clarinet, fagotto and horn were single. This lent a certain largeness and positiveness to these [for Beethoven] somewhat common-

place movements, as they have sometimes seemed, which rendered them again fresh and vigorous. It was like the interest sometimes restored to too familiar objects by a magnifying glass. Wuerst is one of the most gifted of the young composers who reside in Berlin. His overture, which might be called "a fairy legend," impresses me, after repeated hearings, as one of the happiest things in that vein since Mendelssohn. I shall perhaps some time speak of a very successful Quartet by him. The *Frühlingslied* of Mendelssohn, here named, is the well-known Song without Words. It cannot possibly sound so well for orchestra, as in its original piano form; and Liebig takes it altogether too slow. Still it is one of his popular make-weights, which he throws in very often.

And how does Liebig's Orchestra play? Not so well as the Gewandhaus orchestra in Leipzig; but I may safely say, upon the average quite as well, and often better than our Symphony orchestra in Boston. Bear in mind that it is about fifty instruments strong; that they are kept in continual play together the whole year round; and that they are found good enough to do all the accompanying here in oratorio, in concerts of the Bach-verein, of the Sing-Akademie, of Radecke's series, &c. Naturally they fall more or less into a certain hacknied routine way. They play too often, to take enthusiasm always at the flood tide. But they also have their lucky moments; and I have once heard the C minor Symphony played better by them, than I ever heard it, except in the Gewandhaus. The instruments all have good sounds, especially the oboe and bassoon; and the general sound of the orchestra is rich and fine.

It is not to be denied that there are some drawbacks to the pleasure and convenience of these tone-feasts of the bountiful Liebig. In three, at least, of his four *locales*, you have to go very early to secure a seat. You had better take a book with you, if you have got eyes. An individual comes an hour beforehand—a solitary woman of a family, or of a knot of cronies—and turns down all the chairs around the table where she sits, perhaps several tables; and this sign of first discovery and possession is scrupulously respected by all after-comers; attempt to seat yourself in one after another of fifty places which appear vacant, and you are politely informed that it is *besetzt*—kept by the one who has come in reserve for the friend who will come, or some chance friend who may come. There is more or less of jar and disturbance, too, from the rattle of coffee cups, and beer *seidels*, and small change; since, of course, the *kellners* must do all the business they can for the proprietor and keeper of the house. Yet it is wonderful how quietly all this goes on; it only needs the pervading instinct of musical good manners; and that comes with such love of music as you see here. You have only to "hush," and the offenders are as still as mice.

The worst annoyance, probably, at least to many, is the bad cigar smoke. Fond as you are of Symphonies, you may not be partial to smoked symphonies. Especially should it chance to be the Ninth Symphony, as it was once my experience, when the crowd drove me into the gallery, where the smokers fancy themselves sheltered, above notice and above decency. Abstinence from "the weed," however, is commonly requested on the programmes, and with considerable, sometimes complete, effect; it is like the caprices of

the weather; there are smoky and there are clear days; you cannot forestall them. But it is not possible wholly to suppress the nuisance in a free and easy German audience,—especially where it is made up in large part of students, saucy and proud of their duelling scars; for German students, it is well known, as a general rule, are anything but models of refinement.

Can we have Liebig concerts in our American cities? Can we change our whole way of life? D.

NOTE.—Our readers are desired to make the following corrections in the new series of Editorial Correspondence.

In the Christmas Letter (No. III.), Haupt is called the pupil of Mendelssohn. I wrote "pupil, with Mendelssohn, of Zelter." Again, middle of next column, for "velvet" read *helmet*.

In Letter No. IV., within the first dozen lines, for "passive opportunity" read *passing*; strike out "long" before "excursions"; for "choice" read "chosen temples."

For "talk a walk" (!) read *take*.

For "talented (!) husband's genius," read *lamented*.

In Letter No. V. (Journal of Feb. 9), 3d column, 4th line, for "musical inquiries," read *inquirers*. Middle of 4th column, "the men on the other, less in the royal box," &c., put a full stop after "other," and commence new sentence, "Up in the royal box," &c. Top of next column, "the initiation, through the trial and sacrifice of two young souls," &c. read, "the initiation, through trial and sacrifice, of two young souls," 43d line, "so admirable in a male chorus," strike out "in." Six lines from end of letter, for "purity and style," read "of style." "Sing, sing," too, is a case where the half is better than the whole.

Letter VI. Third column, for "Lathe," read *Lethe*. 4th column, for "the best movement," read *last*. For "these variations," those. For "Eusebius, Mester Raro," *Eusebius, Meister Raro*. Bottom of the same column, for "representations," read *representatives*; and (horrible dirty), "our hero of the victim"! should be "of the violin." 11th line, last column, "led in triumph," should be "led in triumph."

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, APRIL 9.—All the concerts which have not taken place during the winter, are being crowded together into these last five or six weeks of the season. Every week brings two or three, and those for the most part good ones. But unfortunately the greatest musical attractions bring nothing but small audiences, and one can only wonder that so many artists have the courage to get up any thing of the kind. On Thursday Satter gave a *matinée* in aid of the German Hospital Fund which is being raised. The audience was entirely different from that generally present at these concerts, and consisted almost exclusively of German ladies. Mr. Satter produced some new gems from the inexhaustible store of his repertoire, in the shape of a *Marche Triomphale* for two pianos, by himself, Liszt's stupendous arrangement of the Fifth Symphony, and the Overture of *Oberon*. In the last two pieces, he exhibited even more marvellous powers of execution than usual. The *Marche Triomphale*, in which Mr. Pattison took the second piano, is exceedingly spirited. Improvisation concluded the concert, in which airs from *Martha*, *Freyschütz*, *Don Giovanni*, *Tannhäuser*, &c., seven in all, were brought up successively and interwoven with each other in a very skilful manner. Mr. Satter was assisted by Miss Rowercroft, a singer of considerable ability, but not very agreeable voice, and Mr. Appy the violinist, who played a fantasia on *Massaniello*. He has much energy and vigor of stroke but very little softness and sweetness. The latter deficiency may however have been owing partly to his instrument, which was very harsh.

On Saturday night a concert was given by Mr. Bruno Wollenhaupt, the young violinist who made so successful debut at a Philharmonic concert a year or two ago. He has but once since appeared in public, at a *soirée* of Mme. Abel's last season. He is too excellent a player to have lain *perdu* so long, and more than one music-lover heartily welcomed

this occasion of hearing him once more. The programme was a very fine one, but had several faults aside from the character of the music. In the first place it was too long, then it contained too many solos, and finally Beethoven's second Symphony, which was beautifully played by a small orchestra, was put at the very end, when the listeners were wearied, and their powers of enjoyment and attention weakened by all that had come before. The orchestra played besides, the Overture to *Oberon*, and Sig. Centemeri sang arias from *Attila* and *Le Pardon de Plörmel*; his fine baritone showing to best advantage. Mr. Wollenhaupt played four times, and proved himself equally excellent in various styles of composition. His first piece was the Violin-Concerto of *Vieuxtemps*, to which he did full justice. Then he gave us an arrangement of Hungarian airs, by Ernst, and subsequently a *Fantasie* on "Les Hirondelles," by David, composed by himself. This is a work of much merit, and very pleasing and interesting. He was encored, and played a short fantasia on *Home, Sweet Home*. Mr. Wollenhaupt combines all the requisites of a first-rate player. He has force and vigor, but at the same time great delicacy and purity of power, he has also great mechanical skill, but more than all these a degree of fire and feeling in his playing, that proves how his whole soul is wrapped up in his art. May he soon give us an opportunity of strengthening this impression.

A concert was given last evening at Irving Hall, (fast becoming a favorite locality for such entertainments) for the benefit of the same German Hospital Fund for which Satter gave his last *matinée*. It was arranged chiefly by the Ladies Union which has been organized for this object, and was hardly made known among the American public, being advertised only in the German papers. This was not the wisest course. The programme was so good that many who might not have been induced to attend by the specially German object would have been attracted by it, and the room might have been much fuller. You will see that the programme, in regard to quality, was almost unexceptionable, but it had again the too frequent fault of extreme length, so that but few listeners must have been at the end.

PART I.

1. Overture "Julius Cæsar".....R. Schumann.
2. Harther's Lied von Goethe.....Zimmermann
3. Sonate op. 47, f. Piano und Violine (2 und 3 movements).....Beethoven
4. March and chorus from "Tannhäuser".....R. Wagner

PART II.

5. Sinfonia Eroica.....Beethoven
1. Allegro con brio. 2. Marcia funebre. 3. Scherzo. 4. Finale.

PART III.

6. Overture "Fingal's Hohele".....Mendelssohn
7. Concert in E Moll, one movement.....Chopin
8. Gesang der Geister über den Wassern.....Schubert
9. Fackeltanz.....Meyerbeer

The performances were very satisfactory throughout, and showed in their spirit that they were given for a national object. It was quite interesting to compare the three vocal societies, the three best in the city. The Teutonia made its first public appearance if I am not mistaken, and did great credit not only to themselves but chiefly to their leader, Mr. Mosenthal, who has only had them in training during the past winter. The members are rough, unpolished mechanics, but they have fine fresh voices, know how to manage them, and sing with accuracy and precision, as well as with much nicety of shading and a great deal of expression.

GETTYSBURG, PA., APRIL 8, 1861.—*Mr. Editor.* Of course you are interested whenever people are stirred about the "art divine." For this reason your Journal must have an account of a musical occasion unusual in this part of the world. Concerts do not often occur here. The town is small, and out of the way, and traveling companies do not think of going

so far round the corner. But there is in the place a large circle of sincere admirers of sweet sounds, and the presence of a college and theological seminary tends to elevate taste and refinement. A traveling company did not come, but a concert was started by an amateur orchestra, "The Quaver Club," composed of students and other young men. Where professional orchestras are wanting, amateur societies can be very useful in beginning the work of musical cultivation. To the orchestra was added a good strong chorus, formed by selections from different choirs. Thus equipped, "Mozart's Gloria," an Anthem by Zundel, and "Sail, Sail," from Lurline were put under rehearsal. These with solos and orchestral pieces made out a miscellaneous programme. The performance took place April 4th. Of course it was not a rendering from professional hands, nevertheless it was very creditable.

One benefit is certain to follow,—an increased interest in musical study among the college students here,—a study refining and elevating, and at the same time as effective mental discipline as any Latin, Greek or Mathematics.

But I must not forget the principal feature,—the part of the performance which was professional. Mrs. Mozart from New York was present. There is no need of telling; you know of her abilities. The auditors hardly knew what to do with themselves after her clear tones and charming execution. First came a silence from pure wonder, then unbounded enthusiasm. The lady sang very prettily Comer's "Song of the Lark," and very skillfully the Cavatina from "Beatrice." The "Last Rose of Summer" was on the programme; "Home, Sweet Home" and "Comin' thro' the Rye" were given on *encores*. Mrs. M. is successful in *oratorio*; last Christmas your correspondent heard her perform admirably the soprano of the Messiah at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia; but she is particularly successful in simple ballads, perhaps as much so as any who attempt them. Her natural grace and temperament give the assistance by means of which these melodies become so touching. The people were delighted too to find her more than an artist, a finished lady. Her amiability won the affections of all.

The whole performance pleased so much that a repetition was called for. A new programme was made out, and a second concert given the following night.

NEW YORK, APRIL 15, 1861.—We have had one week of opera, by the associated artists, alternating between this city and Brooklyn. Un Ballo, Sonnambula, La Juive, Linda and Moses in Egypt have been given, with fair success. The last opera was performed as an oratorio on Saturday night and horribly mutilated. Such a poor performance has not been heard here recently. Stigelli was the only singer who appeared to advantage. Miss Hinckley did not sing the part of *Anaïde* near as well as Adeline Patti. The company have now gone to Philadelphia.

There are any number of concerts announced for this week, but the political excitement, rendering people indisposed for quiet enjoyment will seriously interfere with their pecuniary success. The Mendelssohn Union has given a fair performance of Wallace's "Lurline" to invited guests and will next perform it at a public concert. They will then rehearse "Moses in Egypt."

There have been this month more changes in church choirs than were ever known before at any one time. An amusing circumstance which has been gossiped about considerably is the recent squabble between C. Jerome Hopkins and the pastor of the Church of the Incarnation. The quarrel hinged on the question as to who should select the tunes. Hopkins as the organist maintained his right to do so but the rector thought his rights paramount, and ludic-

crous blunders in the selections not unfrequently occurred. War ensued and Hopkins relieved himself by a documentary protest as long as the moral law but vastly more original and amusing.

Father Heinrich is in this city in a state of poverty but not without friends. A brief sketch of his career I have gathered from his own lips. He was born in Schoenlinden, in Bohemia, (Austria), on the 11th of March, 1781. He was educated for a mercantile life, and became the principal in a very extensive banking house, the branches of which were established in Prague, Vienna, Trieste and Naples. From early youth, Mr. Heinrich was of an adventurous spirit, which immense wealth enabled him to gratify at will.

His very extended commercial business, frequently made it necessary for him to travel, and on one occasion he visited the island of Malta, where the passion for music seemed first to have taken decided possession of his soul; there he obtained a *Cremona* violin, to which he became ardently attached; this instrument lasted through all his wanderings and strange vicissitudes, until its accidental destruction by the carelessness of a musician of the Drury Lane Orchestra.

For long, long years this violin and *maestro* were inseparable friends, being together day and night, in the western wilds of America, and in the crowded cities of both Hemispheres. Father Heinrich has crossed and re-crossed the Atlantic many times; his biographer tells us, that he sailed from Lisbon for this country, in 1805, and that it was when he was Director of music, at the Southwark theatre of Philadelphia, he received the sad news of the failure of his Banking house and its branches. He soon left Philadelphia for Pittsburg, crossing the Alleghenies on foot, and finally settled in a log cabin in Bardstown, Kentucky, where he began writing music; he was about this period about thirty years old, and he attributes some of his best compositions, to his study of Nature in those then solitary wilds. The log-hut is still most carefully preserved, and is pointed out to all visitors, with great interest, by the family of the late Postmaster General, in whose garden it now stands.

Having satisfactorily overcome the shock of his loss and his necessary change of position in the financial world, Mr. Heinrich proceeded to London, where he remained five or six years, officiating among the leading violinists of the orchestras of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and publishing many of his compositions, which made him widely known in that metropolis.

Subsequently he returned to America, dividing his time between this city, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore, in the prosecution of his profession, sometimes leading, at others performing in the Orchestras.

Father Heinrich has composed over one hundred works, comprising Oratorios, Symphonies, Overtures, concerted pieces and songs, many of which are distinguished for great originality, varied expression, patriotic sentiment, as well as for the curiously constructed stories which adorn their title pages.

There are many who remember his mammoth concerts given here in years gone by, which drew together the musical profession, from the principal cities of the Union, and enlisted public interest.

In 1857, Mr. Heinrich made his last trip to Europe, he then had the happiness to hear some of his best works, performed by the societies of Prague and Vienna. In 1860 he returned to his adopted country (the United States), and till the present time has quietly lived in this city, where this octogenarian and probably the oldest musician living, is now fast fading away. His life has been one of the most varied conditions, begun in opulence, with hosts of friends to cheer him and partake of his rare hospitality, full of youth, vigor and hope, now the picture has changed, and he truly needs the sympathy and respect of the world.

TROVATOR.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A New Instrument.

IMPORTANT TO ORGANISTS AND COMPOSERS.

UNITED STATES HOTEL, Lake George, N. Y., }
APRIL 8, 1861.

Mr. Editor:—Some time ago, I was in quest of a *Pedal-Pianoforte* suitable for organ practice; and was advised to import one. The instrument was delivered to me last autumn, in perfect order, having been cleverly packed in an air-tight box, inlaid with zinc. It is in the cabinet or boudoir form, has seven octaves in the manual, and over two octaves of pedals. To each key of the fingerboard, there are three strings; excepting in the extreme base octave, which has two. To the pedals, there are three, two and one strings respectively according to a judicious distribution of tone. The pedal strings, which are in rear, extend lengthwise with the piano, and of course are tuned in unison with those of the manual. The entire action is perfect, the pedals responding at once to the touch; and when the lids are raised before and behind, the tones are nearly as powerful and as clear, as are those of the largest grand action pianoforte. For chamber music, it is sufficiently loud with the lids closed. The pedals may be easily detached, but in order to play them, the piano has a regular organ-bench, that spans them, and that extends as far as the key-board. This is so constructed that it may be taken to pieces, and packed alongside of the piano if necessary for transportation. The case has a rose-wood veneering, and prevents the appearance of an ordinary Boudoir Piano, except that it is a little deeper. It is of great beauty, and would be an ornament to any *salon*; actually occupying less space than a common piano, being easier tuned, from the position of the sound boards, as well as more readily removed upon occasion. It is in fact *two in one*, a *foot* and a *hand* piano; the two separate actions being placed in the closest possible juxtaposition. With this, an organist can execute a fugue of Bach or Handel with the same facility, as upon a first-class organ, and thoroughly prepare himself for the choir, or the concert-room.

Yours truly,

H.

P. S. The following are the proximate dimensions:

	Feet.	Inches.
Height.....	5	
Depth, (exclusive of key-board) . . .	1	8½
Width.....	4	4½

Pedals 2 octaves, key-board, 7 octaves. Price in Berlin, 375 *Prussian Thalers*, (reckon about 75 cents to a *Thaler*).

These instruments called "*PIANINO-PEDALS*," are manufactured by Julius Hellmünd 40 Potsdamer Strausse Berlin, at the above price and will be sent to any desired address in the United States.

(Pianos with pedals are now made in Boston, one was exhibited at the late Mechanic's Fair.)

NEW YORK, APRIL 16th.—Mr. Satter's Sixth and last *matinée*, which took place last Friday, was very poorly attended. The programme was not quite as interesting as usual, as, for the first time in any of these *matinées* three out of the six pieces played were not new. These were the overture to *Tannhäuser*, Liszt's arrangement of Sextuor from *Lucia*, and Mr. Satter's *fantasie* on Don Pasquale. Besides these, Mr. Satter gave us the waltz in A flat by Chopin, and two entire novelties in the shape of *Pre-lude* and *Fugue* (No. 5, in G) by Rubinstein, and *Variations* on a theme of Schumann, by Brahms. Both were exceedingly difficult, and most original. The first was peculiar in respect to the subjects of the fugue being much more melodious than is generally the case and which had a very fine effect. The latter was totally different from any other variations, and sometimes rather far-fetched both in rhyme and harmony. Mr. Satter played both pieces splendidly.

Next Saturday we have the *Philharmonic*, the last of the season, and on Thursday the third of the *Arion* concerts. Gottschalk announces a series of

concerts in conjunction with Carlotta Patti and minor stars are constantly appearing only to vanish again forever.

When one considers how little is made by most of these concerts, which are, indeed, more frequent by losing affairs, it is surprising that musicians can still venture upon such undertakings. However, we music lovers are all the more obliged to them.

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New Publications.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW for February, 1861. L. Scott & Co. From Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, for March, (L. Scott & Co., American Reprint) is published with the following table of contents.

The Indian Civil service, its Rise and Fall, Part 2; The Physical Geography of the Sea; Lee's History of the Church of Scotland; Iron-Clad Ships of War and British Defences; Norman Sinclair an Autobiography, Part 14; Recent Natural History Books; Wilson's German Campaign of 1813; The China War of 1860.

Price \$3, a year; Price for four Reviews, \$8 a year; "Blackwood" and the four Reviews, \$10.

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE. Parts 27 and 28.

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY. Part 24.

These excellent popular works continue to appear with their customary punctuality. The present numbers have copious indexes and tables of contents that greatly increase the value of the works. The illustrations are abundant and up to their usual standard of excellence.

Musical Chit-Chat.

THE MUSIC TO MACBETH.—It is about time there should be new music written to Shakespear's "Macbeth." The music now allied with it and which has become hallowed by long use, was no doubt considered proper and attractive by the good people who first heard it, a long time ago, but to our modern ears it utterly fails to convey the idea of anything that has any connection with what happens on the stage. This operatic part of the performance of "Macbeth," in which girls of the chorus are made to sing dry solos to a fugued accompaniment, of a generally inefficient orchestra, inwardly trembling all the time lest they or the orchestra should lose the thin thread of melody, until the chorus chimes in with a strain which would be just as appropriate at any old English merry-making, and winds up with an echo behind the scenes, to catch the applause of the galleries, is to musical persons very annoying, to say the least. A song is a very good thing in the right place, but a sad bore in an improper one. Good actors may be, and are very often, poor singers. If we are to have music, let it be melo-dramatic. Why does not somebody try to reform this evil?

B.

THE BOSTON MOZART CLUB, (*Amateur*), gave its third social Orchestral Entertainment to the Associate and Honorary Members, on Monday evening, last at Mercantile Hall. The following was the Programme.

PART I.

First Symphony in F Minor. Kalliwoda
Adagio; Allegro—Andante—Minuetto and Trio—Finale, Allegro con brio.

PART II.

1. Overture, "Don Giovanni." Mozart
2. Concert Waltz, "Windsor Klänge." Strauss
3. Andante and Minuet. Beethoven
From First Symphony in C major.
4. "Song." For Horn and Cornet obligato; arranged by Suck
5. Lily Polka. By a member of the Club
6. Overture, "Nozze di Figaro" Mozart

The ORCHESTRAL UNION gave its eighth afternoon concert on Wednesday, April 17, at the Music Hall, which was well filled in spite of the stirring scenes going on in the streets. The following was their programme:

1. Overture, "Martha" Flotow
2. Symphony, No. 6, "Pastorale," (Op. 68.) Beethoven
3. Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn
4. Fantasia, (for Clarinet) C. G. Reissiger
Performed by T. Ryan.
5. Finale, "Eine Sommernacht in Danemark" Lumbye

DR. GUILMETTE, well known to our concert goers as an accomplished vocalist, and public singer, especially in oratorio, proposes to deliver lectures here upon the human voice. His advertisement in another column gives some particulars of his lectures, which we have no doubt will be very useful and interesting, as his experience is the double one of a professional man and of an artist.

MRS. CHARLOTTE VARIAN, whom some of our readers heard a few weeks ago at the Music Hall, at one of the afternoon concerts, announces a concert at Chickering's, for Friday next, assisted by Mr. Simpson (tenor) and Mr. E. Hoffman, pianist.

"THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."—This it is which today echoes through the city of our usually peaceful streets; to this every heart beats and every foot keeps step, while with one voice all agree to uphold the honor of the flag that floats everywhere before our eyes. The occupations and the places devoted to Art even are freely offered to the service of the Union.

The *Evening Transcript* tells us that "the free use of the Music Hall has been offered by the Directors to the Commonwealth as a dormitory and place of rendezvous for the troops during their temporary stay in this city. The provisions made for their comfort and accommodation by the city were of so ample a nature, that the offer was courteously declined by the Governor, who remarked that he should regret, except in case of extreme urgency thus to disturb or disarrange that building."

ORPHEUS MUSICAL SOCIETY.—Our readers will notice the advertisement of the Concert of this Society this evening and of the repetition of the *Bards* on next Saturday.

TO MAKE A LIBRETTO.—The modern poet should completely abstain from reading the ancient writers, for this reason that the ancient never read the moderns. Before entering upon his task he will take an exact note of the quantity and quality of the scenes which the manager is desirous of introducing into his drama. He will compose his poem verse by verse, without giving himself any trouble as to the action, in order that it may be impossible for the spectator to comprehend the plot, and that curiosity may thus be kept alive to the end of the piece. By the way, he will not forget to close the piece with a brilliant and magnificent scene, terminating with a good chorus in honor of the sun, the moon, or manager. He will have recourse as frequently as possible to the dagger, to poison, to earthquakes, spectres, and incantations. All these expedients are admirable; they cost but little, and produce a prodigious effect on the public.

Never bore people with ugly music merely because it is the work of some favorite composer; and do not let the pieces you perform before people not professedly scientific, be too long.—*Grove's Musical Lacon.*

MUSIC.—CHARLES READE, in a noble defence of Music, says: "Music was the nursing mother of Poetry, the highest of all arts. The verse did not create itself; it arose in all its primitive forms out of musical division. For centuries after its birth, Poetry could not walk alone, either in the East or in the West. Those incomparable lyrics which are called the 'Psalms of David,' where description and moral teaching, piety and nature, earth and heaven, blend so sweetly, were songs, composed in happy moments of musical as well as poetic heart, by David and many other harpers; and but for music, these gems of poetry and praise had never embellished language. And it is not too much to say, that here alone, where Poetry and Music meet, is the spirit of the Old Testament as manifestly and constantly Divine as that of the New. Many forgotten harpers sang before Homer, and to their divisions we owe the majestic Hexameter. Homer, like his own Achilles, was a harper.

"The Iliad was sung or chanted, and where the same words are repeated, there was a sort of refrain with a more marked melody. But for Music, then, the greatest Poem would never have been created;

but for Music again might well have slipped off the memory of the hearers.

"Poetry came West at Music's apron string. The Arabs who brought it into Europe were songsters. The Spanish troubadours who caught it from them were songsters; so were the French *trouvères*, who had it from them; so the Dutch minstrels, and the Irish and Welsh bards.

"For centuries Poetry could not walk alone nor please by its own rhythm. And even that rhythm it owes to primæval Music.

"This is but a small part of the debt mankind owe to this art, now outlawed by a caprice of demi-civilization. That debt is hundreds and thousands of years older than any claim Painting can put in to our gratitude. Why pick our old benefactor out from among a hundred pettier arts, to outlaw her? Her modern feats, are they so very contemptible? The brilliant operas, the mighty oratorios, the learned quintets, the profound symphonies, the pious masses and anthems, where the boy's sweet, mellow voices rise so young and pure above the pealing organ, and waft the same to Heaven; the thrilling songs that nations take to heart, and love, and sing, and feel for centuries; are all these trash?

"Music is an universal language. Unlike the writers, the composer's text can be printed or played by all the human race, pure as it came from the master's mind. God has given the lovely art this world-wide advantage over the writers, to compensate its inferiorities, a noble compensation. For thus Music mitigates the curse of Babel, a terrible curse to man."

LONDON—MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The concert of last night, March 19, devoted, like many others given during the present season, to the works of Beethoven, was attended most numerous, the more expensive places being occupied by company belonging to the highest classes of society. The programme included, amongst other masterpieces, Beethoven's great pianoforte sonata in A major, Op. 101, played on this occasion for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts by Miss Arabella Goddard, who, judging by her performance of this and other sonatas of Beethoven's so-called "third period" (need we remind our readers of her triumphant successes with the 106, 109, and 111?) seems to have discovered the clue which can alone direct the executant through the new world of sound which the mighty *Ton-Dichter* created, and to have penetrated the interest of these golden mists, "dark from excessive light," which enshroud, like a sunny haze, the inspirations of the poet "hidden in the light of thought." For Miss Arabella Goddard, Beethoven, the most inventive and imaginative of musicians, has no secrets. She knows him by heart; and, what is more, can put her heart into her fingers, and thus render him intelligible and delightful even to the ears of a mixed audience, such as that of the Monday Popular Concerts, which (such is the gradation of the admittance fees) included nearly every class of the community. Never did the great English pianist, who so chivalrously plays superb works in public which no other pianist can, or at any rate does attempt to, except perhaps for the delectation of the "select few" who may patronise a *quasi* private chamber-concert—never did the "reine et le roi aussi" of the most fashionable instruments distinguish herself more honorably than on this occasion. The exquisitely beautiful love-song with which the sonata commences, the vigorous march movement so utterly unlike any other march composed before or since, and the sterlingly brilliant *finale*, with its charmingly capricious humor and fugue, ingeniously wrought as it is difficult to execute, were one and all played to perfection. A few more such performances cannot fail to work what many consider a kind of artistic miracle—that is, to render Beethoven's sonata in A major, Op. 101, generally popular.—*Morning Post*

MADAME ROSA CZILLAG.—This eminent artist has arrived in London, to fulfil her engagement at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. The Viennese papers speak of her last appearance at the Kärntnerthor Theatre, in *Traviata*, on Saturday last as a remarkable scene of public excitement and expression of regret at the departure of such a favorite. On this occasion it would appear that all "rules and regulations" were set at defiance, contrary to the laws of the Imperial Theatres, which forbid any artist "de repaire après la fin du spectacle sous quelque prétexte que ce soit, et surtout d'adresser la parole au public." (Art. XIX.) Mad. Czillag was recalled innumerable times after the opera, and in a short speech, almost inaudible from her emotion, bade farewell to an audience before whom she made her first appearance on any stage, about ten years ago, and since which her name has always been the most attractive of the artists forming the Opera Company at the Kärntnerthor Theatre.—*Mus. World.*

Mr. S. LASAR, has accepted the post as organist in the 14th Street Presbyterian Church in New York, (Rev. A. D. Smith, D.D. Pastor), from the 1st. of May next, a position he formerly held in the church.

CINCINNATI MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—Officers for 1860-'61:

President—R. W. Burnet, Esq.
Vice President—William F. Colburn.
Secretary—Henry J. Appleton.
Treasurer—Dr. O. D. Norton.
Librarians—James Gates, E. L. Norton.
Musical Directors—Victor Williams, Henry J. Smith.
Trustees—John Shillito, Dr. S. L. Hamlen, S. Davis, Jr., W. H. Comstock, S. N. Pike, Edmund Dexter.

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—Saturday, March 16, would have been the last night of the season, but that the theatre was closed that night, peremptorily, by order of the Lord Chamberlain, in consequence of a recent bereavement in the Royal Family. That all places of public amusement should be closed on certain occasions, where the feelings of the highest personage of the realm are deeply involved, we think can hardly be gainsaid: nevertheless, we think the hardship involved so great, the grievance so universal that Government should be called upon to make some compensation. On Saturday night so great was the demand for tickets at the two English Opera houses, that many could not be supplied. Here was a wind-fall for the managers after a season characterized by no brilliant success. But at the eleventh hour comes the authoritative firman—the theatre is shut up—the public is disappointed—the managers lose hundreds—the servants of the establishment are mulcted of a day's pay (how little some are able to afford it, need we aver)—and no one person benefitted thereby. This is the way to go in mourning indeed; but we cannot help feeling it would be more agreeable to reason and good policy to allow everybody to purchase his own crape and wear it after his own fashion. It certainly was most unfortunate, as far as the two theatres were concerned, that the royal death should have occurred the day it did. The managers, however, had nothing to do but to bear it and make no sign.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The order which prohibited the opening of the theatres in London on Saturday se'night, in consequence of the death of the Duchess of Kent, did not extend to the Palace at Norwood, for the Saturday concert took place as usual. The feature of the programme was a pianoforte concert by Mr. Henry Baumer, a King's Scholar of the Royal Academy, a selection from an oratorio of whom occasionally is performed at the Crystal Palace orchestral concerts. A composer naturally takes all possible pains with the performance of his own work but the firm, clear, and decided pianoforte playing of Mr. Baumer should not be passed over without a word of acknowledgement. The *pièce de resistance* of the concert was Schumann's fourth symphony in D minor. With many gleams of the poetic beauty which is never totally absent in Schumann, the fourth symphony is less satisfactory than the first—in B flat—which Mendelssohn is said to have highly esteemed, and the performance of which he once conducted. Mendelssohn's glorious violin concerto was played in masterly style by M. Sainton, whose unaffected expression—untainted as it is by the slightest tinge of exaggeration—makes us listen to his performance with a pleasure more completely unalloyed than that excited by many more celebrated *virtuosi*. M. Sainton also played his own *Rigoletto* fantasia, which is always well received, because the charming melodies are allowed to tell their tale in all their original simplicity. The fresh voice of Miss Emily Spiller, a *débutante*, gained her an encore in Schloesser's "Queen of the Sea;" and she also sang the scena, "Ah! forse è lui." Madame Sainton-Dolby showed such good taste in selecting Haydn's lovely "Spirit-song," that we were surprised at her choosing "The skipper and his boy," the absurdity of which even fine singing can never conceal. The orchestra, under Mr. Mann's direction, performed with great care, although want of sufficient rehearsal was at times perceptible. The number of visitors amounted to 2,966.

Paris.

TANNHAUSER.—"A second trial has come off, far from being more successful than the first. On the contrary, the public disapprobation was manifested with increased energy, and we do not recollect such another evening in the arena, ordinary so calm and serene, of our Grand Opera. We coveted a decisive judgment, and begged the judges to preserve a grave demeanor; but advice of this kind is easier to give than take. True that we can manage to dispense with hissing; but to avoid laughing is another affair; and, on the very first night, we involuntarily yielded more than once to the feeling which had irresistibly laid hold of the entire audience. On the second night precautions had been taken to guard against such inconvenient manifestations. The oboe solo after the 'Herdsmen's song,' the redoubtable *trait de violons*, the pack of hounds, at the end of Act I, and the re-appearance of Venus in the third were one, and all suppressed. Curtailments, too, had been effected in various places, and the rose gauze curtain (so decorously shutting out a logical but undramatic contingency) sent back to the property-room. But, alas! nothing could save *Tannhäuser*. This time there was less laughter, perhaps, but a great deal more hissing; and for a plain reason—the applauders (*claque*?) being numerous, the vigor of the disapprobation was regulated by that of the approval.

We have been assured, nevertheless, that Richard Wagner continues obstinate, attributes the check he has received in Paris to a cabal organized against him by his enemies. In his double capacity of poet and composer, the author of *Tannhäuser*, is, doubtless, furnished with a double dose of pride, and should, therefore, perhaps be accorded a double amount of indulgence. This last we willingly extend—nay, we can even *pity* him, for we know of nothing more sad and hopeless than the fatuity, too common now-a-days, which induces authors to contemplate and admire themselves in their works, and to pronounce in a tone of sovereign authority, without the slightest deference to public opinion, that those works are good. *Et vidit quod esset bonum*.

The second performance of *Tannhäuser* merely served to bring out in still bolder relief the talent and courage of the singers, who had to answer in person for the sins of the composer. The tenor, M. Niemann, especially distinguished himself in this painful struggle, and the audience took care to make him understand his reputation was not at stake. Mads. Tedesco and Marie Sax, MM. Morelli, Cazeaux, Coulon, and the rest, equally deserved protection from the storm of disapprobation, which even the august presence of their majesties, the emperor and empress, was powerless to allay.—*Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*, March 24.

On Sunday the *Tannhäuser* was played for the third and last time. The theatre was crowded, the receipts reaching 10,000 francs. The performance was the stormiest of all. Never was there such an uproar in the Opera House. The spectators were provided with whistles, and the whistling was heard in cadences and roulades. Wagner is certainly the first composer ever hissed by the aristocratic public of the Grand Opera. The proscenium box, situated above the Emperor's was filled with hisses in straw-colored kids. The few partisans of Wagner and his music tried to defend him. In the midst of the tumult I heard the cry "Hiss, but hear." They hissed but it was impossible to hear. The storm raged not only in the theatre, but the foyer was also excited; the hubbub resembled the roar of the sea, or the clamor of the Bourse on a settling day. Nevertheless the opera, betrayed by its own interpreters, was carried on to the end.

A burlesque of the *Tannhäuser*, called "Ya Mein-herr," by MM. Delacour and Lambert-Thiboust, is about to be produced at the Varieties Theatre.

At the close of the third performance of *Tannhäuser*, Mr. Wagner wrote the following letter to the Director of the Opera:

"Sir—The opposition that is shown to the *Tannhäuser* proves to me how right you were when, at the beginning of this business, you made some remarks about the absence of the ballet and other scenic conventionalities, to which the subscribers of the Opera are accustomed. I regret that the nature of my work has prevented me from conforming to those exigencies. Now that the violence of the opposition does not even allow those who wish to hear it to give the attention necessary to appreciate it, I have no other honorable course to take than to withdraw it. I beg you to make known this decision to his excellency the Minister of State. Very respectfully,

RICHARD WAGNER.

"Paris, March 25, 1861." —*Phil. Bulletin*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

O give me back my childhood's dreams. Ballad. S. Glover. 25

A pretty song, more especially recommended to young singers.

Weep not fond heart. Song. Kücken. 25

This new song of the popular German composer is a real gem. Everybody who recalls the deeply touching strains of his "Good night, farewell" or "The Jewish maiden" will know what he has to expect. Written for a Mezzo Soprano or Baritone voice.

Come ferry me o'er. Mrs. Groom. 25

Companion to a noted song of the same authoress, "Over the sea, a Jacobite song."

Flores mariani, a collection of Catholic music, by Wiesel, complete. 1,00

Ave Maria. Trio for female voices. 50

O vos omnes. Motet for mixed voices. 25

Sub tuum praesidium. Quartet. 50

These pieces make capital offertories. Organists will find them of great practical usefulness as well as sterling compositions, which will wear well with singers and hearers.

Matin Song. Heurion. 25

A popular French song, with the original words added. A pleasing effect in imitation of bells is introduced in the accompaniment.

Instrumental Music.

Un ballo in maschera. F. Beyer. 25

A fascinating arrangement for young players, containing most of the gems, recognized as such here. It makes a good piece for instruction, also, as the melodies are easily caught up by the ear, and thus make study easy.

Dixie's Land. Arranged for a Brass Band. D. C. Hall. 1,00

Bands who are not yet in the possession of a good arrangement of this familiar air should at once get a copy. It is conveniently printed on stiff cards and suits any number of instruments from 8 to 14.

Ne plus Ultra Polka Quadrille. J. S. Knight. 35

The Polka Quadrille has of late become so fashionable that the very few which are printed with figures do not satisfy the demand. Both music and figures of this Quadrille have the unqualified endorsement of a number of "belles and beaux" in this metropolis, who have often tried it and found it really *ne plus ultra*.

Books.

WINNER'S PERFECT GUIDE FOR THE VIOLIN. 50

WINNER'S PERFECT GUIDE FOR THE GUITAR. 50

These volumes are the first of a new series of attractive low priced books of instruction and music; for all kinds of musical instruments. They are exceedingly neat in typography, the types being clear and distinct and the paper and printing unexceptionable. The contents are of a popular kind, comprising excellent Instructions, and a very choice collection of the best music of the day.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 473.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 4.

The Great Bell Roland.

[Mortley relates that the famous bell Roland of Ghent was an object of great affection to the people, because it always rang to arm them when liberty was in danger.—N. Y. Evening Post.]

BY THEODORE TILTON.

I.

Toll! Roland, toll!

—High in St. Bavon's tower
At midnight hour
The great bell Roland spoke:
And all who slept in Ghent awoke:
—What meant its iron stroke?
Why caught each man his blade?
Why the hot haste he made?
Why echoed every street
With tramp of thronging feet—
All flying to the city's walls?
It was the call
Known well to all
That Freedom stood in peril of some foe:
And even timid hearts grew bold
Whenever Roland toll'd,
And every hand a sword could hold:—
For men
Were patriots then,
Three hundred years ago!

II.

Toll! Roland, toll!

Bell never yet was hung
Between whose lips there swung
So true and brave a tongue!
—If men be patriots still,
At thy first sound
True hearts will bound,
Great souls will thrill—
Then toll! and wake the test
In each man's breast,
And let him stand confess'd!

III.

Toll! Roland, toll!

—Not in St. Bavon's tower
At midnight hour—
Nor by the Scheldt, nor far off Zuyder Zee,
But here—this side the sea!—
And here in broad bright day!
Toll! Roland, toll!
For not by night awaits
A brave foe at the gates,
But treason stalks abroad—inside!—at noon!
Toll! Thy alarm is not too soon!
To Arms! Ring out the Leader's call!
Re-echo it from East to West
Till every dauntless breast
Swell beneath plume and crest!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till swords from scabbards leap!
Toll! Roland, toll!
—What tears can widows weep
Less bitter than when brave men fall?
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till cottager from cottage wall
Snatch pouch and powder-horn and gun—
The heritage of sire to son
Ere half of Freedom's work was done!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till son, in memory of his sire,
Once more shall load and fire!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till volunteers find out the art
Of aiming at a traitor's heart!

IV.

Toll! Roland, toll!

—St. Bavon's stately tower
Stands to this hour,—
And by its side stands Freedom yet in Ghent
For when the bells now ring,
Men shout "God save the King"
Until the air is rent!
—Amen!—So let it be:
For a true King is he
Who keeps his people free.
Toll! Roland, toll!
This side the sea!
No longer they but we
Have now such need of thee!
Toll! Roland, toll!
And let thy iron throat
Ring out its warning note
Till Freedom's perils be outbraved,
And Freedom's flag, wherever waves,
Shall overshadow none enslaved!
Toll! till from either ocean's strand
Brave men shall grasp each other's hand
And shout, "God save our native land!"
—And love the land which God hath saved!
Toll! Roland, toll!

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sketches of French Musical History.

XIV.

COMIC OPERA.

1800—1830.

We have before remarked that literature and the fine arts always reflect the general ideas current at any given point of time in the civilization of a people. We find a new proof of this remark in the rapid notice which we are to give in this paper of the lives and musical characteristics of the six composers, Dalayrac, Mehul, Berton, Catel, Nicolo and Boieldieu.

Dalayrac was born at Muret, in Languedoc, June 13, 1753. From his infancy, a taste, amounting to a passion, drew him to music in spite of his father, who intended him for the bar. The young composer, preferring art to the Digests, used to spend his evenings in the garret of the house where he could practise the violin without being heard. Some nuns in the next house discovered his secret, and the persevering artist was allowed to follow the bent of his nature. He was sent to Paris in 1774 to enter the guards of the Count d'Artois, where he immediately placed himself under the instruction of Langlé, a pupil of Caffaro, who gave him lessons in harmony. His first publications were some stringed quartets under an assumed name. In 1781 he produced two comic operas which were performed with success at court, *Le Petit souper* and *le Chevalier à la mode*. Encouraged by these fortunate attempts he made his first appearance at the Opera Comique in 1782 with his *Eclipse totale*. Within thirty years from that time he had composed, almost always with success, fifty operas, of which the more known are *Nina* (1786), *Azémia*, *Raoul de Créqui*, *les Deux petits Savoyards*, *Vert-Vert*, *Camille en le Souterrain*,

Romeo et Juliette, *Gulnare*, *Alexis*, *Adolphe et Clara*, *Maison à Vendre* (1800), *Picaros et Diego*, *Une heure de Mariage*, *Gulistan* and *le Poete et le Musicien*, (1811).

The music of Dalayrac is graceful, flowing and easy. It contains a great number of pleasing romances and airs which have become popular. His orchestration is simple and never overpowers the voice. His score to *Camille* is of high dramatic color; his *Nina* is full of sentiment and interest; in short, all his works exhibit happy inspirations. The talents of Dalayrac were ennobled by his personal character. In 1790, when a failure had deprived him of the fruits of his industry and economy, he annulled the will of his father, which had benefited him at the expense of his brother, a cadet. He was made one of the Legion of Honor at the institution of the order; and died at Paris, Nov. 27, 1809, just as he finished putting his last work upon the stage. His life has been written by Piérrécourt. A pamphlet printed in 1791, entitled "Reponse à MM. les directeurs de spectacles," which argued against certain of their decrees in 1789, was from Dalayrac's pen.

If this composer was a representative of the elegance of the old regime, Méhul, on the contrary, paints well the republican epoch and the first empire.

Mehul was born at Givet (Ardennes), June 24, 1763, the son of a cook, who was hardly able to pay the expense of the boy's education. At first his only instruction in music was from a poor, old, blind organist; but his progress was such that the organ of the church of the Recollets, at Givet, was entrusted to him at the age of ten years. Two years later the boy was introduced to Hanser, the celebrated organist of the abbey de Lavaldieu, who took him as his pupil. The Abbot put him upon the footing of a novice, and he repaid this kindness afterward by two years' service as assistant organist. Mehul seemed now upon the point of passing his life in a cloister, when the colonel of a regiment, foreseeing the destiny of the precocious youth took him to Paris at the age of sixteen and confided him to the skillful instruction of Edelmann. In 1781 two works, sonatas, by Mehul, were published by Lachevardière; these productions only show that the genius of their composer had found its true path. Adding the dramatic style to the instrumental, and profiting by the counsels of the illustrious Gluck, Mehul became one more great master of the French school. At the concert spirituel in 1782, he brought out an ode dedicated to J. B. Rousseau, and then wrote three operas under the direction of Gluck, *Psyche*, *Anacreon* and *Lausus et Lydie*. Next came *Alonzo et Cora* which was accepted at the opera, but was withheld from the stage six years. Irritated but not discouraged by this injustice, he turned his attention to the Opera Comique, and composed the drama *Euphrosine et Coradin*, which was performed in 1790. This work exhibits the talents of its author in their full maturity. Noble vocal

parts, instrumentation much more brilliant and powerful than had been heard in France up to this time, a true feeling for the demands of the stage and great vigor of expression in the painting of strong situations, these were the qualities, which he showed in this, which may be considered as his first great opera. Then came *Cora*, followed by *Stratonice*, in which the air "Versez tous vos chagrins" gained great applause, and a quartet, the admiration of artists. The overture of the *Jeune Henri* aroused enthusiasm and the *Irato* gained deserved success; *Uthal* was too monotonous in color. But it was in his *Joseph*, that the author displayed all the grandeur of his style, the copiousness of his melody and his truth of sublime expression. *Joseph* is a biblical poem, a sort of oratorio, which gained much by being produced at the opera. *La Journée aux Aventures* was the last work of Mehul. His health was gradually undermined by an affection of the chest, and he died Oct. 18, 1817, aged fifty-four years.

Berton, son of a distinguished composer, was born at Paris, Sept. 17, 1797, four years after the birth of Mehul. He began the study of music at the age of ten and at fifteen entered the orchestra of the grand opera as violinist. He studied composition first with Rey, then with Sacchini, who gave his pupil, so happily endowed by nature, excellent advice upon the disposition of melodic ideas, upon modulation and the management of dramatic scenes. Drawn to the theatre by an irresistible impulse, Berton took the *Frascatana* of Paesello as his model. He procured the text of an opera entitled *La Dame invisible*, and set it to music. Sacchini, finding in it marks of real talent, wanted the young author to come daily and work at his house. In 1786 Berton produced oratorios and cantatas at the concerts spirituelles and the following year gave at the Italian comedy *les Promesses de Mariage*, his first opera publicly given, and one which was favorably received. In *les Rigueurs de Cloître*, text by Fievée, Berton began to exhibit his own peculiar style. *Ponce de Leon*, *Montano et Stephanie*, and *le Délire* are the works in which the characteristics of his simple, expressive, touching style are best seen. In 1795 he was appointed professor of harmony in the conservatory at Paris. He was director of the music of the opera buffa from 1807 to 1809, during which time he brought out Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, that masterpiece which developed the taste of the French for truly beautiful music. Leaving the Italian Opera he was appointed vocal director at the Grand Opera, under Picard. In June, 1815, the number of the members of the musical section of the Institute being increased from three to six, Berton, Catel and Cherubini were joined by Gossec, Monigny and Mehul. Soon after the king Louis XVIII. made him chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and at the new re-organization of the conservatory Berton obtained the chair of high composition and was placed upon the examining committee.

An instinctive perception of stage effect is a predominating quality in the style of Berton; but we find in him also a certain originality of melody, harmony, modulation and instrumentation. *Montano et Stephanie* may probably be distinguished as the masterpiece of this composer, not denying however the great merits of *Aline reine de Golconde* and *les Maris Garçons*. A

complete list of his works may be found in Fétis "Biographie." We will only add that beside his fifty scores, we owe to him a *Traité d'harmonie*, 4 vols. 4to, and a pamphlet, *Epître à Boieldieu*, upon music mechanical and philosophical.

Among the serious artists whom a too frivolous generation will be disposed to let fall into undeserved oblivion must be named Catel. He was born at Laigle in June, 1773, and came very young to Paris to perfect himself for his musical career. Sacchini caused him to enter the royal school of singing and declamation, founded in 1783, by Papillon de la Ferté, the director of the Menus-Plaisirs. There Catel studied the piano-forte under Gobert, and was initiated into the principles of harmony and composition by Gossec. He was appointed professor in the school in 1787, accompanist at the opera from 1790 to 1802, and at the organization of the conservatory, Sarrette named him professor of harmony. Being appointed to prepare the *Traité d'harmonie* for the school, he, at a meeting of the professors, presented a work which still forms the basis of solid instruction in the science. In 1810 he was joined to Gossec, Mehul and Cherubini as inspector of the conservatory, but resigned the place in 1814. From that time he accepted nothing but his nomination to the Institute in 1815, and the cross of the legion of honor, which was conferred upon him in 1824, without solicitation on his part.

His opera, *Semiramis*, brought out in 1802, had not the success which its merit deserved. The general impression was, it was "too learned." Be that as it may, *l'Auberge de Bagnères* and *les Artistes par occasion* were successful at the Opera Comique in 1807. *Les Aubergistes de qualité*, a composition rather cold, but the melodies of which are exquisite in taste, appeared in 1812. *Le Premier en date*, and the *Siege de Mézières* were followed by *Wallace* in 1817, which must be held worthy of honor as Catel's masterpiece. We find in this work a very powerful dramatic sentiment and a local color perfectly appropriate to the subject. Notwithstanding his successes Catel became disgusted with the theatre. His operas upon the whole obtaining neither popular ovations nor productive receipts, he ceased to write, seeking in the encouragement of young artists and in the delights of a peaceful life, a pure and noble compensation for triumphs, which he could not gain upon the stage. The collection of musical pieces for national festivities contains much from Catel's pen; he wrote also chamber music and in 1815 published a second edition of the excellent solfeggio exercises of the Conservatory. To an understanding, most just and fine, he added a character of the severest probity and all the qualities of a pure soul. His gratitude to his early protector never faltered; his kindness to young musicians knew no limits.

That which above all gives the breath of life to dramatic music is melodic idea and scenic sentiment; these qualities will cause the works of Nicolo and Boieldieu to live.

Nicolo Isouard, son of a French father, was born at Malta in 1775. He came early to Paris to enter the navy, but afterwards accepted a situation at Malta as clerk in a banking house; but he already felt his vocation to be music and dreamed of dramatic successes. An old teacher of counterpoint, Michael Angelo Vella, took a liking for him and instructed him in the elements

of harmony. Azzopardi, chapel-master to the Knights of Malta, put him afterwards to the study of fugue in the old healthy Italian method. His father, however, now sent him to Palermo to forget his music in the dull routine of a counting house. But spite of his numerous duties, Isouard continued his studies under the direction of Amendola, who formed his taste by causing him to play the accompaniments of the last works of Leo, Durante and Clari. At a later date being employed by some German bankers at Naples he finished his pupillage in the study of composition with Sala and Guilielmi. From this time, in opposition to the wishes of his family, he abandoned commerce to devote himself entirely to the cultivation of music.

Coming to Florence he wrote there his first opera, *Avviso ai Maritati*, and soon after brought out at Leghorn *Artaserse*, which had deserved success. De Rohan Grand Master of the Maltese order, now called him home in capacity of organist, and afterwards appointed him chapel-master. Upon the arrival of the French at Malta and the suppression of the order, Nicolo employed his leisure in the composition of operas, some of them translations from the French, others original Italian texts, for the theatre of the place. After the capitulation Gen. Vaubois took him to Paris as his secretary. There Nicolo met Rudolph Kreutzer, who like a devoted friend aided him with his purse and influence in smoothing the path to success.

Le Tonnelier (1799) was Nicolo's first opera produced at Paris. This essay was followed by *La Statue*, *Baiser et la Quittance* and the *Petit Page*. Thus far the talents of the young composer excited no great attention; but *Michel Ange*, (1802) *les Confidences*, *le Medecin Turc*, *Leonce ou le Fils adoptif*, and above all *l'Intrigue aux fenêtres* (1805) placed him among the favorite composers of the public. Between 1805 and 1811 he added fourteen operas to this list—the best known of which is *les Rendezvous bourgeois* (in 1 act, 1807). His chosen co-laborers were Hoffmann and Etienne. Upon Boieldieu's return to Paris, Nicolo added breadth and grandeur to his style, and composed *Cendrillon*, *Joconde*, and *Jeannot et Colin* (1814) works which remain in the repertory of the Opera Comique, as types and models of sentiment, freshness, naiveté and melody. Nicolo died at Paris, March 23, 1818 in his forty-third year, leaving his *Aladin ou la Lampe merveilleuse* unfinished.

Nature's Piano.

HOW MUSICAL SOUNDS COME FROM FOSSILS—THE "LITHOPHONE."

(Correspondence of the Evening Post.)

PARIS, MARCH 20, 1861.

Though the greatest of poets has declared that there are "sermons in stones," the most learned of geologists have failed to discover that there is music in fossils; a discovery which has nevertheless been made by an amateur brother of the craft, Monsieur Bords, an ingenious Frenchman, equally addicted to rhyming, music-making, sketching and geologising, the happy possessor of an hereditary estate in the Perigord, a patrimony which rejoices at once in the euphonious and suggestive designation of "Le Petit Paradis" for the richness and variety of the fossils found within its borders.

That the owner of even a "little" paradise should be the first to reveal to the ears of later ages the mysterious harmonies that have lain dormant ever since the flood might almost be anticipated as the result of a preëxistent fitness in the nature and relationship of things; at all events, this gentleman, after twelve years of incessant tapping and hammering on tens of thousands of "specimens" dug up by his people all

over his estate, has at length succeeded in obtaining eighteen sonorous fossils, which, when struck with a piece of stone, give out a clear, defined musical sound, in quality much resembling the tones of musical glasses, and constituting, to the extent of these eighteen "keys," a complete and perfect musical gamut of tones and semitones, following each other in regular order, and forming a sort of fossil piano. This instrument, unique in its way, has been brought to Paris by its maker, who is exhibiting it for the edification of the curious, under the name of "the lithophone, or natural piano." The Academy of Sciences has named a commission to report upon this original instrument, and upon the many other curious fossils found by M. Bordas in his own grounds, and brought by him to Paris.

CONSTRUCTION OF THE LITHOPHONE.

The lithophone consists of a rough plank, about five feet long and six inches broad, placed in a rustic frame composed of moss-covered twigs; straight ones, roughly nailed together, forming the bottom of this frame; others, bent into semi-circles and nailed upon these, forming the sides. In this frame—which is supported by rustic legs and looks very much like a rude magnified *jardinière*—lies the aforementioned plank, and upon this plank are placed the fossils which constitute the keys of the lithophone. The fossils are not fastened down in any way, but are merely laid on the plank side by side, one after the other. The progression of the tones is the same as in the piano; the deepest being to the left of the performer, and the scale ascending, in tones and semitones, to his right. The fossils on which he performs by striking them with the pieces of stone he holds in each hand, are of various shapes and sizes; differences which seem, however, to have nothing to do with the differences of the tones they emit on being struck.

ITS NOTES.

The first and deepest key is fossil No. I. It is a queer, thin, spreading three-cornered piece of the root of a tree, which presents the appearance of having been sawn across in its wooden days; it is warped or bent, like the top of an overgrown mushroom, and each of its two principal ends gives out a distinct note, forming together a perfect fifth. Between the two notes furnished by this fossil there is a gap which is not filled by the notes of any of the fossils; fossil No. 2 forming the note next above the highest of the two notes given out by fossil No. 1, and the sounds of the others following in the same order as the notes of a piano.

The sounds given out by these fossils, though clear sweet, loud, and as truly musical as those of any other instrument, possess a peculiar wildness and freshness of tone that impart a very original character to the music of the lithophone, and seem naturally to carry the hearer's fancies among woods, waters, winds and mountains, calling up thoughts of country scenes and sounds. Bells, peasants' dances, the songs of birds and cries of insects, seem to blend in the tones of this curious instrument with the more orthodox developments of musical expression. The pieces played by M. Bordas on his fossil piano are, for the most part, his own composition, and are really as charming as original.

ITS ORIGIN.

The idea of "forming an instrument made solely by nature" seems to have suggested itself to the amateur geologist in this wise. He had been engaged for several years in making a collection in an empty greenhouse of the fossils found on his estate, when, happening to strike one of these with a stone, he was struck by its emission of a pure musical sound, and hung it up at the door of his "museum," with a piece of stone beside it, that visitors might amuse themselves by striking it on arriving, instead of ringing the bell. A year or two afterwards when going over a hilly part of his grounds to attend a singing meeting got up by him among the neighboring peasants, he chanced to strike his foot against what he took to be a loose stone, which rolled down the side of the ravine, striking right and left against the stones in its descent, and giving out, every time it struck against them, a musical sound as distinct as that of the deputy bell, but of a different pitch.

"When I heard that second tone," says M. Bordas, "I paused in my rapid walk towards the singing school; the idea of the lithophone presented itself to my mind. I struck my forehead with my finger thus (suiting the gesture to the word), and I cried 'Eureka!'"

But though "the idea" had presented itself fully formed in that luminous moment to the mind of the owner of *Le Petit Paradis*, its realization in "pure silex" has occupied the inventor for twelve years. The search after fossils was prosecuted with fresh vigor, exercising, one may infer, an unfavorable ef-

fect on the surface beauty of the Perigourdin Eden and on every fossil and every bit of stone disinterred by his workmen did the indefatigable seeker bestow an interrogatory tap. But in no instance has he been able to elicit a musical sound from any species of stone; fossils only, as far as his experience goes, having this property, and in the proportion only of one to many thousands. Whenever he found a fossil possessed of sonority he carried it home forthwith and deposited it in triumph upon the plank which he had appropriated for the purpose, and which he now retains in the completed instrument as a *souvenir* of the hopes and fears, the despondencies and elations of the long and patient search into which he has put all the intense and concentrated enthusiasm peculiar to the votaries of hobby-horses.

CURIOUS RESULTS.

As he obtained the sonorous fossils in question, he ranged them in their proper order, leaving spaces between them to be filled by future waifs, and at length had the pleasure (as he says, "the happiness") of seeing the interval between the upper and lower notes of his pet invention, really filled by the consecutive series of intermediate sound necessary to constitute a perfect musical scale. Singularly enough, in his twelve years' search, though he has found duplicates of a few of the tones in his gamut, he has never found a fossil giving a note either higher than the highest, or lower than the lowest of the fossil-piano he has succeeded in forming.

The fossils forming the keys of the lithophone have not been touched by saw or chisel, but are exactly as when taken out of the earth; nor can M. Bordas offer any explanation of the fact of their exceptional sonority.

Among the fossils he has brought to Paris are figs and other fruits still to be found in that region, with others not now known. On one curious fossil vegetable a cockle fastened itself, and has become a fossil in its turn. One of the figs shows the bite of some animal that has eaten away one side of it; proving, thinks the inventor of the "natural piano," that the immersion to which these fossils are due must have taken place in the autumn, the fig being ripe, and very suddenly, as, though ripe and partly eaten, the form of the fruit is otherwise perfect as it would not be if it had remained exposed many days to the action of the air.

Musical Societies in New York.

NEW YORK, APRIL 10, 1861.—*Editor of the Transcript*:—Our nation is one which is hardly yet entitled to be called "musical," although the initial steps which are to make us one have been taken, and we may expect a new era in music to dawn upon us at an early period.

We cannot yet boast of large musical societies, such as exist in England, France and other countries which sustain *Conservatoires de Musique*, and offer every facility to render smooth the royal road to knowledge in the "Art Divine;" but progress is the law, and the time is rapidly approaching when we shall stand on an equal footing with other nations in matters pertaining to the fine arts, as we now do in all that belongs to the practical and useful.

That this condition will ultimately be brought about, we have assurance in the many influences at work tending to such a consummation, among which may be mentioned particularly the large number of artists residing in our midst who have been educated in the schools of Europe, or are natives of those countries where wealth is lavishly expended in the encouragement of art. In order to exhibit the present condition of our people in matters relating particularly to musical art, I propose to present your readers with a sketch of the history and attainments of the leading choral societies of this city, in accordance with a promise made some weeks since.

As a general rule, our societies meet once or twice per week for practising the standard works of Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, etc., as well as the more modern productions of some of our own native composers. Only those who have gone through the necessary rudimentary instruction, and can read music at sight, are admitted to membership, as their design is to practice rather than instruct.

The New York Harmonic Society, established in the year 1852, was founded with a view to the promotion and encouragement of the musical interests of New York, by holding stated rehearsals for the practice of the highest class of sacred and secular music, giving public performances, and such other means as might be deemed desirable. Its first officers were Isaac M. Phye, President; E. M. Carrington, Vice President, and Archibald Johnston, Treasurer. Mr. George F. Bristow was unanimously elected conductor, and has so continued to the present time. In 1857 it became a body politic, by the issue of its

charter on April 16 of that year. The management of the affairs of the society is vested in a board of fifteen officers, subdivided into committees, of which are two standing, four tenor, and four bass. This board meets the first Tuesday in every month for the transaction of the general business of the society. The members assemble for rehearsal every Monday evening throughout the year at their rooms in Dodworth's Academy on Broadway. They have no vacation during the summer months and never miss a rehearsal of some kind, on the stated evening, under any circumstances.

Most of the productions of the great masters have become familiar to the Society, and many publicly performed, averaging four or five in the year. The "Messiah" is invariably performed by them on the evening of Christmas Day. In some instances these public appearances have been of a very interesting character; among them may be mentioned the Jenny Lind concerts, the opening of the Crystal Palace, the great Musical Congress under the direction of M. Jullien, the Atlantic Cable celebration, the Bristow Testimonial, etc. There were other performances of the Society, with Jullien and his famous orchestra, and still others of greater or less note. Its more recent productions have been the new oratorio by Geo. F. Bristow, "Praise to God," produced three times—the last at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, which proved a complete success. This Oratorio, which I have already noticed at some length, is the first American production ever performed with such signal marks of approbation. As a work of art it is most excellent, an honor to the composer, a credit to his country; it suffers nothing from comparison with standard works, and will rank high as a masterpiece—criticisms from all quarters abound in panegyrics.

Among the earliest performances of the Society was the "Messiah" with Jullien's orchestra. The leading vocalists were, Miss Maria Brainerd, soprano, Madame Pico, contralto, and Signor Badiali, basso; on this occasion, Miss Brainerd made her first appearance in oratorio, and greatly distinguished herself, singing the entire soprano part, seven solos, with unanimous approbation. This performance of the "Messiah" has been considered the finest and most successful ever given here. The receipts were nearly \$4,000. It was given in the Metropolitan Hall (since destroyed by fire)—the only complete and elegant concert hall New York could ever boast of.

The Society numbers 240 members. Of the male members there are two divisions, corporate and associate the former paying \$10 per annum, having the sole direction of its affairs, &c., and the latter paying \$4 per annum, having no voice in its management. Although the enterprise has not received the cordial support and encouragement it merits, it has, nevertheless, not only maintained its ground, but has been successful thus far, and is now in a flourishing condition. The Society owns an extensive and valuable library containing all the most celebrated oratorios, and very many of less merit; it owns, also, one of Steinway's excellent grand pianos. Its present prosperous condition may be attributed to the exertions of its indefatigable President and Treasurer, as also their Conductor, Mr. Bristow.

One feature of this Society is particularly worthy of attention. Although there is nothing in the constitution or by-laws to that effect, it is generally understood that no professional musician—excepting, of course, the conductor—shall hold office, and to this regulation it is generally conceded that the society owes, to a great degree, its success—as the proverbial *cliqueism* which ruins all societies is by this means avoided.

The "Mendelssohn Union"—one of our best societies—was formed in the year 1853, by a number of ladies and gentlemen who felt the necessity of an institution which should study and bring before the public works of more varied class than any then existing. The great design of those directly interested was mutual pleasure and improvement, and a desire to elevate the musical taste of its patrons.

As its name indicates, the society has bestowed the larger share of its labors to the production of the works of Mendelssohn. It was first organized with Dr. James M. Quinn as President, and the talented Messrs. H. C. Timm and George W. Morgan, as alternate pianists and conductors. Mr. Morgan has been without interruption, the conductor since its foundation, and Mr. William Bergé—the distinguished organist of St. Francis Xavier's Catholic Church in Sixteenth street—the regular pianist during the past five seasons. It only admits to membership professors, and such amateurs as are competent and correct readers of music at sight, and now numbers nearly one hundred performing members, who, with the celebrated organists and pianists, Messrs. Berge,

Currie and Beal, form a company equal to the requirements of almost any of the grand works of the great composers.

A new and peculiar feature which has been added to their season performances consists of an aquatic moonlight festival and concert, for which purpose a large steamboat is chartered. The first of these, inaugurated in the summer of 1859, was so highly successful and popular, that another was undertaken last summer; and it is probable that they will be continued annually.

Its founders intended that the society should be self-supporting, through the yearly dues of its members and subscribers, without any appeal to the public by sale of tickets at concerts or otherwise. This plan was eminently successful until the fifth season, when the plan of selling tickets was adopted, which resulted unfavorably. The "Union" has since adhered to the course originally marked out, and its present financial condition clearly demonstrates this as the most successful mode of establishing such a society upon a firm basis.

The rehearsals are held every Thursday evening, in the lecture room of Rev. Dr. Ganse's church in Twenty-third street, and within a year or two have become matters of interest, attracting large numbers of visitors and lovers of music. During the past five months, the choruses of Wallace's new opera, "Lurline," have been in rehearsal, and it was successfully produced at a public concert last Saturday evening. It is proposed to take up next the "Amber Witch," Wallace's latest work, by many thought to be superior to "Lurline." Mr. Bergé is writing an oratorio, "St. Peter," and Mr. Morgan is also engaged upon one, to be called "St. Paul"—both for this society. Neither is as yet completed.

Among the works practiced and performed by the "Union," are Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," "Elijah," "Lobgesang," "Loreley," "Athalie," "Walpurgis-night," etc.; Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," Haydn's "Creation" and "Seasons"; Mozart's celebrated "Requiem"; Rossini's "Moses in Egypt" and "Stabat Mater"; Spohr's "Last Judgment"; Costa's "Eli" and Stoeppel's "Hiawatha." Of these, "St. Paul," the "Creation," "Loreley," "Eli" and "Hiawatha" were accompanied by full orchestra—the last named at the Academy of Music, and all of them in a style equal to anything previously heard in this city.

The "Union" is now in its seventh season; its list of yearly subscribers has slowly, but constantly increased, and we trust that the time is not far distant when its design will be appreciated by lovers of music, and that it may be placed on a sure footing among the permanent institutions of the city.

The New York Philharmonic Society, which is, without exception, the first society of the kind in this country, was organized in the year 1841, and is consequently now in the twenty-first year of its existence—an honor and an ornament to our city.

It is made up of the best resident musical talent, and is very thoroughly drilled and ably conducted by Messrs. Theodore Eisfeld and Carl Bergmann, under whose direction fifteen public rehearsals and five concerts are given at the Academy of Music each season, affording to its subscribers an opportunity of hearing the greatest *chef d'œuvres* of musical art and some of the finest specimens of vocal and instrumental execution.

This society now numbers 27 subscribing members or those who pay ten dollars per season and are entitled to three tickets to each of the five concerts; 1128 associate members, who subscribe five dollars per season and receive a ticket to each of the public rehearsals and one to each of the five concerts; and 204 professional members who pay a fee of three dollars, and are entitled to the same privilege as the associates. The orchestra numbers about 80 performers.

In my next, I shall speak of some of the societies in Brooklyn, and the German societies in this city.—*Transcript.*

(From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

Musical Literature.

What shall the next generation do without a Scudo? and what musical student is there who has not on his book shelves, or scattered among the heaps of music on his table or piano, the various volumes of "*Critique et Littérature Musicale*," "*Année Musicale*" and "*Chevalier Sarti*"?

The contents of these books are articles collected from various French reviews for which Scudo has been writing for many years. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* continues almost monthly to have one of his charming criticisms, which we may read scoldingly, probably, but always with pleasure and profit. These criticisms are often full of dogmatism, preju-

dice, and sharp, severe, even bitter judgment; but every liberal minded, good-natured artist cannot help liking them, nevertheless; must consult them, and rely on them as authority.

He brings to his critical duty a highly cultivated and well stored mind. Liszt and Berlioz and Lacome write charmingly about music, but they write like rhapsodists many times, and always like musicians, interesting the musical student only, so do Wagner and Schumann, and several others; but the musician who desires to see his art better comprehended by the intelligent and refined, by those who enjoy painting and sculpture, and architecture, and all the other grand chapels in the superb cathedrals of art, must rejoice most over Scudo, for he writes upon music sensibly and without nonsense or ecstasies, giving to our divine art a literary dignity and charm, that its sister arts have long possessed, a species of æsthetic criticism, which is written in such an intelligent and agreeable style, that men and women of refined tastes and reading habits, who may not be musicians even, can enjoy it as they do the writings of a Winckelman, a Schlegel or a Ruskin, and through it comprehend better this great art of Palestrina, Pergolesi, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven.

His most ordinary articles, those which are simply notices of new publications, have their own peculiar cleverness, and the regular reader of Scudo never passes them over hastily, for one always feels sure of finding something suggestive in them. In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for the first part of January of this year, is a short one on Hengel's edition of Semiramis for voice and piano, M. de Vaucorbeil's songs, Cherbuliez's Collection of Sacred Music and M. Mathias' (the pianiste) edition of six grand symphonies of Mozart.

When noticing the new edition of Rossini's Semiramis, he gives a running critique upon the manner in which Mmes. Penco and Alboni sung this opera, this winter, at Theatre Italien, in Paris, which he says they did with *un bonheur d'exécution* that deeply touched the audience. Mme. Penco's true feeling and perfect comprehension of the grand rôle of the Queen of Babylon made M. Scudo pardon her shortcomings in the way of voice and vocalization, and he thought her especially clever in the first part of the grand finale of the first act.

Alboni was a little too elegiac in Arsace—that is what she was thirteen years ago, according to M. Paul Scudo. In his fine article on "*L'Art du Chant en Italie*," written in January, 1848, while giving the then young cantatrice almost enthusiastic praise, he said, "One only desired in such an exquisite talent, a little more force, accent and depth," in this same part of Arsace. But she must have advanced some little at least in this part, for he says she sung the grand duo in the second act with Semiramis (Mme. Penco) with rare perfection, the Ebben a te ferisci! which was one of Mme. Pisoni's triumphs over thirty years ago, when this opera and its creator were young, and the musical world was drinking its first draught of this celebrated Cyprus wine, the fruit of a revolutionary vintage, for Rossini was the result of that time, as the melodramatic Verdi is of the intervening one.

Scudo compliments M. Hengel by saying of him that he is an intelligent editor and very zealous for the interests of the artists he loves to gather around him. This edition of Semiramis he has had arranged for voice and piano with much care, from the score as they sing it at the French Opera; the French translation follows the Italian text of the libretto; and the book is adorned with two fine lithographic portraits of the great maestro author, Rossini, "one of him at the happy age of twenty-eight, with a smile on his lips and his eyes sparkling with genius, the other representing him as he can be seen daily, enjoying peacefully his incontestable and imperishable glory."

He winds up his notice of this Semiramis book with a remark that shows his nice, exact taste—that, after all, the Semiramis, as represented at the French Theatre, even with the two sisters Marchisio and the fine choruses, compare with the true Semiramis, such as was given at the Theatre Italien, only as a good translation of a fine poem compares with the original.

The notice of M. de Vaucorbeil's songs makes one wish to hear them; not that they receive good, hearty praise, but enough to create interest. French songs of society, "ballads," as we call them, are, for the most part, delicious. They have all the tenderness without the monotony and solemnity of German songs. Who does not remember Bérat's "*Normandie*" and Grisar's "*La Folle*" and that little green and gold album of Masini peeping out on the music shelves reminds us of "*Ou va mon ame*" and "*Ton image*" delicious creations of this "*Bellini de*

la Romance," as Scudo called this charming song writer quite ten years ago.

But to return to M. de Vaucorbeil. Scudo's remarks on him are worth translating; he says:

"An amateur, a man of taste, a *quasi* artist, who has for a long time hesitated between a certain literary world, where his mind has developed, and the purely musical one into which he enters but timidly, M. de Vaucorbeil has published a collection of melodies which are more remarkable for the elevated, poetical idea which has preoccupied the author, than for any freedom or novelty in the musical phrase.

"The first time that I happened to hear in a drawing room some light compositions of M. de Vaucorbeil, sung by M. Roger, I was struck by the disparity between his conceptions which is sometimes elevated—as in "*Les Chèvres d'Argos*," for example—and the representation of his thought, which is meagre and expressed with a character of *préciosité*, showing more of the literary man than the musician.

"Nevertheless, M. de Vaucorbeil understands music. He loves and knows how to appreciate true masterpieces, and his refined taste does not allow itself to be easily taken with fallacious theories. But his compositions want life, and have not that healthy air which pleases every one; they cannot be sung with success except before a select and artificial society; before women, men of letters, painters, artists, in a word, who are pleased with ingenious creations of the mind, and the casuistry of *cœurs incompris*.

"M. de Vaucorbeil will be astonished, perhaps, when I say of him, with all due respect to his own individuality, that he is subject to the same style of illusions which are peculiar to M. Berlioz: He believes he has expressed in his songs thoughts which have haunted his delicate imagination, but which he only reveals to us in an incomplete manner, and under a form which has in it less of the musician than of the poet. M. de Vaucorbeil is too young and too intelligent not to be able to make a victorious reply sometime in the future to our objections."

In speaking of M. Cherbuliez's collection of sacred music, Scudo alludes to the deplorable state of religious music, in France; a state it is in almost everywhere; and the attempts that are being made to restore it to its primitive devotional form. These attempts, though laughable, are almost in vain, one might fear. There is little of the tranquil, pious spirit of old Christian art remaining in either music or painting. Then the hardest thing an artist has to struggle with now is the total absence of deep, simple, childlike faith in, and feeling for, any thing—which characterizes our time—"deep feeling which that profound æsthetic master, Schlegel, said well, was the only true source of lofty art."

The whole world, the old world and the new, seem to be in every point falling into what the French political writer, Forcade, calls a vast work of dissolution and into something which is at least the symptom of a general revolution, if it is not a revolution itself."

Then in such unsettled times, when all faiths are shaken, political, social, and artistic; old monarchical governments seek liberty and bestowing freedom; young democratic countries questioning the wisdom of their free institutions, everything in a state of feverish ferment, how can we expect to see reproduced anything like those works which were the pure quiet growth of a simple believing age? "Every effort will be useless, it seems, unless artists and their audience, the world, shall be completely transformed, and become endowed with earnest, religious feeling, genuine devotion, and immortal faith. Fancy sporting with the symbols of catholicism, uninspired by that love which is stronger than death, will never attain exalted Christian beauty." So wrote Schlegel about painting at the commencement of this present human phase of affairs, and very well it applies to music now. But let us hear what M. Scudo has to say.

"Religious music, the expression of that profound but indefinite feeling which the soul experiences when collecting itself and bowing before the grand idea of God, and which feeling encloses so many mysteries, has always pre-occupied a great number of distinguished minds. Of all styles of music, religious music in France is in the most deplorable state. A Congress has been formed at Paris to consult upon the means of elevating religious art and to know what should be done for the restoration of that chimera called the Gregorian chant, and to give to the Catholic faith the musical form which belongs to its spirit.

"We shall follow the labors of this Congress, without indulging in any illusions, however, as to the result of their debates. The cause of this evil which is being deplored is not a simple one. As to our opinions, we propose some day, in a moment of leisure, to develop them, at present we shall only

say some words on a collection of sacred songs for one and several voices, which, under the title of *Alleluia*, has been published by M. Joel Cherbuliez.

"It is the pious and careful work of a protestant minister, M. Theodore Paul, who lives in the environs of Geneva. Composed of the finest passages of Handel, Mozart, and above all of the great Sebastian Bach, this collection is divided into two series, forming two well engraved volumes with French and German words. The second series, which is a more remarkable selection than the first, contains, forty-two passages taken from Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Weber, Leo, Marcello, Lotti, Vittoria, &c.

"We might very well make some remarks on the merit of (and often strange prosody of) the French words which the author has put above the original text; but we will refrain and only ask why did not M. Paul indicate the particular works of the Masters from whom he has selected these passages. There is no fear of being too explicit in these sort of publications, which address themselves to the humblest minds."

The Organ.

THIRTEENTH STUDY.—QUALITY OF TONE CONTINUED, AND ITS SECOND PRINCIPAL CAUSE, FORM—THE FREE REED.

The quality of the tone of reed pipes does without doubt most especially depend on the relative proportions of the pipe, the tongue, and the reed; but it depends, above all, on the way in which the reed itself is constructed. It is well known that reeds are of two kinds, the *free* reed, and the *striking* reed. This last kind produces a sharp metallic quality of tone, and this mainly arises from the tongue striking sharply against the edges of the groove. That sharp, trumpet quality of tone, which so takes the fancy of those who admire orchestral music, has for a long time been a cause of offence to persons who are not so wholly prejudiced in its favor, especially when they meet with it in a church of small dimensions, where there is but little sounding room, and they or others have often compared its tones, harsh and ill-proportioned to the size of the place, to the grating sound which is produced by dragging a heavy wooden bench over a stone pavement. Nor was it until long after science had ceased to devote its energies exclusively to the interests of ecclesiastical art, that, at the beginning of this century, when the sacred fire of zeal for the ancient traditions was again lighted up, a certain learned admirer of organs, M. Grenié, was inspired with the means of softening the quality of the reed pipes used in their construction. This he did by so arranging the tongue, with regard to the reed, that one might pass evenly within the other without meeting with any resistance. The two pieces are in fact so exactly fitted one to the other in his system, that the tongue would seem to be cut of the reed. Its action may be described as follows:—When the tongue, which is a thin piece of metal, is set in motion by the wind, on its passage upwards from the foot of the pipe into the reed, it gives way under its pressure for so much of its length as is pliant enough to do so, and is then brought back to its former position by its own spring-like nature. This alternate action of air upon the tongue, and of the tongue upon the air, lasts as long as the wind is supplied to the foot of the pipe, and results in the production of a quality of tone as delicate as it is penetrating. The tones also of a reed thus constructed are far better suited to blend with those of the flue pipes than those of reeds made in the ordinary way.

There is little more than the above to say about the free reed. It is generally fitted to pipes, the bodies of which are made to a length which has been found by experience to be the best for the still further development of its tones, and somewhat shorter than those of the striking reeds. These last speak best, as is well known, with pipes which are three quarters of the length of flue pipes of the same note, while the free reed speaks well with a pipe which is not more than half the length of the flue pipe. With even shorter pipes than these, M. Grenié has made free reeds, which speak the note of a 16-foot open pipe, with all the regularity and vigor which is required of them, though not with a tone which is equal in these respects to that of the French reed-stop, called the *bombarde*.*

The dimensions of the tongue, with regard to length, width, and thickness, are of as much importance in the construction of free reeds, as they are in that of the striking reed. If these details are not attended, it will be subject to various irregular movements in its wrestling with the wind. As the end, when the tongue of the free reed is fastened, is firmly fixed, no amount of wind can possibly make it vary in pitch; but this does not prevent it from being affected by an accident to which all metals are liable,

namely, a change in the temperature, and to this it is most sensitive. Hence heat makes it get flat, cold makes it get sharp, so that in winter a free reed will sometimes be as much as a quarter of a tone sharper than it is in summer. An extra pressure of wind has no more effect on the free reed than to widen the range of its beats, and consequently to give greater vigor to its power; a diminished pressure has, of course, a contrary effect; but in neither case is the pitch of the note altered. The ease with which its sounds may be thus augmented or diminished, according to the pressure of the wind, has given rise to its being used for the production of those effects of expression which are generally understood by the words *crescendo* and *diminuendo*. These effects are not, it is true, wholly inadequate for the expression of human feeling, though, after all, in a very imperfect way, and to apply them to the great organ, whose tones are throughout even and equal, is as contrary to the qualities of music in general, as it is to the traditions of music of the church.

We would allow, then, the introduction of the free reed into an organ intended for the service of the church, not as an expression stop merely, by which the feelings of the faithful may be moved, or their attention distracted, but because it points out to us a way, as brilliant as it is sweet, by which we may get rid both of that hard quality of tone of the striking reed, and because it will tend to put a stop to the noisy clatter of French organ-playing leaving us with nothing to fall back upon, as is the case with the Germans, but the dull monotony of wood and metal flue pipes. It may be added, that the introduction of free reeds into our larger church-organs, is, in the first place, due to a member of the French magistracy, M. Hamel, a judge at Beauvais. Of his skill and practical knowledge we have already had occasion to speak in terms of praise. In the year 1827, he superintended in person the building of the large organ of the cathedral of Beauvais, and for the first time applied the free reed system to this very remarkable instrument.†

* This system may be found reproduced in the *organ's expression* made by M. Muller, Rue Ville l'Évêque, Paris.

† It appears that, in the organ built by M. Hamel, the free reed stops were supplied with wind from a bellows of their own. For we find, in an account published by M. Dajon for the Orange Building Society, of which he says he has the artistic direction, an additional fact in the history of the origin of the free reed. "The firm of MM. Daublanie, Callinet, and Co." writes M. Dajon, "offers to our notice, at this moment (1844), an improvement in organ building, which consists in employing for the production of expression on their stops, the wind from the ordinary organ bellows. The extra pressure required for this wind is got by means of a pedal, which is at the command of the foot of the player. Henceforward, then, a separate bellows for these expression stops is no longer necessary. For this interesting invention the firm of MM. Daublanie and Callinet has received a patent."

Mimetic Music.

When Joseph Haydn, in his days, was composing the music of Bernardoni's ballet, "*Le Diable Boiteux*," a sea storm, incidental to that piece, as Madame Dudevant tells us, cost him a world of pains, the remembrance of which would make him laugh at fourscore. Bernardoni wanted the tempest to be an out-and-out—a regular high-flying hurricane—a witches' hurly-burly of thunder, lightning, wind and rain—in the very best marine manner. But Joseph was no mariner, and felt as though any such marine piece was beyond him. He was at a loss how to describe in crotchets and quavers what he had never seen, and could only land-lubber like guess about. So we read that his good friend and ally, the Porporina, pictured to honest Beppo the Adriatic in a storm, and sang the mournful plaint of the waves, those sad sea waves, not without laughing at the imitative harmonies which require to be aided by blue cloths, shaken from scene to scene by vigorous arms—a very sad sort of sea waves indeed. One night, however, the young German's perplexity was happily relieved by a colloquy on the subject with the experienced maestro, Porpora himself. That able authority assures Haydn that he might labor for a hundred years with the best instruments in the world, and the most intimate knowledge of wind and waters, without being able to translate the divine harmonies of nature. This, contends the master, is not the province of music, which is merely guilty of folly and conceit when it runs after noisy effects and endeavors to imitate the war of the elements. Its domain he affirms to be that of the emotions: its aim is to inspire them, as its origin is from their inspiration. What the young composer has to think of, then, is of a man abandoned to the fury

of the waves, and a prey to the deepest terror: he is to imagine a scene at once frightful and sublime; the danger imminent; and then, placing himself in the midst of this distress, this disorder, this confusion and despair, to give expression to his anguish, assured that his hearers, intelligent or not, will share it. "They will imagine that they hear the groaning of the timbers, the shouts of the mariners, the despair of the helpless passengers. What would you say of a poet who, in order to depict a battle, should tell you in verse that the cannon uttered *boom, boom*, and the drums *dub, dub*? It would be a better imitation than any image, but it would not be poetry. Painting itself, descriptive art *par excellence*, does not consist in servile imitation. The artist would trace in vain the dull green sea, the dark and stormy skyscape, the shattered bark. If his feelings do not enable him to render the terrible and poetical whole, his picture will make as little impression as any alehouse sign." And therefore would old Porpora have young Haydn, on this tentative occasion, seek to inspire his whole being with the idea of some great disaster; for thus, and only thus, would he make his storm-scene tell on the feelings of others. Thus and only thus, might and must his sea-piece

Suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange,

instead of remaining poor and common.

Ariel's song reminds us by the way, in connection with the same subject, but in the case of another great German composer, that Beethoven is said to have hinted that Shakespeare's "*Tempest*" was in his mind when he composed his *Sonata Appassionata* (which has been described as shining resplendent among his other sonatas, like Sirius amongst the stars). And musical critics hold that the fancy will find much to support this derivative suggestion. The first movement for instance, wild and gusty, has been compared* to the course of a vessel over a boundless ocean, now pelted with storms, and anon scudding cheerily before the gale; while the second, "solemn and dirge-like, with its mysterious bass—in which certain singular retardations are introduced, giving an effect somewhat like a peal of bells, recalls Ariel's song, "*Full fathom five thy father lies*." The depths of the ocean, with its hidden splendors, seem to be opened to us." The last movement is one prolonged storm, suggestive of a sea on which no ship can live, of powerless endeavor and remorseless wreck.

Mr. Hogarth's Musical History contains an account of Haydn's early difficulty, in finding himself "at sea" (in a double sense), or in a composer's sea of troubles—in hardly a metaphorical one,—which is more prosaic and less elegantly didactic than that introduced in George Sand's æsthetical romance. Haydn's own report of the matter, in after years, is that upon which our musical historian's narrative is based. Neither the librettist, Curtz by name, nor Joseph, had ever looked on the sea, so that their notions, individually and conjointly, of its appearance when tempest-tossed were necessarily somewhat vague. However, they must brew a storm between them, somehow: so Haydn sat at the harpsichord, while Curtz paced about the room, and tried to furnish the composer with ideas. "Imagine," said he, "a mountain rising, and then a valley sinking,—and then another mountain and another valley;—the mountains and valleys must follow each other every instant. Then you must have claps of thunder and flashes of lightning, and the noise of the wind; but, above all, you must represent distinctly the mountains and valleys." Haydn, meanwhile, kept trying all sorts of passages, ran up and down the scale, and exhausted his ingenuity in heaping together chromatic intervals and strange discords. Still Curtz was not satisfied. At last the musician, out of all patience, extended his hand to the extremities of the keys, and bringing them rapidly together, exclaimed, "the deuce take the tempest.—I can make nothing of it." "That is the very thing!"† shouted Curtz, in rapture at this chance-medley solution of the problem. Curtz and Popora had different ideas of high art and sound practice.

(Continued on page 31.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 27, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Waltz by Chopin, Op. 64, No. 3.

Concert of the Handel and Haydn Society
in aid of the Government.

Arts as well as laws are silent when the country is under arms. Our readers, therefore, can expect but a meagre chronicle of musical matters for some time to come. Indeed, it would be almost impossible to find any one who could calmly sit down to hear a concert, and still more impossible to find one who could calmly write about one. When the blood is boiling with indignation at the humiliation of our country's flag before the army of traitors who beleaguered its little band of defenders, when every heart is beating with one patriotic pulse, when but one voice and one mind exists throughout this people which has risen as one man to the defence of the Nation's Capital, and to vindicate the honor of the Nation's flag, at such a time, there are few who can listen patiently to the instruments of peace, when the clang of the trumpet, the stirring beat of the drum and the shrill voice of the life are heard in our streets, calling to arms.

Our readers will notice the advertisement of the Handel and Haydn Society, which, with the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society and the Germania Band, will give a concert at the Music Hall, of miscellaneous, patriotic and national music, *this evening*. Every thing connected with this concert is freely given, and the proceeds are to be handed to His Excellency the Governor of this Commonwealth, for the purpose of aiding in the arming and equipping of troops. The programme will be found on the first page, and in these times such music will be sure to touch a chord of patriotism in the heart of every hearer who is disposed in this way to contribute his mite for the common good. We trust that the Music Hall may be crowded as it never was before, and that a substantial sum may be handed over to the treasury of Massachusetts.

Concerts.

We have to record three concerts since the printing of our last issue, all of which had but a slim attendance, and one afternoon concert with a goodly number of hearers.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, gave an extra parlor concert at Cambridge in Lyceum Hall on Friday, April 19th, offering on their programme two such sterling pieces as Beethoven's Septette and Schubert's Octette.

1. Septette, in E flat, op. 20. Beethoven
For Violin, Viola, Violoncello, Bass, Clarinette, Horn and Bassoon.
Introduction and Allegro—Larghetto—Minuetto—Theme, with variations—Scherzo—Finale, Adagio and Allegro.
2. The celebrated Adagio, ("God save the Emperor," with variations from Quartette No. 77. Haydn
3. Fantaisie for violin, on Hungarian themes. Molique
Wm. Schulze.
4. { Adagio, from the Second Quintette in B flat, op. 87
Mendelssohn
Song without words in G No. 4, 5th book Mendelssohn
Arranged for Quintette, by Thomas Ryan.
5. Octette, in F, op. 166. F. Schubert
Scherzo, and Finale, Adagio and Allegro.

The first of the two might have received in the *pp* passages and in those places where staccato notes occur more attention from some of the performers. The portion of the Octette from the Scherzo beginning, which was the only one performed, was played finely. So were the other pieces, Mr. Schulze rendering his solo with the true Hungarian impetuosity. At the close of the concert the gentlemen played patriotic airs to the great acceptance of the company, who rising to their feet applauded heartily, almost succeeding in an encore.

MISS MARY FAY'S MATINEE, took place at the Hall of the Messrs. Chickering at noon on Saturday, April 20th. We were not personally present, but learn from a friend that the audience was much pleased with the performance, in which Miss Fay was assisted by Messrs. LANG, EICHBERG and FRIES.

1. Piano Trio in C minor (Op. 49). Mendelssohn
- Allegro agitato—Andante con moto—Scherzo—Allegro
2. Reminiscences de Lucia de Lammermoor. Liszt
3. Andante con Variazioni, from Sonata in A dur (Op. 47). Beethoven
4. Bolero. Hiller
5. Grand Fantaisie on Norma, for two pianos. Thalberg
6. Fantaisie on Moselesin Egypt. Thalberg

A musical friend reports to us his utter astonishment at an occurrence which ought not to go unnoticed. This most unusual feat was the introduction of the wonderful variations from Beethoven's Kreutzer-Sonata by some measures of a tune commonly called "Dixie." We should really like to know what object the fair concert-giver had in doing so? Other comments seem to be unnecessary.

THE ORPHEUS MUSICAL ASSOCIATION gave a concert on Saturday evening, April the 20th, at the Music Hall, assisted by Mrs. KEMPTON and Mr. Wm. SCHULZE.

- PART I.
1. Chorus—The Lord is my Shepherd. Schubert
(234 Psalm.)
2. Aria—From Tannhauser. Wagner
C. Schraubstädter.
3. Chorus—Abschied vom Walde. A. Kreissmann
4. Cavatina—All Sestjato. Mercadante
Mrs. Kempton.
5. Chorus—She is mine. Hartel
6. Fantaisie on a Scotch theme, for the violin. David
Wm. Schulze.
7. Aria—From "Die Entführung". Mozart
A. Kreissmann.
8. Walzer—(By request). Vogel

- PART II.
1. Chorus—The Cheerful Wanderer. Mendelssohn
2. Song—O Welcome Fair Woods. Franz
A. Kreissmann.
3. Chorus—"Das Kirchlein". Berker
4. Quartette—Serenade. A. Kreissmann
(By request.)
5. Song—We met by Chance. Kücken
Mrs. Kempton.
6. Trio—From "Die Entführung". Mozart
Messrs. Kreissmann, W. and C. Schraubstädter.
7. Chorus—Auf den Bergen. Abt

They sang the choruses and solos with their usual excellence. Mrs. Kempton in the song by KÜCKEN and in the second verse of the Star Spangled Banner, which was substituted for the Chorus of ABT, retarded and accelerated the movement constantly. We think this wrong. Such simple airs as that by Kücken and people's songs require as much of evenness, naturalness and simplicity in their rendering, as compatible with sentiment and expression.

Mr. Schulze played a difficult solo by *Concertmeister* DAVID of Leipzig finely, and with commendable purity of intonation. Mr. Kreissmann sang "O welcome fair woods," beautifully.

The concert was given for a benevolent object, in aid of the Christian Unity, a society for the assistance of the poor, of which Rev. E. E. Hale has the management, and we are told there were tickets enough sold to fill the hall; but it was the day after the second battle of Lexington, and in such times cannon and drums are more congenial sounds than the sweet concord of tones.

THE WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON CONCERT, April 24th, was well attended. The programme was excellent.

- PART I.
1. Overture—"Coriolanus". Beethoven
2. Concert Waltz—"Marian". Lanner
3. Symphony, No. 3—(Scotch). Mendelssohn
By request. (Op. 70.)
- PART II.
1. Marcia Funebre. Chopin
(By request.) Arranged for the Orchestral Union by
Koppitz.
2. Solo on the English Horn.
Performed by A. L. DeRibas.
3. New Polka—"Apropos". F. Suck

In this point, indeed, these concerts are unsurpassable, considering the price of admission. To have Coriolan, Mendelssohn's Scotch symphony and Chopin's funeral march in one afternoon is a boon to music-lovers. As to this last piece we would say, that the first part, in B flat minor, which sounds by

far better on the piano, than in the arrangement, might be made more effective by the bass instruments holding the B flat D flat of the bass, extending over the first 14 measures, their full length. The upsoaring phrase in D flat major, which follows, on the contrary sounds better with the orchestra than on the piano. The second part, in D flat major, might have been played somewhat more tenderly and softly. And this is a remark which we have to make with regard to the playing of the orchestra generally. We find that *pianissimos*, even *pianos* are frequently left unheeded, the piano often sounding as loud as *mezzo-forte* ought to sound. It was noticeable in BEETHOVEN's eighth symphony, they played some weeks ago, and again very strongly in the MENDELSSOHN symphonies, the Italian and the Scotch. Fine effects are constantly lost in this way. To quote but one instance in the place of many. The fine climax at the beginning of the second part of the symphony where the rising of the angry winds and the turbulent waves is depicted in tones, from the perfect, hushed, expectant lull to the furious outbreak, was spoiled in this way by beginning *mezzo-forte* instead of *pianissimo*. The only part perfectly free from this neglect, and in this respect coming up to the expectations of the most exact critic, was the second movement, which delighted us much. And the second melody was as fine a *pianissimo*, even after the string quartette was joined by the reeds and brass, as one could desire. It is to be hoped that the Union will pay more attention to this point for the sake of the immortal masters and their own. Mr. Suck's Polka has some fine parts. Mr. RIBAS' solo on the English Horn was deservedly much applauded. *

Musical Correspondence.

CINCINNATI, APRIL 22.—Mr. F. L. Ritter, leader of the St. Cecilia Society, gave a "Concert Symphonique" at the new hall of the Catholic Institute, on last Thursday evening. It was Mr. Ritter's intention to have made this concert the first of a series, the programmes of each composed of the *chefs d'œuvre* of the best masters; but the great political excitement that now absorbs all minor interests, may probably interfere with his plan.

Mozart's Symphony in F minor, Beethoven's "Prometheus" overture, Mendelssohn's "Athalia" march, Kalliwooda's Concert Overture; these were the orchestral selections, smoothly played by an orchestra of twenty-six members.

Howard Vaughan gave us a concerto by De Beriot; this young violinist is an acceptable soloist and will prove a valuable addition to our small number of reliable orchestra players. Weber's concerto for pianoforte and orchestra was played with considerable aplomb by Mr. H. G. Andres.

This concert, wholly as regards the selections, and partly as regards the execution of these, was the best we have had here for years. Such a programme as that of Thursday, refines the taste of the public and excites respect for the artists concerned in its arrangement and execution. Such noble music is a delight at any time; but in an hour of feverish anxiety like the present, it is a peaceful and elevating relief to ear, mind, and heart.

In spite of telegrams, and the patriotic volunteering, drilling, leave-taking, &c., going forward, the attendance at this concert was numerous and encouraging.

The new hall possesses admirable acoustic properties—at least so far as the orchestra is concerned. ARABESQUE.

Chopin's Mazurkas and Waltzes.

Our publishers have just issued a volume containing the Mazurkas and Waltzes of Chopin, which are universally recognized as among the most brilliant and beautiful works that have been added to the repertoire of the modern pianist. It is needless here and now to go into any description of these compositions, many of which are familiar to every accomplished pianist and to every intelligent listener to concerts of the best music. It is sufficient to say that the volume under notice is neatly printed, as our readers who recollect the specimen pages that have occasionally appeared in this Journal will admit, on good fair white paper, and neatly bound in cloth. Liszt's article upon Chopin, which appeared some years ago in these columns, is prefixed to the volume. Many of our readers will recollect this interesting criticism, which gives an idea of the personal qualities of the composer himself, by one who, of all men, was most fitted by nature, by kindred pursuits and by culture, to appreciate the rare genius

of the composer and to describe him to others, so that they too might understand the character of the man and of his works. A biographical sketch of Chopin, by Mr. Davison, is also prefixed to the volume, adding much to its interest and value. We give in our music pages this week a waltz taken from this volume, (Op. 64, No. 3).

DR. GUILMETTE'S LECTURE ON VOCAL CULTURE.

—Having been prevented from attending this lecture, we copy from a daily paper, the following notice. We learn that Dr. G. has formed classes for instruction in this matter, so vitally important to every public singer and speaker, and indeed to every one, if considered simply in its relations to health and vigorous life.

A few days since we had occasion to commend a pamphlet on Vocal Culture, by Dr. Guilmette, of New York. On Tuesday evening we had the pleasure of hearing him expound and illustrate his views, in a lecture, at Chickering's room. His audience, as might be expected at a time when the minds of men are absorbed by one exciting theme, was small, but highly attentive and appreciating. The lecturer's personal appearance is of a kind which at once arrests and commands attention. He is a little below the average stature, but his massive build creates the impression of height. A striking head and face rises from shoulders of Atlantean breadth; and his deep, cubic chest is a practical commendation of his system of gymnastic training. The purity of his tone, and the distinctness of his enunciation, approved themselves to the ear as much as his aspect did to the sight. His English is nearly perfect in structure, and only a very slight foreign accent is perceptible. He commenced by asking the indulgence of the audience for the nervous exhaustion under which he was laboring, on account of the severe labors he had recently been through; but his fatigue was revealed only a very deliberate and quiet manner, which was exactly to our taste, and entirely appropriate to the matter of his lecture, which was entirely didactic and expository.

He proceeded to give an anatomical description of the organs of speech, aided by a model, in illustration of the cardinal doctrine of his system, that the voice is simply vocal breath. There is no analogy between the organs of speech and any stringed instrument. His expositions were very clear, and made extremely interesting by the model used in illustration. He explained the functions of the windpipe, the lungs, and the diaphragm in the production of vocal and articulate sounds; denying the assumed importance of the abdominal muscles. He gave a brief sketch of the literature of the subject; characterizing the writers who had treated of the voice, and stating their merits and defects. Many curious experiments were performed; and the lecturer gave a practical exemplification of his own capacity of expiration and inspiration. The latter part of the lecture was mainly occupied with a practical explanation of the various exercises used by the lecturer in his teachings, for the improvement of the vocal organs, and the strengthening of the muscles of the chest.

Dr. Guilmette combines qualities not usually met together. He is a good anatomist and physiologist, and also a professional singer of a high order. His lecture was at once instructive and interesting; free from everything rhetorical or extravagant; and his manner we should characterize in one word as very gentlemanly. We regret that he has come among us at a time so inauspicious to himself.

Concluded from page 29.)

That Haydn—despite the old maestro's supposed harangue on the imitative powers of music—cherished a certain weakness for mimetic effects in orchestral composition, more than one mature production of his will sufficiently prove. Madame de Staël records how her enjoyment of the performance of his "Creation," at Vienna, by a band of four hundred, was marred by some of the composer's crotchets (not technically speaking). How at the words, "let there be light: and there was light," the instruments played at first very softly, so as scarcely to be heard, and then suddenly broke out into a tumultuous crash, to signify the genesis of the daylight:—upon which stroke of art a certain wit, *homme d'esprit*, pleased Madame by observing that "à l'apparition de la lumière il fallait se boucher les oreilles."† Then again Staël the Epicene, as Byron rather ambidextrously styles her, noted with disapproval how the music trailed and dragged while the serpents were being created, and recovered its brilliancy and animation with the

birth-song of the birds. In Haydn's "Seasons," she complains, these *allusions* are multiplied exceedingly; *concelli* she calls them, which a healthy taste would reject. Not but that certain combinations of harmony can recal some of nature's many marvels, but these analogies (she maintains) have no reference to imitation, which is never anything better than a *jeu factice*.

The real resemblances among the fine arts one with another, and those which exist between the fine arts and nature, are dependent upon feelings of the same kind as those excited by them in our souls by a variety of means.‡ One cannot but agree with Lady Eastlake that Haydn's servile representations of the tiger's leaps, of the stag's branching horns, of the pattering hail—why he gave a pert staccato triplet accompaniment to the rolling of "awful thunder" is not so easily accounted for.¶—are so many blots on his glorious "Creation." The verdure-clad fields, the purling brook, the mild light of the moon as she "glides through the silent night," delight us not so much from the correctness of the musical image, for the same music would express other words, as from the intrinsic sweetness of the melody, the exquisite *song* with which Haydn always overflows. But, as Lady Eastlake adds, his "rising sun with daring rays" is an utter failure—and is by her compared to a watchman's lantern striking down a dark alley, not the orb of day illuminating the earth.

Again, in the fine trio, "Most beautiful appear," while the bass voice sings the words, "Upheaved from the deep, the immense leviathan sports on the foaming wave," the lashing of the water by the animal's tail, as Mr. Hogarth remarks, is imitated by some *whisking* passages on the double-bass. "Then we have the roar of the lion, the sudden leaps of the tiger, the galloping of the horse, the whirl of the cloud of insects, and the crawling of the reptile. Nothing can be more ingenious than these imitative passages; but then they are *amusing*, which nothing ought to be in a work of this exalted class."*

That Mr. Hogarth, provided the *amusing* be excluded, can go far enough in his estimate of music's potential imitativeness, is clear from his criticism on Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. In that work he tells us we seem to feel the freshness of a summer morning—to hear the rustling of the breeze, the waving of the woods, the cheerful notes of the birds, and the cries of the animals; to stray along the margin of a meandering brook, and listen to the murmuring of its waters; to join a group of villagers, keeping holiday with joyous songs and dances; to watch the sky grow dark, hear the thunder growl, and witness a storm burst on the alarmed rustics, whose cries of dismay are audible amid the elemental strife. "The clouds pass away, the muttering of the thunder is more and more distant, all becomes quiet and placid, and the stillness is broken by the pastoral song of gratitude. Nothing can be more beautiful or more true to nature than every part of the representation. It requires no explanation, but places every image before the mind with a distinctness which neither poetry nor painting could surpass, and with a beauty which neither of them could equal." It was remarked at the time, by an Edinburgh Reviewer, that in this passage the enthusiasm of the author had carried him off his feet; and that the concluding part of the last sentence put one not a little in mind of a certain captain mentioned in "Peter Simple," who describes his mother as being so splendid a pianoforte player, that upon one occasion, when she was delighting her friends with her performance, she introduced an imitation of thunder so exquisite, that the cream for tea became sour, besides three casks of beer in the cellar. The reviewer insists that this is scarcely more ludicrous than it is to say, that the descriptive powers of the *Sinfonia Pastorale*, great as they undoubtedly are, or any instrumental music unaccompanied by words, ever can place imagery before the mind, with a distinctness equal to poetry or painting. Beethoven himself, it is added in corroboration of this view, has furnished us with an explanation, in words, of the different scenes he intended to delineate; which implies

his consciousness, that the graphic power of his pencil, without such explanations, could never be made to convey any definite idea of visual objects, or to give anything more than the general character of certain emotions, or to excite certain trains of association.† For exponents of *Lieder ohne Worte*, who claim to see a perfect and unmistakable meaning in every bar, need to be reminded, in their too far-reaching clairvoyance, of the subjective philosophy of Coleridge's line,

O lady, we receive but what we give.

Grant that music may be said to paint nature: but how? Rousseau says that it commonly abandons the impossible attempt to paint nature direct, for the practicable one of throwing our feelings, by means all her own, into a state resembling that which the object to be painted would actually produce. Instead of painting a tranquil night,‡ which is in itself impossible, music imparts to the soul the same sensation, by exciting the self-same feelings that a tranquil night is apt to inspire.

Goethe's essay towards fixing an "aesthetic base" for music, in the shape of certain axioms which assume that it must be either sacred or profane, either solemn altogether or altogether joyous, has naturally been contested with spirit. M. Charles, in his impeachment of it—beginning, "What! music can be nothing but either joyous or solemn! The expression of impassioned love and of tender melancholy pertains not to music! The wailings of wounded spirit are beyond its range!" &c., &c.,—goes on to maintain, that music is on the contrary, an almost infinite science, the domain whereof let no Goethe dare restrict or curtail; and concludes: "There are but two usurpations which must be forbidden to music:—the pretence of painting to the eye, which is an absurd trespass on the grounds of painting itself, and that of reasoning, which is a silly aggression on the province of thought."§

Gustave Planche, again, in his critique on Mozart's masterpiece, argues at some length the question of the limits of musical expression. To seek in music for a means by which to translate the human passions, individually, one by one; to try to express by sounds, not only the tumultuous movements of the soul in their most striking generality, but also the details, and minutæ even, of those movements,—is nothing less, in M. Planche's opinion, than to ignore or betray the mission of musical art. But, on the other hand, to see in music a mere amusement, more or less lively, an occupation for the ear only and not at all for the brain; to exclude passion from the orchestra and from the voice; to desire nothing in the combination of sounds, beyond an ingenious artifice, designed to produce certain impressions which sometimes excite to an intoxicating degree, which at others are so voluptuous and *nonchalantes* as to induce balmy sleep; this he accounts a no less important mistake. He would have a musician abstain from trying to express, in dramatic music, sentiments of a limited or exact kind, such, for instance, as ambition or jealousy; and to choose the most general and indefinite, the most constant and vivid, of emotions, such as joy, anger, tenderness, and never to risk an entrance on those narrower routes which can be trod by the poet alone without stumbling.¶

For music, as all but those who have no music in their souls well know, is capable, in the words of Hartley Coleridge,¶ of expressing and evoking any simple emotion; it may imitate the rapid succession or dazzling alternation of feeling, or, dying away to silence, may symbolise the fading of passion into pensiveness. It may also, to a certain extent, he says, express action, as action consists in motion; but beyond this it cannot go. "It cannot narrate, describe, or reason. It is of little assistance to the understanding, and though it may stimulate, it cannot inform the imagination. True, words may supply all these deficiencies, and true, there is no narrative, description, reasoning, or imagination, that is truly poetical, but what involves or engenders a pleasurable feeling, nor any feeling of which some modification of numerous sounds is not a con-

ductor. But, nevertheless, those compositions will be found best accommodated to musical expression, for which music supplies a natural and universal language, and such are love, grief, and devotion; because in all these the feeling suggests the thoughts, and not the thoughts or imagery the feeling." These remarks are apropos of certain analogies of expression between music and poetry. and an anonymous essayist of Hartley Coleridge's school (if not Hartley himself), in a tractate on Poetical Description, has pronounced the imitative quality of poetry to differ altogether from that of painting, but to bear a strong analogy to that of music, her consorted sister in days of old. While painting, as he says, "acts immediately upon the eye, and only mediately upon the intellect, music and poetry pay their first addresses to the ear, and both are capable of suggesting infinitely more than words can say. "Painting provides ready-made images. Poetry, like music, disposes the soul to be imaginative, by exciting sympathy." Virgil's line, imitatively graphic, with its five dactyles in a row.

Quadrupedante putrem sonitū quatit ungula campum,

is meant to express the thundering gallop of horse, as Mr. deQuincey points out, in which the beats of the hoof return with regular intervals; and Homer in a celebrated line has sought to express mimetically the rolling, thundering, leaping motion of a stone. The critic just named assumes either poet to have sought a picturesque effect; but he reminds us that picturesqueness, like any other effect, must be subordinated to a higher law of beauty. "Whence, indeed, it is that the very limits of imitation arise for every art, sculpture, painting, &c., indicating what it ought not to imitate. And unless regard is had to such higher restraints, metrical effects become as silly and childish as the musical effect in Kotzwarra's "Battle of Prague," with its ridiculous attempts to mimic the firing of cannon, groans of the wounded, &c., instead of involving the passion of a battle in the agitation of the music."†† Yet how many of us, in our pianoforte days, held those "Battle of Prague" mimicries to be first-rate, and declared the accuracy of imitation to be perfect—especially (what we knew such a deal about) the cries of the wounded. Was it not your case, madam?—unless indeed you are, happily, one of a generation that are yet in their teens. You were impressed by the old-fashioned mimetics of that ambitious exercise, for they were impressed by the old-fashioned mimetics of that ambitious exercise, for they were childish and you were a child. And when you were a child, you, like others, apostles included, thought as a child, spoke as a child, understood as a child; but now that you are become a—woman of a certain age, you have long ago put away childish things, among them the "Battle of Prague." You will never wear pinafore or fight that battle o'er again.

Art, according to Goethe's English biographer, is picture painting, not picture writing. "Beethoven in his Symphonies, may have expressed grand psychological conceptions, which, for the mind that interprets them, may give an extra charm to strains of ravishment; but if the strains in themselves do not possess a magic, if they do not sting the soul with a keen delight, then let the meaning be never so profound, it will pass unheeded, because the primary requisite of music is not that it shall present grand thoughts, but that it shall agitate the soul with musical emotions."*

Music, then, must tell on the feelings to be music at all. And as an instrument of expression, it deals with feelings in general classes, not in individual illustrations. Sydney Smith rules that music "can express only classes of feelings; it can express only melancholy, not any particular instance or action of melancholy." The tune of *Lochaber no more*, for example, is referred to, as expressing the pathetic in general; actual words must be employed before we can recognise in it that particular instance of the pathetic, where a poor soldier takes leave of his native shore, and his wife Jean, with a presentiment that he shall see them never again. Whenever we hear an

air to which we know no words, it can inspire only general emotion; when poetry applies the general emotion to particular instances, musical expression has attained its maxim of effect. It is said, continues the portly priest of St. Paul's, "that the 'Pastorale,' of Corelli was intended for an imitation of the song of angels hovering about the fields of Bethlehem, and gradually soaring up to heaven; it is impossible, however, that the music itself can convey any such expression—it can convey only the feelings of solemnity, of rapture, of enthusiasm; imagination must do the rest."† Had the Reverend Sydney happened to be in his average mood of jocularly, one can imagine the exuberance of fun he could have poked at, or out of the pseudo-pastoral theory about Corelli's Pastorale.

A fellow reviewer of his, starting from the same text, of Scottish melodies, indulged in some reasonable strictures on that craving for novelty which has led composers into the field where music is weakest,—that of direct imitation of natural sounds by musical notes,—a species of rivalry, the hopelessness of which makes us feel the good sense of Agesilaus' answer, when asked to hear a man sing who could imitate the nightingale,—“I have heard the nightingale herself.” Musicians are shown to have attempted not merely to imitate sounds by notes, but even to represent motion—to describe the seasons—to convey the impressions of color—or even to narrate the incidents of a battle or a campaign; for the ingenious organist of Ferdinand III, Froberger, is said to have presented a very striking musical representation of Count Thurn's passage over the Rhine, and the danger of the transit, "in twenty-six cataracts, or falls of notes."§ Indeed, adds our reviewer, "when a taste for this sort of mimetic music is once introduced (the proper sphere of which would be the comic opera), it is wonderful how even the greatest genius gives way to the contagion, and follows the herd,—for a greater than Froberger, Handel, has now and then ventured upon similar tricks of sound. In the 'Messiah,' at the passage, 'I will shake the heavens and the earth,' he has introduced a sort of musical pun, by repeating the word several times on a chain of musical shakes, 'as if,' says a critic, 'the quavering of the voice could represent the commotions of the world.' And in his 'Israel in Egypt,' he has undertaken to represent, by musical notes, two of the plagues of Egypt, viz. the buzzing of flies and the hopping of frogs."||

(To be continued.)

* See the *Saturday Review*, No. 80.

† See George Hogarth's Musical History, Biography, and Criticism, vol. i. pp. 292 sq.

‡ Compare, or contrast, with this cavil at Haydn's *Fiat Lux*, the following ardent tribute by the present King of Hanover:

"But, above all, how impressively, with all the powers of music, does the composer delineate the moment—*And there was light*—called forth by the creative words *Let there be light!* At these words the orchestra breaks out in a truly electrical manner, producing an entire bewilderment. The listener feels the full impression which the actual happening of this awe-inspiring miracle of the Almighty would make upon him, and that sublime achievement is thus most speakingly and convincingly brought home to the senses of the earthly man, through this picturing by tones, in the only mode in which a sensible image of it could be presented to him."—*Ideen und Betrachtungen über die Eigenschaften der Musik*. Hanover, 1839.

To which estimate of a musical Monarch may be here appended that of a critical Queen's Counsel:—

"The burst of a fine orchestra will seldom fail to produce an electrical rush of feeling, faintly reflective of the actual occurrence of the miracle; but the sole resemblance will be found to consist in the fullness and suddenness of the shock."—*Hayward's Biog. and Crit. Essays*, II. 223.

§ De Stiel, Des Beaux-Arts en Allemagne.

|| See the eloquent essay on Music in *Quarterly Review* for September, 1848.

* Musical History, &c., by George Hogarth, vol. i. p. 311.

† See *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxiii. p. 41.

‡ See De Stendhal's *Correspondance Inédite*, Ire série, xi.

§ Etudes sur l'Allemagne: Goethe, § 1.

|| Etudes sur les Arts: Mozart.

† Biographia Borealis: William Roscoe.

** What is Poetical Description? Blackwood, 1839.

†† De Quincey's *Homer and the Homerides*, part iii.

‡ G. H. Lewes, *Life and Works of Goethe*, II. 426.

§ Sketches of Moral Philosophy, lect. 13.

|| Which reminds us, by the way, of an incidental remark of Mr. Hayward's in his essay on the Imitative Powers of Music (reprinted from the *Quarterly Review*.)

"On the whole, we are inclined to think that, when Lock's blind man said that the sound of a trumpet suggested the idea of scarlet to his mind, he unconsciously prescribed the precise limits within which the legitimate powers of the higher kind of music are confined." &c.—Biographical and Critical Essays, by A. Hayward, Q. C., II. 223.

§ Sir J. Hawkins, vol. i. Preliminary Disc., p. 3.

|| *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxix. p. 199.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

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By the composer of the sterling oratorio of "Abraham" lately received in England with the greatest praise. A master-hand shows itself in trifles as in the above song.

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A composition, which, we should think, meets a great want. It is just the thing for the occasion. The whole is effectively devised, and although written for female voices only, yet by interspersed solos for various classes of voices, change of rhythm, &c., the interest is constantly kept up. The melodies are well invented.

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America. Brilliant transcriptions of Hail Columbia, Star Spangled Banner and Yankee Doodle. *Charles Foss*, each 35

Fine arrangements, such as every good player should now-a-days have at his fingers' ends. They are short and to the point. The well-known airs come out with all the brilliancy modern pianism can give them. They are treated in truly grand style, yet only moderately difficult.

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A stirring Quadrille of this favorite writer of Dance music introducing national airs of Russia. The title-page is handsomely illustrated with a colored view of the palace-studded capital of Russia.

Rainbow Waltz. *L. O. Whitney*. 25

A pleasing piece of moderate difficulty.

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The capital Galop in the famous ball-scene of the last act, a piece which is remembered with pleasure by every one who has witnessed the opera.

Books.

COMPLETE COLLECTION OF MAZURKAS AND WALTZES. By Frederic Chopin. To which is prefixed his Biography and a critical review of his works, by Fr. Liszt. Bound in cloth. 3,00

Of these brilliant and altogether inimitable productions of the subtle genius of Chopin, Mr. Davidson, the eminent English critic, and editor of the *London Musical World*, says: "Chopin excelled less in works of long measure than in those of smaller pretensions. His Valses, his Nocturnes, and, above all, his Mazurkas, are quite enough to save him from oblivion. The variety with which in the Mazurkas he has said the same thing some fifty times over, will go further than anything else to prove that Chopin's genius was decidedly inventive. Some of them are gems, as faultless as they are attractive; others are less happy, but not one of them is destitute of points that appeal to the feeling, surprise by their unexpectedness, fascinate by their plaintive character, or charm by their ingenuity." It may be well here to remark that this is the only really complete edition of both Mazurkas and Waltzes, ever published. The publishers have taken the greatest possible precaution to guard against errors, and can safely pronounce this edition correct.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 474.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 5.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sketches of French Musical History.

XV.

COMIC OPERA.

1800—1830.

We come now to Adrien Boieldieu one of the first glories of the French school. He was born at Rouen, December 15, 1775, son of a secretary to the archbishop, and began life as a singing boy in the cathedral. He was a pupil of Broche, the organist of the church, whose pitilessness and severity filled "little Boiel" with such terror at even the sight of him, that one day, having accidentally let a drop of ink upon a book belonging to his ferocious master, he fled alone on foot to Paris to escape the danger to which he was exposed. At the age of sixteen he was already a very fair performer upon the pianoforte, possessed happy melodic ideas and some slight knowledge of harmony.

Meantime a passion for the theatre was becoming strong. His slight savings were used only to enable him to hear the works of Gretry, Dalayrac and Mehul; and often for want of money he contrived means to hide in the theatre, during the morning before a performance.

A comic opera, which had proved successful at Rouen decided Boieldieu to go and try his success in Paris. He therefore disappeared one day at the age of nineteen from his father's house with his score under his arm; thirty francs in his pocket and hope in his heart. On the second day he entered Paris, covered with dirt and worn out with the fatigue of his foot-journey. The Opera Comique was naturally not anxious to put a work of an unknown author upon the stage; he had therefore nothing to do but wait, search for a new text, give lessons and for want of scholars to tune pianofortes.

He had however faith in himself. The Erards received him kindly and he also made the acquaintance of Rode, Garat, Mehul and Cherubini. He began to have a reputation in society. Garat and all the amateurs delighted in singing his graceful romances, for which his publisher paid him the insignificant sum of twelve francs each. In 1795 Fiévée gave him to compose *la Dot de Suzette*, a little opera in one act, which had a success, thanks to the freshness of the music and to the fine and spirited performance of Madame Saint Aubin. The next year Boieldieu composed *La Famille suisse*, a score in which reigned a style simple and natural, and a charming gracefulness.

In 1798 *Zoraïme et Zulnare*, a drama in 3 acts, established the author's position upon the stage of the Theatre Feydeau. At the same time his instrumental works,—a concerto for the pianoforte, sonatas 1, 3, 4, 6, 7 and 8, four duets for the harp and pianoforte, concerto for the harp, and three trios for harp, pianoforte and violoncello—led to his admission into the number of the professors of the pianoforte at the conservatory Benjowsky, and *le Calife de Bagdad*—the latter

of which has been performed over seven hundred times, fixed forever the high reputation of the composer. In 1802 *Ma Tante Aurore* was the fashion to an unexampled degree; but Boieldieu, unhappy in marriage, which had joined him, March 19, of that year, with the danseuse Clotilde, went off to Russia in April, 1803. The Emperor Alexander gave him the appointment of chapelmaster, on having met him upon the frontier, and the composer wrote for the imperial theatre of St. Petersburg *Rien de trop, la jeune Femme colère* (a comedy by Etienne), *Amour et Mystere*, *Abderkan* (text by Andieux), *Calypso*, *Aline reine Golconde*, *les Voitures versées*, *Un Tour de soubrette* and music to the choruses of *Athalie*.

The political clouds between France and Russia having been dissipated, Boieldieu felt a desire to see France again; he obtained his dismissal towards the close of the year 1810, after seven years' residence in St. Petersburg. On reaching Paris he found the sceptre of the Opera Comique in the hands of Nicolo. Dalayrac was no more; Catel had nearly given up composition; Cherubini, disgusted with the obstacles which met him in his career, had ceased to write; Mehul displeased with the inconstancy of the public seldom gave a new work to the stage. Nicolo alone exhibited an inexhaustible fecundity; it was in contesting the field with his new rival, that Boieldieu's genius took a novel and magnificent flight. Two female singers at this time divided the favor of the Parisian public; one Madame Duret possessed a voice of great extent, sonorous and, even but slightly thick and her respiration was short; the other, Mlle Regnault (afterwards Madame Lemonnier) had a charming voice, great intelligence and a marvellous facility of vocalization. Nicolo had given both opportunity to distinguish themselves in his *Cendrillon*; but he preferred the talents of Madame Duret which was one reason for Boieldieu to give Mlle. Regnault the powerful aid of his genius. *Jean de Paris*, represented early in 1812, obtained a splendid success at the Theatre Feydeau; Elleviou, Martin, Juliet, Mlle. Regnault, and Mad. Gavaudan seconded the composer by an irreproachable execution. The connoisseurs noticed in the score a correct style, and an instrumentation brilliant and full of color. *Le Nouveau Seigneur de Village*, performed in 1813, gave its auditors a new model of scenic perfection. Then followed a number of occasional pieces, after which the public received with great applause *La Fête du Village voisin*. Notwithstanding the poverty of the text, the music embroidered upon that canvass is full of spirit and melody. Boieldieu had aided Herold in gaining a footing upon the stage by writing with him the opera *Charles de France*; at a later date too he sought and obtained for Catel the cross of the Legion of Honor.

In 1817, after Mehul's death, the Institute having elected Boieldieu to the vacant chair, the new member felt himself obliged to justify their choice by a new masterpiece. *Le chaperon rouge*

(July, 1818) was a perfect triumph. Its style is grander, ideas more abundant, and color more varied than in the author's preceding works. But the great labor bestowed upon it, threw Boieldieu into a state of health, which made a long period of rest necessary. For a time he retired into the country; but, being appointed a professor of composition in the Conservatory, he amused and recreated himself by imparting to the young pupils the result of his long experience.

In 1821 he joined Kreutzer, Berton, Cherubini, and Paër in the composition of *Blanche de Provence*. In 1824, he composed also one act of *Pharamond*. At this time Boieldieu doubtful of the public favor hesitated to re-enter the theatre with a work entirely of his own composition.

Guilbert de Pixérécourt, then director of the Opera Comique, persuaded him with much difficulty to make the experiment, and Boieldieu composed *La Dame blanche* which was received with unanimous transports of enthusiasm, Dec. 10, 1825.

This masterpiece has never left the stage and is, we believe the only work, which never was omitted from the list of acting works after its first representation. Nothing new can be said upon its solo pieces, its duets, trios, chorus and finales. It belongs to that type of the Comic opera which can never grow old, no more than *Richard, le Deserteur*, *Montano*, and *Joconde*. Simple its modulations, with no forced harmonies, and full of real melody, this score retains the grand style of its author, who remains always himself, in the midst of the general movement impressed upon the music of that time by the influence of Rossini. But in this work Boieldieu's power culminated; he dreaded the idea of producing inferior works.

He therefore caused the text of *des Deux Nuits*, entrusted to him by Bouilly to be revised by Scribe. But notwithstanding skilful and extensive changes, the play did not completely satisfy the public, upon its production in 1829. Hope deceived gradually brought Boieldieu to the tomb. Having resigned his place as professor pecuniary anxiety as to the future was added to laryngeal pthisis. He made a journey to Pisa without benefit. Forced at length to return to his employment as professor, his health grew still more feeble. The baths of the South were ordered him; but reaching Bordeaux, he became frightened at the progress of his disease, and returned to his country seat at Jarcy near Grosbois where he breathed his last in the arms of his family and friends, Oct. 8, 1834.

Mimetic Music.

(Concluded from page 32.)

The present King of Hanover signaled himself, while Crown Prince, by a treatise on Music, which advances not a few rather hazardous interpretations of imitative effects. His Majesty's blindness may have tended to intensify his quickness of ear, in catching at remote resemblances, and hearing a voice we cannot hear, and understanding in detail what only affects us in the mass.

This exceptional acuteness is observable in some at least, of his musical hermeneutics, while in others he but expresses what the average mind may be presumed to feel. One or two of his favorite examples may be worth glancing at. In Gluck's "Iphigenia in Anlis" the royal critic sees presented the pride of a ruler, the arrogance of a priest, the affection severally of a father, mother, and daughter, the gentle ties of love, the courage of a hero, a people's cry for vengeance, the pains of separation, the agonies of death, the exulting overflow of rapture at unhopd for deliverance, all exhibited not only with "inimitable art," but with incomparable completeness." Weber's "Summons to the Dance," as a musical representation of an incident in social life, is alleged to be remarkable for the truth and precision with which all the peculiarities and trifling occurrences of a ball are sketched; "the invitation of the gentleman, the acceptance of the lady, the dance itself, the conversation during the interval, the repetition of the dance, and the leading back of the lady to her seat, with the grateful acknowledgments of the gentleman—all this is accurately conveyed to the ear of the listener by the music." *Est-il possible?* may some stolid souls exclaim, who never expected a tithe of the meaning in Weber's *pièce de circonstance*. But all this comes of having good ears, and a working brain between them; just as some ingenious criticism on Shakespeare's text, or Spenser's, may be due to good eyes, not only of microscopic but of milestone piercing power. But once again, and more seriously; in the introduction to "Norma," we are told, may be found "the representation of a neighboring wood in the most exalted style of art. Beginning with deep tones, it unfolds in gloom-inspiring harmonies, and truly reflects the impression which the gloom of an extensive wood produces on our feelings. Occasional glancing and disconnected tones appear to betoken light, breaking through the darkness of the grove; and this is the first drop-scene of the opera—the grove of sacrifice—fily delineated. Assuredly the striking qualities of this tone picture will still more forcibly suggest themselves to the reader, when I mention the exclamation of a person deprived of sight, who on first hearing this introduction, instantly exclaimed that the scene then actually represented on the stage must be a forest." The prince's Quarterly Reviewer inferred that he was doubtless himself the blind listener in question, and accepted the fact as one no-way surprising; for* with an ear cultivated to the highest degree of delicacy, a memory stored with images of natural beauty, and a heart overflowing with sympathy, the slightest, faintest, train of association—a passage, note, or tone, indicating any one of the characteristic features of forest scenery—might suffice,

And as a fort to which beleagu'ers win
Unhoped-for entrance thro' some friend within;
One clear idea, center'd in the breast,
By memory's magic, lets in all the rest.

"But when it is formally inferred, from anomalous instances of this kind, that a succession of sensible images, including both sounds with their varieties and landscapes with their details may be brought home to the ordinary run (or even to any considerable class) of listeners, through the medium of instrumental music, our thoughts recur involuntarily to Dick Tinto's picture, or Lord Burleigh's nod, or those victims of mesmerism who undertake to ascertain the contents of a long letter by sitting on it. Set a chosen body of connoisseurs to hear Beethoven's 'Symphony' or 'Weber's Summons to the Dance' for the first time, without telling them what the composer is aiming at, and we much doubt whether they will exclaim in chorus, at the proper time, 'That is a troop of reapers, and that the rippling of a brook!' 'Now the storm is coming on, and now it is going off!' 'Now they are flirting between the dances, and now he is taking her back to her mamma!'" It might be edifying to summon a large jury of good men and true, in matters musical—say a septuagint of them—to investigate the meaning of some fresh and untried *Lied ohne Worte*, in all its broad lights and supersubtle shades of symbolism and significance—to shut

them up, each man in a separate cell, like the Seventy of Alexandria, and require from each man separately a full and particular account of what language the music under examination did verily speak. The result—an amalgam of three-score and ten interpretations—would surprise some people, the composer himself not the least; for he, honest man, would no doubt be quite as much astonished at finding all he meant, without meaning it, as ever was Monsieur Jourdain himself, at the incredible apocalypse of his lifelong (but hitherto unconscious and unpremeditated) achievements in prose.

Knowing ones there are, beyond all question, connoisseurs and something more, who could throw new and dazzling light on the meaning mentally attached by Mendelssohn to every movement in his overtures, say, for example, that to the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Neither would they be persuaded though he rose from the dead to deny it. Of course that *allegro vivace* is Philostrate (master of the revels) stirring up the Athenian youth to merriment. Of course that *pomposo* passage is Theseus wedding Hippolyta with pomp, with triumph, and with revelling. That *roulade* is Puck putting a girdle about the earth in forty minutes. That *prestamente* bit is Helena on the scamper after Demetrius. That *moto contrario* expresses the perplexity and cross-purpose of the lovers in the wood. Surely you recognize at once in that *fantastico* interval the craze of Titania for ass-headed Bottom? And who can fail to identify that *carezzando* movement with her stroking his amiable cheeks, and sticking musk-roses in his sleek smooth head, and kissing the fair large ears of him, her gentle joy? As unmistakably does that *asprezza* betoken the coarse prosaic manner of bully Bottom, as though he were actually (as he wished) munching your good dry oats, and disposing audibly of a peck of provender or a bottle of hay. That *allegro vivo* as literally represents the ministrations of Peasblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed. Nor less manifestly does that *burlesco* or *burlesco* import the performance, by Quince & Co, of the most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe—including the *agitato* of the nervous Prologue, the *debile* of Flute's small voice, the *furioso* of Bottom's bluster, and the *con veemenza* of Lion's roar.

It has been observed by one whose words come with authority, on a subject like this, that, properly speaking, the whole science of music is a storehouse hung round with materials of expression and imitation, for the use of the composer; but it depends upon his instinctive feelings whether the object to which he devotes them lie within the legitimate province of music. "Delusion in music, as in painting, is only the delight of the vulgar." We may love the idea of the dance conveyed in a light, tripping measure, or the "sense of the fresh echoing greenwood given by prolonged bugle-like tones;" but we have another feeling for the mimicry, instrumental or vocal, of the greenwood choir, pretty warblers as they are. Let not him therefore who, in this sort of servile imitation, and mechanical mimicry, would

tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,

let not him come hither, come hither, come hither, but betake himself elsewhere, out of hearing—"anywhere, anywhere out of the world" of art and good taste. As an accomplished critic, already quoted, has remarked, the mind feels the exceeding sorrowfulness of the "Lachrymosa" in the Requiem, the faltering tones of "qua resurget," which seem to remind the hearer that here the dying Mozart burst into tears; our hearts sink as we hear how "the children of Israel sighed!"—sighed!—sighed!—by reason of the bondage;" but we care not for the closest imitation of a sob given in the duet of the Gazza Ladra. "The broad humor of the catch and glee family, as well as the practical buffoonery of the time, led to a great deal of burlesque imitative music, both in Germany and Italy, in the seventeenth century. The cackling of hens all on one note and ending with a fifth above, the mewling of rival cats in nice chromatic order, with a

staccato of course by way of a *spit*, were favorite pastimes of the severest German contrapuntists; and even Marcello, the Pindar of Music, as he was called, has left two elaborate choruses, one for soprani, the other for contralti, which *baa* like like sheep and *mou* like oxen. These were the avowed absurdities of men who liked occasionally to drop their robes of dignity; but at all times the close power of imitation which music affords has been a dangerous rock for the musician."† *Dulce est desipere in loco*; but even the sapient are liable to trifle occasionally out of place.

It is agreed that all dramatic music must be full of imitation; and herein has been said to lie its greatest charm and its greatest snare. The vague yet forcible suggestiveness of really characteristic melody, may be illustrated by what Mr. Thackeray remarks of Irish scenery—that he thinks it just like Irish melodies—sweet, wild, and sad, even in the sunshine. "You can neither represent one nor the other by words; but I am sure if one could translate 'The Meeting of the Waters' into form and colors, it would fall into the exact shape of a tender Irish landscape. So, take and play that tune upon your fiddle, and shut your eyes and muse a little, and you have the whole scene before you."‡ Henri Beyle discourses admiringly on certain *cantilènes* which express the passions, and avers (in contradiction to an argument we have previously referred to) that *jealousy* is expressed by the aria *Vedro mentr' io suspiro*, sung by Count Almaviva in Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*: he adds,§ that in the whole of Rossini's *Otello* he can discover nothing so expressive of jealousy, "ce tourment des cœurs tendres," as in Mozart's air aforesaid. Of that passionate serenade in the Don Giovanni, *Deh vieni alla finestra*, which "breathes the very soul of refined sensuality," Mr. Leigh Hunt once said, that you see the gallant before you, with his mandolin and his cap and feather, taking place of the nightingale for that amorous hour; and you feel that the sounds must inevitably draw his mistress to the window. "Their intenseness even renders them pathetic; and his heart seems in earnest, because his senses are."|| The notes of the dramatic composer must tell the incident as well as the text, often instead of it, says Lady Eastlake; the composer must give us definite thoughts; his skill lies between defining them over much and over little; it is his art so to treat the subject that you feel it is subservient to him, not he to it—making you forget even the thing imitated in the resources it has developed. Of this, "what grander example is there in the world than Handel's Hailstone Chorus? It begins with the closest imitation. There are the single decided ominous notes, like the first heavy lumps of ice striking the earth in separate shots. They fall faster, yet still detached, when from a battery which we have felt hanging suspended over our heads,

Down comes the deluge of sonorous hail,

shattering everything before it; and having thus raised the idea, he sustains it with such wonderful simplicity of means—the electric shouting of the choruses 'Fire! Hailstones!' only in strict unison—the burst of the storm changing only from quavers into semiquavers—the awful smashing of the elements only the common chord of the key, and that the natural key—till we feel astonished how the mere representation of the rage of the elements should have given occasion for one of the grandest themes that musician ever conveyed."***

So writes one of the devoutest of devout Handeliens, one who is, perhaps, more than a little kind, not to say just a little blind, to a lapse or a foible here and there, on the great master's part, in the exercise of his mimetic faculty. Handel, as another critic observes, must have felt prouder of the vague tumultuous feeling of awe and veneration called forth by the choruses in his "Messiah," than of the resemblance discovered, or thought to be discovered, between a passage in one of his serenatas and the walk of a giant††—

See what ample strides he takes;

and the "attempt to represent the sun standing still, in the oratorio of 'Joshua,' almost reduces him to the level of the ingenious inventor (first

brought into notice by the late Charles Mathews), who, to illustrate his scheme of imitative action, used to give his hands a rotatory motion at the mention of the globe."† In every art and science there are quackeries afloat, by which quacks make a name, and from which genius has not always the self-respect to turn aside.

Some themes there are which, by their very nature, afford a tempting subject to imitative ingenuity—and an indulgence in which is not without apologists among even the strictest sect of high-artists. Storms and tempests, for example, convey a sense of sublimity which, "however frequently vulgarized by the mere tricks of performers," must ever, as Lady Eastlake‡§ says, make them favorite subjects for audiences and composers. Freely she avows that even that old favorite, Steibelt's Storm, in spite of strumming schoolroom associations, when the lightning used to break time, and come in at the wrong place, and then have to begin all over again, has a moral as well as a dramatic meaning which justifies the predilections of childhood. It was not, she says, the noise and din of two handfuls of notes with all the pedals down, which juvenile amateurs declare to be "just like thunder," but at which she felt inclined to stop her ears with an instinct of the profaneness of the attempt; but it was the gradual lulling of the winds and hushing of all nature which preceded the crash, and then the clearing of the air after it, the tinkling of the rain-drops all sparkling with light that is bursting out in the west, and finally that happy chorus of birds in the return of the gay chirping ritornel, in four sharps, which tells you all is over and no harm done to any one. Beethoven's Tempest also, in his Pastoral Symphony—which, by-the-by, is like Thomson's Seasons set to Music—is the grandest and most fearful of storms, as M. Oulibichef says, "which ever thundered in the basses, whistled in the flutes, bellowed and blustered in the trumpets, and lightened and hailed in the violins;" but who can resist the sweet enchantment of those modulations, when the thunder is heard retreating in the distance, and timid sounds of inquiry rise up from leaf and flower, and birds answer, and steps emerge, and in a moment

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around!

At the same time, her ladyship contends that it is not from any work of imitative music, however enchanting, that the highest musical pleasure can be derived. The grand object and highest prerogative of all the fine arts, according to another Quarterly Reviewer, is, or ought to be, the same: to present the images of power, beauty, and sublimity, capable of expanding, refining, or elevating the mind; and excite passions, feelings, affections, or emotions, corresponding with those which the most striking scenes in nature or the most touching passages of human existence might call up. "Even in painting, necessarily the most imitative, mere facility of imitation is a vulgar quality at best; and Parrhasius's curtain, which his rival attempted to lift up, or the supposed door at Greenwich Hospital, which visitors were wont to run against, rank in art far below the most outrageous libel on nature which Fuseli himself ever perpetrated. We would therefore rather rest the fame of the acknowledged masterpieces in musical composition . . . on the broad general impression produced by them than on their imitative facilities."|| It is not, avers the fairer critic, in the likeness of anything in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, that the highest musical capacity can be tried. "It is not the dipping passage like a crested wave in 'The flood stood upright as an heap,' or the wandering of the notes in 'All we like sheep have gone astray,' in which Handel's intensest musical instinct is displayed; for beautiful as are these passages, and full of imagery to eye and ear, they smack of a certain mechanical contrivance; but it is in the simple soothing power of the first four bars of the first song in the 'Messiah,' which descend like heavenly dew upon the heart, telling us that those divine words, 'Comfort ye,' are at hand. This we feel to be the indefinable province of expression, in which the composer has to draw

solely upon his own intense sympathies for the outward likeness of a thing which is felt and judged of only in the innermost depths of every heart."¶¶ Comparatively speaking, one might say of mere imitation, as Hamlet of flute-playing that 'tis easy as lying,—and too many of us know how easy that is, especially if white lies may count. But the eloquence of real musical expression is of another quality—the gift of the elect—one of those prerogatives which pertain to the chosen few, and mark them out a right royal priesthood, a peculiar people—the chartered expositors of a language which the adroit many can second-handily imitate, but which only themselves can originally and adequately express.

* See *Quarterly Review* for July, 1859.

† Lady Eastlake.

‡ Thackeray: *The Irish Sketch-book*, ch. xxiv.

§ *Œuvres Posthumes de Stendhal, Lettres à ses Amis*, I, 43.

|| *The Round Table*, essay xxxix.

** Lady Eastlake's *Essay on Music*.

†† Polyphemus, in "Acis and Galathea."

‡‡ Hayward's *Essays*, II, 221.

§§ See her essay as reprinted in Murray's *Railway Series*, pp. 4-5, 51-55, *passim*.

|| *Quarterly Review*, No. 132, p. 510.

¶¶ Lady Eastlake.

Musical Societies in New York.

The "Liederkränze," formed in 1847, is the oldest German Society in the city, and now numbers 600 members, of which number about 200 are active and take part in the rehearsals and concerts. The whole society meets for rehearsal twice each week, and the male voices meet once alone for the practice of glees, etc. They are able, with patient and careful drilling, to perform most of the classic music of the old masters. Three or four public performances are given each season, and they are frequently called upon to sing the choruses at the concerts of the New York Philharmonic Society. They have done so twice this year, and are at present rehearsing Schumann's new work, "Paradise and the Peri," for performance at the next Philharmonic concert. It is a first-class society, ranks high as being one of the most careful and well trained in the city. They are ably conducted by Mr. A. Pauer, and have for President Mr. Fred. Rapp. Whatever is undertaken by them is sure to be done well. They have been quite prosperous, and are about to build a hall for their own accommodation. The proceeds of their public concerts are devoted entirely to charitable objects.

The "Arion" Society is also composed of Germans, and was formed in January, 1854, from the "Liederkränze." It now numbers 150 members, of which 50 to 60 are singers—all males. They are conducted by Carl Bergmann and Carl Anschütz—two of the most popular German musicians in the city—and meet for rehearsal Tuesday and Saturday evenings. They give three vocal and instrumental concerts each season. This year they have been particularly successful, and were sustained by an orchestra of 50 performers, with some of the best soloists to be found in the city. The music was of the highest order, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, Liszt and Wagner being represented in the programme. They are sometimes called upon to sing the choral parts of the opera at the Academy of Music, and 40 voices from this society rendered the famous drinking chorus in the first act of Halévy's opera, "La Juive," with fine effect, when it was produced here last winter. In July of last year they took the prize at the great musical festival held at Buffalo.

The "Teutonia Männerchor," another German society, was formed in 1852, and numbers about 100 members male and female. They are prosperous and enterprising, under the lead of Mr. J. Mosenthal, the distinguished organist of Calvary Church, and meet twice a week for rehearsal.

The Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn was incorporated pursuant to a general act of the Legislature, on the 5th of May, 1857, since which time it has been steadily increasing, both in size and public favor, and now numbers 948 associate, 150 professional, and 100 complimentary members—in all 1198. Five public concerts and fifteen rehearsals are given annually. During the past winter, each of their concerts given within their spacious auditorium of the Academy of Music—an enterprise, by the way, that originated in the success of this society—was attended by upwards of 3000 persons; their programmes comprised the highest class of musical compositions, rendered by a full orchestra of 40 performers, and the best vocal talent of the opera troupes of New York.

All pecuniary receipts over and above the expen-

ditures are devoted to elevate the character of their performances. Mr. Theodore Eisfeld, here, as with the Philharmonic Society of New York, officiates as conductor at both rehearsals and concerts, and Mr. J. Noll as leader.

A Society styling itself the "Polyphonic Association," was organized for the purpose of the encouragement and promotion of music and musical talent in Brooklyn, Oct. 4, 1860, which has increased rapidly in size, and bids fair to become a large and influential society. It already numbers nearly 200 members, among whom are some eminent artists and professors, though it is composed mainly of young men, amateurs, who derive much benefit from it as a means of musical intercourse and social advancement. They meet twice each week for rehearsal, and hold semi-monthly "reunions," to which members with their friends only are admitted. Besides these, they give five private concerts, to which none but members of the association are admitted, and all the pieces are performed by artist and amateur members. Five public concerts are given each season. These are rendered attractive by the auxiliary aid of artists who do not belong to the Society. At the last one, given at the Brooklyn Athenæum, Dr. Clare W. Beames, with his pupil, Miss Marie Brainerd, Mr. George Simpson, and Mons. Henry Appy, the violinist, all from New York, assisted. Its government is vested in a board of 25 directors, chosen annually, who appoint the President and other officers. A different musical conductor is appointed for each concert. It is supported by entrance fees, fines, assessments, proceeds of concerts, &c.

Unlike most of the older associations, this one combines instruction with practice, and classes are taught by Professors who are members of the Society. This is an excellent plan, but the present system of teaching is sadly defective, and we regret to observe that upon this subject much ignorance prevails among our countrymen, which it will require time and experience to remove. Many persons argue that not all, but only a select few can learn to sing, on the ground that all do not possess the voice. Even professors and teachers fall into this error, and most unphilosophically undertake to cultivate the voice without any reference to the ear and understanding. Two years ago, when a large free class for musical instruction was formed in this city, from two to three hundred applicants were refused admission, because the "Professor" in attendance decided that they had no voice! Many who aspire to learn, and feel that they are capable of attaining a great degree of proficiency, are denied the pleasure, as well as deterred from undertaking it, on account of the difficulties to be surmounted and obstacles overcome. This arises from the want of method and system in the usual mode of teaching, which presents it as an empirical, rather than a positive and truly mathematical science, which it really is—a science as easily accessible to all as chemistry, mathematics, or any other of its departments.

That all who are able to *speak*, are also able, with a proper system of instruction, to *sing*; and that all should be as well able to read music at sight, as to read language, has been abundantly proved, as well by the experience of our public schools,—in almost all of which music is successfully taught,—as by the more complete and decisive experiments which have been in continual operation for upwards of ten years in Paris and throughout France. The classes of Monsieur Emile Chev , whose system has been adopted by the *Conservatoire*, and is now recognized by the highest authority throughout Europe, as the only scientific and practical method of teaching music,—numbering from 800 to 1000 pupils, (composed mainly of the *ouvrier* population of Paris) can sing part music at sight, in the most difficult intonations of the major and minor modes with perfect *aplomb* and command of voice, without any instrument to guide them; and not only do they become *one and all* exccutants, but complete masters of the science. As an illustration of their capabilities in this respect, I annex a paragraph, translated from "L'Opinion Nationale" of March 13th, 1860:

"One evening, a few weeks ago, Mr. Richard Wagner presented himself at Monsieur Chev 's class-room, where eight hundred pupils were hearing a lesson, and handed to the professor a manuscript piece which he had just composed and desired to hear read. M. Chev  gave his class in charge to his son, went into an adjoining room, transcribed Mr. Wagner's composition (a fugue for eight voices), on a huge blackboard, and had it taken to the pupils. Instantly, the whole class, without the aid of any instrument, without any other indication than the tone by a tuning-fork, sang Mr. Wagner's music—note, Mr. Wagner's music!—and sang it with such *ensemble*, such perfection of intonation, solidity of rhythm, and correctness in the shades of expression, that it was

more like finished execution than reading at sight. Monsieur Wagner went away confounded with astonishment, after having thanked the unique choristers and their admirable Professor, saying he had never witnessed such a feat in his life.

Such results are truly extraordinary. Pupils of a course where *hundreds* are taught together, where *all* who present themselves are received without any choice whatever, do what artist choristers of the Conservatoire Society and of the opera could not do. But some will say, such results can be obtained only after years of labor. We answer: the pupils of the course held by M. Chev , at the Polytechnic School, as we ourselves witnessed, read at *first sight in parts* after a very few lessons. After a few months they were able to read at sight without any hesitation, all the pieces of the repertoire of choral music."

A powerful contrast is here presented with our societies, where notwithstanding the members are picked, and none admitted except those who are supposed to be able to read music at sight, a piano accompaniment—or one of some kind—is *obligato*, and an incessant drilling is required to attain even *mediocre* perfection.

Perhaps the best illustration of our poverty in this respect is to be found in the small, weak and inefficient choruses which appear at our operatic entertainments, offering a strong contrast with the powerful and well trained *corps* of the Haymarket, London, the Grand Opera, Paris, and others on the Continent. There is no reason why ours should be so much inferior, except that from want of a proper system of teaching, the science has not yet been brought within reach of the masses. A great error, to which our people are liable, is to suppose that *noise* and *velocity* constitute *music*.

Such ideas as these were suggested by listening to the performance of an oratorio, a short time since, and observing the imperfect manner in which it was rendered, in spite of the regular weekly rehearsals of the same piece, during the previous five months.

If my space permitted, I could give some interesting facts concerning the shallowness of some of our "reputed" musicians, their lack of real knowledge of the science, and the mode pursued by them to hide their defects; but these must be reserved for another occasion.

To all who perceive the great influence music is destined to exert in furthering the development of race, and reflect upon the significant truths above quoted, this subject commends itself as one of some importance.—*Transcript*.

Eugene Scribe.

During something like half a century, the bright and indefatigable dramatic author—who has just died suddenly—filled the stage of Europe; and with works of such a variety, in every prose form of composition as to suggest the presence of a well-spring of perpetual youth in the man who could be so fertile, so buoyant, so ingenious to the last. Instead of our wondering at his living held out so long, the surprise of his having died late or soon, comes like a shock.

Of the story of Scribe's early life—his parentage and training—we are not in case for the moment to speak. Probably since the year 1815, or thereabouts, the only biography of special interest which could be written of him would be a list of his plays. On many of these it would be interesting to annotate with reference to the changes which have passed over French society during the last marvellous fifty years. In his earlier works will be found traces of the Empire, with its confusion of ranks and families, for the arrangement of which even the first Napoleon's strong will and grasp over organization proved insufficient. Then came the reigns so fondly looked forward to by the nobles of the Faubourg as periods of blissful rehabilitation for their order, and which proved, when they came, so unsatisfactory in any thing like progress or fulfilment. Their conventionalities, too, will be found reflected in Scribe's "Th  tre:" which, during its first twenty years of production, was principally restricted to pieces of a limited scale and peculiar quality befitting a minor theatre at Paris. Such was the Th  tre de Madame, in spite of its protection from La Duchesse de Berri. It was not till Louis Philippe came to the throne that those with Academical honors in view—the quest of which has turned so many a staid French brain—Scribe entered on five-act prose plays, which were to bring him into comparison with Beaumarchais and other predecessors who had eschewed verse. Of these, the first, and the most famous, perhaps, was "Bertrand et Raton." In this, an amount of sly, political satire was put forth, such as, under the reign of Charles Dix, Scribe knew his world to well to have ventured. There is a group of these heartless come-

dies, all more or less clever. From this style the academician, once set in his seat, passed into those dramas of intrigue and complicated incident by which we have most lately known him. It may be doubted whether anything analogous to these is to be found in any other literature—whether any other dramatist has ever employed so much power of their interweaving into a tissue countless incidents, which never could happen in one and the same history—and this with such exquisite adroitness and hardihood, that the spectator was enthralled into forgetfulness of the absurdities inherent in the combination. Scribe worked much with collaborators; and, provided that any inexperienced man brought him an idea or a situation (character, of course, in such authorship can go for little), he could find in those sufficient material and suggestion. Then, he had the art of commending the compound and the structure by an ease of style, a common sense—a common-place, too—of sentiment—a neatness of sentiment—a neatness of reply, a use of wit, sparing and never soaring, which went far to reconcile the wildest contradictions. There was no depressing genius or superiority about him, to stir antagonism among the gifted, or to oppress the thoughtless by too deeply troubling them to think.

One more outline must be added to the above few and rapidly sketched ones of a man whose complete portrait must wait for some future day—this in commemoration of Scribe, as a writer for music. His opera-books are many; the verse in all of them is miserably flat and prosaic; the stories of some are excellent—of one (we mean "La Juive") incomparable. In this capacity M. Scribe will go down to posterity as the companion of MM. Auber and Meyerbeer.

The outward man in society was cheerful, simple, and gay—rarely, if ever, brilliant. The fortune he amassed by his dramatic rights and copyrights must be something very large—it being understood that, as regarded all matters of gain and profit, he knew how to bargain shrewdly as well as to save discreetly. For better, for worse, however we see at present no one within or without the precincts of the French theatres in the least qualified to take his place.—*London Athenaeum*.

Abbe Vogler and his Pupils.

(From the German, by J. H. KAPPES.)

Almost every morning, about ten o'clock, even in stormy weather, a short, thick, somewhat stooping man, in the simple black dress of an Abb , might be seen hastening either into the castle or old theatre of Darmstadt. Usually, a number of young men were collected around him, with whom he joked and laughed. In the theatre, he conducted rehearsals for morning concerts and theatrical representations; in the castle, he conversed on musical theory, with the grand duke, who, since the year 1807, had employed him in Darmstadt, as spiritual counsellor and court chapel-master. Together, they played the newest duets, criticized operas, or counselled concerning their chapel. Occasionally, the grand duchess Louisa would be present, and participate in the conversation of the thoughtful artists. Since the Prince had left the military service of Russia, and undertaken the government of his own lands, music had been the favorite art, into the depths and purity of which, he had penetrated far, by his own study and the aid of Vogler.

At that time the means necessary for bringing out a great musical work were, indeed, scarce. An orchestra must be created, a theatre constructed, and a musical library founded. Vogler quickly conceived a plan to accomplish these objects.

The most skilful hautboist, who had been employed in the army, was elevated to the post of court-musician, and accomplished masters of a single instrument were attracted thither from all parts of Germany. Vogler understood the establishment of a chapel quite perfectly, for he had already called into existence a similar institute at Mannheim and Stockholm. Still, male and female singers were required, by whom the chorus of the opera and mass could be performed. These also were soon supplied. The prince collected in one of the great halls of his castle, the so-called concert hall, many females from the most cultivated families, and gave to all the best advantages for a musical education. Numerous male amateurs soon presented themselves, and music became to many an individual the stepping stone of promotion.

By desire of the grand-duke, Vogler had constructed an immense organ, according to a simplified plan of his own, upon which he conducted a choir. The grand-duke stood, usually, by his desk in the middle of the hall, gave the time with his b ton, and thus directed the whole performance. On Good

Friday, these sacred concerts reached a culminating point. All the company were then collected in the concert hall in mourning dresses. Vogler elicited from his gigantic instrument the deepest notes of pain and joy; and two hundred cultivated, noble voices sang a requiem of the great master's. More sublime and highly finished music could not be heard at that time, in all Europe; and it is said, *Vogler oft-times strove in vain to conceal the tears which his own playing excited*.

The power of his masterly execution is further illustrated by the following incidents: During one of his long journeyings, he stopped at Swabia. There he heard that the gifted Schubert, whose songs and poetry for the people he greatly admired, had been already ten years in Hohenasberg condemned to trial for a political offence; there, in a rocky prison, far from music and song, of which he possessed profound knowledge, he disgracefully pined. The commander of the castle, after many entreaties, permitted Vogler to see and speak to the fettered Prometheus, on the plea that he was a poor musician, who desired to make trial of his skill on an instrument of his own invention, the Orchestron, before so competent a judge. Vogler began to play, permitted the tones to resound with tremendous power, then die away in gentle cadences. One might hear the thunder roll, the storm howl, and the rain pour down. Schubert could no longer restrain his emotion, but, falling on the musician's neck in an ecstasy of delight, he cried "Either you are the devil or Abt Vogler." And from that hour the two became intimate friends. Schubert soon after received his freedom and a situation as chapel-master in Wirtemberg service.

At one time, also, the study of Vogler's great pastoral mass was pursued with all musical skill and diligence, in the city church of Darmstadt. The master himself played the organ, and, in rehearsals, the grand-duke stood, with head bent forward, the b ton in his hand, upon the chancel opposite the organ. The effect of the interludes was so impressive, that after the conclusion of one such, the grand-duke exclaimed in the highest excitement: "Thunder and the devil, Vogler, play not so skilfully; no one can sing after such playing, and I surely cannot keep time!"

A circle of remarkable young men had gradually collected around the first composer and theorist of his time. They were come from all parts of Germany, in order to become initiated into the depth and purity of the musical art, under him who had been a pupil of the great Father Valotti at Padua.

To Vogler, it was reserved to revive an old, almost dead art, and to give each and every piece a peculiar character, by his skilled instrumentation. In this his greater pupil, C. M. von Weber scarcely approached him.

In the year 1810, circumstances brought together, as pupils of Vogler, those young men, who, at the present day, are regarded as masters in the musical world. They were Carl M. von Weber, G nsbacher, Meyerbeer, Peter von Winter, and Freiherr von Poissl. The first three dwelt with Vogler in his own house, which the grand-duke had caused to be vacated for his use. There this artist family practised a strange housekeeping. The earliest morning found all the company assembled in the saloon, where they conversed Socratically on musical composition and the art of singing. Each brought to the teacher his recent exercises. Vogler condemned or praised without reserve, while he always gave reasons, or pointed out errors, according to his own system. Sometimes he corrected with his own hand, and gave many striking examples from the old masters. Here was truly a musical academy. Many times Vogler, in enthusiastic excitement, would step before the table, the young men standing around in a circle, and extemporize profound lectures concerning the art of composition, fugues, and singing. His pupils listened in silent amazement, for, at those times, words flowed from his lips, such as could not be daily heard. When the hours of labor were passed, lighter performances succeeded, but those usually led to earnest study.

Vogler was accustomed, in order to test the genius of his pupils, to place before them such exercises as the following: He would take one of his numerous musical snuff-boxes, place it upon the piano and cause it to play. The pupils must then extemporize variations to the snuff-box, upon the piano, violoncello, violoncello or flute.

In this ingenious art of musical improvisation C. M. von Weber principally excelled; and him he always declared to be his most productive scholar. Vogler never permitted an entire opera to be composed under his direction, but induced his pupils to study—to investigate thoroughly the most difficult music by the best authors, and thus to comprehend the true spirit of the art. "You must think freely

and independently," he would always; "your genius must be restrained by guidance. When you are able to spell, you can learn to read by yourselves." In this manner Von Weber transposed Voglers opera Samori, for the piano, and also composed many variations. Meyerbeer wrote his cantata, "God and Nature;" also later in the same place, but independent of Vogler, the opera "Jephtha." Gänsbacher wrote organ pieces. By careful analysis of the most superior works, the pupils were led to discriminate; and by never attempting any great work of their own, they acquired skill in originating musical ideas, and secured the aid of Vogler in the great art of instrumentation.

After the conclusion of theatrical or concert-rehearsals, Vogler usually hastened into the castle to dinner; for he was a constant companion of his princely friend, at whose table the graces and muses always presided, and where keen wit was esteemed the best seasoning. Whenever Vogler appeared in state costume, he was an object of undisguised amusement. Short and thick, with head somewhat bent forward, his long hands, with long fingers, (which in their full extent, could reach two octaves) hung almost to the ground. In the character of an Abbé and Knight of the golden spur, his dress consisted of short black trowsers, terminated by stockings one red and the other white, black shoes, with a golden spur on the right foot. From the collar of his wide-skirted dress-coat fell the little mantle, upon which was affixed the sign of his order, and with which the wind often made wild sport. On a red band he wore the emblem of merit from the house of Hessen Darmstadt, and on the left side, a huge sword. While now the jovial master devoted himself, at the rich table of his friend, to the enjoyment of the repast and social conversation—to the spirit of Champagne and Hockheimer, the gifted scholars, at home, stormed the well-filled cellar—and destroyed the life of many a bottle, until one after another, as evening approached, looked around for a quiet little place in which to repose. When the master returned, late at night, he always noticed with alarm the death-like stillness of the house. He knew immediately that strange spirits had been at work—and in order only to preserve the reputation of the house, though inwardly smiling, he sometimes reproved in this manner, "You little children, what have you been doing here?" To which they humorously replied; "Papa would you pull your own?"—thus, in the language of an old adage, the staggerers triumphantly put the staggerer to bed.

The richest among the young men was Meyerbeer, the poorest Carl M. von Weber—but as all possessed one spirit, so they all carried but one purse; and, in after years, under all pressing circumstances, the noble Meyerbeer became a banker for his friends.

Each one was accustomed, after having completed his work to engage in some favorite pursuit. Meyerbeer, for instance sat often for the whole day, in some one of the various pleasure gardens and listened to the singing of birds. Von Weber delighted to spend an hour, frequently, at a famous inn, opposite the castle, especially because there, the country people from the Odenwald, Oberhessen or the Rhine found accommodation. For he loved the peasant life, and ever listened with pleasure to their simple ballads. There it was, from the lips of those peasant vocalists, that he procured some of the most beautiful melodies for the songs and later operas.

Vogler loved his pupils as children—they him as a father. He flattered none, but expressed to each an opinion of his peculiar ability. Thus, he foretold to the composer of "The Freischütz" and "Oberon," a splendid future—and he assured Meyerbeer, that he was possessed of remarkable talent which by untiring industry, would enable him to accomplish great things—and that he would become distinguished for the original construction of his music.

On the 6th of May 1814, Vogler died, from a sudden stroke of apoplexy. Two priests and a few friends followed his coffin ornamented with a golden Lyre and a laurel wreath to the grave, in the old church yard, near the chapel, where his princely friend caused a marble monument, with a suitable inscription to be erected to his memory. His pupils had been previously scattered in various parts of the world, but the fame of their increasing celebrity had reached the ears of the old master. One of them, before his journey to London, in Jan. 1826, visited the burial place of his revered instructor. Little did he then anticipate, that his own spirit, so consecrated to music, would ere five months should elapse be enjoying the harmonies of a higher sphere. Yet so it was, and his body soon lay mouldering in Moorfield's chapel London.

Gänsbacher lived as a valued organist in Vienna. Poissl conducted, for many years the opera at

Munich. Winter died in the same place having acquired an enviable reputation. Meyerbeer has celebrated his world's triumph in the world's metropolis according to the prediction of his prophetic teacher.

The Star Spangled Banner.

In 1814, when the British fleet was at the mouth of the Potomac River, and intended to attack Baltimore, Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner were sent in a vessel with a flag of truce to obtain the release of some prisoners the English had taken in their expedition against Washington. They did not succeed, and were told that they would be detained till after the attack had been made on Baltimore. Accordingly, they went in their own vessel, strongly guarded, with the British fleet as it sailed up the Patapsco; and when they came in sight of Fort M'Henry, a short distance below the city, they could see the American flag distinctly flying on the ramparts. As the day closed in, the bombardment of the fort commenced, and Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner remained on deck all night, watching with deep anxiety every shell that was fired. While the bombardment continued, it was sufficient proof that the fort had not been surrendered. It suddenly ceased sometime before day; but as they had no communication with any of the enemy's ships, they did not know whether the fort had surrendered or the attack upon it been abandoned. They paced the deck the rest of the night in painful suspense, watching with intense anxiety for the return of day, at length the light came, and they saw that "our flag was still there," and soon they were informed that the attack had failed. In the fervor of the moment, Mr. Key took an old letter from his pocket, and on its back wrote the most of this celebrated song, finishing it before he reached Baltimore. He showed it to his friend Judge Nicholson, who was so pleased with it that he placed it at once in the hands of the printer, and in an hour after it was all over the city, and hailed with enthusiasm, and took its place at once as a national song.

We add to the original words the new verse (the 5th), by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming;
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
Oh, say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
Where is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream:
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner; oh, long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution;
No refugee could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."

VERSE BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

When a land is illuminated by liberty's smile,
If a foe from within strikes a blow at her glory,
Down, down with the traitor that dares to defile
The flag of her stars and the page of her story!
By the millions unchained when our birthright was gained,
We will keep her bright blazon forever unstained!
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
While the land of the free is the home of the brave!

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, APRIL 22.—There has been no winter, in my recollection, when we have had so many really good concerts as during the past. I have again two to record. On Thursday the third concert of the Arion took place, with the following programme.

PART I.

1. Sinfonie in C—"Jupiter,".....Mozart
2. Thurmerlied, Double Chorus and Orchestra. (First time).....G. Rebling
3. Fantaisie for Piano, Chorus and Orchestra. Beethoven Solo Piano, W. Barth, member of the "Arion." Ladies Chorus of the N. Y. Sing Academy and "Arion." (First time.)
4. Choral Overture.....O. Nicolai Organ, Chorus and Orchestra. (First time).

PART II.

5. Overture—"Rienzi".....R. Wagner
6. The Church, Chorus without accompaniment...Becker
7. Drinking chorus—"La Juive".....Halévy
8. Racoczy March.....H. Berlioz

Several of these pieces were new to us, which made them all the more interesting. In the Fantasia of Beethoven, the choral part reminds the hearer strongly of the fourth movement of the Ninth Symphony; the airs are similar, the whole treatment of the one is very like the other, and the resemblance even holds good in the difficulty and *unsingableness* of the vocal part, which is extremely high and fatiguing. This is one of the reasons that the performance of this number was not as satisfactory as all the others. The piano, too, was in the hands of a gentleman who played well for an amateur, but could not give the artistic rendering which the composition needs to make it thoroughly appreciable.

Another interesting feature was Nicolai's Choral Overture, of which Mr. Dwight has spoken so ably in one of his several letters, that I need not touch upon it further. The choruses were admirable, and the orchestra did ample justice to the compositions which it was their part to reproduce.

I must turn to upon the all-absorbing, exciting topics of the day even here. The music of the drum and fife is understood by every one, and is at this time fast superseding all others. The spirit of the times was manifested at the Philharmonic on Saturday night, as it takes the first place everywhere else. Owing to the departure of many members of the Society and frequenters of the concerts with their several regiments, the audience was not quite as large as usual; but there were still quite enough persons present to represent the general enthusiasm. In the audience almost every one, lady or gentleman, wore the red, white and blue, in some shape, and the members of the Liederkränze were all decorated in a similar way. The concert was an uncommonly fine one, and had the merit of being just long enough. Mozart's G minor Symphony opened the programme—and was exceedingly well played. Then followed an aria by Mendelssohn, "Infelice," from Miss Brainerd. This lady, who has but rarely appeared before the public of late, and kept herself so quiet that some of her friends do not know where to find her, sang very well indeed, and looked all the better, in the eyes of the patriotic audience for wearing a

sash of the Union colors across her breast. When she had finished her aria, there was a call from various quarters for the "Star Spangled Banner," upon which Mr. Eisfeld came forward, and announced that the piece desired would be sung by Miss Brainerd and the Liederkrantz, with accompaniment of the orchestra, at the end of the programme, and that the audience were requested to join in the chorus.

Mr. Saar next played a solo on the piano. This was a transcription of his own, from Tannhäuser, a most effective piece, eminently characteristic of the whole opera. The Overture to Egmont, the martial elements of which made it quite appropriate, ended the first part. The second part consisted of Mendelssohn's Walpurgis-Nacht, very finely sung by the Liederkrantz. It made a much finer impression, with a large chorus, and full orchestra, than when it was sung some years ago by the same Society, then not as large as now, for a charitable purpose. The solos, however, with the exception of the tenor, Mr. Steinway, were hardly worthy of so fine a chorus. The music must be heard more than once or twice to be appreciated; it does not fall easily upon the ear, like most music of Mendelssohn's. The last two choruses, however, are uncommonly fine.

This finished, Miss Brainerd reappeared, sheets of paper with the words of the song were distributed among the audience, the American flag was suspended from the proscenium, and the orchestra played the introduction to the Star Spangled Banner. Unfortunately it was set very high for Miss Brainerd, which marred the effect of the solos; but the choruses were grand! Four or five verses were sung, and during the last the enthusiasm rose to the highest pitch. Flags and handkerchiefs were waved, cheer followed cheer, and there was a tumult such as the decorous, sober Philharmonic has never yet witnessed. It was soul-stirring and exciting to the last degree, yet underneath lay the mournful thought of how many of these brave large hearts would be stilled, how many others would bleed with anguish, before another winter would reassemble some of us within those walls! —t—

ST. LOUIS, APRIL 28, 1861. — This is the programme of our last Concert but one. The musical year ends in May.

1. Overture, "Don Juan".....Mozart
2. { a Chorus, "Lord! thou alone art God!" } Mendelssohn
3. { b Chorus, "To God on high" } Bartholdy
4. Cavatina, "Come per me sereno," "Sonnambula".....Bellini
5. Violin Solo, "Premiere Concerto".....De Bériot
6. Chorus, "Crucifixus".....Lotti
6. Overture, "Meeres-Stille und glückliche Fahrt".....Mendelssohn
7. Duo for two Pianos, "Variations brillantes et Rondo".....H. Herz
8. Andante from "Symphonie in C".....Beethoven
9. Duo from "Othello".....Rossini
10. Finale from "Lucrezia Borgia".....Donizetti

Next year our only music promises to be that of military bands. It may not come to the worst, and should we escape war, we may again have a "Philharmonic." This concert was in nothing behind the others, and as to care and effectiveness a good way ahead, in some things. The Overtures could hardly have been better, and the Andante was perfect. The orchestra proper was composed of only fifty-one performers, as the theatre orchestra has gone. The chorus number now over one hundred. The Cavatina was sung by Miss ANNIE DEAN. The violin solo was by Mr. KARST, CHARLES BALMER at the piano. These were executed in a style and with a finish that left little to be desired. The Duo for two pianos, by Mr. BODIE and Miss LIZZIE CUTTER, an effective arrangement of Dolce Conento, was received with great favor, and was indeed well played. It being a very warm evening and warmer political times being also on hand, there were only about 2,600 in the audience.

The finest block of marble buildings in the West has just been erected by Mr. DARBY, and in them the Society have secured new and elegant rooms, finished expressly for them and furnished with every

convenience. They are the best rooms I ever saw. Their first year will soon end. It has been a perfect success, being conducted by musicians, having talent, energy and money. As to the second year, we shall see what we shall see.

Prof. SABATZKY gave a grand amateur concert here for the benefit of the church of the Annunciation. It proved to be a success, and lightened their hearts while weighing down their purses. Every such concert develops more latent musical talent than I ever gave this city credit for. One young lady played a beautiful air on the harp, a thing not often done. I have commenced a series of articles on the "Churches and Church Music of St. Louis." We have some splendid organs, together with first-class organists and choirs, and I intend to make several readable articles out of and concerning them. More anon.

Blind "Tom," the celebrated negro boy pianist gives a grand concert here next week, and we shall see how he bears out the puffs we have so often read.

"BROWN."

Fine Arts.

Athenæum Gallery of Fine Arts.

This is the first time in our experience when anything in public affairs has made it seem of doubtful propriety to bestow especial attention upon topics belonging exclusively to the fine arts. In this day of threatening, undefined calamity—in this hour of peril to law and order, from accumulative treason and organized outrage—in this moment of mortal conflict between the positive principle that upholds liberty and equality by order self-imposed, by individual freedom and opportunity voluntarily limited for the general good, and which secures stability by organic subordination of the parts to the whole; and the negative principle which would displace them by tyranny of a class and slavery of the mass, it seems almost like treason to think of aught that does not directly concern our national danger. And yet it must be proper to take some thought about its possible consequences to the institutions of the State in its normal condition, thus rudely broken, among which art holds an important place and demands particular consideration as being more seriously menaced by the advancing misfortune whose front aspect proclaims the overthrow of the only existing government that maintains the inestimable blessings of law and equal rights, and the loosing in its place, fell anarchy! whose demoniac shape now hovers on the Southern horizon, with fiery eyes glaring upon us all through the lurid clouds of civil war.

We are to note, this is not an ordinary war. War has its different phases of evil and virulence; and its most malignant, hateful form appears when members of the same national family (all alike blessed with unprecedented prosperity) engage in mortal struggle—the one side, for mere defence of life, the other for desecration, destruction and spoil. The simple state of hostilities, when one nation is contending with another, by means of their regular armies, upon territorial or commercial pretences; or, as we may say, arguing questions of national privilege with their bayonet tongues and cannon mouths, does not necessarily, or even ordinarily preclude the continuance of peaceful occupations. This should be observed, although the actual presence of any war is always, certainly inimical to art—especially to its domiciliation. But even in such cases, still the labors of the artist are often the highly valued auxiliaries to the soldiers' harder duties;—as the deeds of destruction of the latter frequently afford the potent matter for the former's most successful creations. Works of art in music and poetry, if not also, in painting and sculpture, in their power of varied inspiration, are oftener than might be supposed, the prime cause of

the noblest deeds and aspects of arms in "glorious war." In true chivalric combat, the warrior's invincible mail is woven with the subtle threads of sentiment from the poem's web, and his heroism repays that service with themes for new warp and woof in the poet's lofty strain, which shall again sweep round to become the hero's strength and nobleness. But in a war like this now over the country, threatening return towards barbarism, and involving all classes in its dire scope, no citizens are more vitally interested in the speedy victory of the right than the artists. Revolution, aiming at anarchy, in its progress—imprisons art; in its triumph—annihilates it. Perhaps, in even this calamitous kind of strife, many or all the mechanic arts, with agriculture and local trade, may live and here and there, sometimes thrive amid the havoc of hostile armies; but the fine arts, with poetry, literature and pure science, sink or perish with sudden blight, touched by the bloody hands, or darkened by the sulphurous clouds of such a war. All the spiritual powers of order beauty, and goodness, are driven before the diabolical forces of sacrilegious riot. It is an unnatural convulsion, and its elements are chaotic. It rends the symmetrical fabric like an earthquake, and its work is ruin and horrible noise. It is unlike a disingenuous natural strife, of honest purpose, in its necessitous course, evolving power and beauty, and in its result establishing a new good for man; as the elemental tempest, in drenching the fields and ravaging the forests, purifies the air and increases the fertility of the earth. And as there may be music in the wildest war of wind and water, a tuneful note in the "rattling thunder;" so in the mere clash of arms, there is a melody in the cannon's roar, time and dreadful rhythm in the rallying drum-beat or the deadly "coughings of musketry;" but before the infernal howling of a mob, all the ministers of harmony, strong or weak, vanish from the disastrous land.

The passing evils of war, in respect to art, are as nothing to its possible consequences in the subversion of righteous government. Immaculate law of freedom, government, serene in power and permanence of right, with order of enlightenment producing unity, are only the first of the essential conditions to the existence of a true and prosperous art. Exchange of these for anarchy, not merely removes them (which with all other conditions, are blotted out) but it destroys the very life of art in its germ. An illiberal, even a tyrannical government, if stable for a period, is not incompatible with some show of grand art. Artists, in many instances, have achieved brilliantly, if not nobly, under despotic law, which seemed secure; but without law, and within the baleful folds of rebellion and revolution, they are lost and forgotten.

There is another view which it is expedient the artist should take at this juncture. In time of general war, art should not, nor can it be projected from its source in the mind and feeling to appear on external matter; but it ought to work within, and by its inspiration amalgamate art with man's personality to embody itself in his acts, which will then be heroic, poetic or pictorial. Nay, more, there is a moral beauty in self-sacrifice and noble deeds of men, on the perilous field, which developing in combined movements along the marshalled lines of battle flow into measured and sweet cadence, and the "still, sad music of humanity," living and tangible, rises and swells to a sublime strain with the watchword of civilization, liberty and law!

In contemplation of their own relationship to this crisis, they should not be unmindful of the fact, while all classes must be ready to make sacrifices for the common cause and eager to respond to the call of duty however dangerous, that not themselves alone must give up their cherished pursuits, their honorable culture, and their exalted hopes, perchance, at the moment when years of self-imposed discipline have

prepared for successful effort, and turn to devote themselves to the strange, abhorred task of self-defense against savage, unprovoked attack. * *

We must ask indulgence for having so far delayed the leading purpose of this article, which was to refer to the somewhat novel impressions we have derived in visiting the Athenæum Exhibition at this exciting and momentous period.

In other times, in the presence of collections of works of art, our thoughts and feelings were wholly impersonal, having reference only to external matters and abstractions. Now, we feel a social element perhaps, allied to the sentiment of friendship; as if their presence somehow isolated and protected us from the actual circumstances which surround us so distressfully without. The personifications, and embodied characters of art, seem to look out upon us from these silent scenes, with expressions of sympathy. And for that, they become more beautiful and dear to us. The quiet and the harmonious repose of the galleries, cast a grateful influence upon our over-excited minds, under which too active thought is soothed to the resting state favorable to the happy sway of emotion and imagination. And, as we have seen, in the real world, the fragrant morning dew impart purity and brilliance to the soft or rugged forms of nature, so do our moistened eyes shed upon the mimic scenery of art a more tender brightness and a more winning splendor, revealing, withal, many charms unseen before. The motionless faces of familiar portraits, beam upon us with unwonted beauty or strange tenderness of significant expression. Landscapes grow more alluring, their fields appear in softer verdure, their untroubled skies seem clearer with brighter gold and deeper sapphire, and the shadows of the clouded heavens wear a melancholy cast. And in the subjects of human import, the various tableaux seem to hint a strange meaning, showing sometimes an almost startling reference to events now passing and not complete.

Allusion has been made, above, to the unfortunate necessity which compels the artist from his settled vocation and all its attendant habits. But, of course, not every individual is likely to be included in the practical requisition, and not all of those who are, will experience the change to the full or an equal extent. Very many will still be privileged to ply their art in some way; and to all these the changed course of events will be portentous of change in the spirit and matter of art.

It has already been observed that the exigencies of the times were developing fine traits in mankind, not new, perhaps, but seldom shown in times of peace. In every direction, self-sacrifice, courage and other noblenesses, are constantly being manifested, which will afford matter for the artists' work, of far greater potency than exists in the subjects which have most engaged them during the last ten years. Life episodes, of thrilling interest, of melting pathos, and of grand import, will supersede the hacknied idealities of sentimental or romantic art, the commonplace materials and compositions of *genre*, or landscape, or the yet lower objects of still-life. And the pantheistic or materialistic method and tendency of the present schools, may rapidly give place to the higher and more vital influences of the new schools, which will reestablish the severed union of art and nature—the ideal and the real. And, haply, on the return of the armies, whose going forth gave the motive of the change, men shall behold on the painter's canvas and the sculptor's marble, renewal of the scenes and acts of life in which themselves were actors, or deeply interested witnesses.

MR. CARLYLE PETERSILEA, assisted by Mrs. J. H. LONG, gave a social musical Soirée at the rooms of Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co., on Wednesday Evening last, April 24. We regret that we were led to suppose that the concert would not take place as announced, and so did not attend. We learn, however, that it was well attended, and that Mr. P. won good opinions from his hearers.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 4, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

The Star Spangled Banner.

It would be difficult to say how many times we have heard this, the best of our national airs, within the last two weeks; at concerts, declaimed with fiery energy by accomplished singers, in the streets and in the public meetings by the sonorous tones of brass bands, often sung in spontaneous chorus by all who had heart to feel or a voice to sing, it has met us everywhere, and everywhere it is heard with a loyal enthusiasm and earnest excitement that prove that there is something in it, something that has, perhaps, been overlooked and not sufficiently appreciated. On another page will be found the words and an account of the circumstances under which they were written. In the days of peace that have gone by, this generation has perhaps thought these lines to be bombastic, and that they deal in forced and artificial figures of rhetoric, but none can read them now, with the commentary furnished by contemporaneous events upon the record of our earlier history, who will not find the glow of truth in every line, who will not see a terrible reality in what we had thought to be only far fetched and exaggerated figures of poetic speech, who will not feel in every word the ardent glow of a patriotic fire which burns as brightly now as it did in the breast of him who penned them long ago. And to-day, there are thousands who not long since may have inquired with a sneer if we have any national airs, whose voices will tremble with emotion as they join in the stirring strains and whose eyes will kindle with fire as they behold the stars and stripes flaming through the air wherever they may turn their gaze. Two weeks have proved the existence of an universal loyalty, without exception or reservation, to the sacred Flag and the Government whose emblem it is.

The song has great merits that have not generally been allowed to it heretofore. A competent critic says of it—

This song has one of the noblest melodies ever written. In breadth and grandeur of theme, in intensity of musical effect, in magnetic inspiration, it is almost unrivaled. It is far in advance of the French Marseilles Hymn, the British "God save the Queen," or the Austrian "God save the Emperor," and its only rival in the world is the Russian national hymn by Lvoff. But unfortunately, it has some defects which injure it for a popular melody.

In the first place, it is not American in origin.

In the next place, the melody has so wide a range from low to high that few voices can be found capable of singing it with effect.

And thirdly, the tune is not capable of an easy and convenient arrangement into parts, so that it can be sung, in chorus, by male voices alone; for it is, of course, by such that it must be given, as a general thing.

The English Anthem is much better in all these respects, though it lacks the fire and spirit of the Star Spangled Banner.

The flag is looked upon with a loyal veneration and enthusiasm that in our day, at least, it never knew before, and the song has taken a place in the hearts of this people that was never given to it before and from which it will be long before it can be displaced. With all its faults, it has taken that place, and the poet and the musician will be indeed immortal whose genius can give us a better.

Concerts.

That of the Handel and Haydn Society on Saturday evening, in aid of the Government was quite well attended, and we are told that the receipts amounted to nearly 400 dollars. Three concerts by Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels gave \$525, and a performance at the Howard Athenæum, on Saturday evening, yielded some \$300. A very substantial result for these patriotic efforts. The

Handel and Haydn Concert went off with much spirit, as may be well imagined from the programme, which was given in last week's Journal. The patriotic airs were brilliantly given, and applauded with the utmost enthusiasm. Some stirring Handel choruses were well sung, and the audience joined in the noble strains of *America* with the Society and orchestra.

The ORCHESTRAL UNION Concert on Wednesday was poorly attended. The more solemn music of the Dead March in the streets claimed the attention of all who had ears to hear. The next Concert, and last but one, will take place Wednesday Afternoon, May 8th.

Mrs. VARIAN has come here at an unfortunate time. Public attention is turned into other directions than to any form of art and has no curiosity for any new thing or person, so that the large and refined audience that assembled on Friday evening (of last week) was a most flattering evidence of the desire to hear her.

Mrs. Varian showed herself to be quite a remarkable singer, in extent and power of voice, certainly, and in the spirit and intelligence with which she sings. Chickering's room is too small, however, for her to appear to advantage, and the Music Hall would give a wider scope to her best points. Every song was much applauded and several were encored. At the end of the concert she sang with fire and effect, "The Star Spangled Banner," giving the new verse by Dr. Holmes, which the reader will find on another page. A scarf of the stars and stripes, and the Phrygian cap of Liberty on her head, made a graceful and appropriate costume and added to the effect. The song was prodigiously applauded and cheer upon cheer rang through the hall, at the close. Mr. SIMPSON gave great pleasure by his expressive style and his singularly sweet and sympathetic voice, such as no tenor among us possesses. Mr. HOFFMAN showed himself a skillful pianist, and was cordially applauded.

Music Abroad.

Pesth.

We would fain inscribe Joachim's name in letters of fire in the heaven of art, for all those who have sought only passing comets and meteors, where a vivifying sun sends forth its warm beams. Let us allow the most glorious phenomena of a single day with their satellites and attendant moons, to pass by; they never loved art, and were never penetrated with its sunny rays, for the light with which they shone played on the surface only, while all within is cold and dark. What is Hecuba to them? If, by means of the hollow Trojan horse of their vanity and desire to please, they can subdue the multitude, the Troy of art itself may afterwards be ruined, and the high queen perish for what they care. Among the very few apostles of music who preach the pure unsophisticated doctrine of the divinity, and whose soul is filled with faith and enthusiasm, we must reckon, without question—Joseph Joachim. Look at him yonder, with his quiet, unpretending demeanor, externally resembling a bronze statue, though he is inwardly a flaming volcano, which speaks electrically, through his finger-tips, to your heart! Not producing momentary heat, but permanent warmth; not dazzling but illuminating, not merely extensive, but much rather intensive—such is Joachim's play. That he is the greatest violinist of the day is a fact attested by all who by greatness, understand—greatness of soul. What coyness, incomparable purity and neatness, there is in his execution! It seems as though Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, whose quartets he plays in such an unrivaled manner, could all be heard at once, in his feeling and ravishing tones. In the most difficult passages, or in the simple sustained tone, it is the same—in every instance we find song; in every instance the deeply penetrating determination to produce music, and music alone; nowhere is there the slightest ostentation displayed in difficult and rapid passages, which the unprofessional hearer does not remark—nay, the existence of which he does not even suspect—and which sweep by us with the same placid repose as a fleet upon the wide ocean. Of all living violinists, Joachim is the most perfect representative of the classical style; nay, his whole being is classicity and sterling merit itself. With the greatest outward calm he executes the most elevating, feeling, and powerful productions that musical art can produce. Not only do the great composers live again in him, but also the old Italian violinists, such as Tartini, Pugnani, &c., telling us how in times gone by, they played and trilled before the devil himself, *Trille du Diable*.

Berlin.

The Singakademie gave, at their late concert, Rudolph Schachner's oratorio, *Israel's Return*, a work preceded by so favorable a report as to excite great expectations in musical circles. Emanuel Geibel has arranged the text from Moore's "Sacred Songs," with connecting passages from Holy Scripture. The oratorio describes in four cantos, named respectively "Captivity," "Deliverance," "Reconciliation," and "Promise;" Israel's fall into sin and subjugation, its release from the Babylonish captivity, the returning favor of God, and His call to his chosen people. The idea of the oratorio has, in the oldest times of church-music, found the most various interpretations; and in the freedom which the composer has permitted himself with regard to the old established rule of church-music, we cannot therefore see any authorized subversion of its principles, nor can we in any way represent the work as faulty in its own peculiar department. With regard to the strictness and form of the music, the composer as a rule adheres to the main conditions of the oratorio; he oversteps, however, in many respects, the customary uniformity of the biblical elegiac mode of composition, and gives to his work the general lyric form, which produces more warmth, and excites deeply the sensibilities of the hearer. In but one instance have we to criticize the composer for having overstepped the usual limits in this respect; it is in the quartet and chorus at the end of second part, "So when the dread clouds of anger." Here he has exceeded the general boundaries of sacred music, and has fallen into the operatic style. The general impression of the work is, however, that the composer has been perfectly equal to his difficult task, and that he has gained for himself a good name among the first composers of sacred music of the past and present. We think more highly of the work, as it moves in a certain freedom of invention, without in any way transgressing the main principles of its allotted sphere. A most imposing effect is produced by the choruses of male voices in unisons, with orchestral accompaniment, quasi-recitative, a style we meet sometimes in Glück's and Weber's works. In its lyrical element, the work is remarkably rich and exciting; it is likewise so in the language of sound, whether in expressing the deepest feelings, or in describing the situation. The effect of Herr Schachner's being perfect master of the most modern instrumental effects assists not a little in giving this work an advantage over many solid older compositions. Schachner's inventive genius and his thorough musical accomplishments are most fully seen in the chorus, No. 12, "Go forth to the mount," with the (as fugato treated) "Since the time." We hope soon again to have the pleasure of hearing this well-deserving work. As to its performance by the Akademie, we may say that it was performed in such a manner as to procure the best introduction to the composer's work. The solos, in the hands of Mad. Harriers Wippen, Fraulein Boer, Herren Geyer and Krause, left nothing to desire.—*Berliner Blatt*.

Vienna.

Joachim has taken leave of us, but, we trust, only to return very soon. This worthy man, as genuine and admirable in his private as in his professional character, must, on his side, have contracted friendly feelings for a city, which, like Vienna, has been so lavish in its marks of approbation. The recollection of Austria will, we feel sure, follow him like some warm spring breeze from the south, as far as the heaths of Lüneburg. May Joachim soon experience home-sickness. This is the only ill we wish him. His third concert, the last but one—in the Musik-Verein—began with Spohr's concerto in E minor, Op. 7, played with all the roundness and sweetness by which Spohr himself once enchanted his hearers, and, at the same time, with a grandeur of tone peculiar to Joachim. Beethoven's Violin Romance in G major followed as pendant to that in F, which was performed some days previously. A *Fantasia with full band* (Op. 131), by Schumann, was new to us. As Joachim possesses none of the vanity of a virtuoso, it was, we suppose, a feeling of tender respect that induced him to select this piece which is as difficult as it is unsatisfactory. Schumann wrote it in the decline of his faculties, and dedicated it to Joachim. It is a dark chasm, over which two great artists stretch out their hands to each other. Tortured, gloomy and obstinate, the *Fantasia* drags on its length in continuous figuration and with very little melodic substance. It is extremely seldom that the wearisome effect produced by it is broken by a clever instance of harmony or orchestration.

On taking leave of the Viennese public, Joachim followed up the more select *souées* in the rooms of the Musik-Verein, by a grand musical rout. Since the concerts of Jenny Lind, we never remember having seen the grand Redoutensaal so full, or the

Josephsplatz so besieged and barricaded by carriages. On the occasion, Beethoven's overture to *Coriolanus* merely served as a march to usher in the numerous late-comers, who wandered in long files to their places. The audience were not perfectly settled before the "Hungarian Concerto." This, which Joachim had performed at his second concert, was repeated by desire. In so doing, he rendered a service to the public, and to his own reputation as a composer. The "Hungarian Concerto" is one of those characteristic pieces which interest us at first time of hearing, and please at the second or third.

Like many others, we ourselves thought the work more expressive and sympathetic than we did at its first performance, which, by the way, was given in two confined a space. Grand and richly scored compositions, like fresco paintings, require distance in order to be properly appreciated. In the first movement there were many lengths—among them the cadence—the existence of which we can no more deny than the restless monotony of the finale, but the pathetic grandeur, which pervades the entire work, the marked character of the motives, and the clever manner in which they are worked out, not merely greatly excited our feelings, but, moreover, satisfied us, artistically speaking. The remaining pieces Joachim played were a fugue by Bach, and Mendelssohn's off-heard concerto in E minor. Joachim's great aim was the plastic and well-marked expression of sustained melody, and grandeur combined with unity of style. How perfectly the softest tenderness and the most transient brilliancy may be united with the above qualities was proved by his rendering of the adagio and of the final movement—the latter being taken in the most rapid time. The public seemed to find it a difficult task to part from him. It was not till he had been called on several times that he took leave of us—a conqueror and a friend.

England.

MSs. OF BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.—Can any reader of the *Musical World* give information where the original manuscripts of Beethoven's First Symphony (in C), second ditto (in D), and Sixth, the "Pastoral," are now preserved?

The score of the "Pastoral," was sold in Vienna some years ago to a "gentleman in Holland," according to the statement of one of the firm of Artaria & Co., the well-known publishers. Should the ms. be still preserved in that country, its possessor would confer a favor upon the public by publishing its title exactly, together with the date, if (as Beethoven was in the habit of doing) the composer has dated it himself.

Ries says of the ms. of the Second Symphony that Beethoven presented it to him, but that some, one borrowed and never returned it. As it is not likely to have been destroyed, any information relating to it would be of importance, especially the date of its composition.—A. W. T.—*Musical World*.

HERR FORMES.—This great German bass arrived in London yesterday. There is no longer any doubt about his engagement at the Royal Italian Opera. The probability expressed in the Covent Garden prospectus is changed to a certainty. Herr Formes will make his first appearance at the new theatre—his first at the Royal Italian Opera for five years—next week, or the week following, as Walter in *Guillaume Tell*.—*Mus. World*, Apr. 6.

FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CHOIRS.—The arrangements for the next festival of the three choirs of Worcester, Hereford and Gloucester (to be held at Hereford), are complete, so far as the engagement of the principals, band, and chorus, and the fixture of the programme is concerned. Mr. Townshend Smith, the conductor and talented organist of Hereford Cathedral, has succeeded in securing the services of the principal vocalists: Mlle. Titiens, Miss Louisa Pyne, and Mrs. Weiss, sopranos; Mad. Sainton-Dolby and Susan Pyne, contraltos; Mrs. Sims Reeves, Signor Guggini, and Mr. Montem Smith, tenors; and Mr. Weiss and Mr. Winn, bass. This is an unusually bright array of talent for Hereford, but the festival is to eclipse all that has gone before. The performance of sacred music will be as follows: First morning, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; second morning, *The Last Judgment* and part of *Samson*; third morning, "Spring" (Haydn), "Requiem" (Mozart), and Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*; fourth morning, Handel's *Messiah*. There will be morning prayers at the cathedral each morning, as at Worcester last year. At the evening concert Benedict's cantata *Undine* will be given, among the instrumental pieces will be Beethoven's pastoral symphony, and Mendelssohn's Italian symphony, with the overtures to *Euryanthe* (Weber), and *Anacreon* (Cherubini).

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

That handsome volunteer. *Emile Berger*. 25

A song for the times. It is very pretty and will doubtless become popular.

Memorare. Quartet and Chorus. *Lambillotte*. 50

A fine Offertory for Catholic Church service. Lambillotte's compositions for the church, on account of their flowing melody, simplicity of construction and the little difficulty they offer to organists and singers, have long enjoyed the greatest popularity among choirs of moderate ability, and need no recommendation.

The birds' awakening. Trio for female voices.

Concone. 30

Can be sung by single voices or by a chorus of fifty on a part. This and the other numbers, forming a set of similar pieces, under the title of "Les Harmonians," are adapted to operatic selections by Concone, author of the celebrated Singing exercises, and are highly popular in the female academies of France.

Sing for the night. Song & Chorus. *H. Pond*. 25

Simple and pleasing.

Moon behind the hill. (Guitar accompaniment.)

T. B. Bishop. 30

A well known song and a great favorite.

Instrumental Music.

The girl I left behind me. Quickstep. *Turner*. 25

This old air—none the less pretty for that—has received new significance in the present times. All the bands play it. This Quickstep is very prettily arranged, easy of execution and should be committed to memory by every patriotic young lady.

Merry midnight Polka. *Henry Farmer*. 25

A fresh, graceful little Polka, very good to dance by.

Miserere, from "Il Trovatore." Transc. *C. Voss*. 35

Notwithstanding the large number of arrangements of this air, which are now circulated, this piece will soon obtain precedence with advanced pianists. It is a perfect adaptation, bright and finished.

Young Recruit Grand March. *Brinley Richards*. 35

A lively march with Kucken's spirited air for its principal theme.

Books.

MODERN SCHOOL FOR THE DRUM, containing Full Instructions and a Choice collection of Music for the Fife and Drum, including all the Signals and Calls used in Military Service. By O. W. Keach and B. A. Burditt. 50

This work is offered to the public as a thorough and concise method of learning the art of Drumming. Hitherto, books intended to give instruction in Drum beating, have been almost useless, owing to the unintelligible manner or system of instruction. In the "Modern School," the System of Professor Keach, (recommended by Edward Kendall, who excels as a Drummer as well a Bugler), is adopted as being the best, imparting to the pupil, who faithfully adheres to the rules and practice, all that is needful to make a good Drummer.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

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Sketches of French Musical History.

XV.

COMIC OPERA.

1830—1860.

HEROLD, ADAM, AUBER, HALEVY.

The desire of giving some analysis of the finest works of the French school forces us to pass in silence the names of composers of the second rank; and yet, although our attention must necessarily be given to the best composers, there appear, from time to time, works, which though of inferior excellence, cannot well be omitted from the library of a man of cultivated musical taste; such works are included in our list of select comic operas, given as an appendix to the present work. We confine ourselves here to compositions of superior merit.

Herold, son of a pianoforte teacher, originally from Germany, was born at Paris, Jan. 28, 1791. Notwithstanding his natural disposition to music, his father did not destine him to that difficult and ungrateful career. He was placed at the age of ten years in the school of M. Hix, rue de Matignon, and there the precocious child distinguished himself in those solid studies, which are so useful, however much one may be gifted by nature, to enable a man the better to comprehend and impart to others the ideas to which he may devote himself. Herold learned art as an amusement, but the premature death of his father led him to adopt it as his vocation. In October, 1806, he entered Louis Adam's pianoforte class in the conservatory, and obtained the first prize at the examination in July, 1810. He studied harmony under Catel and composition under Mehul with such success that after one year and a half of study he was able to obtain the first prize of the Institute, in August, 1812. His composition on this occasion, *Mademoiselle de La Valliere*, exhibits proofs of a remarkable genius for music. In November of the same year, Herold journeyed to Rome, where he spent the three happiest years of his life. He then went on to Naples. Here its beautiful sky, pure air, and the enthusiasm of the people developed in him an irresistible desire of production. This found vent in a two-act opera, which was brought upon the stage entitled *la Gioventù di Enrico Quinto*, and which was quite to the taste of the Neapolitan public.

Upon his return to Paris, toward the end of 1815, Herold found in Boieldieu, who had discerned his genius, a generous protector. That master gave him a part of an occasional piece *Charles de France*, to compose, and, under this high patronage, in 1816 he made his first essay upon the Parisians; his share of the music was so successful, that the text of the *Rosieres* was immediately confided to him. We feel in the three acts of this work the inexperience of the young man, but still certain strokes of fancy are strikingly beyond the general average of the music of that day. *La Clochette* followed. In the score of this work there is far more dramatic force and

passion than in its predecessor; there was immense progress also in his instinct for scenic effects, but the novelty of his instrumentation was not at once comprehended. During the next eighteen months Herold wrote fantasias for the pianoforte, and other works of the kind; tired at length of waiting for a good text, which is not always at hand, he at last wrote the music for the *Premier Venu*, a cold though intellectual comedy in three acts, which Vial had received from the theatre Louvais. In spite of an excellent trio by three men, feigning sleep, the opera obtained no success. Abandoning the text writers, Herold adapted new music to the old opera of the *Troqueurs*; but that superannuated form was not to the taste of an audience of 1819. A fatality seemed to pursue the great composer. A piece entitled *L'Amour platonique* reached its general rehearsal; but then it was found to be so feeble that its author withdrew it, and it was never performed in public. In 1820 Planard gave Herold *L'Auteur mort et vivant*. This comedy was not adapted to music and its success did not equal the hopes of the composer. Discouraged Herold gave up dramatic writing for three years, composing music for the pianoforte and filling the duties of accompanist to the Italian opera. But the desire to write for the stage began again to torment him. *Le Muletier*, brought out in 1823, established itself after a struggle in the list of acting works, and was followed by *Lasthénie* and *Vendôme en Espagne*, which forced a just recognition of the author's talents. *Le Roi René* and *le Lapin blanc* failed; for Herold had allowed himself to fall into an imitation of Rossini. But *Marie*, an opera given in 1826, marks his return to his own style. Almost all the several pieces of this work gained a deserved popularity. He had now become the director of the vocal music at the opera, and wrote ten ballets and the fine overture of *Missolonghi*, executed with success at the Odeon. *L'Illusion*, a piece full of charms gained Herold the decoration of the Legion of Honor. *Emmeline*, brought out in 1830, was unsuccessful. The next year *Zampa* came and placed the author in the first rank of the French school. We find in this work an abundance of themes, dramatic force, and a genius for instrumentation and accompaniment, which have not yet been surpassed. The subject is one peculiarly fitted for opera by the amplitude of its forms, and the richness of its concerted pieces.

Meantime the health of Herold began to fail. After *la Medecine sans Medecin*, a little piece in which one feels the touches of genius, *le Pré aux Clercs* was brought out just before the death of the French Rossini. The man of genius had no time in which to enjoy his triumph. He died of consumption, Jan. 18, 1833, at Thernes, near Paris, and was buried in the cemetery of *Pere Lachaise*, not far from his master Mehul. He left one unfinished score, *Ludovic*, which was completed by Halevy and given successfully in 1834.

Adolphé Adam was born in Paris, July 24, 1803. His school education was begun at the establishment of M. Hix, where he was a fellow-pupil of Herold, and concluded at the College Bourbon, his family intending him for either the law or medicine. But the bent of his nature was towards dramatic music. His earnest importunity at length obtained for him a teacher of musical composition, M. Widerker. In 1817, he entered the conservatory, studying the organ with Benoit harmony and counterpoint with Reicha. Boieldieu afterward instructed him in free composition. To this excellent course of instruction he owes the freedom of his melody, the clearness of his accompaniment, and that brilliant and lucid orchestration, which always serves as a relief to the voice, but never smothers it. His father who knew the difficulties of a musical career, still opposed him, but Adam persevered, became an organist, then entered the orchestra of the Gymnase as triangle player, was soon advanced to the kettledrums, and then became chorus leader at the same theatre. During this period he composed a great number of graceful airs for the Vaudevilles, most of which became popular. Everybody remembers *la Bateliere*, *Hussard de Felsheim*, *Mal du Pays* and other pieces famous at that time. Having obtained the second prize of the Institute in 1825, Adam, now 22 years of age, made a journey to Holland, Germany and Switzerland, where he had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Scribe. The celebrated author proposed to the young man to compose the airs of one of his vaudevilles destined for the Gymnase. Adam accepted the proposition with joy, obtained a great success, and refused the money sent him by Scribe, with the remark that he was fully paid by the honor of having been joined with him in a work. This disinterestedness gained him in process of time, the excellent text, the *Chalet*, which made and fixed his reputation throughout Europe.

Adam's first appearance as composer at the Theatre Feydeau, was in February, 1829, in a piece by Saint-Georges, entitled, *Pierre et Catherine*. He then composed *Danilowa*, *Josephine*, *le Morceau d'Ensemble* and *le Grand Prix*, after which he went to London and brought out an opera and ballet. But the fogs of the Thames were not to the mind of Adolphe Adam.

Le Proscrit and *Une bonne fortune* announced his return to the Opera Comique; and on Sept. 25, 1834, he brought out *le Chalet*. This is in every respect a success, a masterpiece; it is the type of a complete whole, which has not been equaled since. We shall not undertake to give a complete list of Adam's operas; but will cite such as obtained the most decided success. They are *la Marquise*, *le Postillon du Lonjumeau*, *le Fidele Berger*, *le Brasseur de Preston*, *la Reine d'un jour*, *le Roi d'Yvetot*, *le Toreador*, *Giralda*, *le Farfadet*, *la Poupée de Nuremberg*, *Si j'étais Roi*, *le Bijou perdu*, *le Sourd*, and finally, *les Pantins de Violette*, which latter was brought out anonymously at the Bouffes Parisiennes. He also finished

Lambert Simnel, which the unfortunate Monpou author of the *Deux Reines* and *Piquillo*, had left incomplete. Nor must we forget a long list of ballets for the Grand Opera, of which should be mentioned *la Fille du Danube*, *Giselle*, *la Jolie fille du Gand*, *le Diable a quatre*, *Orfa*, and *le Corsaire*. In 1846, Adam founded the Theatre Lyrique, and thus opened a new sphere for young composers. He also revived the *Aline* and *Felix* of Monsigny and many other old works forgotten by the present generation. He was Berton's successor in the Institute. Among his pupils are Saint-Julien, Poise, Cohen, &c. He wrote many pieces of church music full of sentiment, and handled the critic's pen in the Constitutionnel and in l'Assemblée nationale with a spirit, erudition and impartiality very remarkable. Struck down suddenly in the midst of all these labors, Adolphe Adam died May 3, 1856, regretted by his family, his friends and the Parisian public, which knew and loved the inextinguishable fire of his eminently French style.

Although Auber, born at Caen in Normandy, Jan. 29, 1784, was nineteen years older than Adolphe Adam, we have spoken of the latter before the present head of the French school, because piteous death so prematurely put an end to the career of one of our most fruitful and graceful composers. We now come to the most illustrious of our contemporaries. Auber, the son of a picture dealer, and pupil of Ladurner upon the pianoforte, was sent while still quite young to London, to enter upon a mercantile career. Returning to France, he wrote as an amateur, romances, a trio for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, concertos for the latter instrument for Lamare and one for the violin, which was played by Maras at the conservatory. *Julie*, a comic opera with quintette accompaniment, had a success in a private theatre, and a second work with orchestra composed for the theatre of Prince de Chimay presaged the future glory of its author. He studied composition with Cherubini and wrote at that time a mass for four voices from which was taken long afterwards the noble prayer in *Masaniello*. Reverses of fortune led him to devote himself to art, when to use his own simple expression, he had the happiness to become acquainted with Scribe. For a dramatic composer it is a necessary condition that he find in the writers of his texts, that analogy of ideas and sentiments, which may give to their works the unity without which is no durable success. In 1813 Auber brought out his first work for the stage of the Theatre Feydeau, a piece by Bouilly entitled *le Sejour militaire*. Six years after, *le Testament ou les Billets doux* was unable to sustain itself upon the boards of the Opera Comique; but *la Bergere Chatelaine*, *Emma*, *Léicester* and above all *la Niece* (1823) made the talents of the young master most favorably known. *Le Concert a la Cour* and *le Maçon*, masterpieces of sentiment, spirit and taste obtained for this author in May, 1825, the well merited cross of the Legion of Honor. *Fiorella* followed and then the year 1828 saw the birth of two more masterpieces totally opposed in style, but of the first order; *La Fiancee*, a comic opera as graceful as it is excellent and *La Muette* (*Massaniello*), which had the glory of preceding *Guillaume Tell* and *Robert le Diable*, and still maintains itself side by side with those immortal works.

Fra Diavolo, an opera in three acts, intro-

duced its author to the Institute in April, 1829. With *le Philtre*, *le Serment* and *Gustave* followed, and *Lestocq* and *le Cheval de bronze* gained new successes at the Opera Comique. In 1836, *Acteon*, a delicious piece, introduced the celebrated songstress, Madame Damoreau, to the public. She triumphed anew in *l'Ambassadrice* and *le Domino Noir*. *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, *la Part du Diable* and *la Sirene* (1844) are the last works in what may be called Auber's second style. Delicacy, subtlety and an intellectual art take in them the place of the sentiment and breadth of expression, which are so preëminent in *Le Maçon*, *La Muette* and *Fra Diavolo*, the masterpieces of his first manner.

Haydée, to our apprehension, marks the third and last manner of the author. In it the comic opera is ennobled and almost touches the line of the grand opera. *Marco Spada* (1852) gave Battaille the opportunity of winning laurels, and *Jenny Bell* and *Manon Lescaut* have since given Mlle. Duprez and Madame Cabel scenes in which to bring out in high relief their peculiar excellences and exhibit their admirable talents. *Marco Spada* and *Le Cheval de Bronze* have had ballets added to them and have been transferred to the stage of the grand opera; they still delight the ears of the public with the immortal freshness of their melodies.

Auber's style never grows old. His vocal music is always fine; his harmony is irreproachable for its skill and purity; his instrumentation is clear, elegant, and sonorous; it is still a model of style for the French comic opera. His overtures are generally excellent. The auditor feels that his style is formed in the school of Mozart, Haydn and Rossini. It is neat, precise, firm, always original, never extravagant. His music is always recognizable from all other. He possesses individual character, and this is the stamp of genius with which the deity seals his elect. Auber has also written religious music in the purest taste. At present he is the chapel master of Louis Napoleon and director of the Conservatory.

We have already spoken of our illustrious master, Fromental Halévy. He was the son of Israelitish parents, and was born at Paris, May 27, 1799. The "French Meyerbeer" was admitted into the conservatory and joined the *sol-feggi* class of Cazot, Jan. 30, 1809. He studied pianoforte with Charles Lambert, harmony with Berton, counterpoint, fugue and composition with Cherubini. He was allowed to contest the prizes of the Institute in 1816, and three years later bore off the highest with a cantata entitled *Herminie*. After two years in Italy, Halévy made his first theatrical attempt at the Theatre Feydeau, in 1827, with *l'Artisan*, a comic opera in one act, text by Saint Georges.

This essay was followed by *le Roi et le Batelier* written in conjunction with Rifaut; then by the *Dilletante d'Avignon*, which gave the young artist a favorable reputation. *La langue Musicale* came next, text by Saintine; in 1833 he gave at the Opera Comique *Les Souvenirs de Lafleur*, text by Martin, and then produced the *Ludovic* of Herold, the score of which he had completed. He was appointed professor of *sol-feggi* at the conservatory in 1815, and succeeded, in turn, Daussoigne as professor of harmony, and Fétis as professor of high composition. In 1835 *La Juive* and *L'Eclair*, two works, totally diverse in form, opened the doors of the Institute to Halévy.

He was elected as Reicha's successor in July, 1836. In *L'Eclair* universal applause was bestowed upon the duet of the two sisters, in which the characters of the coquette and of the sentimental girl are so happily contrasted; the air of the sailor, where the vicissitudes of his calling are so finely brought out; the delicious duet of love, "Ah! si tu voulais finir ma peine"; and the sweet melody "Quand de la nuit l'épais nuage." Elevation of idea here is combined with delicacy of sentiment.

Le Guittarrero gave the tenor, Roger, opportunity to display his remarkable talents, which afterward shone with such lustre in *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, a delicious work brought out in 1846. *Le val d'Andorre* was a new success for its author; Battaille, who created the part of the old goatherd, made of that eminently picturesque character a striking type of truth and nature.

La Fée aux roses and *La dame de pique* brought out all the light and easy vocalization of Mlle. Lefebvre and the great talents of Madame Ugalde. Then came *Le Nabab* in which Couderc played so finely, in which Bussine and Madame Miolan sung with such perfection: this was followed at the Theatre Lyrique by *Jaguarita l'Indienne* for Madame Cabel, and at the Opera Comique by *Valentine d'Aubigny*, in which Mlle. Duprez played the principal part with her usual distinction. At the opera was brought out the *Juif Errant* and *La Magicienne*.

M. Halevy is the only composer who has had equal success both at the Grand and the Opera Comique, a double glory too rare not to deserve particular notice.

Moreover, the illustrious professor has produced a school already numerous and distinguished. Among his more known pupils, we may name Boulanger, Gounod, Bazin, Victor Masse, Deldevez, Danola, Hignard, Delieux, Mathias, Semet, &c. We close this notice with the remark that Halevy is a man of high education, and is a fine writer, as his notices of David d'Angers, Paul Delaroche and Adolphe Adam prove.

The duties of perpetual secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts could not be confided to a man more capable.

Musical Education and Instruction.

By Dr. MARX, of Berlin.*

THE RIGHT OBJECT AND THE RIGHT MEANS.

What is really the proper object of all musical education and employment?

Joy in the Art—we declare as the first object. A joyless occupation in it—and how frequently do we meet it! how common is the observation, unfortunately, that in the learning and practising of music, the original delight is quickly extinguished, never to be felt again in its pristine vigor and productiveness—is fatal to the artistic sense, and is, indeed, more injurious than total disoccupation, since it not only misapplies the time which might have been otherwise profitably employed, but also destroys our capacity of receiving satisfaction from art.

But the joy must be really artistic—not foreign; and still less must it be opposed to art. We would hereby deprecate the *tickling vanity* which loves to make a display of extraordinary technical facility, and plumes itself on difficulties overcome. Nothing is more foreign nor further than this littleness from true art, whose high calling it is to raise us from the narrow limits of per-

* Reprinted from Novello's Library for the diffusion of Musical Knowledge. Vol. II. Dr. Marx's *General Musical Instruction*; translated by George Macrone.

sonal feelings, into the region in common, of universal joy, love, and inspiration; nothing is more inimical and destructive to the true sense and enjoyment of art, than this poisonous mildew, which overlays artistic activity and its productions. Nothing more surely draws the mind from the purifying atmosphere of art, into the petty, narrow strivings and contentions of self-seeking vanity; than this eager ostentation of personal skill; and, in fine, nothing manifests more clearly to an intelligent mind, the wide gulf which separates vain from true art, than this exchange of its outward means, for its inward soul and object. How general, however, is this striving in our parties and concerts! How rarely is the joy of the listeners the object of our concert players and amateurs! How much nearer have they not at heart, to astonish the less proficient, and to startle the unartistic crowd with newly invented contrivances, with a technical composition of a Chopin, or a study of a Thalberg, or whatever the latest finger-artist may be called. And how often is it not the teachers who urge their pupils to this pernicious competition, simply in order to obtain more scholars! The lowest, most unreflecting, merely corporeal pleasure of music, the most superficial enjoyment of a skipping dance, is more artistic, more productive and nobler, than this monstrosity, which is so widely diffused amongst us. The feeling performance of the most trivial song or the most simple waltz, is a stronger proof of the ability of the scholar and of the teacher, than those precocious and forced, though in reality cheap productions of vanity.

The corporeal pleasure caused by art, awakens by itself a spiritual participation; and this *spiritual participation in art*, we regard as the highest object to which our employment therein is to be directed. If we do not close our heart and sensibilities, by caprice and ill-directed exertion,—if we do not ourselves destroy our feelings, and the natural operation of our minds, emotion will spring of itself from the corporeal apprehension of the artistic work; a more elevated life will flow through our nerves, and joy through our mind, such as the pure enjoyment of art alone can produce: the assurance of community, of well-being, will loosen the hard crust of egotism from our hearts, and bind us the more closely in sympathy and affection with the friends who participate in our pleasures. The heart opens itself willingly to new sensations and an altered state of mind occasioned by works of art, and receives them devotedly, pure, and free from all dross and sharp asperities of real personality; it is a communion of one soul with others, full of the internal feelings of humanity, and yet exempt from all oppressive materiality, or other disturbing objects. And thus this shadowy being, invoked by the musician's art, waves its life of high significance before us; we live in it, in pleasure or pain, as the spirit of the artist wills; with him, faultless and untouched, our personality becomes involved in a manifold spiritual existence, and we experience in ourselves the countless riches of this spiritual life, together with our narrowly-limited corporeal reality. Herein we behold long-departed beings and circumstances—those pure forms which *Gluck* evoked from Greece and the enchanted East: the patriarchal simplicity and dignity of that people, out of whose darkness the light of the world was to come, in *Handel's* songs: the mad confusion of the Pharisees and their party, before the holiness of the new covenant, in *Bach's* immortal works. All these pass before us; ages long in oblivion, seem sensibly present.

Whatever can move the human heart in innocence, joy, delicacy, and childish humor, the most lovely play of the imagination, and the most mysterious sensations of our spiritual essence,—all that *Haydn*, *Mozart* and *Beethoven* could feel or imagine, is laid open to us, and becomes our own.

The real indwelling in art, and sincere devotion to it, are essential conditions in artistic education; without them we cannot participate in its inestimable gifts; they are absolutely indispensable.

It is not the possession of great artists, nor of great works of art, which insures to a nation or

to its gifted individuals, a genuine artistic education, and thereby the full enjoyment of the art. If such were the case, no nation could be more assured than ours of the highest musical education; since, during the last century, at least, our musicians have produced the most lofty and most pregnant ideas that have ever been embodied in sound. We have, on the other hand, experienced within a single century, after three noble exaltations, in the day of *Bach* and *Handel*, of *Gluck*—*Haydn* and *Mozart*,—and of *Beethoven*; also three several depressions from our upward flight; nay, if we will believe the loudest and most numerous voices of the day, it would seem that in many minds even the remembrance were lost of what in former days were universally acknowledged to be our brightest landmarks to excellence.

Playing and hearing only, cannot be relied on as a sufficient means of education, although they must be the foundation and companions of musical cultivation; for we hear bad music as well as good; and we know that the weak and the spurious produces its effect (often quicker and to a greater extent) as well as the elevated and genuine. We must herein the more readily acknowledge the power of sound, that even in its perverted employment it still exerts a vast influence over the mind and senses,—apart, moreover, from the effect of secondary objects, of prejudice, and of fashion. Indeed, it is not to be denied, that the corporeal effect of sound acting in large masses, in conjunction with considerable talent, magnified, perhaps, by partiality into great superiority, in the performers, is capable of producing from very moderate or indifferent works an effect which may surprise artists of judgment; but the cause of that effect is not in the composition—it is the attributes of the large body or volume of sound, and of the influential partiality for the performers. Hence we may perceive how small the claims may be of many a vaunted work of art, whose pretensions have been estimated by its immediate consequences. Those persons, however, are acting very injudiciously, who desirous of no further struggle, seem contented and satisfied with the good that exists. It will indeed endure, without further exertion. It will be conveyed from artist to artist, and the magnificent structure of art will be completed, so far as may be permitted to humanity. But the communication the participation of artistic, and therewith civilized elevation to our contemporaries, cannot be allowed to remain stationary. The history of the world is reckoned by centuries, and at wide intervals. The moments of improvement progress like stars in the heavens, and with them as they roll; but the limited space of human life cannot dispense with its portion of their beneficent illumination.

In fine, the mere external, technical, mechanical, formal education, does not reach to the deep spring, where the life-stream of art is generated and preserved. It is but too often observable, unfortunately, how empty and unproductive this false external cultivation leaves the mind; how, in its pursuit, year after year, full of the noblest germs of life, and capable of the highest joys of art, are allowed to fade and wither away. It has been remarked but too frequently, that these disciples of technicality, these virtuosi, these amateur dilettanti, these thorough bass cognoscenti, and æsthetical critics, have the most unsatisfactory conceptions of art, that they have little sympathy with it, and are utter strangers to its nature and operation.

True artistic education, like true art, is not concerned merely with the technicalities, which make only a handicraftsman, nor with mere outward consideration, which, instead of living art, produce nothing but dead abstractions. It is governed by the essential nature of its duties, and assumes for its object the bringing into life and action the highest and fullest conception of art in each individual, and in the greatest number of individuals in the whole nation. In the pupil, it searches for the germ of artistic susceptibility and capacity. This spark it cherishes and frees from obstructions, and nourishes and strengthens into the power of life. It then contemplates the regions of art, and examines what

has hitherto been produced. Of all this, and of that which is most worthy, it endeavors to convey as much as possible to the scholar, according to the power of each individual. This education does not move the hand and fill the ear alone, but penetrates by the senses into the soul; through the deeply moved sensibilities it awakens the inward consciousness. And now the waves of sound may surge and roll—what the inward consciousness has apprehended, that which has become a sentiment and property of the mind, can be safely preserved and extended.

This, in brief, is the object of true artistic education,—to elevate the capabilities, mental and corporeal, to the highest point. This is the indispensable process, without which, high attainment in art is not possible. This is more or less the enlightened struggle of all who either wholly or in part devote their life and powers to artistic employment; this, whether it be acknowledged or not, it is the absolutely undeniable and indispensable obligation of all teachers to produce.

Shall it be considered an empty dream to desire for our country, so deeply gifted in the art of sound, a general popular education in music, in that high and only true sense? Does not this want and right proclaim itself from the deep in-born feelings of the people, from the overflowing abundance of their conceptions, from our countless artists, from our display of the richest productions of art in advance of nations? Shall our festivals be never more joyous with our national songs, which are more abundant, more varied, more melodious, and more deeply touching than those of any people on earth? Shall the evangelical church be perpetually deprived of her own appropriate music, which centuries ago was created for her? Shall the Catholic church, in whose sacred service music assumes so important a function, suffer in our country so deep a degradation as it has endured in Italy, where movements from *Rossini's* and *Bellini's* operas, and *Auber's* overtures, disgrace the most holy moments of the service? Or in Spain, where in recent times, church music is dumb, even to the psalmody of the priesthood? We fear it not, and those who with us have a higher trust, will labor incessantly with all their strength, and on all occasions, to attain the highest object. We, a laborious people, strong in body and mind, must strive for a higher elevation than tender nature has conferred on her southern children to amuse their happy hours.

In so important a matter, however, the word or deed of individuals can do but little. The State only can produce the accomplishment of our aspirations. From this source much must be expected, if to good will, the power of finding fit agents,—not handicraftsmen who would propagate their own peculiarities, but men who would add the spirit of art to its form, mind to technicality; in short, men who have made true art the object of their lives.

We must at the same time, acknowledge that the condition and progress of art are entirely dependent upon the state of the political and moral relations and movements of the people. This has been already observed by many in the direction of art during the last ten years. But the history of art proves that her destiny in this regard has been governed by the highest wisdom and goodness. Let, therefore, each individual in joyful confidence do all he ought, and may, and earn; and tranquilly await the result of doing his duty.

(To be continued.)

Joachim as a Composer.

It is in vain we listen for the most distant approach to a false note; it is in vain we wait for the slightest trick, such as those now practised by modern virtuosos, who, by false sentimentality, by distorting the notes, or by inordinately raising or lowering them, parody the feelings; it is in vain we seek to read on his features how difficult this or that passage is; it is not thus that he announces what he is going to play; he expresses in eloquent, true and warm words. It is not, however, only as an instrumentalist that he occupies the highest position; he does so also as a composer, as he has proved by his "Concerto in Ungarischer Weise." Thus artistically, and, above all,

nobly connected, Hungarian music has a truly great future in store for it. Joachim has taught us how great and elevating a work of art may be created out of the pregnant materials of Hungarian music, rendered on the violin. This is the means by which the type of Hungarian national music will ripen into artistically historical and universal significance; and we have a double reason for being delighted that Hungary possesses in its patriotic countryman a great instrumental artist, who bears the spirit of Hungarian music upon eagle's pinions through the wide world.

The concerto consists of three parts: "Allegro maestoso," "Romance," and "Finale à la Zingara." We might fancy we were enjoying the effect produced by a Symphony of Schumann's, in so correct and searching a mode has Joachim treated his Hungarian theme. The solo violin is the Speaker of the House, who descends from his official chair to commence with the other members—the orchestral parts, the debate, the members often obtaining, with their objections, the best of the argument. But the logic of reason, respect for the laws, and perseverance achieve a victory. The sparklingly free fancy of the first movement is succeeded by a wonderfully beautiful romance, while in the last movement the ennobled shades of Lavata, Csermák, Bihari, and Rózsavölgy flit up and down, in inspiring staccatos and runs, before us. The difficulties to be overcome in playing the concerto can be appreciated only by violinists. The success achieved by its performance was truly something extraordinary; we trust it may induce the "composer," Joachim, to continue his labors in the branch of his art, to the glory of his fatherland and of Hungarian music. Bach's *Chaconne* and Tartini's *Teufelssonate* were the other pieces selected by the concert-giver. Did we not fear having already afforded the artist's extraordinary modesty grounds for recrimination by the above true, though weak expression of our feelings, we would speak only in dithyrambic verse; but we forbear, and on this occasion will praise the audience, who knew how to honor not only patriotic sentiments but art in the artist—art which, it is true, by the way, streamed forth with most overwhelming power. Bach's *Chaconne*, notwithstanding the fact that Schumann and Mendelssohn wrote pianoforte accompaniments for it, is certainly more characteristic without any accompaniment at all, as it originally stood, and as Joachim played it. The combination of the conflicting parts, the strong and truly antique conception, and the sublime earnestness of the old master, can be grasped only after such an interpretation of them. Who can have played this difficult piece in Bach's lifetime, we wonder? We fancy that the *Chaconne* could, in those days, have been performed as a trio or quartet at the utmost. A no less sterling composition is Tartini's *Trille du Diable*. The inspiration and poetry exhibited in the execution of the first andante movement, which is so unaffectedly simple, weigh down a whole legion of virtuoso tricks. The last movement with the double trill which the devil played to Tartini in the latter's dream, and whence the sonata afterwards sprang, enjoyed, in truth, a demoniacal success. The audience, even when the piece had been repeated, would hardly leave the rooms. But who likes to part with such an artist, who keeps in his magic bow a host of spirits, all obeying the soul of their master, Mlle. Mértz kindly assisted the concert-giver by singing several songs.—*Pesth Lloyd Zeitung*.

Mason & Hamlin's Melodeons and Harmoniums.

The manufacturing of these instruments in Boston has become a branch of industry of much importance, calling into requisition no small amount of capital and giving employment to numerous operatives. We presume that everybody knows that they are extensively used in churches and public halls in place of the more expensive and cumbersome organ; in fact, nearly all our village churches now use the Organ Harmonium, an instrument not much larger than a pianoforte, but which gives the full swell and volume of sound of an organ itself. (?)

The principal manufacturers of these instruments, Messrs. Mason & Hamlin, of Boston, have just completed an entirely new and extensive manufactory on the site of their old one which was destroyed by fire, and in so doing have shown that degree of Yankee energy for which Massachusetts men are so celebrated. Their old works were burned down the 14th of last January, on the 10th of April following, less than three months after, a large five story building was completed on the same spot, corner of Cambridge and Charles streets, complete in all its departments, with machinery of the most approved description. The new machinery and improvements in this factory, give it a decided advantage over any other of the kind in the country.

The whole building throughout is heated by steam, supplied by a splendid 20 horse-power steam-engine, made by the Corliss Steam Engine Co., of Providence, which also drives all the machinery of the factory; the boiler is situated in a building entirely separate from the main building, the shavings and fuel kept in a fire-proof brick vault, and other precautions taken to render the premises secure against accident by fire.

The lower or basement floors contain large drying rooms, where the stock used in the manufacture of instruments is subjected to a thorough heating and drying process; a portion of the first story is used for the wareroom and offices, while the other half is occupied by numerous planing machines, circular saws, jig saws, turning machines, boring machines, &c., of the latest and most improved description. Upon this floor is also the testing or finishing room, in which every instrument is thoroughly examined and tested by an expert before it is packed for transportation, in order to prevent all mistakes and ensure satisfaction to the purchaser.

Above, in successive stories of the building, and in different rooms, the various departments of the work are carried on—the veneering, the polishing, fitting the keys, varnishing, action making, tube board making, turning, fly finishing, &c. Various machines are in operation in these different rooms driven by the motive power of the establishment, and performing work with almost human intelligence. In the glue, varnish and staining rooms the heating of those materials is done by steam, artificial heat being obtained from no other source. The ceilings in all the rooms are plastered, quite unusual in factories, but a further preventative against fire.

We have spoken above of the popularity of these instruments. We are informed by Messrs. Mason & Hamlin that some four hundred churches have, up to this time, been furnished with their Harmoniums, which are much preferred to pipe organs by churches of moderate dimensions. The instruments made by this firm have also been sold in every State in the country, besides being exported to Europe, Asia, Africa, South America and the Sandwich Islands,—like all Yankee inventions, penetrating every part of the known world. Their superiority is attested by the fact that they have invariably received the first premium where they have been brought into competition with others at exhibitions. No less than twenty-six awards have been received by the manufacturers the past five years from institutes, &c., in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and other cities. They are also preferred and recommended by all musical instructors and organists.

Of the Harmoniums there are five different sizes, made with from six to twelve stops, with and without pedal bass, at prices varying from two to five hundred dollars. Of the Melodeons there are eight styles. They are made with one and two sets of reeds, one and two banks of keys, and range from four to six octaves. The prices of these are from forty-five to two hundred dollars. The high reputation which these instruments have attained is due not only to a liberal expenditure of means, but also to the thorough and efficient manner in which they are made, the strictest attention and care being given to every detail in their make, thereby producing a perfect whole.

The establishment of Messrs. Mason & Hamlin is among the best appointed manufactories in the city limits. It is open, we understand for the inspection of the public, and is well worth a visit from musical amateurs and those interested in industrial progress a model establishment of the kind.—*Commercial Bulletin*.

Musical Correspondence.

TORONTO, APRIL 27, 1861.—*Dear Journal*:—After a long drought in musical circles, we have at length been favored with a stream of gushing melody from that celebrated artiste, Madame Inez Fabbri, who not long since astonished your Boston public with her extraordinary powers of voice and dramatic execution. And it is to express my extreme satisfaction with all I have heard of her that I now write.

From all I can learn her fine talents are already sufficiently known and appreciated, in your city to render further comment on my part useless. But I would, nevertheless, add my mite to the ample store of praise so deservedly bestowed upon her by all American Journals, among which in regard to musical matter yours ranks first in Canadian estimation.

Mad. Fabbri is considered by most of our musical

critics as the greatest artiste who has visited us since Jenny Lind. The wide range of her talents was evinced in her skilful rendering of the aria from the first act of *Traviata*, the tragic scene from *Nabucco*, and a grand scene from *Martiri*, all of which were produced in a style deserving of the highest encomium.

Herr Richard Mulder, is a pianist who ranks in our estimation very high, perhaps second to none. He surmounts the difficulties of the instrument with the greatest ease, and his fantasia on airs from *Lucia*, and "the Cascade," show him to be a fine composer.

Mr. C. R. Adams, of Boston, is probably well known to you. He possesses a fine tenor voice the peculiar sweetness of which renders all his selections exceedingly effective, and in the scena and duo from *Martiri*, with Mad. Fabbri showed also some pretensions to being an actor.

I enclose programme of the concert and until further news (musical of course) presents itself, remain

Truly yours,

BERTRAND.

PROGRAMME—PART I.

Grand Fantaisie de Lucia, for Piano—Mulder—Executed by Richard Mulder.

Ernani—Verdi—Grand Scene of the First Act, Sung by Madame Fabbri.

La Favorita Romance (Spirto Gentil,)—Donizetti—Sung by Mr. Adams.

Homage a Bellini (Fantaisie Brillante,)—Mulder—For the Piano, executed by R. Mulder.

Nabucco, Tragic scene (in appropriate costume)—Verdi.

PART II.

La Cascade, Etude for the Piano—Mulder.

La Traviata, Scene of the First Act—Verdi—Sung by Madame Fabbri.

Come into the Garden Maud—Balfé—Favorite Ballad, Mr. Adams.

The Universal Carnival—Mulder—For the Piano, executed by R. Mulder.

I Martiri (in appropriate costume) Grand Duo and Scena.

Paolina.....Madame Fabbri

Polito.....Mr. Adams

PARIS, APRIL 19, 1861.—A young artist has made her *début* at the Italian Opera who promises to take her rank among the celebrities before long. Her name is Trebelli, her family name Gillebert. Thus it will be seen that her real name spelt backwards with the *G* left out gives her assumed stage name Trebelli. So much for an Italian termination. Young and handsome she proved the power of her voice and the excellence of her playing in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* also in Rossini's *Semiramide*. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano and is pronounced by many here the equal of Alboni's, in some respects. Her success was decisive.

At the *Théâtre Français* M. Legouvé gives a new piece *Un jeune homme qui ne fait rien*—However this may be his *Madone de l'Art* which is still being played at the Odeon is not calculated to increase the fame of this illustrious academicien. "The Madonna of Art" is simply a poor weak play that lives only by the talent of Mme. Ristori. An Italian actress Beatrix loves a German prince and is loved by him in return; but Beatrix is as virtuous as she is talented, she will not be his mistress, she cannot be his wife though he presses her to accept his hand. She is the first to show him the fallacy of such a marriage and with an excess of generosity not explained in the play she abandons all thoughts of love to become a Madonna of art. Such is the whole plot, good in its fundamental idea, but weakly carried out. It was a happy thought however, for the Italian actress thus to appear for the first time in a French play in the character of an Italian. The very irregularities in her pronunciation thus cease to be a blemish, for Mad. Ristori has not yet divested herself of the intonations of the language of Alfieri. It is in the simplest phrases that this Italian tone, it would be too much to call it accent, is the most sensibly felt. When there are outbursts of passion that very cadence adds force to the evenness of the French phrase. One realizes how great is the talent of the artist who has had the courage to act in a language not her own when seeing her side by side with the artists of the Odeon, these who at other times appear

so good, seem unnatural and forced in their play. There are in the *Madonna of Art* two episodes as it were in which Beatrix can show her power a little in spite of M. Legouv . In that small unnamed German principality where she is a guest she is asked to recite some passage, she does so choosing a scene from Schiller's *Joan of Arc* and one from *Romeo and Juliet*. Here the author has merely weakened the original of both scenes and yet those are the passages in his play which alone enable Mad. Ristori to display a talent equal to the situation to be rendered. "*La Madone de l'Art*" is played five times a week and long before the performance commences every seat in the house has been taken.

At the porte St. Martin a Spanish legend has been worked up with all the extravagance of melodrama by G. Vaquerie son-in-law of Victor Hugo, the piece is called *Les Funerailles de l'honneur*. It was hissed at the first representation. This theatre is now closed for a few days as the *Tour de Nesle* is to be reproduced soon.

Of novelties there are few enough of importance. At the Bouffes Parisiennes *Le Pont des Soupirs* by Offenbach. At the Theatre Dejazet another parody on Tannh user by Clairville *Le panne aux Airs*. At the Vari t s *l'Amour en Sabots*, a vaudeville by Labiche and Delacour. At the Delassements Comiques, *Photographies Comiques* by A. Flan and Ernest Blum. At the Folies Dramatiques *C sarine Borgia* vaudeville by Tr feu and *Les seize ans de Lucienne* by Elie Tr bant.

Three German operas are about to be produced. "King George," by Ehrlich—"Wittekind," by Raphael and "The Love Ring," by Stukersky.

A new opera "Shakespeare," by Maestro Benvenuti, is announced in the Italian journals.

Staudig the German singer died on the 24th of last month. His intellect has failed him a few years ago. In early life he was on the point of taking monastic vows. He never succeeded in the Italian opera.

For Easter music we have had at the opera Rossini's "Stabat Mater." The church music during holy week has been noticed in some of the Paris papers in connection with concerts &c.

The receipts of the theatre of the capital during month of March were 1,606,868 francs.

To night at the Op ra Comique will be given *Royal cravate*, music by the Duke de Massa, words by the Count of Mesgrigny. F. B.

Church Music in St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, MAY, 1861.—In speaking of the churches of St. Louis we will take the church of Rome first, surpassing as it does in numbers, both of churches, congregations and wealth all others together. No other city in the world has so many nationalities, so equally represented, as this. Here, true to her principles, the Catholics in their appeals to the sense have spent immense sums on buildings and decorations, and of course, while so much is done for the eye, the ear has received its due share of attention, consequently we have the same fine old organs, and the same thrilling music we have so often listened to in the cathedrals of the old world. In our rambles let us stop first at *St. John's Church*, corner of 16th and Chestnut. This is a new church, one of the most costly, and has the finest organ and choir in St. Louis. Father Brannon takes the greatest interest in the choir. They have a nice room fitted up by the side of the organ, and furnished with sofas, easy chairs, a library of classical music, &c., &c. Nothing more comfortable. The first organ ever heard in public worship in this country was sent from London to the King's Chapel in 1714. The organist came with it, there being none in America. The first organ ever built in this country was made by Edward Bronfield, who died Aug. 18th, 1776.

The fact is stated on his tombstone. The organ in St. John's Church is excelled by few in the United States. We have not room for a detailed statement, but we question if there is an organ of two sets of keys on the continent which can be compared with this one in effectiveness. The number of pipes or stops is not always a true index of the capacity of an organ. In this organ there are no half stops. The largest metal pipe is 16 feet high and 39 inches in circumference its tone being C C C. The largest pipe is C C C C 32 feet Bourdon. The pedal organ contains double stop diapason, violoncello and viola or octave viol, being the most powerful in the country, except the pedal organ of the instrument in Tremont Temple, Boston. The whole number of pipes is 1529 and 34 stops. The organ is supplied with a set of composition pedals whereby the player gains the effect and variety of 3 banks of keys. The compass of the pedal organ is from C C C C to C C and the great and swell organ from C C to G in alt. The case is 21 feet by 33, beautifully finished in white, but space forbids us from saying more.

The organist is worthy of his instrument. He is a young man who used to play when a boy in Dr. Gray's church, Poston, and afterwards in the Tabernacle, New York. He has no rival in the whole West, and many a player have I listened to in, even your city, who could not hope to bear from him the palm. It would be useless for me to describe a first-class organ player, your readers know what that is as well as I do. His name is A. J. Ulman. No organist is better supported.

Arnold Scharvens, bass, is one of our best singers, having enjoyed all the advantages of Europe. It is impossible for us to notice each one in particular and to do each justice. A. W. Howe, baritone, Wm. Anderson, 1st tenor, Geo. Dennison, 2d tenor, are among our best singers. Anderson is also from Boston, and used to belong to the Handel and Haydn Society there. The soprani, Miss Virginia C. Ivory and Miss Fanny Lord and the alto singers, Miss Julia Orcutt and Miss Dora Sutherland complete the principal solo singers, the choir having an effective chorus. There is not in this city a better singer than Miss Ivory; we were very much surprised indeed when we first heard her, as we knew of no such voice in any choir. This choir sing all of the music of the Catholic church and while we have listened to the glorious music of Mozart, Beethoven, Rossini, &c., we could not but think, what we now affirm, that we would like to see the equal of this choir in the West. "BROWN."

The World of Weimar.

It must not be supposed that because Schiller and Goethe are no more, and that because the happy contingency which united a literary circle in Weimar in the time of Karl August does not favor the times of Karl Alexander, that that prince is doing nothing to keep up the Athenian character of his tidy little capital.

It is now, if not the metropolis of literature, at least the metropolis of music; by no means, however, a republican metropolis, for the Government has become a perpetual dictatorship in the hands of Liszt, who reigns supreme as ever over the piano, and tells the prince and people of Weimar what they ought to believe in and to love. Whether Liszt however great a genius, may be called a great composer, some may be inclined to doubt; for the music in which this *maestro* glories is anything but composing, and, to uninitiated ears like my own, the nearest idea that it conveys is that of a melodious and harmonious thunderstorm, mixed with occasional broadsides from half a dozen line-of-battle ships. It is music which, a German critic has said, would make a deaf man hear, and a hearing man deaf. It is heard in perfection in those whirlwind operas of Wagner, in which the harmony mounts and mounts and mounts, with a swing and sweep which seems to take all the house up to the ceiling with it, until it busts and falls about our ears in a general explosion of *bravos*, scattering clapping of kid-gloves like crackers.

The apotheosis of this distinguished artist has

taken place in his lifetime. He is everywhere the oracle on matters of musical taste. He has a fine house on a height commanding the city, said to have nine pianos among its furniture. Here he receives the homage of torchlight processions and gifts from fair maidens' hands. At every musical exhibition he alone, by common consent, is allowed the privilege of a "bravo," while his silence is the severest censure that any artist has to apprehend, unlike that of the severer count in Lord Byron's "Beppo." For Liszt is a thoroughly genial genius. When he appears in a room, with his long, large, enthusiastic face, spare figure, flashing eyes, and streaming hair, all know that the reign of matter-of-fact and daylight disagreeables is past, and the advent of the artist is hailed by all as the beginning of enjoyment, as might have been the coming of the musical sun-god Apollo, when he shed his vocal beam on Memnon's statue. He is surrounded by a host of lesser stars; and a greater treat for the ears can scarcely be conceived than any musical entertainment at Weimar under his auspices. He is in his glory at the court-concerts, where he directs the band. If Liszt is the prince of the piano, so we have here a fair muse of vocal melody in the person of the Frau von Milde. This lady's voice seems to have been created expressly for the Weimar theatre. It is never astonishing in its strength, like that of Grisi or Alboni; but, without the exact measure of fulness, it approximates, in its weird sweetness and delicate flexibility, to that of Jenny Lind. But Jenny Lind would have been too much for our quiet little theatre, as we wish to dine pleasantly every day, and not to feast; so we are perfectly pleased, evening after evening, by the singing of our sweet *prima donna*. As an actress, she is not demonstrative, and rather falls short of than overleaps the mark in action; but in dignified quiet parts—the parts of princesses, especially in the romantic operas of Wagner—she is quite at home. By some she is considered beautiful, but none will deny that the expression of her countenance is as angelic as her notes. Perhaps the most pleasing of all her parts is that of Fidelio, the lady in page's dress who rescues her husband from death in prison. She is supported by another singer of very high merit, and a decidedly good actress, the Fr ulein Wolf; and there are other ladies who sing well, as well as some who look very well—for instance, Fr ulein Baum. The gentlemen, also, are fully adequate to the parts they have to sustain. We have the Herr von Milde, the fortunate husband of the *prima donna* whose imposing face and figure fit him well to sustain the parts of heroes and warriors; Knop, a Hungarian of sweet and delicately-managed voice, as barytone, the latter gentleman being also a very good comedian; Roth as basso, and, from his portly figure, a good king or emperor; Meffert as tenor. This gentleman's action, at first somewhat extravagant, has been moderated since his residence in the tasteful Weimar; and he often gives general satisfaction. Schmidt and his lady are also good, both as actors and singers. In fact, the whole singing staff, including the inferior parts, is excellent. When we pass to tragedy and "drame," we are pleased by the fine acting of Fr ulein Daun, especially in such parts as those of Minna von Barnhelm of Lessing; while other parts, especially those where maidenly *naivet * is a characteristic, are appropriately rendered by Fr ulein R ckel, a young, beautiful, and daily improving actress.

The weakest part of the theatrical repertoire is the ballet; the strongest is perhaps the band, as would be expected in the musical metropolis. This is generally under the direction of Herr Lassen, the composer of the opera of *Frauenlob*, in the style of Wagner. Weimar has to lament the recent death of another distinguished resident composer, Monsieur Chelard, formerly "*Capel-meister*." His opera of *Macbeth*, altered from Shakespeare, is occasionally given, with vociferous applause from those who love the romantic opera, or Music of the Future, as it is somewhat quaintly called by its admirers, its claims being modestly allowed to be not fully admitted at present, or being more pretentiously put forward as too great for the understandings of the present generation.

Whether the operas of Wagner will ever be popular in England, depends much on the set of the tide of fashion—fashion being there in some measure independent of taste; and we should think it highly probable that before long they will have their day, and keep it till the fashion is over and the houses cease to fill. In France, however, I should doubt if the experiment, which is to be tried shortly, will succeed, French taste being as yet too strongly wed to the classical school of music; and French taste is one of those few things in France which is essentially conservative and unchangeable. The object of these Wagnerian operas is the reproduction of the

costumes and life of the middle ages with the same faithfulness with which Kean has restored on the English stage the periods of the Shakspearian drama. This object is effected with success at Weimar by the diligence of the *costumier*, and the rich state of theatrical properties. Crowds of people are placed on the stage, till the actors nearly outnumber the audience, and long and splendid processions, civil and ecclesiastic, defile round; and there is great flourish of trumpets and loud music everywhere—in front, in the middle, and behind—with an echo also, if an echo is admissible by means of rocks or buildings. The spectacle is certainly imposing on these occasions, but there appears to be a proportionate sacrifice of individual parts. We are withal strangely reminded of the decline of Roman art, as complained of by Horace in his epistle to Augustus. And, strangely enough, what we have said of the stunning noise of these representations found its parallel in the Augustan age. But I need not say that the taste of Horace was, of course, classical; and I rather fear I shall be considered to be espousing the heretical side, and perhaps be burnt—at least in effigy—in front of the Göthe-Schiller statue, for the Wagnerists, like all new sectaries, are intolerant of opposition. Their noblest aims consist in endeavoring to give a more national character to the operatic drama and to infuse a high moral into it. * * *

The practical objections to these Wagnerian operas consist in the expense and trouble of putting them on the stage, as contrasting with what is required for those of simple construction, and in the sacrifice of melody to harmony, the individual voice being generally greatly subordinated to the tempestuous music of the band. I confess, possibly through ignorance, that *Fidelio* and the *Barbiere di Seviglia* give me more pleasure, even when sung in a German translation. What is called in England the legitimate drama still holds its own at Weimar. Shakspeare receives honors which are seldom accorded to him in the land which he has helped to make immortal. The adaptation of *Winter's Tale*, translated by the Intendant, the Herr von Dingelstadt, is truly admirable; and Lear is done full justice to by the new tragedian Herr Lehfeldt; while Fräulein Röckel is a perfect impersonation of Cordelia. On the occasion of the representation of that stormy and exaggerated piece *The Robbers* of Schiller, a singular scene is presented in the Weimar theatre. The students of Jena come over in large numbers, and sit in the place of the orchestra, distinguished by the motley caps which denote their native provinces. Then they join in the songs which occur in the course of the piece, and interpolate one or two of their own. The full burst of their young voices is a fine variation of the usual musical accompaniment. This eccentric privilege was first granted to the students of Jena by the Grand Duke Karl August. The Weimar theatre does not correspond to its world-wide fame, either in external appearance or internal decorations. No one would know it to be a theatre from the outside; if it were in England, it might be supposed to be a kind of building devoted to the miscellaneous and somewhat incongruous purposes of Exeter Hall, or perhaps a tabernacle for popular Spurgeonism, while we were ourselves misled, on entering Weimar, by the much more than trivial appearance of the pillared building of the Reading Museum. The double statue of Schiller and Goethe which stands before it in the Carlplatz, gives it, however, a dramatic character which it does not possess of itself.

Besides the Goethe-Schiller statue, there stand in the public spaces of the town two other statues, one of which represents Wieland standing near a fountain in the square called by his name, a kind of antiquated *beau* of benignant expression, and otherwise reminding the beholder of Voltaire; and the other, Herder, close to the scene of his labors, the large church of the town. This statue appears the least remarkable in any way, but it presented lately a very quaint appearance, when the head and shoulders were covered with snow, being as a contrast of a portentous black aspect.

While I have been taking you round to see the statues, I forgot the interior of the theatre. The Weimar theatre, though not beautiful, has a characteristic which has been often observed before, that of friendliness. It seems by its construction to make the whole audience what has been called "*altogetherly*." The Grand Duke's box *par excellence* is in the middle, opposite the orchestra, and he has two other private boxes at each side of the stage. When he is present, and supposed to be present, he sits, as also the Grand Duchess when she is present, in the exact centre of the state box. The right and left balconies diverge on each side. The people taking places in them are supposed to be in the company of their Royal Highnesses, and therefore in evening dress. When the Grand Ducal party arrive, they all rise and bow,

their Highnesses bowing to the right and left; and the same ceremony is repeated at the close of the representation. When their Royal Highnesses are present, but supposed not to be, they sit in the private boxes, and in like manner do those members of the audience who wish to be *incog.*, taking their places in the pit or the orchestra stalls. The gods in the gallery are the best-behaved Olympians that it has ever been my fortune to know of, forming a perfect contrast to the screaming, whistling, bear-garden of an English gallery. The utmost enormity they are ever guilty of is that of letting fall a play-bill or two on the heads of the inhabitants of the nether world. As for the actors and actresses, they are personally dear to the spectators, and seem more like private friends than artists ministering to their amusement. If they do not sing well or play well, one is sorry for them, but there is not a thought of expressing disapprobation. If they surpass themselves, they are called for and receive their homage gratefully and gracefully, and the hearty hand-clapping expresses less surprise at the performance than love of the performer. In connection with this loving relationship between the stage and public of Weimar, is the entire respectability of the lives of the members of the dramatic body at Weimar. Scandal would almost as soon dare to attack the established clergy.

In fact, the family-party nature of the Weimar theatre makes it a not much greater effort to feminine feeling to appear on the stage, than to act at private theatricals or to take a part in a charade. There is so much good-feeling that Hettstedt, the favorite comedian, interpolates jokes on his fellow actors, and even on the audience, which are invariably well received. In connection with all this good behavior, as connected with the performances, is the perfect accessibility of the theatre. Ladies come and go unattended with as much ease as if they were visiting at the house of a friend. The hats and cloaks are left in the corridors unticketed, and nothing is ever lost. The theatre at Weimar is a model of what every theatre ought to be in everything but external and internal appearance, which might certainly be improved.—*Blackwood for April.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 11, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

Concerts.

MADAME VARIAN'S concert last Friday evening drew a full house and was in many respects highly successful. We understand that she was seriously ill and therefore was not able to do herself full justice; still she showed her power and culture and was heartily encored in nearly every piece. Mr. Simpson has so sweet a voice that it makes one regret he does not sing better. He rarely uses his chest tones, and never opens his mouth sufficiently; and besides his lips are so immovable that it is impossible to understand whether he sings in English, Italian or German; he might as well give us a series of *vocalises*. As we said before his voice has a very smooth and pure quality of tone, and his taste is evident in every strain. It is a pity he could not open his mouth, articulate clearly, and enter with more spirit into the music. His selections were admirably made, and in spite of his defects he was heard with pleasure. Mr. Hoffman, the pianist, accompanied the singers tastefully, and in his solos showed some skill. His scales are even and true, and his power much beyond the average. We did not discover in his playing much sentiment or poetry, and his banjo-imitations in answer to an encore were far from agreeable to our ears.

BOSTON MOZART CLUB.—We omitted last week to mention the excellent concert given by this club, complimentary to their conductor Mr. F. Suck. The hall was well filled so that the compliment must have been a substantial one, as the Club departed on this occasion from its usual rule, and sold tickets.

The programme was an admirable one and performed throughout in a manner that would have

done credit to many orchestras that we have heard here in old times. Especially full and strong in the strings, the club is weakest, as those old orchestras were, in the wind instruments. Doubtless skilled amateur players will in time spring up to fill these parts also, thus rendering it unnecessary to ask professional aid.

PART I.

1. Quartette for stringed instruments.....Haydn
Allegro—Minuetto and Trio—Andante—Finale, Allegro vivace.
2. Fantasia on an original theme. Solo for Violin, with
Orchestral Accompaniment.....F. Suck
3. Concert Overture.....Kalliwoda

PART II.

1. Variations on the Austrian National Hymn for
Stringed Quartette.....Haydn
2. Grand Symphony in D Major.....Mozart
Allegro Moderato—Andante—Minuet and Trio—Finale;
Allegro con brio.

The Mozart Club has made a most successful and creditable beginning. Another season will doubtless give it increased strength, and skill. We shall look forward to its next season's entertainments with pleasing anticipations.

The ORCHESTRAL UNION concert on Wednesday afternoon attracted a crowded house. The programme was one that deserved such an audience.

PART I.

1. Union March.....Fahrbach
Arranged by A. Heinicke.
2. 7th Symphony, (Op. 92).....Beethoven
1. Poco Sostenuto. 2. Allegretto. 3. Presto.
4. Finale Allo con brio.

PART II.

3. Overture—"William Tell,".....Rossini
4. Potpourri—From "La Juive,".....
Arranged by A. Heinicke.
6. Turkish March—From the "Ruins of Athens,".....
Beethoven
6. Grand Finale—From the opera of "Tannhäuser,".....
R. Wagner.

The Germania Band performed the first and fourth numbers of the programme in a very effective style. The Symphony was not played throughout with the same excellence with which the first movements were given. The Turkish March is the one to which Mr. Dwight referred in one of his recent letters. Its barbaric quaintness is exceedingly interesting and characteristic. The next concert is to be the *last* of the series.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.—Our types last week made Dr. Holmes's new verse to this song anything but what the author intended. We reprint it therefore, as it should be.

When our land is illumined with Liberty's smile,

If a foe from within strike a blow at her glory,
Down, down with the traitor that dares to defile

The flag of her stars and the page of her story!
By the millions unchained when our birthright was gained,

We will keep her bright blazon forever unstained!
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave

While the land of the free is the home of the brave.

The original song by Mr. Key was first published in the *Baltimore Patriot* on the 20th of September, 1814, under the title of "The defence of Fort McHenry." The melody, we believe, is an old English one and in Moore's Melodies appears as "Anacreon in Heaven."

BOSTON MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of this Society, the following officers were reelected by a unanimous vote:

President—Thomas Comer; Vice-President—F. Suck; Secretary—Louis Rimbach; Treasurer—S. S. Pearce; Librarian—C. H. Eichler; Auditor—C. F. Frieze; Associates—Messrs. Rametti, A. Stein and A. Kamerling; Trustees—Messrs. T. E. Chickering, George T. Bigelow, J. P. Bradlee, S. E. Guild and John Bigelow.

ANTHONY PHILIP HEINRICH died in New York, on the 3d of May, after an illness of four months. Our readers will recollect an interesting sketch of his life and works in a letter of our correspondent *Trovator*, in this Journal of April 20th. The enthusiasm for his art which first led Father Heinrich to adopt it as his profession seems never to have left him even in his sickness and old age, as his occasional contributions to these columns attest. His circumstances were very straitened during the latter part of his life, and his most pressing wants were recently relieved by the ready kindness of his early friends in this city and New York.

MR. SOUTHARD, the musical composer, formerly of this city, and lately a resident of Hartford, has organized a Light Artillery company there to be enlisted for the war. The company numbers 90 men and embraces the best *personnel* we have ever seen in a volunteer corps. About half a dozen are skilful musicians; one is a French teacher who formerly served in the *Chasseurs de Vincennes*; one is an English artilleryman; besides there are blacksmiths, wheelwrights, teamsters, machinists, gunsmiths, tailors and laborers; all stalwart, earnest and temperate men. So that in case of emergency the gun-carriages can be mended, the horses shod and groomed, arms repaired, clothes and tents made, and the camp enlivened with music.

A concert was given last week for the benefit of the company which resulted in a handsome sum.

The transition from giving piano lessons and playing church voluntaries, to "the tented field" where rifled cannon and howitzers are ready to hurl the missiles of death against traitors, must be sufficiently startling. But our friend though slight in person has an indomitable spirit, and we have no doubt if his health is spared he will distinguish himself whenever there comes an opportunity. We may have a new "Lyre and Sword" song, or another "Piff-paff," or Battle Symphony. The awful grandeur of an actual contest must be very different from the conception of it which a man has in the privacy of his chamber.

MR. L. HINSDALE SHERWOOD, who has been a diligent laborer in the field of music, as the principal of a musical academy at Lyons, New York, has lately transferred the Institute to Springfield, Ohio, to be connected there with the excellent female seminary of that place.

NEW YORK, MAY 6. — MASON & THOMAS' Series of Soirées was brought to a worthy close last Tuesday, by one of the finest concerts it has ever been my good fortune to listen to. There were but three pieces on the programme, which, however, in point of value and interest could not be surpassed. They were some of the best specimens of three distinct classical epochs in music; the old Italian, the German of half a century ago, and what may be called the Renaissance, i. e., the modern school of the same nation. The most modern, however, the Music of the Future, was not represented. The compositions performed were Tartini's *Trille du Diable*, performed by Mr. Thomas in a manner that satisfied even those who had heard the same piece repeatedly from Joachim, Beethoven's marvellous Quartette in E flat, op. 74, and Schumann's Piano Quartette, in which Mr. Mason took part. The two last mentioned pieces have been produced here before, but the first was entirely new to a New York audience. It is wonderful, in its large, broad, melodious opening, and those weird, mysterious trill passages, which can well be imagined as being composed after a supernatural pattern.

And so we bid adieu to these artists, thanking them for many an hour of pure, elevated enjoyment, and hoping that another winter will let us greet them again in renewed vigor and increased excellence.

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MUSICAL GENIUS.—"Seek not, young artist," says Rousseau, "the meaning expressed by the word *genius*. If you are inspired with its flame, you feel it. Are you destitute of genius, you will never be acquainted with it. The genius of a musician sub-

mits the universe to his art. He paints objects by sounds; he gives a language even to silence itself; he renders ideas by sentiments, sentiments by accents; and the passions he represents are drawn from the recesses of the heart. By his aid, pleasure assumes new charms; the grief to which he gives utterance draws forth our sighs; he is continually burning, but never consumed. He expresses with fire even the coldest subjects; in painting the horrors of death, he conveys to the soul that sentiment of life which never abandons it, and which he communicates to all hearts formed for its reception. But alas! his strains avail nothing to those in whom seeds like his own are not implanted; and his prodigies are scarcely felt by those who are incapable of imitating the fervor that gives them birth. Do you wish to know whether any spark of this devouring flame inspires you? Be quick! hasten to Naples—listen to the masterpieces of Leo, Durante, Jomelli, and Pergolese. If your eyes are filled with tears, if you feel your heart palpitate, if joy agitates your bosom, if sorrow involves you in transports, take Metastasio in your hand, and labor: his genius will inflame yours; you will form a creation after his example. Stimulants like those will animate your genius; and the eyes of others will afterward restore you the tears your masters have caused you to shed. But if the charms of this grand art leave you tranquil and contented, if you feel no ravishing transport, if you discover nothing beautiful, dare you ask what is *genius*? Vulgar mortal! profane not the sacred appellation. What would it avail thee to know it—thou who canst not feel it? Compose in the French style and peaceably retire."

MUSIC.—Why do we all enjoy music? Because it sounds sweet. But *why* does it sound sweet?

That is a mystery known only to God.

Two things I may make you understand—two things which help to make music—melody and harmony. Now, as most of you know, there is melody in music when the different sounds of the same tune follow each other, so as to give us pleasure; there is harmony in music when different sounds, instead of following each other, come at the same time, so as to give us pleasure.

But why do they please us! and what is more, why do they please angels? and still more, why do they please God? Why is there music in heaven? Consider St. John's visions in the Revelations. Why did St. John hear therein harpers with their harps, and the mystic beasts, and the elders, singing a new song to God and to the Lamb; and the voices of many angels round about them, whose number was ten thousand times ten thousand?

In this there is a great mystery. I will try to explain what little of it I seem to see.

First—There is music in heaven, because in music there is no self-will. Music goes on certain laws and rules. Man did not make these laws of music; he has only found them out; and if he be self-willed and break them, there is an end of his music instantly: all he brings out of his discord and ugly sounds. The greatest musician in the world is as much bound by those laws as the learner in the school; and the greatest musician is the one who, instead of fancying that, because he is clever, he may throw aside the laws of music, knows the laws of music best, and observes them most reverently. And therefore it was that the old Greeks, the wisest of all the heathens, made a point of teaching their children music; because they said it taught them not to be self-willed and fanciful, but to see the beauty of order, the usefulness of rule, the divineness of laws.

And therefore music is fit for heaven; therefore music is a pattern and type of heaven, and of the everlasting life of God, which perfect spirits live in heaven; a life of melody and order in themselves; a life of harmony with each other and with God.—*Kingsley's Sermons*.

Music Abroad.

HERR STAUDIGL.—Staudigl died (in a lunatic asylum at Vienna) on the 24th of last month, aged fifty-four, the greatest German singer whom the past quarter of a century has seen. It is noticeable that his peculiar voice, a sound, strong, evocative bass, has always "grown" (as is said of plants) greatest, both as to quantity and perfection, in North and South Germany; but his distinction was, that he could turn that voice to fullest account everywhere, save in opera in Italian. There he failed; where countrymen of his, in every musical requisite his inferiors, have succeeded. Staudigl entered into life, if we mistake not, as one destined to take monastic

order. His intellect had failed him some years prior to his decease. As a hearty, genial man, a great musician, with a noble voice (for whom, by the way, Mendelssohn wrote the part of Elijah), kindly farewell and regret are due.—*Athenæum*.

MADAME LORINI.—Virginia Whiting Lorini has just concluded an engagement at Berlin, and is now at Brussels, where she is creating a *furor*. The Independence Belge of March 5, writes thus of our Boston prima donna:

Virginia Lorini achieved last night, if possible, a still greater success than last year in the performance of Semiramide, carrying away the audience by her energy, fire, and inspiration. She should be heard in the cavatina "*Bel raggio lusinghiero*." The tenderness and purity of her phrasing formed a marvellous contrast to the large, majestic style of her rendering the story which precedes the oath. She has proved herself a true artist. There are few prime donne who can be said to know by heart thirty operas. This does Madame Lorini; and more, she renders them in a manner which places her in the highest rank of lyric artists. She never descends to trickery, never transposes, but sings the composer's own music in the truest manner, there being no difficulty too great for her to master by the perfection of her method.

London.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—At the third concert of the season, the newly-constituted orchestra, which now obeys the baton of Professor Bennett, gave still more convincing proofs of its efficiency. The selection was as follows:—

PART I.	
Symphony, in B flat, No. 3.....	Haydn
Air, "O cara imagine".....	Mozart
Concerto, E flat, pianoforte.....	Beethoven
Overture (Athalie).....	Mendelssohn
PART II.	
Sinfonia Pastorale.....	Beethoven
Aria, "Sei miei sospiri".....	Stradella
Overture (Oberon).....	Weber

Each of the instrumental pieces is a masterpiece, and so well known that comment would be superfluous. The execution, more especially of the two symphonies, was splendid. Signor Gardoni made his first appearance this season. His charming voice is admirably suited to give expression both to the well-known air from *Die Zauberflöte*, and the expressive melody of Stradella. The concerto of Beethoven was executed by Mr. Otto Goldsmidt. The members of the orchestra applauded him loudly at the conclusion of his performance.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—*La Favorita* was repeated, and further opportunity was afforded of examining the merits of Signor Tiberini. The new tenor has certainly created a favorable impression, but as yet we do not feel bound to chronicle him as the successor of Mario. As he had been proclaimed a true singer of the Rossinian school, it would hardly be fair to pronounce a definite opinion on his capabilities from hearing him in Donizetti's French opera; and, under the circumstances, we do not think the management was politic in bringing him out in *Fernando*. First impressions go a long way, and it may, by and by, come to pass that it would have been more to Signor Tiberini's advantage had he appeared in the *Barbiere*, or *La Gazza Ladra*. Signor Tiberini's voice is a pure tenor, part chest, part head. The quality is not particularly sweet, nor sympathetic, and there is a slight huskiness about the middle tones, as if the voice had undergone a good deal of wear and tear—which, however, we do not think is the case. The *falsetto* is beautiful, and managed with great art. It is in the employment of the head voice, indeed, that the new tenor produces its best effects, and that he occasionally recalls the manner of Rubini. As a vocal artist we are inclined to rate Signor Tiberini highly, although certain eccentricities in the romance of *Fernando*, "*Spirto Gentil*"—the triumphs of Signor Mario and Giuglini—inclines us to qualify our verdict. At present we shall refrain from expressing ourselves further. Signor Tiberini appears to-night as Arturo in *I Puritani*, one of the most trying parts in opera, and no doubt next week we shall be enabled to estimate him at his real value.

On Thursday evenings, April 18 the *Prophète* was given for the fourth time with brilliant success, to the greatest house of the season. The novelty on this occasion was the substitution of Mad. Rudersdorff for Mlle. Corbani in the small but important character of Berta. The powerful voice, dramatic accent, and intellectual acting of Mad. Rudersdorff gave a prominence and interest to the part. The performance of the *Prophète* ought to attract the town for some time to come; but as *Guillaume Tell* is pos-

itively to be brought out on Thursday, the opportunities for hearing Meyerbeer's great work must consequently be limited.

This may be the place to add a report everywhere current, that Mad. Grisi and Signor Mario have rejoined the Royal Italian Company.

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—The principal feature at the third concert was the reappearance of Mr. Ole Bull, after an absence of more than twenty years. The hearty reception accorded to the Norwegian violinist showed that his old admirers had forgotten him, while those to whom he could only be known by reputation (the majority present?) were no less ready to give him a welcome on that account. In the school of playing which he has adopted, Mr. Ole Bull is no doubt a master, and acceptable to a section of the musical public. This was proved by the applause and "encores" to both his solos. The first a *fantasia* of Paganini's, on "Hope told flattering tale," was a remarkable and original display after its fashion—the air sustained while the left hand gave a *pizzicato* accompaniment, "harmonies" in abundance, "double stopping" (ditto), all sorts of variations, tricks and devices calculated to astonish his hearers. Instead of repeating the *fantasia*, Mr. Ole Bull substituted a short dance-tune, which showed still further his fertility in eccentric resources. Mozart's "La ci darem" formed the subject of the second *fantasia*; and certainly never was its character, its charming melody, more thoroughly caricatured. The audience insisted so strenuously upon an "encore," that there was nothing left but to comply, and an arrangement (with prelude) of "God save the Queen" again exhibited the peculiar qualities we have already mentioned. That a great many will go to hear Mr. Ole Bull, there is no doubt; but that he will retain a permanent hold upon a London public we question. Within the last twenty years a more healthy taste has been engendered. Certain it is that those who go week after week to hear the quartets and sonatas of Beethoven, Mozart and Mendelssohn at the Monday Popular Concerts, will not care to listen a second time to playing which, sacrificing everything intellectual to the mere trickery of execution, can never be dignified by the name of art.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The musical public owe a deep debt of gratitude to the Monday Popular Concerts, for making them acquainted with a number of compositions, which are not only "caviare to the general," but, in many instances, unknown even to musicians; except the few whose opportunities and research are quite quite exceptional. It was a good thought to give Mendelssohn's *Ottet* and Spohr's double quartette in E minor, both on the same night, as it afforded an occasion to contrast works, equally great in their way, although utterly opposed in character. Both produced a marked impression, and as the players in each instance were MM. Vieuxtemps, Ries, Wiener, Watson, Schreurs, Webb, Paque and Piatti, the execution left nothing to be desired. The novelty of the evening was one of the early sonatas of Beethoven's Op. 26, in A flat, for pianoforte alone, played by Mr. Charles Hallé (from memory) with all the correctness and refinement for which he is famous. This being the most universally familiar of all the sonatas of Beethoven, needs no description. *Andante con variazioni* and the *Marcia funebre sulla morte d'un Eroe*, appeared to make the most impression; but the whole work was so well received as to induce us to hope that we may hear it repeated. The sonata of the 26th was composed about the year 1801, when the success of a funeral march in Paer's *Achilles*, of which every one was talking, prompted Beethoven to show what he could do in the same style; hence the *Marcia funebre* (the 3d movement), than which it is impossible to imagine anything more solemn and impressive. M. Vieuxtemps' own admirable and interesting sonata in B flat, for viola and pianoforte, was given for the second time, and although the latter instrument plays but a subordinate part, it being rather a solo for tenor with accompaniment, the excellent taste of Mr. Charles Hallé added materially to magnificent playing of M. Vieuxtemps, who is as eminent a master of the viola as of the violin. The vocal pieces were confined to two: Mozart's "O cara imagine," and Mendelssohn's "Garland," both rendered with admirable expression, intelligence and neatness, by Mr. Tennant, who is fast (and deservedly), rising in public estimation.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Beethoven's *Mass* in D, was given on Friday, the 12th inst., before an audience which filled every part of Exeter Hall. A work which occupied the illustrious musician more than three years in composing, and takes but an hour and a half in its performance, may well be accepted as a masterpiece; and being quite exceptional, in style and character, if not thoroughly understood at first hearing, the deficiency must be attribut-

ed rather to the want of pretension on the part of the auditors, than to any shortcoming of one who was unquestionably the most intellectual and profound musician of his age. How long is it since the last pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven were declared to be incomprehensible,—wild emanations of a disturbed mind,—written when the composer had lost his hearing, and could not judge of the effect? Were not the same remarks applied to his later quartettes, and yet these are now not only understood but familiarized to the public and appreciated by large audiences each week at the Monday Popular Concerts. If there are portions of the *Missa solennis* that may sound strange to unaccustomed ears, let us be sure that whatever Beethoven did was with a purpose; and as the work was written when he was in unusual health and spirits, and was not finished until nearly two years and a half after the occasion for which it was designed (the installation of Beethoven's pupil, patron, and friend, Cardinal Archduke Rudolph), we may conclude that further acquaintance with the work will make clear that which may at first appear obscure. The *Mass* in D has been but little heard in England. At the festival for the inauguration of Beethoven's monument at Bonn, in 1845, it excited such interest that its production was deemed advisable by the London Philharmonic, who gave it shortly after. It was not until 1854, however, that the Sacred Harmonic Society ventured on the *Missa solennis*; nor was the experiment over successful.

On the present occasion, however, a vast improvement was exhibited. The music taxed both singers and players to the utmost; and if the realisation occasionally fell short of the conception, the elaborate complications of the work must be remembered, and the credit allowed for the generally admirable style in which it was rendered by band and chorus. Mad. Rndersdorff and Sainnton Dolby, with Messrs. Sims Reeves and Thomas, were the soloists, and their very arduous duties were accomplished with the most artistic skill. A word of high praise must be given to M. Sainnton for his masterly performance of the violin *obbligato* to the "Benedictus." As the *Mass* is to be repeated at the next concert of the Society, we may recur to the subject.

EXETER HALL.—On Wednesday evening Herr Molique's oratorio of *Abraham* was performed for the first time in London at a grand concert given in aid of the funds of the Middlesex Hospital, and with all the success to which its great merits so justly entitle it. When this admirable work was produced last year at the Norwich Festival we gave a full analysis of it, and can add nothing now to the praise then bestowed, unless it be the statement that a fresh audition served to confirm us in the highly favorable opinion already expressed. Herr Molique, on the occasion under notice, was assisted by Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mad. Sainnton-Dolby, Mr. Santley, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Wallworth and Mr. Sims Reeves; a band of first-rate efficiency, including nearly all our ablest orchestral performers, and a chorus selected from the best choirs, whether amateur or professional, which the metropolis can boast. Thus Herr Molique's oratorio was afforded the best possible chance of being understood and felt by the London public, and the general result, so frequent was the applause, so numerous were the encores, must have completely realised the anticipations of the most elevated admirers of the eminent German composer. The fine march in E flat was enthusiastically remanded; and similarly honored were the chastely harmonised and beautiful trio "Let all those rejoice," sung with perfect precision and expression by Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Wallworth, and Mr. Sims Reeves; the touching air "Hear my prayer," most sympathetically rendered by Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington; and the song "Pour out thy heart before the Lord, given by Mr. Sims Reeves with all the fervor and masterly skill by which his singing is always distinguished. Mr. Stanley's powers were most strikingly exhibited in the heroic war-song, "Arise, and let us go by night," and the deeply pathetic air, "The joy of my heart is ceased." Mr. Wilbye Cooper and Mr. Wallworth did ample justice to the parts entrusted to them, and Mad. Sainnton Dolby fully sustained the high reputation she has long enjoyed, by her inimitable execution of the principal *contralto* music. The band and chorus were highly satisfactory throughout, under the guidance of Herr Molique, who conducted his own work with the skill and tact of a consummate master. In short, *Abraham* was thoroughly successful, and will, we hope, be shortly repeated in London, either by the Sacred Harmonic or some other great musical society capable of doing it justice. The hall was crowded in every part, and judging from the high prices paid for admission, the pecuniary result must have proved very beneficial to the excellent institution in behalf of which the concert was given.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Once more with thee. Song. F. Woolcot. 25

A melodious song, well justifying the reputation of the author of "Bell Brandon."

Rose of Hazeldean. Song. J. W. Cherry. 25

Cherry has given to the singing *dilettanti* a host of light graceful ballads, which, if not destined to live down to the next generation, are among the best productions of the day, and will always be heard with pleasure. This ballad is of just this class.

When a lover kneels. (Vien un giovin.)
"Der Freischütz." 35

A new and carefully corrected copy of this playful air of Annabel, with the Italian words added.

I'm not such an ugly man. Comic Song.
J. Herbert. 25

Most of our comic singers could make a capital thing out of this song. Let them try it.

Where the warbling waters flow. Duet. Guitar accompaniment. Curtiss. 25

Salut a la France. Guitar accompaniment. " 25

O haste crimson morning. Duet. " " 25

Vocal gems, long familiar to the musical public, now for the first time made accessible to the Guitarist.

Woodland Belle. E. Chapin. 25

An easy little song, written in a popular vein.

Instrumental Music.

The Music of the Union. Medley on National
Airs. C. Grobe. 50

Comprising the melodies of The Star Spangled Banner, Hail Columbia, The Red, White and Blue, Washington's March and Yankee Doodle, arranged effectively, yet not too difficult. As these airs have never before been put together into such compact and practical shape, the demand will be very large.

Belmont Polka. E. D. Ingraham. 25

Pleasing, and rather easy.

Woonsocket Quickstep. Handel Pond. 25

A very pleasing composition, by the author of various popular marches.

Books.

JOHNSON'S HARMONY. Practical Instructions in Harmony, upon the Pestalozzian, or Inductive System; teaching Musical Composition and the Art of Extemporizing Interludes and Voluntaries. By A. N. Johnson. 1,00

This work is designed for the class of persons designated in the language of music teachers as "new beginners." It imparts a knowledge of Harmony, by exercises which the student is to write; or, so to speak, by a progressive series of problems which the student must solve. The utmost simplicity of language has been used in the explanations, and an attempt made to guard against misapprehension, even on the part of an undisciplined mind.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 476.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 7.

Chevé's System of Musical Instruction.

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1861.

This system is due to the conjoined labors of Galin, Paris, and Chevé of France, who elaborated the crude ideas suggested by Jean Jacques Rousseau upon the subject of musical notation, and have brought the system to its present state of perfection: in the country where it originated it is known as the "GALIN-PARIS-CHEVÉ" system. By its means, music is easily, thoroughly, and rapidly acquired, both theoretically and practically, and the voice and ear developed, even when these organs seem almost entirely wanting; large masses of people are taught in a very brief period of time to *sing the most difficult music at sight*, to sing well, to *write from ear*, and to comprehend the science perfectly. It also facilitates instrumentation, as the development of ear and voice, together with a knowledge of the principles of the art and of Thorough Bass, is the only *rational* preparation to thorough execution on any instrument. A superior execution is speedily attained, because the *mind* and *ear* being educated by the vocal and theoretical course, the hand will readily obey them; one who has perfectly mastered every possible effect of intonation and time, as well as the science, will have but little trouble in obtaining almost *any* desired effect upon the instrument.

There is no other system which can accomplish such results; other prevailing methods can no more compete with this, than can the old-fashioned stage with the railway. On this point, fourteen professors of music in the Government Schools of the city of Paris, in a letter to Monsieur Chevé, said; "We would not venture to bring in competition with your pupils of six months, the best part of those of ours who have had two years of severe schooling in the old system. The means by which pupils can be enabled to attack every difficulty of intonation and time in your method are infinitely superior to anything that has existed to this day."

It is admirably adapted for teaching in classes, giving rapid and positive results; it is also eminently adapted for the training of Choral and other Musical societies. A large society, called the "Galin-Paris-Chevé-Society" has been founded in Paris, which stands in high repute. It was called out on the occasion of the visit of the Queen of England to Napoleon, and is the only Choral Society ever called on by the Emperor on grand occasions. It underwent a severe test, and most thoroughly vindicated the merits of Chevé's system on the occasion of a trial of skill between the new system and any others which might venture to compete with it, proposed by a jury of twenty-four of the most eminent composers and professors resident at Paris, comprising, among others, Meyerbeer, Felicien David, Emile Prudent, Vieuxtemps, Ferdinand Hiller, A. Elwart, Lefebure Wély, and others, with Hector Berlioz as President. The programme, sent to all the societies of France, was

found so difficult that none other dared attempt it, and on the day appointed no other society appeared to undertake the task.

The following account, translated from "Le Souvenir" of June 28, 1858, is worthy an attentive perusal:

"We witnessed, on the 12th inst., a *'trial of skill'* which took place at St. Cecilia's Hall under the presidency of Monsieur Henri Réber, assisted by the *élite* of our artists and composers. A gold medal, tendered by Monsieur Chevé, was the prize to be offered to the Choral Society who might fulfil the conditions imposed by the programme. These conditions, we must confess, were so difficult to fulfil with equal success, that we were not surprised when, at the last meeting of the Jury, of which we had the honor to be a member, the Secretary, Monsieur Tajan Rogé, made known to us that, notwithstanding the programme had been sent to *all* the singing societies of France, *not one* had responded to the appeal.

"On the day of the trial, 200 of Monsieur Chevé's pupils, stood alone on the field in the presence of 1500 spectators, comprising the *élite* of musical amateurs. In this emergency it was unanimously voted by the jury that the Galin-Paris-Chevé Society, there present, should go through the programme proposed by themselves, to which they immediately proceeded.

"First, a Kyrie of Lesueur was admirably sung; after which, a chorus, drawn by lots, by the jury, among twelve, composed expressly for the occasion, and which had been delivered to the Society twenty-four hours only before the time of the performance. This chorus was so beautifully rendered that it was vehemently encored. Then came a fugue in four parts, drawn also by lots among others, composed expressly for the occasion to be *read at sight*. This was a solemn moment, and the two hundred performers, who read off this piece with an *ensemble* truly extraordinary, produced such a sensation on the audience that the hall rang again with the applause and the encores, in which the jury joined lustily. Next, the charming chorus and the "Prayer" in "Count Ory," of Rossini, were most brilliantly executed. Then came the *musical dictation*, one of the most striking features of the system, and one of the greatest benefits it confers on its disciples. How many artists would wish to be enabled to write under their own dictation a melody of such difficulty as this one of Professor Schloësser's, composed by him expressly for the occasion! Professor Schloësser's Solfeggio, dictated by Monsieur Chevé, was written down, then translated into all the different clefs and keys by the performers, and then sung by them. After this truly remarkable feat, the concert terminated with the chorus of "the Reapers" and "the Storm," from Elwart's Symphony of "Ruth and Boaz." These two pieces, which contain eight real parts, and offer extraordinary difficulties, were followed by tremendous applause from the whole room and jury together.

"The decision of the jury relative to the prize to be awarded, was unanimous with that of the audience. It was not Monsieur Chevé's fault if *no competitors had come to dispute the medal with him*. His pupils had fulfilled all the conditions of the programme with honesty, cleverness, and skill. The jury, twenty-four in number, awarded the medal.

"*All the pieces were sung without any instrument.*"

The system has withstood the severest test of criticism and experiment in France and through-

out Europe, for the last fifteen years, and has won there an unbounded popularity, vanquishing both routine and prejudice; it has at last superseded the old system in the Conservatoire of Paris.

An interesting and highly successful experiment was made at Lyons, France in 1842-43, by Mons. Chevé upon some soldiers of the Military Gymnasium of that city, a brief account of which we condense from the official report. "Lieut. General Baron de Lascours commanding the 7th division, confided 150 soldiers to the professor, by whom they were accepted without regard to their respective ages, capacity, or talent for music, and, on the 1st. October, 1842, the first lesson took place. The men, with few exceptions, began the course very reluctantly, and, only to obey orders. At the end of the first month, the Professor, wishing to classify the voices, made each man sing separately. The result would have been discouraging to most teachers. More than three-quarters of the men were not able to sing the scale. Twelve declared most positively that they would not open their mouths. These were immediately dismissed. The rest, that is 138 men, were kept, notwithstanding the complete absence of musical talent of the greater part, many not being able to distinguish one tone from another. Many confessed that they had not sung a note since the course had begun, but promised that in future they would take part in all the exercises.

"The number of lessons were five a week. No practice was required between the lessons. It must be observed that during the months of October, April and May, there were several weeks' interruption on account of service.

"In December, Lieutenant-General de Lascours, accompanied by many of his friends, came to a lesson. The visitors were much struck with the progress made by the pupils. They had acquired wonderful proficiency in intonation and time, read easily all the different clefs and keys, and sang part music at sight, without any instrument to guide them—one of the peculiarities of the system being that no instrument is ever used in teaching.

"On the 25th of April, 1843, seven months after the opening of the course, the General and other officers with Madame Lascours and many ladies, and in fact all the notabilities of the city received an invitation from the class. The programme was as follows: 1. A Quartette by *Webbe*. 2. A Languedocian air for three voices, by *Des Rues*. 3. A trio from the opera of "Edipe à Colonne," by *Sacchini*. 4. Reading at sight every kind of interval, major or minor. 5. Reading at sight upon all the clefs. 6. Two canons for three voices, by *Silher*. 7. A quartette from the "Clemenza di Tito," by *Mozart*. 8. The quartette in "Iphigenia in Aulis," by *Gluck*. 9. A trio from the "Magic Rose," by *Berton*. 10. Finding the tonic on all the clefs and keys. 11. Writing from ear. 12. Reading (at first sight) a trio from the "Magic Flute," by *Mozart*. 13. An

"Ave Maria" for three voices, by *Choron*. 14. "The Gondolier," a canon in three parts, by *Des Rues*. 15. A Quartette from the "Magic Flute," by *Mozart*. 16. A chorus from the opera "Tancredi," by *Rossini*. 17. The prayer in the opera of "Joseph," by *Méhul*.

"It would be difficult to express the astonishment of the audience. The surprising accuracy with which the men, *one and all*, sang at sight the most difficult intonations in the major and minor modes, the facility with which they read all the clefs and keys, the readiness and exactness with which they *all*, without any exception, wrote down tones vocalized to them, struck all present in the most forcible manner, and fully convinced them that the means employed by Mons. Chevé are infallible in their results, and that, as soon as they are used on a large scale for the benefit of the whole population, the foolish prejudice that some people *cannot sing* will be done away with forever."

Twenty-five thousand of the operatives in Paris have studied under this system, and its patrons include the Emperor and Aristocracy, the Polytechnic, the Normal and the Preparatory schools. We translate the following notice bearing upon this point, from "La Presse" of Dec. 30, 1860: "To-day at one o'clock, the *Galvin-Pâris-Chevé* Society will give their second musical entertainment in the hall of the *Cirque-Napoléon*. More than four thousand invitations have been given out by the committee, which is composed as follows: Count de Morny, President; Rossini and the Prince Poniatowski, Vice-Presidents; Felicien David, Lefébure-Wély, the celebrated composer and organist at *La Madeleine*, and a number of other equally distinguished musicians; with Ernest Lépine as Secretary. Many personages of the highest rank will by their presence enhance the *éclat* of this artistic *fête*." The names of this committee are a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the system and of the esteem in which this Society is held in Paris. Nor is the knowledge of it confined entirely to France, but it is taught in the principal cities of England, Belgium, and many parts of Germany. It was lately introduced into Russia, under the auspices of the Emperor Alexander.

In America it is comparatively little known as yet, and we have but one representative of the system among us, but many advanced and intelligent minds have scrupulously examined into its merits and given in their adhesion; among these might be mentioned Mr. Henry C. Watson, Editor of "Frank Leslie," who thus speaks of it:

"NEW YORK, December 1, 1860.

"I have examined the famous system taught by Mons. Chevé in Paris, and consider it eminently practical. It has reduced the theory of music to a comprehensive system, which can be readily understood by pupils of ordinary intelligence. The many obscurities and incongruities of the old system, both in construction and nomenclature, are dispensed with and scientific arrangement has been made a means of simplifying a study which should be universal, but of which the groping of pedants hitherto, by surrounding it with unnecessary difficulties, circumscribed the knowledge to a very narrow circle.

"Every good citizen must wish this system to succeed, for by it thousands can be taught to enjoy the rational amusement of singing in concert at *sight*, and *well*; receiving at the same time a clear knowledge of what they are doing and how they do it—advantages which no other system of class teaching

affords. The more the practice of music prevails among the people, the more domestic, orderly, and happy the people will become.

"The certificates of the remarkable results of the teaching by this system, as tested in Paris, are signed by many of the most eminent composers and professors of music now living. A system which has met with the unqualified approval of such men as Wagner, Hector Berlioz, Meyerbeer, Vieuxtemps, F. David, F. Hiller, Prudent, Elwart, &c., must have in it the elements of sterling and singular excellence, which should recommend its adoption by the community at large—a consummation which, for the sake of the art and of social improvement, I most earnestly and sincerely desire."

Mr. Henri L. Stuart, of New York, speaking of the effects which would follow its introduction into the schools and among the people of this country, says: "The young would become intelligent critics upon the pretensions of their teachers; the mature would be improved and enlightened; professional empiricism would give place to rational and scientific instruction; and charlatans in music, under this system, would be as readily exposed as in any other branch of knowledge common among the people, such as reading or spelling."

Its results, if once fairly introduced here, would be so much greater than in the countries above-mentioned—owing to the superior intelligence of our people, their progressive tendencies and the wonderful eagerness with which they seize upon every improvement in educational methods—that we sincerely hope the day is not far distant when our countrymen will turn their attention in this direction, and think less of the "Almighty Dollar," and more of those things which are less perishable.

AMATEUR.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music

Sketches of French Musical History.

XVI.

THE OPERA COMIQUE OF THE PRESENT DAY.

We shall close the series of contemporary composers who have obtained letters of naturalization upon our second lyrique stage by favor of the public with notices of Clapisson, Thomas, Grisar and Massé. Should this series of papers attain to the honor of another edition, we engage to give in it additional notices of new and successful candidates for the good will of the public.

The family of M. Louis Clapisson was originally from Lyons, and not from Bordeaux as is generally supposed. His grandfather was a musical instrument maker at that city, and his father after making the Egyptian campaign, married a Swiss woman and settled at Naples under King Joachim Murat. He had been a pupil of the celebrated hornist, Punto, and was appointed first hornist at the theatre of San Carlo; in 1775 he took the same position in the theatre at Bordeaux. The son of a virtuoso and skilful composer, the boy Louis, who was born at Naples Sept. 16, 1809, developed very rapidly his fine and happy musical organization. Continually at the theatre, he soon became familiar with the masterpieces of our repertory and had already attained a high degree of skill upon the violin and pianoforte, when his vocation drew him to Paris, whither he came in 1829, in spite of his father, and with but fifty francs in his pocket to defray all his expenses during a winter of extreme rigor. Strolling along the Boulevard des Italiens the young Provincial became hungry and entered mechanically the restaurant of the Bains Chinois. There a sumptuous breakfast was set before him; green peas (in winter), fine wines, the best of everything—nothing was

wanting. But the bill; away went more than half the small capital of the poor musician, who had not dreamed of such a termination to his breakfast. Some days later, after he had payed his last half franc in a café, the future member of the Institute knew no longer what course to take, when by chance—or rather providentially he cast his eye upon the small street advertising placards. One of them noted a place for a violinist in the orchestra of the theatre Comte; he applied for it and was lucky enough to be accepted; he then confided his sad position to the skillful and kindly director, who hastened to give him an advance payment of his small salary to relieve his immediate necessities. He afterwards studied in the elder Habeneck's class at the conservatory, joined successively the orchestras of the Variétés Gymnase, and the Italian opera, and finally entered that of the Grand Opera, as a second violin, like the distinguished Berton. He studied composition with Reicha and wrote a string quartette which was executed by the brothers Tilmant, was praised by Onslow and published by Frey. Some time afterwards Clapisson composed his vocal quartetts and choruses to *Vieux Paris*, which were successfully executed at the conservatory. In 1837, Madame Lemoine published the first "Album de Louis Clapisson" in which was the famous *Postillon de mam' Albou*. A great number of Melodies, chansonnettes, romances, &c., made the name of the young author popular, whose productions are always characterized by the elegance of the vocal part and tunes of harmony as correct as they are original.

Aug. 24, 1838 the young master produced his first work at the Opera Comique, *La Figurante ou l'Amour et la Danse*, revealed to the public the graceful talents of the composer. With this work Clapisson paid his compliments to the city of Bordeaux, his adopted home; it was a just tribute of remembrance and gratitude. The next year, he composed for Marié *La Symphonie*, text by Saint Georges. In this work a novel and permanent effect in his harmonies, produced by all the stringed instruments of the orchestra is worthy of remark. *La Perruche*, a piece by Dumanoir and Dupin, gave the actor Chollet and the composer Clapisson, opportunity for a new and well-earned success. After *Le Pendu* and *Frère et Mari*, appeared the *Code Noir*, a work in 3 acts, greatly appreciated by artists. *Les Bergers Trumeau* preceded *Gibby la Cornemuse*, in which Roger, Bussine and Mlle. Delille were applauded to the echo. *Jeanne la Folle* and *les Mystères d'Udolphe* had not all the success desired. But *La Promise*, which at the Theatre Lyrique, preceded *la Fanchonnette* and *Margot*, established definitively the reputation of the author, who was now judged worthy of a chair at the Academy. The instrumentation of *la Promise* is every way remarkable. Clapisson has gained his own position by steady and laborious efforts; he will encourage none in the composer's career but those, who are really worthy.

Amboise Thomas, the son of an artist, was born at Metz in Lorraine Aug. 5, 1811, and began at a very early age the study of the violin and pianoforte, delighting parents and friends by playing to them little airs of his own composition. In 1828 he came to Paris to pursue his studies in the conservatory. Endowed with an extraordinary musical memory, thoroughly acquainted with the old works in the repertory of the theatre, the young Thomas made rapid progress, studying the pianoforte under Kalkbrenner and Zimmermann and composition under Dourlen, Barbereau and Lesueur. He gained the first prize for the pianoforte in 1829, the Roman prize in 1832. During the tour which the latter prize enabled him to make he learned to appreciate the Italian school thoroughly in its melodic and vocal excellence. While fully recognizing its vicious abuses mere formulas and its frequent commonplaces, it cannot be denied that the true traditions of the art of

singing come from Italy; that it is the land where one meets most frequently beautifully full and sonorous voices thanks to the influence of that warm and generous climate. At Vienna Thomas found a lively class of German composers, who willingly admitted the Italian style into their works to a certain extent, leaving to their compatriots in the North the cold expression of an obscure germanism.

After three years of travel, Thomas returned to Paris, the place above all others, of the purest dramatic taste (?). In 1837 he brought out *la Double Echelle*, his first work for the Opera Comique, and one generally appreciated. At that time he published a quartette, a quintette, trios and other chamber music, with or without the pianoforte; these various works prove both his talent as a pianist and the thoroughness of his studies in composition. Abandoning instrumental music for the theatre, he gave in order *le Perruquier de la Regence*, in 3 acts by Chailot, *Le Panier Fleuri*, a piece reproduced at the Theatre Lyrique, and *Mina*, in which Mlle. Darcier and Roger contested for victory as actors and singers.

Thomas's modesty and indisposition to intrigue withdrew him now for a time from the stage. But in 1849 his position was fixed at the Opera Comique by the success of the *Caid*, a delicious farcical piece in two acts, and of the *Songe*, a fine scene in which color and style are perfectly sustained. *Raymond*, a melodrama, still continually upon the stage in Germany, and *La Tonelli*, in which Madame Ugalde was captivating for her fire and effective performance, were followed by *La Cour de Celimene*, a comedy rather cold, written by Madame Miolan. *Psyche*, a work exceedingly touching and finely played by Mlle. Lefebvre preceded the *Carnaval de Venise* destined for Mad. Cabel. The eminent merits of Thomas's works led to his appointment as assistant to Halevy in the Conservatory, and finally to fill the place of Adam, as professor. He has already succeeded Batton, as general inspector of the branch school of the Conservatory.

Many ballets, among which the *Gipsy* had a real triumph, a solemn *Mass de Saint Cecile*, &c., prove the flexibility of the talents of M. Thomas. Having been elected in 1851, successor to Spontini in the Institute he now owes us a pendant to *la Vestale*; the amplitude of his style, the richness of his orchestration, his great knowledge of vocal resources, whether solo or in chorus, are important qualities, which he possesses in a high degree, and lead us to foretell his advent upon the broad stage of the Grand Opera. Should he find a subject suited to his noble powers, the list of grand French works will be enriched by another masterpiece. As this goes to press we are happy to confirm the success of the *Roman d'Elvire* a new comic opera by him.

Albert Grisar, born at Antwerp, Dec. 26, 1808, was destined to a commercial career in his infancy and sent to Liverpool to fit himself for that profession. But his tastes did not coincide with the designs of his parents. Music had been taught him as a part of his education—he desired to make it the business of his life. He therefore stealthily left Liverpool in July, 1830, for Paris and sought the counsels of Reicha. From that time bookkeeping gave place to harmony. Meantime revolution broke out in France and Belgium, and Grisar during the siege of Antwerp still continued his studies.

A simple romance, *la Folle*, laid the basis of his reputation; its melody, was so expressive and original in form as to become the fashion. *Le Mariage impossible*, a comic opera played at Brussels in the spring of 1833, gained the young composer a gift of 1,200 francs to aid him in completing his musical education. He returned to Paris and published a great number of delicious romances. In 1836 he made his first appearance as composer upon the stage of the Opera Comique, with a work in two

acts entitled *Sarah*, in which is a considerable degree of dramatic force. *L'An Mil*, in one act brought out in June, 1837, had perhaps the fault of being too grand a subject for so small a framework. Then came *Lady Melvil* and the *Travestissements*, pieces at first played at the theatre de la Renaissance, after which Grisar was long silent. He then went to Naples to gain inspiration in the native land of buffo music. Upon his return he brought with him *l'Eau merveilleuse*, a rich subject already treated by Auber and in *le Philtre* and *l'Elisir d'Amore*;* he then wrote *Gilles ravisseur*, a masterpiece which may well be placed beside the *Tableau parlant* and the *Rendezvous bourgeois*. His farcical, *Bonsoir Monsieur Pantalon*, has continued to draw out peals of laughter, now rare in the theatre; true, the text was marvellously to the composer's purpose. *Les Porcherons*, a work in 3 acts, was greatly applauded. Nothing is fresher than the chorus of gardeners, which opens the first act; nothing more vigorous than the bacchanal scene at the rising of the curtain for the third. *Le Carillonneur de Bruges* and *les Amours du Diable* were less fortunate; yet in the first of these, the beautiful chorus upon the national flag and in the second, a trio of the grandest dramatic effect must be mentioned. *Le chien du Jardinier*, a piece in the vein of the *l'Epreuve villageoise* of Grétry, marks the return of Grisar to his natural style.

We will close this rapid notice of our living composers with Victor Massé, the only one of the younger generation, who has as yet gained a position in the theatre. Born at Lorient, in Brittany, he began his musical studies as a fellow pupil of Rachel at Choron's school. After the suppression of that useful establishment, from which so many fine musicians have preceeded, Massé entered at the Conservatory, the pianoforte class of Zimmermann. He studied harmony with Dourlen and the higher branches of composition with Halévy, gaining the first prize of the Institute in 1844. He then journeyed to Italy and studied profoundly, whatever that classic land of art possessed of wealth in poetry, painting, sculpture and music. The beauty of the climate, the superior organization of its inhabitants, the wonders of nature and art impregnated the happy imagination of the young artist. He is possessed of great sensibility and understands profoundly all the resources of the orchestra; hence Victor Massé has an immense talent as a colorist. He is the Diaz* of music. Harmony, in his skillful hands becomes a pallet from which he draws his tints and shades. His orchestration managed understandingly and most skillfully for effect, adds to the magic of his warm and picturesque style. He is a conscientious artist, one who loves his work, and will not quit a phrase until he feels it impossible to improve it. He may deceive himself at times, for no one is infallible; but at least he never allows a work to leave his hands until he has exhausted all the resources of his brilliant powers. When he has succeeded in rendering an idea, he seeks to accompany it in a manner conforming to the scene to which it belongs, and exercises his wits to find all the forms in which it may be clad, so as finally to gain a full assurance, that it could not be better expressed. In this manner alone can assiduous labor cause a new idea to produce its best fruits.

Victor Massé's first work for the Opera Comique, was *la Chanteuse voilée* in one act, text from the facile pen of Scribe, and was brought out in November, 1850. It was a Spanish subject and so plastic as to be peculiarly fitted for his genius. Mlle. Lefebvre, who was then in all the splendor of her fresh youthful talent, lent the fortunate composer, the best efforts of her marvellous vocalization and her graceful natural acting. Audran was all that could be wished in the character of the painter Velasquez, and Bussine made a fine contrast with his powerful and

* Diaz one of the most famous living Parisian painters in respect to color.

sonorous voice. Massé's instrumentation, which was perhaps rather redundant, cleared itself in *Galatée*, a piece in two acts written by Michel Carré and Jules Barbier. The poem is from the Greek adapted to our epoch. Pygmalion gives life to his statue but dissatisfied with the faults of the woman, prays Venus to change her again to a statue. This termination, though not conforming to the fable, has furnished the musician with scenes, new and varied, upon which to employ his pencil. The choruses behind the scenes are of an exquisite character; the invocation to Venus sung by Mlle. Wertheimber, produces a powerful effect; the air of Paresse, so well given by Mocker, the drinking song, a little overdone, perhaps by Madame Ugalde; the part performed by Sainte-Foy, and as well, all combined to render the whole a complete masterpiece.

The success of the *Noce de Jeannette*, revealed to the public Masse's talents in rural subjects. The romance of the needle, deliciously sung by Mlle. Miolan, offered a happy contrast to the part of Coudere, the actor, who is the very type of the rustic; the song of Margot given with full lungs, exhaled the true country odor. *La Fiancée du Diable*, a work in three acts, had little success; *Miss Fauvette* hardly more. *Les Saisons*, from its descriptive character, was better fitted for a ballet or an oratorio than for the stage. *La Reine Topaz* obtained a success at the Theatre Lyrique. Venetian color abundantly applied upon a picture of large dimensions, the prodigious vocal agility of Mad. Cavalho in his songs of *l'Abeille* and the Carnival of Venice, the beauty of the costumes and decorations, the perfect adaptation of Meillet, Froment and Balanque to their parts, all these were elements of powerful attraction to the public.

Les chaises à porteurs is a pretty picture in the style of Boucher. Victor Massé is sometimes a little too much of the *realist*—never to forget the *ideal* is the true source of perfection to the artists.

Joseph Staudigl.

Born April 14th, 1807. Died March 28th, 1861.

Wöllersdorf, in Lower Austria, was Staudigl's birthplace. His father, one of the imperial rangers, wished to bring him up as a gamekeeper, and, in after life, the celebrated singer certainly distinguished himself as a sportsman. His real vocation, however, soon manifested itself under the guidance and fostering care of the village schoolmaster at Wöllersdorf. In 1816, the boy went to Wiener Neustadt, where he was placed under the chorus-master, Herzog, and when his treble had changed into a powerful bass, received, as a novice, into the Benedictine "Stift" of Molk, the prelate at the head of which was an ardent lover of music. Staudigl next proceeded to Vienna, and, after enduring considerable hardships, obtained an engagement as chorister in the Kärnthnerthor Theatre. It was here that the manager, Herr Düport, became acquainted with him, and, on the occasion of one of the principal singers being suddenly taken ill, gave him the part of Pietro in *Masaniello*. Staudigl was successful, and his artistic career, properly so speaking, now commenced. Not all at once, but gradually, and by most incessant industry and indefatigable practice, he imparted to his voice that evenness, richness, flexibility and power of endurance, which everywhere excited admiration. He devoted, likewise, although not until in after years, the greatest attention to dramatic expression. He could never, it is true, manage to get rid entirely of the Austrian dialect, or divest himself of a certain negligence inherent to his personal appearance; but his performance during his best period—that is to say, from about his thirtieth to the end of his fortieth year—were efforts of the highest rank, being mostly unsurpassable, in a purely musical sense, and distinguished, as a whole, for their agreeable evenness and imposing certainty.

It was not, however, till after his visit to London that his talent was generally appreciated to the full extent it deserved. The admiration entertained for him by his countrymen received an evident impulse from the applause and money he gained from the unmusical, but in many respects artistically inclined, and artist honoring capital of England. He remained at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, under Ballochino, till 1845; he was then secured for the new operatic enterprise in the Theatre an der Wien (under Franz Pokorny), where he undertook the duties of a sort of upper stage-manager, and sang with Jenny Lind, in the remarkable performances, never to be forgotten by the lovers of music, given by that lady.

The unsuccessful result of Pokorny's enterprise, and the straits of his former comrades at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, during the crisis of 1848, caused Staudigl to return to the scene of his earliest triumphs. He was appointed stage-manager-in-chief under Holbein. He was engaged with Cornet a year (1853—1854), and then dismissed, because his voice and, still more, his memory were seriously impaired, but he was dismissed in a manner which, although not unexampled in the Austrian imperial theatres, could not fail to wound the feelings of an artist who had been so generally admired, and whose merit had been proved, for a long series of years, by such admirable performances. If, in addition to this, we take into consideration the bitter effect produced by criticism, even though perfectly justified, when it tells a singer—as it is bound to tell him—when his best period has been passed, and the moment for honourable retirement has arrived; if, moreover, we take into consideration pecuniary losses (simultaneously with the loss of his engagement), a shattered constitution, and other causes of distress, occurring at the same time, we shall have no great reason for immoderate astonishment at the fact of Staudigl's mind becoming deranged in the summer of 1856.

Staudigl's last new part was that of Falstaff, in Thomas's *Song d'une Nuit d'Été*, in the season 1853—1854, while his last appearance took place on the 18th February, 1854, as Ruben in Auber's *Fils Prodigue*. His last new oratorio part was that of Zacharias, in J. Hager's oratorio *Johannes der Täufer*, on the first of March, 1855, and his last public appearance that on Palm Sunday, 1856, at the Burg-Theatre, as St. Paul, in Mendelssohn's oratorio of the same name.

Staudigl's voice was one of those which we may call *beautiful* (*schön*), without running any risk of being accused of abuse of that much-abused term. It flowed forth, with exactly the amount of force that might be desired, in every portion of its natural compass; hence its incomparable correctness, guided by the finest musical ear; hence the irreproachable gradation of tone; and hence the power, so often admired, of preserving clearness of enunciation under all circumstances, and, at the same time, despite the difference of the words, of invariably commanding a degree of agreeable roundness and fulness, frequently quite extraordinary, and always satisfactory; and hence everything constituting the *first foundation* of perfection in the art of singing. This correct intonation—which, also, is a greatly abused and misunderstood term, for let the reader reflect, for a single moment, how few singers can at once pitch their voice properly, without the help of an aspiration, and a hundred other objectionable means—this correct intonation, we repeat, enabled Staudigl to pass, on the one hand, without any sudden break, from great vigour to gentleness of tone, and, on the other, to develop to a certain degree, the flexibility of his voice—a flexibility usually known, in the widest acceptance of the term, as *bravura*. Rossini's runs and roudades were, perhaps, somewhat out of Staudigl's line, but the *bravura* of the German, as well as of the French style—of Handel, on the one hand, and of Boieldieu on the other—not forgetting the magnificent shake, which is so prominent a feature in both these schools, found in Staudigl a perfect master. We may, therefore, safely affirm that flexibility of

voice cultivated to such a pitch, without any sacrifice of quality, a flexibility in which most basso singers are totally deficient, was quite sufficient for the comprehensive round of parts it fell to Staudigl's lot to undertake.

To excellence of intonation, light and shade, strength, softness, and flexibility, were added a most happy, natural, and unconstrained connection of the registers, and a power acquired by incessant and systematic application, of drawing breath only at long intervals (*langer Athem*)—all tending to increase the natural value of so rare a voice. The pleasing impression produced by its peculiarly agreeable and harmonic sound, flowing, we might almost say, from the singer's very soul, cannot be recalled by words, or satisfactorily described; and, when we speak of its melting and metallic character, of its softness and richness, of its evenness and certainty, we are giving only an approximate idea of something which a person must himself have heard to appreciate properly.

If we reflect on the manner in which an artistic education is commenced, we are instantly struck by the absurd and defective plan usually pursued. Yet this fact is taken too little into consideration. People reproach artists with having learnt little or nothing, forgetting that nothing has been done even now, to afford them an opportunity for learning anything. For instance, can the incipient actor find a school for dramatic, rhetorical and mimetic instruction, by means of which he may hope to mature and develop his natural gifts? But the incipient singer is still worse off. Though the actor does not find a school, he finds particular models which he can follow, and certain theatres in full activity, where, under a simultaneous course of diligent self-study, and the healthy influence of others he may work himself in, and rise to high artistic excellence. The instrumentalist, again, finds in his conservatories, however one-sided and limited their field of action may be, in addition to the requisite elementary instruction, a starting-point for further artistic development. In this case, also, we have to do only with *exclusively musical* qualities and acquirements. How different, and how much more difficult, is the position of the *operatic singer*! How much is expected from him! He must have enjoyed a *musical* education, just like the instrumentalist; but he must develop, to the highest possible pitch, the tone, strength, evenness, and flexibility of his *voice*, and, by continuous and careful application, keep up all these qualities at their proper height, a task infinitely more difficult to accomplish with the human voice than with an instrument;* he must acquire a natural, healthful, and noble style; he must obey the rules of musical intonation as strictly as the instrumentalist, at the same time preserving clearness of enunciation, and giving the words correctly, both in a declamatory and colloquial sense; in addition to his musical qualification, he must, the moment he goes on the stage, make himself master of those external aids—such as walking, standing, and regulating his features and demeanor—which alone are found quite sufficient to tax the powers of the actor; he must, finally, combine with musical conception and working out of his part, the dramatic treatment, which is all that the actor has to consider, and create out of all this a complete artistic whole. He must become a good actor, without ceasing to be a good musician. It is enough for us to enumerate such demands as these, to see at once the difficulty of satisfying them, if only approximatively.

A knowledge of the great difficulties which the singer has to overcome, should teach us not to be immoderate in our demands upon him, and, keeping within the bounds of possibility, though invariably advocating ideal excellence, which the critic cannot entirely avoiding doing, not to lose sight of the peculiarities distinguishing each

* An instrument is ready to our hand, while well-defined and universally valid rules teach us how to use it. Now, although in cultivating the voice, we pre-suppose certain general rules, much of the practical treatment depends on the disposition of each individual, and the state he happens to be in. The voice itself is subjected to the varying influence of the body and mind; it is not a lifeless thing on which we must foster, tend, watch, etc.

separate branch of art. The singer ought to have in him something of the actor, a something which he should endeavor to develop; but he must not become an actor, if he would not entirely ruin the singer. Staudigl was more especially an accomplished singer, and, although the histrionic part of his performances was open to many objections, the general impression of those performances was an especially satisfactory one, and not only the musical, but also the musically-dramatic effect, was indisputably artistic. The peculiar nature of this state of things, by no means infrequent with operatic artists, is to be best explained by a specification of the various good qualities and defects which are mixed up in such individuals.

Louis Niedermeyer.

The tomb has again opened for one of our contemporary celebrities. Louis Niedermeyer departed this life at Paris, on the 14th inst. in his fifty-ninth year. Born on the 27th April, 1802, at Nyon, in the Canton of Vaud, Switzerland, situate on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, Niedermeyer was descended, through his mother, from a Protestant family, which had been compelled to leave France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His father, a native of Wurzburg, had settled and married in Switzerland. Being himself endowed with great musical talent, he was the first master his son ever had. Louis Niedermeyer, when fifteen years old, was sent by his parents to Vienna, where, for the space of two years, he received lessons on the piano from Moscheles, and in composition from Forster. After having published, in the above city, some of his first essays, consisting of pieces for the piano, he proceeded to Rome, where he continued the study of counterpoint, under the tuition of Fioravanti, master of the Pontifical Chapel. He next went to Naples, where Zingarelli undertook to complete his musical education. It was during his stay in Naples that the young artist composed his first opera, entitled *Il Reo per Amore*, and produced at the Teatro del Fondo. He was then eighteen years of age. In 1821 he had returned to Switzerland. To this epoch belongs one of the most charming inspirations of his youth, an inspiration subsequently destined to be crowned with complete success. We allude to the music of *Le Lac*, which he composed to M. de Lamartine's words, and in which the musician proved himself as much a dreamer and a colorist as the poet. In the following year he proceeded to Paris, where he first attracted attention by several sterling compositions for the piano, and afterwards, thanks to the friendship and patronage of Rossini, who had been acquainted with him in Naples, was enabled to get a two-act opera accepted at the Théâtre Italien. It was entitled *Casa nel Bosco*, the book being translated from the comic opera, *Une Nuit dans la Forêt*. This work was performed in the month of July 1828, but despite a certain melodic charm about it, with only trifling success.

Gentle, timid, and modest, Niedermeyer was little calculated for the incessant struggles to be expected by every dramatic composer at the outset of his career. He soon gave way to a feeling of disgust, and, notwithstanding the reputation he had already achieved by the publication of various pieces of vocal and instrumental music, left Paris in 1833, for Brussels, where he took a lively interest in the institution founded by M. Gaggia. Here he discharged, for eighteen months, the duties of professor of the piano. A situation of this kind did not afford many opportunities for a composer to distinguish himself; Niedermeyer resolved, consequently, to return to Paris, and once more to try his fortune at the theatre. At length the doors of the Académie Royale de Musique were flung open to him, and, on the 3rd March, 1837, he brought out at that establishment *Stradella*, an opera in five acts, words by M. M. Emile Deschamps and Emilien Pacini. This grand score, on which the composer had founded justifiable hopes, was at first coldly received. Subsequently—in 1843—*Stradella* was revived, reduced to three acts, and in its new form ran for a considerable number of nights. Several pieces from it obtained, and still continue to obtain, great success at concerts. In the month of December 1844, Niedermeyer, in conjunction with M. Théodore Anne, produced, at the same theatre, *Marie Stuart*, an opera in five acts, containing, among other remarkable pieces, a most charming romance, which has become a popular favorite. In the following year, government did justice to the talent and character of the artist, by creating him a knight of the Legion of Honor. In 1846, he was summoned by Rossini to Bologna, for the purpose of working under his direction, at the adaptation of the *Donna del Lago* for the French stage. This adaptation was performed, in

the month of December in the same year, at the Grand Opera, under the title of *Robert Bruce*. Lastly, in the month of May 1853, Niedermeyer brought out his five-act opera, *La Fronde*, words by M. M. Maquet and Jules Lacroix. About the same time he conceived the idea of establishing, on the model of the old institution founded by Choron under the restoration, but suppressed after the revolution of 1830, a School of Religious Music, intended to form, by the study of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the great masters of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries, singers, organists, *maîtres de-chapelle*, and composers of sacred music. By the assistance of M. Fortoul, then Minister of Public Instruction and Worship, he obtained a subsidy from the State, and in the course of the year 1853, opened his school, M. Dietsch being appointed to assist him as "Directeur des Etudes." This establishment, situated in the Rue Neuve Fontaine-St.-Georges, Paris, and in which a literary education, as far as the subjects of the third form, is given to the pupils simultaneously with their musical instruction, was not long in prospering and sending out a number of distinguished proficient, who have been appointed to various cathedrals and churches in France.

Niedermeyer watched over the interests of his school with unvarying solicitude, and neglected nothing which could tend to improve the course of study there. Thus, by no means satisfied with the altogether arbitrary manner in which the plain-chant is generally accompanied, he devoted his most serious attention to this interesting part of religious art, and, in 1855, published, in conjunction with M. J. d'Ortigue, a *Traité d'Accompagnement de Plain-Chant*, founded upon new principles. It was, also, with a view to diffuse among all classes a taste for religious music, that, in 1856, he established a paper called the *La Maîtrise*, the editorship of which—now entrusted to M. d'Ortigue—he resigned in 1858. He was employed in terminating a grand work on the accompaniment, for the organ, of the plain-chant of the church service, when death suddenly surprised him. His funeral took place on the 17th instant, in the Cimetière du Nord. Two speeches were delivered, one by the Pastor Coquerel, and the other by M. Elwart, before his prematurely opened tomb, and in the midst of his pupils and numerous friends, who had hastened to pay him this last mark of respect.

Niedermeyer leaves a son, aged twenty, and two daughters, to whom he bequeaths no fortune, save an unblemished name. He obtained long since the recognition of his right to French nationality. We have already mentioned the works he produced on the stage. He wrote, also, a great many separate vocal pieces. Among the best known are: "Le Lac," "L'Isolement," "Le Soir," "L'Automne," "La Voix humaine," on poems of M. de Lamartine; "La Ronde du Sabbat," "Océano-Nox," "La Nuit," "Puisqu'ici bas toute Ame," to words by M. Victor Hugo; "La Noce de Léonore," "Une Scène dans les Apennins," and several other pieces, to words by M. Emile Deschamps. He also set to music Manzoni's ode: "Il cinque Maggio," Millevoys's "Poète Mourant," and Casimir Delavigne's "Ame du Purgatoire;" besides composing several masses, one for grand orchestra, and a large number of religious pieces for the voice and for the organ, etc., etc.—From the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

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Editorial Correspondence.

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MUSIC IN BERLIN—BACH.

With the musical wealth of a whole winter in Germany opening before me two expectations, two desires were uppermost. One was, to hear as much as possible of the operas of GLUCK; the other, as much as possible of JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH. For these are just those noblest legacies of musical genius, which an American cannot have at home, however intimate he may be with Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, and all the rest. He must go to Germany for them, as he must go to Italy for Raphael and Titian, or to Vienna for St. Stephen's cathedral, to Venice for St. Mark's. The former wish was reasonably well gratified, although (in respect to quantity) not well enough.

Berlin was just the place for it; the only place where Gluck comes frequently, with all due honor and fair treatment, upon the stage. I was fortunate enough to hear there the *Orpheus and Eurydice* twice, and the *Iphigenia in Aulis*, and *Iphigenia in Tauris* each once; and with one of the true lyric queens of our day, (although her voice is sadly damaged), Frau Jachmann (Johanna Wagner), in the parts of Orpheus and of Clytemnestra. Enough here to say, that all my anticipations were made good; that all that I had been told of the classical dignity, the truth to nature, the unflagging dramatic interest, the absence of all forced, false or sickly expression, and the inspired, pervading beauty of each work as a whole, in Gluck's operas was fully realized. The only regret was, the impossibility of repeated hearings, so that one might really get to know the noble strangers. More of this hereafter.

With regard to BACH, too, my opportunities have been abundant; and it is simple truth to say, that nothing else in this Art tour has, nothing else could have, so met the deepest want, or so enriched my musical experience. Each new leaf that I have turned of him has deepened my conviction that he was as great in genius as in learning; that his ideas are as wonderful, as inexhaustible as his skill in handling them; that there is feeling, soul, religion in his music, and not mere contrapuntal mathematics; that his fugue work is more beautiful, and more appealing to the inmost soul of us, than curious,—more like happy inspirations, tipped with true imaginative fire, than like calculated combinations; and that Nature, after all, the rich imaginative, poetic nature of the man, played the largest part in it. But above all, his music testifies to the profound religious nature of the man; it was the daily, hourly offering of a sincere, a rich, all-absorbing, manly, cheerful, childlike piety; an offering in which all his faculties gathered themselves up for a complete, ideal act, to realize the beauty of holiness. His music is the type and the expression of those experiences, those instincts in us, which relate us to the Infinite and make us conscious of a spiritual world and destiny. Hence it is, that we feel something mystical (in the best sense, not opposed to clear) in his music and his life; and that his Fugues awaken somewhat the same wondering and infinite sensation, the same insatiable appetite, with which we gaze and are charmed upward and upward by the soaring, fluid lines and details of an old Gothic cathedral tower and spire; endless variety ascending, losing itself in the sublime whole, which but repeats, or rather realizes, the type of form of each particular. These two types of form, the Gothic cathedral in architecture, seem in its great specimens, and the Bach fugue in music, have a wonderful affinity with what is deepest in us; one listens with insatiable appetite, like love. Their suggestion is a story without end, and never tedious.

It is the idlest kind of talk, this, which treats the partiality for Bach, and for such polyphonic, such fugue music as he wrote, as mere pedantry. It is ignorance or impudence to say that such things are wholly done by rule, that they are the cold and uninspiring product of the mere mathematical, combining intellect. No art could live a century upon such capital. A posthumous enduring and increasing fame is a thing that has roots and grows. The interest which the best

musicians and the most musical persons now take in Bach, after his works had lain a good part of a century almost forgotten or rather not yet known, (like Shakspeare), is proof enough that there must be something in him; that his fugues, church cantatas, arias, &c., are made of more immortal stuff than any skill or learning. Musical Germany finds no task more rewarding, more inspiring, than the exploration of those countless scores in manuscript which he has left; and it is doubtful whether any music at the present moment is exerting a greater influence,—not directly on the great mass of music-lovers, but not the less surely through those who have penetrated the nearest to the sanctuary in the temple of this divine Art. The great "monster concert" master, Jullien, was once complimented on a certain something like a fugue, which he had introduced into his opera "Pietro il Grande," (which brought a hundred horses upon the stage). "Oh," said the great man, "that is nothing; any musician can compose a fugue. It is wholly mechanical; it is only to take a little theme, and treat it according to the rules, and all the rest follows precisely as it must; there is no room for invention in it." He had nothing to answer to the question: "How then comes it, inasmuch as everybody wrote fugues in Bach's and Handel's time, that their's have lived, and nearly all the rest have passed away? Does it not appear that while some fugues are sticks, others are living branches from a tree with roots? and that there may be all the difference between one man's fugue and that of another (on the same subject too), that there is between a song by Shakspeare, such as "Hark, hark, the lark," and one by one Miss Matilda in the poet's corner of a newspaper?"

But I did not intend an apology for Bach, or a defense of fugues. And this is no time to go into the discussion of deep questions. I am simply reporting what I have seen and heard, with some hint of the impressions it has made on me. Whether the Bachists be right or wrong (and so far as any are exclusives they are wrong), it is certainly a fact that no composer, old or new, so occupies the attention of the most earnest musicians and amateurs in Germany just now, as Bach. No works are sought out, edited, studied, practised, professed, listened to, talked over and written about with more eager curiosity and enthusiasm than his. It is that people feel that they have opened here a well of living waters; that they have found here something old, long buried out of sight under the rubbish of the past which really is fresher, newer, more original and more refreshing, than any thing produced in our own time. And what a monument to the man's memory, what a witness to the power with which his music speaks to the best musical and spiritual instincts and perceptions of the present age, is that magnificent edition of his works, from the press of those princely Leipzig publishers, Breitkopf and Härtel, of which a volume is put forth yearly under the auspices of the Society for the publication of Bach's works! Ten noble volumes are already before us—the most beautiful specimens of music engraving and printing (these and a similar edition of Handel, since commenced), which exist in the world. And let us take a little pride in knowing that the series has some eight subscribers in our own Boston! None of us may live to witness the completion of the

series; for the unpublished manuscripts which Bach has left are as innumerable, as the scores are in almost every case important and elaborate. The publication enriches nobody but the subscribers and the world. That is to say, there is no money made by it. It is published purely as a monumental work by the Bach Society; the price covers the expense of the publication and no more; so that the subscribers are really themselves the publishers, and the Society is their committee, which manages the thing for them. It really adds to the value and attraction of the books, that they are free from all taint of trade.

A traveller through old cities has many treasures shown to him. But nothing which I have seen, in palaces and churches, in galleries and libraries, has seemed to me so rare a treasure as one which I saw in the Royal Library in Berlin. The musical department of that library contains 50,000 works. (Our "Diarist" has told us that before and has written us many a letter from the midst of his labors in its recesses, copying out the "conversation books" of Beethoven, in which people pencilled their questions and remarks to the deaf giant during so many years). There, near a window, so as to be readily removed in case of fire, stands a huge chest of drawers and shelves, full almost to bursting with autograph scores of Bach. Besides those of the published works, the great Mass in B minor, the Passion music, both according to the text of Matthew and of John, the Christmas Oratorio, the Organ Preludes and Fugues, the "well-tempered Clavichord," &c., here are found upwards of 270 different church Cantatas,—elaborate compositions, consisting of Symphonies, Chorals, Fugues, Arias, Duets, &c., of which Bach wrote a fresh one for each Sunday of the year, for many years, while he was cantor of the Thomas Church in Leipzig. Many of these are among the grandest and most wonderful creations of religious music; and not a tithe of them are yet published or known. Many more are hidden here and there, no one knows where, or are destroyed. The librarian has even picked a loose shred of a rumor, that some of them have found their way, a long while ago, to America. Surely so rich a collection must in time draw to itself whatever scattered manuscripts of Bach exist.

While speaking of this library, let me name some other treasures which it possesses. I saw there Beethoven's complete manuscript of the Ninth, or Choral, Symphony! a strange mass of hieroglyphics, filled with erasures, alterations, and mere hints and sketches; yet very fascinating, (and as if they would fain tell their meaning picture-wise) the tangled, sprawling curves and dashes looked. I saw, too, books full of first sketches, mere jottings down of principal ideas, for works which he designed to write; among them, a design for each of the several movements of a tenth Symphony. What a contrast between the look and character of these autographs, and that of an autograph opera by Mozart! In the latter no erasures, no corrections; all as neat and clean as if it had been copied for a photograph edition. And such was Mozart's creative method as he himself tells us in the letter to the Count. Everything came to him whole and complete; all its parts lay clearly in his mind at once, in due relation and proportion; he had only to copy out thence upon paper. It was the pure way of inspired genius, the Raphael way. Many works

of Palestrina, and the old Italians, of Orlando Lasso, Handel, Haydn, all the lesser Bachs, of Cherubini, of nearly all the known, and many unknown, masters exist here in manuscript, or in the only known printed copy.

Of course Bach does not reign equally in all the German cities. His great works are chiefly to be heard in Leipzig and Berlin. In the former place the Bach movement, so to speak, of these times began; for there are centred the Bach traditions, and there Mendelssohn sounded the signal of the newly awakening interest in him. There his *Passions*-music and other great religious works are performed in the church, and from the choir, where Bach himself was cantor; and there it has been my good fortune to hear his *Weinachts-Cantata* (or Christmas Oratorio) and his *Johannis Passion*, produced by the indefatigable, single-minded, modest laborer in the pure cause of Art and Bach, Herr Riedel, with the singing society which he has raised up for the purpose. Berlin, as the great northern capital of Germany, and with great resources and ambition, must have everything, and upon a larger scale than anybody; and so her many excellent societies bring out more great works of Bach in the course of a season, than can be heard anywhere else. It was my luck to secure much and to lose much of this. Could I have staid there until Passion week and later, I should have heard both the *Matthäus* and the *Johannis Passion*, and also the great Mass in B minor, called his greatest work. Or could I have contrived to be upon the Rhine that week, I might have heard the Matthew Passion upon three successive days in Darmstadt, in Aix-la-Chapelle and in Cologne—the latter under the direction of Ferdinand Hiller, who is the right man to keep alive an interest in Bach in those regions. But what I did hear in Berlin makes a formidable list. For instance, five of the Cantatas, including two of the grandest works I have ever heard, even by the side of Handel's Oratorios, namely one upon the Choral: *Ein feste Burg*, and one commencing: *Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss*; performed by that admirable society, the "Bach-Verein," which has for its director one of the most sterling musicians and composers of the day, George Vierling. Also many Motets and Chorals, many organ Preludes, Fugues, Toccatas, Sonatas, &c., violin music, arias sung in mixed concerts, &c.

In Vienna, where I arrived just before Easter, Bach is little cultivated. Ever since Beethoven and Schubert's time, the Italian taste has reigned among the light-hearted Viennese. As a musical city, it is more like Paris. But there is already an awakening in a higher direction. There is a circle of young musicians in Vienna, among whom I may name Hellmesberger and his fine Quartet, Eppstein, the pianist, Ruffinaccia, &c., who serve the highest cause of classical Art in a right noble spirit. These men love Bach, as well as Beethoven. Joachim is an immense favorite there, and through his masterly violin performances, has even made Bach more than palatable to Viennese audiences. Vienna, too, has the honor of publishing altogether the best and most high-toned musical journal, which now appears in Germany. Its editor, Herr Selma Bagge, is an enlightened, earnest and unselfish champion of the True in Art; and whoever among German musical men has an earnest word to say upon any important topic is very apt to seek the Vienna

journal for his organ. There has appeared recently, in several numbers of it, a review of Robert Franz's admirable arrangements of Bach's arias, which shows the most profound and delicate appreciation of Bach's style and genius, and of his mission in the world, that I have ever seen. It is said to have been written by a young composer of much promise, living in Halle, a pupil and friend of Franz, by name Saran.

Let this pass for an introduction, and in another letter I will try to recall more particularly what I have heard of Bach. D.

A New Mass.

Mr. J. FALKENSTEIN, who has been the organist and musical director at the Endicott street Catholic church for a term of years invited some of his friends to a rehearsal of a Mass composed by him and executed by the choir and orchestra of the church with the aid of some of our resident musicians on the evening of May 4th. Mercantile Hall, where the rehearsal took place, was filled with an appreciative audience.

Composing a new piece of music may be set down as an undertaking much more delicate, at the present day, than writing a new book. Not only have the various emotions of the human soul been treated in tones in the most varied manner, but they have been so expressed by the immortal masters in ways beyond which hardly anything seems possible. From the *Matthäus*-passion of Bach, to the *Missa solennis* in D by Beethoven—mentioning these two works merely as outposts of a host of glorious, sublime compositions and not forgetting the *Requiem* by Mozart nor the *Masses* by Haydn, Mozart, Cherubini and others; from Handel's *Susannah*, *Judas Maccabeus* to Mendelssohn's *Elijah*—so much grand, devout and truthful musical expression has emanated from the minds of these chosen men that it is, in this as in other departments of musical art, an almost hopeless endeavor to find a new form wherein to clothe a new musical idea.

The musical critic has a difficult task to perform with reference to new compositions in church style. Filled with the severe and yet so warm and deep beauties of Bach and Händel, having the grand and solemn mysteries of the *Requiem* by Mozart and the *Missa Solennis* by Beethoven indelibly graven in ones memory, it is difficult to disengage oneself from these impressions in order to find the standard, by which to measure a new applicant for musical fame. Having to consider the means with which a composer has to work, if writing for practical purposes, it was well for an impartial critic to have had occasion of hearing the composition, the name of which heads this article. And after observing that a part of his orchestra is not of the highest order, we are surprised at the happy tact and practical skill with which Mr. Falkenstein worked out the instrumentation of his modest composition. Indeed we think in some places Mr. F. attained orchestral effect with his limited means, which do him much credit and show that he is a practical musician of great ability. Proofs of this are furnished throughout the whole of the work. The orchestration, as far as the middle parts are concerned, suffered somewhat from the absence of violoncellos and bassoons, which could not be procured. This caused certain passages to sound thin, especially where, as is often done and we think not to advantage, the violins go *unisono* with the singers. We especially observed this in the "Incarnatus." The "Kyrie" is good, so are various parts of the "Gloria," in which imitations in the bass instruments produce quite a good effect. The first movement of the "Sanctus" struck us as especially good good, expressing happily a mysterious holy emotion. In the "Benedictus" and the "Agnus Dei," the soprano singer has some fine soli, and revealed a full sympathetic voice, which, with proper cultivation, we think, would be a valuable

addition to the ranks of our resident singers. A fine part occurs also occurs also in the "Dona nobis pacem." Some of the finest instrumental effects are in some pieces for the brass instruments in the "Gloria," "Credo," and the "Hosannah" of the "Sanctus." Especially good was the chorus of the "Agnus Dei," with its accompaniment of brass instruments. And so was the "Amen" at the close of the mass.

The style of the composition reminds one of Mozart. Although there are no positively new ideas in the work, and the harmonies, though very good in many places, have been used before, yet there is so much skill in the Mass, many graceful flowing melodies in the various brief movements and so much practical ability in the very short and modest work, that we sincerely think Mr. Falkenstein ought to essay some greater work or at least a more elaborate orchestral composition. We might add that portions of the mass seemed to have more of a lyrical, operatic character than is desirable for a mass. But then we remember what good old father Haydn said, when similar objections were raised against some passages in his masses, "Why should I not pray to my God with merriment and rejoicing?" said the good old man. Every one ought to do all things in his own way is surely a good and just maxim.

If we may take the liberty, we should suggest to Mr. Falkenstein a study of the works of Bach. There are some passages in his mass that show that he likes to write in a severer style. The old maestro is the best food for aspiring talents and we think Mr. F. would find it to his great advantage to make himself familiar with the motettes and airs of Bach as well as his masses and oratorios. *†

THE LAST AFTERNOON CONCERT of the season was given by the Orchestral Union on Wednesday, May 15th, before a crowded house. There did not seem to be a seat vacant. The programme was unusually rich.

1. Overture—"Die Hebriden".....Mendelssohn
2. Concert Waltz—"Gedanken Flug".....Strauss
3. Symphony No. 9—(op 88).....Mozart
4. Overture—"Oberon".....Weber
5. Romanza in G—(For the Violin).....Beethoven
Performed by Carl Meisel.
6. Armen Ball Polka.....Strauss
7. Soldiers' Chorus, Prayer and Barcarole.....Meyerbeer

The four classical pieces were very well rendered. We were glad to find a delicate shading of *pianissimo* to *fortissimo* in all of them. Mr. MEISEL played the Romanza by Beethoven with much purity and taste and received a deserved applause. All the other pieces especially the very effective extract from the "Star of the North," were performed very well, and the concert formed a brilliant close to a successful series.

We see with pleasure that the "Orchestral Union and the Germania Band propose to give a series of Saturday evening concerts. Particulars see in another column. *†

Mr. Bendelari's Concert.

Mr. AUGUSTO BENDELARI, with his musical club, made up from his pupils, gave a concert at Mercantile Hall, on Saturday evening last, for the benefit of the families of the Boston Volunteers. We need not say that such a body of singers, drawn from the most cultivated society of the city, did not fail to draw a crowded house, or to give a most substantial benefit. The programme gave us the names of some fifty ladies and twenty gentlemen who make up Signor Bendelari's club, and we should be well pleased to be able to give some fuller account of this very delightful concert. The voices were all very fresh and beautiful, and several of the singers showed the highest style of amateur accomplishment and cultivation, most creditable to their instructor. The concert closed with a spirited air and chorus, composed by Signor Bendelari, who, like most of our adopted citizens, is full of patriotic ardor, which found spirited expression in this song, *Rule Columbia*, which was admirably sung by Mrs. HARWOOD and full chorus. This was the programme:

1. Chorus, I Lombardi, Gerusalem.....Verdi.
2. Solo, Linda, O Luce.....Donizetti.
3. Duet, Maria Padilla....."
4. Solo, Giuramento, Manegli.....Mercadante.
5. Solo, Tancredi.....Rossini.
6. Duet, Bianco e Faliero....."
7. Solo, Separazione....."
8. Pezzo Concertato, Macbeth.....Verdi.

PART II.

1. Ave Maria.....Florimo.
2. Solo, Lucia, Regnava.....Donizetti.
3. Duet, Giuramento.....Mercadante.
4. Solo, Jeanne d'Arc.....Bordesi.
5. Quartette, Carnevale di Venezia.....Petrella.
6. Solo, Cenerentola, Non piu mesta.....Rossini.
7. Rule Columbia.....B. Augusto
Mrs. Harwood, and Chorus. [A. Bendelari.]

MUSIC IN WASHINGTON.—Our troops in the Federal City, beside giving proofs of their expertness as mechanics of every sort, show that there are not a few among them possessed of no little skill in the divine art of Music. We read that on the Sunday after the arrival of a Massachusetts regiment, divine service was performed by its chaplain, one of the privates officiating as organist, while others made up an efficient choir.

We have received (with a complimentary ticket) the following programme of a concert to be given, May 9th, by the LIGHT GUARD, Company A, 71st Regiment, New York) at the Navy Yard Barracks at Washington—a Matinée d'Invitation. We regret that circumstances forbid our acceptance of the invitation, and hope that some friend may send us a Washington letter. With HARRISON MILLARD (a private in the regiment) for conductor, and Dodworth's famous band for orchestra, our readers will readily believe that the concert was well worth attending. Here is the Programme:

1. Quickstep, "Thou art far away".....Millard.
Dodworth's Band.
2. Song, "Yes! let me like a soldier fall".....Wallace.
Mr. Millard.
3. Quartet, "Come where my love lies dreaming".....Foster.
Glee Club.
4. Song, "The Monks of old".....Glover.
Mr. Camp.
5. Finale of "La Traviata".....Verdi.
Dodworth's Band.
6. New National Ode, "The flag of the free".....Millard.
Mr. Millard and Chorus.
7. Trio, "Love's young dream".....Moore.
Millard, Woodruff, and Camp.
8. Fantasie on "Il Ballo in Maschera".....Verdi.
Dodworth's Band.
9. Miserere from "Il Trovatore".....Verdi.
Mr. Millard, H. Dodworth and Chorus.
10. Duetto, "I would that my love".....Mendelssohn.
Dodworth's Band.
11. Patriotic Song, "Viva l'America".....Millard.
Mr. Millard.
12. Full Chorus, "Star Spangled Banner".....Rey.
Director, Mr. Harrison Millard.
Band Leader, Mr. Harvey Dodworth.

ST. LOUIS, MAY, 1861.—"Tom" was born in Georgia, owned by a man named Jones. He was an idiot from birth. His father and mother were offered for sale. Price \$1,500 without Tom; \$1,200 with him. A Dr. Bethune purchased him. His daughters had a piano and used to play a little; the kind of music girls play, not much of anything. Tom used to spend his time rolling in the mud, but as soon as the piano struck up come in the house he would; there was no keeping him out. One night the piano was heard after the family had retired. They went in the parlor, and there was Tom playing every tune he had ever heard; the first time trying. Tom is blind; has not common sense, cannot converse on any subject, although he will go to church and coming home, repeat every word of the sermon. Sightless from birth and untutored, his soul runs over with the spirit of music. He produces the sweetest melody that we can conceive of, with the utmost accuracy. His brain is a repository of the richest musical gems, which scintillate and flash beneath his ebony fingers, assuring us that this unenlightened little child could only have been taught by the finger of God. Without a moment's instruction, the son of ordinary Southern field hands, he sustains himself a linguist, composer, and musician. He claims to be the only person who can play three airs at once, but I have heard Theodore M. Brown do that often, and Gottschalk play four, in Buffalo. Tom repeats any piece no matter how long or difficult on hearing it once. He repeats the music correctly and the words, verbatim, of any song in any language. He does not understand a single rudimentary principle of music yet composes gems of rare artistic ability. He sits down to the piano, plays any duett with any one, never having heard it before, and then changes stools and plays the other part, thus composing and remembering. He plays also with his back to the piano, standing up, completely reversing his fingers. He does not know a flat from a sharp, nor the name of the key. He plays the most difficult operatic music without missing a note, or striking a false one. He was caressed and petted as all negro children are on a plantation, especially those affected with the terrible infirmity loss of sight. But when the veil of darkness was drawn over the sight of this poor negro boy, a flood of light was poured in upon his brain, and his mind became an opera of beauty written by the hand of God in syllables of music.

I have sat in some considerable impatience sometimes; I did the evening I heard Jenny Lind, the

first ever I heard Lagrange—but I confess I was more impatient to see Tom. The door opened and a gentleman led forward a grinning, idiotic, Congo boy, whom with some trouble he controlled. Tom is a full-blooded negro, and appears more like an ape than a man. He is eleven years old. He bowed as if his head was coming off, and while the gentleman was talking, kept playing and grinning, rolling his eyes, &c. During the evening he would drum on the piano, at intervals, clap and laugh when the audience did, and had to be closely watched all the time. He was led to the piano and took his seat. He threw his head back, and commenced with all the ease, yet *vim* of a master. He did all they claimed for him. Beautiful, and difficult selections from the various operas, and, in short, all the modern piano music. I am astounded, I can not account for it, no one can, no one understands it. Sunday afternoon I visited him, and for the first time we discovered a new property. I placed him at the other end of the room, and as I struck the piano at random, he immediately told every note I struck, whether black or white. He does not know their names. I struck very quickly, giving him no time to think, and kept him saying black and white as fast as he could speak; he never missed once. Monday evening they did the same at the concert. His hand is very peculiarly shaped. From the ball of his thumb up to the first finger is an inch longer than common. The organs of time and tone are entirely wanting. He can be taught nothing. He has no intelligence. He is in all respects, save in music, a blind, idiotic negro, can not carry on any conversation. We well know the difficulty of giving concerts on the piano alone, and I never knew but one man who could do it, Wm. Mason. Tom gave fifteen in Louisville, but the troubles here broke up all concerts. To show his wonderful imitative powers he delivered a long speech of Senator Douglass which he heard him deliver in Virginia. It was perfect, and yet Tom did not even know the meaning of a word. In playing at a concert, he does not know his pieces by name, for he does not know the names. The agent says, "Now, Tom, play the piece you played such a time," &c. Tom runs the chromatic scale with his thumb and first fingers only. In fact, his whole fingering is unlike everything else before known. He plays his pieces in any key. No matter what the piece, he will play it in a dozen different keys, full chords and all, right off, changing as fast as you wish.

His playing arises partly from his strong imitative powers, even himself not understanding why. If the audience clap so does Tom. If they should hiss he would hiss too. In the midst of his concerts he will say, "Oh, I feel like playing such a piece," and plays it. All he plays he has learned in a year.

Now, in conclusion, you may ask me one question, "Do you wish us to understand that Tom plays as well, all things considered, as Wm. Mason, Gottschalk, &c. Fairly, then, I do not. But Tom has never heard them yet. He can only play what he hears, and as he hears it. He has only heard the best players of the Southern States. He has not failed yet. Whether he will meet one who can play a piece he cannot, is a problem. He cannot come North, as he is a slave. (Bring him on! He will be safe, even in Boston; our word for it.—ED.) He goes direct to Europe, and we shall see what we shall see.

It is the most wonderful sight I ever witnessed, to see that blind, idiotic, repulsive negro, who looks and acts much more like an ape than anything else, at the piano, discoursing such music. What is passing in that mind, walled in as it were by a wall of adamant? He cannot tell. No one can. BROWN.

PARIS, APRIL 26, 1861.—At the *Théâtre Lyrique* the new opera *La Statue* is a decided success. The music is by M. Reyer, words by Jules Barbier and Carré. The plot is taken from the Arabian Nights. Hector Berlioz thus speaks of the music of Reyer:

"The partition of M. Reyer reveals from the first a musician loving style, character, and true expression. The form of some of his pieces is not always strongly marked, but in all there may be found the qualities that are the chief charm of Weber's works, a depth of sentiment, a natural originality in melody *une harmonie coloree*, and an energetic instrumentation free from all brutality and violence."

Alternating with *La Statue*, Gluck's *Orpheus* is being given at the Lyrique, which is justly called the Odeon of the opera. Mad. Viardot ensures the success of this classic music.

At the *Italiens* Donizetti's *Poliuto* has been much applauded. Pacani, Penco, and Graziani personated the chief characters. On the Emperor's birth-day, both he and the Empress were present for the representation of *Un Ballo in maschera*.

At the Grand Opera, the Huguenots continues to

draw more strangers than Parisians. Mlle. de Taisy has continued her *debuts* in Lucie de Lammermoor.

Royal-Cravate is played at the Opera Comique. It is by two young noblemen, the sum of whose years would not amount to fifty, MM. de Mesgrigny and de Massa.

By special favor the *Salle du Conservatoire* has been accorded by the Minister of State to Leon Kreutzer, who is to give a grand concert on the 4th of May. Among the concerts of the fortnight may be mentioned those of Mme. Anna Barthe, of MM. Marchesi, Jacquard, and Lefort. A beautiful concert may also be mentioned, given by the blind of the *Institution Imperiale des jeunes aveugles*. They were seconded by several artists of the *Conservatoire*. A Christmas Carol, by Gounod, was sung by the blind pupils, also a beautiful composition executed by them entitled *Les Saisons*, the work of M. Paul, their professor.

The chief theatres have produced nothing new. At the Odeon, Mad. Ristori still continues as Beatrix in the *Madonna of Art*. A parody of this piece is announced at the *Palais Royal*, under the title, *La Matrone de l'Art*. M. Lagouvé then alone occupies the two principal theatres of Paris. At the Français his *Un jeune homme qui ne fait rien* and at the Odeon his Beatrix do not seem to be on the point of being soon replaced.

La Tour de Nesle has been in preparation for some time and is announced to-night. After some difficulty the role of Buridan has been given to Mélingue, who formerly identified himself with this character. After the *Tour de Nesle*, the *Porte Saint Martin* is to give a great drama entitled "Nero," by MM. Latour de Saint-Ybars and Edouard Plouvier. Taillade will play the chief role.

The Theatre des Varietes has given two pieces, *Menuet de Danae*, by Meilhac and Ludovic Halevy — a half sentimental drama — and *Hercule et une jolie femme*, a gay vaudeville, by Varin and Michel Delaporte.

The Hippodrome resumes its representations next Tuesday. A military drama is to be given, entitled, *Souvenirs d'Afrique* or *Les Cretes de Beni-Fraoussen*. M. Arnault was the first to introduce these pantomimes with such display of scenery in the open air. This year he proposes to offer the spectacle of a combat on rugged mountain sides. Arabs, Zouaves, *Chasseurs d'Afrique* are to take part in the action. It will be the first time that such equestrian manoeuvres will be seen at the height of several stories. But this is not all the Hippodrome promises. There are among other novelties to be a parody of a bull-fight and a Ballet of frogs.

It is needless to say that "The Prisoner of the Bastille" is drawing crowds and will probably continue to do so for the next month or two. F. B.

Concert Spirituel.

This was the name given to a class of concerts established at Paris, in 1725, by Anne Danican-Philidor, a brother of the celebrated chess-player. The first performances were all in Latin, but afterwards this restriction was abandoned. The managers of these concerts obtained a license from the Royal Academy of Music, and all artists were obliged to appear at these entertainments. They took place during Easter, when the theatres were closed, and among the performers who appeared during their continuance might be seen all the actors, more or less celebrated, who were attached to the Royal Academy through a number of years. Some of the exercises must have been strange in appearance. It was the custom for debutants to appear first on the stage in short prologues, and not to undertake, at once, the impersonation of a long character. When the Concert Spirituel was inaugurated, these debutants were made to appear in character, and perform certain Latin compositions. Imagine an assemblage of musicians and choristers assembled for the performance of music. Upon the stage successively appear the candidates for theatrical honors. They are not clad in the costumes of the surrounding crowd,

but in the garb of some fanciful character which they are ultimately to assume on the stage. A shepherd bedecked with ribbons, arrayed in satin, crook in hand, a shepherdess with abbreviated skirts, and a liberal display of charms unconcealed by an indiscreet bodice, nymphs and bacchantes in drapery yet more *degagé*, warriors, kings, magicians, successively appear to sing psalms, litanies and other Latin religious compositions. A strange incongruity of effects, surely; as bad as the anachronisms of some old painters who dressed Adam and Eve in pourpoint and petticoat, and the angel Gabriel in cuirass and philibeg. At a later period the Latin psalms were given up, and the debutants were allowed to sing the music of the parts they were to assume in their own vernacular tongue. To be sure our modern concerts, where occasional pieces are "sung in costume," bear some resemblance to these old entertainments; but we should think it strange now-a-days to see little Miss Francis standing in pink tights on our Music Hall stage, trolloping out a Credo, or Signor Ferri, in his feather costume of Papageno, thundering forth a *De Profundis*. To arrive at a full understanding of the effects of past customs and manners, we must put our own people in the same conditions upon our own platforms and judge accordingly.

Besides these vocal performances were instrumental compositions emanating from the first composers of the day; and the Parisian public was made acquainted for the first time with the power and effects of individual instruments in the hands of skillful soloists, as well as the orchestral effects of the early symphonies.—*Boston Musical Times*.

What Mozart was paid.

The German papers inform us that Castelli, the Austrian literary Nestor, now in the eighty-fourth year of his age, has just published the first volume of his *Memoirs*. From these, among other interesting matters, we learn that his dramatic poem of *The Swiss Family*,* which has been translated into every language, and played hundreds of times at Vienna, brought him in altogether, for his rights as author, the sum of eight florins!

This fact will nevertheless cause little surprise; theatrical annals furnish us with only too many instances of the kind; and those who are curious about the fortunes of composers in former days, may satisfy themselves to their heart's content by examining the contents of Herr Jahn's last great work. Thanks to the zealous, diligent, thoroughly impartial, and extraordinarily voluminous biography of Mozart, we know how much the compositions of the illustrious German musician realized for him in the shape of pecuniary emolument—at least in the most important instances.

In the Registers of Accounts of the Vienna Theatre (an interesting and valuable collection), we read, for 1788-1789, page 45:

"Paid to Ponte (Lorenzo), for writing the book of *Don Giovanni*, 100 florins."

And a little further on, (page 47):

"Paid to Mozart (Wolfgang), for composing the music of *Don Giovanni*, 225 florins."

For the score of the *Magic Flute* (such is the genuine title of this masterpiece, not the *Enchanted Flute*,† as many have been accustomed to call it, owing to a careless translation of the title on the score printed in Germany), for the score of the *Magic Flute*, 160 ducats were paid by Schikaneder, manager of the Imperial Theatre, who reaped an immense profit by the bargain. No other work of Mozart's has enjoyed such continued popularity and success throughout Germany. The first representation of *Die Zauberflöte* took place on the 30th September, 1791.‡ In the month of October the opera was played twenty-four times; the bills of the 23d November, 1792, announced its hundredth, and those of the 22d October, 1795, its two hundredth performance.

Again, the same munificent honorarium was the guerdon of Mozart, respectively on account of *Die Entführung* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*.

And what about those operas of Rossini which were originally produced in Italy? One example may suffice. The incomparable *Barbiere di Siviglia* was disposed of for an "obolus," which not only purchased the right of republication but that of representation also! It must be admitted that the composers of the present day look more carefully after their interests.

* Set to music by Weigl.

† The flute is not enchanted, but enchanting. In plain language, it enchants others. The Italians were therefore right in calling the opera *Il Flauto Magico*, and not *Il Flauto Incantato*.

‡ Little more than two months later (Dec. 5, 1791, at Vienna) Mozart died, in the 36th year of his age.

—*London Musical World*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

So you're going to the wars, dear. G. Danskin. 25

The sentiment of this ballad fits so precisely the situation of thousands of families in the North, and the music to it is so well written, that it will surely make a hit.

Over the rippling sea. T. Cattrau. 25

Pretty words adapted to the beautiful Napolitaine air "Santa Lucia," omitting the florid and difficult Finale by Braga, with which this melody made its first debut. The air impresses itself at once so vividly upon the memory that it must, in course of time, become a universal favorite.

Give me thy blessing, mother. J. W. Cherry. 25

A gem for musical evenings at home. It is plain and lies naturally in the voice. The title-page is handsomely illustrated with the picture of a young sailor taking leave of his mother.

I'll twine a wreath of roses fair. F. Woolcot. 25

A simple and pleasing ballad.

Instrumental Music.

Rifle Corps Waltzes. D'Albert. 35

Rather easy and eminently pleasing. It is one of the most melodious sets of waltzes by this favorite author.

Quintet finale from "Martha." Transcription. A. Baumbach. 35

One of the most striking and best recollected pieces in the Opera, which has furnished the composer the leading theme for the Overture, and which, in this piano arrangement comes out with all the splendor that anything short of the brass-chorus of an orchestra can give it.

Shells of Ocean for three Performers. T. Dissell. 30

Very good for class-practice, quite easy. It will teach children to keep time better than anything else.

Il suon dell' arpe. Duet from "Poliuto." Transcribed. A. Baumbach. 35

A brilliant arrangement of this deservedly favorite duet, acknowledged as one of the finest and most inspired creations of Donizetti, and linked with some of our most pleasant recollections of Piccolomini.

Books.

JOHNSON'S HARMONY. Practical Instructions in Harmony, upon the Pestalozzian, or Inductive System; teaching Musical Composition and the Art of Extemporizing Interludes and Voluntaries. By A. N. Johnson. 1,00

This work is designed for the class of persons designated in the language of music teachers as "new beginners." It imparts a knowledge of Harmony, by exercises which the student is to write; or, so to speak, by a progressive series of problems which the student must solve. The utmost simplicity of language has been used in the explanations, and an attempt made to guard against misapprehension, even on the part of an undisciplined mind.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 477.

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L'Annee Musicale.

L'Année Musicale ou Revue Annuelle des théâtres lyriques et des concerts, — des publications littéraires relatives à la musique et des événements remarquables appartenants à l'histoire de l'art musicale — par P. SCUDO—Deuxième année—Paris—Librairie de L. Hachette et Cie 1861. 1 vol in 18, pp. 405.

Since Louis Figuier's excellent scientific annals have met with such deserved success, the example has been followed by others, so that now every art yearly gives rise to a work in which its progress and history during the preceding year are minutely recorded. This is but as it should be and the general reader as well as the special student has thus laid before him a series of facts, which otherwise he might seek for in vain in files of old journals and magazines.

Scudo, the musical critic of the *Revue des deux mondes* has now given us the second year of his *Année musicale* comprising the chief events of the art of 1860. The name of the author, whatever may be thought of his particular views and exigencies, is a recommendation to a work that has no prétentions above that of stating facts clearly agreeably, and fully. There is no need of being a musician to feel the tenderness of his well-known romance *Le fils de la Vierge*, much less to appreciate the literary qualities of his sketches in *Critique et littérature musicales—La musique ancienne et moderne* and in *Le chevalier Sarti*. In the present volume Scudo, as far as the nature of the details in which he enters permitted, has preserved those valuable qualities of style, that elegance and ease which make his criticism acceptable to all classes. Musicians accept the work as a valuable repository of facts, while the general reader is thankful to the author for the light he throws upon subjects in which all must be interested.

"The Musical Year" is not universal, it is merely national, comprehensive for France merely, detailed for Paris only. Forty pages, no more, are devoted to the rest of Europe. Whatever has been presented in the capital is studied at length. Thus the new compositions produced by the four lyric theatres, the Grand Opéra, the Opera Comique, the Théâtre Italien and the Théâtre Lyrique, as well as accounts of the various concerts fill the first five chapters; the remaining five being taken up with musical bibliography, the obituary notices and news, home and foreign.

The work opens with a notice *Pierre de Médicis* by Prince Poniatowski; a detailed criticism such as the author gives at the appearance of every new composition of interest, to the readers of the *Revue des deux mondes*. Farther on Offenbach is treated rather unceremoniously. Offenbach and Richard Wagner, we beg the pardon of the exclusive friends or foes of either, even musical party animosity runs high now; Offenbach and Wagner, strange as the collocation of the two names may seem, are the antipa-

thies of Scudo. To the latter he devotes several pages when giving an account of his three concerts at the Italian Opera. He does not look upon Wagner as an ordinary artist, but "like almost all remarkable men of our time he is gifted with more ambition than fecundity, with more will than inspiration." It is the love of effect he condemns. Rhythm and harmony he accords to the author of *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*. "His instrumentation, powerful in grand effects is wanting in variety and suppleness," the various parts of the orchestra are in direct opposition with each other; there is little originality. "The style is monotonous in spite of the efforts of a vigorous will and the resources of an incontestable talent."

When Scudo keeps within such criticism, we can like and follow him. We remain free to judge for ourselves whether by applying the rules of art we may have mastered or by appealing to our own natural sentiments. Though some technical learning may be necessary to explain beauties and defects in art, we may be thankful that it is within the reach of all to feel them according to our capacities. The writer who can clearly show us the secret springs of our feelings is welcome as a teacher. In his company, under his guidance we shall be willingly led to higher appreciation. But let the critic in art as well as in letters never fall into the personalities of a partisan. We are right in mistrusting him at the first step he makes in the path. Abuse justly calls forth sympathy and he who decends to it has half lost his cause. Scudo has descended to it in his notice on Richard Wagner; even more in that on Offenbach when speaking of the *Papillon*.

A valuable feature of the "Musical Year" is the multiplicity of facts presented. Thus the changes in the *personnel* of the various lyric theatres are given. The orchestra and singers of the Grand Opera number 215. The names of the chief are given in classes, thus we find four first tenors, seven baritones, ten soprani, &c. The numerical divisions of the chorus and orchestra are also given. The musical bibliography is all interesting showing what France has contributed within the last year. Quotations are freely given showing the character of the works cited, foreign productions are not passed over in silence. The musical method of Chev , who has now public courses in Paris, gave rise to several pamphlets which are analyzed.

The details in regard to musical publications, the notices of the chief publishers, all contain valuable information. In 1860 no less than 4,051 pieces were published in France, being nearly three times the amount issued in 1850; of this according to the author's statistics more than 7,600 pounds were sent to the United States; the whole amount exported having been above 53,400 pounds. The same calculations are made for musical instruments. The new regulations for the military bands are given; each regiment

having for infantry 40, for cavalry 27 musicians. There are pages in every portion of the work that are of interest beyond the special information they contain, as those on Chinese music for instance. A letter from a French officer in China upon this subject being inserted at length.

The *Année Musicale* concludes with a few pages that may serve to show the musical tendencies of Scudo as well as the general appreciation of art in France.

"The year of which we have recounted the facts has produced nothing very remarkable in the art which is the object of our studies. No new composer has arisen nor any salient work calculated to learn a lasting impression. At the theatre, as well as in the other parts of the vast domain of music, all that has been done is mediocre, and nothing announces that the laborious period we are traversing is near an end."

We abridge, else the quotation would be too long. Men of talent abound; the secrets of the art are studied, but we live on the fruits of the past. Weber, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, have found successors, only unequal imitators in Germany. In Schumann and Wagner Scudo sees a reaction of which Liszt is the *ne-plus ultra*. France though not richer is at least freer, there is "no false theory" it waits that some artist may come to dispel "the moral numbness that seem to have settled on the public for the last ten years."

"If it is difficult to deny the state of poverty and languor into which the spirit of musical invention has fallen within fifteen or twenty years, there is another fact quite as undeniable; it is that the taste for this consoling art is spreading more and more and is penetrating new layers of the population. Without speaking of Germany, of Holland, of Belgium, of Switzerland and of the whole North of Europe, where music has always been popular and taught to children with the first elements of the language of country, France has also taken part in the movement of regeneration. Never has the administration been kinder to the men who devote themselves to elementary musical instruction, and never has it been better disposed to recognize the salutary power of this civilizing art."

In the communal schools music is now taught: The *Orpheon* under the direction of MM. Pasdeloup and Bazin gives instruction to poor workmen. The teaching of Emile Chev  is organized on an extensive scale. "All these means of propagation," the author proceeds, "prove that the knowledge of music penetrates into the heart of the nation and that it becomes an element of public instruction."

The Philharmonic societies that exist in a large number of cities, the numerous professors formed by the *Conservatoire de Paris*, who go and reside in the provinces, spread both in the middle and in the higher classes, the knowledge of instrumental music and better taste. The multiplied editions of the works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven,

Weber, Mendelssohn prove that France which invented the *Vaudeville* and the *Science du gai savoir* is aspiring to become a musical nation. Professional artists have never been better versed in the principles of their art, never better educated, or more enlightened than in our time. A knowledge of the principle of harmony, counterpoint; the composition and history of music generally spread among our artists and among many distinguished amateurs. In fine, the musical art, as well as that of design, the treasures of intelligence as well as that of material wealth are spread over a vaster surface and are no longer the exclusive portion of a chosen few. This is the true character of modern civilization in which music plays so important a role." F. B.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Charlatanism in Music.

I.

THE LION-PIANIST AS A COMPOSER.—SKETCHED BY BENDA.

According to a common belief, every man who makes music his profession, is also a composer. This is an error. One may be an excellent performer and yet be incapable of inventing an original melody of only eight measures. The goddess of music does not always dwell entire in her devotees; she prefers to surrender herself but half, either as the performing or the creative genius; and it is only when she falls desperately in love that she abandons herself entirely, heart and hand, to her chosen favorites. Then the world receives its Mozarts, Beethovens, Mendelssohns, Spohrs, and others, who are equally great as composers and players.

It is no more difficult for the musician, who is endowed with creative talent and has practiced the rules of composition to a good degree, to compose a piece of music than it is for the gifted literary man to write a poem. The musician, like the poet, takes his seat at the table and writes down what his imagination suggests or what he conjures up from the depth of his mind. Only now and then he resorts to the instrument for a moment, merely to have the key, or just to hear how a new and complicated harmony sounds on which he may have ventured. For the rest he trusts to his lively imagination, which clearly reflects not only every tone, but every combination of tones; and even when composing a piece for the instrument itself (the piano) he writes down the most brilliant, and at the same time the most practicable passages without the aid of that instrument. Of Mozart it is said that he generally had the whole piece ready in his brain before committing it to paper. There is nothing surprising in this. Music to the true composer is a language; he may think over before, or during the art of writing what he has to say in that language. Some persons when about to write a letter have the whole epistle ready before they seize the pen; while others first take pen and paper, expecting that one thought will suggest another, as they write along. The same is the case with composers of music.

However, all is different with our hero, the Lion-Pianist. A delightful performer, with a touch so exquisite that he produces magical sounds indeed, he is nevertheless entirely destitute of productive talent and unable to fancy to himself a single tone. But compose he must,

lest he should fail in his mission and the world be deprived of the fruits of his muse. Therefore, he makes it his business to ransack the scores of opera-composers, whose melodies he extends by certain liquid passages, of which a number, say two or three, have imprinted themselves on his nimble fingers with such tenacity that they ever after reappear in all he plays and writes. Thus he advances rapidly from one *opus* to another; but if we take a couple of these his works and compare them, we shall find that they resemble each other as closely as ever twin-brothers did. Notwithstanding their inferior value, inferior in every respect, his pieces are eagerly sought by the publishers and dearly paid for. They are beautifully, nay, daintily printed, and generally dedicated to persons of high rank and fortune, who return the compliment in the shape of breast pins and diamond rings, or even a saddle-horse, if the pianist has been known to evince equestrian proclivities.

There are, however, moments when he is disgusted with the occupation of transcribing and paraphrasing the music of others, and when he feels as if he must compose a piece that shall be all his own, not a tone borrowed. So he resolves to write a *Méditation élégante et mélodieuse*, as he calls it. He is determined now to practice the noble virtue of temperance, so as to abstain from all intoxicating feats of modern piano-trickery; in brief, the piece is to be in the classical style. As he is unable to compose one measure without the aid of the instrument, as before intimated, he sits at once down at his favorite Grand and thunders away for a while, just to fructify his imagination a little. Presently he stops, draws a long breath and sets out in search of a melody with which to begin his intended *Méditation*. He grinds out one note after the other, and when he has collected a number, sufficient to form a strain, he finds to his consternation that it is nothing but the fac-simile of a worn-out melody, with which everybody is acquainted. "That won't do!" So he jumps up from the stool and walks a few times about the room when his attention is caught by the large mirror, which adorns the apartment. He places himself right before it and is delighted, as ever, with his elegant figure, his graceful attitude and his expressive features, which he cannot but admire anew. Thus inspired with fresh courage, and after a twist or two at his moustache, he lights a cigar and cheerfully resumes his seat at the instrument. The result is the same as before. After a few more vain attempts he gives it up for the present, thinking he is not in the right mood and must wait for a more favorable moment. But I will not tire the reader with a long description how this composer (?) finally manages to have the piece done. Be it known that it is a most painful work, of which those only can form an idea, who have watched it. You would split wood, or work at a blacksmith's shop for a whole day than engage for an hour in this tantalizing occupation.

The *Méditation élégante et mélodieuse* has since been published—as usual in the most beautiful type—and is already in the hands of many of the lovers of musical tit-bits. It is spread over more than a dozen pages; but if we cancel the many repetitions, and, besides, divest it of all the superfluous flourish with which it is fringed and freckled, there will hardly remain music enough to cover half a page. The matter

of the piece may be best defined in the language of the poet Percival, as "poor and vapid thoughts which peep from out the cumbrous ornaments that overload their littleness." Nevertheless, the composer himself is infinitely fond of it, and well he may be, considering the infinite pains it has cost him.

Now, what is it, that can induce a man, who by nature, by habit and occupation is destined to lead the gay, happy life of a butterfly, to take upon himself at times such a cross? Vanity and ambition are the principal motives which ere this have impelled inferior natures to perform miracles. As his style of playing is of the most showy, dashing kind, an exhibition of technical feats and artifices, intended to astonish the multitude,—so he avails himself of whatever may serve him to indulge this same unartistic propensity for display. He is not satisfied with the reputation of a skilful performer, too ambitious to leave the path of the composer untried. How much more the world would admire and applaud him with the laurel of the tone-poet wreathed around his brow!

It will be necessary here to mention that the lion-pianist is rarely without an *aide-de-camp*, who has, to take upon him a part of this Sisyphean like labor, to fill up certain gaps, and copy the illegible places, in the manuscript. This aid, it must be known, is also a pianist, but of inferior ability. He pretends that his real object in attaching himself to the virtuoso is to catch the secret of his exquisite touch or to receive occasionally a lesson from him, though he knows as well as any one that a lion-pianist considers giving instruction equal to taking an emetic. At first sight it would seem that he acted as the agent of the great performer, that he planned and arranged his concerts and transacted similar business for him; but this is rarely the case, for he is anything but a business man. The truth is, he has more time than he can usefully employ; besides he deems it a great distinction to be called the companion of "the man, whose every hand represents an orchestra." The lion in his turn, being an exceedingly sociable fellow, likes to have some one about him, with whom he can smoke, talk and laugh, and to whom he can relate his love adventures (we can easily fancy that the girls are wild with him). Thus the aide is invited to share the lion's champagne dinners and suppers, and sometimes to accompany him on a short professional tour. However, if we watch the twain closely, it appears doubtful, whether their connection is that of friend and friend, or of master and servant; for he, the aide, is despatched on all sorts of errands and often spoken to in a commanding tone. But then, the champagne suppers, the delicious havanas and the capital "sundries" compensate for a good deal of humble treatment and easily reconcile him; though there doubtless have been cases when he thought it better to "secede."

The career of a lion-pianist, we may add, so long as he is young, is an enviable one; but, when age approaches, he becomes an object rather of pity. The public have long since given him to understand that they are weary of his five or six pieces; and the critics told him that he plays worse than fifteen years ago, and by this time they are convinced he is a charlatan of the first order. The poor devil has now to atone for the folly, which both the public and critics committed in

making a lion of him. They feel ashamed of having worshipped a false idol and now take revenge. Then the lion grows pensive and begins to reflect on his position, till he at last concludes to finish his erratic course and prepares him a home. If this thought prevails, we shall see him turn up again as the husband of a half decayed countess—or a princess even—himself a newly created baron and appointed chamber-virtuoso to her royal highness, the reigning grand-duchess of Reuss-Schleitz-Kimmelbach; which distinction was conferred upon him to raise him in some measure up to the level of his high-born bride. There are, however, many other forms, which he is likely to assume. He may come forth as publisher and dealer in sheet-music; or as the manager of an Italian opera company. But, not always does he succeed in suppressing his nomadic instincts. In that event we shall one day hear of him as concertising in remote, half-civilized countries, among the antipodes, where he treats the semi-barbarians to the same five or six pieces with which he has made all cultivated nations disgusted. As China and Japan are now open to foreigners he will surely not wait very long to wend his way thither in the hope of being once more the petted lion and enjoy the Indian summer of his former triumphs.

The Organ.*

NINETEENTH STUDY.—CLASSIFICATION OF PIPES INTO REGISTERS, WITH A GENERAL DIVISION OF THE REGISTERS OR STOPS OF THE ORGAN.

We have done nothing as yet but examine the pipes. This prosaic name, "pipe," becomes singularly poetical when the sonorous bodies, ceasing to be regarded as isolated objects, are put together into those many distinct classes of homogeneous qualities of tone in which we find each of the influences we have last considered, such as *scale, form and material*, harmoniously blended one into the other. For then, each of the various classes of pipes occupies an important place in the musical system of the divine instrument, and takes a new name, that of a *register*, or stop. The organ, considered as a mass of pipes, without division or classification amongst them, may be compared to a chrysalis, a creature shut up within a case, and without any apparent powers of acting,—it takes its wings and begins to show signs of life as soon as it has got its registers.

The necessity of putting pipes of the same quality of tone upon the same register is so obvious, that it seems almost superfluous to mention it. If, first of all, an open pipe, wood or metal, were put upon the sound-board, and then next to it a reed-pipe, so that in putting down the note C E G on the key-board, a wooden flue-pipe would speak; and in putting down the note D next to it, a reed-pipe would speak, and so on indiscriminately, and by jerks as it were throughout the register, without any regard to different qualities of tones, it is but too evident that the result would be an unendurable concert of ill-matched voices, even though the notes followed one another in the proper order of the scale. One pipe would emit a harsh sound, the next to it a weak, feeble sound; cries and sighs would be jumbled together, expressions of anger would be heard alongside tones full of a plaintive sweetness; in fact, there would be nothing but a series of sounds clashing one against the other, and each upsetting its neighbor in a way contrary to all right notions of musical unity and propriety.

The rule is, then, to put as many pipes of the same quality of tone in each register as there are notes upon the key-board. If this is not always done, that is to say, if there are not always as many pipes in a series of the same quality of tone as there are notes upon the key-board, this is because, in some cases, if pipes of the same quality

were carried through the whole extent of the key-board, either above or below, the quality would become too feeble in volume in the upper notes, and too full in volume in the bass notes.

Each series of pipes of the same quality of tone is planted in a line upon the sound board, and each stop or register, for these tones are synonymous, obeys the action given to the small movable slide of wood, the mechanism of which has been already described. It is this slide, which is called a register, because it acts as a register or rule, to direct or control the wind in its way to the feet of the pipes. The same name is given to the knob which is fastened to it, and appears in front of the organ-case ready to the hand of the player. Upon this knob, or immediately under, is inscribed the label, which designates the special quality of tone that particular series of pipes will produce when, by means of this mechanical contrivance, the wind is brought into connection with them. If, for example, the player wishes to produce the effect of an orchestra, instruments of a bright and brilliant quality, he draws the knobs of the trumpet, the clarion, and the bombard, and he has at once upon his keyboard those stops or qualities of tone which, by their grand and solemn sounds, supply him with the effect he desires. If he wishes to produce the effects of sweet and soft-toned instruments, he pushes in these high-sounding registers and draws out the viol-da-gamba and stops with open pipes, wood or metal; and when the massive voice of the people intones that venerable plain chant, the origin of which may be traced up to the very first beginnings of Christianity, the player, who is the director of their song, draws out a number of stops which, combined together with a skill no less original than it is admirable, form, in fact, but one stop, under the common name of *plein jeu*. It is this stop which, while it calls to mind combinations in harmony the most ancient, is for this reason all the more suited to be the accompaniment to large masses of persons singing in unison.

The player, then, of the organ has at his disposal sounds of all kinds, and we can well understand how, for him as well as for the composer, it is most important he should have a profound knowledge of the resources which he has at his command, in order that he may know how to use them with the best effect on every occasion, either separately as solo stops, or when all are combined together in full chorus.

From the above description of them we shall have no difficulty in recognizing those distinct classes of organ stops: 1. Open flue pipes, wood or metal, called also foundation stops; 2. Musical or mutation stops; 3. Reed stops, which the Germans also call loud stops, *starken Stimmen*.

* From *L'Orgue, sa Connaissance, son Administration, et son Jeu*, by Joseph Regnier.

Joseph Staudigl.

Born April 14, 1807. Died March 28, 1861.

(Continued from page 52.)

Staudigl enjoyed more especially a musical education. An innate taste for what is musically logical, and a zealous course of study for the improvement of his voice, were of the greatest service to him. He pleased, nay charmed, his audience by the unerring correctness of his musical accentuation, by the fervor of his musical declamation, by the well-calculated distribution and regular gradation of the various phrases and periods, by the unrivalled clearness of his musical exposition, and by his artistic repose, which nothing could disturb. He was, indeed, sometimes led away by the consciousness of possessing so fine a voice, and took undue advantage of it. He did not, it is true, go so far as to make the tone appear forced; but still, by dragging the time, merely to show off his own powers, he laid himself open to censure.

Staudigl neither possessed what is termed specific histrionic talent, nor was his education of such a kind as to enable him to make up for his early deficiencies by a course of after-study. His bearing was always slovenly; his dress was

wanting in neatness and taste; and, indeed, his whole demeanor and appearance were marred by the absence of dignity and ardor. His features, although not without expression, could not express with sufficient rapidity any sudden change of feeling, any more than delicacy or tragic grandeur of soul; while, finally, his pronunciation always retained traces of the local Viennese dialect, disagreeable even in spoken dialogue. So many and such indisputable defects necessarily affected his performances in a highly prejudicial manner. He compensated, however, for a great deal by his remarkable power of conception and happy reproduction, which, partially resulting from instinct and partially wrung with great labor from adverse elements, was always realized in strictly musical outlines, admitting the dramatic element, so to say, only as a component part, among many others, of the musical expression.

The satisfaction given by almost each of Staudigl's impersonations, as a whole, as well as the greater or less musical perfection and the greater or less histrionic weakness of every separate part are readily explained by what has been said. Of his Figaro and Leporello, for instance, it might justly be asserted that the musical portion, taken by itself, was adequately rendered, while the attempt made to invest the parts with dramatic character was a failure. Leporello was a mere dull, stupid jester; while in Figaro, which Staudigl had studied with great care, and of which his conception was by no means incorrect, the subtlety or even sly keenness he intended to portray was never satisfactorily apparent. In the Italian barytone parts, such as Ashton in *Lucia*, Alfonso in *Lucrezia*, and Chevreuse in *Maria de Rohan*—which, yielding to that immoderate desire to sing which led him beyond the natural limits of his voice, he was fond of playing—the highness of the music sometimes prevented him from doing the latter full justice, while the outward bearing and appearance, which are of more account with Italian "tyrants" than the portrayal of inward motives, did not find a fitting representative.

But, while we see that characters partly of a subordinate description, and partly not adapted for Staudigl's artistic idiosyncrasy, were not represented in a completely satisfactory manner, his finest and most praiseworthy efforts were in far more difficult and important bass parts. Unfortunately, the restricted extent—which, it not increasing, is, at any rate, permanent—of our operatic repertory, limited Staudigl's field of action. It is, however, sufficient for us, if we would prove his excellence, to remind our readers of his Sarastro, Osmin, Rocco, Caspar, Jacob, Bertram, and Marcel. These were performances worthy even of a "dramatic" vocalist, parts on which the masters of old and new opera lavished their melodious treasures, and decked with grandly planned or delicately worked-out touches of character, parts which must be played, if due effect is to be given them. Now Staudigl gave them this due effect. Without any special histrionic powers, without a prepossessing personal appearance, but, on the contrary, with a great number of personal imperfections (already mentioned), he managed to present us with art-pictures, distinguished, as it is impossible to deny, for admirable conception and imposing, sure realization, the result of long and assiduous study. The effect he produced was grounded on a perfect knowledge of musical style, on an intimate acquaintance with the particular dramatic expression contained in melody and in musical compositions, and capable of being musically realized, as well as, lastly, on the consciousness that his task was a *predominatingly, if not an exclusively, musical one*.

Staudigl's own disposition, about which there was a certain mild phlegmatic character, naturally enabled him to appear with more advantage in the part of Sarastro than in any other part of his repertory. Anything lyrically sentimental also suited him, as is proved by the part of George in Bellini's *Puritani*. Even if we consider such comic characters as Osmin in *Die Entführung*, and Staudinger in the *Waffenschmied*, in opposition to those more delicately drawn, as

being the ones best adapted to Staudigl's artistic taste, and therefore easier for him to play, there still remain the characters previously mentioned, as well as many others, the execution of which is beset by the most varied difficulties, and yet which were never so magnificently played by any one as by him. Thus, for instance, there was, in the first place, his Rocco, a wonderful conception, carried out, to the very finest touches of character, despite his defective pronunciation, with a degree of dramatic roundness and finish no actor could ever surpass, and that too with the most scrupulous and unvarying regard for the correct musical intonation; there was his Marcel, a fine picture of a bluff, good-hearted man; there was his Caspar, and there was his Bertram, both unmistakably, and yet so differently, marked by the demoniacal element. In Caspar we behold keen but vulgar wickedness; even the short passage, "Nur ein keckes Wagen ist's, das Glück erringt," was alone sufficient to prove Staudigl a master of dramatic singing, not to mention his rendering of the wild and boisterous drinking song or of the stormy vengeance-air. In Bertram, on the other hand, the supernatural character of the gloomy knight, though marked with great clearness, was never degraded into the likeness of a demon of melodrama. Staudigl gave great prominence to the knightly element, to which he imparted, by a certain air of crafty observation, a coloring obtained by no other representative of the art, not even excepting the wildly-genial Formes. Cool and temperate, but not the less deeply cutting, was the irony, the bold and deliberate contempt for every bitter feeling, while the boisterous passion, by which Bertram is distinguished from a mere cold and negative Mephistopheles, was brought out with fearful energy. But the distinguishing mark, and the peculiar excellence of this impersonation—an excellence, by the way, which can never be sufficiently praised—consisted in the fact that the dramatic accent was never strongly marked at the expense of the musical intonation, but that, on the contrary, the magnificent whole—as we cannot too often repeat—sprang naturally from a thorough comprehension of the musical exigencies of the part. Proofs of this are afforded by nearly every separate passage in it; for instance, "Ich lache," then "Robert, ja, dich lieb' ich mehr als mein Leben," and, above all, the unrivalled "Du hast's gewollt, du zarte Blume," &c.

Was it not by the irresistible power of *fine singing* that Staudigl charmed all opera-goers, as Edmund in Nicolai's *Heimkehr*? The assumption of this part—which, as the first step to Staudigl's unfortunate mania of singing music distressingly high for him, was certainly a most fatal one—proved indiscribably effective, on account of the dash and spirit he infused in it. Was it not the same power of song which enabled him to create so energetic an impersonation out of Rossini's *Tell*? We might name other parts; but our consideration of Staudigl as a histrionic singer has already led us very far, and we have still to speak of him viewed in a different light.

That Staudigl should, from time to time, have undertaken to instruct vocal aspirants, is simply a proof of his good nature. His lessons were never lucrative. His imitators, too, have not been fortunate, with the sole exception of the *dilettante* and Imperial vocalists, Panzer, who really has something of the master about him.

Staudigl was invariably most unfortunate in all operatic matters with the guidance of which he was mixed up. At any rate, the fact of his being stagemanager-in-chief could not effectually check the failure attendant on Pokorny's laudable speculation, which began so brilliantly. As a member of the committee at the Kärntnerthor Theatre, in 1848, he manifested the most active zeal without much greater success: while, as stage manager-in-chief there, under Holbein, he certainly reaped no laurels, although, as is usual in such regions, it was impossible to find out what the stage manager *might* do, as well as what he really had done and had neglected to do.

Staudigl was always distinguished for his talent as a singer of sacred music—as distinguished, at

least, as the partially defective management and organization of the Imperial Chapel at Vienna would allow him to be. His thorough musical education proved here of great use to him, and he was far from paying any respect to the tolerably general prejudice that sacred music should be sung without expression.

This last remark calls to our remembrance the admiration universally and justly entertained for Staudigl as an *oratorio-singer*. In the concert-room the singer, in his black dress-coat, with his music in his hand, together with the narrative form in which recitative runs, all necessitate a kind of expression somewhat different from that employed in the operatic style. When, however, narrative rises to animated description; when prayer assumes a more than ordinarily pressing and urgent tone; when some deeply-moving situation is depicted, and music is to be the interpreter of the singer's continually-changing emotions, a greater amount of vivacity in words and tone, and a highly dramatically-objective expression, properly so called, may be justifiable even in oratorio. The most reassuring guarantee that Staudigl would, in most cases, not overstep the proper limit, was afforded by his own moderation as an individual. It is therefore far from astonishing that many persons should maintain that oratorio was more especially suited to his talent; but in saying this, and in awarding more than due praise to the oratorio-singer, they were plainly guilty of injustice to the theatrical singer. It was more especially in oratorio that his mode of delivering recitative showed how much of his inspiration he drew from the exciting influence of the stage.

After oratorio comes the concert-room, with its airs, its ballads and its songs of all sorts—an endless field in which much that is good is mixed up with a great deal that is worthless and absurd. For a long series of years did Staudigl labor in this branch of his profession; and our sketch would be incomplete if, after having described the histrionic singer, as well as the master in the sacred and semi-sacred style, we were not also to mention the world-renowned song singer (*Liedersänger*). In his mode of singing songs, we again come across all the good qualities and some of the defects we have already mentioned, namely, beauty of tone, correctness, warmth of expression, and clearness of exposition, but at the same time touches of the Viennese dialect a partial dragging of the time, for the purpose of showing off his voice. His conception was certain, intelligent, and calculated for dramatic effect, such as was not adapted, perhaps, to the *alla camara* expression of the "Lied," taken in its original acceptance, but admirably suited to the enlarged proportions which it has now assumed.

There was sometimes, it is true, just cause for complaint that, in the choice of the songs as well as in the other details of his professional labors, Staudigl was not sufficiently penetrated by true artistic feeling, but, on the other hand, we must, in mere justice to him, recollect that the period when his powers were in their prime was the period of "virtuosity," a period when our musically-renowned Vienna was in a state of musical incapacity. Had Staudigl, whose mind was for five years plunged in darkness, been able to take part in the great change for the better which came over musical matters during the years of his affliction, it is very certain that he would have valiantly aided in rebuilding the new temple of music in Vienna; for, though he had undoubtedly sung rubbish enough in his day, he not only sang good music well, but was fond of singing it, and greatly pleased whenever he had an opportunity of doing so.

John R. Paine, the American Organist.

The Berlin *Voss'sche-Zeitung*, of April 21st, contains the following notice of a young organist and composer, with whose name the readers of the *Journal of Music* have already been made acquainted:

If now-a-days more than one of our organ-players of no small pretensions would tremble at the thought of being tested by Mattheson's 'Exemplarischer Or-

ganistenprobe,' still there are some *masters* of the instrument before whom Mattheson *redivivus* would respectfully uncover his head. True, their number is small, and the harvest of young men in this, as in all fields where we seek pure musical talent, is remarkably thinly sown. So much the more gratifying is it, therefore, to find such a talent engaged, with hearty zeal and indefatigable practice, in acquiring thorough command of the grandest of instruments—that for which Sebastian Bach alone composed a series of works extensive enough to occupy an organist for life. And such a talent we found on Friday last in a young musician, John R. Paine, of Portland in the United States. He played before an invited audience a series of pieces by L. Thiele, Sebastian Bach, and Mendelssohn, in which he exhibited a perfect mastery over the mechanism of the instrument, and an almost equal power over the peculiar difficulties which make a satisfactory performance of Bach's works so rare an event. Mr. Paine's style is clear and smooth, and his pedal playing is superb. These qualities he exhibited in a marked degree in the first movement of Sebastian Bach's organ trio in G. To give the three voices (for two manuals and pedals) clearly and with equal individuality, and yet to produce them as a beautiful whole, and in the joyous character intended by Bach, is one of the most difficult tasks that can be given to the organist. Equally successful was the performance of the other pieces, especially Bach's *fugue* in G, the majestic character of which could not have been brought out with a more free and dramatic expression by any one except the very greatest masters.

Mr. Paine also exhibited himself as composer in the best light. He played variations of his own upon the Old Hundredth psalm tune, a choral in universal use in America (in England, too, for that matter) and concert variations upon Haydn's Austrian Hymn. These pieces were so happily laid out in form that their interest constantly rose to the close; they proved his sound contrapuntal knowledge; his great taste in the combination of the stops of various color; and the author's possession of a fine fancy, from which much may be hoped and expected. In but a passage or two—in the first and second variations upon the choral—did it seem to us that Mr. Paine had not yet fully emancipated himself from the school. As we learn, he is a pupil, both on the organ and in counterpoint, of our unsurpassable organist and contrapuntist, A. Haupt. Hence we the more rejoice to greet in this young foreigner, who, now returning to his native land, will be a proof equally distinguished and honorable of the high state of German (musical) art, and the greatness of one of that art's ablest representatives.

Mr. Paine is at present in London, and we learn will soon be furnished with an opportunity of appearing before a London audience, both as an executant and as a composer.

EASTER CELEBRATIONS AT BETHLEHEM, PA.—I want to tell you about the Moravian exercises during Passion Week which I had the pleasure of attending.

A distinguishing feature of the Moravian Cultus is the love of music which everywhere exhibits itself in the beautiful forms and ceremonies of their religion. Great pains is taken to form a correct musical taste, and the study of it is begun very early in life. Reared from infancy among the delightful associations of tone, enjoying the instructions of competent masters, and acquiring a knowledge of the productions of the best composers, they become able to separate the chaff from the wheat, and this accounts for the pure harmony that distinguishes the Moravian choral service. A great portion of their music was composed for the church and exists only in MSS. This is of the highest order, and is, for the most part, written in full orchestral score.

The exercises of Passion Week are very impressive, and attract great numbers of visitors from all parts of the country. They begin on the Sunday preceding Easter with a recital of that week's life of our Savior, beginning: "And as he went, a very great multitude spread their garments in the way, and others cut down branches off the trees, and strewed them by the way." This is continued throughout the week, the Acts of each day being read, and a number of beautiful German chorals are introduced at certain interesting points of the narrative, expressive of such sentiments as the congregation is supposed to feel.

The exercises on Good Friday are particularly interesting. On this day, some of the most solemn scenes of Holy Writ are passed in review and every remarkable passage in the sufferings of Christ is accompanied by a suitable hymn sung during the intervals. In the morning and afternoon the choir sang two fine anthems one of which was from Gregor, the

other I was not familiar with, most probably one of their MS. selections. In the evening, the choir and the orchestra of the church rendered three of their German anthems in a most beautiful manner. The full-toned organ, the sweet, plaintive tones of the violins, the subdued melody of the flutes, the soft, dream-like obligato of that most beautiful toned of all stringed instruments, the violoncello, and the voices of the choir blending together so harmoniously, and according so perfectly, impressed me with feelings that I shall never forget.

On Saturday afternoon, the general Love Feast, was held, and printed odes, part in German, and part in English, were distributed throughout the congregation. As soon as the bell ceased ringing, a quartette of trombones began playing a number of chorals which floated through the air entrancing every listener. On this occasion the music performed were selections of the highest classical order. First, the *Kyrie eleison* from Beethoven's Mass in C; then a fine anthem "Holy Redeemer," by La Trobe; a selection from Spohr's "Last Judgment," and another very fine selection from their MSS.

On Easter morning at four o'clock the sweet tones of the trombones were heard greeting the sleeping inhabitants with an Easter choral. At half past four we were wending our way to the church where service similar to what I have already described was gone through with, until sun-rise, when the congregation, preceded by the orchestra, proceeded in procession to the grave-yard, where the Liturgy of the Resurrection was gone through with. Here was a scene not soon to be forgotten! The sun was just rising, and the little clouds floating about were streaked with faint rays of light. The robin and the lark were pouring forth their morning hymns, which was the only sound that disturbed the solemn stillness of the moment. Then the voices of all present accompanied by the orchestra, arose upon the air in hymn, while the impressive words of the Litany, and the outpouring of the harmonious themes to which the trombones are so well adapted, and the entire services, summoned up thoughts which will ever be held in remembrance.—*Cor of Easton Times.*

ANCIENT MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Our Paris correspondent writes:—"Among the instruments collected by M. Clapisson, and now purchased by the French government for the Museum of the Conservatory of Music, are many of great interest in an artistic and archaeological point of view. One of these is a harpsichord, with two key-boards, dated 1612, but the work of several artists and different epochs. The body of the instrument dates from Louis XIII.; the stand from Louis XIV.; contains panels by Teniers and Paul Baille. Among the spinets are an Italian one of the time of Louis XIV., with ornaments of engraved amber, and garlands of flowers, Cupids by Poussin; another, of the reign of Francis I., in ebony, richly inlaid with ivory, with the inscription *Francisci Portalopis Veronen Opus*, 1823; and a third, of the sixteenth century, in marquetry, the corners of the key-board being ornamented with caryatides exquisitely carved in box-wood.

"A small piano, made at Vienna, of the time of Louis XIV., in the form of a harp, has a sounding-board of gilt wood and Chinese lacquer, ornamented with Venetian looking-glass, beautiful paintings in Martin varnish, and inlaying of turquoises. Among the harps is one that belonged to the Princess de Lamballe, bearing her name inside; among the lyres, one which belonged to Garat, bearing his initials, and enriched with paintings by Pruhdon. There are theorbs in ebony and ivory; guitars in tortoise-shell, ivory and marquetry; mandolines and mandores of all nations; odd-looking instruments played by turning a handle; violins of all dates and countries, several of them in tortoise-shell, beautifully inlaid; specimens of all sorts of string and wind instruments, showing the starting point and gradual progress of the instruments now used in orchestras.

"The collection also contains a numerous gathering of nondescript instruments of various style and form, many of them of a most extraordinary character, showing how much abortive industry has been devoted to the endeavor to create new species of musical instruments. Immense patience and research have been employed by the collector in getting together the assemblage, unique in its way, and of great value to those who make a study of the history of music."—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

WHAT MAKES THINGS MUSICAL.—"The Sun!" said the Forest. "In the night I am still and voiceless. A weight of silence lies upon my heart. If you pass through me, the sound of your own footstep echoes fearfully, like the footfall of a ghost. If you seek to break the spell, the silence closes in your own words, like the ocean on a pebble you

throw into it. The wind sighs afar off among the branches, as if he were hushing his breath to listen. If a little bird chirps uneasily in its nest, it is silenced before you can find out whence the sound came. But the dawn breaks. Before a gray streak can be seen, my trees feel it, and quiver through every old trunk and tiny twig with joy; my birds feel it, and stir drowsily in their nests, as if they were just murmuring to each other, 'How comfortable we are!' Then the wind awakes, and tunes my trees for the concert, striking his hand across one and another, until all their varied harmonies are astir; the soft, liquid rustlings of my oaks and beeches make the rich treble to the deep plaintive tones of my pines. Then my early birds awake one by one, and answer each other in sweet responses, until the sun rises, and the whole joyous chorus bursts into song to the organ and flute accompaniments of my evergreens and summer leaves; and in the pauses countless happy insects chirp, and buzz and whirl with contented murmuring among my ferns and flower-bells. The sun makes me musical," said the forest.

What makes things musical.—"Storms!" said the Sea. In calm weather I lie still and sleep, or, now and then, say a few quiet words to the beaches I ripple on, or the boats which glide through my waters. But in the tempest you learn what my voice is, when all my slumbering powers awake, and I thunder through the caverns, and rush with all my battle-music on the rocks, whilst, between the grand artillery of my breakers, the wind blows its wild trumpet-peal, and the waters rush back to my breast from the cliffs they have scaled, in torrents and cascades, like the voices of a thousand rivers. My music is battle-music. Storms make me musical," said the sea.

What makes things musical.—"Suffering!" said the Harp-strings. "We were dull lumps of silver and copper-ore in the mines; and no silence on the living, sunny earth is like the blank of voiceless ages in those dead and sunless depths. But, since then, we have passed through many fires. The hidden earth-fires underneath the mountains first moulded us, milleniums since, to ore; and then, in these last years, human hands have finished the training which makes us what we are. We have been smelted in furnaces heated seven times, till all our dross was gone; and then we have been drawn out on the rock and hammered and fused, and, at last, stretched on these wooden frames, and drawn tighter and tighter, until we wonder at ourselves, and at the gentle hand which strikes such rich and wondrous chords and melodies from us—from us, who were once silent lumps of ore in the silent mines. Fires and blows have done it for us. Suffering has made us musical," said the Harp-strings.

ANALYSIS OF BIRD-MUSIC.—A correspondent, whose letter is dated "Oak Valley, Mid-Marc," has favored us with a long and pleasant account of the aspects of nature in the spring time, as they appear around him, from which we are happy to give the following extract. The remainder of his letter would hardly be appreciated in a political and commercial newspaper like the New York Evening Post:

"The golden day is past. Another opens, untired with its new future. It bears the product of its predecessor—the birds which the 'sweet south' brought on its golden wing. Do the birds arrive at night? for we behold them first in the morning, though I have seen thrushes arrive at nightfall. It may be they escape our notice, which, in the morning, is attracted by their singing. And they seem not to regard the fatigue consequent upon their long flight; but, true to their industrious instinct, chime the note of arrival at the first peep of dawn. I thus became aware of the presence of the blue-bird, whose song was the first sound that fell upon my ear early in the morning, half mingling with my dream ere I was well awake. It had just arrived, the old familiar note—faint, not from fatigue, but the tranquility of the bird's nature seen also in its flight. It is a spiritual bird, with a celestial hue, warbling in our springs, and building often about the habitations of men, seeking a home in the ark of the martin, which it enchants with the circles of its gentle flutterings.

"All welcome the birds. The first messenger note springs a thrill of joy in the winter-bound heart. Childhood leaps up at the sound; the maiden claps her hands; and age feels its youth at the accustomed surprise.

"Different from the blue-bird is the phoebe, a plain domestic, with its dual note, yet piping the cheeriest of any, because bearing the happiest burthen in its song, 'Spring day! spring day! spring is coming!'

"One thing I have always observed with pleasure—it is the variety in the bird choir. No two species sing alike—none badly. Take your position in a grove or meadow, and mark the tone—which gives

you the character of the bird—and see what diversity there is in that. You can see a resemblance to words in some notes. The happiest expression is on that wing; the most plaintive on water. We love a bird best when it sings among grasses and in the shrubs and tree branches, or in deserted dwellings—at least the pensive-minded and the meek do. Some birds seek an elevated position to sing—the groundbird its stake; the robin its tree; the bobolink sings every where, in the grass, upon a twig of slender reed, but most rapturous on the wing. The crow is a music-spoiler; he has no devotion in his song, no uplifting of the bill, but a rapacious cry for plunder.

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—It was no wonder that the revival of *I Puritani* (April 20th) should create excitement among the frequenters of the opera. There were many reasons. Signor Tiberini in Arturo was to essay his second part, one indeed, in which Rubini alone, of all tenors, had made a lasting impression, although Signor Mario looked and acted the cavalier nobleman infinitely better. Mad. Tiberini-Ortolani, too, was to make her first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera in Elvira; and Herr Formes, after several years' absence, again to exhibit his splendid voice and dramatic talents in the part of Giorgio—undertaken for the first time, we believe. No wonder, then, that the stalls were anxious and the boxes eager. Another cause of attraction might be cited in Signor Ronconi, who resigned his old part of Giorgio, the music of which was too low for him, for that of Riccardo, in which he was perfectly suited, and felt at his ease. So much for expectation. The performance, if it fell something short of what was anticipated, was excellent in the main. Signor Tiberini sang even more skilfully, and exhibited a more thorough command of his voice as Arturo than as Ferdinando. His singing in the quartet, "A te, o cara," was in its way perfect; and in the duet, where the Puritan Colonel stops Arturo, as he is about to effect the escape of the Queen, he exhibited the finest declamatory powers and a largeness of style for which we had not given him credit. It seems, however, that Signor Tiberini could not have been in his best voice on Saturday, as he evaded the high passages in the aria, "Ella e tremante," in the last scene, whereby he disappointed sundry of his admirers. He made amends, nevertheless, at the second performance on Tuesday, and sang the famous passage of Rubini with infinite ease and perfect intonation. The debutante, wife of Signor Tiberini, is, no doubt, as our readers have guessed, the lady-like and light-voiced Mlle. Ortolani, who so much pleased the habitués of Her Majesty's Theatre some few years since in this very part of Elvira, creating quite a *fièvre* in the polacca, "Son vergin vezzosa," and winning distinction by her skill, both as vocalist and actress. Mlle. Ortolani is not Grisi nor Bosio, but herself, and will doubtless do the theatre real service in many characters for which she is well suited. Her voice still vibrates as of old, but she has gained strength or facility, and betokens decided improvement. In places where she had not to form her notes, such as the opening movement of the aria, "Qui la voce," and some *cantabile* bits in the first finale, she sang charmingly and with much grace, and won universal praise. Herr Formes had been laboring under indisposition for some days previously, and was hardly up to the mark. He showed, nevertheless, that the power and depth of his voice remained unimpaired by his transatlantic trip, and that his energy and feeling were as striking and superabundant as ever. Indeed it was generally remarked that the voice of the great German bass was more rounded and mellowed by time, a matter of congratulation to his numerous admirers. The music of Giorgio is not quite in Herr Formes' line, nor does it lie altogether within his register, his voice being far deeper than that of La, blache. His finest efforts were in the duet with Elvira (act 1, sc. 2), and the grand duet with Riccardo. "Suoni la tromba," in which he and Signor Ronconi declaimed so vociferously that they might have been heard—if not quite at Bologna, as Rossini wrote of Tamburini and Lablache, but at Boulogne. Signor Ronconi is more at home in Riccardo than in Giorgio which we are glad to see he has resigned, as the music was too low for him. His performance of Riccardo is a remarkable one, historically speaking, the best by far since Tamburini, and the music of Bellini is thoroughly congenial to his real Italian style and method.

After the opera Mlle. Salvini appeared in the ballet *divertissement, Les Amours de Diane*, and achieved great success in sundry striking and original *pas*.

The first performance of Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, which was to have taken place on Thursday night was postponed until Monday, in consequence of the indisposition of M. Faure.

GRISI AND MARIO.—The report that these popular singers have rejoined the Royal Italian Opera, is now verified.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Twenty hearings would not suffice to make the general public thoroughly comprehend a work so extraordinary as Beethoven's Mass in D, which was repeated on Friday week. To the Society especial thanks are due for affording an opportunity of hearing a composition so little known, or likely to be known, its difficulty and exceptional style placing it beyond the means of any other body of executants. While protesting against the alterations that have been effected (having unbounded faith in Beethoven) we must compliment Mr. Costa for the energy and perseverance conducting to a result so highly satisfactory. Band and chorus entered thoroughly into their task, and as the *Missa Solennis* has twice attracted an attendance in no way inferior in number to the crowds who usually flock to the better known masterpieces, we have but little doubt but that the next season it may be repeated, and eventually become familiarised to the public, although it can never be as well known as the oratorios of Handel or Mendelssohn. Mads. Rudersdoff and Sainton-Dolby, with Messrs. Sims Reeves and Lewis Thomas were again the soloists. Handel's *Israel in Egypt* is announced for next Friday.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The fourth concert, on Monday, April 29th, was attended by the largest audience of the season. The selection was as follows:—

PART I.—Sinfonia in C minor, No. 1 (Mendelssohn); Aria, "Un'aura amorosa," *Così Fan Tutte* (Mozart); Solo, contrabasso (Mayseder); Overture in C major (Beethoven).

PART II.—Sinfonia in F, No. 8 (Beethoven); Recit. and aria, "Thus my cherish'd love," *Jessonda* (Spohr); Concerto, violin, in A minor, No. 5 (Moli-que); Duetto *Il Conte Ory* (Rossini); Overture, *Anacreon* (Cherubini). Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett.

A column might be written about such a programme, more especially as the general character of the performance was quite on a par with its variety and excellence. Nevertheless, our crowded space will admit of but very few remarks. Mendelssohn's symphony was played to perfection. Additional interest was attached to this, as the work which first introduced its composer to the Philharmonic Concerts, and, indeed, to England. It is one of the freshest and most vigorous of his earlier productions; and, though classed in his own catalogue as "Symphony No. 13," the first of his published symphonies for the orchestra. Thus, among other things withheld by those who have the superintendence of Mendelssohn's MSS., there are no less than 12 symphonies, any, or all of which, if only half as good as the one in C minor, should be brought to light forthwith. The *scherzo*, as it now stands, is an abridgement of that belonging to the famous octet arranged expressly for the Philharmonic Society, and a clear foreshadowing of the magical fairy music in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The execution of Mendelssohn's symphony; of that of Beethoven in F—the bridge that conducts from the "second" to the "third" style of the great "Tone-poet;" of the overture in C major (Op. 115) by the same master (for which again the musical world is indebted to the Philharmonic); and of Cherubini's familiar dramatic prelude, were further proofs of the judicious discipline exercised by Professor Bennett, and of the highly efficient materials he has to work with. The palmiest days of the Philharmonic—when it stood "alone in its glory"—could hardly furnish an instance of a more admirable performance than that of the symphony in C minor.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The programme of the eighteenth concert, in the instrumental part, was taken from the works of Mendelssohn, and included—quintet in B flat (executants, MM. Vieuxtemps, Ries, Doyle, Schreurs and Piatti); *Presto Scherzando*, in F sharp minor, for pianoforte alone (Mr. Charles Hallé at the instrument); grand sonata in D major (op. 58), for pianoforte and violoncello (played for the first time); and (also first time of performance) the players being Mr. Charles Hallé, M. Vieuxtemps, Mr. Webb and Signor Piatti. After the sonata, Mr. Charles Hallé and Signor Piatti had to appear on the platform. A finer specimen of the master than that with which the concert closed could not have been presented, and few left their seats until the last notes of the quartet in B minor had finished. The grand air "In diesen hel'gen Hallen,"

from the *Zauberflöte*, and a song from Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, displayed to advantage the deep and powerful voice of Herr Hermanns, who appeared at these concerts last season.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Mlle. Titiens, who made her first appearance as an oratorio singer, created something much stronger than a merely favorable impression, her *début* being a complete success. Mlle. Titiens is a mistress of the art of enunciation, her words being clearly articulated and correctly accented, which is so much the more noticeable as her experience of our language must be necessarily limited. With the power and quality of Mlle. Titiens' voice the public is already familiar, and we have no doubt that in the new line she has chosen the German songstress will become as great a favorite as she is on the lyric stage. To attempt any description of Mr. Sims Reeves's singing in *The Creation* would be superfluous; suffice it that he was in magnificent voice throughout,—that he sustained the whole of the tenor music by which the oratorio was a decided gainer, and that his delivery of the recitative "In splendor bright," and the air "In native worth," was wholly irreproachable, while in the concerted music his voice rang out with a clearness and beauty that charmed all hearers. In the first and second parts Herr Formes contributed his services as principal bass, and the value of so splendid an organ and so weighty a style of delivery, may be easily imagined. To Mad. Rudersdoff and Mr. Stanley fell the music of our first parents (Part III.), and both were in the highest degree satisfactory. After the oratorio the national anthem was sung, Mlle. Titiens taking the first and last solo verses. The duet between the barytone and bass (Mr. Santley and Herr Formes) in the other verses, was beyond our comprehension. There were 13,000 present.

THE SISTERS MARCHISIO.—The gifted and celebrated sisters Carlotta and Barbara Marchisio, after the great sensation they have created in Paris, are achieving a series of brilliant triumphs in the French provinces and in Belgium. We find in the Brussels journal, *L'Indépendance Belge*, accounts of the *début* of both sisters in that city. They first appeared in the *Sonnambula*, Mlle. Carlotta sustaining the character of Amina, while Mlle. Barbara, with a true artistic feeling, supported her sister by taking the secondary part of the heroine's mother, to which she gave new interest and importance. Their next appearance was in the *Travatore*, in the characters of Leonora and Azucena, in which last part Mlle. Barbara produced an immense effect by her powerful acting, her beautiful contralto voice, and her perfect style and execution. The above journal describes the public as being enchanted, and says that there never had been such a performance of this opera in Brussels.—*Illustrated London News*.

Musical Correspondence.

PARIS, MAY 3, 1861.—A pamphlet has just appeared entitled *Richard Wagner et Tannhäuser à Paris*. It is by Charles Baudelaire the translator of Edgar A. Poe's works. It seems to be a defence of the German composer against the ungenerous attacks of French press. If it possesses more than the mere merit of a *propos* I shall speak of it later.

The musical season is drawing to a close, the *Conservatoire* has given its last concert. The fragments of the *Damnation de Faust* by Hector Berlioz are spoken of as having attracted much attention.

At the Italiens Mad. Penco has appeared as Norma; no novelties are spoken of either here or at the Grand Opera, which continues to give the Huguenots.

At the Opera Comique we have had *Salvator Rosa*, represented for the first time last Tuesday, April 30. This is an opera in three acts by Duprato, words by MM. Eugène Grangé and Henri Trianon. The libretto presents a charming series of incidents, it is in itself a touching piece worthy of the composer. The artist who contributed to the success of *Salvator Rosa* were, Crosti, Warot, Lemaire, Nathan, Paliati, Madame Lemercier and Mad Saint-Urbain.

It is to be remarked that of late three pieces of 1832 have been revived. Of these one is well known to the American public, *La Tour de Nesle* is rather more known in the United States than in France

though it always enjoyed great popularity. The piece is given at the Porte Saint-Martin with the display of scenery that may be expected from this stage for fairy spectacles. There is a slight change even to admit of all the prestige of scenery. There is a solemn entry of the king into the old, old streets of his good city of Paris. He is on horseback under a *dais* between the Queen and Buridan, also on horseback. The people follow in crowds, there are soldiers and a numerous cortege.

It is a lesson in the history of the middle ages. The provost of Paris, the various guilds, the university corps, the Parliament, the peers of the realm with their pages—all with their respective emblems form a curious, entertaining spectacle. The clariou sound, the King, surrounded by his court takes his seat, the stage presents a most picturesque group when suddenly other men and women rush in, mariners from the port de la Grève, who, with more beauty than art-truth execute a charming ballet. In this appear Epinosa and Mad. Montplaisir. Beyond this *La Tour de Nesle* in the drama as we all know it. At the especial wish of M. Gaillardet, the name of Alexander Dumas figures as *collaborateur*.

Of other old dramas may be mentioned *Atar Gull* which has met with a legitimate success. The *Funérailles de l'honneur* by M. Aug. Vaquerie of which I mentioned the failure has given rise to several pamphlets on the present state of the dramatic art in France. It is expected that M. Vaquerie's piece will be presented again at the Odeon under more favorable circumstances. F. B.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 25, 1861.

Soiree of the Pierian Sodality and Harvard Glee Club.

We had the honor of an invitation to this soirée, which took place at Lyceum Hall in Old Cambridge on Thursday, May 16.

1. War Song.....Kucken
2. Pesther Waltzes.....Lanner
3. Toper's Glee.....Zelter
4. Serenade (Quartette).....Mendelssohn
5. Symphony—Piano Quartette—Adagio Cantabile—Andante Minuetto—Finale Allegro.....Haydn
6. Soldier's Love.....Kucken
7. Hark above us.....Kreutzer
8. Sicilian Vespers.....Verdi
9. Parting. (Quartette).....Otto
10. O wert thou.....Kucken
11. Andante, from Symphony No. 7.....Haydn
12. { Chapel.....Kreutzer
13. Serenade.....Eisenhofer
13. L'Etoile du Nord. (Quadrilles).....

The programme was, with one exception, made up of German pieces, the audience of a majority of young ladies and gentlemen. Both went very well together. The audience admired the Germans (next to the performers of course) and the Germans (we can speak for one of them at least, whom we know to have been present) admired both the audience and the performers. Mutual admiration-society, is it? Well we confess, we do admire youth. "In juvenile delectus." There is something refreshing and fascinating in youth and we enjoyed the delightful influence.

The Glee Club was especially happy in its selections and was encored after every piece if we remember rightly. And right well did they acquit themselves both in their pieces on the programme and those sung in answer to the enthusiastic calls for more. The Pierians would have increased the effectiveness of their performances by altering their instruments to a pitch somewhat more uniform. However, their pieces were well practiced together and played with spirit. They also received several encores. The liberality of the Glee Club was manifested by a medley of patriotic and other airs, "thrown in" after the 13th number of the programme. Altogether it was a festive and gay evening, furnish-

ing new evidence that the liberal Arts still furnish at our venerable yet ever young *Alma Mater*, and that there are some at least among her sons who beside their other studies find time and inclination to devote themselves to the production of the "sweet concord of sounds."

May the *PIERIAN SODALITY* and the *GLEE CLUB* continue to flourish. *†

MRS. J. H. LONG'S CONCERT. — A concert complimentary to this lady was given on Saturday evening last at the rooms of Messrs. Hallett & Davis. Mrs. KEMPTON and Miss WHITEHOUSE assisted with the Mendelssohn Quintette Club and Mr. CARL PETERSILEA as pianist. Mrs. LONG was in unusually fine voice, so, too, were Mrs. Kempton and Miss Whitehouse, and the vocal portions of the programme were admirably rendered by the three ladies. We regret not to have heard the first part of the programme, but learn that Mr. Petersilea performed very creditably the Sonata by Weber. Liszt's Concerto Paraphrase requires a degree of power and unerring facility beyond what he yet possesses, A large audience was in attendance. The following is the programme :

PART I.

1. Quartette, in E flat.Mozart
Mendelssohn Quintette Club.
2. Aria, "Ah mon fils"Meyerbeer.
Mrs. Long.
3. Grand Sonate in C, op. 24. (first time).Weber.
Carl Petersilea.
4. Song, "Ye merry birds"Gumbert.
Mrs. Kempton.
5. Duo, "Fra Queste Braccia"Donizetti.
Mrs. Long and Miss Whitehouse.
6. Ballad, "Tyrolienne"Haas.
Mrs. Long.

PART II.

7. Trio, "On the Ocean"Concone.
Mrs. Long, Mrs. Kempton, and Miss Whitehouse.
8. Canzonetta, from Quartette in E flat.Mendelssohn.
Quintette Club.
9. Duet, from "Giuramento"Mercadante.
Mrs. Long and Mrs. Kempton.
10. Two Part Song, "The Wanderer"Franz Abt.
Mrs. Kempton and Miss Whitehouse.
11. German Song, "Farewell, Good Night"Kucken.
Mrs. Long.
12. Concerto Paraphrase, on Mendelssohn's Wedding
March and Fairy Dance.Liszt.
Carl Petersilea.

CAMBRIDGE. — The detachment of the battalion of the College students now on guard at the State Arsenal embraces some of the best of the singers of the college, who make the neighborhood resound on these pleasant moonlight nights with the brightest of the gems of German song. The Turkish Drinking Song, Integer Vitæ, the Sword Song, and other choice pieces for men's voices, including many of Mendelssohn's four-part songs, we have heard admirably sung there in a style that would do no discredit to the famous Orpheus Club. It is pleasing to observe the steady progress of the art of Music in the University, since it has become a regular study, and no little credit is due to the efforts of Mr. L. P. Homer, the instructor in this department.

ORCHESTRAL UNION. — Our city and suburban readers will not forget the concert of this evening, which commences the new series of evening concerts. The programme is an excellent one.

New Publications.

The ATLANTIC MONTHLY for June. Ticknor & Fields.

Contents: Agnes of Sorrento; Greek Lines; The Rose enthroned; A bag of meal; Napoleon the Third; Concerning things slowly learned; American Navigation; Denmark Vesey; New York Seventh Regiment; Army Hymn; The Pickens and Stealins Rebellion; Recent American Publications.

The April number of the LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW has been sent us by Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

Contents: 1. Pearls and Mock Pearls of History.

2. Euphuism; 3. Lord Dundonald; 4. Spiritual Destitution in the Metropolis; 5. German, Flemish, and Dutch Art; 6. African Discovery; 7. Lord Stanhope's Life of Pitt; 8. Indian Currency, Finance and Legislation; Iron Manufacture. These are published by L. Scott & Co., New York, at \$3, or all the four great English Quarterlies and Blackwood's Monthly for \$10.

Musical Chit-Chat.

TANNHAUSER IN PARIS. — Tannhäuser, the modern German Opera, *par excellence*, has suffered a most decided defeat at the hands of the Paris public. Notwithstanding the august presence of both Emperor and Empress during the first two representations, the genteel audience manifested their disapprobation by vehement hissing, but principally by a merriment which to the author must have been very provoking. After the third performance which took place on a Sunday evening when the house is mostly filled by persons from the middle classes, who might reasonably be supposed to be unprejudiced, the piece was withdrawn. As the bonus of the author was stipulated at 500 francs for each performance, of which half went to the translator of the book, Mr. Wagner has realized the sum of 750 francs.

The reader will recollect that Tannhäuser was brought out at the express command of the Emperor. Rumor said it was the penalty which the Emperor had to pay to the Princess Metternich, wife to the Austrian ambassador, for a lost bet. The Princess showed herself, at any rate, a zealous partizan of her countryman. When the storm in the audience first broke out, she and her suite from a prominent box tried very hard to turn the tide. But it only caused the hissers to turn towards her. She left the theatre before the curtain fell. When she passed down the corridor, one of the marshals of France, meeting her, said, "Ah, Madame, to-night you have taken a most cruel revenge for Solferino." The story is good. The Frenchman says now, *Je tannhause*, instead of *Je m'ennuie*.

The Germans console themselves, as well they may, that France has never yet seen the greatness of Shakespeare, nor acknowledged the genius of Goethe and Schiller, nor understood Gluck, Mendelssohn, Weber, and Schumann, and is therefore not very likely to be charmed by an opera which, book and music, is at least as peculiarly Teutonic as Weber's Freischütz or Spohr's Jessonda. Besides, Wagner the writer had much damaged the cause of Wagner the composer. If Mr. Wagner, instead of heralding his views as the salvation of the lyric drama and his works as the beginning of a new musical era, claiming precedence of all the great masters whom France worship, if, instead of all this he had relied solely on the inherent power of his music, his opera might have fared better. To be sure, the legend of Tannhäuser, which to the German mind has deep significance and many fine poetic traits, has nothing fascinating to the Frenchman. It is the difference of nationalities more than anything else which will forever prevent the acceptance by the Paris musical public of the Tannhäuser as the great work which it really is. — *Leipscic Signale*.

HONOLULU. — The dilettanti of the Sandwich Islands have established a Philharmonic Society, which, not satisfied with rendering plain classical music, has gone into the grand opera business. Startling, as it may appear, Verdi's *Trovatore* has been performed in Honolulu. His majesty, Kamehameha, who fortunately possesses a very fine voice, took the role of Manrico, and his royal spouse filled that of the Gipsy Azucena.

MUSICAL SOIREE. — Last evening Mlle. Gabrielle de la Motte gave a musical soirée at her residence in Hancock Street, to which the parents and friends of her pupils, including several distinguished amateurs, were invited, forming a brilliant society. The programme was very interesting, consisting of a duet by Von Weber, nine solo compositions played by the youngest pupils of the school, Duet Sonata by Mozart, Nocturne by Gutmann, Allegretto and Moon-

light Sonata by Beethoven, Allegro by Mendelssohn, Home, Sweet Home by Thalberg, Nocturne by Chopin, Sonata Pathétique by Beethoven, and Duet by Von Weber. The performances of these difficult compositions by youthful pupils was a complete vindication of the excellence of the class system of pianoforte instruction which Mlle. Gabrielle de la Motte has been teaching in this city for the past five or six years. When we heard girls eight or nine years old, taught in classes, playing one of Weber's duets, and the solos which followed, and playing them well, and young ladies of from thirteen to sixteen interpreting with such intelligence, purity and vigor the other portions of the programme, we were more than satisfied with the results of a system which we have so often commended and advocated. The unequivocal approbation of the refined and competent critics who were present at Mlle. de la Motte's last soirée, justifies the confidence which the public have placed in her abilities, and guarantees her continued success. — *Evening Transcript*, May 17.

MUSIC IN LEGISLATIVE HALLS. — Music hath charms for our Legislature. A majority of the representatives have musical ears, good voices, and know how to tune them aright, either for the grand old chorals or the patriotic songs that are just now sung in halls and churches, on the streets and in the drawing-rooms, at work benches and in the schools. The members lifted up their voices yesterday forenoon, in melodious song, and again in the afternoon, after adjournment. They did the "Star Spangled Banner" in splendid style, as if the banner were advancing at a charging step upon the enemy; "America" was given grandly; "Old Coronation" majestically, and "Auld Lang Syne," as a closing exercise, soothingly. And why should they not sing, these legislators? Let them break forth in song. They have done good works for the old Bay State; they have endorsed the spontaneous uprising of the people; given a strong and willing helping hand to the government of the Union, and their aid, without stint or mercenary calculation, to uphold the honor of its flag.

The members review their labors with satisfaction; they look upon the mailed hand of the general government raised to strike all enemies to its peace, prosperity and integrity, and they see through the cloud that now envelopes us, peace once more establishing its benignant sway; returning prosperity and the hum of productive industry for the harsh notes of war. Do they not do well to sing, and make the old Representatives Hall vocal with their gladness, and the venerable cod which has overlooked the discussions of half a century, a participator in their joyful hopes for the future? If the "chivalry" are disposed to ridicule psalm singing Massachusetts, we bid them remember that the "Old Ironsides" of Cromwell, from whom some of us, at least are descended, were valiant in battle and "mighty men of war," notwithstanding that, before they engaged in the conflict they sang the psalms of David. Men who put their trust in God, the justice of their cause and keep their powder dry, are not to be encountered with impunity. — *Atlas and Bee*, May 23.

A HINT TO MUSICIANS. — See the effect of a long piece of music at a public concert. The orchestra are breathless with attention, jumping into major and minor keys, executing fugues, and fiddling with the most ecstatic precision. In the midst of all the wonderful science the audience are gaping, lolling, talking, standing about, and half devoured with ennui. On a sudden there springs up a lively little air, expressive of natural feeling, though in point of science not worth a half-penny. The audience all spring up, every head nods, every foot beats time, and every heart also; a universal smile breaks out in every face; the carriage is not ordered; and every one agrees that music is the most delightful, rational entertainment that the human mind can possibly enjoy. In the same manner the astonishing execution of some great singers has in it very little of the beautiful; it is mere difficulty overcome, like rope-dancing and tumbling; and mere difficulties overcome, as I have before said, do not excite the feelings of the beautiful, but the wonderful. — *Sydney Smith*.

Had I children, my utmost endeavors would be to breed them musicians. Considering I have no ear, nor yet thought of music, the preference seems odd; and yet it is embraced on frequent reflection. In short, as my aim would be to make them happy, I think it the most profitable method. It is a resource which will last their lives, unless they grow deaf; it depends on themselves, not on others; always amuses and soothes, if not consoles; and of all fashionable pleasures it is the cheapest. — *Horace Walpole*.

Il Barbiere di Seviglia.

It is interesting to read the anecdotes of the first productions of celebrated works, the changes made in them in accordance with the experience of their first effects, and the manner in which they were received. We translate some of the incidents attendant upon the production of the now celebrated Barber of Seville.

The overture was originally composed in 1814, for *Aureliano in Palmira*, then changed to *Elizabetta, regina d'Inghilterra*, both of them serious operas, and was afterwards attached to the Barber.

The air which Bertha, the duenna, sings, is nothing but a Russian contra-dance, which was in vogue in Rome at that time. Rossini is said to have introduced it in compliment to a captivating Muscovite lady. Certain passages of this buffo air re-appear in the allegro, and in the fine cavatina of Malcolma in *la Donna del Lago*.

The motive of the allegro of the trio fine *Zitti, zitti*, is borrowed from the bass air sung by Simon, in Haydn's "Seasons." Simon sings it in C, while Rosina, Almaviva and Figaro sing it in F.

Signora Giorgi-Righetti mentions many circumstances regarding the first production of the opera which have the value of coming from one who shared in its performance. Sterbini was the author of the libretto, and when it was known that Rossini was to rewrite the work which Paisiello had made famous, his enemies endeavored to injure him by talking of it everywhere as a contemptible thing to do. This was the merest nonsense, as the lyrical dramas of Metastasio had all been, dozens of times set to music by as many composers. Paisiello was no stranger to these intrigues. A letter of his was shown to Rossini, in which he charged a friend of his in Rome to make every exertion to ensure its failure. However this may have been, on the day of its first representation at the Argentina, the enemies were at their post, and the friends, somewhat disheartened at the recent failure of *Torvaldo*, did not exhibit any great warmth of support. Signora Giorgi-Righetti says that Rossini was weak enough to allow Garcia, whose ability he greatly admired, to replace the air sung under Rosina's window with a Spanish melody of his own; thinking that, as the scene was laid in Spain, this might give a local coloring to the work. But the public sentiment rendered this an unfortunate thing.

Almaviva's guitar had not been tuned, and Garcia had to tune it on the stage. A string broke, which the singer was obliged to replace; and in the mean time the laughter and hisses had become general. The song was foreign to the Italian taste, and was badly received, while the pit began to hum over Spanish flourishes. After the introduction came Figaro's cavatina. The prelude was at first listened to; but when Zamboni entered with another guitar, a shout of laughter went through the audience, and the hisses made such a noise that the aria was not to be heard. When Rosina appeared on the balcony, the public, who admired the lady, was ready to applaud her air; but when it heard only the words; *Segui, o caro, deh segui così*, they were the signal of a new outbreak. The duet of Almaviva and Figaro was accompanied by shouts and hisses, which completely drowned it; and the work seemed to be an utter failure.

Finally Rosina appeared and sang the cavatina. The youth, and beautiful voice of Signora Giorgi-Righetti, joined to the favor which she enjoyed among the Romans, combined to procure for her a brilliant success. Rossini arose from the piano, bowed, and turning to the cantatrice, said in a low voice:—"Oh natura!"—"You may give it your thanks," replied Signora Giorgi, "for without it you would never have left your seat."

But this happy moment was of short duration, for the hisses recommenced at the duet between Rosina and Figaro. All the hisses in Italy seemed to have met in the theatre, and the music was utterly lost in the noise they made. When the curtain fell, Rossini turned to the audience, shrugged his shoulders, and clapped his hands. The public was touched at this contempt for its opinion; but no mark of disapprobation was returned. It revenged itself at the second act, not a note of which could be heard. Rossini remained calm throughout, and left the theatre as quietly as though it had been the work of a stranger. When Garcia, Zamboni, Botticelli and Signora Giorgi-Righetti went to his rooms, after changing their dresses, to console him for his failure, they found him sound asleep.

The next day he wrote the beautiful cavatina *Ecco ridente in cielo* to replace Garcia's unfortunate air. Garcia sang it the same evening at the second performance. Rossini hastened to prune from his work everything which might be justly condemned, then went to bed and pretended to be sick, that he might

not be obliged to officiate in the evening. The Romans went the second time with altered dispositions, and desired to hear the work to which they refused to listen the evening before. This procured the triumph of the composer; for it was impossible that a people so musical should not appreciate the beauties profusely spread through this delightful work. The silence of the audience was only broken this time by applause; still there was no enthusiasm. But the success grew at each representation, and finally became a transport of delight. In Rome, as elsewhere, there were connoisseurs who at once comprehended the merit of the work, and went to Rossini to compliment him on its excellence. This change of fortune and opinion did not astonish him; he was as sure of success on the evening of its first reception as he was a week after.

It is rather singular that the first representation of the Barber at Paris was a repetition of the Roman failure. The same cause produced the same effect; for Paisiello's work was there again opposed to that of Rossini. It is true that Mme. Ronzi de Begnis did not inspire the part of Rosina, for which she was not fitted. By a singular fancy, the public at once demanded Paisiello's Barber, and nothing could have more contributed to Rossini's success. Paër, who was troubled regarding the young rising maestro, Paër, director of the Théâtre-Italian, appeared to yield to the importunate request of the public, which, perhaps, he had instigated. He hastened to produce Paisiello's opera, not doubting of the success which awaited it; but the result was the opposite of what he expected. The traditional power of his music had lost its vitality; nobody knew how to sing it in its pristine simplicity. Besides this, the form was old-fashioned; there were too many airs and recitatives; concerted pieces were rare, and the instrumentation meagre. It was an utter failure. Rossini's work was resumed, and possessing, as it did, all the advantages which its rival lacked, it enchanted the whole public. Mme. Fodor had assumed the part of Rosina, and the representation was given with a perfection yet unequalled. Garcia and Mme. Fodor were the models of Almaviva and Rosina; Pellegrini, a gay, intelligent Figaro; de Begnis an excellent Basilio; Graziani, a vivacious and malicious Bartolo. To give an idea of Garcia in this rôle, which he made entirely his own, I will say that Rubini always seemed to me a mediocre Almaviva, when I remembered the bold, marked rounded accents of Garcia's full voice. Who can give us that sonorous avalanche of notes when the exasperated Count curses the unfortunate troupe of musicians:

Ah! maledetti andate via,
Ah! canaglia via di qua?

It was sublime!

(There must have been some trifling difference between such a performance and the buffoonery to which we Bostonians are accustomed in this scene.)

Rossini had written several portions of his opera, when Sterbini brought him several pages of verse. "There is considerable," said he, "for Figaro's entrance; but you can take what you want, and leave the rest. Rossini immediately began to hum as he read. "I will not suppress a verse, not a word," said he, "they shall all move to the clarinets." After a second reading, he sat down to the piano, and sang *Largo ad factum*, with its instrumental coloring. "Bravo! perfect!" cried Sterbini. "Yes! that may be made into a pretty good cavatina. I will keep it a few days in my head, and give it a little polish, and write it out afterwards." "Not so! you shall write it out at once, just as it is. I want it just so. The diamond sparkles enough as it is. We must secure it for fear of losing it."

Like very many other chefs d'œuvre of the human mind, the Barber, unrecognized at first, depreciated and condemned, has become one of those universal favorites which never lose their charm and rank among the foremost efforts of musical genius.—*Boston Musical Times*.

A NEW NATIONAL HYMN.—A committee of prominent citizens of New York, consisting of Gulian C. Verplanck, Charles King, Hamilton Fish, George Wm. Curtis, Richard Grant White, Luther Bradish, John A. Dix, Moses H. Grinnell and others, announce that a prize of five hundred dollars will be awarded for a national hymn, which must be, not a war song, but purely patriotic; to consist of not less than sixteen nor more than forty lines, exclusive of a chorus or burden, which is regarded as essential, and to be of marked rhythm and popular melody. For the words and music from the same hand, five hundred dollars will be paid, or a gold medal of that value will be awarded. For the hymn alone, or for the music alone, (if original), two hundred and fifty dollars will be given.

Special Notices.

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Ah, do you still remember. *F. Woolcott. 25*

A very pleasing sentimental song, requiring but little range of voice and moderate practice on the piano.

The song of the absent one. *Karl Reder. 25*

A melodious parlor song.

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A cradle-song or lullaby of very simple construction, perfectly in accordance with its intent and purpose. Melody and harmony are nevertheless striking and show the clever pen that has written so many popular melodies.

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Charming words, describing the young wife's happy anxiousness while expecting the husband's return from his daily toil, until "his hand is upon the latch." The music is not less fine.

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A full and telling arrangement of the National Anthem, "My country, 'tis of thee." It is one of the well-known and comprehensive collection of the National Airs of all Countries, edited by Beyer.

When the swallows homeward fly. Transcribed. *Ad. Baumbach. 35*

A fine arrangement with which the composer has evidently taken great pains. Its general excellence will ensure a large circulation for it notwithstanding the many arrangements of the same air which are now in the market.

Books.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES, with symphonies and accompaniments, by Sir John Stevenson, and characteristic words by Thomas Moore. With a portrait. Price, \$1.50; in cloth, \$2.50; cloth, full gilt, \$3.00.

In a very neat, convenient, and durable form we have in this volume the fine old Melodies of Ireland wedded to the charming ballads which have, more than any other of his works, immortalized the name of Moore, and made it a familiar household word throughout the civilized world. There has been, and always will be, a peculiar charm about the music and the poetry of this work, and though the expression in reference to a new book, has become somewhat hack-nied that "no library is complete without it," we may venture to say, that used in connection with this elegant edition of "Moore's Melodies," it will come to each of our readers as a very truthful declaration. There are many editions of these Melodies published in this country, but this is the only one in which the words are accompanied by the music, and here we may mention that with Moore the words and the music are one. "So intimately," says an English writer, "were they united in his mind, that the sight of the songs crowded together in one volume unaccompanied by music notes inflicted on him positive pain."

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 478.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 9.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Charlatanism in Music.

II.

THE FASHIONABLE CONDUCTOR.—SKETCHED
BY BENDA.

This charlatan is of quite modern origin. His rise commenced with the decline of the classical school, which is now so much lamented. In proportion as the means were made the end, in proportion as external show and stunning noise took the place of true music,—our friend gained ground, till finally we see in him the personification of what may be called the clap-trap art. At present—thank Heaven!—he is still an exotic plant in America, but in feudal Europe, in the fashionable capitals, as Paris, Berlin, London, he is an *institution*, an indispensable ingredient to metropolitan high life. He ministers to the wants of the *blasés*, whom he feeds with musical confectionary, with polkas, gallops, or fragments from Italian operas. But this is not his object. According to his advertisements he gives *cheap* concerts with an orchestra of fifty performers—*for the sake of improving the public taste!* May be that the public taste is an object of his earnest solicitude; but in quite a different sense; for, surely, as soon as a better taste and judgment are diffused among the public they will no longer listen to his music. Our friend is too shrewd not to know this; therefore, he exerts himself to the utmost to keep the popular taste down. He is passionately fond of his baton, particularly as it affords him nightly an opportunity to glorify himself, to show himself off. A more self-conceited fool was never born. The show-bills announce in big letters that the concert this evening will be given under the *personal* direction of *Monsieur le maître de chapelle*. Though he is never missing; though he conducts every night in person, yet the public must be put in mind of the grand fact.

Now let us go to see him. The musicians are already at their desks waiting for the chief. There he comes! Look, how carefully his hair is curled! How matchless his cravat, his vest, his dress coat, in short, everything down to his patent-leather boots! He advances up to his stand. What a graceful bow! How pleasantly he smiles! (Believe it who may; it has often been said that many go to his concerts merely to see him make that capital bow). Presently he seizes the *bâton*, looks about him if the performers are ready and gives the signal to strike up.

Monsieur is too polite to conduct with his back turned to the audience, as small conductors do, who suppose their business to be alone with the players, and accordingly front the latter. Oh, no! This would not only imply a breach of etiquette but would mar the whole affair in many respects. The musicians are grouped so that he stands quite prominently out from among them, his front to the public, who now may enjoy the full unobstructed view of his glorious figure. The piece played is an opening march on oper-

atic airs composed by the chapel-master himself. Monsieur fights the air terribly with his stick, throwing a savage glance now to the player on his right, now to that on his left, or behind him, who may be a little too slow or too fast. Anon he puts on an air of approval, he nods, he is pleased with the performance; he begins to smile; he looks as if he were moved by the music, as though he were lifted and carried along by the gentle waves of harmony. In fact, his face expresses far more than the music. It is finished. Monsieur throws down his baton and retires quite fatigued as it seems. He draws his embroidered and perfumed handkerchief—which he has his own way of displaying—to wipe the perspiration from his heated forehead. He then sits down on a sofa in the background of the stage, but so that he can see the audience and be seen by them; the latter is of infinitely more consequence. Occasionally he takes his lorgnette and eagerly looks about as if to search for some acquainted face. Of course, he takes it for granted that all present have come merely to see and admire him; especially the ladies, whose heads he supposes he has completely turned the wrong way.

The programme, made up of the highest kind of music, as intimated above, culminates in a grand potpourri, also arranged or composed by Monsieur himself. In this piece he has recourse to all sorts of mechanical contrivances in order to produce the most striking effects, from which it takes his auditors frequently a good deal of time to recover. The potpourri is to represent, musically, some scene or scenes from common life, as detailed on the programme. Sometimes it is a railroad catastrophe which is being unfolded to our ears. The train is ready to start. We hear the rushing of the escaping steam, the bell, the rattle and clatter of some dozen cars, dashing along with lightning speed. Suddenly the alarm whistle sounds, but too late; the catastrophe, a general smash-up, is inevitable.

At another time it is perhaps a chase to which Monsieur treats his listeners. The stag is flying by, the hounds are close behind him; and such capital barking! But the best joke is when he represented how light grew out of chaos. A few minutes before the commencement the gas is lowered so that an almost total eclipse reigns all over the house. The music begins with low, dissonant, long-drawn chords, resembling the growls of bears and wolves before supper. The audience seem fairly frightened, when, all of a sudden, a clear, full, triumphant major chord resounds, played by the whole body of instruments as loudly as possible,—and simultaneously with it—a great conductor!—appears the dazzling blaze of some three hundred restored gas flames. Thus it grew light.

While these jokes are passed off, which, as before observed, form the climax of his programmes, Monsieur is perfectly excited. Besides his baton he sometimes takes his foot, his head, or both his arms, to indicate the time. Occasionally he calls out in an angry voice to the drummer, or to the

man who has charge of the barking machine, to play with more spirit. His chief attention, however, is directed to the audience; he is anxiously watching what effect tricks produce on them, expecting every moment that a storm of applause will break loose. And, indeed, he has not to wait very long before they give vent to their delight in the most vociferous acclamations. Yes, applause never fails him. He is firmly settled in the favor of his auditors. Both the public and the press extol him and promulgate his fame. He is called the prince of leaders, the Napoleon of conductors. But this shall not prevent us from opening their eyes and showing their pet to be in fact the prince of charlatans, the Napoleon of musical quacks. How such an individual comes to command an orchestra composed of the ablest performers, as they generally are, would be a puzzle, if we did not know that shrewdness, cunning, arrogance, impudence, recklessness and similar qualities, have frequently risen to a position which for true virtue it was impossible to obtain. He is indefatigable in aping the fashionable world. He employs as his hairdresser the first Parisian coiffeur, who counts his customers chiefly among lords and barons; and so in similar things. When, for instance, it has become the fashion among the aristocracy to learn Spanish, Monsieur quickly engages the most fashionable master of languages and learns Spanish too, and then takes good care to make it known among his friends.

Though most of his musicians are far better artists than himself, he treats them as if they were ten times his inferiors; he often rules as a despot, especially at such times as his receipts are good and he is able to pay them their salaries promptly, knowing that it is difficult for an orchestra performer to find lucrative employment. He places his men under heavy fines for any breach of good conduct, while he himself continually violates those rules. Thus, for instance, a member is fined so much for coming a few minutes too late to the rehearsals; but he, our Monsieur, is rarely if ever punctual and cares nothing if the whole orchestra are waiting for him ever so long. It has frequently happened that he has ordered a rehearsal to take place, say at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and the musicians were punctually each at his place; but where is our master, where is the conductor, where is Monsieur? A deputation is finally dispatched to his residence (at the most fashionable hotel in the city) to see what has befallen him; perhaps he may be sick. The deputation returns with the information that they found the master still resting on his laurels which he freshly gathered last night, where a new potpourri of his, with many new tricks, was performed. They found him still sleeping. On opening his eyes he told them he had been invited to a late supper at Lord Horse-neck's, and that, my Lord having urged him so much to drink he could not resist the temptation of taking a glass too much of his Lordship's choice wines and in consequence he felt terribly sick in

his head and unable to rise.

On the other hand he has proved the most unscrupulous swindler, who instead of money has paid his musicians with promises, till, finally he has escaped to parts unknown, leaving some fifty young men looking in vain about for means to pay their board.

But the avenging Nemesis sometimes overtakes him when he is least aware of it. I have seen a whole orchestra rise as one man against such a charlatan conductor after they had patiently borne his despotic sway for a long time; as sometimes a whole country with an inexplicable unanimity after long and patient sufferings, shakes off the yoke of a tyrannical prince and establishes itself as a republic. They ordered Monsieur to get him hence, chose one of their members for a conductor and continued the concerts much to the benefit of the public taste and the art in general. Monsieur seeing that it was impossible to regain his position and being unable to appease the cries of his seven children for their daily bread came back later and begged to be received as a common member of the society. His fate excited sympathy so that it was proposed by some to give him a situation as kettle-drum player of whom the society just then stood in need. However, on mature reflection it was resolved not to engage him by any means, since from his intriguing spirit it was reasonably to be feared he would leave no opportunity unused to disturb the harmony of the society, secretly undermine it and ultimately cause its dissolution, in order to establish his autocratic sway again.

He went about for a while dressed in the same fashionable style as formerly, still boasting of his many acquaintances among the aristocracy. It is true he was sometimes seen with the before mentioned Lord Horseneck; but this is easily explained when we remember that my Lord was not only a great lover of music but himself the composer of several Grand Quadrilles which frequently, under a fictitious name, were performed by our Monsieur at the concerts. Far from envying him such acquaintances we sincerely wish his Lordship may not so soon cast him off, but exert his influence to save him from the brink of destruction to which he is hurrying on rapidly. And so we will leave him.

Audi Alteram Partem.

RICHARD WAGNER, in *Re himself* and "TANNHÄUSER."

"TO THE EDITOR OF ———."

"Paris, 27th March, 1861.

"MY DEAR FRIEND.—I promised I would, some day or other, give you a full account of everything relating to the Paris *Tannhäuser* business. Now that this has taken so decided a turn, and that I am enabled to obtain a comprehensive view of everything connected with it, it affords me a kind of satisfaction to come to a conclusive opinion of the whole from a calm narrative, written as if for my own perusal. None of you can, however, form a correct idea of the true state of matters, without my touching upon the real motives which induced me to go to Paris in the first instance. Let me, therefore, start from this point.

"After having been prevented, for a space of nearly ten years, from refreshing myself, if only periodically, by witnessing some good performances of my dramatic compositions, I at last felt irresistibly impelled to think of settling in some place where in time it might be possible for me to enjoy that living contact with my art which was so necessary for me. I hoped to be able to

find such a place in some retired nook in Germany. In the summer of 1859 I made the most earnest appeals to the Grand Duke of Baden—who, with the most touching kindness, had previously promised that my latest work should be brought out at Carlsruhe under my own direction—to use his influence, so that, instead of making only a temporary stay, I might be allowed to take up my permanent residence in his dominions, since I should otherwise have no course left open to me than to proceed to Paris, and settle there. The fulfilment of my request was—an impossibility!

"I proceeded to Paris in the autumn of the same year, still calculating upon the performance of my *Tristan*, for which I thought I should be summoned to Carlsruhe on the 3d December. I believed, that when the work had once been brought out under my own superintendence, I might then trust it to theatres of Germany. The prospect being able to pursue the same course with all my subsequent works was enough for me; and, such being the posture of affairs, the sole charm Paris possessed for me was the fact, that from time to time I might hear an admirable quartet or a first-rate orchestra, and thus at least keep up a refreshing connection with the living organs of my art. But everything was suddenly changed, on the receipt of letters from Carlsruhe, informing me that the production of *Tristan* there had proved impossible. My painful position immediately suggested to me the notion of inviting, for the following spring, some well-known and clever German singers to Paris, so that, with their assistance, I might get up, at the Italian Opera, the model-performance, which I so much desired, of my new work. To this performance it was my intention to invite the managers and stage-managers of such German theatres as were well disposed towards me, thinking that by the plan I should obtain the result I had hoped to achieve by the performance of Carlsruhe. But, as it would have been impossible to carry out the plan without including the Parisian public, it is necessary that I should endeavor to enlist their sympathies for my music beforehand. It was with this object that I gave the three concerts in the Italian Theatre. The highly gratifying result of these concerts, as far as success and approbation were concerned, could not, unfortunately, further the principal enterprise I had in view. I became fully aware of the difficulties besetting an enterprise of the sort, while the impossibility of obtaining the simultaneous attendance of the German singers I had selected compelled me to abandon my design.

"While, thus hemmed in with difficulties on every side, I was again casting my eyes, borne down by heavy care, towards Germany, I heard, to my great astonishment, that my position was warmly discussed, and my cause kindly advocated, at the court of the Tuileries. This kind interference on my behalf I owed to the extremely friendly feeling of many members of the various German embassies in the capital, a feeling of which I had previously been in complete ignorance. Matters went so far that the Emperor, having heard a most flattering account of my work, generally known as *Tannhäuser*, from a German princess whom he particularly respects, gave orders for the immediate production of the opera at the Académie Impériale.

"I cannot deny that although, in the first instance, highly gratified at this unexpected testimony of the success of my works in circles from which I had for so long kept personally so far aloof, I soon began to look forward with great anxiety to a representation of *Tannhäuser* in the theatre mentioned; for who saw more clearly than I did that this great operatic theatre had long been estranged from every earnest artistic tendency; that requirements very different from those of dramatic music had asserted their supremacy and that opera had become simply an excuse for ballet? The truth is, that of late years I have had very many applications to bestir myself about the performance of one of my works in Paris; I never thought, however, of the so-called Grand Opera, but—for an experiment—rather of the modest Théâtre Lyrique. This I

did for two reasons; at the latter theatre no particular class of the public leads the taste of the rest, and—thanks to the poverty of its resources—the ballet, properly so-called, has not yet grown up to be the centre around which everything else in art revolves. The manager had, however, been obliged to give up all idea of a performance of *Tannhäuser*, after having repeatedly considered it of his own free will, principally because he could find no tenor equal to the difficult task of supporting the principal character.

"Now, at my very first interview on the subject with the manager of the Grand Opera, I was given to understand that the most necessary condition to ensure a successful performance of *Tannhäuser* was the introduction of a ballet, and that, too, in the second act. I did not perceive the full import of this condition until I declared it was impossible for me to stop the action of the second act, above all others, by a ballet, in every respect meaningless; but that, on the other hand, a particularly appropriate pretext for a ballet was afforded by the voluptuous court of Venus, in the first act, where, when I first conceived the drama, I had myself thought it impossible to dispense with dancing. In fact, I was excited by the idea of strengthening this part of my work, a part which was unmistakably the weakest point in my original score, and I drew up an elaborate plan by which the scene in the Venusberg would be rendered a most important one. The manager peremptorily rejected this plan, and told me plainly that, in the performance of an opera, he had not only to consider the ballet itself, but so to arrange matters that it should come on in the middle of the evening, for it was not until that time that those subscribers to whom the ballet almost exclusively belonged entered their boxes, as they usually dined very late; a ballet executed in the beginning of the evening could not, therefore, I was informed, satisfy these persons, as they were never present during the first act. The same and similar explanations were subsequently repeated by the Minister of State himself, and all chance of a successful result represented as so dependent on my fulfilling the conditions in question, that I began to think I should be obliged to throw up the whole affair.

"While I was reflecting more seriously than ever on returning to Germany, and anxiously looking around for some spot where I might be enabled to produce my latest works, I was most favorably impressed with the value of the Imperial order, for it placed at my disposal all the resources of the Grand Opéra, and authorized me, in the most unreserved and unconditional manner to make whatever engagements I might deem necessary. Everything required by me was instantly carried into effect, without the slightest consideration of the cost, and an amount of care, of which before I had not the slightest idea, was bestowed upon the *mise-en-scène*. Under such unusual circumstances, I became gradually more and more impressed with the belief that I might possibly behold a complete, nay ideal performance. The notion of such a performance of one or other of my works, no matter which, had seriously engrossed my thoughts for a long time, in fact from the time of my withdrawal from our own operatic theatre. An opportunity which had never before been anywhere placed within my reach, was now most unexpectedly offered me in Paris, and that, too, when no exertions on my part had been able to procure me any favor at all approaching it on German soil. I frankly confess that this thought filled me with an ardour I had not known for a long time, and which a certain bitterness, mingled with it, only served, perhaps, to augment. I now saw nothing save the possibility of a completely beautiful performance; and, absorbed by my constant and anxious care to realize this possibility, every cause for distrust lost its power of affecting me. 'If I can only attain what I am justified in considering possible'—I said to myself—'what do I care about the Jockey Club and their ballet?'

"From this moment, all my attention was devoted to the performance. No French tenor, I was told by the manager, could be found for the

part of *Tannhäuser*. Having been informed of the brilliant talent of the youthful tenor, Herr Niemann, I pointed to him, though, it is true, I had never heard him myself, as the representative of the principal part, especially as he spoke French easily. An engagement, most carefully brought about, was concluded with him, at a great sacrifice. Several other artists, such, for instance, as the baritone Morelli, owed their engagements solely to my desire to secure their services for my work. As for the rest, I preferred certain rising and talented young artists—because I thought I might form them more easily to my style—to some first-rate singers already favorites here, because their too forward manner exercised a disturbing influence on me. The amount of care, totally unknown among us, with which the rehearsals at the piano was conducted, astonished me, and under the intelligent and delicate guidance of M. Vauthrot, the *Chef du Chant*, I speedily beheld our efforts attain a rare degree of maturity. I was especially gratified at observing how young French talent gradually understood my work, and warmed into a love of its task.

"In this way, I myself felt a new affection for this old work of mine. I once more went through the score with the greatest care; I completely remodelled the scene with Venus, as well as the ballet-scene preceding it; and more especially endeavored to adapt the vocal music most accurately to the words of the translation.

"I had devoted my whole attention to the performance, and disregarded every other consideration; but now my anxiety commenced as the truth flashed upon me that the performance would not be distinguished by that degree of invariable excellence I had expected. It is a sad thing for me to tell you in what respects I, at first, found I was doomed to disappointment. The most serious circumstance was, decidedly, that the singer of the difficult principal part grew more and more desponding the nearer we approached the night of the performance. The flattering hopes I had cherished during the course of the pianoforte rehearsals, sank lower, the more we had to do with the stage and the orchestra. I perceived that we were declining to the level of an ordinary operatic performance, and that all those expectations, which soared far above this, would necessarily remain unfulfilled. Viewed in this light, in which at the beginning I naturally had not viewed it, the only thing that could elevate such an operatic representation was wanting; I mean some highly talented individual, already an established favorite with the public, while I came forward with nearly all novices. I was finally, most disheartened by the fact that I could not succeed in withdrawing from the usual conductor the direction of the orchestra, and undertaking it myself, for this would have enabled me to exercise a great influence on the spirit of the performance; and the fact of my having been thus compelled, with sorrowful resignation (for I had not been allowed to withdraw the score as I desired), to consent to a tame and spiritless performance of my work, is still a cause of real grief to me.

"Under these circumstances, I was almost indifferent as to the manner in which my opera would be received; the most brilliant success would not have induced me to be many times present at its performance, so far as I from being satisfied with it. But, concerning the real character of its reception, you have hitherto, it strikes me, been purposely kept in the dark, and would, therefore, act very wrongly, were you to form an opinion unfavorable to the general Parisian public, however flattering that opinion might be to us Germans. I still think, on the contrary, that the Parisian public are distinguished for very estimable qualities, among which may be reckoned great quickness, and a truly large-hearted love of justice. The fact of an audience, an entire audience, to whom I was personally a complete stranger; who had been told, day by day, by the papers and idle prattlers the most absurd things about me; and who were the objects of all sorts of attempts to prejudice them against me—maintaining my cause repeat-

edly, for a quarter of an hour at a time, by the most exhausting manifestations of approbation, against a clique, must, even were I the most indifferent being in the world, fill me with feelings of the warmest description. But an audience actuated, as every dispassionate observer immediately perceived, by the most violent prejudice against my work, had been assembled on the night of the first performance, thanks to the zealous care of those who had the sole distribution of the places, and who rendered it almost impossible for me to introduce my few personal friends. If to this audience you add all the members of the Parisian press, who are officially invited on such occasions, and whose hostility towards me their notices alone are sufficient to prove, I really think I am entitled to speak of a great victory, when I inform you, in the strictest truth, that there was louder and more unanimous applause at the performance of my work, although that performance was far from being too spirited a one, than I myself ever heard in Germany. Several of the musical critics, or rather all of them, who were the real leaders of the opposition, which, at first, was, perhaps, nearly universal, exerted themselves to the utmost to prevent the public from listening to my work, but they were evidently alarmed, towards the end of the second act, lest they should be compelled to witness a complete and brilliant success. They, therefore, had recourse to a plan of bursting out into horse-laughter at certain cues, which they had agreed upon among themselves at the general rehearsals and by this means produced considerable confusion at the conclusion of the second act, for the express purpose of weakening the effect of a strong manifestation at the fall of the curtain. The same gentlemen had also observed, at the general rehearsals, which I was unable to prevent their attending, that the success of the opera depended, in a great measure, upon the mode in which the third act was performed. An admirable scene, by M. Despléchin, representing the Valley of the Wartburg in the light of an autumnal evening, exerted, even at the rehearsals, on all present a charm which strengthened the proper feeling necessary for the following scenes, and, indeed, rendered it irresistible. As regards the artists, these scenes were the gem of the whole performance. The procession of Pilgrims was sung and placed upon the stage in a most admirable manner; Elizabeth's prayer, rendered by Mlle. Sax with touching and expressive perfection; and the fantasia to the evening star, given by Morelli with elegiacal tenderness, introduced so happily the best part of Niemann's performances, namely, the account of the pilgrimage, which always obtained for him the warmest marks of approbation, that it appeared probable to my most bitter opponent that this third act would prove exceptionally successful. It was, accordingly, this very act that the individuals in question attacked most virulently, endeavoring, by outbursts of violent laughter, as pretexts for which they were obliged to seize on the most trifling things, to prevent anything like the necessary devout, calm feeling reigning among the audience. Not led astray by these repulsive demonstrations, my singers neither allowed themselves to be discouraged, nor was the audience to be restrained from paying the most sympathetic attention to their performance, often rewarded with loud applause; at last, the artists having been called on with the most boisterous signs of approbation, the opposition was kept completely under.

"That I was not wrong in looking upon the result of this evening as a complete victory, was proved by the behavior of the public at the second performance, for it was then evident who were the opponents against whom, I should, in future, have exclusively to contend. I refer to the Jockey Club, which I have a right to name, since the public themselves did so openly, by crying out "*à la porte les Jockeys*." The members of this Club, whose right to be considered the lords and masters of the Grand Opera I need not inquire into more nearly, and who, by the absence of the usual ballet at the time of their entrance into the theatre, that is to say, about the middle

of the performance, thought their dearest interests grievously injured, had discovered, to their horror, that, at the first performance, not only had *Tannhäuser* not failed, but had actually been a triumph. From that moment it became their business to prevent this balletless opera from being presented to them evening after evening. With this object, they had, on their way from dinner to the Opera, purchased a number of dog whistles, and such like things, which, immediately after the entrance of these gentlemen, were employed against *Tannhäuser* in the most ingenious manner. Previously, that is to say, during the whole of the first act and up to the middle of the second, there had not been the slightest sign of any further opposition, and the most continuous applause had accompanied, unopposed, those portions of my opera which had first gained favor with the public. From this moment, however, no demonstration of satisfaction was of any avail. It was in vain that the Emperor himself, together with the Empress, proved, for the second time, his favorable opinion of my work; the condemnation of *Tannhäuser* had been irrevocably pronounced by those who regarded themselves as the masters of the theatre, and who all belong to the highest aristocracy of France. Until the conclusion of the performance, all the applause bestowed by the public was accompanied by whistles and flageolets.

"In consequence of the total inability of the Management to do aught against this powerful club, and of the evident disinclination of the Minister of State himself to become involved in any serious dispute with its members, I felt I could not expect the performers, who had served me so truly, to continue subjecting themselves to the horrible excitement so unconsciously inflicted on them (of course for the purpose of making them throw up their parts). I gave the management notice that I withdrew my opera, consenting to a third performance only on condition that it should take place on Sunday, that is to say, on a non-subscription night, by which plan the subscribers would not be irritated, while the house would be rendered available for the general public. It was not considered advisable to comply with my wish that this performance should be advertised in the bills as the '*last*,' and I could only inform my acquaintances personally that such was the case. These precautionary measures were, however, insufficient to allay the anxiety of the Jockey Club. The body fancied it perceived, in this Sunday performance, a bold demonstration, attended with danger to its interests, since, if the performance were an undisputed success, the hated work might then easily be forced upon the members. No one had the courage to believe in the sincerity of my assertion, that, in case of such a success, my withdrawal of *Tannhäuser* would only be the more certain. These gentlemen, consequently, gave up their usual amusements on the evening in question, and returning, once more fully equipped to the theatre, repeated the proceedings which distinguished the second performance. The indignation of the public, who were to be completely debarred from following the opera, rose to a pitch, which, I was assured, was perfectly unprecedented, and the social position of these elegant rioters—which it would seem is altogether unassailable—was, perhaps, the only thing that saved them from personal violence. Let me state at once that, astonished as I was as the unruly behavior of the gentlemen of this club, I was equally struck and touched by the heroic exertions of the public, properly so called, to see justice done me; and that it would never once enter my head to enter my head to entertain the slightest doubt of a Parisian audience, provided it assembled on neutral ground belonging to itself.

"My official notification of the withdrawal of the score, placed the Management of the Opera in a position of really great embarrassment. The Management acknowledge, openly and emphatically, that in the case of my opera they see one of the greatest possible successes, for they do not recollect another instance of the public declaring themselves with such warmth the par-

tizans of a work opposed by a particular set. They think they are sure of exceedingly high receipts from *Tannhäuser*, the house having been already let for several nights in advance. They are continually receiving information of the increasing indignation of the public, who find themselves prevented, by a party of most limited numbers, from calmly listening to and appreciating a much-talked-of work. I also hear that the Emperor is still most kindly disposed in the matter, while the Empress wishes to declare herself the patroness of my opera, and obtain guarantees against any further disturbances. At this moment, there is being circulated among the musicians, painters, artists and authors in Paris, a protestation addressed to the Minister of State, and referring to the unbecoming proceedings at the Opera House. It is, as I have been informed, signed by a large number of persons. Under these circumstances, I ought easily to pluck up courage and allow my work to be resumed. But a grave artistic consideration prevents my doing so. As yet, my work has not enjoyed a calm and dispassionate hearing; its true character, depending indispensably on the audience being thrown, in accordance with my intention, into a frame of mind embracing the whole of my production, and different from that of the ordinary opera-public, has not yet dawned upon the public, who on the contrary, could only confine themselves to brilliant and catching external features, which serve me merely as scaffolding, but which the audience remarked and received with lively sympathy. If I could and did obtain a quiet hearing for my opera, I fear, from what I have already hinted at, concerning the character of the performance here, that the inward weakness and tameness of the latter, which are no secret for those who are intimately acquainted with the work, and for the removal of which all personal intervention on my part was prohibited, must gradually be revealed, so that, for the present, I should not be able to look forward to a sterling and not merely an external success. Let, therefore, all the unsatisfactory events connected with this performance be kindly buried under the dust of the three battle-nights, and the various persons who bitterly disappointed the hopes I had founded on them, console themselves with the belief that they fought and fell in a good cause!

"For the present, the Paris *Tannhäuser* has been played out. But, if a wish of certain earnest friends of my art be fulfilled—if a project, seriously entertained by competent individuals, and which aims at nothing less than the speedy foundation of a new opera house for the realization of the reforms here mooted by me, be carried out—you may, perhaps, hear once more, even from Paris, of *Tannhäuser*."

"Be assured that you now know the complete truth as regards everything that has, as yet, taken place in Paris, in connection with my work; as your guarantee for this, accept the simple fact, that I cannot possibly be satisfied with a mere appearance, when my inmost wish has remained unfulfilled, and this wish can be gratified only by the consciousness of having produced a really intelligent impression."

"With cordial good wishes, I remain, yours,
"RICHARD WAGNER.*"

* The editor of the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung* observes, on the subject of the above letter:—"With regard to this modest example of self-defence in opposition to the decision of public opinion, we will simply refer our readers to the commencement of Cicero's Oration against Verres: *Nemo quemquam tam audacem, &c., arbitrabatur, qui tam multis testibus convictus—auderet.* EST IDEM, QUI SEMPER FUT."

Church Music in the Hands of the Reformers.

Exclusive choir singing was one of the abuses which crept into the Romish church, in connection with its gradual declining piety, in the centuries succeeding the third. The change from the primitive method was gradual. It commenced in the fourth century, at which time the choir was not expected to monopolize the singing, but only to lead it. This, however, gave them the opportunity of introducing a style of music, not only unfit for the church on account of its theatrical associations, but unfit for the use of the congregation on account of its intricacy.

The introduction of tunes too difficult for any but trained singers to execute, was the first step towards debarring the people from their ancient privilege of praise. They might still unite in some simple chorus or response, but this was rather by privilege than by right. Even this privilege was at length denied them and they were taught that the singing of God's praise was too sacred a duty for the lips of the laity, and belonged to the clergy alone. And the clergy, to make their monopoly of the singing still more exclusive, sang only in Latin. By the sixth or seventh century the voices of the people were effectually silenced, and for nearly a thousand years God was no longer praised as at the first. But this long night of darkness and silence slowly rolled away, and the light of returning day in Germany was ushered in with song. Its approach had been heralded by song a century before this, in Bohemia, in the time of John Huss and Jerome; and even in the fourteenth century, while "The Morning Star of the Reformation" was still visible, praise broke the silence of the waning watches in England. As in the mornings of the long days in summer, a few woodland notes may be heard here and there in the groves in advance of the general chorus which hails the day, so there were voices before Luther, both in England and on the continent, which anticipated the melodies of his time. But when the empire of the night was fairly broken, and this great chorister of the Reformation arose, he awoke the whole forest into harmony.

One of the first efforts of Luther in fulfilment of the great mission of his life, was to publish a psalm-book. Both hymns and tunes were composed mainly by himself. About sixty hymns were written by him, at a time when the history of fifteen centuries could not furnish more than two hundred hymns that had been used in Christian congregations. In this great undertaking he had a two-fold object: first, to restore to the people their ancient and long-lost New Testament right to the use of psalms in public worship in their own tongue; and secondly, by the graces of verse, and the charms of melody, to lodge the word of God effectually in their memory. He took care to embody in his verse the great foundation truths of the Bible, that, being sung over and over by the people, they might never be forgotten. This object he announced in a letter to Spalatin, written in 1524, in which he says: "It is my purpose, after the example of the ancient Fathers of the church, to make psalms or spiritual songs for the common people, that the word of God may dwell among them in psalms, if not otherwise. We are looking around everywhere for poets. I entreat you to help us. I would that new and courtly words might be avoided, and that the language be all suited to the capacity of the people, as simple as possible." So successful was Luther in this endeavor, that priestly influence might in vain have attempted to check the progress of the Reformation by destroying the Bible. Its doctrines were the soul of his songs, and the songs were embalmed in the people's memory.

They were sung everywhere. The singing habits of the early days of Christianity were fairly revived. "The hymns spread among all classes of people, and were sung not only in the churches and schools, but also in the houses and in the work-shops, in the streets and in the market-places, in the barns and in the fields." Wherever the principles of the Reformation were received whether in Germany, France, or Britain, psalm-singing was an almost universal practice. This was the blossom which the root of the new doctrines invariably produced. So contagious was this practice, and so wonderful the power of Luther's psalms in propagating his doctrines, that his enemies were obliged to adopt the same practice in self-defence. "The papists, finding that the people would sing them, and were almost running with delight in doing so, published hymn-books of their own, in which, with slight alterations, they incorporated almost all of the Reformer's pieces." The hymns found their way even into the French court; but they contained seeds of truth which it was not for the interest of the Romish church to have planted, and about the middle of the sixteenth century all Papists were prohibited from singing them. From that time, the name of "psalmist," or "psalm-singer," was applied to the Protestants in derision. It became synonymous with Reformer, Huguenot, Calvinist, Heretic.

"Next to theology," said Luther, "it is to music that I give the highest place and the greatest honor." He had reason to say this, for it was music next to theology, and sometimes more than theology, that gave success to his cause. "In the city of Hanover, the Reformation was introduced, not by preachers, nor by religious tracts, but by the hymns of Luther, which the people sang with delight." A Protestant contemporary of Luther says: "I doubt not that the one little hymn, 'Now rejoice, dear Christians, all,'

(the first one that Luther published,) has brought many hundred Christians to the faith. . . . The noble, sweet language of that one little song has won their hearts, so that they could not resist the truth; and, in my opinion, the spiritual songs have contributed not a little to the spread of the Gospel."

But all the reformers, German, Swiss, English, and Scotch, were equally zealous that the people shall consider praise as appropriately and peculiarly their part in the services of the sanctuary. With great effort did they achieve for the people this "freedom to worship God." And now, the advocates of exclusive choir singing in America are surrendering again, to Popery, the very territory which was acquired in the battles of the Reformation. They willingly relinquish to the Man of Sin a stronghold captured by the sturdy valor of such men as Luther and Calvin, and John Knox, and are content that the praise of God should be sung in Protestant churches in the Popish manner.—*Hymns and Choirs.*

Who wrote the "Marsellaise?"

The question as to who is the real composer of the "Marsellaise" is again raised. A correspondent of the *Gartenlaube*, a Leipzig paper, asserts it to be composed by a German, Holtzmann of Meersburg, Hof-Capellmeister of the Count Palatine. The organist, Herr Hamma, at Meersburg, is said to have discovered Holtzmann's manuscript, which leads to the curious result that the song, afterwards known as the "Marsellaise," was originally sacred music, and copied by Rouget de Lisle from Holtzmann's Credo in his "Missa Solemnis," No. 4, and adapted to his words. It was always wondered how a dilettante in music, like the engineer-officer Rouget, could have produced in a couple of hours in one night, such a splendid poem of many stanzas in the most perfect poetical form, and at the same time the beautiful air, without which the song, although fiery and enthusiastic, would hardly have acquired its historical fame. It was, therefore always supposed that Rouget made use of the musical reminiscences for his words. But whence the reminiscences of such a fine air, was a question which puzzled many a critic. During the last two or three years it has particularly occupied the French musical savants, especially MM. Kastner and Castil-Blaze. Prof. Bischoff, of Cologne, in reference to this new discovery, publishes a short historico-critical treatise on the subject, in the *Kölnner Zeitung*, from which we gather a few more interesting facts. So long ago as the year 1793—8 a rumor was current that the tune of the French National Hymn was a German air; it went so far as to ascribe poem and melody to George Forster. This rumor was hushed for a long time, till it rose again in 1830, when the "Pari-sienne" was sung to an air notoriously German, a German national song, well known to the English-German Legion and the Hanoverian troops in 1814—15.

At that time a note was found in Bouchey and Roux's "Histoire Parlementaire de la Révolution" (xvii., p. 204) to the effect that the "Marsellaise" had originally been composed by a German for Biron's army. In contradiction to this, Rouget de Lisle says himself in a collection of French songs: "I made the air and the words of the song at Strasbourg in the night following the declaration of war, end of April, 1792." It is related that the daughter of the Maire Dietrich played it on the piano on the following morning. M. Kastner, in his attempt to vindicate the composition for Rouget, repeats the words of the sculptor David, of Angers, who told him, "Rouget made the stanzas of the song in the night, and accompanied himself with the violin." But this would speak more against than for him, as he could not have composed words and music at the same time. M. Castil-Blaze, in the "France-Musical" of 1852, gives very different explanations. He states that on the private theatre of Madame de Montesson, who was secretly married to the Duke of Orleans, in 1782, a German song, with chorus and burden, was performed for the first time, which those who had been among the auditory recognized ten years afterwards as the melody to the world-inspiring song of Rouget's. German music in Paris at that time came into vogue through Gluck and his success. A. M. Julien, sen., violinist at the Italian Opera House, had produced that song in Madame Montesson's concert; it was received with enthusiasm by the highly aristocratic company, against which it turned such a sharp weapon afterwards. M. Deslauriers, publisher of Gluck's operas, and M. Imbault, who directed the orchestra, were both present on that evening, and confided their secret to Castil-Blaze in the eighth year of the Republic, although Imbault, who became music vender, in contradiction to his own opinion, from speculation and regard to the public voice, had printed the "Marsellaise" himself, in 1792, with Rouget's name as the composer.

Both assured M. Castil-Blaze, that the melody originally, with its first words, had a mild religious character. With Rouget's words, the song became first a *Chant de l'Armée du Rhin*, which the regiments at Strasburg and in Alsatia sang and played as a March. From there the song traveled to the south of France; and from thence, with the *Marseilles* batallions, to Paris, where it was ascribed to the above-mentioned M. Julien, and others, as Gossec, Pleyel, and particularly Méhul, who had set it more completely. M. Castil-Blaze quotes several examples where entirely change the character of the tune: he comes very near the truth and the latest news from Meersburg, when he says: "If you hear in our churches the song 'Sainte Cité, demeure permanente,' and when the singers intonate the finale, 'O ma patrie, O mon bonheur,' do you see everybody get excited and rush to arms? By no means; you have heard the sentimental tune a hundred times, and you never dreamed that it was one and the same with the faithful burden: 'Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!'"

Prof. Bischoff observes, that neither by the older works of Walther and Gerber, nor by the newer musical biographical dictionaries, nor by any authority to which he has access, can he learn anything nearer of the Capellmeister and composer Holtzmann; but, he continues, there have always lived in the south of Germany, and there are still living, a number of composers of sacred music, of whom no one, beyond the narrowest circle of their activity, ever hears anything.

—*Athenæum*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 1, 1861.

Handel and Haydn Society.

The annual meeting of this Society was held on Monday evening the 27th ult., at Chickering's Hall, the Vice President in the chair. From the Treasurer's Report it appears that the financial condition of the society remains much as it was at the last annual meeting; the profit on the performance of the *Messiah* at Christmas, together with some two hundred dollars, and upwards, contributed by members, just about squaring out the expenditures of the season.

The obligations of the Society amount to \$1,362.58, to meet which, two first mortgage railroad bonds, valued in the present depressed condition of all such securities at \$1,400 and on which the interest is paid semi-annually, are held; exclusive of the valuable library and other property belonging to the society.

The reading of the Secretary's Report was listened to with interest, particularly those portions having reference to a change in the By-Laws, whereby a better attendance may be secured at rehearsals; and also in relation to an annual assessment; as a necessity of the times.

We call attention to the Secretary's report, below, for other valuable suggestions of vital importance to the society, and which, if adhered to must prove of inestimable value to the society.

Dr. J. Baxter Upham was unanimously nominated for the office of President, and a Committee appointed to wait on him, and ask his acceptance. The meeting was then adjourned to Tuesday evening, June 4th, when a choice of officers will take place.

SECRETARY'S REPORT, MAY 27, 1861.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the *Handel and Haydn Society*.—Another twelve month has passed since we met for the purposes which have brought us together at this time, and another year has been added to those already numbered in the age of our honored institution; but, as your recording officer I have little to communicate beyond the simple announcement of the number of public performances which the Society has given during that time, and the general result of the same.

Early in the season, your Board of Trustees conceived the plan of carrying through a series of subscription concerts, to consist mainly of standard Oratorios by the great masters; but owing, it may be, to the peculiarly unsettled state of the country at that time, the project failed for lack of sufficient encouragement.

The usual weekly rehearsals were commenced at this new hall on the 30th September. *The Messiah* was performed, according to long established custom, at Christmas; and the result, both pecuniarily and artistically, was highly satisfactory.

Three other concerts were given during the season, each in connection with foreign vocalists, but neither one proved to be of any pecuniary advantage to the Society.

A concert in aid of the Massachusetts Volunteers was given by the society at the Boston Music Hall on the 27th of April, which was cordially coöperated in by prominent vocal and instrumental talent, rendering it a highly attractive entertainment; and, as every service connected with it was voluntarily proffered, it was confidently expected that a large sum would be realized, but, for certain inexplicable causes the total receipts were but \$378.50 which amount was handed over to the Governor of the Commonwealth in accordance with a vote of the Board of Trustees. Small though the sum was, it may contribute something towards upholding the honor of our national flag, and in bringing peace once more to our borders. With this concert the season closed.

The Society has appeared but five times before the public during the season, but the regular weekly rehearsals have been continued as usual, numbering since the commencement thirty-three. Four meetings of the society have been held during the season, and the Board of Trustees has been called together nineteen times. Nine persons have been admitted to membership, and three have been discharged.

I might here close my report, but it seeming highly proper that matters relating to the material interests of the Society should be freely discussed at times like the present, when we are met in council together; I venture one or two suggestions for your consideration.

It has become, I think, a well established fact that no Society can, in the present state of the public mind, sustain itself by its performances, relying on the public patronage entirely for support. It might have been so when this society was the only avenue through which musical compositions of importance could be brought before the public; but those times have long since passed, and we must prepare to meet the new demands made upon us. I speak of these things in no discouraging tone, but that we may look the facts squarely in the face, and thereby be enabled to unite in adopting some line of policy which may add to our usefulness as a choral society. I do not find that there are any societies in this country, so far as my knowledge extends, and I have taken some pains to inform myself on that point, that look to a series of public performances for their support. On the contrary, those existing under similar organizations to our own, and for similar purposes, are, without exception, supported by yearly assessments on the members. The Sacred Harmonic Society of New York assesses *ten dollars* each, and many others I could name have larger or lesser sums as the price of yearly membership. In view of those facts I would respectfully suggest the propriety of amending the By-Laws of the Society as to admit of an annual assessment of *five dollars* on each member. This sum would pay the current expenses of Conductor, Organist and rent of the Library room, with such librarian assistance and docu-keepers as we should require. The advantages to be derived from the adoption of this amendment to our By-Laws would be manifold. It would not only enable us to

meet our current expenses without the necessity of giving concerts in the vain hope of realizing a sufficient sum above the expenses to meet those obligations; but it would do vastly more for the Society in enlisting the hearty coöperation of each and every member who may remain as such, in whatever may be undertaken; and it would insure a fuller attendance at rehearsals; for when we pay for our privileges, we are more inclined to prize them, than we are when furnished without cost. I consider it a privilege to belong to an association of this kind, and more particularly so when it is the *first* of the kind in point of age, numbers, and efficiency in this country. In no other way can we become familiar with those great sacred creations of genius that have been but partially revealed to us, as yet; and were it not for the Handel and Haydn Society, or some similar organization, those works would have remained to us forever as sealed books.

Another, and a still greater advantage to be derived from this proposed change in the internal management of our society, would be found in the entire freedom from all "entangling alliances," temporary though they be, whereby we are too often forced to appear before the public wholly unprepared, in connection, it may be, with those who care nothing for us or the audience to which we introduce them, and as unprepared as ourselves for rendering satisfactorily the music assigned them. We have often voluntarily assumed positions before the public like that described above, in the vain expectation of realizing a sufficient sum thereby, to help out the yearly expenses, and have, as often been doomed not only to disappointment, but to the mortifying consciousness of having been engaged in an exhibition in no wise creditable to our musical reputation, or profitable to our treasury. From all such connections we could, if we would keep entirely aloof; and yet we should not be unmindful of the fact that vocalists in every respect competent to the requirements of the Sacred Oratorio are often among us, from abroad, and that the public should have an opportunity of testifying their appreciation of such artists. Many of our own resident vocalists are so incomparably superior to those who have been associated with us from time to time in Concerts and Oratorios, that the public will learn to distrust the merits of all unknown artists who may be put forward by us, if more care is not exercised in the future.

Another important addition to our By-Laws is required by which the attendance of members upon rehearsals may be secured, on penalty of forfeiture of membership in certain cases without the tedious process of advertising in "three or more daily papers" for a roll-call, as now. This regulation is imperatively demanded, if we would retain our present high position among the musical societies of the country; and should our number be lessened from this, or any other cause, our efficiency as a choral body would not, in my judgment, be materially injured; for, although large bodies of choristers are quite essential to a correct rendering of the massive, and sublime works of Handel and Mendelssohn, yet a smaller number, well disciplined, would be far more effective than a large, but imperfectly drilled chorus can possibly be made. As at present, there is too little personal responsibility manifested by many of the members in the operations of the Society. With a little additional effort, our rehearsals might be better attended, and our public performances vastly improved.

A very material reduction of our annual expenses has been effected in the occupation of this hall, so generously tendered us one year ago by the Messrs Chickering, and it may be thought advisable to make yet other retrenchments, corresponding to the times, even should the annual assessment referred to above be decided on.

It might, perhaps, be well in furtherance of the

object, to go back for a season to the accustomed mode of conducting the rehearsals in the early days of the Society.

The By-Laws provide, Art. 4, that "at all meetings for the performance of music, the President may conduct the same, or a suitable musical director may be appointed at the discretion of the Board." It is only within a comparatively short period in the history of the Society, that a regular conductor has been engaged; the early Presidents always assuming that duty, and I would not now recommend such a course, except as a necessary retrenchment. Should it be deemed advisable to make such a change, the President could wield the baton, or some member of the Society might be selected who could undoubtedly do it acceptably. I know we should sadly miss the aid and guidance of the skilful hand which has so long and so well controlled our movements, and it may not be thought expedient to resort to it; but should it be made trial of, we should hardly, even then, feel like undertaking a public performance without an experienced conductor; though our rehearsals might be made both profitable and pleasant without one.

A properly conducted sacred music society, in a community like this, I regard as second only in importance and influence to the church itself, and that as such it should be encouraged and supported. Indeed the church is indebted more than is generally conceded or understood, to all such associations, for that which is to many, the most pleasing, and to *all* an important portion of Christian worship. The music of the church, in its influence on the worshippers, cannot be too highly estimated, and we should so shape our course as to avoid the possibility of the accumulation of a debt, until the return of more prosperous times, that we may not suffer our usefulness in this, or any other particular, to become impaired. If we would elevate the character of our Society above the ordinary occupation of concert-giving, in competition with every class of vocalists who may happen for the time to be among us, we must do something more than spend an hour in this hall once a week for our own gratification or amusement; or if we would interest the liberal and wealthy in our behalf, we must first interest ourselves in the true and legitimate business of a Sacred Music Society, incorporated "for the purpose of extending the knowledge and improving the style of performance of church music." Ours should be an educational institution for the benefit, as well, of those who participate in the performances as for those who listen; and such was the original intention of those who first conceived the plan of, and obtained the act of incorporation for, this institution. We have departed widely from that intention, but circumstances seemed to force the necessity upon us. Entirely dependent on our own resources for support, we have often been induced to do that, which, under other circumstances I am quite sure we should not have attempted.

Gentlemen, I am encouraged with the thought, — and not without due reflection and assurances from those who are interested in our welfare, — that we may before the lapse of many years, be placed in possession of a permanent fund, through the liberality of some of our fellow-citizens, the interest of which shall be sufficient to defray our annual expenses at least; but if we would deserve this munificence at the hands of any number of our benevolent citizens, we must look well to our path of duty, and not allow distracting counsels or flattering appearances to entice us from our true course.

In the present disturbed condition of our country, when trade is in a great measure diverted from its accustomed channels, and almost the only occupation of our citizens consists in the arming, equipping, and fitting out of troops to serve in defence of the liberties of our common country; when the music of the fife and drum alone attract attention; I say, in times like these, we can do nothing.

Did I say we could do nothing? Have we not already commanded the Muse and brought her into the service of our country's cause? We have but just given a concert for the benefit of the troops, and paid the proceeds over to the Governor of the State for that purpose. May we not hope that our trouble will soon cease, and that peace may be proclaimed throughout the length and breadth of our land?

Then will we again unite in a grand triumphal jubilee of welcome to those who have fought our battles and contributed of their might to the upholding of the majesty of the laws.

Respectfully submitted,

LORING B. BARNES, *Secretary.*

We trust that the newly elected President will accept the office tendered him. His well known energy and enthusiasm in any good cause that he takes in hand, cannot fail to be of service to the best interests of this old association, and we doubt not that he will infuse into it a new life by his well directed efforts. We need not remind our Boston readers that to Dr. Upham more than to any one else is due the successful accomplishment of the project of building the Music Hall, and its great *embryo* organ, or that the brilliant success of the Boston School Musical Festivals is also to be mainly attributed to his labors.

MAD. CHARLOTTE VARIAN gave her third and last concert prior to a tour in the British Provinces on Saturday evening last. We can assure our British provincial cousins that they will find her an artist of great merit and deserving of their patronage. Mad. Varian was assisted at this concert by Mr. Rudolphsen, a baritone formerly well known here and by Mr. Hoffmann, as before. We regret not to have received the expected notice of this concert of which the following was the programme:

PART I.

1. Solo Piano—Martha.....Jaell
Mr. E. Hoffmann.
2. Aria—I Lombardi.....Verdi
Madame C. Varian.
3. Song—Wake, dearest wake.....Miller
Madame C. Varian.
4. Aria—Il Balen (Trovatore).....Verdi
Mr. Rudolphsen.
5. Recitative e Cavatina—Ma la sola, ahime! Son io.....Bellini
Madame C. Varian.

PART II.

1. Song—The heart bow'd down (Bohemian Girl)....Balfé
Mr. Rudolphsen.
2. Scotch War Song—McGreggor's Gathering.....
Madame C. Varian.
3. Solo Piano—Il Trovatore.....R. Hoffmann
Mr. E. Hoffmann.
4. Scena Ed Aria—Traviata.....Verdi
Madame C. Varian.
5. Song—The little fat Gray Man.....Blewitt
Mr. Rudolphsen.
6. Star Spangled Banner.....
Madame Varian.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The first Saturday evening Concert of the new series, was given by the Orchestral Union last Saturday. The programme was of essentially the same character as those of the Afternoon Concerts, perhaps better, if anything. The *Eroica*, not played here since the days of the great Festival, was given very acceptably, and will, we are glad to hear, be repeated to-night. Beside this we had Gluck's *Iphigenia Overture*, a piece of solid build and interesting detail, as well as some lighter pieces, as for instance a Potpourri from Verdi's *Masked Ball*, a waltz, and Meyerbeer's *Torchlight dance*, the latter decidedly too big for any concert hall. Unfortunately a sudden storm half an hour before concert time prevented a full attendance. There will be an improvement in point of numbers on the part of the audience with each succeeding concert.

GERMAN OPERA IN PARIS.—There is a talk of establishing a German Opera-house in Paris, with Dr. Marschner as conductor.

CHEVE'S SYSTEM.—The recent article upon this famous system of musical instruction, published in this Journal, April 18, has called forth quite a number of inquiries from our readers, especially from those who are concerned in teaching music, *what* precisely, this system is, and how it differs from the plan of musical instruction in vogue in this country, of which Dr. Lowell Mason was the efficient pioneer. We hope that our correspondent "Amateur" will enlighten us as fully as he may be able, as to the merits and prominent features of the system which he has introduced to our notice.

New Publications.

THE CANTILENA, a Collection of Songs, Duets, Trios, and Quartettes, arranged with Pianoforte Accompaniment, and adapted to the use of the School, the Choir, the Family, and the Social Circle. By George F. Bristow. Published by Abbey & Abbot. New York. 240 pp.

A neatly printed volume of "such music as had not, generally, found its way into books, thereby presenting the choicest gems of musical literature in a form and at a price within the reach of all."

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, for May. Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. \$3 a year.

Contents; 1. Present Movement in the Church of England; 2. Alexis de Tocqueville; 3. The Poems and Plays of Robert Browning; 4. Bishop Herd and his Contemporaries; 5. Railway Accidents; 6. Motley's United Netherlands; 7. Berkley's Idealism; 8. Dr. John Brown's *Horæ Subsecræ*; 9. The Educational Question in Scotland; 10. The Christian Architecture of Europe; 11. The American Secession.

Musical Chit-Chat.

IRISH MUSIC.—Every nation has its peculiar melodies. Irish historians contend that their country is the celebrated Hyperborean isle, and that music is the native production of the soil. Cambrenis, who was one of the earliest libellers of the Irish, was obliged to admit their perfection in music. After he had heard the minstrels who attended the Irish chieftains at a banquet given to them in Dublin, by Henry II., he wrote to one of his friends in England, that "of all nations within our knowledge, this is, beyond comparison, the chief in musical composition." When the celebrated Italian composer, Geminiani, heard some pathetic Irish airs in London, he exclaimed—"Ha! that is the music of a people who have lost their liberty. I have heard nothing so sweet and plaintive and of such an original turn on this side of the Alps."

Handel, it is said, often declared that he would rather be the author of Carolan's "Aileen Aroon," than of all his own compositions. This Carolan seems, from the descriptions we have of him, to have been a genuine representative of the ancient bards. Though blind and untaught, yet his attainments in music were of the highest order. He excelled in all that was tender, romantic, and pathetic. He was an universal favorite; wherever he went, the doors of the nobility were opened, and an honorable place was assigned to him at the table. He thought the tribute of a song was due to every house where he was entertained, and he paid it in his usual simple, touching, and elegant manner. He wandered with his harp from town to town, and, oh, how skillfully he swept its cords, when depicting emotions of joy, or sorrow, patriotism, anger, love, or despair. Many of the lovely Irish airs, rescued by Moore from oblivion were, no doubt, the composition of the blind Orpheus, Carolan.

O'Connor in his Dissertations, says—"Military music made part of the studies of the Irish warriors. It filled them with courage and a contempt of danger, and it was by the help of the military song, they sounded the charge, rally, retreat, &c.

The Irish are essentially a musical people. Their songs are sung throughout the world, and are everywhere admired and applauded. While there is a love for the simplicity, sentiment, and beauty in the

heart of man, Moore's melodies will be read, sung, and cherished.

SINGING PSALMS.—Archbishop Laud very quaintly observes:—"The difference between singing and reading a psalm will be easily understood if you consider the difference between reading and singing a common song that you like. Whilst you only read it you only like it; but as soon as you sing it, then you enjoy it—you feel the delight of it—it has got hold of you—your passion keeps pace with it; you feel the same spirit within you that seems to be in the words. If you were to tell a person who had such a song that he need not sing it, that it was sufficient to peruse it, he would wonder what you meant, and would think you as absurd as if you were to tell him that he should only look at his food, but need not eat it; for a song of praise not sung is very like any other good thing not made use of."

When the battle of Leuthen had been fought, and the victors, fatigued almost to death, were sinking down in the chilling rain among the slain that lay scattered on the bloody field; then, in the darkness of the night, a single voice broke forth with the old choral: "*Nun danket alle Gott!*" (Now let us all praise God): soon a second voice joined, then a third, and so more and more, until the whole army took up the hymn; and thus the single song—in which the feelings of patriotism and military glory, united with the consciousness of having accomplished the great deed, and pious gratitude towards the mighty Ruler of battles—inspired the hearts of these men with new life, and strengthened them to follow up the victory they had so nobly won.

THE FRENCH ORPHEONISTES.—There is to be another gathering of the French Orphéonistes in Paris on September 12th, in the Palais d'Industrie.

M. FAURE AND MEYERBEER'S NEW OPERA.—The *Journal des Débats* states that M. Faure has signed an engagement for the Grand Opera of Paris, to appear in the *Africaine*, or rather *Vasco de Gama*, by M. Meyerbeer.

Herr Reichardt has left London for Frankfurt; from thence he proceeds to Darmstadt and Wiesbaden, to give a series of representations at the theatres in those towns. The admirers of this talented vocalist will not therefore have the pleasure of hearing him at any of the fashionable concerts till late in the season.—*Musical World*.

Herr Franz Abt, the well-known composer of "When the Swallows," &c., and Capellmeister of the Ducal Opera at Brunswick, intends visiting London in the course of the season.

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—After two disappointments, caused by the indisposition of M. Faure, *Guillaume Tell* was produced on Tuesday week, and we need hardly add, filled the theatre in every part. The amphitheatre, and amphitheatre stalls, above all, were crowded to suffocation, and, indeed, from this part of the house proceeded the real applause of the evening; for there, in consequence of the abridgment of the pit, were congregated all the musical spirits of the metropolis, drawn thither in anticipation of a grand performance of Rossini's grand work. Everything tended to the expectation of such a result:—the seeming completeness of the cast, the great resources of the theatre, the efficiency and power of the basses and chorus, the energy of Mr. Costa, than whom Rossini has no more ardent admirer. The cast was as follows; *Guillaume Tell*—M. Faure; *Arnold*—Signor Tamberlik; *Walter*—Herr Formes; *Melchthal*—Signor Polonini; *Gessler*—Signor Tagliafico; *Fisherman*—Signor Neri-Baraldi; *Mathilde*—Mad. Tagliafico. *Guillaume Tell* was first produced at the Royal Italian Opera—the old theatre, of course—in 1848, M. Roger sustaining the part of Arnold, Tamburini of *Guillaume Tell*, and Mad. Castellan of *Mathilde*. It was played once only that year, in consequence, as was said, of the indisposition of the French tenor. A year or two later the opera was produced with Herr Ander as Arnold, but did not create any great sensation. Subsequently, it was revived with Signor Tamberlik in the principal tenor part, and the Italian was found immeasurably superior to his French and German rivals. Had

Signor Tamberlik, indeed, sustained the part of Arnold in the first instance, a thorough success, we believe might have been reckoned on. Every one who knows music and feels its power must recognise the immense merit of *Guillaume Tell*; but most unfortunately the climax is attained at the end of the second act, and the interest decreases thence to the last finale. In fact, the opera, like most French operas (which are almost interminable), is too long. The quantity of music in the first two acts alone of *Guillaume Tell* is at least equal to the whole *Fidelio*. The director of the Royal Italian Opera, notwithstanding was determined to give Rossini's masterpiece another chance, and for this purpose called in all the resources of the establishment; but as the performance commences so late at the Royal Italian Opera it was impossible to give the whole work, and curtailments were indispensable.

That the management has done everything possible to render the performance complete we feel assured. Signor Tamberlik is by far the best Arnold we have seen in this country. M. Faure, although the music of *Guillaume Tell* is too low for him, sings like a thorough artist, and acts with great force and intelligence. The *Walter* of Herr Formes would be inimitable in every way, if only his vocal power was economised a little in the magnificent trio of the second act. That the music of *Mathilde* would not suit the voice of Mad. Miolan-Carvalho, was to be expected. Occasionally, when the voice has not to be forced, Mad. Carvalho sings with infinite sweetness and delicacy; but this cannot extenuate the fault of embroidering the air and subsequent duet with ornaments of her own manufacture. All the remaining characters are entitled to unqualified praise, and nothing better could be desired in their respective ways than Mad. Rudersdorff's *Jemmy*—a signal success—Signor Neri-Beraldi's *Pescatore*, Signor Polonini's *Melchthal*, Signor Tagliafico's *Gessler*, and Mad. Tagliafico's *Edwige*.

To the performances of the band and chorus we can apply the term "magnificent," with few reservations. Every evening the audience, after the great scene of the "oath of liberty," is unbounded on all occasions. One of the greatest hits of the performance is, of course, the famous air in the last scene, "*Suivez-moi!*" ("*Corriam, corriam!*") which Signor Tamberlik electrifies the audience with an "*Ut de poitrine*" that Duprez himself might have envied in his best days. The scenery is marvellously beautiful, and the appointments and dresses all in the best taste. *Guillaume Tell* was repeated on Thursday night for the third time.

Perhaps *Il Trovatore* was as good an opera as could be selected for the first appearance of Mad. Penco and Signor Graziani. Both received on Tuesday night the hearty welcome due to their merits and popularity. Mad. Penco, although comparatively a new-comer, is even now a general favorite, and, indeed, considering the rarity of first-class dramatic sopranos in the pure Italian school, is entitled to a distinguished place.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The third concert was given on Monday night, and attracted an immense crowd, the engagement of Mlle. Titens and Signor Giuglietti, no doubt, greatly enhancing the attraction. The following programme was given:—Overture, *Ruy Blas*, Mendelssohn; Grand Scene, *Der Freischütz*, Weber; Aria, "*Dalla sua pace*," Mozart; Symphony, "*Power of Sound*," Spohr; Cavatina, "*Con'è bello*," Donizetti; Concerto, G major, pianoforte, Mozart; Aria, "*Aurora che sorgerai*," Rossini; Duet, *Lucia*, Donizetti; and Overture, *Preciosa*, Weber. This was a grandly constructed programme, and the execution was universally worthy of music.

Paris.

A new institution, called La Fondation Beaulieu, for the performance of classical vocal music has just commenced its second series. The programme included specimens of the vocal music of Felice Anerio, Orlando Gibbons, Handel, Pergolese, Marcello, Graun; Haydn, Mozart and Cherubini. Mad. Viardot and M. Bataille were the chief vocalists. Selections from Haydn's oratorio of *Tobias* were executed at the commencement and at the close of the concert. Among the most curious as well as the most showy items of this semi-antiquarian entertainment was a *bravura* air from the *Britannicus* of Graun, chapel master to Frederic the Great, which was admirably sung by Mad. Viardot, who (as you must frequently have heard her do in London), with the true feeling of an artist, gave its full value to the substratum of passion which underlies the cumbrous adornments systematically resorted to by composers of that day.

At the Opera, Mlle. Guymard is in full career as the acknowledged representative of Valentine in *Les Huguenots*, which is drawing large houses. She has restored the romance in the fourth act, cut out by her

predecessors; and Meyerbeer has written a coda to append to it, expressly for her. M. Faure, who is now with you at Covent Garden, where he is engaged for three years, has just signed a three years' engagement at the Grand Opera, at 5000 fr. per month for the first year, 6000 for the second, and 7000 for the third. A *congé* from April to July enables him to fulfil his English engagement concurrently. Felicien David's *Herculanum*, it is said, will be shortly revived, and also the *Muette de Portici*, on a magnificent scale. It is currently reported that Signor Alary, of sacrilegious note (inventor of the dish *Fricassée de Mozart, à la maitre de chant*), has composed a comic opera to a libretto by Scribe, called *La Beauté du Diable*, which is speedily forthcoming. The gentleman who has the *toupet* (*Anglicè et vulgo*, "cheek") to adapt *Don Giovanni* to the exigencies of an ambitious tenor and of his own notions of taste, ought to do something original. This was hardly the case, however, with the *Tre Nozze*, in which Lablache danced to a polka warbled by poor Sontag. Mario, by the way, has again, according to his wont (or shall we say according to his *cant?*), announced himself indisposed; and Montanaro, the slippery gentleman who jilted Mr. Beale, replaces him in Count Almaviva. So I hear that Grisi is again at the Royal Italian Opera. Is this to be another farewell engagement?

"Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Still for ever fare thee well."

has been fitted with a new reading, illustrating the confusion that may arise between bidding farewell for ever, and for ever bidding farewell. Norma, with her sickle for ever cutting and for ever coming again, might stand now as a female companion to Chrono, with his scythe. By the way, our experience of this artist may legitimately found a new idiom a contrast to the expression taking "French leave." As this means to leave without giving notice, so Italian leave would to give notice without leaving. Mlle. Trebelli has just bidden adieu to the public of the Italian opera here in Rossini, after making a decided impression. Managers must be on the look-out, for there is very little doubt this young *contralto* is likely to prove a prize of importance. Mad. Penco has appeared in *Norma*, in which she shows so much dramatic power, assisted by a new Adalgisa, under the name of Blondini. Her real name is Mlle. Euneguit, and she is a pupil of M. Masset. Her nervousness rendered it impossible to judge of the capabilities of Mlle. Euneguit.

BRUSSELS.—Only the other day a theatre at Barcelona was burnt down, and now another at Brussels has shared in the fate which seems sooner or later to await buildings devoted to the drama. The *Théâtre des Nouveautés*, the establishment in the Belgian capital I allude to, was built only eighteen years ago. Like the fire at Covent Garden, it seems to have originated in the lofts above the audience part. Letters from Berlin announce that Mad. Lagrue has arrived in the Prussian capital, and will make her appearance in *Nourmahal*, and in Spontini's *Vestale*.—*Musical World*.

MEXICO.—Letters from Mexico give a more encouraging account of operatic affairs there. Maretzek arrived with his troupe on the 10th of April, and commenced his season on the 13th. The "*Trovatore*," "*Ernani*," the "*Barbiere*," "*Norma*," "*Lucrezia Borgia*," "*L'Italiani in Algieri*," and "*Martha*," have been successively given, with very fair success. The sisters Natali had made a most favorable impression, particularly Agnes. Madame d'Angri had also become very popular, and Bischi, the new basso, is spoken of in terms of high praise. It was in contemplation to produce the "*Prophete*" as soon as the necessary preparations could be got through. The *mise en scene* was to be on a scale of great splendor.

Galignani's *Messenger* of May 1st says: "M. Mario starts immediately for London, having in consequence of Smith's resigning the direction of Her Majesty's, where he had accepted an engagement for the season—again come to terms with his former manager, Mr. Gye. M. Belart, whose singing of the music of Rossini is now the best by far on the stage, is engaged by M. Calzado as second tenor for three years. Mme. Alboni is on a tour, singing in public concerts, in Ireland. Herz's well filled *salle* a few evenings since afforded one of the most reliable tests of the favor enjoyed by Mlle. Ida Bouleue, one of our best lady professors on the piano, and a composer of taste and elegance. She was also much admired in "*Morceaux*" from Liszt and Chopin. She was assisted by M. Leon Lafant and Mme. Requier Delaunay. The crowning treat of the soirée was, however, the concerto, the orchestra being capitally led by M. Tilmant."

PARIS, MAY 10, 1861.—The pamphlet entitled *Richard Wagner et Tannhäuser à Paris*, which was merely mentioned in the last letter deserves more attention than could be devoted to them. The author Charles Baudelaire merely reproduces with few modifications a paper published in the *Revue Européenne*, adding under the heading, "A few words more," a dozen pages upon the failure of the work at the grand opera. The unsuccessful trials he explains on several grounds, some of which have already been mentioned in your journal. He concludes by asserting that the French public has not heard Tannhäuser, that the opposition was systematic, the work of the *abonnés* "who care more for the physical charms of the danseuses" than for any music, and who never could pardon Wagner for banishing the ballet from his work and leaving their *protégées*, to use a milder term than the author, in the back ground. There might perhaps have also been a secret opposition to the Emperor. However Charles Baudelaire augurs well from even the too quick passage of Tannhäuser. He speaks of a reaction as manifested in various circles in favor of the work.

The Grand Opera has been giving special attention of late to the ballet. Mad. Ferraris in *Graziosa* continues to be the chief attraction—*Le marché des Innocents* is in preparation. This is a Russian importation to be adapted to the French stage by Petipa for his sister-in-law Mad. Petipa. The music is by Pugnî. The eminent Italian choregraph Borri is preparing for autumn a grand ballet in which Mad. Ferraris is to appear.

Of more serious productions, the *Alceste* of Gluck with Mad. Viardot is spoken of. The *Freyschütz* is in active preparation. We had the other night David's *Herculumum*.

At the Theatre Français and at the Odeon still Lëgouvê's pieces. It is enough to a satiety of the Academician.

The representations of Salvator Rosa at the Opera Comique were interrupted by the indisposition of Mlle. Lemercier. Mlle. Belia however, is continuing the success of the work. The *Circassienne* is still played occasionally. Bataille is engaged at the Opera Comique. He is to make his first appearance June 1st in the *Fée aux roses*.

A Russian tenor Nikolski is much spoken of. A new opera by Schliebler "The Count of Santarem" has been represented at Leipzig.

The public mind is for the present somewhat diverted from the musical productions by those of the plastic arts now in exposition at the Palace of Industry. F. B.

COLOGNE.—A new Symphony by Th. Gouvy (No. 3 in C) has been performed here, the author conducting, and was received with warm applause. It is asserted that this composition denotes a great progress since the first two Symphonies were written.

THE MARSEILLAISE.—The "Gartenlaube," an extensively read German periodical, shows that the melody of the "Marseillaise" was composed by a German, a certain Holtzmann, chapelmaster at one of the small Rhenish Courts. The melody originally belongs to the Credo of Holtzmann's Missa solennis No. 4, lately found among old rubbish by the third or fourth successor of the old organist. The Marseillaise is not a reminiscence of it but a close copy. As in the times of the outbreak of the French revolution music for the Catholic church was circulated mostly in manuscript, the organists all over Germany and France being a large fraternity were constantly in communication with each other, exchanging music and observations on the merit of the same, this is not at all so likely as it might appear at the first moment. Rouget de Lisle, the poet, was no doubt a good Catholic, and may have been a good musician, too. Of course this explodes Lamartine's romantic story about the origin of the Song and air, which is rather a pity.

HAMBURG.—Mad. Louisa Michael-Michaeli, a Swedish singer, gave two concerts in this city last month. Her selection embraced every style; Schumann, Weber, Meyerbeer, Verdi. She is reported to be a singer of the very first rank. With a voice, pure as gold of true feminine character, reaching through two octaves up to D, she masters every difficulty, with the greatest ease. She is engaged in London for the coming season. She has been instructed by Günther in Stockholm, and for the last year by Mad. Lind-Goldschmidt. Her voice is much like Clara Novello's, when in her prime.

A German traveller writes from the West Indies, that the colored sailors on board a steamer plying between Vera Cruz and St. Thomas, sang and danced to Kücken's well-known air, "The young recruit," provided with English words. In course of time it may get into the States as a new Ethiopian melody.

WAGNER'S FLYING DUTCHMAN.—Once more Mr. Richard Wagner. Since witnessing the Tannhäuser we had some vague misgivings that we might have been hasty in our judgment of his merits as a composer, and we seized the first opportunity of again hearing his music, while yet in the land of his birth. The Grand Opera offering to its patrons and the public generally, the "Zwischenakt," "Der Fliegende Holländer," (Flying Dutchman), by the author above named, we determined on being one of the invited. The opera house is not such an one as we had expected to see in this great capital of Germany; as, however, Government has under consideration plans for the construction of a new one, we will be silent in any blame merely occupying ourselves with the scene. The plot of the "Flying Dutchman" is exceedingly simple: A Norwegian vessel, on a homeward voyage, is compelled by stress of weather to enter a port only a few miles from her destination. She has not more than cast anchor and furled sails when another ship makes for the same haven. It is the phantom ship, or Flying Dutchman. The two captains get into conversation, the Norwegian informing the Hollander that his home is within a few miles of their landing; the latter, without any ceremony, invites himself home with the Norwegian salt, and to make himself the more welcome, presents a coffer full of pearls and similar valuables, brought from his vessel to his host. They progress rapidly in each other's favor, and the question of a daughter, passing fair is discussed and a marriage agreed upon. They leave for the home of the Norwegian, and act first ends.

The second act brings us in the midst of a bevy of Norwegian maidens, busy with the spinning wheel. The daughter, dressed like a countess, seems to be nursing a silent sorrow.

There is an old nurse of course—and a young huntsman; the latter during the absence of the maiden's parents, has been quite sweet upon the daughter, and they appear to have broken the "six-pence." When the scene opens however, an old portrait, which it appears had never seriously occupied their attention, rises all at once into a formidable rival of the young deerstalker. The daughter feels instinctively that her fate is connected with this portrait, she is interrupted in the expression of her sentiments by the arrival of her father accompanied by the Dutchman whose portrait, wonderful to relate, is the one in question. The father, like a sensible old fellow, leaves the pair to mutual explanations. The mysterious navigator goes at once into the matter, explains that he is seeking a wife who will be faithful under all circumstances. The young lady declares she has been a long time expecting him, and that she is willing to be his at all hazards—and the act closes.

The final act commences with a scene between the young hunter and the fair maiden, the former, in the warmth of his affections to the affianced bride begins to get rather spooney. She acknowledges that once she had rather a liking for him, but now her duty, &c., &c., that she would always consider him as a friend, &c., &c. The Dutchman, who has been eaves-dropping—instead of appearing satisfied with the declaration of the young girl, rushes off declaring that his fate calls him hence. His ship, very conveniently placed, starts at once with her commander, amid a terrific storm of blue lights, rattling of shot, shaking of sheet iron and the thundering of the big drum. The young maiden, with strength beyond what one could expect, tears herself from the grasp of her father and some half dozen others, rushes to a cliff, calls to the flying Dutchman that she will be faithful even in death—and throws herself into the rolling—canvas.—Vienna Cor. of N. O. Picayune.

Special Notices.

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The words of this song, which nobly chime the praise of our old Bay State, have been written by the Rev Robert T. S. Lowell, to the air of "Yankee Doodle." They have been extensively copied by the newspaper press of New England, and no volume of Camp Songs issued will nor ought to be without them.

A whisper from the heart. Frank Mori. 25

A very acceptable Song, by a popular English balladist, who always writes well, and as his own ballads always form the larger part of his concert programmes, writes also with a view to proper effect and the instant appreciation of an audience. He has well succeeded with this song.

Instrumental Music.

God save the Queen. Transcription. F. Oesten. 25

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Cujus animam. "Stabat Mater." " " 15

In Jewry is God known. Anthem. " " 15

Sound the loud timbrel. " " " 15

O had I Jubal's lyre. " " " 15

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My Waltzes. E. M. Flanders. 25

Easy and melodious.

Books.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 479.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 10.

Bell-Songs.

BY ROSE TERRY.

NO. 1.—"FUNERA PLANGO."

Toll, toll, toll! soar thou passing bell,
Over meadows green and quiet,
Over towns where life runs riot;
Do thine errand well!
Sing thy message, sad and calm,
Cold and holy as a psalm,
Hush us with thy knell!

Toll, toll, toll! over wind and wave:
Through the sudshine's sudden fading,
Through the pine-tree's voice upbraiding,
Where the wild seas rave.
Snow-drifts for the summer wait;
Slumber for the desolate;
Silence in the grave.

Toll, toll, toll! through the quivering sky;
Chime thy song of wintry weather;
Cruel through the rapturous ether,
Call the bride to die.
Chill, with thy relentless tongue,
Eyes that smiled and lips that sung;
Bid delight good-by.

Toll, toll, toll! heaven is in the sound!
Sad alone to souls unready.
They whose lamps were trimmed and steady
Christ rejoicing found.
On the rolling waves of tone
Float I to the Master's throne,
Life and love abound.

NO. 2.—FULGORA FRANGO.

Swinging slowly through the thunder,
Thrill the vivid bolts asunder,
Make the storm-wind quail.
Hurl thy challenge, stern defender,
Fierce against the tempest's splendor,
Past the hissing hail.

Leaping through affrighted heaven,
Swift the wrathful flames are driven,
Flashing death and fear.
Speak thou bell! with sullen clangor,
Overcry the tempest's anger,
Force the storm to hear.

Unrelenting, burning, streaming,
Red o'er livid oceans gleaming,
Lightnings rend the sky.
Break the thunder's fearful chorus,
Lift thy peal of triumph o'er us,
Floating strong and high.

Tell the soul thy signal story,
How its own inherent glory
Nature's might shall quell.
Ring a pæan for the spirit
Fire nor flood shall disinherit.
Praise thy makers, bell!

NO. 3.—SABBATA PANGO.

Calmly dawns the golden day,
Over mountains pale and gray.
Man, forsake thy sleep and pray.
Come, come, come!

Swinging through the silent air,
Lo! the call itself is prayer
Fence thy soul from sin and care.
Come, come, come!

Like a dream, serene and slow,
Through the dawn's aerial glow,
Hear the restful cadence flow;
Come, come, come!

Think that in my pleading tongue,
Through the dewy branches swung,
Christ himself this word hath sung:
Come, come, come!

Toil and battle, rest in peace,
In the holy lights increase,
Weary heart from labor cease;
Come, come, come!

Lo! up-rising from the dead,
God's own glory on His head,
His pure lips thy prayers have sped.
Come, come, come!

Verdi.

P. SCUDO, *L'Année Musicale*.

I have always done justice to the incontestable talent of this vigorous and passionate composer, who for twenty years has intoxicated Italy and charmed all Europe. I have not failed to recognize the splendor of his short-breathed melodies or the powerful sonority of various *morceaux d'ensemble*, or the originality of certain feats of the voice and of some formulas of accompaniment that are to be observed in his best operas; but I cannot forget that I have heard in my life the the greatest works of Gluck, Mozart, Weber, Cimarosa, Rossini, Donizetti and Bellini; I cannot obliterate from my memory the impressions and recollections that have been left by the charming masters of the French school, Grétry, Méhul, Cherubini, Boieldieu, Hérold and Auber; I cannot shake off two hundred years of musical civilization and tradition which envelope and support my soul; in a word, it is not in my power to repel the influence of the glorious inheritance that has been left to me and of which I myself am one of the products, nor can I help preferring one page of Virgil to all the Pharsalia of Lucan; a sketch by Raphael to a hundred modern pictures that I could name; the *Pavillon de l'Horloge* in the Court of the Louvre to all the buildings erected in Paris within the last fifty years, the William Tell of Rossini to fifty operas by M. Verdi. I well understand the objections that can be raised against this way of contemplating the phenomena of Art. "Do you not like variety?" they say, "Do you not admit progress?" Each civilization impresses upon Art the physiognomy peculiar to it and the ideal of beauty which it has conceived. Virgil has not continued the epic of Homer, and the moral world that he has evoked resembles in no respect that of the *Divina Commedia* of Dante; Raphael has expressed a different ideal of beauty from that which inspired

Apelles or Zeuxis; Praxiteles does not resemble Michel Angelo, who himself can in no way be confounded with any of his numerous successors. In the theatre and in music, this variety of types and horizons is still greater. What is there more unlike than the language and the moral world of Sophocles compared with the vast, bloody and complicated drama of Shakspeare? The tragedies of Corneille and Racine reproduce morals and paint characters that are not to be found in the profound and naïve works of the English poet. The Faust of Goethe, the Wallenstein of Schiller, neither resemble the drama of Shakspeare or the French tragedy of the age of Louis XIV. Is the opera of Gluck the same as that of Mozart? The Freyschütz of Weber has no relation with Don Juan, the manner of Rossini does not resemble that of Cimarosa, and between the Freyschütz and William Tell, Meyerbeer has placed the combined type of Robert le Diable. Genius is not an absolute force which produces always and alone the same result. A work of art is the fruit of two elements which interpenetrate and are confounded with each other; of the individual inspiration of the artist and of the manners and tendency of the society for which he labors. M. Verdi, who is above all a dramatic composer, neither wished nor was able to continue simply the manner and style of Rossini. Endowed with another genius and responding to different wants he has produced a work full of passion which pleases the public and is played in all the theatres of the world. You are wrong to fight, as you have done, the only musician who remains standing, since the death of Donizetti, and who has sustained for twenty years the enfeebled sovereignty of Italy. The public is always right in applauding what pleases it, and when it is amused by a work of art, it pays little heed to the vain protests of criticism, which has never put anything down, or raised anything up. Variety is an imperious necessity of the human mind, which perpetually craves something new, even if there no more in the world, for it tires of everything, even of what is exquisite — even of *pâtés d'anguille*.

I do not think I have in any way weakened the language used by the admirers of M. Verdi. It would not be difficult however, to prove to them that one may be of a different opinion without failing to appreciate the value of the object which excites their enthusiasm. Criticism, it might be said to them, has not the ridiculous pretensions attributed to it. He knows well that it is not in her power to prevent the river from flowing or to create life where the breath of God has not passed. As a preventive power, criticism, when exercised with moderation and sagacity awakens good taste, establishes order in intellectual affairs excites the brave, supports the weak and sometimes brings back the erring. Criticism does not create the principles upon which its judgments rest, she deduces them from history and the works accomplished by the human mind. Either it must be conceded that justice and in-

justice, truth and falsehood, beauty and ugliness are only words, having an arbitrary signification and that there are only sensations that are of any value and which cannot be discussed; or we must recognize with the human race that error is possible and that man possesses in himself notions, presentiments of what is just, beautiful and true. Time develops the notions; these presentiments of a tender conscience become facts and are transformed into monuments, and these accumulated monuments mark the different civilizations that succeed each other upon the earth. Placing itself in this last point of view, and it is difficult, not to say impossible to choose any other without destroying the foundations of all credibility, criticism has a mission perfectly defined, and its part is so important that it need have no desire to fill a higher place. Armed with the immutable principles which govern the human mind, enlightened by History and knowledge of the processes that make up the traditions of every art, criticism, which is nothing more than reason clothed with sensibility, has the right to say, even to genius, that it deceives itself and that the work which draws down upon it such brilliant acclamations is not worth the price that is attached to it. Criticism can go still further in promoting the taste of a nation by scourging out, as did Boileau, bad poets and bad writers who obstruct the highways and usurp the place and the honors due to true merit; by exciting the pride of a people to shake off the yoke of imitation and create for itself a national literature, as did Lessing in Germany. It would be a fine task worthy of an enlightened mind (like M. Sainte Beuve) to write the history of criticism from the time of Aristotle, its founder, passing through the school of Alexandria, the Augustan age, the *Renaissance*, the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries down to the period of expansion in 1852, when when its voice gave forth a note which made an integral part of that glorious concert of the triumphal youth. It would be easy to prove how useful this noble faculty of the mind has been to civilization in enlightening genius, in divulging its secrets, in propagating sound doctrines, and in making popular great works that should excite an eternal admiration. And, to return to the subject before us, it would be proved that, without the lively and just reprimands of criticism, Rossini would never have given to the world his *William Tell*.

M. Verdi is not a great musician; the language that he has adopted is violent and often rude; he writes badly and is almost ignorant of the most important art of developing an idea and deducing from it its legitimate consequences. He dashes off effects, and storms with the passions instead of evoking them with skillful management; his characters are almost always in a fury with poniard in hand. The monotonous and bloody melodramas of M. Verdi have spoiled the taste of Italy and have taught her to forget to laugh who had known how to laugh so well! They have made her lose the fine traditions of the art of singing and have excited in a nation admirably endowed, but slothful and tolerably ignorant, a senseless pride. The imitators of M. Verdi are not to be tolerated because the manner of the master is altogether individual, and he himself could not modify himself; it is only Genius, seconded by science that can renew and transform itself and M. Verdi is only a man of

talent who has experience without true learning. His music produces the same effect on the public, that the scarlet cloth does that is flaunted before the bull. It intoxicates it with a confused sonority, over-excites its material sensibility and renders it incapable of enjoying the qualities of that higher art which speaks to the imagination, awakens the fancy and penetrates gently into the depths of the soul. This is what we have been writing for ten years past nor have the successes of the author of *Ernani*, *Rigoletto* and *Il Trovatore* been able to shake our convictions. We do not dispute with the public the pleasure that it experiences in hearing certain operas of M. Verdi, but we do allow ourselves to say to it that it deceives itself as to the quality and worth of the object which pleases it, as well as in respect to the nature of the aesthetic or moral pleasure that it experiences.

Roger's Mode of Singing.

From the German of W. H. RIEHL.

Roger is more than a singer; he is a dramatic poet. By his wonderful power of acting he creates new situations, new causes of action, which are found neither in the text nor in the score; he gives such an abundance of individualization to his parts, that without our perceiving it, the opera hero is transformed into the more highly developed hero of tragedy. We hear an opera, and, when the curtain falls, it seems as if we had seen one of Shakespeare's dramas.

Eleazar, in Halevy's *La Juive*, sits in the vestibule of the court-house. He struggles with himself whether he shall deliver *Recha* over to death, or whether he shall save her. Only a few measures of *ritornello* give time for this dumb play. Most singers in this situation would do nothing more than indicate the inward struggle by looks and movements. But this does not suffice for Roger. He only gradually unfolds the situation in short but measured play. We do not only read one sensation in his face; but he shows us how thought follows thought, how feeling gives way to feeling; in these few measures of a *ritornello* he unfolds the whole series of thoughts, which is to be given to us musically hereafter by the aria, in a unique, logical clearness by this play alone. He composes a sort of by-plot in his face, he adds what poet and composer have forgotten, what they thought too general, what they have not satisfactorily individualized. But through this wonderfully active individualization, Roger often forgets the essential characteristic of tragic style; he weaves *genre*-pictures into the drama. Upon the whole the manner in which Roger conceives his tragic parts does not remind us of the historical, classical style of the old French tragedy, but of that modern school of historical *genre*-painting, now so much in vogue with French artists, but attempted only by a few as yet, to our knowledge, in the dramatic art. Perhaps the circumstance that Roger began his career in comic opera, for a long time gave himself entirely up to it, and only commenced much later to use his powers in tragic, will give us a useful hint. For even in tragic opera the comedian appears in him, wherever the situation allows.

Several of the greatest tragic actors have commenced their career as comedians. While tragedy is apt to lead to mere declamation, comedy produces a finer portraying of individual character. He who has acquired the art of acting by means of comedy is armed with the best protective against the very contagious disease of over-declamation. To be sure, this is a severe cure, and only a strong, really artistic mind can stand it. And for such a one, just on this account, it proves the more effectual. Roger treats the music in comic opera just as the French comedian treats the dialogue. He strives for single musical points, he concentrates the musical expression just in the place where it seems neces-

sary to him, as in an epigram, he sings waggishly, jocosely, and—if the expression be not too daring wittily, not humorously. By his charming play he excites the powers of the intellect, mingling but rarely a flavor of graceful sentimentality. A German singer of the same rank would, notwithstanding all the witty points, in the end appeal to the secrets of the heart. French comic art is based on the idea of wit, the irony of form, the satire of outward deeds and appearances; German comic art upon the idea of humor, that is, the satire of the inner nature of man.

In Germany, the public was struck by the manner in which Roger treated even the purely musical portion of the comic opera. Having heard nothing similar before, it had nothing to compare him with, and, therefore, perhaps unjustly considered him as superior in his comic parts. For, even if it happens very seldom that we hear a German singer sing with humor, it was totally unheard of that such a one should sing wittily. Roger makes his points even in the coloring of the tone; he imparts to it, according the circumstances, a tinge of whining or of bawling, or he lets the tone sink to the tuneless recitative, in order then suddenly to jerk it up to the highest power, by which means he produces such a drastic comicality, that we can not avoid laughing at passages which to judge from their rendering by German singers, we should never have dreamed to be comic. As the caricature purposely introduces misshapen figures in order to obtain the appearance of the ridiculous, so Roger boldly brings in what, under other circumstances, we should consider as a fault in vocal execution.

Roger sings entirely like a Frenchman; but he avoids French mannerism, elevating it by the power of his style. His singing is declamation; all French music, from Philidor to Halevy, wherever it was truly original, was at bottom more than declamation. It is true, indeed, that Roger, as far as regards science, was formed in the Italian school; but if you overlook the portamento, the intonation, in fact all that must be considered as acquired, as study, his whole delivery belongs to the French declamatory style. He avails himself of the mechanical advantages of the pure Italian school, in order thereby to render clearer and purer the true French mode of delivery. In fact, there are good singers of two kinds. The first sing in opera for the sake of the music; for the other, the music is only a means for the purpose of dramatic action. On the one side are the Italians, on the other the French and Germans. But Roger sings in such a manner that you at last entirely forget that he is singing. You consider his singing as his natural language. No doubt, there are singers with more colossal voices than that of Roger—singers with more dazzling exterior art, but perhaps none who by their singing make us forget that they are merely singing, so completely as Roger.

People have wondered that Roger sometimes uses so little voice. Just as if an opera character were for the voice, and not rather the voice for the character. How childishly they yet judge concerning the delivery in the musical drama! The time has long gone by when it was demanded of an actor that he should constantly use the full power of his voice; it is well known that just the timely dropping of the voice adds much to the heightening of dramatic expression. Nobody at the present time thinks of estimating the artistic worth of SEYDELMANN or of DOERING* by the power of his voice. But in opera they still do so. The public thereby places itself upon the same grade of criticism towards the opera as it occupied a hundred years ago in respect to the drama, when the audience always applauded, above all things, the loudest tones of the actors.

During the last century, notwithstanding many backward movements, the opera has adopted more from the drama. A further cultivation of the opera is indeed only practicable in such a manner that it may take the more individual characteristic from the drama and amalgamate it with its own organization. Roger has placed himself upon the boundary stone of the new epoch. Formerly when actors and singers sat together at the festive table, it was customary

that an actor should bring a toast to the prosperity of the opera, and in return, a singer to the success of the drama. And during this ceremony each party shook their fists, under the table, at the others, and wished them in a place not to be mentioned to ears polite. There was a deep truth, and, at the same time, a bitter irony in this ancient custom. In course of time, however, it has ceased. In the time of Faustina Hasse, the composer cared, by the simplicity and naturalness of his vocalization, that the physical means of the singer should be able to finish the opera. Nowadays the singer himself must care for this by using his voice in an economical manner. In considering the opera as a musical drama, however, this external necessity is also justified æsthetically. Thus Roger knows to save the power of his voice exclusively for the decisive points in the drama, and thereby acquires a tenfold effect for it. For although it already possesses great intensity of tone, naturally, still it would never be considered as among the first in power, if the singer by his wise economy did not practice a very allowable deception upon us. And then when we hear the full power of his chest-voice suddenly come forth, we believe ourselves transported back to that old time of vocal wonders when Balthazar Ferri could with the greatest ease take passages of fifty seconds' duration in one breath; when Farinelli was able to sing with such power as to drown the fortissimo notes of the loudest trumpet. And then, also, we can believe the assertion of one of our best teachers, Nehrlich, when he says that it is only the laziness and stupidity of our present singers which make them declare such deeds of the masters of the olden time to be impossibilities, mere fables.

The art of increasing the force of the voice far above its natural power rests, with Roger, however, not only upon this wise economy of his. He also possesses the power of using, according as the text requires, entirely different kinds of voice; now the soft metallic tone of the D string of the violin; now the sharp, piercing toneless notes of the *vox humana* of the organ; now again the crashing trumpet-sounds of the tenor's fullest chest voice, or the sweet flute tones of his falsetto. The actress RACHEL made a similar use of different kinds of voice, in a masterly manner in the Alexandrine verses of French tragedy. On the German ear this has a singular effect; for it seems as if the verses were being sung in a sort of primitive chant of nature. In an opposite manner the same thing appears in Roger, so that it seems as if, in his musical tones, the performer were speaking the natural language of tragedy. Thus, even here, the favorite modern idea of the fraternization of opera and drama finds its realization. Roger, the singer, is to such an extent an actor that he usually abstains from painting, lest the *finesse* of the play of his countenance should be destroyed by the red color. The ancient opera hero, who came upon the stage with a dozen arias in one evening, was only satisfied with himself when his appearance was imposing. With Roger this is not at all so. On the contrary, you see that he was in fact not born to be a delineator of heroic characters. Even his outer build obliged him to form that style of historical, genre-painting in tragic opera which marks him so uniquely. He is small in stature, too small for a hero. But when in the second act of *Lucia* he appears at the top of the steps which lead into the festal hall, his countenance ghastly, his hair standing wildly on end, each motion awfully fixed, and measured, then this horrible figure glows before our eyes, surpassing every thing, so totally does the scene which we see with our mind destroy all proportion for the scene which is before our bodily eyes.—*Musical Review and World*.

*Celebrated German actors.

W. A. Mozart.

BY OTTO JAHN.—(FOURTH PART.)

I

We do not think we could begin a new annual volume of the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*

better than by announcing the appearance of the fourth part of an artistic biography, the equal of which we should seek in vain among the literature of all civilized nations. With the fourth part of this work, Otto Jahn has given the finishing touch to the monument he has erected to the greatest master of any age—a monument which not only like a sculptured memorial, recalls to our mind and renders present to us him in whose honor it was raised, but which breathes intellect and life in every page, and opens the gates by which we arrive at the depths of genius. The work, too, is a monument of the earnest industry peculiar to the scholars of Germany. But, however meritorious industry and labor, together with thorough and conscientious investigation, may be, their invaluable results give the author only a partial right to the acknowledgement and gratitude of his contemporaries. That which, in the eyes of the musician and the lover of art, imparts to the book in its greatest value, is not so much historical as its critically æsthetical contents. The analysis of Mozart's works affords us a clear insight into the master's process of working, for the author penetrates, as far as it is permitted to human eye to penetrate, into the mysterious mode in which genius creates, and then exhibits to us, with conscious clearness, and not with fantastic sentimentality, the perfect beauty of the completed work of art, measuring and proving its truthfulness by the agreement which exists between its purport and its form. A rich treasure of musically æsthetical knowledge is contained in this book, especially in the last part, whose worth, when compared with the shallowness of our present art-philosophy, cannot be too highly estimated. May this treasure be drawn upon every possible manner—that is to say, in the best acceptance of the words—in order that it may become the common property of all establishments for musical education, and in all circles where musical art is loved and practised, as well as in all those where men discuss and gossip about it. It is impossible to find a more powerful antidote against that stupor of healthy feeling for what is musically beautiful, which has overpowered a portion of the youth of the present age, than Mozart's music, the explanation of its essential qualities, and of the reason of its essential beauties, as conditions of musical beauty generally.

Before we notice the rich contents of the fourth part, now before us, we cannot refrain from at once giving, in proof of what we have said, out of the first section (Book four, 12), which treats of Mozart's pianoforte music, a few of the principal passages referring to the *sonata* (the fundamental form, at the same time, of the symphony, the quartet, &c.)

"After the contrapuntal treatment of a theme in the strictly close style was abandoned, there arose in the development of the sonata, as the starting point, the characteristic extension of certain motives, in opposition to the style with figures and passages, and particularly, side by side with the principal theme, a second theme, independently enounced, and, by sharply defined limits, standing prominently forth, which, in conformity with a rule soon established, commences in the dominant of the principal *major* key (C major, G major), or on the parallel of the principal *minor* key (C minor, E flat major), these are the two principal supports of the movement; their farther working out, their connection, by means of intermediate members, and conclusion of the part, were not fixed by rules, except in so far as that the conclusion of the part followed in the dominant. In the place of a more or less elaborated transition into the principal key, came the important second part, the working-out. One or more of the motives used in the first part, or even completely new ones, are subjected to a treatment, at one time more peculiarly harmonic and at another thematic, which—by causing, with vivifying force, blossoms and fruit to spring forth from the germs contained in the former part—heightens the interest, and at the same time, organically effects the return to the first part; here, also, is artistic strength concentrated, geniality and mastery being especially manifested

in the modulation and return to the first theme. The repetition of the first part takes place with various modifications partly necessitated by the fact that the second theme now appears in the principal key, in which the movement closes; besides this, there may be introduced changes in the grouping of the separate elements, abridgment or extension of certain details, but especially a lengthening and heightening of the conclusion, which cause the first part repeated to appear as the third, not only as regards its arrangement, but its importance.

"Mozart found these elements and their organization ready to his hands, but he extended and stamped them in a manner corresponding to his own nature. With him, the second theme, which is here the principal subject of consideration, not only appears as an independent one, as it is always very definitely announced, but, in its whole character, as a counter-theme to the principal one, which, as such, stands out prominently in a remarkable manner from the mass of the whole part. It is in the formation of the themes, however, that Mozart's peculiarity is especially exhibited; its most prominent character is vocal-ity (*das Gesangmässige*), in which Nägeli (*Vorlesungen über Musik*, p. 156), in consequence of a one-sided view of the freedom of instrumental music, beheld an abuse of style, and the ruin of pianoforte playing. We may say much more truly that Mozart essentially promoted what Ph. E. Bach considered to be the task of the pianoforte player and composer (I., p. 10), and what Haydn adopted from him, namely, the task of writing vocally. There is a fact too, which is not without significance: Mozart's musical education commenced with vocal music, and his inclination tended towards it in a higher degree than was the case with the composers above mentioned. Just as the pianoforte composer gave up the polyphonic style, and just as it was no longer a question of inventing a theme, to be worked out in certain forms according to rule, but of free melody, capable by its beauty and symmetry, of becoming the satisfactory expression of artistic feeling, song necessarily became the starting point for the formation of melody. We would not say that certain forms created for song should, without more ado, be transferred to the pianoforte; these could only constitute an analogy, and the laws on which they were based must necessarily be applied in conformity with the exigencies of the nature of the instrument. Hence, we never find in Mozart's pianoforte or instrumental compositions generally the forms of the Italian *cantilena*; a cursory glance at his Italian operas will prove the difference in the treatment of the melody. Where, in the instrumental works, there is an affinity with vocal compositions, it points to German opera, especially *Die Zauberflöte*, and this is very intelligible, for, in his instrumental music, Mozart gave his feeling the nearest and natural form of expression, without, as in Italian opera, being restricted to any particular form; as, in the German opera, he treated song with the same freedom, the inevitable result was that the forms, already developed, of German instrumental music, presented him, in many points, support and analogies. The general condition of a beautiful melody, as grounded on the mutual relations of interests, rhythms and harmony, were perfectly appreciated in the pianoforte compositions. Each separate melody is completely developed as well as symmetrically organized, and possesses in itself character and significance, an excellence of formal construction, rendered still more striking by that peculiar charm or harmony and delicacy inseparable from Mozart's being. In the execution of such melodies the most beautiful excellence or Mozart's pianoforte-playing, that something which, according to Haydn's assertion, went to the heart, was perhaps especially prominent; it is sometimes astonishing how, for instance, in the concertos, the principal effect is concentrated on the execution of a long, simple, and sustained melody, which he must have understood in a masterly manner.

"To this advance in the song-like and significant treatment of the separate melody is joined an extraordinary richness of melodies generally.

In the place of those connecting members which usually form runs and passages deduced from the principal motives, or introduced independently, Mozart, however, as a rule, substitutes completely developed melodies, and thus wreathes a garland of beautiful melodies, where people had been accustomed to hear merely musical turns.

"Two essential advantages were gained. By this sharp juxtaposition of the developed melodies, the musical phrase, the merely effectuating turn, the simple playing with figures, for the purpose of getting on, was excluded, or, at any rate greatly circumscribed. Such expedients are commonly very rare with Mozart. He mostly uses figures and passages as ornaments twining around and adorning a definite and solid kernel, but not constituting independent members of the whole. When, too, mere formula of transition appear indispensable, he employs them mostly without much ado, just as in architecture the pillar is applied as an artistic motive in such a fashion that its constructional importance is clearly apparent. To this head we must refer the emphatic and broad treatment of the finales, and half finales, which are now so striking that they appear to many people as a specific peculiarity of Mozart's style; they are, however, no such a thing; they were, at that period, general, and proceeded from the necessity of being maintained fixedly and definitely in the key, a necessity on which, at that time, especial stress was laid. That composers have become freer in this respect, and learnt to introduce varied, charming, and exciting traditional turns instead of a plump common-place, is an undoubted advance; but that, notwithstanding, Mozart is not deficient in delicate and interesting turns, any one may convince himself by observing his returns to the theme in the second part, and, for instance, merely the richness to which the simple fundamental force of the *point d'orgue*, is developed, in the most beautiful and most charming modes of appliance.

"The second advantage was the comprehensive clearness of the plan of a musical movement, a clearness which is as intelligible as in an architectural ground-plan, and which, both in great little things, is one of the unalienable excellences of Mozart's art. By means of this, the principal points of a thoroughly developed organization were fixed. These, necessary in themselves and sufficient for the object in view, could in their turn become the points of support for a rich and copious amplification, and before such a detailed and thorough development was possible, it was necessary that the simple scheme should be clearly and securely fixed.

"Mozart has in no wise exhausted the substance of the form of representation thus founded by him; others have merely imitated what he did. Beethoven entered on the intellectual inheritance, and has shown what depth and fullness there lay concealed in it, but whatever astonishing results he may have obtained, all the germs are far from being developed. Our own age, whose invention and skill are preponderatingly apparent in interesting and delicate forms of transition, and in a consistent spinning-out of small motives, which can lay claim only to a subordinate place in a great whole, is, above all things, to be reminded of the fact, that well-developed, firmly articulated melodies, should constitute the fundamental elements of a composition.

"In the choice and arrangement of them, so that the one shall set forth the other in the most varied manner, is Mozart's delicate feeling invariably evident. He has the skill more particularly, in some part of the work where we least expect it, to surprise us by a new melody of peculiar beauty, as for instance, immediately after the first theme, which generally causes a certain satisfaction, a completely different motive is introduced. But, above all, he produces an inimitable effect by bringing forward, when everything is tending rapidly to the end, a melody decked out with all the charms of freshness and sweetness, and which not only again excites our interest, but gives a new turn to the whole. To adduce a striking example of this, and one known to every one, I would remind the reader of the

first symphony in C major. Who has not, with ever-reviving astonishment, been entranced by the melody introduced at the last, and which, like a gleaming meteor, darts forth a flood of light and gaiety? Similar effects, if not always so brilliant, are by no means rare; they have never been equalled, and, indeed, scarcely attempted by any one else. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that the partiality evinced by Mozart for placing in a strong light the conclusion and some other points, not generally so prominent, injured the second theme properly so called; and which is usually the weakest portion. The cause of this is partly, perhaps, attributable to the fact that, in opposition to the principal theme, it was intended to have a more tender and lighter character; but, compared with the other motives, it is frequently not important enough, and even sometimes produces the impression that it is neglected.

"The further extension of the fundamental scheme thus obtained could not be effected by the interpolation of mere outwardly connecting phrases between the principal members, but by the development of their purport by means of thematic treatment. We have seen above how, by the study of Bach and Handel, Mozart was guided to this course, and this tendency is very decided in later pianoforte compositions. It does not appear, however, as the return to the metrical style (*gebundene Schreibart*) in certain strict forms, as of the canon and the fugue, but as the free development of those general laws, on which the essential attributes of polyphonic representation and contrapuntal form depend generally. Instrumental and most especially pianoforte music, after it had been freed from the shackles of strict form, was in danger of following one-sidedly the direction of homophonic representation, and thus of becoming shallow. It is one of the services rendered by Mozart that, in the modifications, which the altered character of the conceptions and representation generally, and the nature of the instruments required, he did justice to the polyphonic and thematic mode of treatment in free and beautiful forms. This is apparent, as is natural, more especially in the modulating portions, on which the principal weights necessarily fall, and which, by this treatment, could first obtain due importance. Although Mozart did not bestow on them that extension and powerful elaboration to which they were developed by Beethoven, they yet appear in his works—even when, scantily elaborated, they are still presented as a transition—as the culminating point of the whole movement, on which its motive powers are concentrated in more lively activity. The mode of treatment is free, like the choice of motives brought into play; but it is nearly always essentially a thematic course of treatment, and frequently one very skilfully planned out and intricate, on which the effect depends. Still, at the same time, the harmonic element is by no means thrown into the background—as is well-known, it is here that the boldest and most original modulations are usually found; on a closer observation, however, we shall find that the really vivifying element is the thematizing element, and that the fashioning impulses proceed from this quarter. Thus, there are developed movements full of life, and, if we have not always an overpowering catastrophe, a knot is tied, and we are anxious to see it untied, which it always is, with agreeable certainty and ease.

"The slow movement is, as a rule, founded on the song (*das Lied*); it is consequently, according to its first plan, frequently bipartite, but the plan has only exceptionally been developed with the breadth and richness which have become usual in the first movement; the single or manifold repetition of the fundamental theme, which, in conformity with the custom at that time, did not often occur without ornament and decoration easily led to a treatment in the fashion of variations. In every case, the first requisite was the invention of a melodious movement, important both in substance and form, which should not be appreciated simply as a motive through the treatment, or from connection with others, but which, of itself, afforded a full and satisfactory expres-

sion for sentiment. It has already been noticed (I. p. 577) how the tendency, followed by the feeling of the time, favored the development of exactly such movements, which undoubtedly must be classed among the most beautiful creations even of Mozart. These simple and impressive melodies, beautifully articulated and steadily carried out, which die away, as in a long full breath, redolent of warm deep feeling, without sentimental weakness, appear to be a happy inheritance of that period, which produced likewise the purest strains of our lyric poetry. In the repose by which they are mostly pervaded, the pleasure and satisfaction of artistic creation are superadded in an uncommon manner; in the unlabored and easy way also in which, by a partial working out of the fundamental thoughts, by variations of the latter, by freely introduced and often contrasting under parts, these monuments are built up, without departing from the fundamental tones of feeling first laid down, we perceive how naturally and freely this mode of expression forced its way through the musical sentiment and soared to such a height. Without entering here into the details of the working-out, we may still direct attention to the delicacy and grace with which Mozart, in this case also, understood how to prepare and bring about the conclusion, so as to lead the hearer up to it with a continuous feeling of perfect satisfaction."

(To be continued.)

Of the Disposition or Vocation for Music.

Considering the importance which we attribute to musical education, and the large demands on time and powers which application to it requires, the question becomes serious; what result can be reasonably expected by each individual from his exertions in this pursuit?

This education, in order to be profitable, assumes certain predispositions in the pupil; and many a person may be drawn into a chain of labors and sacrifices, which, from want of natural appliances, may remain unrewarded. Many indeed, not ungifted individuals, capable of participating to a certain extent in art, being seduced by its charms, devote their whole lives to it and discover too late that their musical power is not sufficient for the profession, although it enables them to increase their enjoyment of art, and to have a deeper inward perception of its richness and beauty. The danger of a grave error, perhaps of a life thrown away, is more considerable to a gifted individual, than to one not so endowed; and even in the minor case of a mere amateur, the question is so important, that we cannot pass it over in a serious view of musical education, although we cannot hope to give a general and particular answer, which shall be in all cases satisfactory.

All men, with extremely few exceptions, have a disposition for music. They have even more disposition than is generally attributed to them; more than they themselves are accustomed to think. But nothing is more common than that this disposition, unrecognized by hesitating prejudice, neglected through idleness and indifference, or led astray by erroneous treatment, should become suppressed. The extremely rare exceptions are manifested by a perfect indifference to music, even to its corporeal effect, or, indeed, in some cases, by a physically perceptible repugnance to it. In this case, pleasurable sensations can be derived from the measure, or from the rhythm only.

It is much more difficult to decide, how far the disposition of any determined individual extends; what may be expected from its cultivation; and whether it be such as to justify the adoption of music as the special vocation of life.

It may be asserted in general, from hundreds of experiments and instances, and from the contemplation of the subject, that

The disposition of each individual is equivalent, and is worth cultivation, in proportion, to the pleasure felt by the individual in the art itself.

The pleasure in the art itself, not in the many subsidiary gratifications it may produce, and which may accompany an artistic life—not, therefore, the caprice of fashion, to learn music because others do—not the vanity of being better educated, nor of gaining the highest prize by redoubled exertion; all these pleasures abandon us, either before or soon after we have accomplished our object; they have been our reward such as it was, but they were not the true pleasures of art, which in the real artist grow with his growth, and are immortal as the soul that feels them. Hence, we see so many scholars, discontinuing, as soon as the days of instruction are past, all connexion with

art; and hence, also, many a master, when his daily task is done, drags on the burthen of a weary life in an unloved profession, in useless sighs or resigned indifference.

But that the disposition exists in the proportion of our love of art, will be confessed by every keen observer of experience; and even without experience, we might infer that such would be the fact, since it would be purposeless to have a faculty implanted in us, which we have no power of calling into action.

He who takes pleasure in music, will soon try to imitate it; as we may remark in the youngest children, who generally sing, after their fashion, before they speak. *It is chiefly in the means of musical employment, from ignorance of technicalities, that errors occur.* A person may be seized with a desire to sing, but have only an indifferent voice, or rather, more probably, whose voice has been injured; or he may devote himself to an instrument, for the performance on which he is deficient in power or in corporal structure. But even in this latter case, nature will often maintain her rights, if the musical desire be original (not instilled or caught from example), and the insufficient organ will at last be developed, or it will be sustained by other powers, and completed or replaced. In all such cases, however, it is advisable to seek counsel from the skilled in the matter.

If, apparently contrary to our views, the disposition for and pleasure in music be so often concealed, or, indeed, seemingly absent,—or, if the advance or delay of the learner vary from our expectations, we shall be led to acknowledge the probability of our departure from the system required by nature for education in music, in addition to our doubtful judgment, as to the musical disposition. This disposition is composed of several powers, which are sometimes found singly, and sometimes in combination, but each of which must be separately sought and nourished, long before musical instruction, commonly so called, begins. We must come to a clear understanding upon these points. They are decisive as to the question, whether music ought to be comprehended within the course of our occupations, and very important in the consequences of its admission.

Every participation in music presupposes that it makes some pleasurable impression either corporeal or mental. The most immediate is that which is produced by the mass of sound, or any particularly agreeable character of sound, the crash of a brass band, or the silvery tone of a little bell, &c. It is simply of an elementary and material nature, and warrants no mental participation, and therefore no mental disposition. It is only in the higher region that the spiritual effect of sound is perceived, and the corporeal sensations then show themselves to be a distinct portion of the disposition for art.

Our attention is next called to motion, measure, and rhythm. A deep meaning may be in rhythm; and the forms of bars are susceptible of endless variety, whereby significance is endeavored to be shown. The groundwork of all this is the placing or distribution of more or less emphatic moments in equal measures of time. Rhythm and measure depend upon the fixing or estimating one *tone* to be twice, four times, or half, one fourth part, &c., as long as another. The process is facilitated by placing together parcels of moments collectively equal (though unequal among themselves) into equal divisions of time, which time within the divisions is divided in the simplest manner possible, by two or three, forming the bars of two or three parts, or of more parts in the same ratio. This is a matter merely of the understanding, of measuring and reckoning. The distinguishing of the chief and secondary parts of the bar, by accentuating the first, is also purely mechanical. We may therefore consider the rhythmic disposition to be within the capacity of any rational being. We may conclude further, from the multitudes of raw recruits who march in exact time, and of threshers, who wield the flail in perfect three or four-part order, that the idea that men in general are defective in the perception of measure in time, is a mere prejudice.

A higher qualification, quite distinct from the preceding, is the *perception of tone*; the capability of distinguishing different tones, and of forming a determined and more or less durable conception of their relation to each other.

The pitch, or height or depth of a *tone*, is represented scientifically by the number of vibrations of the sounding body which produces it. Leibnitz has even described Music (mathematically considered) as a concealed mental arithmetic, making unconscious calculations. But it seems more probable that the immediate apprehension of tones depends on a sympathy between the nerves of the hearer and the vibrations of the sounding body. The vibrations, however, of even inanimate bodies, produce sounds

in other bodies similarly tuned, and moreover, call forth different but related sounds: and we find also, that trained or imitating birds, and the youngest infants, when they begin to learn singing or whistling from us, become imbued with, and can reproduce tones and successions of tones simply from hearing them.

Hence we may presume that also the faculty of a musical ear is common to most, if not to all men, so far as they can hear at all. But in this particular quality, the degrees of endowment are widely different, according to inward disposition or foreign assistance. The Author has never met with an instance of any person incapable of perceiving the difference between low and high; but it is common to find persons unable to distinguish with certainty a tone from half a tone, a third from a fourth, or a fourth from a fifth, until after some instruction and practice. Smaller intervals, as for example, a comma, or even what is called a quarter-tone, are often unappreciable to otherwise gifted musicians, especially pianists; while on the other hand, the finest gradations are usually perceptible to persons not possessed of any considerable musical qualifications, such as experimenters in acoustics, and pianoforte-tuners, who have educated the ear to such minute discrimination.

It is very common to confound this appreciation of sounds, with talent for music; or at least to consider it as an indication of that talent. This, however, must not be assumed without many allowances. If this faculty be deficient or manifestly feeble, we may certainly suppose that the original powers of the mind have not been applied to the living sounds of music; nevertheless, more than one example can be named of very small or very imperfectly developed appreciation of *tone*, accompanied by very considerable susceptibility for music.* On the other hand, the keenest perception of *tonic* differences, is by no means a sign of, nay—it is not essentially necessary for musical talent. Still less are certain external capabilities of this faculty, which are not uncommon, to be considered of any importance. Thus, there are persons not at all remarkable for musical talent, who can carry home with them from the orchestra the pitch of any piece of music, and reproduce it at pleasure. This is certainly not a useless faculty of memory, but it has no connection with deeper powers, and may indeed rather indicate a diminished activity of the imagination, unless it have been acquired by long habitation to the orchestra. On the other hand, it occasionally happens that highly-gifted singers and violinists permit themselves certain deviations from abstract purity of intonation, not from any want of perception, but from an impulse of the original and natural relations of sound, as distinguished from our artificial temperaments, or possibly from exaggerated expression.

If to these fundamental qualifications we add memory for musical compositions, a moderate activity of intellectual comprehension, and a certain degree of courage or confidence, with the necessary dexterity of limb, member, voice and speech,—we shall have assembled all the qualifications necessary for the cultivation of music. We should, however, never delay encouraging the growth of the higher faculties—the sensibility of the mind, and feelings for the significance of compositions, and of the forms of composition, and that direction of the mind which tends to give musical form and embodiment to sensations and ideas—the potent spell and mystery of the poet-musician.

We have thus endeavored to give a determined idea of the disposition for music. It is, as we have seen, a combination of properties, and is therefore found in different states of completeness. It is rarely denied altogether to any individual, but seems to exist in the most diversified gradation and variety. But as aptitude, like every other human faculty, is capable of indefinite extension and improvement, it is never possible, at least in the beginning or before some cultivation, to predict how far we may expect any specified individual to advance. We must return to our original assumption—

Every one will advance or be led so far as his *sincere* but *unallayed pleasure in music* calls him.

He, therefore, who has a susceptibility for music, and feels pleasure in it, may with confidence devote so much time and labor to it as his peculiar calling and circumstances may allow. So long as it is a labor of love with him, it will be a labor profit also; and thus, to such a one, instruction will be no unnecessary nor useless burthen, until the limits of his faculties be attained. And let every one remember, that the chief end of all artistic education is no other than the exaltation of our susceptibility of, and participation in art, for our greater happiness and improvement. In this view, neither will the heated imagination drag us into a professional life against nature and intention; nor will the poor ambition of showy

attainments, quite foreign to the true idea of art, rob us of the genuine reward of our exertions.

He, however, who thinks he feels an impulse to devote his entire life to music, should examine seriously whether this impulse be not imaginary; whether it be not rather a feeling of occasional and momentary enthusiasm, than a permanent and steady love for art. Whether the chief inducement be not, perhaps, the apparently unrestrained and joyous tenor of artistic love, or ambition excited by the brilliant career of others. These outward seductive allurements are, for the most part, bitterly repented of when too late. There are, indeed, examples of success attained under such insufficient motives, but rarely accompanied by inward satisfaction, and generally embittered by the loss of the real pleasure of art, and of bodily health.

Those, finally, who consider themselves called upon to adopt composition as a profession for life, should undergo a most rigid self-examination. Their calling is the highest, but it is also the most exacting and uncertain; and no one can counsel them with well-grounded decision. *No person ought to dedicate himself to this branch of the profession, unless constrained by every impulse of his soul; no one who can endure with patience any other occupation—who is not willing to sacrifice, for the satisfaction of that vehement and resistless vocation, all the security and comfort of his existence, and who cannot look with firmness on the chance of missing the chief aim of all his exertions.* Such a vocation is generally, if not always, indicated in early years, by fanciful prelude, and attempts at composition. He who waits to compose, until he has learned the rules of composition, will rarely, if ever, be a composer. It is also to be considered, that a disposition thus early manifested, and in some degree fostered and nourished, has had time for development before the application of scientific rules,—that it is therefore in a more expanded and invigorated state, and gives the scholar the inestimable advantage of many imaginings and experiences, whereby confidence has been acquired, equally remote from timidity and from presumption. This advantage, however, is not indispensable. True love and perseverance, although later in the field—but not too late—may still gain the victory.

A composer by profession will, however, soon discover that his occupation cannot be the exclusive business of life, for the simple reason, that no one can compose always. Poetry, whether in tones, or words, or colors, demands the most vivid moments only of our existence; and with all the requirements for its production and exhibition, must still leave much of our lives in vacancy; the brightest and richest genius has no other destiny, neither would any be endurable. Further still from the student, must be the vain and unhallowed hope of obtaining a competence by his productions. The greatest artists, Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, were not able to accomplish that object. Such, indeed, has been sometimes effected by fashionable composers of the Italian Opera, patronized by the caprice of *prime donne*, but then only in advanced age. A subsidiary occupation has always been found necessary to a composer, such as singing, playing, conducting, or teaching; and notwithstanding the hindrance or burthen this occupation may perhaps now and then seem; it will be found a salutary and invigorating companion. Each of these occupations has a favorable and important aspect to the composer—one or more of them he must embrace, and this circumstance should have due weight in the choice of the profession.—*Dr. Marx's General Musical Instruction.*

* This seems to be particularly the case among the mass of the people of France. In that country, singing is perpetual, and yet it is, in an incredible proportion, false and unsteady in *tone*. The small development of the musical faculties, in this instance, seems to arise from the manner of life, more external than intellectual, of the nation. It is indicated by the circumstance, that, notwithstanding general education and a great susceptibility for music, so few great composers have been produced in France, and that the most remarkable advances in art in that country have been occasioned by foreigners, namely, Lully, Gluck, and Spontini. We Germans, however, remember with gratitude that our Gluck acquired his perfection and recognition in the bosom of the refinement and intellectual activity of that highly distinguished nation in his days, and that the susceptibility of that nation has shown an equally noble appreciation of Haydn and Beethoven.

On the Prime Seventh as an Essential Element in the Musical System.

By HENRY WARD FOOLE, Engineer, Boston.

It is now ten years, since, by original investigation in the mathematical, mechanical, and practical departments of music, I was led to the belief that this science was a solid foundation in the relations of numbers, and that all the supposed impossibility of Just Intonation and the necessity

of Temperament, have their origin only in the short-sightedness of the theorist, and the unskillfulness of the practitioner.

Having settled upon the rule that musical ratios must not exceed a certain limit of simplicity (the limit to be determined by the ability of the ear to appreciate them), it was stated* that those ratios only were admissible which were derived from the prime numbers 2, 3, 5, and 7. That the three lower primes 2, 3, and 5, belong to the musical system has been universally admitted; but no one, before myself, so far as I know, has made this claim for the prime seven.†

The interval 4:7 derived from the prime seventh has not been unnoticed, as a curiosity in acoustics; and it is occasionally referred to as the "Za" of Tartini. A living writer,‡ whose statements are entitled to the highest respect, and whose works contain most able arguments in favor of Just Intonation, says of the sounds produced from the prime seventh: "They may be called *anomalous*. They are wheels, but not wheels which will fit in with the previously constructed parts of the machine, and therefore they are left on one side."

The sound 4:7 has been known to be the seventh harmonic of the horn and æolian string, but has been called a "false" note, and has been rejected even by the advocates of just intonation, as opening the way for inextricable complication in theory and practice. It will from this, appear necessary to make the declaration which is the subject of this paper, and which is as follows:

The Prime Seventh belongs to the Musical System; its ratios are altogether appreciable by the common ear; and are in constant use in common music. It is this which constitutes, when added to the common chord, the *concord* (falsely called the *discord*) of the *Seventh*, and this element, combined with the other prime chords of Octave, Fifth, and Major-Third, makes the great variety of noble harmonies in which cultivated and uncultivated ears delight.

The prime seventh is necessary to complete the series of simple ratios, which extend as far as 10; and it was by noticing the blanks which its omission would leave that its necessity was discovered. The series is as follows:

1:2, 2:3, 3:4, 4:5, 5:6, [6:7, 7:8,] 8:9, 9:10

or, if written as below, we shall have the natural series of harmonics, or what may be called the primary or

HARMONIC SCALE.

1:2:3:4:5:6:7:8:9:10.

As some reason should be assigned to the mathematician for not extending the series by the introduction of the *Prime Eleventh*, it will be found in the inability of the human ear to appreciate such complicated relations. The "*Chord of the Eleventh*" exists in nature, and I am able to tune it and to recognize its harmony in combinations specially made for the experiment; yet, so far as my examination of the works of the masters has extended, it has not been used by them in their written music, and perhaps never, unless possibly in the harmonies of a Paganini. I do not claim for it a place in our practical system of music, but leave it where all the former theorists have set the Prime Seventh. The Eleventh may hereafter be admitted, when the musical faculties of men have been sharpened by familiarity with the more simple concords in their purity, and when music is carried to a higher degree of refinement.

From the *Harmonic scale* may be derived, by combination of its chords, an indefinite variety of other scales. The Octave is divided into eight intervals, which are convenient for melodic use, and the result is popularly called the *Diatonic Scale*, which, although generally taken as the basis, in explaining music, is not a primary, but a secondary Scale. The method of forming it, according to all former treatises, is to take common chords (4:5:6) upon the tonic, dominant, and subdominant. Thus, the scale of C is tuned by taking a Fifth and Major-Third on C, on G, and on F, and bringing all the notes within the same octave.

But the introduction of the prime seventh al-

lows of another division, in which only two fundamentals are employed; namely, the Tonic (E) with its common chord, (C, E, G) and the Dominant (G), on which is taken the chord of the seventh and ninth (G, B, D, F, A) in the ratios 4:5:6:7:9. To distinguish these scales, I have called the first *Triple Diatonic*, and the last the *Double Diatonic*. Assuming the tonic or the key-note, as C, with 48 vibrations, the two scales will stand as follows:—

TRIPLE DIATONIC.

(With common Chord on C, on G and on F.)

C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
48	54	60	64	72	80	90	96
8:9	9:10	15:16	8:9	9:10	8:9	15:16	

DOUBLE DIATONIC.

(With common Chord on C: and Chord of 7 and 9 on G.)

C	D	E	F	G	(A)	B	C
48	54	60	63	72	81	90	96
8:9	9:10	20:21	7:8	8:9	9:10	15:16	

It thus appears that the fourth and sixth notes may be taken differently in intonation; and that this is done, can be easily observed by giving attention to singers. The Triple Diatonic has but three different intervals, namely, 8:9, 9:10 and 15:16. The Double Diatonic has, in addition, two others; namely, 20:21, and 7:8; and in combinations its variety is greatly superior to the Triple Scale, whose chords and intervals are rather duplicates of one another.

And the remarkable fact is, that this Double Diatonic, which no theorist has defined, is more in practical use than the Triple, which stands in all the elementary books. A familiar example of the former is the "*O dolce Concerto*" of Mozart, and the principal movement of the "*Dead March in Saul*" of Handel. The melody of the "*Hundredth Psalm*" is the Triple Diatonic. The two scales often interchange, and an example of this is to be found near the close of "*O dolce Concerto*," where for a single measure the dominant seventh and ninth yield, to admit the fourth and sixth of the Triple Scale.‖

If it be feared that the distinctions which have been described as belonging to the scale will complicate it for those learning to sing or play, let it be added, that singers naturally observe them all, and need have no other instruction than to hear the sounds given by the teacher. What is here set down is of interest to him who wishes to know what is, and what ought to be done. It may not be necessary for the singer to be even told the dimensions of any of his intervals; and it perhaps does no harm (except to the one who utters the falsehood) to say that all intervals are compounded of "semitones" or artificial twelfths of the octave.

It is true that when all the four primes have furnished their numerous chords and intervals, we shall have assembled a large number of notes, and it is not impossible that those unacquainted with music may fear that the number will be unmanageable, and prefer the compromises and limitations of temperament. As the experiment has been practically made, such persons may be assured that the musician can most easily produce his desired effects, when he has the full and abundant materials which the system of just intonation gives him.

The singers and players upon the free instruments, of their own accord, use the true intervals to the best of their ability; and in spite of the tempered instruments with which they are sometimes obliged to join. It is for men of science to indicate to the makers of imperfect instruments the way to perfect them; and to withhold their approval from players, who, from indolence or incapacity, only make a pretence of interpreting the music of the great masters. There are wanted no more apologies for, or speculations upon, the choice of temperaments; that subject has long ago been exhausted; and nothing more can be done than is now done with twelve tempered notes in the octave. When some economical astronomer shall propose to reduce the bulk and expense of the Nautical almanac, by sacrificing that accuracy which gives it priceless value, the men at Greenwich will regard him as the scien-

tific musician will, at a future day, look on those who would restrict him to the meagre and barbarous system of temperaments of twelve notes. —*Mathematical Monthly*.

* American Journal of Science, Second Series, Vol. IX. pp. 68, 199.

† I do not wish to conceal the fact, that even now the principle of just intonation (or the possibility, in theory or practice, of exact fifths, thirds, &c.) is denied by high mathematical authorities. Sir J. F. W. Herschel, in his treatise on Sound, declares, that singers, violin players and others who can pass through every gradation of tone, must all temper, or they could never keep in tune with each other or themselves." [The work of Herschel not being at hand, this extract is copied from the treatise on Sound, by Professor Benjamin Peirce of Cambridge, who has reproduced (with his indorsement, it is presumed,) these and like views of Herschel.] By a late letter from Sir John Herschel, dated Collingwood, June 14th, 1859, addressed to the Musical Pitch Committee, at the Society of Arts, he evinces his continued belief in Temperament as inherent in music, and his opinion that this temperament gives some peculiar character to the different signatures or keys in music in general. He says, in regard to the concert pitch:—

"All are desirous that when once lowered, it should be kept from rising [1] again, to which there is a continual tendency arising from a distinct natural cause inherent in the nature of harmony; namely, excess (amounting to about eleven vibrations in ten thousand) of a perfect fifth over seven-twelfths of an octave, which has to be constantly contended against in upward modulations, whenever violins or voices are not kept in check by fixed instruments. But perhaps all are not aware that the evil of fine ancient compositions having thus been rendered impracticable to singers in their original normal key involves the sacrifice of the adaptation of the peculiar character of the key (a character intended and felt by the composer), and the substitution of a totally different incidence of the temperament [2] in the series of notes in the scale, and goes therefore to mar the intended effect, and injure the composition, as much as an ill-chosen tone of varnish would damage the effect of a fine Titian."

1. There is nothing better to test the "natural tendency" in this respect than a good glee-club without accompaniment. If they start with too low a key-note and are in good spirits, the tendency will be to rise to the better pitch. It does not appear that temperament affects the concert pitch.

2. Observe the same glee-singers. They sing in every key with the same relative intervals, and do not use a "different incidence of temperament," in different keys. Did any composer of glees wish such temperament? If so he should indorse his score something after this manner: "Four flats, equal temperament" (as the composers of fugues for the organ have actually done); or "Four flats, with a great wolf in A flat, and a whelp in E flat."

I only desire here to put on record for historical reference the most respectable authorities of this day against Just Intonation, and to prove that the views I put forth have such opponents, and hence need to be told.

‡ Gen. T. Perronet Thompson. Just Intonation. p. 72. 2d Edition. London, 1857. See also his "*Exercises, Political and Others*." London. 1843. 6 vols. Both are in the Boston Athenæum.

§ In view of the numerous names required, and to supply those needed for these unnamed intervals, I have proposed (at least for mathematical and theoretical uses) names derived from the ratio. A fifth then will be "two-three," a major-tone "eight-nine," a diatonic semitone "fifteen-sixteen," the interval (unnamed) between the third of the scale and the dominant seventh, is the "twenty-twenty-one." The next interval (dom. seventh to fifth) is the "seven eight." This proposition as yet needs the approval of other theorists. The desideratum is accuracy and clearness.

‖ Not to disfigure these mathematical pages with musical types, I have chosen examples with which every one is familiar. Every composition will furnish others. If a choice is to be made in the examples of the profuse employment of the prime seventh, there may be taken any of the vocal scores of Haydn, Mozart, or Rossini.

Musical Correspondence.

ST. LOUIS, JUNE, '61.—This article is headed St. Louis for obvious reasons, although I am in the beautiful village of Penn Yan, Yates county, New York,

and am improving the first day of country leisure by giving you an account of our last concert for this year.

PART I.

1. Finale from "First Symphony".....Beethoven
2. Chorus, from "Les Huguenots".....Meyerbeer
3. Cavatina, "Tanto siccome gli angeli".....Centeneri
4. Andante from "Second Symphony".....Beethoven
5. Sextette, from "Lucia" (by general request).....Donizetti

PART II.

1. Overture, "Leonora".....Beethoven
2. Chorus, "Bone Jesu".....Palestrina
3. Duo for two Flutes, "Rondo brilliant".....Furstenau
4. Sextette and Chorus, from "Nabucco".....Verdi
5. Duo from "I Puritani"—"Suoni la Tromba".....Bellini
6. Overture, "Jubilee," introducing the Air: "God Save America".....C. M. von Weber

It was a sight calculated to awaken many reflections, to see *all*, forget for a few brief moments, their politics, which would cause us almost to cut each others throats, and sit down together for the last time this year to listen to the glorious old music. Over 2,700 were in that room, and the concert gave more than satisfaction, if possible, than any before. At the conclusion of the Jubilee Overture the enthusiasm exceeded all prescribed bounds, and "God Save America" caused such a commotion as never I saw before in that city. Ladies waved handkerchiefs, gentlemen cheered till they could articulate no longer. There is no mistaking the feeling. No other tune could have done it, and tears of joy stood in more than one eye.

The orchestra part was perfect almost. The Over- (Leonore) was *admirably* performed, especially the latter part; the orchestra numbering sixty-seven. The Andante (Second Symphony) was also fully up to the standard. In short could you have been present and heard what our Society, only one year old did, you would give us all the credit we claim for energy and talent.

The Cavatina was sung by Miss McGonegal, the "Soprano solo" of the evening. Miss Annie Dean sang the part of Lucia in the Sextette assisted by Miss Harlock, and Messrs. Sabatzky, Catherwood, Barrel and Pfeiffers. Miss McGonegal and Miss Dean even exceeded the anticipations of their friends. I hope my praise will be believed and taken without discount, for I am only the cool critic. I am not acquainted with any of the members of this Society whose names appear in your paper, and never see them save at these concerts. I only wish to have their real talents known and appreciated. This Society has developed fifty times the amount of talent I ever supposed was in the city. The Sextette and chorus (Nabucco) was sung by Miss Tourney. Mrs. Allen of whom I intend particularly to speak in a future article on "Church Music"—Miss Foster, Sabatzky, Spalding and Zell.

The "Duo" by Catherwood and Capen—in in which Catherwood gained fresh laurels by that voice of his.

The rehearsals will continue all summer. The money matters are *all right*—and you know how important that is. The next concert will be in October, unless Missouri and her people should be involved in a common ruin. This is no place for a political essay. Yet upon politics depends now the existence of our Society. Missouri is outwardly calm, but how long she will remain so, no one can tell. Indications are for peace, and I see by the papers that the eleven Kansas regiments have "resolved to discountenance any invasion of Missouri for the present." No one feels a deeper interest in Missouri than I do, but she could easily now bring upon herself a ruin, swift as the thunderbolt and appalling to think of.

My next article on "Churches and Church Music" will be ready in a few days; subject, "Trinity Church," Episcopalian. BROWN.

Max Maretzek commenced his operatic season in the city of Mexico, April 13th, and we learn the prospects were encouraging. The new basso Bisch, is highly spoken of, and the sisters Natali are also warmly praised.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 8, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Our readers can hardly, in these times, ask even an apology for a thinly spread banquet at the Editorial table. Concerts are ended, here and everywhere; operas are unheard of and unheard; correspondents have buckled on their armor and are thinking of other things; exchanges even, to a considerable extent, have suddenly fallen off, under the government regulation withdrawing the mail service from the Southern States. "Trovator" and "—t—" have gone abroad; the "Diarist" is flitting over Europe, now here, and now there, pursuing the faintest shadow of a rumor about his loved Beethoven; the editor, at the last date, wrote from Venice, but seems to have eaten of the Lotus and relapsed into silence in the charmed air of Italy. We hear nothing from any of them, and are left, single-handed, to glean such meagre crumbs of intelligence as we are able, which is all that we can offer. Of such things enough is as good as a feast.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The second concert of the new series of evening concerts, offered the following programme:

1. Symphony No. 3, "Eroica." (Opus 55).....Beethoven.
 1. Allegro con brio. 2. March Funebre. 3. Scherzo and Minuetto. Finale, Allegro Molto.
2. Overture, "Meeresstille".....Mendelssohn.
3. Potpourri, from the Opera "La Juive".....Halévy. By the Germania Band. Arranged by A. Heinicke.
4. Polonaise, from "Struensee".....Meyerbeer.
5. Duet, "William Tell".....Rossini.
6. Fackeltanz, (Torchlight Dance).....Meyerbeer. By the Orchestral Union and Germania Band combined.

It is hard to anticipate the time when any organized body or any individual can engage in any new concert enterprise, so that this series of concerts will probably be the *last opportunity* for an indefinitely long time, for hearing good music. The chance should not be neglected by any who love good music.

A Baltimore musician has published the Declaration of Independence of the United States, "arranged and adapted for vocal and instrumental music, as the great national chant, and dedicated to the world." The title is embellished with a lithograph of the room in Independence Hall in which the Declaration was signed, and the fourth page contains *fac similes* of the signatures of the signers.

Music Abroad.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—"The projected Leeds Musical Festival for 1861 has been abandoned, a resolution to this effect having been passed at a special meeting of the Committee held on Thursday last. The causes which have decided the Committee to take so important a backward step, are—the visit of the Royal Agricultural Society to Leeds a few weeks only prior to the time fixed for holding the Festival; the dullness of trade consequent on the American crisis; the exorbitant demand made by vocalists whose services are considered indispensable; the meeting of the British Association at Manchester during the first week in September, being the identical days of the proposed Leeds Festival; the resignation (from illness) of Mr. Walker Joy, one of the hon. secretaries; and the conduct of the chorus-master with respect to the selection of a chorus.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—We annex the programme of the fifth concert.

PART I.—Sinfonia in C, No. 1 (Beethoven); Recit. and aria, "Zum Liedn," Mad. Rieder, *Zauberflöte* (Mozart); Fantasia appassionata, violin, M. Viouxtemps (Viouxtemps); Scena and romanza, Signor Delie Senie, Maria Padilla (Donizetti); Overture, *Freischütz* (Weber).

PART II.—Sinfonia in G minor (Mozart); Aria, Signor Delie Sedie, "Deh, vieni alla finestra" (Mozart); Concerto in D minor, pianoforte, Signor Nac-

ciarone (Mendelssohn; Duet, "Ai Capricci," Mad. Rieder and Signor Delle Sedie (Rossini); Overture, *F'Alcade de la Vega*, (Onslow). Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—At the second opera concert, on Friday week, Madame Grisi made her first appearance this season. Her voice, though showing signs of wear and tear, has lost none of its charm, and the first movement of "Qui la voce" was listened to by a very numerous and fashionable company with great delight. The *Cabaletta* was delivered in that perfect manner which has for years been Madame Grisi's characteristic, though, perhaps, only less brilliant than when it issued in time past from the same lips. The *prima donna's* other song was "Home, sweet home." It was sung in English, and was encored.

PARIS, MAY 17, 1861.—The *Univers Musical* publishes two items, side by side, that show the two extremes of artist life.

1. "One of the most celebrated artists of Germany, Joseph Staudigl has just died in a hospital of Vienna, where he has been since 1854. The concourse of people at his obsequies was so great that the body had to be exposed in the court of the hospital that the crowd might be allowed to go through the ceremony of sprinkling holy water.

"This manifestation of popular sympathy honors the artist who has deserved it more than it shows the solicitude on the part of the Austrian administration for art and artists."

2. "The pretensions of singers have no more bounds. The celebrated cantatrice Czillag lately demanded from the director of the theatre of Vienna 10,000 florins a month for an engagement of eight months, that is to say, 40,000 florins more than the apauage of an archduke."

The authors of the five plans that were rewarded at the late concourse for the construction of a new opera house have been invited by the Minister of State to present other plans. The time allotted is, however, pronounced to be too short as the designs must be handed in by June 15.

We have had a concert at the "Italiens" this week rich enough to inspire a just amount of enthusiasm even in this fault-finding capital. It was given by the "Société de l'union des Artistes," on last Tuesday. The orchestra numbered over eighty members, the chorus sixty. The general director of the concert was M. Tilmant director of the orchestra of the Conservatoire. With such artists as Roger, Cazaux, Gourdin, Mlle. Rey, success was assured.

The programme presented the following, unpublished as well as published music, it will be seen:

PART I.

Meeres-Stille and Glückliche Fahrt. Mendelssohn
Benedictus from Mass in Re.....Beethoven
Allegro from Concerto in Re minor. J. S. Bach
Ave Verum (unpublished).....Gounod

Solo by Mlle. Rey.

Symphonie in La (Andante and Finale).....

Beethoven

Le Jugement Dernier.....Felicien David

PART II.

Fingal (Opera de Concert), words by de Flobert,
music by E. Membreé—Roger as Fingal, Ca-
zaux as Ullin, Gourdin as Camil and Mlle.
Key as Comala.

At the Theatre Lyrique Prince Poniatowski has produced a light opera "Au Travers du Mur,"—different in every respect from his "Pierre de Medici."

At the Opera Comique "Salvator Rosa" still maintains its vogue. This is the season of benefits and rather mixed representations. To-night Mad Viardot has her benefit at the Lyrique. We are in consequence to have two acts of Gluck's *Alceste*—one of *Otello*—a comic operetta *Le Buisson Vert* by Gastinel. Besides all this Mad. Ristori is to recite Lamartine's *Isolement* and the fifth canto of the *Inferno* of Dante.

Speaking of Ristori I am reminded that I have seen in several journals, not French, words of blame on account of what is styled "an abandonment of the artist's native idiom." Now nothing seems far-

ther from Mad. Ristori's thought than to abandon the Italian language. It is but the other day that she appeared again as *Medea*. To-night I hope to hear her read Dante. A countryman of her's Giacometti is preparing a new play for her. The success of her French Beatrix will assuredly not be sufficient to cause her to neglect the language in which alone she succeeds fully. But she will not stop at French and in a letter has already expressed the wish of appearing before a Spanish audience in a national play acting in Spanish. This may show mastery of language, but it is a dangerous game and may prove destructive of much originality. F. B.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—*La Sonnambula*, on Tuesday, May 14, was one of the most interesting performances we have witnessed at the Royal Italian Opera. The success of Mlle. Adelina Patti—now, indeed, the principal topic in London Musical circles—took everybody by surprise, except those who had been present at the rehearsal, and who were let into the secret. The reports of American journals, alluded to in our last, although apparently overcharged and extravagant, must really be received as a close approximation to the truth. The writers in the London papers on Wednesday, except in one or two instances, are as high-flown, uncompromising, and enthusiastic in the young artist's praise as their contemporaries of the New Orleans and Philadelphia press, whose articles we have published. Mlle. Patti is even now, at eighteen years of age, in many respects, a great singer. Her voice is beautiful in quality—a real soprano equal in every part of the register, without the slightest tendency to tremulousness, and reaching to F in alt. with astonishing ease. It is, moreover, extremely flexible, and is managed with more than ordinary skill. The young lady, indeed, is almost a thorough mistress of vocalization, and has evidently devoted her whole soul to her profession. One so young and so accomplished on the operatic boards we never heard, and no doubt the highest destiny awaits her in her future career. It would be ungracious just now, after a single hearing, to endeavor to find out faults in Mlle. Patti's method and style. We shall prefer hearing her again before pronouncing an adverse or even qualified opinion on any one point. It is much more agreeable to declare that we were surprised and delighted beyond measure with her performance of Amina, which created the greatest sensation we have known at Covent Garden for years. Mlle. Patti's histrionic—if not so marked as her vocal—powers, everywhere betray the true instinct of genius; and there are some parts of her acting in the *Sonnambula* which could hardly be surpassed for truth, grace, and intensity of feeling. Her second appearance in the *Sonnambula* is announced for Wednesday. Signor Tiberini was Elvino, and Signor Tagliafico Count Rudolph.

Don Giovanni was given for the first time this season on Monday—an extra night—and filled the house in every part, as it has never failed to do for many years. Although three of the prominent parts were sustained by foreigners, or more strictly speaking, by non-Italians, the performance recalled old times, and was in most respects worthy the best days of the opera. An ideal *Giovanni* is hardly to be looked for now, and the comparison of the last new aspirant with Signor Tamburini becomes tiresome perforce of repetition. When we have said that M. Faure has neither the grace nor the spirit of Tamburini, and that his voice has neither the richness nor the flexibility of his renowned predecessor, we have merely stated what might have been assumed in advance by those acquainted with his talent. On the other hand, it may be fairly asserted that, viewed as a whole, the *Don Giovanni* of the French barytone is superior to any that has been seen on the boards of the Italian Opera since Tamburini retired from the arena of public exhibition. M. Faure has more of the required nobility of presence, and enters more thoroughly into the dramatic exigencies of the character, than nine out of ten who have essayed it during many years past. He has, besides, completely mastered the musical text, and displays an equal degree of fluency in the recitatives—which, being in what is called the "*Parlante*" style, are extremely trying to a Frenchman—the airs, the duets, and the concerted pieces. His performance, indeed, both in a musical and histrionic sense, is one of level and well-sustained excellence, correct to the utmost nicety of expression, note-perfect, and always prepossessing from its gentlemanly ease and naturalness. It was an unqualified and, what is more, a well-merited success.

Mad. Csillag's Elvira is not only the best the

London stage can boast just now, but the best in our remembrance of *Don Giovanni*. Critical justice, however, has been awarded to this; to the Don Ottavio of Signor Tamberlik; to Signor Tagliafico's Commendatore; and to the Leporello of Herr Formes, whose last scene is a powerful conception, and upon whom—as was evident from the manner in which he kept his voice under control in all the concerted music—well-intended counsel has not been thrown away. Of Mad. Penco's Donna Anna and the Zerlina of Mad. Miolan Carvalho—both new to the English public—we must speak on another occasion, premising that there is much to call for eulogy in both impersonations. Signor Ronconi's Masetto—one of the most racy and perfect embodiments ever witnessed of a subordinate part—gave unusual strength to the "caste." A character generally thought unworthy the attention of a first-class artist, became, for the first time, one of the most important features in the opera, simply because the admirable Italian barytone (whose versatility is unrivalled) made Masetto what Mozart intended him, a well-defined and complete portrayal, and not the proposterous nonentity to which the artists of the Italian stage have accustomed us. The strange association of earnestness and weakness, of the anxious solicitude and genuine desire of a sincere lover, with the awkwardness and imbecility of a boor, worried almost beyond redemption by the insolent invasion of his rights at the hands of a rich and profligate nobleman, was depicted to the very life; and although Signor Ronconi in his long career has played many more arduous parts, he certainly never distinguished himself more honorably.

Hymns and Choirs.

From a work published at Andover, entitled *Hymns and Choirs*, which contains many excellent æsthetic ideas on the important subjects of Hymnology and Congregational singing,—we copy the closing directions. They contain some things inapplicable to our service (Episcopal); but in those things which do apply they are excellent. They also show that in many other Christian denominations, our own church ideas are being adopted; as, for example, in the 1st, 2d, 3d, 14th, and 15th.

These changes are mainly due to the learning, taste, and conservatism of Dr. Lowell Mason, who has not only imparted general instruction, but has never failed to alter and improve his own idea on the subject of Congregational singing, upon good cause.

1. The congregation should stand when they sing.
2. They should rise, simultaneously and promptly, when the organist, in giving out the tune, has reached the beginning of the last line.
3. They should stand, in the usual attitude of worship, facing the pulpit.
4. If the help of a choir of singers, well disposed toward congregational singing, can be secured, they may be of great use in leading the congregation. But if the congregation are not led by a choir, they should be led by a precentor.
5. The organ and choir precentor should be in front of the congregation, near the pulpit, and on the same level with the pews.
6. Children should be instructed in singing, at home and in the schools, and should be encouraged to sing with the congregation.
7. The greater part of the congregation, male and female, should sing upon the treble of the tunes. It is indispensable that there be men's voices in this part.
8. Let the hymns and tunes that are used be made familiar by frequent rehearsals, both in public and in families.
9. Use any given hymn always with the same tune.
10. Use a book in which the hymn and tunes are upon one page.
11. Let the singing be in steady uniform time from the beginning to the end of the hymn, without any noticeable acceleration or slackening of the time.
12. Let there be no forced pauses for the observance of punctuation, nor any needless delay at the end of the lines.
13. Let there be no labored effort after "expression" by means of frequent and sudden changes from soft to loud and the reverse, or by the swelling and tapering of the voice, or by studied accentuation.
14. The connection of the hymn should not be broken by organ interludes, or needless, long pauses.
15. The singing of a familiar hymn will often be more spirited if the reading of it from the pulpit is omitted.
16. Use tunes that are strictly congregational in their structure. But, until these are learned, it may be advisable to use such choir tunes, judiciously selected, as are already familiar.—*Banner of the Cross*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Cavalier's Serenade. *W. Lee Apthorp.* 25

Words from Mrs. Stowe's new novel "Agnes Forento." The setting shows taste and musical ability.

Jonathan, what say? Patriotic Song. 25

Turning on the war. There is a pretty touch of humor in it. The music is easy and intended to offer as little difficulty as possible. The melody is good.

Ellen of the Lea. Song. *S. Glover.* 25

One of those cheerful, pretty, little songs, which, next to his sparkling Duets, have made Glover's name familiar to young singers. As a lesson it will be found both useful and appropriate, as the words are free of ought objectionable.

Once more upon the sea. *F. Buckley.* 25

If a few good singers find out this ballad, whose prettiness is striking and undeniable, it cannot fail to become popular.

Give me thy blessing, dear mother. *Cherry.* 30

A boy going off to sea is taking leave of his mother. There is a sort of naturalness about this song, which makes it quite touching. The title-page is handsomely illustrated.

Instrumental Music.

Brindisi from "Traviata." Transcribed. *A. Baumbach.* 35

A brilliant arrangement of the famous air, of medium difficulty.

Fest March, for three performers on one Piano. *T. Bissell.* 35

Nothing is better calculated to make pupils good timists than to make them take part in four or six hand pieces, the latter being even preferable to the former. For this purpose Gungl's well known and strongly marked Fest March, in this clever arrangement, makes a very good piece.

German Choral, "Mach's mit mir," for the Organ. *Fischer.* 25

This piece is quite a curiosity for the student of harmony and counterpoint. It is a masterpiece of contrapuntal writing. The piece is written in three parts, of which the treble sustains the melody of the choral (Cantus firmus) while the other two perform a canon, the second beginning it, and the bass imitating a seventh lower, note for note, to the end, being always half a bar behind the second.

Books.

CAMP SONGS. 10

This is a collection of all the popular National Songs, with several home favorites, published in a very neat and convenient style. It will serve to enliven the soldier's life, and will prove a source of much enjoyment and recreation to all into whose hands it may fall.

BIRD'S VOCAL MUSIC READER. 12

This is the first number of a series of instruction books in vocal music, prepared by J. Bird, author of the "Singing School Companion," and is designed for quite young pupils, to whom it will prove useful and attractive.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 480.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 11.

A Day in June.

And what is so rare as a day in June ?

Then, if ever, come perfect days :

Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays :

Whether we look, or whether we listen,

We hear life murmur, or see it glisten ;

Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,

And, groping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers ;

The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;

The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,

And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace ;

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,

And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives ;

His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,

And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings ;

He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest —

In the nice ear of nature which song is the best ?

Now is the high tide of the year,

And whatever of life hath ebbd away

Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,

Into every bare inlet and creek and bay ;

Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,

We are happy now because God wills it ;

No matter how barren the past may have been,

'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green ;

We sit in the warm shade and feel right well

How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell ;

We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing

That skies are clear and grass is growing ;

The breeze comes whispering in our ear,

That dandelions are blossoming near,

That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,

That the river is bluer than the sky,

That the robin is plastering his house hard by ;

And if the breeze kept the good news back,

For other couriers we should not lack ;

We could guess it all by your heifer's lowing—

And hark ! how clear bold chanticleer,

Warmed with the new wine of the year,

Tells all in his lusty crowing !

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how ;

Everything is happy now,

Everything is upward striving ;

'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true

As for grass to be green or skies to be blue —

'Tis the natural way of living :

Who knows whither the clouds have fled ?

In the unscarred heavens they leave no wake ;

And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,

The heart forgets its sorrow and ache ;

The soul partakes the season's youth,

And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe

Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,

Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

J. R. LOWELL.

THE OPERA IN ITALY.—An attempt is being made to revive the fortunes of opera at Naples and Milan. In the latter city, a new opera by Maestro Pedrotti, *Guerra in quattro*, is to be played during the spring.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Charlatanism in Music.

III.

THE MUSICAL FANATIC, OR THE COMPOSER-PIANIST.—SKETCHED BY BENDA.

The subject of this sketch may be compared to the charlatans in religion ; those saints, who keep their eyes continually turned up to heaven, supposing themselves to be the very essence of christianity, while their hearts are full of hatred and ill-will towards their fellow-men. And if you call their attention to the fact that all their pious demonstrations are of no use so long as they daily violate that commandment, which bids us love our neighbor as ourself ; if you remind them that the doors of the heavenly kingdom shall not open for those who have no love or charity, or, still better if you are bold enough frankly to tell them that they are just the opposite of what in their immeasurable self-conceit they pretend to be ; then these charlatans will grow pale with astonishment that you dare to smite them with such language. But you are much mistaken, if you suppose that you have in the least shaken their confidence in their superior worth. Nay, if the eloquence of all the world united should try to convince them of their error they would not believe it. They no saints ? They pretenders, charlatans, quacks, fanatics ? Ridiculous, absurd, malicious !

So our hero may call it absurd, or malicious, that we count him among the charlatans in music. He considers himself such a model of musical excellence, such a pattern of artistic purity and integrity ! And, indeed, he is regarded so not only by himself, but by many others, who are too inexperienced in musical matters to know what title he has to such lofty pretensions. He loves to style himself a *composer pianist* ; but he is neither a composer nor a pianist ; he is a little of both, although his talent for composition exceeds in some measure his qualifications for a performer. If, first, we regard him as a pianist we find that his execution is stiff and inelegant. He may know how a piece should be played, but his fingers do not obey him, and his listeners are frequently obliged to "take the will for the deed." He essentially lacks that confidence, freedom and boldness, which are among the first manifestations of a born player. Even his own compositions sound harsh and clumsy under his fingers, if he manages to go through them without actual blunders, that are likely to happen every moment. In the works of the older masters up to Beethoven he has the freak of never employing the pedal, however much their effect might be improved thereby. He also keeps in his study an old clavichord, which he uses exclusively for the works of Sebastian Bach, presuming that the the great master himself never played but on such an instrument and that, therefore, the true power of his music cannot be realized through a pianoforte. His culture, taste, sentiment and expression, according to his own estimation, are of

such a high order that all must be enchanted, who are fortunate enough to hear him. This illusion and the wish to play before a select audience prompt him to fix the price of admission ridiculously high when he gives a concert, which for the sake of honor and reputation he thinks necessary once or twice every year ; and when, naturally, his auditors appear in so select a number that it is difficult, even with lantern in hand, to find them out among all the empty seats, he begins to complain of the indifference, bad taste, want of appreciation and so forth, that characterize the community where he resides. As he has not the means of engaging first-class performers to assist him he calls in for his aids some of the third-rate singers who abound in every town and are the bane of the public. The pieces which make up his programme are mostly such as any advanced amateur may play for himself at home. From principle he never performs the work of a composer still living, except himself. We see then how much cause he has for his lamentations respecting the indifference of the public.

Now, sir, if you are resolved to test the sympathy of the music-lovers ; if you wish for a select, but numerous audience ; or if you desire to know, who is to be blamed for the empty seats at your concerts,—why don't you give us pieces, which are too difficult and too rare to be accessible to ordinary players, and to hear which every true friend of art would gladly pay a high price, even higher than it is your pleasure to charge ? The reason why "he don't" will easily occur to every one ; it is because "he can't."

Regarded as a composer we find his style to be dry and pedantic, scrupulously squared and pruned. He strictly observes every rule, never permitting himself the most harmless license. His orchestration is thin and meagre ; he is always afraid of overdoing the matter, and therefore, rarely avails himself of all means at his command. This he does in part on the authority of Mozart and other masters of the past who likewise (but for better reasons) did not always employ the whole body of instruments, which constitute the orchestra. Authority, tradition, conventionalism—these are among the chief forces which guide the fanatic in his creations. It is of significance, in order to obtain a just conception of the man, to know that he never attempts to write an opera, because he deems it profane. He thinks it also profane to compose a dance, though he almost weeps with joy at those little Minuets, that are to be found in the smaller Symphonies, Quartets and Sonatas of Haydn and some of his contemporaries, and which in reality are nothing but dances, many of them as light, or as frivolous, if you will, as ever a waltz was. The same principle he carries out as a teacher. We need hardly say that he supports himself by giving lessons. His scholars are not permitted to play anything that bears the name of Quadrille, Waltz, Polka or Galop, though he does not scruple to give them plenty of such as rejoice in the

title of Fandango, Siciliano, Bolero, Tarantella and so forth. But we will not subject him to any criticism in his capacity as a teacher; he don't pretend to be one; he only—as he has it—*gives instruction*. Yet, notwithstanding, he considers himself the sole person competent to teach and seizes every opportunity of slandering all others engaged in that profession.

We have now viewed the fanatic as both a player and a composer, and my impartial readers may judge for themselves, if it be absurd or malicious to class him among the charlatans. But, we have not done with him yet; he shall not so easily escape our fangs; full justice shall be meted out to him. We have yet to consider more particularly how far in his life and dealings with his fellow-men he realizes the object of true art, of which he believes himself so superior an exponent. If neither his playing nor his compositions gave promise of his ability to represent the beautiful in a beautiful manner, we can hardly expect that the man should redeem the musician. With such beings life and art are so closely united that they must be considered as one. It is an established fact that no where are to be found instances of such passionate devotedness to the chosen vocation as in music; and in consequence no other artist is so likely to become a fanatic as the musician. So we may say of our hero that the man is completely merged in the artist; as is the latter so is the former; nay, he is no man at all, he is merely a musician. His love for the art knows no bounds; he considers it the only occupation compatible with the dignity of man. Accordingly, he looks upon all outsiders with a kind of scornful pity; especially on all bankers, brokers, jobbers, dealers, traders, farmers and other innocent people whose occupation is more prosaic, more substantial and material than his. It is, however, a mistake to infer from this that he regards those belonging to his own craft with a milder view. He is rarely on friendly terms with his fellow artists; because weighed in *his* balance they are all too light, not solid, not orthodox, not classical enough. Neither does his selfishness permit him to take any interest in the musical doings of the community where he resides, except so far as he can become the centre thereof. Without him any enterprise is likely to go the wrong way. He disparages every man and every thing. For the classical composers alone, for Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart and the earlier Beethoven his love and admiration know no bounds, and he is proud of it. You just try to engage him in a conversation about these composers and you will hear in what a torrent of superlatives he gives vent to his enthusiasm. If you are not completely overwhelmed by the force of his speech it is because his mouth is too full and one word chokes another. He will give you by the way to understand that he has some claim to be heard, since none can love, understand or appreciate those masters better than himself, being a somewhat kindred genius. Should you be able to silence him for a moment in order to ask him what he thinks of Berlioz, Wagner, Liszt, and their followers,—your question will immediately be answered by a counter-torrent of invectives, which will sweep these men clean of the last marks of honor and respectability and leave them bold adventurers, pretenders or charlatans. He means to persecute them till his last breath and

to whatever extent his small influence may permit him. He can never forgive them that they dared to shake the sacred ground of tradition and authority and set up a theory of their own. Take heed that he does not suspect you to be yourself among the admirers of those musical reformers; he would speedily turn upon you and give you what he thinks his duty; friend, or foe, it matters little when his fanaticism is roused. In general his tirades are harmless, for, if you permit him to speak out all he has to say, he feels easy after such an outburst and goes on his way, rejoicing as before in his own superiority. It sometimes happens that a deluded critic becomes so interested in him as to advocate his cause publicly, or that he himself ascends the editorial chair,—then his narrow, illiberal views and notions may cause much damage to the art and artists of the community in which he lives. It has happened in cities whose size, situation, social institutions, and so forth, peculiarly favored fanaticism, that all enlightened musicians have been driven out, while the fanatic and his crew kept their black and white colors victoriously waving amidst the vehement applause of the sour-faced inhabitants. However, these cases are rare; he seldom attains to such importance as to become the leader of a party; generally he is too shy, too timid; he loves to walk in silence and commit secretly whatever mischief his supposed duties prompt him. Sometimes he professes a total indifference to everything beyond his own dear self. It is then that he boasts of never reading a newspaper or any other paper relating to art and science, those treating of musical matters not excepted. The latter he is afraid might contain something about himself, which, when read, would perhaps tend to perplex him or make him falter in his righteous course. But this is not the chief reason; there is a more substantial one. Who is there that presumes to know more about music than Mr. Fanaticus? Who dares venture to suppose he could teach Mr. Arrogance? Now, it is plain, if he subscribed to such a paper he might be suspected of keeping it merely in order to learn from it. He knows what he is about.

It might perhaps be expecting too much of such a narrow-minded, short-sighted being, though he thrice blessed himself every morning on opening his eyes that he is an artist—to suppose he should know that an artist should, in his appearance manifest taste and expression, the cultivation of which in music he has made the purpose of his life. The fanatic is utterly ignorant of this fact. His manners are blunt, awkward, nay, boorish; his dress is shabby and always anticipates the coming fashion by ten years. He gives as an excuse that it is the prerogative of genius to set fashion and etiquette at defiance. Yet it would be a mistake to fancy that he is not vain and that he does not with much satisfaction behold his own profile; that would be entirely inconsistent with his love of self. When he is to appear before the public at his concerts he takes much pains to ornament himself tastefully, as he imagines; and even several days in advance he devotes some minutes every time to practicing the bow or obeisance before a glass; yet when the time for exhibition comes he cuts the same sorry figure as before. His body is not an agile one. He is on the whole averse to locomotion. You may be sure to find him ten years hence occupying the same rooms in which he now lives.

The home of the musical fanatic, I will state in conclusion, is in all countries where the climate is ungenial and life laborious. Thus, while he thrives well in the Northern States of the American Union, in England, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, &c., he begins to dwindle in France and farther south, as in Italy and Spain, disappears altogether. A certain degree of culture in the more serious kinds of music is necessary for a country, which may pretend to favor his growth. Strictly speaking he is a product of the very laudatory movement to establish the art in her purest and highest forms; but a mishapen product, an excrescence, which in our days—alas!—is multiplying to an alarming extent.

W. A. Mozart.

BY OTTO JAHN.—(FOURTH PART.)

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

II.

(Continued from page 76.)

The Fourth Part embraces the second half of the history of the last ten years of Mozart's life (1781—1791), the period during which his genius produced his greatest creations, which have rendered him immortal. It contains the sections from 12 to 25 of the Fourth Book, the first eleven comprising the contents of the third volume of this work. While the latter treat mostly of Mozart's material circumstances, the historical element is thrown more into the background in Book Four, since, except the account of two professional journeys—to Berlin and to Frankfurt-on-the-Maine—only the moving narrative of Mozart's death and its immediate consequences belong to the biographical portion, properly so called; while the analysis of his works, on the contrary, together with the most careful accounts of their production, carrying out, &c., take up most of Volume Four, which is the thickest of all, containing 748 pages of text, 40 pages of appendix, a complete catalogue of names and facts, 16 pages of supplementary notes, and a portrait of Mozart, after a picture painted in Verona in 1770, when he was fourteen years of age.

The mere comprehensiveness of the list gives us a foretaste of the rich contents of the last volume; a cursory sketch will teach the reader what he has to expect, and what he will find carried out in a manner which, from beginning to end, attracts, fascinates and instructs.

The first three sections (from 12 to 14 inclusive) show us Mozart as a pianoforte player and composer of instrumental music. Section 12 discusses his works for the piano, the variations, rondos, fantasias, sonatas for the pianoforte alone, and with violin accompaniment, the trios, the quartets, and the quintet (in E flat), as well as the concertos. In the catalogue of the latter, pp. 51 and 52, we find the concerto for two pianos (printed in Offenbach, by J. André, as Op. 73, *Edition faite d'après la Partition en Manuscrit*), but not with the orchestra (quartet, two oboes, two horns, two bassoons), which is not mentioned either in any part of text.

In relation to the concertos, the author brings prominently forward services rendered by Mozart towards the combination of the orchestra and the solo instrument into one whole, as eventually, and in the received form, creating something new, and shows how the orchestra has full symphonic justice done it, not merely in the *tutti* movements, but as continually introduced into the piano part, also participating directly in it. "An art of blending all the various kinds of sounds in the orchestra, which at once proves an uncommonly fine sense, supported by the most accurate knowledge of instrumental effects, for what is harmonious." "The happy nation," the author observes further on, "in the close combination of the various instrumental resources into one whole is so completely successful, that in this particular Beethoven, who made an especial study of Mozart's pianoforte concertos, as every one who knows them at all thoroughly will easily

perceive, has not, in any essential point, gone further; the higher importance of his grand pianoforte concertos has another foundation. It is true that, with Mozart, there was something more than the mere delicately-fostered sense for the appropriate mixtures of the various kinds of sound; the invention, treatment, and distribution of the motives were conditional on the nature of the means for their manifestation; it was necessary in the first sketch that the different resources should be well considered, if they were to have justice done them in the mode in which they were carried out; even in the bud, the various motives must have been endowed with the faculty of free development under various conditions. The result is a race between different agents, the orchestra and the pianoforte—and the principal charm of those concertos rests upon the lively interworking of the opposite elements, by means of which process the separate motives, as if under an ever changing light, are grouped into a rich and brilliant picture."

It is very correctly remarked that Mozart's concertos require, "besides a clear and song-like execution, especially of the melodies, which are often greatly spun out," "the calm, steady" hand, which "causes the" roudades (*Passagen*) "to flow like oil." Nearly all his roudades depend upon the scale and the broken chords. His aim was not a number of notes (he purposely rejected runs of octaves, sixths and thirds), nor any kind of mass-like effect, but clearness and perspicuity. At any rate, the clear unfolding of the peculiarities of the piano, in contradistinction to the orchestra, was the right way to the development of technical skill on the piano."

"But the principal importance of the concertos lies in their musical purport. In their conceptions and treatment, they exhibit great dash and perfect freedom; it is clear that it was not only the greater and more important means which called forth a corresponding degree of mental activity, but that Mozart felt the more pleasure in giving free scope to his powers, because he used to perform these compositions himself. The fact of their being concertos, destined to produce an instantaneous impression on the public, explains, also, why he allowed himself more liberty here than anywhere else in the employment of strongly exciting means of expression, and it is a very characteristic trait, that he endeavors to produce this effect, not by *virtuoso*-like effects, on the piano, but by the increased charm of musical expression."

Section 13 treats at length of the violin quartets and quintets. The author has already spoken, in Vol. III., of Mozart's relations towards Joseph Haydn, from which, as a sign of the highest respect, sprang the dedication of the first six quartets to that master. These belong to those compositions which Mozart wrote, without any immediate external cause, not to order, but for his own satisfaction. Jahn first enters on the essential elements of the quartet—as he does afterwards of the quartet generally—and on the peculiarities of these compositions of Mozart for chamber-music. Without subjecting them singly to a strict analysis, he gives us, in general touches, an excellent and characteristic account of them. It is only the C major quartet and the G minor quintet that he discusses at any length. The difference in style between the last four quartets (especially of three of them, written for Friedrich Wilhelm II., King of Prussia) and of the first six is, also, charmingly described.

Especially welcome is all that is said concerning the quintets. We are delighted that Jahn stands up for these magnificent compositions, explains their character—which is different from the last quartets, and approximates again to the style of the first six—and describes their beauties. It is an indisputable fact that Mozart's quintets are too much neglected in the public quartet associations which nearly every town of note possesses. It is true that the signal was given by a great composer of the modern school, who always used to leave the room when one of Mozart's quintets began. This is partly true even of the quartets, for how many lovers of music are there at present who have

heard—not once, perhaps, but frequently—all the ten written by Mozart? We hope, too, that the eulogy which Jahn pronounces, which is but the echo of our own sentiments, on the grand trio on E flat major, for violin, viol, and violoncello, will direct the attention of associations for chamber-music to the gem of its kind. He justly calls it, "one of the most wonderful of Mozart's works, a genuine cabinet specimen of chamber music." (Page 94).

Well worthy our consideration is the analysis of the G minor quintet, containing the expression "of a passionately excited frame of mind, of grief conscious only of itself, and of a struggle of the heart with it, changing, in the finale, to the opposite mood (a gushing dithyrambus), which, however, belongs to the same nature, that is rendered with perfect fidelity and truth." Hereupon we read, at page 103.

"Involuntarily, with such physiological development, we seek the man in the artist, and who can deny that the most evident marks of Mozart's own nature are impressed on the work of Art? If however, we tried to find a definite inducement in his immediate circumstances, for its production, we should most certainly be led astray. Mozart's circumstances were at that time (1787), generally speaking, good. He had not long returned, richly rewarded with success and money, from Prague and in the Jacquin family enjoyed the society of those who satisfied both his mind and his heart. It is true that, shortly afterwards (26th May), he lost his father, but whoever carefully weighs the letter he wrote his father on the 4th of April, at the thought of the possibility of death (III., p. 279)—at the same time he was engaged on the first quintet in C major—must own that the tone of the G minor quartet could not be suggested by the thought of a dying father. The springs of artistic creation flow too far below the surface to be immediately called forth by every emotion in common life. It is true that the artist can give no more than what is in him, and what he has himself gone through; but even of the musician does Goethe's assertion hold good, that in a work of art there is nothing which the artist has not experienced, *only not as he has experienced it*.

"A second question now forces itself upon us: Does a piece of music which, like this one, unrolls before us a true *soul-painting*, follows the course of psychological development with the strictest consistency, and exhibits sharply and characteristically the tottering emotion of passionate sensations in the most delicate touches—does, we repeat, a piece of music like this *obey also the formulas and laws of musical construction and technique*? Without doubt, any one who chooses to disregard entirely the psychological development can show, by a purely technical analysis, how this quintet, which constrainedly obeys the conditions of musically beautiful form, by the most uncommon combination of invention and discernment, reaches a high degree of formal perfection, and whoever follows these indications will become aware that both the truth and strength of the psychological development, and the purity and beauty of the artistic form, *coincide, and are one and the same in their essential manifestations*."

Lastly, in this section, the author treats in a similar manner the composition for reed-bands (*Harmonie-Musik*) and the seven symphonies which Mozart wrote in Vienna. Concerning the improvement of the orchestra by Mozart, concerning his contrapuntal art, as a free phenomenon of artistic beauty and concerning the union of this art with the free employment of the various kinds of sound, the author says much that is very excellent and characteristic of Mozart's genius. In the fact that the three grand symphonies in E flat major, G minor and C major (with the fugue), were written within six weeks (from the end of June to the 10th of August, 1788), and, though equally rich and equally profound in purport, are yet *most different in their character*, Jahn justly perceives a fresh proof: "that, amidst the most manifold impressions of life, the artist's soul is always laboring and producing, while, in secret, the threads

of which the work of art is woven are continually and mysteriously converging."

The Development of the Musical Faculties.

We must have recognized that nature has given musical capabilities to most individuals; but that these powers and susceptibilities exist in the most manifold variety of gradations. The germ of these faculties, like that of all our other powers is strengthened and unfolded by all the appearances and impressions of the outer world on us, from the moment of our birth; and when placed at the disposal of the instructor, it has already undergone a certain degree of expansion from the unconscious tuition of daily experience.

The development of the musical faculties, however, as far as regards the meaning of sounds, labors under disadvantages, particularly in northern climates, from which our other faculties are comparatively free. The most pressing wants and constantly urging requirements of life, call chiefly into action that other spiritual sense, the eye, in combination with the understanding. The child learns to distinguish earlier by the eye than the ear; while its understanding is almost incessantly employed in seizing the significance of sounds, as indicative of the objects of sense by which it is surrounded, rather than the meaning of sound in any musical relationship; a kind of affinity, which to the uneducated ear remains, perhaps, through life unknown. The musical element has less occasion to be exhibited by us more silent Germans, than among our southern and western neighbors. It is, nevertheless, as deeply significant, well defined, and powerful in our language, even as in the Italian, which, indeed, can claim superiority only in some degree of clearness, and an old prejudice in its favor.

Long continued neglect and suppression, indeed, of musical qualifications, are much to be lamented: more particularly during musical education itself, when such neglect operates most severely. Parents and teachers are more apt to complain of the want of disposition in their pupils, than to seek in themselves the cause of that deficiency. Only when the delays and the misapprehensions shall be attacked on all sides, and overcome, will our conviction be complete, that the musical qualifications given to most men are much more considerable than is generally believed.

OF THE TIME PREVIOUS TO LEARNING.

This period requires domestic care and solicitude, as a preparation for the directing hand of the master; and here it is, that the mother, as monitor of the awakening senses of her child, is called upon to exercise the budding susceptibilities on salutary objects, and shield their tender impressiveness from violent and distracting sensations. Certain determined sounds have an incalculable and lasting effect on the infant mind and senses, when presented to them without constraint or obvious intention. The pure sound of a little bell, the combined sounds of two or three glasses, producing, for example, *c—g*, and then *g—d—b*, the contrast of high clear sounds and low murmurings are best calculated to affect the infant perceptions. It can easily be imagined, how at a later period, listening to the rolling thunder, to the whispering and rustling of the evening breeze, to the murmuring brook, to the moan of the impending storm, to the warbling of the nightingale, may penetrate into, and influence the yearnings and aspirations of fresh youthful existence, wherein are imbedded those bright germs of thought, whose future expansion and manifestation are exhibited in the high productions of genius, at once the glory and the despair of each succeeding age! But how many circumstances conspire to disturb, counteract, and disenchant these beautiful and fructifying moments of early youth, particularly in large cities! How necessary is help, where nature cannot be left alone! How harassing and destructive, while the precious moments of culture are so few, that the delicate and tender perceptions should be jarred by the harsh rolling of the streets, the

deafening crash of brazen bands, and the rough growl of drums; that their fine organizations should be either rent or palsied by coarseness or force, while yet scarcely awake to their legitimate functions! Let, therefore, every mother who has a perception of the charms of music, and of its civilizing influence, weigh well the importance of the early education of the senses. Her simple song, in which perhaps the infant voice is blended is the most natural, and often the most fruitful lesson. A march of the most simple melody, and merely drum rhythm, which the boy and his father perform together, round about in their apartment, inspires more delight and feeling of measure, than many a half-year's instruction. If by great good fortune the tender ear of childhood should be indulged with the delicious enchantment of an opera, the few enraptured hours thus spent may cast a broad and glowing beam of sunshine to the latest days of life. For such an initiation we could wish every child to enjoy the dear old, but ever fresh and young *Zauberflöte*, that child's fairy play, which Mozart has immortalized with the power of prolonging and reproducing all our lives the earliest and most innocent blossoms of youthful delight. In this play, congenial childhood enters with the sweetest self-devotion into the wondrous and inconceivable passions of maturer age, and is carried away at last to the perception of the truth, to the dreaded dagger; but, with such guileless purity, such forgetfulness of self, that the star flaming queen can scarcely be reproached when she rises delicately, and without effort, in melting harmonies, from the midst of her sufferings. On the other hand, we would withhold from the young sensations, the old and revived operas of mere show and exaggerated effect; and more especially those prosaic representations of ordinary life, in which the music sinks with its subject into mere triviality and nothingness. In like manner we would spare our young pupils the infliction of chamber or social music, which in general they do not understand; and lastly, we recommend moderation in quantity. The first opera once,—the full organ in the church, when empty,—seldom warlike music, and still more rarely, a concert. These are important moments in the young and impressive existence, and must be of extraordinary occurrence. Moreover, we would petition for the liberty for all children to play freely after their own fashion, on the pianoforte; to invent, and search, and lose themselves as they please, so long as they do not injure the instrument. This *ad libitum* playing is mostly prohibited, particularly if the days of instruction have begun. The child is told to employ itself more usefully, in finger exercises or written compositions. But how shall the individual musical feelings, or the yet feeble inventive imaginings, be fostered and educated to self-power and trustfulness, if the only, and at this age indispensable means of cultivation be withheld? We are delighted to hear of the infant Mozart, who, in the third year of his short life, sought to arrange sounds in musical combination; and at the same time, we forbid the like practice to our own children, or disturb their often burning dreams of harmony with our short-sighted and self-sufficient wordly prudence.

We wish to say another word in these nursery details, concerning speech. It might almost be maintained, that we, in Germany, have more men who write, than speak well; so hollow and uncertain, so feeble and oppressively restrained does our magnificent, copious, and universally appropriate language appear in speech, while its perfections have only attained for it the calumnies of undistinguishing foreigners, and the neglect of our own countrymen, who have mistaken, disfigured, and corrupted it. How seldom do we hear any one among us speak openly and freely from the chest! How rare is the pure, full sound of the vowels, or the clear distinctness of the manifold characteristic varieties of the consonants! When do we hear modulation of the voice in speaking? and rarer still, any attempt of raising or depressing the intonation, without the most abrupt helplessness? Much of this defective condition of our speech is probably owing to the

rarity with us, of public speaking, and other restricting circumstances; but we doubt not that early education, and want of attention in after life, are, at least, equally culpable, in not removing these disadvantages, whose baneful influence indeed does not affect music alone.—*Dr. Marx.*

Adelina Patti in London.

Many of the friends and admirers of our young prima donna, will be glad to see the following extracts from the principal papers of London.

It is delightful to experience a new sensation—more especially in art, in which the highest excellence is the greatest rarity nowadays. Good actors and good singers are so seldom to be found, and disappointments are of such frequent occurrence, that we have long since relinquished our faith in new-comers on the dramatic or operatic stage, even when the trumpet of fame has been sounded loudest and longest in advance. The cry of "Wolf" has lost all its power, and we quietly determine to trust nothing but our own eyes and ears. Such were our feelings when we went to the Royal Italian Opera on Tuesday evening to witness the *début* of Mlle. Patti. We had read about the lady in foreign journals, and had written about her no later than last week; but, although all we had read was highly eulogistic, and though we presented her in the most favorable light to the reader—as far as we were enabled to do, not having heard her without compromising ourselves, we were by no means sanguine as to the result. The general audience, of course, who knew nothing whatsoever about Miss Adelina Patti, was apathetic in the extreme, and there was not the least excitement manifested. The theatre, though subsequently full, at first, indeed, was badly attended, and little interest or curiosity was betokened for the *débutante*. A few, however, who learned what had taken place at rehearsal, were anxious and excited, and these were her solitary friends; and so Mlle. Adelina Patti made her first appearance in England with little or no hope or expectation from any feeling previously created in her favor. Never did singer make her *début* in this country with so little known of her antecedents, and with so little stir made about her beforehand. Generally speaking, a new candidate for lyric and dramatic honors, as soon as announced, becomes the topic in musical circles, and affords matter for speculation in clubs and drawing-rooms. A new "first lady" in the operatic world is a great fact, and subscribers prepare their opera-glasses as astronomers their telescopes on the advent of an unexpected comet. Mlle. Patti, however, had not figured in the programme of the season and her name had only appeared four days in advance of her *début*, and without a single remark in the advertisements. Not only was the young lady unheralded by puff of any kind, but the usual, indeed indispensable, statement as to who she was, and where she came from, was omitted altogether. Did the director, assured of success, follow this unprecedented mode of securing a sensation? Or did he fear for the result, and so hold his peace? We think the latter most probable, as the temptation to disclosure involved in the complete conviction of having something great to exhibit would be almost too much for managerial forbearance. Mlle. Adelina Patti, we may therefore conclude, came out without any extraordinary hope on the part of the director—at all events until after rehearsal, when announcement was too late—and with no expectation on the part of the public.

Never was surprise greater, nor result more triumphant, Mlle. Patti was welcomed with the warmth due to her extreme youth and prepossessing appearance; but there was no enthusiasm. The utmost attention, however, was paid to the recitative preceding Amina's address to her companions, and the first hearing was satisfactory. The young artist for a moment or two betrayed nervousness; but she instantly shook off all fear, as if conscious of her strength, and executed a passage *di bravura*, which completely electrified the house. The audience was indeed all ears, and Mlle. Patti's success may be chronicled as a perfect climax, rising from the first scene, and attaining its culminating point in the famous *rondo finale*, "Ah! non giunge." What our opinions of the *débutante* are will be found in our notice of the young lady's performance in its proper place. Meanwhile, we may assert emphatically that Italian Opera has obtained an accession of strength in a certain line which we did not expect to witness in our own time. Mlle. Adelina Patti is a triumphant refutation that art and genius have deserted the operatic stage. Having now obtained the legitimate successor of Bosio, Persiani—we were about to add (and why not?) Jenny Lind—why may we not look for another Pasta, Malibran, Catalani, Rubini, Tam-

burini, Lablache? Why should not the advent of Mlle. Patti fill us with hope for the fortunes of Italian Opera? We may indulge imagination so far. At all events we have experienced a new sensation, and that is something.—*Musical World.*

The *London Times* speaks thus of our young prima donna. We copy the whole article:

A new Amina does not usually excite much curiosity among frequenters of the Opera. There have been since the days of Malibran so many Aminas, and nineteen out of twenty of them commonplace. Even the announcement of a new singer, irrespective of Amina, or Lucia, or Arline, or Maritana, or any other character, Italian or English (not excepting the Traviata herself)—so strong the reaction against preliminary flourish—is now-a-days received with something like indifference. How many Pastas, how many Grisis, how many Jenny Linds ("nightingales," of course), have suddenly come forth and as suddenly vanished, or at best, remained, content to occupy a second, third, or fourth rate position. The musical public has sunk into a sort of lethargic and cynical incredulity, the result of many sanguine hopes raised, and just as many wofully disappointed. At present, we may venture to suggest, the most prudent way to obtain an impartial and indulgent hearing for a new aspirant to lyric honors, is to say nothing in advance. Mr. Gye has adopted this course of action, or inaction, with regard to a very young lady who made her first appearance last night as the heroine of "La Sonnambula," and who, we may add at once, created such a sensation as has not been paralleled for years. It was simply advertised, late last week, that on Tuesday, May 14, Mlle. Adelina Patti would assume the part of Amina, in Bellini's well-known opera. Apart from those who had visited the United States, or those in the habit of perusing the musical notices of American journals, no one had ever heard of Mlle. Adelina Patti; and thus, although the house was brilliantly attended (it being a "subscription night,") there were no symptoms whatever of a more than ordinary degree of expectation. As that diverting necromancer, Gaspardin Frikell, used to declare, there was "no preparation;" certainly there was no "claque"—no disposition to anticipate favor or extort applause. The *débutante* was at first calmly, then more warmly, then enthusiastically—judged; and she who, to Europe at any rate, was yesterday without a name, before to-morrow will be a "town-talk."

And now comes the difficult part of our task. "Is Mademoiselle Adelina Patti"—it will naturally be asked—"a phenomenon." Decidedly yes. "Is she a perfect artist?" Decidedly no. How can a girl of scarcely eighteen summers have reached perfection in an art so difficult? It is simply impossible. We are almost inclined to say that she is something better than perfect; for perfection at her age could be little else than mechanical, and might probably settle down at last into a cold abstraction, or mere commonplace technical correctness. No, Mlle. Patti has the faults incidental to youth and inexperience; but these in no single instance wore the semblance of being ineradicable; on the contrary, they are in a great measure the consequence of an ardent ambition; to attain at a jump what can only be attained with years of laborious application. The management of the voice, the gradation of tone, the balance of cadence, the rounding off of phrase, are all occasionally more or less defective; but to compensate for these inevitable drawbacks, there is an abiding charm in every vocal accent, an earnestness in every look, and intelligence in every movement and gesture that undeniably proclaim an artist "native and to the manner born." And let it be understood that these qualities of charm, of earnestness, and of intelligence are not merely the prepossessing attributes of extreme youth, allied to personal comeliness, but the evident offspring of thought, of talent—we may almost add of genius, but assuredly of natural endowments, both mental and physical, far beyond the average.

Mlle. Patti's first appearance on the stage seemed to take the audience by surprise. So young an Amina, young enough in appearance to be the daughter of her Elvino (Signor Tiberini), an Amina, in short, not yet done growing, had never before been witnessed. The recitative, "Care compagne," however, showed at once that in this particular case youthfulness and depth of feeling might be found both naturally and gracefully united; while long before the termination of the air, "Come per me sereno," with its brilliant cabaletta, "Sovra il sen la man mi posa," a conviction was unanimously entertained by the audience that a singer of genuine feeling, rare gifts and decided originality stood before them. A high soprano voice, equal, fresh and telling in every note of the medium, the upper "E flat," and even "F" at ready command; admirable accentuation of

the words, considerable flexibility, dashing and effective use of "bravura," expression warm, energetic and varied, while never exaggerated, and last, not least, an intonation scarcely ever at fault—such were the valuable qualities that revealed themselves in turn during the execution of Amina's well known apostrophe to her companions on the auspicious day that is to unite her to Elvino, and which raised the house to positive enthusiasm. A thing that must have astonished every one was the thorough ease and "aplomb" (an excellent term) with which so young a stranger confronted so formidable an assembly, in the midst of difficulties that at times are apt to unsettle the oldest and most practised stage singers. Too much self composure, it might be urged, for one of Mlle. Patti's years, were it not that the ingenuous confidence of youth, when unchecked by the susceptibility of a nervous temperament, often makes it unapprehensive of danger and careless of results. At any rate, Mlle. Adelina Patti's first essay was a veritable triumph, and her ultimate success thus placed beyond a doubt. When the applause at the end of "Come per me sereno" had subsided, there was a general buzz of satisfaction. The consciousness of a new sensation having been unexpectedly experienced, seemed universal among the audience, who in grateful recognition might have addressed the new songstress in the language with which the village chorus apostrophize Amina:

Vivi felice! e questo
Il comun voto, o Adelina!

The history of Mlle. Patti's first appearance is told in the foregoing. The descent of the curtain was the signal for loud and long continued plaudits. For the third time Mlle. Patti was led forward by Signor Tiberini; and then, in obedience to a general summons, she came on alone to receive fresh honors. To conclude, if Mlle. Patti will rightly estimate the enthusiasm caused by her first appearance before the most generous (although, perhaps, the most jaded) of operatic publics, and—not regarding herself as faultless—study her art with increased assiduity, a bright future is in store for her. If, on the other hand—but we would rather not contemplate the opposite contingency.

There never perhaps was a lyric part with musical and histrionic traditions so firmly established, or so obsequiously followed. It is really enterprising in such a case to attempt anything novel; and Madlle. Patti's performance was more than enterprising, and new, for it was at the same time sterlingly good. This praise, be it understood, applies specially to her singing. All, or nearly all, the cadences, variations, and embellishments introduced by Mlle. Patti were original. The particular grace and fancy by which they were honorably distinguished were her's alone; and thus in a musical sense, the *debutante's* Amina was a creation. To say that Madlle. Patti must prove a valuable acquisition were recognise too coldly the merits quite *hors deligne* of this gifted young lady. It should rather be predicated of her that she will presently become a very "bright particular star" that all musical London will do homage to. Mlle. Patti's success with the public was immense; and that rarest of all enjoyments, a "new sensation" of pleasure, was, we are quite sure, drawn forth by her fresh and delightful vocalisation.—*Post*.

A new star—a star of the very first magnitude—has suddenly and unexpectedly appeared on our musical stargazers. This star is a young girl, Adelina Patti—a name till now unknown in this country—who appeared last night in the *Sonnambula*, and achieved a triumph such as we have never seen surpassed during our not very brief theatrical experience. Her powers of execution are something astounding. The compass of her voice seems to have no limits; she disports herself in those regions of the scale which all other singers that we have ever heard can reach only for a few notes with a great and painful effort. In the invention of original and varied passages her imagination seems exhaustless, and she executes them with the ease and certainty of a Joachim or a Vieuxtemps on his violin. Mozart's celebrated airs of the Queen of Night, in the *Zauberflöte*, seem intended to tax to the utmost all the powers of the female voice; but these airs, in respect to difficulty, are mere children's play compared to the achievements of Madlle. Patti in the air we are speaking of, and still more in the famous "Ah, non giunge," the finale of the opera. Were these things merely feats of execution—*tours de force* and nothing more, we should not attach any great value to them. But, with this young singer, execution is only the means to an end—that end being the expression of feeling and passion. Of every variety of expression, too, Madlle. Patti is mistress. The few simple notes, breathed by the sleeping girl as she unconsciously

suffers the withered flowers to drop from her hands, were as heart-touching as when they were uttered by Lind herself—more they could not be.—*News*.

The American journals have asserted that Mlle. Adelina Patti is the legitimate successor of Sontag and Bosio, and have prophesied that her claim would be acknowledged directly she was heard in London or Paris.

The American writers were correct both in their assertion and their prophesy. The success of Mlle. last night was enormous, unparalleled, indeed, since the first appearance of Jenny Lind. Nor was success ever more legitimate, ever more free from prejudicial anticipations from party, from *claque*, from preparation. On Friday last the name of Mlle. Patti appeared in the advertisements of the day, unheralded by puff or special comment. No doubt hundreds asked, "Who is Adelina Patti?" and few could answer them. To-morrow the name of the young artist will be wafted abroad on the four winds of Heaven, and her reputation will be universal. Then the cry will be, "A new phenomenon of song has at last appeared, and she is called Adelina Patti."

We cannot enter into a minute description of Mlle. Patti's qualifications at this hour. It will be enough to say, at present, that her voice is a pure soprano, of wonderful extent in the upper register, reaching, with positive ease, to *F altissimo*. It is clear, powerful, sonorous, bright, and firm as a rock; not a single *vibrato* being evidenced last night, even when tremulousness might naturally be expected. Moreover, her voice is invariably correct in the intonation—one of those fresh voices, indeed, which cannot sing out of tune. Mlle. Patti's facility is immense. She sings the most difficult passages without an effort, runs the chromatic scale with the perfectness of a player on a tuned instrument, and has an incomparable shake. She indulged in several *tours de force* last night and created a *furor*, and astonished beyond measure the best judges of singing, in the house. If we were inclined to be hyper-critical, we might assert that Mademoiselle Patti was not invariably perfect when she attempted these astonishing flights of fancy, but we cannot stoop to find a fault in what was really so dazzling and so enchanting on the whole. We must say, indeed, that no other artist since Malibran has afforded us the same delight, and filled us with the same astonishment in *Amina*, and we believe that every unprejudiced person will say the same thing. As an actress, Mlle. Patti is intense rather than demonstrative. She is always earnest, and her attitudes and motions are invariably natural, and sometimes irresistibly beautiful. There is not much display in her acting, but when occasion calls it forth she shows herself possessed of great impulse and great power, as exemplified in the bedroom scene, and in the *rondo finale*. At present we shall say no more than that every auditor in the theatre was enchanted beyond measure, and that the young artist has already made herself famous.—*Chronicle*.

At the Italian Opera the plaudits come from the amphitheatre (*vulgo*, the gallery). The fashionable style of applause of Sir Fopplin Flutter in the orchestra stalls, and Lord Fitz Hanaper in the private box, is to tap two gloved fingers gently upon a gloved palm. To the singers the more generous and inspiring encouragement of the amphitheatre audience is so invaluable that it would answer the purpose of lessee and artistes, nay even of De Boots himself, to let them in without payment in return for the exertion they are good enough to undergo in clapping their hands violently together, shouting "bravo" and "encore." The more *distingue* audience down stairs, if left wholly to themselves, would, I fear, paralyse the singers, and envelope the entertainment as in a wet blanket. But on Wednesday night Mlle. Patti fairly broke the ice of fashionable coldness and reserve. Gloves of the whitest kid, in pit and orchestra stalls, came together with explosions that would have done honor to the gallery of the Victoria or the pit of the Surry. Old gentlemen became red in the face with clapping and shouting. A low and involuntary murmur of "bravo" ran round during the passages justly held sacred against interruption. And finally, when in "Ah non giunge," that brilliant and uncontrollable burst of joy, the *debutante* carolled and trilled, and heaped up intricacies and difficulties for the express purpose of showing how easily she could surmount them, you might have thought yourself in La Scala of Milan, or the San Carlo, at Naples, with their impressionable audiences, rather than among cold reserved Englishmen. The music of "Sonnambula," so seldom heard in these days of Prophètes and Huguenots, seemed like the music of one's boyhood, beautiful in its elegant sensibility and pure flow of melody,

but having no more in common with the grand and difficult orchestral combinations of Meyerbeer than the barley sugar and currant wine of early days with the claret and olives of the epicure.—*Manchester Express and Guardian*.

The judgement of European connoisseurs will, we feel satisfied, endorse the favorable opinions of her Transatlantic critics. Her voice is a high soprano, extensive in compass, and exquisitely pure and sweet in quality. Its perfect freshness is one of its most charming features, and her upper notes are deliciously round, and at the same time of bird-like brilliancy. Her remarkable natural powers of florid vocalisation have been cultivated with striking success. Nothing could well surpass the graceful fluency, the delicate precision, and the faultless intonation which characterise her delivery of elaborate passages, which are given, too, without the slightest appearance of effort. Equally worthy of praise is the tenderness and pathos with which she gives more subdued phrases—singing them in a clear, even, and thoroughly natural style, with no tinge of that affected tremulousness which some vocalists have recourse to as a substitute for genuine feeling. In her case, an organ rich in natural resources has been trained in the best school, and her eminent vocal abilities are allied to equally remarkable dramatic powers. Viewed merely as an histrionic impersonation, the character of Amina has never been, within our recollection, more admirably played than it was by Mlle. Patti last evening.—*Star*.

Musical Correspondence.

WEIMAR. — We are permitted to make the following interesting extracts from a letter by a young lady from this city who is pursuing her musical studies at Weimar:

"I have been to a court concert a few days ago. It was given in the palace to the guests of the Duke, and in the gallery around the hall were places where people could go by paying. Liszt directed it, and it was a very fine concert. A full orchestra, a violin, piano, and flute solo. A young lady played the piano but I did not like her. The Court people were all in full dress. Some of the gentlemen's dress coats were covered with orders. One old General was completely covered, from his neck down to his waist. The orders were set in precious stones, diamonds, emeralds and rubies, and looked very brilliant. The ladies were all handsomely dressed. I could hardly realize that I was not at the theatre, and that all these people were not parading back and forth through the hall for my amusement, as long as I had paid to go in. After all, there is very little difference between real kings and queens and those in a play. "Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." Last week there was an artist's festival, in honor of the birthday of Franz Schubert. It commenced with a concert. Afterwards there was a supper and at the end a ball. At the concert, Liszt played. He has not played in public before for ten years. When he sat down at the piano, there was a perfect storm of applause, which lasted five minutes or more. He bowed and bowed, but the people would not stop applauding. He plays wonderfully. There is a certain charm about his playing, which distinguishes it from that of any one else. Other people may play the piece just as perfectly. Bendel, for example, plays just as astonishingly as Liszt, but Liszt inspires his hearers just as a fine orator does. You get quite carried along with him, and he is complete master of his audience. When the music is animated you are exhilarated, when it is plaintive you feel like weeping. The music has complete mastery over you, and it is not the music either, but the playing of it, which is so effective. It is the result of his genius. Any one else might play the piece and seemingly play just as well and it would not have anything like the same effect on an audience. No player ever affected me so much. And it is so with every one who hears him. In Leipzig and other places there is a great prejudice against his compositions, and they are not

brought out at all. One of these people was at this concert, a thorough hater of Liszt and his music. When he had finished playing, this man turned to a friend with him, and said, 'I declare, that man must be a devil! When I hear him play I have no longer a mind of my own. I feel willing to accept all his musical eccentricities, and am completely under his influence while I listen to him.' This is the secret of Liszt's immense fame and great personal influence. He almost magnetizes people with his playing. No artist will ever again create the enthusiasm which he has created, and would still, if he were to play in public. He devotes almost all his time to composition."

SPRINGFIELD, MS., JUNE 6, 1861.—At last we have had a concert after a dearth lasting I can hardly say how long. Mills, Hinkley, and Taunt (I place them according to their degrees of excellence) visited us last Tuesday evening and drew a fine house. As you and most of our readers have heard these artists, any extended criticism from me is unnecessary; so I will only give you some of the impressions they made a Springfield audience.

Almost every one was pleased with Mr. Mills, who did himself much credit, though laboring under many disadvantages and perhaps not in the best humor in consequence. He had only a square piano—a Steinway, and a poor one at that—which to increase his troubles, was miserably out of tune. Still, he showed himself a pianist of no ordinary ability and his listeners left with a desire to hear him again under more favorable circumstances. Some would have been better suited with his selections, if he had treated us to something more solid than fantasies. As it was, the one by himself on "Le Pardon de Plöermel," seemed in many respects superior to the others.

From the glowing reports concerning Miss Hinkley, some of them emanating from high sources, we had a right to expect some really fine singing from her, but I believe the general feeling of the audience was that of disappointment; and I cannot help thinking that, for some reason (indifference perhaps), she failed to do herself justice. She has certainly a flexible voice—her lower tones being by far the best—but it is not "in perfect command" and by no means always "in excellent tune," as was remarked in one of the dailies. She made some downright failures, that at the close of the rondo from "Don Pasquale" being one of the most apparent. She endeavored just at the finale to reach a note somewhere in the upper regions, found she couldn't do it in tune, and gave it up. A like failure in Boston by any singer however beautiful and popular would have been hissed. But she was not hissed here and because we were not rapturous "Miss Hinkley thinks she was not well received in Springfield!" Very likely she would have been more successful in opera.

Miss Hinkley's programme was made up of selections from different operas and the usual number of national airs. Of the former the polacca from "I Puritani" was sung very nicely and justly merited the encore it received. We had among the latter, the Star Spangled Banner, the rendering of which was said by the papers to be incomparable, but it was open to criticism, especially in the matter of enunciation. It will be a happy day for music when our public singers learn that a simple melody "unadorned is adorned the most" and that the stereotyped embellishments of the Italian opera are in such instances wholly misapplied. Some old master (who was it?) on being told of the remarkable execution of a young singer inquired, "can she sing plain notes?"

On the whole, we rarely hear a singer who varies as much from quite good to quite poor as did Miss Hinkley on Tuesday evening. It was evident more than once that she can in time become a good singer, but at present she attempts more than she accomplishes.

A word concerning the balladist, Mr. Taunt has a pleasant but not remarkable voice and is praiseworthy in singing what he can sing—Irish ballads. In his last song, however, he was occasionally the trifle of half a tone flat—something, I need not say, which might have been remedied or at least made less apparent by the accompanist, Mr. Mills. R.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 1.—Messrs. Wolfsohn and Thomas gave the last of their series of Concerts to a larger audience than their most sanguine friends could have expected. In spite of hard times, "war and rumors of war," the Foyer of the Academy was uncomfortably filled, and that too on a sultry evening. I give you the programme:

PART I.

Sonata appassionata (F minor, Op. 57).....Beethoven
a Allegro assai. b Andante con moto.
c Allegro ma non troppo e Presto.
Carl Wolfsohn.

PART II.

1. "Le trille du Diable".....Tartini
Theodore Thomas.
2. Rakoczy March.....Liszt
Carl Wolfsohn.
3. Andante con moto (from D minor Quartett).....Schubert
Messrs. Thomas, Kammerer, Hassler, Schmitz
4. Grand Duo concertante "Les Huguenots".....
Wolfsohn and Hopkinson
Carl Wolfsohn and Theodore Thomas.

PART III.

Quintett (D major).....Mozart
a Larghetto e Allegro. b Adagio. c Minuetto.
d Finale. Allegro.
Messrs. Thomas, Kammerer, Hassler, Muller, Schmitz.

I was unable to reach the Academy before the beginning of Part II. Tartini's strange "Trille du Diable" (as manipulated by Vieuxtemps) was played with the usual correctness of Thomas. I can say but little else of this performance. There is one melancholy air, affording scope for the display of taste and feeling, while all the other parts remind one more of the Etudes of Kreutzer than of aught else. Divested of the interest lent it by its age and the Tartini legend, it is truly an ungrateful solo both to performer and listener.

The best features of the soirée were undoubtedly, the Andante from Schubert's D minor Quartett and the Mozart Quartett in D major. Both of these were played in a style that left nothing to be desired. There was not a feature in the performance of either to mar the pleasure inseparable from good music well rendered. The Andante by Schubert seemed a new treasure to Philadelphia amateurs. The charming melodic figures and pleasant surprises in modulations of the author are ever new. In an earlier soirée Messrs. W. and T. introduced his E flat Trio. Though it is not very clear to the uninitiated, at first hearing, it was very favorably received.

And here let me say that Thomas' Quartette playing is infinitely more acceptable than his Solo playing. His neatness of execution and "cold passion," to me, seem more appropriate in those concerted pieces in which the violin, though sustaining the leading part, should not be too prominent.

If the Rakoczy March, by Liszt, is a fair specimen of music of the future, it were a decided blessing to have that future deferred as long as possible. If it were not that Mr. Wolfsohn played it, I should have believed its execution physically impossible. As it was, I could not help thinking that if he had played some other *morceau* he might have given his audience more music out of one fourth the labor and one tenth the noise.

In the Duo from the Huguenots, the strings of Mr. Thomas' violin were much affected by the temperature of the room. In spite of this, his double stops were remarkably pure though the variation went somewhat unevenly. An inconvenience to the audience (and probably to Mr. Thomas) was the undue prominence given to the piano part by the loud playing of Mr. Wolfsohn.

I contemplate a trip to the west and may send you musical notes from Cincinnati and St. Louis, if I find anything worth noting there. CHANTERELLE.

WORCESTER, MASS., JUNE 11.—Miss Hinkley assisted by Mr. Mills, pianist, and Mr. Taunt, balladist, gave a concert at Washburn Hall, last evening which was one of the most brilliant ever heard in Worcester. We went to hear the performers rather than the music, knowing that the music was to be mainly Italian and operatic, and so it is with them that we have to do. Miss Hinkley, whose unaffected vivacity is really exhilarating, was in excellent voice, and charmed all by her correct and spirited singing. Mr. Mills' piano playing was enthusiastically received. His execution is wonderfully correct and brilliant, and his style has a certain grandeur which we should have been glad to have heard tested in some really great music. Mr. Taunt's ballads were tastefully sung.

A fine historical painting is now on exhibition at Misses Robinson and Gardner's Academy of Fine Arts—Schwartz's "Pilgrim Fathers holding their First Public Worship in America." The picture is doubtless familiar to you and many of your readers, as it has been on exhibition in some of the large cities. It is a masterly production.

The following is spicy, and something more than an *on dit*. The organist of a certain church which is not far remote from this good Heart of the Commonwealth, not long ago, being in a commendably "classical" mood, "played the congregation out" with a fine rendering of a Bach fugue. The performance was deeply enjoyed by—two or three, who lingered to hear, but the majority of the congregation were—*shocked!* Ay, that's the word! Our hero, coming from the organ loft, and from his communion with the great tone-poet, was met by the singing committee.

"'Tis but a step," &c.

One member was particularly indignant and gave vent to his wrath in a lecture, thus winding up his remarks: "Mind you, Sir, we won't have any more of your *d—infernal jigs!*" S.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 15, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Cheve's System.

Many correspondents have asked for more information in regard to this system of instruction now in vogue in Paris, of which our correspondent "AMATEUR" gave us some hints recently. In default of anything further from him, (from whom we hope to hear), we obtain some light from M. SCUDO, who in the second volume of the *Année Musicale*, devotes considerable space to a synopsis of the controversy between M. Chevé, the apostle of this new principle of musical instruction, and certain famous musicians in Paris. The subject matter of the controversy, he says, is so well defined by the authors of the pamphlet under notice, that he reproduces a part of it verbatim, from which we quote.

"M. le docteur Chevé," they say, "is the author of an elementary system of vocal music, which has for its basis, notation in figures. At various times, committees that have been consulted upon the value of the doctrines of M. Chevé, have decided that they saw no reason to approve his system of instruction, and official decisions have confirmed the opinions of these committees." Some of the authors of the pamphlet, it appears, have served upon the committee of 1850 which pronounced a similar verdict. Chevé, they say, has replied to these opinions, by various publications, of which they give the titles, in which as we are told, he claims to have utterly crushed his adversaries, who say that no one professing any self-respect, could reply to such accusations as he makes against them. Profiting by their silence under these

circumstances, they say that Chev   proclaims that they have been "overthrown, crushed and confounded," so that they feel compelled to discuss the claims of his system and the "principles of his pretended discovery in the matter of musical instruction."

"All the efforts of this method tend," we are informed, "to the substitution of a system of figures for the usual notation. In the very first page of his book, M. Chev   lays down the principle that "musical writing is bad, essentially defective and absurd." He develops this proposition, exalts the merits of figures, and adds, "we substitute instantaneously (*momentanement*) figures for the black points which we write instantaneously upon the five lines of the musical staff." Thus the master makes his disciples understand that he is going to teach them *instantaneously*, what is perfect and excellent, and put an end to what is bad and absurd."

Chev  , they say, treats the notation that is universally known and practiced, as "absurd, full of monstrosities, of imbecile complications, bad logic and frightful conjuring."

This old system, then, the authors of the pamphlet proceed to defend, as a system of notation which for 800 years has proved to be sufficient, and is now equally known and read in every part of the civilized world; which has shown itself to be adapted to the wants of all ages and all nations; has been used by all the great men of genius and is alike accessible to the intelligence of all. The Orpheonists, the Conservatoire, Neidermeyer's school, even infant schools—all read and all understand it. It is the same everywhere, in all countries and all schools. They ask, in conclusion whether "this universal adoption, this general and voluntary submission to rules which no one has imposed, and which every one recognises is not a certain, evident, and indisputable proof of the excellence of this system?"

They then put into the mouth of Chev   an address to his pupils which Scudo says contains his principal ideas, of which the upshot is, that "We will return to the notation of the first ages; only, instead of saying with Pope Gregory, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, we will say 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, as did J. J. Rousseau and before him P  re Souhaity and many others before them. I know they did not succeed. I know that Rousseau disavowed his attempts after he had studied music. Rousseau, however, was a blunderer, I am more skillful than he."

The authors of the pamphlet proceed to say that "it is evident that M. Chev   could not have actually used this language. If he had, he probably would have found few adherents. So he simply says, "I am the apostle of a new idea." This is much better as it suppresses discussion, facts, and the history of the art. The impression too is happy, mysterious; and has the odor of martyrdom about it, so that M. Chev   is pictured as delivered over to the wild beasts of the committees."

M. Scudo concludes by saying that the writers of the pamphlet (which is signed by Auber, Hal  vy, Clapisson, Ambroise Thomas and others), do not give due credit to the zeal and evidently sincere convictions of the skillful professor whose system of instruction they attack. "M. Chev  ," he says, "is a man of talent, a generous soul who believes himself to be in possession of a system of instruction better than the existing one, and who consecrates to the propagation of his method courage and faculties by no means common. Refute his system, if you believe it dangerous, but you have no right to doubt the sincerity of the master. Success cannot but be attained before the public as before the Academy by man  uvres and false convictions."

M. Scudo is willing to go even further than these writers in their conclusions that these principles of Chev   "would chain up Art within limits that have long ago been passed, and would leave in the minds of those who should be tempted to adopt them no-

tions entirely inexact and altogether contrary to the general practice, that is to say, to reality." Scudo adds, that "even if all France could learn to read music by its means in twenty-four hours, the advantage would not compensate for the perturbation which this system, of barbarous simplicity, would introduce into the usual notation, which is the only universal language existing in the world."

M. Chev   replies to his assailants in a similar pamphlet, of which Scudo also gives an impartial synopsis and to which we may return at some future time. Another reply was also made by a committee of the patrons of his system; among them being the Count de Morny, Prince Poniatowski, Felicien David, Lefebure-Wely, Offenbach and others, equally well known to fame as the authors of the original pamphlet. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—At the adjourned annual meeting of the above Society, held at Chickering's Hall, on the 4th inst., the following list of officers was chosen:

President, Dr. J. Baxter Upham.
Vice President, Oren J. Faxon.
Secretary, Loring B. Barnes.
Treasurer, Matthew S. Parker.
Librarian, George H. Chickering.
Trustees, George W. Hunnewell, Thomas D. Morris, Theophilus Stover, Ephraim Wildes, George W. Palmer, James Rice, William Hawes, H. Farnam Smith.

A vote of thanks was passed to the retiring President, Col. Thomas E. Chickering, who responded very happily to the vote, pledging his influence on all occasions for the interests of the Society.

Votes of thanks were passed to the other retiring officers; to the lady associates; and to the Messrs. Chickering, for the use of their hall the past season; after which, some amendments to the by-laws were freely discussed, and referred to a committee for consideration.

The election of Dr. Upham appears to give very general satisfaction, not only among the members, but to the friends of the Society: and the known ability and indomitable perseverance of the newly elected President, in carrying forward to a successful issue, any enterprise which he undertakes, warrant the belief that a prosperous future is in store for the old Handel and Haydn Society; though little can be expected at present from this, or any other organization for musical purposes.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of this Association was held at 4 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. The Treasurer's Report showed the total receipts, including uncollected dues, during the year, to be \$10,106.98; expenditures, \$7,298.92. The old Board of Directors was re-elected, as follows: J. Baxter Upham, E. D. Brigham, Eben Dale, George Derby, J. M. Fessenden, H. W. Pickering, J. P. Putnam. It was announced that the new organ now being built for the Association in would be ready to be shipped in a month, and the time of shipping it will be left discretionary with the Directors.

New Publications.

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED BIBLE. Parts 31, 32.
CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY. Part 26.

These well illustrated books continue to appear with regularity. The text of the Natural History is interesting and instructive, the illustrations being remarkably correct and spirited in design, as well as admirably executed.

L'ANNEE MUSICALE, &c., par P. SCUDO. Deuxieme ann  e. Paris, 1861.

We have received from F. Leupoldt, 1323 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, the above entitled volume of which an elaborate notice was recently given in this Journal. It makes a valuable addition to the library of every musician, as no one can read the in-

telligent and candid criticisms of Scudo without pleasure and profit.

An American Company of strolling singers, called the Alleghanians, gave in December last, in the Island of Hewey, one of Cook's Archipelago, a grand concert, which was attended by the King of the Island, Makea. More than 2,000 tickets were sold, and the receipts were 78 pigs, 98 turkeys, 116 fowls, 16,000 cocoanuts, 5,700 pine-apples, 418 bushels bananas, 600 pumpkins, and 2,700 oranges. It required a day and a half to embark all these articles. The concert consisted of a vocal quatuor, and of several *morceaux* executed by means of bells of different sizes—from the dimensions of a bucket to those of a tumbler. The savages who composed the auditory listened open-mouthed, and remained motionless from admiration when the march from *Norma* was performed. At the end of the sitting, one of principal personages present rose and gravely complimented the performers by saying:—"We shall never forget you!"

There has been some talk of another Orpheonist expedition to London for another Orpheonist festival, but it has been put off, wisely, perhaps, seeing how badly the first was managed. Instead, there is to be a festival of the Choral Societies of France, at the Palais d'Industrie, at the end of September.

GIVING GYE A LIFT.—Describing the *debut* last week of Mlle. Patti, whose performance seemed to promise us a second Jenny Lind, one of the critics made a remark that she "raised the house *en masse* to a high pitch of excitement." On reading this, the Viscount, who chanced to be just then in one of his facetious moods, observed to his friend Bernal, "Raised the house, did she? Why, really, she must be quite a hoister Patti!"—*Punch*.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

At the Grand Opera, after incessant groans of parturition, we have been at last presented with David's *Herculanum*. It did not take so long to disinter the buried city itself. On the first night of the revival all the *dilettante* world was assembled. The principal parts were filled by Mad. Gueymard-Lauters, M. Obin, and Mad. Fortunata de Franco (*nee* Tedesco). The last played the part of Olympia, originally assigned to Mad. Borghi-Mamo, and acquitted herself with complete success. Mad. Gueymard-Lauters was applauded to the echo in Lilia, and called before the curtain at the end of the second act. Owing to this lady's indisposition, the work of Felicien David was not repeated again till Monday last. *Der Freisch  tz* is to be the next revival, and it is already in hand.

The Italian Opera closed its doors for the season, on the 1st of May, and the troupe is now dispersed over every land, as at the fall of another Babel. Tenors, sopranos, barytones, basses, contraltos, birds of many a tuneful passage, have taken wing in all directions, like frightened wild fowl. Zucchini is to Bologna gone—his own, his native land—the realm of sausage and of song; Mad. Penco and Signor Graziani have crossed the British Channel in search of the golden fleece which Albion ever yields to foreign adventure. Signor Mario has quitted Paris for London, and so has Mad. Grisi. Not so Signor Badiali, who goes I know not where. The theatrical sheet, *l'Entr'acte*, publishes the financial and statistical reckoning of the past season, which is summed up as follows:—The total number of performances was 121, the highest number hitherto reached. Of these Rossini had for his share 21; Verdi, for his, 49; Bellini came off with 11; Donizetti with 5; and 5, too, was Flotow's share; Mozart's 8, and Cimarosa's a like number. The number of operas performed was 19. The total receipt from the 121 performances was 809,819fr. 95c., giving an average nightly receipt of 6,692fr 72c.

The Op  ra Comique holds out, in expectancy, a new work, the joint product of M. Rosier and M. Limnander, in which the principal part will be allotted to M. Montaubry. M. Bataille is to make his reappearance in *La Fee aux Roses*, an opera by Hal  vy. Mad. Viardot had a benefit at the Th   tre Lyrique last night, the attractions being of the most remarkable description. The fragments, namely, of the second, third and fourth acts of *Alceste*, which created so great a sensation at the last concert of the *Conservatoire*; following these the third act of *Otello*, sung by Duprez and Mad. Viardot; the first act of *Maria Stuardo*, with Mad. Ristori next; then a new opera comique—first time—called *Le Buisson Vert*, by M.

Michel Carré as to words, and M. Gastinel as to music, M. Jules Petit, prizeman for singing and opéra comique this year at the Conservatoire, playing the principal rôle; the whole concluding with *Les Rendez-vous Rourgeois*.

BERLIN.—Mad. Lagrua has been giving a series of "starring" performances, which were excellently attended. This lady is a great favorite with the Berliners, and will, no doubt, soon pay them another visit. Her engagement was a real success, though, I am sorry to say, she was, on one occasion, prevented from appearing by sudden indisposition. She was announced to sing in Norma, but Mlle. Lucca took her part at a very short notice, and acquitted herself, under the circumstances, most creditably. She possesses intelligence and dramatic talent, but is over-weighted in the character of the Druid-priestess, for which her voice wants the requisite volume and power, and her acting the necessary dignity. Any impartial individual would have been at once convinced of this by her rendering of the first recitative, which struck me as singularly deficient in that grandeur and elevation with which we have been accustomed to hear it given. She sang the "Casta Diva," however, very pleasingly, and merited the applause bestowed on her. Adalgisa found an agreeable representative in Mlle. Fliess, who, although a novice, displays great ability, and will ere long, I am inclined to believe, prove a valuable acquisition to the operatic stage. Herr Fricke was an excellent Oroveso.

"Business" is exceedingly good just now at the Friedrich Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, the attraction being Mad. Janner Kraft, who is engaged for a limited number of nights. She has been playing in Dittersdorff's burlesque Opera of *Die rothe Kappe*, which has been revived expressly for her, and in which she lately created a great sensation at Dresden and Breslau. She is one of the best bravura singers in Germany, while, for playful archness, there are very few actresses who can equal her.

Every one imagined, some weeks since, that the regular concert season was at an end, and jaded musical critics fancied they had, for a time, escaped from close rooms to revel in *al fresco* Garten-Concerts, at the various semi rural coffeehouses in the neighborhood of Berlin. But, alas! how often are we doomed to experience the truth of the old proverb, "Der Mensch denkt, Gott lenkt," or, as the French have it, "L'homme propose, Dieu dispose." Winter seems to have set in again with its accustomed rigor, and the hail and cold have effectually put an end, for a time at least, to all outdoor amusements, which spring up here with the daisies and flourish with the flowers. The result is that the covering have been again removed from the benches in our concert-rooms, the gas is relighted, and a new course of indoor concerts inaugurated. This week, for instance, a concert was given for a charitable purpose by Herr Radecke. The principal novelty was a duet-sonata for pianoforte and violoncello, by Herr Rud. Radecke, brother of the concert giver, which was very well played by Herr Radecke and Dr. Bruns. The concert was brought to a close by Schumann's Pianoforte-Quartet, Op. 47, admirably executed by Herren Radecke, Grünwald, Kahle and Bruns.—Another very good concert was the fourth and last given by the Frauverein for the benefit of the Gustav-Adolph Fund, at which a new sonata in G major, by Taubert, for pianoforte and violoncello, was performed for the first time, by the composer and Herr Stahlknecht. No less interesting was the execution of Beethoven's so-called "Horn Sonata," Op. 17, by Herr Taubert and Herr Schunke. Mad. Jachmann-Wagner sang, among other pieces, the beautiful alto air from *Elijah*; and the Royal Domchor gave Meyerbeer's *Brantgeleite* in first-rate style. I cannot conclude this short summary of our doings in the concert line, without mentioning a concert given by Herr Friedrich Kiel, assisted by Herren Stahlknecht and De Alna, at which four very pleasing compositions of his own were performed, and met with unanimous approbation.

Herr Richard Wagner has gone to Carlsruhe for the purpose of being presented at Court. It is reported that his opera of *Tristan und Isolde*, dedicated, as you are aware, to the Grand-Duchess Louisa, is shortly to be produced there under his own superintendence.

London.

HERR DALLE ASTE, a bass singer of great continental repute, and pupil of the lamented Staudigl, has arrived in London. For some time past the foreign papers have spoken in high terms of his merits as a singer and the beauty of his voice. In Paris, Vienna, Dresden, and lately in Holland, Herr Dalle Aste has, it appears, created great effect in *Don Giovanni*, *Fidelio*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and *Euryanthe*.

Signor Dalle Aste, it may be remembered, produced a highly favorable impression in London some years since.

MR. CHARLES HALLE'S BEETHOVEN RECITALS at the St. James's Hall are likely to prove one of the most interesting features of the musical season, as it is proposed to give in a series of eight concerts, the sonatas of the great master in the order in which they are written. A very striking instance of the advanced taste in such matters is to be found in the knowledge and appreciation of the "tone-poet," who towers above his compeers, and who for originality, largeness of conception and power of expression stands almost alone. But a very few years since the later works of Beethoven were to the public almost a dead letter, while even by the majority of professors they were but imperfectly appreciated. True, his symphonies were periodically heard at the Philharmonic or other high-priced concerts, but the quartets, sonatas and chamber compositions in which he was so prolific, were all but virtually ignored. To the inauguration of the new state of things, we need go no farther back than 1859, when the Monday Popular Concerts first began the mission of introducing to the "musical masses," works all more or less new to this generation. We have so frequently dwelt upon the merits of these entertainments, that we need say no more here than to express our opinion that they have been the means of preparing the way and educating the taste for the reception of the recitals in question, and had this experiment been attempted some half dozen years since, we believe it would have then been as complete a failure as it appears now likely to be an entire success. The presentation of these sonatas in regular succession, appears to us in the same light as the arrangement of the pictures at the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition in 1857, the chronological order being strictly observed, and the spectator thereby enabled to judge of the progress of art in infinitely less time, and with much greater certainty than by devoting years to travel and viewing scattered examples at different times and places. Thus in the four sonatas which were given on Friday the 17th, Op. 2, F minor No. 1, A major No. 2. C major No. 3, and E flat Op. 7, we have the influence of Mozart exhibited over the mind of the composer, although there is still more than ample evidence of the perfect independence and self-reliance which hereafter manifests itself in so remarkable a degree in what are known as the second and third periods of his career. It requires a pianist of no ordinary calibre to attack the difficulties involved in some of the best known sonatas, and even with the aid of a book is no small tax upon the physical and intellectual powers of the player, but when executed from memory alone, the undertaking almost approaches the line of hazardous, and it says no little for Mr. Charles Halle's qualifications, that all the four sonatas in question were given without the music. If he follows the example in the remaining concerts, as an effort of mnemonics alone, it will be something marvellous. Two songs, Dussek's "Name the glad day, dear," and Macfarren's "Ah, why do we love?" both sung with the unaffected simplicity of manner which is so characteristic of that rapidly rising artist, Miss Banks, agreeably relieved both pianist and audience.—Mr. Harold Thomas was the accompanist.

ANTWERP.—Nicolai's opera, *Der Templer*, translated by Dangias, has been successfully produced. Nicolai composed this work, under the title of *Il Templario*, in Rome, before he composed the *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*. It is quite Italian in style, and full of pleasing melodies.

A SECOND PAGANINI.—A Leipzig correspondent, writing to the *Athenaeum*, speaks in very high praise of a M. Lotto, a very young, but very fine, violinist, of the French school. The universal verdict is, that since Paganini no such "wonderful" player has been heard. We learn from the same source that a selection of forty of Sebastian Bach's songs, ten for each voice, taken from his various oratorios, cantatas, motets, &c., has been published by Whistling, of Leipzig. The selection has been arranged by Robt. Franz, who has arranged the accompaniments for the piano. M. Lotto is a pupil of M. Massart, one of the most respected professors in the Paris Conservatoire.

A BARBEROUS COMPLIMENT.—A popular hair-dresser, who is also a *fanatico per la musica*, and a devoted admirer of the composer of *Il Trovatore*, has just invented a new pomade, which, by way of compliment to the great musical *maestro*, he has styled "Verdi grease." We have little doubt that, like the hundreds of popular airs of Signor Verdi, this brilliant emanation of genius, *à la perruque*, will soon be in everybody's head.—*Liverpool Porcupine*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Father Molloy.

25

Those who visited the charming Parlor Operas, performed by Mr. and Mrs. Drayton, will recollect, among other Songs, in which Mr. Drayton's fine voice and talent for the Comic shone prominently, this history of the Irishman's confession to Father Molloy. The song is capable of producing great effect, and is now published for the first time.

Resignation. Sacred Song. Miss Lindsay. 30

This Song has quickly found its way into every musical family in England. It is highly prized as a valuable addition to their Sabbath Music.

Weep not fond heart. F. W. Kucken. 25

A new gem from the German. Kucken is the most popular modern German Song writer. His Songs are translated into all the principal languages. His Melodies sound in the School and in the Parlor, on the street and in Concerts. This Song is in his best style, and ranks with "Good night, farewell" in point of compass and difficulty.

Instrumental Music.

Union Quadrille. J. S. Knight. 35

Fine spirited music, with no lack of striking melodies. The Quadrille calls to mind some of Strauss' strains, whose compositions every dancer delights in. It is, of course, capital for dancing. Figures are added.

God save the Queen. Varied. A. Baumbach. 30

An excellent arrangement of medium difficulty.

Band Music.

DITSON'S SELECT BRASS BAND MUSIC; (on Cards). For 14 Instruments, but can be used for a less number if desirable, namely, 2 E flat Cornets; 3 B flat Cornets; 2 E flat Altos; 2 B flat Baritones; 1 B flat Bass Tuba, or Ophicleide; 1 E flat or F Bass Tuba; Bass Drum; Cymballs, and Side Drum. Parties in want of a good selection of Music for Bands, will find this unexceptionable. It comprises:

1. Prima Donna Waltz, Julien.
2. Katy Darling; Lilly Dale.
3. I would that my love, Mendelssohn.
4. Do they miss me at home; Thou art gone from my gaze.
5. When the swallows homeward fly.
6. Gentle Nettie Moore; Cheer, Boys, Cheer.
7. Syracuse Polka.
8. Anvil Chorus.
9. Serenade, by Schubert.
10. Coquette Polka.
11. Gipsy Polka.
12. National Schottische.
13. Sontag Polka.
14. Fest March.
15. Wait for the wagon; Jordan Quickstep.
16. Wedding March.
17. Elfyn Waltz, Labitzky.
18. Evening Star Waltz, Lanner.
19. Shells of Ocean, and Silver Lake Waltz.
20. 'Tis the last rose of Summer; Home, sweet Home.
21. Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch; My lodging is on the cold ground; Annie Laurie.
22. Washington's March; Our Flag is there.
23. Hail Columbia; Star Spangled Banner.
24. God save the king; Yankee Doodle.
25. Silvery Shower.
26. Prison Song.
27. Love-not Quickstep.
28. Ever of thee.
29. Medley—Dearest Spot and Darling Nelly Gray.
30. Departed Days, Serenade.
31. O, Summer Night, Don Pasquale.
32. Marseilles Hymn.
33. La Norma March.
34. Wrecker's Daughter Quickstep.
35. Wood-up Quickstep.
36. Duke of Reichstadt's Waltz.
37. Serious Family Polka.
38. Sultan's Polka.
39. Dead March in "Saul," Handel.
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41. On to the Field.
42. Dixie's Land.—Each set is printed on stout cards and neatly enclosed in an envelope.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 481.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 12.

Lotos-Land.

Oh, land beloved! oh, land unknown!
By what blue Rhine or rapid Rhone,
Or any river man hath known,
Shall I arrive at thee?
Or by what mighty trackless seas,
Where the unwearied northern breeze
From dumb and frozen cavern flees
Triumphant, to be free.

Or by what desert, red and vast,
Breaking the fevered tropic blast,
Shall my too lingering steps at last
Attain to thy sweet shore?
Oh, plains serene! oh, rivers rolled
Like babbling dreams o'er sands of gold!
Fair birds that do your pinions fold,
And singing, cease to soar!

Skies, where such slumbrous mists are shed!
The heart forgets it ever bled,
And sleep lies on the lonely head,
Forgetting and forgot.
There nothing has been, or shall be,
But all things are, eternally.
The tired soul may not think nor see,
Such quiet rules the spot;

For there is neither hope nor fear,
No hated thing, nor nothing dear,
Nor any troubled atmosphere,
Nor any thing but rest.
Such utter sleep, such thoughtlessness,
As might a mortal life redress
And set aside its deadly stress,
From even a woman's breast.

Oh, land, dear land! sweet-visions shore,
That no man's footsteps may explore,
Nor any but a fool deplore,
Yet would I slept in thee!
The jester tires of cap and bells,
The disenchanted laughs at spells,
The past all future lies foretells.
Dear land, come true to me!

Hartford.

ROSE TERRY.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Through the Country of the White Hills.

We went away from town to escape for a while the bustle, the restlessness, the wear and tear of mind and body. Regularity, the first requisite of a "respectable" man in any vocation, cuts deep ruts into ones road of mental progress. There is no better mender of such roads than Nature, the kindly mother of all. A few days with her at her own house and all those ruts, be they ever so deep cut and irregular, are filled up; the road is smooth again, and thought no longer halting, flashes forth, swift and far away, without let or hindrance. And if you go in

"The charming month of May,
When all the flowers are fresh and gay,"

they are filled up with pleasant things such as it is hard to tell of, though we all know them. There are the little shining blades of grass, the buttercups, the stately trees with their young, fresh leaves, and underneath them, if you go where we went, the fragrant Mayflower with its blossoms almost white as snow. And then there are the mossy rocks and running over them merrily the limpid brooks, and further on the ponds. And over all the expanse of the

heavens and the eternal sun, lighting them up all, the blades of grass and the buttercups, the trees, the rocks and the brooks, and diving deep down into the ponds and scooping them out into just such an azure vault as spreads above them. Yea, even to the may-flowers in the solemn darkness of the holy forest steal the sunbeams, running over from the gay, young leaves when they have drunk enough of the golden light, and here and there one will find a narrow space to creep through aslant, where there are no leaves, and kiss a tuft of moss awake that had lain slumbering there all through the winter under its coverlet of snow. Now such a kind mother is Nature, that everywhere she has strewn about these remedies for a mind afflicted with the effects of business-routine and regularity. You may try to drive her out with a pitchfork—yet will she return, as old Horace said a long time ago, and it was an old trick of her's then. Try it; even in our cities, where we shut her out by flag-stones from the streets. Leave off the daily routine of stepping over particular paving-stones and see how, quickly, back comes a little blade of grass to take the place again, that its ancestors held long ago, "ante urbem conditam," as the Romans used to say, or in a free translation: before the pilgrim fathers landed in the Mayflower. Yes Nature is everywhere, comely everywhere and kind withal, and she gives you without stint whatever she has. But then, there are places where she used to play in days of old, in those hoary times, when she herself was yet young and did not count so many years (we do not care to repeat them after the learned ones, who have counted them,—at least they think so.) In such places she allowed all her glorious playthings to remain lying about, just as she left them. And fondly she comes back to them every spring and lingers a little while by them, just to deck them with the freshness and glory of youth once more. There you see her mountains, here one and there another over it, just as she tumbled them out of her lap, when she was done playing with them. There you see the maiden-like birch with hanging locks and the melancholy fir just as she had planted them long, long ago. And there the very brooks that she made the clouds yield forth to clothe her mountains in her livery of green, are trickling down through the moss and then, gathering headway and strength they come tumbling with thundering noises over the bare sides of the mountains in mighty falls and rush forth in broad rivers. And there the voices of the woods sing over the old strains of whispered solitary longing, or of glorious, fresh life, or of wild and passionate storm, as in times of yore. And all seems good and pleasant, and all around you is health and strength; and you forget your regularity and routine and are a child again of your good mother Nature. But the best of all her gifts is this, that the images of these things, glorious and sublime, do not leave you, but go with you, if you really love her, and help you for awhile to bear up and keep your mind fresh under the monotony of regularity, which you have to undergo again, when you come home.

And so we went to one of the finest of Nature's playgrounds, the White Hills. We carried some music with us (and this, O kind and gentle reader, is my excuse for sending these lines to our old friend, Dwight's Journal, and the sole cause of your reading them,—unless you have turned over to the next article ere you got thus far)—one of us in his fingers,

both of us in our heads. And yet we hardly need have had any; there was so much music in the rippling, murmuring brooks, in the waving sighing firs, in the sweeping gusts of wind and even in the twittering of the young birds. Still there was scarcely a way to leave it behind, we had both got so used to it. And we were glad too, that we had it.

There is a magnificent mirror stretched out and firmly set in the ground with a frame of gorgeous green mountains, which the red man used to call Winnipisseogee. And where the streaming, shrieking iron horse leaves you, there is an inn at a place called Alton Bay, which you doubtless know. But should you not, you could not do any better than go there this summer. Delightful rides both on the lake and around the hills with views of the indented lakeshore, beautiful beyond description; the house itself almost surrounded by woods—there you are with Nature at her own home. And besides an attentive and kind host there will be more attraction if you are musically inclined—a piano, as we were assured. We ourselves had to miss that luxury, it being so early in the season. And so my friend of the nimble fingers with his head and heart full of music and mirth and kindness had to curb their impetuous delight at their finding themselves on keys again, to slow measures, as there was nothing but—a melodeon. Do not be frightened, gentle reader, at the idea. Melodeons are instruments, poor and unsatisfactory; but my friend of the nimble fingers (now it is quite tedious to write those last six words so often and a roundabout arrangement, at best; so we will call him L—d in future, which *entre nous*—is his real name all but the missing letters; the writer being sufficiently modest not to intrude his own critical I on the reader, will be designated by his signature *†). To go on then, L—d knew how to call forth from the trembling reeds delights nevertheless, and slow grand chorals and canons and fugati interwoven with many hued harmonies floated through the twilight of the room, dimly lit up by the crackling open wood fire. Memories of olden times came thronging around, floating on the flood of solemn tones, and friends were assembling around the listener on the sofa (*† had got hold of the hotel register and found some very dear names of years past) when the holy sounds were interrupted by the words: "supper is ready," not unwelcome, though, after the ride in the afternoon.

Skimming across the lake the next day, after a pleasant ride, though it was somewhat blustering, we were landed at Centre Harbor. And here the second instrumental concert took place, after a pleasant walk in the woods. We had quite good company during it, Schumann, Schubert and Robert Franz accompanying us, they rather silently, only here and there some snatches of their music being heard, while we were discussing their works and merits. "Well," so L—d closed our talk, as we came back to the portico of the Senter House, "Schubert will after all carry off the palm for invention and inspiration, while Franz vastly surpasses him as far as sentiment and delicate feeling, and the musical rendering of the situation are concerned." But, oh how delightfully, after an early supper, those lovely runs from the Adagio of Chopin's *E minor* concerto chimed in with the mellow light, streaming slantingly down on the lake and lighting up the sparkling, rippling wavelets with the fresh green of the meadows in the foreground, each little blade of grass glisten-

ing in the evening sun. And the merry ballad in *A flat* by the same master with its superb working up towards the end! And then like reflections from our childhood, little "*Kinderscenen*" by Schumann, looked in upon us. Now the "*Curiose Geschichte*" (curious story) astonished and then the "Knight of the Hobby-horse" delighted the audience (to wit, *†). After the poet had closed the book (it was the closing piece entitled "*Der Dichter spricht*" (the poet speaks), but the book was merely in our heads and in L—d's fingers, came those beautiful songs of Franz, arranged by Liszt: *Der Bote* (the messenger) and *Willkommen mein Wald* (Welcome, O woods). And after some prelude the brilliant and delicate tone-waves of Chopin's *A flat Etude*, with the melody floating on the top of each ripple closed the concert, which *† assures the reader, was highly relished. There was a short *matinée* the next morning, graced by the presence of a beauty from the home of the commander at Fortress Monroe. But we cannot be expected to put in all the programmes. A short entertainment of vocal music followed the day; but between the two we had seen the White Hills, actually white with snow, all their grand summits splendidly frosted and glistening in the sun against the blue sky. We had seen them from the Red Hill, and on the other side the vast basin of the lake lay looking in the warm sunshine with its hundreds of green islands and its graceful, undulating shores. We had seen grim Chocorua and peaked Kearsarge in the distance. We had admired the Conway meadows, dotted with their elms and the White Horse ledge, with its grand overtopping background of the White Hills again. It was glorious. Beethoven consented to give us a good deal of symphonic music; but neither the birds of the woods, nor the kine in the meadows nor the humming bumble-bees heard any sound at all, though that "scene on the brook" in the Pastoral was all about them. Then followed the third and last instrumental concert at North Conway; which it must be confessed, was listened to by *† with attention rather divided between brushing his boots preparatory to the visit to the kind lady who had come up before us on the stage, and ordering and discussing the dinner with the obliging landlady of the North Conway House. Capital dinner by the way, and got up in an astonishing short time with all sorts of delicacies. And here the musical record closes for a while. Nature claimed all attention and when we were not climbing about on rocks, or snow-balling each other, or wading up streams to cataracts, we were riding; and riding it the bracing mountain air makes one drowsy. Well, the Silver Cascade in the North was splendid and walking across the stream on a bridge of snow on the 1st of June, something of a novelty.

There were no more entertainments of a musical character until we came in our migrations to the Echo Lake in the Franconia Mountains. There the rocks were obliging enough to repeat for us, besides a deal of arrant nonsense, full chords, including minor seventh and ninth, major and minor. We may add, that they were duly resolved. The fierce blasts of the Indian's horn not unaptly suggested the *Eroica* at least to us. I doubt if the Indian shared our reminiscences. And though the wind seemed to have taken umbrage at our burdening him with our vocal and instrumental performances—for the violent gusts almost swamped our boat—we yet got home safe to the delicacies of the dinner table at the Profile House, and had occasion to bless our good star that had led us to this vicinity. The Flume was magnificent, fuller of water than *† had ever seen it before, and the coolness of the Pool a delightful offset to the sultry, odorous air of the woods. Long will live in our memories the half aquatic, half gymnastics exercises at this rockbound basin of cool, foaming water; and if the woods and the rocks were astonished at the strange noises and the pool at the merry company

we certainly could not help it. It was the opening of the season and right merrily we opened it. Little remains to be said about the homeward journey. A runaway horse, a capsized buggy, a drenching rain and bruised and aching limbs are not especially pleasant, much less do they present fit subjects for musical treatment except perhaps the rain, which found a musical translation in the Pastoral. But then—to be strictly true—we did not think of it just then, sprained wrists and fingers not being pleasant appendages to a musical body and bruises generally not inviting musical reveries.

So this journey through the country of the White Hills closed. But not the pleasant, health-giving refreshing and strengthening effects, which our visit to Mother Nature left us in spite of our bruises. And if any of our readers feel jaded and tired out as did the writer and his friend, let them go to Lake Winnipisseogee and to the mountain streams and dive down in them, then they "will be well again," as the watersprite said to Goethe's fisherman. For there is a beauty about the life of Nature, mysterious and lovely, joyous and sublime; and the woods and the mountains gladly impart of their own beauty and strength to the son of the Earth who comes among them with a love and reverence for good Mother Nature, such as she deserves at the hands of her children. *†

The Development of the Musical Faculties.

OF INSTRUCTION.

How often—we ask again—do we hear teachers complain of the want of disposition in their pupils, and how rarely is any serious exertion made to *develop and strengthen this disposition*? How seldom are the means anxiously and assiduously sought for, to strengthen the weak, and supply the deficient! Is, then, the object of musical instruction merely to enable the pupil to play a certain number of compositions,—to acquire an amount of mechanical cleverness, and a quick perception of visible signs? All this can be mastered by the understanding and corporeal aptitude alone, without any deeper participation in the soul; but it is also fruitless in the mind and disposition, and without life in artistic feeling. He, however, who is not satisfied with that empty and ineffective advantage, but thirsts for the really operative benefit of artistic cultivation, must seek it nowhere but in the fountain and domain of all art—in the artistic feeling—and in the natural disposition from or to which every thing is developed or tends.

Here a fundamental principle presses forward, which might seem too evidently correct to require mentioning, if it were not so often violated in practice. *We ought never to place anything before the scholar—no composition whatsoever, which he is not capable of completely understanding.* Works of deep meaning, much combination, or even merely great extent, require a certain maturity and settled formation of the mind for their performance, if they are to be presented with feeling and judgment, and not simply with mechanical dexterity. It would be thought ridiculous to give the works of Dante or Shakspeare to children, or even the easy extravagant fictions of Ariosto, and yet we require them to play Bach's fugues, and Beethoven's deepest works, or richly figured concerted compositions; and we give grand opera scenes to beginners, who might delight both themselves and us in a simple natural song. Unfortunately, this process, with a little cleverness and mechanical diligence, cannot easily fail of producing an ostensible effect; and thus parents and scholars are deluded with the outward appearance of having made some progress—of a great step forward having been achieved; whereas, in reality, only one thing has been done, that is, nature has been paralyzed and placed out of the reach of sympathy.

OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE FEELING OF MEASURE.

It is in this matter that the complaints of want

of perception chiefly originate. This defect is, indeed, often formally instilled into the scholar. The feeling of measure and sensation of rhythm—we repeat it,—are innate in every human being gifted with understanding, but, like every other faculty, in different gradations; and they are certainly not so far elaborated by nature, as to enable their possessors to distinguish and perform the manifold and artistically combined rhythms of our compositions. Let us examine one of the easiest sonatas of Mozart, Haydn, or Beethoven, or one of the airs of Spontini, Weber, or Rossini; what a number of digressing and artistically entangled rhythms! How the parts of bars are divided into quavers,—sometimes into semiquavers or triplets, with dots,—or joined together by binds or syncopations; what a variety of accentuations must occur in such a composition! Everyone who has but a proximate idea of this rhythmic multiplicity, must perceive at once, that without much care and education, the natural feeling of measure could not suffice for the performance of such productions. But this is just what the generality of teachers concern themselves the least about. If they pursue any regular plan in the instruction of the scholar, the compositions follow each other, almost exclusively in the ratio of the dexterity they require in their execution. The entangled rhythm remains uncomprehended; and it is considered sufficient, if the measure, that is, the equableness of motion, be forcibly preserved by the perpetual counting of the master, accompanied by the pupil, and by incessant beating time in extraordinary and ridiculous attitudes. By these means, however, the feeling of measure, the finer rhythmic sense, and the insight into the nature of rhythm, cannot assuredly be inspired and developed. With every new composition, this misery of counting, beating, and stamping begins afresh, until a *mechanical habit of equality* is formed, instead of a *living feeling* for equal and uniform measure and its expression. It is unfortunately too true, that most musicians are content with the sense and capacity for mechanical equality of measure,—for the cold inanimate beat; and consider the rich and living rhythmical feeling as superfluous.

How easy is it, on the other hand, to an enlightened teacher, particularly in the beginning, to elucidate the various forms of rhythm by a methodical arrangement in respect of simplicity and increasing complicity or mixture! Marches for the boys, dances for the girls—four-hand playing upon the pianoforte, or playing with other instruments, making the accentuation perceptible from the beginning—repetition of purposely accented playing—in case of necessity, marching or exercising arranged motions by the pupil, to the playing of the master; all these expedients,—preceded, of course, by a perfectly clear explanation and analysis of the rhythm, and many small helps and incidents arising from the instruction itself, and which cannot now be named—are the most appropriate means of cultivating the feeling of measure.*

DEVELOPMENT OF THE FEELING OF TONE.

Students of the pianoforte are in a still worse position with regard to the development of the sense of tone. Here elementary teachers imagine they have accomplished everything, if the scholar can play correctly the note before him. Whether he have a living perception of what he plays, or whether this excite any emotion or consciousness in him, is not thought worthy of consideration.

With better intentions, however, many teachers fail in their means. We will not again mention, that in respect of this faculty also, the choice of a profession must depend upon the capacity of the scholar; but proceed at once to the first means of awakening the perception of tone; to those means indeed, which, on false fundamental principles, are generally avoided or thrown aside.

The first practice is the exertion of our own faculties diligently, in seeking and inventing successions of tones.

In beginning the pianoforte (or any other instruments admitting similar exercises), the first lessons generally consist of a string of finger ex-

ercises, which are repeated in all the scales. On this occasion, we advise that no exercise be written for some time, but that the scholar imitate them from the teacher, and thus immediately imprint them on his memory. Only when the exercises become so numerous, that we might apprehend they would be forgotten, would we allow them to be written, and then in brief, the major in the scale of C major, and the minor in the scale of A minor. Then the scholar must seek out the same exercises in all the other scales by the aid of his ear alone. In like manner, when an exercise has been given to the pupil in chords, he must seek it out also on every degree and semitone; during which performance, the utmost assistance we could allow from the teacher, would be, the exclamation of "False!" whenever an error were committed. Only when the scholar has attained a certain proficiency, may he be told how the scales and tones are to be named, and he may then be allowed to write them out. It is very desirable, also, to induce the pupil to perform the scales and chords with his voice.

A second means of producing a lively impression of tone, is to play and sing from the memory. The dread expressed by most parents and teachers, of playing by heart or from ear, must appear ridiculous to all persons who are well informed in matters of teaching and education in general; since, in all other objects of mental cultivation, the employment and strengthening of the memory is so seriously and authoritatively insisted on. The only ground of objection is, that the beginner, not looking at the notes, is liable to play incorrectly, that he will gradually forget his exercises, and never be able to play with certainty from notes. Against these evils, there are very sure remedies close at hand. Should this incorrectness be apprehended, only give the scholar such long and so many compositions at once, that it will be impossible for him to learn them by rote. Occupy him early with four-hand or accompanied compositions, which are difficult to learn by heart, since no single part contains them entirely. In fine, do not allow everything to be so learned; and in what is permitted, insist upon the most rigid fidelity to the notes, and on the slightest deviation in this respect, let the notes be resumed. In an extreme case, an unfinished composition can be given to a scholar who seizes by heart with extraordinary rapidity; and different parts of the composition can be filled up, altered, and corrected continually, so that the attention of the scholar must be constantly engaged in detecting the changes. There is no doubt, indeed, that an intelligent and attentive teacher will always find means to prevent the abuse of a faculty so agreeable and pregnant with such innumerable advantages to the player, and so manifestly precious to a composer. The highest freedom, power, and feeling in performance, or in conducting, are not to be attained while we are chained to the notes; and how composition and improvisation are to be carried to any perfection without a sure memory, is not easy to be imagined.

Learning to play and sing by heart, not only strengthens the feeling of tone, inasmuch as it necessitates the imprinting of single relations of tones, and the recalling of them according to such impression,—but it enables us, also, to imagine whole compositions, with all their combinations present to our minds. Here we may add a third means, which is peculiarly adapted to quicken the attention, to excite the watchfulness of the scholar, to accustom him every moment to instant and enlarged apprehension and decision, without which no deep penetration can be effected in art or in artistic works. This means is, frequent playing and singing at sight, especially four-handed or with accompaniment, and, indeed at once, in the absolute time (tempo), or nearly so, required in the composition. The teacher in this case must make the pupil understand, that it is absolutely necessary for the success of this procedure, that the composition should be played throughout without omission, interruption, or remission in time, to the end; that no reflection, no repetition, no looking back for errors, is per-

mitted; but on the contrary, that the eye must constantly press forwards, and the performance must instantly and inevitably follow the eye. This alone must be required of the scholar, and must unrelentingly be insisted on by the teacher, and be more particularly and unfailingly observed in practice, if the latter should play with his scholar. On the other hand, the scholar must be comforted with the reflection that under such circumstances, he is not answerable for single failures, omissions, &c. The first attempts at this practice are often, indeed, wretched performances—quite laughable even, to those who do not consider how many qualifications must work herein together for the best possible effect to be produced. Usually, however, a vast improvement is manifested with unexpected rapidity, if the teacher begins and proceeds with judgment.

Of course, together with the above exercises, other compositions are most carefully studied, and are considered the chief materials of instruction. For the playing at sight, easier compositions are selected; and when they have been used for this object, they may be carefully studied. Then the disadvantages arising possibly from sight playing, that is, over rapidity and inexactness, &c., may be corrected.

In fine, may we never, indeed, willingly suppress that most fruitful means of animating and exalting the musical sense, *invention*; but with joy and hope, on all occasions, most tenderly foster and encourage it, whether it be exerted in writing or at the instrument. How often is the young pupil reproved by teachers and parents, if he allows himself to try and try, and seek out his fancies on the piano! How often—we have already deplored it—is he told that that is useless dreaming, and that a finger exercise is much more improving! How often are his first attempts at writing thrown away with contempt, and his want of talent, or the widely different profession for which he is destined, urged upon him, in order to withdraw him from such nonsensical fancies and vain exertions. To a highly-gifted individual, such insults are simply discouraging. To a less gifted person, they are too often destructive. Let no man be enticed into the profession of a composer. He who does not feel interiorly an irresistible calling to that course of life, has no security for its success. But let not the highest and most prolific form in which musical sense and power can be worked out and perfected, be disturbed. We are all exercised from childhood upwards, in classical employment, even in versification. Are we, therefore, all educated to be authors or, perhaps, poets? By no means. But there is no more powerful means of developing the mind, and making it master of its organ—speech, than the elaboration of its own thoughts and imaginings. How much more important, then, must such a means be in music, for which we have no such enormous preparatory formation, than in thinking and writing, for which our whole life has been a school, by our incessant thought and speech, from the earliest age.—*Dr. Marx's General Musical Instruction.*

* It is only against excess in counting—against incessant and deafening counting aloud, and that insufferable beating time—that we wish to inveigh. These cannot be altogether dispensed with, particularly in the beginning. When their employment becomes necessary, the word used must be uttered sharply, whereby the feeling of measure is kept lively and attentive. A drawling utterance occasions indecision and uncertainty; impatient loudness deafens; and stamping the time disturbs the holding-on. A short loudly whispered "One! two!" of the teacher at the proper time, a gentle and punctual tap with the finger on the reading desk or on the arm of the pupil, governs the measure more surely, and excites the feeling of measure more intimately, than the seemingly grimaces by which many a leader endeavors to display his zeal. In distributions or divisions not easy to apprehend, and two-part order (for example, in the solution of crotchets and quavers, semiquavers, &c.) instead of "One! two!" we may count "Firstly! second!" in which the word may indicate the part of a bar, and each syllable a part thereof. If the phrase should change at once into three-part distribution, the "Firstly! second!" must be changed again into "One! two! three! &c." In quick movements, half or even whole bars only are counted. The playing of difficult passages an octave higher by the master with the pupil, is very inspiring; and also counting parts only of bars in quick passages, and smaller members in slow passages. When the scholar has acquired some certainty, it is particularly desirable that he be led to omit the counting in easy passages, and resume it on the recurrence of passages of importance. In general, the scholar should be induced to relinquish external aid so soon as his apprehension and practice will allow it.

Mälzel's Metronome is a useful assistant, to enable the piano-forte student to preserve equable measure in his exercises. It

ought not, however, to be placed upon the instrument on which he is playing, because its regularity might be disturbed by the devious energy of his exertion, as differently going clocks will assimilate in their movements if placed upon the same board.

National Anthems

AND PATRIOTIC WAR-SONGS.

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

There is generally a great deal of confusion and contradiction prevalent in the accounts given of the origin and history of popular airs and songs, especially those of a loyal, patriotic or military description. This is the case with several of quite modern character, and of less than a century's date, and which have been read or listened to by many persons now living, within the first year of their production. Without referring now to instances of this in our own country, a remarkable and interesting case of the kind is presented in the various stories which have been circulated and believed as to the alleged facts and circumstances of the composition and first performance of the grand anthem of the French people—a song which has been actually productive of more positive effects, of greater events, than any other words or tune ever known.

The first form of this romance which I heard was given to me in New Haven, in the year 1840, by a gentleman (now deceased) of considerable literary pretensions, who had then been in the editorial business about twenty years. It was at that time only a floating tradition, with no more definite form than this:

"THE MARSEILLES HYMN—music and all—was composed by De Lisle (a young officer in the French army during the first Revolution) while he was staggering through the streets to his quarters, after a midnight carouse. Any person can perceive at once that the tune is merely bacchanalian in its character and origin, intensely so. It has the measure of a drunkard's reel, and the whirl of a drinking chorus about it."

This remark was made to me on the occasion of the public singing of a serious parody which I had made upon the current English paraphrase of the original, and which had passed, without censure, under the critical revision of James G. Percival and James A. Hillhouse.

This story, coming to me from a respectable source, I received without question, and supposed it to be true history, until within the last ten years, or thereabouts, when a characteristically Frenchy *nouvellette* appeared in the *feuilleton* of some Parisian journal, to this purport:

"There is a young man of genius—a genius both in poetry and music—yet 'a youth to fortune and to fame unknown.' He is poor, very poor, and writes poetry to save himself from starvation. Being an ardent French republican, on occasion of the approach of the invading German army, under command of the Duke of Brunswick, in 1792, inspired by patriotism, he writes the words and composes the music of the song now known as 'The Marseilles Hymn.' He tries to sell it to the music sellers and publishers. None of them will touch it. He offers it to theatre-managers, with no better success. Accidentally, his composition falls into the hands of an eminent actress, who is a great singer and a public favorite. She appreciates it—admires it—and learns it, with the purpose of astonishing her audience with it on the first proper occasion. Accordingly, after due preparation, she comes out with it, in full burst, before an entranced and almost breathless throng in the theatre. It is encored repeatedly, amid thunders of applause and the most rapturous enthusiasm. At length, the name of the author is demanded, with a unanimous shout. The *cantatrice* pronounces it, and describes him. He is not in the house. Ascertaining the place of his residence, the whole assembly, in a perfect furor of grateful admiration, rush into the streets, in the direction of his lodgings, to hail and glorify the hitherto unknown patriot-poet.

"Meanwhile, the poor youth, unconscious of the success of his composition, not knowing even the intention to produce it on the stage, has sunk to the lowest depths of want and distress; and,

in his utter hopelessness, has resorted to the usual expedient of a despairing Frenchman—inhalation of carbonic acid gas. He has closed windows and door—has lighted the charcoal; but, before becoming quite insensible, he hears a strange tremendous uproar in the street. He listens. What—can it be? Is it?—yes—yes, it is, indeed, the grand chorus of his own war-song and battle-hymn pealing on the midnight air, from thousands of voices. His apartment is taken by storm—door battered down—he is saved—he revives to hope, to glory, and to comfort—is cheered, welcomed, *fêted*, idolized, &c.”

This is as pretty a specimen of Parisian newspaper romance as could be offered. I do not know that the author intended that it should be believed; but very probably it has been taken as sober truth by many plain, matter-of-fact people, such as largely inhabit this country and the English-speaking world generally. The French have a peculiar taste for inventions of this style—a peculiar faculty of getting them up, and of appreciating them. Of this, we have another instance in connection with the same theme. It has been made the subject of a very striking historical picture, which was exhibited and sold in this city not many years ago. I give this (as I have the preceding) from memory, having no book at hand to which I can refer:

Rouget de Lisle was a subaltern officer in the garrison of Strasburg, in 1692. The city was endangered and in distress, in consequence of the invasion of France by the legions of the German Empire advancing to overthrow the democratic republic, and restore the Bourbon to monarchical power. Strasburg, though originally a German city, was faithful to the cause of French liberty and independence. De Lisle, like other republican soldiers of that time (Latour d'Auvergne, for instance), was a young man, of high literary endowments. His qualities gave him admission into the best families of the place, among others, into that of the burgomaster, or chief civic magistrate, who, with his wife and two daughters, encouraged and enjoyed the exercise of their favorite guest's poetical and musical gifts.

The troubles of that revolutionary epoch, the perils of the republic, the commercial ruin caused by the war, and the general distress of the community, were naturally frequent topics of their conversation. In view of the general despondency, the magistrate suggested to his gallant and gifted young friend the production of a song, adapted to the exigency—a war-hymn—a battle-cry—that should re-animate the hopes and arouse the courage of the almost despairing children of the new republic. The wife and fair daughters seconded the call. The youthful poet ardently desired to comply with the request, but long essayed in vain. The lyric muse was reluctant, and, for a time, refused her inspiration. At length, during one gloomy evening's conversation the burgomaster draws forth the last bottle of wine left in the house. The means of replenishing it or supplying its place were distant, or wholly deficient, in fact, might be regarded as neither *in esse* nor *in posse*. (Character of the wine not recollected—most probably Hochheimer—but, possibly, Johannisberg). It is placed on the cover of the pianoforte; the cork is drawn; the lid is raised; the poet and composer (*esimio lirico*) is seated; he takes a drink; he touches the keys with trembling hand; he takes another drink; his touch is bolder—his ideas clearer—his imagination more brilliant—and so forth and so on, till the last drop in the bottle has gone down the throat of the bard: and then bursts forth the song—the tune. The burgomaster and burgomistress—likewise the two burgomisses—stand listening, spell-bound, enchanted, while the anthem rolls forth in the first of its now innumerable vocal and instrumental utterances. “The child is born,” and its name is not “The Marseilles Hymn,” but “THE SONG OF THE ARMY OF THE RHINE.”

All this is very pretty—but, at the same time, not only absurdly improbable, but positively and demonstrably untrue.

Rouget De Lisle may have been an uncon-

scious plagiarist—an innocent thief—believing, perhaps, that he was composing a tune, when, in fact, he was but recalling strains which he had long previously heard in some forgotten locality. He declared, in a publication of his own, some years after, that he “composed the melody and the words of this song during the night which followed the declaration of war, toward the end of April, 1792.” And out of those few words of his all these fine stories have been spun.

Now—“Mark how a plain tale shall put them down”—all of them, including the poet himself. I give the whole of the ascertained and ascertainable facts, on the highest authority.

Mr. John C. Scherpf, a learned musical teacher and performer, well known in this city (and learned in many other things besides music), has done me the great favor to investigate this curious piece of history and mystery, and has at my request kindly furnished the following critical report on the subject, which has been, within a few days past, also published by him in the German:

THE MARSEILLAISE.—The same obscurity in which the authorship of the English National Hymn was for a long time enveloped, seems also to have attended the favorite song of the French Revolution. It was but natural that the French should name a Frenchman as the composer of this national air, which even at the present day fills every French heart with transport—until more and more voices loudly claimed the Marseillaise as the copy of a German religious song, in fact, as has been proved lately by the organist, Hamma, in Meersburg, the exact copy of a melody from the Credo in a Mass (No. 4) by Holtzmann, Kapellmeister (director of the musical chapel) to the Prince Elector of the Palatinate at Meersburg.

Already in 1792, when the enthusiasm for this song was at its height, when, in the true sense of the word, it reëchoed throughout the whole of France, and inspired every heart—a rumor was spreading that the melody was a German one, and even the poem itself was ascribed to a German, George Forster. (a) This rumor disappeared during those troublous times, when the solution of more important questions was needed, until it was again called forth in 1830, by the discovery that the melody of the liberty-song of that time, the *Parisienne* (b) was taken from a German popular air, which had been sung by the English-German Legion and the Hanoverian troops in 1814 and 1815. Benches and Roux have also introduced the notice in their “Histoire parlementaire de la Revolution,” that the Marseillaise was originally composed by a German for the army of Biron (c). Rouget de l'Isle (d) himself claims the Marseillaise as his own work, as he says in a collection of French songs: “I composed the melody and words of this song during the night which followed the declaration of war toward the end of April, 1792.” If, on the one hand, it would be a matter of surprise that a mere amateur should have succeeded in writing such an exciting poem and such a splendid melody during the few hours of one night we find on the other hand, in a work of Castil Blaze (e) a statement, that at the private theatre of Madame de Montesson, who was secretly married to the Duke of Orleans, in 1782, there was heard, for the first time, a German song, with chorus and refrain, a melody of several stanzas, which ten years later, filled all France with the greatest enthusiasm. With this text of Rouget's the German melody was adopted as a “Chant de l'armée du Rhin,” which the regiments in Strasburg and Alsace sang and played as a march. Thence the song was carried to the South of France, and finally by the battalions of Marseilles to Paris, where the composition of the melody was at that time attributed partly to Julien (?), partly to Gossee (f), Pleyel (g), and more particularly to Mehul (h) who, however, arranged it only more fully for the bands.

a George Forster—probably John George Forster—who, with his father, accompanied Capt. Cook on his voyage around the world. He was a zealous republican, born near Dantzic, in November, 1754—died, 1794.

b *Parisienne*, poetry by Casimir Delavigne, was written 1830, for the Revolution.

c Biron—Armand Louis de Gostaut, Duc de Biron, born in 1747. Fought in command of French troops in America during the Revolution; was executed 1794.

d Joseph Rouget de Lisle, born at Lens le Saulnier, May 10th, 1760—died in 1836. Is said to have composed “la Marseillaise” in Strasburg. Klopstock,

the German poet, once said to him in Hamburg: “Your hymn has cost Germany more than 50,000 brave soldiers.” Under Robespierre he was incarcerated, and only that tyrant's death saved him from the scaffold. In 1830 the Chambers offered him, who had then been almost forgotten, a pension of 6000 francs which, however, he did not accept. He also wrote “Chants de vengeances” and “Chant de guerre.”

e François Henri Joseph Castil Blaze, born at Caillaillon, 1784. Excellent musicians, critic, translator of various German operas for the French stage.

f François Joseph Gossee, born 1733, died 1829. Composed the memorable hymn, “a la Divinite,” which was sung on the festival, when the Parisian again acknowledged the existence of a Supreme Being. He also composed an apotheosis of Voltaire, and a hymn for Mirabeau's funeral.

g Ignaz Pleyel, born in Austria, 1757; died in Paris, 1831. Well-known composer and piano-manufacturer. Composed a hymn to Liberty.

h E. H. Mehul, born 1762, died 1817. Celebrated composer; took a great interest in the French Revolution, and created much enthusiasm by his popular songs: “Chant du départ”—“De Victoire”—“De Retour.”

Now, as to the occasion of the change of the name of De Lisle's song, by which it lost its original and justly descriptive title, by the casual acquisition of a new one wholly unmeaning and incongruous with its words—I give the following statement, which was recalled to my mind by the renowned poet, Fitz Greene Halleck, in a recent conversation on the analogies and contrasts between the present Southern revolt and the first French Revolution.

In 1793, the “Committee of Public Safety” at Paris (Robespierre, Danton, Marat, St. Just & Co.) summoned the people from all parts of France to assemble in overwhelming force at the capital to put down the scheme of the Girondins for the division of the country into several parts, under independent governments. These Girondins (so named from the great river Gironde, which traverses the section which they represented) attempted to effect the “secession” of their portion of the South of France, under the ancient name of Guienne, with an anti-democratic government, expecting aid and protection from the British.

To crush this *disunion* conspiracy, the people marched to the metropolis in legions from all quarters. When the vast delegation from Marseilles entered the gates, they happened to be singing Rouget de Lisle's “Song of the Army of the Rhine,” with grand choral effect. It was new in Paris, and it was caught up at once spontaneously and simultaneously and simultaneously by the great Pan-Gallic congregation. Thus, without purpose or pre-meditation, and by mere accident, it became the French National Anthem, the Hymn of National Union and indivisible unity, through its words contain not the slightest allusion or reference to that point. It was sung and roared by the Revolutionary mobs through the dreadful scenes that followed, until its sound became a terror to all the foes of the democratic “French Republic, one and indivisible!” It rang its death-notes in the ears of the unhappy Girondin Secessionists as their heads in swift succession came under the keen knife of the guillotine. To this music the armies of the republic thenceforward marched over Europe in an unbroken and unparalleled career of victory and conquest. It became not only the Song of the Nation, but “the Song of the Age”—emphatically and veritably a true *Carmen Seculare*. It is, indeed, the music of the ages and of nations. The bands of the Ottoman Sultaun harshly peal it on the shores of the Bosphorus and Euxine. It is heard as a sound of courageous and triumphant hope over the waves of the three unfrozen oceans, and along the coasts of mighty continents and innumerable islands. There is a magic in its tone that charms the ear of savage and civilized alike, wholly uninfluenced by climate and race. No musical composition yet known has ever animated so many hearts at once, or aroused such mighty multitudes to patriotic ecstasy. No tune in existence is likely to outlive it; and I am confident that I did not misname it when, in a previous publication, I styled it “The Immortal Song.”

I did not err in so denominating it—employing words in their correct unprofessing sense—although, in exact technical language, the “*Marseilles Hymn*” is not a song—not *really* a hymn—not, rigidly speaking, even an anthem. It is simply a chant, as Rouget de Lisle denominating the tune when he adapted it, and imperfectly adapted his verses to the ponderous melody and harmony of the Credo in Holtzmann’s old *Missa Solennis*. This fact betrays the difficulties of those who have attempted to reproduce the tune in combination with English words in rhyme and shows the causes of the failure of British and Anglo-American translators or paraphrasts. The tune cannot actually be sung with the French words. It is not a *chanson*, but a metrical declamation in music—in fact, a chant. The words must be distinctly articulated, with every syllable and letter precisely pronounced. De Lisle’s words are Gallic and Romanesque; the tune is wholly Germanic.

Rachel, who was no singer, but a mere declaimer of French tragedy, has given on the stage the best delivery of the French words to the tune—in hearing of some of us, and of some who heard them when first sounded in the streets of Paris. The French style (as also the Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese style) of singing is wholly incompatible with the proper intonation of this chant or psalm of war, and with the full enunciation of even the French words, with entire expression of the meaning.

“The Star Spangled Banner” is a song to the old English bacchanalian tune of “Anacreon in Heaven,” which was first employed in this country as a patriotic national air, by Robert Treat Paine, of Boston. The original words were those of the once popular song of “Adams and Liberty.” For many years I knew the tune only in that connection.

“Hail Columbia” is a hymn, to a tune first known as the “President’s March,” composed by a French musician, then here, in honor of George Washington. The words are by Joseph Hopkinson, of Philadelphia (first Judge of the United States Court in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania), on the occasion of a Fourth of July celebration in his city.

“Yankee Doodle” is an old English jig. I have been very recently assured that the tune is *Slovenic*—Polish, I think.

“God Save the King,” or “Queen” (as the case may be) is a hymn, and, by a slight stretch of language may be called an anthem.

“Rule Britannia” is a dirge, or lament.

Haydn’s Austrian National Hymn (known in our books of religious music as the “German Hymn”) was composed by him “to order,” as a National Anthem. If it be not such, it is Haydn’s fault.—*Sunday Mercury*.

Don Giovanni.

No more hopeless task presents itself to managers of Italian Opera than that of discovering an adequate representative of Mozart’s Don Giovanni, and yet no character is more frequently essayed by artists incompetent to sustain it. The performance of *Don Giovanni* has resolved itself into an annual necessity, and the opera must be presented whether the singer who undertakes the part of the libertine be good, bad, or indifferent. The manager is satisfied, and imagines the public will be satisfied, if the other personages are more or less efficiently supported, and trusts to the popularity of the music for the rest. But, it may be asked, wherein consists the difficulty of Don Giovanni? Does it tax alike the highest powers of the tragedian or the comedian? Is the music so written that none but an exceptional voice can sing it? The music, on the contrary, is simple enough, so far as the notes are concerned, and any average baritone may master it with tolerable ease. It is the variety of expression that defies the capacity of singers. No part in the whole range of the drama necessitates the embodiment of so many passions as Don Giovanni. No half dozen parts, indeed. To perform it aright, the artist must be as gentle as the dove and bold as the lion; at once condescending and

haughty, humble and scornful, flattering and defiant; with a tongue of oil and a heart of iron. He must don the semblance of one who cares for nothing and feels for nobody, a sensualist, a voluptuary, who, through the most winning accents, the most captivating glances, the most seductive demeanor, must declare himself in every word, look and motion. Surely an artist may rank high in the scale of excellence without being in the least adapted for the part. And so indeed it has proved; the most consummate singers and actors in other characters having entirely failed to reach Mozart’s hero. The difficulty will be acknowledged much greater when the personal graces and refinement of manner required are taken into consideration. Indeed, it is no wonder that, from the first production of the opera in this country, only two artists have been found who could be said to portray the character of Don Giovanni with anything like an approach to the ideal truth. These were Ambrogetti and Tamburini. Let us see in what they excelled, and what were their special gifts. We may thus obtain an insight into the difficulties that present themselves, and be able to find excuses for many admirable vocalists who have so signally fallen short of the reality.

Ambrogetti and Tamburini were serious actors of the highest order. They were also first-rate buffoons. Their repertory, in short, embraced the highest tragedy and the lowest comedy. Either could throw the audience into hysterics one night, as the father in Paer’s *Agnese*, and the next night provoke their utmost risibility as Figaro or Bartolo in the *Barbiere*. But Signor Ronconi could do both one and the other with at least equal power and equal effect. We must, therefore, look for some other quality, or qualities, in the artists who thus specially distinguished themselves. We never saw Ambrogetti, and can only speak from what we have heard and read. Report describes him as having been a perfect gentleman in appearance; graceful and easy in every attitude and movement; courtly in manner; gay, hilarious, buoyant, and overflowing with animal spirits. In his acting he displayed that entire self-possession which betokens the consciousness of inward power. His instinct was unfailing, and enabled him to seize on the salient points of any character he was representing, and verify them to the life. He was, moreover, remarkably handsome, and had that variety of expression in his features which is of such vital consequence in a part like Don Giovanni; in short, was a positive *rara avis*. All we have said of Ambrogetti, may, to a great extent, be affirmed of Tamburini. But personal appearance and refinement of manners would not of themselves necessarily befit an artist for the personification of Don Giovanni without the additional gift of genius. Let us give an illustration. In the scene where Don Giovanni fights and kills the Commendatore, Tamburini, by a few simple gestures, was wont to afford a key to the character of the libertine, clearer and more powerful than a whole host of commentaries. The Commendatore having fallen, pierced by Don Giovanni’s sword, Tamburini used to feel his way in the dark to the body, lay his hand upon the heart, lift up the arm and let it fall, and finding life extinct, kiss his fingers to the corpse in the way of adieu. Genius alone could have hit upon this. So, too, in the tremendous last scene, Tamburini made points that betokened the most subtle and profound conception, or at least an instinct supplying its place. When the statue enters and announces that he has come to avail himself of Don Giovanni’s invitation, Tamburini used to walk round him, a candle-stick in hand, as though endeavoring to pierce through the trick which man or devil was playing him; but, finding that the object before him was veritably of stone, seemed awed into belief, and throwing aside the candle confronted his supernatural visitant with undaunted heart and eye that never quailed.

The admirable performance of M. Faure, in his new part at the Royal Italian Opera, has led to the above remarks. The French baritone, in our estimation, has succeeded in giving a more finished and complete version of the character of

Don Giovanni than any artist since Tamburini, and it is something to be so far satisfied. If a great deal is wanting, much more has been effected than was anticipated. For years we have been compelled to put up either with mediocrity or absolute unfitness; and now that we have got a thoroughly intelligent artist, who acts becomingly, and sings right well, we should be thankful, and not grumble because neither Ambrogetti nor Tambourini is at hand. A good Don Giovanni is better than *no* Don Giovanni; and so here is “long life and prosperity to M. Faure.”

Grisi.

The retirement into private life of an artist like Giulia Grisi, who, for more than a quarter of a century, exercised so powerful a sway over the destinies of Italian Opera in this country, cannot take place without all but universal regret; and which could not fail to have proved universal, but that she has been so long before the public that many of the present frequenters of the Opera have known her only since her vocal powers began to exhibit symptoms of decline. A more perfect singer than Grisi in her zenith—say twenty years ago—never trod the operatic boards. Let us remember the epoch at which she appeared, and the artists with whom she was tested. At the very period when Giulia Grisi made her *debut* at Her Majesty’s Theatre—1831 or 1832—Malibran was astonishing Europe—had recently astonished America—by the brilliancy of her genius and by a combination of artistic and natural qualities never previously found in any singer. Pasta had just declined, leaving a golden track behind her in her setting which still sheds a lustre over the history of the vocal art. Sontag, too, had recently withdrawn into private life; nor yet were the triumphs of Catalani, Fodor, Camporese, Colbran, and other songstresses of the legitimate Italian school, entirely forgotten. It was a perilous essay, indeed, at such a time, for a young untied artist to dare the judgment of an audience whose ears had been thoroughly accustomed to the finest performances of perhaps the greatest singers the world had known. It may well be imagined that but little was expected from the new *prima donna*, although the French critics vaunted loudly of her powers and her beauty. But Gallican opinion had not much weight with the English people in those days; and when Mlle. Giulia Grisi was announced to make her first appearance as Ninetta in *La Gazza Ladra*, the public was not moved, the subscribers smiled, and the *habitués* shrugged their shoulders. It was a memorable night, that of Grisi’s first appearance at the Opera. There was a poor attendance and no excitement—no anticipation, indeed. The first appearance, however, of the new Ninetta created universal interest. At that time Grisi was about two or three and twenty. She was eminently beautiful—need we say how beautiful to those who behold her now, after a period of thirty years?—with features as regular as if hewn out of marble by Phidias or Praxiteles, an expression as various and mutable as that of an April sky, and a figure just budding into the most voluptuous era of womanhood. As she advanced to the footlights she seized on every eye, on every heart. Her triumph was to a considerable extent secured. But when she sang that transcendent burst of love and joy, “*Di piacer mi balza il cor*,” and revealed a voice that for purity, beauty and tender grace has never been surpassed, displaying, moreover, such infinite charm in her singing and acting, the effect may be imagined. The audience was intoxicated, and Giulia Grisi became the prevailing topic of conversation in circles musical and unmusical—became, in short, the operatic idol of the day.

Nor did idolatry lose its worshippers when the first glow and tempest of excitement had past away. On the contrary, the fame of Giulia Grisi increased hourly; and the artist, except in one instance, did not suffer by comparison even with Malibran, who at the time was creating such unparalleled enthusiasm at Drury Lane, and making mad her audiences by her performances in the *Sonnambula*. Ah! these were glorious days for the Opera! Malibran, a host in herself, at Drury Lane; and, at Her Majesty’s Theatre, Giulia Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, and very good *etceteras*. And now—*heu quantum mutati ab illis!*—Let us not pursue the subject. We have no Malibran now; no Grisi, no Rubini, no Tamburini, no Lablache. Of course when Malibran died Grisi absorbed the entire world of favor. It was some time, however, before she even attempted to step into her predecessor’s shoes. She had, indeed, essayed the *Sonnambula* with her renowned rival, but the comparison was not favorable, and Malibran maintained her undoubted supremacy in that character.

At first Grisi adhered almost exclusively to Rossini's operas, making her greatest effects in the *Gazza Ladra* and *Otello*. Her first effort in the tragic line was Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni*—it is strange she never appeared in London as Zerlina, although always assuming the equivalent character of Susanna in the *Nozze di Figaro*—and afterwards Semiramide and Anna Bolena. The first grand opera produced especially for her at Her Majesty's Theatre, if we mistake not, was Rossini's *L'Assedio di Corinto*. Her reputation, as a serious was by no means of rapid progress. As her years increased, however, and her voice acquired strength and weight, her genius for the highest order of acting was acknowledged, until at last she was quietly invested with the mantle bequeathed by Pasta to Malibran (which, however, perfidious time did not suffer Malibran to wear), and was crowned with the greenest laurels of tragic song. "She won them well;" would we could add—

"And may she wear them long!"

The leaves are now yellow and sere that once were green and bright, and Norma, victim of the Proconsul Time, ceding her rule to some younger High-Priestess, must fling aside her wreath, and ascend the pile from whose insatiate flames there is no returning.

We are not about to write the biography of Giulia Grisi. We merely desire to draw attention to the fact that an artist who, perhaps more than any other of her time, has won for herself a place in the roll of Fame, is about to quit for ever the scene of her triumphs. What Italian Opera would have been for the last twenty-five years but for Grisi it is difficult to say. The great dramatic singer is now about to withdraw into private life. It behoves everybody to hear and see her ere she quits the scene. So, when she has passed away, vivid recollection may be linked with one of the brightest glories that ever adorned the Opera.—*London Musical World*.

Piano Thrumming.

Drowsiest of sounds, reminding the distant hearer ever of the Spanish guitar murmuring under the orange trees, and of the Oriental lute, is the incipient piano practice that bubbles out upon him, when summer opens the windows of the better class of houses. Infinitely suggestive is it; suggesting different thoughts, recalling different emotions to the various kinds of people who have been accustomed to it.

On many a man, whose life from boyhood has been spent on our business streets—at least during business hours—it has a most peculiar effect, when, of a summer day, its soft, monotonous lullaby greets him, from behind the green blinds of parlors, when, as is not his wont, he visits an elegant west end, in the middle of the day. Not considered a music wholly delightful, by even the performers, this incipient "practicing" is generally done up, with the rest of the prosaic housework, in the morning, or early afternoon; therefore business fathers and brothers often hear little of it for years; only having some of the more pleasing portions administered, occasionally, in small doses, of an evening, to gratify the paternal feelings, and prove that the paying of the music teacher's heavy bill need not be considered a gratuity.

The aforesaid business men, when encountering these dreamy sounds thus in the quiet streets, of a summer noon-day, are apt to find it fall very drearily upon their ears. It sounds as the humming of the locust does in the country, whether they have fled a week ago. Though on the first day of the week the novelty pleased, on the last it has become horribly suggestive of all dearest memories, and they pant for the excitement of business streets again. But the little damsels are used to their retired life, and the parental admonitions and golden promises keep them steadily and determinedly up to the work. In after times, it will be a solace at least, if it does not render them useful and ornamental. Many of them will find the ivory keys a safety valve. On them they can fight their souls' battles with all adversaries, including the Fates, even as so many composers of the music they play have done in composing it.

To some of the "occasional hearers," these street sounds bring thronging memories of younger days. To those who have spent the years of their minority in or about the rural family home, it brings up visions of little sisters watched from piazzas through the open blinds, as they diligently tapped the ivory, while all else was still, save the sloops and schooners lazily sauntered down the river.

Much of the thrumming, now-a-days, turns, involuntarily, from the odious practice of the scale to the manipulation of the "Star Spangled Banner;" the imperfect playing of which piece thus, by children, in the sunny noon-time, with all the significance of it, is very affecting. Questions arise: How is the

flag faring that the child is so interested in? Where, in this peaceful moment, is it being borne on victoriously midst clouds of dust and smoke, against those who loved it when children, and have now learned to hate it so fiercely? Where, too, is it retreating before rebellious onsets? In what misguided community is it being to-day trailed in the dust, torn and spit upon, for the first time? In what Baltimore, after a long interval of suppression, is it being again flung gaily to the breeze? Into what Virginia or Kentucky or Missouri hamlet is it being borne by gallant men, amid the plaudits of a rescued people? Who still holds it up in Eastern Tennessee, and who now lowers it all reluctant there?

Let the little ones take fresh courage, when they see what mighty effects their music produces on passers-by.—*Phil. Evening Bulletin*.

For Dwight's Journal of Music

Charlatanism in Music.

IV.

THE FAVORITE PRIMA DONNA.—SKETCHED BY BENDA.

I could never quite understand why a prima donna is always called the *favorite*. Thus, for instance, we read that Madame A., the favorite prima donna, will make her first appearance in this city to-night; or that Signora B., the favorite prima donna, arrived in the steamer Europa. This epithet has probably the same meaning as that which is invariably attached to the proprietors of hotels, every one of whom is called a *popular* landlord; it is perhaps only meant to mean nothing. For, as respects the popularity of hotel keepers, I am sure Mr C., the popular landlord of the D. house, was not at all popular with his guests; at least with the discriminating portion of us, who had seen the world and knew how a boarder should be treated. It had very much the appearance as if *mine host* supposed boarders were created that landlords might live well; as if we were to contribute each of us his humble share of money to *mine host's* welfare. His own comfort was three times attended to before our wishes were once taken notice of. His private table was loaded with delicacies that were never allowed to touch our palates. The guide man, nevertheless, seemed to labor under the pleasing delusion that his was the only good hotel in the country, and they must consider it a great luck who lived under its roof.

It may seem paradoxical to couple a prima donna with a hotel-keeper (though, for aught I know, Hymen, the popular god of matrimony, has before this ventured the same thing) yet there exists much affinity between the landlord alluded to and Madame A., the *favorite* prima donna.

Madame A. is by no means a favorite with the musically cultivated part of the public, who know how a song should be treated; who know how a dramatic character should be sustained and faithfully carried through. Madame starts with the perverted notion that, whether at the opera or at the concert, all she has to aim at is applause. Now, who would envy her applause well merited? Who would not gladly set his two hands in motion to help its proportions swell when it is honestly gained, knowing that, as the dew unto the flower, even so is applause unto the soul of a prima donna? Madame, however, is too greedy for public praise; she is not satisfied to drink it in temperate draughts; she must bathe her whole body in it, cost what it may. Everything must be sacrificed to appease her hunger for this clapping of hands. The poetry, the music, in short, the whole piece must be altered, mutilated, that the prima donna may show off to best advantage. The manager, the conductor, the musicians, in the eyes of Madame, exist merely to help her to reap applause; they are accounted dead heads, not worth respecting, if they fail in this. Madame A., in her own estimation, is the head, the soul, the centre, the support, the pillar of the establishment; the whole fabric would tumble over, if she withdrew from it. They must all go a begging, from the manager down to the call boy, if

she left them. Why, she is such a favorite with the public; they won't go any more to the opera without Madame A.

The other day our favorite prima donna received the music of Beethoven's *Fidelio* from the manager with the information that the opera was to be performed some time this season, when she would have to sustain the character of Leonora; she must make herself acquainted with the rôle. Madame indignantly sent the part back whence it had come, saying she would never sing music which produced soreness of the throat and which, moreover, offered no opportunity for displaying vocal skill. The manager reminded her of the heavy fine which she would incur, according to her contract with him, should she persist in refusing to comply with his just demand. Madame then tried to effect a compromise; she consented to sing the part on condition that she should be permitted to substitute for the great aria of Leonora, as composed by Beethoven, a favorite cavatina by Rossini, which afforded her more opportunity for exhibiting her voice and vocal readiness. The director answered that the cavatina was entirely out of place; nor would it accord with dramatic truth and the respect due to a composer like Beethoven to attempt such alterations. Dramatic truth—respect—Beethoven? Pshaw! Who was Beethoven? It surpassed her understanding; she could not comprehend that anything was entitled to respect when her applause was at stake. But the manager, finally, hinted again at the heavy fine; which she understood better. Seeing that there was no escape, Madame lowered the strings of her high-toned ambition and only asked liberty to introduce some trills, roulades and capers of her own into said aria. Mr. Director, to cut the matter short, referred her to the musical conductor, and so the affair rests.

To-night the prima donna is to appear in her famous part of Fatima or the warrior's bride, a grand blood and dagger opera by Clamoretti. This *maestro* is a great favorite with all charlatan singers. His motto is: *Effect!* Dramatic truth? Nonsense! Let the situation be what it may, quiet or exciting, sad or gay, tears or smiles, there must be, above all, thunder and roar in the orchestra, rage and fury on the stage; there must be warbling and trilling; but more particularly there should be high, very high notes, splendid screams, an *ut de poitrine*, that will set the whole house a cheering.

But the curtain has risen in the mean time. We find Fatima in the midst of her aria di bravura, which she rattles off with a facility that is truly astonishing. As she shouts out that inevitable high note at the close she raises both her arms, with a peculiar motion of her own, as if to strike at the sky. This is a favorite manner with our cantatrice; while it is to describe visibly the giddy height of that note, it is more particularly intended to draw down a storm of applause from the spectators. Hence, it is a trap to catch clapping, a *clap-trap*. And, indeed, the thing looks so irresistible, is performed with such cleverness, that the most averse, that we ourselves, to join in the general uproar. In addition several bouquets are thrown upon the stage which Madame picks up with much modesty and grace. "I wonder," said Caroline, "from whom those flowers come?" "I wonder too," most of the audience seemed to say. It is true flowers in January are an expensive affair; a half-a-dozen such bouquets cost a great deal. Perhaps Mr. E., the smart business agent of Madame, may be able to explain the wonder.

The opera reaches its climax in the third act. Fatima sings a plaintive air expressive of her bottomless grief for her parting lover who is at the point of going to battle. After she has finished Ingomar appears to bid her farewell. But before he proceeds to this he has to perform an elaborate aria in which both his love for Fatima and his hatred for the enemy, whom he is going to fight, are depicted. While thus he melts away in tenderness and again rises to fearful rage, Fatima is to continue silently to play

the unhappy bride by such gesticulations, pantomimes, and so forth, as are at the command of every cultivated dramatic singer. But what does our heroine do? She recedes to the background of the stage where the chorus is playing wall flower, and titters and laughs at the pleasantries with which these living statues, in the face of the public, entertain each other. To be sure, the public ought to be delighted at seeing Madame laugh privately; so long as the prima donna is privately in good spirits we need have no fear that the world will go out of joint.

In the closing scene we find Fatima gone raving mad. The body of Ingomar, who was slain in battle, is lying by her side. Pale, with disheveled hair, her garments torn to pieces, she runs from one end of the corpse to the other, now stroking the face, now pulling at the feet, then throwing herself over it, screaming and wringing her hands. The action is accompanied by various instruments of the orchestra of course in such truthful strains as may be expected from a composer of Signor Clamoretto's calibre. Suddenly the instruments pause and the distracted Fatima, rising from the body of her beloved, intones a recitative on which follows that famous aria known under the name of the *mad air*. It is full of break-neck passages and of all sorts of vocal artifices, well calculated to make a singer mad whose throat is not sufficiently pliant. Our prima donna, however, is in her true element. She gorges and spouts forth those runs and roulades like a cascade. As she reaches the first *fermata* or hold, the public, availing themselves of the occasion, give vent to their admiration in loud applause. Now, one should suppose the singer would take no notice of this demonstration, she being for the moment raving mad, But no! Madame deems it her first duty to acknowledge the applause. So, dropping the insane Fatima for a moment she assumes a lady-like demeanor, as becomes the real Madame A., bows and smiles with the utmost grace and then relapses into madness. Three times in the course of the aria is she applauded and three times does she recover from her insanity and immediately after, in the twinkling of an eye, falls a prey to it again.

Ah, Johanna W., Anna M., Tichatscheck, Wolf, and ye others whose names are not known in all lands, yet who were of the true fire—could I but see ye once more to refresh my musical spirit made sore by the mockery on our operatic stages! What a beautiful sight is such a faithful, conscientious, painstaking artist! one that strives to please the god within him instead of the promiscuous crowd, called the public.

But the curtain is already down. We are in the midst of a fearful uproar extending all over the house. They cry for Fatima to come out; they wish once more to pay homage to the prima donna. The noise is growing intolerable. Come, Caroline, sweetest! let's go home.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 22, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

The Singing of the Army Hymn.

The Music Hall, dedicated to Art and to Peace, was on Thursday devoted to the reception of the Second N. H. Regiment by the sons of New Hampshire resident here. The decorations of the Platform were beautiful and the short addresses stirring and patriotic. The feature of the occasion, however, which touches us was the singing of the Army Hymn of Dr. O. W. HOLMES, to the tune of Old Hundred, in unison, by the immense audience composed of the Regiment and the Sons of New Hampshire. The

grand melody rolled nobly out through the Hall and the patriotic hymn found a response in the hearts of all. A bountiful and plentiful repast sent the wearied soldiers refreshed upon their way and cheered by the cordial welcome they had received. Dr. UPHAM was the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, a sufficient guarantee for successful arrangements.

ARMY HYMN. BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King:
Behold the sacrifice we bring!
To every arm Thy strength impart,
Thy Spirit shed through every heart!

Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand has made our nation free;
To die for her is serving Thee.

Be Thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

God of all Nations! Sovereign Lord!
In Thy dread name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till Peace shall reign—
Till fort and field, till shore and sea
Join our loud anthem, PRAISE TO THEE!

The BOSTON MUSICAL TIMES in its last issue gives the following special notice:

The war excitement has so completely taken hold of all classes of society, and war news being the only news now sought for, we have concluded to suspend the fortnightly publication of the *Boston Musical Times* for a few months, or until a more settled state of affairs shall have been arrived at. We shall meanwhile issue our paper *monthly*, so that really not more than three or four papers will be suspended. We think this course will meet the approbation of our subscribers, the majority of whom now, however musically inclined, feel comparatively little interest in the "Divine Art," and who consider the "shrill trumpet, the spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife," and the voices of "the mortal engines whose rude throats the immortal Jove's dread clamor counterfeit," the only sounds worthy their attention.

When we are once again a peaceful and harmonious nation, (and God speed the day,) or even before that happy time, if a musical revival will warrant it, we shall be glad to resume our fortnightly communications with our readers. Meantime we shall condense the musical essence of the month into one paper.

We are sorry that the pleasant visits of our neighbors are to be so few and far between in this dry time. Indeed we had depended not a little upon "enjoying and appropriating" many choice things from its columns in this time when exchanges are so much diminished. We join with the *Times* in its wishes that things may soon return to their normal state and peace and harmony again prevail, and shall be glad to receive any copy from our neighbors that in their judgment will not keep a month.

New Publications.

AMERICAN MUSICAL DIRECTORY: 1861. 260 pp. New York. Thomas Hutchinson, 119 Nassau Street.

Of course the first issue of a volume of a directory of the Music Trade of the United States, must be, in very many respects, imperfect, for such a work can gain entire accuracy and completeness, only after several years. The labor of compiling the little items which make up such a work is very great and so is the difficulty of getting the information, for the first time. The volume under notice is very convenient and useful for all who are in any way concerned in Music, giving as it does the names and residences of all who are engaged in it, either as teachers, manufacturers, dealers, publishers or in any other way connected with it throughout the country. The editors ask for "facts to aid in carrying out their designs of making the Musical Directory both complete and accurate" in the future. The present volume is, of course, fuller and more correct in its details of New York matters than in those in other cities. For example, the Handel and Haydn Society is the only musical organization mentioned in this city. It is for the interest of all concerned to aid the compilers

of such a work, by forwarding corrections and additional information to the publisher, before the end of another year.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE FOR JUNE. Published by Leonard, Scott & Co., New York. (Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co., Boston.) Contents: The Book Hunter; The Monks of the West; Miss Bremer in Switzerland and Italy; A Cruise to the Yangtze in 1858; Severed; Hades; From the Fatherland; Norman Sinclair, Part 19; I'm Very Fond of Water, a new temperance song; Memoirs of a Tory Gentlewoman; Index.

The last article is a notice of the memoir of "Miss Cornelia Knight, Lady companion to the Princess Charlotte." After being discharged from this post by the Regent, Miss Knight went to Naples where she became acquainted with the great Nelson.

In April 1800, Miss Knight embarked, with the Hamiltons, on board Nelson's ship, the *Foudroyant*, bound for Malta, touching at Syracuse. They returned to Palermo, and thence sailed to Leghorn. From that place they proceeded by land to England. The account of this homeward journey is interesting, as an episode in Nelson's life whereof his biographers have not taken much account. One of the passages, at least, is worthy of quotation:—

"At Vienna, whenever Lord Nelson appeared in public, a crowd was collected, and his portrait was hung up as a sign over many shops—even the milliners giving his name to particular dresses; but it did not appear to me that the English nation was at all popular. The people generally were opposed to the war with France, which had proved so unfavorable to them; for although the troops were brave and loyal, they were not well commanded. We had often music, as the best composers and performers were happy to be introduced to Sir William and Lady Hamilton. I was much pleased with Haydn. He dined with us, and his conversation was modest and sensible. He set to music some English verses, and, amongst others, part of the battle of the Nile, and which was descriptive of the blowing up of L'Orient:

'Britannia's leader gives the dread command;
Obedient to his summons flames arise;
The fierce explosion rends the skies,
And high in air the ponderous mass is thrown.
The dire concussion shakes the land:
Earth, air and sea, united groan;
The solid pyramids confess the shock,
And their firm bases to their centre rock.'

"Haydn accompanied Lady Hamilton on the piano when she sang this piece, and the effect was grand. He was staying at that time with Prince Esterhazy, and presided over the famous concerts given by that nobleman at his magnificent palace in Hungary. At one time the prince had an intention of giving up these concerts, and told Haydn that this would be the last. It was a very fine one. Towards the conclusion, Haydn composed a finale so melancholy—so touching, that it drew tears from many of the audience; and he gave orders that while it was playing the lights should be gradually extinguished; all of which made such an impression upon the mind of the prince, that he abandoned his intention of discontinuing these concerts."

Miss Knight, who lived to be eighty years old, seems to have been well acquainted with various royal personages, and to have loved the Bourbons of France better than the Orleans family, as the following anecdote shows.

"A stranger happening to be in Paris soon after the Revolution of July, 1830, was stopped by a young chimney-sweeper, who asked him if he had seen the King of the French. The other replied in the negative. 'Would you like to see him?' continued the chimney-sweeper. 'Only give me a piece of five francs and you shall see him.' The stranger agreed to do so, and they went away together to the Palais Royal. As soon as they were in sight of the balcony the boy began to call out, 'Louis Philippe! Louis Philippe!' in which cry he was joined by the rabble near him. The King of the French came out to make his obeisance, and the gentleman gave a five franc piece to the sweeper. 'Now,' said the boy, 'if you have a mind to hear him sing, only promise me five more, and you shall be satisfied.' The stranger assented, and his majesty, at the command of the mob, joined in the Marseillaise Hymn, with all the appropriate grimaces."

During the parade on Monday, Major Stevenson's battalion band played several concert pieces. One air, which was peculiarly mellifluous, excited the curiosity of a spectator to such a degree that he marched past the guard, and asked a buzler "the name of the piece you have just played." "That piece," drawled the exhausted musician, as he wiped his moistened brow, "is numbers s-i-x-t-e-e-n." "Thank you, sir," said the enquirer, "I owe you one.—*Courier*."

[For Dwight's Journal of Music.]

Churches and Church Music.

No. II.

TRINITY CHURCH.

ST. LOUIS, JUNE, 1861.—I will head my letter St. Louis, as it is concerning that city. I have to write, although I am still on the shore of Kenka Lake.

Trinity Church (Episcopal), St. Louis, is built after the style so prevalent in these provincial towns and almost seems out of place in a bustling city. It is Gothic, built of rough limestone, and is one of the neatest churches I ever saw. It has such a home-like air. It cost \$30,000, and is paid for. The Pastor, Rev. E. C. Hutchinson, is much loved and respected by his congregation. In all respects this church is a success. It stands on the corner of Eleventh street and Washington Avenue and was dedicated on June 2d. The organ was built by H. & W. Pitcher of St. Louis and is one of the finest here. It contains 28 stops, 2 manuals, 2 octaves pedal bass. The open diapasons are of tremendous power and the voicing of the stops generally beautifully done. It cost \$3,000.

The choir have always enjoyed the reputation of being the best in the West, and one of the best in the whole country. The soprano is Miss Annie Dean, so well known through the Philharmonic Society. Her voice is one of the most expressive we ever heard. In figure and style she more closely resembles Adelina Patti than any one else we ever heard. In compositions requiring great pathos she is unequalled. The Contralto, Mrs. E. Barnet, is blessed with one of the richest organs in the whole West, reaching with great power and volume E flat below the staff. Mr. S. Crowell, Tenor, has a sweet voice and is an excellent reader of Oratorio and concerted music. E. C. Catherwood is the Basso "Mosto" Profundissimo, his voice reaching with great effect down to C, B, A. Why Mr. Catherwood never made music a profession we cannot imagine. Organist, Mr. H. D. Hewitt. He is an amateur, though of great experience. He plays in the Philharmonic Society and has been unwearied in his efforts to promote the interest of that society, giving freely time and money. It would be proper then to say a word concerning the taste and expense Mr. Hewitt has been to in fitting up his piano store, believing as we do that every such thing should be encouraged. He has one of the stores in the new marble block on Fifth and Olive, consisting of three rooms the whole depth of that immense building, the finest building we have yet seen out of New York, one displaying exquisite taste in the architect. The basement is a shop for repairing, &c. The main floor is devoted to sheet music, and small instruments. The third room is the finest piano room we ever saw. Mr. H. has had the walls and ceiling painted at a great expense and furnished the room with luxurious carpets and furniture where the visitors can recline at ease while examining the pianos. May his business reward his taste and liberality.

BROWN.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Mr. Millard, the tenor, who is favorably known as a concert singer and clever composer, is with his regiment, the Seventy-First, and becoming quite popular from his successful efforts to add to the musical resources of his comrades-in-arms.

Madame Grisi is really making her last appearances in London, and consequently in England. The announcement has often been made before, and in order to enhance the eclat of the present engagement Mr. Gye has wisely bound the prima donna under heavy penalties not to sing in London for six years—which is tantamount to a definite prohibition. The operas selected for these farewell performances are as follows:—*Norma*, *Lucretia Borgia*, *Otello*, *Don Giovanni*, *Il Trovatore*, *Les Huguenots*.

At the Royal Italian Opera, London, on Saturday, May 18. The London *Herald* thus speaks of her first appearance:—

An audience as numerous as the theatre could possibly contain were assembled to do honor to the occasion of Mad. Grisi's re-appearance, and the applause

that burst forth when the *Norma* of the evening entered was such as is seldom heard on any occasion. The sickle once in hand, Grisi was the Grisi of old. There was the same energy, the same grace, and the same fine, slow action so especially characteristic of this artist. The public listened for the familiar "sustained note" which precedes the "Casta Diva," and applauded it as they had done for so many years, and they took every possible opportunity of displaying their good feeling towards their old favorite throughout the opera. The expression of deep feeling with which the story of Adalgisa is listened to—the start at the entrance of Pollio—the indignant attack on him with the grand burst, "Ah, non tremare," and the share in the trio which follows, carried on the first act as a series of triumphs. And if *Norma's* share of the "Deh, con te" in the second act, was not what is used to be in vocal execution, the deficiency was quite atoned for by the pathos and beauty of the final duet with Pollio—"Qual cor tradisti"—and the appeals to Oroveso. The poetry, the passion and the intensity, with that requisite combination of dramatic with musical expression, bore the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and woke the reminiscences of the glories of bygone years. The cast of the other parts, with the exception that Madame Tiberini undertook that of Adalgisa, was the same as last year; the Pollio of Signor Tamberlik, and the Oroveso of M. Zelger, are too familiar to be commented on. Madame Grisi was enthusiastically called for at the end of the first act, and twice on the fall of the curtain; indeed the effect produced by her appearance indicated in every way the deep interest felt by the public in these which are now believed to be without doubt her final performances. The arrangements at the Royal Italian Opera for the week are, we believe, unprecedented. There is probably no record of any lyric theatre witnessing in one week the representation, under any circumstances, of five leading operas, certainly not produced in the effective manner which characterizes their production here.

The American prima donna, Virginia Whiting Lorini, seems to be reaping the reward of the arduous study she has devoted to her art. We have recently recorded her success in Berlin and Brussels, and have now to record a new and brilliant triumph in Paris. The journals are loud in her praise. We copy the following from the *Revue Critique*:

The Theatre Italien counts one more star. The debut of Madame Virginia Whiting Lorini has created the liveliest enthusiasm. This artist possesses a voice of the rarest timbre, great compass and marvelous flexibility; add to this an imposing figure, a radiant beauty (rare distinctions), and one can understand the interest excited by her appearance. Her triumph in "Ernani" was complete. She made the role of Elvira a veritable creation; 'twere impossible to more perfectly render all the beauties of this part. She was not less remarkable in "Semiramide," in whose inspired melodies she exhibited all the power and magic of her voice and her superb dramatic action. She has proved that she can render as felicitously the music of Rossini as of Verdi. In Madame Lorini the Parisian public have gained one of the most perfect illustrators of the modern Italian school.

A CHORUS BY THREE THOUSAND SOLDIERS.—It is said that when the signal was given for the advance of the soldiers from Washington, when they reached the "Long Bridge" and were passing over, the three thousand patriots struck up "The Star Spangled Banner." The effect was grand beyond description.

A French Society called the "Cercle de L'Union Artistique," gave a musical festival at the *Theatre Italien*, Paris, May 14th. The great tenor Roger came expressly from Germany to support the principal character in *Fingal*, a new opera by Membree, for this occasion, and the orchestra was conducted by Felicien David.

The *Trovatore* of Milan announces that Verdi, yielding to the solicitations of Count Cavour and the expressed desire of the Emperor of Russia, is about to compose a new opera for the Italian theatre at St. Petersburg, and was consulting, in regard to the subject, with F. M. Piave, the poet.

The Musard concerts at the Champs Elysees were being well patronized.

Madame Laborde had concluded a brilliant engagement at the Royal Italian theatre at Berlin.

The celebrated Maestro Mercadante has been decorated, by the government of King Victor Emanuel, with the order of Saints Maurice and Lazare.

The Morelli Italian Opera troupe were at Leipzig, and were to go from thence to Breslau, and then to Dresden.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Hurrah for the Banner of Red, White and Blue.

Th. M. Brown. 25

A song for the Irish volunteers for the Union, adapted to a well-known Irish air. Dedicated by the author of the words to the Massachusetts' 13th (Col. Cass') Regiment.

I guess you'll be there.

J. Harroway. 25

Quite a pleasing trifle with a slight touch of the humorous about it.

Instrumental Music.

La Prière exaucée. (The Prayer granted.) Answer to the Maiden's Prayer. T. Badarzewska. 30

This new piece from the pen of the authoress of the charming piano piece, known by the name of the "Maiden's Prayer," will soon begin its pilgrimage over this continent, and finally be found on every piano, as it is not an attempt to make capital out of the unbounded popularity of the latter, as some might suppose, but really a bright, sparkling, captivating nocturne, such as the press brings forth but very few.

Grand Parade March.

S. Glover. 50

A spirited march, in six-eight time, easy. The title-page is adorned with a brilliant illustrated sketch representing a body of soldiers trooping the colors before the commanding officer.

Band Music.

DITSON'S SELECT BRASS BAND MUSIC; (on Cards). For 14 Instruments, but can be used for a less number if desirable, namely, 2 E flat Cornets; 3 B flat Cornets; 2 E flat Altos; 2 B flat Baritones; 1 B flat Bass Tuba, or Ophicleide; 1 E flat or F Bass Tuba; Bass Drum; Cymballs, and Side Drum. Parties in want of a good selection of Music for Bands, will find this unexceptionable. It comprises:

1. Prima Donna Waltz, Jullien.
2. Katy Darling; Lilly Dale.
3. I would that my love, Mendelssohn.
4. Do they miss me at home; Thou art gone from my gaze.
5. When the swallows homeward fly.
6. Gentle Nettie Moore; Cheer, Boys, Cheer.
7. Syracuse Polka.
8. Anvil Chorus.
9. Serenade, by Schubert.
10. Coquette Polka.
11. Gipsy Polka.
12. National Schottische.
13. Sontag Polka.
14. Fest March.
15. Wait for the wagon; Jordan Quickstep.
16. Wedding March.
17. Elfín Waltz, Labitzky.
18. Evening Star Waltz, Lanner.
19. Shells of Ocean, and Silver Lake Waltz.
20. 'Tis the last rose of Summer; Home, sweet Home.
21. Roy's Wife of Aldivahoch; My lodging is on the cold ground; Annie Laurie.
22. Washington's March; Our Flag is there.
23. Hail Columbia; Star Spangled Banner.
24. God save the king; Yankee Doodle.
25. Silvery Shower.
26. Prison Song.
27. Love-not Quickstep.
28. Ever of thee.
29. Medley—Dearest Spot and Darling Nelly Gray.
30. Departed Days, Serenade.
31. O, Summer Night, Don Pasquale.
32. Marseilles Hymn.
33. La Norma March.
34. Wrecker's Daughter Quickstep.
35. Wood-up Quickstep.
36. Duke of Reichstadt's Waltz.
37. Serious Family Polka.
38. Sultan's Polka.
39. Dead March in "Saul," Handel.
40. Eclipse Polka.
41. On to the Field.
42. Dixie's Land. — Each set is printed on stout cards and neatly enclosed in an envelope.

Price per set, \$1.00

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 482.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 13.

June.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

I gaze upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round,
And thought when I came to lie
Within the silent ground,
'Twere pleasant that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand—my grave to make—
The rich, green mountain turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clods above it rolled,
While fierce the tempests beat—
Away! I will not think of these—
Blue the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently pressed
Into my narrow place of rest.

There, through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale close beside my cell,
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee and humming bird.

And what if cheerful shouts at noon
Come, from the village sent,
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon,
With fairy laughter blent?
And what in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight or sound?

I know, I know I should not see,
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if around my place of sleep
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go;
Soft airs, and song, and light and bloom
Should keep them lingering by my tomb

These to their softened heart should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is—that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

Objects of Musical Education and their Time.

What is to be learned, and which is the proper time for each kind of instruction? These questions, of the utmost importance in their minutest particulars, demand the gravest and most searching consideration from parents and teachers when they have determined to dedicate a child to musical education. To professors of music, these

questions must always be the highest interest. In order to point out, at least, the most important periods, we will take a cursory view of all the relationships and circumstances of musical employment, whether as a profession or otherwise.

We must, in the first place clear away a deep and widely diffused prejudice. On the question being asked, What ought to be learned in music? it is usual, particularly among teachers, to make a distinction between those persons who make music a profession, and those who cultivate it merely for pleasure and general humanizing education; between future professional men and mere amateurs. The former, according to the judgment of the teachers, ought to be *fundamentally*—the latter, however, only *superficially*, or less fundamentally instructed. This distinction is one of the most erroneous and destructive that ever crept into discipline. That education alone is beneficially fruitful which is most perfectly grounded; and, what is more, it is the easiest, and consumes the least time. In order to be convinced of the truth of these assertions, it is only necessary to have a right understanding of the nature of this fundamental knowledge; not of the false pedantry which assumes its name (and is as useless to the professional man as to the amateur), but of the study absolutely necessary for the comprehension of the real nature of the science, of the close connection of all that is essential, and of the constant and rational development of one form or figure from another, so that the preceding form necessarily leads on to the succeeding, and the succeeding form is always prepared and facilitated by the preceding.

Between the instruction of the artist and of the amateur there is only this difference—that the latter may discontinue his pursuit of the science earlier than the former, at any point or position of artistic power he may choose to fix; whereas the artist is necessarily obliged to dedicate himself entirely, once and forever, to the art of his election.

Now to return to our own proper question—What is to be learned, and which is the right time for each study?

SONG.

We have already said that if possible every one should learn music: we now pronounce our opinion more especially, that *every one, if possible, should learn singing*. Song is man's own true peculiar music. The voice is our own peculiar connate instrument—it is much more—it is the *living sympathetic organ of our souls*. Whatever moves within us, whatever sensation or emotion we feel, becomes immediately embodied and perceptible in our voice; and so, indeed, the voice and song, as we may observe in the earliest infancy, are our first poetry and the most faithful companions of our feelings, until the "shrill pipe of tremulous age." If, as in song, properly so called, music and speech be lovingly united, and the words be those of a true poet, then is consummated the most intimate union of mind and soul, of understanding and feeling—that combined unity, in which the whole power of the human being is exhibited, and exerts upon the singer and the hearer that wonderful might of song, which by infant nations was considered not quite untruly as supernatural; and whose softened, and therefore, perhaps, more beneficent influence, now contributes to social elevation and moral improvement.

Song is the most appropriate treasure of the solitary, and it is at the same time the most stringent and forcible bond of companionship, even from the jovial or the sentimental popular catch of the booth to the sublime creations of genius resounding from congregated artistic thousands

assembled by one common impulse in the solemn cathedral. Devotion in our churches becomes more edifying; our popular festivals and days of enjoyment become more mannerly and animated; our social meetings more lively and intellectually joyful; our whole life, in short, becomes more elevated and cheerful by the spread of the love of song and of the power of singing among the greatest possible number of individuals. And these individuals will feel themselves more intimately connected with society, more largely participating in its benefits, of more worth in it and gaining more by it, when they unite their voices in the social harmony of their friends.

To the musician, but more especially to the composer, song is an almost irreplaceable and indispensable means of calling forth and seizing the most delicate, tender, and deepest strains of feeling from our inmost sensations. No instrument can be a substitute for song, the immediate creation of our own soul in our own breast; we can have no deeper impression of the relation of sound, of the power of melody; we cannot work more effectively upon our own souls and upon those of our hearers than by heartfelt song.

Every friend of music, therefore, should sing; and every musician who has a tolerable voice, should be a master of song in every branch. Song should, also, in the order of time, be our first musical exercise. This should begin in the earliest childhood, in the third to the fifth year, if it be not possible earlier, but not in the form of instruction. The song of the mother which allures imitation, the joyful circle of children playing together, is the first natural singing school, where, without notes or masters, simply according to hearing and fancy, the fibres of the soul are first freely excited and set in vibration. Instruction in music, properly so called, should not in general begin until the second step of life's ladder, between the seventh and fourteenth years.

By far the greatest number of individuals have sufficient qualifications of voice for singing, and to justify their pursuit of the art with reasonable hope of success. Indeed, very considerable and valuable vocal faculties are much more common than is generally imagined. There is certainly less deficiency of natural gifts than of persons observant and talented enough to discover, to foster and to cultivate them. In the meantime, if indeed every one have not disposition and means (and good fortune) to become of some consequence as a singer, let us consider that even with an inconsiderable voice, much of the most touching and joy-inspiring capabilities may be attained, if feeling, artistic cultivation, and a vivid conception speak through a medium but slenderly endowed. Why should any one be dissatisfied if small means and trouble have made him capable of touching our hearts with a joyful or tender song; or have enabled him to participate skillfully in the choral assemblies of his fellow citizens. Whether it may be advisable to proceed farther in singing and the cultivation of the voice, must be decided by the circumstances and inclinations of each individual. From composers, conductors, and higher masters, a complete knowledge of everything belonging to singing is to be absolutely demanded, and also practical execution thereof; unless, indeed, organic defect should render it to them impossible. A composer who does not expressly study singing, and practice it as far as possible, will scarcely be able to write for the voice; he will with difficulty acquire the more delicate musical declamation; he will never become entire master of the life-like conducting of the voice, which is something far different from mere correctness.—*Dr. Marx's General Musical Instruction.*

An Opera Rehearsal and Performance.

Castil-Blaze gives a detailed account of an opera rehearsal in Paris, which we translate for the benefit of those who are curious about the movements of actors behind the scenes.

"When a new opera is to be studied, the singers meet at the study-room to rehearse their parts around the pianoforte, at which Henri Potier, an excellent accompanist, officiates. The author presides, and the leader of the orchestra, who wishes to make himself familiar with the score, is present. Not less able than his confrère, M. Dietsch, the other leader, has the chorus under his direction, and exercises them in the great hall on the second floor, *procul negotiis*. The dancers prepare themselves with the ballet master, in their foyer, and two violinists, rehearsers of the dance, regulate their movements.

When the singers almost know their parts, they meet at the theatre, where the obscure light does not often allow them to see their score, and they must accustom themselves to perform from memory. Besides this, the prompter is at his post. After some rehearsals as they sit or stand around the stage, the manager, M. Leroy, admirable instructor and erudite comedian, calls the actors up, and, in concert with the author, causes them to act at the same time that they sing their parts. Then everything is arranged in such a way that each personage takes or quits his position, goes to the right or left, or retires, always following the movement and sentiment which the orchestra requires. The instrumental portions which should animate and support the stage action, are modified at the different rehearsals, so that the actor may achieve the desired effect without trouble and with ease. An entrance, an exit or a meeting is twenty or thirty times repeated. In times past these trials were supported by a quintette of violins. Now a piano suffices until the rehearsal becomes general.

The choristers then unite with the principals. The leader of the orchestra takes his place, and leads a double quintette to accompany them. The same ceremony is renewed for the dancers and the corps de ballet. The orchestra has one general rehearsal. The manner in which the overture in "William Tell" was performed at first sight, to Rossini's great surprise, proves that this is not absolutely necessary; but this rehearsal is useful for the collation of the parts. As they are forced to stop every moment or two to correct errors in the manuscript, it is not thought necessary to retain the singers for the rehearsal, which would be useless to them. The decorations are fixed and changed for the *mise en scène*. The scenery, which must move in harmony with the music, the moon, the sun, the thunder, cannon, would be blamed if they worked out of place. A general rehearsal is given, and the stage is occupied only by the performers. Madame displays her whole *toilette*; every one is at his post, and the authors remove to the auditorium. Sometimes a last trial is made in full costume.

The leader of the orchestra has an epitome of the score only before him, arranged in five parts: the first violin; the commencement of the music of the wooden wind instruments; the brass instruments; the vocal part which leads off, and the orchestral bass. The whole score is a useless embarrassment, as the leader has no other occupation than that of turning over the leaves without having the time to read them.

"We must have a representation to-morrow." "Impossible! the opera is not ready, they don't know it well enough." "No matter, it must be done!" "You don't come to the rehearsals; come and judge if—." "I shall be careful not to come, for I shall think as you do, and I absolutely require that it shall be performed to-morrow. It must be done."

This concise but pointed dialogue echoes but too often in our provincial theatres. It is there in particular that an opera is pushed forward before the public, and the fruit is gathered, before it shows signs of maturity. Still I have seen miserable, frightful rehearsals, followed by a very satisfactory performance. When the curtain is up each one redoubles his care and attention, for the moment is serious and decisive.

They call *comparses* (supernumeraries) those persons who appear on the stage to swell the singing and dancing crowd, without taking part with them. Soldiers are frequently employed for this purpose. They know how to march in time to the music. Four hundred soldiers of Biron's regiment manoeuvred on the stage at Versailles in *Ernelinde*. Eight hundred people were seen at the same time in *La Tour Enchantée*. We have seen seven hundred at the Opera in the hell of *La Tentation*.

When the curtain falls on the first act, the talk turns on the triumph or the recall of the actors; very different things. A triumph is the result of an enthusiastic success, when a favorite actor, already recalled during the performance, returns at the piece to carry away his harvest of bouquets and crowns. When these prepared projectiles are thrown upon the stage in a transport of admiration; when the ladies throw the masses of rich, brilliant flowers which they have held all the evening, this unpremeditated act doubles the excitement of the audience. But if the crowns fall from the balconies and fourth row boxes, we may readily conclude that the laurels and dahlias, two cents a bunch, were purchased beforehand, betraying a foreordained, organized, success, sustained by *claqueurs* prompt to recall the actor by furious acclamations. These crowns, at three francs a dozen, can be made cheaper yet; for they are picked up, carried back through the lobbies, and thrown again, when the triumphal farce ends in a general furor.

I am astonished that in these days of extravagant hyperbole, people are mistaken enough to call the triumph of an actor or actresses an *ovation*. A hundred oxen were immolated for the triumph of a hero; a single sheep, *ovis*, figured at the sacrifice offered to the least of triumphers. It is because of this sheep, of which the *claqueurs* distribute cutlets (*côtelettes*), that these nice etymologists keep the derisive word *ovation*. Perhaps you know that, in the *claqueur* slang, a salvo of applause is called a *côtelette*.

It was at Marseilles that I saw dramatic bouquets of the most elegant and sumptuous character and colossal form, a yard wide and proportionately tall, where camelias figured of every color on a white base. Only the machinist would have been able to manage the descent of these bouquets, and that by the name of pulleys. Mme. Laborde sang once an inconceivable rhapsody called *Le Rossignol*, in the grand theatres at Bordeaux. She had hardly finished her cavatina, when a monstrous bouquet, awkwardly thrown from the back of a box, struck her directly in the face, overthrew her with its force, and prevented the continuation of the piece.

The performance being over, the principals assume their ordinary dress, and go home in carriages. All that is related of the manners of the Academy is much exaggerated; besides, in other society, the great world presents irregularities equally deserving of blame. Self-love, pride, the rivalry of the talent and success, separate hearts that love should unite. Artists have little sympathy for artists. If they sail on the same waters, follow the same career, they detest each other like brothers.

Would you like to follow these two joyous—or at least, singing and dancing crowds? Place yourself in a dark passage, almost subterranean, opening on the *rue Drouot*, with a damp, dirty pavement. There, at midnight, three or four times a week, a wooden door turns on its hinges, and the young enthusiast for the seductions of the opera, and the ballet in particular, does not dream of its use. From this ignoble egress come forth wrapped in mantles, cloaks, shawls, capes of every age and color, with feet coarsely shod, and tippetted necks, these Olympian deities, these wood nymphs, willis, naiads, peris, just before the object of your passionate admiration. You will find around this door but rare instances of French gallantry, awaiting the joy of offering to some solitary sylph their arms and umbrellas at the moment when

Ses pieds, ses petit pieds de comtesse andalouse,

are about to sink into a sea of mud to escape the cars, not drawn by doves.

"Poor girls!" you will say, in seeing them thus thread the damp pavement. But I should not say, "Poor fellows!" on seeing conscripts in a trench, with water to their knees, affronting an enemy's fire in a chilling and penetrating frost. Is one poor, with two treasures in his possession? two treasures which shine, sparkle to our eyes with all imaginable marvels, whose seductions animate our courage and make us brave famine and plague? two treasures such a youth and hope? These conscripts follow the career of marshal of the empire. These ballet-girls see their shoulders covered with cashmeres, bosoms resplendent in diamonds, ravishing crinolines, destined to press the cushions of sumptuous carriages. These debutant warriors, these naive damsels, are sounding the first notes of the gamut; if they do not reach the culminating point, they may attain, midway, a comfortable mediocrity."—*Boston Musical Times*.

Nigger Minstrelsy in England.

About a quarter of a century since, a large proportion of the people of London gave themselves up to one of those fits of idolatry which seems so strangely at variance with the generally phlegmatic character of our race. For the first time they were made familiar with the sort of negro who forms an element of modern American life; and the hideous laugh, the wild gestures, and strange dialect with which they regaled by the celebrated "Jim Crow Rice," produced in them such a novel mixture of wonder and delight that they could not do less than fall down and worship their eccentric instructor. So "Jim Crow" became a fixed idea with the Cockneys, referred to in countless ways and manifested in countless shapes. To the chimney-pieces of the middle classes, where Tom, Jerry, and Logie, Madame Vestris as Giovanni, and Liston as Paul Pry, had previously been placed as household "gods," the effigy of the shabby negro was elevated with all honor, and aspiring youths who were famed for "a good song" regarded a successful imitation of Mr. Rice's vocal performances as an object worthy of the most soaring ambition. Then the burden of Jim Crow's song, "Turn about, wheel about," illustrated by a rotatory movement on the part of the singer, was caught with avidity by the small satirists of the day, who, when they wished to stigmatize statesmen or journals with an habitual readiness to change their political principles, found an apt and universally intelligible illustration of their meaning in the revolving figure of Jim Crow.

There is no doubt that Mr. Rice's performances was of a kind entirely novel to Europe, and that his representation of the negro of modern life must be set down as an important item in that course of ethnological instruction which, at long intervals is given to the body of the people at places of public amusement. The comic black, who had become a familiar figure to the Londoners prior to the arrival of Mr. Rice, was a fanciful personage, whose neatly striped dress, red slippers, bare legs, and huge ear-rings separated him completely from the actual world, and he was accepted as a convention, like the ordinary figures of pantomimes. The learned, we believe, have decided that the old stage black borrowed his dress from the negroes of the Spanish colonies; but that was a point which the playgoers never thought to investigate thirty years ago, when they were perfectly content to behold a citizen of their own day attired after the fashion immortalized by Hogarth, and found nothing exceptional in a Falstaff who appeared as a sort of military Punchinello, with obvious leanings towards the costume of William III. The black man with the blue and white stripes was the black whom everybody went to see, without asking any questions as to his origin; and a very funny fellow he was. From the stage he has now passed away, but his literary monument may be found in the old musical comedy, the "Padlock," to the perusal of which those of our readers who care about the stage may not unprofitably devote a spare hour. Mungo in the "Padlock" in the best specimen of the old conventional black.

No contrast could be more complete than that between the exceedingly neat negro to whom we have just referred and the ragged, uncouth vagabond who was introduced to the Londoners by "Jim Crow Rice." But in his very shabbiness there was an attraction, "*Le laid, voilà le beau*," is said to have been the æsthetical maxim adopted by Victor Hugo when he composed the story of Quasimodo, and there is no doubt that the shabby—not in character, but in costume—is greatly relished by the play-goers of every grade. The charm of the "Wandering Minstrel," represented by Mr. Robson to the delight of the most aristocratic audience, lies not only in his song and in his dialect, but in his tatters; and an Irishman who fastens his coat with a skewer, and substitutes a hayband for a stocking, is welcomed not only as a man and a brother, but as a peculiarly interesting member of the species. In song, dance, rags, dialect, and gesticulation, Mr. Rice was alike acceptable, and the world was surprised to find that a black face could be associated with attributes once monopolized by the inhabitants of St. Giles's and Whitechapel. Billy Waters, the one-legged black fiddler, copied (if not literally taken) from the streets to embellish "Tom and Jerry," and Agamemnon, the attendant negro of the elder Mr. Charles Matthews's "Jonathan in England," had indeed preceded Jim Crow, and had learned their share of notoriety, but they were too much in the background to become the leading idols of a period; and although the respect paid to Billy Waters amounted to a sort of hero-worship, heightened by the circumstance that he was a fact as well as a figure, he had a formidable rival in Dusty Bob, who still lives in memory as the type of the old London Dustman.

The worship of Jim Crow was short-lived as it was ardent; for though his performance was novel, it could be very easily imitated and an English actor named Dunn, who simply copied Mr. Rice, was soon considered his successful rival by the lower class of playgoers, whose opinion with respect to certain branches of art is by no means to be despised. What with the original, and his imitators, and the repetitions of the "Turn about" song in every nook and corner, people began to think the comic negro a bore, just as about eight years since a decided distaste for the pious negro succeeded the rage for Uncle Tom. Jim Crow had been forgotten for something less than ten years when negro humor appeared before the public in an entirely new shape. Instead of donning the tattered coat and hat which Mr. Rice had made popular, or bringing into fashion the discarded blue and white suit of his predecessors, the new artistic negroes accoutred themselves in evening suits of black—perfect English gentlemen in every particular save the face. Mr. Rice has displayed his talent in broad Adelphi farces; but Messrs. Pell and Co. eschewed stage-plays, and got up an entertainment which even the Evangelical classes might patronize without inward misgiving. Their maxim was *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*, and instead of inviting a roar from the assemblage of an ordinary gallery, they settled themselves in the most western theatre, and courted the smiles and the tears of the aristocratic. They sang about the joys and sorrows incident to negro life; and though some of their comic ditties were absurdities compared to which "Hot Codlins" is a work of high literary art, there was a freshness in their tone that gratified the most fastidious ears, while the more pathetic melodies were not only pleasing in themselves, but frequently accompanied words that, rather in sorrow than in anger, hinted at the miseries of slavery, and therefore accorded with the serious convictions of many of the audience. The form of the entertainment, too, was entirely novel. The minstrels sat in a row of which the two extremities were respectively occupied by the artists on the "bones" and the tambourine. These, who were somewhat more in the foreground than the players on the banjo and violin, were the humorists of the party, throwing themselves into a grotesque attitude during the performance of the music, and filling up the interval of song with verbal jokes of the kind in which the clowns of equestrian ring are wont to

indulge. Mr. Pell, who himself was "bones"—for the word at last came to denote the player as well as the instrument—had really favored London with a new sensation. With the castanet, as the accompaniment to the elegant Spanish dances of Taglioni and Duvernay, everybody had become familiar; but this primitive rattle played with the most frantic contortions, was something entirely without precedent.

At first a few unreasonable grumblers endeavored to stem the popularity of Mr. Pell's company by declaring that the artists were not real blacks, but only white musicians with black faces. This pretended discovery was no discovery at all. Far from wishing to pass themselves off for veritable niggers, Pell and Co., as free-born American citizens, would have bitterly resented the suspicion that they had the least drop of black blood in their veins; so they lost no time in publishing portraits of themselves, with the white faces bestowed upon them by nature, in addition to others in which they wore the sable hue of their profession. Moreover, they styled themselves "Ethiopian Serenaders," thus selecting the name of the African country totally disconnected with negro slavery.

The popularity of "Jim Crow" was a rage among the middle and lower classes; but the "Ethiopians" set a *fashion* in the strictest sense of the word. The highest personages in the land patronised their performances. An ingenious young gentleman who could play on the banjo and sing "Lucy Neal" or "Buffalo Gals" was a welcome guest in the most aristocratic drawing-rooms; and if four amateurs clubbed together and imitated the entire performance of the professors, they were regarded as benefactors to their species. Let the music-books of the year 1846 and thereabouts be turned over, and it will be found what an enormous influence the Pell company had over the social pianoforte performances of their day. But though the Ethiopians started under aristocratic patronage, there was nothing in the nature of their entertainment to favor a continuance of exclusiveness. Italian operas and French plays will always repel the masses, from the simple circumstance that the words employed are in a foreign language, but there was nothing either in the humor or in the music of Pell's company that could not be as readily appreciated in St. Giles's as in St. James's. Consequently the people rushed into the participation of an enjoyment so keenly relished by the upper classes, and not only did imitators of the Ethiopians spring up in the cheapest concert rooms, but a band of itinerant black musicians became as necessary as an appurtenance of the London streets as Punch's show or a barrel-organ, much to the discomfiture of lovers of quiet in general, and of Dr. Babbage in particular.

Among the higher classes, the predilection for Ethiopian minstrelsy apparently died out, but in the lower stratum of society the tradition of Pell was faithfully preserved; and recent events show that even in the fashionable world the love of banjos and black faces was rather in abeyance than utterly extinct. Though negro melody and negro wit had been so done to death in every shape and every quarter, that they seemed on the point of descending into a mere street nuisance, important only to the police, the arrival of the "Christy's Minstrels," about four years since, revived the dormant flame. A host of well-dressed folks were again heard to declare that Ethiopian minstrelsy was the most amusing thing in London, and the pianoforte books were once more filled with songs testifying to the popularity of the new favorites among the select classes of the metropolis.

And the Christy's Minstrels have kept their ground. Pell and Co. founded the taste, which long survived its originators; but the Christy's have secured a permanent existence to their own corporate body. Their principal comic artist died, their manager retired with a fortune in his pocket; but they appointed a new humorist and subjected themselves to a new chief, and their corporate existence has been no more affected by the ordinary casualties of life than that of the

Merchant Tailor's Company. They have likewise established a regular form of entertainment which is universally recognized; and to this form their competitors, the "Buckley's" and the "Campbell's," generally adhere. The first part of the exhibition consists of a concert in which the performers appear in black evening suits, and play, sing, and joke after the model set by Pell and his associates. There is, however, this difference, that the sentimental songs are commonly without reference to the peculiarities of negro life, and are not unfrequently composed by leading musicians, such as Balfe and Wallace. The second part is miscellaneous, and contains a great deal of grotesque dancing, together with a comic scene or two, in which the shabby vagabond negro of "Jim Crow Rice" once more makes his appearance. A burlesque of some well known Italian Opera concludes the whole. If we consider that all this is done, and exceedingly well done, by a company not above twelve strong, we shall have just cause to wonder at the concentration of talent, musical, histrionic, and gymnastic, that has been accomplished in the formation of the troop, and still more, to a marvel at its vitality. When the Arlecchino of an old Italian company died, his loss was regarded as a terrible calamity, the extemporaneous character of the "Commedie dell arte" requiring accomplishments of no ordinary kind; and it would seem that only a rare combination of muscular, vocal, and mimetic powers would enable a man to be chief comedian of the Christy's. So firmly is nigger minstrelsy now established as one of the leading amusements of the metropolis, that London without its regular black band would seem shorn of a necessary appurtenance. The banjo is thrummed all the year round; for when the "Christy's" retire to swallow a mouthful of fresh air and to pick up a pocketful of money in the provinces, the Buckley's or the Campbell's are quick to relieve guard, and make a very respectable figure.

Those who look on everything with a serious face will find in the popularity of nigger minstrelsy among the educated classes a singular illustration of the close connexion that exists between Puritanism and extreme frivolity. Scores of persons who would think it wicked to see the highest work of dramatic art performed by the finest company in the world, will, with the utmost complacency, spend a long evening in listening to trivial jokes, provided they cannot be convicted of "going to the play." It is not that these persons object to the theatre as an edifice, for they will unscrupulously enter any playhouse in London to witness the tricks of a conjurer; neither are they particularly averse to the dramatic form of entertainment, for this is constantly employed in their presence by the artists they delight to patronize. But they must not "go to the play on any consideration, and the distinction they draw is sufficiently practical to prevent the patronage of all that is elevating in the drama and to promote the encouragement of all that is trivial.

There is something melancholy in the fact that a form of religion has widely spread, which manifestly tends to lower the civilization of the educated classes; but those who are content to take things as they find them may agreeably spend an evening with the "Christy's Minstrels," and respect them as a clever sort of artists, who have thoroughly understood how to make the best of the circumstances in which they are placed, and deport themselves ably and conscientiously in their singular vocation.—*London paper.*

Sunday Music on the Common.

Some time since I delivered a lecture on amusements, in which I took a position deemed heretical by the Boston *Recorder*, and other "evangelical journals." It seemed to me at the time, that the suggestion I made was a legitimate one, and certain facts which have since come to my knowledge serve to strengthen that impression. With your permission, sir, I will make my statement over again, and leave the remedy for the evils, which it is full time we should grapple with, to others, if that which I advocate is not satisfactory. My desire is to see

some force brought to bear on the class of which I spoke.

There is in Boston church-accommodation for about one-half its inhabitants. Were every seat in every church occupied on the Sabbath, there would be from seventy-five to a hundred thousand people who do not hear the Gospel preached. I do not mean by this statement to cut the city in halves, and say this half always attends church, and that half never does. Many of the seventy-five thousand who last Sunday were in the street, will on the next Sunday be in church; and many of the seventy-five thousand who last Sunday were at church, will next Sunday be in the street. I am very glad to correct the wrong impression which most men have when a statement is made that there is church accommodation for only half the people of the city, and to say that as many as two-thirds of our population are, to a greater or lesser extent, under the influence of the Christian pulpit.

But there is a class of men and women, and a large one it is, who, from one year's end to another, never enter a church. They can hardly remember the time when the preacher's voice was heard by them, so far as they are concerned, the pulpit is wholly useless. A part only of this class are reached by the various missions of the city. The ministry to the poor, which is doing more good than all the other religious organizations of the city put together, does in some way touch the hearts of the very many, and help them towards a higher life. But every city missionary will tell you sadly, that the most promising efforts which he makes are very uncertain. If he makes a conversion to-day, he feels that it is necessary to keep a sharp look-out for the converted one, and see that every possible incentive to right living is offered, since the temptations are so many and so strong, that the lapse from good resolutions are things of daily experience.

Now, besides the number of those who are most effectively acted upon by the missionary, there is a last class, from twenty to thirty thousand strong, who never have any good influence brought to bear on them. They never enter our churches, and are as ignorant of the value of Sunday worship as the Chinese. They are not influenced by the missionary, for he finds it impossible to get at them. This large class is composed of our dangerous men and women. They are often found in our jails and houses of correction. They live certainly not by honest labor, rather by begging and stealing. And Sunday is their gala-day. They find more dupes and victims than at any other time. The spread their snares, make their worst appointments and accomplish more on that day than on any other.

Now, sir, the question arises, How can this be remedied? Will you flood the streets with missionaries, who at every corner shall preach the Gospel to all who are willing to hear? I will join in that plan most heartily, and I will see that my Society bears its full portion of the expense of such an enterprise. But since this might be voted a Utopian rather than a practical scheme, what remedy do you offer that shall have immediate effect? *What can you do to get those people out of their haunts, and give them a good impression?* My plan, and it is not a novel one, was this. Station one or more bands of music on the Common; and on the most dangerous day of the week, the Sabbath, let those people whom you cannot coax into a church, be gathered together, to breathe the fresh air, and listen to music, rather than to the oaths which alone they are accustomed to hear. The influence could not be bad. The experiment could not fail of accomplishing good. Religious impression is what you want to give them; and will the Boston Recorder say that this cannot be done by music? If you cannot reach them any other way, will you leave them to their doom, simply because this seems a somewhat novel, though, many chances to one, a very efficient missionary force?

For one, I am willing to urge the movement with all my might. I have no doubt that every Sabbath would produce its good results. The haunts of vice and the homes of poverty would be penetrated, if not pervaded by an influence that would soon produce good fruit. I have taken pains to notice how such a suggestion strikes the poorer classes. I have talked with intelligent men, members of these classes, who know only too well how many are the needs of those they represent. And one put his hand on my shoulder, and said sadly: "Yes, we should all go to the Common, though God knows we don't go to church; you church people don't know anything about us, you will never give us so good a thing as that. You don't care for us; you only say you do." He turned away sadly, and I felt that we didn't understand his caste of men and women.

The above-mentioned paper says the apostles would have been surprised if one had mentioned a

brass band as an evangelizing power; but certainly the surprise would not have been greater than that with which, if they were present with us, they would peruse the columns of the Boston Recorder.

Some time ago, when there was music on the Common twice a week, it was noticed that the police reports contained only about half the number of arrests for drunkenness on those nights. It only shows that the right kind of people were on the Common; that a brass band was an evangelizing power of no slight importance. And if such results could be attained again, the sooner we make music a religious fixture the better. I hope some of our Boston philanthropists will undertake the work as soon as the weather permits.—G. H. H., in *Christian Register*.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music from La France Musicale.

Un Fanatico per la Musica.

The scene we are about to describe, took place not long ago, at St. Petersburg. The journal, *le Nord* published the account originally and we reproduce it. It concerns one Alessandro Lazarev, a genuine fanatic per la musica, a soi disant unappreciated genius who felt himself called upon to bring about a revolution in the art of music and who, for some eight or ten years, has persisted in obliging the public to hear his symphonies, oratorios, overtures hymns, &c. His productions indeed, are not entirely wanting in ideas, or in melodies, sometimes sufficiently new; but this unfortunate composer does not possess even the most elementary notions about counterpoint, or of figured bass and consequently he writes scores utterly impossible to be executed by instruments; in a word, perfect *charivari* music. Criticism has told him so several times, but he will not listen to reason and answers by abuse with which he fills great posters three metres long, for lack of any journal that will publish his prose. As you see, he is a maniac, a sort of Russian Wagner.

About a month ago, appeared a pamphlet: "*Lazarev and Beethoven*," with portraits of the two personages on the cover. The purpose of this document, without signature, was to prove to the public of St. Petersburg that it was a fool and an ignoramus that it did not understand that the *Signore Alessandro Lazarev, amico de Rossini* (so he styles himself in his notices and posters) was by far the superior of the author of *Fidelio* and the *Pastoral Symphony*.

The anonymous writer, styling himself "Counsellor of State and Chevalier of several orders," proposed to appear before the public at the first concert of Lazarev, ready to maintain against all comers the right of his protégé to the title of a composer of genius. It was supposed at first that there was some humbug about this, but in about ten days appeared a placard announcing for the 29th of March a grand concert of Slavic music of our Wagner, "for the benefit of the Christians in Syria, and *à propos* of the Lazarev and Beethoven pamphlet," at which would be also performed music by Beethoven, so that the public might compare and judge.

An announcement so absurd attracted the crowd. The scandal was smelt afar off, but the result entirely surpassed their expectations. Never was anything so great seen in any concert hall of the old or new world.

The hall of the *Club des Bourgeois* (maison Iakountchikov) was full an hour before the time for the concert, and for a wonder, the doors were found thrown wide open, and no ticket taker before them. Those poor Christians of Syria will have no chance at all. All our musical celebrities, artists and critics came to see how *l'amico di Rossini* would make that scamp of a Beethoven come down from his pedestal. The orchestra was composed of the first artists of the capital. At half-past two comes the hero of the occasion; he distributes the parts to the musicians with his own hands and ascends his place with a triumphant air.

In Russia they love courage and intrepidity. The

maestro bows with dignity and gives the signal to the orchestra. The first *morceau* is executed amid profound silence; however, by degrees they begin to make interruptions and quite boisterous laughs are heard among the audience and even among the musicians. When the piece is ended, for better or for worse, the public calls vociferously for the author of the pamphlet to present his argument. Alessandro Lazarev appears again to announce that the "Counsellor of State and chevalier of several orders, Markov is indisposed; but that he is not an imaginary personage. He exists, and those who have any doubt about it can clear up their doubts at his lodgings at the Bridge *Alartchine*." General laughter in the audience.

The second piece was about to begin when suddenly an individual with long curly hair, a musical critic well known and highly esteemed, mounts a chair and asks to be heard. Leave was immediately given and he proceeds, "Gentlemen," said the improvised orator, "you have heard the first piece of this illustrious composer, and it has given you a complete idea of the calibre of his talent. Shall the author of such a cacophony be permitted to couple his name with that of the greatest of composers? Is it not an unworthy speculation, and shall not we be right in throwing rotten potatoes at him who has dared to humbug us in this fashion?"

This sally was received with unanimous bravos. Lazarev, not admitting himself to be conquered, rushes to the tribune, (that is, his desk) and asks for silence and the attention of the audience. "Listen, gentlemen, listen I pray you to my overture; you shall then hear one of Beethoven's; then you can make the comparison. As to this gentleman who has just spoken, I despise him and laugh at his opinion." So saying, he gave the signal again to the orchestra, and the overture began.

This bravado lent fire to the powder. The audience rose noisily, and cried; "Stop, stop your *charivari*! You are splitting our ears! This is too bad! The fanatical maestro throws himself into all sorts of attitudes, continuing to direct the orchestra. The patience of the public is exhausted. They make missiles of the handbills, and of every thing they can lay hands upon, and throw them from all sides at the head of the rival of Beethoven. He sullenly holds his ground, although part of the musicians have taken flight; the tumult in the audience rises with the row in the orchestra. At last some individuals rush to the platform and intimate to Lazarev a hint to beat a retreat. He tries to resist, but the numbers of the besiegers being always *crescendo*, the unhappy maestro is soon dragged off by a crowd that insults, pushes, crowds and finally hustles him out of the hall.

This is the way that with us, they encourage innovators, pioneers of musical reform and people who wish to create music such as no one ever heard! In this respect St. Petersburg is as barbarous as Paris. There they hiss the *Tannhäuser*, and do not wish to listen to the music of the future. We must suppose that the music of Lazarev is of a still more distant future, since it draws down upon him kicks instead of hisses.

Music Gardens of Berlin.*

Out of the well known street, *unter den Linden*, passing through the magnificent Brandenburg gate, the suburb seeker finds himself in the Thier-Garten, a vast park through which runs a wide avenue lined with poplars and lindens, and leading to Charlottenburg. This park, though just outside the wall of a populous city, is as wild and as densely overgrown with trees as a primeval forest. Here and there are little lakes, which, it must be confessed, are generally stagnant and suggestive of miniature dismal swamps, indeed, the Thier Garten is rather damp than otherwise, but this is the only drawback to one of the noblest parks in existence. In one part of it is Kroll's, a sort of theatre and open-air garden, one of the characteristic features of Berlin amusements. It

is a really splendid building, the principal apartment being an immense and elegant hall, profusely decorated, lighted up with huge chandeliers, and provided with a stage and the usual accessories.

Here, every night at six o'clock, an opera is performed in German; Flotow, Weber, and Lortzing being the most popular composers. The band is excellent, and the singers above mediocrity. You never hear an old, worn-out, feeble singer. Voice, voice, voice, seems to be the first requisite, and the German operatic artists of Kroll's always possess this essential element of success. Between the acts everybody, male and female, Herr and Frau, and Fraulein, and Kinder, go out to the adjoining rooms to revel in beer. Were I to send to you a statistical report of the immense size of the glasses from which the Teutonic nectar is imbibed, I should be scouted as another Baron Munchausen. Having drank as much beer as would fill an ordinary bathing tub, the Kroll visitor is summoned by a bell to listen to the next act; which over, off he, she or they rush for more beer. So after the second act. Ditto after the third act. Then after the last act all go into the garden to drink beer indefinitely.

These gardens are very pretty, and are illuminated with revolving cones of gas jets, and furnished with seats and tables. While the people drink and smoke the orchestra takes its place on a platform and plays divinely. Now it is the weird overture to Oberon—now the grand Coronation March of Meyerbeer's Prophets—now one of the witching waltzes of Labitzky or Lanner, or the still more enchanting strains of Strauss. So for an hour or two more the festivities are kept up till about half-past ten o'clock, when it is all over. The entrance to the garden, entitling you only to hear the orchestral music before and after the opera, is seven cents—inclusive of the opera, from 20 to 25 cents, according to the place. There are other cheaper music gardens in and about Berlin, open every night.—*Corr. of N. Y. Evening Post.*

MUSIC IN PRIMARY SCHOOLS.—Another exercise which should enter into every scheme of primary instruction, is vocal music. Its claims to public recognition as a regular school exercise, rest upon its value as a means of cultivating the ear to a nice discrimination of sounds, and of the vocal organs to an accurate utterance of the notes of the gamut—upon the rich and pure fountain of enjoyment which it opens to its possessors—but especially upon its blessed and tranquilizing influence upon the minds and hearts of the children in the school-room. As an auxiliary in government, its aid is invaluable. When some excitement has ruffled the temper, or perturbed the spirits of the little school community, it comes like a messenger of peace, and the swelling breast is calm. When the mind is weary with application, it yields to the power of song, and returns to its labor refreshed and strengthened. We all know the strange power of music upon our own feelings, and can readily see that upon the susceptible natures of children this influence is greatly enhanced. Unlike almost everything else, music would seem to be an unmixed good.—*N. Y. Teacher.*

THE NATIONAL HYMN.—The committee on the national hymn announce that the time for the reception of manuscripts by them has expired, and that no more will be admitted to competition. The number already in their hands is *over eleven hundred and fifty*. The public will see at once that the examination and comparison of such a mass of manuscript matter must be a work of some time. The committee therefore ask the indulgence of these who are interested in this subject; and they take this opportunity of saying to contributors that the first announcement of their decision will be made publicly, and that personal inquiry upon that subject will be entirely in vain.

MAUNSELL B. FIELD, Secretary.

New York, June 21.

Musical Correspondence.

TOWNSEND, MASS., JUNE 22.—During a recent tour through the West, we chanced to tarry for a short period in Shelbyville, a small town in the interior of Kentucky, famed in the regions thereabout for its educational institutions of which there are five, —two for males and three for females—all of them in quite a flourishing condition. It was the anniversary occasion in some of the schools, and public exhibitions were being held for the benefit of numerous friends and patrons of the various institutions. On the morning of the 12th inst., we were privileged

with listening to the silvery eloquence of a few zealous sons of the South, as they held forth to a very respectable audience seated in a delightful grove, in front of one of the principal buildings to the Episcopal College. The orations were, on the whole, creditable to the young gentlemen, who delivered them—if we except two or three, who seemed anxious to exhibit their independence by advocating the claims of the South—urging the chivalric sons of Kentucky to unite their fortunes with those of the rebel Confederacy. We were gratified to learn, however, that Shelbyville is eminently a Union place—her most distinguished and respectable citizens declaring unconditionally in favor of the *Constitution* and the *Law*. Secession is below par, and few can be found bold enough to declare their treasonable sentiments even if entertained. Would it were so throughout the whole length and breadth of the State.

On the evening of the same day our attention was arrested by the appearance of a programme for a concert, to be given in the Presbyterian Church by the young ladies of Shelbyville Female College. Of course, there was no resisting such an attraction, and, accordingly—we soon found ourselves closely wedged in among an immense and brilliant audience, all seemingly intent on being *pleased*, judging by the indiscriminate clamor of applause, which succeeded each and every performance. In both instrumental and vocal pieces, the efforts of the young ladies were most admirably seconded by the magic tones of the Professor's violin—so skillfully superadded as effectually to cover all defects and finish up the whole with remarkable eclat. But the crowning attraction of the evening was *Hiawatha Schottisch*, quite ostentatiously set forth as a composition of Talexty (but in reality one of Bellak's easy Duets), for *six Pianos, twenty-four performers.*"

Being simply an amateur in the fine arts, we could scarcely comprehend the manner in which the terms of the programme could be fulfilled—*forty fingers on one piano!* That must necessarily put nearly all the keys in motion, especially on a "six octave"—but, in due time, the enigma was solved—twenty-four young ladies made their appearance—seated at their pianos, each using but *one hand!* Truly the people out West are munificent in the bestowal of commendation; and the ingenious little German Professor, to whom the credit of the arrangement belongs, seems to understand very well how to call forth the applause of the multitude.

We would venture to suggest, that all instructors of music, in our female seminaries might learn from this and adopt a similar plan, as one well calculated to produce the impression of rare musical skill, on part of both teachers and pupils, and this without so great an expenditure of time and labor as is usually employed for a similar purpose. Why spend weeks and months of unnecessary drill to render pupils exact and independent in the presentation of their pieces, before an audience, who never look beyond the surface, but who so good-naturedly bestow their approbation on what is only seemingly meritorious. No matter if the uninitiated be slightly deceived—if they do wonder and admire without cause—the great object of a musical education seems to have been gained, when public applause is secured, and he, who has tact and ingenuity enough to cause an illusion of two senses at once, and make a *grand display*, will be sure to share most largely in popular renown. We offer them a plea in behalf of the large class of young ladies, who are now so grievously burdened by a system of never-ending practising and recommend most earnestly that the Professors take a much larger share of the performance upon their own shoulders, and lead off, either by means of a violin, or otherwise, to relieve their pupils from embarrassing mistakes. Moreover, we would have them learn to exercise a little more ingenuity, in devising some plan by which those unfortunates, who possess

neither musical ability nor industry may receive the coveted applause—of being "*splendid performers.*" T.

A PLAY AT THE TUILERIES.

One evening last week one of the earlier plays of Dumas was performed at the Tuileries. Eighty ladies were present. At the close of the performance the Empress approached the leading actor, Montrose, and having complimented him on his performance, inquired of him, with a smile, how long it was since the play had been performed at the French theatre? The actor replied that it had not been performed there for forty years. "In that case," replied the Empress, laughing, "I beg that you will say nothing about it; for there are several ladies here who never admit that they are thirty years of age, and who have just assured me that they have seen this played at the French theatre."

AN ARTISTIC CONCERT.

The Society of the *Union Artistique* has given at the Italian theatre, hired for the occasion, a magnificent concert. The *andante* and *finale* of Beethoven's Symphony in A, and the *Benedictus* of the Mass in D, by the same author; the Piano Concerto, in D minor, by Bach; and the overture of Mendelssohn's "Quiet Sea," were given, in their most perfect style, by the unrivalled artists of the *Conservatoire*. Living composers were represented by an *Ave verum* of Gounod; a song from Membree's opera, *Kingal*; and the sublime, descriptive composition of Félicien David, "The Last Judgment," which formed the leading feature of the evening's programme.

DAVID THE COMPOSER.

The author of the "Desert," the "Pearl of Brazil" and the "Last Judgment," though he has now fully conquered the reluctant suffrages of Paris, was long the object of the bitterest and most persistent hostility. The boldness of his conceptions and the originality of the means which he employs in working them out, though now lauded to the skies, were formerly denounced as monstrous, heretical and absurd. Gentle, refined and exceedingly sensitive, the feelings of the man suffered intensely under the persecution to which the artist was subjected; and it would be difficult to imagine a more touching protest against the cruel virulence of party passion than the expression of patient, weary suffering worn into the features of the man of genius, whom long persecution has rendered prematurely old.

Tall, slightly bent, thin as a shadow; a high forehead, already bald; black elf locks, streaked with silver, falling backwards from a pale, long face; large, lustrous black eyes, deep, earnest and sorrowful; a mouth placid, but as sad in expression as the eyes; and an air of almost feminine gentleness and timidity, make up a personality equally striking and pathetic. There is no sign of weakness about the man. He is evidently one to hold on his way, as he has done, gently but firmly; never flinching under opposition, but feeling it so acutely that no amount of success can ever obliterate the traces of the suffering through which he has won his way to his present eminence.—*Paris Corr. of N. Y. Eve. Post, May 24, 1861.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 29, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

CHEVE'S SYSTEM.

NEW YORK, JUNE 22, 1861.—We observe that the article on the new French method of musical instruction published in your Journal of May 18, has elicited considerable comment, and called out a desire for further facts and details concerning it—more particularly for some comprehensive statement of the general principles which it embodies.

The object of the above-mentioned article was simply to point out some of the advantages to be derived from a study of this simple and beautiful system, and to show the high esteem in which it is held in France, in spite of the prejudice and opposition which—in common with all other important discoveries—it was, at first, obliged to encounter.

Numerous letters of inquiry from different parts of

the country have been addressed to us to which we cannot specially reply, but, as soon as time and the pressure of other duties will permit, we design to furnish a series of articles which shall give "more light" upon the merits and prominent features of this favorite system, of which so little is known here, and convey a clear idea of "what precisely this system is and how it differs from the plan of musical instruction in vogue in this country."

We are satisfied, from personal observation of its workings in Paris, that its introduction and application upon a large scale in this country, would not only render the study and science of music general among our people, but would most likely lead to an entire revolution in the prevailing ideas of its uses. It only wants to be *known* to be *appreciated*. Meantime, we are pleased to see so much interest manifested in the subject, and trust that it will be thoroughly tested after the present contest between *Barbarism and Civilization* is ended, and the inhabitants of this Continent shall have entered upon that glorious destiny which is in store for them as a consequence of the powerful blow which our great republic is about to strike for its free institutions.

AMATEUR.

Concert Programmes.

In an article, written in the early part of the year, on "Popular Concerts" (vol. xviii., No 19) we made the statement, that the mass of the people remain children, and that, therefore, any instruction in music ought to proceed from the rudiments of musical Art, and practically, from simple national airs to "classical" or scientific music. There is another class of persons, not over-numerous, who have heard a good deal of good music and learned to like it. Anything by Beethoven, or Haydn or Mozart is received by them with pleasure and reverence. But to many of them Bach or Schumann are incomprehensible; the music before Haydn generally is not as pleasant to them as that of the later masters, and even the later works of Beethoven sound strange to their ears. This is not surprising, when we consider the psychological fact, that it is *habit* which makes things pleasant and dear, and that such persons are not in the habit of hearing older music or music of Beethoven's later period, or of Schumann. In our concerts intended for the larger public, such as the "Philharmonic" were, it would be unwise, we think, to introduce some of the older music at present. In Leipzig, to be sure, they have been performing one of C. Ph. Emanuel Bach's symphonies lately, with great applause. But at Leipzig the public is accustomed to the music of J. Sebastian Bach and the older masters generally. We have heard the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven here, and it was received with general enthusiasm; that is a very good sign; but we have seen the beautiful music by Beethoven to Goethe's Egmont fall dead upon the same audience that was enraptured with the Ninth. This shows that there is still room for improvement in that direction.

Progress in taste proceeds from a few chosen minds, around whom cluster those lovers of the Ideal who are most susceptible to beauty in whatever art it be represented. In music composers and artists of the true stamp constitute such nuclei. By playing to the sympathizing few the best of their own or of other great master's works, they increase the taste and appreciation of the best in music in their homes. As there is no rest in the mental progress of man, these select few, educated to love the best and constantly improved and elevated to higher levels by the influence of composers and artists, cannot help diffusing such healthful influence in wider circles. In larger audiences they form the centre from which appreciation and applause of the best passages proceed, sympathetically moving the less educated and sensitive.

It is with these select audiences that progress in a

new, unknown direction is to begin. And it rests with the chosen artists whose performances they attend, to give a start to such progress. When audiences have become familiar with a good number of Beethoven's earlier works for the Piano, with his earlier chamber-music, with the easier chamber-music of Haydn, Mozart and Mendelssohn, then it is time for them to be introduced to Beethoven's later Sonatas, to his later chamber-music, to Schumann's larger works and to the wonderful music left as a rich legacy by Joh. Seb. Bach. The works of this master are almost unknown, only here and there some few of his compositions have been produced in select circles. They contain in a severe form, full of intricate harmonies, alive with contrasted melodies, such a wealth of beauty, of intensest feeling, of lyric vividness, of dramatic force, that he who has come to penetrate through the outer barrier of confusing harmonies and rhythm, stands enchanted, and longs for nothing else but Bach. So it is with the later compositions of Beethoven and so with many of Schumann's larger works.

We have the right kind of music-lovers in our city to begin such a course of progressive and extensive musical studies, as far as they can be pursued in the concert-room. We well remember the thrill of pleasure that ran through the audience when the Quartette, op. 74, in E flat by Beethoven was performed for the first time. That Quartette is not very easy to understand, yet it took its hearers the first time by storm. Of the later Quartettes by these masters nothing has yet been heard here. Nor did we hear any of the Sonatas by Beethoven, which, belonging to the latest period, embody all the manly, ripe strength and experience of the master, the only piece of that period having been the Ninth Symphony which was received in an appreciative manner. It seems now to rest with the few gifted artists to continue on this rising road to progress, and to give the lovers of good music an opportunity to acquaint themselves with older as well as later music. The middle period being tolerably well known and comprehended, musical knowledge ought to expand and musical appreciation to embrace less known works that are harder to understand.

We have been led to this train of remark by a concert programme sent us from Wurzburg, in the southern part of Germany. For some time past three men in Germany have made the study of the last Piano Sonatas by Beethoven their especial business; *Hans von Bülow*, the son-in-law of Liszt, *Bronsard* and *Mortier de Fontaine*. The name of the first of the three is familiar to the readers of our Journal, having been frequently mentioned in former years in concert-notices from Berlin and Paris. They have done a great deal in making German audiences familiar with those works that are so little known, though they deserve to be so widely known. The last named artist, *Mortier de Fontaine*, in April last, came to Wurzburg on a concert-tour, intending to give but one concert. So great, however, was the enthusiasm he created, that he had to yield to the entreaties of the Wurzburgers and give four concerts. The programme of the second concert is the one sent to us, and we here print it, as it presents some novelties, aside from the intrinsic merit of the pieces. We translate the bill literally.

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|---|-------------------------------|
| (a By request) Passacaglia | George Muffat (?-about 1700) |
| 1 b Air and Gigue | G. A. Handel (1684-1759) |
| (c Chromatic Fantasia | J. S. Bach (1685-1750) |
| (a Affettuoso | C. Ph. E. Bach (1714-1788) |
| 2 b Polonaise (Adagio) | Wilh. F. Bach (1710-1784) |
| (c Studio | Francesco Durante (1698-1755) |
| 3 Sonata: a Andante, b Presto | Jos. Haydn (1732-1809) |
| 4 Trio for Piano, Violin and Violoncello with Mess. Kömpel, Hanoverian Concert-master, (Violin) and Schindlöcker, Bararian Court-musician (Violoncello): a Allegro, b Andante grazioso, c Finale. | W. A. Mozart (1756-1791) |
| 5 Sonata (op. 110) | L. van Beethoven (1770-1827) |
| 6 a Barcarole, b Scherzo and c Sarabande for violin and piano, played by Messrs. Kömpel and Mortier de Fontaine | L. Spohr (1783-1860) |
| (a Nocturne (op. 62, No. 2) | Fr. Chopin (1810-1849) |
| 7 b Capriccio (op. 66, No. 1) | Ferd. Hiller (1811) |
| (c Saltarello (op. 23) | C. V. Alkan (1815) |

Now such an historical concert is really quite interesting in presenting to the audience different styles of music and thus enabling them intelligently to judge of the characteristic marks of each. There is another feature which seems very commendable. The artist is not above Father HAYDN. There is a certain snobbishness among younger artists with reference to the older masters that is sometimes really amusing. "We have got beyond Haydn: he is too uninteresting to play him now," is a remark not seldom heard. We remember to have seen concert-programmes of Frau Clara Schumann, on several of which a Sonata by Haydn was to be found. We should like to see the keys of some of the pieces for this programme stated; otherwise we think it unexceptionable. When shall we in Boston hear such concerts, combining instruction with elevated enjoyment? Will none of our resident artists undertake to let us hear pieces by the older masters and the better works of Beethoven? It would certainly be a very praiseworthy and we hope a very successful enterprise. Let Horace's maxim be remembered and acted upon:

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
or in a free translation:
He is most successful who unites the useful with the pleasant.

*†

Music Abroad.

Paris.

Notwithstanding the departure of the court and the absence even of Prince Jerome and Princess Clotilde, two very gay entertainments of rather a novel description were given last week at the Ministère d'Etat and the hotel of M. de Morny, President of the Corps Legislatif. Instead of the operetta of one act, which it has been so much the fashion of late to introduce at the receptions, one or two acts of the *Misanthrope* of Moliere, played by Samson and Regnier, (those veterans of the Theatre Française) M'm Plessy, and others, were performed at M. Walewski's with the greatest success that the piece is one better calculated to be appreciated in a salon than on the stage, where many of its more delicate shades are of necessity lost. The bill of fare for the evening's entertainment was still further varied by the re-appearance of Liszt and his performance of two wonderful pieces on the piano, as well as his masterly accompaniment of Pauline Viardot, in the German ballad of the "Erl King." At M. de Morny's two slight pieces of comic character were given, the first one of those witty, brilliant effusions in which the French peculiarly excel, called a "proverbe," and in which that charming actress, M'le Madelaine Brohair and Brassaut delighted all the audience; the second an operetta bouffe, "M. Chouffeur Migline," of which the lively music and the droll incidents were admirably given and thoroughly enjoyed. When it is recalled that the lounging room from such a spectacle was the gallery of magnificent pictures of the Count de Morny, from which all but the choicest gems are carefully excluded, it is scarcely possible to imagine a greater treat to the senses and the intellect than the one thus offered to his guests. Lighted up by a thousand wax candles might be seen, in the intervals of the performance, such Rembrandts, Van de Veldes and Hobbemas as are rarely to be met with singly in any one collection; whilst he is well known to be the possessor of the masterpieces of Greuze, Boucher, Fragonard, Prudhon, Meissonier, and other eminent masters of the French school. The entertainment was most successful, and all the better appreciated from the rarity of such receptions at this period of the year.—*Corr. of the North American.*

Cologne.

It having occurred to me that the *Niederrheinisches Musik-Fest* may not be an uninteresting topic to some of your readers, I beg to forward you a short account of the present year's celebration.

This festival, which consists of three concerts given on three consecutive evenings, and which is held yearly in Whitsuntide at Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, or Dusseldorf, was celebrated this year at Aix-la-Chapelle, under the able direction of Franz Lachner, of Munich. The first concert opened on Sunday, the 19th inst., with Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica*. Nothing could surpass the precision and delicacy with which this noble work was executed. The orchestra,

composed of first-class artists from far and near, responded heartily to Herr Lachner's efforts; and the result was what might have been expected. The perfect silence observed during the performance, and the deafening applause which followed the conclusion of each movement, showed how thoroughly the audience appreciated what they heard.

The symphony was followed, after a short pause, by the same composer's *Missa Solemnis*, in D. major (Op. 123). This colossal work, which took its author more than three years to compose, and was regarded by himself as his most complete composition, is, however, very seldom attempted in Germany, on account of its magnitude and difficulty—obstacles only to be overcome on occasions like the present, when so large a number of practised musicians concentrate their energies towards the same point. The performance of the mass reflected the same credit on the chorus as the symphony had done on the orchestra. The solos were well executed; the obligato for the violin, one of the principal features of the "Benedictus," being played by Herr Joseph Joachim, with that exquisite taste and finish for which he stands alone. With the Mass in D terminated the first concert. The success of the second was equally brilliant. The programme was composed of Mozart's orchestral symphony in C major, and Handel's oratorio of *Joshua*. The oratorio which formed the second part of the concert was a perfect triumph for all concerned. The choruses, from first to last, were sung with a vigor and accuracy that left it difficult to decide to which the palm was due. Two were unanimously encored—viz., the first chorus in the second part, "Glorreich ist Gott," and the last but one in the 3rd part, "See the conquering Hero comes." Frau Rübsamen-Veith, who had ably sustained the soprano music in the *Missa Solemnis* on the previous evening, acquitted herself most brilliantly in that of Ahsah. Her rendering of the airs, "Horch auf den Vögel Jubelchor!" and "O hüt' ich Jubal's Harf," was irreproachable. The part of Joshua was undertaken by Herr Carl Schneider of Wiesbaden; Othniel and Caleb by Frau Potthoff-Diehl, of Aix-la-Chapelle, and Herr Julius Krause, of Berlin, singers of well-attested capabilities. The theatre, crowded to excess, resounded with applause whenever a halt in the music allowed of it; and every one present seemed to participate heartily in the feeling of enthusiasm with which Handel's splendid composition (if justice be done to it) all who listen to it must be inspired.

The programme for the third concert was as follows:—

PART I.

1. Overture, "Oberon" (Weber).
2. Aria "Mitrane" (composed in 1686), Frau Potthoff-Diehl. (Rossi).
3. Concerto, Pianoforte, and Orchestra, Frau Clara Schumann (Schumann).
4. Aria "Figaro's Hochzeit," by Herr Krause (Mozart).
5. "Sanctus" and "Benedictus" from the *Missa Solemnis* (Beethoven).

PART II.

1. Prelude and Fugue for Orchestra (F. Lachner).
2. "Hallelujah," cantata for Soprano, "Esther," Frau Rübsamen-Veith (Handel).
3. Concerto, Violin and Orchestra, Herr Joachim (Beethoven).
4. Aria "Euryanthe" Herr Schneider (Weber).
5. Grand chorus: "The Heavens are telling" (Haydn).

The appearance of such artists as Mad. Schumann and Herr Joachim together in this programme was alone sufficient to stamp the character of this final concert. The solos were well chosen and well executed, especially the "Hallelujah" and air from *Euryanthe*, in which Frau Rübsamen-Veith and Herr Schneider confirmed the good opinion already formed of their abilities. The prelude and fugue, a new composition of Franz Lachner's, was vigorously played, and received with unbounded applause. The concert found a worthy finale in the chorus which closes the first part of Haydn's *Creation*; orchestra and singers vied with each other in obtaining a perfect performance, and succeeded to the satisfaction of everybody.

Thus ended the 38th Niederrheinisches Musik Fest; the theatre was filled each night to the ceiling with lovers of the art, gathered together from all parts of Germany. Great credit is due to Franz Wüllner, music director of Aix-la-Chapelle, for the pains he must have taken to bring the chorus up to the mark at which Herr Lachner found them. There were 426 singers and 135 players—561 performers in all.—*Corr. of Musical World* June 8.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Signor Mario made his first appearance on Monday night with one of those parts in which he stands unrivalled. So brilliant a Count Almaviva as his has not been witnessed by the present generation of opera-goers. Incomparable as an exhibition of vocal skill, it is also a pattern of high-class comedy—natural and refined in an equal measure, easy, elegant, and in every sense at-

tractive. Such a performance is the more to be valued at a time when scarcely a contemporary singer, Italian or non-Italian, can execute the music of Rossini's most dashing hero with the requisite grace and fluency. To these qualities, moreover, rare as they are just now, Signor Mario joins unflagging spirit and a kind of gentlemanly humor as agreeable as it is peculiarly his own. On Monday night—as though, for reasons unnecessary to state, resolved to do his best—he fairly eclipsed his previous achievements. In his very best days he has seldom played Almaviva so unexceptionally well—never, on any occasion with more uniform and sustained excellence. He was received with the old heartiness, and at once—in the beautiful cavatina, "Ecco ridente il Cielo"—rewarded his patrons with a specimen of legitimate Italian art, combining the utmost purity of expression with a style and method altogether faultless. The duet with Figaro—"All' idea di quel metallo"—was, if possible, even better, the florid passages at the end of the quick movement ("A che d'amore") being delivered, "mezza voce," with an evenness, fluency, rapidity and perfect truth of intonation not to be surpassed. To avoid details, we may add that the rest was of the same stamp; that not one moment of apathy weakened the effect of the performance; and that Almaviva's last solo (in the trio with Rosina and Figaro) was marked by the same careful refinement as his first, the well known "Zitti zitti, piano piano!" which forms the last movement of the trio, eliciting a loud and general encore. As Signor Mario never sang or acted better, so was he never more liberally applauded. In short, he was to employ the conventional expression, "in his finest voice," and did thorough justice to his admirable talent. Our crowded space will not allow more than a word or two for the other performers. Mad. Miolan Carvalho's Rosina showed all that extraordinary vocal facility for which it was so much admired last season; Signor Ciampi's Bartolo, though overstrained and turbulent, was original and painstaking; Signor Tagliafico's Bartolo was an extremely diverting caricature, and Signor Ronconi's Figaro more than racy and imitable—a modern Figaro, indeed, upon which a volume might be written.

On Saturday *La Sonnambula* was given for the first time. On Tuesday the *Prophète* was repeated. On Thursday, *Guillaume Tell*, and last night *La Sonnambula*, again to be repeated on Monday. Thus, we need hardly say, the star of Adelina Patti seems to be greatly in the ascendant. *Il Barbiere* to-night.—*Musical World*, June 8.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The fourth and last concert, which took place on Wednesday, was not only in every way worthy of its predecessors, but might be looked upon as the triumphant climax to its third season. Never has Mr. Alfred Mellon's band more brilliantly distinguished itself than upon this occasion, and the warm and hearty recognition of its merits at the conclusion of each piece was never more fully deserved. The instrumental selection was particularly rich, comprising three overtures, the least known of Spohr's *Der Berggeist*, bringing with it almost the charm of novelty, the best known of Mendelssohn's, the exquisitely poetical *Midsummer Night's Dream*, of which the execution was perhaps the finest ever heard in London, and Weber's familiar *Euryanthe*. But beyond these there were other, and still more interesting features in the programme; the most remarkable being Professor Sterndale Bennett's concert in C minor, for pianoforte, No. 3 of the four published. That such a work should have been so long overlooked by our pianists is indeed unaccountable; and now that Miss Arabella Goddard has set the example by playing two of the series within little more than a week, we may possibly have an opportunity of more frequently hearing one or other of the concertos which are in every way worthy of being placed in the same category as the acknowledged masterpieces of the great composers. True, there are but few before the public so thoroughly competent as Miss Arabella Goddard, to whom it is not too high praise to say that anything more refined, expressive, and intellectual than her reading of this concerto was never heard, and the long-continued applause and universal recall, were only compliments due to the merit of so wonderful a performance, to which the delicately subdued and skillfully managed accompaniment of the orchestra lent an additional charm. Of Beethoven's symphonies the "Pastoral" is perhaps the most familiar and best understood, being melodious throughout, and completely suited to the appreciation of all who have any taste of feeling for music. To say that the execution was worthy the composition will not appear too high an eulogium for those who know the materials of which Mr. Alfred Mellon's band is composed, and how thoroughly they are under the control of the accomplished conductor.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—At the last concert on Monday, the feature was the *Antigone* of Sophocles, with Mendelssohn's music. The performance was got up with infinite care and pains and reflected the utmost credit on Dr. Wyld, the band, chorus, principal singers and reciters. The poem was read by Miss Heraud and Mr. Ryder, and the principal singers were Mr. George Perren, Mr. Richard Seymour, Mr. C. Henr and Herr Formes. Miss Heraud has hardly power enough for such an area as that of St. James's Hall, but her voice is sweet, and its inflections are managed very skilfully. The poem was abridged here and there, but still the verses seemed interminable, and the splendor and beauty of the music could hardly redeem their tediousness. The introduction into a concert-room of these long poems, tragedies, in fact, with music however attractive is, we are convinced, a mistake. No performance could be more complete and admirable than that of Monday evening at St. James's Hall, but still the audience was very much inclined to devote themselves to sleep during the recitations. Should Dr. Wyld contemplate repeating *Antigone* on any future occasion, we strongly counsel him to reduce the poem at least two-thirds, whereby he will increase the attraction of the music ten-fold. The programme, among other things, included Beethoven's symphony in D, and and the overture to *Euryanthe*, both of which were played magnificently. Herr Formes sang the air "La Calunnia," from the *Barbiere* with immense effect. A new disposition was made of the orchestra. The chorus was so large as nearly to occupy the whole of platform, and the band were placed on the ground in front. There was an immense attendance.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mlle. Adelina Patti's second impersonation was looked forward to with the greatest interest and curiosity, and a fuller attendance we do not remember at the Royal Italian Opera on any former occasion than on Saturday, when the young artist was announced for the heroine in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Her two previous performances in the *Sonnambula* had literally worked up the Opera public to the highest pitch of expectation. We cannot say, however, that these exorbitant expectations were entirely realized. Indeed, with an artist who has such great instincts, and, as far as we permitted to judge at present, possesses such an intuitive knowledge of character, this was impossible. The character of Amina is far more difficult to embody than Lucia, and requires far greater histrionic powers, as may be easily conceived, when it is remembered that the former was written for Pasta, the empress of lyric tragedy, and the latter for Persiani, the queen of bravura singing. As a test of the capabilities of the actress, it was consequently instituting an anticlimax, to put Mlle. Patti into *Lucia* after the *Sonnambula*. Donizetti's music is charming, and Sir Walter Scott's heroine, somewhat paled indeed in the ineffectual fire of the Italian poet, is sufficient interesting; but, excepting in the mad scene, the artist has really no self-dependent great situation, since in the finale to the second act the roaring brother and the "cursing tenor" do all in their power by vociferation and gesture to "pluck" all hearing and seeing that away. Mlle. Patti looked the character of Lucy to the life, recalling more, perhaps, than any singer we have seen the exquisite description of the novelist: "Something there was of feminine softness, perhaps the result of delicate health, or residence in a family where the dispositions of the inmates were fiercer, more active and energetic than her own." That her emotion seemed to have been toned down to this delineation is not at all unlikely, seeing that the fire and energy exhibited by all modern impersonators of Lucia, in the scene where Ashton shows her the forged letter announcing Edgardo's death, and in the great scene where her lover returns suddenly returns as it were from the grave to denounce her at the moment she has plighted troth to another, are made to yield to overwhelming anguish and despair, which knows no outbreak. Mlle. Patti in Lucia certainly betokened none of the passion and impulsive feeling so remarkable in her Amina. That the latter may be more agreeable to her instincts is not unlikely; but still both parts having been played so differently, may have proceeded from nice and subtle discrimination of character.

For the above reasons, and for these only, we cannot affirm that Mlle. Patti achieved the same triumphant success in *Lucia* as in *La Sonnambula*—which may demonstrate to many of her admirers that she belongs more to the Malibran than the Persiani school, which indeed is our own conviction. In reality the two first scenes of Lucy, the one in which the cavatina is introduced, and that with her brother, necessitate all the address, perfect finish, and dazzling brilliancy of *fioritura*, such as adorned the singing of Persiani and Jenny Lind—and perhaps

of them alone—and require the very smallest amount of impulse or passion. Mlle. Patti sang the cavatina—the original one written for Persiani—with much brilliancy, and accomplished in the duet some surprising *tours de force*, singing an ascending and descending chromatic passage with astonishing ease and completeness, and making several dazzling flights in the highest part of her voice with great effect. So also in the duet with Ashton and in the Malediction scene, the young artist made frequent points, but did not endow the acting or singing with that sustained force to which the public had been accustomed, and which her powerful impersonation of Amina led them to expect. In the mad scene, however, Mlle. Patti came up to the very highest anticipations, and carried the whole house with her by her natural and earnest acting and her really admirable singing. The whole performance thus terminated most satisfactorily, and Mlle. Patti achieved a second triumphant success in her second part. Signor Tiberini was Edgardo, and Signor Graziani, Edrico.

On Tuesday Mad. Grisi gave the second of her Farewell Performances, when she chose *Lucrezia Borgia*, in which she was assisted by Signor Tiberini (Gennaro), Signor Ronconi (Duke Alfonso), and Mad. Nantier-Didée (Maffeo Orsini).

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The sixth concert (on Monday May 27) was one of the best ever given by the society. The feature of most interest in the concert, however, first because the least familiar, secondly, because the work of an English composer, thirdly, because performed by an English pianist, fourthly and lastly, because of its intrinsic worth as a production of the highest genius and skill, was Sterndale Bennett's second pianoforte concerto (in E flat), played by Miss Arabella Goddard. Of this work *The Times* says:—

"The novelty—for that which has not been heard for more than twenty years may fairly be regarded as a novelty—was the pianoforte concerto in E flat, the second of the four which Professor Bennett has published, and of the six he is known to have composed and played in public. This masterpiece—and it is nothing less, though more than a quarter of a century old—sounded as fresh, and spontaneous as if it had been written yesterday, a proof, if proof were wanting, that it is a work of genius, and that nothing but its uncommon difficulty could have prevented it (long ere this) from becoming a stock piece in the pianist's repertory, and as generally popular as it is eminently beautiful. The audience on Monday night listened to movement after movement with marked attention, charmed in a like measure with the force and energy of the *allegro*, the expressive grace of the *adagio*, and the fire and vivacity of the finale, a sort of *mouvement de chasse*, less strikingly original than brilliant and animated. Their satisfaction at the end was exhibited in a loud and unanimous applause, which did not cease until the performer (Miss Arabella Goddard, whose predilection for the music of Sterndale Bennett—whose champion before the English public she has long felt proud to be—began with her earliest public career, and who played as if her whole soul was in the difficult task she has undertaken) reappeared in the orchestra. We have long regarded the pianoforte concertos of Professor Bennett as the nearest thing of their class to the unsurpassable examples bequeathed us by the greatest masters, and were never more fully confirmed in this belief than on the present occasion, when one of the best of them was revived with such signal success."

Berlin.

Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, and Don Juan, Weber's *Der Freischütz*, Meyerbeer's *Prophet*, and Bellini's *Norma*, were the operas performed last week at the Royal Opera House.

There was a large and highly appreciative audience to hear the *Zauberflöte*, that great work of a great master. The part of Pamina was performed, for the first time, I believe, by Mlle. Lucca, the usual representative of the character being Mad. Harriers-Wippen. Comparisons, I am perfectly aware, are "odorous," especially between two ladies, and yet every one draws comparisons on every possible occasion. I shall, therefore, do so in the present instance, if only for the sake of being in the fashion. Of Mad. Harriers-Wippen and Mlle. Lucca, I certainly prefer the former lady. There is more unity or consistency, so to speak, in her performance. Her acting and singing blend so artistically together, that they produce, as it were, one homogeneous whole, which, as I take it, is the greatest triumph an artist can possibly achieve. There is no straining after effect. Everything is so easily accomplished, that the hearer fancies the task is one which is attended with no difficulty, and might be entrusted to anybody. Similar notions sometimes prevail with regard to writing

a style like that of Jean Jacques Rousseau, or Lord Macaulay, commanding the Chancel fleet and driving a one-horse chaise. Yet we know that it requires considerable skill to do any one of these things, and that it is not every person who possesses that skill—"Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum." Mlle. Lucca is assuredly not equal to her fair colleague. Yet she is good—exceedingly good—in the part, which, in fact, offers so many opportunities for producing a favorable impression, that, to use a rather vulgar term, any artist who altogether fails to do so must be a "muff." Mad. Köster was admirable as the Queen of Night, and all the other parts were creditably filled.

Le Prophète was as attractive as ever, the house being crammed to the ceiling. The cast was partially new. In the first place Herr Taubert conducted the work for the first time, and considering that he undertook to do so at only a day's notice, is fairly entitled to high praise. Herr Theodore Formes was the misguided hero of the piece, and both sang and acted with uncommon talent. Mlle. Lucca appeared as Bertha, one of the most successful impersonations. She was enthusiastically applauded in the duet of the fourth act. As I informed you in my last letter, Mad. Jachmann is away on leave of absence. Mlle. de Ahna was her substitute as Fides, and a very worthy substitute she proved. Her fresh beautiful voice was heard to excellent effect in the *arioso* of the second act.

Mlle. Emmy Lagrua concluded her "starring" engagement as Norma, having previously won all kinds of golden opinions from all sorts of people—including even some of the disciples of the Future—as Agatha in *Der Freischütz*. Her rendering of this genuinely German part was a complete triumph. The audience were fairly carried away by her execution of the grand scene "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer," and of the Cantilena, "Und ob die Wolke," in both of which she was vociferously applauded. Her Norma is a fine performance, considered both in a vocal and dramatic light. Her purity of intonation and facility of execution are perfectly charming and might well serve as a model for younger artists and teach them what is to be effected by a thorough and conscientious study of the rules of classic style. Mlle. Lagrua sings without the slightest effort. And why? Simply because she has *learnt to sing*—a process too much neglected, I am sorry to say, by many fair artists of the present day, who fancy that all they require is to possess a voice. A man might almost as well imagine himself a Landseer or a Millais, because he had a box of colors and a set of brushes. Mlle. Lagrua was especially happy in the "Casta Diva" and the touching scene with Adalgisa, when the latter confessed her love for the false Roman, as well as in the portrayal of the struggle which agitates the breast of the deceived mother at the sight of her innocent children, calmly sleeping on the couch, and altogether unconscious of the danger to which they are exposed.

An exceedingly interesting performance of Rosini's *Stabat Mater* was given on Ascension Day, by the Meischer Gesangzirkel. I was particularly struck by the rendering of the introduction, the chorus a *capella*, and the *Inflammatus*. The soloists were well selected, and acquitted themselves most creditably, the whole entertainment producing a highly favorable impression on a fashionable and discriminating audience.

From the various musical papers I have picked up the following scraps of intelligence. Mad. Jachmann-Wagner commenced her starring engagement at Dresden as Elizabeth, in *Tannhäuser*, and Mlle Georgine Schubert, who has been playing a round of characters with great satisfaction to the public, closed hers, a short time since, as Marie in *La Fille du Régiment*. A fund has been established at Leipsic, for the family of the late Carl Zöllner. Concerts in aid of it have been already given in Dresden, Magdeburg, Chemnitz, Vienna, Dantzig, Strasburg, Liverpool, Ancona, Riga, Bucharest, Hanover, Revel, &c. The following contributions have also been received:—100 thalers from a concert given by the Orpheus Society in Boston, 100 thalers from the German Männergesang-Verein, in Cincinnati; 25 thalers collected by the Germans in the Labati prairie, Texas; 25 thalers from the German residents at Porto Alegre, Brazil; 122 thalers from Lübeck; and 500 thalers from the Liedertafel, in St. Petersburg. At Stuttgart the opera has suffered severely by the loss—for a time at least; let us hope not permanently—of Herr Pischek and Herr Sontheim, the tenor. The former gentleman has had an apoplectic stroke, and the latter became deranged, so as to render it necessary for him to be placed in a lunatic asylum. From Wiesbaden, I learn that the grand festival of the Rhein-Main-Sängerband is fixed for the 15th and 16th of June.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Our Country's Flag forever. G. J. Webb. 25

A spirited patriotic Song, words by Harry Heine, Esq. The composer of the music being well known in this vicinity as a musician of sterling qualities, this song will secure more than passing attention.

Instrumental Music.

Music of the Union. Medley. Charles Grobe. 50

The second edition of this stirring medley which is having a large sale. It contains the melodies of Star Spangled Banner, and Hail Columbia, Red, White and Blue, Washington's March and Yankee Doodle. The arrangement is easy. This new edition is made quite attractive by a splendid allegorical design on the title-page printed in colors, among which those of our flag are duly prominent. Young players could not receive a handsomer present nor one which would be more acceptable.

Fantasia "La Favorite." J. Ascher. 60

Of medium difficulty, being within reach of most players of two years' diligent practice. It is a good teaching piece. No pupil will find it tedious.

St. Petersburg Quadrille. (Illustrated.) D'Albert. 50

A capital Quadrille, introducing some of the most striking original airs of Russia. The title-page is illustrated with the view of a part of St. Petersburg at moonlight, printed in colors.

O it is not while riches. Variations. H. Pond. 35

A pleasing piece for scholars.

Haute Volée Quadrille. J. Strauss. 35

This is not a bogus Strauss of modern make, such Paris harbors some, but the real, original old Strauss. A fine German critic lately said of this "Upper ten" Quadrille, "It sparkles and shines, as it were, with diamonds, pearls, orders, and the eyes of fair duchesses and countesses." It is needless to say that it still reigns supreme in the German ball-rooms.

Books.

GUIDE TO MUSICAL COMPOSITION. By Heinrich Wohlfahrt. Transcribed by John S. Dwight. Bound. 75

This little book is intended for those amateurs who have a *penchant* for composing, without being able to devote their time to a course of instruction in harmony. The author gives the laws of phrasing, or musical construction, lays out the web of modulation, and, in a manner, even teaches to form melodies. A musical person of some practical experience, who has a little of the inventive faculty, will, by the aid of this book, be able to shape his ideas into a satisfactory, finished form. There are many such to whom pretty ideas come plentifully, but who, when trying to put them together and make a musical whole of them, find that they will not connect, or that there is too little or too much of them, in short, that there is something wrong which they are not able to remedy. After studying Wohlfahrt's book they will see clearly where the defect lies, and whence the remedy must come.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 483.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 14.

A Woodland Reverie.

Here, on soft leaves where the tall pines have made
A fragrant shade, here let me sit and muse!
The gentle summer breeze bends the tall tops
Of the deep grove; sighing, it wanders by,
Breathes on the leaves, that bow their shining heads
As if in sad reply. Oh, might I hear
Their converse sweet, for sure they speak of heaven!
The loving winds are newly come from thence,
And, to the nymphs prisoned in forest trees,
They're telling of the Heaven they have left;
Then, on they fly, parting with kisses sweet,
Bearing the fragrance of the forest breath
To distant vallies and to heated towns,
And bring to many a hot and fevered brow,
The sweetest memories of bygone days
In the faint perfume of the shady groves
That, from their balmy wings they silent shed.
Sweet memories they stir of golden youth,
When bright in hope and rich in priceless love,
The halcyon days to happiness were given.
And as the breezes fan his throbbing brow,
The sleeper dreams of days, when by the side
Of murmuring brook in such a sylvan shade
He wandered, hand in hand, with her he loved;
He sees again the babbling stream that flowed
And bathed their feet; he sees the mossy rocks
Green with the tribute of a hundred years—
The shining pebbles glancing in the sun
That ever and anon, with blazing ray,
Pierced through the rippling waters and revealed
The glittering treasures of the mountain stream
Deep glimmering in their sandy bed, like gold;
He hears again the murmuring of the breeze
That stirred the trembling branches o'er their heads;
High on the stately birch he bears the tap
Of laboring woodpecker. Again, he plucks
The crimson berries growing on the bank
Bedded in shining leaves of deepest green,
And twines, with loving hand a glowing wreath
And binds it on the brow of her he loves;—
Again he gazes in her heaven-blue eyes—
Again he fondly clasps her to his breast
Again he feels her loving, glowing kiss
Pressed on his lips as in those happy days!
Oh! blessed dreams of days forever gone
Oh, blessed winds of heaven! that bring such joy,
To the poor broken heart that for long years,
Steeped to the lips in grief and fierce despair
No more believes the faith of happy youth
Nor trusts in human love, nor long has known
By day or night, one single happy hour.
Blow on fair winds, and on such bleeding souls
Pour the soft balm that on your wings ye bear!
Flow on, sweet brook, till in the mighty sea,
Far from their mountain source your waters pour
Their sparkling tribute!

The winds are hushed; the birds have sought their
rest;
The woods are silent, save the whip-poor-will,
Who ever chants, with mournful plaintive tone,
Her dismal cry, waking the forest lone;
The cricket's chirp is heard and feeble voice
Of dying insect that has lived its day;
The darkening hills return the lowing soft
Of sweet breathed kine that seek their distant homes,
And faintly now the tinkling bells are heard,
As slow they wind along the mountain slope,
Oft stopping in the flowing brook to drink

And lingering stand amid the cooling stream.
The day is dead! Night, like a widowed Queen
With sombre veil and diadem of stars,
Comes slowly on, shading the woods in gloom:
The evening dew is moist upon the leaves,
I will begone, and o'er the crackling boughs
That strew the forest path will take my way
And seek the village slumbering in the vale,
Bearing this birchen scroll, whereon is writ
My Woodland Reverie.

Opera and Theatre in Venice.

IN THE TIME OF LOUIS XIV.

PARIS. June 10, 1861.

A friend picked up lately on the quays, a venerable looking volume, entitled "*La Ville et Republique de Venise, par Alexandre Touissant de Limojon, Sieur de Saint Disdier.*" Printed at Paris, by Royal privilege, A.D., 1680. It is very interesting as giving an account of the origin of the Republic, the form of government and the manners, habits and costume of the Venetians, in the magnificent and corrupt age of Louis XIV. I have translated two chapters thereof, upon the Opera and Theatre, which I think will interest the readers of the Journal—particularly as coming from an eye-witness of all that was passing in that splendid old sea-shell of a city. Somehow, the description seems to let us right into the heart of those old times—when Venice still held the name of Republic. Yours truly,

C. P. C.

OF THE OPERA.

It is to Venice that we owe the invention of the Opera. But though formerly there have been some operas of singular beauty, we may say nevertheless, that Paris at this present time surpasses all that has been seen at Venice. One has difficulty in believing at first, that the French language can accommodate itself to the recitatives in music, which seem so natural in Italian. In a word, if a man as skillful as he who has given himself to this branch, (Lully) and as profound in all the beauties of Italian music, as he is in the delicacies of the French, had not applied himself with all necessary care, to make an agreeable compound of two manners of singing so different, we may believe, that this noble and magnificent amusement would not have met with all the success it has had at the Court, and in the city.

At Venice they play several operas at once. The theatres are large and magnificent, the decorations superb and well diversified, but very badly lighted; the machinery is sometimes tolerable and sometimes ridiculous. The number of actors there is always very large, and they are richly dressed; but their acting is for the most part disagreeable. The pieces are long, and yet they would not fail to divert during the four hours that they last, if they were composed by better poets, who should know the rules of the theatre better than their compositions testify; the which do not often merit the expense of representing them. One sees these *entrées* of Ballets, between the acts, so miserable, that it would be better to have none at all. One would

say, to see these folks dance, that they were shod with lead, and yet they receive the applause of the whole assembly, because they have never seen anything better.

The beauty of the voices atones for the defects of which I have spoken. Those men without beards have argentine voices, which fill admirably the large theatre. They choose besides the best female singers in all Italy, and do not grudge 400 pistoles, and the expenses of the journey, to bring from Rome and elsewhere, a girl of reputation, although the opera lasts only during the carnival. The airs are languishing and touching, and through the whole compositions are mingled several very agreeable *chansonnettes*, which awake the attention. The Symphony is not much, inspiring melancholy rather than gaiety. It is composed of Lutes, Theorboes and Clavecins, which accompany the voices with an admirable precision.

If the French have difficulty in understanding well the words, the Italians and all the strangers have still more difficulty in France, where they sing more softly and pronounce less distinctly. The grand chorus of music, which fills so often the whole French theatre, and of which one can scarce distinguish the words, shocks the Italians, who say that this suits better the church than the opera. The great number of violins, which efface, when they play, all the other instruments of the Symphony, can only please the French, they say, except when they play all alone on other occasions. And although in France they succeed perfectly in the dance, yet, (say they), they put so much of it into the opera, that it often forms the greater part of it. The matter of the composition is too short for the taste of the Italians, who do not find, moreover, enough intrigue in our opera pieces. The intrigue of their pieces is always conducted by the character of an old woman, who gives good advice to the young ones, and who becoming amorous herself, generally says very pleasant things.

Those who compose the music of the opera, endeavor to end the scenes of the principal actors, with airs which charm and elevate, in order to draw the applause of the whole theatre. This succeeds so well, that one hears the *benissimo* from a thousand voices at once. But nothing is more singular than the pleasant benedictions and ridiculous requests, which the Gondoliers, who are in the parterre, address to clever female singers. At the end of all their scenes they cry as loud as they can *Sias tu benedetta! benedetta il padre che te generò!* But these exclamations are not always clothed in modest terms. These low fellows say with impunity whatever they please—sure of making the whole assembly laugh, rather than displeasing it.

There are seen gentlemen so transported, so beside themselves by the vocal charms of the girls, that they cry aloud from their boxes, lean out of them, *ah cara! mi butto—mi butto!* meaning that they are ready to throw themselves over,

in the transports of pleasure caused by these divine voices. For the rest, I ought to say, that the priests do not scruple to appear on the stage, taking all sorts of characters, since that is practised at Rome. On the contrary the quality of good actors lends them a sort of virtue. One day one of the spectators recognizing a priest under the dress of an old woman, cried aloud, *Ecco Pre Piero, chi fa la vecchia!* Yet all things pass at the opera with much more harmony than at the theatre, because one naturally loves the music, and more respectable people go there. Also they pay at the door four livres, and two livres in the parterre for the chair, which makes 46 sols of France, without counting the opera book, and the little *pain de bougie* (a roll or book) which all the spectators buy, for without that, even the native would have difficulty in knowing the story and following the piece.

The gentlewomen frequent the opera more than the theatre, because the former amusement is much more respectable than the latter. One sees a great number of them towards the end of the carnival; and as it is permitted them at that time to adorn themselves with their precious stones, they appear all brilliant in the light of the candles, which they have in their boxes, and by this means their lovers gaze at them at their ease, and they on their side cause them to know by signs that they will know the assiduity of their services.

As soon as there appears at Venice a new girl to sing in opera, the principal nobles make it a point of honor, to possess themselves of her, if she sings well; and they spare nothing to accomplish their end. A Cornaro disputes for her with a Duke of Mantua, and at last she is carried off by the one who makes the richest presents, even though the charms of her voice should not be accompanied by those of beauty.

The partisans of those admirable singers cause to be printed quantities of sonnets in their praise, and amidst the acclamation their singing draws forth, they scatter them by thousands from the upper gallery; and fill the boxes and parterre with them.

OF THE THEATRE.

The Play (Comedie) is only acted at Venice during the Carnival. But it begins sometimes towards the end of October or of November, and one often sees three different troupes of players, some worse than the others. The theatres where they perform, belong, as well as those of the opera, to the noble Venetians, who derive a great revenue from the boxes, which they let, some for the whole carnival, others by the day. The players have no other profit, than what they take at the door, which does not amount to more than five sols a head.

Most of the people go in masks to the play as to the opera, in order to enjoy greater freedom. They ordinarily wear only a country cloak and a *bahute* upon the head, which is a little domino of black silk, leaving only the eyes and nose uncovered, over which they wear, if they choose, a half mask, very neatly made of a small white waxed cloth. Those who with this disguise, put on the Venetian vest, are considered real nobles. But the nobles do not wear masks at the opera, nor at the theatre, unless it be some who cannot otherwise approach near to their mistresses, nor enjoy tranquilly a view of them, without causing trouble.

The young nobles go less to the theatre to laugh at the buffoonery of the players, than to play a part themselves. They often take courtesans into the boxes, where they make such a noise, and do acts so surprising, and so in violation of the decorum which should be at least observed in public, that one must have seen such things, to believe them. One of their most ordinary pastimes is not only to spit into the parterre, but to hurl down candle-wicks; and if they see any one neatly dressed, or a hat with a bouquet of feathers, it is there they take their aim, for they may do it with impunity. The nobles, who are protectors of the theatre, having *Bravi* at the door, masked and armed and devoted to them—and besides, the theatre and opera being privileged places, where the least violence is a crime of state.

The license which those in the parterre allow themselves, in imitation of the nobility, complete the disorder. The gondoliers chiefly, give impertinent applause to certain actions of the buffoons, which would not be tolerated elsewhere. And the whole theatre raises so often such a terrible hallooing at the actors who don't please them, that they are obliged to withdraw, to give place to those who will cause laughter—amid the incessant cries of *fuora buffooni*. The gentlemen find that so good, that they make themselves of the party; and if it is asked why they are so well behaved in the grand Ridotti (gaming house kept by the nobles) where they go to gamble, and are so foolish at the theatre, it is replied that there the only business is the gaining or losing of money, and that they come *here* only to divert themselves, where being masters, they do just as they please.

Nothing can equal the noise made, when after a piece which has pleased the assembly, or to speak more properly, the gondoliers, they announce the piece for the next day. For without wishing to hear anything, these low fellows cry so loudly *questa, questa!*—the piece just played, that they are obliged to obey them. So that one oftenest carries away from these wretched comedies, only the dissatisfaction of having put off one's supper till 9 or 10 o'clock. Yet there are given sometimes serious pieces, all in verse, and which they call opera, and which succeeded very well. And sometimes they play some pieces which the Inquisition would not suffer outside the Venetian state, as that of Dom Gilles, who in the dress of a monk, preaches against the debauchery to which he abandons himself. But it is not surprising that no fault is found with it, since even the nobles allow themselves to play on the stage, in the character of Pantalon; which is a true copy, in dress, action and words, of what they do every day.

The Organ.*

FOURTEENTH STUDY.—OF THE FOUNDATION STOPS OR REGISTERS.

The foundation stops or fundamental open-flue pipes were the first stops, and will be the last, used in the construction of the organ. They are all tuned to the pitch of one of their own class, which is an open four-feet pipe of metal called the principal. The pitch to which their scale is tuned determines the pitch of the rest of the organ, and hitherto this pitch has been on an average as much as a tone below the pitch of the orchestra and pianoforte. These open-flue pipes

* From *L'Orgue. sa Connaissance, son Administration, et son Jeu*, by Joseph Regnier.

might with propriety be called also flageolets, were it not that this word conveys to the mind idea of an instrument of a very limited size only. For, in a matter of fact, these open pipes are nothing more than flageolets of various sizes turned upside down on the sound-board of the organ, and there supplied with wind from the capacious lungs of the bellows. Of these open pipes, however, all are not for the reason only foundation stops, but only such of them as have their lowest note tuned in unison or in octave with the foundation note of the organ. Then, the lowest note of which is tuned a third, a fifth, a fifteenth and the like, are therefore not foundation stops, though they are open pipes.

Although all the open-flue pipes may be called soft stops as regards the quality of their tone, yet it must not be supposed that they are all alike as regards the quality of their tone, yet it must not be supposed that they are all alike as regards the degree of their softness. On the contrary, they may be very distinctly divided according to their scale, into soft stops of a round and full quality, and soft stops of a thin and delicate quality. When the soft foundation stops of a thin quality are used alone, the organ may be said to have lost its half of the power at least, and may be compared to a garment which has been stripped of a thick inner-lining; but when those of both qualities are used together, the organ speaks at its full foundation tone. The thinness of the finer or delicate quality disappears in the roundness of the fuller quality, and the latter, which would be especially wan by itself, at least in a great number of the registers, gains by being united with the finer quality a richness and brilliancy of tone, which is quite equal to that of the most vigorous instruments.

The great advantage of the foundation stops is that they can be combined with all the other stops of the organ without doing more than sweeten their tone by giving them that velvety quality, which is just what they want in addition to their own. Substitute for them, no matter which of the other two divisions, either of the loud or mutation stops, that is, and the organ tone becomes harsh and brazen, of a quality which grates painfully on the ear and nerves of the hearer without reaching his heart. In this way a complete rupture would certainly be made between the organ and the traditions of the first builders. They could, undoubtedly, have made the instrument to consist wholly of noisy and metallic qualities of sound, had they so pleased, but they very wisely preferred, as it seems to us, to lay its foundation in a quality of tone, which is both rich and profound at the same time.

There is also this marked difference between the foundation stops of the organ, that they alone can be used independently, and do not require help from the other stops, while all the rest would undoubtedly commit an act of imprudence, if they attempted to launch forth their mighty voice, and make our churches re-echo with their sounds, without supporting themselves on the broad and outspread wings of the foundation stops.

All these advantages together have, no doubt, been the reason why the open-flue pipes have been called the foundation stops of the organ. There is no organ which can possibly do without them, and there is no church, of the largest or smallest dimensions, to which they are not suited. In a vast temple their noble harmonies sail around its spacious aisles with a freedom, and elasticity, and a tenderness which are truly admirable; in a small sanctuary they make up by their sweetness and mellowness for a certain amount of hardness of quality and want of roundness, which the more noisy stops of an organ always have in a place which from its limited dimensions has but little resonance.

The foundation stops of the organ are more-over never out of place in any part of the divine office. The author resides far away from Paris on the eastern frontiers of France, not far from the banks of the Rhine, and he can assure his readers in Paris that, on these harmonious banks, he has been in the habit of hearing the organ speak with wonderful effect by its foundation stops alone; and that, in the hands of play-

ers who are not by any means the best specimens of German organists, he has heard it so speak even and more especially at those solemn moments when the generality of organists, both French and Spanish, believe that a flourish of trumpets and a noisy uproar are absolutely necessary for the sake of variety. But noise is not so necessary, as some seem to think, to express the holy joy of the divine offices. There is, moreover, in the foundation stops a certain keen and soul-stirring note, which takes as near as possible the same place in the music of the church that a solo on the violoncello, or even on the violin, takes in that of the orchestra. In such cases, neither the violin nor the violoncello can for one moment be accused of want of energy; and yet how far are they, for all that from the power and vigor of even the smallest trumpet stops. But it is, above all, the tender and I would even dare to say the loving, expression of the two principal parts of the holy sacrifice that is more especially got from the foundation stops. At almost whatever degree of power we seek for their effects, and however refined or feeble, owing to its extreme softness, this degree may be, we still find a something in it, when borrowed from the foundation stops, which is pre-eminently suited both to the time and to the place. The Germans are more thoroughly convinced of this than the French, but they push their conviction perhaps a little too far when they make use only of sounds of the most extreme thinness at these more solemn moments. They do this with the view of gaining for them the greatest possible expressions of respect and reverence, and these extremely thin sounds do certainly have the effect of a very distant and mysterious music, but at the same time they attempt too much and so defeat their object, because the sounds they make use of to produce this effect, inasmuch as they act too powerfully on the imagination of the worshippers, are found rather to be a cause of distraction, than an aid to devotion.

The Origin of Yankee Doodle.

MR. LOSSING'S HISTORICAL ACCOUNT.

Mr. Benson J. Lossing writes to the Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) *Eagle*:

Permit me to correct an error in your paper of this morning. You quote a verse of a poem commencing—

"Once on a time old Johnny Bull,"

to show the correct metre of Yankee Doodle, and speak of it as the "original song." This is an error. The poem from which you quote was written by George P. Morris a few years ago, and is entitled "The Origin of Yankee Doodle." It was written for and sung by the Hutchinson Family. You will find it in the latest edition of Morris's Poems.

The original song of "Yankee Doodle," if we trace it to its germ, has considerable antiquity. The tune was known as early as the tune of Charles the First, when a nursery song had these words:

"Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;
Not a bit of money in it,
Only binding 'round it."

In the time of the Roundheads—the period of Cromwell's Protectorate—when Italian fashions being introduced into England, were ridiculed by the satirists and preached against by the Puritan clergy, we find the following verse to the same tune. Here we have "Yankee Doodle" in name for the first time:

"Yankee Doodle came to town
Upon a Kentish pony;
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called him Maccaroni."

Maccaroni, at that time, signified a dandy with Italian fashions. Some have supposed that it was written by a royalist to satirize Cromwell, who wore a "feather in his hat."

The "original song," so far as Americans are concerned, was written, it is supposed, in the spring of 1775, after the skirmishes at Lexington and Concord. I subjoin a copy, as printed by Isaiah Thomas, author of the "History of Printing in 1813. It is called

THE YANKEE'S RETURN FROM CAMP.

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding,
And there we see the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle, dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men
As rich as Squire David;
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be saved.

The lasses they eat every day.
Would keep our house a winter;
They have as much that I'll be bound,
They eat it when they're mind ter.

And there we see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for fathers cattle.

And every they shoot it off.
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun
Only a nation louder.

I went as high to one myself
As Siah's underpinning;
As father went as high again—
I thought the deuce was in him.

Cousin Simeon grew so bold
I thought he would have cocked it;
It scared me so I shrink't it off
And hung by father's pocket.

And Captain Davis had a gun,
He kind of clapt his hand on't,
And stuck a crook'd stabbing iron
Upon the little end on't.

And there I see a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's basin;
And every time they touched it off
They scampered like the nation.

I see a little barrel, too,
The heads were made of leather,
They knock'd up on it with little clubs,
And called the folks together.

And there was Captain Washington,
And gentle folks about him;
They say he's grown so ternal proud
He will not ride without 'em

He got him in his meetin' clothes
Upon a slapping stallion;
He set the world along in rows
In hundreds and in millions.

The flaming ribbons in his hat,
They looked so tearing fine, ah,
I wanted pokily to get
To give to my Jemimah.

I see another snarl of men,
A digging graves, they told me,
So ternal long, so ternal deep
They 'tended they should hold me.

It scared me so, I hook'd it off
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about 'till I got home,
Lock'd up in mother's chamber

In Farmer and Moore's "Collections, Historical and Miscellaneous, and Monthly Literary Journal," for April, 1824, I find a new version of this song, with some stanzas not found in the original. They are evidently interpolations. I give a specimen or two:

And then they fife away like fun
And play on cornstalk fiddles,
And some had ribbons, red as blood
All round their middle.

The troopers, too, would gallop up
And fire right in our faces;
It almost scared me half to death
To see them run such races.

Old Uncle Sam came there to change
Same pancakes and some onions,
For lasses cakes to carry home,
To give his wife and young ones.

But I can't tell you half I see
They kept up such a smother;
So I took my hat off—made a bow,
And scampered home to mother.

A little while before the battle of Lexington, the British (who had used the tune as one of their military airs at Castle William, in Boston Harbor, as early as 1768,) had a song in reference to the Americans near Boston, who were secretly procuring arms in the city, then occupied by loyal troops. The following verse is preserved:

"Yankee Doodle came to town
For to buy a fire-lock;
We will tar and feather him,
And so we will John Hancock."

A writer in the New York *Evening Post*, a few ago, claimed for the Dutch the origin of "Yankee Doodle." He said that the harvest laborers who, in summer, migrate from Germany to the low countries, of Holland, where they receive as much buttermilk as they can drink, and a tenth of the grain secured by their exertions, had a song with the following chorus:

"Yanker didel doodle down
Didel, dudel lanter,
Yanke, viver vooover vown,
Botermilk and Tanther."

This account is apochrypal, to say the least, for the words in the above verse are neither German, Dutch, nor any other known language on the face of the earth.

Our "southern brethren," who have a decidedly ugly way, at the present time, of showing their brotherhood, and whose "first families," according to their toasted and admired correspondent of the London *Times*, say, "If we could only get one the royal race of England to rule over us, we should be contented," a sentiment "varied a hundred ways," repeated to him "over and over again," and who "regret the strange result and consequences" of the old war for independence, have naturally discarded "Yankee Doodle." South Carolina by legislative enactment last winter, forbade the future celebration of the Fourth of July and the use of "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," and "Star Spangled Banner;" and soon afterward the poet Laureate, we presume, of the "Southern Confederacy" (for the British government they so much long for pensions a poet laureate) put forth the following:

FAREWELL TO YANKEE DOODLE.

Yankee Doodle, fare you well,
Rice and cotton flout you;
Once they liked you very well,
But now they'll do without you.

Yankee Doodle used to treat
Old Pompey as a neighbor;
He didn't grab his bread and meat,
Nor cavil at his labor.

But Doodle now has got so keen,
For every dirty shilling;
Propose a job, however mean,
And Yankee Doodle's willing.

Doodle, too, has had the luck
To get a new religion;
A kind of holy zeal to pluck
At everybody's pigeon.

Doodle's morbid conscience strains,
With Puritanic vigor
Too loose the only friendly chains
That ever bound a bigger.

Yet, Doodle knows as well as I,
That when he's come and freed 'em,
He'd see a million niggers die,
Before he'd help to feed 'em.

Yankee Doodle sent us down
A gallant missionary;
His name was Captain Johnny Brown,
The Priest of Harper's Ferry.

With pikes he tried to magnify
The Gospel creed of Beecher;
But Old Virginia lifted high
This military preacher.

Yet, glory to his name is sung,
As if with sin untainted;
The bloody wretch by justice hung,
By bigotry is sainted.

Yankee Doodle, now good bye
We spurn a thing so rotten,
Proud independence is the cry
Of sugar, rice and cotton.

Atlanta, Georgia, February 1st, 1861.

We would humbly advise our southern brethren, when they sing the "Farewell," to hum, in *sotto voce*, sufficiently clear for the ear of their northern brethren, something like the following:

King Cotton was a monarch bold,
Till regicidal treason
With promises of untold gold
Deprived us of our reason.

King Cotton now without the aid
Of England, France or Prussia,
Spain, Portugal or Belgium,
Or self-releasing Russia,

Is growing weak in every limb,
And trembles like a noodle,
And we had better make our peace
With angry Yankee Doodle.

The memory of these half-penitent words may serve to mitigate the "ferocity of the northern Goths and Vandals," when those who have hidden "Farewell to Yankee Doodle," shall, as Prentice says, be standing where there will be an impending Crisis and no Helper." B. J. L.

Managers and Music Halls.

"When they do agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful."

The managers of the London theatres have lately gathered together in a body, and have offered to the observation of the public a practical commentary on Sheridan's admirable text. On this occasion, the motive for unanimous agreement among these gentlemen has been furnished by a certain entertainment at the Canterbury

Music-Hall, London, which bears a suspiciously close resemblance to the representation of a pantomime. Any performance of this sort—if it takes place out of a theatre—or any performance at all which involves the interchange of dialogue between actors (even when they are only two in number) is viewed by the whole body of the London managers as a dangerous infringement on dramatic rights which they consider to have been acquired exclusively to themselves. They have accordingly come forward to restrain the proprietor of a music-hall within the strict letter of the license conceded to him, which is a license for music and dancing only—the plain object of the proceeding being to prevent all proprietors of all music-halls from amusing their audiences by means bearing any dramatic resemblance to those which are habitually employed by managers of theatres.

With the immediate judicial decision pronounced on this case, we have no present concern. It is, we believe, understood on both sides, that no one decision will be allowed to settle the dispute, and that further legal proceedings are already impending. Our purpose in referring to the subject in these pages is to ascertain what the fair interests are in relation to it, not of the managers only, but of the public at large. A very important question of dramatic Free Trade is involved in this dispute; and London audiences—comprising in these railroad times people from all parts of the kingdom—are directly concerned in the turn which may be taken by its final settlement.

A large proportion of our readers may be probably in need of some preliminary explanation on the subject of music-halls, and of the quality of the performances which are exhibited in them. These places of public entertainment may be roughly described as the growth of the last ten years, both in London and in the large towns throughout England. They are, for the most part, spacious rooms, attached to large public-houses, but having special entrance-passages of their own. The prices of admission are generally sixpence for one kind of place, and a shilling for another. Both sexes (except, we believe, at Evans's supper-room in Covent-garden, where men only are admitted) are allowed the right of entry—there are female, as well as male performers at the entertainments—and the audience have the privilege of ordering what they please to eat or drink, and of smoking as well, at any period of the evening's amusements, from their beginning about seven o'clock to their end a little before twelve.

Of the kind of entertainment provided for the public, under these curious conditions, and of the behavior of the audiences during the performance, we can speak, in some degree, from personal experience. Not very long since, we visited one of the largest and most notorious of these places of amusement—Weston's Music Hall, in Holborn—on a night when the attendance happened to be unusually large, and when the resources of the establishment for preserving order were necessarily subjected to the severest possible test.

The size of the Hall may be conjectured, when it is stated that on the night of our visit, the numbers of the audience reached fifteen hundred. With scarcely a dozen exceptions, this large assembly was accommodated with seats on the floor of the building, and in a gallery which ran round three sides of it. The room was brightly lighted tastefully decorated with mural painting, and surprisingly well ventilated, considering that the obstacle of tobacco-smoke was added to the ordinary obstacles interposed by crowded human beings and blazing gas-light to check the circulation of fresh air. At one end of the hall was a highly-raised stage, with theatrical foot-lights, but with no theatrical scenery; and, on this stage (entering from the back) appeared, sometimes singly, sometimes together, the male and female of the night—all, with the exception of the comic singers, in evening dress. It is not easy to describe the variety of the entertainments. There was a clever nigger vocalist with a blackened face, and nimble feet at a jig. There was another comic singer, preserving his natural com-

plexion—a slim inexhaustible man, who accompanied himself (if the expression may be allowed) by a St. Vitus's Dance of incessant jumping, continued throughout his song, until the jumps were counted by the thousand; the performer being as marvellously in possession of his fair mortal allowance of breath at the end of the exhibition as at the beginning. There was instrumental music played by a full band of wind instruments. There was a little orchestra, besides, for accompaniments; there was a young lady who sang "serio-comic" songs; there were ladies and gentlemen who sang sentimental songs; there was a real Chinaman, who tossed real knives about his head and face, and caught them in all sorts of dangerous positions with a frightful dexterity—and who afterwards additionally delighted the audience by thanking them for their applause in the purest "Canton-English." Lastly, there was an operatic selection from the second act of "Lucia di Lammermoor," comprising not solo-singing only, but concerted music and choruses, and executed in a manner which (considering the resources at the disposal of the establishment) conferred the highest credit on the ladies and gentlemen concerned in the performance, and on the musical director who superintended it. These entertainments, and others equally harmless, succeeded each other at the shortest intervals, throughout the evening; the audience refreshing itself the while with all varieties of drinks, and the male part of it smoking also with the supreme comfort and composure. At the most crowded period of the performances not the slightest disorder was apparent in any part of the room. The people were quietly and civilly conducted to their places by clean and attentive waiters; the proprietor was always present overlooking the proceedings. Not a single case of drunkenness appeared anywhere; no riotous voices interrupted the music. The hearty applause which greeted all the entertainments, comic and serious, never degenerated into disturbance of any kind. Many colder audiences might be found in this metropolis—but an assembly more orderly and more decorous than the assembly at the Holborn Music-Hall we have never seen gathered together at any place of public entertainment in any part of London.

Such is our experience of one of these music-halls, which may be taken as a fair sample of the rest. Canterbury Hall, which happens just now to be the special object of prosecution by theatrical managers, is simply another large concert-room, with a raised stage—possessing, however, it is only fair to add, an attraction peculiar to itself, in the shape of a gallery of pictures. In other respects, it may be at once conceded that if portions of the performances at Canterbury Hall represent an infringement on assumed theatrical privileges, portions of the performance at the Holborn Hall fall within the same category. The pantomime entertainment at one place may be, to all technical intents and purpose, matched by the operatic entertainment at the other. Both are exhibited on a stage; both are illuminated by foot-lights; both involve the interchange of dramatic dialogue—spoken in one case sung in the other. If the managers of our two operas contemplate asserting their interests, as the managers of the other theatres have done, the performance from Lucia di Lammermoor, in Holborn, is as open to attack as the performance of pantomime which is the subject of complaint against Canterbury Hall. With scenery or without it, with costume or without it, the grand dramatic situation in Donizetti's opera, interpreted by solo singers, chorus, and orchestra, is a dramatic performance, and carries the vocalists as well as the audience away with it. Our own ears informed us, on the evening of our experience, that Edgardo delivered his famous curse in trousers, as vigorously as if he had worn the boots of the period. The Lucia of the night could not have sung the lovely music of her part with greater earnestness and emphasis, if her father's halls had opened behind her, in immeasurable vista, on a piece of painted canvas—and Colonel Ashton was as pitiless a gentleman in an unimpeachable dress-coat, as if he had worn the

most outrageous parody on Highland costume which the stage wardrobes of operatic France or Italy could produce. If it simplifies the question now at issue—and it does surely, so far as the public discussion of the subject is concerned!—to confess at once that some of the entertainments at music-halls do in some degree trench on the ground already occupied by entertainments at theatres, we make the acknowledgement without hesitation. Legal quibbling apart, the resemblance complained of, does partially exist; and is, in the present state of the laws which regulate such matters, open to attack. Granting all this, however, one plain inquiry, so far as the public are concerned, still remains to be answered: Are the managers morally justified in claiming for themselves a monopoly in dramatic entertainment, and in proceeding against the proprietors of music-halls accordingly?

In their present situation, as we understand it, the managers have two grievances which they all complain of alike. The first of those grievances is, that theatres and music-halls are not impartially submitted to the same conditions of State and control. The theatres are under the direction of the Lord Chamberlain; the music-halls are under the direction of an act of Parliament of George the Second, and the licensing magistrates. The Lord Chamberlain, acting as the official victim of old precedents, shuts up the theatres under his jurisdiction in Passion Week; and arbitrarily throws out of employment for that period, not the actors only, but the thousands of poor people who live by ministering to the obscure necessities of the stage. On the other hand, the licensing magistrates, having no old precedents to fetter them, allow the music-halls to open their doors as freely in Passion Week as at any other time—the practical result being, that musical and dramatic performances, *with* smoking and drinking, are officially permitted, at exactly that period of the year when musical and dramatic performances *without* smoking or drinking, are officially prohibited. The absurdity and justice of this proceeding are too manifest for comment. If it is wrong to allow any public amusements in Passion Week, shut the music-halls—if it is right, open the theatres. So far is this really serious grievance is concerned, our sympathies are heartily with the managers. Instead of gaining any advantage by being placed under the courtly authority of the Lord Chamberlain, they are actually oppressed, in this particular, by a gross injustice; and they deserve all the help we can give them in subjecting that injustice to public exposure and public attack.

But the second grievance—which these gentlemen are now endeavoring to assert—the grievance which practically declares that they object to all dramatic competition, out of their own especial circle, is so preposterous in itself, and is so utterly opposed to the public spirit of the time, that we reject all belief in it, on grounds of the plainest common sense. The great social law of this age and this nation, is the law of competition. Why are managers of theatres not to submit to it, as well as other people? Some of these gentlemen, in all probability, occasionally see a penny daily paper. What would they have thought, if the proprietors of the Times, of the Daily News, and of the other morning journals previously established, and selling at a higher price, had all met together, on the starting of penny papers, and had claimed protection from the public authorities, on the ground that cheap competition in the matter of purveying daily intelligence was an attack on their personal interests? Why, the very pastry-cooks, who once had the monopoly of sixpenny ices, knew better than to make a public outcry on the establishment of the penny ice-shops! Nay, the predecessors of the managers themselves, not only recognized but asserted the privilege of free competition in a free country. Whose voices were raised loudest against dramatic monopoly, in the time of the two patent theatres? The voices of the proprietors of minor theatres, who then occupied a position which the music-halls now occupy towards all the theatres in London. Here is the elder generation of managers shout, on one side,

for Free Trade—and there is the younger generation petitioning, on the other, for Protection! Was there ever such an anomaly? Who is to justify or explain it?

If there had been no other and better reason to restrain the managers from coming forward to assert an obsolete protectionist principle (under cover of asserting a strict interpretation of the law), surely the consideration of mere expediency might well have hindered them. *We* know that these gentlemen are acting on a strong conviction, however lamentably mistaken they may be. But the public has no time to draw fine distinctions: what will the public think of the attempted suppression of the pantomimic entertainment, in Canterbury Hall, at the suit of the London managers? Will it not be said; "Here are several eminent gentlemen, occupying the highest places in their profession, and administering the resources of our greatest theatrical establishments, all incomprehensibly jealous of the performances of a tavern concert-room!" Such an imputation would, no doubt, be justly repudiated by the managers; but what plain inference is the world outside the green-room to draw from facts as they stand at present? Perhaps there is one other legitimate conclusion, which has certainly occurred to ourselves, and which the report of the trial in the newspaper may justify. When we saw the deservedly respected name of Mr. Benjamin Webster—who has done more (at the New Adelphi Theatre) to promote the public convenience than any other manager of his time—set up as the name of the plaintiff in a case which had for its ultimate object an interference with the public amusement, we certainly did consider that the spectacle of the wrong man in the wrong place had been somewhat inconsiderately offered to popular contemplation. And, let it be added, we were only the more confirmed in this view, when we remembered that the manager who had been selected to express, on behalf of his brethren, a deep-seated distrust of the rivalry of music-halls, was also the very manager whose theatre has been literally besieged by the public for the last hundred and fifty nights, and is likely to be besieged in the future for a hundred and fifty more. Surely it was a grave error to choose such a prosperous proprietor as Mr. Webster—a man who has shown a determination to advance with the time—to point the protectionist moral and adorn the managerial tale!

To speak seriously, in conclusion, the managers have taken a false step. They have placed themselves in a persecuting as well as a prosecuting position; and they are most unwisely attempting to dispute a principle which the public opinion of the age has long since regarded as settled. We earnestly recommend them to reconsider their course of action—in their own interests. The hostile point of view from which they now regard the music-halls is short-sighted in the extreme. To return to our previous illustration. It is notorious that the cheap newspapers, instead of disputing the public encouragement with the newspapers at a higher price, have raised up an audience for themselves. It is notorious that the library circulation of good novels has rather increased than diminished, since the time when opposition novels have stirred the waters in the world of fiction, by pouring regularly from the press in cheap instalments at a penny a week. On the same principle, the music-halls have unquestionably raised up *their* new public; and, in doing so, will indirectly help to improve the prospects of the theatres, by increasing the number of people who look to public amusements as the occupation of their evening. If the managers don't see this—if they don't see that a percentage of the music-hall audience (not a very large one probably, but still a percentage) is, in the ordinary course of things, certain to drift into theatres from a natural human love of change—they must at least admit that they already possess, in undisturbed monopoly, immense dramatic advantages over those other caterers for the public amusement, who are following them at a respectful distance. They have the use of stage means and appliances which no music-hall can possibly command, without being knocked

down and built up again for the purpose. They have actors and actresses who stand, in a personal as well as in a pecuniary sense, out of music-hall reach. They have relations with English literature which no music-hall possesses, or dreams of possessing; and they have a refined, intelligent, and wealthy public to appeal to, from which the music-halls are separated by the great social gulf which we all know there is no crossing. Here, without prosecutions, disputes, and vexatiously strict interpretations of the letter of the law, is vantage-ground enough for any theatre which is properly administered; vantage-ground which the fiercest music-hall rivalry cannot cut away.

As for the public interest in this question, the discussion of which we have modestly left to the last, the direction that it takes is so obvious as hardly to need pointing out. The more competition there is, the more certainly the public will be the gainers. Let the spur of the music-halls—if any such spur there be—stimulate the theatres to higher and higher exertions by all manner of means; the drama will be the better for it; the actors will study their art the more for it; the audiences will be the larger for it; the managers will be the richer for it. The success of *The Colleen Bawn*, at the Adelphi; the success of that excellent artist, Mr. Fechter, at the Princess'; and the success of the admirable pantomime at Drury Lane; all three achieved in the same theatrical year, are facts to form an opinion on; facts which justify the conclusion that a great dramatic attraction is as much above all small rivalries in our day, as ever it was in that golden theatrical age when music-halls were not heard of in the land! We trust the managers may yet be induced to reconsider the motives on which they have too hastily acted. We trust they may yet see that it is their interest, as we are sure it is always their inclination, to follow the old proverbial rule which enjoins us all to Live and let live.—*All the Year Round*.

The Development of the Musical Faculties.

PLAYING ON THE PIANO.

After singing, the command of the pianoforte is our most essential qualification, and among us is so considered. The piano is the only instrument, excepting the scarcely accessible organ, on which melody and harmony, and the rich web of combined and simultaneous voices or parts, can be produced with accuracy and almost unlimited magnificence of effect. It is also highly adapted to accompanying song, and to conducting. From these advantages it has happened, that for this single instrument more masterpieces have been written, since the time of Seb. Bach up to Beethoven, than for all other instruments put together. Most songs have been composed with accompaniment for that instrument—organ parts can be transferred without any change—and whatever quartet and orchestral music found favor with the public, was immediately presented to pianoforte players in the form of arrangements, &c. Therefore, no branch of practice can promise so rich a harvest as piano playing; and it must be acknowledged, that, without so abundant a field, any extended acquaintance with our musical literature would be scarcely possible to the world in general. To the composer this instrument is nearly indispensable, partly on the foregoing grounds, and partly because no other is so appropriate, both for exercising and exciting his own imagination and for proving the effect of many-part compositions. It is equally important to the conductor and to the singing master. Even its defects are advantages to musical education, and particularly to the composer. The pianoforte is greatly inferior to bowed and wind instruments in inward feeling and power of *tone* or quality of sound, in the power of sustaining a *tone* in equality of force, in crescendo or in diminuendo, in melting two or more *tones* into each other, and in gliding imperceptibly from the one to the other, all which so admirably succeeds on bowed instruments. The piano does not fully satisfy the ear: its performance, compared to that of bowed and wind instruments, is in a manner colorless, and its effect, in comparison with the resplendence of an orchestra, is as a drawing to a painting. But exactly on this account the piano moves more powerfully the creative faculty of both player and hearer; for it requires their assistance to complete and color, to give full significance to that which is but spiritually indicated. Thus imagination fosters the new idea, and penetrates therewith to our hearts; while other instruments immediately seize, and move, and satisfy

the senses, and by their means attack the feeling more powerfully, perhaps, in a sensuous direction, but not so fruitfully in the soul. This is probably the chief reason why the piano has become the especial instrument for spiritually musical education, and particularly for composition; since other instruments easily overcome their votaries, whom they seduce into their own instrumental peculiarities, and create a one-sided mannerism in their productions.

For the earliest instruction, also, the piano has the advantage (good tuning being supposed) of presenting to the pupil correct *tones*, and a clear insight into the tonic system by the key-board.

But just from this point arises the important quality of the instrument, which may be perilous to all the real advantages derived from it, unless it be sedulously counteracted; and this, we must confess, is at present but little thought of—nay, indeed, that dangerous quality is speculated on, and an entirely false system of education is built on it for outward show, through whose apparent advantages even the true artistic education is represented in a false light, as ignorant and baneful. Since the pianoforte has its fixed *tones* provided, it is easier to play upon this instrument than upon any other, without any internal feeling of correctness of *tone*, or even without hearing, and to arrive at a certain degree of mechanical dexterity. How often do we meet ready piano players, who, from want of a cultivated feeling of *tone*, are incapable of singing a correct succession of *tones*, or of imagining it, who have no clear notion of what they are playing—nay, who in reality hear nothing correctly! How many bravura players might one name, to whom the artistic meaning of a simple movement remains a sealed book, and who therefore perform the greatest and the least compositions, with assumption and vanity indeed, but without inward participation—without awakening joy in themselves or in their audience, but merely a fruitless astonishment at their technical cleverness! And how deep has this perversion of art into dead mechanism penetrated into artistic life! Whoever has an opportunity of observing many students of music and their teachers, cannot conceal from himself that at present, particularly in large towns devoted to vanity and fashion, the greater part of the pianoforte students are in this manner led astray; and that a great part of the teachers are themselves ignorant of the right path, or otherwise have not the courage to oppose the stream of fashion, or the allurements of example and personal advantage.

If, however, satisfactory instruction is not to be expected from all masters, nor every student is to hope for the choice of a good master, there remains still a tolerably sure method of guarding against this wide-spread evil. It consists in rigidly examining the work, which is exacted from the pupil, in the pupil himself and his parents or preceptor insisting absolutely that the teacher shall furnish really profitable work; or, if that cannot be secured with certainty, in seeking immediately another teacher more trustworthy to his art.

We have already said that the pianoforte possesses an extremely voluminous literature, partly written expressly for it, and partly adaptations from other works foreign to it. What can be more natural or more enlightening than to make these works the chief means of instruction, their complete possession being one of the objects of pursuit. For this end, technical readiness, finger exercises, and studies are required. But these are manifestly only means to an end; and as certainly as their use ought not to be delayed, so certainly also they ought to be set aside when the required dexterity has been gained, and the principal difficulties overcome; or else, from a want of methodical arrangement, exercises may be prolonged without end. We cannot conceal from ourselves that in these latter times this error has been stretched to excess, and has overwhelmed us with countless studies, &c. Every respectable teacher, every distinguished amateur, considers himself bound to present the world with some dozens of studies, from which a few particular artistic forms of fingering are to be acquired. And since the composition of a well-sounding study exacts nothing but the occurrence of an idea to be worked in the ordinary routine of composition; since, moreover, a little burst of enthusiasm is highly thought of in these matters; and, further, since the brilliant playing of the author, or the reputation of his master, renders him tolerably sure of his public, we can never tell when this composition and spread of studies will come to an end: neither, indeed, can we imagine how the pupil shall find time to labor through the most respectable of them only; to say nothing of the real works of art themselves, for whose sake alone the whole drudgery has been endured.

Let the non-musical inquirer consider the foregoing as a token of good and bad instruction in the question before us.

Sebastian Bach and Handel, Joseph Haydn, Mozart

and Beethoven—these are the artists to whom we owe the greatest and the most numerous works of art for the pianoforte. Among these, Bach and Beethoven stand forward, the one in elder, the other in our own times, as those who have reached the highest eminence. After them, Emanuel Bach, Clementi, Dussek, Karl Maria von Weber, Hummel, and many more may be named. We abstain from giving a more numerous list, particularly of those still living, as it is not the province of this work to pass judgment upon individuals. Upon the highest, the vast preponderance in estimation of the five first named artists, there is not the slightest question among those who have the least tincture of art. The one may indeed be compared with the other, but the high pre-eminence of all is unquestioned.

We can therefore declare as a condition for good piano-forte teaching, that the works of those five eminent men* shall be considered as the distinguished and governing lessons in the instruction. Whatever finger exercises, hand lessons, or secondary work, a teacher may find necessary for his pupil, must be left to his decision, as it cannot be estimated. But the teacher who does not conduct his pupil into the study of the five great masters, as soon as it can be done with any precision, and the time of the lesson permits it, and does not make them the chief object and goal of the instruction, such a teacher, we say it, without hesitation, is not able to give a true artistic education, however clever and careful he may be in other parts of his duty. Teachers who keep their pupils to fashionable dances and such trifles, to arrangements from favorite operas, &c., are altogether unworthy of the confidence of those who seek for genuine education in art. Therefore, no teacher ought to be chosen without the previous knowledge of his method of instruction.

Piano-forte learning may begin very early—in the seventh or eighth year, or even earlier, even before the hand can span the octave. There is, moreover, a sufficiency of excellent works of Haydn and Mozart, well adapted to the sensibilities of that tender age, if the teacher be but capable of choosing them. —*Dr. Marr's General Musical Instruction.*

* We have to give an urgent warning with respect to Seb. Bach's work, the "Wohltemperirte Klavier," that the younger scholars be not set too early to the study of it; and that neither they nor others should be persuaded that everything that that great man has composed—often composed for momentary objects of instruction, &c.—was of equal value. Bach's manner is so different from the modern style, that we cannot without reflection employ his works. This, and the usual beginning with pianos of the most accustomed temperament, have driven more friends of art from this master than the pleasure of his music has created him admirers; and, therefore, with the greatest veneration in his regard, we will not refuse to acknowledge that another portion of his works, namely his dances, have outlived their time and become antiquated. But the enlightened teacher will find in the six preludes pour les commensaux, in the inventions and single fantasias, namely in the English and other suites among the preludes, sarabands, jigs, &c., a rich choice of the most charming and imperishable compositions, most intimately adapted to our tastes and feelings, and highly calculated to produce both pleasure and improvement in his scholars. We would here wish to recommend the new collective edition of Bach's works, at Peter's, in Leipzig. As an Introductory School for conducting from our own time and manner into those of Bach, which are so importantly different, and for primary instruction in polyphonic playing, the Author has published a selection from Seb. Bach's compositions, at Chaliere's, in Berlin, at 20 Sgr.

The above warning may also apply to Handel, whose works, however, for the piano, are not numerous. We can recommend his Six Fugues and a Capriccio, at Frautwein's, in Berlin, for more advanced students.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 6, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

[In the absence of anything from the Editor specially intended for the eyes of the readers of this Journal, we offer them to-day some random notes of travel taken from private letters written since his last letter from Berlin.]

VENICE, APRIL 18, 1861.

Eccomi qui! In "sunny Italy," as you say. And it is sunny! For five days that I have been here and one in Trieste, there has been cloudless blue sky and blue water all the time, and such a light as well accounts for Titian. Perfect spring weather, air fresh, sweet, lively, just warm enough. I float in gondolas, I gaze at palaces and churches, I stand on bridges and quays and lose myself in reveries watching the sails and sights upon the water, I stand be-

fore the Titians, Tintoretto's, Giov. Bellinies, (having already seen the three greatest works of Titian), I promenade the piazzas and wander around and in the wonderful church of St. Marco; have been all over the Doge's Palace, and I take great pleasure and got [very tired in finding my way afoot from place to place through the labyrinth of little narrow lanes (but light as noonday), always opening something new and picturesque. What a luxury, too, is a city without horses! Great contrast to Vienna where the carriages (in streets not half as wide as Washington street,) dash by you in frantic speed, bewildering and endangering. Here too are pretty faces, pretty costumes, and cheerful *dolce far niente* life. One feature, though, is very ugly: the city swarms with Austrian soldiers; they are pouring into Italy continually; on every railroad and steamboat I have travelled with them. * * *

I left Vienna on the 10th, and spent the night in Grätz (over the most wonderful of railroads); reached Trieste the next night, and spent the following day there, finding it necessary to reconnoitre before attacking Italy—for I had not studied the language at all, nor even laid out the campaign from guide-books. Saturday, 13th, exquisite sail on the blue Adriatic to Venice, in $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours. But it is no use to try to tell you about it. And there was wonderful old Prague too, where I wandered about every hour of the time for two days.

In Venice too, I am all alone, not a countryman to be found. I believe the expectation of war has turned them all away, and really it looks as if war could hardly be prevented. *Never* has the peace of Europe looked so uncertain. Every Italian looks on war as a foregone conclusion, likely to turn out now any day. If it does, I am here in the midst of it, unless I can get seasonable warning. But I propose to persevere in my plan and go to Padua day after to-morrow, stop one night, another at Verona, then to Milan and stop two days, then perhaps to Turin, to Genoa, by sea to Livorno and Florence, and to Rome. There I *do* hope to find somebody whom I know—but that depends on the chances of peace or war.

Truly if there is a place where air and light and constant novelty and beauty could lift a man out of his own grief and sense of loneliness, it is this wonderful Venice. For hours sometimes I do contrive to lose myself in wonder and admiration; but one cannot live upon these sentiments; the more I enjoy, the more I feel the need of friends, of those with whom I have been wont to share my life.

As to letters (editorial), I shall try to finish one to-day and to-morrow. But the chances are much more against my writing while in Italy than I had supposed. Time is so used up by new sights and fatigues, and especially by the necessity of constant studying out of plans—still more by my inability to talk Italian (being alone), so that I seldom come the shortest way at anything.

Rome, June 2.

I told you of my ten days of fine weather and enjoyment in Venice—only I had not a soul to speak with while I was there—not even an Englishman. Sunday, April 21, I left there and came as far as Padua, where I spent the day, visiting the fine old church of St. Antonio, and Giotto's chapel (!), covered, walls and ceiling, with the best preserved of all his frescoes. The next day, took cars to Milan, feeling a sense of positive relief and joy when I crossed the boundary at Peschiera, and found myself beyond the everlasting swarms of Austrian soldiers, and breathed for the first time the free air of V. Emanuel's Italy. I enjoyed Milan exceedingly, and was delighted with the free Italian people. There, and in all Northern Italy, and Florence, they are the most cheerful, orderly, sweet, good-natured population that I have anywhere seen. The Cathedral fill-

ed me with wonder and delight. I spent, in several climbs, six or eight hours on its roof and spire, amid its bristling pinacles and its population of three or four thousand statues. I staid there three nights, and saw the cathedral last, white and like a soaring airy thing, under the full moon! Many fine works of Art, too, I saw in Milan—but always alone—still no Americans. Italian politics of course interested me much. Newspapers were sold and read as eagerly in the streets, as in Boston—a new phenomenon to me in Europe! Cialdini's bitter letter to Garibaldi had just appeared, and there was great sorrow and indignation and some attempts at "demonstrations"—but the good sense and self-possession of the people frowned on demonstrations and would have them—was it not beautiful?

Then a half day's railroad ride, past the battle fields (Magenta, &c.), and with a splendid panorama of snowy Alps looming across the delicate green Lombard plains, to Turin. I thought it worth a day to go round there and take a peep into the Parliament, where I was politely led into a good seat and saw Cavour, and heard him make a short speech. He is a most lively, hearty, somewhat Pickwickian looking little man; never two minutes still, but running about all over the chamber, talking with every member, and gesticulating vigorously. He looked happy and seemed to be continually congratulated. He had reason to feel well, for it was the morning after the great reconciliation between the three chiefs. What noble patriots! I had hoped to see Garibaldi; but he was not in health, and did not come into the House any more.

The next afternoon I reached Genoa, one of the most superb of cities. Dickens has described it as a mouldy, tumble-down, gloomy mass of obsolete splendor; but to me it looked in its prime of youth and beauty. I could not satiate myself climbing its hill-side streets, admiring its exquisite hanging gardens (roses, figs, and oranges), gazing off over its beautiful harbor, and exploring its grand old palaces. Two of these I went through, which contained the largest and finest collections of paintings. (What thousands upon thousands of fine pictures I have seen! In Venice no end of Titians, Giorgiones, Tintoretto's, Paul Veronese's, Giov. Bellini's, Bonifaccis—the whole Venetian school has made the clearest impression on me).

At sunset the next day I took the steamer for Leghorn. Uncomfortable, wretched little boat—immense price—rough sea—and more and worse seasickness than I had in the whole passage of the Atlantic. It *should* have taken 9 hours, and it took 15. I was so sick on reaching Leghorn that I could not go right on to Florence, but had to rest there most of that Sunday. Before sunset, however, I was able to take the train, and enjoy the lovely Tuscan scenery in the valley of the Arno, bounded by deep purple or snowy mountain ranges.

Florence was, much of that week, as cold as Boston in the same month, a lovely place though, smothered in roses, and surrounded with soft, green hills, and mountains white with snow. I must take some better time, when I come home, to tell you how much I enjoyed its great art galleries, its Greek statues, and Michael Angelo's "Day and Night," &c. (the Medici monument), and the Raphaels and Del Santos and Titians; the old convent of St. Marco, where Fra Angelico lived (a monk took me round through cell after cell full of his frescos, and into the refectory, (tables all set) where is a noble fresco of the Last Supper, in the same position as Da Vinci's, by Ghirlandajo, Michael Angelo's master. (I went to see Da Vinci's in Milan). Then, too, the superb *Duomo*, with cupola larger than that of St. Peter's, and the view from the top of it, and Giotto's Campanile beside it, and the Baptistery with Ghiberti's doors. No end of such things while I was there; and I left ever so much unseen. One most interest-

ing walk was out to the Protestant cemetery, where I saw Theodore Parker's tomb; a fresh bunch of flowers lay on it, and the place is most lovely, sweet with birds and roses, planted with tall cypresses, and looking from a gentle elevation over towards Fiesole. I was nine days in Florence—entirely too short a time.

I had supposed that, when in Florence, I should be within eight or ten hours of Rome. It is not so far as from Boston to New York. But practically it is several days off. I had either to take another sea voyage, or go by diligence, costing three days, or in the mail coach (two nights and one day). I chose the latter for shortness, having to pay eighty-four francs (!), and get myself first by rail to Siena, where the coach starts. So I took the early train, drove right to the post-office, where I left my baggage, and then wandered about Siena the whole day,—a most interesting place,—and expected to start with the coach at 9 P.M., where I presented myself, tired enough—but they didn't choose to start till 12; so I had to wander three hours more, sit in cafes, &c. And then came a long and dismal ride; only I and the courier inside. I entered Rome at 12 the next night, having enjoyed the distant view over the Campagna, the Alban and Sabine Mts. with Soracte, from the hill after leaving Viterbo, as long as daylight lasted—and then I fell asleep, and woke to find myself trundled along between endless white stone walls, with a strange sensation of approaching Rome. It was much nearer than I was aware, and soon we stepped inside the Porta del Popolo, in the silent square, where passport was taken, and then down the Corso and to the post-office; and I was soon walking behind a porter at midnight, and a stranger, in the streets of Rome, to the hotel. *Didn't* I sleep well! Rose late, walked out in the sunshine, to the Piazza di Spagna, to the banker's and found no letters—then up the interminable steps to the Pincian hill, catching a first view of St. Peter's, and then on to Story's studio. *He* was not there; but President Quincy, larger than life, stood there just inside the door—marble, with a man chipping away at it—and a plaster double by his side—so I couldn't help going in; and I was led from room to room, looking at statues while I waited for Story, and I sat a half hour there amid his white ideals, his "Cleopatra," "Hero," "Gretchen," Beethoven, and last of all, and really great, his "African Sybil"! It was a fine introduction. It had both the feeling of Rome and of home in it—to me so long accustomed to entire strangers only. D.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Organ for Chicago, Ill.

I had the pleasure, on two evenings the past week of listening to the tones of a new organ, built for the Episcopal Church, in Chicago, Ill., by Messrs. Stevens & Jewett, No. 120 Leverett Street, in this city, and can confidently state that the Society will receive one of the handsomest and best instruments that ever left this city. By the kindness of the builders I had an opportunity to examine the interior of the instrument, and to obtain a description of it, which I send you.

The height of case is 30 feet, width of front, 20 feet, and depth, 10 feet. The style of architecture conforms to the church in which it is to be placed, made from a plan drawn by the architect, T. V. Wadsfrier, Esq., of Chicago, and is Romanesque. The contents are as follows:

GREAT ORGAN.		SWELL ORGAN.	
	Pipes.		Pipes.
Open Diapason.....	56	Bourdon Bass }	56
Tenoreon.....	56	Bourdon Treble }	56
St. Diapason, Bass }	56	Viol de Gamba.....	56
Clarabell, Treble }	56	Op. Diapason, Bass }	56
Dulciana.....	56	" " Treble }	56
Principal.....	56	Principal.....	56
Twelfth.....	56	Stop Diapason, Bass }	56
Fifteenth.....	56	" " Treble }	56

Sesquitra.....	168	Cornet 15th.....	56
Cremona.....	39	Cornet 12th and 17th.	112
Trumpet Bass }	56	Hautboy.....	56
Trumpet Treble }	56	Trumpet Bass, Treb. }	56
Flute.....	56	" " Bass }	56

PEDAL ORGAN.
Double Open Diapason.....27
Violoncello.....27

MECHANICAL STOPS.
Pedal Check.
Couple Pedals and Swell.
Couple Great and Swell.
Tremolo. Bellows Signal.
Great and Swell at Octaves.
Couple Pedal and Great.

A number of the first organists of this city and vicinity, have tried the instrument, and pronounced it a *very superior* instrument, and one that the builders and Society might well be proud of. PANO.

BOARD OF MUSIC TRADE.—The Annual Meeting of the Board of Music Trade, which was to have taken place in this city this summer, has been postponed, in consequence of the present state of affairs in the country, to the first Wednesday of August of next year. Those whose interests are so closely connected with Harmony do well, we think, to come together only in Peace and Harmony, which we hope may, before that time, again reign in the land.

ERRATUM.—In the article "Concert Programmes," page 102, in our last number, an annoying typographical error occurs. In the last line but eight the words *and the better works* of Beethoven ought to read *and the LATER*, &c.

Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, ILL., JUNE 24, 1861.—*Philharmonic Concert.* The Philharmonic Society crowned the efforts of its first season with a very brilliant concert in Bryan Hall, on Saturday last, June 22. It was an auspicious conclusion of a series of musical entertainments, which have successfully inaugurated a new musical era in this city. The Society was organized under circumstances which rendered its successful accomplishment of the object aimed at somewhat doubtful in the minds of many whose hearts were with it. That object was the introduction of the best classical music in a community which had previously given the larger share of its patronage to productions of an inferior order. But the complete and triumphant success of the Society in its first season has, we think, demonstrated the practicability of the undertaking and reflected all honor upon the good taste of its numerous members. This success is undoubtedly owing in a very large measure to the labors of Mr. Balatka, the talented musical director, than whom no better musical executive can be found in the North West.

The following programme closed the first season:

1. Fifth Symphony, C minor.....L. V. Beethoven.
a Allegro con brio.
b Andante.
c } Allegro.
d }
2. "Winged Messenger".....Fesca.
Miss Dewey
3. Elegy to the Memory of Stephen A. Douglas.....Balatka.
4. Aria from "Jerusalem".....Verdi.
Mr. De Passio.
5. Souvenir de "Robert le Diable".....Meyerbeer.
8. Overture to "Martha".....Flotow.

The symphony in C minor was played by the orchestra in truly excellent style and with proper regard to light and shade. Every performer seemed inspired by the greatness of the composition and anxious to convey the idea of it to the audience. The best part of the Symphony might well be considered the triumph of instrumental music, for it is hardly possible to imagine anything more sublime and effective. The Winged Messenger was handsomely done by Miss Dewey and heartily encored. Mr. De Passio gave the aria to "Jerusalem" in his usual excellent style and is deservedly the favorite of our concert-going people. A most interesting per-

formance of the evening was Balatka's Elegy in memory of Stephen A. Douglas, it being new to every one. It is a dignified and solemn composition which conveys its meaning to the listener at once. Very expressive is the last part, where in passages of exquisite tenderness, the last touching farewell seems to be offered to the departed by sorrow-stricken friends. The composition will add greatly to the already high reputation of Mr. Balatka. The rest of the programme "Souvenir de Robert," and "Martha Overture" were by their perfect rendition much admired by the friends of a lighter style of music. The Directors announce, that the second season will commence with a concert to be given in September.

An Organic Complaint.

STREET MUSIC IN LONDON AND A PUBLIC MEETING.

At a time when the paper question threatens to unseat a Ministry, and the American troubles to create dissension, the *London Star and Dial* devotes one column and a quarter to another serious difficulty still—street music. The *Star* says:

"Marylebone, it appears, is at this moment agitated by a tremendous outburst of popular indignation. We were in blissful ignorance of the fact until a few minutes ago. The storm has been brewing silently, and thunder clouds have been gathering, while the sun seemed to be shining and the heavens bright and clear. At last the tempest has broken out in good earnest; the evidence before us places this beyond the reach of doubt. We have just received a hand-bill, headed in large capitals, with the resonant and wrath-provoking motto, 'Might against Right,' convening a public meeting of the ratepayers of the borough, this evening, in the Courthouse, Marble Lane. The veteran Reformer, Mr. Nicholay, is to take the chair, and Lord Fermoy and Mr. Harvey Lewis have been invited to grace the platform with their presence. Our readers will doubtless be eager to learn the object of this imposing demonstration. We may, therefore, as well inform them at once that the meeting has been called, not to elicit the opinion of the inhabitants of Marylebone upon any vital question of domestic or foreign policy, but simply to protest against a sentence passed some few weeks since by Mr. Mansfield upon four members of a peripatetic brass band, who had been perpetrating their habitual discords to the annoyance of Mr. Charles Babbage. The Home Secretary, it is stated, has been appealed to, but in vain, and now the ratepayers are solemnly convoked to give formal utterance to their wrath at a judicial decision which is stigmatized by the promoters of the meeting as an act of 'magisterial tyranny.' We are ready to do the most ample justice to the motives of the gentlemen who have taken the foremost part in fomenting this tempest in a tea-pot. We are fully convinced that they have been actuated by the kindest motives, and we willingly believe that the error of judgment into which they have been betrayed arises from want of practical experience of the nuisance in behalf of which they have thought fit to interpose. At the same time, we feel bound to record our protest against the extension of any toleration to a pest which has really become past endurance. Mr. Babbage is no exceptional sufferer, and the courage and perseverance with which he has vindicated the right of every man to enjoy a peaceful existence in his own dwelling entitles him to be regarded as a public benefactor. "The nature of the strains to which we are compelled to listen makes this nuisance intolerably hideous. If Caliban were a dweller in London now, he might truthfully exclaim, 'The isle is full of noises.' But, alas! he could not add, 'sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.' There is an organ player under our window at this moment; by the turning of his fatal crank he professes to be executing a composition of Vincent Wallace. In a certain sense he is executing it; he is so breaking it on the wheel that the accomplished musician could scarcely recognize his reputed child. For all the melody that exists in the concatenation of sounds he is producing, it might be the offspring of Richard Wagner."

Music Abroad.

Wallace's Opera of "Lurline," has been published in Germany under the title of "Loreley."

VIENNA.—Richard Wagner, while in Vienna, for the first time heard his "Lohengrin," at a rehearsal. The performance in the evening was made the occasion of an ovation to the composer. During the evening he was three times called upon the stage. No composer has ever before received like honors in theatre. The nobility took particular pains to show their sympathy with the enthusiasm of the Princess Metternich in Paris, who is one of them, and the applause was overwhelming. Wagner was not let off without having made a little neat speech. He is the lion of the day, and is richly indemnified for the bitter days of his exile by the smiles of the Imperial city.

Moscow, (Russia).—The Concert season, which is now over, has proved quite unsuccessful. No artist drew a full house. Many Concerts heralded with great pomp had to be given up as nobody would buy tickets. This has never happened before. Of foreign artists only *Dreyschock* and *Wieniawski* came; the former just saved his purse; the latter was sadly out of pocket. The Musical Society of the city—Philharmonic—was also poorly patronized. Only one of their concerts paid expenses. Liszt's Preludes were on the bills of the last one. The Russians did not seem to relish it much.

LEIPZIG.—Classical Leipzig has been blessed at last with the first performance of "*Il Trovatore*." The "Signale" comes to the conclusion that Verdi is better than his reputation. Signora Trebelli, in the character of Azuccua, contributed much towards the success of the Opera. She is undoubtedly one of the first artists in Europe.

PARIS.—The Society of dramatic authors in Paris have been paid during the last eleven months the sum of one and a half millions of francs, being the author's share in the performances of works of their members.

The musical societies of the lower district of the Rhine have celebrated their 38th annual musical Festival at Aix-la-Chapelle. Works performed were Beethoven's grand D minor Mass, and Sinfonia Eroica, and the Oratorio of Joshua by Handel. The latter created a profound sensation. Several of the choruses were encored.

We clip the following from a Berlin letter in the Leipzig '*Neue Zeitschrift*.' "Mr. Paine, from America, a pupil of our best organ-player and distinguished composer *A. Haupt*, gave an organ concert previous to his departure, in which he performed pieces by *Bach*, *Mendelssohn*, *Thiele* and of his own with astonishing perfection. His pedal-playing and clearness of execution on the manuals are rarely equalled. He is more of a player than a composer. His variations on the Austrian National Anthem are suggestive of talent, but lack the maturity of a well formed individuality." This concert took place some time ago, but the report is new.

Vienna.

A circumstance that has already been remarked is that individual concert-givers scarcely dare any longer present themselves to the public without Beethoven, Chopin, and Schumann. Although, in many instances, this is done rather clumsily, and although it is desirable that Beethoven should be the Omega and not the Alpha in the education of our young professionals, the necessity the artist is under of presenting a programme of sterling worth to his patrons, affords satisfactory testimony of a cultivated taste on the part of the hearer; and the performance of *three-and-twenty symphonies*, without counting Liszt's *Dichtungen*—to which we devoted a separate paragraph above—the

public performance, we say, of *three-and-twenty symphonies*, during the course of six months, in a city like Vienna, is really no small advance. It is, as a matter of course, altogether out of the question to compare Vienna, as far as activity in musical affairs is concerned, with many a smaller town in northern or middle Germany. Concentration of thought upon special and limited objects, and total absorption in one well-defined direction, cannot be expected or required of us. People must not insist on Vienna's being Leipzig, Breslau, or any other city where men of great talent pursue their course, with iron consistency, towards some one particular object. On the other hand, Vienna boasts of so many men of such varied talent, while public sensitiveness is so great public feeling so frank, and public sentiment so fresh, that anything only needs to be awakened into being, to pulsate freely, freshly, and vigorously, following its own path; and though it may sometimes giddily spring aside from it, it speedily returns to where its correct instinct calls it. This instinct warns us more especially against everything wearisome. If this results in our having sometimes not at first appreciated, from a dread of what appears monotonous, many things we subsequently enjoy, we gain a by no means inconsiderable advantage, namely, an ever fresh, quick feeling of appreciation for the essentially vital element in art generally, and in music more especially, for the light genius of melody.

We should have to plunge into a thorough analysis of particular circumstances and individual institutions, if we attempted to give a detailed account of the continuous progress of musical Vienna. It is not long since we endeavored to show what a change had taken place here during the last ten years. We shall often probably have occasion to express our opinion of the system of musical associations, and the ends they have in view. Many persons consider logically musical matters among us solely in a musical light, without taking into account their influence on society. We ourselves have, perhaps, frequently arrived at a wrong decision, in consequence of this circumscribed mode of viewing things. We do not hesitate, however, to own our error, when we think we have discovered something better. We endeavor, also, if only as "an exercise for the memory," to gain a clear insight into the connection between human and artistic matters; and when, as last winter, for instance, we see the *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde* taking the lead, and achieving triumphs with the Mass in D, with Schubert's Opera, with the formation of an orchestra of their own, and with the organization, which has been commenced, at least, of the Conservatory, we cannot help recollecting the struggle necessitated not for a merely professional change of officials, but for placing the guidance of the Association in the hands of men who could be relied on, and who would work well together. We make this observation in order to mark distinctly the party to which we belong; for parties there must be as long as life and human activity exist, and those persons who cherish a love of art must hold together, unless they would have their cunning opponents enlist on their side the whole body of weak and neutral individuals. We rejoice sincerely at the successes thus achieved; and, while passing over in silence what did not turn out so well, but which was quite immaterial when placed in the balance against so much that was most excellent, we will, in conclusion, express the hope that, at the expiration of another year, we may have it in our power to give an equally favorable account of the "Vienna Concert Season."—*Vienna Recensionen*.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—This interesting event is fixed to take place on Tuesday the 27th of August, and three following days, making the twenty-eighth triennial celebration of these famous musical meetings. The proceeds arising from the festivals are applied to the assistance of the funds of the Birmingham General Hospital, one of the largest beneficent institutions of this nature out of London. So great has been the success of the Birmingham Festivals, that since their establishment in 1768, nearly eighty thousand pounds have been realized for the charity. The meetings, under royal patronage, are supported by the nobility and gentry of the Midland counties, who not only act as Vice-presidents, but by their presence in the Town Hall, where the performances are held, manifest the interest they take in the welfare of the hospital. The arrangements are made by a committee, and are always on a scale of grandeur and completeness: the best available vocal and instrumental talent being invariably engaged, and the works performed consisting always of the highest class of sacred and secular music, by the most renowned ancient and modern composers. The last festival was held in 1858, when the Earl of Dartmouth was President. This year that office will be filled by the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Stars and the Stripes. G. A. Mietzke. 25

A powerful song of the old flag, with a vigorous melody which must at once impress itself favorably upon musical ears.

Land of Columbus. Quartet. Geo. Hews. 5

An Anthem of three verses, corresponding in measure to the Anthem of "God Save the Queen," but provided with an original melody, well adapted for children's voices, by Mr. Hews. The Anthem has been sung by the children of the Warren street Chapel during the Fourth of July celebration at the Academy of Music, and elicited warm encomiums. It is conveniently arranged for part-singing.

Instrumental Music.

Governor Curtin's Grand March.

Rieter Fitzgerald. 25

A well written, pleasing March, by the junior editor of the "Philadelphia Item," and dedicated to the eminent man, who occupies the gubernatorial chair of Pennsylvania.

Croyez moi. J. Ascher. 25

A charming little Nocturne, eclipsing many a more pretentious composition in striking beauty of melody and nicety of detail. Everybody will be taken with it. It is not difficult.

Immortellen Waltzes. Four hands. Gungl. 75

One of the finest sets of modern Waltzes; an uninterrupted chain of beautiful melodies, now jubilant and joyous, then again subdued and plaintive, the whole prefaced by a slow and impressive March in memory of Johann Strauss, who had just died when these Waltzes were composed. Two good players can enchant any audience with these strains. They are not difficult but must have the true whirl of the Waltz, in order to be fully effective.

Books.

GUIDE TO MUSICAL COMPOSITION. By Heinrich Wohlfahrt. Translated by John S. Dwight. Bound. 75

This little book is intended for those amateurs who have a penchant for composing, without being able to devote their time to a course of instruction in harmony. The author gives the laws of phrasing, or musical construction, lays out the web of modulation, and, in a manner, even teaches to form melodies. A musical person of some practical experience, who has a little of the inventive faculty, will, by the aid of this book, be able to shape his ideas into a satisfactory, finished form. There are many such to whom pretty ideas come plentifully, but who, when trying to put them together and make a musical whole of them, find that they will not connect, or that there is too little or too much of them, in short, that there is something wrong which they are not able to remedy. After studying Wohlfahrt's book they will see clearly where the defect lies, and whence the remedy must come.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 484.

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"O, Mother of a Mighty Race."

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

O, Mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years;
With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
That tints thy morning hills with red;
Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet
Within thy woods are no more fleet;
Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail—those haughty ones,
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons!
They do not know how loved thou art,
How many a fond and fearless heart
Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide—
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;
What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen;

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By thy lone rivers of the west;
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared,
In woodland homes,
And where the ocean border foams.

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest
For Earth's down-trodden and opprest,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread.
Power, at thy bounds,
Stops, and calls back his baffled hounds.

O, fair young Mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of thy skies
The thronging years in glory rise,
And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
Before thine eye
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

The Development of the Musical Faculties.

COMPOSITION.

We name the study of composition as the third object of general musical education. Deep penetration into art and its productions, a rich development of musical talent, cannot be attained without this study. If it be undertaken in the right sense, it rewards every step forwards with clearer insight and increased pleasure; and, indeed, those also who are not destined by peculiar talents to the profession of composers.

This circumstance demands the more deliberate consideration, the more imperfect and erro-

neous the representations are which have been attached to it.

Music consists, as can be seen from this book, in an inward comprehension of innumerable most diversified forms, constantly approaching and separating, perpetually combining and dissolving in each other. Their operation can be perceived, more or less, without previous cultivation, and can be understood and represented by a superficial instruction; but to comprehend them entirely, to penetrate into their whole nature and attributions, is to know the meaning and force of each form by itself, and also when in combination with every other. Now, let us imagine a great composition before us, in which different parts are united in the most varied manner, in all sorts of artistic forms, each part having its cantilena, its rhythm, its succession of tones, while each tone has a determined relation to the tones of the other parts, and with all this are combined different degrees and kinds of motion, of *forte* or *piano*, and of manner of performance. Now, we say, with such a composition before us, we presume it will be admitted that without study such a composition could not be understood, and that the study for that object must be thorough, systematic, and methodical.

Let us suppose for a moment that any one unaccustomed to composition undertook the dissection of the above imagined work. Then would he be overwhelmed with an intolerable burden of unities. The completion of his task would be impossible, were it only from the creation of new forms and applications of them which daily take place in art.

The only ready, practicable, and fruitful procedure is, therefore, to set one's own hand to work, to learn one's self how to bring the forms from out the world of sound, to "call the spirits from the vasty deep;" to learn to feel the rhythm of the forms, so that all present and future forms shall be within our scope and comprehension, because we have grasped the root of their existence—because we know how they have come into existence, and why. This the doctrine of composition teaches us. This science alone gives us, not abstract ideas upon art—not merely superficial notions upon the operation of art—not a few cut out dead parts, but the whole entire, with all its individualities, and in its unity, matter and spirit, form and meaning, in that single entirety which is the material of true art.

We may add, from a large experience of every age, and of both sexes, that the study of composition, without any proportionate loss of time, even for amateurs, most surely rewards every step, even when but small disposition exists in the student, or circumstances should prevent a lengthened pursuit of the subject. The first few lessons in one-part * compositions will at once awaken the sense for melody, and give a significant idea of its fundamental forms, of the efficacy of rhythm, and of the origin and accumulation of passages and phrases. Already the doctrine so comprehensive and so easily comprehended of the two and two composition in two parts, built upon the natural harmony, makes the foundation of all harmony and tonic progression perfectly obvious, and furnishes to moderately endowed students, pleasurable and exciting lessons. So much can be acquired in two or three weeks, with a couple of lessons a week and but little exertion; and, moreover, we might abandon our studies at this point, without having lost our labor. Then the gradual development of harmony and the richer progression of parts, will have, in the mere inspection, the charm of a perfectly rational and highly copious display, from the most simple fundamental forms and the most obvious laws. But to any one who enters upon this pur-

suit with inbred activity, to such a one the regions of sound are illumined and extended with every effort—the sense of music is vivified, excited and strengthened by every fresh manifestation of the internal art. Now, with the knowledge of the limitation of chords, freedom in the unfolding of art returns, and her play becomes continually richer and more variegated. Then all artistic forms are imagined and explained, the one from the other—the order of the succession being pre-supposed—the one quite as easy as the other, until finally, their realization on determined instruments or in song, in ecclesiastical, dramatic, and other objects of our art, completes the whole study. At any point the study may be relinquished with profit, in proportion to the labor bestowed, if circumstances should so command, or the zeal of the student should not urge him to further investigation.

The study of composition may begin early, particularly with talented and lively children, but not before they have made some progress upon a musical instrument,—if possible the piano-forte, and have thereby gained some participation in and capacity for art, and also more penetration and habit of reflection. They ought at least to have got beyond the elementary exercises, and be able to play with feeling and technical correctness larger works, such as, for example the sonatas of Haydn and Mozart. Instruction in composition at an earlier period than this would be mere empty playing; or, what is much worse, would disturb, in the still unself-supporting scholar, the free and immediate enjoyment of the compositions lying before him; and thrust, in the place of lively, soul-inspiring, artistic employment, cold and profitless mechanisms of the understanding. This is one of the greatest errors of a system pursued in many shapes, of instruction in the piano and harmony combined, which apparently advances the students through an intricate mechanism with great rapidity, but at the cost of the feeling of music itself, which remains undeveloped, and becomes, indeed, oppressed and stifled by the disturbance of the understanding, and the mechanism which that system brings into action. The true joy of art and artistic accomplishment becomes the more surely destroyed thereby,—the more deceptive to the observer is the joy of the scholar at his mechanical success,—and the more his sudden progress in certain parts of music is in the beginning inexplicable to the uninstructed.

We consider thus much to be necessary upon general education. The choice of other instruments may be left to each individual, under the advice of the better-informed. The science and history of music must in like manner be left to the disposition and leisure of every friend of art. The composer, and particularly the well-educated musician, will scarcely be able to restrain himself from the history of his art, not merely from books, but from the works of art themselves.—*Dr. Marx's General Musical Instruction.*

* The author has conformed himself here to the tenor and tendency of his Doctrine of Musical Composition (*Lehre von der Musikalischen Komposition*), at Breitkopf and Härtel. How little can the above assurance be given by the old thorough-bass and doctrine of harmony: how unartistic is it in foundation and method, how extremely incomplete and unsatisfactory. This the author has exemplified from time to time in the *Instruction for Composition*, but more demonstratively in the work "*Die alte Musiklehre im Streit mit unser Zeit*" (the old Doctrine of Music in contention with our times), at Breitkopf and Härtel, 1841—as had been acknowledged and declared long enough before him by Reicher and every thinking professor of composition. The indolence of so many old masters, or the ignorance of masters absolutely unacquainted with the real nature of composition, is still answerable for the painful and useless labor of many young persons. Many such, indeed, are still enduring in the continually disappointed hope that they will at last, some day, arrive at composition, or at least at a clearer insight into the nature of art: they endure until the time has passed, and with it all pleasure and natural feeling, which either dies away or becomes corrupted.

Surry Music Hall.

The destruction by fire of the Surry Music Hall is one of those dreadful accidents which periodically befall our places of public amusement, and which seem alike to defy precaution and watchfulness. Within a few years we had to chronicle the burning of Covent Garden Theatre and St. Martin's Hall, and have now to add that of the very splendid building in Surry Gardens, devoted to music. In the present case, we believe, the cause of the conflagration is distinctly traced; and the smallest care, it would appear on the part of the workmen who were occupied in repairing the roof, would have prevented the catastrophe. Generally, however, the cause remains concealed, or is only surmised. In the case of the Royal Italian Opera, conjecture was completely baffled; and to this day the burning down of that magnificent theatre continues a mystery. Is there any means of preventing these terrible occurrences? Must it be set down in the book of probabilities that any given theatre in London is doomed to share the fate of the Surry Music Hall—say, once in twenty years? If this be correct calculation, and that there are twenty theatres in London, every year should have its conflagration, which, fortunately, is not the case, and which, no doubt, is owing to the superior providence of some managers over others, or to a better system of ventilation or fire prevention adopted in the structure of the buildings. In any case, it behoves those who construct theatres, as well as those who watch over them, as far as lies in their power, specially to provide against accidents by fire. Where such inflammable materials as painted canvass and fragile wood-work are used and brought into all but immediate contact with flickering jets of gas—as in the case of all theatres, and is unavoidable—it is really wonderful that accidents are so few, and proves that the midnight guardians of the temples must be wakeful at their posts. In the case of Her Majesty's Theatre a large tank of water surmounts the building, which is so arranged that the whole contents may be turned on to the interior of the house in a very few minutes. Such a body of liquid would no doubt extinguish summarily any ordinary fire, and would seem to be all that is required. Whether any other theatre has adopted the same plan we do not know. But we would recommend strongly the adoption of large cisterns, after the manner of that used in the Old Opera, not only in theatres, but in every building devoted to public amusements; in which case a single watchman, by the turn of a single cock, would be enabled to do the work of twenty fire-engines, and in ten times briefer space.

Poor Julian! The Surry Music Hall was one of his brightest dreams. He, who always looked forward to the art enlightenment of the public, saw in the establishment of a music-hall in the somewhat barbaric region of Walworth, Lambeth, the Boro', and Camberwell, a new field for his enterprise, a new theatre for his ambition, a new arena on which to carry out his boundless speculations for the advancement of music. No missionary with gospel in hand ever went to the Coast of Gold, or remotest Indian isle, to convert misbelievers, with purer intent or more fixed determination than Jullien to the farther side of the Thames, to regenerate the untought hosts of Surryland by means of good music. But "the race is not always to the swift, nor battle to the strong;" and they who deserve most of fortune too often in the end come off the worst. Jullien gave up heart and soul to the establishment of the new Hall—as, indeed, was his nature, his instinct—and in an evil hour embarked in it all the hard and honorable earnings of many years. The Surry Music Hall was inaugurated with every prospect of success. Soon, however, matters took an adverse change. Ill management, increase of expenditure, disagreement among the share holders, improvidence of the directors, and a brief career of bad luck, brought the speculation to bankruptcy. Jullien lost several thousand pounds, all he had in the world indeed, and as far as money was concerned, was a ruined man. He bore up manfully, how-

ever, against the calamity, and displayed more energy and vigor than ever in stemming the torrent of adversity. It cannot be concealed, nevertheless, that the bankruptcy of the Surry Music Hall planted the first nail in Jullien's coffin. He not only lost all his worldly estate, but his brightest vision had fled, his dearest hope was gone. And thus the Surry Music Hall, in its moral ruin, engendered a far deeper calamity than in its physical annihilation. Insurance offices and shareholders may again raise the structure aloft to the skies, and endow it with new beauty and splendor; but what power can restore him who constituted its life and light, without whom the Hall itself would have had neither locality nor a name!

It is gratifying to know that the building is largely insured, although by no means to the extent of covering the loss. The fears, too, have proved premature that the destruction of the Hall would involve the foregoing of many important concerts already announced, thereby throwing hundreds out of employment. This, we are glad, is provided against. A temporary building, we understand, has been erected, of boarding, we may suppose, at the end of the supper-room, where the concerts will take place until the hall is rebuilt, and in which some *fêtes* on a prodigal scale will be given for the benefit of the proprietors. The weather, moreover, could not be more favorable; so that, notwithstanding the terrible disaster which has brought destruction on the hall, the musical season at the Surry Gardens will not suffer total eclipse.

Verdi.

Signor Verdi is the most fortunate of composers. Just when his *prestige* seemed to be on the wane, when his popularity appeared to totter beneath the new impetus given to good music; when the *Trovatore* was beginning to pall upon the public taste, and the *Traviata* was all but banished from the operatic repertory, comes a new work from his pen, which has already excited the greatest interest, not merely on account of the value attached to it as a composition, but because the managers of the two Italian theatres have announced it for performance, and the music has been already made familiar to the visitors of Canterbury and Oxford Halls. *Un Ballo in Maschera*, Signor Verdi's last opera—and, as some say, his best—was one of the special novelties which figured in Mr. Gye's prospectus this season; and, therefore, if priority of announcement constitute a claim, the Royal Italian Opera has the first right of production. The law of copyright, however, as it seems, does not affect the opera being given at another theatre; and as the director of Covent Garden has not been able, as we learn, to obtain the exclusive power of performance for his theatre, Mr. J. H. Mapleson, manager of the Lyceum Italian Opera, has also advertised the *Ballo in Maschera* for representation, and even takes precedence of Mr. Gye, since the opera is announced in the bills for to-night; whereas the Royal Italian performance does not take place until Thursday. Here, then, we have two *impresarii* of Italian opera openly contesting for the honor of laying Verdi's latest inspiration before the public, and expending all the resources of their establishments on its production. The Covent Garden cast comprises, in the principal parts Mesdames Penco, Miolan-Carvalho, and Nantier-Didiée; Sigs. Mario, Graziani Tagliafico, and M. Zelger; that of the Lyceum, Mlle. Titiens, Mesdames Gassier and Lemaire, Sigs. Giulini, Delle Sedie, and M. Gassier; two powerful lists of names, and which demonstrates how worthily considered the opera must be in the minds of the directors.

Sig. Verdi is now in reality the hero of the opera, and his old influence is about to be renewed. Once more must the star of Mozart and Rossini grow pale in the dazzling glare of young Italy's composer, and a second *Trovatore* furore be created. It might be desired, however, that Sig. Verdi had essayed his talent on any other subject than that which had originated one of the most undoubted *chefs d'œuvre* of the French

school. In selecting *Gustavus the Third*; or, *the Masked Ball*, already hallowed by the genius of Auber the Italian composer acted unwisely; since he brought his music into direct competition with that of one who was a far greater master and a more inspired writer than himself, and could hope to obtain little profit from the comparison. Is it possible that Signor Verdi ever entertained the idea of making the world forget Auber's opera through his own? Perhaps he remembered how Rossini's *Barbiere* had entirely obliterated that of Paisiello, and fancied his *Ballo in Maschera* would do the same by Auber's *Masked Ball*. Or can it be possible that Signor Verdi knows nothing of the opera of *Gustave*, and had no "compunctious visitings," when the book was presented to him by some enthusiastic music publisher? This, indeed, would constitute his fairest excuse; since, to fancy he could go calmly and hopefully to work after an attentive hearing of Auber's music, is impossible. Nay, is it not more likely that, after listening to the divinely melodious opening chorus, he would have dashed down the *libretto* in despair, and cried aloud, "This, indeed, is beyond the scope of my inspiration, and I shall not attempt to rival it?"

We do not seek in these remarks, to disparage or underrate the composer of *Rigoletto*. We shall be delighted to hear a new opera from his pen, satisfied that from it alone we can hope to obtain anything, now-a-days, veritably original. If Sig. Verdi were deposed, it would only be to make room for some one without a tittle of his inspiration, and no part of his dramatic power. Therefore, if we are to have *novelty*, let us seek to procure it from a quarter where we are certain to gain something with which we had no previous acquaintance. The general public, after all, are not such fools; and Sig. Verdi's long-ending popularity proves incontestably not only that he possesses qualities which no other composer possesses, but that to him belongs the still rarer quality of interesting and exciting in an eminent degree. And so we, too, as well as the *profanum vulgus*, will be right glad to hear a new work which has emanated from his fertile pen.—*Musical World*.

War Song.

Dedicated to the Massachusetts Regiments.

BY W. W. STORY.

Up with the Flag of the Stripes and the Stars!
Gather together from plow and from loom!
Hark to the signal!—the music of wars
Sounding for tyrants and traitors their doom.
March, march, march, march!
Brothers unite—march in your might,
For Justice and Freedom, for God and the Right!

Down with the foe to the Land and the Laws!
Marching together our country to save,
God shall be with us to strengthen our cause,
Nerving the hand and the heart of the brave.
March, march, march, march!
Brothers unite—rouse in your might,
For Justice and Freedom, for God and the Right!

Flag of the Free! under thee we will fight,
Shoulder to shoulder, our face to the foe;
Death to all traitors, and God for the Right!
Singing this song as to battle we go:
March, march, march, march!
Freemen unite—rouse in your might,
For Justice and Freedom, for God and the Right!

Land of the Free that our Fathers of old,
Bleeding together, cemented in blood—
Give us thy blessing as brave and as bold,
Standing like one, as our ancestors stood—
We march, march, march, march!
Conquer or fall! Hark to the call:
Justice and Freedom for one and for all!

Chain of the slave we have suffered so long—
Striving together, thy links we will break!
Hark! for God hears us, as echoes our song,
Sounding the cry to make tyranny quake:

March, march, march, march!
Conquer or fall! Rouse to the call—
Justice and freedom for one and for all.

Workmen arise! There is work for us now;
Ours the red ledger for bayonet pen;
Sword be our hammer, and cannon our plow;
Liberty's loom must be driven by men!
March, march, march, march!
Freemen! we fight, roused in our might,
For Justice and Freedom, for God and the Right!

DEATH OF AMODIO.—We regret to record the death of Signor Amodio. He was a person of no inconsiderable gifts in his profession, and will be identified in the memory of most of us with some of the leading characters of the modern Italian Opera.

The following from the *Evening Post* will be read with interest:

"Alessandro Amodio, whose death we briefly noticed yesterday, was born in Naples in 1831. His family is an old and respectable one, and his father is editor-in-chief of the official journals of Naples.

A few months ago a Havana correspondent said: 'Amodio is learning the flute.' A mistake, for he had played that instrument from the day that he was old enough to hold it in his lips. In that direction his fine musical genius first developed itself. With his perfected voice came the desire to use and cultivate it. Accordingly, at the age of eighteen, he put himself under the training of the two most celebrated *maestri* of Naples, Glosa and Biasaccia.

Having continued for three years in their schools he became so enamored of the stage, that, failing to obtain the consent of his family to a public career, he ran away and joined the troupe singing at the Teatro di San Carlo, where he made his first appearance with Borghi-Mamo and Giuglini. He was so enthusiastically received that an engagement for three successive seasons was immediately concluded with him by the manager of the opera at Florence.

There Strakosch heard him, and asserted that if he would come to America he might make his fortune in a year. He accordingly finished his Florence engagement, and after singing in Milan, Leghorn and Lucca, paid his first visit to this country. Here he first appeared, in the role of Il Conte di Luna, and the reception he met has too long made him a household word among those who love music to need mention at this day.

He travelled through the whole United States, appearing everywhere in concert or opera, with most unequivocal success—interspersing between his appearance here, three separate seasons at the Tacon Theatre of Havana. Finally he went to Venezuela, sang with the same applause in Caracas, and was on his way to his adopted home in New York when he died of fever.

His younger brother, Francesco, also a fine baritone, and just beginning his career, was with him when he died, and is afflicted to the last degree at the loss of one who, as he touchingly says, "was older than I, but my heart's very twin." The love of these two brothers was everywhere remarkable.

The death of Alessandro is the first affliction of the Amodio family, who now number both parents, six sons and two daughters. Francesco is the only one left on the stage. Amodio is a severe loss to the lyric stage, but an irreparable one to thousands of friends, and a man who left no enemies.

Liszt in Paris.

The sudden sultriness of the weather, which has sent the Court to Fontainebleau and so many owners of country residences to the delights of *la villégiatura*, has brought out the gardens of this gay and brilliant city into the fulness of their floral glory. The *salons* of that portion of the *beau monde* which lingers on until the close of the Legislative chamber, are so laden with flowers as to be often oppressive, especially where the reception rooms happen to be small, and the company numerous as was the case at the *soirée* given last week to Dr. Liszt by M. de Lamartine.

The prince of pianists being too rich and too grand to play any longer for money, has turned a deaf ear to all entreaties to allow himself to be heard in public. But having dined at the Tuileries, he condescended, after dinner, to play for his imperial hosts, and that to such purpose that the Emperor testified his delight and admiration by naming the artist, then and there, Commander of the Legion of Honor. Liszt has also played at the magnificent dramatic *fête* given by the Count de Morny by way of adieu to the gaieties of

the expiring season; and being an old and intimate friend of Lamartine, whose admiration of his powers is unbounded, and with whom he has promised to take "a family dinner," he graciously empowered the poet to invite "a few friends" to come in after dinner and hear him play. M. and Mme. de Lamartine, greatly delighted with this permission, immediately sent off notes of invitation to as many of their "dear five hundred" as they thought their small *salon* in the rue Ville l'Eveque could be stretched into holding; among others, to the principal editor of the *Siècle*.

By some error, this note, instead of being delivered to M. Havin, found its way into the compositor's room; and all the music-lovers of Paris were electrified, next morning, by reading in the columns of that popular journal, the following lines:

"My dear Havin: Liszt who does me the inappreciable honor of dining with me on Thursday next, consents to allow my humble parlor to hear those wonderful sounds so long unheard in Paris, and to witness the renewal of the old prodigy of Orpheus, who animated wood and metal at his pleasure! 'He that hath ears,' &c., &c."

"Yours ever, LAMARTINE."

In vain did the unfortunate poet address, in wild affright, a second note—this time, meant for publication—to the editor of the *Siècle*, explaining that his first had been metamorphosed into a public advertisement altogether by mistake, that his parlor was too small to hold more than the few he had already personally invited, and, by implication, imploring the public to stay away. The excuse offered by the unlucky mistake of the newspaper people afforded too good an excuse to be neglected, and the poet's house, on the appointed evening, was literally besieged by crowds of persons utterly unknown to him, who had flocked thither in the hope of getting in, not only from every quarter of Paris but from every part of France. One eager *malomane* of Marseilles having caught sight of the tempting paragraph in the *Siècle*, consulted his watch, saw that he could just accomplish the journey in time, if he managed to catch the next train for Paris, had his valise packed in a twinkling, dashed off to the station, reached it in the "nick of time," and reached the poet's residence early enough to secure an entrance, which the greater part of those who came after him were, of course, unable to do; Liszt's enormous piano—which he takes everywhere with him—occupying a good part of the *salon*, and every available inch of space in the house being speedily crammed almost to suffocation.

The great artist is just like his portraits; little changed from the lion of twenty years ago, save that his hair is now almost white. No description could give any adequate idea of the amazing performance of this unrivalled artist, while those who have formerly heard and seen him play, it will suffice to say that his astounding power is the same as ever, but that he now plays with rather less of that frantic, maddening, thunder-bolt sort of force which led to the utterance of the famous *dictum* of the musical criticism of that day: "Thalberg plays like a god, Cramer like an archangel, and Liszt like the devil!" Liszt played also at Prince Poniatowski's, whose reception rooms were crowded almost as suffocatingly as the poet's house. On both occasions the quantity of flowers in the rooms, though extremely charming to the eye, was positively oppressive, and was confidentially voted a nuisance by all the guests.

An opulent banker here, with whom Liszt had engaged to dine, and to whom he had sent his piano, determined to keep the expected player entirely for himself and a few of the members of his family. Shortly before six o'clock the artist reached the banker's house, which he entered, to the stupefaction of that personage and his wife, with two splendidly dressed ladies—both princesses—to each of whom he had given an arm. Princess D—speaking for them both, gracefully explained that, unable to resist the temptation of hearing the artist, they had invited themselves to share the hospitality of Mme. G—. The host and hostess though not a little annoyed at this unceremonious invasion of their premises by persons who were not only total strangers, but of a rank so much above their own, were fain to make the best of the affair, and protesting that they were "delighted," "flattered," and "enchanted," had an additional leaf drawn out of their dining-table, and did the honors of the evening with all the grace and *amabilité* of Paris—an Amphitryon.

Liszt is eccentric and extremely proud: he moreover cherishes a singular animosity against apples, which useful fruit he considers as unworthy of being ranked among the edibles of the planet. At a certain dinner, not many years ago, some young men having made a bet that they would draw out the "lion" on the subject of his favorite antipathy, one of them, when the desert was placed on the table, launched forth into a high-flown panegyric upon apples, but

declared that he was unable to decide "whether they should be peeled or eaten with the rind." "Pray, M. Liszt," continued the young man, "what do you consider to be the most correct way of eating an apple?" "Sir," replied the artist with freezing haughtiness, "no well-bred man would eat an apple in any way."

On another occasion Liszt was invited to a grand *soirée* given by the Russian Princess L—, renowned for her pride, and for her insolent way of showing it. Among Liszt's many whims is that of always helping himself to sugar with his fingers, disdaining sugar-tongs. When tea was brought in Liszt helped himself to sugar in his usual way. The Princess, who happened to be very near him, said to the footman who was carrying the tray, "Take away that sugar-basin and bring another." Liszt took no apparent notice of this insult, but went on conversing with those about him, taking several cups of tea, and seeming to enjoy them greatly. It was a warm summer evening, and the windows of the *salon* were wide open. When Liszt had finished his last cup of tea, he walked deliberately across the room to the nearest window, and threw his cup and saucer—the service being most magnificent and costly—out into the street.

"Good heavens, Mr. Liszt!" shrieked the indignant Princess, springing to her feet, "what could have prompted you to commit such a piece of Vandalism?"

"Madame," replied Liszt, with an air of the utmost simplicity and the most perfect *sangfroid*, "I had touched both the cup and the saucer with my fingers, and I supposed you would have considered them as defiled by the contact."—*Corr. N. Y. Evening Post*.

Mario as a Teacher.

It is well for the prosperity of the vocal art that such a teacher as Signor Mario is still before the public. It is well, too, for the same cause, that such music as Rossini's *Barbiere* is not altogether overlooked. Such a singer and such music are indeed constituted to uphold genuine Italian vocalization, in spite of the degenerate influence of Signor Verdi and modern operatic composers. Let us, however, do Signor Verdi and his laborers in the same vineyard justice.

Rossini wrote for nearly all the most accomplished singers of the age, singers educated in the best schools, trained after the best models, and severely tested before they ventured to confront public opinion. No doubt they own music had no small share in making the singers, more especially as he had a consummate knowledge of the capabilities of the human voice, and never—at all events while he devoted his genius to the Italian stage—would tax its powers to the utmost for the sake of effect. Rossini was, perhaps, more intimately acquainted with the means and resources of every kind of voice than any composer who ever wrote, excepting Mozart. He was himself a first-rate barytone, and, when a boy, was one of the treble singers in the cathedral of his native city. This early teaching, combined with wonderful quickness of observation, enabled him to create music for the singers which, without in the least concealing their powers, allowed them to produce the finest effects. That, nevertheless, his vocal compositions, for the greater part, were adapted to the means of popular singers, is well known; and hence, it cannot be denied that the singers had a certain influence on his music.

When Signor Verdi commenced writing for the stage, the vocalists in the legitimate Italian school were extreme rarities. He found vociferators instead of singers, and was compelled to accommodate his music to their capacities. It was suddenly discovered that a good voice alone was wanting to constitute the vocalizer; and Signor Verdi endorsed the discovery by writing compositions which required for their performance the smallest amount of art. Here was a chance for tyros. Why learn singing at all, when it might be so easily dispensed with? Why encounter difficulties, expend time and money, and waste one's best energies in close and severe application, when a reputation might be made by mere strength of lungs and a fortnight's discipline? It is wonderful how the "vociferators" came into vogue, and what influence they exercised upon composers. Signor Verdi, above all, "championed them to the utterance." The school of David, Tacchinardi, Garcia, Rubini, Galli, Tamburini, and others was gradually dying a natural death, and as an inevitable consequence, Rossini's music, having nobody to interpret it, was falling into disrepute. Fortunately, now and then singers were found who added a desire to attain the highest excellence in their profession to natural aptitude and instinct, and who thus became preservers of the loftiest school of the vocal art. More fortunate still that some such legitimatists should have

descended to our own times, and that we still can boast of Mario and Alboni.

The performance of the *Barbiere*, now being given at Covent Garden, cannot fail to prove entirely gratifying to those who pin their faith to pure Italian music and pure Italian vocalism. We might search back in vain to the first representation of Rossini's enchanting work for singing more legitimate and more perfect, for acting more easy, gentlemanly, and instinct with comic genius than may be found in Mario's Count Almaviva. The very spirit of Rossini and Beaumarchais are concentrated in his performance. And what a study for the singer! A tenor might learn from listening to Mario attentively one night, than from a dozen lessons administered by the most erudite professor. Such artists, indeed, have ever proved the indoctrinators; and it is matter for no small congratulation that after so many years passed in exerting himself to please the public, the great tenor should be enabled to exhibit his admirable talent with almost undiminished powers. The performance of Mario in Count Almaviva will have a twofold value for singers; it will teach them that the old school cannot be dispensed with, and that the voice may be best preserved by adhering to the best models. No tenor who knows his art is compelled to force his voice in the music of Almaviva, not because it is written less high than Signor Verdi's tenor parts—which certainly is not the case—but because it lies so artfully for the voice, and because the upper notes are never called upon for extra exertion. In many parts of the Count's music the voice is taxed to the highest part of the register—witness the trio "Ah! quel colpo"—but a well-trained organ can take the passages without difficulty, and attack the highest notes without effort. Such is the effect of legitimate vocal music. We strongly recommend every tenor who wishes to procure a lesson in genuine Italian singing of the very highest value to go and hear Mario in Count Almaviva, cautioning him at the same time not to suffer his enjoyment to interfere with his instruction, which we acknowledge to be no easy task. Perhaps the best way would be to hear him twice, the first time for pleasure, the second for information.—*London Musical World*.

Church Music.

Rev. H. W. Beecher, in the *Independent* of August 27th, in a letter from "Mountain Rest, Matteawan," discourses as follows of church music:—

By the way, yesterday morning I was at the Methodist church here. A very pleasant room it is, and I am told that a very worthy society occupy it. But I have a most weighty charge to bring against the good people, of musical apostasy. I had expected a treat of good hearty singing. There were Charles Wesley's hymns, and there were the good old Methodist tunes, that ancient piety loved, and modern conceit laughs at! Imagine my chagrin when, after reading the hymn, up rose a choir from the shelf at the other end of the church, and began to sing a monotonous tune of the modern music book style. The patient congregation stood up meekly to be sung to, as men stand under rain when there is no shelter. Scarcely a lip moved. No one seemed to hear the hymn, or to care for the music. How I longed for the good old Methodist thunder! One good burst of old fashioned music would have blown this modern singing out of the windows like wadding from a gun! Men may call this an improvement, and gentility has nearly killed our churches, and it will kill Methodist churches if they give way to its false and pernicious ambition. We know very well what good old fashioned Methodist music was. It had faults enough, doubtless, against taste. But it had an *inward purpose* and a *religious earnestness* which enabled it to carry all its faults, and to triumph in spite of them! It *was* worship. Yesterday's music was tolerable singing, but very poor worship. We are sorry that just as our churches are beginning to imitate the former example of Methodist churches, and to introduce melodies that the people love, and to encourage universal singing in the congregation, our Methodist brethren should pick up our cast off formalism in church music. It will be worse with them than with us. It will mark a greater length of decline. We could hardly believe our eyes and ears yesterday. We could not persuade ourselves that we stood before a Methodist church. We should have supposed it to be a good solid Presbyterian or Congregational church, in which the choir and pulpit performed everything, and the people did nothing.

Our brethren in this church must not take these remarks unkindly. They are presented in all kindness and affection. The choir sung better than many choirs in city churches, but no one sung with them. The people were mute. They used their ears, but not their mouths! But alas! we missed the old fer-

vor—the good old fashioned Methodist fire. We have seen the time when one of Charles Wesley's hymns, taking the congregation by the hand, would have led them up to the gate of heaven. But yesterday it only led them up as far as the choir, about ten feet above the pews.

Conducting;

A FEW PRACTICAL COUNSELS HOW TO LEARN IT.
BY HERMANN ZOPFF.

Conducting is a matter of experience. It is true, there are some qualifications indispensable for the conductor, but these are of no use, if they are not regulated and controlled by experience.

Necessary, general qualifications for the conductor are:

1. A good ear, not only for the different tones themselves, but also for a sharp distinction of the *timbre* of single voices or instruments. The best mode of acquiring this, is to investigate, at first, the character of the sound, the impression made upon our soul by every voice and every instrument. It is thus, only, one can successfully practice that distinction mentioned above.
2. Good and vigorous piano-forte playing.
3. A thorough knowledge of re-producing the full score on the piano.
4. Knowledge of all the keys, and ability to transpose.
5. A sure appreciation of time; and,
6. Resoluteness and affability toward the performers. As long as you are conducting, do not submit to any interference, even if it comes from the most intelligent of your performers; for such interference once tolerated, produces, pretty soon, the nice result, that every body is conducting. But it is a well-known fact that two persons can not conduct at the same time, without causing confusion among the performers. If the conductor commits a real blunder, let him cheerfully admit it. Everybody is liable to err. But if he blames the blunders of some of his performers, let him be careful not to compromise these by calling their names, or by addressing them personally. If it is a player, mention his instrument, if it is a chorus singer, call out to the part in general as well as to the row in which the performer stands, but as soon as you are alone with him, criticize him severely.

Whoever wants to become a conductor, will do well by practising before the mirror a thoroughly distinct marking of time and parts of time. It is thus that he will soon learn to know whether he is liable to produce any of those ridiculous movements of body and arms which so often disfigure conducting.

Every beat must cross the air in a direction different from the preceding one, not too short and hasty, also not too slow and drawing.

Every direction of the *baton* must form one sole and decided beat. A timid proceeding, an interruption, or a repetition, will not do.

The change of the direction must form *sharp corners*; if not, it will result in an incomprehensible forming of circles, called in Germany, "coffee grinding."

Be careful not to beat every quaver, and content yourself, according to the quickness of the movement, during a measure, with four, three, or two beats, and in Presto with one. Only in a very slow movement is the marking of every quaver appropriate, but in this case, those which are not accented must be indicated by small beats while the accented ones are demonstrated by large beats.

The upper part of the arm must not move, it is best to move only the wrist, else the arm will be soon tired. Raise the elbow only in case you want to indicate some special accentuation, and where you intend to make an uncommon impression upon the performers. He who, while conducting, is constantly moving the members of his body or his whole body, will produce dullness and want of attention among the performers.

Beat always in such a manner that all can see the *baton*.

Forte and *piano* are best indicated by larger and smaller beats, *sforzati* by a short and quick thrust. Every *fermata* is to be prepared by a *rallentando*. Hold up the *baton* as long as it shall last, and if you wish to stop it, turn your *baton* a little upward. If single instruments or voices have paused for some time and are to resume their parts, the conductor must previously look toward them, and give them a sign, which is best done by the other hand.

The conducting of singing is, in most cases, very poorly treated. The majority of the conductors of singing-clubs are either frightened, and, consequently uncertain, when conducting, or they do not thoroughly understand the nature of singing. It is for

this reason that he who will make the above his speciality, ought to study first the peculiarities of singing, perhaps best by participating for a time in the performances of the choir. He will soon learn to know that, in singing, as well as in speaking, he gives at discretion his own self, so to speak, his own soul, to the ears of a great many persons. But this will produce a somewhat uneasy impression upon every singer who is not fully convinced of his own superiority, especially in case he has to sing high tones. He will feel constrained, and this feeling causes, very often, a false position of the throat, head, mouth, or tongue, for the right delivery of the tone. A careful conductor will know in such cases how to prevent this, at least how to lessen the evil. His ability with regard to this matter will be mostly tested when conducting a choir, especially a choir of ladies, who, being generally amateurs, feel often inclined to be inattentive, and moreover, not very regular in their attendance at the rehearsals, are apt to forget, and consequently feel frightened as soon as they have to sing a high tone or a difficult interval.

A little intelligence, a little power of observation on the part of the conductor, will soon remedy this. Conductors of choirs will always do well to be prepared for this, as singing is under any circumstances influenced by disposition of mind, and will therefore expect from their choir rather too little than too much, basing this latter estimation perhaps upon one single good performance. Choirs, especially small and mixed choirs, have, like a single person, their special disposition or temper. One day every thing goes finely, the other day the singers sing so badly, that one should like to despair. It is true, sometimes it is the frame of mind of the conductor, which unconscious to him, influences the singers. Ladies generally come with just as much pleasure as *want of attention* to the rehearsal. Every new comer, every appearance of a new solo part, every mistake in speaking on the part of the conductor, is likely to disturb their attention. If this increases too much, it is well to tell them that such a proceeding cannot fail to render the task of the conductor still more difficult. Further it is necessary not to repeat too often a place in a part where a blunder occurred, else soon the singers will be so tired of it, that pleasure and attention can be in vain exacted from them. But the conductor can obtain the same result in interspersing these repetitions by the rehearsal of other places and pieces. Constant corrections and interruptions also make them absent-minded and dull. It is much better to go straight through to a period, and then return with all strictness to the single blunders which may have occurred. Just as you must not fatigue one and the same voice too long by rehearsing some difficult passages, you also must not leave too long unoccupied any of the members of the choir. If, for instance, the whole choir of men (in a mixed choir) should for hours consist only of a few members, let them sing just as if the whole choir was present, in order not to cause in them the feeling of superfluity or non-estimation.

The sometimes wavering character of singing, caused by the breathing, the developing, and reposing of the tones, requires occasionally for the mixed choir a peculiar conducting. The Germans, for instance, exhibit such a virtuosity in reposing upon all tones suitable for this purpose. That necessarily strict time cannot be kept. Under these circumstances, it becomes urgent to beat the tones so near to their eyes that they cannot avoid seeing them, at least occasionally, or to mark every weak part of the measure upon which another tone is to be sung with the same importance as if it were a new entry of a part. For the same reason let him give an energetic sign before all such measures, where a high tone, especially one of long duration, occurs as an indication that the preceding ones have to be quitted, and then, an upward turn of the *baton* to remind the singers of the approaching high tone. Besides, the conductor will soon experience that every sign to *commence* for the whole choir as well as for single parts, after they have paused for a while, will prove insufficient if the sign is not preceded by the drawing of a large circle with the *baton*, well seen by everybody; this proceeding which causes them involuntarily to breathe and to prepare for the singing, is often neglected by conductors, who are surprised if the wished-for entry of the part is not forthcoming, and who unjustly blame the choir for this neglect, while they themselves are mostly accountable for it. If, sometimes, it will nevertheless not go satisfactorily, the conductor will do well to indicate himself the entry or single high tones,* or show by example how to sing very difficult passages, and if this still has no better result, let the passage be performed by a violin-player. It is an old experience of the greatest masters that a pure intonation cannot be better acquired than by the aid of a violin. As soon, however, as a satisfactory result has

been obtained by one or the other of these means, the singers have at once to perform without them, and also occasionally without an accompaniment, in order to acquire independence and firmness.—N. Y. *Musical World*.

* Sometimes it will not be amiss to practice high tones, which have been constantly sung too low, in the beginning a little higher than they ought to be. If a difficult passage lies very high, one may also practice it at first half an octave lower. Every conductor must be able to transpose this much.

NIGHT HATH SONGS.—Have you never stood by the sea-side at night, and heard the pebbles sing, and the waves chant God's glories? or have you never risen from your couch, and thrown up your chamber window and listened to these? listened to what? Silence, save now and then a murmuring sound, which seemed sweet music then. And have you not fancied that you heard the harp of God playing in heaven? Did you not conceive that yon stars, those eyes of God, looking down on you, were mouths of song—that every star was singing as it shone, its mighty Maker, and his lawful, well-deserved praise? Night has its songs. We need not much poetry in our spirits to catch the song of night, and hear the spheres as they chant praises which are loud to the heart, though may be silent to the ear—the praise of the mighty God, who bears up the unpillared arch of heaven, and moves the stars in their courses.—*Spurgeon*.

Wright's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 13, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

No. XIV.

LONDON, June 21.

— So, here we are! The circle has come round like the long dream, long and varied, of a short summer night's sleep. Circle of twelve months making up the year that rounded itself before the mind illimitable in the anticipation. Circle of famous countries, France and Switzerland and Germany and Italy and France again, — the traveller's eager dream, which loomed so large and inexhaustible before him, and which now, suddenly, lies all behind him — hopes all changed to memories — a change as swift and hard to realize as the great change that has come over his own happy land at home, — or what was home. These scenes, with all their new experience of life and men, their contrasts of the picturesque, monotonous and grand in Nature, their historic monuments, their music and their Art, are past — past all, while this feeble attempt at a record and report thereof still hangs suspended and unfinished far back in these wintry days of Berlin, "made glorious summer," though, by Bach and Beethoven, and now that a few days of comparatively quiet, settled life have come at last, here is one more attempt to resume the broken thread of correspondence.

I shudder to think what a wide chasm of continual changes separates me from the point where I left off recording! The last letter was about Bach in Berlin, and recalled mid-winter. It is now midsummer! And since then, topic after topic has kept dropping down stream, while new countries, new interests, wonders, cares, have seized and possessed the mind in rapid, unremitting sequence, making it impossible to write. The Berlin musical winter is not yet half chronicled; and to this now must be added a month of musical life, most genial and social, in quaint old Leipzig; a pair of sunny Spring days, with an

oratorio of Handel, and a revisiting of Raphael and Corregio in Dresden; an evening, a right memorable one, with Robert Franz in Halle; a trip up the Elbe, through the "Saxon Switzerland," and two days like a wondrous dream in one of the two most picturesque old towns of Germany, Prague (the other being Nuremberg, of which, too, there will be something to recall hereafter); a pleasant ten days in Vienna — too late for the great musical season, but not too late for the society and friendship of an earnest circle of young artists of the right stamp, who let me hear Beethoven's last Quartet, and other Quartets, in the way that one likes best to hear such things, the way in which one can come nearest to them and can enter into them; not too late for Wagner's *Tannhäuser* and *Fliegende Holländer*, nor for gazing with insatiable appetite up the Gothic tower and spire, the growing grandeur, (the type of the Infinite), of St. Stephen's; nor for the rich galleries of Art which Austrian emperors and princes have collected. And thereto must be added — if ever opportunity occurs — ten days of perfect sunshine, and of moonlight nights, in Venice, city of light, with silent streets of water, not a horse in it, save those four brass ones over the door of St. Mark's; most cheerful looking city, but the people very sober and not listening (despite their tuneful temperament) to the splendid Austrian band that plays in the square to idle soldiers and chance *forestieri*; a city sadly changed, yet nearly all the famous things remaining, or at least the outward forms thereof — the palace of the Doges, the inexhaustible beauty of St. Mark's, which seems to have floated up out of the magical caverns of the sea; the masterworks of Titian's art, too, and of Tintoretto's, Veronese's, Giorgione's, John Bellini's, Bonifacio's, and all those rare creations of the Venetian school, which has at length converted Ruskin. And then a day in Padua, fabulously old, which hints of Troy, with its rich old church enshrining the remains of good St. Anthony and its Giotto's chapel (!). Then past Verona, through the smiling plains of Lombardy, past the last famous battle-fields, and safe across the border, beyond Austrian soldiers, to breathe, refreshed, the free air of a new Italy, and enjoy the sight and sound and contact of its happy, courteous, lively, self-possessed, well-ordered, generous people in the stately city of Milan; where, as in Venice and in nearly all Italian places now, the only music is that of the streets and churches; but where the white cathedral, with its forest of arches, spires and pinnacles, and its population of some three or four thousand marble statues, yearningly lifts itself in the moonlight, the completest instance I have ever seen of Mme. De Stael's "frozen music." Here, too, were rare works of art; the Last Supper of Da Vinci, with the heavenly Christ head, and all the grand heads, soiled and worn, in the old monks's refectory; and the collection of the Brece, worth a long journey to see, if only for the exquisite frescoes of Luini, which are collected out of church and convent there, where they may be seen and do good, unlike so many famous pictures in churches, whose light is kept carefully under a bushel, withheld from the flock which the church would fain gather into its fold, and only exhibited for money to the curious stranger.

And still no chance to write! We must move

on; again through battle fields, through delicate green, fragrant plains of Lombardy and Piedmont, to Victor Emanuel's capital, the centre of free Italy until Rome be free; most lively, bustling, political Turin, in the centre of a green plain, ringed closely round by bold snow Alps; and there we hear the tramp of broad ranks of boys and young men in the evening to the Garibaldi hymn; and there we see the first Italian parliament in session, and see and hear Cavour, looking so full of life and vigor, — so happy too, receiving every one's congratulations; never two minutes still in one place, but running about all over the hall, talking in the most animated manner with this one and with that one, now and then putting in a few words in the debate — face beaming with satisfaction and good nature — and had he not reason to look happy? for it was the morning after the great reconciliation of Garibaldi with him and with Cialdini. The last man one would have thought marked for early death; and yet in one month came the shock of that sad, sad news, which was to try the strength of Italy anew, and prove if she be fit enough for freedom to go on without a leader. — And then came Genoa, with its stately old palaces and hanging gardens; and time too short, too full at Florence; and three weeks, laden with the dream of centuries, in Rome — but there was no time to live all this so rapidly and to report it too — and there is no time now. One who has been through it is too much tempted to write down a barren list of names, like the above, since each mere name is so suggestive to himself; whereas to write down the suggestions would be to journalize to doom's day, and far beyond. The blossoms have fallen; but some fruits of all this rich year's experience are, I trust, ripening for the enriching of this our Journal in due time hereafter. At any rate, we can never again discourse of Music to our readers from quite so provincial a standpoint as before; although far be it from us to suppose that we have learned the lesson of Europe thoroughly.

And now, having heard no music to speak of since we left Vienna, in April, — save two or three indifferent operas in the smaller theatres of Italy (the larger were all closed); the Pope's choir, by no means equal to the Dom Chor in Berlin; the Italian street singing and guitaring, decidedly inferior to our "Ethiopian" serenading; and one memorable episode, which shall be told hereafter, an evening when we tracked the Roman *improvisatori* to one of their *osteria* haunts, and heard four men of the people, in their shirt sleeves, alternating rhymes in elegant Italian, to an old chant, Tityrus and Melibæus-like, with wonderful felicity and fluency, through out an hour or two; and also the wonderful orchestra of three instruments, which first accompanied the rhymesters, and then us in a chariot procession by moonlight to the Coliseum (!); to which add a graceful little operatic *jeu d'esprit* of Rossini's, the "*Comte Ory*," at the Grand Opera, on the return through Paris; — having fasted musically to this degree for two whole months, we find ourselves again in merry England, for the first time in London, where the season is still at its height, and one may hear more in three weeks than he can comfortably digest in a whole year.

This letter is too far spent, to commence the enumeration now; but in that of next week I

shall have to tell of Symphonies by Philharmonic Societies; of Concertos (Schumann, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Moscheles, &c.), played by Pauer, Wieniawski, Moscheles; of Ella's Quartets and Quintets; of operas at Covent Garden; of Mario, Tamberlik, Roncone, Formes, Zelger, Belletti, Sims Reeves, Santley; of Grisi (still taking her farewell), Penco, Czillag, Carvalho, Rudersdorf, and perhaps "little Patti" who charms London ears as much as she did those of Boston in antediluvian days before the war. Also of the classical pianist, Charles Hallé, who is performing the entire series of Beethoven's piano-forte Sonatas in course. Four of them I go now to hear, and therefore close this letter. D.

Musical Correspondence.

LETTER FROM TROVATOR.

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA, JUNE 10, 1861.—It has been my privilege for several years to communicate with the readers of Dwight's Journal, and during that time I have had the good fortune to date some of my letter from the great capitals of Europe, and from the delightful towns of that foremost land of song—Italy. But I little thought that I should have to write to them from the home of the Czars, of "Istwastchiks," of tallow and of all kinds of oily food.

Funny thing on an ocean voyage to watch the passengers. If any of them possess musical talent it is sure to leak out. The Adriatic on her last trip to its shame be it spoken had no piano on board and thus the passengers were deprived at once of much solace and a great deal of torture. Had we had instruments the trip would have been marked by some musical demonstrations, as we had among the passengers the Volpinis, soprano and tenor from Havana on their way to France, expecting to return in the fall. With them was a gentleman whose name I forget—an Italian—a Roman and as splendid a looking man as I ever saw—who was on his way to Italy to form a new opera company for Cuba. Though not a professional vocalist he sang a superb baritone, and enlivened the passage by trying to introduce several Italian choruses and comic songs, with the male passengers as choristers. One of the songs, adapted rather for the nursery than for the stage, and written. I should suppose in the Chinese vernacular and with a pretty little easy melody read as follows:

La tool-a-rool-a-ra,
La tool-a-rool-a-ra
La tool-a-rool-a-ra-ra-ray
La (high note) tool-a-rool-a-roo (low notes)
ditto. ditto.
Ching-ching-ring-ching-a-ring-ching
Ching-ching-ching-ching-ching
La tool a rool, &c.

In the "ching" portion of this touching aria the singer would direct his closed finger at various members of the audience as if he was about to throw pepper into their eyes. What all this meant nobody seemed to know, but they laughed quite as much as if they did, and probably more.

Another favorite was something of the "theme that Jack built" style of sentiment, with a pretty refrain to the words "Entra dolci e non female;" and another, a patriotic song "Siarra fratelli" with a chorus and the words after each line "all'armi, all'armi." Of course the extempore choristers sang ridiculously bad; and as usual in such cases there was a little man who, too scientific to confine himself to shouting the melody with *oi polloi* made up a painful tenor, while another tall gaunt creature in spectacles made gestures with the arms and granted out a prodigiously funny and mightily incorrect bass.

The musical notes gathered in a hasty business

trip, through Europe from Galway to St. Petersburg can be but few and weak. In England, there was the opera at the Concert Garden London, where a week or two ago, Grisi began another series of six farewell performances. She has so often announced her farewell appearance, that on the present occasion but little faith is placed in the advertisements; and indeed there is no more reason for her retirement now than there was five years ago. I heard her sing in *Lucia* and while she of course acted superbly, her voice seemed to have regained much of its early power. It is simply absurd to say that Grisi is "worn out." She is yet an incomparable artiste, and her present performances at London would do no discredit to her palmist days.

Ronconi was the Alphonso; another superb actor, but his voice is so far gone that he has to take the most annoying liberties with the music, altering whole phrases to suit his limited compass. Tiberini sang the tenor, but he has not exactly hit the fancy of the Covent Garden audience, and though he sings with care fails to elicit much enthusiasm. Nantier Didier, the contralto was good. It is worthy of notice that all these vocalists have sung in the United States.

And now the United States is repaying the musical debt. You have undoubtedly before this, heard of the success in London of Adelina Patti, who debuted in *Sonnambula*, made a hit and followed up her success with *Lucia*. She is just now "the rage" of the English metropolis, and Mr. Strakosch has, I understand, effected an engagement for her at London for several seasons yet to come. In the interim she will visit Paris and probably other continental cities. The English critics praise her acting as highly as her singing, and her success in all the departments of a prima donna's profession may well excite the envy of the old London favorites.

Adelaide Phillips is in London too, and has crossed the ocean to recruit her health, exhausted by a recent illness in Cuba. She will probably obtain engagements at some of the European theatres before leaving for home, and may not return until the settlement of our political differences render the United States more desirable for musical artists to remain in.

At Paris there is nothing specially new going on. Old operas and old singers are entertaining in those musically disposed.

At Berlin, I had a pleasant call on Meyerbeer, who by the way, is not as well posted up in musical matters in America as he might be. He did not know much about our opera houses, or musical people. He remembered William H. Fry, to whom however, he did not allow just originality as a composer, but knew no one else in the musical ranks of America, excepting Maretzek. As he asked me for the name of the best musical composer now in the United States I gave him that of George W. Bristow which name he repeated several times till he learned it by heart.* He asked about the music publishers and of course I mentioned Oliver Ditson & Co.; Hall & Sons, Firth & Pond and others, but the names were so odd that I don't believe he now remembers one of them, as they seemed to puzzle him from their vast difference to German and French names. Meyerbeer is a delightful man in conversation, very unpretending in his manners, and free from any affectation of eccentricity in which so many great men indulge.

The Berlin opera house has so often been praised and has been so recently described in your columns by Mr. Dwight, that I will only say it deserves all the praise which has been bestowed upon it. Yet it is not surprising that in this very home of classical music, in Berlin itself, the opera house should just now be devoted to Verdi, and that poor dear abused "Trovatore" should be played here when the operas of Gluck and Wagner are in existence? Ah! scoffing and ridiculing after all don't kill the vitality and real popularity of the Italian melodic opera in Germany any more than in the United States.

In my next I will give some account of the musical affairs of St Petersburg. TROVATOR.

* The question would have puzzled us. We are glad, however, that our lively correspondent had an answer so ready. Ed.

CHICAGO, JULY 3, 1861.—The Philharmonic Society was organized last autumn. Mr. Balatka, for years a resident of Milwaukee was induced to remove hither and assume the duties of the post of Conductor. The first season of eight monthly performances has been brought recently to a successful close. The orchestra is small numbering less than thirty members; but under Mr. Balatka's careful drill, they have managed to produce some of the Mozart and Beethoven Symphonies in a very satisfactory manner.

The Musical Union are practising the choruses of Elijah with great assiduity. Mr. Geo. F. Root has been elected conductor. But as he is now at the East nobody officiates in his absence. The Pianist of the Union, Mr. Wade, having gone to the country in pursuit of health, the duty of accompanist has devolved upon Miss Tillinghast, occasionally upon Mr. Bird.

The Mendelssohn, and the Glee and Madrigal Societies have very pleasing rehearsals. The following is the programme of Miss Tillinghast's Organ Concert which took place last evening in St. Paul's Church.

1. Overture to Anna Bolena, (Organ). Donizetti
2. Prelude and Fuga, No. 3 of the set dedicated to Thos. Atwood, Composer to H. B. M.'s Chapels Royal. Mendelssohn
3. Strike the Lyre. T. Cooke
Sung by Messrs. Ballingall, Leonard, Fullerton and Cox.
4. National Hymn, with Variations for the Organ. Rink
5. Oh Thou to whom this Heart. W. V. Wallace
Sung by Mrs. Mattison.
6. Grand Sonata for the Organ, Allegro Mod. e Serioso; Adagio—Andante Recit—Allegro Assai Vivace. Mendelssohn
7. Pity Oh Saviour. Stradella
Sung by Mrs. Mattison.
8. Andante from C major Sym., arranged for the Organ. Beethoven
9. Fantasia for the Organ, on Luther's Choral "Ein Feste Burg." Schullenberg

Miss T's command of the pedals is considered as not the least noteworthy point in her execution. If any of your young organist readers wish to try it on, let them take Concione's vocalises, and practice the voice part with the Pedal coupled to the 15th of the great Organ, and the accompaniment on the Choir or Swell. The stringed instrument triplet allegro runs with which the Anna Bolena Overture opens Miss T. uses with capital effect as a pedal Solo, the Organ full to the sesquialtera and coupled. While writing, the Evening Journal comes in, containing a notice of the performances which I append. It will be necessary to explain that Mr. De Passio took Mrs. Mattison's place in the seventh number of the programme, on account of her "provoking hoarseness."

Miss Tillinghast's organ concert last night, was a complete success, musically, and was, without exception, one of the very best concerts of the season. Miss T. delighted and astonished all with her wonderful executive ability, and despite the character of the place, received a hearty applause which could not be restrained. Mrs. Mattison, although laboring under a provoking hoarseness, sang with her customary excellence. De Passio did the "Prayer of Stradella,"—*Pieta Signore*—splendidly. De Passio is one of the most careful, conscientious and artistic singers in the country.

We regret that this is the only concert of the season Miss T. will give, if the one of last evening is a sample. It was certainly one of the most delightful musical entertainments ever given in the city.

The new Trinity church has been completed and is soon to be furnished with a new organ from some of your establishments.

New Publications.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—In the present number Mrs. Stowe continues her new story, "Agnes of

Soerento," which might as well have been called Agnes of Marblehead. It smacks but little of Italy thus far, beyond the Italian names of the Yankee characters, and some rather far-fetched and labored attempts at descriptions of natural scenery. Mrs. Howe contributes an admirable poem "Our Orders" and Dr. Holmes an interesting article on "Sun Painting and Sun Sculpture." "The Ordeal, by Battle" is an able paper on matters of present interest. We regret to learn that Professor Lowell no longer has charge of the Atlantic, which has been much indebted for its success to his various and accurate scholarship, his unerring judgment and good taste, and his brilliant contributions to its pages. His successor should be a man of no small calibre, and will have no easy task to make good his place.

BROWNSON'S QUARTERLY REVIEW for July.

NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW for June. New York. Edward I. Sears. Editor and Proprietor.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Madame Schröder-Devrient, the Great German lyric artist, whose name will forever remain coupled with the character of Leonora in Beethoven's "Fidelio," tells of an interesting incident connected with this impersonation. While she was studying the part, she could never render that scene to her own satisfaction where she suddenly confronts the Governor, while threatening her captive husband with death with, "First kill his wife!" and presents a pistol at him. She thought she could imagine the wife's feelings in this trying situation and her fancy had made a sketch of the scene, which she tried to act out, but after trying, she felt that there was something wrong in it, though not knowing what. She despaired of giving to the public a striking portrayal of the great scene. The certainty of failure at this point caused her much uneasiness. When the performance took place, this feeling nearly unfitted her to begin her duties. The nearer the dreaded moment came, the more she trembled inwardly. When it came, the thought, that she would not act truthfully, caused her to visibly tremble all over and to come very near to the verge of fainting away. How much was she astonished, when the whole house shook with a tempest of applause, and, afterwards, when she received the loudest and most general praise for this involuntary piece of acting! Of course, profiting by this lesson, although keeping her secret to herself, she ever afterwards rendered the scene as near to the first performance as she could.

PARIS.—The right of authors are strictly guarded by the French tribunals. M. Rely, director of the Theatre Lyrique, was recently sued by Mlle. Rivay, for breach of contract. It seems that she composed an opera called "Maitre Palma," which has been performed at his theatre, without, however, any great success; he had directed her to prepare a new one, entitled "La Croix Blanche," and had guaranteed her forty representations. He, however, failed to produce it, and set up in defence that the dramatic censorship had greatly modified the work, and had changed its title to that of "Gaston." It was, therefore, not the same as that which he had ordered, and he was on that account not bound to produce it. But the tribunal finding that, after accepting the opera, he had wilfully delayed the production, ordered him to pay the plaintiff 1,000 francs as damages for the injury she had already sustained; also to represent the work within a fortnight, under pain of paying her a further sum of 5,000 francs.—*Phil. Sunday Transcript.*

"TANNHAUSER" AT THE STADT THEATRE.—The house was crowded in spite of the intense heat which prevailed on the evening of the performance. To play and sing the music of "Tannhäuser" in a temperature of 90 degrees in the shade, with the additional heat of the gas-lamps and—the music, is no joke; in fact, it is one of those herculean undertakings which the present generation can undoubtedly feel, but that can be thoroughly appreciated only by the future. When we looked at the orchestra, led by Mr. Bergmann with all that vigor and love for his subject for which that gentleman is distinguished, when we saw all of them literally bathed in music, we could not help feeling admiration for the heroic

little band, especially, as somebody whispered to us, that their labors were more an affair of love and friendship for their conductor than anything else. And when we saw the Pilgrims march and sing under these very aggravating circumstances, and the soloists, Mrs. Berkel, and Messrs. Quint, Lehmann, Graf, Friedeborn, and Lotti, enthusiastically struggle against the pressure from below, above, and everywhere, we felt convinced, in spite of the late memorable performance of the same opera at Paris, that "singing under difficulties" was never carried to a greater extent. Well, the public, at least, were thankful. They welcomed the old and familiar music with hearty and thoroughly appreciative salvos of applause, a result, a part of which must be undoubtedly attributed to the fact, that the Venus-scene in the first act, and the combat of the singers in the second act, were omitted. To make up for this deficiency, an act of Herold's "Zampa" was given; and if music ever fell flat, meaningless, and trashy upon the ears of listeners, it was that of Herold's charming little opera on this occasion. Can we, after this experience, felt by every musician present, wonder, that the Parisians, who are brought up and constantly fed by this kind of music, failed to appreciate Wagner's "Tannhäuser?"—*N. Y. Musical World.*

PORTUGUESE MUSIC.—The music which the Portuguese play on their wire-strung guitars, consists principally of waltzes, *landums* and the accompaniments of their *modinhas*, which are really beautiful and national. The waltzes are chiefly of their own composition, and are generally very pretty, and strongly tinged with the national languishing expression. The *landums* are more particularly Portuguese than any other of their music. Their guitar seems made for this sort of composition. To be well played, it is necessary that there should be two instruments, one of which plays merely the motivo or thema, which is a beautiful and simple species of arpeggio, while the other improvises the most delightful airs upon it. In these, full scope is given to the most musical and richest imagination possible, and they are occasionally accompanied by the voice; in which case it is usual for the words also to be improvised.

This kind of music is always of an amatory, melancholy nature; to such a degree, indeed, that it frequently draws tears from those hearers whose hearts are more tender, or who find in the words of the musician something analogous with their own situation. It is customary that in an improvised *mondinha*, strictly speaking, the words, as well as the music, should begin with a motivo, to which all the rest shall have a reference. One of the most famous and popular of the native composers was Vedegal.

There was a time when this composer could have made a considerable fortune, so great was his talent, and so much was he sought after by the best company: but unfortunately, though a great natural genius his talents were confined so exclusively to music, that, as if to balance his extraordinary share of this gift, he was totally destitute of that most necessary of all qualities—common-sense. To whatever company he might be asked, professionally, if the most profound silence did not reign in the room, if any one breathed even too loudly, his harmony would be discord; and rising in a violent passion, he would quit the company, calling them all brutes. On one occasion, a lady who was troubled with a severe cough, and who, to enjoy the pleasure of listening to his improvisations, had been suppressing it even to pain, at length burst forth; when Senhor Vedegal, although he must have been aware of the cause, rose in a passion, and beating his guitar to atoms on the back of a chair, rushed out of the room, uttering maledictions on her for the interruption. Such singular behavior naturally led to his exclusion from good company, and he was obliged to live by getting up occasional concerts of his own, where he might, with impunity, break as many guitars as he judged proper.

The Portuguese piano-music is chiefly that of Bon-tempo, the Mozart of Portugal. Although different opinions prevail as to his compositions, his powers of execution were indisputably very great. Marcos Antonio Portogallo has composed some fine pieces, amongst which his "Ritorno di Serse," and "Il Morte di Mitridate," stand very high, and when well given, produce a very fine effect.

A custom prevails, which is connected with music, and which is very striking. Immediately after sunset, the evening bell is heard to toll for the "Ave Maria," or hymn to the Virgin. Groups of people are instantly seen to assemble in front of an image niched in the wall of some house, with a lighted lantern before it, of which there are numbers in almost every street. In some of the streets, the singing, which is in parts, is really very beautiful; we instance the "Rua Esperanca," where there is a foun-

tain, which is always surrounded by "Galegos," or water-carriers; at this moment all of them quit their barrels to join in the general chorus, and base, as well as tenor voices, are frequently heard here, which would not disgrace a concert-room.

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Adelina Patti has killed *Guillaume Tell*—we mean the success of *La Sonnambula* has been so great, as to necessitate the withdrawal of Rossini's masterpiece. Well let us not grumble. We have had *Guillaume Tell* performed already seven times this season, and are likely to have it performed two or three times more. Ten representations of one opera in a season is of very rare occurrence. The second performance of the *Barbiere* on Saturday showed Mario again in delightful voice, and warbling the "golden couplets" of Almoviva like a nightingale—a Rossini-ol. Being a subscription night, the theatre was crowded in every part, although the *Barbiere* is not so great a favorite with the fashionables as the *Travatore*—a thing hardly to be accounted for, since Count Almaviva is the very pearl of a gentleman, while Manrico neither musically nor dramatically is gentle in any way. Perhaps the Troubadour is preferred because of the contrast he presents to himself in placidity and graciousness of bearing. Manrico may have the same fascination for the ladies which the Gypsy Guitarist had some years ago at Norwood. We cannot think, nevertheless, that the music of "Di quella pira" can exercise the same power over sensitive minds as that of "Ecco ridente."

On Monday *La Sonnambula* again, as attractive as ever, with Mlle. Patti ravishing one half the house, and converting the other half, who had gone to hear her, sceptical as to all the reports about her, and now had to enrol themselves among her most enthusiastic admirers. Signor Tiberini is almost entirely extinguished in the dazzling brightness of the young and ardent *prima donna*.

The third of Mad. Grisi's "Farewell performances" took place on Tuesday, when the *Huquenots* was given for the first time this season. We have heard more complete and powerful performances of Meyerbeer's grand work, but Mario's splendid singing, and more than magnificent acting, would have made amends for a thousand times greater drawbacks. His voice had all its pristine beauty and charm—and what voice was ever like it for quality and sympathy of tone?—and he seemed to have gained a renewal or super addition of strength, if we may judge from the force and volume he displayed in the septet in the duel scene. The duet with Valentine (Act 4), however, is Mario's crowning achievement; and here literally he created a furor, and the plaudits rained upon him so thick that he was compelled to appear twice before the curtain—with Mad. Grisi, of course—before it could be appeased. Mad. Grisi, nevertheless, did not allow the great tenor to monopolize all the applause, but won them for Valentine individually, when no Raoul was present. It would be impossible for Mad. Grisi to go through a performance without indicating that power and genius which have long placed her name highest among modern dramatic singers. Valentine, though not vocally suited to her style, is, on the whole, after Norma, Semiramide and Lucrezia (we might name perhaps Anna Bolena), her grandest achievement. Here and there—now unfortunately more than ever—the music is too high for her; but, generally speaking, the part is one in which her means and her talents find ample scope for display. The audience, determined to let no consideration interfere with the current of their sympathies, applauded their old favorite vehemently in every scene, and took no cognizance of short comings.

Mad. Miolan-Carvalho makes one of the most brilliant of Queens, and Mad. Nantier-Didée one of the most effective of pages; while M. Faure sustains the character of St. Bris with dignity and power, and Signor Polonini does all he can to allow the mantle of Signor Tagliafico to fall becomingly on his shoulders in the part of Nevers. The Marcel of M. Zelger has been eulogized more than once in these pages; but why the part should not have been given to Herr Formes, who reckons it among his most powerful achievements, baffles surmise.

The band and chorus were unusually excellent, and the "Rataplan" chorus, this time, thanks to the correct singing of Signor Lucchesi, who sang the solos, escaped the customary sibilation.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—The performances of Italian opera which for some time past have been advertised to take place at this elegant little theatre—under the

direction of Mr. Mapleson, late factotum of Mr. E. T. Smith—commenced on Saturday night. The opera was *Il Trovatore*, given, so far as the principal singers were concerned, in such a manner as left nothing to desire. This will be readily understood when it is added that Mlle. Titiens was Leonora, Mad. Alboni, Azucena, Signor Giuglini, Manrico, and M. Gassier, Ferrando; while the part of the Conte di Luna was undertaken by a new barytone—Signor Delle Sedie, who created so favorable an impression at one of the recent concerts of the Philharmonic Society. An orchestra of some 45 performers, conducted by Signor Arditi, and a chorus of average strength, materially aided the effect of the representation, which was further enhanced by a "mise en scène" that would have done credit to any theatre.

About the *Trovatore* itself we need say nothing. By this time it is almost as well known to frequenters of the Opera as the *Barbiere di Siviglia* or *Don Giovanni*, and if its popularity should happen to prove as enduring as it has been sudden, the critics of "the future" will be justified in allotting it a place by the side of those undisputed masterpieces—as a work that (if nothing more) has outlived the "fashion" of the period at which it was originally produced. Nor is it requisite to devote a column to the performance of Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini, seeing that the Leonora of the one and the Manrico of the other are, to the musical world of this metropolis, "familiar as household words"—the result of an experience to which the "four seasons" have, almost in an equal measure, contributed. Since the operatic waters were first troubled by Mr. E. T. Smith, it is difficult to state specifically at what precise period of the year Mlle. Titiens has not, from time to time, been singing (magnificently) "Tacea la notte," and Signor Giuglini pouring out his vocal soul, with outstretched arms, to the melting strains of "Ah! si ben mio." No more, then, will be expected from us than a simple record of the fact that on Saturday night Mlle. Titiens—singing and acting her very best—once again triumphantly proclaimed herself the most superb Leonora, without a single exception, that the Anglo-Italian stage has witnessed; that Signor Giuglini never sang the music of Verdi's romantic and inexplicable hero with greater sweetness and expression; and that the efforts of both accomplished artists were never more thoroughly appreciated or more enthusiastically applauded. Far less familiar to the operatic public, but equal and in some respects superior to either, was the Azucena of Mad. Alboni. It has been too persistently maintained that the music given to the Gipsy—"that inauspicious and ghastly woman" (*vide English libretto*)—can only properly be "screamed;" but it is the privilege of Mad. Alboni to vindicate the reputation of Signor Verdi, by showing that the music of Azucena may be sung—and sung, moreover, with as much ease as if it had proceeded straight from the fluent and graceful pen of Rossini himself. Mad. Alboni, indeed, both sings and declaims the part of Azucena to perfection. Not merely in the unaffectedly melodious phrases of "Stride la vampa," and "Si la stanchezza," does she illustrate the truth, that in the mouth of a genuine mistress of the art of singing every phrase intended for the voice becomes naturally "vocal," but even when (as in the scene where Azucena narrates her adventures to Manrico) each successive phrase is declamatory, she manages so to temper declamation with the element of vocal expression, that her performance never ceases to be purely and absolutely musical. For this reason alone it is calculated to exercise a charm in which that of other artists of the highest rank—not excluding Mad. Viardot, who exhibits with such terrible minuteness all the melodramatic peculiarities of the character—has been more or less wanting. Signor Delle Sedie made a good impression as the Conte di Luna, especially in the romance, "Il balen," which, though robbed of its native simplicity by a slight excess of ornament, he sang otherwise remarkably well, amply meriting the encore that, as a matter of course (when was "Il balen" not enchored?), he obtained. The other encores were for the "Miserere" (Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini)—an irreproachable performance in every respect—and "Ah! si ben mio," which Signor Giuglini gave with true and refined expression. A more efficient representative of the subordinate, but by no means unimportant, part of Ferrando than M. Gassier has not been witnessed. At the end of each act the principal singers were recalled.

After the opera the National Anthem was given—the solo verses by Mlle. Titiens and Mlle. Alboni. The house was well attended.

On Tuesday *Lucrezia Borgia* was given with a cast nothing inferior to that of the *Trovatore*, comprising Mlle. Titiens as Leonora, Mad. Alboni as Maffeo Orsini, Signor Giuglini as Gennaro, and M. Gassier as the Duke. It is not necessary to go through a performance so well known, nor point out its many

striking features, such as Mlle. Titiens's transcendent singing of the air "M'odi, ah! M'odi;" Alboni's *Brindisi*, one of the most perfect vocal efforts ever listened to (of course encores); Signor Giuglini's pathetic singing of the tender and graceful music of Gennaro, just suited to his style; and the very admirable singing and acting throughout of M. Gassier. No wonder indeed that the house was crowded in every part; no wonder that the favoritism was divided between the two ladies; and still less a wonder that the audience were enchanted from first to last. *Il Trovatore* was repeated on Thursday for the second and last time.

This evening Verdi's last opera *Un ballo in Maschera* is announced with a cast, including the names of Mlle. Titiens, Mad. Gassier, Mad. Lemaire, Signors Giuglini and Delle Sedie and M. Gassier. Next week, therefore, we shall be enabled to state how far Signor Verdi has succeeded in obliterating all recollections of Auber's *Gustavus the Third*.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—Although the series is now drawing rapidly to a close, there being but two more concerts to complete the present season, the public interest in no way diminishes, nor is there any falling off in the enterprise and judgment which have all along so strongly characterised these entertainments. No sooner has M. Vieuxtemps abdicated the post of leader, which he had so honorably maintained ever since the beginning of the year, than he is succeeded by M. Wieniawski, also a fiddler of the very highest pretensions, further attraction being, moreover, added in the shape of a fresh pianist, M. Nicholas Rubinstein, who made his first appearance here on Monday last, and performed Beethoven's "Sonata appassionata," and was recalled. The programme was selected from the works of Beethoven, and, in addition to the sonata, included the Quintet in C major, Op. 29; the quartet in F major (No. 1, Op. 59); and trio in B flat major, for piano-forte, violin, and violoncello (Op. 97)—the latter for the first time here, being the sixth and last of Beethoven's piano-forte trios—dedicated to the Archduke Rudolph. M. Wieniawski, who was received with great enthusiasm, was ably seconded by Messrs. Ries, Webb, Hann, and Piatti. Mr. Sims Reeve's singing of the exquisite "Lieder Kreis," and elegant ariettes, "The Savoyard" and "Stolen kiss," produced the accustomed impression.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The seventh concert took place on Monday last, when the following programme was given:—

PART I.—Sinfonia Eroica (Beethoven); Romanza, "Perchè dell'aure" (Torquato Tasso) (Donizetti); Concerto, violoncello (Kraft); Aria, "Qui la voce" (I Puritani) (Bellini); Overture (Ruler of the Spirits) (Weber).

PART II.—Sinfonia in A major, No. 2 (composed expressly for the Philharmonic Society) (Mendelssohn); Cavatina, "Largo al factotum" (Il Barbiere di Siviglia) (Rossini); Concerto in C minor, piano-forte (Beethoven); Duet, "Danque io son" (Il Barbiere di Siviglia) (Rossini); Overture (Figaro) (Mozart). Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett.

A magnificent instrumental selection, with one exception, though for some ears somewhat too familiar. The violoncello solo was entirely out of place, and was utterly bad. Signor Pezze, a capital executant, did all he could to render it agreeable to the audience, but to no purpose. The effect of the performance was a decided inclination to somnolency. In fact, Kraft's concerto is a work of little Kraft, by which we do not mean Kraft fils. Had the piano-forte concerto been placed where the violoncello concerto was, and the latter eliminated from the programme, an immense advantage would have been gained. Moreover, the directors departed from their usual routine by the introduction of two concertos into one scheme. The piano-forte concerto was played by Mr. J. F. Barnett with great power and expression, and elicited cheers from all parts of the hall. No success could be more decided or better deserved. The singers were Signora Guerrabella and Signor Delle Sedie. The lady had been heard before in London, but not in so public an arena as the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society. She gave the air from the *Puritani* with considerable boldness of style and dramatic energy, and evidently made a "hit." Signora Guerrabella's proper theatre, nevertheless, we fancy, would be the stage, where her forcible manner and vigor would find ample scope for display. Signor Delle Sedie gave the romanza from Donizetti's opera with remarkable finish and a command of the upper tones very unusual in a baritone. We did not altogether fancy him in the air from the *Barber*, nor did the duet from the same opera exhibit both artists in the most attractive light. The last concert is announced to take place on the 24th instant.—*London Musical World*, June 15.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Our good ship sails to-night, my Love.

Emile Berger. 25

An uncommonly pretty song, the words of which have a more than ordinary significance in the present times. This will no doubt contribute to make it popular; but the music itself is sufficiently striking to direct attention to it.

Up with the Flag of the Stars and Stripes. War Song. Words by H. W. Story. Music by N. Ravnskilde. 25

A song which a patriotic son of Massachusetts, travelling in Italy, wrote, when he heard the news of the glorious uprising of the Freemen in his own country. A friend, a young Norwegian artist, inspired by the subject, composed music to it, such music as no composer would be ashamed of, and the manuscript, by the agency of a kind hand, found its way across the water to the publishers. The words are printed in another column.

Instrumental Music.

Darling Nelly Gray. Varied. R. Schroeder 25

Simple Variations on a very popular melody, pleasing and instructive. Teachers will recollect Schroeder as the author of the well-known Variations on the Swiss Boy and several others.

La Reveille. Grand March Militaire.

Carl Meyer. 25

A very brilliant Concert March, rather difficult. It is quite indicative of the brisk step of the soldiery when marched to the battle-field, full of life and animation. The Trio has fine melodious strains. Altogether amateurs fond of a good show-piece will find much pleasure in the practice of this piece.

Immortellen Waltzes. Four hands. Gungl. 75

One of the finest sets of modern Waltzes; an uninterrupted chain of beautiful melodies, now jubilant and joyous, then again subdued and plaintive, the whole prefaced by a slow and impressive March in memory of Johann Strauss, who had just died when these Waltzes were composed. Two good players can enchant any audience with these strains. They are not difficult but must have the true whirl of the Waltz, in order to be fully effective.

Books.

THALBERG'S L'ART DU CHANT. (The Art of Singing applied to the Piano.) Handsomely bound in Cloth. 3 00

The Piano cannot render that which is most perfect in the beautiful art of singing, namely, the faculty of prolonging sounds, but the player may overcome this imperfection with address and skill. How this may be done, the great Player has shown in twelve Transcriptions. The melody is engraved in large notes, so as to stand out and be recognized easily. They are all fingered, and are as invaluable to the accomplished pianist as to the student, who could get at the root of the marvellous effects which Thalberg produced in his playing.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 485.

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Teachers and Methods of Teaching.

It is manifest that, in order to attain the object of musical education, the choice of a teacher is highly important to the student, while the choice of the most sure method of teaching is equally so to the master. So many parents know not how to help themselves in this regard—so many respectable well-intended teachers are anxious to ascertain and rectify, if needful, their methods of proceeding—so many scholars have already been led astray or ruined, in a musical sense, either by a mistaken choice or an erroneous system, that we have considered it to be our duty to suggest a few hints on this subject. We give only a few hints on the principal points applicable to the matter in general. A fundamental improvement cannot be arrived at by a book; it must be the result of a more elevated education of the teachers, by institutions of the state, and through a real enlightenment of all educated persons on the nature and necessity of music.

The profession of music is highly important, from the powerful influence this science exercises on our senses and on our spiritual and civil life. Parents should weigh well, in the choice of a teacher, that power is given him through his art over the mind of their child; that he may elevate the youthful mind to the most noble sentiments, or defile and lower it to the most grovelling; how prejudicial it is merely to leave the mind vacant, while music is acting irresistibly upon the sense and the mind. Listlessness, thoughtlessness, sensibility, vanity, unbridled passion, may be implanted and fostered by the teacher of music; but we may also be indebted to him for awakening and cherishing the noblest powers and sentiments of the soul.

From the foregoing, it would appear that the weightiest point to be considered, in the choice of a music master, is, what influence may be expected from him on the mind of his scholar. His good manners, however necessary, are no sufficient guarantee for suitability. But, indeed, the high and pure sense in which he has formed his conception of art, and the degree of his general capability and education, which enables him to transfer his conception to his pupil,—all this must be maturely pondered. But the choice made, boldly and with full confidence give free hand to the teacher. Half confidence, interference in the instruction, would only disturb the efficiency of the master.

We must, therefore, with regard to music, consider in the first place, what view the teacher takes of it, and what motive urges him in his employment. The mere technical man, who uses art simply as handicraft, will produce nothing but a handicraftsman. The player, from understanding, will give cold lessons and perceptions; he can give technicality with ease and certainty, but he will never warm the heart with inward fire; he will rather rob it of its natural warmth. The mere man of feeling will perhaps allow the scholar to sympathize in company with him, but never insist upon sure instruction. Art is not mere technicality, nor mere understanding, nor mere feeling. It is the expression of the whole man; and only he who embraces it in its entirety can ingraft and rear its true nature and power. Talent and knowledge, a feeling heart, and a rational consciousness of the reality of the nature and operations of art—these are indispensable qualities of a teacher of music. One of the signs of his artistic standing—we must repeat a former observation—is the works at which he and his scholar are employed. A teacher who occupies himself with small worthless compositions, in lieu of the abundant masterpieces of our art, shows the inferiority of his position, and

a poor estimate of art. There are indeed, masters who limit themselves to approved works, on the sole authority of the name, without taking any lively interest in them; in this case, certainly, their instruction can be but of small benefit. The next general qualification which a teacher indispensably requires, is the faculty of working with decision and effect on the mind and disposition of his pupil. The mere capability of playing himself a piece of music with propriety and effect, does not here suffice. It may delight the scholar, it may move or excite him, it may induce him to a successful imitation, and even, perhaps, finally to a more or less noble and happy manner; but will not create himself a free independent feeling, and conscious certainty in art. It is not necessary only that the teacher should enable the scholar to play whole compositions as he does himself, but that he lead him into the composition itself—that he enable him to see and comprehend thoroughly each unity therein, their combination and mutual dependence, and their constitution as a whole. A bright consciousness only of the nature of art and of the contents of each work of art, advances the pupil to a free comprehension and performance peculiar to himself, and conducts him by his own productions to the summit where individuality of the artist and nature of the art join in conscious union, and give style to his creations. Only such a method of instruction works beyond the circle of lessons which he has run through. If the scholar has seized the essence of the matter, he will not hold it fast in studies and forms only, which the teacher has worked out with him; he will seek and seize it everywhere equally when the master is absent. This is the true life in art; this alone guarantees that the exercise of art will not cease with instruction, but will adorn the whole of life. For this object there is required on the part of the teacher, deep insight, extensive knowledge, and in both such ability and certainty that he can comprehend and explain his subjects under all their aspects. A teacher must know more, much more than he is required to teach; he must be everywhere at home, and perfectly master of his subject, in order to be able to answer every question, and supply every unnoticed deficiency.

After the elementary and technical instruction, we require absolutely from a good singing and piano master the study of composition, as the sure, if not the only means of penetrating with full consciousness into the recesses of art. We require of him an extensive and well-grounded knowledge of the masterpieces of art of elder and modern times; and strongly recommend a continually observant and sympathizing eye on new productions, in order to acquire every movement in artistic life, even although masses of unsuccessful or retrograde composition should make the duty burdensome. The higher teacher, especially one who is concerned in the education of composers and teachers or conductors, ought not to delay his acquaintance with the history of art and the science of music, besides his study of fundamental composition; since everything, and therefore music, can be perfectly known and fully understood only by the help of its history.

To the properly artistic capacity and education must be added the knowledge of mankind, and the talent of working upon the minds of others; but then, also, love of the business of instruction, and a heartfelt interest in the advancement of the scholar. An able master studies the disposition and inclination of his pupil. He judges from them, how he may be won, how convinced, upon what qualities he may rely, where he wants assistance, and by what other powers his deficiencies may be compensated. He does not consider himself as another being, foreign to his

pupil; he neither presumes on his own superiority, nor lowers himself to his pupil (both false methods of teaching), but penetrates with his higher ideas and education into the mental condition of his pupil; comprehends as it were, from the soul of the young disciple the conceptions he has acquired of the art and its forms; he here separates by his superior knowledge, the true and healthy from the soft and insufficient; he encourages, expands, and exalts the former, and corrects and amplifies the latter. In short, he endeavors to originate or unravel every desirable faculty in the pupil himself, because only that which is engendered in and grows out from ourselves, not that which is brought to us from without, is vital, and works with the energy of life.

Such a teacher will lose courage only in the case of total indifference or absolute incapacity; or much rather, with our feelings, he would decline the scholar. But each single deficiency, every erroneous or one-sided conceptions, he knows how to meet. If the feeling of measure cannot be trusted, or is perhaps confused by earlier teachers, the master will prescribe very simple lessons of determined rhythm, and then make rhythmic—melodic variations on them, so that the pupil will proceed on the same simple lesson from simple rhythm to more rich, placed together and increasing in difficulty. If the sense of *tone* be undeveloped, the teacher will apply the earlier to the practice of chords; first the major triad, then the chord of the dominant, lastly the major and minor chords of the ninth (major chords always before minor) by ear on the piano, and then have them sung by the pupil. For since those chords are the first indications given by nature herself, one of her *tones* helps the imperfect feeling of *tone* in the student, to the other; and the most important intervals, such as the octave, fifth, fourth, major and minor third, minor seventh, whole tone and semitone, will be gained from the laws of nature. If the scholar has a strong partiality for brilliant and off-hand playing, the teacher will fall in with this inclination (since to oppose it abruptly would rather alarm than overcome), and by gradually shading the passages, separating and binding, changing the *forte* and *piano*, &c., in a manner comprehensible and agreeable to the scholar, he will make the latter perceive how one and the same passage may, by different playing, become newer, more attractive, now more neat and delicate, and then more forcible, &c. It will now be easy to take a more noble direction from this point, and to awaken the deep sense of melody. Should the intelligent element assume a pre-eminence, let us profit by it to comprehend and seize with more intimate feeling, accentuation, which is the nearest associate to rhythm, in relation to the understanding. Let us penetrate, into the innumerable degrees of accentuation, and awaken thereby the conviction that musical matters are not exclusively the business of the understanding, but that it is often necessary to trust to feeling only. Hence it is easy to see that feeling must have free operation, and participate of right in musical composition and performance. If, on the other hand, the scholar should be inclined, perhaps from enthusiasm, to devote himself to the unknown feeling, let that noble power of the soul be respected and upheld which lies at the foundation of this one-sidedness. Let us apply to heartfelt compositions, and with preference to those whose effect has been already experienced, and point out the chief traits which have caused our emotion; illustrate occasionally such passages, by comparison with similar or dissimilar instances, or by changes which would rob us of our power of tenderness. Should our sensibilities be excited, as is generally the case with

superabundant feeling, by melody, chiefly or exclusively, we will apply gradually to movements in which a captivating chief melody is met by a leading passage full of character, or where two or more highly interesting melodies combine and proceed together. In so far as the pupil, either by himself,—or induced by the teacher, can be brought to notice in each of the significant parts that which has hitherto exclusively occupied him, he is on the way to elevate himself above the one-sided, obscure and overworked feeling, to a higher consciousness, to a more comprehensive and fruitful spiritual sympathy.

It is impossible here to accumulate all the counsels and advantages arising from a perfect intimacy of the master with the mind of the pupil. It is enough, if, from a few examples, we have made ourselves clearly understood.

That there are now but few teachers, such as we require for so many scholars, is true. But this is, however, no refutation of the justice of our demands; it is only a sign of the insufficiency of our supplies for the requirements of our consciences; and proves a concurrent striving for a recognized good, according to our power. It cannot also be denied, that often persons, clear-sighted enough in general, instead of selecting the obtainable good masters, procure others far from proficiency, out of thoughtlessness, want of knowledge of the parties, or other secondary considerations. Here, however, the reproach falls on the musicians and teachers themselves, who have given themselves but little trouble in enlightening the public in general on the true nature of their art and the means of acquiring it—a conviction which has had great part in the production of this book.

We must also notice another erroneous idea concerning instruction. It is the deceptive notion, often repeated, that for the beginning an inferior teacher is sufficient. This persuasion often arises from the wish to save for some time the cost of a good master. But we must consider this opinion as an erroneous delusion. The unskilled master lays a bad foundation. He delays the fundamental elements and exercises upon which all future progress must be founded. He neglects the awakening and expansion of the natural dispositions, gives a false direction to all artistic procedure, and misuses or destroys the pleasure and activity of the scholar. The succeeding better master finds a scholar half tired out with wandering hither and thither without profit or reward. He meets everywhere with only imperfect or false preparation, and he finds difficulty enough in exciting attention and activity in the scholar for the attainment of an object of which this latter imagines himself to be already possessed. What teacher, under these circumstances (and they are of frequent occurrence), does not wish that no instruction had been given—that he might freely and with good heart build upon fresh and unencumbered ground; and how many a gifted scholar has abandoned art in disgust, when he has discovered, after years of labor, that in order to succeed, he must begin again from the beginning.

In conclusion, it is the method itself of teaching which claims our consideration. In this matter, after every necessary qualification as to the ability, we will limit ourselves to one fundamental requisition, which seems to us important and comprehensive, and which to the reflective teacher will develop itself so advantageously in every direction, however simply it may be expressed. The teacher must constantly bear in mind that he teaches an art. Consequently he must treat his scholar and the subject of his teaching in the sense of an artist and of art, and prove himself to be an artist.

He must also constantly show to his scholar that love and respect which are due to his fellow artist and to every one engaged in higher and intellectual occupations.

He will foster and elevate the disposition of the pupil of art. Artistic activity must flow spontaneously from the heart, if it is to fructify into life; we cannot force even ourselves into its possession, much less others. The pleasure we derive from it is therefore the first and indispen-

sable condition of all success in this region; and the teacher who knows not how to preserve and increase it will certainly miss his aim. He must, however, awaken true pleasure in the art itself; not false pleasure—vanity, desire for reward or profit; and, in order, indeed, that the student may become constantly more susceptible of her pleasures and more capable of producing them, he must moreover excite his pupil to a worthy use of his powers by an encouraging word, by a well-timed performance of the works of art, &c.

The following point is most worthy of consideration. Art is not abstract thinking,—it is not feeling without thought nor unconscious activity; neither should the teaching be an abstract combination. Every lesson, every rule, must be derived from nature herself before the eyes of the pupil, and immediately, if by any means possible, reduced to practice. That this is practicable in teaching composition, we think we have shown from the fact in our Doctrine of Composition. It was one of the most unartistic aspects of the earlier art of teaching, when all possible intervals and all possible chords were thrown before the pupil in a heap together, and then all the forms of counterpoint in small unartistic passages, before the application of any of them was sought for. Most, indeed, of the books of instruction give no application at all. Nature and the history of art point out another way. Wherever a free course has been open to reason, she has immediately proceeded to the absolutely necessary, and in art to the actual practice, without delay. She has followed reflection by holding fast that which the moment required, and so in every instance she has elevated her mode of action into consciousness, her thoughts into living incarnated operation. Such also has reason, proceeding by facts, by real operation. Such also has been the development of art—entirely according to reason, proceeding by facts, by real operation, as her history, properly understood, demonstrates.

Also, in the practice of music, this fundamental proposition is thoroughly practicable. The total system, the system of notation, the arrangements of rhythm, are so entirely according to reason, that every scholar, under the gentlest guidance of the teacher, can unfold them further from their first intimation, and can again discover them for himself. It appears to us one of the crudities of the usual mode of teaching, to burden the scholar with the whole tonal system at once, then (or even before, as some books of instruction do*), with the whole system of notation (and perhaps in several clefs of the same time), then with the whole system of bars, while for the moment he wants only the smallest part of them: such as a few notes in one clef, leaving the remainder to be acquired on further advancement. By this misapplication, the scholar is withdrawn from immediate living and improving comprehension to an unartistic work of memory. It follows, therefore, that the order of these books of instruction, which merely present the materials of instruction to the memory, should also illustrate and complete their work; and not doing so, can have no claim to be considered an order or plan of really practical instruction.

Even the exercises, whose immediate object is to produce readiness of hand and voice, must not only be brought into the service of the hand and the observant understanding, but also be used for the pleasurable feelings of the scholar, whenever practicable, so that what he has learned may as soon as possible be applied in artistic form. From these considerations we cannot look without hesitation upon an invention lately introduced, to make beginners practice upon fingerboards made of paper. However convenient and cheap this may appear, it is evident that artistic participation must be injured, or, to say the least, not excited or vivified.†

* They therefore teach the sign before the thing signified, so that their notation is objectless, and must remain incomplete until we become acquainted with tones.

† This manner of teaching was adopted in Berlin by the late Mrs. Schindeldeisser and Dr. Lange, so far as the author knows, with good result for the quick attainment of technical readiness. The scholars perform the exercises on paper or real keys (without strings), while another person produces the

This is the true doctrine, which, in the smallest and the greatest, holds fast and advances the reality of art, and upholds the student from the lowest up to the pinnacle—however high he may be able and willing to climb—in perfect artistic sympathy and activity. But this is possible only to a teacher, who, himself an artist, is replete with the spirit of art.

Franz Schubert.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THEO. HAGEN.

Of Schubert's Songs, none are, perhaps, so popular as those which are known under the title "Die Schöne Müllerin," words by Wilhelm Müller (born 1795, died 1827). This cycle contains twenty-five songs, of which, however, only twenty were set to music by Schubert.

Each of these songs forms in itself a perfect whole, although it is only a part of the whole cycle. The idea of musically illustrating certain feelings and sensations, in all their stages of development, Beethoven, too, has expressed in his "Liederkreis;" but, besides the difference in the subjects, the treatment by Beethoven must be considered more according to the strict rules of the classical school, while Schubert, in his *Müller Songs*, displays all the charm of true romanticism.

Next to the "Müllerlieder," is the cycle "Die Winterreise" (The Winter Journey), words also by Müller, to which our attention is called. It contains twenty-four songs, mostly of a dark and melancholy character. Schubert read the proofs of the second part of this cycle only a few days before his death. A great interest is attached to his "Songs of Ossian." In these the composer was to give warmth and life to the fogs and cold of the unfriendly fields of Caledonia, to illustrate in vivid colors, the roaring of the rapid stream, the stillness of the heath and the moor, the playing of the Will-o'-the-wisp, and the storming call to the hunt, as well as to musically picture long and descriptive poems like "The Night" and "Loda's Ghost," in such a way as not to become monotonous. If we look at the masterly treatment of this difficult subject, as done by Schubert, then only nineteen years old, as well as at the intimate knowledge of right accentuation and prosody he exhibited in them, we do not know of any other composer who, under similar circumstances, could have done as well as he did.

Just as the first chords of the Ossian Songs remove us at once to a desolate and misty land, so, again, it is the atmosphere of romanticism and mediæval knightdom which we breathe in listening to Schubert's illustration of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," "The Pirate," and "Richard Cœur de Lion." He never misses the appropriate expression for the most varied and strange subjects and situations, and just as he hits upon the right tone for the poems by Scott, so does he make us feel, in his treatment of the two poems, "Suleika," the sultriness and the fragrantcy of the sunny Orient.

Some of the most well-known and charming songs of Schubert are those which he wrote in the latter part of his life, and which, numbering fourteen, were published under the title "Schwanengesang" (Swan's Songs). It is among these that we find his last composition, "Die Taubenpost" (Pigeon's Post) as well as his popular *Serenade*.

The songs by Schubert are a world in them-

sound on a real instrument. The progress of the pupils, at all events, gives evidence of the talents of the otherwise already advantageously-known teachers, and if youth is to be taught in large masses where an instrument is not to be had, or if the unpleasant sound of technical passages is to be avoided, this plan furnishes, perhaps, the most, the best remedy. But it must be allowed that a method of practice so abstract that the scholar does not hear himself—in which he himself produces no sound—that music, which he is to learn and bring forth, he is only to hear by the operation of another: such a musical exercise cannot be so animated and animating as the living sound which the scholar himself produces, and therefore feels with greater vivacity and judges of by his own feelings. But then, must all the world learn the piano? must it be taught in masses! and is not technical skill in inseparable union with true musical practice, and therefore to be acquired before everything audible? The author hopes to publish soon in another place, and after a future more minute investigation, a more extended discussion on this subject, and he will freely and joyfully retract his objections if any good grounds should appear sufficient to destroy their validity.

selves. There is scarcely one phase of human life which has not found its musical expression in them. Love and hatred, joy and sadness, defiance and resignation, gentleness and anger—every passion, as given to men—has been illustrated, and the deepest secrets of the human heart are brought to light, sometimes in tones of sweetness and tenderness, but often, also, in those of deep and mighty passion.

A large list of Schubert's songs was formerly in the hands of his friend and admirer Pinterics, and is now owned by the music-publishing house of Spina, in Vienna. It contains 505 numbers, but is said not to be complete.

Of the songs for more voices, by Schubert, only the smaller part are strictly vocal, the others are with *obligato* accompaniment of the pianoforte, the guitar, the melodeon, and the organ. They are for three, four, five, and eight voices; there are also double choruses among them, for men's and female voices alone, but mostly for mixed chorus, with and without solo.

To songs without accompaniment belong the following ones for men's voices: Jünglings wonne Liebe; Zum Rundetanz und Die Nacht (Night), words by Matthison; Die Flucht, by Lappe; Rauberlied, An des Frühling, Fischerlied, Der Entfernten, Der Wintertag, and the Quartet—"Es rieselt klar und wehend"—sung for the first time at the inauguration of the tablet of memory on Schubert's house of birth, in Vienna. To these strictly vocal songs must be added the *Canons a tre*, composed in 1813; The Gravedigger's Song, Elysium, by Schiller, for two tenors and bass; Holz's Mai Song, for two sopranos and bass; Chorus of the Angels, from Faust, composed in 1816; Trio on the occasion of the birthday of his father, for two tenors and bass; Duo, Abendroth, by Kosegarten, and Klage um Aly Bey, each for three voices; Prayer, by De la Motte Fouque; and the Dance, quartets for mixed voices; the 92d Psalm, in Hebrew, for two baritones, soprano, alto, and bass, composed in 1828; Song in the Open Air, by Salis, quartet for men's voices, composed in 1817; "Wer Lebenslust Fühlet," quartet for two sopranos, tenor, and bass, composed in 1818. Further, the choruses; Das Grah, by Solis; Bergknappenlied, Trinklied vor der Schlacht, Schwertlied, Punschlied im Norden zu Singen, for two voices; Jagdlied, by Zacharias Werner; Lützow's Wilde Jagd, composed in 1815; Der Morgenstern und Jägerlied, by Korner, for two voices and two horns; Battle Song, by Klopstock, for three voices; and the beautiful double chorus, for men's voices, Schlachtlied, by Klopstock, composed in 1827.

To those with *obligato* piano-forte accompaniment belong the well-known quartets for men's voices:—Das Dorfchen, Die Nachtigal, Geist der Liebe, Wider Spruch, Der Gondelfahrer, Im Gegenwärtigen, Vergangenes, Nachtgesang im Waile, Frühlingssied, Naturgenuss Nacht-musik, by Seckendorf; Trinklied, from the fourteenth century, from the historical antiquities, by Rits-graff; and the Boating Song, from Scott's Lady of the Lake. Further, the two comical trios—The Lawyers, for two tenors and bass, and the Wedding Meal, by Schöber, for soprano, tenor, and bass; An die Sonne, quartet for mixed voices, composed in 1816; Der Schickalslenker, Gott in Unge witter, Gott der Weltsoehpfer, Hymne an den Unendlichen, Gott in der Natur, also for mixed voices; the Psalm "Gott ist mein Hirt," for female chorus (four voices); Nachthelli und Standchen, for solo and female chorus; Der Mondenschein, by Schöber, quintet for men's voices (two tenors and three basses); Coronach, Death's Song, from Scott's "Lady of the Lake," for two sopranos and alto; Miriam's Siegesgesang, fer soprano and alto, solo and mixed chorus; at last, the chorus for eight men's voices, "Schlachtlied," by Korner; and also the "Hymn" for eight voices; this last one, also, with accompaniment of wind instruments.

The following songs for several voices are with accompaniment of the orchestra:—The chorus "Auf den Sieg der Deutschen," accompanied by violins and violoncellos; Song of the Spirits over the Waters, by Goethe, chorus for eight

voices, with accompaniment of violins, violoncellos, and bass-voils, composed in 1817; and the cantatas Der Frühling's morgen, Empfindungs Aeusseungen des Wiwtten-Institutes der Schullehrer Wiens für den Stifter und Vorsteher der selben, Domberrn Spendu,* for solo, chorus, and orchestra, composed in 1818—1819; Glaube, Hoffnung, und Liebe (Faith, Hope, and Love), for men's and mixed chorus (accompaniment of wind instruments), by Reil, which has, unfortunately, not been preserved: Prometheus, composed in 1816; Die Erweckung des Lazarus, Easter cantata for singing and orchestra, of which, however, only the first part was composed (in 1820); and Volkslied, by Deinkartstein, for chorus and orchestra, performed in February, 1822, on the celebration of the birthday of the Emperor Franz. The same song was published in 1848 as "Constitutionslied" (Song of the Constitution), and is as such designated, with op. 157, in the catalogue of Schubert's works.

Besides these cantatas Schubert composed, in 1827, ore with Italian words, in honor of Miss Irene K., for two tenors and two basses; further, "Saenger, der vom Herzen singt," for soprano, tenor, and bass, composed in 1819, and the one for men's voices, in honor of the jubilee of the Conductor Salieri.

It is a matter of course that there is not attached to these songs for several voices by Schubert, that deep and general interest which is felt for his *Lieder*, although some of the former do belong to the best that has ever been written for this branch of music, and Der Nachtgesang im Walde (Night Song in the Forest), Nachthelle,† Miriam's Triumphal Song, and Chorus of the Spirits over the Waters,‡ stands unrivaled in the whole literature of this class of compositions.—*N. Y. Musical World*.

* The longest title, probably, ever given to a cantata, as may be seen from the English translation—"Uttering of Feelings of the Members of the Institute of Widows of the School masters of Vienna for the Founder Director of the same." This cantata consists in a solo for bass, a solo for soprano (the wife's) chorus of the children, solo of the mother, a duo between the widow and an orphan, a solo of the bass, chorus of the widows, again, a solo for bass, and a quartet for mixed voices. The piano score was written for Ferd. Schubert. Perhaps this cantata is worthy the attention of our Professors of School Music.—TRANSLATOR.

† Performed in New York. ‡ Also performed in New York.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sketches of French Musical History.

XVII.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC IN FRANCE.

The Chanson, Vaudeville and Comic Opera—these are *French par excellence*; instrumental music on the contrary—the quartette, the symphony—is essentially German. That which affords the highest gratification in France are the clearness, precision and neatness of the idea; hence the saying of Fontenelle; *Sonate, que me veux-tu?* is still in vogue in spite of the partisans of pure music, which certainly has great value, when it is the expression of happy ideas skillfully developed, but which limits itself to mere scholastic exercises, when it is but the servile imitator of foreign masterpieces.

Surely, notwithstanding honorable efforts made in our country instrumental music ready belongs alone all to Germany, the fatherland of scenery and fantasy. We must bow then before the immortal symphonies of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven—the masters who have reached the highest flights in this elevated, sublime form of pure music. Still we ought not to pass in silence the works of our compatriots, who have devoted themselves to this class of composition—though they have been but little encouraged and inadequately recompensed in our positive and material age. The names of Gossec, Reicha, Onslow, Reher, Berlioz and David, have a real and incontestable worth; they have then a right to the consideration of both artists and amateurs.

Gossec, father of French instrumental music, was born at Vergnies, a village of Hainaut, Jan. 17, 1733. He began life as a choir boy in the Antwerp

Cathedral, but afterwards came to Paris having no other resources than the direction of the orchestra of La Popeliniere, the Farmer General. Having first exhibited his powers under Rameau he took to the composition of symphonies. The first were published in 1754,—the same year in which was composed the first symphony of Haydn.* As with all new things, the importance of these works was not at first felt; but after a few years, the public of the Concert Spirituel began to enjoy the vigorous forms of harmony and instrumentation, before which the overtures, which had preceded them soon began to give way.

After the reform of La Popeliniere's orchestra, Gossec entered into the service of the Prince of Conti, as Director of his music. His first quartettes appeared in 1759, and his Mass for the Dead, was executed the following year in the church of St. Roch, with a prodigious effect. Gossec also tried his powers in dramatic writing and his opera, *Les Pêcheurs*, was successful; but he soon returned to his natural vocation.

In 1770, he founded the Amateurs' Concert, directed by the chevalier St. Georges. Down to this time the most extensive scores were composed but of the four string instruments with the occasional addition of two hautbois and to horns.† Gossec in his 21st symphony in D, added to this combination, the contrebass, flute, clarinet, bassoons, trumpets and kettle-drums. The effect was very remarkable. In 1773 and the four following years, he directed the Concert Spirituel enterprise; but the greatest service rendered by him to French music was the institution of the Royal school for singing, which preceded that of the Conservatory. It was founded in 1784 by the Baron de Breteuil, with Gossec as director, who had conceived its plan and gave in it excellent instruction in harmony and counterpoint. The national fêtes of the Revolution opened a new field for the talents of Gossec. It occurred to him to accompany the hymns and choruses sung in the open air, with wind instruments, and thus obtained remarkable effects. Appointed inspector of the Conservatory in 1795, Gossec actively co-operated in the organization of this establishment and in the preparation of most of the text books employed in the course of study. During his twelve years service as professor of composition, he formed many distinguished pupils—such as Catel, Audrot, Dourlen, Gasse and Panseron. He was admitted into the section of music at the formation of the Institute and decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor upon the foundation of the order. He was pensioned in 1815, but continued to frequent the sittings of the Academy of fine Arts until 1823, when his faculties began to fail. He then retired to Passy, where he died tranquilly, Feb. 16, 1829. Son of a laborer, this patriarch of the French school formed himself entirely by labor and the study of good models.

Anton Reicha, was born at Prague Feb. 25, 1770, and musically educated by his uncle at Bonn. At the age of sixteen years he directed the performance of his first symphony. In 1794 he settled at Hamburg, where he gave lessons for five years and wrote the music to a French opera text—*Godefroid de Montfort*. By the advice of M. de Fombrune, an exile, he journeyed to Paris whither he arrived at the beginning of 1799, and where he made a good impression by a symphony played at the concerts in the rue de Clery. After this discouraged by the successive closing of the theatres Feydeau and Favart, he

* NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR.—It will be seen a few paragraphs on, that these so called symphonies were at the most octettes—while Haydn's first was a real symphony; for a full, though small orchestra, and in the true Sonata form. It is this which gives Haydn claim to the title of "Father of the grand Symphony."

† M. Poiset must mean in Paris; for Handel in England had long before employed trumpets, drums and flutes in his scores—and perhaps other instruments.

went to Vienna, where he enjoyed the friendship of Haydn, Albrechtsberger, Salieri and Beethoven. He here published thirty-six fugues for the pianoforte, constructed on a new system, which consists in making the *answers* in all the notes of the scale. The approach of war caused his return to Paris, in October, 1808. The performance of one of his symphonies at the Conservatory again attracted the public attention to him. He then devoted himself to teaching composition in which field he labored with great success. His "Traité de mélodie," published in 1814 does not exhibit genius; it was seldom consulted; but his "Cours d' Harmonie," which was followed in 1824 by a "Traité de haute composition," was very soon in the hands of all musicians; Reicha succeeded Mehul as professor of counterpoint at the Conservatory; and wrote some excellent quintets for wind instruments.* Upon the death of Boieldieu, he was placed in the vacant chair of the Institute, but died soon afterwards—May 28, 1836, regretted for his social virtues by all who knew him personally.

George Onslow was born at Clermont, in Auvergne, July 27, 1784. He was of English descent on his father's side, but his mother, de Bourdeilles, was of the noble family of Brantôme. Under the instructions of Hullmandel, Dussek and Cramer, Onslow became a talented pianist. He remained, however insensible to the operas of Mozart, and had his musical sense awakened by Mehul's Overture to *Stratonice*. He now gave himself to the study of the violoncello and carefully studied the structure of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven's quartettes and quintettes. His Opus I, consisting of three quintets for the violins, viola and two violoncellos, was published towards the end of the year 1807. He then wrote a sonata for the pianoforte, three trios, and an "opus" of quartettes after which he studied with Reicha. His operas, *L'Alcade de la Vega*, *le Colporteur*, and *le Duc de Guise*, obtained but a moderate success. His symphonies were not warmly received at the concerts of the Conservatory; for his music while it possesses great scholastic merit, is often deficient or even wanting in musical ideas. His orchestration proving colorless and dull, especially when compared with that great German symphonists, Onslow thenceforth confined himself to the composition of quartettes and quintettes for stringed instruments, a class in which he achieved a considerable and merited reputation.† Passing most of the year on his estate in Auvergne he found there the leisure and tranquility necessary for his serious and continued labors. He came up to Paris during the winters to produce his new works which were always remarkable for their improvement in style. Onslow had the honor of a seat in the Institute.

His successor in the Academic chair was M. Henri Reber, a modest artist, and like the Germans devoted to music for its own sake. He was born at Mulhouse in Alsace, Oct. 23, 1807, and entered the Conservatory at Paris in 1828, as a pupil of MM. Jelensperger and Seuriot. He was allowed to compete for the prizes the next year, and ended his course of study under Lesueur. In 1835 and following years Reber published an *Ave Maria* an *Agnus Dei*, a quintett and three quartets for stringed instruments. These remarkable productions made the young composer favorably known. MM. Seghers and Batta placed their executive talents at the service of the master. The two trios for pianoforte violin and violoncello (op. 8 and 12) are distinguished by the form and connection of the musical ideas as well as by the ideas themselves. The second trio in E flat is admirably written, the first movement is melodi-

ous and vigorous, the scherzo neat and elegant, and the energetic finale in the old style is a worthy crown to the whole, various pieces for two and four hands, and six waltzes for pianoforte and violin are little masterpieces of true poetry; the themes are free and natural, the harmony correct and striking. All this has real worth.

The "Pirates Chorus," the "Captive" (sung by Gerald), "Hai Luli," the chanson of Thibaut Conte de Champagne, "Bergeronnette," "Les Stances à Malherbe," "l'Echange" (so well declaimed by Wartel—all these little pearls of melody gives Reber a just claim to the title of the French Schubert. The beautiful overture to "Naim" and the two symphonies executed at the Conservatory worthily close our list of his instrumental works. For the theatre we are indebted to M. Reber for a ballet "le Diable Amoureux," next a comic opera "la Nuit de Noel," a charming work in German style, "Le Père Gaillard," which obtained a substantial success, "les Papillotes de M. Benoit" and "les Dames-Captaines."

His enemies or rather those who envy him (for what composer of talent does not meet with envy?) accuse Mr. Reber of being rococo, old-fashioned and obsolete in style. I find, on the contrary, in his retrospective tendencies but a healthy protest against the abuse of the noise, confusion and bombast of the modern school. Certainly, the old school had not at its disposition the richness of orchestral effects which we have. But, it must never be forgotten, that melody is the living soul of music. Reber, as successor of Colet, professor of harmony at the Conservatory, has gained a new title to the consideration of artists. The cross of the Legion of Honor bestowed upon him in 1854, was rather a tardy acknowledgment of his great deserts.

Hector Berlioz was born at Côte-Saint-André, in the Department of l'Isère, December 11, 1803. He was destined by his father to the medical profession, but the young composer preferred the dry problems of harmony to the works upon anatomy and therapeutics, which were put into his hands. When sent to Paris at the age of nineteen, Berlioz showed a similar preference to the conservatory and the opera over the Medical Schools. He immediately copied the scores of Gluck; and became enthusiastic over the "Danaïdes" of Salieri. He entered the class of Lesueur and at the same studied the arts of counterpoint and fugue with Reicha. Afterwards, wishing to try his hand at dramatic music, he wrote to Andrieux asking for an operatic text on the subject "Estelle et Nemorin." The Academician refusing his request, one of Berlioz's comrades offered his services. From this association of youthful talents, resulted but a very mediocre work, soon thrown into the fire. A mass executed not without much difficulty at the church of St. Roch, though honored by the best energies of Mad. Lebrun, had a similar fate. Berlioz burned a number of manuscripts which seemed to him entitled to the honors of the *auto de fe*. After an unsuccessful trial for the prize of the Institut, Berlioz was called home by his family, but his vocation for music caused him to return to Paris. He was now deprived of the allowance previously made him by his father and gained a subsistence by teaching the flute and guitar, until he successfully completed for the place of a chorist at the theatre des Nouveautés. By the assistance of friends he at length gave a concert made up entirely of his own compositions. The programme contained the overtures of "les Francs-juges," "Waverly," a "Scène héroïque grecque" and "la Mort d'Orphée." The members of the orchestra, with their usual kindness (!) left at midnight, upon the pretext that their rules compelled this, leaving the concert unfinished and the composer in a state of exasperation easy to conceive. Their unexpected departure gave rise to the story next day that Berlioz's music put to flight the

musicians engaged to execute it. The unlucky composer was all the more sensible to his misfortune, as his heart was at the time consumed by one of those burning passions, which arouse one to the production of masterpieces or plunge into despair. A blonde Ophelia had made real to the fiery Hector the sweet form of his poetic reveries.*

The cantata "Sardanapalus" opened the road to success for Berlioz. The work, expected at a concert of the conservatory, before his departure for Italy, was appreciated as it merited. His "Symphonie fantastique" was also played for their first time at this concert. This remarkable work paints all the phases of a passion through a succession of false joys, cruel deceptions, the fury of the jealousy and strange visions.

In Italy Berlioz wrote "Lelio ou le Retour à la vie" a monodrama which should be considered as the complement to the *Symphonie fantastique*. Upon its execution at the Conservatory in 1833 it gained an immense success, thanks to the sincere enthusiasm which was then excited by the revolution. The symphony "Harold en Italie" written with *alto principal* so affected the celebrated Paganini that the day after the concert he sent to its author a present of 20,000 francs, with a letter declaring him the successor of Beethoven. At the request of the Count de Gasparin, Berlioz composed his "Requiem" which was executed for the first time at the Invalides, Dec. 5, 1837, in commemoration of Gen. Damremont.

"Benvenuto Cellin," text by Auguste Barbier and Leon de Wailly, badly received at Paris, is at present a stock piece in most of the German theatres. On the day when the remains of the victims of July were brought in triumph to the Bastille, a monster orchestra, increased by the voices of 10,000 spectators swelled forth to the astonished crowd the magnificent tones of the "Apotheosis." The symphony of "Romeo and Juliet," notwithstanding occasional prolixity, contains many fine passages. The treatise on Instrumentation published in 1841 is an excellent theoretic work. During his travels in Germany Berlioz composed "la Damnation de Faust," a work given with success in Russia. Returning to London he wrote "The Fight into Egypt," under the pseudonym of Pierre Ducré. That preface to "l'Enfance du Christ" opened to him at length the doors of the Institut, where he took the seat of the regretted author of the "Châlet."

We add to complete the list of this master's works, a "Te Deum" for three choirs, orchestra and organ, executed under the direction of the author in the church of St. Eustache—the cantata "Imperiale," written for the distribution of prizes of the Paris Exhibition of Industry—"le Cinq Mai," a work commemorative of Napoleon I.—many choruses with orchestral accompaniment—the overtures of the "Corsair" and "Carnival Romain," works full of strength and color—divers collections of melodies among which are to be noted "la Captive," "le Jeune poète Breton," "la Belle Voyageuse" and "l'Absence"—two very curious books entitled "Voyages en Allemagne et en Italie" and "les Soirées de l'orchestre"—the remarkable *feuilleton* of the "Debats" Journal, and a grand opera in 5 acts, entirely the work—both text and score, of this Delacroix of music. Let us close by saying that in M. Berlioz, the honor of the private man and the impartiality of the critic, are above all question.

Felicien David was born March 8, 1810, at Cadenet, a town in the Department of Vaucluse, was left an orphan at the age of five years, and was brought up one of his sisters. As the child sang with marvellous correctness, some amateurs persuaded the family to present him to M. Garnier, first Oboe player at the Grand Opera, then spending his vacation in the neighborhood. That skillful instrumentist

* Miss Smithson, a celebrated English tragic actress, whom Berlioz finally married.

* These Quintetts were revived in Berlin a few years since but attracted little attention, being found hard and dry in effect. Tr.

† Judging from his manuscript works in possession of M. Gouffe, the celebrated contre-Bassist at Paris.

saw at once the vocation of the child, and he was sent to study at the Jesuits' college, working with an attorney of the town, David then nineteen years of age, directed the music in the Cathedral, and composed motets with full orchestra and hymns with organ accompaniment.

The next year he came to Paris and studied with Reber, Fétis and Benoit. In 1830 the young artist joined the Saint-Simonites. The new apostle now wrote for Menilmontant twenty choruses of which most are very remarkable. After the condemnation of Saint-Simonism, in 1833, David embarked at Marseilles for the Bosphorus. He anchored before Constantinople and was soon after cast into the dungeons of the Seraglio. After an exile in Smyrna he he visited Jerusalem, Alexandria, Memphis, and afterwards started for Beyrout across the desert. To the strong impression made by this journey which was full of strange adventures the art owes the magnificent production of the "Ode-Symphony," which has placed David at a single step in the rank of creators in this line of art. "Le Desert" is in fact a work *sui generis* full of poetry and oriental color. Everything is expressed in it from the immensity of nature to the measured step of the camels. It is one of the most remarkable masterpieces of the nineteenth century.*

"Moïse au Sinai," "Christophe Colomb," "L'Éden," "la Perle du Brésil" are the great works of this master. We find in the flowing and transparent melodies, an orchestration elegant, sonorous and always clear. "Herculanum" a grand opera first given at the Theatre Lyrique under the title "la Fin du Monde," and afterwards represented at the Imperial Academy, has led to a due appreciation of the science of M. David both in the use of the voice and orchestra. We hope that the next seat of the Institute will be given to this illustrious man—this man of a genius peculiar and creative—something rare in all ages. We add that the world owes David two very beautiful symphonies, remarkable quintettes and a mass of delicious melodies.

* Other critics however speak of it in very different terms.
Tr.

Adelina Patti.

The excitement about Mlle. Adelina Patti has not decreased. On the contrary, the young lady's friends seem to grow more enthusiastic with each performance, and the two operas, *La Sonnambula* and *Lucia*, in which she has appeared, alone draw crowded houses and engross public attention. *Guillaume Tell*, we are sorry to record, has been withdrawn from the bills, after the most triumphant success ever won by it in this country; the *Barbiere*, with Mario and Ronconi, has lost its attractive powers; the splendors of the *Prophète* no longer allure; even Mad. Grisi's farewell performances cease to interest. All this has been brought about by a very young artist from America, about whom little or nothing had been previously known, and who has achieved a greater popularity in a briefer space of time than any singer since Jenny Lind, not even excepting Angiolina Bosio herself. We have already chronicled our opinions regarding Mlle. Patti, and have ventured on a prophecy about her future career. That she is destined—a great destiny—to be the legitimate successor of Bosio, we believe, although the two characters in which she has hitherto appeared would seem to indicate the possession of greater dramatic powers than her wonderful predecessor. Mad. Bosio never performed either *Amina* or *Lucia* at the Royal Italian Opera, her performances being restricted to characters of a less tragic stamp, and which depend upon singing rather than acting, for their effective realisation—such as *Adina* in *L'Élixir d'Amore*, *Matilda* in *Matilda di Shabran*, the Countess in *Conte Ory*, *Gilda* in *Rigoletto*, parts, indeed, the last excepted, which require little amount of energy, passion and instinct for their development but which put the vocal powers to the severest test. Mlle. Patti, it would seem, has a larger ambition than Mad. Bosio, and, judging from the operas she has selected, aspires to the repertory of Jenny Lind. The public, notwithstanding, has accepted the young "prima donna" as the successor of Bosio rather than of the Swedish Nightingale, although she has not

essayed any character belonging to the former, and has appeared in two of the most popular of the latter. For this seeming paradox we do not pretend to account, but merely state the fact, and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions.

The part, however, which Mlle. Patti has selected for her third appearance, is one which will bring her into direct comparison with Bosio, and set the question at rest as to the relative vocal capabilities of the two artists. *Violetta* in *La Traviata*, was first recommended to the English public by Mlle. Piccolomini, who, though an indifferent singer with a faulty voice, had great natural instincts and an intensity of feeling not to be surpassed. Mad. Bosio, indeed, sang the music of *Violetta* indisputably better than Mlle. Piccolomini; but still it cannot be denied that the *Traviata* is more closely associated with the name of latter than of the former. Thus, it may readily be imagined, Mlle. Patti's appearance in the *Traviata* is looked forward to with unusual curiosity and interest—"Will she sing as brilliantly and as gracefully as Bosio?"—"Will she act with as much piquancy and *verve* as Piccolomini?"—are questions which cannot fail to be asked times out of number between this and next Thursday. Her friends and admirers rejoice that she has challenged general opinion in a character so well known to the public as *Violetta*, and await the issue with confidence. No doubt many who had preferred taking the judgment of others in respect of Mlle. Patti's efforts in the *Sonnambula* and *Lucia* will be enabled to form for themselves a notion of her singing and acting, after witnessing a performance of the *Traviata*. *Violetta*, indeed, appears to us a more trying character for the young artist than *Amina* or *Lucia*, if only because it has been more immediately before the public in the persons of two of the greatest favorites of our times. Jenny Lind's *Amina* is too far removed from our remembrance to be recalled with vividness, while Lucy of Lammermoor, however well played and sung, leaves but a faint impression; else, indeed, the recent performance of Mlle. Titiens must have seriously interfered with Mlle. Patti's success.

The performance of *Violetta* will certainly place Mlle. Adelina Patti's talents in a clearer light, and afford a surer estimate of her merits, vocal and histrionic, than either of previous attempts, because the audience will make direct comparisons and draw direct conclusions. Comparisons are momentous, for upon them the reputation of an artist may hang, and even so it may be with Mlle. Patti on Thursday next. For our own parts, however, we entertain little doubt as to the result, and fully expect to see the youthful "prima donna" come forth from the ordeal, not merely unscathed, but triumphant.—*Musical World*.

Cimarosa and Paisiello.

Some interesting anecdotes relating to Cimarosa and Paisiello have recently been communicated to the foreign journals by Pacini the elder, a music publisher in Paris, who is old enough to remember both those renowned Italians.

It is well known that Cimarosa, on his way home from Russia, whither he had been summoned by the Empress Catharine, passed through Vienna. The Emperor Joseph II. (Mozart's somewhat niggardly patron)—himself an amateur performer upon the double-bass—requested Cimarosa to leave some memento of his visit. Yielding to his Majesty's entreaties, Cimarosa composed *Il Matrimonio Segreto*. It is singular enough that the story of each of the three operas produced in that particular year turned upon marriage: 1st. *Le Nozze di Dorina*, music by Sarti; 2nd. *Le Nozze di Figaro*, by Mozart; and 3rd. *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, by Cimarosa. Mozart's opera partially failed, owing to the intrigues of Salieri and the Italian singers. That of Sarti (now forgotten) was popular for a time; that of Cimarosa achieved one of the most brilliant art-successes on record. Its charming melodies, and the vivacity of its action, produced so great an effect that, at the end of the performance, the Emperor, in his enthusiasm, ordered refreshments to be served to the musicians, and then expressed a wish that the opera should be repeated. In obedience to the Imperial humor, the audience, after a short repose, resumed their places, and the artists went through the whole performance a second time. The public did not leave the theatre till daybreak. Such an incident was without precedent, and (the length of our modern operas taken into consideration), is likely to occur again.

In Naples *Il Matrimonio Segreto* was brought out at the Teatro dei Fiorentini, where tragedy, comedy, and opera buffa used to be alternately represented. The "troop" of Florentine singers comprised so many artists of distinguished merit that the theatre was called after them, and henceforth always bore the name of "Teatro dei Fiorentini." Cimarosa's opera

made a deep impression, and created, indeed, an extraordinary degree of excitement. At the air, "Pria che spunti in Cie l'Aurora," the whole audience spontaneously rose, and commenced applauding with enthusiasm. The singer was a tenor, named Benelli, brother of that Benelli who was known in Paris about seventy years ago. Although very young, Pacini the elder was present on this memorable occasion. An uncle of his rented a box at the Fiorentini, spacious enough (which was frequently the case with the boxes in Italian theatres) to accommodate as many as twelve persons. All the members of the Pacini family assisted at this performance, of which they retained a lively remembrance.

A few years previously at the same Teatro dei Fiorentini, Paisiello's universally admired opera, *La Nina Pazzo d'Amore*, was first represented. About this work Pacini the elder has a story worth telling. *La Nina*, it appears, was in rehearsal, and the Neapolitans talked of nothing else. Prince Talleyrand, the French ambassador, not having the patience to wait for the first public performance, requested Paisiello to get up a *soirée* at his own residence, soliciting the honor of an invitation for himself and some of his friends. Paisiello consenting, readily obtained the co-operation of the singers and musicians at the theatre. He lived on the third floor of a house in the street of the Santo Spirito; and the Prince, burning with impatience to hear the new opera, was punctual in attendance. The first violinist at the Teatro Mercieri being Pacini's instructor, he was taken under his auspices to Paisiello's. Pacini was enchanted with the opera; as was no less so Prince Talleyrand, who regaled the performers with a sumptuous banquet.

When *Il Matrimonio Segreto* was played in Paris, Parlamagni, the Lablache of the period, was anxious to interpolate a duet composed for him by Farinelli, in the opera of *Teresa e Claudio*, which he sang admirably, and which had produced a marked sensation in Italy. Farinelli was the best pupil in the Conservatory, and was Pacini's master for *Solfeggio*. Pacini was at his studies when Farinelli composed the duet, "the violin *obligato* accompaniment to which," he declares, "is still ringing" in his ears. The duet, though wonderfully popular in Italy, created little effect in Paris. The cause of this was probably the substitution of new words "which gave the music a wholly different expression." No doubt. We should have preferred, however, more of Paisiello's opera and less of Farinelli's duet—fiddle solo, notwithstanding.

Pacini became acquainted, Cimarosa on leaving the Conservatory (about the same time as Spontini). He learned (or tried to learn) composition under "the famous Fenaroli," who was also originally Cimarosa's master. ("The famous Fenaroli" reminds us of "the great Tritto.") Whenever Fenaroli was pleased with a composition of Pacini's, he would tell him to show it to Cimarosa, who used to "advise" him with regard to the scoring. "The composer of *Il Matrimonio Segreto*," adds the venerable relator of anecdotes "is always present to my eyes, and his voice still vibrates in my ears." (M. Pacini's ears are impressionable. What, nevertheless, with the voice "vibrating," and the fiddle "ringing," they must be somewhat perplexed.) "Rossini," says M. Pacini the elder, "adores Cimarosa." Whenever I mention the name, he puts the most minute questions about the appearance and character of the old master. (Cimarosa died rather young by the way, for an "old" master.) All the existing portraits of Cimarosa are, it seems, in Rossini's possession, added to which, he has had the likeness of the celebrated Neapolitan composer painted on the ceiling of his villa.

There is some remarkably pleasant "chit-chat" in these Pacinian anecdotes—and this, in spite of occasional touches of drivelling senility. The "old man eloquent" at times verges upon the twaddle.

Owight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 20, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

No. XV.

LONDON, June 28.

On the way hither from Paris, on a fresh June day, past the sweet clover fields of northern France, over the smooth channel from Boulogne to Folkstone, and again through greener fields of

Kent, where the hops grow and the sheep graze — fair afternoon's picture of the rural luxury of England — hastening, belated, to get what might remain of the London musical season, I looked into the *Times*, and fancy my chagrin at reading of an event just past, which had always stood high in the list of musical satisfactions anticipated in a visit here. The annual concert of the three or four thousand Charity Children in St. Paul's cathedral had taken place the day before! I enclose, however, the *Times* report of it. Other disappointments were of course inevitable in any plan of a year's travel. Several great things, which it had been my fate to miss all over Germany, I was again too late for here. For instance, the repeated performances of Rossini's really great opera, "William Tell," which are said to have been excellent in every way. So too, the two grandest works in the prospectus of the Sacred Harmonic Society, the "Israel in Egypt" of Handel, and the *Missa Solennis* in D of Beethoven, had gone by. There remained one more concert by that Society, and that was to be on the very evening of my arrival: — Costa's Oratorio of "Eli," conducted by the composer in person. The day's journey had been exhilarating, and the musical appetite was sharp after the two months' fast in Italy. So my first taste of London — after the Crystal Palace had stretched out its arms of greeting in the distance (how it shone against the setting sun!), and after being jostled over crowded London Bridge, and finding lodgings — was a hurried drive to Exeter Hall, to hear what might be heard of at least one London Oratorio.

I arrived in the middle of the first part. The exquisitely modulated and insinuating tenor of Sims Reeves was even then stealing through the passage ways. He was just finishing his principal air. The great gloomy hall was crowded to the utmost, and it was only possible to obtain a back seat in the balcony — not a bad place for listening to such great waves of tone as roll forth from a choir of 600 effective voices, supported by a band of about 100 instruments. I was in no mood to listen or remember critically; simple exposure to the invigorating and refreshing influence of great choral harmonies was all I sought, together with gratification of the natural curiosity to see and hear what one had so long read of. The choruses of Costa are not giant works of genius; he is no Handel, Bach, or Beethoven; only a clever follower of Mendelssohn. But he is a masterly musician, and has contrived some grand, and many beautiful, if not decidedly original, effects in "Eli," as we already know in Boston. There was great precision, positiveness and vigor in the rendering of the choruses. The voices blended finely, the parts were well balanced, the quality of tone was clear and musical. There was no faltering, and little screaming. All were up to the mark, and seemed quite at home in the music, and in such work generally. It was only in the finer contrasts and gradations of light and shade, in *pianissimo*, &c., that one was reminded of the superiority of the choral societies in Berlin, Leipzig and Dresden. It was right hearty, vigorous, unanimous, English work, however, and often told superbly; once or twice sublimely; and always in a way to stir up much enthusiasm in the audience, who, with the singers, made the evening an ovation to England's favorite conductor, proud to recognize him also in the character of composer.

The solos were sung by Mme. Rudersdorff, a fine and flexible soprano, with good skill and expression; Mme. Sainton-Dolby, who gave the pretty contralto part of Samuel quite acceptably; Sims Reeves, whose sweet, expressive, finished tenor tantalized us with too little — it was only in a trio and a quartet that we heard him, and that with a rare satisfaction; Signor Belletti, our old friend of the Jenny Lind times, who used then to render the bass airs of Handel surprisingly well for an Italian, and who is still one of the main stays of a London oratorio; Mr. Santley, a comparatively new candidate for public favor, who has a rich and resonant bass, which he uses tastefully and with much effect; and Mr. Montem Smith. The orchestra was admirable. The unwearied responsiveness of the great audience was almost as interesting as the performance. Whether the English be a really musical race or not, there is no people that craves and sits out so much music.

Last evening — to jump the interval for the time being — I heard another oratorio in the same place: — the old "Messiah" by the "Yorkshire Choral Union." To hear the famous Yorkshire chorus singers, and in the well-known choruses, was a chance not to be neglected. Nor were my expectations disappointed. This time I had a front seat, in a rather thinly scattered, but delighted audience. There were perhaps four hundred singers, and they were wonderfully effective. The sounds leapt out with a startling elasticity and vigor. There is a heroic unanimity and certainty in the charge of these Yorkshiresmen. Chorus singing seems to have been a lifelong patriotic exercise with them; a common cause, honored and carefully kept bright. There was an irresistible spirit about it; here too not much of fine shading, or of *pianissimo*, but a sort of dazzling splendor of delivery, a fervor that sweeps on to victory and takes you off your feet. Of course, the most satisfactory achievements were such pieces as the "Wonderful" chorus, "Lift up your hands," the "Hallelujah," &c. "He shall purify," "Behold the Lamb," and "All we like sheep" were exceedingly impressive. But one missed somewhat of the profound and almost Bach-like tenderness and inwardness of "And with his stripes." The proportion of female voices looked small, but by no means sounded so; they were all telling voices; each voice jump upon the instant in coming in. One peculiarity in the composition of the choir would look strangely in America. In the band of contraltos you see but a dozen or so of women scattered about and isolated among the men. The male contralto, or counter tenor, so exceptional with us, appears to be the rule among the Yorkshire voices. Some of them, of course, were boys, as were many of the sopranos; but the great majority were men. The solo singing was not remarkable, but reasonably fair. The best were Mr. Santley in the bass recitatives and airs, and Mr. Whitehead (so far as I could make out from the bills) in the tenor. Mrs. Sunderland sang mechanically well in the soprano arias, and Miss Freeman furnished little more than voice to "He was despised," &c. The orchestra, from the Philharmonic Society, was effective. So was the organ, played by Dr. Monk. of York Cathedral. The conductor was Mr. R. G. Burton.

In the morning (or, as we say, afternoon) after my arrival (Saturday), I attended the public

rehearsal of the last of the "New Philharmonic" concerts, in St. James's Hall; and on Monday evening the concert itself. It was a large and fashionable audience, all in "evening dress," which is the rule here, where seas of glorious free music, with all the genial warmth thereof, do not avail to melt or wash away old icebergs of uncomfortable etiquette. The Hall, which is much smaller than the Boston Music Hall, is most beautiful and unique in its architecture, and especially in the way in which it is lighted, by single star-shaped jets depending from all parts of the arched ceiling, and at heights varying with the curve of the arch, so that it suggests the free feeling of being under the starry sky. The orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Wyld, is large and powerful, and played some movements capitally, though it is said to be not the best orchestra in London; but of course there are contrary opinions about that, now that London has three rival orchestral societies, where once the "Philharmonic" had the whole field. The overture to *Coriolanus* (Beethoven) was certainly rendered with great fire and precision, and made a smart beginning to the concert. Next came a masterly performance of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto by Herr Wieniawski, a young Pole of the Hebrew stamp of features, who has taken his stand in the first class of virtuosos; there was fire and tender feeling, and technical mastery enough in it, if not decided evidence enough of individual genius. Then the dark familiar figure of Carl Formes presented itself, and sang with powerful effect a satanic sort of aria from Spohr's "Faust." Mrs. Lemmens Sherrington followed with a French air from Herold's *Pré aux Clercs*, and fine *obligato* violin accompaniment by Mr. Blagrove, first violin in the orchestra, and apparently in nearly all the orchestras here. She has a clear, sunshiny soprano, and fine florid execution. The "Eroica" Symphony closed the first part, much of it impressively rendered, but not up to the Leipzig or the Berlin standard by many degrees. Part II. began with the lovely, tranquilizing Chorus and Soprano solo: "Calm is the glassy ocean," from Mozart's *Idomeneo*, nicely rendered. Mr. John Francis Burnett, an *élève* of the Leipzig Conservatoire, played (in the illness of Miss Arabella Goddard) the perpetual *Cheval de Bataille* of young pianists, Weber's *Concertstück*, and showed very clear and brilliant execution. A florid duet for voice and violin, by Pacini and Artot, was sung by Mrs. Sherrington and played by Wieniawski; and the concert ended with the "Men of Prometheus" overture; thus making it mainly "a Beethoven night."

D.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JULY 15.—You have heard, ere this that poor Sig. Amodio died recently, at sea, of yellow fever. He will be regretted by many, to whose amusement and enjoyment he has contributed. Always ready to do his part, and the very personification of kindness and good nature, every one liked him, and his private life is said to have been such as to merit general esteem. Saturday a Requiem Mass was held at St. Stephen's church for the repose of his soul. The church was crowded; one would hardly have expected to see so large and elegant an audience assembled at this season. A number of the fellow artists of the deceased assisted in the musical performances, which were, in fact, very fine. Mad.

Isidora Clark sang the principal Soprano solos, and among the male singers were to be found Susini, Centemeri, Quinto, Arlavani, etc. Most of the pieces were composed by the organist of the church, Sig. Mora. The best of them were the Dies Iro, the Trio and Duets, and the Benedictus. This last, and Sig. Susini's solo were very finely sung. I sub-join the programme:—

Requiem and Kyrie.....	P. Generali
Chorus.....	
Introduction—Dies Iro.....	A. Mora
Chorus.....	
Solo.....	Carcaro
Sosini.....	
Solo.....	A. Mora
Isadora Clark.....	
Chorus—Rex Tremenda.....	A. Mora
Trio—without accompaniment.....	A. Mora
Isadora Clark, Mme. Berger and Quinto.....	
Baritone solo.....	Mercadante
Sig. Fellini.....	
Duet.....	Mercadante
Isadora Clark and Sig. Centemeri.....	
Offertory.....	A. Mora
Isadora Clark.....	
Benedictus.....	Madona
Sig. Centemeri.....	
Finale.....	Mercadante
Chorus.....	

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Musical Chit-Chat.

CAMBRIDGE COMMENCEMENT.—The literary festivities of our Alma Mater, demand our attention only musically, of course, and we cannot fail to take notice of the constant progress of this. Art within her walls, of late years. At the Commencement dinner, on Wednesday last, the speeches were interspersed with some choice selections of vocal music sung by a body of graduates, (mostly of the last few years,) under the lead of Mr. L. P. HOMER, who has so successfully discharged the duties of Instructor of Music for several years. It would have been impossible ten years ago to have extemporized a club, at two days notice, able to sing, so creditably, the four-part songs of Mendelssohn and other composers, that were given that day, by these gentlemen, without books, and with but a single rehearsal. Of course the *Star Spangled Banner* followed the eloquent speech of His Excellency the Governor, and when could *Integer Vita* be more fitly sung than after the wonderful speech of the venerable patriot, the oldest surviving graduate, Ex-President of the University, the illustrious JOSIAH QUINCY, who at the age of over ninety years once more joined with his fellow students, as they sang, before leaving the table, the accustomed 78th Psalm, *Give ear, ye Children, to my Law, to the tune of St. Martin's.* "Serus in Cœlum redeat!"

MR. G. A. SCHMITT, (whose contributions under the signature of *† have done such good service to this Journal, during the past year) has received from the Governor the commission of Captain in one of the new regiments. At the close of the annual examination at Cambridge, where he is instructor of German in Harvard College, he received from the members of the late Junior Class, an elegant and costly sword, as a testimonial of their respect to him as a teacher, and in recognition of the patriotic zeal which has led him to take up arms for the perpetuity of the free institutions of his adopted land. Our readers will heartily join with us in wishing him an opportunity to do good service, and a safe and speedy return.

MADemoiselle GABRIELLE DE LA MOTTE, as will be seen from her advertisement in another column, is still engaged in instructing pupils in piano playing. Her system of teaching in classes, has proved, (at least under her hands) to be productive of excellent results. Many of our Boston readers have witnessed the fruits of her instructions in the soirées occasionally given by her, which have been reported in these columns. We need not add that she is herself an accomplished pianiste, and deserving of the success that she has attained as a teacher in this city.

The first member of a new musical journal has recently been published at Berlin, under the title of the *Deutscher-Männer-Gesang Zeitung*. It is edited by M. Tschirch and of course, is devoted principally to the objects indicated by its title.

Ullman is (or was recently) in Paris, where we are told that he has engaged for the next season Mme. Charton Demeur and Mme. Medori. Mme. Charton is said to have sung very brilliantly in the rôle of Dinorah at St. Petersburg.

HAVANA.—The *Gazette Musicale de Paris* tells us that Gottschalk lately gave a monster concert in this city. Forty pianists and four hundred and fifty other

instrumentalists took part in the performance. Among other novelties of the programme were a romantic symphony with tambourines and harmoniflutes; a march for eighty trumpets, and finally a fantasia by Gottschalk for forty pianos!

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—On Thursday, June 27, Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera* was produced, for the first time, at the Royal Italian Opera, with great completeness and efficiency in the costumes, scenery, and *mise-en-scène*. The management certainly did not indulge in the same lavish expenditure as in the *Prophète* and *Guillaume Tell*, but for obvious reasons. It could not make sure of being reimbursed for its outlay. The ball scene is very striking, but not to be compared for brilliancy and magnificence with the same scene in Anber's *Gustave*, when originally brought out at Covent Garden, under Mr. Bunn's direction. The distribution of parts is as follows: Amelia, Madame Penco; Oscar, Madame Miolan-Carvalho; Ulrica, Madame Nantier-Didée; the Duke, Signor Mario; Renato, Signor Graziani; the Chief Conspirators, Signor Tagliafico and M. Zelger. This cast looks powerful on paper, but Verdi's music does not always suit itself to the means of the best singers. For instance, we have heard Madame Penco to greater advantage than in the character of Amelia, which demands, as almost all Verdi's heroines do, an amount of energy and strength of lungs found in few singers. Madame Penco sings Mozart's and Rossini's music admirably, as we need hardly say, and that is a far higher compliment than if praised in the most unqualified manner in Verdi's music. The singing of Madame Carvalho in the part of Oscar was extremely brilliant, and her acting vivacious and piquant. Madame Nantier-Didée made quite a character of Ulrica, the sorceress, singing with great expression, and dressing the part with a true notion of the picturesque. The Renato of Signor Graziani was a praiseworthy performance, a little wanting, perhaps, in dramatic vigor and truth, but well endeavored and not deficient in vehemence. His splendid voice, with a real show of earnestness, obtained an encore for the romance in the fourth act. We cannot praise very highly Signor Tagliafico and M. Zelger for their singing; perhaps the music of the conspirators had not become sufficiently familiar to them. Signor Mario was inimitable as the Duke, acting and singing his very best, and carrying his whole audience with him in every scene. He made amends, indeed, for every deficiency in the other performers, and was encoired in the romance in the first act, as well as in the quintet in the second act, in which his singing and acting were both conspicuous. There was a large attendance, and the recalls being more numerous than the encores, the performance must be pronounced a decided success. *Un Ballo in Maschera* is announced for repetition to-night and Monday.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The Philharmonic Society has just terminated a series of performances (its 49th) almost unprecedented in success. At the eighth and final concert on Monday night, the programme was as follows:

PART I.—Sinfonia, Haydn; Aria, "Bel raggio," *Semiramide* (Rossini); Concerto, violin, Herr Straus (Beethoven); Recit. and Aria, "Bella adorata incognita," *Il Giuramento* (Mercadante); Concerto in G minor, pianoforte, M. Moscheles (Moscheles).

PART II.—Sinfonia in C minor (Beethoven); Duetto, "Là ci darem" (Mozart); Overture, *Jubilee* (Weber).

Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.

There was, moreover, a feature of more than common interest. That veteran to whom the modern art of pianoforte composition owes so much, who, besides being the real originator of the "bravura" style out of which so many celebrities have risen, is a classical musician of the genuine stamp, and author of concertos, sonatas, studies, and a multitude of works that the world (of music) will not readily let die—Herr Ignace Moscheles—who, after residing among us for more than a quarter of a century, and laying the basis of a solid and legitimate school, left England in 1846, to assume a post of equal honor and responsibility in his own country, was induced to appear once more, and for the last time, on the platform of the Philharmonic orchestra, where he had won so many laurels as composer, pianist, and conductor, and to perform one of his own splendid pieces for pianoforte with orchestral accompaniments, viz., the concerto in G minor, still (and likely to be always) regarded as a model easier to admire than

to imitate. That every lover of the instrument, of which Herr Moscheles is one of the most justly famous representatives, amateurs and professors in an equal degree, should be eager to welcome and applaud the honored master, one of the very last of a race of musical Titans, who thus amiably consented to forget that he had abandoned public life, and to come once more among them, solicitor, as in the olden time, for the guerdon of public approbation, was natural; nor could any one have felt surprise at seeing the Hanover Square Rooms literally crammed to suffocation. To describe the reception awarded to Herr Moscheles as he ascended the steps that lead into the orchestra; or the repeated and hearty bursts of recognition that greeted each familiar passage of his concerto; or the rapturous plaudits that, from every corner of the room, bore witness to the real delight he had contributed by his performance, would be difficult, if not impossible. How he played—how, while the hand was frequently unnerved that once was so energetic, dexterous, and firm, the mind proved still vigorous and young, still lit up with the "divine spark," and in possession of absolute control over those subtleties of expression, those genuine touches, that distinguish the great musician from the mere virtuoso,—the skilled executant and *voilà tout*—must be left to the imagination of the reader. The incident was one of rare interest. It seemed almost as though, in the hour of its threatened dissolution, the spirit of one of the old giants of the Philharmonic had appeared to give the members courage, and lead them once again to victory. A more brilliant *finale* to the last season before the jubilee,—a more auspicious foreshadowing of the triumph of the jubilee itself,—than this apparition of Moscheles, who was thirty years ago the very soul of the institution, could hardly have been thought of. A word must suffice for the rest of the concert. The symphony of Haydn (*La Reine de France*) recalled the glories of the Philharmonic in its prime. The concerto of Beethoven was finely executed by Herr Straus, whose success at a former concert fully justified his reëngagement at this; but we did not greatly admire his two cadences. The singers were Mlle. Guerrabella, Signor Steller, and Mr. Tennant, who sang, and sang well, the selections from the operatic music of Rossini, Mercadante, and Mozart.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The increasing popularity of Mlle. Adelina Patti, more especially in the *Sonnambula*, and the repetitions of operas which have already been recorded as successes may be accepted as the reason why no novelty has been produced lately. Mario certainly resumed his original part of the duke in *Rigoletto* on Saturday, and gave a new interest to the performance. *La Sonnambula* was repeated on Monday; *Don Giovanni* on Tuesday; *Le Prophète* on Thursday; and last night *Lucia di Lammermoor* for the last time this season. Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*, announced for Thursday, has been postponed until Thursday next.

ROYAL OPERA, LYCEUM.—Signor Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*, produced on Saturday night, for the first time in this country, was a legitimate and triumphant success. The cast was admirable—irreproachable, indeed; the greatest pains had been expended on the rehearsals, and the execution throughout could hardly be surpassed.

The cast was as follows: Richard, Earl of Warwick, Signor Giuglini; Renato, Signor Delle Sedie; Samuel, M. Gassier; Oscar, Mad. Gassier; Amelia, Mlle. Titiens; Ulrica, Mad. Lemaire. As far as the music was concerned, Signor Giuglini was fitted to admiration. He sang in consequence, with infinite charm throughout, and never having to force his voice, was in his element from the first to the last. Signor Giuglini, moreover, manifested, in the first two acts, a talent for light comedy, for which we could have hardly given him credit. His success indeed was triumphant, and in all probability, Richard, Earl of Warwick, governor of Boston, will be reputed, after a short time, his most finished and admirable performance. Mlle. Titiens appears to extraordinary advantage in Verdi's energetic heroine. She sings, and acts the part magnificently, and is everywhere the grand artist. Her singing throughout the entire of the third act, is one of her greatest achievements and could not be surpassed, if indeed, equaled by any living vocalist. We shall take another opportunity of commenting upon this splendid performance, and can only say that Mlle. Titiens in Amelia has put in another claim to the many already advanced for the title of the reigning queen of tragic song. Mad. Gassier, who made her first appearance for some years in London, sang the music of the Page with great brilliancy. Signor Delle Sedie showed decided vocal talent, if not the best voice in the world, in the part of Renato, and was applauded to the skies and encoired in one of his songs. He

seemed inclined, however, to exaggeration in his acting. M. Gassier sang and acted most admirably as the first conspirator, and constituted, certainly, one of the most striking figures in a grand picture. The band and chorus were excellent; the dresses new and appropriate; and the scenery, all things considered, effective. We object, nevertheless, to the size of the Boston moon, and, despite the manager of the lights and shades in the third act, believe that the side opposite the opera luminary is that which is thrown into shadow.

Paris.

The last week has produced no other event of importance in the operatic world than the revival at the Opera Comique of Halévy's *Mousquetaires de la Reine*, Jourdan appearing for the first time before a Parisian audience in the character of Olivier, and, he it said, with entire satisfaction to even the critical part of his hearers. A Mlle. Litschner made her début the same evening in the part of Athenais. This young lady possesses considerable talent as a vocalist, but which unfortunately does not lie in the direction she has chosen for herself—namely, the florid style. There are two current reports which I am enabled to nail on the counter as false coinage. One is that Tamberlik has accepted an engagement at the Grand Opera here to sing with Faure in *La Muette de Portici*. The distinguished artist in question, his campaign in London over, will simply sojourn in Paris as a *flâneur* until the trumpet sounds "boot and saddle" to summon him to St. Petersburg. The other spurious item of news is that Mad Pauline Viardot has been engaged at the same establishment for two months at some fabulous rate of emolument to sing in Gluck's *Alceste*. The truth is, that as the management at this time cannot foresee how many performances of Gluck's masterpiece will consist with the taste of its supporters, Mad. Viardot has been engaged to sing, as the technical phrase goes *au cachet*, or, as we should say, by the night. Apropos of these intended performances, it is now certain that M. Berlioz has declined the office of re-handling (*remaniement*) the score of *Alceste*, grounding his refusal on the reverence which is due to the work of a great master. A very proper scruple, and which any one capable of performing the task is sure to share; so that if he done at all, an incapable is sure to be intrusted with it. Why not Alary, the Macadamiser of Mozart? So true is it ever, that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." By the way, Auber, who is now in his eightieth year, and saw *Alceste* when Gluck was in Paris, is to preside at the rehearsals and give the times. The astonishing and sustained vigor of Lord Brougham is the only parallel we have to the venerable and still verdant French composer. The great lion pianist—parent and progenitor of all pianist lions and whelps that now prowl the two hemispheres—Franz Liszt himself, has been in Paris, and has been, the papers here inform us, charming the retreat of another old lion—a lion of poetry and voluminous prose, a lion eke of politics—M. de Lamartine. For one entire evening the Hungarian pianist poured out the fullness of his great resources to delight the old republican poet and historian. It was a graceful act, and characteristic of Liszt. He has now returned to Weimar.

Mad. Marie Cabel has landed at Marseilles on her return from Algiers, and has been giving several performances in the former city.

Camille Sivori, a minor violinist compared to the above, incapable of charming *grandes dames* to the tune of fifty guineas, has been playing here, but more in private than in public. The other evening in a *réunion intime* he played a new quintet by M. C. Estremie, a composer of high merit, of whom I have frequently spoken. A quatuor by this gentleman was played a short time since at Kossini's house. Signor Sivori proceeds forthwith to Italy, where he will remain till August, when he is expected, according to annual custom, at Baden, Wiesbaden, and other Teutonic places of delight. Another inferior confère of the *grande-dame*-captivating Bartelloni, Henri Vieuxtemps, has, I hear, returned to Brussels, where he is reposing after the fatigues of his English campaign. He was, however, prevailed on the other evening to play one or two of his more recent compositions in the salons of M. Brunnel, among them his last concerto.

Prague.

One of the most meritorious musical societies in this city is the one known as the "Cäcilian-Verein," or Cecilia Union, now established twenty years, during which period it has exerted a most beneficial effect upon the public taste. The great object distin-

guishing the Cecilia Union has invariably been to perform such works as would otherwise—from idleness, insufficient artistic resources, or intrigue—have never been known. This principle applies particularly to the works of modern composers. Thus, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and, more recently, Richard Wagner, owe a deep debt of gratitude to the Union. Indeed, Wagner, of all composers, ought to feel profoundly grateful to it, for it was through its exertions that his operas were brought out at the theatre. In fact, it is beyond all doubt, that the success achieved on the stage here by *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Der Fliegende Holländer*, and *Rienzi*, first directed the attention of German operatic managers to the "Music of the Future."

True to the principle it has adopted from its foundation, the directors of the Union introduced, at the second concert of the season, on the 6th of January, a work which is here a novelty, however well known it may be elsewhere. I allude to Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. When the directors announced their intention, public expectation was excited to the highest pitch. The eventful day at length arrived. The ex-cantants took their places, and the audience filled every available seat in the concert-room. But the Praguers have always prided themselves on having an opinion of their own, and being courageous enough to express it, as becomes sons of the Holy Roman Empire, even supposing that opinion runs counter to pre-conceived ideas and the decision arrived at elsewhere. Accordingly, they heard the *Stabat Mater*, and, despite the favorable reports they had received of it from Paris, London, and other great cities, where it is so popular, condemned it, and exalted still higher than ever the banners of Handel, Bach, and Mendelssohn. The general feeling with regard to this work of the Swan of Pesaro is characteristically summed up in the following words of a local critic, who compares "all the ear-tickling melodies of the *Stabat* to those pious beauties who kneel with veiled countenances before the altar of the Madonna, but, through the folds of their picturesquely draped veils, observe with a worldly eye everything that is going on around them." You must not suppose, however, that no parts of the work were favorably received, for such was not the case. The pieces which struck the public as conceived in a spirit of religious dignity worthy of the subject, were greatly applauded. Among these pieces I may mention the introduction, the cavatina (No. 7), "Fac ut portem Christi mortem;" the quartet (No. 9), "Quando Corpus morietur," and the final fugue. The performance was, on the whole, a successful one; the chorus and orchestra being particularly good. The solo parts were entrusted to Mmes. Brenner, Procházka-Schmidt, Herren Fektér, and Eilers, all members of the operatic company at the theatre.

The third concert of the series, held on the 28th February, was a highly interesting one, being devoted entirely to the compositions of the great John Sebastian Bach, and those of the most talented of his descendants, namely Philip Emanuel Bach. It might fairly have been entitled a Bach Festival, so deep a commotion did it excite among all the admirers of sterling classical music. The following was the programme: Overture in C major, from the *Suite des Pièces*, No. 1, for orchestra; Recitative and Air, for soprano, from the *Passionsmusik*, according to the Gospel of St. Matthew; and the "Credo" from the high mass in B minor, by John Sebastian Bach, Philip Emanuel's contribution was his symphony in D major. All these pieces were new to a Prague audience.

MILAN.—According to the *Trovatore*, a periodical published here, Verdi is about to compose a new opera. The libretto is by M. Piave, the same gentleman who transformed Victor Hugo's *Le Roi s'amuse* into *Rigoletto*, and young Dumas' *Dame aux Camélias* into *La Traviata*. This new production of the composer of young Italy is said to be intended for the Italian Opera-house in St. Petersburg.

VIENNA.—According to report, the season at the Imperial Opera-house will commence on the 15th July with Verdi's *Macbeth*. This makes the sixth novelty promised, the other five being the *Glücklein des Eremiten*, comic opera by Maillach; *Gräfin Egmont*, ballet by Rotta; Cherubini's *Medea*; R. Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*; and M. Gounod's *Faust*. Verdi's music was performed last season at the Imperial Opera-house twenty-five times, being just two performances more than those accorded to Mozart, Beethoven, and Gluck combined, and there is every reason for believing that the balance in his favor will be even greater next season. The Bouffes Parisiens opened on the 8th, with M. Offenbach's *Orphée aux Enfers*. After concluding their engagement here, they proceed to Berlin.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

All hail to the Stars and Stripes, or The dying Volunteer. L. O. Emerson. 25

This poem is founded on one of the most touching incidents of the war, as far as known, an incident which history will make familiar to coming generations. Mr. Emerson has written to it one of his best melodies, and the piece deserves to be popular among patriotic singers.

Our good ship sails to-night, my Love. Emile Berger. 25

An uncommonly pretty song, the words of which have a more than ordinary significance in the present times. This will no doubt contribute to make it popular; but the music itself is sufficiently striking to direct attention to it.

Up with the Flag of the Stars and Stripes. War Song. Words by W. W. Story. Music by N. Ravnkilde. 25

A song which a patriotic son of Massachusetts, travelling in Italy, wrote, when he heard the news of the glorious uprising of the Freemen in his own country. A friend, a young Norwegian artist, inspired by the subject, composed music to it, such music as no composer would be ashamed of, and the manuscript, by the agency of a kind hand, found its way across the water to the publishers.

Instrumental Music.

Star Spangled Banner Quickstep. J. W. Turner. 25

Mr. Turner has arranged several of our national melodies, such to which public attention has been particularly attracted by the war for the Union, in the form of easy Quicksteps. Thus arranged they will be most welcome to young players. Besides the above, Quicksteps on the "Red, white and blue" and "The girl I left behind me" are now published by the same author.

La Reveille. Grand March Militaire. Carl Meyer. 25

A very brilliant Concert March, rather difficult. It is quite indicative of the brisk step of the soldiery when marched to the battle-field, full of life and animation. The Trio has fine melodious strains. Altogether amateurs fond of a good show-piece will find much pleasure in the practice of this piece.

Darling Nelly Gray. Varied. R. Schroeder 25

Simple Variations on a very popular melody, pleasing and instructive. Teachers will recollect Schroeder as the author of the well-known Variations on the Swiss Boy and several others.

Books.

THALBERG'S L'ART DU CHANT. (The Art of Singing applied to the Piano.) Handsomely bound in Cloth. 3 00

The Piano cannot render that which is most perfect in the beautiful art of singing, namely, the faculty of prolonging sounds, but the player may overcome this imperfection with address and skill. How this may be done, the great Player has shown in twelve Transcriptions. The melody is engraved in large notes, so as to stand out and be recognized easily. They are all fingered, and are as invaluable to the accomplished pianist as to the student, who could get at the root of the marvellous effects which Thalberg produced in his playing.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 486.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 17.

The Celestial Army.

I stood by the open casement
And looked upon the night,
And saw the westward-going stars
Pass slowly out of sight.

Slowly the bright procession
Went down the gleaming arch,
And my soul discerned the music
Of their long triumphal march;

Till the great celestial army,
Stretching far beyond the poles,
Became the eternal symbol
Of the mighty march of souls.

Onward, forever onward,
Red Mars led down his clan;
And the moon, like a mailed maiden,
Was riding in the van.

And some were bright in beauty,
And some were faint and small,
But these might be in their greatest height,
The noblest of them all.

Downward, forever downward,
Behind earth's dusky shore,
They passed into the unknown night,
They passed—and were no more.

No more? O, say not so!
And downward is not just;
For the sight is weak and the sense is dim
That looks through heated dust.

The stars and the mailed moon,
Though they seem to fall and die,
Still sweep with their embattled lines,
An endless reach of sky.

And though the hills of death
May hide the bright array,
The marshalled brotherhood of souls
Still keeps its upward sway.

Upward, forever upward,
I see their march sublime,
And hear the glorious music
Of the conquerors of time.

And long let me remember,
That the palest, faintest one,
May to diviner vision be
A bright and blessed sun.

THOMAS B. READ.

[For Dwight's Journal of Music.

J. S. Bach.

(TRANSLATED FOR THIS JOURNAL FROM THE
"DEUTSCHE MUSIK-ZEITUNG" OF VIENNA.)

Arias from various Cantatas, with Piano-forte accompaniment,
arranged by ROBERT FRANZ. Four sets (9 Alto, 9 Bass, 9
Soprano, 9 Tenor Arias). Leipzig: F. Whistling; Boston:
O. Ditson & Co.

This collection of arias by BACH gives refreshing evidence of the earnest efforts made in all directions in our day, to drag to light again the rich, long forgotten treasures of a glorious Past, and to make them accessible to our taste. We hail it the more joyfully, because it promises a weighty contribution to a movement gradually

commencing even in wider circles, out of which, it may be hoped, will finally proceed a full recognition and just appreciation of SEBASTIAN BACH. Just now indeed opinion wavers, even amongst competent judges; and still we cannot gain the proper stand-point, from which a comprehensive view of Bach's nature and of his significance for the present and the future would be possible. A great part of the public sees in him mainly the specifically religious, or (to come more near to it) the Protestant church musician, whether the alone true and greatest, or the more or less antiquated. And there is no doubt, that the most and the greatest of Bach's compositions are designed for the church; that his whole being is rooted in the religious traditions of the Lutheran church; that he stands there as the richest flower of the pietistic movement which goes into the deepest inner life of man, as a last reformer, and as a living, loud speaking testimony of the divine spirit in the midst of an age of newly beginning revelation and expression of all deeper life. No one has ever set forth so exhaustively as he the mystical and inmost quality of the Protestant faith; no one has so symbolically incarnated its moral-personal character; no one has recognized the central significance of the divine as the source and vital foundation of this faith with such fullness of piety; no one has expounded it so spiritually, so exhaustively, and in so edifying a manner.

But this conception of him overlooks the fact, that Bach employed the same form of expression, which he used in his church compositions, and which we are accustomed to call specifically the church style, also for purely worldly subjects; that this form in fact was natural to him. Not a few of his church cantatas had originally altogether profane texts, and the most voluptuous love-songs move him in the same strict style as the most serious church arias. Moreover, he has written a multitude of purely instrumental works, to which no one would ascribe a church character. Hence it is all-important that we find a more comprehensive point of view, from which to judge of Bach collectively.

On the other hand, from the *purely musical* point of view, which is always taken by another not less numerous portion of our public, it is still less possible to form a complete estimate of Bach, since one is so liable to sink into a merely and technical formal apprehension. Unfortunately, there are still many, even among musicians, who are able to discern scarcely anything else in Bach, but the greatest harmonist and contrapuntist; and to whom the symbolical and æsthetical significance of his Art methods is a sealed book, even supposing them competent to understand the ideality and the spiritual nobility of his thoughts and feelings. It is true indeed that no one before or after him has equalled him in dexterity in all arts of counterpoint, in the even flow of his parts and the smoothness of his modulation, in purity of polyphonic setting and fineness of distribution and division in single motives

as well as in larger sections, and in all else that may be adduced. It is true that Bach himself attached great weight to his mastery of forms; that he preferred to spend his time on works in which he could display this in its fullest splendor (the art of Fugue). But how unsatisfactory is such a recognition, so long as there are musicians, who, while they praise all this, are still in doubt about the euphony, the sonorous beauty of Bach's works! Nay, supposing even that Bach—which is not impossible—judged himself chiefly as a contrapuntist:—what genius yet dreamed of the full reach of its own prophetic spirit?

Alas! historical research has not yet gone so far as even to attempt a satisfactory answer to the burning question. For as yet there exists no Biography of Bach, which in the remotest degree satisfies what one demands of such a book in our day. While extremely valuable monuments, biographical and other, have been raised to nearly all the other great composers, from Handel down to Schumann, it almost seems as if this honor would remain long denied to the greatest among them all—perhaps for the very reason of his unapproachable elevation. About his outward life, and the shaping influence which it exerted on the inner man, there may be comparatively little to be said, inasmuch as the sources are but scanty, and the life he led was a very quiet one. His works, so far as yet known, furnish, besides quite superficial notices about the period of their production, only a few slight data for a historico-biographical construction. For they bear extremely few traces in them of a development; on the contrary they all show such an astonishing maturity, such rounding off and completeness, that such significant phrases of development, as we find in Handel and Beethoven, are scarcely distinguishable in them. Accordingly every biography of Bach must necessarily assume a far more æsthetic than historico-pragmatic character. The difficulties involved in this mode of consideration are most strikingly shown by the pedantic and uncertain conduct of the current musical criticism upon Bach's works; especially by its almost total silence, thus far, about the publication of Bach's works, which has already been going on for ten years. It is shown not less, however, by the utterly unworthy and uncritical dispute, whether Bach is obsolete and out of date, whether Handel is greater and more universal than he, whether one ought to be enthusiastic for him or not, whether it is possible to execute his things, &c. Whoever has got stuck in such questions, and therefore imagines himself critical, only shows how little he has been stirred inwardly by the touching humility, childlikeness and simplicity, which speak to us in every tone of the master; by that elevation above all narrowness and littleness, that irresistible fervor and and inwardness, that tenderness and depth of feeling, that enchanting grace and loveliness of form, that uncontainable fullness and might of ideas! How can we wonder, that the conduct of most of our music-lovers corresponds to this con-

duct of musical criticism, which is in a certain sense the gauge and measure of the public taste? Who does not know the dismal ignorance, mystification and obstinacy, and the multitude of most adventurous prejudices, with which Sebastian Bach has to contend? But who would take upon himself the really urgent, but yet thankless task of holding up before the eyes of our good Germany her irresponsible sins against her noblest sons? Rather be it our endeavor, in noticing the work which now lies before us, and which meets us like a refreshing spring in a barren, unproductive Present, to signalize some traits of Bach's creative greatness; not with the hope of saying anything new or exhaustive of the subject, but simply to direct attention to the work itself, and thereby offer a small contribution to a less one-sided judgment of the man, and to a fuller and more wide-spread recognition of him.

In truth—let us not deceive ourselves about this—BACH can never become the common property of mankind in the same manner, hardly in the same degree, as HANDEL. This is simply owing to the entire difference both in the objects and the manner of their creation. Handel's look is always turned to the world without; the grand forms of biblical and profane history arouse his imagination; everything with him shapes itself to some dramatic action and development. Hence dramatic liveliness and truth of character are with him the paramount aim. His greatness consists not so much in his having greatly increased the tone-material out of an overflowing depth of musical creative power; but far more, as CHRYSANDER has strikingly shown, in his understanding better than anybody else, how to make a comparatively limited tone-material serviceable to his artistic intentions. Hence it is so characteristic for him, to leave no practicable means unused, even the simplest *volks-lied*; to look about him in the world, to live through as it were the different styles, and allow the significant nationalities, with their musical traditions, to exert their influence upon him. The free and original assimilation of all these moments is a main feature of his mastery. Concrete historical truthfulness, grand dramatic power in the delineation of character as well as in the development of the action, wonderful economy and simplicity distinguish him.

It is entirely otherwise with BACH. He does not stretch his hand back into the Past of history; not the outward, visible world of fact is with him the object of representation; he does not show and describe foreign, outlying persons, events and relations; but he is a Prophet, who, while he constantly reproduces *himself*, his present, inmost experiences, thoughts and moods, at the same time forms an organ for the *inmost soul's life* of all men, as filled out and transfigured through the living christian faith. This, by the most wonderful means, with all his ever changing, ever new, yet always homogeneous forms, he moulds to solid Art. Therefore his music has a far more more personal character, that goes immediately from heart, than Handel's while it is in nowise less concrete and universal. If we are not continually transported by it to the great arena of the world's history, yet it leads into the no less stirring, sublime and exhaustless depths of the human heart, which is indeed governed by the same God, and is bound to Him, who rules the history of the world.

(To be continued.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music

The Diarist in London.

LIGHT READING FOR HOT WEATHER.

If one could spend a hundred years in one long mental feast upon the good things provided by the wit and science of men since the invention of letters, then half a century in ruminating and inwardly digesting the meal so made, visiting various climes and races of men by way of exercise, and then devote another hundred years to the task of writing the results, then — provided one could remain all this time still in the vigor of manhood — something might be written worth the reading. When I find the Elixir of Life and the fountain of youth, it shall be tried. It is hardly worth while to speculate upon the topics which shall fill this juvenile longevity, whether to devote it to squaring the circle, the invention of perpetual motion machines, the study of Greek, Latin, Sanscrit, edible and other roots, or the like, but certainly one art shall have a place, if only as a relief to the more serious studies, and that art shall be music. An ever young Timotheus (of two and a half centuries) might certainly think out something! This idea, which was carried out to great extent in imagination, occurred to me one evening, as I was walking along the promenade, which borders the channel at Brighton, and invigorating myself after a hard day's work in writing, and arose from the reflection that the experience of the last half year proves that, when one is expected to become a writer, he is in fact just in the state of intellectual culture to be a student. Oh, for an uninterrupted half a life just now for study! So that vapid commonplaces, mere notes of passing events might give place to something of sterling, lasting value!

In London! of all cities the most interesting to most New England men of literary culture — the city of our fathers' history — the centre of the literature of our language — the stage on which Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, Johnson — how many more! played and are playing their parts — where every old street and building has some association, which gives it interest in our eyes!

I have often, when speaking of the musical advantages of Berlin, as being so preëminent, excepted London as the city where one could have the opportunity of hearing the most music. The trouble with London, however, is that most concerts are so costly that none but the rich can enjoy them and the student who comes abroad to study the art of music is debarred from hearing much music, as he is from enjoying the instructions of the best teachers from the same cause. Having now spent part of the season there, and through the kind offices of the leading critics having had many doors, otherwise inaccessible to me, thrown open, I can now affirm the statement of the surpassing richness of London in musical entertainments, from experience. And this, too, both in quantity and quality, the latter of course for the sums spent upon music are incredible to one who only knows America, Germany and Italy.

Another general remark, and that is, that the notices of the performances and performers by the leading critics are to my feelings more fair and candid than those I have found elsewhere, with here and there an exception. The writers

are men of such wide experience, have had such ample opportunities of forming a standard of excellence, and are of such high culture, that certainly their more elaborate writings are worthy of all praise. My respect for London criticism has risen to the highest point. Their zeal, too, is to be remarked; think of a man going five or six hundred miles to the Rhine or even Berlin simply to hear for himself some new work of importance. To run over to Paris for such a purpose is an everyday affair. How often on the Continent have I heard English writers sneered at and their praise of English singers made a subject of ridicule. Now setting aside the few great singers of a world-wide reputation and those who are fixed for life in the principal opera houses of the Continent, I venture the assertion, that more good singing is to be heard in London, from performers of English birth, than in any foreign capital from natives. The average excellence of concert singers is far above that in any city in which I have ever been. As to the great exceptional vocalists, they, we know, no sooner have gained a great name than they all come to London to gather their harvest of guineas during "the season," and this has been so since the days of Handel. With performers upon instruments it is much the same. I imagine, however, that as a rule we are not to expect is great solo players of English birth, — certainly not in such numbers, because so few have such inducements to make music a profession, where so many paths of enterprise are open and because it is not so easy to keep a young pupil exclusively employed with an instrument year after year, as in Bohemia, Austria or the German States. I do not believe after what I have seen and heard that England is in any degree short of any other country in musical taste or talent, — that the taste is not so widely cultivated, except by the rich, this cannot be denied. How can it be when as a rule the ticket to a good concert costs more than the earnings of a poor man for a week? The value of cheap concerts in educating the people is, however beginning to be understood, and in one part of St. James' Hall, the finest quartets may be heard at the Monday concerts for a shilling. Good music may also often be heard at the Crystal Palace on shilling days. But as yet nothing for orchestral music exists in London like Liebig's concerts in Berlin. At the very few places, which I entered, where music accompanied beer, the pieces were trashy, the performance very mediocre. Whether good orchestral music can be given cheaply is perhaps doubtful, it is a pity not to try it. Jullien did; but as it seems not with pecuniary success. My pleasure in the cathedral service I wrote you about in the autumn of 1858, there is nothing to be added.

And now to my "Notes."

When I left the Victoria station upon my arrival in London, January 29, the fog was so dense as to cut off all view of more than ten or twelve houses at once, and the new language, English, was often put to use before I found the gentleman, by whose advice and kindness, I had been brought thither.

In the evening he took me to a concert in aid of the Hullah Fund, a mode of paying in some degree the debt which England owes that man for his untiring efforts to make the English people singers. The concert was given in St. James'

Hall in Piccadilly, a room about two-thirds as large as our Music Hall, but so vaulted as to injure in many parts the effect of the music. Theory says that the ceiling of a music room in order to attain the greatest number of good seats for the music should be flat. Does not experience prove the theory to be correct? Compare our Music Hall, that of the Sing-Akademie in Berlin and the Royal Opera house in the same city with any vaulted rooms in the world, similar in size, and the answer must be yes. I have been in seats in St. James' Hall, where every note was beautifully clear and distinct, and in others where all was confused and one could make little or nothing of the performance. At a concert in which Beethoven's Ninth symphony was given, I was forced to go to another and distant part of the room to escape the confusion worse confounded caused by the reverberation and echo of the beautiful-looking vaulted ceiling. The grand object to be attained in halls as in other things is the greatest good of the greatest number without infringing on the rights of the minority. Give us, therefore, music rooms in which all can hear distinctly, such may be constructed. The concert was orchestral and vocal, three overtures, divers scenas, songs, &c, a fantasia appassionata, composed and (solo) played by Vieuxtemps for violin and orchestra, and, as Part II., a cantata, text by Oxenford, music by Benedict. The title is "Undine" and I noticed that to be fully intelligible it requires a precious knowledge of Fouqué's delicious story; Characters, four, Undine, Bartalda, Hildebrand, Kuhleborn; choruses of spirits and of men and women. Programme; Overture, Chorus and bass solo, Recitative and song with female chorus, Terzetto, Scena and aria, tenor, March, Wedding chorus, Air, (Bertalda), Duettino, Quartet, Scena and chorus, Solo and chorus, and Undine's closing solo, "Bright green earth, farewell." After the shockingly bad singing of which I had heard so much on the Continent, and to the horridly harsh concatenations of words called *poetry*, so often heard in Germany, there was something indescribably fresh and delighting in hearing English sung once more and by such nice singers as Miss Banks, a young favorite soprano, and Miss Palmer, mezzo soprano or contralto, or whatever they call her, and Mr. Wilbye Cooper, tenor. Benedict's music struck me as exceedingly graceful and pleasing, and the Cantata is well worth the notice of our singing societies at home, when war shall give way again to the arts.

Jan. 31. To Her Majesty's theatre. Balfe's Bohemian Girl and the Christmas pantomime, "Tom Thumb." Not very much struck by either says my note book. I enjoyed it specially because it was all English.

Feb. 4. Monday popular concert the tenth concert of the third season. And here was a sight I never saw before, and only possible, as I believe, in London. These concerts are given in St. James's Hall; price five shillings in the best half of the main floor, three shillings in the balcony, and other seats, among them those on the stage, one shilling. The music performed is the best chamber music, and as a specimen of the programme read the following:

PART I.

Quartett in D minor by Schubert, played by Vieuxtemps, Ries, 1st and 2d violin, Schreurs, viola, and Piatti, cellist, a most exquisite performer.

Song, "In questa tomba oscura," Beethoven; sung by Miss Lascelles.

Song, "Now summer has departed," Dussek; sung by Madame Louisa Vinning.

Sonata, C minor, Op. 111, (!) Beethoven, Mrs. Davison (Arabella Goddard).

PART II.

"Devil Sonata," for violin, Tartini, played by Vieuxtemps.

Song, "Come back to me," Henry Stuart, sung by Miss Lascelles.

Song, "The mermaid's song," Haydn; Mrs. Vinning.

Trio, C minor, piano, violin and 'cello, Mendelssohn, by Mrs. Davison, Vieuxtemps and Piatti.

You see the character of the music. Now, think of an audience of at least 1500 assembled to hear it! The shilling seats, I was particularly pleased to see, were full, as I always found them, and those who occupied them were the stillest and clearly as a class, the most appreciative of the music. My sympathies are always with this class, for I have known too well by experience and observation how many of the truest lovers of music are debarred from it by its cost. It was very interesting to see that that so long considered incomprehensible work, Beethoven's Sonata, was listened to with the greatest attention, save by the black sheep, and that the clear playing of Mrs. Davison, as though not a difficulty is to be found in it, gave it coherence and meaning to so large a number, especially to the shilling people. In the high priced seats, there was always less attention, and clearly less understanding of the best music, and many more of those annoyances, girls, who come to show themselves, young fellows who come because it is "the right thing," would be critics who discuss the players and singers with marvellous wisdom, and the like. In Berlin or Vienna there would have been from two hundred to twice that number of auditors perhaps; but if England is so far behind in musical culture and taste, as is often represented, is it not curious that an English city of five times the population of either of those should furnish an audience of full five times the number of one in them?

Feb. 11. Another Monday Evening Concert. This time all the pieces, by Beethoven, and the house was crowded—there must have been, I think, 2,000 auditors! Quartet, op. 57, No. 3; Prelude and Gavotte, Bach, Piatti; Trio in C minor; Quartette in D, by Mendelssohn. Vocal, the "Liederkreis" and the ariette, "The kiss," both sung by Sims Reeves, in an English translation of the texts.

At these concerts are sold, as at many others—indeed it is quite a necessary thing now—books of words with analytical and historical descriptions of the pieces performed; price usually sixpence. Those for the Monday Concerts are prepared by Mr. Davison of the Times and Musical World, and I was rather gratified to find Dwight's Journal frequently affording matter for them, as in the case of the Liederkreis "To the distant loved one." A notice by Dwight of this is copied and then the remark appended, "This is doubtless the language of enthusiasm; but considering the beauty of the music apostrophized, by no means unjustified."

Feb. 12. Having attended the rehearsal the day before of Stoepe's "Hiawatha" I was well prepared to attend its performance this evening. It ought not to have been produced in a theatre, certainly not in the immense one of Covent Garden, so far as the success of this particular work is concerned. At the same time, there may be other reasons why it was well for Stoepe to bring it out there. I was not in America when it was given in Boston and New York, and was exceedingly curious to hear it. Several pieces were "cut" to my disappointment, which

had pleased me much in the rehearsal. How do I like it? Very much. There is, to me at least, a freshness and originality about it, very delightful. I have been for months at Lake Superior, have read all I could find in Schoolcraft and other writers of the Ojibway tales and traditions, and have perhaps greatly admired Longfellow's poem. (I could wish that he had spent a summer there, however, before writing it, it would have given it more life and picturesqueness). Now Stoepe seems to have caught not only the spirit of the poems but of the everlasting forest and cool bright waters of the lake. His music gave me an inexpressible longing to be there again. It touched my feelings, entered into my heart, gave me true musical enjoyment. Miss Heron's voice was not sufficient for the great house, and the audience was small in numbers. These circumstances were unfavorable to the enjoyment of the music, but still I have for a long time heard no work of this species, which gratified me so much.

It was followed by Balfe's "Satanella" which fell upon my ears "stale, flat, and unprofitable."

Feb. 14. To Her Majesty's theatre. "Robin Hood;" music by Macfarren. (The Queen kept the audience waiting an hour—three thousand persons waiting for one). The feeling upon the whole at hearing this was one of disappointment, but it was a first and only hearing, and from what I know of the composer, I am convinced that the reasons for it are to be found in myself, and my state of mind on that evening. The story is one which unless barbarously mutilated, must be interesting, and it was not ruined here, and, upon the whole, I believe should we ever have a good English operatic company at home, that "Robin Hood" will be found popular, as well as excellent to the musician. ("Ned" must not be surprised at my speaking thus of it).

Feb. 15. At a lecture by Mr. Chorley at the Royal Institution, on "English Lyric Poets and Poetry." I had hoped that the substance of the essay would have been upon the English language as adapted to music. But this was only touched upon. Still he confirmed me in the opinion long since advanced in Dwight's Journal, that of the three languages, German, French, and English, the latter is by far the best adapted for "a wedding to music." The lecture was so elegant in style, and interesting in matter that I hope some time to read it in print. I was too busy at that time to make notes the next day, and am unable now to "report" it.

Feb. 18. Monday concert again. Mendelssohn's Octet for string instruments, Beethoven's Waldstein sonata, played by Charles Halle, Bach's Chaconne, played by Vieuxtemps, Quartette in G minor, Mozart; vocal, two songs, one by Henry Smart, one by Sterndale Bennett, sung by Miss Laura Baxter, in an immense contralto voice.

By a note in the "programme book," it appears that Mendelssohn composed the octett at the age of fifteen! While it is not to me particularly pleasing music it is a most wonderful production of such a boy, and worthy of the Midsummer Night's Dream overture.

Feb. 25. Monday concert. Quartet, B flat, Mozart; Partita (for piano), Bach, played by Mr. Halle; Double quartet, Spohr; Sonata, piano and violin, Dussek, played by Halle and Vieuxtemps. Vocal, two songs, Dussek and

Mendelssohn, sung by Miss Banks. Dussek ought to be more known in America. His music is delicious, and the Londoners owe much to Davison for reviving it. I am not up to such works as the double quartett, by Spohr, but how beautiful the Mozart quartett! The song by Dussek of whom I hope to send some particulars to the Journal so soon as I am again with my books. Says the analytical programme to one of a set of canzonets in the style of Haydn: "A contemporary of Mozart, although he died more than twenty years later than the composer of Don Giovanni, it is not surprising that a musician of such feeling and sensibility as Dussek should, in a great measure have caught the spirit of that incomparable genius. This is far more remarkable in Dussek's vocal words," &c. Mr. Davison supposes that this canzonet may have been suggested to the composer by hearing one of Petrarch's sonnets to Laura, the one beginning,

"Le Stelle, e'l cielo e gli elementi a prova," &c.

"The reader was that Polish princess, who, (according to some authorities and among them Fétis) became so enamored of the celebrated pianist and composer, that she carried him off to a secluded retreat, situated near the frontier of Denmark, where they resided together nearly two years." The original words are, however, so uncommonly tame and inspired, that Mr. Oxenford has written a song to the music,

"Name the glad day, dear
Oh, I implore thee," &c.

The entr'acte in this programme contains "Mozart the Artist" (pp. 2 1-2), a short minuet by Bach, sketch of Spohr's life (pp. 3), a sketch for pianoforte by Dussek, and several notices of these Monday Concerts, from periodical publications. There is also appended to the notice of Dussek's Sonata, a sketch of his life.

Remarks on the Present State of Music.

The consideration of what is the true end and aim of musical instruction, and the surest path to its attainment, must be very interesting to an author, anxious to be serviceable to those whose early steps he guided, and desirous, also, of imparting a few hints and remembrances to his more advanced scholars, now perhaps teachers and guides themselves. For these objects no place is perhaps better suited than the present.

We therefore add these remarks, which partly belong immediately to our subject, and are at all events nearly related to it, on the object and method of musical education for the people, and for the profession.

Such observations, however, can be founded only on a clear view of the nature and tendency of music, and on a free and unprejudiced inspection into its present condition; and in the first place, in our own country, if indeed any one can flatter himself with the hope of possessing sufficient knowledge and freedom of opinion. Each individual commands only a limited circle of vision; and he who has looked around with lively interest, and has perceived the necessity of seeing with his own eyes and from his own point of view, knows how insufficient and uncertain are the communications of others in comparison with his own experience. Every individual must further confess, that he himself is influenced more or less by the circumstances of the moment, and that posterity alone can pronounce judgment upon all.

But if we are obliged to leave the decision to our successors, it is also our duty to consider what we are, and what they may become. We are bound, therefore, to examine and weigh our times, and we are content that our judgment on them be converted into evidence on ourselves before a higher tribunal.

If we cast a glance at the present state of music amongst us, we behold an all-pervading musical activity, unexampled in any former period; unless, perhaps, in the golden days of Italy and Spain. Then from vast cathedrals, and from hills crowned with pilgrims, streamed the wave of sacred song; then the festive trumpets clanged from glittering bal-

conies, at rejoicings of princes and nobles; then the balmy nights were musical with harp and guitar in lovely hands. Then, also, our own country reëchoed in Luther's great days with his mighty melodies, which rolling from the holy choir, awakening, confirming, and inspiring, swept through the crowded market, and busy streets, into the domestic circle and private chamber.

What in those days gushed from excited nature and internal emotion, has been transmitted to us, closely allied as it is, to the deep poetical nature of our countrymen, and now seems to exercise an unlimited dominion over us.

So our public gardens, our domestic circles, our festivals teem with music; numerous and continually increasing bands march with our armies; and our tremulous ball-rooms are sinking under the oppression of pleasure.* What town is there so small as not to have at least winter concerts? What numberless amateurs, what quartet associations, what concerts of all descriptions crowd our larger cities! What period has ever seen in all places, and the whole year throughout, so many operas performed? and can anything at any period be compared to our immense gatherings of cities with cities in our musical festivals? In fine, what period has ever acknowledged, as ours has done, by word and deed, and with such sacrifices of time and gold, the indispensable and salutary effect of music in human education?

This spread of music, this universal sympathy in the concourse of sweet sounds, corresponds with the means which have been applied to it. However expensive instruction, instruments, and musical matters may be, all families of the middle classes, as well as of the higher, seek to procure them. Nowhere is there a deficiency of masters. In all schools singing is practised, seminaries, universities, and especial music schools continue the instruction to a higher grade. Everywhere singing academies, instrumental classes, and musical societies for private and public performance are established. City and state officials provide means, and assist in the performances in chapels and choirs, and in public instruction. Our book trade supplies works of art of all times, more numerous, commodiously, and cheaply than ever; and the construction of musical instruments is improved with the advance of the mechanical arts.

Such is the wonderful power of music to open all hearts, to gain sympathy and support from those even, who by deficient education or organization, are unable to participate in its joys, who bring their offerings to her fane, and then pleased, but unendowed retire.

How has music acquired this influence, and how does she requite our love and devotion?

She has the power, she is all-powerful in man, because she grasps him in all his fibres and nerves, corporeally and spiritually, the whole body and soul, sensibilities and thoughts. The roughest natures tremble at her dread clangor, while none resist her soft and captivating tones. Her corporeal effect is irresistible, magical, for the simply corporeal sensation suggests already that these tremblings of the nerves reach the inmost depths of the soul; that this corporeal charm is rendered holy and consecrated by its connexion with the foundation of our existence. He who has drawn from his soul its most delicate, most powerful, most secret feelings, who has commanded them at will, who has cast a light into the unknown depths of the mind, and there passed a dreamy consciousness; he who has seen in this undulating play of the soul, aspirations, visions, and the deepest ideas, erect as the commanding spirits,—who knows that our existence would be incomplete without the world of sounds, such a one comprehends that the spiritually sensitive pleasure in music leads on only to make our sensibilities more delicate and more excitable, to civilize and fructify the inmost foundations of the mind, and to manifest to our souls the highest expectations, a new invisible world of ideas, a new aspect of existence.

But its nature is two-fold, like that of man—it is corporeal from matter, and spiritual from the mind. Its influence may elevate us from a rough, hard, and useless condition, to humanity, sentiment, and action—it can soften and correct our sensibilities, awaken our expectations, enable us to soar above the purest humanity into the region of the god-like; and, in this inward elevation, fill us with the real working power of goodness. But this same influence of sounds may bury us in the seductive waves of corporeal sensation, always existing, though concealed; it may efface all noble feelings and sustaining power from the soul, and abandon us to thoughtlessness, infirmity of purpose, and the ever-destroying attractions of the senses, in whose train follow the strange twins—satiety and insatiability; and, lastly, the fearful loss of interest in everything.

How does the dangerous and well-loved art repay our love and gifts?

Everything in art is pure, and noble, and good. Our weakness is to blame if her gifts turn to poison; if we, being arrived at the threshold of her temple, lie sinking there; if we hear her voice in our souls, but forsake her consecrated halls, and lose ourselves in the outer courts, destined only for the ofal of the beasts of sacrifice.—*Dr. Marx's General Musical Instruction.*

* Let any one witness the insatiable spell-like influence of our waltzing, accompanied by the resounding swell of the trombone in Strauss' dances.

The National Hymn.

WHAT IT OUGHT TO BE.

It has been recently stated that the tone of most of the productions sent in to the committee on the National Hymn is religious, and also that none of the distinguished poets of the country have entered the lists. The former statement we know to be at variance with the facts, as far as the committee themselves are acquainted with them. Many, but by no means "most," or even half, or one-third, of the verses thus far examined, are written to sacred hymn tunes, such as "Old Hundred," "Mear," "Coronation," and the like; but even of this part the greater number are not religious in tone. Whether any of the best known poets of the country have competed, we are authorized to say that the committee themselves do not know; for we are informed that they have yet to examine about one-third of the manuscripts in their hands; and as to the authorship of the few out of the 1,175 sent in, which they have thus far laid aside for further consideration, they are ignorant, the names of the writers in question being yet undisturbed in their sealed envelopes. We are credibly informed, however, from other quarters, that several of those who may be regarded as standing high in the second rank of our popular poets have sent in manuscripts.

It is to be feared that the public and the committee will both err in the establishment of too high a poetic standard for the hymn. Something "equal to the occasion" will be looked for; an unusual degree of lyric merit will be insisted on; and the hymns will be tried by their capability to produce a "striking" effect. Such a standard as this is a false one for any song. "Music married to immortal verse" is a very fine thing for a poet to write about; but it doesn't exist. Apollo seems to have forbidden the banns of that much-desired union. The words of the most popular songs are as poetry rarely above mediocrity; sometimes far below it. But they will be almost invariably found to express or suggest some strong sentiment common to the people by whom they are sung, if not to all humanity, or to bring up vividly some cherished association. If a high lyric standard is false for songs in general, written for music, especially is it so for a national song. Lyric excellence is not necessary for these songs. For instance, many fine national lyrics have been written by British authors; but what is the British national hymn? "God save the King;" which your true Briton sings with equal gusto before a big battle and after a big dinner. And yet as a lyric song that is very poor. The second part of the second stanza about the king's enemies is almost ridiculous:

"Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On thee our hopes we fix—
God save the King!"

In fact it is hardly burlesqued, but only made homogeneous by the profane Yankee parody;

"Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
Get them into a fix—
— their souls."

But, in spite of this defect, it expresses in strong terms the British national feeling—and so, being set to a fine, vigorous, well-harmonized air, it has finally come to be, by mingled fitness and association, the most absolute expression of John Bullism. And, by the way, as it was written, or rather adapted, by John Bull, a doctor of music in King James the First's time, in whose reign the British nation was formed, though the true Briton is a formation of the last century, it would be curious to discover whether the use of John Bull as a nickname is traceable to the composer of the national air, or whether we have here a mere coincidence.

As to a hymn for Americans, it must of all things proclaim, assert, and exult in freedom. Let this be its expression; let it be brimful of loyalty to the flag, which is our only national symbol, and for that all the dearer; let its allusions embody our distinctive traits of nationality; let it have a fine rhythmical flow; and these points secured as to the words, the air is the most important matter. If that be such a one as all who sing can sing, and as the majority

will like, association and habit will accomplish the rest. The public mind is in a condition now to accept with enthusiasm a hymn which fulfils these conditions. Much imagination they will not insist upon; on the contrary, it would be rather an objection in words intended for all lips. And let not the music be brilliant like an Italian cavatina, or curiously harmonized like a German choral. In a word, gentlemen of the committee, don't fire high, or you will miss your aim, but point blank at the people's hearts and then you may hit both head and heart.—N. Y. World.

Conducting;

A FEW PRACTICAL COUNSELS HOW TO LEARN IT.
BY HERMANN ZOFFE.

(Continued from page 117.)

The feeling for rhythmic has to be strengthened by strict adherence to rests; at least, in case a part does not fall in at the right time, it is well to make the choir repeatedly count aloud during the rests; the conductor himself even may occasionally do the same, and explain how to count and how to fall in. Great difficulties are caused by *accelerandos* and *rallentandos*, for instance, by preparing the fermatas; these must be often studied separately. The singers have to be cautioned to take fresh breath for the fermatas; also to acquire equality in holding the same, (swelling and decreasing the tone,) and at last to bring it to an even and exact end. Let the conductor also explain to them the signs which we mentioned in the introduction. Nothing seems to be so difficult as to cause amateurs to be constantly attentive to the doings of the conductor. The singers must be made to look at him in the same way as good orchestra players are used to do.

If the conductor plays himself the accompaniment of the piano, he must try and make it a special practice to play, if possible, every thing with the left hand, in order to have the right hand disengaged for the purpose of conducting. He must also be placed in such a position that everybody can see him. A good distribution of the singers adds greatly to the general effect; it is for this reason that careless standing about or sitting apart in one and the same row of singers ought never to be tolerated.

After having looked to all these particulars and a good many more, which depend upon the individuality of the singers, it is time for the conductor to speak about *delivery*, that is to say, about *distinct pronunciation, observance of the dynamics, and warmth and expression*.

With regard to distinct pronunciation, let the conductor insist upon plainly-written words; badly-written parts are often the cause of a poor performance. The singers ought, therefore, always to be familiar with the text. The conductor is further to call attention to all such words which have to be accentuated; he must insist upon a clear pronunciation of the vowels, also of certain consonants, and must never allow a breaking of a word by way of taking breath.

As to the observance of the dynamic signs, it is well to call, *beforehand*, the attention of the choir to all the *fortes* and *pianos* in the piece to be performed, also, caution, already mentioned, to take fresh breath upon all high tones. But especially an *equal strength* in all the four voices must be aimed at, as, very often tenor and soprano are apt to scream, while bass and alto bellow, and the latter sometimes can scarcely be heard. If a solo voice is added to the choir, let the conductor take care that it is not drowned by the latter. Let him never lose an opportunity to educate the choir in the art of singing *mezza voce*. The *pianissimo* of a great mass of voices produces a charming effect, which, on account of its *soul-breathing* nature, cannot be equaled by any instrumental effect.

Great difficulty is often caused by those in the choir who are also solo singers. It is chiefly with regard to them that the conductor ought repeatedly to explain to the choir, that a *good chorus singer should never hear his own voice in the choir*. Who sings so loud that he hears himself in spite of the singing around him, will surely outcry the others, and thus spoil the general effect.

Only on such basis can it be expected to hear a choir deliver with warmth and expression. To this effect it is necessary to call the attention of the choir to the character and the sentiments which are contained in the piece to be performed, and never lose an opportunity to insist upon a *refined and expressive* delivery.

The conducting of the solo-parts in a chorus is based upon the same principles, only with this modification, that the signs ought to be less broad. Sure soloists are sometimes disturbed and hurt by a constant time-beating of the conductor. But in the *ensemble* these somewhat spoiled people have to conform to the rules applied to the whole choir.—Mus. World.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 27, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

No. XVI.

LONDON, July 4.

If the chorus singing of the Yorkshiresmen in the "Messiah" excelled rather in the heroic quality, than in any especial delicacy or fineness, I certainly can praise their glee singing without any such deduction. This was instanced in a miscellaneous concert which they gave St. James's Hall on the evening after the Oratorio. It was of those long London programmes, whose chief sin is their length. There were perhaps three hundred voices—the male *counter-tenor* taking for the most part the place of the female *contralto*, as is too commonly the case here. The conductor, Mr. R. S. Burton, seemed to have the entire confidence and control of his forces. They sang with unsurpassable precision, spirit, euphony and delicacy some of those old well-worn glees by Bishop, making them seem like new things, and yet the same, so that one wondered to find them after all so beautiful. "Sleep, gentle lady," "When wearied wretches sink to sleep," &c., were rendered with the utmost nicety. Spofforth's "Hail! smiling morn" took everybody off their feet, there was such a sonorous spring to it. Mendelssohn's "Nightingale" (part-song) was exquisite; no one could complain that "she has not learned another lay." Her old song delights us. So too a couple more of his; and Müller's "May Day" made a great impression particularly by the rich and solid mass of big bass on the phrase; "But my honest heart receiving," &c. Bishop's Quintet: "Blow, gentle gales" was artistically given by Mrs. Sunderland and the other soloists who sang in the "Messiah." (By the way, the tenor on that occasion was Mr. Inkersall, and not Mr. Whitehead; the bill left one to guess which was which.) Sims Reeves, of of course, was the crown of the solo-singing; though he might have found better field for his fine abilities than sweetish sentimental airs by Balfe and Kücken. But such a singer can make any song enchanting; he handles every task so artist-like. His voice is sweetness and purity itself, and yet has manly ring and mettle. A more perfect *sostenuto*, a more ductile continuity of tone—the liquid long drawn out quality—it would be hard to find. His is the honest pure *cantabile*, which wins upon the ear by the admirable gravitation of tone, by the exquisite rounding of the phrase, by just proportion and fine shading, in a word, by bringing out just what is in a melody, and not by the addition of common-place, superfluous ornaments. In a song with chorus, which closed the concert, a quaint old thing by Purcell:

"Come, if you dare, our trumpets sound;

Come, if you dare, our foes rebound.

We come, we come, we come, we come,

Says the double, double, double beat of the thundering drum, &c.

we had a touch of the trumpet quality of his full voice and could understand why he is so famous in the oratorios. Such a greeting as Reeves got from both orchestra and audience would be enough to turn the brain of one less used to it.

He seems to be the hero of the singing democracy. For instrumental music, the pride of British pianism, Miss Arabella Goddard, the young lady who has won so many laurels by her easy mastery of Beethoven's great Sonata, op. 106 (till recently repeated insurmountably difficult), of Dussek's "ne plus ultra" Sonata, &c., treated us, not to examples of such high emprise, to be sure, but to a couple of very beautiful fantasias, to the delight both of the popular and of the classically nice ear. These were, Stephen Heller's transcription of Mendelssohn's melodious "*Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*," and a capital fantasia by Benedict on Dr. Arne's jack-o'-lantern little Puck song: "Where the bee sucks." A happy instinct led Mr. B. to such a flower for honey. The old tune lent itself admirably to his graceful and artistic treatment; in his hands it makes a really characteristic fantasia, charmingly fresh after the Thalberg things have grown common-place. The performer left nothing to be desired—in the matter of quality—but of quantity the people did desire more, and so she gave "The last rose," as not "left blooming alone" by Thalberg.

In this connection I may recall a similar feast of vocalism, which took place in the same hall a few evenings before. It was the last subscription concert of the "Vocal Association," a fine choir of amateurs of both sexes, who enjoy the privilege of such a teacher and conductor as JULES BENEDICT, than whom there is hardly a more clever or accomplished musician in England. This programme was even longer than the other—so long that nerves fatigued with sight-seeing in this great bewildering city could not endure the whole of it, even with angelic harps relieving the excess of sweets; and so weak human nature was compelled to leave just as our old friend Aptomas made his bow. Of the beginning, too, we lost a sacred part-song by Haydn, and a "Hark, the lark" song by Curschmann. Our ears, on entering, were greeted by a clear, full flood of harmony, which proved to be a "Christmas Carol" part-song by Otto Goldschmidt and which did honor to the choir and composer. Sig. Guglielmi sang an air from Handel's *Ezio*, and another by Gounod to words by Lamartine. Miss Stabbach sang a solo with charms from Bennett's "May Queen," and "My mother bids me bind my hair;" Miss Whitty (an English lady, from Italian theatres) *Non piu mesta*, and an aria by Coppola; Miss Messent, "Kathleen Mavourneen" and the solo in the Ave Maria from Mendelssohn's *Loreley*; Miss Koch, one of the great airs from *Clemenza di Tito*. All respectably well, I dare say, but leaving no distant remembrance on the fatigued brain. The chorus pieces did impress themselves, and were right edifying; a chorale by Bach especially; and another, by Graun, and Mendelssohn's part-song "O, hills, O vales;" all finely sung. Nor can one forget the masterly manner in which Rossini's humorous "Papataci" trio was sung by the Signori Belart, Garcia and Belletti; or the duet from "the Barber:" "All' idea di quel metallo," by Belart and Belletti. Belart has a capital light tenor, which he displayed artistically in an aria from Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*. Belletti, for solo, gave the Duke's aria in *Lucrezia Borgia*. One of the best of baritones is he—grown stouter since the Jenny Lind times in America. A very young pianist, Miss Alice Mangold, played a prelude by Bach, and some of the more difficult of Hen-

self's graceful pieces, with the tasteful ease of a mature artist. And this was not all; but enough for a specimen of scores of such miscellaneous concerts in London, of which this was probably one of the best.

We turn now to a greater theme—too great to enter fully into in a letter. Mr. CHARLES HALLE, of world-wide repute as one of the first classical pianists and musicians of the day, is a German by birth, who first made an available name for himself in Paris, and has since lived for many years in Manchester, England, where a great activity in the highest classical direction has received its constant impulse and control from him. Manchester at any price retains its hold upon him; but to the London season his presence is also indispensable. This season he has been putting the crown upon his many musical good works by giving a series of eight "Beethoven Recitals," in which he is performing in course, in the order of their *opus* members, all the (thirty-two) Sonatas which Beethoven wrote for the piano-forte unaccompanied. It will have been my rare good fortune to attend the last three of these. Of two I can already speak. They are "morning concerts," held on successive Fridays from three till five o'clock P. M., in St. James's Hall. The scene itself is interesting. Imagine an audience of five or six hundred persons, ladies mostly in the majority, but including most of the earnest amateurs and artists of the city, an eminently refined, severe, and therefore the most flattering audience, listening in earnest silence, many of them with copies of the score in hand, for two hours at a time, to such interpretations of all the Beethoven Sonatas as one is seldom privileged to hear of three or four of them! And the attention does not give out with the few well-known specimens, with those that are esteemed the clearest, those which have something popular and taking about them, or which lie nearest to the common plane of moods and sympathies; they follow him, or at least reverently try to follow him, the wonderful tone-poet, into the remoter reaches of his inspiration, into long and arduous passages reputed transcendental and obscure, into the depths where his great soul wrestled with unseen enemies, with Fate itself, and won sweet victory forever. They follow, undismayed by technical difficulties and what seemed labyrinthine or insane anomalies of form, led by the sure hand of this interpreter, who holds the thread of it all, and find and feel that on the inside all is poesy and light, the clearest spiritual meaning, high, distinct, triumphant purpose, the happiest vision and reward of fancy, the directest, warmest utterance of a man's heart, a great one, greatly tried and greatly persevering and believing, plucking an eternal rose of Beauty out of every nettle danger. More or less, we mean, of course, according to the musical and moral fitness of the listener; and no one dares say that he appreciates Beethoven *fully*. But it was something to see an audience so bent on understanding all it could, and for the most part so manifestly gratified. A few restless symptoms in here or there a group or couple caught beyond their depth, were only the exceptions which prove the rule. "Analytical programmes," prepared with tact and understanding by Mr. J. W. Davison, put the listener without a score in possession of the historical origin, the general design and characteristics of each Sonata, together with

the notes of leading themes and striking points of treatment. Such aid is worth the shilling.

In his sixth "Recital," June 21st, Mr. Hallé opened with the Sonata in F, op. 54, which consists of only two movements (*Tempo di minuetto*, and *Allegretto*), one of the least elaborate or striking perhaps of the series, but still unmistakably Beethoven's, and interesting in the course. Ther came a song (in English) from Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*—worthy relief for such a programme, worthily presented by Sims Reeves. Next the grand "Sonata Appassionata," in F minor, op. 57, one of the great ones, full of fire, original and moody fancy, and of wondrous art. Mr. Halle gave an unimpeachably clean, tasteful, forcible and finished reading of it. We could have wished a little more fire, more nervous *abandon* in his playing. Every other excellence it had; but it seemed (like most of his renderings) like a masterly and faultless reading by one of a much cooler brain than that from which the composition sprang; it lacked the Beethoven temperament. The third lesson of the day was the lovely Sonata in the difficult key of F sharp major, op. 78, commencing with a brief, questioning *adagio*, answered at length by an *allegro ma non troppo*, and followed by only a second movement *Allegro vivace*, in the same key; both developed out of most melodies and unique themes, a work of the finest beauty, but too baffling to most fingers to have become widely known. It will be admired in London after this. An indifferent ballad by Sims Reeves, and then, fourthly and finally, that lively, happy, sunshiny little Sonata, sometimes called the "Queen of Sonatinas," in G major, op. 79, which opens with a rapid waltz-like measure (*Presto alla Tedesco*) inimitably fine and unique in its phrasings and its modulations, and yet as spontaneous as it is singular. This is followed by an *Andante espressivo* in G minor, nine-eighths measure, which sounds like some old *volkslied*. The happiest and play-fullest of *Vivace*, one might say *Scherzo* movements, but for the 2-4 time, concludes it. He played this to a charm. We have heard the old Moscheles also play it con amore in his hospitable home in Leipzig. Here we must break off in the middle. D.

Sixty-Eighth Annual Festival of the Public Schools.

The Sixty-Eighth Annual Festival of the Public Schools of the city of Boston, was celebrated at the Music Hall, on Tuesday last, July 23, at 4 o'clock, P. M. The following was the Order of Exercises:

1. Voluntary on the Organ, by J. C. D. Parker.
2. Prayer.
3. Address, by the Chairman of the Festival Committee.
4. The Lord's Prayer, a Gregorian Chant, sung in unison by twelve hundred children of the public schools.
5. Choral, St. Ann's. Attributed to Sebastian Bach. With Organ Accompaniment.
6. Address.
7. Three-Part Song, by Abt. Sung by the Girls' High and Normal School.
8. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," from "Elijah," Mendelssohn. Sung by the Children, with organ and orchestral accompaniment.
9. Address.
10. Hallelujah Chorus, from the Messiah, Handel.
11. Choral, The Judgment Hymn, Martin Luther.
12. Address and Presentation of Bouquets to the Medal Scholars, by the Mayor. During the presentation, music was performed by the Germania Band.
13. The Old Hundredth Psalm.

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

14. Benediction.

The arrangements for this beautiful festival were almost identical with those of former similar occasions which have been often described in these columns. The decorations this time, of course, were more than usually, emblematic of the feeling of the day, and the country's sacred flag was everywhere conspicuously displayed. There was the same bouquet of youthful beauty rising in a vast amphitheatre from floor almost to ceiling, and encroaching a little more than formerly upon the seats of the balconies. The young choristers, at the sound of the trumpet, came in orderly procession and quickly filled the seats assigned them, presenting a charming spectacle to the eyes of the spectators.

The addresses by His Honor the MAYOR, the Hon. JOSIAH QUINCY, JR., and the Rev. Dr. RANDALL, were judiciously brief and appropriate, all colored by the feelings of patriotism that were uppermost in the hearts of all, that day.

The singing was even an advance upon the admirable performances of former years. We have never heard half the number of voices sing so absolutely with but *one voice*, as did these twelve hundred children in some of the pieces of this programme. It was but one voice, precise even to a syllable or a letter, in the words, and accurate to perfection in the duration of the notes, obeying implicitly the baton of Mr. ZERRAHN. The crescendos and diminuendos were admirably given, and the performance reflected the highest credit upon the conductor, for his success in training so large and unmanageable a body, as so many persons of tender years must of necessity be. The most successful performance, as well as the most difficult, was that of the Hallelujah Chorus from the MESSIAH, which was given with excellent and novel effect.

We doubt whether the charity children at St. Paul's (whose performance is described in another column) can have given it better than the children of our public schools did in the Music Hall last Tuesday. We especially recall the fine effect of the passage "The Kingdom of this World" as we then heard it, and likewise, "And He shall reign forever and ever." It would have been difficult to imagine that this sublime chorus could have been so effectively rendered without the male parts which seem to give some of its grandest effects, in its original form.

The pretty ceremony of presenting the bouquets to the medal scholars, by the Mayor, followed the singing and addresses, when the whole audience joined in singing the Old Hundredth Psalm and after the Benediction, speedily dispersed to allow the children to partake of the collation prepared for them.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB are about to start on a little summer tour; going to Brunswick and Middleboro, to attend the College Commencements in those places, and giving a few concerts there and in the neighboring towns. To our readers in those places, we need hardly say any more of the rich treat that is in store for them, for our columns have often reported the excellencies of their performances, and we should be at a loss to find new terms in which to commend them to the audiences that are yet to listen to them. The best of music played as this Club play it, will be no small enjoyment in these times when pleasures are few.

Musical Correspondence.

BROOKLYN JULY 22, 1861.—If ever a man made a promise to himself (and did not keep it says you)—it was myself—that I would occasionally jot down the musical doings that take place in this neighbor-

hood. War times have frightened the singing birds away or into silence. Concerts are things that were. Of course there is no opera unless we take a steamer to hear our dear little Patti in London. Ullman, however has returned from his annual trip to Europe, and having a lease of the New York and Brooklyn Academies promises a full season (?) Muzio is still in town and will probably make an effort in Boston and Philadelphia. (So he says.) What can I do better than to give you our "Philharmonic" programmes of last season, hoping in my next, not to be obliged to speak of the musical past, to make up an article?

The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society has finished its fourth season with great *clat*. All bills are paid and the treasurer shows a balance of two thousand dollars. The orchestra is most capital and is composed of fifty of the *élite* in their profession. Mr. Theo. Eisfeld conductor.

First Concert, Nov. 17, 1860.

Second Symphony, D major.....Beethoven
Overture, "Byron's Manfred".....Schumann
Overture "A Night's Sojourn in Granada".....Kreutzer
Soloists—Madame Fabbri, Signor Stigelli and Mr. F. Bergner (Violoncello).

Second Concert, Jan. 19, 1861.

Third Symphony, A minor (Recollections of Scotland).... Mendelssohn
Overture, "The Bride of Kynast".....Littolf
Overture "Euryanthe".....Von Weber
Soloists—Madame Colson, Signor Ferri and Mr. L. Schreiber (Cornet-a-piston).

Third Concert, Feb. 16th.

Symphony in B flat.....Gade
Overture, "Magic Flute".....Mozart
Overture, Tannhäuser.....Wagner
Soloists—Miss Hinkley, Signora Elena, Signor Susini and a quartette of French Horns (H. Schmitz, Prah, Lacroix and G. Schmitz.)

Fourth Concert, March 23d.

Eighth Symphony in B flat.....Beethoven
Overture, "King Lear".....Berlioz
Selections, "Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn
(1 Scherzo—2 Intermezzo Allegro—3 Nocturne—4 Wedding March).

Soloists—Miss Carlotta Patti, Mad. Strakosch, Mr. Robert Goldbeck (Pianoforte).

Fifth Concert, April 27.

Symphony in F major, (Consecration of Sound)....Spohr
Overture, "Elinore".....Beethoven
Overture, "Olympia".....Spontini
Soloists—Miss Kellogg and Mr. C. Kopitz (Flute).

Extra concert in aid of the Patriot Fund, May 18. Popular programme—Overtures "William Tell," "Massaniello," "War Gallop," by E. Mollenhauer. New National Song, words by Gen. George P. Morris, music by Signor Muzio. Soloists, Misses Hinkley and Kellogg, Signori Brignoli, Susini, Centemeri, Mr. L. Schreiber (Cornet-a-piston) Mr. Geo. Wm. Warren (Pianoforte and Alexandre Organ). Also the chorus from the Italian opera conductors, Mr. Eisfeld and Signor Muzio.

This extra concert gave the Patriotic Fund \$900 after paying all expenses. The "Academy" was beautifully decorated with flags and flowers, and the occasion was delightful in every way. The artists all volunteered of course and so sang and played *con amore*. The attendance during the whole season has been excellent—(that two thousand dollars over and above being the proof) and our new and very handsome Opera House presented on each occasion a gay appearance, for Brooklyn is replete with beauties, who dress charmingly and although they chat over much (no thanks to those fascinating young men) at all rehearsals and even in a less degree at concerts—still they love music, make the papers support the "Philharmonics," and the Opera, and give zest to all musical undertakings among us. Yea, verily.

JEM BAGGS.

The Boston Post asks, "Who wants a better 'National Him' than Gen. Scott?" Hartford Courant answers, "Nobody, Mr. Post. We can get along with that and 'Uncle Psalm.'"

Musical Chit-Chat.

CHICAGO.—In the last letter from our correspondent from this city, Mr. CADY was the conductor of the concert reported, and not "nobody." Mr. Cady is surely entitled to an apology which is herewith tendered.

Mr. J. K. PAINE, who left this city two or three years ago, for the purpose of studying music in Europe, has returned, after acquiring much fame as an organist in Germany, where he has received the highest commendation from the best musical critics in the old world. He is soon to give a concert in this, his native city: and he must receive the most substantial tokens of our appreciation of his successful efforts to obtain a musical education.—*Portland Transcript*.

The organ in the Episcopal Church in Hampton, Va., was found to be out of order on a recent Sabbath, whereupon a skilful private in a Massachusetts set to work and repaired it.

DEATH OF MRS. BROWNING.—Late foreign papers bring us the intelligence of the death of Mrs. Browning, an event which occurred on the 29th of June, at Florence. She was born in London in 1809, and was educated with great care in a masculine range of studies, and with a masculine strictness of intellectual discipline. Beginning to write at a very early age, in 1826 there appeared from her pen a volume entitled "An Essay on Mind, with other Poems." In 1833, she again appeared before the appeared before the public in a volume entitled "Prometheus Bound, and other Poems." In 1838 appeared "The Seraphim, and other Poems." About the time of the publication of this volume, Mrs. Browning's health became impaired by the rupture of a blood-vessel, and her state was rendered even more critical by the subsequent sad death of a much-loved brother. For many years her life was that of a confirmed invalid. In the retirement of her sick chamber she sought refreshment in the gravest studies, and from her pen there appeared in the London Athenæum, a series of articles on the Greek Christian Poets. In 1844, the first collected edition of her works was published, and this was soon followed by her introduction, to Mr. Browning, whose wife she became in the autumn of 1846, being then restored to a good degree of health. Since their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Browning have resided for the most part in Florence, where, in 1849, a son was born to them. "Casa Guidi Windows" was published in 1851. "Aurora Leigh," her most important work, was published in 1856.

The *Phil. Evening Bulletin* gives some extracts from Scudo's musical article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, for May:

He says "after the three stormy representations of Tannhäuser, the theatre has returned to its ordinary solemn calmness. The German tenor, M. Niemann, has thrown up his engagement, and retraced his steps to his own country, which he should never have left. The two sisters Marchesio, have also gone from the Opera. They are two sisters of talent, who cannot be separated without losing much of the charm which results from the fusion of their soprano and contralto voices. Endowed with little natural grace, wanting in style, the Marchesio sisters have not enough *élan* and dramatic originality to satisfy all the exigencies of the operatic *répertoire*. Taking it all in all, the Marchesios have done well in returning to *leurs premiers amours*."

"Mlle. Trebelli is a young person of about twenty-four years of age, middle height and intelligent face. Her voice is a mezzo soprano of good high compass, perfect equality and tinted towards the low part with a certain contralto sonorousness, but it is not a contralto properly said. The voice of Mlle. Trebelli recalls Pasta's to me a little, and she is about Pasta's height. Mlle. Trebelli vocalizes with great mechanical perfection, but this mechanism is without accent, and her voice, which is so equal and well managed wants radiance and liquid lightness; in other words, Mlle. Trebelli is cold; she is a pretty Parisienne, who sings with more intelligence than sentiment, with more bravura than style. Her pronunciation, too, is

quite defective; she sometimes displaces the prosodic accent and breaks off the termination of phrases in a disagreeable way. The Parisian public received Mlle. Trebelli with kindness, but without the slightest enthusiasm, as she produced on them only the effect of a good scholar who has yet many things to learn, if it is only modesty. Mlle. Trebelli must not forget that at Paris we are not so easily pleased as people are at Berlin and Madrid."

Then follows this notice of an American singer. "As for Mme. Lorini, who comes also from Brussels and Berlin, she is a large and beautiful person, who sings like —, an American, which she is. Her voice is an extensive and flexible soprano, which ought to have been something remarkable in the first period of her career. She is, however, a singer of talent."

ORGAN EXHIBITION.—The exhibition of the large church organ, built by the Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook, for St. John's Church, Detroit, Mich., took place at their manufactory on Saturday afternoon, according to previous notice. The organ, though not one of the largest manufactured at this establishment, gave evidence of thorough and careful workmanship, and was remarkable for its power and brilliancy as a full organ, as well as great purity of tone, and the smooth and even voicing of its individual stops. The case is in the Gothic style, to correspond with the architecture of the church, built of solid chestnut, and displays a front of massive gilded pipes, which form a part of the Great Diapason. As we listened to the instrument, which, under the skilful hands of J. H. Wilcox, Esq., gave such convincing evidence of its capabilities in its solo and orchestral effects, together with its powerful resources for chorale and Fugue, we could but wish to congratulate our Detroit friends upon the accession of so valuable a musical aid, and at the same time so successful a specimen of New England skill and ingenuity.—*Transcript*.

A POET AMONG THE SOLDIERS.—N. P. Willis, who has been visiting the city of "magnificent" encampments, thus writes to the *Home Journal* concerning—

VESPER SERVICE AMONG THE RHODE ISLANDERS

Washington is all one stirring drama; but the "thing to see," among the daily sights, is the evening parade and vespers of the Rhode Island Regiment. My friend Lieut. Wise drove me to the spot, amid one of the most beautiful of sunsets, and we found a large representation of the society of the capitol already on the ground—the band playing and the men under review by their Colonel.

The locality of the encampment—(Eckington, the country seat of the late Joseph Gales)—will be remembered by many as the scene of never-ending hospitalities. The house stands just as in the life time of the eminent and beloved man whose home it was, (Mrs. Gales still resident there,) and the barracks of the regiment are just visible through the trees across the lawn. A lap of green meadow lying in the lap of a curved ridge, beyond the grove, forms the parade; and this, as the spectator looks down upon it from the terrace above, is the foreground of a land scape in itself absolutely delicious; but the regiments with their Kossuth hats, and glittering arms, and with the quiet tone of their uniforms, complete the picture with wonderful effect. The poetic part of it is its prayer. The grounding of arms, the sudden stillness of the drums, the stepping forward of the chaplain, and the well-chosen words of the invocation and blessing, left scarce a dry eye among the spectators; and how salutary and elevating must be such influence to the soldiers themselves, needs but little skill for the divining.

I can scarcely imagine a righteous battle better prepared for, than by the closing hymn that was sung after the prayer, accompanied with the music of the military band. The voices of the men swelled up like the trained tumult of an advancing host, through an atmosphere that was all aglow with the red and gold of a magnificent sunset, and the smoke of the camp-fires among the trees seemed to pause and tremble with the reverberation—the whole scene appearing like a sublime service that had been consecrated by the sudden kindling of earth and sky with an "unavailing of the shekinah." The Rhode Island Regiment should be congratulated, too, I think, on the chance that has given them a leader who looks fully up to it, Col. Burnside's uncovering of his head for the benediction as he stands before them, being such a show of intellectual pre-eminence (phrenologically and physiognomically speaking) as may well invest it with an authority like that of a sacred altar that is to be borne before them to victory.

The Charity Children in St. Paul's Cathedral.

After their temporary emigration to Sydenham it was pleasant to find the charity children once again assembled under the magnificent dome of that cathedral which, time out of mind has been the scene of their anniversary festival. It was at one period believed in many quarters that the doors of St. Paul's were closed forever to these interesting gatherings, but the sequel has proved that this was entirely a misapprehension, and that the removal last summer to the Crystal Palace was necessitated by the changes and repairs within the walls of the sacred edifice, in connection with the evening services under the dome, and other important innovations—the removal of the old organ of Father Smith, and the erection of the (all but) new one of Mr. Hill, among the rest. At any rate, the anniversary was celebrated yesterday to the edification and delight of thousands upon thousands of people, who came not merely to join in the service, but to welcome the juvenile choristers back again to their proper domain. Never was the meeting held under more auspicious circumstances; nor could it possibly have afforded more unalloyed satisfaction to those who enjoyed the privilege of witnessing it. Mr. Arthur S. Newman, the able and zealous architect of the Society of Patrons, had a double task of preparation. Everything was to be done again,—the scaffolding to be entirely remodelled, improved accommodation to be furnished, as well for the children as for the public, and a new pulpit to be erected for the conductor, besides other provisions rendered indispensable by the recent alterations in the interior of the cathedral. All this has been accomplished with the very best results; and not only are the children now heard better, but they are seen better in the bargain—a circumstance not likely to be regretted. The "*coup d'œil*," which has been so often described in enthusiastic terms, was, perhaps, more imposing now than on any previous occasion; and, as the singing not of the children solely but of the gentlemen and boys of the united choirs in an equal degree—was, for various reasons, much more steady and effective than formerly, the gratification of all who take an interest in this important feature of the Cathedral service was complete. The new conductor, Mr. Buckland (one of the vicars-choral), who, in conjunction with Mr. George Cooper, the talented sub-organist, has been training the children in the interim, is evidently well fitted for his post. His method of beating time is more precise and intelligible than that of his respected predecessor, Mr. Bates, of Woodford, and he exhibits, moreover, equal promptness and decision wherever those qualities are most needed—as, for example, in beginning and in leaving off.

The whole of the musical arrangements were, as usual, under the superintendence of Mr. Goss, organist of St. Paul's, who has so often entitled himself to honorable mention at these anniversaries, and who was never more successful in obtaining an efficient execution of the responses, psalms and anthems on the present occasion. The magnificent new organ, at which—with the able co-operation of Mr. George Cooper—Mr. Goss presided, was, as may be readily believed, an important auxiliary; while the trumpets and drums—stationed, according to custom, in the immediate vicinity of the organ, and represented by those thoroughly experienced performers, Messrs. T. Harper, Irwin, Stanton, Jones, Macfarlane, and Chipp, were as useful as ever in promoting vigour and precision of the "attack." The order of the service, so far as the musical part was concerned, presented no change. Before prayers the children gave the (old) 100th Psalm—"All people that on earth do dwell"—with marvellous purity of tone. Such a choral unison is, indeed, unparalleled as it is peculiar. The contrast between the solo verses—for instance, the second and third, the former of which was delivered by the boys, the latter by the girls alone,—and those, like the first and last, upon which the whole body of voices (close upon five thousand) were engaged with a sonority that baffles description, was of the remarkable features of this remarkable performance. "Before the sermon," the 113th Psalm (new version)—"Ye saints and servants of the Lord"—set to a tune by J. Grantham, which, composed nearly a century since (1774), has, nevertheless, little that is venerable about it, was chiefly worth notice on account of the "Hallelujah" at the end, which, though in the same key, does not seem to belong to it. "After the sermon" was quite another affair. Dr. Croft's tune to the 104th psalm (old version), "My soul praise the Lord; speak good of His name," written as far back as 1702, is one of the finest psalm tunes extant. It was well and powerfully sung by the children, a sort of antiphonal effect (really "effective") being obtained by allotting the second verse to the girls on one side, and the third to the girls on the other side of the organ,

which, moreover, afforded a grateful and delicate relief to the first and fourth verses, upon which all the voices, boys and girls, was simultaneously employed. The exertions of the united choirs were all that could be wished, although the result of their singing would, we think, be even yet more impressive if the scaffolding was arranged as to place the choir of adults a little higher above the trebles (boys), by which a more thorough assimilation of tone would undoubtedly be obtained. Their programme was blameless, if by no means novel. Dr. Crotch's double chant "in C," for the "Venite," substituted a second time for the familiar "Jones in D," substituted a second time for the familiar "Jones in D," with deference to Haydn, who admired (and is said to have patched up) this "composition" of the then organist of St. Paul's, and with deference to His Majesty George III., who also entertained for it a signal predilection, probably because it was very easy to sing—is superior in every sense to its long established predecessor. Even this, however, might be improved upon, if Mr. Goss would set about it. "Boyce in A," for "Te Deum" and "Jubilate" (rendered to perfection by the choir), though originally composed for that excellent amateur, George III., might also be exchanged with advantage; and if there is any foundation for a rumor that, before next anniversary, something new (from Mr. Goss's own pen?) will be in readiness—something, too, in which the children can take part—we may have at length an opportunity of judging what the experience of modern art is able to contrive with such an exceptional combination of resources. Nothing could possibly be more appropriate, nothing more welcome. The children who yesterday gave the responses of old Tallis (organist to no less famous a potentate than "Good Queen Bess") so well, joined with such unanimity in the "Gloria Patri" to the Psalms, and—most difficult of all—were favorably conspicuous, by the side of the practised musicians of the choir, in Handel's Coronation Anthem, "Zadok the priest," and in the magnificent "Hallelujah" (*Messiah*) of the same immortal composer (the time of which was most judiciously moderated by the organist) would, surely not sink under the burden of this fresh task, which could easily be accommodated to their recognized means. Failure is possible, doubtless; but, even with that untoward eventuality in the background, the experiment at least should be tried. The fact that contemporary art, native or foreign, has attempted nothing whatever for such a ceremony, is not very creditable to either. It seems scarcely probable that the effect of this multitude of young, fresh, and telling voices, heard, for example, in the unison—"The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord, and of His Christ,"—and other points of the "Hallelujah," should not have inspired some composer with an idea worthy of the occasion. Why, moreover (to quit the subject,) should not the children as well as the members of the choir, join audibly in the Confession, Creed, and Lord's Prayer? The result could only enhance the solemnity of these impressive parts of the service. The prayers were "entoned" by the Rev. Mr. J. V. Povah, and the lessons read by the Rev. Mr. W. J. Hall (Minor canons). The sermon, delivered by the Bishop of Bath and Wells (Lord Auckland)—who selected for his text a significant passage in St. Matthew—"The poor have the Gospel preached unto them"—(chap. II, verse 5)—was unusually brief but excited marked attention on the part of all those who were near enough to the preacher to catch the words that flowed with unimpeded eloquence from his lips.

One word about the organ, which among the recent acquisitions of the Cathedral is certainly one of the most eminently serviceable, and for that reason if for no other, ought not to be left the most incomplete and unsightly. It is beyond question one of the finest instruments of modern English manufacture, but although it contains 60 sounding stops, much more is wanted to make it all that is desirable and all that is capable of becoming, larger bellows, for example, and a steam engine (water-power being perhaps the most costly), as a substitute for eight men, whose united and arduous exertions are now required to supply the necessary wind. Other improvements (to specify which would be trenching too closely on professional technicalities) are no less indispensable, if the organ is to be worthy of its original design, and of the place it occupies. How these are to be brought about, however, with nearly £600 still owing to the mere charge for removing it (from the Panopticon) and re-erecting it where it stands, remains to be seen. The friends to the charities, the advocates of the evening services, and well-wishers in general to our noble Cathedral (to say nothing of the lovers of music, and especially of sacred music, to which the organ is so powerful an adjunct) might do much to promote this object, and to assist the children's

anniversary as well, much more, in fact, than—rather, perhaps, from ignorance than indifference—they have hitherto shown any inclination to do. The unprecedented success of yesterday's meeting may, it is true, be the means of drawing public attention to the matter.—*London Times*, June 14.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Glory! Hallelujah! Popular refrain, as sung by the Federal Volunteers. 25

A people's tune said to have originated with the Massachusetts' Volunteers at Fortress Munroe. The tune has spread more rapidly than even "Dixie," and at this time one can hardly walk on the streets for five minutes without hearing it whistled or hummed. As it is a capital marching tune, our soldiers will carry it with them where they go. There are added to the popular words some verses written expressly for the Fourth Battalion of Rifles (13th Reg.) now at Fort Independence.

Our Banner shall wave forever. Song and Chorus. T. H. Howe. 25

A stirring Song which notwithstanding the great number of patriotic airs coming forth from all quarters, will make its mark.

All hail to the Stars and Stripes, or The dying Volunteer. L. O. Emerson. 25

This poem is founded on one of the most touching incidents of the war, as far as known, an incident which history will make familiar to coming generations. Mr. Emerson has written to it one of his best melodies, and the piece deserves to be popular among patriotic singers.

Our good ship sails to-night, my Love. Emile Berger. 25

An uncommonly pretty song, the words of which have a more than ordinary significance in the present times. This will no doubt contribute to make it popular; but the music itself is sufficiently striking to direct attention to it.

Instrumental Music.

Castles in the Air. Valse brill. R. Fitzgerald. 25

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A very brilliant Concert March, rather difficult. It is quite indicative of the brisk step of the soldiery when marched to the battle-field, full of life and animation. The Trio has fine melodious strains. Altogether amateurs fond of a good show-piece will find much pleasure in the practice of this piece.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 487.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 3, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 18.

Our River.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

(For a Summer Festival at "The Laurels" on th Merrimack.)

Once more on yonder laurelled height
The summer flowers have budded;
Once more with summer's golden light
The vales at home are flooded;
And once more, by the grace of Him
Of every good the Giver,
We sing upon its wooded rim
The praises of our river.

Its pines above, its waves below,
The west wind down it blowing,
As fair as when the young Brissot
Beheld it seaward flowing—
And bore its memory o'er the deep
To soothe a martyr's sadness,
And fresco, in his troubled sleep,
His prison walls with gladness.

We know the world is rich with streams
Renowned in song and story,
Whose music murmurs through our dreams
Of human love and glory:
We know that Arno's banks are fair,
And Rhine has castled shadows,
And, poet-tuned, the Doon and Ayr
Go singing down their meadows.

But while unpictured and unsung
By painter or by poet,
Our river waits the tuneful tongue
And cunning hand to show it,—
We only know the fond skies lean
Above it, warm with blessing,
And the sweet soul of our Undine
Awakes to our caressing.

No fickle Sun-god holds the flocks
That graze its shores in keeping;
No icy kiss of Dian mocks
The youth beside it sleeping:
Our Christian river loveth most
The beautiful and human;
The heathen streams of Naiads boast,
But ours of man and woman.

The miner in his cabin hears
The ripple we are hearing;
It whispers soft to homesick ears
Around the settler's clearing:
In Sacramento's vales of corn,
Or Santee's bloom of cotton,
Our river by its valley-born
Was never yet forgotten.

The drum rolls loud—the bugle fills
The summer air with clangor;
The war-storm shakes the solid hills
Beneath its tread of anger;
Young eyes that last year smiled in ours
Now point the rifle's barrel,
And hands then stained with fruits and flowers
Bear redder stains of quarrel.

But blue skies smile, and flowers bloom on,
And rivers still keep flowing,
The dear God still his rain and sun
On good and ill bestowing.
His pine-trees whisper, "Trust and wait!"
His flowers are prophesying

That all we dread of change or fate
His love is underlying.

And thou, O, mountain-born!—no more
We ask the Wise Allotter
Than for the firmness of thy shore,
The calmness of thy water,
The cheerful lights that overlay
Thy rugged slopes with beauty,
To match our spirits to our day,
And make a joy of duty.

Atlantic Monthly.

For Dwight's Journal of Music

The Diarist in London.

LE DOMINO NOIR.

LIGHT READING FOR HOT WEATHER.

Feb. 26.—This was one of the most enjoyable musical evenings during my stay in London. The performance was an opera of which I used to hear the overture with great delight in the Boston Academy Concerts some eighteen years ago—which was all I knew of it. It was—but last as have the short, explicit, title of the text book.

"The Black Domino, a comic opera in three acts, the music by M. Auber, words by M. Scribe, arranged for the English stage by Henry F. Chorley. First produced at the Royal English Operas Covent Garden, under the management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, sole lessees, Wednesday, Feb. 20th February 20th, 1861. Copyright. London, published and sold in the Theatre."

The music is in Auber's best vein, light, sparkling, melodious, deliciously beautiful and as to appropriateness—it is perfect. When that English Opera company is formed, *compel* it to produce the Black Domino. But what a queer subject for an opera in a Roman Catholic country! Wait a moment, until I have collected my thoughts and I will tell you the story, in a somewhat rickety manner, though.

LE DOMINO NOIR—OR THE BLACK DOMINO.

Once upon a time in Madrid, during the reign of a certain Spanish queen (for whose names, please consult the—authorities, and also for the "once upon a time") Senora Angela, niece of the great Duke Olivares, not having a fortune equal to her birth, was placed in a convent and destined in due time to become its head as Abbess. Not having been in Spain, nor possessing that knowledge of nunneries and convents, which Scribe doubtless had, I am unable to explain, how it was that the lady Angela, could have had the freedom and power of an Abbess for a long time before she took the vows, and irrevocably decided her vocation. Nevertheless so it was—for is it not so written in the chronicle of Mr. Scribe? Now, having this freedom and power, and feeling no doubt a rational desire to know something of the follies and perhaps wickedness of the world that she might in the future be better able to give sweet and pious counsel to tender soul of nun and maiden, on Christmas eve, Anno Domini—for the date consult the authorities again—she clad herself in a black domino and hid her face

in a mask and taking Brigitta, her friend and confidant, like wise masked, as her companion, left the convent secretly and calling a hackney coach drove to the ball in the Queen's palace. It was naturally a great occasion—there were present the Joblillies, the Garyulies, the Pickininies, in fact all the Grandees, Hidalgos (sons of somebody, you know), Señors, Señoras and Señoritas, and the Grand Panjandrum himself—with a little round button at top, as Foote said. This latter personage was no less than the great Prince Grumbaff, whose wife was a born Olivares, with royal blood in her veins, and a cousin of the future Lady Abbess, Señora Angela.

A Count Horace Massarena—who was half affianced to the daughter of Count San Lucar—and his friend Don Julian who keeps bachelor's hall in a splendid house, with old Jacinta as housekeeper, and who is a roistering roving blade, fond of deep play—were also at the ball.

They danced and among Count Horace's partners was a lady in a black domino. Once when her mask happened to fall he caught sight of her face, and this in addition to the charms of her conversation, drove the daughter of Count Lucia, (niece of an ambassador) quite from his thoughts, save when he dwelt in honor upon the marriage. He told the unknown all about himself but just as his fancy began to flatter him with the idea that he was becoming an object of interest to the lady, her companion passed suddenly, whispering "twelve o'clock, madame!" "So soon," exclaimed she, and left Count Horace's arm trembling. He followed them to their carriage, a very common one indeed—but they did not drive off at once—reason, they had forgotten their purses—and the Count threw them his, and away they went. A day or two afterwards there came a package to him—a purse not his own, but one embroidered with real pearls, containing his money, and a note saying, "You are Secretary of the Embassy; which I think at the ball I understood you wished to be." This broke that camel's back. The lady was one of high birth, of influence in powerful quarters, and conveniently rich. The Count was Secretary of the Embassy, affianced to one woman and now desperately in love with another, and one unknown to him, a sad complication. (Dear reader, drop a tear.)

The chronicle of Scribe makes no account of the time, which lapsed in minutes, hours, days, weeks, months—each doubtless longer and more tedious than its predecessor, until the year is round again, and the Queen's ball assembles the Joblillies, Garyulies and all once more in her palace, and, lo! the two black Dominos again. But wait a bit.

Prince Grumbaff did not love Count Horace Massarena. He lost two hundred Napoleons at whist to him in half an hour, and moreover the Count was a favorite of the ladies and Princess G. was both young and a beauty. "The women adore him!" said the Prince to Don Julian, "I hate the coxcomb!"

"Punish him then Prince," said the Don; "After the ball, come to supper and cigars in my house, and win your money back. No Christian man or woman thinks of going to bed on Christmas eve."

"Save my wife," returned the prince—and *she* chose to go to bed instead of coming here."

The Grand Panjandrum had some suspicions of Count Horace, over which Count Julian made merry to his friend as they met in a drawing room at the palace. Count Horace's assurances, that he did not know the feminine Grumboff and had never seen her, together with his admission, that he knew nothing of the name or station of the lady with the domino, did not tend to persuade Don Julian that the Prince's suspicions were unfounded. Leaving the Count to his fancies, Don Julian went to the ball-room. It was then that the two black dominos entered the drawing-room where Count Horace sat upon the sofa, and not seeing him, discussed the great question of meeting there at twelve to return,—for failing in this would be ruin. The trouble was simply this; at a certain hour old Gil Perez, the convent porter, locked the doors and there was no possibility of ingress after that—and if the two Señoras, were once shut out, then—well, the Inquisition—that was all!

What could Count Horace do, thus hearing their private conversation? What but go to sleep, or pretend it, as the two ladies walking up the room became aware of his presence. The lady Angela recognized him at once, and, what is more, felt that she, who tomorrow was to take the vows and be consecrated lady abbess of the convent, returned his love to the full. (Was it not a pathetic situation? Reader, did you ever love?—then drop another tear).

And now what could *she* do? She looked at him; admired him; drank in love, as it were; and could not be drawn away from "the sleeping beauty" by Brigitta. At last Don Julian came in again, and hearing from Count Horace—who awoke with singular suddenness—that the lady was the unknown, kindly relieved him from the presence of Brigitta by taking her in to dance. And here let me extract a little of the conversation of Count Horace and Señora Angela, as recorded by the chronicler.

Angela. Ah, then you were not asleep?

Horace. I did my best but could not; you were there, my good angel, whose never forgotten face—

Ang. (unmasking). Learn to forget it for my sake, for your own sake, for your bride's sake.

Hor. Bride! no bride for me.

Ang. You are to marry the daughter of the Count of San Lucar. It has been my idea to assure you fortune.

Hor. Fortune! I will not marry except where I love, and I can, will love but one, and that one yourself.

Ang. And can you be sure that I am free to receive your love? I am not.

Hor. Great heaven! are you married?

Ang. Why should I not be?

They were at length interrupted by the appearance of Prince Grumboff, who could swear from the figure—for the lady had donned her mask again, that his wife stood before him, had he not left her laid up with a racking headache. Still he had his suspicions. To gain opportunity to confirm or allay them he invited the unknown to

dance. He accepted the invitation promising her hand to the Count for the next set.

When Don Julian met his friend again, the latter poured out his delight at the prospect of dancing once more with the lady of his love and his despair that at midnight, he must part with her forever. Julian was quickwitted—he would aid his friend by sending off Brigitta, and by detaining her companion. He did this by moving the clock forward to four minutes to twelve, which drove Brigitta to her coach almost in despair at leaving her mistress, and after her disappearance by putting it back an hour behind the time.

Prince Grumboff recognized his wife, as he supposed, in the masked lady and in an interview with Julian uttered furious threats against the Count, which Don conveyed to his friend upon his re-appearance after the quadrille with the lady.

And now upon Horace's urgent entreaties for her to fly, it came out that she was not Princess Grumboff at all, and she certainly, would not leave the ball—glancing at the clock—three quarters of an hour before her time.

With dancing and lover's talk time passes rapidly—as the present writer does not know—for he never *danced*—and the Count's pleadings were interrupted by the striking of the clock. No Brigitta was to be found, and the lover's trick was acknowledged. Oh, the despair of the fair lady Angela! (Tear drop No. 3, comes in here.)

Now you must know, that old Gil Perez had a rather intimate acquaintance with old Jacinta, Don Julian's housekeeper, and used occasionally, after locking up the convent, to go there for a little quiet chat and supper. He was expected on the night of the ball, and the old woman was in a sad taking both because at one o'clock in the morning he had not come, and because her master was although so late, to give a supper to his harum-scarum friends—a circumstance fitted to interfere rather, with any quiet lovemaking in her own apartment.

"Black enough the night is," said Jacinta looking from the window into the deserted street, "Poor dear Gil Perez; suppose he gets lost in the dark. Ay, ay, yonder he is; don't I know his black cloak; scudding here at such a rate, too. I must smuggle him away somewhere though; and get my rakish young master to bed as fast as I can."

Tap, tap, tap, at the door, which Jacinta opened and in came the lady Angela in black domino and mask!

When she learned the deception practised upon her, there was nothing to do but fly from the palace. No coach, no key to the convent, had she known the way, she could but hurry through the streets, hopeless and forlorn. At one time she hid in the dark corner of a doorway to escape the night patrol; at another she was forced to bear the familiarities of a student, who let her escape with a kiss or two; and so at last weary, worn, distracted, seeing Jacinta's light, she came thither to beseech protection. Gold, a ring with real diamonds and her noble air and manner proved to the old woman the respectability of the fugitive, and she took her to her own room and clad her in the peasant dress of her niece who was daily expected from the country. Leaving her in her own room, Jacinta now ad-

mitted Gil Perez, whom she bestowed in another chamber, in spite of his protestations against it.

And now came Don Julian with his guests, to whom Jacinta introduced her protégée as her niece. Her beauty surprised, and as they became heated with wine, inflamed the young men, who crowding round her for a kiss, she rushed into the arms of Count Horace for protection. Her assumption of the language and manners of a peasant girl deceived all but him. He penetrated her disguise and, to save her from insult, returned from the supper-room and putting her in Jacinta's apartment locked her in and took the keys with him. The coast being now clear Gil Perez determined to go to his favorite quarters by Jacinta's fireside and having unlocked the door with a key of his own, was appalled by a sepulchral voice from a figure clad in black and masked, which addressed him:

"Vile blasphemer and thief, what would'st thou?"

Poor Gil trembling with fear poured out a torrent of exclamations, but the voice interrupting him at intervals, demanded of him the convent keys of which he "thief, steward, and spy, was not worthy," and he was only too glad to escape by their surrender. Waving him into the room the Lady Angela was upon the point of departing when Jacinta again entered. As the room was unlighted the lady was unobserved and when Jacinta entered her own room, Angela turned the key upon her and fled. There was great fun, as may readily be imagined, when Horace returning, followed unknown to him by Julian, Grumboff, and others—Grumboff by the way no longer jealous having found his wife at home sound asleep in bed—entered the room and led out a woman, who proved to be old Jacinta, and entering again brought out another person, no other than Gil Perez. Count Horace had the worst of the joke. Meantime poor Brigitta was sad enough in the convent—her friend and mistress lost, the hour of consecration approaching, scandal and the Inquisition in the background. She could do nothing but guard Angela's room from the intrusion at break of day of Ursula, the other candidate for the peace of Abbess, under pretence that her lady was ill. That something was wrong Ursula more than suspected—the absence of the porter and the loss of the convent keys proved this. Brigitta however succeeded in persuading her to go with her to the chapel to prepare it for the ceremony, and at this moment happily Angela entered and reached her room unobserved, weary, terrified, torn by the pangs of hopeless love, and by her horror at the vows she has so soon to take.

But the moments were fleeting and soon were heard the bells ringing, the sweet voices of nuns in the chapel, the gathering of crowds to witness the ceremony. The Lady Angela appeared dressed in her official robes and the procession was formed to move into the chapel. At this moment one of the nuns brought word to the abbess that a gentleman would take no denial, but must see her upon business of importance alone. Permission being given, Count Horace was introduced, the lady thickly veiled remaining of course unrecognized. He came to acquaint her that he found it impossible to marry the young lady, niece of Count San Lucar, then living in the convent as a novice, and besought the holy mother to inform the young lady of the fact—one

which could hardly break her heart, as she had never seen him. A messenger from court interrupted the conversation by bringing a letter from the Queen informing the Lady Angela that the Duke of Olivares had left her his immense fortune and that as her vocation was not yet irrevocably fixed, she of course could accept and enjoy that fortune. Turning to Count Horace unveiled, he saw his black domino, and the pretty servant girl in the lady abbess! Despair! (Tear No. 4).

Well, how do you suppose these adventures of a night ended! How but by Lady Angela appearing at the altar in bridal instead of an abbess' robes, with Count Massarena as bridegroom, and Ursula in the place which she had so nearly been forced to fill.

How they lived long and happily; how they died and were deposited in marble tombs, and what children succeeded to their possessions and honors—are not all those things to be read in the chronicles of the houses of Olivares and Massarena? Rest their souls in peace, let all good Christians pray!

The plot is absurd enough, but it is full of situations, some of which are irresistibly comic—while the music, as before said, is of the very first order in comic opera.

[For Dwight's Journal of Music.]

J. S. Bach.

(TRANSLATED FOR THIS JOURNAL FROM THE "DEUTSCHE MUSIK-ZEITUNG" OF VIENNA.)

Arias from various Cantatas, with Piano-forte accompaniment, arranged by ROBERT FRANZ. Four sets (9 Alto, 9 Bass, 9 Soprano, 9 Tenor Arias). Leipzig: F. Whistling; Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

(Continued from page 130.)

From what we have said of the spiritual and introspective character of Bach's music, it follows that with him the artistic aim and the fixed limit of economy must be less obvious to common apprehension. A concrete historical situation and the corresponding feeling, whether of the single individual or of participating masses, has a much more definite measure in itself, than the ever fluctuating mood, forever floating off into the Infinite, which is begotten of a thought, a heart experience of the immediate and still recurring Present. Hence with Handel those unshakably determined forms, fast as the rock; while with Bach all is flux and motion:—the truest symbol of his thoughts. For the peculiarity of the objects, to which Bach felt himself drawn by his whole nature, must naturally also have determined his manner of production. The difficult problem, of indicating this in all its special and almost innumerable materials, must be left to a future biography to solve. Suffice it here to remind ourselves, that Bach, as a consequence of what has been stated, must have cultivated with particularity the contrapuntal mode of writing handed down to him, and all the forms connected with it. For that alone could represent and imitate the infinitely rich relations of the inner life with any satisfactory correspondence. That art he has carried, as we all know, to a height never reached again; it may be seen most clearly in his vocal compositions. For here it is indisputably clear, how much more perfectly than any other this Art-form mirrors the wonderful organism of the human soul's life filled with spiritual influence; how it represents the innermost nature of music, out of which it originally sprang with almost mathematical consistency, and at the

same time solves its most ideal problem, that of symbolizing the soul's life, in the most natural and most legitimate manner.

Now the reason, why Bach with his way of treating counterpoint has reached the highest point, lies on the one hand in his inexhaustible invention of the most pregnant leading motives—this mystery of the most immediate act of genius; and on the other, in the astonishing plastic energy, with which he handles and develops these. His text clothes itself in a motive, which conceals in itself, in embryo, the entire musical development that follows, and with it too the meaning of the text. Plastic clearness and roundness, elastic many-sidedness, harmonic fullness, and a characterization which never fails to hit, distinguish every one of the Bach motives. The working up and unfolding of these motives is done, as is well known, not so much by artificial dismemberment, dispersion, conjunction, &c., which all rather belongs rather to the domain of rhythm,—but, so to say, by modulatory shading, that is, by harmony, in that the same motive, for the most part through its whole extent, is placed under the manifold lights which sprang as if spontaneously out of the different voices in which it enters, out of the related keys through which it must move, out of the counter-motives which germinate from it and combine with it, out of the inversions, contractions, expansions, and so on. Now so far as mere technical skill is of any avail here, Bach uses it never as such, but always as a means to the highest ends. Else how comes it, that the working out of his movements with the greatest simplicity of outline, with the most faultless symmetry, with the seemingly ever charming regularity and constancy of the fundamental relations, still all the time exceeds the limits of our power of comprehension; that frequently we cannot comprehend the inward necessity and intentional arrangement, the climax and conclusion of a passage, and that still the most instantaneous conviction forces itself upon us, how necessary all is, since in the whole and in each detail the most intimate interpenetration of the word-thought and the music manifests itself? We involuntarily ask, whether certain technical mysteries have not become lost to us, which were perhaps born with Bach and buried with him; or if it is only that we lack the inward depth, simplicity and humility to feel and comprehend all the loftiness of thoughts and combinations which were natural and necessary to the deep soul of the master. The answer is for the most, no doubt, reserved to a future and maturer generation, even if much is to be set down to the account of the taste of the time in which he lived; although we cannot, of course, in the remotest degree assent to the idea of his being altogether "antiquated" or "foreign to our religious consciousness."

A second leading characteristic, which distinguishes Bach's manner of production very clearly from that of Handel, is the Choral. Through it Bach plants himself most distinctly on the ground of German nationality and universal intelligibility. It is far from our purpose to describe even cursorily his position as a reformer towards the Choral; these remarks aim merely to cast a little light upon the most all-important questions in regard to Bach. Hence we content ourselves with showing how he, faithful to his nature, takes this most immediate product of the evangelical

communion, this simplest possible lyrical expression of the Protestant Christian soul's life, and by large combinations raises it to the most pregnant universality. For this is undoubtedly his purpose when he either clothes it as a *cantus firmus* with all sorts of symbolical figured work, or works it up as a theme into fugued movement, or carries every single strophe of it through in canon form. What results he has reached by these means, is shown by a multitude of his Cantatas. For example, the first choral movement of "*Aus tiefer Noth schrei ich zu dir*" (In deep distress I cry to thee"), is so wonderfully mystical, that one no longer merely hears the sin-struck agony of the Christian congregation, but also feels somewhat of that wrestling and "sighing of the creature," which only the most deep-souled men have shared with the apostle.

The proper focus, therefore, of Bach's creative activity lies in the endeavor to fathom the universal soul's life of humanity in its deepest depths; to seize it in its collective and its individual relation to the living God, as well as to the sinful world—a trait of speculative mysticism, if you will—and to incarnate it in a comprehensive tone-symbolism. No wonder that for such a task he seems peculiarly prepared, before all others: with the most inexhaustible imagination, with the mightiest productive energy, with the most prophetic depth of feeling. Hence if we justly call Handel universal, in so far as he has freely assimilated to himself all the musical elements existing in his time, it may be permitted after what has been said, as an offset to this more quantitative universality, to ascribe to Bach an equally great, intensive, spiritual universality; so that the two men mutually complete one another, and so render all question about the greater or less worth of the one or the other wholly superfluous.

(To be continued.)

Remarks on the Present State of Music.

Much has happened which is calculated to disturb and distress, in our time, the pure enjoyment and the legitimate progress of art. The waves of political events beat awfully in the minds of men, and into all forms of social and inward life; but still there is wanting in the masses a uniting, elevating, and spiritually exciting idea. Overwhelming circumstances and recollections have called forth on the one side, vehemence of desires, and the habit of impetuously-changing impressions; and, on the other, their opposite conditions—relaxation and a deep want of quietude of mind, and of a cessation of mental struggle. In both relations, materiality—as the element of more powerful excitations and effects, or as the soft tranquilizer of mind by lulling the senses—has obtained a height of command unknown to art; and the spectacle more than once witnessed before is now repeated—that in such moments, when the tension of the German mind and character of their own peculiar feelings becomes relaxed, and collapse in the masses of the people, a foreign hand, especially the frivolity and fluttering prosaicalness of France, or the enervating sensuality of Italy, assumes the sceptre. Then it is, so far as regards music, at the opera, that the foreign productions gain an easy and sure victory by display and exaggeration. How many wiles are employed to charm the senses in those exhibitions, to distract and intoxicate the mind of the spectator, and to cloud his judgment as to the real matter before him; and how can all the other branches and departments of art remain uninfected by such an influence, when they proceed from the theatre—the highest and most commanding position of the arts.

If, on the one hand, we must confess the degrading direction to materialities of the foreign operas, a direction which in these times derives so much influence from our being accustomed, and, indeed, forced, as it were, by the public and political circumstances of the West, to keep our eyes on that quarter, as to the dial-plate of disturbance in Europe; so, on the other hand, we will recognize the positive advantages we have from them (which have been but too much neglected by our musicians and poets) in the more urgent endeavor to produce dramatic, or, at least, scenic animation and effect from combined personal situations in more common relations, and in the public and ordinary events of life. Only when, through the real poverty, degradation and error of the foreign opera, our musicians shall have recognized this element, and have adopted it with dignity and truth in the German opera, will our art herein also celebrate its inevitable triumph.

Until that period the foreign style will be predominant, will be loved; it will draw after it the artistic requirements of the multitude, and will satisfy them. The inevitable consequences of this dominion are, outward attractions and excitements of the senses, external magnificence with internal poverty, superficial contentment in lieu of soundness and depth, a yielding to unworthiness, and a base condescension of dignity position to a mere parade of effect. Degraded music, a mere matter of amusement, is dragged everywhere; it pursues us into our gardens and at our meals; and, in endeavoring to fill up the void in desolated social intercourse, it alike deafens our ears to all rational converse, and deadens our feelings to the true powers of art. Loss of character and significance pervades all its branches, and is followed by increasing loss of interest. The more we depart from the idea of the whole, from the meaning, from the conception of art and the unity of artistic works, the more decided is the progress of that disorder,—that inward death of art occasioned by considering the means as the principal, and neglecting the end. Thus, those foreign seductive operas have been able to attain their influence over us. We have been blinded by the authority of their origin, and by the fame of their highly-gifted singers; by the extraordinary means employed to produce effect; by the very ridiculousness of some of these incidents, such as a sale by auction a tender, sentimental post-boy, not to mention more recent instances, which, from their utter novelty on the opera boards, are absolutely startling. On the other hand, we are ourselves reproached, and not without some reason, with not being sufficiently attentive to our means, a bad habit of which we trust bitter experience will correct us.

Hence, music assumes to us at present an aspect which is by no means satisfactory.

We have abundance of music, but little pleasure from it. We obtain from it distraction and amusement, where we might derive thought and elevation. Thus it is with our fashionable opera, where its frequenters are swooning with giddiness for a moment, and then are left empty, and in another moment forget it. So in our concerts, whose utmost effort is to display an extraordinary artist, creating astonishment, the most fruitless of all states of the mind. So in our public music, which, without moving our sympathy, destroys our conversation. So it is, in fine, in our social parties, where confined to heartless school exercises, or ill-judged repetitions of fashionable airs, instead of producing the enjoyments of art, it causes more embarrassment, envy and tediousness than we are willing to confess to each other, or even to ourselves.

We willingly avert our eyes from the unpleasant spectacle. It is not, however, here the place nor our object, to pronounce a judgment; but we should certainly wish to call the attention of those to the subject, who feel an interest in art, and in popular education. And, indeed, notwithstanding the corruptions and weaknesses which we have lamented, we must be total strangers to the feelings of our kind, not to acknowledge and honor the most earnest and prom-

ising exertions and struggles, the strong adhesion to the works of the elder masters, from Beethoven back to Gluck and Seb. Bach, the most extraordinary, although perhaps technical industry of executants, the zealous competition of youth for scholastic and universal cultivation, so indispensable to artists, all of which has never been so conspicuous as in our times. There is to be observed, however, in all this very praiseworthy labor and exertion, a considerable degree of unconsciousness or indifference as to matter and object, which must be overcome before the proper fruits can be expected; and which presents to our view, occasionally, depth and superficialness, genuine and spurious art, in equal estimation; while the undistinguishing pursuit of good and bad is honored by the name of impartiality, and discrimination is denounced as illiberality.

A widely-spread activity, of great promise if well conducted, prevails in the track and propagation both of the good and of the spurious, but the individualizing, animating idea, the leading consciousness, the highest power of art, have still to be drawn out from their deep recesses.

Many noble-minded and earnestly-thinking people have viewed in this confused whirlpool of struggling powers, the death of that art which has been the bright sunny ray of their lives, in Bach, or Gluck, or Mozart, or Beethoven; but we will hold fast to the conviction that art is a necessity of human nature, and is therefore equally imperishable. On the same ground, we conclude that, in any particular nation, music cannot be destroyed and lost but with the nation itself; although both together may undergo moments of error, delusion, or failure. A well-pondered review of the history of music teaches us this; and an elevated contemplation of what our nation is, and of what music requires and can expect from it upholds, in times of undeniable retrogression, those hearts which beat for something beyond the fleeting moment.—*Dr. Marx's General Musical Instruction.*

Amina and the Mill-wheel.

When some one asked Byron whether he did not find the acting of Miss Kelly in *The Maid* and the Magpie deeply true to nature, Child Harold replied: "I don't know. I was never innocent of stealing a silver spoon." But, in spite of the sharp saying, the story of the girl of Palaiseau, falsely accused of theft, and saved by an extraordinary accident, still lives on the European stage, so, in this country, does the memory of the cordial and pathetic actress with whom the drama is associated.

More powerful still to move, more universal to charm, is the story of the peasant girl who saved her good fame by walking in her sleep over the mill-wheel. Some such exploit, no doubt, has been really told and believed somewhere as a thing which once happened; and the tale has spread from one country to another, even as the tale of the traveller who fainted dead on seeing by morning light the broken bridge he had safely ridden over in the dark—what shall we say?—as all real stories do. Let the true origin and locality of the transaction be suggested as a matter of shrewd investigation and amicable quarrel to those who make "Notes" on "Queries," seeing that, now-a-days, the business of criticism is to prove that everything must have been something else. The Marseillaise Hymn, one Herr Hamma assures us, is a barefaced plagiarism by the Dibdin of France, Rouget de Lisle, from the "Credo" of a dry German mass, written for an obscure village town in a corner of the Lake of Constance, with which town on the lake, of course, and with its manuscript mass-music, the Parisian vagabond man of letters could not fail to be as familiar as if Meersburg was Montmartre, or Montmorency!

Be these things as they may, our anecdote of the Sleep-walker was dressed up in the form of ballet, some thirty-five years ago, by M. Scribe. As a French ballet, *La Sonnambule* had not a long success. The Italians prefer for their ballets incidents which admit of strong and mute action. The French are not thus constructed. There is small space to dance upon in the story of the peasant girl, who, by perilling her neck over the old mill-wheel, cleared herself from her lover's jealous suspicions. But there is room in it for passionate and pathetic gesture; and the incidents are not crowded so closely together as they are in other dramatized ballets, such as the *Sylph* and the *Gipsy*, both of which (no offence to the music of Mr. Barnett and of Mr. Balfe)

made bad opera books. Thus it fell out that in 1829, or thereabouts, a gentle and graceful young Sicilian composer, Bellini, chose this subject for music. From his first outset in art—unable to compete with Rossini in versatile richness of melody, he conceived the idea of devoting himself to dramas of greater pathos, force, and feeling, than those which had been taken hold of, with a carelessness savoring of arrogance, by his predecessor. Further, Bellini had to write for the greatest actress who had yet trodden the opera stage. For Pasta, when in the prime of her power, was *La Sonnambula* written. But the noble and gifted woman, whose Norma, Semiramis, Medea, Anne Boleyn, were creations each differing from each in its regal pomp and majesty, could hardly look the part of Amina; and though Pasta acted it, as she did everything she touched, consummately; the delicacy of the music, and the compass of its melodies, were calculated to betray the peculiar defects of her voice, which, never agreeable by nature, was always liable to be out of tune. Amina, then, was one of Pasta's less fortunate impersonations. She placed it on the stage, however; and with it, as with all her other characters, a host of those traditions and suggestions which have been invaluable to all destined to succeed her. The influence of Pasta, to name one instance distinctly to be traced, throughout the long and glorious career of Madame Grisi, has never died out, in spite of the notoriously ephemeral duration of singers' influences.

If Pasta brought *La Sonnambula* to the Italian stage, Malibran popularized the music and the legend in England. The critics of Pasta's day, who had not even then thoroughly recognized Rossini, being strong in the national and convenient mania of liking as few things in art as possible, would not hear the pleasant freshness and simplicity of Bellini's music; they denounced it as weak and trifling. But how astonishingly were the Italian words "done into English!" Of many similar versions, the book of *La Sonnambula* is the most absurd perversion. That wonderful explanatory couplet which occurs just before the closing scene,

And this sir, you must know, though remarkable it seems,
That sonnambulists they're called, because of walking in their dreams,

is only a sample of the entire book. Then, Malibran was badly supported on the English stage. Peace to the memory of her ungainly middle-aged opera-lover, with a poor voice through his nose, whom she drove about the stage like a whirlwind, and whom, by her vehemence of action she absolutely made seem to act! No matter. A pathetic drama, wholly conducted in music and acted with energy, was new to English playgoers; and there were an exuberance of fire, and of felling in Malibran's acting, a daring and a passion in her singing, which, while she was before us, entirely carried off her extravagances. Never has opera-queen, singing English transported her subjects as she did. Hers, however, was no Swiss Amina, but a Southern peasant with a brilliancy in her delight, and a reckless abandonment in her hour of distress, that gave the part an intensity of color, and a sharpness of contrast, neither "calm nor classical" which seized us with a resistless fascination. In the chamber scene, where the sleeping girl unconsciously enters with the light, Malibran was not equal to other Aminas, who have held us fast to the situation by their ghostly quietness. Her despair, in the instant of her detection and abandonment by her deceived lover, was terrible. She would not let him leave her; clung to him, pursued him, twined herself round him, and could only be flung loose to endure her agony when the strength of her misery would avail her no more, and she was left and broken (it seemed) for ever. Then the walk over the mill-wheel, which vindicates the heroine's virtue, was protracted by her with almost a cruel relish. She did her best to terrify her faithless lover into the keenest spasm of fear and remorse; as though sleep had brought with it the counsel of heartily punishing him for his suspicions. All this was to lead to that burst of ecstasy with which she flung herself into his arms in the "frantic certainty of waking bliss." The final rondo (one of the happiest expressions of joy ever poured forth in music) was not so much sung by Malibran, though in it she heaped vocal change on change, triumph on triumph as thrown out in the irresistible abundance of a new buoyant delight and relief. London was never tired of Malibran's Amina; nor even when she had grasped "the town" by another remarkable personation totally different, that of the devoted Prisoner's Wife in Beethoven's *Fidelio*, could the one success efface the other. There must have been something true and permanent in the peasant story and the despised Italian music after all.

The next Amina on the long list who is worth remembering, for qualities entirely different from those

of the gifted and fervid Spanish woman of genius—was Persiani; Grisi having, in the interval, attempted the opera and laid it aside. She was never beautiful she can have never looked young, she in no respect showed herself a great actress: as a singer, she had been born with an ungracious though ready voice (a "bitter" voice, Mendelssohn called it), a voice always more or less false; nevertheless, considering the part musically, Persiani was the best Amina among all the Aminas who have been heard here. This, not only because she was accomplished to the power of working every phrase and note of the music to its remotest corner, leaving nothing for the apprehension to desire in point of skill, not only because her command over the graces and resources of ornament was limitless, but from a certain conception of the sentiment of the situations in the story, which stood her in stead of apparent freshness or originality, whether studied or instinctive. Great singers among her comrades, tired, and in their great-coats, ready to go home or to go out to supper, might be seen waiting in "the wing" till she had sung the final rondo. Persiani's version of that air lives among the most complete of musical satisfactions recollected. Its fascination was strong enough to enthrall even such opera-goers (their name is Legion) as care only for a pretty voice or a pretty woman. The conquest told much to "the score" of Persiani, something, not less real, to the story on which was built the score of Bellini.

Next came an English Amina, not merely an Amina in English, competent in right of natural dramatic genius, powers acquired for its expression, to compete with any of the Italian singers at any time, the last of the great Kemble race. Here again, however as in Pasta's case, Nature had set her face against the Maid on the Mill-wheel. Form and features were opposed to the attempt. There was a certain heaviness in the quality of Miss Kemble's voice which has nothing to do with dramatic versatility. Those laugh the best on the stage who can cry the best. Pasta's smile was as glorious and natural as her sorrow was subduing, as her wrath was appalling; but the smile was on the noble and serious features of the Muse of Tragedy; and the many are apt to read such smiles as mere grimaces. Miss Kemble's Amina, admirable in many respects, was the least admirable among the few parts played by her during her bright and brief career on the English opera stage.

Writers of musical history will find a wondrous theme in the story of the next Amina, the Swedish lady, who, on our Italian stage, made play-going London, whether grave or gay, madder than London has been made mad since the opera-days when (as Byron said in his stinging lines) crowds jammed into the pit, country ladies fainted and were carried out, and dandies were civilly rude to the same provincial females, in the eagerness of their worship of (*sic* in Byron) "Catalini's pantaloons." How the Lind-fever was begotten, how nourished, on what basis the excitement rested, are so many facts of no importance to this sketch. That it lured scrupulous divines out of their churches, that it threatened, for a nine month's wonder, the whole rival dynasty of opera with revolution, shame, and overthrow, are truths which have nothing to do with the real musical genius of an artist, even of genius as singular, as successful as she was. Without doubt, Mlle. Jenny Lind, with her large and speaking eyes and her clustering fair hair, will be remembered as the type of the Swiss peasant-girl, real and rustic, in all her simplicity and sincerity. Her northern voice, too, was admirably suited to Bellini's music; the power which she possessed of drawing out its tones to any required strength and softness, made her more fit to present what may be called the ventriloquism of the sleep-walking scenes than any one before her or since. She could act further, just to the point of sorrow and gentle woe which the situations of the tale demand. She could take, moreover (this was less fair), what was not her own, in the fullness of her determination to "have and to hold" her audience. In the chamber scene of her detection, by way of showing the splendor of her upper notes, she quietly appropriated the music of her lover's part, choosing to dominate in the moment of her disgrace and suspense, rather than to be struck down by them. This usurpation passed undiscovered. It was in some measure redeemed by the extreme and touching beauty of her second sleep-walking scene; just ere Amina awakens. Nothing more carefully devised than this, nothing in the art which conceals art is seconded by congenial Nature, could be conceived. The soft, sad, slow notes seemed to flow from lips as totally unconscious as were the fingers which let slip the flowers, that poor battered treasured token-nose-gay, last forlorn relic of Amina's betrothal (her token ring having been reft from her). There was a wondrous fascination in that musical scene, not wholly

belonging to the singer, nor to her looks, nor to her voice, but in part, too, to the story and to the music. In the last joyous outbreak which follows this dream Mlle. Jenny Lind was inferior as a singer to Persiani, and as an actress-and-singer-in-one to Malibran.

Next came Malibran's younger sister, one of the greatest artists of any time, happily still living to show the world how Genius can be lord of all, when the expression of a dramatist's thought, or the representation of a musician's ideas, are in question. Her Amina was remarkable, not for its musical treatment (because consummate art is, in music synonymous with the name of Viardot), not for her voice, not for her pleasant demeanor (infinitely simpler and less feverish than her sister's) but because of the wondrous deadness of the sleep thrown by her into the scenes of the girl who had to walk over the mill-wheel to clear herself. Without Lind's long respiration, without rare beauty of tone—with something by nature quick and impulsive in her Southern Composition—Viardot worked out another corner (till then unexplored) of Bellini's opera.

There may be twenty (for aught the Sybils know) new renderings of the hopes and fears of the Singing Sleep-walkers to come. Ere we name the last and youngest, it should be told that Sontag, too, after breaking her twenty years' silence, was tempted by the tale and the music on her return to the stage; too late, as it proved, though her excellent tact always bore her above failure—that the genial Alboni was fascinated into forgetting every disqualification of voice and figure, in the hope of making so favorite a part her prize. A vain fancy! Not even her beautiful, full, languid contralto tones, and her faultless execution, could carry the enterprise through. It was more curious than exciting to see with what solid and demur carefulness she braved the ordeal of the perilous walk above the wheel, holding steadily on to the protecting rail of wire which no eyes are expected to recognise, and relieved apparently when the terra firma of the stage was once more under her feet. Amina was no more possible for her to conquer than the Sylph who distracted her lover by her aerial exits up the chimney, or her gambols from flower to flower, would have been. What spell is there that will defend singing women and playing men against the disappointment of such mistakes? When will the Listons cease from wearying to be Orlandos and Romeos?

And now—at this time present, though it might have been fancied that all the changes conceivable and have been rung on on Bellini's present opera—when half a dozen musical dramas, fifteen years more recent, prodigious and terrifying, have become stale, past the power of the most wondrous genius to revive them—has come the youngest Amina of all, though assuredly not the most gifted—and at once, and without a single note of prelude or preliminary trumpet, has stirred up the tired town to an enthusiasm recalling the days when Malibran tottered across the stage in haste and frantic grief, and when Lind (with an Ophelia touch in the thought) breathed out her whole soul of sadness over the flowers, as, leaf by leaf, they mournfully dropped on the stage. Born in Madrid, Italian by parentage, trained exclusively in America, Mademoiselle Adeline Patti, on her first evening's appearance at our Italian Opera—nay, in her first song—possessed herself of her audience with a sudden victory which has scarcely a parallel, the circumstances considered. Old and young are now treating as conspiracy and treason any looking-back to past Aminas—any comparisons. This new singer, in her early girlhood, is (for them) already a perfect artist—one who is to set Europe on fire during the many years to which it may be hoped her career will extend. Nor is their delight altogether baseless. Mademoiselle Patti's voice has been carefully and completely trained. Those who fail to find it as fresh in tone as a voice aged nineteen should be, must be struck by its compass, by the certainty in its delivery, by some quality in it (not to be reasoned out or defined) which has of the artist than the automaton. She has a rare amount of brilliancy and flexibility. She has some "notions" (as the Americans have it) of ornament and fancy which are her own, if they be not unimpeachable, say the Dryadists, in point of taste. If not beautiful, she is pleasing to see; if not at a Pasta, a Malibran, or a Lind in action, she is possessed with her story. There is nothing to displease, if not much to move, in her version of the sorrow so mysteriously caused—of the joy which poetical justice has laid out so incomparably for a felicity-rondo to close a sentimental opera. For the moment, the newest Amina has the ear of London; in the future, Mademoiselle Patti may become worthy of having her name written in the Golden Book of great singers. Meanwhile, what a tale is here told, not merely of her great and welcome promise, not merely of her possessing that

talent for success—charm—which is born into few persons, and which cannot be bought or taught, but of the lasting truth and attraction of the music to which Bellini set the story of the innocent girl who walked across the mill-wheel in her sleep! The moral should not be lost on composers of music to come, nor on those who dream of stories for stage-musicians to compose.—*All the Year Round*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 3, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

No. XVII.

LONDON, July 11.

Did I say six hundred people listened to CHARLES HALLE'S "Beethoven's Recitals?" That was a far too timid estimate; those who know best tell me that there were at least a thousand. Very close, attentive listeners they were, with few exceptions; many with book in hand, as I have said; mother and daughter perhaps looking over the same copy of the score, husband and wife, or pair of friends, or lovers—is their love as deep, we wonder, as the language which now vibrates through them? Have they in them that which answers to the tone-poet's wonderful, most human, most heartfelt confessions? If so, they will know few better hours than that in which they followed, with Hallé for interpreter, that tenderly impassioned Sonata, op. 81, whose three moments bear the titles: "*Les Adieux*," "*L'Absence*," and "*le Retour*;" or to the next in order, op. 90, in E minor, with which (according to Schindler) there also goes a story, that it was written for the Count Lichnowski, when, in love and hesitating, and that the first movement (*Vivace e sempre con espressione*) was to have been called "Contest between head and heart," and the second and last (*Allegretto*, E major) "Conversation with the Beloved." Lonely indeed is that last movement—tranquil and deep and full of bliss as Mozart. Two more perfect love poems, true to the heart's experience forever, do not exist even in music; and it will always be among the worthiest ambitions of first-class pianists, such as Hallé, to perform them worthily, as it is with colors of true genius to keep fresh the inexhaustible significance of Shakespeare.

These two Sonatas formed the first part of Hallé's seventh recital. Their treatment under his hands was masterly and delicate. If one could have wished a little more nervous fire in the first one,—more of the restless and impatient Beethoven temperament—the second was all that could be desired; it seemed not only tastefully and finely, but also sympathetically played; most clearly, delicately outlined, warmly, rich colored, softly, exquisitely shaded. And yet the admirable pianist has not once impressed me as having the live spark of *genius* in him. I could name a player or two, who give me that, while they could never trust themselves to do what he does. The two Sonatas were separated by that beautiful song of Schubert's: *Du bist die Ruh* (Thou art the rest), sung in French, under the title of "*L'Attente*," by M. Tennant, who has a delicate and expressive tenor. They song afforded just the right relief, harmonizing well with the mood of the Sonatas; but it would have been better not in French.

The second part contained two great ones—two of the so long dreaded Sonatas of Beethoven's "last period," about which there has been so much mystification, until some of the more genial and earnest of our new school pianists (*Prestidigitateurs*), have turned their attention from the ground and lofty tumbling feats of senseless show fantasias, to these real poems, long locked up in difficulty, and have mastered them and made them clear to every listener with brains of music in his soul. The first, op. 101, in A major, which also has its love story, and dates from about the same time with the *Lieder-kreis*, I had heard admirably played by Clara Schumann. I am not sure Hallé did not play it even better at least so far as the masculine and moody vigor of the second movement (*Vivace alla marcía*), and the wild impetuosity, self-constrained into a *fugato* form, of the brilliant finale *allegro*, are concerned. Passing a rather common place "Evening Song" by Blumenthal, what shall we say of the famous Grand Sonata (sometimes called "Double Sonata," because on account of its length it is sometimes published as two), in B flat major, op. 106? It is indeed a "Titanic" work; and of all things ever written for the instrument it offers perhaps the severest test of all the faculties, technical and genial, of the executive pianist. We have all read, and so too some of the best authorities have told me here—Mr. Benedict, for instance—that no one hitherto has achieved this task so triumphantly as Miss Arabella Goddard. Unfortunately I have not heard her. Of the composition, as such, it would be too much to try to give any account here; but in the performance Mr. Hallé certainly astonished and delighted everybody. It was his crowning feat. If he did not bring out all that possibly could be brought out from a work so crowded with ideas and inspirations, he at least made it all so clear, so consistent, so beautiful and grand and happily varied, so fascinating from first to last that the charm seemed as short as it was perfect. One wondered when he found the great hill of difficulty actually behind him, lying there so soft and picturesque on the horizon. It certainly required a masterly rendering to make that very long, sombre deeply brooding *Adagio sostenuto* (in F sharp minor) interesting to the end, to nearly all the audience, as he did; or to thrice the mazes of that wondrous fugue, "*a tre voce, senza alcuna licenze*," of the finale, with such unerring vividness of outline.

The last "Recital" was on Friday, July 5th, when Mr. Hallé fulfilled his arduous design to the last letter, by masterly readings of the last three Sonatas. First, that in E major, op. 109, with its fitful alternation of *Vivace* and *Adagio espressivo* fragments in the first movement, its *prestissimo* in the minor of the key, and finally its *Andante molto Cantabile* (never had the deaf giant been so profoundly, sweetly melodious, so apt to melt into the pure *cantabile*, as in these last days), which has been "justly called "one of the most genial and exquisite of those original melodies which he has treated in the *variation* form." Then, — after a pause filled by the *Adelaida*, finely sang by Sig. Gardoni—the Sonata, op. 110, in A flat major, also abounding in fitful alternations of tempo, fugued passages, subtle and suggestive variations, singular rhythmical divisions, warm, throbbing melody, and all the characteristics of his last period, while the logical

consistency and unity of origin and purpose are never once lost sight of. Finally—after Gardoni had sung *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*, in Italian—the last of all the Sonatas, the great one in C minor, op. 111, ending with another wonderful *Adagio cantabile*, after an *Allegro* whose fiery, restless mood seems to revert to that of the C minor symphony, and the *Sonata Pathétique*, also in the same key. Wonderfully crisp and clear, but perhaps too rapidly did Hallé take the bold continuous *Allegro con brio*, which sets out in unison. The *Adagio* was beautifully done. And everybody involuntarily lingered, as if unwilling to believe that these rare feasts of music were indeed all over. But to every one who listened truly, it still lives! If ever concert-giver could congratulate himself on a good work done, and with complete success, that pleasure must be Mr. Hallé's.

To look at him, you would not think him such an artist. There is something almost methodical in his serious, homely, long face, and the straight sandy hair well smoothed over the shining head. But there is a beautiful clearness in his look, as of a stream never sluggish, and a quiet self-possession in his manner, which denotes artistic fidelity and character. — Such a concert was riches upon riches, following, as it did for me, the unexpected revival (on the day before, the 4th) of a rare experience of brighter days, which was no less than hearing the LIND sing again — and with nothing of the old charm, on her part, wanting! Of this I have yet to tell; as well as of many interesting concerts heard in these last weeks; and admirably performed operas, besides, including (after all) the "William Tell," and *Don Giovanni*, with the wonderful debut of "little PATTI" as Zerlina. Meanwhile, just to show the wealth of London — alas! that it takes so much of the meaner kind of wealth to go to operas and concerts here; yet thousands do contrive to pay their guinea every night — look at this list of really distinguished singers, every one of whom has been here and could be heard here during the last few weeks:

Soprani.

Mme. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, (only once).
" Giulia Grisi, (still taking farewells!).
Mlle. Tietjens.
Mme. Penco.
" Gassier.
Mlle. Adelina Patti.
" Czillag.
Miss Anne Banks.
Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington.
" Rüdersdorf.
" Miolan-Carvalho.
Mrs. Sunderland.
Mlle. Anna Whitty.

Contralti.

Mme. Alboni (gone to Paris).
" Nantier-Didié.
" Lemaire.
" Sainton-Dolby.
Miss Adelaide Philipps (has not sung).
" Freeman.
Mlle. Parepa.

Tenors.

Sig. Mario (still in his prime).
" Giuglini.
" Gardoni.
" Tamberlik.
M. Belart.
Mr. Sims Reeves.
" Inkersall.
" Tennant.

Baritones.

M. Faure.
" Gassier.
Sig. Belletti.
" Delle Sedie.
" Guglielmi.
" Garcia.
" Ronconi (as Masetto!).
Mr. Santley.
" Montem Smith.

Bassi.

Herr Carl Formes.
" Zelger.
Mr. Weiss.

And more, whose names escape me; while one or two of these, perhaps, I have not rightly classed, not having heard them all. Of what I have heard I hope to recall enough to lend interest to another letter. D.

New Publications.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for August. Contents:

Trees in Assemblages; Miss Lucinda; A Soldier's Ancestry; Fibrilia; Nat Turner's insurrection; Concerning Veal; Reminiscences of S. A. Douglas; Our River; Agnes, of Sorrento; Mail-Clad Steamers; Parting Hymn; Where will the Rebellion leave us; Theodore Winthrop; Dirge; Reviews and Literary Notices; Recent American Publications.

Musical Chit-Chat.

There are some of the most widely-known compositions for the Pianoforte which their real authors never get the credit for. To be sure they are but of trifling value; but why not let them be known by their proper names? There is for instance, a charming little Waltz of C. G. Reissiger's which people persist in calling "Von Weber's last Waltz" or, in elegant French phrase, "Le dernier pensée musicale de Weber." All that Weber ever had to do with it, was that Reissiger once played it to him; Weber liked the strain and improvised a few lines of text to fit the music. After that the subject passed probably immediately from his memory. But a French publisher heard of this anecdote and on the strength of it issued Reissiger's Waltz as Weber's last musical idea. Another widely-known little Waltz, called the *Sehnsuchts* or *Desire* Waltz is commonly attributed to Beethoven, when in fact it was composed by Franz Schubert and published with about a dozen others, all without any particular names attached to them, by this composer in the earliest part of his career. The Viennese must have liked it better than the others, because Czeruy singled it out as a theme to set variations to and published it as his twelfth work under the title of "Variations on the favorite Vienna Träner-Walzer." These variations, which are very well made had a large sale and helped much to establish a reputation for its author. Another case is the song called "Adieu" or "Last greeting," passing throughout the musical world as one of Schubert's best songs. It was really written by an amateur in Vienna, *Weihrauch* by name, and after the young ladies there had pronounced it very beautiful, it was issued by an enterprising firm under Schubert's name. B.

FRANZ LISZT has been in Paris. Very few have heard him play. He played at the Tuilleries, at Count Walewsk's, Mme. Erard's, Halévy's and Charles Gounod's. At the Tuilleries the Empress asked for Chopin's Funeral March, the favorite piece of her deceased sister, the Duchess of Alba. Liszt acceded to the request, when her Majesty's tears came thick and fast and she left the apartment overcome by emotion. At table the Emperor observed incidentally: "It seems to me sometime that I have lived a hundred years." Whereupon Liszt quickly rejoined, "That does not astonish me, because—vous êtes le siècle." The Emperor forthwith decorated the smart Pianist with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Rossini is reported to have said: "Liszt dit toujours qu'il ne joue plus, moi je trouve qu'il joue trop. However as everything of this kind is attributed to Rossini, the authorship of the "bonmot" is doubtful. SIGNALE.

The *Utica Telegraph* contains the following notice of the late O. J. Shaw, who was well known here as a teacher and composer of popular music.

The intelligence of the death of Prof. Oliver J.

Shaw will fall sadly on the ears of his large circle of friends in this city. He came here from Albany, some ten years since. In that time he had acquired an acquaintance and friendship with our best citizens which was justly a source of heartfelt gratulation to himself and to them. While his presence was always welcomed by the mature in age, it was a source of unceasing delight to children. Probably no man living knew better, or practised more gracefully, the little winning arts that so captivate the young. To see him surrounded by a bevy of his fair young proteges, as was often our privilege, one could not but admire the rare adaptability of his nature; in ordinary society, the courteous, well-bred gentleman, but among his much-loved children, the perfect child himself.

His musical compositions, published, numbering several hundred, were universally successful. But, with all his varied talents, we shall chiefly miss him as the warm, earnest friend—the cheerful companion. Many a little face will look wistfully for his coming, as the season for the summer recreation draws near; and many a little form that moved so blithely to the music from his hands of a winter evening, grow sad with waiting for him to come.

His death was truly in keeping with his life. Like a little child, he went home to his mother to die! After "life's fitful fever," let us hope "he sleeps well."

MOZART AND THE ORCHESTRA.—Mozart, being once on a visit at Marseilles, went to the opera incognito, to hear the performance of his "Villanella Rapita." He had reason to be tolerably well satisfied, till, in the midst of the principal aria, the orchestra, through some error in the copying of the score, sounded a D natural where the composer had written D sharp. This substitution did not injure the harmony, but gave a commonplace character to the phrase, and obscured the sentiment of the composer. Mozart no sooner heard it than he started up vehemently, and, from the middle of the pit, cried out in a voice of thunder, "Will you play D sharp, you wretches?" The sensation produced in the theatre may be imagined. The actors were astonished, the lady who was singing stopped short, the orchestra followed her example, and the audience, with loud exclamations, demanded the expulsion of the offender. He was accordingly seized, and required to name himself. He did so, and at the name of Mozart the clamor suddenly subsided into a silence of respectful awe, and which was soon succeeded by reiterated shouts of applause from all sides. It was insisted that the opera should be recommenced. Mozart was installed in the orchestra, and directed the whole performance. This time the D sharp was played in its proper place, and the musicians themselves were surprised at the effect produced. After the opera Mozart was conducted in triumph to his hotel.

Music Abroad.

Don Giovanni in London.

GRISI, PATTI, TAMBERLIK, RONCONI, FORMES, FAURE, TAGLIAFICO, &c., IN THE CAST.

The London Times, of July 5th, contains the following interesting account of one of Mme. Grisi's farewell performances at the Royal Italian opera:

The curtain has descended upon the fourth act, to rise again, by the way, and fall again this evening, when Donna Anna's recital of her wrongs will be heard for the last time from the lips of Madame Grisi; when, for the last time, in passionate accents, she will mourn over the dead body of the murdered Commandant; for the last time reproach the inert Don Ottavio, who talks so much and does so little; for the last time confront the unprincipled Giovanni (of whom Hoffmann insists that Donna Anna is secretly enamored) with the glance of that penetrating eye, the uplifted menace of that sculptural arm, the swelling disdain of that once magnificent though youthful, still magnificent though matured and matronly form. Perhaps there is no character in which the admirers of high-class lyric drama will remember Grisi with more pleasurable emotions than Donna Anna. No one ever looked the part so nobly; no one ever acted it so forcibly; no one ever exhibited such passionate vehemence, amid a classic severity of pose (posture will not do) in the scene after the murder, and in the reproachful duet with Ottavio, "Fuggi, crudele, fuggi!" What if she transposes, and has for many years been in the habit of transposing, the grand air, "Or sai che l'indegno?" does she not throw her whole soul into it all the same?—is not the recitative, in which she narrates to her vacillating lover (who draws the sword at his next interview with Don Giovanni, to sheathe it again un-

stained) the outrage that had been put upon her, unparalleled in its impetuous and agitated eloquence? and is not the exclamation, "O Dei! O Dei! quegli e il carnefice del padre mio," enough to rouse Hamlet from his lethargy, and precipitate him from reverie to action, from soliloquy to revenge? What, too, if she holds on the high notes of the trio in masks,

"Proteggia, il giusto cielo.
Lo zelo del mio cor;"—

longer than was Mozart's intention? Are they not still grand notes? does not the innovation spring from an earnest desire to please, and a fixed resolution to "bring down" the house with applause (witness its result in the "encore" of Saturday night)? Lastly, what if she almost invariably omits the air, "Non mi dir"? is it not because, with her fine conception of scenic propriety, she cannot abide singing in the absence of Ottavio, to whom, like the recitative that precedes it, the air is directly addressed, in answer to his unreflecting importunity, and who, for all that, however charming the Donna Anna—imagining, we presume, that by singing "Il mio tesoro" twice, he has fairly earned his honorarium, and may leave his mistress to her solitary woes for the remainder of the opera—never, by any chance, comes to hear it? Whatever, indeed, may be criticized in Grisi's Donna Anna—and there is not much open to criticism even at this last stage of her career—is redeemed by so many beauties that the impression left is one of having witnessed a performance no less faultless than striking. On Saturday night she was more than grand. She seemed to have summoned up all her energies to present such a delineation of one of the finest characters in the operatic drama as, after her retirement, might in vain be looked for. Not to tire by recapitulation, we may notice a passage in her performance which has never been sufficiently dwelt on. This occurs in the quartet:

"Non ti fidar, o misera!
Di quel ribaldo cor!"—

where the abandoned Elvira denounces Giovanni to Anna and Ottavio. The suspicion evidently engendered in the bosom of Anna at the first sight of Giovanni, whose features during the progress of the quartet she is perpetually scanning, while his words seem to fall listlessly on her; the gradual and steady growth of suspicion into certainty, until as the libertine slowly takes his departure, she watches his receding form with ever-increasing interest, dogging his steps, as though impelled by fate to worm out some secret of which he alone is the possessor; and lastly, the look and gesture of despair, when, the whole truth flashing across her mind, she utters the exclamation, "Don Ottavio—son morta!" form part and parcel of a scene which, both in idea and performance, may be compared with the very highest exhibitions of dramatic art.

The occasion was rendered further interesting by a new Zerlina, and such a Zerlina as, all things considered, the stage has not witnessed for many years. So far, indeed, as the mere impersonation goes, we are inclined to think that only they who are old enough to have seen Malibran in the part can remember anything to match it. We may as well premise that the music has been rendered with greater finish by experienced singers—Persiani, Alboni, and Bosio, for instance—but never with more eminently musical expression. The audience were taken at once by the youthful and prepossessing appearance of Mlle. Patti, and by the vivacity of her "GiovINETTE che fate l'amore." With "La ci darem" they were thoroughly charmed. The hesitation conveyed in the solo of Zerlina, "Vorrei e non vorrei" (I would and I would not); the archness she threw into the line, "Ma puo burlarmi ancor" (But still he may be joking with me); and the passing thought, while still her mind is not entirely made up, bestowed on poor Masetto, "Mi fa pietà Masetto," were one and all perfect. The encore that followed was unanimous. Still more striking, however, was "Batti, batti," a little drama in itself. Besides being exquisitely sung, the by-play by which Mademoiselle Patti accompanied this was inimitable. When she says, "Batti, batti, O bel Masetto," it is with an evident conviction that, were Masetto a thousand times as jealous, he would not (could not) do it on any account. When she adds she will stand like a lamb to await his blows;

"Staro qui come agnellino
Le tue botte ad aspettar,"

and simply take his hands in hers, to kiss them, in return, the consciousness that she had gained her point and softened her sullen swain, while at the same time playfully taunting him with having no heart, ("Ah! lo vedo, non hai cor,") is conveyed with indescribable piquancy. Receding a few steps away from Masetto, as if the better to satisfy herself of her victory, and then, seeing the complete metamorphosis her endearments have achieved, running back to embrace him, like a wayward child—with

the words, "Pace, pace, o vita mia!"—the whole picture is filled up, the sentiment of the duet expressed to the life, and just as complete a conquest made of the audience as of the Masetto. In the ball scene the astonishment of the peasant girl at the grandeur that surrounds her, the restraint with which she listens to the insinuating advances of Don Giovanni, her awkwardness in the dance, and many other happy and delicate touches, show that—like her incomparable Masetto, Signor Ronconi—she never for an instant loses sight of the character she is sustaining. The "Vedrai carino" was less spontaneous, less finished, too, in its vocal phrasing, and somewhat damaged at the end by a trivial ornament, which altered the text of Mozart while very far from improving it. The acting, however, in this, as in "Batti batti," was irreproachable; and, like "Batti batti," it was encored, though hardly with the same unanimity. But, every short coming allowed for Mademoiselle Patti's Zerlina was a genuine artistic triumph, and made an unmistakable impression upon the most crowded house of the season.

Of M. Faure's very admirable impersonation of Don Giovanni; Madame Czillag's intelligent and thoroughly well studied Elvira; the Don Ottavio of Signor Tamberlik, who obtained a tremendous encore in "Il mio tesoro," and, what is more, deserved it; the Leporello of Herr Formes, who presents us with the accepted German reading of the part; M. Tagliafico's Commandant, the most sonorous and imposing on record; and the Masetto of Signor Ronconi, who, by pure force of genius, raises what has been treated as an insignificant part of the dignity of a great one, we have spoken in a former notice. It is only required to add that the orchestra and chorus, under Mr. Costa, were entirely "up to the mark," and that the performance generally was one of the finest ever heard—even at the Royal Italian Opera.

EXHIBITION OF 1862.—You are doubtless aware that Her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1862 at South Kensington addressed letters to MM. Auber, Meyerbeer, and Rossini with a view to obtain three new musical compositions which should represent France, Germany, and Italy, and be associated with a fourth composition standing for England, the representative of which is not yet known.

The commissioners make no demand for the copyright, but merely request the right of performing these compositions on the opening of the Exhibition in a manner befitting the occasion.

With regard to the class of composition required, these are the four pieces proposed:

1. An anthem about equal in extension to the Coronation Anthem of Handel.
2. A chorale without instrumental accompaniment.
3. A triumphal march.
4. March for wind instruments.

I believe I am right in stating that the triumphal march was the piece for which Rossini was solicited. The maestro has declined the honor in the following letter addressed to the secretary of the commission:

"I regret I cannot accept the honor which Her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1862 are good enough to do me.

"Were I still a member of the musical world I should make it a duty and pleasure to prove on this occasion that I am not forgetful of the noble hospitality of England.

"Permit me to hope, sir, that you will kindly receive, and transmit with all my regrets to your colleagues, the expression of my high consideration.

"G. ROSSINI."

[NOTE.—MM. Auber and Meyerbeer have both written to the commissioners signifying their assent to compose a musical work for the opening of the Exhibition of 1862.—ED.]—Musical World.

Amsterdam.

A new Symphony, with chorus, entitled *The Emperor Charles V.*, is now creating some sensation in musical circles in this country, and, consequently, an account of it may be interesting to your readers. It was first performed at a concert given some little time since, in Amsterdam, by the local section of the Society for the Promotion of Musical Art. The programme on the occasion consisted of the above-mentioned symphony, followed by Spohr's oratorio, *Der Fall Babylons*, neither of which works had ever previously been performed. The composer of the symphony is Herr W. F. Thooff. It was written in consequence of a prize being offered, by the Society for the Promotion of Musical Art, for a work in which the vocal portion should be symphonically combined with the instrumental. One of the conditions imposed on all competitors for the prize was,

therefore, that there should be no separate instrumental portions, as in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony or Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*; but that the vocal and instrumental music should, in every instance, go hand in hand. Of course, under such circumstances, an especial book was necessary. Dr. Heye wrote a *libretto*, entitled *Immortality*, but only one person set it to music, and his composition was far below the requisite standard of excellence, so that the prize was not awarded at all. In 1857, another *libretto* was selected. It was entitled *The Emperor Charles V.*, the author being Dr. Wap. Two competitors set it to music, and one of these, W. F. Thoof, carried off the prize of 200 florins.

Although the *libretto* is, in many instances, admirably adapted for treatment as a symphony, the composer's task was no easy one; since, as a rule, the poem is worked out dramatically, and the music had, therefore, to be as dramatic as possible, and yet to partake of the nature of the symphony. The principal incident is the coronation of the Emperor Charles V., at Bologna, which was as remarkable from the circumstances under which it took place as from the mighty hero who was crowned. After having brought to a fortunate termination two wars, one against France and the other against Turkey, and having reduced Mexico and Peru to subjection to Spanish rule, Charles received at Bologna the Iron Crown, as King of Italy, and, two days subsequently, the Golden Imperial Crown, from the hands of Pope Clement VII. himself. Charles, at this period, was Emperor of Germany, King of Italy and Spain, Lord of the United Netherlands, and a large portion of America, and exercised a sway which, although of short duration, is perfectly unique in the history of modern times. In the first three parts, Charles is celebrated as Sovereign, Warrior and Protector of the Church as well as the Arts and Sciences. The first part consists of two choruses, namely, a chorus of Maltese knights, and a chorus of Dutch, German, and Italian women. The two choruses alternate with each other, and at last combine at the conclusion of this section of the work. The form is kept in strict conformity to the rules of the symphony.

The first principal motive is given to the male, and the second to the female, chorus. The two choruses combine in the *coda*. The orchestra plays a perfectly independent part of its own, and, both in the treatment and carrying out of the principal motive, takes the initiative. By this arrangement, the relation of the chorus to the orchestra is partially a completely novel one, though it does not in the least detract from the due effect of the chorus. Care must, however, be taken that the latter be not too weak. The second part consists of a chorus of Priests, who render their homage to Charles as the defender of the Church. The orchestral introduction is shorter than that in the first part. The instrumentation is remarkable from the fact of the violin parts standing altogether by themselves, and, as far as the chorus and wind instruments are concerned, being treated as a solo. The effect is very good, although such a system should be employed very sparingly. The third part was the most difficult for the musicians. The author of the words presents us with two contrasting elements: Charles as a Warrior, and Charles as a Prince of Peace, the patron of the Arts and Sciences. A fine occasion is thus offered the composer for the symphonic form. The text, however, is very dry and—which is a great fault—too didactic; but the composer has overcome the difficulty, and made the most of the orchestra. The latter portrays, in the introduction, the two opposite elements mentioned above. Then comes a bass (solo)—a so-called "speaking part"—which the orchestra illustrates, freely using for the purpose the motives contained in the introduction. The second element, "The Prince of Peace," is represented first by a solo soprano, and afterwards by a quartette, the orchestra acting so to speak, as accompanist. In the fourth and last part, the *libretto* takes a strange turn. Nothing more is heard of the hero of the poem. Casting a prophetic glance into the Future, the author summons up the Genius of History, who announces the transient nature of all human greatness. Thereupon, we hear, in the final chorus, various nations of the earth, who, while rejecting outward unity gained by means of a single monarchy, embracing the whole globe, declare themselves to be children of one and the same eternal God, and exhort each other to inward unity, resulting from brotherly love. This part of the work is not composed in the form of a symphony, nor does the orchestra assert, to so great a degree as in the previous parts, its independent character. After a short choral-like prelude by the orchestra, we have the soprano solo (the Genius of History) with a recitative or *arioso*, followed by the final chorus (the Nations or "Peoples"), the ordinary form of a choral finale, namely, *Andante maestro*, *Allegro molto* and *Fugato*,

being adopted. The work was warmly applauded both by the public generally and the "professionals" in particular. The performance was under the personal direction of the composer, who had reason to feel deeply indebted to the orchestra for the admirable manner in which it carried out his intentions. The solos were excellently rendered by Mad. Offermans van Hove (soprano), Mad. Collin-Tobisch (alto), and two clever amateurs. The chorus, on the contrary, although entitled to hearty commendations, was too weak.

Up to the spring of 1859, theatrical matters in Rotterdam were in a seemingly hopeless state, and the disunion which prevailed among the principal supporters of the theatre did not tend to improve them. In consequence, however, of the publication of several excellently written articles in the different papers, attention was gradually but surely directed to the subject, and the public became convinced that a complete orchestra and an operatic company were an absolute necessity for the city. In conjunction with Herr de Vries, manager of the theatre here (Amsterdam), certain spirited individuals formed a plan for the purpose of forming a German operatic and a Dutch dramatic company for Rotterdam and Utrecht. The plan did not meet with the requisite support, only 20,000 guildens being subscribed to carry it out. Its originators would not, however, allow themselves to be beaten. A fresh committee was appointed, but their efforts would hardly have been crowned with success, had not one of the members hit upon the idea of granting a free admission to each person taking a certain number of shares in the enterprise. By this means, subscriptions were obtained to the amount of 75,000 guildens, which was sufficient to enable the promoters of the scheme to commence active proceedings.

The direction of the opera was confided to a very excellent musician and conductor, Herr Skraup, formerly in Prague. This gentleman has fully justified all the expectations formed of him, and out of the chaotic medley of artists, vocal and instrumental, unknown to him and to each other, created an admirable working *troupe* and a first-rate orchestra. The season just past was brought to a triumphal close by a new opera, *Meergause*, from the pen of the worthy conductor. The work was well sung, well played, and warmly applauded.—*Lon. Mus. World*.

The Diapason.

Our readers may, perhaps, take an interest in following, through its different phases, the ascending progress of the diapason during the last two centuries—a progress which has just been summed up in an ingenious piece of workmanship, by M. Emile Pfeiffer, of the firm of Pleyel, Wolf and Co.

Under the form of a vertical instrument, in front of which are nine keys corresponding to nine diapasons, M. Pfeiffer's invention exhibits in four synoptical tables the principal lyric works represented on the French stage from 1660 to 1859.

The first commences with Lully's *Armide*, sung to a diapason giving 810 vibrations, according to the first scientific experiment made by Sauveur, and quoted by M. Lissajous, in the notice he read before the Société d'Encouragement.

In a similar manner, if we strike all the keys in succession, we perceive, in an ascending progression, eight principal epochs, corresponding to the first representation of *Les Danaïdes* (1784—818 vibrations); *Richard Cœur de Lion* (1785—820 vibrations); *Adolphe et Clara* (1799—838 vibrations); *La Vestale* (1807—848 vibrations); *Guillaume Tell* (1829—860 vibrations); *Robert le Diable* (1831—865 vibrations); *Le Pré aux Clercs* (1833—868 vibrations); and lastly, *Faust* (1859—898 vibrations).

In the intervals between these epochs we find exhibited the other master-pieces which have added fresh glory to the French opera, and which were the productions of Rameau, Glück, Piccini, Berton, Lesueur, Méhul, Cherubini, Della-Maria, Nicolo, Boieldieu, Rossini, Carafa, Auber, Hérold, Halévy, Ambroise Thomas, Verdi, Félicien David, and Gounod, in the chronological order in which they were brought out.

We see that, from 1807 to 1859, the upward progression was greater than before. This necessarily required the reform which the French Commission properly adopted, when they restored the diapason to the elevation at which, within a few vibrations, it stood at the time of the production of *Guillaume Tell* and *Robert le Diable*.

We believe that M. Pfeiffer intends to send his work to his Excellency, M. Lvoff, Master of the Russian Court, and director of the Imperial private bands, an eminent composer and musician, to whom Russia owed the adoption of the normal diapason, even before it was generally introduced into France.—*London Musical World*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

I am returning to thee Annie, Answer to "I'm leaving thee in sorrow Annie." Geo. Barker. 25

This song will no doubt share in the universal popularity of the first "Annie" Song. If it was difficult to invent another melody whose accents would fall upon the ear with like sweetness, the author has shown that still it could be done. Like the other song this is written for medium voices and accessible to singers of all classes.

Glory! Hallelujah! Popular refrain, as sung by the Federal Volunteers. 25

A people's tune said to have originated with the Massachusetts' Volunteers at Fortress Munroe. The tune has spread more rapidly than even "Dixie," and at this time one can hardly walk on the streets for five minutes without hearing it whistled or hummed. As it is a capital marching tune, our soldiers will carry it with them where they go. There are added to the popular words some verses written expressly for the Fourth Battalion of Rifles (13th Reg.) now at Fort Independence.

Our Banner shall wave forever. Song and Chorus. T. H. Howe. 25

A stirring Song which notwithstanding the great number of patriotic airs coming forth from all quarters, will make its mark.

Our good ship sails to-night, my Love. Emile Berger. 25

An uncommonly pretty song, the words of which have a more than ordinary significance in the present times. This will no doubt contribute to make it popular; but the music itself is sufficiently striking to direct attention to it.

Instrumental Music.

Castles in the Air. Valse brill. R. Fitzgerald. 25

Quite a pleasing, lively waltz, which can be dashed off with considerable eclat, without being at all difficult.

Star Spangled Banner Quickstep. J. W. Turner. 25

Mr. Turner has arranged several of our national melodies, such to which public attention has been particularly attracted by the war for the Union, in the form of easy Quicksteps. Thus arranged they will be most welcome to young players. Besides the above, Quicksteps on the "Red, white and blue" and "The girl I left behind me" are now published by the same author.

La Reveille. Grand March Militaire. Carl Meyer. 40

A very brilliant Concert March, rather difficult. It is quite indicative of the brisk step of the soldiery when marched to the battle-field, full of life and animation. The Trio has fine melodious strains. Altogether amateurs fond of a good show-piece will find much pleasure in the practice of this piece.

Books.

ONE HUNDRED OPERATIC MELODIES FOR THE FLUTE. 50

This new collection of Flute Music will commend itself to the favor of Flutists both from the great variety of its contents and from their intrinsic merits. Fifty cents is certainly a very moderate price for so valuable a repertoire of choice music. Amateurs will find in it all that can be desired in a work of the kind.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 488.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 10, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 19.

The Two Armies.

[From Vanity Fair]

Two armies toiling day and night
By bridge and barricade—
Or by the hearthstone—full of might,
Each working for the truth and right,
And neither one afraid.

Two armies :—one of noble men,
All strong and stern and brave;
Forward at duty's call, and then,
It matters not the how or when,
To glory—or the grave.

Their country's glory is their own,
Their common graves—her shame;
Their watchword Union, that alone,
Though on the field their hosts be strawn,
Shall lead them yet to fame.

Two armies :—but the second one—
A fairer, sadder sight;
With steadfast purpose, all as one,
With sickening labor never done—
Toils fearless for the fight.

Daughters of men! we know ye now,
For what ye ever were;
Angels with calm unclouded brow,
Before whom every man should bow
In penitence of prayer.

Though death should come, and come full soon,
We fear him nevermore;
We ask of Heaven one only boon,
And pray beneath the placid moon,
Who never prayed before:

"Oh, Lord! within the coming strife—
Sad war of kindred blood—
Grant strength to every soldier's wife,
Teach her to live without his life,
And so reward the good."

By every tear-damped thread she draws,
By every needle's gleam,
She links her heart's blood to the cause,
She binds her soul to arm our laws—
Wounded but to redeem.

Oh! soldier, in your camp by night,
Bethink you of her toil.
How you are linked, though dead in fight,
By golden soul-rays glimmering bright
In sorrow and turmoil.

Linked to the nobler soul on earth,
By these weak hands of thread;
'Twas woman's love that gave you birth,
Her love shall bind, come grief, come mirth,
The living to the dead.

For Dwight's Journal of Music

The Diarist in London.

CONCERT OF THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

Feb. 27.—If a man could find time and strength to do everything, which he would like, or even intends to do, so might I have been able to send you that complete account of this Society, which I intended. As it is, only some general notes upon it can be sent. It was founded—or as the

bill has it, "established" April 30, 1858. It appears to comprehend all the leading musical talent in London, the theorists and executants, as is indicated by this list of the council, which contains many names well known on our side of the ocean:

Jules Benedict, Henry G. Blagrove, Wm. Chappel, James Wm. Davison, Joseph F. Dugan, Charles E. Horsley, Edward James, Joseph Lidel, G. A. Macfarren, Frank Mori, Geo. Alex. Osborne, John D. Pawle, John Sampson Peirce, E. F. Rimbault, Charles Salaman, Augustine Sargood, John Simon, Henry Smart.

Charles Salaman, Esq., is the Secretary and a most energetic one he is. The Society gives a series of concerts and has private meetings at which new compositions are examined and tried—through the kindness of Mr. Macfarren at a trial meeting in May, young Paine's (of Portland) Quartette for string instruments was one of the pieces played. What the objects of the Society are beyond this, and the arousing of an *esprit de corps* among the musicians, I do not know. Certain it is, that one object *ought* to be the formation of a good musical library, which for modern German musical history still seems to be utterly wanting in London. I would not exchange my own collection in this department for any which I could find in this great city during three months stay—not to speak of our two libraries in Boston.

The orchestra employed at the concerts consists of 1st. violins, 16; 2d. violins, 16; violas, 10; violoncello, 11; contrabassi, 9. String instruments, 62. Flutes, 2; oboes, 2; clarinets, 2; bassoons, 2; horns, 4; trumpets, 2; trombones, 3; ophicleid, 1; drums, 1; bass drums, 1; side drum, 1; triangle, 1. Total, 84. Conductor, Alfred Mellon—a splendid one too!

At this concert the orchestral pieces were, "Ruy Blas" Overture, Mendelssohn; "Tempest," do., Benedict; "Le Philtre," do., Auber; Beethoven's Violin Concerto; Solo played by Vieuxtemps, and Spohr's Symphony, op. 59, in D minor. The performance was very fine—St. James' Hall full. The vocal pieces were (with orchestral accompaniment) from Weber, Mozart, and Rossini.

The enormous expenses incurred in carrying on any project of this kind in London, one would think, must break them all down—that they do not, is proof that the people, who support music, whether from the love of it or because it is the fashion, are better able to throw away guineas than we are dollars. The Musical Society however seems to be really flourishing and one can only rejoice in its prosperity, and hope that it may become a musical "power in the land" as the old Philharmonic has been for so many years. But is there no way of giving good orchestral music to shilling people? Must tradesmen and mechanics and their families be excluded from so powerful a means of culture? When the musical Society was in contemplation an article was written "On the great increase of Musical

Societies, &c., in London," a copy of which printed on a separate sheet has fallen into my hands. In what degree allowance is to be made for the bias and private feelings of the author, I do not know—but it contains some historical notes, which seem worth preserving. It is moreover a droll specimen of very plain talking. Some of the Societies mentioned seem to me to have been most praiseworthy attempts to really benefit the cause of music, at great personal sacrifices of the men engaged in them, and attempts, which in London could only succeed by the favor of a wealthy public. This public, however, seems to be not much different from those of other countries; it is easy to get large sums for a Blondin, or a Heenan—for a great vocal gymnast—for any kind of quackery—for anything amusing—but to pay high for real values—no, that will not go down. Cresus pays a guinea for green peas and strawberries out of season, and grumbles at an extra penny on beef. But to the article.

ON THE GREAT INCREASE OF MUSICAL SOCIETIES, &c. IN LONDON.

[Written in the winter 1857-58.]

Scene—Vide Macbeth. (Eight New Musical Societies, &c., appear and pass over the stage, in order, the last with a glass in his hand; Bankruptcy following.)

Ruined speculator :—

Thou art too like the former swindle,—down!
Thy plans do sear mine eye-balls :—and thy look,
Thou other thing, is too much like the first :—
A third is like the former; filthy hags!
Why do ye show me this!—a fourth?—start eyes;
What, will the line stretch out to crack of doom?
Another yet?—a seventh?—I'll see no more;—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see
That two-fold Halls and treble Bonus carry:
Horrible sight!—Ay, now I see, 'tis true;
For Bankruptcy with taunting look smiles full on me
And points at them for his.

To the editors of the Musical World and Musical Gazette:

Gentlemen,—Perceiving by recently issued Prospectuses, that the public and profession are to be again offered immense advantages by the establishment of new societies of practical musicians, &c., allow me to present to your notice a few ideas of similar undertakings (suggestive of speedy dissolution) for the edification, not of yourselves alone, but more particularly of those who are not acquainted with the numerous difficulties to be encountered. Almost all of the following pleasant devised schemes have proved abortions, and although aided by the great business capabilities and integrity of men occupying the most exalted positions in the profession and music trade.

"The Musical Antiquarian Society," (established 1840-1). The council consisted of Messrs. W. S. Bennett, H. R. Bishop, W. Chappell, G. Hogarth, W. Horsley, G. A. Macfarren, C. Lucas, E. F. Rimbault, J. Turler and Sir Geo. Smart.

The subscribers to this Society were promised, for this one pound, 500 pages of music per annum! By a strange oversight the works issued were deprived of the only thing likely to make them of any use, viz: A separate pianoforte accompaniment. This fact may account for enormous quantity of these publications continually appearing in Messrs. Puttick's music sales, where the "pounds worth" is generally knocked down for a few shilling!

"The Handel Society," (established 1843-4). This Society was originally set on foot by Mr. Rovedino, who contrived nevertheless, to get ejected by his own friends, in a way best explained by himself (see Mr. Rovedino's account of this transaction, printed at the time.) The council (at last) consisted of Messrs. Addison, Bennett, Crotch, Davison, Hopkins, Macfarren, Moscheles, Mudie, Rimbault, H. Smart, Sir G. Smart, and Sir H. Bishop. This lazy body, to perpetuate the fame of Handel, commenced with the most common of his works, and expended their funds for twelve years on works which Dr. Arnold, Randall, &c., had made quite common. In the same time Novello would have engraved the whole of his works in far better style, and at a much lower rate. It would be interesting to know what became of the large fund raised for these publications.

"The Royal Surry Gardens Company." This concern was smashed in less than no time, which is the more to be wondered at, as, according to the prospectus, the Directors seemed to have "t'ae a bond of Fate" to secure success.—*On dit*. Some fortunate person has bought the place for £13,000, so that the shareholders have something to look forward to.

"The Harmonic Union." This Society appears to have issued a prospectus with the names of Mr. Benedict as Conductor and Mr. H. Smart as organist (1852-3). But as the object seems to have been to restore vitality to defunct or non-appreciated Oratorios by the Musical Genii of England, viz., Messrs. C. Horsley, H. Leslie, Pierson and W. S. Bennett—the latter of whom the Directors stated to be engaged on a new sacred work (probably a *Missa pro defunctis*) for the Society. I need hardly add that the affair was soon swamped.

"New Philharmonic Society," (1853). This healthy society, supported by H. Berlioz, Dr. Wylde and W. Beale, commenced its career by an early performance for the benefit of the "Asylum for Idiots," patronized of course most extensively by the friends of the Society. But the "Charity" manœuvre did not take, and a new Oratorio, written by John Milton is said ultimately to have knocked a hole in the bottom of the concern which nothing could mend.

[The New Philharmonic, however, still goes on, 1861.]

"National Opera Company," (1855). This company never recovered the issue of its first prospectus. From what I can gather the verdict was "found dead."

"The Professors' College," 18 Hanover square. This Institution I suppose to be a chapel of ease to its apoplectic neighbor in Tenterden street—but never having seen anybody in the building but the proprietor, I cannot say how it goes on.

"The St. James's Hall Company," of this place I know little, except that the capital is said (see prospectus) to be £40,000; but curiously

enough, the expenses (see estimate), are also £40,000 to a halfpenny. So, as by their own account they have no funds left, I leave the public to draw their own conclusions. Nevertheless, on looking again, the clouds clear off, for we have all the available talent in London to see after its welfare, viz., Messrs. W. Chappell, T. Chappell, F. P. Chappell, G. Leslie, T. Beal, J. Ella, O. Jones, &c. This like the Professor's College seems from its decorations inside to be a sort of a chapel itself.

Guided by the preceding cases, I rather trust my money to one respectable man than to 18 calling themselves a "Society;" for in a society I become a mere *atom*—my only duties being to listen periodically to an account of its *excellent condition* (although mortgaged and on the eve of bankruptcy) and to pay my subscription or call with regularity. For if I exceed these duties and with becoming humility venture to ask why £20,000 is added to the builder's estimate, I am straightway assailed by that worthy himself, backed perchance by the Solicitor and informed that it is highly improper to stir up ill-feeling amongst those who are professors of *harmony*. This exceedingly jocose sally causes a sleek youth to make a statement about some mysterious old cesspool or plague pit, which the worthy builder and solicitor did not expect to find in that locality; or perhaps they hit upon the crater of an extinct volcano and what with that and the interference of parish authorities, &c., he, the "Youth," thinks it certainly cheap at £30,000, and of course a dead bargain at £20,000. A great coughing and some applause follow and I sink into my boots and am silent. In fact, to sum up—in nearly all such cases. A wants a nice berth or position as an Architect, Solicitor, Treasurer, Secretary, Conductor, Lecturer, &c., and, finding he cannot do it "all by himself," he appeals to B, C, D, E and F; and forthwith we behold prospectuses (like legal documents) Councils, Members, Subscribers, &c., with occasional bits of reasoning in the shape of Bonus of 15 per cent. the first year, "love of Art" and such humbug. This goes on well enough till the "Sham" appears. Then they all go to loggerheads and the "Solicitor" and two or three of the "legs" perform a demoniacal war dance in the background, getting more jolly as the thing gets more complex; till at least they mortgage the whole property (for a title of the prime cost of the whole) probably to a friend of A, B or C. The bubble bursts—"no effects" is the reply to all inquiries. This result, according to the Solicitor is the fault of the shareholders—they say it is the Solicitor's, &c., and after much reading, writing and arithmetic, on both sides, the society is "wound up" by being "run down" at the Bankruptcy Court.

R. E. L.

P. S. "The cry is still they come," I subjoin two more announcements just recovered, viz.—

"The Musical Society of London," (established 1858.) Council Messrs. W. Chappell, W. Beale, Macfarren, F. Mori, E. Rimbault, Horsley, Wallace, Salaman, Benedict, &c.

"The London Music Printing Society," (established 1858.) As the respected progenitors are at present, to use a vulgar word, but "hatching" these associations. I forbear going into details—for if the eggs should turn out as usual "added" I should probably get abused for it. However, for the edification and comfort of

all I hear the hens *are* sitting and cackling with much glee, seeming confident this time of producing something more stomach-sustaining than the time-honored empty egg-shell.

KEMP'S "OLD FOLKS" IN LONDON.

Feb. 28. Kemp's "Old Folks' Concert" in the small St. James's Hall. I went several times to these performances, the pieces being to me "Herimathsklaenge"—sounds from home. The Hall is small, I found the audiences the same, I think it was a mistake to come to England with that kind of musical wares. The cultivated public took no interest in old psalmody, the uncultivated prefer Christy and Woods Minstrels. The really good voices sadly lack cultivation, and but few of the songs and solo pieces were decidedly successful, though these few were. The American pieces as a rule did not please, and the staple of the concerts soon became, the "Dying Christian," "Strike the Cymbal" and the like, which came to America about fifty years since from England. Nor could the English appreciate at all "Yankee Doodle," which was given in the stage-Yankee manner, but with a text very much changed for the worse from that which Burgoyne *has been said* to have written. One mistake of Mr. Kemp was in taking up everything almost too fast. As to the dresses, they had little interest for an English audience, as every man woman and child can see the wigs, cocked hats, breeches and broad coats, any day perched upon carriages in Hyde park. The ridiculous costume of 1815-30, was the only novelty.

Mr. Kemp told me he was paying expenses—which I was glad to hear, having doubted the possibility of his doing so. If an article from a Brighton paper, which I sent to the Journal was copied I need not say more.

WALLACE'S AMBER WITCH.

March 2. At Her Majesty's theatre. "The Amber Witch" text by Chorley, music by Wallace. Every reader knows, or ought to, the beautiful story with this title translated from the German of Dr. Meinhold—a tale so successful in its imitation of antique style as to have been received as a real village chronicle—and thus enable the author to turn the tables upon certain critics and show how unsound were their principles of criticism.

As to the text of the Opera—to my feeling Mr. Chorley has worked it up very well, giving a fine plot and many interesting incidents, nor could I at all sympathize with several persons, who called the story (on the stage) heavy and undramatic. I enjoyed it. Some passages as sung differed much from the text in the books—this was explained thus; during the rehearsal, some of the singers found fault with the words as not being "singable" and the author wrote new ones; but before the production of the piece the vocalists changed their minds and restored the original words. One critic was bitten by this; for he in speaking of the words, mentioned that the singers had been obliged to change Mr. Chorley's text! No doubt the words might be improved somewhat now, for they were written about a dozen years ago.

The scenery was very beautiful, equal to much of the best which I have seen; but as a rule the machinery on the London stages does not work nearly as well and quickly as on the German

stage. One great mistake in propriety is placing the beautiful night scene in a mountainous country, like the Hartz or first ranges of the Alps, instead of putting it among the *dunes* of Pomerania where amber is found; not in veins but in deposits.

Wallace's music was a treat. It is very fresh and its leading characteristic is I should say, sweet melody. One very beautiful one is in the scene where Mary in the dungeon, half awake, sings the ballad:—

"When the elves at dawn do pass
Leaving pearls along the grass,
And a dreamy light is creeping o'er the sea;
When the blushes of the East
Tell that weary night hath ceas'd
And the cheering day come back for you and me;
When the stars are growing dim
And the birds begin their hymn
And the newborn flowers are drinking from the air;
I cannot choose but sing
'How delightful is the spring,
And the early morning how very fair!'"

Another song by Count Rudiger, with a chorus of soldiers struck me much:

"Go sing how our troops war the first in war,
On some lazy noon in May;
How of peace no coward dared prate afar,
When our trumpet loud said 'nay!'
For come are the first, or come are the last,
To his priests or his hundred lords,
The king on his father's throne sits fast,
By the aid of our bright broad swords," &c.

This was the first opera by Wallace I had heard, and I was very agreeably surprised by it. It seems to be a very valuable addition to the small stock of English operas, and one which must be successful if ever produced in our country. Dare I hope to hear it there sometime?

March 4. Monday concert again. A Rosoumowsky Quartette, the Sonata, op. 111, the Kreutzer Sonata, and a string trio, all by Beethoven, instrumental, "The Kiss" and "Adelaide," Italian words, sung by Reeves, and two songs by Miss Banks, instrumental.

ELIJAH.

March 8. A long desired gratification—"Elijah" at Exeter Hall, given by the Sacred Harmonic Society. The hall was erected for speaking and is very bad for music. There is no due proportion between length, breadth and height, and the grand choral passages sound muffled and dead in most parts of the room. What I never saw in Germany is universally the practice here as with us, viz., bringing the orchestra in front and forcing the singers to sing *through* the crash of the instruments. I, decidedly, as an auditor, and still more so as a chorus singer, prefer the German method of playing the orchestra in the rear, bringing down the centre part of the string band only. With the accompaniment behind, the voices are supported and kept up to the time much better, besides which the singer feels a pleasure in his work, impossible when he stands away up there by the organ and can hear nothing of the leading melody and of the harmony of which he is part. It seems to me radically wrong—this English and American arrangement of the stage and the musical forces upon it.

Now here at Exeter Hall, I heard, on the whole, the finest body of chorus singers I ever listened to, not excepting the Sing Akademie, or Stern's Gesangverein in that city. And yet

yet the vocal *effect* was not beyond that in the Sing Akademie hall, with less than half as many singers (true the hall is hardly half as large) and and not comparable with that in our Music Hall, when we had about 500 singers at our festival a few years since. The Alto in proportion to the other parts in the Sacred Harmonic Society, is not so fine as it is (or was) in the Handel and Haydn Society—the Bass not finer. But the tenors and trebles leave ours far, far behind; and as to the singing as a whole—well, when some English singer again appears in our oratorios in Boston, and praises up to the skies our chorus—just turn your back upon him and tell him, that there is such a thing as going too far in absurd flattery, even for us! The Sacred Harmonic Society is composed of people, who expect to be at some expense to gratify their love of the best music. They *study* their parts, and go through with an amount of releasing, of which we know nothing. They have their reward in the consciousness, that nowhere out of Exeter hall can such oratorio performances be heard.

At this performance of Elijah, with all its difficult recitative chorus, no slip, no want of precision in attacking the rough points, marred the beauty of the performance. All went smoothly, all with a power and grandeur, which would warrant very strong terms of eulogy. The six hundred singers moved with the steadiness and precision of a vocal quartette. The principal soloists were Mr. Santley, (Elijah) Mrs. Sainton-Dolby—with whose voice, I was much disappointed—but this was her first appearance since childbed—Mad. Laura Baxter, with her large, grand deep voice, Miss Parepa, from one of the English operatic companies and Sims Reeves. Oh, that Reeves! of him another time. Take them together I have nowhere at home or in Germany, heard the parts so well given. All I ask is that the Sacred Harmonic Society may have a better hall.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

J. S. Bach.

(TRANSLATED FOR THIS JOURNAL FROM THE "DEUTSCHE MUSIK-ZEITUNG" OF VIENNA.)

Arias from various Cantatas, with Piano-forte accompaniment, arranged by ROBERT FRANZ. Four sets (9 Alto, 9 Bass, 9 Soprano, 9 Tenor Arias). Leipzig: F. Whistling; Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

(Continued from page 139.)

We have shown how different the natures of the two masters. It necessarily follows that their influence on the public would differ in the same way: HANDEL's influence would be more extensive, Bach's more intensive. Handel has never been unknown; always from the first has he both morally and artistically inspired, elevated, refreshed and enlivened a very great part of the public; he is part and parcel of the national pride of the English. Bach has only very lately risen out of a long, almost complete oblivion, and has his admirers chiefly among musicians and believing Christians; but he takes such a lasting hold upon one, that whoever has got to be thoroughly at home with all other music, comes back again and again to him, to constantly discover new wonders. He thus had the power to transform the musical way of thought and feeling of the modern generation; for only since he has become better known, has the musical understanding experienced an important conversion toward a better direction, if this influence is not

to be ascribed exclusively to him. To whom does not the comparison with Spinoza occur here? So long as Leibnitz and Wolf reigned, nay even in the Kantian period Spinoza was scarcely read, and still less understood; since men have learned to know him, he has helped to work such a revolution in the consciousness of the age, that he, at last regarded as the inmost and choicest treasure of a whole cultivated generation, has taught us how to understand the rest more deeply.

But be that as it may; at all events Bach may make claims to a far more general, more earnest and devoted recognition, and to a far deeper study, than has been his lot heretofore. To this the work which now lies before us will, as Herr Franz expressly declares in his "Preface," afford a contribution. Let us now proceed to examine it. Thirty-six arias have in the course of two years (1859 and 1860, as the publisher states in a manner worthy to be imitated) been selected, and provided with pianoforte accompaniment, out of the scores of the "Bach Society" of Leipzig, with the laudable end to "pave the way for the more general public to the treasures of this edition." They are, with but few exceptions, taken from the *Cantatas*, a species of composition which Bach evidently cultivated with especial fondness; for there are said to have been *five whole years*, each of which contained at least *sixty* such *Cantatas*—one for every Sunday and festival day—and of these only one half have been found, and but a small part as yet published.

The Cantatas were specially written only for church service; and their form seems, like that of the *Passions-music*, to have proceeded from a naive imitation of the Protestant forms of worship. They adhere strictly, that is, to the Gospel for the day, and bring out its leading thoughts as well as celebrate the peculiar character of the day itself. The various participators in the solemnity, the parish, the preacher, the single member of the congregation, are all made available; each in his way contributes to the full understanding, to the living enjoyment and to the musical communication of the divine word. Thus for example, the Cantata for Sexagesima Sunday turns upon the Gospel for that day, the parable of the sower, and the different kinds of ground upon which the seed of the word fell, in the following manner: It begins with a "Symphony," which, as is usual, forms the preparation for what follows, inasmuch as its immense *unisonos* and the interwoven figures spread out over them were plainly meant to depict the fullness, the might, the blessing of God's word, much in the same way as the preacher sums it up in the text-words of the following Bass recitative: "For as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater, so shall my Word be, that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."—*Isaiah* lv., 10, 11. Then a spokesman for the congregation, in a Tenor recitative, expresses their readiness to receive the preaching of the Word; the congregation confirm this in the words of the Litany "That thou wilt give thy spirit and power to the

Word; we beseech thee to hear us, O Lord!" which gives the preacher an opportunity to hold as it were a preachment, in a long bass recitative several times interrupted by the litany of the congregation; he following the train of thought in the litany and having reference, as far as possible, to the gospel text. Here, too, all turns up on the Word of God, which is to shield them against devils, Turks and Pope, as well as banish sins and error from Christians led astray. This response between congregation and preacher forms the middle point of the Cantata. Now follows, in regular symmetry; first, another member of the congregation, singing, in a Soprano aria, of the "soul treasure," above all treasures, of the Word of God (see No. 1 of the Soprano Arias); whereupon the congregation close with the Choral song, that God may not take his holy word away from them, lest their "guilt and sin should shame them."

In many of the Cantatas the gospel text itself is also used, either entirely, as in the Christmas Cantatas, or in part. In the latter case, it is characteristic with Bach to select the most important passage, the point as it were of the whole; for example, in the Cantata for the 14th Sunday after Trinity, upon which falls the gospel of the ten lepers, (Luke xvii, 11);—in order to indicate the idea of gratitude, of which the whole Cantata treats, according to the text as it were, he takes the 15th and 16th verses, the point of the narrative, and places them as a recitative in the middle of the whole: "And one among them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back and with a loud voice glorified God and fell down upon his face at his feet giving him thanks. And he was a Samaritan."

As in the *Passions-musik*, so too in the Cantatas we find dramatic, epic and lyric elements interwoven; but mixed in such proportions, that, in keeping with the object of the Festival, the lyric and contemplative predominate. Hence the choral song of the congregation usually places itself in the foreground. It presents itself, on the one hand, as an artistically wrought out figural counterpoint, having great advantages for representing in the most comprehensive way, both objectively and subjectively, the rich relations of the divine word, which here lies at the foundation, whether as Bible text or church hymn. On the other hand, the congregation appears in the Choral, which usually forms eth close and is kept for the most part in the purely lyric style; instead of this, too, we often find an *Arioso* for the choir; less frequently a wrought out contrapuntal movement. Against this stands the Recitative, which is kept sometimes in the narrative, but for the most part in the reflective, or even lyric vein. In the first case it is assigned to the Evangelist (tenor solo); otherwise, either to the preacher or a member of the congregation. It commonly paves the way from the congregational to the solo song, or *vice versa*. Finally, in the *Aria*, the individual subject, as the representative of all believing Christendom, places himself, with his personal faith and his pious feeling, in lyric outpouring, over against the congregation. Here then we see unfolded the richest variety of moods, which every individual may experience daily in his religious life, a many-sidedness worthy of the highest admiration. A more intimate acquaintance with this portion of Bach's creations is the more interesting, stimulating, and

edifying, since these by their nature, more than any other, give us without doubt an insight into the inmost soul's life of the noble man. If only for this reason, the collection now before us cannot be earnestly enough recommended.

(To be continued.)

On Musical Terms.

We observe from European papers that *Pauline Viardot Garcia*, the great singer and instructress of the voice has edited a collection of classical Cavatinas, &c., so far principally from the old Italian school, with the details for rendering them properly and effectively, minutely carried out. This will be a capital thing for those who will never learn to walk alone, who have no artistic instinct in them to develop the slumbering hieroglyphics of the composer into the thing of life and beauty which floated before his vision when he committed them to paper. In fact most of our singers are of this class. They need a model in all cases. In olden times the composer thought an occasional *p* or *f* sufficient to indicate the light and shade of his work. Now every two-penny composition is crowded with signposts, bearing mysterious inscriptions in foreign languages, and studded with signals at every crossbar, taken from the musical signal code and extending from a battalion of *f*'s drawn up in line of battle, to as many *p*'s, the latter reminding one of the story told of *Talleyrand* who, being toasted at a public dinner, arose before the tumult had subsided and merely moved his mouth for half a minute as though he were speaking, bowed and sat down, whereupon everybody applauded on the mere mental conviction that the Prince must have said something smart, as he was in the habit of doing. (Remember also Jullien's orchestra in this connection.) Our modern composers guard against all misunderstandings. They are bound that there shall be no chance of spoiling the text in the reading. This may be eminently proper when a great work is concerned but the same ceremonies observed in the short-lived trash of the day reminds us of a drove of jackasses, marshalled and escorted like a body of the Imperial guard of France. Our young composers are amazingly fond of using ostentatiously the vocabulary of the Italian terms which have stuck to their memory during their long and tedious studies. To them it sounds indescribably charming to prefix to the introductory measures of their first song (commencing "I met her first in cabbage time when she was cutting kroust") in the purest Tuscan *con mola tenerezza*. You might as well attack a mosquito with the gigantic fury of Booth in the last scene of Richard the Third. Affectation is a bad thing. The affectations of the French language in the music titles is altogether unnecessary. Only the other day we met with a *Grande Marche des Wide Awakes*, and felt much commiseration for the author. Anybody who knows what silly words are being constantly set to music and published by fond authors mostly at their own expense, can imagine how gawky the Italian terms look that are thrust upon them. The following lines for instance which wind up a song of four verses might be ushered in with *con abbandono ed espressione*, followed in succession by *melanconico*, *ritenuto assai* and *morendo*. Observe the effect:

And often when dear mother goes
To get her things to use
I see her drop a silent (!) tear
On sister's frock and shoes.

Sister, of course, has died, when quite small. *Accarezzevolmente* is a nice word because a big word. We earnestly recommend it to young authors. It would go nicely with the following fashionable serenade—or something equally poetic and sensible—in six-eighth time, key of A flat:

"Come where the moon's straight beams
Dark shades illumine,

Where near aquatic streams
Mushrooms are blooming."

Scherzosamente e lusingando would not stand amiss with

Sally has a lubly nose
Flat across her face it grows
It sounds like tunder when it blows!

Nor does this uncalled for, ridiculous profusion of Italian terms comprise all the foolish directions attached needlessly to musical compositions. We suppose it is only when an author utterly despairs of his composition carrying with it a clear idea of its form and meaning that he need resort to the expedient of giving general directions like the following: "Sing this piece with tones rather plaintive and with feeling. Let your own soul be fully imbued with the sentiments of the Song," or "Quality of tones somewhat sombre and agitated, yet full of earnestness and interest," or "Let the tones speak of quiet and earnest joyfulness," &c. Besides being altogether superfluous this is much more than a singer can do. He can sing soft or loud, *legato* or *staccato*, hurry or retard, and darken or brighten his voice. But it would confound a singer who really can do all this—and there are a great many who cannot—to attend to such prescriptions as the above. A physician might as well tell his patient to take a dose of medicine with the tenor of his system in a quietly exhilarating condition. If Bellini had interlined the score of his "Norma" with an exposition of each and every feeling into which the heroine is plunged by the rapid changes in her position towards those around her, we should have had but one Norma, a stereotype character, soon to become a pasteboard puppet on our lyric stage, we should have had no distinct creations of the part by Pasta, Lind, &c. The artists want freedom of interpretation. If short-sighted composers erect barriers and fences round their works and these are things which have life in them, it is the artists duty to tear such barriers down. Very few composers, we dare say, fully understand the power of their works in all their bearings. Haydn was overwhelmed by his "Creation," when he heard it performed for the first time. He attributed the music directly to Divine inspiration. Goethe never thought the character of Mephistopheles capable of being interpreted at all on the boards. The manner in which the most adored *Cantatrice* renders a certain Cavatina need not be binding upon anybody. Rules and models will do for pupils, artists. Composers and performers—must walk alone. B.

Conducting;

A FEW PRACTICAL COUNSELS HOW TO LEARN IT.

BY HERMANN ZOPFF.

(Concluded from page 117.)

CONDUCTING AN ORCHESTRA.

The counsels, I gave in the introduction, I consider also applicable to the conductor of an orchestra, and will now add only a few hints, chiefly based upon experience.

One of the most painful observations for a conductor is the neglected state of mind a great many orchestra-players. With few exceptions most of these artists, having often been deprived of a good education, are made dull, indifferent, and even vulgar, in consequence of poor payment, competition, constant rehearsing, and playing to dance during the whole night. These people care for music less than the mechanic for his trade; and those who make an exception, the so-called "learned" members of the orchestra, are generally so conceited on account of having made some studies of the method of harmony and their being able to play their respective instruments tolerably well, that they will strenuously oppose everything which is not sanctioned by tradition in the orchestra, or which they are unable to understand. Woe to him who does not know how to impose upon these people by a display of talent and energy!

Whoever wants to become a conductor of orchestras will do well to go often amongst the players when they are at rehearsal, in order to observe their doings, and to study the *timbre* of the different instru-

ments, as well as to make friends with the influential members. By and by let him call upon them, and beg to be instructed in the technics of the different instruments, to be made acquainted with all the tones of the different registers in the wind instruments, and let him also take note of everything that is difficult and impossible to execute, in order when he later comes across passages that are not practicable, to be able to alter them. If solo passages are not performed satisfactorily, let the conductor practice them with the player in his own room. It is thus that he will learn to know better the instrument in question. The practical musician is always pleased to find in the conductor a thorough knowledge of his instrument; the conductor will also gain much esteem by counting any faults occurring in the middle parts of the score, thus evincing a sharp hearing.

The performers on wind instruments ought always to be treated in the same way as the singers. One must well observe their breathing and give them a sign as soon as they are to resume their parts, for taking new breath. Precision in cases where the whole orchestra must resume anew, consequently also after *fermatas*, can be best obtained by preparing the resuming half or a full measure beforehand. Performers of instruments to which are generally given long and frequent rests, are used to prominent signs on the part of the conductor when they have to play again. Phrases and passages which are not given as they ought to be, can be best corrected by singing them or by indicating the rhythm with the baton. In order to repeat without great loss of time, the score must be divided by large letters, and these letters must be marked in all the parts.

It is generally very difficult to obtain an even piano from the orchestra, at least from the performers of brass instruments. These, especially when belonging to a military band, must be made familiar with this effect, because in the open air they are used to play as loud and strong as possible. Very difficult it is further, to induce players of brass instruments to use instruments without valves in such pieces, where they are prescribed. Most of the performers can only play on chromatic instruments in F, and are, moreover, so lazy as to prefer transposing every thing before they play on the required instrument; it is thus, that the easiest natural tones are sometimes missed.

Another evil in the orchestra is the constant and loud tuning. This has become such a habit that the musicians, quite thoughtless, tune, prelude, and rehearse without interruption, as soon as the last tone of the piece has been played. This can, of course, be easily checked by the conductor who, on the proper occasion, may also tell them, that, as they have not to play before Turks, who, like their ambassador at the Prussian Court during the reign of Frederick the Great, always admired the piece which was played before the "overture" best, meaning of course the tuning, it would be well, if they stopped that barbarous custom. Tuning ought always to be done in a side room of the concert hall. Who during the performance wants to retune, can easily do this in such a way as not to cause a disturbance.

It is usual to tune the instruments after the A of the Oboe, but this is not often admissible on account of the temperature which influences the wind and stringed instruments in a different way. A tuning machine invented by chief military conductor Wieprecht, which is not submitted to any influence of the temperature, must therefore be welcome and we hope will soon be introduced. Performers on reed instruments ought to be cautioned to keep their instruments warm during long rests. All performers of brass instruments cannot lose in tune by drawing in and out but a quarter of a tone; of stringed instruments more than this can be expected.

The conductor meets often in the members of an orchestra negligence, inattention, dullness, and thoughtlessness. Especially is this the case in the first rehearsal where most of them are so much engaged with the reading of their parts, that they can only be made aware of the presence of the conductor by repeated beating of the time on the desk. Even often in the performances themselves does the conductor feel this heaviness on the part of the orchestra, and in this case he will do best to beat the first measures a little faster. But often the contrary takes place; the performers commence hurrying to such an extent that they hardly touch the last quaver. In this case the conductor must observe an imperturbable coolness in order to check the rare ardor of the members. Besides it is always good while conducting to remain cool and self-possessed, although with regard to singers a more animated proceeding is often necessary. If there is little cheerfulness on the part of the orchestra-players, the conductor has to cause it by some good-natured remarks; but let him be also mindful, never to tire the performers of

the wind, especially brass instruments. If he meets with a want of civility or, in the rehearsals, with the nasty habit on the part of some players to smoke, let him rebuke this in such a manner as to appeal to their sense of honor and delicacy; and if this will not do, let him send them away. Coming too late or leaving too early is best checked by reductions in the salaries. There is nothing which touches the orchestra-player so quickly as loss of money. A good impression is often produced by not using the *baton* at all in such places where it can be conveniently done. This shows confidence in the abilities of the orchestra, which is generally repaid by more attention on the part of the members.

Let us conclude with a few hints in regard to conducting of *Singing with Orchestra*. Only a few orchestras can accompany singing well, for it requires first, that the members have practiced in such a manner that the greatest evenness throughout is obtained; second, that they know how to play *piano*, consequently know how to control themselves; and third, that they are used not only to mind the conductor, but also the singing.

If a conductor wants to practice conducting of singing with orchestral accompaniment, he must never lose an opportunity to accompany good and bad singers on the pianoforte, in order to obtain routine in the close following up of the singing, and consequently in the yielding to the singers. It is also necessary for the conductor to initiate this great truth into the members of the orchestra, viz., that the most esteemed virtue of good accompanists of singing is: yielding and subordination.

The most difficult part is an always ready accompaniment of the recitatives, because in these the time is constantly changing. The conductor must before all things see that the recitatives are written out in all the parts for the instruments used for the accompaniment. If this is the case, he can in an accompaniment with simple chords restrict himself to simply marking the beginning and end of each chord, without marking the measures.—*N. Y. Musical World*.

The National Hymn.

Nearly four weeks have elapsed since the day appointed for the opening of the manuscripts sent in to the Committee upon a National Hymn, and impatience is manifesting itself in many quarters for the announcement of the expected award. Aside from any interest which the public at large may take in the subject, the great number of the competitors—only a few short of twelve hundred—makes it inevitable that there are thousands of eager expectants sitting upon the anxious seat in this regard. For it can hardly be that each competitor has less than a dozen friends who are solicitous for his success. We have therefore thought it worth while to inform ourselves as far as possible upon the subject, and we learn that the Committee are upon the verge of the conclusion of their labors. They have not yet, however, decided upon making an award; and we remind our readers, that in their advertised conditions of competition, they expressly stipulated that they were not to give the prize to the best hymn sent in; but that they should reject all, whatever their intrinsic merits, if they found none exactly suited to the purpose.

Their mode of proceeding, we understand, has been this: The manuscripts containing words alone were first opened, the music being laid aside for separate consideration. The verses were then read by the member who opened the envelope containing them. If they were condemned at once by a nearly unanimous voice, they were cast into a waste-basket ready at hand; if not, they were reserved for future consideration. But, by a waste-basket, must not be understood any of those wicker concavities, known to ordinary mortals by that name. A vast washing basket—a "buck-basket," big enough to hold Falstaff himself—was made the temporary tomb of these extinguished hopes; and this receptacle was filled, it is said, five times with rejected manuscripts, which were seized upon for incendiary purposes by the cooks of the gentlemen at whose houses the meetings of the Committee took place. Alas for the hapless writers! Were even the priceless manuscript plays of the Shakspearian age that Warton's cook purloined and used to put under pies so lamented as those remorselessly incriminated hymns will be? The mass of these manuscripts, we are informed, were either the merest common-place, or absolutely neither rhyme nor reason. From the whole collection only about thirty were reserved as worthy of a second reading, and these, on a second and third examination, were reduced about one-half. Several were also preserved on account of their absurdity or grotesqueness. They were so bad as to be good.

The hymns sent in with music were about three hundred in number. To enable them fairly to judge of the merits of these, the Committee called in competent musical aid, and after a winnowing of the heap over the piano-forte, the residuum, found worthy of a more particular hearing, were sung. This second examination left less than twenty compositions in the hands of the Committee. We hear that among the rejected musical manuscripts were very many that were evidently sent in by persons who were ignorant of the very first principles of harmony and who to their ignorance added utter lack of native musical capacity. It has been stated that the Committee called in two eminent musicians to pass judgment, as experts, upon the compositions sent in to them. But we are informed that this report is not correct, and that judgment upon the merits of contributions has, in all cases, remained entirely with the Committee, among whom are gentlemen of well-known musical taste and cultivation.

But even with their stock thus reduced the Committee hesitated about their decision; and, finally, determined to call the public to their aid. It is to the public heart and to the general ear that the words and music of the hoped-for hymn are to be addressed; and, therefore, it appears to us that this determination is a wise one. It is to be carried into effect by the performance of the songs, now in the hands of the Committee, at concerts in New York and Brooklyn, in which soloists, a chorus, and an orchestra, will test in the most satisfactory manner the fitness of these hymns for national purposes. The names of the authors and composers will be withheld; and, indeed, they are yet entirely unknown to the members of the Committee themselves. It is not, we believe, intended that the question shall be decided by the amount of applause elicited by this or that hymn; but that the manner in which the performance affects the public shall enter largely into the considerations by which the final judgment of the Committee is affected. The plan is at least an ingenious one, and the concerts, which are to be given at a low price of admission, though in the most creditable style, will doubtless excite a very general interest.—*N. Y. Daily Times*.

Mr. Paine's Organ Concert.

A musical entertainment whose almost sole attraction is the performance upon the church organ, is somewhat of a novelty in Portland. The full powers of this noblest and most imposing of musical instruments are seldom revealed to our concert-going public. We listen to the organ as playing a subordinate part in divine service, without always remembering that it is an instrument requiring the highest powers to call forth its finest effects.

To many, we doubt not, the performance of Mr. Paine afforded a new revelation of the majesty of tone and grandeur of effect which the skillful musician may call forth from the organ. He certainly exhibited remarkable skill in the handling of the instrument, as well as complete knowledge of the most difficult compositions. The result of his years of study abroad was quite apparent. The clever boy who went forth from among us has returned a thoroughly educated and accomplished musician. We are no musical critic, and cannot speak of this performance in the terms most befitting it, but we know that persons whose musical knowledge entitles their opinions to respect, declare that nothing like it was ever before heard in this city.

As the principal attractions of his programme Mr. Paine chose several of the works of the great master, John Sebastian Bach. He has evidently made the works of this great musical genius a subject of close study, and the fact that he has attained to a knowledge and full appreciation of their marvellous invention, extraordinary power, and science, is the best evidence of his own advanced position as a musician.

The Prelude and Fugue in A minor, by Bach, was played on the full organ throughout. It is a most elaborate composition, yet moving with the most perfect harmony. The manner in which the pedal movement came in was exceedingly neat, and won the applause of the highly cultivated and fashionable audience. The Trio Sonata in E flat, also by Bach, was well chosen to follow the Prelude, its soft and vivacious movement contrasting finely with the solemn grandeur of the first piece. The pedal performance here was quite extraordinary, the feet being continually employed. The solemn "Agnus Dei" was sung by Miss Cammett and Messrs. Dennett and Thurston with fine effect. These performers always do justice to whatever they undertake. In the variations and the Austrian National Hymn, and the Star Spangled Banner, our young townsman displayed his powers as a composer in a highly creditable manner—especially in the former piece. In the latter

variations a passage occurred which is played by the feet alone.

Mr. Paine must take high rank as an organist, and we congratulate our citizens upon having among their number one whose example must do much to elevate the standard musical education among us.—*Portland Transcript*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 10, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

Editorial Correspondence.

No. XVIII.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

LONDON, July 16.

Had I come here unconvinced either of the existence of an uncommonly wide-spread and real love for good music in London, or of the possibility of making "classical" music "popular," a single occasion, such as I am about to describe, would have removed all doubt upon the subject. The only regret is, that I can speak only of the last of the so-called "MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS," for, having heard the last, one would gladly summon up before him the whole series, now stretching back through three seasons, from Feb. 1859 to July 1, 1861, between which dates no less than *sixty-four* concerts have been given in St. James's Hall, with programmes of the most classical character, without an orchestra, but with first-class performers—really artists, and such only—and never failing to secure the strict attention and unfeigned delight of a very mixed and numerous audience. So I am told, and what I have just witnessed makes it easy to believe it. They are called "popular," because they are made accessible to the general mass of music-lovers, and not, like most London concerts of the higher order, only to the wealthy and the few—although you would perhaps be astonished to see how many and how constant are those "few" who frequent fashionable operas and concerts to the tune of a guinea for a seat! The "Monday Popular" are cheap—for London; that is, there is a liberal allowance of room for unreserved seats, and not bad seats, at the one shilling price, while the more favored places range from three to five shillings. For most of the oratorios and higher kind of Concerts the minimum price of admission is three shillings, and the maximum half a guinea, and in many cases a guinea. So that these concerts are "popular" in the sense of comparatively cheap. That they are so in character as well, was a matter of conviction and experiment on the part of the enterprising director (Mr. S. Arthur Chappell), until their remarkable success rewarded the experiment and proved the conviction sound. The Director, in thanking the public at the end of his third season, says:

"Till very recently, a string quartet or a pianoforte sonata, played by first-class artists, was a luxury reserved for the enjoyment of a few, and regarded, on the other hand, as something inevitably 'caviare' to the multitude.

"The Monday Popular Concerts, however, were originated with the firm conviction that the quintets, quartets, trios, sonatas, solo and concerted, &c., o the great masters, would be listened to by the general public with decorous attention; that the oftener

they were heard the better they would be liked; and that every composer, from the profound Beethoven, the elaborate Bach, the genial Handel, the earnest Mendelssohn, the elegant Spohr, and the universal Mozart, to the light and cheerful Haydn, would find admirers. The result has demonstrated that a faith in the readiness and ability of the public to appreciate the highest manifestations of artistic beauty was thoroughly justified."

And one of the leading journals says what is simply true and reasonable in the following extract:

"The epithet 'popular,' as applied to a performance of music, no longer means something adapted to an uneducated and unrefined taste—something in which the high and classic productions of the art are eschewed as being calculated to weary the audience. At some of our popular concerts, the customary fare is fit for the palate of the most fastidious amateur. And, far from being neglected on this account, such concerts flourish more and more. Such is the case with the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, given every week during the season at St. James's Hall. At first we had some suspicion of the reality of the musical taste shown at these concerts. When we heard pieces of great length, highly complicated, such as we always believed to be 'caviare to the general,' not only attentively listened to, but applauded with enthusiasm, we could not help thinking there must be some affectation at bottom, and that people would tire of pretending to be delighted with things they did not understand! But time has shown that this was a mistake. These Concerts, successful the first season, are still more successful the second. They are even improved in quality; an inferior piece is never admitted into the programmes, nor is an inferior performer employed. Yet the spacious hall is every night crowded to the doors by persons in the habit of frequenting cheap entertainments; and no assembly of *cognoscenti* could show a sounder or more discriminating taste. The consequence is, that the Monday Popular Concerts are now attended by the most musical people in London.—*Spectator*.

In confirmation of all this I certainly must testify, with regard to the last concert (July 1), that the hall was filled (though not to overflowing—for overflow, thank decency, is not allowed in Europe, neither in concerts nor conveyances, in theatres nor railway trains, in oratorios nor omnibuses); that the company appeared composed equally of the wealthier patrons of music and of the music-lovers of more modest rank, who have not much to spend; that all listened most attentively and looked intelligent, applauding warmly what was really best; a well-pleased sympathetic, encouraging audience, and yet in large part not ignorantly pleased, but musically experienced and critical. Whether the things performed were really "classical," whether the feast was fit for cultivated taste, whether genius played a larger part in it than hum-drum or clap-trap, the reader shall judge for himself; here is the programme:

PART I.

Quartet, in E flat, No. 12. Beethoven
M.M. Wieniawski, Ries, Webb, and Piatti.
(First time at the Monday Popular Concerts.)
Song, "Le Secret" Schubert
Miss Banks.
Suite de Pieces, containing "the Harmonious Blacksmith." Handel
Miss Arabella Goddard.
Song, "Pria che spunti" Cimarosa
Mr. Sims Reeves.
Prelude, Sarabande, and Gavotte, for Violoncello Solo.... Bach
With Pianoforte Accompaniment (Mr. Benedict).
Signor Piatti.
Song, "Name the glad day." Dussek
Miss Banks.
Sonata, in G major, Op. 69, No. 2, for Pianoforte and Violin.
Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Wieniawski. Dussek
(First time at the Monday Popular Concerts.)

PART II.

Quartet in D. Op. 63. Haydn
M.M. Wieniawski, Ries, Webb, and Piatti.

Song, "Adelaide" Beethoven
Mr. Sims Reeves, accompanied by Miss Arabella Goddard.
Harpsichord Lessons. Scarlatti
Mr. Charles Halle.
(First time at the Monday Popular Concerts.)
Song, "The Hunter's Song" Mendelssohn
Mr. Sims Reeves.
Duet for two Pianofortes, in D major. Mozart
Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Halle.
Conductor, Mr. Benedict.

Not one of these choice selections but what shone by excellent performance. Especially the opening string Quartet of Beethoven, the first of the five belonging to his latest period and called, without reason, "posthumous;" a work requiring true artists to seize its spirit and rightly render its design. The four interpreters could scarcely have been better. Wieniawski proved himself an admirable quartet leader; Piatti's bass was worthy of his reputation; and the middle parts were such as it is a comfort to hear. That a mixed public should be readily impressed by a Symphony concert, (like those of Liebig, for instance, in Berlin) is not so remarkable; a fine orchestra, by mere mass and brilliancy, by wealth and variety of tone color, arrests and captivates; great thoughts are greatly enforced by such large utterance; the profoundest and most complicated tone-combinations tell upon the crowd by the mere might of volume and of euphony; a Symphony, too, has something dramatic and exciting in its progress. But that a violin Quartet, the pure outlining of the intrinsic musical thought, with all its inmost subtleties laid bare to close attention, but not enriched by accessories of various instrumental color, not massed into large orchestral proportions so as to arrest attention at a distance,—that a Quartet of such a man as Beethoven, and in his least understood and latest manner, and, stranger yet, heard for the first time by most, and played in a large hall, should be listened to with eager interest through all its movements by so large an audience, and be in fact appreciated (if attention and applause and manifest delight are any signs), is certainly a fact worth chronicling, and should give encouragement to concert-givers and societies who care for Art as well as money. After Beethoven, there was no risk in venturing a Quartet by "father Haydn," whose cheerful face and easy eloquence of manner, let him present himself in what form he will, are always welcome and familiar. This was one of the least well-known, and yet one of the most original and piquant of his eighty and odd Quartets; and its effect on all faces was as of fresh air and sunshine.

I was much interested in the selections from Dussek, the Bohemian composer, contemporary with Mozart, who has been famous in his day, and now has his day again in England. The Sonata Duo was worthy to appear in the same programme with the great names, and it was elegantly rendered by both artists. The song "Name the glad day," was much in the same style with Haydn's Canzonet: "My mother bids me bind my hair," and quite as beautiful. The singer (Miss Banks) has a fresh and lovely voice, good style, and entered into the spirit of the song; and she was no less winning in the more serious and fervent melody of Schubert's song: "The Letter,"—why metamorphosed into the French "Le Secret" I know not. One of the pleasantest and most novel features of the evening was the set of "Harpsichord Lessons" by old Domenico Scarlatti, a contemporary of Bach and Handel, and a great admirer of the latter, as he knew him in his young days in Italy.

They are full of difficult and graceful passage-work, a sort of delicate melodic arabesque, sparkling and lifesome, and Hallé played them to a charm; one smiled at the perfection of the thing. The union of two such pianists as Hallé and Miss Arabella Goddard, in the Duet by Mozart, ensured that most satisfactory conclusion of a good feast, in which all rise with an appetite. It was in the *Suite* by Handel, containing the well-known variations on "The Harmonious Blacksmith," that I have had as yet the clearest instance of the pianism of Miss Goddard. I never heard it played more perfectly, perhaps never quite so well. In all respects of facile, finished, clear, expressive execution it was faultless. It has not been my fortune yet to hear her play Beethoven; it is in the great Sonatas that she has chiefly won her laurels. The Prelude and quaint old dance movements by Bach, for violoncello, were played *con amore* by Sig. Piatti, and won new admiration for the happy inexhaustible invention of the genial, learned, wonderful old master. It only remains to speak of Sims Reeves. But he was ill and did not sing; an agreeable substitute appeared in Mr. Santley, the baritone.

The beauty of the whole thing was, that here were the best artists performing (and let us not forget among them Mr. Benedict, who was the masterly accompanist), not to exhibit themselves but to draw attention to the great composers. If I have given more space to the record of this one concert than I have left for others equally important (the reader can imagine that he reads this part through a magnifier), it is because of the "Popular" claim, which has been so well vindicated by these Monday Concerts, without any compromise of high artistic tone. I would commend the example to our music managers at home, so soon as we shall have time again to think of music, so soon as our distracted country shall have come out from her great struggle, with her free institutions nobly saved, her vigorous system purged forever from the treacherous poison so long secretly imbibed from contact with a principle as opposite to its own as darkness is to light; and shall enter upon a new era of *real* liberty and lasting peace, released from all old blind and suicidal pledges to the only alien and weakening element in our grand symphony of states, to Slavery, the natural enemy of Freedom and of Civilization, the sleepless traitor to the general cause, the curse that clung to all our aspirations, the monster that has been weaving round us a most specious web of "compromises" in the full hope of devouring us! So soon as this good fight shall have been won (as most assuredly it will, since God is just); so soon as the Union shall have saved itself, and shall have guaranteed its own existence by refusing henceforth every guarantee to Slavery, beyond that of non-interference (except where it deprives a citizen of his constitutional right to free institutions, free speech, &c., rights for which the Union was made); so soon as Peace and Plenty shall return again, then certainly will come a great reaction of activity in the behalf of Art and Music and of all ideal and harmonious pursuits. With the new sense of Freedom and of Union based upon the solid rock of principle, these things will not be despised as trivial pastimes of the "piping times of peace," but will be more respected and more earnestly pursued than ever, as belonging

to that real education of humanity for higher spheres of being, to secure liberty and room for which is just the motive of all patriotic struggles. This day will soon return to us, if we are true: the day when we shall again have leisure for the true ends of our national and social existence. Music, no more than Religion, is to be silenced or put out of thought for more than a short day by the din of war. So that it may not be idle even now to be holding up good examples and suggesting useful hints to the peace-makers and the peace-improvers, to the educators, and the wielders of refining influences, to those who arrange for our natural supplies of Art and Music, when their time comes. — And so, with this little parenthetic burst of patriotism, here endeth the lesson for to-day. D.

MR. WILLIAM SCHRAUBSTAEDTER, favorite Solo-Tenor of the Orpheus Society, and long and favorably known as an accomplished music-teacher as well as amiable gentleman, has left this city to take up his abode in San Francisco, Cal. We understand that he has taken this step at the solicitation of many friends who preceded him, especially at the instance of Mr. Trenkle, now the leading teacher there. This does high credit to the ability of Mr. Schraubstaedter. We sincerely hope he will find there a large field for his labors and many congenial minds, and recommend him warmly to our California readers.

Musical Correspondence.

PITTSFIELD, AUG. 7, 1861.—It is generally believed that to give a complete musical education it is necessary to go to Europe for instruction. I do not suppose that the Journal of Music endorses this theory, but some of its readers may be interested in the testimony of a young artist who tried the experiment. Thinking that a European master would release him from the disagreeable drudgery of exercise practice upon which his teacher in America had insisted, he went to Leipzig and became a pupil at the Conservatory, expecting to enter at once upon the study of the works of the great masters. But his hopes were sadly disappointed. His new instructor stopped him in the middle of the first piece he played and condemned him to the practice of the scales! He says; "this was exceedingly cool and refreshing. I had travelled more than three thousand English miles to do what? Scales, and scales, from morning till night with a few delightful interruptions for five-finger exercises. While I was thus practising high art, I could not help thinking of my first teacher in the United States. What I did at Leipzig was exactly the thing he wanted me to do at home, a thing I utterly scorned as being old fogyish and unnecessary."

Again, it is said that classical music, such as the sonatas of Haydn, the fugues of Bach, &c., are seldom heard in this country. I remember a complaint of this kind in the Journal of Music not long ago, and am happy to be able to mention one place, where these compositions are often performed, and in a style which would do credit to professional artists. I refer to the Mendelssohn Musical Institute at Pittsfield, in which I know you have long felt an interest, that is well deserved. I do not believe that in any "Conservatory" or school in Europe is music more thoroughly taught than in this institution, and those like our friend mentioned above who are contemplating a trip to the old world might well save themselves trouble and expense, by going through the course of instruction pursued here. I send you the programme of a soirée given at the end of the term first closed.

1. Overture—Egmont. Beethoven
Miss Harriet A. Hall and Janet M. C. Doig.
2. Song—"Liebes Botschaft." (Love's Message). Fesca
Miss S. Louisa Monroe.
3. Grand Rondo, Aufforderung zum Tanze, (Invitation to Dance). Weber
Miss Helen Mac Gregor.

4. Vocal Trio, L'Esperance (Hope). Rossini
Misses Hall, Merrill and Doig.
5. Song without words—Blumen Stueck. (Flower Piece).
Robert Schumann.
Miss Monroe.
6. Song—"Leibe's Fruehling." (Love's Spring-time.)
Mendelssohn
Miss Mac Gregor.
7. Sonata in D major. Haydn
Miss Eleanor L. Glazier.
8. Prelude and Fugue in G. Bach
Miss Elizabeth F. Merrill.
9. Aria—"Non so piu cosa," from "Figaro's Hochzeit."
Mozart
Miss E. L. Glazier.
10. Sonata in E flat. Clementi
Miss Doig.
11. Vocal Trio—Roaming Song. Aht
Misses MacGregor, Hall, Monroe, Doig, Glazier and Merrill.
12. Grand Morceau de Concert. Schubert
Andantino, Allegretto, Allegro.
Misses Monroe and Merrill.

The pieces themselves need no comment—it is not often that we get so fine a selection—and all were well rendered. I might perhaps particularize the Overture to Egmont, the Sonata by Haydn, and the Grand Morceau de Concert, a magnificent close to the evening's entertainment, for instrumental pieces, and for vocal, the Aria "Non so piu," from Figaro's Hochzeit, sung by a little woman from Hallowell, Maine, of whom if she has a mind, we shall hear more. On the whole I consider myself indebted to Prof. Oliver for the greatest musical treat I have enjoyed for many months, and heartily wish him the success he deserves in the great work which he is doing for music in this country. H. N. E.

Musical Chit-Chat.

PARIS.—The storehouse of scenery of the Opera, was destroyed by fire Friday, July 19th, containing 133 sets of scenery beside other properties; the loss amounting to 750,000 francs. The scenery of Semiramis, Tannhäuser, La Sylphide, la Juive, Orfa, la Reine de Chypre, was destroyed, but that of the operas now being played was kept in a different place, so that there will be no interruption of the performances.

ALFRED JAEHL, after great success in Paris, has played (the piano), at Baden, Ems, Weisbaden and Nanheim, receiving everywhere a most flattering reception. He proposes to pass the summer at the lake of Geneva.

A BILLIARD TABLE PIANO.—A. Bataille & Co., of Paris, have constructed a piece of furniture which unites the functions of a Billiard table and a piano-forte, for the Viceroy of Egypt. The French papers praise the ingenuity, elegance and convenience of this invention and think that Egypt will not be the only country where it will be wanted.

JULIUS KNORR, well known for his excellent School for the Piano died recently at Leipzig, where he was professor of music.

TURIN.—M. CONCONE, well known in the musical world as a teacher of vocal music and by his writings, died here recently, where he had been for several years Chapel-master of H. M., Victor Emanuel, the King of Italy. He is said to have been a person of a noble character and high intelligence.

At the funeral of Count Cavour, a remarkable funeral mass by Peri was performed. The solos were sung by Mirate and Beneventano.

Mad. de Lagrange is in Paris. She is in treaty, it is said with M. Bagier to sing in Madrid during the next season.

ABDUL AZIZ, the new Sultan of Turkey. Events would seem to justify the more favorable opinion previously formed of the new Sultan's character. That his tendencies inclined towards the old Musselman party, the choice of Namik Pasha, to which I shall presently advert, must be taken to imply. Yet one of his acts would negative the presumption of a blind fanaticism. Signor Guatelli, the late Sultan's band-master, has been in the habit of giving lessons on the piano to Abdul Aziz Effendi. On the day after the accession of the latter his music master called at the palace. He was at once admitted to the presence of the new sultan, who asked him to what he was indebted for the honor of the visit. "I have come to give your majesty your lesson on the piano," was the answer. "You know," rejoined the sultan, "a pasha cannot condescend to give lessons in music." Signor Guatelli was thus informed for the first time that he had been raised to the rank of Siva Pasha Marco Bey. His imperial majesty's physician, another Christian, has been raised to the same rank.

Parliamentary Views on Architecture.

The following amusing and not uninteresting debate occurred a few weeks since in the English House of Commons. We think Lord Palmerston had the best of it.

On the motion for going into committee of supply.

Lord Echo submitted a motion that in the opinion of the house it was not desirable that the new Foreign-office should be erected according to the Palladian design now exhibited in a committee-room of the House of Commons. The noble lord commented with some severity upon what he called the Palmerstonian style of architecture, and urged that Mr. Scott's design was altogether unsuited to the country, the climate, and the purpose to which it was to be devoted, and that a pure Gothic (not the abuse of Gothic, as in the case of the new houses of parliament) was that of which the country would approve. The new hotel close to the Victoria station at Pimlico, and the Crown Life Assurance-office in Bridge street Blackfriars, from the design of the late Mr. Benjamin Woodward, were in his opinion favorable specimens of what might be done in the way of Gothic street architecture. He called upon the noble lord at the head of the government to give up his Italian notions of art, which were at a deplorable discount, and consent to build the new public offices for the rising and not for the setting generation.

Mr. Buxton seconded the motion.

Mr. Cowper defended the department of which he is the head, and denied that classic architecture was at a discount, advancing as an illustration to the contrary that out of 280 designs sent in for the new foreign office, but fifteen were in the Gothic style.

Mr. Layard spoke in favor of Gothic as on the whole most appropriate, and ridiculed the grotesque ornamentation of the House of Lords and Commons, which he called the "gorilla style."

Mr. Tite eulogised the design of Mr. Scott, and asserted that the great majority of the architectural profession were of opinion that the new foreign-office ought to be in the Italian style. To attempt the introduction of color in our public buildings, either by *terra cotta* or variegated marbles, would, in his opinion, end in failure.

Mr. Osborne expressed his opinion that of all tribunals in matters of taste the House of Commons was the very worst. When the competition for the design was thrown open, it was thrown open to all the world, and five thousand pounds premium was offered for the best design. The first premium was awarded to Messrs. Coe and Holland, and the second on the list were Messrs. Banks and Barry, but in consequence of Mr. Scott, who had, it was true, an European celebrity as a Gothic architect, being secured for furnishing the plans of the foreign and war offices, Mr. Scott was, by some curious hocus pocus, put forward between the two gentlemen who obtain the first premiums and the noble lord (Lord J. Manners), who was a devotee in the Gothic school (hear). If the house were to treat this subject properly some one would move an amendment and say "A plague on both your houses" (laughter). Reject both the Palmerstonian and Scott's plan, reopen the question, and give the building to the man who gained the first premium (hear, hear). He expressed no opinion upon either style—he was so afraid of being a party to the enormous expense which was about to be incurred. He thought the whole question ought to be re-opened, and that these gentlemen ought to have the benefit of the position which they had fairly gained in 1855. He should take no part in the division, but he advised the house to be on its guard, and remember always that the estimate for the house of parliament was £750,000, and the actual cost £2,500,000. They were the worst building committee in the world, and they stood disgraced in the eyes of Europe as men of business ("Oh, oh," and "Hear, hear"). The cost of this undertaking would, he believed, in like manner swell into a million, and if any gentleman would move that both

plans be rejected, and the thing thrown open as at first he should be happy to vote for it; but he would say nothing of the merits of the Palmerstonian style, or the Gothic.

Lord Palmerston: The battle of the books, the battle of the big-endians and the little-endians, the battle of the green ribands and the blue ribands were as nothing compared with this battle of the styles (a laugh). But I must say I think that if I were to pronounce an impartial verdict as to the issue, I should say that the Gothic has been entirely defeated. Objections have been made upon the ground that these plans have no originality, and it is said in the first place that it is not a national style—that the Italian style, I will not call it the Palladian, but the Roman classical, is not national. Well, is the Gothic national? I never heard much of the Goths and Vandals and Saracens doing much in this country (laughter). I have been told in my early days that the Romans were in this country for a considerable number of years, and it is probable, therefore, that they have a better claim to have established in this island some style of architecture which may be considered English, than those who never came here at all (laughter). But my noble friend talked about what was the real ancient architecture of England. Why, my hon. friend who followed him thought that Stonehenge might be considered as a specimen of ancient architecture of the country (laughter). But I would go further, and say that the real aboriginal architecture of this country was huts and wicker wigwams—these were the original styles of those who first inhabited this island (loud laughter). And when we talk of Gothic having been practised at certain periods, so has Italian. When we are asked what is the national character, we might, I think, very reasonably ask the question upon which it must very much depend, namely, who have been the most distinguished architects of the country, and what style did they practise? We have had Vanbrugh, of whom truly it has been said he laid heavy loads on earth, but who has given us fine buildings in the Roman and Grecian style. We have had also Sir Christopher Wren and Inigo Jones—great men, who have erected great edifices to excite admiration to the present day. Do not tell me, then, that Gothic is the characteristic architecture of the country. If there was one character more prevalent than the another it was the castellated mansions; but they were erected for purposes of defence. We find them all over the country; but the reason they were erected has ceased to exist, and we may, therefore, I think, dismiss that style with all its inconveniences. My hon. friend says there is nothing so light as Gothic, on account of the number of windows you can introduce. But we have heard of the

Great windows that exclude the light;
And passages that lead to nothing.

(Cheers and laughter.) And these were after the Gothic style. Then my noble friend has very kindly invited me to take a morning drive, which I am unable to accept, through the streets of London, to test the public taste, forgetting all those fine buildings Somerset house, St. Paul's Cathedral—

An Hon. Member: The Post-office.

Lord Palmerston: Yes, the Post-office, and several others. Why, it is very much as if a gentleman should drive through the streets of Rome, and, seeing a number of children with arms dislocated and legs out of joint exhibited as beggars for the profit of their parents, should say, "These are the tastes of the Roman people," forgetting all the while the many stout, well-conditioned, able-bodied men he may have met (laughter)—and should say, "Let us make our children like the people of Rome, for these are the tastes of the Roman people" (renewed laughter). My noble friend reverses the boast of the Roman emperor, "I found it of brick and left it of stone," and would make these buildings of brick. Well, we all know what color brick turns after a certain exposure to London smoke. I am afraid to quote an Italian authority against it, because I do not admit Italian taste; but I will quote what was said to me by Canova, a man versed in arts, and supposed to be a good judge in these matters. He said, "If London were only widened it would be a real Paradise." But instead of making it a real Paradise my noble friend would make it a real something else, by the gloominess he would cast over all the streets (cheers and laughter). He hoped the house would not, by agreeing to the motion, delay the execution of the works, which were urgently required for the public service.

On a division the motion was rejected by 188 to 95.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Mary Bell. Song and Chorus. *G. F. Benkert.* 25

A melodious little song in the popular style. Quartette Clubs with a good Solo Tenor will find it taking with the public.

I'm leaving thee in sorrow Annie, with Guitar accompaniment. *C. F. Dorn.* 25

One of the prettiest of ballads, long a favorite everywhere, adapted for the Guitar. The arrangement is easy.

Glory! Hallelujah! Popular refrain, as sung by the Federal Volunteers. 25

A people's tune said to have originated with the Massachusetts' Volunteers at Fortress Munroe. The tune has spread more rapidly than even "Dixie," and at this time one can hardly walk on the streets for five minutes without hearing it whistled or hummed. As it is a capital marching tune, our soldiers will carry it with them where they go. There are added to the popular words some verses written expressly for the Fourth Battalion of Rifles (13th Reg.)

Instrumental Music.

Gen. Scott's Grand Review March. *S. Glover.* 50

A capital march, full of spirit and vigor. The title-page is illustrated with a lifelike portrait of the great Commander, as he now appears, in full uniform with all the insignia of his rank. It is one of the best likenesses out, superbly designed and richly colored.

Heart's Ease. Waltz a la Tyrolienne. *Carl Faust.* 35

By a new composer of Dance Music, a German, of late a resident of London, whose charming Polkas and dashing Galops have become staple articles in transatlantic Ball-rooms. A Polka-Mazurka of his, the "Violetta," is perhaps the prettiest piece of music ever written to the measure of this lovely dance. All his melodies are graceful and striking.

The girl I left behind me. Varied. *C. Grobe.* 25

An easy arrangement of this pretty air, just now of more significance than ever before. It is written for young pupils and of the same difficulty with the numbers of the "Melodies of the Day," of which set it forms one.

Castles in the Air. Valse brill. *R. Fitzgerald.* 25

Quite a pleasing, lively waltz, which can be dashed off with considerable eclat, without being at all difficult.

Books.

THE UNION STAR.—A collection of Operatic Choruses, Glee, Quartets, &c., for the use of Conventions, Schools, Clubs and the Social Circle. Edited by B. F. Baker and W. O. Perkins. 50

This new glee book contains all the favorites; on this account and the low price at which it is sold it is an exceedingly desirable publication for musical conventions and schools. An advertisement in another column of this paper will inform our readers of its contents. It has been compiled with much care and will prove a fine acquisition to the collections of Societies and of amateurs.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 489.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 17, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 20.

Cavalry Song.

BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

Weaponed well to war we ride,
With sabres ringing by our side—
The warning knell of death to all
Who hold the holiest cause in thrall :
The sacred Right
Which grows to Might,
The day which dawns in blood-red light.

Weaponed well to war we ride,
To conquer, tide what may betide,
For never yet beneath the sun
Was battle by the devil won ;
For what to thee
Defeat may be,
Time makes a glorious victory.

Weaponed well to war we ride—
Who braves the battle wins the bride ;
Who dies the death for truth shall be
Alive in love eternally :
Though dead he lies,
Soft, starry eyes
Smile hope to him from purple skies.

Weaponed well to war we ride—
Hurrah ! for the surging thunder-tide
When the cannon's roar makes all seem large,
And the war horse screams in the crashing charge,
And the rider strong,
Whom he bears along,
Is a death-dart shot at the yielding throng.

Weaponed well to war we ride—
The hall is open, the hall is wide—
The sabre, as it quits the sheath,
And beams with the lurid light of death,
And the deadly glance
Of the glittering lance,
Are the taper lights of the battle dance.

Weaponed well to war we ride—
Find your foemen on either side,
But woe to those who miss the time,
Where one false step is a deadly crime :
Who loses breath
In the dance of death,
Wins nor wears nor wants the wreath.

Weaponed well to war we ride—
Our swords are keen, our cause is tried ;
When the keen edge cuts and the blood runs free,
May we die in the hour of victory !
We feel no dread ;
The battle-bed,
Wh'er'er it be, has heaven o'erhead.—*Knickerbocker.*

For Dwight's Journal of Music

The Diarist in London.

March 9. A Beethoven concert in the afternoon at the Crystal Palace in Sydenham.

In the Palace is a music-hall—"wheel within a wheel"—nearly as large as ours in Boston, in which music sounds reasonably well. An orchestra of some 35 men ; under the leadership of A. Manus, a German, discourses music various in style and excellence. This day it was all excellent. Beethoven's Heroic Symphony, Violin Concert (Vieuxtemps) and that great work, op. 124, the Overture "Consecration of the House."

Mr. Henry Haigh sang "Adelaide," in Italian and "Entreaty" op. 82, and Mad. Rudersdorf, a scene from *Fidelio* and a song called here "Wake thy lute, oh, gentle lady," of which I know nothing, or, rather I do not remember which song it can be.

Saturday is the half-crown day of the week and on these days entertainments of a higher order are given. There is a constant effort to improve the musical performances, for happily Mr. Bowley, the general manager of the palaces is so much of a musical person, as to be a leading man in the Sacred Harmonic Society, and in Mr. Grove, the Secretary of the company, I had the happiness to find not only a scholar and a gentleman, but a devoted admirer of Bach, Beethoven, Handel, Mozart, &c. Mr. Coward and another gentleman (name forgotten) are the regular organists, and that instrument is played daily. The organ struck me as being too loudly voiced (if that be the correct expression)—apparently with the design to make up in sound what is wanting in ture power for the immense space it has to fill. Hence the effect of its tones is injured by harshness, however that is of small account ; for when one has spent hours in walking through the fairy land—that truly marvellous museum—it is a most delightful thing to sit down and listen to the orchestra or the organ, and calm and rest one's self with music.

No American coming to London should omit to pay several visits to this place, it is certainly one of the most instructive and interesting places of resort that earth can show.

March 11. New Philharmonic Concert in St. James's Hall. For aught I could see these concerts have life enough, though we are assured upon hymnbook authority

"'Tis not the whole of life to live."

The Director and Conductor of music is Henry Wylde, doctor of music ; the orchestra consists of 1st. violins, 20 ; 2d. violins, 18 ; violas, 10 ; violoncellos, 10 ; contrabassi, 12. Total string instruments, 70. Flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, trumpets, 2 each, 10. Horns, 4, trombones, 3, 7. Drums, triangle, ophicleid, &c., 5, 22. Total, 92.

The performance for this season are six concerts and five public grand rehearsals. To these the prices are as follows : The first class seats on the main floor, subscription for the series of concerts £2 2.; first row in the balconies £1 1s.; 2d row in do. £1 1.; a single ticket, best place 10s. 6d., in the balcony 7s., 5s., and 3s. At the rehearsals single tickets 5s. and 3s. The pieces performed on this evening were, *Overtures*, "Egmont," Beethoven and "Oberon," Weber, *Symphony*, Schubert's in C. *Concertos*, Violin, Mendelssohn, Solo by Vieuxtemps, and Pianoforte, E flat, Weber, Solo by Miss Goddard (Mrs. Davison) ; *Vocal*, "ob die Walken" from "Der Freyschütz," sung in English, "Glocklein in Thale" from "Euryanthe," sung in German, the air "My long hair is braided," from the

"Amber Witch," all sung by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and a chorus from Haydn's *Seasons*. All went well and the large audience had every reason to be satisfied.

The programme book (16 pages price 25 cents) gives not only the themes of the *Symphony* but a sketch of Schubert's life—not the sketch from Dwight's *Journal*, which I found in a Monday concert programme book—which at the close I recognized as an old contribution of my own.

Leaving the concert before its close I accompanied the editor of the *Musical World* to Covent Garden theatre, to hear Mendelssohn's operette "Die Heimkehr," put upon the stage here in English, with the title "Son and Stranger," a nice little work with true comedy in it—making one regret again the early death of its author. It was composed in honor of the "Silver Wedding" of Mendelssohn's parents and performed in private by the family and friends. It was given this evening as an afterpiece to the "Black Domino," but it was very late and only a small portion of the audience remained to hear it.

March 12. Another society—this time the "Vocal Association"—its first concert of the fifth season, conductor Benedict—about two hundred voices. The choir sang first a Motet, written by Neithardt for his "Dom Chor," in Berlin—but by no means with the effect produced by that wonderful boy choir. Indeed, thus far, I have never heard that class of music—I mean that written expressly for boy's voices and by a composer equal to the task—given with its due effects by women for Soprani and Alti, and vice versa. There is so much excellent music written for mixed chorus that it seems a mistake to study other.

Two chorals harmonized by Bach, and sung to English words, seemed to please the audience greatly ; there were also several part songs by Mendelssohn, Bishop and others. Madame Laura Baxter sang that piece so full of tears from Handel's "Rinaldo," "Lascia ch'io pianga," and a glorious song by Benedict, "By the sad sea waves." Miss Banks, too, gave a piece or two with her sweet soprano voice, one of them a solo with female chorus from Benedict's "Undine." The programme was varied by a Quintet of Onslow's—no favorite with me—Bach's "Tarentella" prelude and fugue played by Mrs. Davison and a pianoforte fantasia in English airs composed by Benedict and played by the same lady, to a degree of wonderful perfection.

The performances of the Association (choral) struck me as being very good, though not getting up the highest standard. In quality of tone, I think as a rule the chorus singing in London superior to that in Germany, no doubt in part owing to the language, and inferior to that with us, although we seldom hear anything at home so good in point of execution. The contralto part of a Boston chorus is perhaps in quality of tone the best I have ever heard—a Mrs. Rametti is only to be found in Boston, so far as my observation extends.

March 13. Imagine a snug little room filled with treasures of literature, and hung with beautiful pictures and sketches, most of them by Turner; some of them exquisite specimens of that master. The "House Father," to use a German term is a lawyer some 70 years of age, full of life as a young man of thirty—a widower—with a loveable darkeyed niece for his house-keeper. We have had tea, and now the gentleman takes his violin, a clergyman one of the violas, his wife 2d violin, and two gentlemen the other viola and violoncello, and strike of into a string quintett. And so I spent this evening.

March 18. Monday Concert. Beethoven night. Trio in D, op. 9; Sonata in A, op 101; Quartett in F, op. 59; Sonata, P. F. and violin, C minor, op. 30. Soloists, Vieuxtemps and Mrs. Davison. Vocal, the "Liederkreis" and "Ade-laide," sung by Sims Reeves.

Davison says in the descriptive programme:—

Those pianoforte sonatas which Beethoven produced towards the latter period of his life, and which are no less remarkable examples of what the art critics of Germany denominate his "third manner" the Ninth Symphony, the Mass in D, and even the so-called "posthumous" Quartettes, were till recently almost neglected. The expertest performers have either ignored them altogether or regarded them with suspicion or distrust. One evident source of this unmerited treatment was their extreme and in some respects almost unsurmountable difficulty. But a reason still more constantly pleaded, and openly avowed by pianists, was the obscurity of style, and general want of intelligible form, by which, it was assumed, these sonatas were distinguished. Times have happily changed; and at present the last sonatas of Beethoven like the above-named quartettes, are ranked by unanimous consent among the most striking masterpieces of his genius. Beethoven himself considered them the best of his many contributions to the pianoforte and at length the world seems to have endorsed his opinion. Posterity has done the grand "tone-poet" justice. One of the most thoughtful and clear-sighted of modern critics on music (the late Ludwig Rellstab of Berlin) laid it down as a maxim that whatever Beethoven had written *must* be played; and this decision has passed into a law. Pianists apply themselves with courage and perseverance to master the vast mechanical difficulties in which these wonderful compositions abound; and it is now universally admitted that the mere fact of their having been written for the pianoforte, has elevated the character of that instrument and placed it next in value and importance to the orchestra itself. That such was Beethoven's opinion his works sufficiently attest. However this may be, the last sonatas are now studied *con amore* and pianists agree to consider the task of mastering them in the light of a sacred duty. Of course we allude to performers unusually gifted, since to players of ordinary ability the last works of Beethoven present inseparable obstacles.

"When some not very profound critic," says a clever and eloquent writer, "ventured to pronounce certain passages of Goethe's second part of *Faust* obscure, the great poet-philosopher retorted 'Are you quite sure sir, that nothing is the matter with your light?' Beethoven might have put some question to many of the would-be executants and critics of the stupendous

works belonging to his so-called "third manner" many of which remain still perfectly unintelligible to all but artists of the very highest order and these we need scarcely add, are extremely rare in every country." The Sonata, Op. 101, is one of the most remarkable of those inspirations of what critics call his "third period" which were for a long time condemned even by Beethoven's admirers as incomprehensible rhapsodies, impossible to execute. That they should be incomprehensible if not executed distinctly may well be credited; and as, till recently, pianists "de la première force" were chiefly occupied with composing and performing fantasias upon popular operas and airs with variations of the same stamp, there was little chance of their meeting with that clearness of execution indispensable to render them intelligible. Mendelssohn would often play them with delight to those he thought capable of appreciating them; but then Mendelssohn was a phenomenon, and what was impossible to the majority of *professed* pianists was nothing to him. Liszt never attempted any of them publicly, though of course no one can doubt of *his* ability to play them. The modern "virtuoso" style of pianists were satisfied with a fugue or two of Bach, and a concerto and one sonata (generally the *Moonlight Sonata*) of Beethoven, as a sort of classical stock, to be served out occasionally to the English public. And so Beethoven had composed the largest number of his pianoforte works for the shelf.

So far Mr. Davison. In the same descriptive programme in the *Entr' Acte* is a fine analysis of this Sonata (Op. 101)—but it is too long for me to copy.

March 20. "Exeter Hall National Choral Society." First concert concert of unaccompanied music, 600 voices, Conductor G. W. Martin." So it stands on the title page of the book of words. Remarkable singing there certainly was not on the part of the "600 voices," some of which must have been doubled to make out the number I notice that most of the pieces in the book have a note to the effect, "Journal of Part Music, No. so and so, price 1½d. 2d. as the case may be. I notice, too, that of 16 vocal pieces on the programme, seven are harmonized or arranged by G. W. Martin and that three are composed by him, one of them being a prize glee." I notice moreover, that "old English melodies" as "Barbara Allen," such popular ones as "Last rose of summer" and the like are among these arrangements, and very bad they are. The best things were "Hail Smiling Morn," by Spofforth, "Awake Æolian Lyre," by Danby, "In these delightful pleasant groves," by Purcell, "My pretty Jane," by Bishop. Upon the whole the impression left by the concert was not particularly favorable to Mr. G. W. Martin either as conductor, harmonist or man of musical taste. Mrs. Davison gave two remarkable performances on the pianoforte, of show music.

March 21. Another vocal concert of what Mr. G. W. Martin calls "unaccompanied music"—this time in St. James's Hall—by a society called Mr. Henry Leslie's choir, numbering about 80 voices only. This was the third concert of the sixth season—the number of the concerts this season being seven. Save two pianoforte pieces of little interest, the following was the programme, and a very fine one it was, especially the old pieces:

Madrigal, "What saith my dainty darling" T. Morley, 1595
 "In the merry spring"..... Ravenscroft, 1513
 "Flora gave me fairest flowers"..... Wilbye, 1609
 Part-song, "Love's 'Heigho!'"..... Walter Macfarren
 Glee, "The mighty conqueror of hearts"..... Sam Webber
 Trio, for female voices, "Hearts feel that love thee".....
 Mendelssohn
 Madrigal, "Take heed ye shepherd swains" R. L. Pearsall
 Part-song "When the shades of eve descending".....
 Henry Leslie
 Glee, for single voices, "Come see what pleasure"..... Eliot
 Madrigal, "As Vesta was from Latmus hill descending".....
 T. Weekes, 1600

PART II.

Forty-third psalm, 8 parts, (Dom chor music) Mendelssohn
 Glee, for 5 single voices, "Beauty sweet love" W. Housley
 Part-song, "Come and watch the daylight dawning".....
 S. Reay
 Trio and chorus, "The chough and crow to roost are gone".....
 Bishop
 Part-song, "Evening"..... H. Leslie
 Do. "This pleasant month of May"..... Do.
 Solo and chorus, "Now tramp, tramp o'er moss and fall,".....
 Bishop

You see what a splendid selection, combining variety, and the highest excellence, and giving both old, standard and new pieces.

I have but one remark to make as to the execution, and that is, it was the most perfect choir singing I ever heard in my life from a mixed choir; the Dom chor in Berlin, being the only one I ever heard to rival it, but that we all know is a boy choir. To one so passionately fond of glees and Madrigals, as I am, it was worth coming to London just to hear once. Such precision, such perfect time, such crescendos, deminuendos, pianissimos, such enunciation of the words, nowhere have I heard anything like it.

The psalm by Mendelssohn, however was not effective to me having heard it sung by the Dom chor, it is not exactly fitted for woman's voices, but its execution was superb. Nothing that I ever heard in Boston or New York could do more than give a faint idea of such glee and madrigal singing.

March 22. Christy's Minstrels, in a small concert room connected with her Majesty's Theatre. The same old story.

March 27. Sacred Harmonic Society, "Messiah." Perfection. Soloists, Sims Reeves, Mr. Saintly, (bass); Madame Sainton-Dolby, (contralto); Miss Louisa Pyne, (soprano).

March 30. Heard part of a concert this afternoon at the Crystal Palace, viz., Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang." It was given in the "wheel within the wheel," drew a good audience, and went exceedingly well. Chorus of the Italian opera reinforced by amateurs. Very enjoyable.

April 1. Amber Witch again; this time in the Drury Lane Theatre, my liking for the music confirmed, the generally favorable impression as to the work strengthened.

April 3. Concert of the Vocal Association again, I am sorry to say; the less said about it the better!

April 8. Rehearsal of Beethoven's great Mass in D, at Exeter hall.

April 10. The Musical Society of London—its second concert of the season. See what a glorious programme:

First Walpurgis Night..... Mendelssohn
 Concerto in C, for pianoforte, solo by J. F. Barnett. Mozart
 Symphony, B flat, (4th)..... Beethoven
 Scenes from "Faust," sung by Louisa Pyne..... Spohr
 Vocal Trio from "Fair Rosmond"..... Barnett
 Overture, to "Chevy Chase"..... G. A. Macfarren

The cantata (Walpurgis Night) given by this grand orchestra and a professional chorus of 80 voices, was one of the finest successes, I have heard. The performance was worthy of the

poem. 'Twas superb. But what I paid special attention to was the difference of effect arising from the use of the English instead of the German language. The translation is by Wm. Bartholemew, a difficult thing to do, because the words are to fit music already composed, and because Goethe makes such a variety of rhythm and so fits the sounds of his words to the sense. Upon the whole it is well done. The English version is far more singable than the German and the vocal effect much better than when I heard it by one of the best societies in Germany, —Stern's.

Take the opening solo and chorus, and see how much more easy the English words are to pronounce with a good tone than the German ones, in most of the lines.

Now May again
Breaks winter's chain
The bud and bloom are springing ;
No snow is seen
The vales are green
The woodland choirs are singing !
You mountain height
Is win'try white
Upon it we will gather
Begin the ancient holy rite,
Praise our Almighty Father
In sacrifice
The flame shall rise ;
Thus blend our hearts together.

Es lacht der Mai !
Der Wald ist frei
Von Eis und Reifgehänge,
Der Schnee ist fort
Am grünen Ort
Erschallen Lustgesänge,
Ein reiner Schnee
Liegt auf der Höh :
Doch eilen wir nach oben
Begehn den alten heil'gen Brauch
Allvater dort zu loben,
Die Flamme lodre durch den Rauch !
So wird das Herz erhoben.

It is all nonsense for people to talk of our mother tongue being so bad for singing. Of course if you undertake to sing the first chapter of Chronicles you will find hard work of it; but English lyric poetry—that which is lyric—is unequalled by any except that of the Latin languages on the shores of the Mediterranean. If our singers would study English singing, or rather the English language for singing, as the French and Germans do their own tongues, we should soon cease to hear complaint and might hope to see the few Italian airs now sung to death in our concerts give way to the beautiful compositions, which I hear in London. One of these days when peace has come again and slavery ceases to bring about a commercial crisis every ten years, I hope that music will raise her head again in Boston, and that the "Walpurgis Night" may be studied and given even if far less beautifully than on this occasion,

I was told—I do not vouch for the correctness of the story—that twenty years ago or more, "Chevy Chase," a melodrama, was to be brought out at one of the London theatres, but at the last moment there was no overture. The manager applied to Macfarren; he undertook it; composed away for dear life; copyist following close at his heels, and in a night, or so, the overture was finished. Hearing it but once I can only say that for style it struck me as a curious

blending of Mendelssohn's forms with those of Beethoven—as though one should write a poem one part like Longfellow, and another like Dr. Johnson's "London." This is said not of the musical ideas but simply of the mode of treatment as it struck me at the close of a long concert in which we had so important a specimen of both Mendelssohn and Beethoven.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

J. S. Bach.

(TRANSLATED FOR THIS JOURNAL FROM THE
"DEUTSCHE MUSIK-ZEITUNG" OF VIENNA.)

Arias from various Cantatas, with Piano-forte accompaniment,
arranged by ROBERT FRANZ. Four sets (9 Alto, 9 Bass, 9
Soprano, 9 Tenor Arias). Leipzig: F. Whistling; Boston:
O. Ditson & Co.

(Continued from page 148.)

It would be worth the while to form an idea, from the sources themselves, of the state in which Bach found the religious Aria. The examination would no doubt show in a much clearer light the new shape it received from him, and probably would lead to the conclusion, that what went before him scarcely deserves mention in comparison with his,—as may indeed be maintained with perfect right of all the other spheres of his activity. For it becomes gradually more apparent, that only a very small part of German music before Bach, great as its historical worth may be, yields any lasting artistic interest. Hence the historical-critical introduction to these Arias must be left to men approved in such researches; a few remarks only may be here in place, suggested by the work itself which lies before us.

As regards the *architectural* structure of these Arias, they consist, not always to be sure, but commonly of three parts: the anterior, middle and concluding sentence. The anterior and concluding sentence are often, especially in broadly laid out arias, the same—which is indicated by the *Da capo*; at least they are often very like to one another, except that the concluding sentence contain significant heightenings, embellishments, &c., but even in these the *Ritornel* commonly returns unaltered at the close. The anterior sentence usually consists of two clauses, frequently preceded, after the *Ritornel*, by a short attacking phrase of the voice as it were. They move in the Tonic and one of the related keys, most commonly the Dominant; the parallel key (Relative Minor) is reserved for the middle sentence; this too is commonly two-fold, though not always, for general exhaustive rules can only be approximately applied to Bach's thoroughly free artistic method, which is bound to no absolute formula. The second part of the Aria seldom forms a sharp antithesis to the first; the principal motive is copiously used—especially in the accompaniment—but freely modified in various ways; the newly added matter often can be scarcely called an independent motive, and is seldom wrought out on its own account. Here, as elsewhere, Bach proceeds with an astonishing economy, which makes, however, always the impression of exuberant fulness; for he knows how to spin out his ideas so broadly, to put them in such striking connections with one another, to metamorphose them so variously, and and above all to win from them continually such new sides by ever new melodic turns in the voice part, that once for all, one comes to feel, that this plastic faculty is inexhaustible and inimitable.

We can trust the master, who made every

means of Art serve an ideal end, for proceeding very carefully and according to fixed principles in the choice of solo voices for his texts; although it is difficult to state precisely, what those principles were. But the deep and labored thought, which we already find in the composition of the texts for his Cantatas—and it seems to be beyond doubt that he took the most active part in that himself—justifies us in the most unqualified confidence on this point. This much it may be permitted to say in general: that the text for Tenor and Soprano airs have, in the average, a more personal, more purely lyrical character, than those for the Bass and Alto airs, in which frequently a reflective or rhetorical moment only melts into a lyric flow by means of the music. But it can be more confidently maintained, that the Bass arias contain the most dramatic life; the Tenor, the most brilliant psychological musical dialectics; the alto, the most tranquil depth and clearness; the soprano, the most fervent, inward glow of feeling. Bach is in fact a perfect master in showing the distinctive character of every voice, in respecting its compass and in placing its most brilliant and effective portions in the foreground. To be sure, the excessively high pitch of our instruments occasions almost insurmountable difficulties, especially to the Tenor arias; but Bach is not responsible for that; consider on the contrary the thoroughly peculiar stamp, which, in the *cantilena* as well as in the figured work, distinguishes an Alto absolutely from a Bass aria; this goes so far, the even the harmonic relation, which the voice part (according as it lies in a higher or lower stratum) sustains to the accompaniment, is always taken into consideration, and hence in a Tenor air, for instance, a very different sonority is intended, than in a Soprano air. This becomes most clear if you attempt to apply to these airs the direction now so much in vogue: "for Soprano or Tenor," &c.; the air *sounds*, to be sure, but its impression is incomparably weaker, than when it is left to its own proper organ. On the other hand, there need be less hesitation about allowing Alto arias to be sung by a rich mezzo-soprano voice, and the Bass arias by a Baritone; since with Bach neither the Alto nor the Bass voice seeks its richest development in the deep tones; it is only from some special motive that it descends occasionally from the middle height.

But let us take a look at last into the work itself and allow it to speak to us by some examples. We will select—without any special particularity—one from each set, and try to analyze it, well aware of the insurmountable limits to the expressive power of words, where music is the subject. It will be necessary to adduce numerous citations; these of course cannot make the comparison of the work itself superfluous, but are designed as much as possible to prompt and further it.

From the Nine *Alto* arias, which appeared first, we select No. 6,* out of the Whitsuntide Cantata; *O ewiges Feuer, O Ursprung der Liebe* ("O eternal fire, O wellspring of Love"). The aria forms the middle point of the Cantata, in which at first a powerful chorus prays to God, the eternal source of Love, that he may fill and enkindle the hearts of men: "We desire, O most high to be thy temple." Whereupon a Tenor recitative reminds the Lord of his sure promise, repeats the prayer and adds:

"Ein solch erwählter Heiligthum
Hat selbst den höchsten Ruhm."
(Such a chosen sanctuary
Has even the highest honor).

And at this point our Alto Aria connects itself:

"Well done, ye good and faithful servants
Whom God hath called to homes above,
What earthly crown so worth possessing,
What wealth of everlasting blessing
And all from Him whose name is Love.

It sets out—certainly on purpose—in A major. Bach is a very fine character-painter of the keys; and that he allows himself to be determined in his choice of keys by no law but the nature of his texts, is proved (for example) by the fact, that he commences the Cantata: *Du Hirte Israel* ("Thou Shepherd of Israel," in G major, and ends it in A major. The *Ritornel* or symphony, which, as is often the case, sums up briefly the leading movements of the Aria, begins with a tender and lovely *cantilena*, which floats up and down through 2 bars over the bass which lies in the Tonic, pulsing in equal quaver beats; and in such a manner, that the upper as well as the middle parts move in octaves; but the latter, reversing the motives, cross the former. (A).†

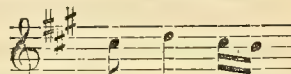
The rich fullness of tone here developed, makes palpable to sense, as it were, the multiplied blessing and blissfulness which streams through the "*anserwählten Seelen*" ("chosen souls," in the Boston edition: "good and faithful servants.") Then in ever richer and lovelier forms the rythmical design of the leading motive develops and extends itself the more, that in the second half of the introduction we pass suddenly into the Dominant key (E major) and make a close in that; then by a swift transition to the Tonic the entrance of the voice part is prepared. First, in a short section it simply brings out the leading motive and ends in the Dominant. Then, starting again with the same motive in E major, it draws the hitherto so quiet bass into emulous, fluctuating motion like its own; new and bolder wave lines appear too in the upper part of the accompaniment. (B).

A lengthier development, in which the accompaniment repeats the second part of the *Ritornel*, gives the voice free room to unfold itself, at first in shorter, then in ever broader and more compound *melismata* (melodic phrases). Already the accompaniment has found an end, while the voice, barely supported by a pair of tones to fill out, takes still another upward flight and then sinks softly down upon the Dominant. (C.)

The most wonderful freedom and dexterity is shown in the independence, with which Bach sets off his voice part against the accompaniment; he lets it go free, as it were, and then he weaves it in with the accompaniment again most intimately. Frequently the voice goes with the accompaniment; but quite as frequently is, as they say, "written in" (interpolated). Here nothing seems to have been impossible to him. Not only in the Arias is he never at a loss, how to write into the full organic harmony of the accompaniment a melodious, beautifully conducted, characteristic voice part—but even in the choruses, where there are four voices, we meet this phenomenon. When we think what inexorable powers the vocal organ and the text are, and when we see the clearness, ease, correctness in which all stands

before us, we cannot sufficiently admire the mastery, with which Bach has wrought. Instead of many other examples, often much more artfully constructed, the one just cited will illustrate what we mean.

A longer interlude, again ending in E major, forms the conclusion of the anterior sentence and at the same time the transition to the middle sentence: *Wer kann ein grösser Heil erwählen*, &c. ("What earthly crown so worth possessing.") It consists of two parallel clauses, with an interlude between them; the first in F sharp minor, the second in C sharp minor, but both concluding with a free modification of the principal motive. They were originally accompanied only by the organ and the *basso continuo*; hence the voice moves here in a more free and characteristic manner, almost like recitative, which corresponds completely to the interrogative form of the first two lines of the text, even outwardly, according to the rising and falling of the voice. But the parallelism does not prevent, that the second clause should contain heightened reproductions of the first, which are already significantly indicated by the interrupting interlude. For here, in the middle point of the whole Aria, the simplest element of the leading motive



urged itself gradually upward and thus brings the highest energy of expression into the aria. (E).

Who can fail to remark, in this middle sentence, the depth and freedom with which Bach interprets his text? Most others would perhaps have employed here for the first time the whole wealth of melody and the greatest fullness of tone in the accompaniment to the words: *Wer kann des Segens Menge Zählen*. ("What wealth of everlasting blessing,") &c., in order to represent them as sensuously as possible. Bach never descends to soulless word-painting; whatever of that sort you seem to find in him is always more symbolical, more deep and musically logical, than may appear at first sight. He describes the seen and palpable beatitude of the "chosen souls" with such richness of color, such sweetness as to excite the deepest longing; but so soon as the question arises about the magnitude, the wealth, the source of the blessing, he lets the accompaniment become silent, man sinks into pensive contemplation; and who could overlook now the painful feature which the interlude just cited introduces into the midst of it?

But this cannot be the last of it; the fullness of inward peace gushes forth anew in yet more tender and voluptuous melodies. By a free re-entrance of the leading motive, we are transported back with glad surprise into the ground-tone of feeling, which the concluding sentence, heightening and expanding, conducts now to its goal. This third sentence moves throughout in A major; its second clause, which the anterior sentence had in the Dominant, returns now to Tonic; so that by its higher place in the scale it acquires a heightened expression, which reaches its goal and acme in a beautiful ecstatic cadence. (F).

Apart from all the fine traits, only obvious to a close examination and a technically sharpened eye, this aria, by its magical sound, its wondrous lovely and caressing melody, its thoroughly poetic

temper, can be sure of a marked impression even upon quite unmusical persons, provided that the piano-player knows how to loose the magic charm locked up in it. For the piano part is not without its difficulty; but who can talk of difficulty, with such reward in prospect?

* No. 1, of the 8 *Alto Airs*, as published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

† The letters A, B, &c., refer to the numerical illustrations, which may be given with the last number of this article. Our readers meanwhile can refer to the aria itself, published as above stated.

(To be continued.)

(Translated from the French of Scudo for the Musical Times.)

Dramatic Music.

Many theories are formed upon music and particularly on dramatic music. There is no sort of vagary which is not indulged, particularly in Germany, in regard to this admirable art, which touches upon such delicate questions, and which, at the same time, is not understood but by a small number of good intellects. Nothing is easier than to build chimerical and pretentious systems upon the works of a Mozart or a Rossini, to glance over with a bird's-eye view, the history of the art, to bring together glorious names, and strangely mingle them, with impunity, because the public, very ignorant in such matters, is not there to contradict or disprove you. But I dare to affirm anew that nothing is more difficult than to form a good judgment upon the composition of a master, to seize its true character, and to assign it an incontestable rank in the hierarchy of the works of the human mind. Success does not suffice to give measure of the durable merit of a musical composition; for I can cite such an opera, Italian, German, or French, which has had more than a hundred representations without having a note of it remain in the memory of the following generation. Who knows anything now-a-days of *La Cosa rara* of Martini, which, however, disputed the success of Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*? It is a certain sign of the decadence of the age to pretend to exact from an art like music or painting effects of a false profundity, which it is not in its essence to produce. It is form which reveals the intellect and the sentiment which animates it; and without form, which ought first to please my senses, it is in vain for you to invite me to reflect and meditate long on a picture or a score which does not exhibit the particular beauties I have the right to seek. Let us beware of this hollow German symbolism which indulges in such dark reasonings in matters of art, and which thinks it sees in everything obscure, unpleasant or incomprehensible, a superior conception to a work brilliant with light, which speaks to all, and which expresses the truth through the medium of beauty, without which there are no fine arts, above all, music. I don't go to the theatre to attend a course of metaphysics, or meditate upon the government of empires and the mysteries of Providence. I go to enjoy a delicate pleasure, a moral pleasure without doubt, but hidden under the attractive forms of poetry and art. It is from Germany, and contemporaneous Germany, that has come to us this abstruse and barbarous theory of a pretended *spiritualistic* music, a music so sublime that it goes beyond the empire of sound, if we must believe the demipoes of Leipzig or Berlin, and surpasses the senses and intelligibility. It is by such absurdities that they have sought to explain certain equivocal passages in the last compositions of Beethoven, and to ring the changes upon the miserable productions of the poor imitators of this great genius. Shall I say my whole thought? I begin to throw off the too heavy weight of the false profundity of German estheticism, and I have begun to prefer a limpid, healthful page of Descartes or Pascal to the nebulous pathos of the pantheists beyond the Rhine.

An opera should satisfy two essential conditions to merit a rank among the great works of art. The music must be imprinted with the general character of the story to which it is adapted; it must express the characteristics of the dominant

characters; it must paint the struggle of great passions by the means proper to it; it must adapt itself, in fact, to the laws of verisimilitude and dramatic logic without ever forgetting that it is poetry, and cannot descend to material imitations too much extended, without losing its prestige, and compromising its power over the heart and imagination of men. This first condition of general truth being fulfilled, and it is not the most difficult, there remain, pure music, beauty of language, elegance of form, simplicity of means, delicacy of detail, nobleness of melody, richness of coloring and instrumentation, everything which tends to the dramatic illusion, but which outlives representation; in short, style, which gives permanence to a musical composition as it does to a poem, and which constitutes the eternal charm of great works. The most impressive drama, the most powerful lyric conception put effectively upon the stage are works of an inferior order without style which consecrates them, and alone ensures them the admiration of posterity. Let one read the score of *Don Giovanni*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Der Freyschütz*, *Oberon*, even the *Vestale* of Spontini, who was not, however, a great musician, and in the dead letter of these fine dramas, so vital upon the stage, one will find a musical poetry by turns vigorous, powerful, exquisite, profound, with the only profundity which it belongs to the fine arts to reveal, that of sentiment and grace. Be a philosopher if you will; but be one as a creative artist, like Poussin, in speaking the language of the gods.

Do you wish a shining example of the doctrine which we maintain here, of what one has the right to exact from a dramatic composition to warrant its classification among the rare chefs d'œuvre which please the learned as well as the ignorant, and which make an epoch in the history of art? Go and see *William Tell*, the marvel of our time. From the overture, which is a true picture, as clear as day, as transparent as light, as colored as night where the scenes occur, you are informed of the character of the story which is to be told you—a heroic and pastoral drama, where the divine sentiment of love of country predominates; and the poet tells you this in an admirable language, which at once charms the most inexperienced ears, which seizes upon the imagination, and touches the feelings. Then comes that colossal introduction, where a thousand episodes mingle, without the musical discourse being ever weakened or interrupted, a vast *Kermesse*, where the coloring of Rubens shines with a distinctiveness of form which the Flemish painter never knew. Need I cite all the beauties of this marvellous chef-d'œuvre, the duet of Arnold and William, so vigorous, so melodic and always musical, the air of Matilda, *Sombres forêts*, whence exhales an exquisite sentiment of nature, serene and bright as it is dreamed of by poets of the south, and the duet which follows between the two lovers with so chaste and profound a tenderness? In the opinion of all musicians and connoisseurs, there exists nothing on the stage comparable to the second act of *William Tell* for united dramatic truth and musical beauty. The chorus, in which the sons of Switzerland swear to live free and to exterminate the traitors among them, is a thing absolutely surprising; and as to the trio for three male voices, known to all the world, I do not think that there is a piece of dramatic music where the pathetic expression has ever been pushed so far without ever forgetting the beauty of language which it belongs to art always to utter. The trio in *William Tell* can be put beside the masked trio in *Don Giovanni*. I will not continue this arid enumeration of the beauties of *William Tell*, which the whole world knows by heart. Some day or other I will perhaps attempt a more complete examination of the author of so many chefs d'œuvre. Take the score of *William Tell* only, reduced to the simple proportions of a piano accompaniment, that is to say, despoiled of the coloring of its instrumentation, the prestige of stage effect, and all the powerful accessions of a good performance. You will be even more surprised at a nearer view of those limpid, large simple, vigorous melodies, which live by their

own life, accessible to all voices, intelligible to all the world, those duets, choruses, concerted pieces of a construction so simple, a harmony so new, so picturesque, so natural, those admirable modulations which are born from the development of the idea whose form they vivify, and which are not the cold artifice of an impotence which changes a key because it cannot change the theme. When a great dramatic composition can undergo this ordeal of pure art with impunity, and after having moved the crowd assembled in the theatre, retain sufficient internal vitality to charm the individual connoisseur, and everywhere spreads the sentiment which animates it, it is the indelible mark of a great work. Joseph of Méhul, *La Dame Blanche*, *Le Pré aux Clercs*, *Zampa*, *Le Domino Noir*, *Fra Diavolo* and almost all the ingenious and piquant labors of M. Auber, are in different degrees, musical compositions sufficiently pure and vivacious to exist without the prestige of representation. Dramatic truth, of which people are so jealous now-a-days, is after all only a qualification in lyric drama secondary to beauty, abundance and originality of purely musical ideas, which alone classify and consecrate great works. I once knew a professor of music who read the holy fathers of the church and the *Somme* of Saint Thomas to make the fools and demi-connoisseurs believe that he drew thence the inspiration necessary for his high mission. If he had known his business, he would never have had recourse to such stratagems. Let us be certain then: to create great works in the arts and in poetry it is not absolutely necessary to know how to read the *Mechanique Céleste* of Laplace; it is sufficient to possess the genius of Mozart, of Weber, or of Rossini.

An Hour with Meyerbeer.

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND HIS VIEWS OF AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

(Correspondence of the Evening Post.)

MEYERBEER'S REPUTATION.

BERLIN, June, 1861.

The distinguished composer of the "Huguenots" has occupied a prominent position in the musical world for so long a time that his name and reputation are beginning to savor of the traditionary past, while, at the same, in the composition of his later works, he manifests all the vigor and activity of the actual present. The last generation were quite as much delighted as is the rising one with "Robert le Diable," and the newspapers and magazines of a quarter of a century ago talk with fond enthusiasm of the great singers who in their day took part in its performance, and who now are either dead and buried, or have retired from the stage to a life of private obscurity. Who has not heard of the effects produced by Levasseur, when he played *Bertram*? and even Jenny Lind's first appearance as *Alice* at London dates back some fourteen years. Rossini, also, though still living, enjoys a traditionary reputation, for with his operas are associated the names of such artists as Rubini, Lablache, Persiani, Pasta and Malibran, all of whom belonging to a time which has passed away. Indeed, at so early an age do real musical geniuses begin to develop their powers and to reap their harvest of fame, that it seems difficult to remember that neither Meyerbeer nor Rossini can be now really called old men, and that Bellini and Donizetti, had they not died so young, would at this day have been but little past the prime of life, with their eyes undimmed and their natural force unabated.

MEYERBEER'S COMPOSITIONS.

But while the gentle author of "La Sonnambula" and the delicate composer of "Lucia" have left only their works and their memories, and while the swan of "Pesaro" has for many years ceased to put music on paper, the industrious man to whom we owe "Robert" and the "Prophete" continues to work steadily and faithfully. He is not a rapid composer. While an Italian would write fifty, Meyerbeer would write but one opera—spending, for instance, eight years on the "Prophete." But then how noble has been the result of this plodding toil! Meyerbeer has not written a single weak opera. Every one, though different in outline and coloring, is a noble monument to his genius; and while each is in itself too complete a work to be heard to advantage in any other state than that of perfect completeness, yet the gems which best bear to be detached are models in their way. What more touching than the

Ah mon fils—what more inspiring than the Coronation March of the Prophete! What more majestic than the old Chorale, more quaint than the *Piff-puff*, or more thrilling than the *Valentine* and *Roual* duet in the "Huguenots"! What air has been oftener sung by cultivated artists than the famous *Robert toi que j'aime*, and what concerted piece is more effective than the concluding trio of "Robert le Diable"? And "L'Etoile du Nord," though less generally known, is replete with delicious melodies, both of the andante and bravura styles. These are all, in every sense of the word, grand operas; and after they have brought the composer, it might be said, almost an immortality of fame, lo! he turns away from the monarchs and splendors of these themes to take up a libretto of the loves of simple shepherds and weaves about it the delicious music of the "Pardon de Ploermel."

HIS RESIDENCE.

With such a man as the creator of all these *morceaux* it would be indeed a privilege to have a personal acquaintance; and I gladly availed myself, while in Berlin recently, of an opportunity of calling on Meyerbeer, especially as he had honored me with his card of private invitation. As is usual abroad with even the wealthiest, he occupies a suite of rooms and not a whole house. The mansion—an elegant and princely one—like all the larger residences in the Prussian capital, is at the open piazza at the end of the *Unter-den-Linden*, and is the second house from the magnificent Brandenbourg Gate, through which the Berliners reach their large public park, which lies just outside the city walls. Meyerbeer's rooms are on what we would call the third, but what is known in European houses as the second story. There is no name on the lower door, but affixed to the wall at the foot of the third flight of stairs is a porcelain plate bearing in neat letters the one word "Meyerbeer."

A ring of the bell brought to the door a neat German maid-servant, who took my card to her master, quickly returning to usher me in. Passing through a long dark entry I was shown into a well-furnished square apartment, and welcomed in French by a small man apparently about sixty years old, of Jewish features, round stooping shoulders and green spectacles. It was Meyerbeer.

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

If not an Adonis in appearance, I found him to be—what is after all much more agreeable—a perfect gentleman. He showed no assumption of condescension, no haughtiness of manner, no affectation of eccentricity—nothing which would intimate that his natural simplicity and geniality had been at all affected by the praises which have for so many years been ringing in his ears. After the usual salutations were over Meyerbeer began to speak with interest of affairs in the United States. Like most Europeans, his sympathies were with the North in the dreaded struggle; he heartily expressed his regret that difficulties had occurred, and that the land which was to liberal Europe at once the type and realization of national liberty, should be the scene of fraternal discord and bloody warfare. From this was the conversation turned upon musical affairs in our country, in regard to which, indeed, I found Meyerbeer not as well informed as might have been expected. He at first remembered only the name of Maretzek among the laborers in our musical vineyard.

MEYERBEER ON AMERICAN COMPOSERS.

"And was there not a Monsieur Free?" he added soon, "who wrote some operas?"

"You mean, I suppose, William H. Fry?"

"Oui, c'est le même. Is he living yet?"

"Yes, he is alive. Turned his attention some time ago to politics; became a popular stump orator, and is now the Secretary to the American Legation at Turin."

"Ah! Then he don't compose any more. Who is your best American composer now?"

"Well, I suppose Mr. Bristow must have the palm."

"Who do you say—Breestau? Is he a German?"

"No, an American—George W. Bristow." And after I had said this Meyerbeer repeated the name several times, as if to get it by heart.

"He has written several oratorios," I added, "and an English opera, 'Rip Van Winkle,' which has been performed in New York."

"Is the plot from Washington Irving's story?" asked Meyerbeer, and the reply being in the affirmative, he added: "I knew well Monsieur Irving. He was a most amiable and delightful man. He called on me once in Paris, and I also met him a long time ago in Spain. But he is dead. Then there is another American novelist, whom I have only known through his works—I mean Cooper. Is he living yet?"

HIS VIEWS OF AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

This question being answered, and the interlocutor duly informed as to the facts of the case, the conversation suddenly turned again to political affairs, and Meyerbeer asked with much curiosity about President Lincoln and his antecedents. The brief biography I gave of the rail-splitter, and especially the fact that he had risen from the position of a flat-boatman to that of President, seemed to greatly interest the composer. "*Quell' energie!*" he said admiringly.

Then followed some shrewd inquiries as to the existence of a copyright law in America, and the rights of American publishers to print foreign music without paying the author. He was not aware that his "*Dinorah*" had been published in Boston, but had heard of its performance in New Orleans, and of the success of Adeline Patti therein. "Is this Patti a fine singer?" he asked, and my next duty was to give a history of this charming young prima donna, who was at that time singing with great *clat* at the Covent Garden theatre, London. Then came questioning as to the European singers who had visited America. Carl Formes had personally given him some account of his experience there, and as other singers who had crossed the ocean were mentioned, Meyerbeer expressed his opinion of their merits, La Grange he deemed an almost unsurpassed vocalist, a careful actress and a perfect lady. Bosio was finished and elegant, but so cold! Alboni's superiority as a contralto was readily acknowledged, and others were pleasantly spoken of, while Frau Lucca, the then reigning favorite at the Berlin Opera-House, came in for a share of his kindly appreciation. He then invited me into the next room, a long apartment with four windows looking on the street front. In the centre, on a platform raised at least a foot above the floor, stood a grand piano open and strewn with sheets of music. Directly over the key-board, yet leaving plenty of space to play on the keys, was arranged an odd little desk, on which lay an inkstand, pens and unfinished manuscript music. This was Meyerbeer's work-bench; here he composed his great works, while the unfinished manuscript I saw was part of a cantata for the next grand concert to be given before the Prussian Court.

HIS LIBRARY, ETC.

He opened his musical library, which occupied one end of the room, and showed me its contents, consisting principally of various editions of his own works, while on the upper shelves were a number of bundles tied up in brown paper.

"Those," said he, pointing at the bundles, "are my compositions which have never been printed—cantatas, operas, and oratorios."

"But I hope they will be printed soon."

"I don't know," he answered; "*ça depend*;" and with a French shrug of his shoulders he closed the doors of the library and showed me the pictures, chiefly portraits of musical celebrities, which adorned the walls of the room. Before the portrait of Sontag he lingered with delight. "Here," said he, "is the singer of the century—poor Sontag, who died in Mexico." Of Jenny Lind he also spoke very highly, as of Roger, Liszt, and Thalberg. Donizetti and Bellini he had known personally, and seemed to hold them in deep regard, both as men and as musicians. And so with pleasant chat the moments glided away, until I rose to leave, unwilling to depart, but not wishing to trespass on the time of my distinguished host. A warm invitation to visit him again, and counsel to come to Berlin in the winter, when the musical season was at its height, closed an interview so agreeable to me.

Meyerbeer is the *Kapellmeister* to the King of Prussia, and in virtue of that office is obliged to live about six months of the year in Berlin; but he prefers Paris, and passes most of his time there. Wherever he goes, in refined society he is welcome; for besides that interest which all must feel in the personality of the individual who has given to the world those marvellous works—the *Prophete*, the *Huguenots*, *Robert le Diable*, *L'Etoile du Nord* and *Dinorah*—Meyerbeer renders himself attractive by his sprightly conversation and his unaffected and agreeable manners. W. F. W.

Criticism.

"For the sake, or rather for the purses, of the artists in Paris, M. Fiorentino, the well-known writer of the *Moniteur* and the *Constitutionnel*, has been discharged by Count Persigny. It is said that this man drew every year some twenty thousand dollars from the 'celebrities' in Paris."

We cut the above from the *Boston Post*. It is a text from which some sage conclusions may be drawn regarding the calibre and the value of French criticism. Here is a man who is the so-called critic

of two leading journals of Paris. He stands with his pen in one hand, while the itching palm of the other is spread to catch the black mail of the poor artists who are seeking fame and fortune. The *Moniteur* and the *Constitutionnel* will have a so-called critique on these artists. Will it be the opinion of a well-balanced mind; the impartial sentence of a clear headed judge? No! It will be a glowing puff or a deprecatory trifle, in proportion to the golden titillation of that outspread palm.

We hear foreigners in this country boast of the educated critics of the continental papers, while our thinkers and writers are spoken of with contempt. We know from the flippant arrogance of some English journals, and the utter silence of Parisian journals, that American criticism is thought to be worthless. But while the principal journals of Paris are supplied by so-called critiques, which are merely the boughten puffs of a mercenary stipendiary, American journals, as a whole, contain the real, honest, thoughtful judgment of the writers who treat of music. They may, at times, show unfamiliarity, sometimes a venial writer may prostitute his pen to vulgar flattery or undeserved blame, some obscure journal may be the vehicle of vulgar pomposity; but it is certainly true that the leading journals of America are, as a whole, the exponents of a straight forward, honest, hearty, manly criticism. We have looked over many foreign journals, to find matter for our own, that might bear translation, and have been surprised at the lack of descriptive criticism which they show. When we read that one of the principal critics of the principal European city is a black mail writer, who fleeces the artists that fall into his hands, and puffs for pay, we may well doubt the value of Paris criticism, and be better impressed with the sincerity of what emanates from America.—*Boston Musical Times*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 17, 1861.

Editorial Correspondence.

No. XIX.

LONDON, July 22.

Speaking of the concerts, it will not do to omit the old PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, now that we have spoken of the "*New*." A famous lighthouse in the distance has that been for many a by-gone year to the poor Yankee all afloat in vague, unsatisfied musical wants, and longing for such *terra firma* as he read in English journals of those "Philharmonic" feasts, with their two whole Symphonies each night, their Concertos, Overtures, and extracts from great operas by great singers. The old Society played an important and most useful part in its day, and great was the prestige thereof, year after year and decade after decade, while it stood (to speakers of the English tongue), alone in its glory. It has had Symphonies composed for it by some of the greatest masters in music; the *Dii majores* of the German Olympus have courted inspiration to its order, and some of their best things have been first produced before a public in its halls. But now, since rival organizations have sprung up—one, two, perhaps we should say three; now that the "*New Philharmonie*" has hardened into bone and sinew by annual persistency, and the young "*Musical Society of London*" takes such formidable strides (many say that its orchestra is the best of all—I have not been to one of its concerts, but only to its very sociable and pleasant and æsthetic "*Conversazione*"); now that there is a "*Musical Art Union*" too, which has its orchestra, and which plays Schumann as well as "the old fogies," thus having an eye, shrewdly or not, to "the future," it is no longer the Philharmonic by the undivided vote, and enjoys the distinction of being (among the critics of the Press) the best abused Society in London. Yet certainly, to judge from its last concert, that of June 24, it seems to hold its own quite well. The only thing about it which I could have wished much better was the rather small and gloomy looking hall in which it was held. Hanover Square Rooms are fashionable, and have perhaps to the habitués a

charm, in that the scent of the roses (of past musical banquets) lingers there still; but they are not to be compared for light and beauty to St. James's Hall, and cannot hold half as many people as the Boston Music Hall. There was no sign of flagging interest; on the contrary, an eager audience, crowding the room to the doors; a fashionable one too—is not the Society "under the immediate patronage of Her Majesty and of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort?" The programme, too, was a fine one, made up of things that never can cease to be good, if it did lack the interest of novelty; the conductor was no less a person than "Professor STERNDALÉ BENNETT, Mus. Doc.;" the performances were all of sterling merit; and a venerable coryphæus among classical pianists and composers, on a visit from Germany among the scenes and comrades of his old labors, had come to pay a tribute to the old Society, in which he had played a distinguished part, by performing one of his most important compositions, as well as to receive a most enthusiastic tribute in return—and this perhaps was one chief secret of the eager crowd that night. For the programme, here it is:

PART I.

Sinfonia (La Reine de France).....Haydn
Aria, Signora Guerrabella, "Bel raggio" (Semiramide).....Rossini
Concerto, violin, Herr Strauss.....Beethoven
Recit., { "La Dea di tutti i cor" } Mr Tennant, (Il Giura-
Aria, { "Balle adorata incognita" } mento.....Mercadante
Concerto in G minor, pianoforte, Mr. Moscheles.....Moscheles

PART II.

Sinfonia in C minor.....Beethoven.
Duetto, { "Là ci darem" Signora Guerrabella and Signor
Steller (D. n. Giovanni).....Mozart
Overture (Jubilee).....Weber

The Symphonies were finely played; although the glorious C minor was certainly not up to the incomparable performance of it which I had heard at the Gewandhaus in Leipzig. Beethoven's great violin Concerto would be a capital feature in any concert; the execution was rather too mechanical, but firm, accurate and true; the player's two cadenzas were more elaborate than happy. The singing does not leave a vivid impression; so that it was probably neither very bad nor very good. Naturally the climax of interest with the audience was the appearance of the veteran Moscheles. It is sixteen years since he assumed his present important post in the Conservatorium at Leipzig, after a residence of more than a quarter of a century in London, where he had done much for the Philharmonic Society, much to build up a sound classical taste in England. His influence upon the whole history of pianoforte music, since the time of Beethoven, has been perhaps as great as that of any man. While he has been one of the foremost interpreters of Beethoven, while he has composed Concertos, Sonatas, the "*Hommage à Handel*," and such solid things, he is also called with truth the real originator of the "bravura" or "fantasia" style, which has run away with so many famous virtuosos, and run out, leaving their fame nothing lasting to repose on,—nothing like, for instance, this Concerto in G minor, in the interpretation of which the old master seemed that evening to renew his youth. Certainly the beauty and perfection of his playing were astonishing and might have been the despair of many a younger virtuoso of the highest pretensions, not that the thing was mechanically as whole as it might once have been; that there were no threadbare places; that nerve and muscle quite kept pace with clear conception, and never dropped a note. But in elegance and fineness of expression, in all the lights and shades, in the lending of exquisite point and finish to the least details, so as to make all significant, it was wonderful; and there was an animating life and spirit in the whole, as if we had the master in one of his best hours. The composition indeed was not that of a Beethoven, a Mozart, a Mendelssohn, or a Chopin, in point of imaginative genius; the orchestra played but a secondary and comparatively uninteresting part in it; yet it had

great beauties and was a work worthy of a place in a Philharmonic concert. The old man is still young in his musical enthusiasm; still the kind friend and adviser of young men who have the will and talent to be artists; still active in composing. He too has been full of Bach of late, and played to me in Leipzig quite a number of pieces for two pianos (with his daughter), in which he had been marrying a modern piano part, sometimes a melody, sometimes in *concertante* character, to Preludes from the "Well-tempered Clavichord." One may condemn the match-making but he could hardly deny the beauty and the harmony of the result, at least in several instances. May I recall, too, here the satisfaction of a private reading which he gave to me one morning of several of the Sonatas of Beethoven? They were played with the heart and with the understanding; you may be quite sure.

The old "Philharmonic," thanks in great degree to Professor Bennett, seems to be lifting up its head, and is already preparing to make a great point twelve months hence. "It is intended," says the programme, "to mark the year 1862 as a peculiar epoch in the annals of the Philharmonic Society, that year being its *fiftieth anniversary*. The jubilee will be distinguished by offering to the subscribers, after the eighth concert, a complimentary concert, to be held in a locality adapted to the performance, on a large scale, of the colossal works written expressly for the Society by Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and other great composers. Sterndale Bennett, at the request of the Society, will compose a large work for the occasion.

At the second concert of the MUSICAL ART UNION — also in Hanover Square Rooms — I arrived too late for what to me would have been the greatest novelty of the programme — a "revival" the critics call it — the Overture, or *Suite de pièces* for orchestra, in D, by J. S. Bach; too late for "*Batti, batti*" sung by a Signorina who might fill as large a frame as Alboni; and even too late for the first bars of a Concerto in A minor (Op. 54) by Robert Schumann, in which the prominent part (pianoforte) was very finely played by Herr Pauer. The work is rich in ideas, and interesting to the end. Schumann first wrote it during the year following his marriage, as a *Fantasia* for piano and orchestra, for his wife to play, and it was printed. In 1845, when settled at Dresden, he extended it into the present Concerto, and dedicated it to Ferdinand Hiller. It was first performed in public by Madame Schumann that same year, and has been played once by her in London, in 1856, the year of her first visit to England, at one of the new Philharmonic Concerts. After another song by Mlle. Parepa (an air from Auber's *Serment*), the concert closed with a worthy climax to the two fine things already given, by an admirable performance of Beethoven's seventh Symphony only; there was now and then a rudeness on the part of drums or trumpets in overdoing an emphatic phrase. The orchestra numbered about forty of the viol family, and was well conducted by Herr Klindworth. In its third and last concert the Union had a chorus, and performed Cherubini's *Requiem* and Gade's "Erl King." I was not able to be present.

So much for the orchestral societies. And now for something, more sheltered in a sort of semi-privacy, something in which benevolence conspired with Art, something very choice, and fashionable (though how does that agree with privacy!) The object was to aid the "Society of Female Artists;" the place was Dudley House, "by the obliging permission of the Earl of Dudley," known in the musical world hitherto as Lord Ward; the company, some hundreds of ladies and gentlemen of the distinguished classes, were closely packed in two large rooms (the ball-room and the picture gallery) of the aforesaid mansion. The artists and the programme were as follows:

PART I.	
Duo, Theme and Variations, Piano and Violoncello.....	Mendelssohn
Messrs. Goldschmidt and Piatti.	
Air, "Without the swain's" (Susanna).....	Handel
Madame Goldschmidt.	
Romanza, "Mi apparì tutt' amor" (Martha).....	Flotow
Sig. Giuglini	
a. Ave Maria of Schubert, transcribed for the Violoncello.	
b. Tarantella.....	Piatti
Violoncello, Signor Piatti.	
Rondo for Voice and Violin Obligato, from "Il re Pastore"	Mozart
Madame Goldschmidt and Herr Deichmann.	
PART II.	
Duett, "Son geloso." (La Sonnambula).....	Bellini
Madame Goldschmidt and Sig. Giuglini.	
a. Romanza. (Don Pasquale). b. "Bravo, bravo! il mio	
Belcore!" (L'Elisir d'Amore).....	Donizetti
Sig. Belletti.	
Garotte and Musette (dances) and Allegro.....	J. S. Bach
Pianoforte — Mr. Goldschmidt.	
Trio, "Fatal momento" (Robert le Diable).....	Mayerbeer
Male Goldschmidt, Signi. Belletti and Giuglini	
Cradle Song.....	Reber
Violin — Herr Deichmann.	
a. "John Anderson, my Jo".....	Scotch Ballad
b. Echo Song.....	Norwegian Melody
Madame Goldschmidt.	

It was in fact "Jenny Lind's" concert. The great songstress had chosen this occasion to make renewed trial of her powers before a public for the first time after a long seclusion. And the result was so satisfactory as to inspire a general wish, amounting almost to a hope, that she may yet resume her throne as Queen of Song; for surely there is no one who could dispute it with her; no one who could radiate or rather vibrate a purer and more quickening influence from that tuneful eminence. Ten years, of course, with their domestic duties, have not left the outward person wholly unchanged; but the same soul, ever young, lit up the face in song; as she sang on she became the Muse, as formerly. When she began, I thought the voice had grown a little worn and hard (it always had to struggle for a moment through a slight veil; but its intrinsic richness and all-conquering beauty made it the more interesting on that account). And so now all doubt of that sort vanished as she went on, and that pensive, moralizing strain of Handel sank most deeply and most musically into the listening sense and soul. In the Mozart Rondo all the old brilliancy and triumph of execution, voice vying with instrument, and adding the grace of soul to every passage, was completely felt. And there was the same warmth and tenderness, the same lyric fervor and chaste pathos in the Bellini Duet and the Trio from *Robert*. I heard but one remark on all sides — and the critics echoed it the next day, even the sceptical ones of old — to wit: that the great singer never seemed in better, fresher voice, never in fuller possession of her powers and that she never sang better in her life I would hardly dare to assert all this, charmed as I was with all the rest, for genius has a way always of making you grant all and more too. Genius, after all, is the main thing, and, having that, "all these things shall be added;" that is to say, feeling the genius, the soul, the artist's real "righteousness," you forget to miss or measure what may possibly be wanting; and that is heaven's economy, which lets us enjoy the heart of the matter, and saves us the slow pain of criticism, and, Ariel-like, eludes its dullness.

A glance at the programme will show how harmoniously and worthily the accessories were grouped about the central attraction of the concert. Mr. Mr. Goldschmidt played the variations by Mendelssohn and those dainty things of Bach with true artistic feeling and precision. The 'cello and the violin were admirable. Giuglini is one of the most pleasing of the tenor singers; and our readers know already what Belletti is, since he is all he was. A word only of the conclusion, the two old songs in which Mme. Goldschmidt used to be so popular: "John Anderson" and the Norwegian herdsman's "Echo." Here she seemed more than ever herself. The simple, searching pathos of the one, the mountain air elasticity and freshness of the other, revived completely the old charm. Musically these are hacknied, unconsidered trifles; but with such a singer they become alive and full of meaning. One could not help thinking of Mendelssohn's "Nightingale" in the part-song:

The nightingale has been away,
But spring again invites her;
She has not learned another lay,
Her old song still delights her.

The last line applies better than the third one; for this nightingale learns all new lays, when they are worth the learning. D.

Musical Chit-Chat.

A writer in the Vienna *Musik Zeitung*, which city has of late shown a great partiality for the works of Schumann — solemnly protests against the practice of the Music-of-the-future-party of placing Liszt in the same category with Schumann. The only similarity which exists between the works of the two composers, is the strangeness with which they fall upon the ear of the great public. The works of the one show but an eternal striving and seeking for what the other had in abundance. Musical Young Germany tries to get the public into worshipping its king and master, Liszt, by familiarizing it with Schumann, — whom to understand and properly to appreciate they reserve the exclusive right to themselves, just as, not very long ago, a lot of Beethoven-enthusiasts used to sneer at everybody outside of their coterie who dared to enjoy the compositions of their idol in his own way. But the Young-Germans omit to speak of a something which, for a long while yet, nobody will accustom himself to, that is, the *power of impotence* — as a Frenchman has called it — apparent in Liszt's works.

CHURCH BELLS. — In childhood the church bells used to make us melancholy. They have not that effect now. The reason we take to be, that they sounded to us then from the remote regions of the whole world out of doors, and of all the untried hopes, and fears, and destinies which they contained. We have since known them more familiarly, and our regard is greater and even more serious, though mixed with cheerfulness, and is not at all melancholy, except when the bell tolls for a funeral; which custom by the way, is a nuisance, and ought to be abolished, if only out of consideration for the sick and sorrowful. One of the reasons why church bells have become cheerful to us, is the having been accustomed to hear them among the cheerful people of Tuscany. In Catholic countries bells are ringing at all seasons, not always to the comfort of those who hear them; but the custom has associated them in our mind with sunshine and good nature. We also like them on account of their frequency in colleges. Finally, they remind us of weddings and other holidays; and there is one particular little jingle in some of them, which brings to our memory the walking to church by the side of a parent, and is very dear to us. — L. Hunt.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

July 18. — This week the *Prophète* is produced, and as I told you, Mad. Viardot is to play Fides, in which part she will appear some half dozen times previous to making her *début* in *Alceste*, which is not to be produced until the 15th of next month. Mean while we are promised two new singers. One a robust tenor, M. Dulaurens, who erewhile was a slender tenor at the Théâtre Lyrique. He will make his *début* in *Robert le Diable*. The other is M. Ecarlat, a medium tenor — *tenore di mezzo carattere* — who effects his plunge in *La Favorite*. These accessions will fill up the void left by the absence of M. and Mad. Gueymard, who take their *congé* next month.

The Opéra Comique has again engaged M. Roger for a series of performances, and he made his appearance last week as Georges in *La Dame Blanche*. His reception was, of course, that of an old favorite, and one who had not yet outlived his power of pleasing. *Les Noces de Jeannette* is in rehearsal for Mlle. Marimon and M. Couderc; and so is the Poniatowskian operetta, *Au Travers d'un Mur*.

The Théâtre Lyrique, I think I have already mentioned, will open with a new opera by M. Grisar, the book of which is due to the joint authorship of MM. Dumanoir and Denney. Such a trio ought to brew something worth tipping. After this novelty, the manager promises *The Templars*, by Marschner.

The Académie des Beaux Arts has been awarding its prizes for musical composition. The first grand prize was carried off by M. Dubois, a pupil of MM. Ambroise Thomas and Bazin. The second grand prize was adjudged to M. Salome, a pupil of the same brace of successful preceptors; and yet another second grand prize was awarded to M. Anthoine, who derived his instruction from MM. Carafa and Elwart. One Titus Charles Constantin, a pupil of M. Thomas, came off with an honorable mention. The cantata which gained for M. Dubois his prize was executed by Mlle. Monrose and MM. Warot and

Bataille. By a statement in the papers, it would appear that the successful candidate, shortly after entering himself for the composition, was seized with an attack of small-pox; and thus he may be said to have been *pitted* against his rivals in a double sense. As we are on the subject of musical honors, let me notice a curious one conferred on a German musician M. Robert Franck, director of music to the University of Halle. He has had conferred upon him the degree of "Doctor of Philosophy." The grounds upon which he has been thus dubbed are his talent as a composer and his zeal in propagating the music of Bach. What this has to do with philosophy is more than lies in mine to divine; but German philosophy embraces heaven and earth and all that in them is. It puts me in mind of a similarly inscrutable compliment paid to Franz Liszt, to whom a "sword of honor" was presented. But the lion pianist being a bit of a bashaw, there was some little appropriateness in giving him a scimitar to hang by his side.

Berlin.

The principal subjects of interest at the Royal Opera-house, since my last letter to you, have been the farewell performance of Mad. Köster, as Julia; the reappearance of Mad. Herrenburg, after a long absence, as Endora; and the appearance of Mlle. Lucca, as Recha and Leonora (*Il Trovatore*). These events have given a fillip to the apathy in which the theatre-going public have been plunged by the heat which has lately prevailed here.

The part of Recha, as the Berliners call it, in Halévy's *Juive*, is one of the most difficult which Mlle. Lucca has hitherto attempted. Only an artist of great vocal and dramatic ability can, in my humble opinion, render the character an effective one, while persons of moderate talent can do no more than evolve a few isolated "points" out of the numerous difficulties with which the part is so plentifully interspersed. Mlle. Lucca, however, achieved a triumph, and realized the intentions of the composer with something approaching inspiration. Mad. Herrenburg sang the music of Endora with her usual correctness and finish, setting a brilliant example to the many young and fine aspirants for operatic fame who have just now commenced their arduous career. Herr Formes was an excellent Eleazar, although laboring under indisposition; this prevented his impersonation from coming up to his customary standard. The gem of the opera was the concerted music in the second act, admirably sung by Mad. Herrenberg, Mlle. Lucca, Herren Formes and Krüger. Herr Fricke made an imposing Cardinal. A word of praise is due also to the chorus, the ballet, and the orchestra.

Before taking a temporary leave of the public, previous to her annual holiday, Mad. Köster sang the part of Julia in Spontini's *chef d'œuvre* *Die Vestalin*. This part is generally acknowledged to be the best in her classical repertory, and, as such, is always sure of attracting a good audience. Her impersonation is particularly distinguished for its great dignity and warmth of feeling, which are really inimitable. She is especially happy in those portions of the work which bear the impress of a sort of elegiac tenderness; for instance, in the air, "*Dich soll ich wieder sehen*," and again in that of the third act, "*Du den ich trost los hier verlassen*," the dramatic vigor and passion she infuses into the second are more than ordinarily remarkable. She was vociferously applauded and called before the curtain. Mlle. de Ahna was the high priestess. The part of Licinius was entrusted to a young beginner, Herr Schläfer. He has still far too much of an amateur about him to be judged by the standard of criticism we apply to more experienced artists, but he gave unmistakable proof of possessing a fine and very high tenor voice, which, as yet, he is unable to turn to the best account. He was the most successful in the third act, and was rewarded by encouraging applause. The other principal parts, namely those of Cinna and the High Priest were played respectively by Herren Kranse and Fricke.

Despite all the opposition it has met with on the part of the critics, Verdi's *Trovatore* has become a stock opera, and takes a good position among the productions of the Italian school. It certainly deserves that position when it is given with such spirit and perfect finish as marked its performance on the 2nd inst., and which, probably, could with difficulty be surpassed on the German stage. Mlle. Lucca was the Leonora. She was admirable throughout, more especially in the finale of the second act. Mlle. De Ahna was in every respect an Azucena worthy of the Leonora. The other parts were well given. The chorus was irreproachable, and the orchestra did its duty valiantly under the direction of Herr Taubert.

MUSIC IN CONNECTION WITH THE EXHIBITION OF 1862.—It excited much surprise among that portion of the public—no inconsiderable one—who take an interest in the state of music in this country, that, in the arrangements for the great Exhibition of 1861, designed to forward the progress of the arts throughout the world, the art of music was altogether ignored; for we cannot consider the distribution of prizes to the manufacturers of pianofortes, &c., among other industrial classes, as any recognition of music as an art. And yet, as is now universally acknowledged, there are few (if any) arts which have a greater or more direct influence on the welfare and happiness of society.

We have received a communication from which it appears that an important measure is contemplated for rendering the exhibition of next year conducive to the interests of music. A circular, in the following terms, has been addressed to the principal choral societies and other musical institutions:

"I write to inform you that several gentlemen connected with music are making arrangements for building an international concert room at Kensington, for the display of music during the forthcoming Exhibition of 1862. They are of opinion that such an opportunity ought not to be allowed to pass unnoticed by the musical profession, but that an effort should be made to bring before the public the different styles of English and Continental music. Every care and attention will be showed on the construction of the building to make it peculiarly adapted for musical performances, and also in the preparation of the concerts, that they shall be of the highest class; and to prevent interference with existing interests, it is contemplated that the concerts shall take place between the hours of four and seven o'clock in the afternoon. The undertaking will be entirely of an international character; the Continental societies will be invited to co-operate. The profits of the undertaking will be devoted to the furtherance of music. The building will be of a temporary character, and afford accommodation for an audience of 12,000, and the orchestra 500 performers; this, if necessary, on certain occasions, could be enlarged when an increased number of performers are required. The necessary capital will be raised by means of a guarantee fund, each guarantee to receive a certain amount in tickets for the performances.

Such are the leading features of the scheme, and as we are preparing the programme of the concerts which are to take place, would feel obliged if you would kindly favor us with your opinion respecting the same, also whether we can depend on the support of your society, in arranging to give one or more performances, subject to such conditions as may hereafter be agreed on."

The matter being thus brought under the consideration of the parties whom it most immediately concerns, and who may be presumed to be the most competent to judge of the expediency and practicability of the proposed measure, of course its promoters must be governed, in their further proceedings, by the nature and amount of the encouragement, advice, and assistance, that they may receive.

In the meantime an application has been made to her Majesty's Commissioners for the use of the vacant site at the back of the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens, and plans of the proposed Concert Room have been submitted. We may add, that the character of the eminent individuals concerned (whose names, doubtless, will speedily be made public) gives full assurance of the purely artistic nature of their views; and we look with much interest for further information on the subject.—*London Daily News*, July 22.

BASEL.—A performance of J. S. Bach's *Johannes-Passion* was lately given here. It was not only the first performance in Basel itself, but the first that had ever been given in Switzerland. The attendance was very great, several of the visitors having even come from Paris, to be present on the occasion. The solo parts were sung by Herr Julius Stockhausen, and K. Schneider (from Wiesbaden), assisted by excellent amateurs, a chorus of 150 voices, and a fine orchestra. Especially praiseworthy was the feeling of veneration for the great composer, which induced the committee to exert themselves to the utmost in order to restore such instruments as the "viola d'amore," etc., in use in Bach's days, but now fallen into desuetude. The rehearsals for the performance were going on for six months previously, and the highest praise is due to Herr E. Reiter for the energy and untiring perseverance he displayed during the entire proceedings, as well as to Herr Rippenbach-Stehlin, a perfect Mæcenus of music, for the great liberality with which he enabled the Committee to meet the exceedingly heavy expenses they had incurred. Indeed, had it not been for this gentleman's assistance, the performance could not have taken place.

Special Notices.

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A young lady complains in a droll manner how slow and dull the time passes since the young men have taken so much to soldiering, and that the time formerly spent in their company is now employed in drill-clubs and parading. The music is spirited and well suits the words.

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One of Mrs Florence's popular songs. The air, in March-time, makes a very pleasing piece. It is arranged for beginners, and a number of the "Melodies of the day" sett.

Early morning Galop. J. Smalley. 25

Very lively, with a chorus *ad libitum* in the Trio, somewhat similar to the one in D'Albert's Nightbell Galop. For the Orchestra it is one of the most effective pieces of the kind.

Heart's Ease. Waltz a la Tyrolenne.

Carl Faust. 35

By a new composer of Dance Music, a German, of late a resident of London, whose charming Polkas and dashing Galops have become staple articles in transatlantic Ball-rooms. A Polka-Mazurka of his, the "Violetta," is perhaps the prettiest piece of music ever written to the measure of this lovely dance. All his melodies are graceful and striking.

Books.

THE UNION STAR.—A collection of Operatic Choruses, Glees, Quartetts, &c., for the use of Conventions, Schools, Clubs and the Social Circle. Edited by B. F. Baker and W. O. Perkins. 50

This new glee book contains all the favorites; on this account and the low price at which it is sold it is an exceedingly desirable publication for musical conventions and schools. An advertisement in another column of this paper will inform our readers of its contents. It has been compiled with much care and will prove a fine acquisition to the collections of Societies and of amateurs.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 490.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 24, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 21.

"Not Yet."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

O country, marvel of the earth !
O realm to sudden greatness grown !
The age that gloried in thy birth,
Shall it behold thee overthrown ?
Shall traitors lay that greatness low ;
No, Land of Hope and Blessing, No !

And we who wear thy glorious name,
Shall we, like cravens, stand apart,
When those whom thou hast trusted aim
The death-blow at thy generous heart ?
Forth goes the battle-cry, and lo !
Hosts rise in harness, shouting, No !

And they who founded, in our land,
The power that rules from sea to sea,
Bled they in vain, or vainly planned
To leave their country great and free ?
Their sleeping ashes, from below,
Send up the thrilling murmur, No !

Knit they the gentle ties which long
These sister States were proud to wear,
And forged the kindly links so strong
For idle hands in sport to tear —
For scornful hands aside to throw ?
No, by our fathers' memory, No !

Our humming marts, our iron ways,
Our wind-tossed woods on mountain crest,
The hoarse Atlantic, with his bays,
The calm, broad Ocean of the West,
And Mississippi's torrent-flow,
And loud Niagara, answer, No !

Not yet the hour is nigh, when they
Who deep in Eld's dim twilight sit,
Earth's ancient kings, shall rise and say,
"Proud country welcome to the pit !
So soon art thou, like us, brought low ?"
No, sullen group of shadows, No !

For now, behold, the arm that gave
The victory in our fathers' day,
Strong, as of old, to guard and save —
That mighty arm which none can stay —
On clouds above and fields below,
Writes, in men's sight, the answer, No !

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Diarist in London.

April 12. The Sacred Harmonic Society, is, like the Sing Akademie, of Berlin, a model Society. Its members love good music, and study it regardless of the question of dollars and cents. Whatever there is of greatest and most profound — that which is rarely to be heard and is above the popular comprehension — this they seek out and give it that thorough study which leads to perfection of execution. Hence, knowing that its performance would end in a loss of a thousand dollars to the Society, they gave on this evening, Beethoven's great second Mass, or, as they call it, "Grand Service in D." I have already recorded, in former years, the intense feelings of

excitement aroused by this work. Nor has its power diminished upon new hearings. There is a colossal breadth of effect in it nowhere to my mind equaled save in Handel's works. That all the parts, especially those where the solo singers are heard, are beautiful music, or even fully satisfactory to the ear, that one does not feel here and there that the effect cannot be what Beethoven intended, that the deaf man has not written agreeably for the voice, these things I will not assert. But there are spots on the sun. The sun does give light and heat, it does vivify all nature, it is the highest of which we can conceive in glory and radiance. So whatever faults the critics point out and prove to me do exist (in their opinions) in Beethoven's Mass. Still, when I listen to it, and imagine myself in some vast cathedral, throwing myself for the time being into a state of sympathy with the devout Roman Catholic, and so in my mind's ear hear the services at the altar between the various movements of the musical service, put myself, in short, into the frame of mind and position, which Beethoven necessarily had in view, ah, then, this work rises to a height of grandeur, vastness, and power, of which words can give no conception. It works upon the feelings until such a choking sensation rises, that one rejoices when a pause comes and he can turn away and find relief in chatting with his companion.

The solo singers were Madame Rudersdorf, Mrs. Sainton-Dolby, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Thomas. An ungrateful task it was indeed for them, but one grandly performed. I doubt if ever the work was so heard as from that mighty orchestra and chorus, in which its strength lies.

April 15. Monday popular Concert. The principal pieces were the Octett of Mendelssohn, and Spohr's double quartet, E minor, op. 87. No. 3. I have confessed before that I am not up to these works, at all events they afford me little satisfaction, and I think that the amateur portion of the large audience agreed with me.

April 16. Concert in Exeter Hall in aid of the funds of Middlesex Hospital. "Abraham" an oratorio, text from the Old Testament, music by Bernhard Molique, was performed. The style is that of Mendelssohn's Elijah. I found it very uninteresting, and am sure that it is not a work for the Handel and Haydn Society.

April 18. Concert in the smaller St. James's Hall, of six Swiss women and girls, uncultivated voices, but good. Frau Decker-Schenk an immensely deep contralto singer, noteworthy — the leading soprano voice apt to come out at the final chords just enough flat to make one shiver. Still most of the pieces, part songs, were well done and very effective. A comic song, with spoken interludes, in which an Alpine herdsman describes a Berlin, a French, and an English tourist, with their broken German was exceedingly funny, and drew out shouts of laughter from the Teutons present. Fraulein Johanna Clausen, too, gave a very comical description in a song of a bashful lover. Should they come to

America, they will be found worth hearing at a "quarter."

April 22. New Philharmonic. The grand features of this concert were a concerto (piano forte) Mozart, C minor, solo played by Charles Hallé, a violin fantasia, Ole Bull, and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, that work, which, according to an American writer, has now been played enough to prove its poverty of idea and its absurdity of construction and is laid upon the shelf forever! What a love for music God must have given that writer. The multitude which crowded St. James' Hall this evening had the folly to find the choral symphony abounding in the most musical thoughts, the most wonderful instrumental combinations and effects, and the choral part transfused with a glorious energy and power, which almost took away the auditor's breath. As this audience was made up of the most highly cultivated musical people of London, the "appreciative" out of these millions of people, the inference is, that some American newspaper writers know things about music which Londoners do not. It went gloriously, though I found fault with the tempos in some parts. The soloists were Miss Parepa, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Signor Belletti.

I intended to give some specimens of the execrable French text which was sung, but cannot find it.

April 23. Mr. Walter Macfarren's Concert. This was one of a series of three concerts "of solo and concerted pianoforte music," to which the prices were, subscription tickets for the three one guinea, single tickets, half a guinea, or three tickets to one concert, one guinea. The performers were, pianoforte, Mr. Macfarren, violin, Mr. Blagrove, 'cello, Piatti. A Miss Lindley played in a duet for pianoforte with Mr. Macfarren, and Mr. Berger accompanied the songs, sung by Madame Laura Baxter. Of the excellence of the performances nothing need be said, for my experience is, that nothing but the best (of its kind) has any chance of success here and here the kind was good. The programme was very fine, and contained both old and new. First three pianoforte and violin duets by Spohr, which I believe are unknown in our concerts, and therefore I copy Mr. G. A. Macfarren's notice of them.

"Three Duets, op. 127, Allegro, Larghetto, Allegro Moderato. These pieces are chosen from a series of six duets which were first published about the year 1843, when the composer, at 59 years of age, though he had passed the meridian of his greatness, had still a large portion to fulfil of the important labor to which he was destined in the jealous service of his art. It was after this that he produced his quartet concerts, his Historical Symphony, and his Symphony of the Seasons, his opera of the "Kruezfahrer" and his Sestet for string instruments, all compositions of extensive form, original purpose and careful study; and thus though he never equaled what he had accomplished in his earlier efforts, though

from the number of the present work we see that these efforts were of enormous amount, it is clear from the sequel that the powers of the veteran were by no means failing him, but that he was still as full of vigor for his task as of readiness to pursue it. The Duets form a rare example of what is a great desideratum in chamber music namely, a series of concerted pieces of earnest purpose of artistic design and of moderate length. Many are the occasions to which the performance of a work of the extent and elaboration of the Sonata would be inappropriate; and when a piece of the trivial character of those bravura compositions, which have as much use, too, in their way, as they have celebrity, would be wholly uncongenial with the taste of the hearers. For such occasions, the pieces under consideration are eminently valuable. Each of the series is complete in itself, announcing and fully developing its ideas in natural sequence and with perfect symmetry; and though any two or more of them may be played in succession, any one might be given alone, and its effect would be entirely satisfactory. It is difficult to cite any other pieces with which they may consistently be classed; the *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn near perhaps as near an analogy to them as anything that can be named; but Spohr's Duets differ from these—not only in being written for two instruments instead of one—they are both longer and generally of a more brilliant character."

After these duets Mr. Macfarren played these rarely heard variations, for the pianoforte, Beethoven's op. 35, the basis afterwards of the Finale to the Heroic Symphony. It would be hardly modest for me to quote the historical notice from the descriptive programme. Suffice it to say that this work ought to be a stock piece in our own chamber concerts, both for its beauty and its interest historically.

Then came Madame Baxter with that ever new and lovely "*Lascia ch'io pianga*" of Handel, after which Mr. Macfarren and Miss Lindley gave a specimen of his compositions in a fine andante and Scherzo for four hands.

A trio by Mozart, pianoforte, violin and 'cello in B flat, a song, "By the sad sea waves," a mazurka and saltarello, by Mr. Macfarren and duet, pianoforte, and 'cello in D., op. 58, by Mendelssohn, were the other pieces.

The Concert was in the Hanover Square rooms, and I could hardly be convinced that that small room has been the scene of the Philharmonic triumphs, now for forty-nine years. Real—I cannot see how 800 auditors can crowd in—music of the highest class must indeed have been in London the luxury of the few. When will it be the daily food of the many?

April 25. Another of the exquisite performances of Henry Leslie's choir. All the strong terms in which I have described the first, were warranted by the success on this evening. Mr. Hallé was pianist and played the Kreutzer Sonata with Strauss of Vienna (not the Strauss) but a first class violinist, and two pieces by Chopin to perfection. Strauss played also a lovely nocturno for violin by Ernst.

April 26. Beethoven's great Mass again at Exeter Hall, just as wonderfully done as before perhaps more so if possible.

May 1. To the Crystal Palace—with 13,000 other people (I was there one day, when over

50,000 were present); the attraction to-day was Haydn's "Creation."

But, first, let me quote a passage or two from the preface to the book of words sold (price 25 cents) on the occasion, in which preface by the way are divers very queer errors as to Viennese names and the like.

"Early in the year 1800," says Mr. W. H. H., "the full score of the oratorio was published at at Vienna with a German and English titlepage; the German and English words under the music; [does this imply that our wretched text is one of of Vienna manufacture? One might think so, "on mighty pens instead of wings, for example] and a list of 411 subscribers (nearly one half of whom were English) subscribing for 510 copies, prefixed. Immediately on the publication, Haydn forwarded a copy of the score to his friend Saloman, with a view to the production of the oratorio at his concerts, at which Haydn had brought out during his stay in England his twelve grand Symphonies. Before, however, this copy of the score reached Saloman, another was brought to London by one of the king's messengers, who was a friend of John Ashley, at that time the director of the oratorio performances, which were then given at Covent Garden theatre on the Wednesday and Friday evenings during Lent. This person arrived in London late in the evening of Saturday, the 22d of March, 1800; and Ashley, using the utmost possible speed, procured the parts to be copied and the work rehearsed, and actually had it performed at Covent Garden theatre on the following Friday, 28th of March, 1800, the band and chorus consisting of 120 performers. Produced in such hot haste and with the less perfect executive ability of sixty-one years ago, it is no matter for surprise, that the work was only partially successful. It gained however sufficient reputation to induce its being performed at the meeting of the Three Choirs at Worcester in the autumn of 1800, where it met with so much success and gained such favor that it was given in 1801 at Hereford, in 1802 at Gloucester and in 1803 again at Worcester."

Again. "Although the 'Creation' could not be said to have failed in its first production in England in 1800, its success was not fully established until some years later. On the 17th March, 1813, Sir George Smart reproduced it at Drury Lane theatre as one of the series of Lenten Oratorios conducted by him. It was on that occasion interspersed with recitations from Milton's Paradise Lost by the favorite tragic actress, Miss Smith, afterwards the wife of the late eminent comedian Mr. Santley. After this time its popularity increased to such a degree, that for many years scarcely a musical festival of any importance was held without some portion at least of the work being included in it; and its attractiveness is even now but little, if at all diminished."

And so May-day was celebrated with it at the Crystal Palace in this year of our Lord 1861.

The announcement was that orchestra and chorus would number at the aggregate three thousand persons. That at least five-sixths of that number were really present there is no doubt. The large stage in one end of the transept was filled in the centre by hundreds of instrumentists, and the chorus rose tier above tier back to the wall. The building is very bad for sound and the effect is in no proportion to the

force; but when that vast mass of tone in chorus rose it swelled forth—though muffled and sadly unresonant, with a subdued power and grandeur that filled the very soul. Though the kindness of Mr. Grove, secretary to the Palace company, I was allowed to listen to the effect in all parts of the building, and ascended the upper gallery but one, away at the opposite end of the transept. It was there that the effect was finest. The masses of sound rolled up surging like the solemn roll of the ocean on the beach. It was a new effect in music—that of mere massiveness. Haydn's Music however has not breadth and weight enough to bear this sort of thing—it is too nice and dainty—and one ought to hear Handel's choruses under such circumstances. So Haydn's symphonies are rather injured in effect by employing a very large orchestra while many movement in those of Beethoven will gain by every addition to the number of (adequate) performers.

There was something very grand and exciting in looking down from that lofty gallery upon the big audience on the main floor, in the side galleries, and wherever a view of the orchestra could be obtained, and although I was so ill that day as hardly to venture thither and was alternately enjoying the heats and chills of incipient fever—consequently in bad condition for either the scene or the music—all together has left a very strong and agreeable impression. It was worth the visit just to hear for once in a man's life the wonderful effect of hundreds of string instruments in that vast space. The effect was not that of loudness but of wide reaching power, which set the whole atmosphere in a vibration, and you seemed to feel as well as hear it.

The soloists were Formes, Reeves, Fraulein Titiens and Madame Rudersdorf. Their magnificent voices surely here had ample verge and scope enough, and though on the main floor they were in some degree lost, they came up to the gallery some 400 feet away, with a force and power really bordering upon the majestic and grand. Titiens is truly wonderful for power and general "gloriousness" of singing, and how her vast powers have developed since I hear her some years since in the Berlin Opera. I imagine her to be for the great style the finest singer living. She is a tall woman with not a handsome, but an expressive face.

These great performances have proved that there is no more difficulty in ruling great numbers of singers than large bodies of soldiery—and it is to be hoped that at length an acoustical building may be erected for performances on this scale. Be sure of this when this is done it will be found that two men have lined with powers equal to any demands; Handel in choral music, Beethoven in orchestral.

May 6. New Philharmonic Society again. The Symphony was Spohr's "*Weihe der Töne*"—called on the programme "*The Power of Sound*." They make queer work, I find of German words, and sometimes I cannot imagine what work is meant until I hear it—but the most outrageous instance is the one mentioned before in which a quite different text was used in the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven. The concerto was the one in G, op. 58, Beethoven, solo played by young Barnet, and very finely, too. The singers were Titiens and Giuglini.

Have we no players in Boston and New York

up to Beethoven's concertos? Of course we have; I could name a dozen. Why then are they never heard? They are as unparalleled for beauty and wonderful depths of expression as his symphonies, and deserve to be made as familiar to all music lovers. I had never heard this one before, although that exquisite player, Julius Eppstein in Vienna had given me an idea of it as well as could be done upon the pianoforte. But the contrast of orchestral effects was of course wanting.

May 8. Third Concert of the Musical Society of London. The principal pieces were Schumann's Symphony No. 1, in B flat, and one by Haydn in E flat, here called No. 10. The former fell dead upon the audience, its prominent themes reminding people of those in Schubert's C symphony. It was curious to see how faces brightened when old father Haydn's work was begun. I felt the difference so strongly, that I looked round me to see how others took and found on all sides sympathy. People will enjoy Haydn more than Schumann, and I believe with good reason. Miss Parepa sang Beethoven's "Ah, perfido," with full orchestral accompaniment to universal delight. How surpassingly beautiful it is—it was a work of the young B., he was only 25 when he composed it.

May 9. Rossini's "Tell," at the Italian Opera, Covent Garden. Magnificently done, and put upon the stage superbly. So much has been written in the Journal of this glorious opera, of eulogy already, that I need only cry "ditto" to it all. Wonderfully fine as is the music, I must still give the preference on the whole to that in "Moses in Egypt," possibly, it is true, because I am more familiar with it. As a play, however, the "Tell" is far, far beyond the "Moses," the latter, as I remember it in Berlin, being to a New Englander, who drew in the old Testament with every breath in childhood, both silly and in parts blasphemous, as where Moses is called by a mysterious voice, and is seen ascending a mountain at the back of the stage, and a bright cloud comes down to him, which opens, and he takes out the two tables of the law! This I saw. But its music is favorite Rossinian music for me. The gathering of the Cantons however in Tell is for beauty, force, and dramatic effect, I do believe not surpassed by anything ever written for men's voices.

No wonder Davison and others so insist upon this work being made a stock piece. No wonder at their lamentations, that the marvellous success of Miss Patti should compel it to give way for "Sonnambula," "Lucia," &c.

By the way, we are all so proud of her success!

May 10. I delayed my departure from London, luckily too for my great object, as the delay gave me a mass of original letters of Beethoven to copy, which, although printed in part if not completely, it was very important to me to see and copy for myself, so little reliance I find it to be placed upon transcripts (as a rule) made for the press—some ten days, to hear the performance on May-day. Then a transient fit of illness, and the announcement of the performance of this evening kept me there so much longer—nor do I regret it on any ground save that of the delay.

If I were condemned to lose my hearing utterly, but had the liberty of choosing the one grand performance of music, of all which I have heard in my life, to hear once more and take its

recollection with me into my future of never-varying silence. I think the decision would be made at once. No opera of Mozart, Gluck, Cherubini, Rossini, Spontini—not even those all-glorious performances of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and Overture in C. op. 124, which so excited me in Berlin six years since, and in Vienna last year, not Handel's "Messiah," nor the "Requiem" of Mozart and Cherubini, no performances of the Dom chor or the Sing Akademie of Berlin—none of these but Handel's "Israel in Egypt" by the London Sacred Harmonic Society, as heard on the evening of May 10th, 1861, in Exeter Hall. I have not forgotten, though it is not mentioned above, Beethoven's great Mass, which perhaps of other vocal works most powerfully affects me. But for pure musical delight, for that feeling carried to its highest pitch, which in childhood a fine psalm tune or delicious melody used to excite—that indescribable emotion, which used them to make the little bosom swell and the little heart beat with delicious pain, when hearing the tavern hall in our village ringing with the "tunes" and anthems of the old singing-books—for this give me again the "Israel in Egypt." Even now when I think of it my mind is in a tumult—I have no words for it—can only say, that my dreams of what vocal music can do in awakening emotion and touching the very heart, with no extraneous aid from dramatic story or theatrical effect, have never gone beyond the reality as here experienced. It was a positive relief, that owing to the necessity of rest, the choir was allowed to pause for some minutes after almost every number. While on the one hand I cannot conceive of anything surpassing the simple grandeur—nay, the positive sublimity of the music, so on the other it is equally impossible to imagine several hundred performers executing their task so with one mind and will as was here done. One thought not of difficulties. The choruses went of themselves. They rolled on and on as calmly as the waves of the ocean—mighty masses of tones, overwhelmingly sublime. No, there is nothing like it in music. There cannot be! And so closed my London Season.

Memoirs of my Life.

[MEMOIREN MEINES LEBENS.]

BY DR. J. F. CASTELLI. (PRAGUE.)

The writer of this autobiography has had many of the opportunities of Lorenzo da Ponte, and we might have expected a somewhat similar story. He has lived in Vienna the whole of his long life, and since 1801 has been writing for the stage. The number of his dramatic works amounts to a hundred and ninety-nine; for some years he was the poet of the Kärntner-Thor theatre; he knew all the singers and some of the composers of the Austrian capital; he remembers a character who figured importantly in the life of Mozart, and the first performance of the "Zauberflöte." He knew Sontag, and Weigl, the composer of a popular German opera, "The Swiss Family," of which he wrote the *libretto*; Zacharias Werner, the dramatist; and Theodore Körner, the patriotic poet. He collected more than 300 songs, 1,800 snuff-boxes, a mass of books of plays, portraits of actresses, autographs of actresses, and all the playbills of Vienna since the year 1600. But, out of all these materials, Dr. Castelli is very far from constructing a living picture, and his life and portrait furnish us a reason. He was most part of his life an *employé*, and his portrait gives us the thorough bureaucratic face of a German *Beamter*. The love of adventures for which Da Ponte's life was chiefly

remarkable, figure very slightly with Dr. Castelli; he once loved an actress who was false to him, and once a young Hungarian who could not spell correctly. The chief interest of his autobiography lies in the illustrations of manners and customs of the former time, and the occasional allusion to well-known names which now seem to belong to the past.

A long and interesting sketch of Schikaneder, the author of the text of Mozart's "Zauberflöte," the manager who produced it, the critic who gave Mozart instructions how to write for the public, and the good friend who cheated the composer of the profits of the opera, will be relished by all students of the life of Mozart. Any one familiar with Mozart's operetta, "The Impresario," will remember many traits of Schikaneder's character which Dr. Castelli fully confirms:

"Schikaneder," he says, "was, strictly speaking, a natural poet; if he had received scientific training, he would have better satisfied aesthetic laws. The verse in his operas was, truly, enough to make one's hair stand on end, and was full of contradictions. Read through the text of the 'Zauberflöte,' which only a Mozart could have set to music. He was a pitiful singer, because in his operas he either wrote the music of all the passages he had to sing himself, or dictated it to the composer. Thus several of the airs in the 'Zauberflöte' are by Schikaneder himself; Mozart made them works of art by his wonderful instrumentation. The bass Sebastian Meyer told me that at first Mozart had written the duet between Papageno and Papagena, when they first meet, entirely different from the way it stands at present. Both cried out in astonishment 'Papageno!—Papagena!' But when Schikaneder heard this he called out to the orchestra—'You Mozart! that is nothing; the music must produce more astonishment; both must look at each other in silence, then Papageno must begin to stammer, 'Pa-papapa-pa-pa;' Papagena must repeat this till at last both have spoken the entire name.' Mozart followed the advice, and the duet had always to be repeated so. Further, when the Priests came together in the second act, at the rehearsal, there was no accompaniment to the scene. Schikaneder, however, desired a pathetic march to be composed for it. On this Mozart asked the musicians for their parts, and wrote at once the splendid march which now stands there. It is laughable to relate what Schikaneder said to a friend who complimented him on the success of the 'Zauberflöte,' and on his share in the work. He replied, 'Yes, the opera has succeeded, but it would have succeeded much better if Mozart had not spoiled my ideas as he has done.'

Of the first performance of the opera, Dr. Castelli says: "The 'Zauberflöte' was first given on the 30th of September, 1791. On the playbill it was simply stated, Herr Mozart will to-day direct in person."

It is, however, natural that Dr. Castelli should not tell us much about Mozart, whose death took place in the tenth year of the autobiographer's life. The account of Weigl is more detailed, and the history of the "Schweizer-Familie," may be worth repeating:

"I must here observe that I may call the text of the 'Schweizer-Familie,' in the fullest sense, my work, for I only took the idea from the French; the characters, the scenes, the dialogue, the situations, and the distribution of songs, were entirely my property. If this is called adaptation or translation, there are very few original works in the world. When I brought the first act to Weigl, he thought it had succeeded fully, and some parts pleased him so that he set to work to compose without waiting for the other two acts. But will any one believe that he did not like the splendid air of Emeline, the air which is the sun of the first act, and he doubted if he would set it to music; and then he had to compose it three times over before he contented himself. I must here observe that Weigl, in all his operas, as soon as he had composed any piece, would play it over on the piano to those two friends for whom he always wrote the best parts, and would ask their advice. I now worked at

the other two acts of the opera, and then read the whole at Weigl's house to himself and his two friends. It pleased them thoroughly. I thought I had now completed my work, but I had not by any means. The poet must go hand in hand with the composer, if they would bring into the world a capable child. Weigl soon asked me to put a couple more verses in one place, or to strike out a couple in another; one time he wanted verses with a single, another time with a double rhyme. At the rehearsals one speech must be shortened, another lengthened. At last, on the 14th of March, 1809, the opera was given in the Kärnthner-Thor, and received with enthusiasm. It was not a success, it was a jubilee. Now that I had earned so much honor, how did I come off in the pecuniary question? It has long and justly been a subject of complaint in Germany, that dramatic writers receive so little payment for their works, while authors in France build themselves country houses, and touch yearly rents of 20, 50, 80, 100,000 francs. The 'Schweizer-Familie' had a European reputation, partly from the excellent music of Weigl, partly, also, from my text. It has been given in every theatre of Germany, and has succeeded in every one. In Vienna it was given more than a hundred times. It has been translated into French, Italian, Russian, and Danish. Guess what I received. You will never guess. I got 8 florins (4.) True I got 100 florins in bank notes, but to bring the bank-notes to the level of silver, you had to divide first by five, and again by two and a half."

Dr. Castelli's adventures with his patriotic songs were as unfortunate as his *librettos* could have been. On one occasion he was refused permission to print a song of his own which another was allowed to pirate. At the time of the French invasion of Austria, a patriotic song was the cause of Dr. Castelli's proscription. He applied to the Emperor of Austria for help, but the Emperor, on hearing that he had written a war-song, asked who had told him to do so. The mention of the Censorship, which forbade him to print his own works, yet suffered another to pirate them, leads us naturally to the most amusing passage in Dr. Castelli's autobiography, his chapter on the Viennese Censorship.

The first censor of whom Dr. Castelli had any experience, was a certain Hager, whose reverence for the name of God was so profound, that he only allowed the name to be employed in the Court Theatre. All the suburban theatres had to substitute Heaven, and once a rhyme of Dr. Castelli's was cruelly murdered, sacrificed to the Censor's reverence. The precision of Censor Hager in all delicate matters was equally commendable, and not even the stage directions escaped his observation. When it was written "He kisses her," the Censor would alter it to "He gives her a kiss." The production of Schiller's "Don Carlos" was long forbidden, because *Don Carlos* leaved his stepmother; in "The Robbers," the *Father* was turned into an uncle, and a stupendous effect was produced by the cry of "Uncleicide," substituted for Parricide. A composer wrote a sonata to the manes of Hummel, but there was a law of the censorship that no Dedication might be printed without the permission of the person to whom it was offered. Accordingly the Censor asked the composer to produce the permission of the manes of Hummel. Another time a censor struck out a long quotation from Montesquieu, and re-wrote it in the opposite sense, and, probably, in a dissimilar style. But it had to figure as a quotation from Montesquieu. Dr. Castelli was twice fined for disrespectful remarks on the language of the official journal of Vienna, though his remarks appeared in Dresden. The *Imperial Royal Vienna Gazette* placed among its deaths, "Marianna H—, Lady-in-waiting to Her Majesty the Empress, born Hölzl," and Dr. Castelli observed, "According to this wording, the Empress' maiden name was Hölzl." Next time, an Academy was announced for the benefit of "The in-the-town hospital-grown-poor citizens," and the Doctor remarked it must be an ill-conducted hospital in which citizens grew poor!

The first volume of Dr. Castelli's autobiography brings us to the year 1813. Two or three more volumes are promised to bring the life nearer to the memory of men still living.—*N. Y. Musical World.*

Russian National Music.

(Correspondence of the N. Y. Evening Post.)

St. PETERSBURG, July 4, 1861.

This splendid metropolis lies upon the Neva, at a point where it suddenly expands, or rather empties itself into an extension of the Gulf of Finland. For the gulf actually reaches up to the city, though above Cronstadt it is called the river Neva. Near the mouth of the river proper are a number of islands, on several of which is built the Russian capital, while the others are devoted to pleasure grounds for the populace generally, and to the country seats of the richer classes; the Emperor himself having here two charming retreats, which in their construction and surroundings unite both the rural and palatial. To these islands the fashionable world of St. Petersburg takes its daily drives, the hours being from eight to ten in the afternoon. In any other clime this would be called evening, but here, where the sun does not set till nine o'clock, and twilight lingers on till midnight, it is but a modified day.

There are a few places of amusement on these islands. There is the theatre on the Kammenoy Ostrov, (the word ostrov means island,) where Italian operas, sung in Russ, alternate with Russian plays. On another island is a place of resort so characteristic as to need special description.

It is accessible from the city by little steamboats which run hourly up the branches of the Neva and pass by shores lined with country seats, (among them the favorite and unpretending summer residence of the Czars), and dive under low bridges, lowering their smoke pipes with a terrible splutter of steam and splash of wheels, as they rush under the blackened archways. The last landing is made opposite this Russian resort, and leaving the steamboat you cross the road and pay thirty copecks (about twenty-five cents) for admission to a large garden pleasantly laid out in well-graveled walks. In the centre is a building used as a refreshment saloon, where you can get anything from onions to ice-cream, from cold tea with sliced lemon in it, to champagne, claiming, at least, to be pure Verzenay. Tables are also scattered among the trees, and numerous waiters are in attendance.

Scattered around the gardens are some half a dozen little theatres, the seats being chairs set out in the open air, while the stage is neatly fitted up with scenery, proscenium, &c. On one of these stages a performance is taking place; a Russian clown is making himself ridiculous and sometimes vulgar, while the ring-master is as easily duped and as absurdly conventional as this class of individuals always are, whether the scene of his labors be Niblo's, Astley's, or a Russian open-air theatre. A man with trained dogs next appears, and the animals with the profoundest gravity impressed upon their canine features, jump through hoops, sit up on chairs, turn somersets, &c. One performance is, however, more remarkable. Dog A gets on the top of a globe, while dog B pushes it about the stage, dog A maintaining his equilibrium with scientific skill. Then the clown makes a funny speech, in the delicious Russ language, the entire *dramatis personæ* (consisting of two dogs, clown, ring-master, dog-trainer, two gymnasts, and three boy "supes" in shabby spangles) appear together, make low bows and the curtain drops.

Immediately a band of music strikes up and the audience hasten towards the next attraction. The musicians are stationed on a platform covered with a convex roof in the form of a huge shell. Ornamental rock work, interspersed with flowers, adorns the front of the platform, and creeping vines wind about the edges of this artificial cave. The musicians play well, and the popular Italian and German composers—Donizetti, Rossini, Bellini, Meyerbeer, Wagner and Strauss—are all represented in the programmes. After the music there are some gymnastic feats performed by professed gymnasts, and then on another shell-covered platform a band of Russian singers demand attention.

RUSSIAN MUSIC.

Their performance forms the most characteristic feature of the entertainment. They are sixteen in number, all males, the oldest about fifty years of age and the youngest five. They are all dressed in the Russian national costume, with black velvet frocks, trimmed with golden fringe, reaching to the knees, and are led by a very active, lithe, and energetic *maestro*, who stands in the centre, with his sub-

ordinates ranged about him in the form of a semicircle. At a given signal from the *maestro*, who has a long baton and gesticulates as fiercely as a drum-major, they strike up a melancholy minor chorus, in which is frequently repeated a pleasing refrain. The *maestro* then essays a solo accompanied in unisons by a clarinet, the only instrumental aid employed by these singers; at the end of each verse occurs a chorus, during which the clarinet player, departing from the melody, indulges in quite a fanciful arabesque obligato.

The next chorus is in waltz time, and at the refrain the youngest member of the troupe, a boy some five years old, runs out of the ranks and commences a wild national dance, waving his hat, and at intervals shouting out as a racer does to encourage his horse; and at the same time a reserve orchestral force, consisting of a triangle and a tambourine, are suddenly brought into active service. Soon the next youngest member joins the dance, and then a third, the singers, the clarinet player, the tambourine striker, the triangle jingler, and the three dancers all at work, till the chorus suddenly ceases, and the performers retire.

This odd entertainment has interested me more than any I have yet seen in the Russian capital. The native melodies are all in the minor mode, and invested with a strange and plaintive melancholy; and even the dance music gives that impression of forced gaiety which any would-be lively music, performed in minor keys, imparts. The singing is at the first start very bad, the singers producing fearful discords, through which the shrill clarinet pursues its way most vigorously. Soon, however, the vocalists fall into their parts and sing with a fair degree of accuracy. Their time is excellent, and the bass voices are universally fine. Indeed, Russia, I believe, contains the finest bass singers in the world, and at the churches, where the best are heard, there is always one who ends on a prolonged note way down among the double D's and C's—a note which Formes or Marini may well envy, for they cannot equal it in depth or sonority.

There is on another island, a Russian place, with a French name, the *Café Chantant*, the only one in the city of St. Petersburg where the amusements are more genteel, but not near as entertaining. In place of national games and singing, French conjuring and "Tyrolean warblers" are the attractions. When cosiered as places of popular amusements, the prices of admission to these establishments are dear. To the Kammenoy Ostrov opera the charge is from ten rubles to one and a half rubles; at the *Café Chantant* the admission is a ruble, and seats and refreshments extra. A ruble is worth seventy-five cents. There are no theatres open in the city during the summer. The very lowest classes of St. Petersburgers seem to have no higher amusement than sprawling at full length in the sun, and eating garlic. —W. F. W.—(*"Trovator"* of *Dwight's Journal*.)

My Whistling Neighbor.

We have moved into a new house, situated about the centre in a row of ten, all bound up together in hurried, mushroom fashion, and divided from each other by partitions of brick so thin that sound was only a little deadened in passing through. For the first three or four nights I was unable to sleep, except in snatches, for so many noises came to my ears, originating, apparently, in my own domicile, that anxiety in regard to the burglars was constantly excited. Both on the first and second nights I made a journey through the house in the small hours, but found no intruders on my premises. The sounds that disturbed me came from some of my neighbors, who kept later vigils than suited my habits.

"There it is again!" said I, looking up from my paper, as I sat reading on the second day after taking possession of my own home. "That fellow is a nuisance."

"What fellow?" asked my wife, whose countenance showed surprise at the remark. She was either unconscious or unaffected by the circumstance that annoyed my sensitive ears.

"Don't you hear it?" said I.

"Hear what?"

"That everlasting whistle."

"O!" A smile played over my wife's face. "Does it annoy you?"

"I can't say that I am particularly annoyed by it yet; but I shall be, if it is to go on incessantly. A man whistles for want of thought, and this very fact will—"

"I'm not so sure of that," remarked my wife, interrupting me, "the poet notwithstanding. I would say that he whistles from exuberant feelings. Our neighbor has a sunny temper, no doubt; what, I am afraid, cannot be said of our neighbor on the other side. I've never heard him whistle; but his scolding abilities are good, and judging from two days'

observation, he is not likely to permit them to grow feeble for want of use."

I did not answer; but went on with my reading, silenced, if not reconciled to my whistling neighbor.

Business matters annoyed me through the day, and I felt moody and depressed as I took my course homeward at nightfall. I was not leaving my cares behind me. Before shutting my account books, and locking my fire-proof, I had made up a bundle of troubles to carry away with me, and my shoulders stooped beneath the burden.

I did not bring sunlight into my dwelling as I crossed, with dull, deliberate step, its threshold. The flying feet that sprang along the hall, and the eager voices that filled suddenly, the air in sweet tumult of sound as I entered, were quiet and hushed in a little while. I did not repel my precious ones, for they were very dear to my heart; but the birds do not sing joyously except in the sunshine, and my presence had cast a shadow. The songs of my home birds died into fitful chirpings—they sat quiet among the branches. I saw this, and understood the reason. I condemned myself; I reasoned against the folly of bringing worldly cares into the home sanctuary; I endeavored to rise out of my gloomy state. But neither philosophy nor a self-compelling effort was of any avail.

I was sitting with my hand partly shading my face from the light, still in conflict with myself, when I became conscious of a lifting of the shadows that were around me, and of a freer respiration. The change was slight, but still very perceptible. I was beginning to question as to its cause, when my thought recognized an agency which had been operative through the sense of hearing, though not before externally perceived in consequence of my abstracted state. My neighbor was whistling "Begone Dull Care!"

Now, in my younger days, I had whistled and sung the air and words of this cheerful old song hundreds of times, and every line was familiar to memory. I listened with pleased interest, for a little while, and then, as my changing state gave power to revolutions quick born of better reason, I said, in my thought, emphatically, as if remanding an evil spirit,

"Begone, dull care!" And the fiend left me.

Then I spoke cheerfully, and in tone of interest to quiet little May, who had walked round me three or four times, wondering in her little heart, no doubt, what held her at a distance from her papa, and who was now seated by her mother, leaning her flaxen head, fluted all over with glossy curls, against her knee. She sprang at my voice, and was in my lap at a bound. What a thrill of pleasure the tight clasp of her arms to my heart! O, love, thou art full of blessing!

From that moment I felt kinder towards my neighbor. He had done me good—had played before me as David played before Saul, exercising the evil spirit of discontent. There was no longer a repellent sphere, and soon all my little ones were close around me, and happy as in other times with their father.

After they were all in bed, I sat alone with my wife, the cares that "infest the day" made a new assault upon me, and vigorously strove to regain their lost empire in my mind. I felt their approaches, and the gradual receding of cheerful thoughts with every advancing step they made. In my struggle to maintain that tranquility which so strengthens the soul for work and duty, I arose and walked the floor. My wife looked up to me with inquiry in her face. Then she let her eyes fall upon her needle work, and as I glanced toward her at every turn in my walk I saw an expression of tender concern on her lips. She understood that I was not at ease in my mind, and the knowledge troubled her.

"How wrong in me," I said in self-rebuke, "thus to let idle brooding over mere outside things, which such brooding can in no way affect, trouble the peace of home;" and I made a new effort to rise again into a sunnier region. But the fiend had me in his clutches again, and I could not release myself. Now it was that my David came anew to my relief. Suddenly his clear notes rang out in the air, "Away with Melancholy."

I cannot tell which worked the instant revulsion of feeling that came—the cheerful air, the words of the song which were called to remembrance by the air or the associations of bygone years that were revived. But the spell was potent and complete. I was myself again. During the evening the voice of my wife broke out several times into snatches of song—a thing quite unusual of late, for life's sober realities had taken the music from her as well as from her husband. We were growing graver every day. It was pleasant to hear her flute-like tones again, very pleasant, and my ear harkened lovingly. The cause of this fitful warbling I recognized each time as the notes died away. They were responsive to our neighbor.

I did not then remark upon the circumstances. One reason of this lay in the fact I had spoken lightly of our neighbor's whistling propensity, which struck me in the beginning as vulgar; and I did not care to acknowledge myself so largely his debtor as I really was.

We were in our bed-room, and about retiring for the night, when loud voices, as if in strife, came discordantly through the thin party walls, from our neighbors on the other side. Something had gone wrong there, and angry passions were in the ascendant.

"How very disagreeable!" I remarked.

"The man's a brute!" said my wife, emphatically. "He does nothing, it seems to me, but wrangle in his family. Pity that he hadn't something of the pleasant temper of our neighbor on the other side."

"That is a more agreeable sound, I must confess," was my answer, as the notes of "What-Fairy-like Music steals over the Sea," rose sweetly on the air.

"Far more agreeable," returned my wife.

"He plays well on his instrument," I said, smiling. My ear was following the notes in pleased recognition. We stood listening until our neighbor passed to another air, set to Mrs. Hemans' beautiful words, "Come to the Sunset Tree." To a slow, soft, tender measure the notes fell, yet still we heard them with singular distinctness through the intervening wall, just a little muffled, but sweeter for the obstruction.

"The day is past and gone,
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done."

My wife recalled these lines from her memory, repeating them in a subdued, tranquilizing tone. The air was still sounding in our ears, but we no longer recognized impression on the external senses. It had done its work of recalling the beautiful Evening Hymn of the Switzer, and we repeated to each other verse after verse—

"Sweet is the hour of rest,
Pleasant the wood's own sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie
When the burden and the heat
Of labor's tasks are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The loved one at the door."

To which I added:

"But rest more sweet and still
Than ever nightfall gave,
Our longing hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.
There shall no tempest blow;
No scorching noontide heat;
There shall be no more snow,
No weary, wandering feet,
And we lift our trusting eyes
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies—
To the Sabbath of our God."

All was now still on both sides. The harsh discord of our scolding neighbor had ceased, and our whistling neighbor had warbled his good-night melody, which, like a pleasant flower growing near an unsightly object, and interposing a veil of beauty, had removed it from our consciousness.

It was a long time since I had felt so peaceful on retiring as when my head went down upon its pillow—thanks to my light-hearted neighbor, at whose whistling propensities I was inclined in the beginning to be annoyed. But for him I should have gone to rest with the harsh discord of my scolding neighbor's voice in my ears, and been ill at ease with myself and the world. On what seeming trifles hang our states of mind! A word, a look, a tone of music, a discordant jar, will bring light or shadow, smiles or tears.

On the next morning, while dressing myself, thought reached forward over the days anxieties, and care began drawing her sombre curtains around me.

My neighbor was stirring also, and, like the awak-ink bird, tuneful matins, "Day on the Mountains" rang out cheerily, followed by "Dear Summer Morn," winding off with "Begone, Dull Care!" and the merry laughter of a happy child which had sprung into his arms, and was being covered with kisses.

The cloud that was gathering on my brow passed away, and I met my wife and children at the breakfast-table with pleasant smiles.

In a few days I ceased to notice the whistling of my neighbor. It continued as usual; but had grown to be such a thing of course as not to be an object of thought. But the effect remained, showing itself in a gradual restoration of that cheerfulness which care, and work, and brooding anxiety about worldly things, are so apt to produce. The "voice of music," which had been almost dumb in my wife for a long

period was gradually restored. Old familiar ditties would break suddenly from her throat as she sat sewing, and I would often hear her singing again, from room to room, as in the sunnier days of our spring time. As for myself, scarcely an evening passed in which I was not betrayed into beating time with my foot to "Auld Lang Syne," "Happy Land," "Comin' through the Rye," or "Hail Columbia," in response to my neighbor's cheery whistle. Our children also caught the infection, and would commence singing on the instant our neighbor tuned his pipes. Verily he was our benefactor—the harping David to our Saul.

"You live at Number 510, I think," said a gentleman whose face was familiar, though I was not able to call his name. We were sitting side by side in the cars.

I answered in the affirmative.

"So I thought," he replied. "I live at 514—second door east."

"Mr. Gordon."

"Yes, Sir; that is my name. Pleasant houses, but mere shells," said he. Then, with a look of disgust on his face, "Doesn't that whistling fellow between us annoy you terribly? I've got so out of all patience that I shall either move or silence him. Whistle, whistle, from morning till night. Pah! I always detested whistling. It's a sign of no brains. I've written him a note twice, but failed to send either time; it isn't well to quarrel with a neighbor, if you can help it."

"It doesn't annoy me at all," I answered. "Indeed, I rather like it."

"You do? Well, that is singular! Just what my wife says."

"First-rate for the blue devils I find. I'm indebted to our whistling friend for sundry favors in this direction."

My new acquaintance looked at me curiously.

"You're not in earnest," said he, a half-amused smile breaking through the unamiable expression which his face had assumed.

"Altogether in earnest; and I beg of you not to send him that note. So your wife is not annoyed."

"Not she."

"Is she musical?" I inquired.

"She was; but of late years life has been rather a serious matter with us, and her singing birds have died, or lost the heart for music."

"The history of many other lives," said I.

The man sighed faintly.

"Has there been any recent change?" I ventured to inquire.

"In what respect?" he asked.

"Has there been no voice from the singing birds?" A new expression came suddenly into the man's face.

"Why, yes," he answered, "now that I think of it. There have been some low, fitful warblings. Only last evening the voice of my wife stole out, as if half afraid, and trembled a little on the words of an old song."

"The air of which our neighbor was whistling at the time," said I.

"Right, as I live!" was my companion's exclamation, after a pause, slapping his hand on his knee. I could hardly help smiling at the look of wonder, amusement, and conviction that blended on his face.

"I wouldn't send that note," said I meaningly.

"No, hang me if I do! I must study this case. I'm something of a philosopher, you must know. If our neighbor can awaken the singing birds in the heart of my wife, he may whistle till the crack of doom without hindrance from me. I'm obliged to you for the suggestion."

A week afterwards I met him again.

"What about the singing birds?" I asked, smiling.

"All alive again, thank God!" He answered with a heartiness of manner that caused me to look narrowly into his face. It wore a better expression than when I observed it last.

"Then you didn't send that note?"

"No Sir. Why, since I saw you I've actually taken to whistling and humming old tunes again, and you can't tell how much better it makes me feel. And the children are becoming as merry and musical as crickets. Our friend's whistle sets them all agoing, like the first signal warble of a bird at day-dawn that awakens the woods to melody."

We were on our way homeward, and parted at my own door. As I entered, "Home, Sweet Home" was pulsing in tender harmonies on the air. I stood still and listened until tears fell over my cheeks. The singing birds were alive again in the heart of my wife also, and I said "Thank God!" as warmly as my neighbor had uttered the words at a little while before.

Grisi.

London now in reality has seen and heard the last of the Giuletta Grisi. Wednesday night at the Royal Italian Opera closed the dramatic career of the renowned artist; for, although she appears on the stage in the provinces before taking her final leave, she has virtually laid aside her crown, and for ourselves and all opera-goers she has quitted the scene forever. The career of Grisi on the stage has been indeed unparalleled. For nearly thirty years she has been before the public; and before Time only has the lustre of her genius grown pale. During that long period she has had, in her special line and range of characters, absolutely no rival, and Mlle. Titiens alone has recently attempted to divide with her the tragic throne. When Giuletta Grisi first came to this country she found Pasta reigning supreme at the Opera, and Malibran the object of unbounded idolatry at Drury Lane. Her success, nevertheless, was prodigious, and the young *prima donna* soon became the rage, despite her alarming proximity to two artists of greater genius and talent even than herself. But Grisi's voice was of that quality that might truly be called "divine," and her beauty was of the highest order. In fact, to look upon her or to listen to her was alike enchanting; and as everybody could appreciate in a moment such recommendations, her popularity became universal. To admire and appreciate Pasta, some knowledge and understanding was required; to feel the intensity and profundity of Malibran's acting and singing, it was necessary to see her more than once; but Grisi entranced the audience in a moment. Who came to see her, learned or unlearned, went away in wonder and enthralled.

It was fortunate that Grisi selected a part for her first essay which did not place her in direct comparison with Pasta or Malibran. Ninetta, in *La Gazza Ladra*, had been played by both artists; but subsequent performances of a loftier stamp had expelled from the public mind any impression it had made. When afterwards Grisi performed Anna Bolena, and Amina in *La Sonnambula*, neither impersonation was calculated to efface the sensation created by her Ninetta. In fact, Grisi, like Beethoven, had "three styles." Her first, belonging to the romantic, and comic line, embraced such parts as Ninetta in *La Gazza Ladra*, Elena, in *La Donna del Lago*, Rosina in the *Barbiere*, Amina in the *Sonnambula*, Susanna in the *Nozze di Figaro*, Elisa in the *Matrimonio Segreto*, and Elvira in the *Puritani*. Her second style, appertaining to the grand and heroic, comprised all her celebrated tragic parts, with which the reader is sufficiently acquainted; while her third refers to the period when she was compelled from vocal decadence, to have recourse to the repertory of the French Grand Opera. It will be thus seen that Grisi, at three periods of her career, was in reality three different artists—now sustaining the parts of Sontag, anon those of Pasta, and finally those of Alboni and Mad. Viardot, gaining eminence in all. Has history of the art produced another example? We think not. Few singers outlive one style; few indeed are permitted to shine through a third of the longevity of Grisi. The vocal organ is perishable, and a few seconds' over-exertion, or merely a sudden catarrh, may destroy the most powerful and well-educated voice ever heard. Grisi's career might be denominated a miraculous one, not simply in reference to the length of the time she has endured, but to the wear and tear her voice has undergone. Let it be remembered the parts she has played and the music she sang were almost always such as to put her powers to the severest test. Artists like Sontag and Alboni, whose repertories involve no parts which are calculated to fatigue the voice, we can easily understand singing to the end of the chapter. It is another thing to perform such parts as Norma, Lucrezia Borgia, Donna Anna, Semiramide, Anna Bolena, and those belonging to the lofty tragic line, continually; more particularly when the artist exerts herself to the utmost—as Grisi never failed to do—on every occasion. A powerful constitution is no less requisite to a great dramatic singer than a powerful voice; and if ever vocalist was blessed with that most desirable of all nature's gifts—a good constitution, it was Giuletta Grisi. Healthful strength, indeed, was in her case art's greatest help. It was the means of making her outlast the common period allotted to three ordinary singers; it kept her vocal powers free from the elemental casualties to which all artists are more or less subject; and, above all, it enabled her never to disappoint the public. No wonder, then, she preserved her powers but slightly impaired to the end. And even now, were music written expressly for her by some cunning composer who would carefully nurse the upper tones, we have little doubt Grisi would still manifest her supremacy as a declamatory singer. But of that there is no hope. Grisi has sung her last, and has taken an

eternal leave of the public. Her tears on Wednesday night left no doubt of the fact.—*London Musical World*.

Mr. John K. Paine.

A few weeks ago, while sojourning for a day or two in the beautiful city of Portland, we had the good fortune to meet with a young American musician, whose name is familiar to most of the readers of the *Musical Times*, Mr. John K. Paine. At the suggestion of a mutual friend, Mr. Paine very kindly permitted us to enjoy an hour's unalloyed pleasure in listening to his rare interpretation of the music of the great master of that grandest of instruments, the organ. When at last we were reluctantly compelled to leave the church, we went away convinced that the high praise awarded our young countryman by the critics and musicians of Europe, was well merited.

Mr. Paine plays with remarkable clearness and vigor, and his pedal playing is most admirable. Bach's fugues were given with a rare power we have not heard excelled, and a trio sonata of the same composer, in which two manuals and the pedals are simultaneously employed, was played with a clearness and individuality of parts, and at the same time so elegantly interwoven and shaped into a perfect whole, as to at once indicate the talent of the performer, as well as the lofty genius of the composer.

But Mr. Paine does not confine himself to Bach, though he worships him as the great genius of the organ. His own compositions bear marks of solid merit. His variations on the National Hymn of Austria, *Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser*, display a thorough knowledge of the resources of his instrument, and are broad and majestic in their changes. A friend tells us, too, of other compositions, among them an "Agnus Dei," composed in the strict church style, for the choir of the first parish in Portland, as remarkably fine. Even now Mr. Paine is hard at work writing, and we are happy to say that during the coming season some of his orchestral compositions, will be brought to light in our own good city.

Educated as Mr. Paine has been, under Haupt, of Berlin, and being, as he is, an organist by nature as well as by profession, he is a devoted worshiper of the greatest composer for the noblest of instruments, Johann Sebastian Bach. He revels in the wealth of the life long labor of the illustrious master. He would have the world love Bach as he loves him, and he sincerely believes that the world has only to know him as he knows him to love him equally as well. He is a missionary of Bach, and Bach has no more enthusiastic a worshiper, nor so admirable an interpreter in the United States or Disunited States of America.

We certainly believe that this young man stands at the head of the organists in this country, and that he will do more towards disseminating the principles of Bach than any other musician now among us. We shall be happy to welcome him in Boston, and would suggest to the parties having the charge of the new organ for the Music Hall, the securing, if possible, his permanent residence in this city. We do not know his intentions, but if he purposes remaining in this country, we surely ought to exert ourselves to obtain his presidency over our long arriving instrument.—*Boston Musical Times*.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE UPON A NATIONAL HYMN.—The gentlemen requested to act as a Committee upon a Prize National Hymn have made their report, in which they state the following result of their arduous labors:—

They received nearly twelve hundred manuscripts in answer to their call, of which about one-third furnished new music as well as words. To the examination and comparison of these, the Committee addressed themselves at the earliest moment, and gave to the task very much more time than they supposed that they would be called to upon to give. Every manuscript received was opened in Committee, read, and duly considered. Every musical composition was performed once, and those found sufficiently meritorious to be worthy of more careful examination were heard in solo and chorus. With comparatively few exceptions, the hymns sent in proved to be of interest only to their writers as rhymed expressions of personal feeling or fancy.

Of these exceptions many were excluded from special consideration as being purely devotional, or because they were written either to the national airs of other people, or to those in certain vogue with us, the acknowledged insufficiency of which was the reason for the appointment of this committee. After a careful and repeated consideration of the remain-

der, the committee are unanimously of the opinion that, although some of them have a degree of poetic excellence which will probably place them high in the public favor as lyrical compositions, no one of them is well suited for a National Hymn. They, therefore, make no award.

Propositions were made for public performances of those hymns which the Committee should think worthy of such a distinction; but upon due consideration, it was deemed most advisable not to accept them. In accordance, however, with one of the conditions of competition, the most meritorious and noticeable of the songs received, have been placed in the hands of the publishers, and will be issued in a volume at their risk; the publication, if profitable, inuring to the benefit of a patriotic fund.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 24, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

J. S. Bach.

(TRANSLATED FOR THIS JOURNAL FROM THE "DEUTSCHE MUSIK-ZEITUNG" OF VIENNA.)

Arias from various Cantatas, with Piano-forte accompaniment, arranged by ROBERT FRANZ. Four sets (9 Alto, 9 Bass, 9 Soprano, 9 Tenor Arias). Leipzig: F. Whistling; Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

(Continued from page 156.)

Of the nine Bass Arias, which form the second part of the work and appeared in 1860, we take No. 2, out of the Cantata for the 16th Sunday after Trinity: *Wer weiss wie nahe mir mein Ende* ("Who knows how near my end to me?") Setting out from the gospel of the day, the resurrection of the young man at Nain, it first unfolds, in a figured choral movement, the emotions of dread of death and the last judgment, which, however, is interrupted by consoling recitatives. Then a Tenor recitative reminds of the true position which Christ holds to death:

"D'rum leb ich allezeit,
Zum Sterben fertig und bereit,"
(Therefore I live all the time,
For death still ready and prepared),

—since life is to prepare us for Blessedness. Then an Alto aria expresses the joyful willingness to die, because death releases from all ills. Still more earnestly does this appear in the following Soprano recitative, which concludes thus:

"Flügel her, Flügel her,
Ach wer doch schon in Himmel wär."
(Wings for me! Wings for me!
Whoever yet in heaven may be.

Now follows in our Bass Aria the farewell to the world, with which the congregation chimes in gladly at the close, in the Choral: "World adieu! of thee I'm weary." The aria has the following text:

"Gute Nacht, du Weltgetümmel,
Jetzt mach ich mit dir Beschluß;
Ich steh schon mit einem Fuss
Bei dem lieben Gott im Himmel."
(Good night, thou bustling world!
Now I make an end with thee;
I stand already with one foot
With the dear God in heaven).

It is not kept in so noble a tone as the text to the Aria just described; indeed Bach's texts form a rather motley mixture of the noblest poetry and the driest rhymed prose. They are not free from the tastelessnesses of his time; and yet perhaps they conciliate the rigorous critics by their plain and honest simplicity, by their touch-

ing humility and, in most cases at least, also by their downright *naïveté*. The air sets out (which is extremely characteristic) in G minor. The *Ritornel* consists of two fully contrasted parts of eight bars each. At first a very sustained *Cantilena*, full of deep seriousness, reconciling calmness and painless faith and confidence. (G).

Then a quickly stirring, enticing, rustling tumult in semiquavers, in which the Basses hurl themselves upward with all haste, but presently, as if by an irresistible power, are pressed back, step by step, through two full octaves into the depths again — as if the vain onsets of the “bustling world” and its gradual, shadowy collapse should be presented palpably before our eyes; for in this part it does not come to any concrete carrying out of a melody. The *Ritornel* closes in B flat major and then leads quickly back to G minor. (H).

And now the voice part carries through the anterior sentence of the Aria in two clauses of some length, separated by a couple of bars, closely following, in the first clause, the *Ritornel*, which is represented in the accompaniment. Hence it has at first the sustained melody, which is appropriate to the “Good night,” but scarcely have the words “bustling world” unchained as it were the whole troop of evil spirits, than the whole troop rocks itself into a bolder and more violent attitude, to conclude at last with a proud, victorious, exulting flourish. (J).

After three bars of interlude, in which the basses hurry downwards faster and faster, the voice boldly returns so the attack, as if it would hurl back the “bustling world” once for all; the accompaniment flies asunder in both directions with hard, odd sounds. (K).

And, if the turmoil is not yet over, it can only assert itself in weaker echoes (D minor); the voice ends exultingly, with the same, nay deeper, firmer confidence of victory, in D minor. (L).

With the first part of the *Ritornel* (in D minor) we are led now to the middle sentence: *Jetzt mach ich mit dir Beschluss* (“Now I make an end with thee”), &c. It consists of a connecting piece, which is woven with great skill quite gradually and imperceptibly into the concluding sentence. It begins choral-like (at *a*); but soon takes, with the use of the first leading motive, a freer movement (*b*) imitated in the accompaniment; and, with an extremely characteristic melodic turn, also borrowed from the first part, and also imitated in the accompaniment, gains a preliminary close in C minor (*c*), (M).

Here is a *césura* of the middle sentence; but, as the citation indicates, the leading motive begins again at once in the accompaniment, over which the voice floats in long drawn tones, until, following the law of parallelism, it bends into that ascending turn (cited under *c*) to end at last in E flat major. (N.)

Particularly characteristic and graphic in this middle sentence is the singularly wavering modulation, which, as the attentive observer cannot fail to see, is seized with the same inward soaring impulse as the melody itself, and renders the idea, the image of the text most strikingly. One might say, that Bach not only interprets his text, but chisels it as it were into living, inspired tone-forms!

To this part now the second clause of the anterior sentence finally attaches itself, beginning here in C minor and ending on the Tonic; it con-

tains no particular heightenings of expression, which is easily explained by the whole course of what proceeds.

If any one is seriously prejudiced with the idea, that Bach works only in the figural style; that he has no independent melody, but treats his voice part always like an *obligato* instrument, more calculated for *concertante* brilliancy than for truth and simplicity; that he, the organ virtuoso, had no practical knowledge of the vocal organ; that his airs therefore are not singable, and so on: he may learn better from the arias just described. For their melodies, like countless others, are not only very convenient for execution and of a genuine song character; but they stamp themselves as irresistibly and wonderfully upon the memory as any melody of Mozart or Handel; although it is quite true, that the melody with Bach has never the same autonomous position, as with them. For this there are reasons, ultimately connected with Bach's certain method as above alluded to. First, the historical reason, that Bach's melody is not, like Handel's and Mozart's, based essentially upon the secular *Volkslied* and the like, but purely on the spiritual air, the *Choral* and counterpoint. In the *Volkslied* the melody is entirely independent, and has the distinguished rhythmical divisions. It was by the free marriage between the popular and the artificial song, that the Handel-Mozart melodies acquired such a wonderful simplicity, with all their high artistic nobleness. The *Choral*, on the contrary, as Bach found it, had virtually renounced all that was originally popular, all that was rhythmical; hence its melody was very relative; it was a melody of the congregation but not of the individual. But this too presupposes, on the other hand, a deep æsthetic reason, why the melody of Bach should be less autonomous than that of Handel and Mozart. With Handel and Mozart a single, definite historical individual sings an Aria in a no less definite situation. Now the melody being the primitive expression for the individual, and the harmony being only the secondary element, it is easily explained why in Handel's choruses, for example, there occur generally speaking, few peculiarly melodious elements, and why these are reserved almost entirely for the arias. And equally easily is it explained why with Bach the choruses present a richer melody, while in the Arias it is less autonomous. For the Bach Aria is never a purely individual, historical nature, but always represents, according to its text and connection, the universal human consciousness; accordingly it must go back to the most universal elements, to such as are raised above all specific national coloring; and thereby it approaches the melodic expression of a voice part in a chorus far more, than this can be the case with Handel. As the believing Christian never knows himself as a separate self-dependent entity, but always as a member of the body of Christ, so the Bach melody can never be absolutely independent, but always only an integral part in the harmonious whole. And just by this means does it acquire an independence, which is really greater than the other kind. For as it blossoms, so to speak, out of the harmonious connection of the whole, so on the other hand out of a melodious motive there unfolds itself with Bach a rich, harmonious life, such as one seeks in vain elsewhere; no doubt, then, this kind of melody

must be more many sided, more capable of expression, in a word more independent, even if one cannot sing each single air by heart. Therefore the objection, that Bach has no “melody,” requires no further remark.

* The letters G, H, &c., refer to the musical illustrations which may be given with the last number of this article. Our readers meanwhile can refer to the aria itself.

(To be continued.)

Musical Chit-Chat.

PRIZE FOR COMPOSERS.—If any composer in this country has one or two Symphonies ready which he desires to have performed, a chance from Vienna is offered to him. The Society of the Friends of Music of the Austrian Empire, in Vienna, have concluded to warrant the performance of two new Symphonies in the first months of 1862, and solicit us to extend the invitation to native and foreign composers in this country. The conditions are as follows:

1. The Symphonies must not have been performed nor published.
2. They must be sent to the committee (Vienna, Tuchlauben); and not arrive later than the last day of the present month.
3. The Symphonies must be sent in full score, without the name of the author, but with a motto, and a sealed letter containing the name and address of the author, and bearing on the envelope the same motto.
3. All the Symphonies will be sent to the following five judges, who will decide which of them are worthy of a performance: Dr. Ambros, in Prague; Ferd. Hiller, in Cologne; Dr. Franz Liszt, in Weimar; Carl Reinecke, in Leipzig, and Robert Volkmann, in Pesth.
4. The performance will take place early in 1862. The Symphonies to be performed remain the property of the authors. They will be denoted in the programme with the motto chosen by the authors. Immediately after the performance, the sealed letters will be opened, and the names of the authors will be made public.
5. All the unsuccessful works will remain in the office of the Society, and it will be hereafter announced when they can be reclaimed.—*Musical Review and World*.

The great Italian cantatrice (now some years dead) Signora Grassini, was performing one evening in 1810, with Signor Crescentini, at the Tuileries, before Napoleon I., in the opera of *Romeo and Juliet*. At the scene in the third act, the Emperor applauded vociferously, and Talma the great tragedian, who was among the audience, wept with emotion. After the performance, Napoleon conferred the decoration of a high order on Crescentini, and sent Grassini a scrap of paper, on which was written, “Good for 20,000 livres—Napoleon.”

“Twenty thousand!” said one of her friends, “it is an immense amount.”

“It will serve as a dowry for one of my little nieces,” replied Grassini, quietly.

Many years after this, at Bologna, another of her nieces was presented to her for the first time, with a request she would do something for her. The little girl was extremely pretty, but her friends thought her unfitted for the stage, as her voice was a feeble contralto. Grassini asked her to sing, and, when the timid voice had sounded a few notes, Grassini embraced her niece.

“Dear child,” said she, “you will not want me to assist you. Those who called your voice a contralto were ignorant of music. You have one of the finest sopranos in the world, and will far excel me as a singer. Take courage, work hard; your throat will win you a shower of gold.”

This young girl still lives. She has not disappointed the prediction of her aunt. Her name is Giulia Grisi.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

Since the above was written for the art world of Paris, the Conservatoire Imperial de Musique et de Declamation has been awarding its prizes to the successful competitors in a series of grand ordeals which by annual custom the pupils trained under its auspices undergo. What concerns you chiefly being any artists of promise whom this great educational establishment may have given to the world of music, I will commence with that branch. In singing, therefore, I will state at once that the first prize had among the men two claimants, M. Caron, a pupil of M. Laget, and M. Morère, a pupil of M. Réval; and among the women one only was found worthy of it, namely, Mlle. Marie Ciso, a pupil of M. Réval. The lady named last, to whom was also awarded the prize for Opéra Comique—the trial piece having been *La Part du Diable*—made a very strong impression on the judges. She is, in the first place, pretty, and elegant in her appearance and deportment. As to her vocal qualifications they are accuracy of intonation, gracefulness of expression, and careful finish in every detail. Her voice, however, trembles in the execution of passages, as though from fatigue, and knowing critics say that the “pose” of her voice is not all that might be desired. She is a good actress, and shows good taste in her dress, which goes a long way towards prepossessing an audience. But Mlle. Ciso can hardly be regarded in the light of a mere pupil, being already an artist of some experience. She is, no doubt, destined to take a prominent rank in her profession. Of the two male prize men I have named, the first, M. Caron, is a barytone verging on the tenor. He is well versed in the resources of his art, and sings with animation. His face is good, too, as regards expression. M. Morère is a tenor with a pleasant quality of voice, what you may call a pretty voice, sings with taste, and exhibits undoubted marks of talent. Another lady was deemed deserving of the first prize for *opéra comique*, besides the one I have mentioned, Mlle. Balbi. She appeared in a fragment of *Le Caid*. Her personal appearance is engaging, and her manner graceful, both in the highest degree, which, no less than a sweet voice (“soft and low”), are excellent things in woman. The latter excellence, specially distinguished by the poet, Mlle. Balbi hath; and, moreover, she sings true, with unexceptionable judgment, and her notes are of a pearly quality. As an actress she is also fully up to the mark. The second prize for women in this department had three claimants, Mlle. Reboux, who, in the part of Gertrude in the *Maitre de Chapelle*, sang and played delightfully; Mlle. Rolin, who showed herself in *Les Porcherons* a graceful and expressive singer, if not more of an actress; and though last, most emphatically not least, Mlle. Simon, who played in the *Etoile du Nord* and perfectly astonished her audience by her self-possession. She has good qualities, but betrays too much effort. The first man's prize for *opéra comique* was won in a canter by M. Capoul, the same who I have told you was engaged to appear at the Salle Favart. He approved himself a charming actor, and has a tenor voice of clear and resonant quality, and with that power of touching the feelings which the French mean when they talk of an *organe sympathique*. Evidently a fine career is open to this gentleman. The second prize man was M. Gerézer, a barytone of agreeable quality, very intelligent, with good expression, but with a good deal of hard work before him if he wishes to make the most of his abilities. So much for what was chiefly interesting in the vocal competition. Come we to the instrumental contest, merely the main results of which will suffice. The first man's prize for pianoforte playing was taken by M. Bernard, a pupil of M. Laurent, and G. M. Lavignac, instructed by M. Marmontel; the second man's prize was awarded to M. Emmanuel, another pupil of the master just named. Mlles. Lechesne and Blanc, pupils of M. Lecoupey, and Mlle. Peschel, pupil of M. Henri Herz, received the first woman's prize, and Mlle. Bessagnet, pupil of Mad. Farranc, and Deshoys, pupil of Mad. Coche, the second. Violoncello: first prize, Rabaud, pupil of M. Franchomme; second, Loys, pupil of ditto. Violin: first prize, Willaume, pupil of M. Massart, Mlle. Castellani, pupil of M. Alard, and Jacob, pupil of M. Massart; second prize, Lelong, pupil of M. Sauzaz.

BERLIN.—Among the places of amusement still open, I may mention the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, at which M. Offenbach's operas are being performed. Then, too, there is Kroll's Theatre, where the “star” in the ascendant for the moment is a certain Herr Wack, who possesses a tolerable baritone, and has been favorably received in

Auber's *Zampa*. Another of Auber's operas, *Le Serment*, has been revived at the above establishment. It was first introduced to a Berlin audience, years ago, at the old Königstädtisches Theatre, but has never been performed since. The mode in which it was given the other evening was very far from perfect.—Herr Gustav Bock, the well-known musical publisher, lately had the Knight's Cross of the Order of Wasa bestowed upon him by the King of Sweden, and his Majesty of Prussia has just granted him the permission to wear it.—While visiting, a short time ago, the cemetery in which Ludwig Rellstab is buried, I saw the monument erected over his grave. It is six feet high, with a granite tablet, on which is the admirable medallion of the deceased, by Hagen, while beneath it is the inscription: “Lud. Heinrich Rellstab, born the 13th April, 1799, died the 28th November, 1860.”

Herr Wieniawski passed through this capital on his way to St. Petersburg. Professor van Boom also, of the Academy of Music at Stockholm, was here a short time; he has now left for Holland.

IVREA, NEAR MILAN.—(From a very enthusiastic and rare Correspondent.)—If the word triumph may be applied in affairs of the theatre without fear of ridicule, it never was more *apropos* than in the present case to express the success obtained last evening by the tenor Castilani, upon the occasion of his benefit. Over and above the opera (*Chi dura vince*) we heard a new singer, Mlle. Glenister, in the *cavatina* of Lucia, and a duet from Verdi's *Masnadieri*. This last piece was sung by the young lady and the before-named tenor. Mlle. Glenister was by all the auditors judged to be “*unica*” in her style, and those who have heard Persiani assure us that the young singer is not in the least inferior to that artist, and they maintain that in point of art it would be impossible to do more—taste, execution, intonation, perfect, all you find in her; and I confess that I do not remember having heard a singer who so nearly approaches Bossio. Besides her singing she has a certain ingenuous expression which alone infuses an irresistible grace into all she does. The demonstrations in favor of Mlle. Glenister were innumerable, and surpassed every limit. When she had finished her work she went to a box, in which she had scarcely appeared when the public commenced to anew to applaud her. The opera went off well. Mlle. Lotteri sang with more than common ability, as did also the baritone (Pieri), and the buffo (Tiraboschi). The tenor (Castellani) was clamorously applauded, and most deservedly, in all he sang. Besides the opera, Signor Castellani sang the Romanza “*spirto gentil*,” after which he was several times recalled. The duet from *Il Masnadieri* with Mlle. Glenister was also very successful, and the singers were called repeatedly before the curtain. Mlle. Glenister is an English girl about eighteen years of age.

DRESDEN.—Herr Merelli has taken advantage of his sojourn here to make frequent professional trips to the surrounding towns; thus, in Chemnitz he gave *Il Barbiere*, and in Magdeburg the same opera, *La Cenerentola*, and *Il Matrimonio Segreto*. The person who suffers the most from this business arrangement of the worthy manager, is the star of the company, Signora Trebelli, who is quite knocked up by the exertion. The company will give six more representations here, and then proceed to Lüttich, whence, after a short stay, Signora Trebelli will visit Vichy, where her attendance is commanded by the Emperor Napoleon. She then returns to Belgium, and after a short tour will arrive in Berlin on the 1st October. From Berlin she goes to Paris to fulfil her engagement there.

THE OPERA IN RUSSIA.—The Emperor of Russia has commissioned Tamberlik to get a superb company together—himself being superb number one. The great tenor has made a vast number of engagements, and the artists will depart for Warsaw at the close of our Italian opera season.—*Brighton Gazette*.

BARCELONA.—The Italian opera company, at present here, includes Mad. Lagrange, Mad. Lustany, Signore Naudin, Viani, and Atry. They have been doing very fairly.

BRESLAU.—The first concert given by Herr Bilse, Capellmeister, took place on the 4th inst. The novelties were two pieces by Herr J. Vogt. The whole affair went off very satisfactorily.

MANNHEIM.—The twenty-fifth anniversary of Herr Vincenz Lachner as Hofcapellmeister, was brilliantly celebrated on the 25th June. A silver laurel wreath and goblet were presented him by the members of the operatic company, the orchestra, and the chorus. In the evening all the musical societies surprised the respected composer with a serenade.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Our glorious land—land of the free.

J. W. Turner. 25

Another of the patriotic effusions elicited by the strife which still rages. The words are excellent and most happily wedded by the ready poet and musician, Mr. Turner. The compositions of this gentleman are numerous, and much appreciated by teachers for their correctness, simplicity and purity.

Blow, bugle, blow. Song. W. R. Dempster 50

Tennyson's famous Bugle Song, which could have found no composer more adequate to the task of providing a musical garment than the composer of the “Rainy day,” “May Queen,” and numerous other ballads which are permanently established among the best written to English words. The clarion notes of this Bugle Song will ring out far and wide and become forever coupled with Tennyson's sparkling rhymes.

Alma redemptoris. Quartet. Lambillotte. 40

Another capital number of the “Saluts” collection for Catholic choirs. Singing Societies who are not shy of the Latin words, would hardly find short sacred pieces of a more pleasing character.

Instrumental Music.

Glory, Hallelujah and Hail to the Chief. Arranged for full Brass Band. B. C. Bond. 1,00

This is an arrangement for bands of the celebrated war song which everybody admires so much. It is easy of execution and new bands will find no difficulty in mastering it.

March du Vainqueur. Jaques Blumenthal. 25

Whoever knows Blumenthal's fine “Marche des Croates” and “March militaire”—and who has not at least heard of them—will expect something unusually fine under this title. Nor will he be disappointed. It is a noble march, full of manly joy in its remarkable melodies, and with a sombre religious strain in commemoration of the slain, for its trio.

La Fiorentina. Fantasia elegante. Duvernoy. 40

One of Duvernoy's best instructive pieces for pupils of about a year's practice.

Les Filles du Ciel Waltzes. Camille Schubert. 60

A ball in Paris would be thought dull without a Quadrille of Musard's and a set of waltzes by Camille Schubert. The dancing public of Paris have voted The above set one of their special favorites. It certainly equals in brilliancy and freshness of melodies the “Dance de Seville” sets, so extensively known here.

Books.

CONVENTION CHORUS BOOK. A collection of Anthems, Choruses, Glees and Concerted Pieces, for the use of Musical Conventions, Choral Societies, &c.

No more useful book for Musical Gatherings has been published, if indeed anything equal to it. The pieces it contains have hitherto been distributed through half a dozen or more large and expensive volumes, the purchase of which was impossible to persons of limited means. In this form they can be obtained at a trifling cost. Societies, Choirs and Musical Clubs will at once provide themselves with a full supply of this valuable collection. Its contents will be found invaluable for practice.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 491.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 31, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 22.

"Under the Cloud and through the Sea."

So moved they, when false Pharaoh's legion pressed
Chariots and horsemen following furiously,—
Sons of old Israel, at their God's behest,
Under the cloud and through the swelling sea.

So passed they, fearless, where the parted wave,
With cloven crest uprearing from the sand,
A solemn aisle before,—behind, a grave,—
Rolled to the beckoning of Jehovah's hand.

So led he them, in desert marches grand,
By toils sublime, with test of long delay,
On, to the borders of that Promised Land,
Wherein their heritage of glory lay.

And Jordan raged along his rocky bed,
And Amorite spears flashed keen and fearfully:
Still the same pathway must their footsteps tread,—
Under the cloud and through the threatening sea.

God works no otherwise. No mighty birth
But comes by throes of mortal agony:
No man-child among nations of the earth
But findeth baptism in a stormy sea.

Sons of the Saints who faced their Jordan-blood
In fierce Atlantic's unretreating wave.—
Who by the Red Sea of their glorious blood
Reached to the Freedom that your blood shall
save!

O Countrymen! God's day is not yet done!
He leaveth not His people utterly!
Count it a covenant, that He leads us on
Beneath the cloud and through the crimson Sea!
—*Atlantic Monthly for September.*

For Dwight's Journal of Music

The Diarist in London.

MUSIC IN ENGLAND. — ARABELLA GODDARD,
SIMS REEVES, AND OTHER SINGERS.
CATHEDRAL CHOIRS.

In reviewing my experience during the last few months, thus evening by evening, I am still more fully convinced of the truth of what is stated in the opening notes to these communications, viz.: the great excellence of musical performances in London in every respect, save that they are too costly for the many.

I have purposely omitted talking of this, that, and the other virtuoso, instrumental or vocal, and have now but a few notes to add upon this topic.

One general remark may be made, viz., that London, owing to the enormous wealth there congregated, does and can bring from all parts of the world the greatest and best musical performers. There are, it is true, cases in which virtuosos of the first order have engagements for life, which prevent them from making London their home; but hardly one can be named who has not set the seal to his or her fame, by appearing in the Hanover Square Rooms, St. James' Hall, on the stage of the Italian or German Opera, or in some other of the places devoted to the highest walks of the Art. Handel traveled to Italy 140 years ago to engage the best singers; Leopold Mozart brought his marvelous children to play in the presence of the then young George III. and

his wife; Salomon engaged Haydn and Mozart — death broke the engagement of the latter — to compose and conduct symphonies; Spohr was a welcome guest; Rossini, Winter, Weber, every great composer almost, tried their fortune here; and what a succession of virtuosos, all the great violinists, Paganini, and all his predecessors and followers to Joachim, the greatest of all, save perhaps Paganini himself; all the great pianists, down to those now astonishing the world; all the great singers and songstresses, from those whom Handel engaged down to Grisi, Titiens, Patti — there is hardly an exception — come to or have been in London.

Now, under these circumstances, is it not absurd and ridiculous for fifth rate critics in obscure continental papers to pretend to laugh at English taste and the English public? I have read so much, so very much "stuff" of this kind, as to feel indignant when I hear some young German fiddler or tenth rate pianoforte player talking in this strain. *A priori*, such ideas must be false. I know now, from personal observation, that they are. After the abominable singing which I have heard applauded to the echo in German cities, it is a positive relief to come to London, and as to the performances of virtuosos, the greatest to be heard on the continent are sure to be heard here also, for guineas are much better than thalers!

If, then, London has had the culture arising from having the best for a hundred and fifty years, does it not stand to reason, that talent, which is either native or naturalized must be of high order if it be recognized as such by such a public? A question that answers itself.

When, therefore, we see the names of Arabella Goddard, or Charles Hallé, or Piatti, or Vieuxtemps, or Lazarus (clarinettist), or Harper (trumpeter), and the like, upon programmes as grand attractions, have we not reason to think that they must be of the first order? You have but to hear them, and you will see that they are so.

Five years ago Mad. Schumann's playing of Beethoven excited my sympathies more than that of any pianist, man or woman, whom I had heard; how she plays now I do not know, but for perfection of execution of the most difficult music — of Beethoven's last sonatas — I have heard nothing from any one, man or woman — not Thalberg, certainly — save, perhaps, Alexander Dreychock — like the playing of Miss Goddard (Mrs. Davison). It all seems to be indeed but "playing," difficulties seem unknown to her. She plays everything by rote, and whether it be a fantasia written expressly to show her powers, one of the last Beethoven sonatas, or a concerto, it is all one. She takes her place at the pianoforte, as quietly and calmly as if to play a waltz in private, goes through her performance without grimace or contortion of face or members, and retires as if all this were nothing. She is still young, about twenty, I believe, and to what a pitch she may develop her powers, I'm sure I have no conception. When I hear those last So-

natas of Beethoven as she plays them they become as limpid and clear as those which are played to death and lie on every decent pianoforte.

Mr. Hallé seems to be the first among the resident pianists other than Miss Goddard. They are at present the two popular favorites, the two whose names "draw." I take him to be a man of fifty, and certainly he is a marvellous performer. He plays no clap-trap music, nothing but the best, but that of all schools. We want two or three such men.

The name of fine performers is legion. I heard, however, but few of them. Young Barnett, recently returned from Germany, has made a very favorable impression; Herr Ernst Pauer, a grandson of Beethoven's friend, Madame Streicher, stands very high; and it may be interesting to some of your readers to know that Sigismund Blumner, formerly professor of the pianoforte in Stern's Conservatorium in Berlin, has recently removed to London.

I have spoken already of the excellence of the London orchestras. That of the Philharmonic Society I did not hear, as I had come to London without a "swallow-tailed" coat, and its concerts cannot be appreciated by a man in a frock-coat, and so those without the wedding-garment are cast into the outer darkness. (I was turned away from the Italian opera one evening for the same reason.) But all those which I did hear are of the first order; and as to conductors, it will be difficult to find any anywhere beyond Costa (especially for the masses employed in oratorio), Alfred Mellon, and Sterndale Bennett.

I do not understand writing about singers. The technical language conveys little idea to my mind, and my inability to use it is freely confessed. Pity, for I should like to convey some notion at least of the tenor singer who has given me more delight than any other I have ever heard anywhere. Sims Reeves, of course, is meant. I came to London fresh from hearing Mario, and my first feeling at hearing Reeves was disappointment. It was in St. James' Hall, and in "Adelaide" or the "Liederkreis," I forget which. No matter, he sang it exquisitely, but the pianissimo in which he indulged (too much?) was so truly in the superlative degree as to be at times inaudible. Then I heard him in opera, and was not so much impressed as I expected. Hence I wondered somewhat, that they paid him at the Crystal Palace \$500 for a song or two and made money by the operation. There must be something extraordinary in a man, whose singing was judged to have drawn twelve thousand of the fifty thousand visitors on that day. But when I came to hear "If with all your hearts" and "Then shall the righteous" in "Elijah," "Comfort ye," and the other magnificent recitatives and airs in the "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt," at Exeter Hall, and in the "Creation" at the Crystal Palace, all doubt vanished. How fully can I now agree with the following sentences in an article upon him; "Mr. Reeves has

the good fortune to possess a voice of a quality so beautiful that it may be said to be almost exceptional in its character, combining as it does the most perfect sweetness, with a power altogether unrivaled among tenors, a register of most extensive compass, and a thorough knowledge of music which enables its possessor to turn these great natural advantages to the best possible account. It is not in singing any particular class of music that Mr. Sims Reeves' speciality exists, his capability is universal; and whether in sacred, operatic, or chamber compositions, he is equally at home, standing confessedly a master in each and every style."

This man has given me the highest delight I ever experienced at the singing of a tenor, and that not so much through the marvelous beauty of the voice, one which is now full of tears, as in the "Liederkreis," tears of longing desire for the loved one; as in "Then shall the righteous" in Elijah, tears of joy and thanksgiving; as in "Comfort ye," from the Messiah, tears of sympathetic sorrow; and now rings out like a trumpet call, heroic, manly, majestic, as from his making its sweetness and power but a means to the end of adding the deepest expression to words. His command of his organ is so perfect that tones are never sacrificed to words, nor words to tones. Whatever the one be, the other is at the same time just so perfect. You understand his magnificent declamation with as much ease as the words of the clearest speaking orator. In his mouth the recitatives of Handel's oratorios become among the most beautiful compositions ever given to the voice, such vigor, such fire, not drawled out after the absurd German manner, but declaimed like a good reader, in respect to rapidity, and adding to all the sentiment which the really fine reader can infuse into the words read, all the effect of musical expression. Sims Reeves is the first person I have heard thus far in life whose recitative was absolutely free from a tendency to be either singing, chanting or talking, which was a perfect thing in its kind, and the kind beautiful. Hitherto, as a rule, I have borne with recitative, as an unavoidable evil, in the Handelian oratorios in Berlin, the German singers have a way of drawing and dragging it out, which gives one the earache, but Reeves and the other singers also, at Exeter Hall, though not in such perfection, make it what Handel intended, a musical dressing up of the text, which adds to it the most intense expression. "Thy rebuke hath broken his heart. He is full of heaviness. He looked for some to have pity on him, but there was no man, neither found he any to comfort him. Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow!" This little recitative and air, short as they both are, just thrown in as if to keep up the connection of the text, were given with a tenderness, pathos, sorrow, that seemed to weigh down the hearts of the multitude which crowded the hall at that performance of the Messiah. But how, after the short recitative (also by him) "He was cut off," rang out the triumphant song, "But thou didst not leave his soul in hell!" And what a preparation, how intense the longing it made for that wonderful climax, hardly surpassed by the Hallelujah itself, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in!"

Then again after the nations, "raging furi-

ously together," have determined to "break the bonds asunder" of the Lord and his anointed, "He that dwelleth in heaven" recited Reeves, "shall laugh them to scorn, the Lord shall hold them in derision"; and then his voice assumed an iron hardness of quality, so to speak, and for the first time, I heard "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron, thou shalt break them in pieces," with an effect which made the heart feel to its inmost core, how weak, feeble, mean are all the efforts of mere humanity against the Almighty. And this air, so given, justified the solemn joy, majestic triumph of the great Hallelujah chorus immediately succeeding. All the raging nations, the kings of the earth, and the rulers of peoples taking counsel together, are broken with a rod of iron and dashed in pieces like a potter's vessel; therefore, "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, for the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdom of the Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign forever and ever!"

I take Mr. Reeves to be some forty-five years of age, and see no reason why he should not long continue to be the greatest living oratorio singer. We cannot hope ever to hear him in America for a voyage thither could only result in a pecuniary loss to him. He is thoroughly appreciated in England, and can draw upon the liberality of the wealthy English musical public to an extent far beyond any possibility in America, unless through a Barnum process to which he would never descend. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true," for his example would do more to cultivate English singing with us than all the music lessons of all the foreigners from Quebec to New Orleans. He is a new proof of how much good singers, especially in Recitative, depends upon an appreciation of the qualities necessary in good reading. The great pains now taken (in New England especially) in our country to make good readers is, I hope, laying a foundation for expressive singing. When one can feel the accent, emphasis and cadence proper in reading a text, and has mastered it, it is pretty certain that this culture will be visible when he sings, it is almost a necessary consequence. I pray you not to call me extravagant in my eulogy of Sims Reeves until you have heard him in Exeter Hall in Handel's music. Then we may argue the point, but I do not promise to be convinced.

Mr. Santley was the principal bass at the Exeter Hall Oratorios. He has a fine singing voice, somewhat hard in character and extensive in compass. His singing seemed to lack animation, and being heard in contrast to Reeves', it was rather cold. In opera it was decidedly so. But he has many qualities of a very fine singer, and his enunciation of his words is very good.

Of the women whom I remember as having particularly struck me, of course Fraulein Titiens, of Vienna, ranks first. Her singing at the Crystal Palace in the Creation was the finest specimen of soprano singing in the large, grand style I have ever heard. Her voice, of great extent of compass, and marvellous in power and purity, must have developed greatly since I heard her in Berlin some five years since. I was told that she is now studying English oratorio singing, as the highest branch of the art. But what there is to study judging from the exhibition of her powers at the Crystal Palace, one can hardly see, but then Haydn is not Handel!

In the "Black Domino" the singers who impressed me most were, the ever charming Louisa Pyne, well known in New York and Boston, who sings better than ever, and is among the best in Europe. She sang beautifully also in the "Messiah"; a very nice young soprano, Miss Thirlwall; Mr. Henry Corri, bass, destined to become a very fine one; and Mr. Henry Haigh, a very nice tenor indeed. This was at the Covent Garden opera.

At Her Majesty's theatre, Miss Parepa is prima donna of the English Company; a high, pure soprano, and a fair rival of Louisa Pyne. She is a large, fine looking woman, and can — so can all these London singers, thank fortune — sing in pure tones, free from the detestable tremolo or "wobble" so common on the continent. Mr. Santley was the first bass.

In Robin Hood the first woman's part was taken by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, a very fine soprano indeed and a favorite singer at the principal concerts. One lady, whose name has for years been prominent in the notices of oratorio performances, I had a very strong desire to hear, from the wish to hear the alto songs of Handel given with some such perfection as that to which Reeves has attained in those written for the tenor voice. This was Miss Dolby, now Madame Sainton. Her style is superb, and the pathos with which she gave "He was despised" was admirable. But I was sadly disappointed in her voice; she had, however, but recently left a sick bed.

As a rule it is the contralto or the mezzo soprano voice which in a woman touches my feelings in the highest degree. Thus I never grew weary of the air of Fides, which d'Angri sung so continually in America; and years ago Anna Stone's "Return, O God of Hosts," in Samson, was one of the gems in the oratorio. I had hoped, therefore, some such pleasure from Mad. Sainton Dolby, as I in fact received from Reeves, but the voice was wanting. The alto which grew upon me by oft hearing so that it now remains most indelibly fixed in my memory is Madame Laura Baxter — a large, energetic person, a large, energetic voice. At first there was a something rather repellant in her singing, a certain rudeness (perhaps I may call it) strength wanting polish, a taking by storm, but it grew up on me wondrously. Her "Woe unto thee, who forsake him," in Elijah was immensely forcible. I know no one, whom I should choose before her for the alto in the "Messiah." Excepting songstresses of world-wide reputation there are few whose names would be a greater attraction to me than that of Madame Laura Baxter, and I am surprised that the tone of the critics in relation to her is not warmer. But they are and ought to be better judges than I am.

I have but a very imperfect remembrance of the impression made by Miss Palmer, another singer of this class, whom I only heard once and then upon my first arrival. That impression is, however, very favorable.

In thus looking over the experience of the last few months I am confirmed in the opinion that no city in the world can show so large a number of such fine native singers as London. The average excellence, even of those not named, who have sung at concerts which I have attended, is far above that of Berlin and Vienna; I would add Paris, but I heard too little there to venture a judgment.

There was a time, a great while ago, alas! when England led the world in secular music, and could even send organists to the Continent. Whether the dear old Mother country may not yet take the lead again, is not a question to be answered with a "pshaw, nonsense!" Some steps are already taken and some doubtless will be in time. The noblest foundation for high musical culture, possible, outside the constant hearing of finely performed mass music in the churches—which, by the way, is now not too often to be heard even in the most Romish of countries—is familiarity with Handel's oratorios. It was that which for so many years made our small Boston the leader in music in America. This gives a standard of excellence for all the higher qualities of music and awakens or confirms the taste for that which is truly good. There is and can be no other such basis to build upon. This step has been taken in England. Everywhere choral societies are formed or are forming, and the "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt," now published in cheap editions, are the works to the conquering of which all strive. By slow degrees, too slow unfortunately, the chance of hearing such music adequately performed is coming within the means of classes hitherto excluded from the higher music. Then the efforts making to simplify teaching of class singing and bringing the lower classes of society into singing schools, although some of "the systems" seem to me absurd, still all tends upward and onward. A great impulse has been given to the cause of popular music, and the effect of a cheap press is beginning to be seen in music as well as in literature.

But there is still much to do. One crying abuse ought to be rectified immediately, and that is the misappropriation of cathedral or church funds originally bestowed for the maintenance of a musical service. Cathedral choirs in England, France, Italy, Germany were for centuries the nurseries of music, and one is surprised to see how great a number of the highest names in the art have been upon the lists of singing boys, or belong to men whose fathers were musicians in ecclesiastical establishments. This is peculiarly the case in England. As to Germany we find musical biographical sketches beginning continually with the fact that the hero at the age of eight or ten years became a "chork-nabe" (singing boy) in such a church or cloister. Now I have seen and heard a great number of complaints that the music funds of English cathedrals are diverted from their purposes save the small pittance necessary to secure the eight or twelve boys absolutely necessary for the service, and these boys are merely taught to sing their parts by rote, when the real object of the foundations was to make good musicians and cultivated men of them. (I am acquainted with a rising young musician, a theoretical teacher, who began life as a singing boy and who has promised me at some future time to relate his experience in the columns of the Journal.) If this nuisance of the music funds be so bad as has been represented, the musical public ought to agitate the subject, and compel the lazy priests and canons to make way for the singing boy.

Another object of importance not yet attained is the making of good orchestral music accessible to the poorer classes; this I have spoken of before.

Perhaps the most discouraging sign of the times (musical) is the almost utter want of a musical literature. A popular musical literature does not exist; and I am surprised continually to find books long since shelved everywhere else appealed to as authorities on matters of history and criticism pertaining to the Art. This is the weak side of the leading writers on music in the periodical press. Mr. Chorley is the exception, he keeping himself well up to the times in German and French as well as English writings on music. But this defect will not probably be remedied until there is an awakening on the part of those, who so freely spend their money for the support of the finest concerts in the world, to the value of musical knowledge as a means of higher enjoyment of music itself. The press teems with works upon painting and architecture, why not upon music? How happens it too, that nowhere in London could I find a library equal to very moderate demands on the part of one who would write upon modern German music?

But notwithstanding some drawbacks, the result of three months' observation is one very favorable to the condition of music in England; and as to the interest which my own particular pursuit has excited in the minds of nearly all to whom I had occasion to apply for aid or information, it cannot be described in too warm terms. And that aid has been effectual to an extent of which I had not dreamed. To Mr. Chorley, Mr. Davison, Mr. Hogarth, Mr. Macfarren, all well-known names in our country, and to others well known there, my warmest thanks are due.

A. W. T.

A Letter About Chopin.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I have read with lively interest the letters which M. Barbedette has devoted to Chopin and his works. The striking points in the man and the musician are faithfully reproduced. M. Barbedette admires Chopin, and what is more, loves him. Being imbued with two such sentiments, he might be expected to perform his task well, and he has done so. His articles are sure to be appreciated by the professors of the piano and the students who habitually read the *Ménestrel*, in which they find some admirable instruction. It was no easy matter to analyse the music of Chopin, for every one of his works is a complex production in the composite style; the plan and outline being far from apparent. I do not mean by this to say that Chopin's works are deficient in inspiration, that his style is strained and labored, or that his nature was not true and impulsive; but that same nature of his contained so many elements! A sentiment of elegance and delicate refinement amounting to coquetry; ingenuous frankness, full of abandon; capricious fits of gaiety and folly; accents of profound grief; an elevated and believing soul; a weakly and voluptuous temperament; a sickly sensibility; a fine and exquisite mind, are all mixed up and confounded in Chopin, forming a unity at once admirable and eccentric. This is a fact which M. Barbedette has clearly perceived, and he has introduced into his analysis a number of reflections very remarkable for their justice.

As you perceive, my dear Editor, I do not take up my pen for the purpose of criticising a criticism. Such a course would be all the less becoming in me, as I myself am a critic, and it would be easy to inflict upon me just retaliation. I wish, with your permission and that of M. Barbedette, merely to point out an omission in the latter's article; though, after all, it is not an omission, since the fact I desire to submit to your

notice is mentioned,—only sufficient stress is not laid upon it. M. Barbedette, when referring to Chopin, has spoken at great length of the love of one's native country. This noble sentiment has inspired him to write two noble and touching pages, which must still be in the minds of all your readers. Let us examine how far this sentiment affected Chopin. "He did not study," says M. Barbedette "to be a national musician. Like all true national poets, he sang without fixed design and without preconcerted plan, whatever his inspiration dictated most spontaneously; and thus it is that in his songs there springs up, without care and without effort, the most idealized form of national genius." A few lines further on, M. Barbedette adds: "After having become a Parisian, Chopin did not cease to keep up his relations with his native land, though absent from it. We follow the trace of this in the innumerable melodies which circulate under his name in Poland melodies which he adapted to certain patriotic songs of his country, and which he sent there as pledges that he still recollected it."

I stop at this last. The portion which I have underlined expresses an undoubted fact; as to the other, I have, I confess, some trouble in comprehending the meaning which Mr. Barbedette attaches to it.

For my part, I know (and I will proceed to tell you how I know it) that Chopin composed a number of songs, and *not melodies adapted to patriotic songs*, but original songs, which have become popular in Poland; it is a singular thing, too, that his country which sings them is ignorant that he was the author, or, at least, was ignorant of it before his death. I know that, during the latter years of his life, Chopin fondly entertained the idea of collecting and publishing his songs, as well as a collection of national airs. This I can certify. Alas! his plan, like so many plans formed by men, men of genius as well as simple mortals, here below, was never realised.

M. Barbedette is well acquainted with Chopin; he is deeply versed in most of what he said and did; let him allow me to instruct him fully concerning the circumstance I have mentioned above. I was an old acquaintance of Chopin, when he took up his residence, for a lengthened period, in the Square d'Orléans, where I have lived during twenty years. We met very frequently, and not without interchanging kindly words, as well as, sometimes, criticisms and opinions on art and artists. Chopin was too much a man of the world, and possessed too much good taste to offend the feelings of persons who had musical sympathies different from his own. He first of all established the points of contact, and then, with infinite cleverness, seasoned with a slight dash of epigram, maintained a system of reservation on the disputed points. Frequently, when you thought you had him at your mercy, he escaped from you; he glided from your grasp, with incomparable address—nay, I will even say, grace. He was like his own music. It was necessary to know him intimately before you could appreciate him, just as, in order to appreciate him, just as, in order to appreciate all the worth of his music, you had to make it a subject of profound study. It was no easy thing to approach the man, any more than his music. There was something of the sensitive plant in one and in the other. I speak according to my own impressions.

One evening, Chopin and myself in the *foyer* of the Italian Opera. This was somewhere in 1847 or 1848. He told me there was an empty stall in the orchestra next to his own, and advised me to take it. I did so. *Il Matrimonio* was being performed. I do not know why I had fancied Chopin could not like such music, because, in the first place, it was Italian, and then because it was so easy, so simple, so flowing in style, so limpid, and so natural, that it struck me as diametrically opposed to his. He, on his part, imagined that it could not please me. Judge, my dear Editor, what must have been the surprise of both of us when we discovered that we were both enthusiastically fond of it! Our mutual suspicion greatly amused us.

"Ah! what a masterpiece," said Chopin.

* Translated for the *London Musical World* from *Le Ménestrel*.

"What an adorable composer is this Cimarosa! How he imparts a value to the slightest trifles, to the simplest modulations! What grace! What fertility! What riches! Did you remark the minor phrase in the finale of the first act? It is the only one in the entire act. How full of charm is that phrase in A minor!"

"How pleased I am to hear you speak thus," I observed. "I thought—"

"And what great delight I experienced," he replied, "at finding you feel and admire such a work."

After the performance, we proceeded towards our respect dwellings in the Rue St. Lazare. We walked slowly; he leaned upon my arm, and we spoke without the least restraint. The ice between us was broken. He communicated to me his most inward thoughts concerning the old masters, and certain composers of the day as well.

"How right you are," he remarked, "to undertake the defence of so-and-so! but—"

There was a "but," if it was a criticism, it implied, also, an eulogium.

"Chopin," I said to him, "will you allow me to express a desire, although it may perhaps, be very indiscreet?"

"What is it?"

"Would you consent to give me your biography? We live in the same house. I would come to your apartments two or three successive mornings. I would take down from your dictation all you choose to tell me concerning your masters, your studies, your compositions, your travels—"

"My travels?" he observed, interrupting me. "I am always travelling. I am only at Paris *en passant*."

He then related the following anecdote in reference to his passport:—Some weeks previous to the Revolution of 1830, he was in Poland, where he had long charmed the Russians and his own countrymen by his double talent as a composer and a *virtuoso*. Suddenly he was seized with a desire to travel. He intended to go through Italy, but while he was at Vienna, the news of the insurrection of several provinces in the Peninsula caused him to change his route, if not his resolution. He asked for a passport for London. The desire, however, for seeing Paris, and the still greater desire of seeing our musical celebrities there (above all, Cherubini), induced him to visit France; so he had the words "*Passant par Paris*" added to his passport.

"You see," he continued, "that I am here only as a bird of passage. No matter; I shall be delighted to render you acquainted with my biography, and you may be assured of one fact: several persons have made the same request, but I have always refused them."

It was settled that I should go and see him the next day but one. The moment I entered his room, he said,—

"Since you are about to become my historian, I must inform you that people do not know half the works I have composed."

He then went on to tell me the number of songs and national airs he had written, and which his countrymen sang without being aware these compositions were his. As you may easily fancy, my dear Editor, such an announcement made a deep impression on me, and I carefully entered it among my notes.

At the period of which I am speaking, Chopin did not exactly know his age, for I find in my notes that he was born at Zalazowo-Wala, about 1810. "It is impossible for us," I wrote, "to give more exactly the date of his birth. He himself could only fix approximately, the day on which he saw the light, by a watch sent him, in 1820, by Mad. Catalani, and on which were engraved the words, '*Given by Mad. Catalani to young Frederick Chopin, aged ten years.*'" This, by the way, leads us to suppose that, in his boyhood, he was a little prodigy, a fact, however, of which he did not boast. To return to Chopin's age. M. Barbedette asserts that he was born on the 1st of March, 1810. M. Fétis, in the new edition of his *Biographie universelle des Musiciens*, fixes on the 8th of March in the same year as the correct date.

However this may be, I wrote Chopin's Biography from his own dictation. I kept it in my portfolio until after his decease, which took place on the 17th October 1849. M. de Lamennais, who had become the chief editor of a republican paper—*La Tribune*, as far as I can remember—asked me for the manuscript, that he might publish it in his journal which however, suddenly stopped, and I took the biography to the *Opinion Publique*, in which it appeared, on the 23d November ensuing, without the author's name. I trust that M. Barbedette will excuse me if the supposition I am about to make is incorrect, but I have reason to believe that my sketch of Chopin met his eye, for independently of the somewhat vague manner in which the popular songs are mentioned, I find in the articles of *Le Ménestrel* certain details, especially that about the passport, of which other biographers have said nothing.

M. Barbedette has judged Chopin correctly. Chopin's nature was most rare and exquisite, but but it moved in a restricted sphere. Even in the works of Weber we feel the horizon diminished around us; we experience somewhat of the oppression caused by the sight of lofty mountains, where great and dazzling effects follow deep shadows and fantastic apparitions. Except Beethoven and Rossini, despite the peculiar shades of difference in their genius, there are scarcely any composers who breathe and flourish in the full height of the sun. Chopin leads us into a region full of melancholy and mystery. But we cannot remain there long; we experience a feeling of suffocation; we gasp for air. Persons suffering from some diseases seek out shaded and solitary walks; an extensive view causes them to turn giddy.

J. D'ORTIGUE.

Practical Answers to Practical Questions.

[REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THIS JOURNAL.]

1. Is it right that in connection with religious worship, the organ should overpower the voices of the choir, and the voluntaries and interludes occupy so large a portion of the time appointed for worship? "The purpose of the organ is to incite calm, devotional feeling, and to support the choir, not to drive or overpower, which often seems to be the aim of accompanists. They should rather follow than lead, always playing their parts modestly though firmly, and with correctness and dignity. Voluntaries, interludes, &c., should occupy the smallest possible space, so that they will fulfil the purpose for which they are required."—J. S. Bach.

2. Is it right to make such an indiscriminate use of the open pedal as is usual with many amateurs, and even professional amateurs?—"The raising of the dampers with the open pedal of the piano has nothing to do with any proper variation of loudness in the tone, but is evidently used by unskilled performers as a cloak for their fault in playing. No truly good pianist has any occasion for the use of the pedal to assist him in the production of power and expression. Their purpose is only to sustain such tones as cannot otherwise be connected by the hands."—J. A. Hummel.

3. Is it right in singing to slide and drag the voice from one tone to another as seems to be esteemed elegant and fashionable at the present day?—"The portamento must be well distinguished from the disgustingly ill-toned drawling of one tone into another, which is like the sound produced on stringed instruments by slowly running the finger up or down the same string. This is not singing, though it is by many practised as such, and so called. Give each note its absolute value as common sense will dictate, and the difficulty is at once obviated."—Häser.

4. Is it right to abuse language in singing, as many do, by calling *the, thur—to, tur—by, bur*, &c. Webster and other authorities give but one pronunciation of these words, and "there is no reason why they should not be pronounced in singing, as in correct speaking and declamation, and unquestionably they can be, so as not to interfere with any establish-

ed rules of vocal art, and be all the more intelligible to the listener."—Dwight's Journal of Music.

5. Is it right in teaching the young to play the piano, to occupy their time and attention with polkas, dances, operatic medleys, &c.?—"The assurance has often been given by the authors of such music that they were designed for no such purpose; give them exercises, studies and real pianoforte compositions that they may first learn how to apply them; if their taste leads them no higher, let them amuse themselves with such things, when the skill already acquired will enable them to play them without the usual labor and drudgery."—G. Weber.

6. Is it right to bring secular melodies into use in connection with religious worship?—"To nothing more than this does the adage apply, 'A place for everything and everything in its place.' Such melodies as drinking songs, love ditties, or what not, though pretty enough of themselves, have worldly, if not low and degrading associations connected with them, and are only ill-fitted, but insulting to the presence and worship of the great God."—Dr. Clark.

7. Is it right for persons in playing a piece of music, to exercise what they call their judgment as to the style and manner of performance?—"Every master has written his piece as he wishes to have it played, therefore, every note, word, and sign upon the music page should be sacred in the eyes of the player, and faithfully interpreted."—A. B. Marx.

8. Is it right when one person is playing or singing, at the request of others, for some to converse either aloud or in whispers, in their presence?—"It is ungrateful and discourteous, and should not be tolerated. When once Beethoven was playing a duet with his pupil, Ries, before a company of court ladies, at Vienna, on hearing them commence to talk, he snatched the hand of his pupil from the instrument, saying, 'I do not play before such swine.'"—Moscheles.

9. Is it right for any person to pronounce judgment upon any musical composition, after merely drumming it over, or giving it but a superficial examination?—"Every piece of music is a sealed book to him whose skill and education in music do not enable him to play and understand it like a master; and only with such knowledge and execution can any one form a proper judgment of a musical work of art."—Carl Czerny.

10. Is it right to collect large numbers of people together, and set them all to screaming and shouting upon one common principle without regard to individual peculiarities and vocal difficulties?—"No physician would enter the wards of a hospital and give physic indiscriminately without inquiring into the wants and symptoms of each patient; and yet there would be as much justice in doing so, as in the former case. Every pupil should be trained alone, at least until perfect in vocalization."—Panseron.

11. Is it right in choral practice to double any one part and play three parts in the other hand, as is so customary with many?—"Again, play every piece as its author has written it. If each hand has the usual number of fingers, let the work be divided equally between the hands, unless either of the middle parts should be so remote from the outer part as to render it necessary for the time being, to take it up with the other hand."—Schneider.

12. Is it right to rely implicitly upon musical talent, so called, without cultivation or instruction, thus allowing so many "self-taught" players to inflict themselves upon the community as we are now obliged to listen to?—"One who would become a good pianist needs nothing to begin with but a good pair of hands and common sense. Let talent come in afterwards in its proper time and place, and the most desirable results may be obtained."—Alex. Dreyschok.

13. Is it right in playing or singing a passage in which there is a triplet in the melody, to two eighths

in the accompaniment, or *vice versa*, to perform it in that uncertain, indefinite way, which is almost universal even among professional performers?—"In all combinations of regular and irregular rhythmic forms, both parts should be played in perfect time, that is they should commence together, then play a note of that part which has the greater number of notes then of that which has the less, and so on alternating, and occupying the time with each part equally as common sense would direct."—*M. Clementi*.

14. Is it right in teaching or practising the piano, organ, &c., to expect any satisfactory result when the eyes are allowed continually to vacillate from the notes to the fingers, a practice so commonly indulged?—"The eyes should be habitually directed to the notes, and *never* to the keys. Not only is one liable to lose the place on the page, but looking at the fingers will accustom them to depend upon the eyes for assistance, and deprive themselves of that unerring certainty of aim and span so indispensable to pure and faultless mechanism."—*Carl Czerny*.

15. Is it right in teaching the piano to employ the key of C, as the introduction to and foundation of scale practice?—"The scale of C is the most difficult of all scales to perform upon the piano perfectly, it having no black keys to regulate the succession of the fingers. It should therefore be approached gradually after having established good and correct mechanism in those scales which contain as nearly as may be an equal number of black and white keys; as for example, A, E, A b, E b, major scales. Many suppose the scale of C to be easiest, merely because it can be blundered through without any certain or correct method of fingering; and it is owing to this mistake that so few among the thousands who attempt it, can play the piano as it should be."—*M. Clementi*.

16. Is it right in singing the vocal compositions of foreign authors, to substitute the translations which are offered with them by the publishers, for the text for which they were originally composed?—"The words which are used in the utterance of vocal tones, have much influence upon their quality, and a great part of the skill of a composer for the voice consists in applying certain tones to be sung only upon such vowels as will facilitate their execution. Our language abounds in uncertain and clumsy syllables. It is therefore necessary when these occur, that they be placed where medium tones of voice are used, and to avoid placing them where the tones must be sustained. How necessary then that the original text should be sung, or if a translation must be employed, that the syllables be so adapted that the vowel sound corresponds and assimilates with those for which the musical composer designed them."—*Fetis*.

17. Is it right to allow pupils the use of the metronome by which to mark their time when practising or playing upon the musical instrument?—"The metronome was invented and is designed to indicate the true movement of a musical work, and *not* to save lazy people the trouble of counting time as they should do. If one could play a piece through correctly, attending to the beating of a metronome, which is scarcely possible, if he possesses any nervous sensibility, the performance must necessarily bear a cold, hard and inexpressive character."—*J. A. Hummel*.

18. Is it right to estimate the skill of musical performers vocal or instrumental, by the rapidity of their execution?—"To sing a simple melody with purity and taste, or to play a fugue and interpret it properly, exacts and evinces more talent and skill than the performance of the most difficult or complicated musical compositions that require merely rapidity of execution. It is a great error to suppose that mere agility of fingering or rapidity of executing music, displays a great musician or singer."—*S. Thalberg*.

Music in Russia.

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA, AUGUST 3d, 1861.—There is scarcely a nation in existence—not even excepting the Italians—more thoroughly imbued with musical taste than the Russians. Music gardens are quite as frequent as in Germany, while among the better classes the modern Italian operas are as well known as in England or France, I would divide the music heard in Russia, into five classes; the Eclectic; the Original; the National; the Gipsy and the Church music.

1. The Eclectic. By this I mean the music of foreign composers from Handel down to Verdi, all of which is cultivated here. At the grand opera house, a purely government affair, and immensely expensive you may hear the very best modern operas (the Italian usually having the preference) sung by the most brilliant artists in the operatic ranks. In summer this opera house is closed, the season for opera lasting from September to March. The lowest price of admission entitling one to a seat is three rubles or \$2.25. A private box for five in the principal tier costs 600 rubles for each *abonnement*; by an *abonnement* is meant the right to the box *one night a week* for the season. If you subscribe to the first *abonnement* you have the use of the box on Monday night when the foreign diplomats, nobles and aristocracy attend. On this night only can the Emperor or any of his family be seen at the opera. The *abonnement* for the second night (Wednesday) costs the same, but the audience is not so fashionable, the merchants chiefly going then or else on Friday nights to the third *abonnement*. It is usual to produce a new opera on Monday night and repeat it on Wednesday and Friday nights, so that all the subscribers may have an opportunity of hearing it. Monday nights the house is always crammed, but on other occasions it is not always remuneratively attended. The salaries paid to the artists are immense, and the nobles are in the habit of giving splendid presents to the *prime donne*. Everybody knows how popular Bosio was there, and what a remarkable funeral she had. Viardot Garcia is a great favorite and was specially admired by the Emperor Nicholas. Tamberlik the tenor also enjoys great popularity. I understand that Adelina Patti will sing here by-and-bye and think she will make a decided *hit*.

Under "Eclectic music" I also include the most of that played by the military bands, in parks and at music gardens. Yesterday, for instance, I was strolling in the pleasure grounds of Kammenoy Ostrov, one of the islands in the vicinity of the city, resorted to for afternoon drives. The band played a number of pieces among which were, waltzes by Strauss and Lanner—the *Miserere* from Trovatore and extracts from Ernani by Verdi—overture to Maritana by Wallace—selections from the Bohemian Girl by Balfe—overture to Massaniello by Auber—overture to Norma by Bellini—the sextette from Donizetti's *Lucia*, and various Russian airs. This certainly showed a wide range of musical eclecticism.

Every family has a piano and every young lady and most of the young men, play brilliantly, and if not with a deep meaning, with an ease and grace that is quite fascinating. Singing is particularly cultivated by the men, and the finest voices are heard in the churches. But there few good native female singers.

2. The Original. By this I mean to designate the music composed by native composers, of whom the best known is Glinka. This music consists of operettas, chansons, and the like. Rubinstein is giving it a more classical turn by his compositions for stringed instruments. Of this class of Russian music I have not heard enough to judge fairly.

Talking of Glinka reminds of his tomb, in the curious little church-yard connected with the Alexander Nevsky Monastery in the suburbs of the city. With but one exception—that of the Holy Trinity

at Moscow—this monastery is considered, the most sacred of the religious establishments in Russia, and to lie in the graveyard is perhaps the highest posthumous ambition of a wealthy Russian. The cemetery is small, and crowded with quaint and odd monuments often of marble and brick, but generally of richly polished granite. Over the grave of Glinka—who died only a few years ago—is a simple granite slab, surmounted by a Greek cross. A bas-relievo of music books, lyres and angels is the only ornament, and the inscription simply tells the name of the deceased with the necessary dates.

3. The Gipsy music. This at once explains itself; it consists of difficult, quaint, and generally unharmonious melodies, and does not very greatly differ from

4. The Natural music. Now bear in mind the Russian National Hymn, "God Save the Emperor," is the noblest national anthem of which any people can boast, and of course far superior to "God Save the Queen;" but it bears few points of coincidence with the genuine Russian music, this latter consists of minor melodies of the most eccentric character, and in St. Petersburg is principally heard at the open air music gardens where it form an unfailing attraction. It is sung by parties of some sixteen men and boys dressed in the national Russian costume, and accompanied by that inseparable companion of Jem Baggs the Wandering Minstrel—the clarinet. Occasionally a tambourine and triangle are added to this, but violins and all stringed instruments are carefully excluded.

At the commencement of the performance a solo on the triangle calls together both singers and audience, the former mounting and standing on a semicircle on a little roofed platform, and the latter standing or sitting in front. The leader of the singers—who is distinguished by the fact that his long frock, is blue, while the "high privates" are dressed in black (both however indulging in gilt or brass trimmings)—stands in the centre. At his signal the clarinet player starts up a dismal little prelude, and then leader and player perform in unison a few strains of what is supposed to be melody. Very unexpectedly—for this solo by no means appears to have closed, the chorus breaks in, at first very discordantly. In a few bars, however, they get straight and keep admirable time and tune. The tenors seem to carry the air, and the soprano (boy) voices are chiefly distinguishable in the long sustained high notes thrown in frequently but never where they would be absolutely discordant with the other parts. At the close of each verse, this soprano takes the high octave key note and as the melodies always end in the minor key, there is something peculiarly wild and effective in this long-sustained quavering note which is something between a shriek and a musical tone. Some of the choruses sung have a genuine and clearly defined melody, one in particular, strongly resembling the well-known "Trab, Trab" being very popular. It is the custom for the audience to call out for popular songs, and there is no printed programme, with which such demands would interfere. The concert invariably concludes with a lovely and exciting yet still minor mode—melody, to which several of the the singers dance in the most grotesque manner, leaping up and down, shouting, throwing out their hands, and with all the eccentricity of the thing preserving the utmost grace in every movement. I know nothing of the kind as exciting and thrilling as this closing feature of the entertainment.

5. The Church Music. In the Greek church as no organs or musical instruments are allowed, the music is purely vocal. Women never sing, the choirs being filled by men and boys. The Greek church music is heard to perfection in St. Petersburg at St. Isaac's and the Nevsky churches. The choristers are arrayed on each side of the altar, and are dressed in a peculiar costume of blue trimmed with

yellow. I can safely aver that such magnificent voices are heard in no other part of the world for the leader has thousands of lads from which to make his selection, and only accepts the purest and most angelic boy voices, while the adults, especially the basses, are acknowledged by every foreigner who has heard them to be unsurpassed. Why, their low D's and C's sound like the pedal notes of one of the finest church organs.

The music consists chiefly of responses of simple chords, but of the most unexpected and curious progressions. This music cannot be described; "only itself can be its parallel." There are seldom if ever solos, but semi-choruses, and full chorals and occasionally an anthem sung antiphonally. In certain high festivals, a portion of the choir is stationed far behind the altar and sounds in the distance like a band of angels whose music comes to us from another sphere. The priests appear to be men of musical education, for their part of the service is something between monotone and operatic recitative. The Greek service, on the whole, is much more imposing than the Roman Catholic, and vastly more incomprehensible to the uninitiated. To the amateur, its music offers the rare feature of unadulterated novelty; it can only be heard in Russia, and when once heard leaves an impression which no lapse of time can ever efface. TROYATOR.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 31, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Artist Trio.

As three most highly gifted women, Charlotte Cushman, Emma Stebbins, and Marguerite Foley have recently left our country together, to take up their residence abroad, we take the liberty of "making a note of it."

Charlotte Cushman has been so long known and appreciated, that there is but little we can say of her that has not been said before. Unlike her younger companions, she has gone through a long and brilliant professional career, and is now ready to lay aside the cares of public life, and enjoy the honors she has so bravely won. It is a pleasure to repeat such histories as hers, for all accounts declare her to be a thorough artist, and noble-hearted woman.

A native of Boston, her earliest career belongs to us, and gives us by right a pride in her successes, and a deep interest in the struggles which led to them. These struggles, we are told, began at a very early age, when most girls endure the school-room, and are only eager for play. Being the oldest of five children, she began to assist in supporting the family when twelve years old. Many kind things are said of her by school mates, who remember the high-spirited, cheerful little girl at this time. She early manifested remarkable musical ability which led her to make her first appearance in public as a singer. Mrs. Wood, with whom she sang in concert, declared her voice to be the finest contralto she ever heard, and advised her to cultivate it for the stage.

Thirty years ago a singer's career in Boston was quite different from what it is at the present time. So limited were the opportunities for study, and so great and unyielding was the prejudice against professional women, that one is not sur-

prised that the family of the young girl heard of her desire to go upon the stage with consternation, and strenuously opposed it. In spite of these obstacles she persevered and made her *debut* at the Tremont Theatre in 1835 as the *Countess* in Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*. She was then but nineteen years of age, and it must be remembered had never allowed herself time for rest. This unceasing exertion soon overtasked the young singer. Not long after her *debut*, we hear of her in New Orleans, where she went to sing in English opera, but her voice failed, and she was forced to throw up her engagement. Nothing daunted she resolved to become an actress, and immediately put herself in training for this purpose, and in due time made her appearance as Lady Macbeth.

Such versatility of talent, steadiness of purpose, and indomitable will are rarely found combined. Accustomed to rely upon herself, to plan and perform were one with her. Equally good in tragedy and comedy, a new character was always well studied until comprehended, for she never left a part until she had made it entirely her own. At one time she was engaged at the Old Bowery Theatre, but after playing a week she was taken ill, and before she recovered, the Theatre was burned and with it all her wardrobe. Later she was engaged as stock actress for three years and gained great reputation for her histrionic ability.

Thus Fortune, at the hardest, proved her best friend and in this instance verified the truth of the old adage that "Necessity is the best school-master." Undoubtedly to the drilling and discipline of this time, with the constant study of human nature which was presented in every possible form, she owed much of the power with which she delineated such a great variety of characters in after years.

When her sister came out as an actress, Miss Cushman gave up to her the female characters she had so long assumed and took herself the principal male parts in those plays in which they appeared together — an act of sisterly devotion worthy of a great woman.

In 1844 she made a professional tour through the Northern States with Mr. Macready, receiving everywhere the highest applause. But it would be impossible to follow her through all the changes of a long, eventful, and, we can truly say, a most successful career. After playing with great éclat in London, she returned to this country in 1849, and first appeared in the character of Meg Merrilies, which she has made entirely her own, and which, for boldness of conception and intense acting is unsurpassed. It is a fearful representation of the wild Gypsy's life and death, so intensely real, that one feels a deep sense of relief when the curtain falls and proves it was only acting. Ever after the character stands by itself in our imagination.

It is not our intention to discuss this play (Guy Mannering) nor Miss Cushman's merits as an actress; long ago she passed through the critic's hands, receiving her full share of just and unjust treatment, but always rising higher and higher in her profession. Her last engagement proved a real *tour de triomphe* in spite of these most inauspicious times. We read with regret this was indeed her farewell appearance.

It is of her as a woman rather than as an artist that we are inclined to speak, but here we

are no longer upon common ground; the artist belongs to the public, the woman to her friends. May her old home in Italy be as fresh and charming to her as when she first sought there recreation and rest from her many labors.

Emma Stebbins is claimed by her friends as a "New Yorker," and is therefore less known to us than her older friend and companion, Miss Cushman. As an artist, however, her name has become as familiar here as in New York. She was first introduced to the public by the "Miner" and "Sailor," two statuettes designed to symbolize Labor and Commerce. They not only show a true artistic conception, but make us better acquainted with the woman whose clear head, vivid imagination and refinement of feeling is manifest in all she does.

We are told that Miss Stebbins has modeled but a few years, but in that time has accomplished almost incredible things. It is by no means to be supposed that the artistic fire has just been kindled. On the contrary, the spark was born with her and has been growing and lighting upon every inflammable substance in its way, until at last it bursts out and astonishes all who behold it. Prosperity often proves a greater hindrance to progress in Art or Literature than adversity; one needs the strong arm of necessity to help open the way. All Miss Stebbins' early proclivities were for "poetry and painting"; her pen and ink drawings were remarkable. Her efforts in "the plastic Art" are much more recent, but we feel well assured that modeling in a simple way has been the pastime of her whole life, and during the three years she has spent in Italy she has reproduced in a beautiful whole a thousand incomplete efforts of her childhood.

Her Lotos Eater has recently been before the public and received its meed of praise. No sooner is one subject completed than she has another ready to begin upon. It is said she has already a design of Columbus with which she will inaugurate her next winter's labors. This Columbus, however, cannot prove a second discoverer, for the genius is already discovered and acknowledged.

Miss Stebbins' bust of Miss Cushman is no less remarkable than her ideal subjects; indeed, by many it is considered her best effort. It is true to life and is also a perfect likeness idealized. All her works bear the impress of delicacy and refinement, and no one understands better than she the best expression of Miss Cushman's face, who is her constant friend and companion.

Marguerite Foley belongs to us. Although a native of Vermont, her last and best years have been spent in Boston. This is her first visit abroad, where she goes, as so many have done before her, to improve herself in her chosen vocation in the land of Art.

As straws show which way the wind blows, so the plays of children often give unmistakable indications of their future career. Miss Foley has always modeled, beginning to make images of mud and dough when others made their so-called *pies*. In the Winter her snow men were the delight of all her companions, for moulding snow was a favorite amusement during the day, and cutting chalk figures was her evening pastime. We have seen some exquisite chalk Angels and Cupids, as well as striking likenesses of her companions, cut when she was very young, a mere child, indeed. Alas! the soft material rendered

these likenesses almost as frail as her snow men. Those were her only days of freedom; very early the duties of life devolved upon her. The struggle became a battle for Art, for which all other attractions were set aside, and all allurements to other things proved powerless. This one idea possessed her; at school, whether as pupil or teacher, as a writer, in whatever direction her lines were cast, she remained true to her vocation.

It may seem an easy thing to those favored by Fortune to follow an attraction steadily, but to overcome obstacles unaided, to live down prejudices and bravely to make one's way requires much courage and force of character. All honor to the woman who can do it. This is not the place to speak of the many efforts Miss Foley was obliged to make to keep pace with her longings for Art and an Artist's life. A young girl almost alone in the world with nothing to depend upon must turn them in every direction to meet her wants. She tried painting in oil and water colors and also crayon likenesses with much success. At one time she was a member of the School of Design where she took up wood engraving, and at another time she turned her attention to teaching. Of late her speciality has been cameo cutting which has so occupied her time as to leave little room for other branches of her chosen art. She began to carve likenesses in shell when a child and her first cameo was completed before she ever saw a likeness of this kind. In the meantime, modeling has not been neglected, although not the first in her daily duties. One life-sized bust was on exhibition for some time in Boston; another was exhibited at a fair in Lowell, where it received marked attention. Her small bust of Theodore Parker is well known here and highly prized by his friends. Those who only saw Mr. Parker in the pulpit have but little idea of his face in repose and thus arises great difference of opinion in regard to likenesses of him. Just before he left Boston for a more genial climate, Miss Foley cut a cameo of him with which he was highly pleased, declaring to her it was "admirable" and could not be improved. By this means she gained a knowledge of her subject which was of great value to her when modeling the bust. She has done more than to get a good man's likeness, she has given the expression most loved by those who knew him best. Miss Foley has executed several admirable medallion likenesses during the past winter one or two of which she has taken as orders to put into marble while abroad.

We did not intend to speak of these ladies as artists only, but as noble women, who have left us to do their work elsewhere, and to wish them all happiness and success. Miss Cushman and Miss Stebbins have tried their powers and been welcomed home, but their younger sister in Art is to appear in the artist-world abroad for the first time. May it prove to her all she hopes and expects, and reward her for such patient waiting and long efforts. It was once said to her "You will succeed in whatever you undertake, whether you work with your hands or your head." With most versatile talent, brilliant wit, and a large amount of cheerfulness, we predict for her a warm reception wherever she goes. *

The Boston Museum opened again on Monday, August 19, for its nineteenth season, with the new play, *Men of the Day*. The company is an excellent one, embracing, however, but few of those who have so long been familiar to us. Warren of course remains, and so too Miss Reingolds. This lady has a very pleasing voice, and sings with taste and expression, and in a style unusual for the stage of the Museum, at least since the time when Miss Philipps adorned it. The orchestra is still under the able conductor, and accomplished artist, Mr. Eichberg, who does his best with the small force at his command.

A correspondent sends us the following notice of the lady spoken of above:

"Miss Kate Reingolds the popular actress has recently made a very successful debut in Opera at Halifax with *Mad. Anna Bishop*. The local papers say that this young lady's vocalism took the audience by surprise. They had known her as a charming actress, but were not prepared for the power and sweetness of voice with which she delighted them on this occasion. Miss Reingolds we believe, refused—a year ago—

through love of her profession, an offer of an engagement with the English opera troupe now in California. She is yet very young and in spite of her success in the drama it ought to be a serious matter of consideration whether it is right to neglect the cultivation of an organ of so much promise—as those who have heard Miss Reingolds' singing in the course of performances have recognized hers to be—especially as the lyric stage so much needs the support of that essential dramatic talent so very rarely found in the finest vocalists.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, AUG. 27, 1861.—Ullman has issued his "card to the public," and we have now some slight insight to his plans for the coming season. The Academy of Music is to be opened early in September; not, however, by its legitimate occupant occupants. Instead of the the sweet warbling of fair *prime donne* and "silver voiced" *tenori*, we are to have the "presto, pass," of a great magician, whose feats of *diablerie*, are said to excel even those of *Psychomanteum fame*. Muzio's baton, is to be superseded by the magic wand of Herrmann, whose "soirées de prestidigitization" have been the wonder of the world, and instead of the "powerful chorus" that usually grace the Academy stage, we shall probably be favored with all the little red legged, no-tailed demons, that so gently remove the unfortunate Don Giovanni from his midnight repast to the infernal regions, and so affectionately seize the beautiful nuns and lead them away among the tombs. Caspar would have been delighted to have had such an apprentice at the ballet moulding business at Wolf's Glen with that chorus of invisible spirits ringing in his ears:

"Pria che notte ancor verrà
Piu késada non sarà
Uhui—Uhui!"

Herrmann will undoubtedly be a valuable auxiliary to Ullman, in his concoction of mysterious "incantation scenes," "mystic flames," "flitting lights," "dancing shadows" and all the concomitants of witches caves, and sorcerer's dens. That he is perfectly *au fait* in the *Art Diabolique* there can be no shadow of doubt. He totally eschews all mechanical contrivances and ingenious apparatus, and presents no glittering array of trappings and paraphernalia wherewith to divert the eye. He executes all his feats, unaided, and with nothing but his bare hands. His eminent success in his art, has won for him many valuable tokens of appreciation and he has had bestowed upon him the ribbons of several Orders. From a collection of marvellous doings we have selected a few that may be worthy of interest:

HERMANN AT A BARBER'S SHOP.—A stranger, elegantly dressed, and a perfect gentleman in his manners, entered a hairdresser's establishment on Wednesday night, and asked, with a slight German accent, to be shaved. The proprietor and his assistants being engaged at the time with other customers, the mistress of the establishment herself adjusted the towel to the new comer, and proceeded to shave him.

The operation being almost finished, the stranger, who had already given some signs of impatience, suddenly stopped the lady's hand, seized the razor, and making some remarks about the nervous irritation produced upon him by the application of the steel, inflicted a severe wound upon his throat, from which the blood spouted in large jets, and the gentleman's head sank upon his shoulder.

At the sight of this suicide, the cry of "murder" arose, every one rushing out of the shop, some to call a physician, others to run for a policeman, but the wife of the hairdresser fell down on the chair fainting.

After a short while however, the wounded man seemed to recover. With a convulsive gasp he seized the towel and dried up the blood gushing from his wound, then, throwing the towel on the floor, he jumped up, looked in the glass, smiled, and showing to the people who had returned into the shop his throat, which had not sustained even the slightest scratch, he took his leave, humming some patriotic tune.—*Independence Belge, Bruxelles, April 2, 1858.*

A SOIRÉE AT THE FIELD-MARSHAL, JELLACHICH.—Some days ago the great magician, Herrmann, performed in a fashionable private circle a feat of his art which created the most intense sensation among all that witnessed the clever performance. The Professor asked a young lady to give him a ring of great value. His request being complied with, he took the ring and threw it from the open window into the garden. He then requested another lady to hand him her bracelet, which, as soon as he received it, met with the same fate as the ring did. In order to restore the jewelry to the ladies, he stepped up to the corner of the room, where a parrot was sitting fastened to a chain. Releasing the feathered prisoner, Herrmann told the company that the parrot would bring back the missing articles. Through the window the parrot flew away. Ten minutes had elapsed, but nothing was to be seen of the bird. Herrmann sent a servant into the garden to look after the messenger he had dispatched in search for the ring and bracelet. But as neither the servant nor the parrot returned, after the lapse of five minutes, another servant went out after them, who, like the two others before him did not return. Meanwhile, the excitement of the company rose to its highest pitch, every one being anxious to see how the whole affair would turn out. At length Herrmann, casting a smiling glance over the company, went to the window, humming a peculiar tune; and instantly the parrot came flying into the room, the ring in its bill, the bracelet around its neck, and in each claw holding a wig, which it had cunningly taken from the heads of the two servants. (This affair took place in the palace of the Austrian Field-Marshal, Jellachich).—*Peace Gazette, Vienna, February 16, 1851.*

Although Herrmann comes to America at a very inauspicious period in its history, yet we trust that he will meet with the support he deserves. After a short season of legerdemain Ullman proposes to inaugurate a short season of Italian opera. Mine. Medori and Charton are the only two announcements yet made public. We presume the remainder of the troupe will be the popular favorites of last season.

Brignoli is rusticated at Long Branch. He drives the fleetest team on the road, and is evidently well pleased with himself and the rest of mankind. Carloti Patti and Brignoli, under the supervision of Grau of the New York Academy, will probably give a grand concert in honor of Mrs. Lincoln, before her departure.

Of the *prime donne* of the last season Hinckley and Kellogg, are the only ones who have not been frightened away by the war, if we except Mine. Fabbri-Mulder, who is, we believe, ruralizing in the Canadas. Muzio, Susini, and the Barili's are at present sojourning in New York, calmly awaiting the course of events. Muzio has in preparation a grand serenade to be given to the Prince Napoléon, upon his return from the West. A special operatic representation in his honor is not improbable. The Princess Clothilde is a dumb attendant upon mass and vespers at Dr. Cummings' church. Her usual attendant is the Duchesse d'Abrantes.

There has been several changes in the musical arrangements of St. Stephen. Wells has been superseded by Antonio Morra, formerly of St. Peter's church; and Centemeri has given place to E. Barili, an especial favorite of Dr. Cummings. The choir is now composed of Mme. Isadora Clark, soprano; Mme. Beyer, contralto; Sig. Quinto (Herr Quint), tenor; Sig. Barili, baritone; Morra, Sr., bass; and Morra, Jr., organist. Wells has accepted an engagement at Christ Church (Episcopal). D. Miranda, the English tenor, is engaged at Dr. Haynes' Baptist Church. S. P. H. Gordon, the music-dealer, is the organist, and has the entire direction of the choir. A solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the souls of the killed of the 69th Regiment of New York at the battle of Stone Bridge, was celebrated in St. Bridget's Church last week. Mozart's Requiem was finely rendered by the efficient choir of the church under the leadership of the organist, Mr. Agricola Paur, assisted by the Liederkranz Society as a chorus. Mme. Stefani sang the soprano solos with much effect. Father Mooney, the priest of the 69th, officiated. Berge's choir remain unchanged. Mrs. Cooper Hübnér, and Weincke are the principal soloists. Morgan returned from the war with the 71st Regiment, slightly wounded in the leg. He is able, however, to resume his part at Grace Church, where his absence has been much felt. There will probably be a great deal of cutting down in choir salaries this fall, and not a few decapitated. We hear rumors already, but until they assume more authoritative shape, we forbear from crediting. Any movement of interest will be duly transmitted to you. Yours, &c., T. W. M.

Robert Schumann.

We take the following from the Analytical Programme to a concert of the "Musical Art Union" in London. It is from the pen of Mr. G. A. Macfarren.

Dr. Robert Schumann is a musician to whose merits public opinion in England has scarcely done justice; and this is attributable in some degree to the inconsiderate deal of his partisans, who, by instituting a rivalry between him and Mendelssohn, have created a spirit of antagonism against their favorite, among many who, had they been left to regard his positive worth, instead of being forced upon a fruitless comparison of this with the value of another compose, would have acknowledged his deep, thoughtful intelligence, his unswerving artistic integrity, his truly original mind, and his constant aim at the highest standard, and would have sought for excellence in his music which they perhaps have been too reluctant to perceive. No one would have been more adverse to this opposition than the two men in whose name it has been carried on. Mendelssohn and Schumann were intimate friends, and warm admirers each of the other's merit. Mendelssohn is remembered to have spoken constantly of the high pretensions of his friend's music, and the printed essays of Schumann are a permanent testimony to the enthusiastic regard in which he held the genius of Mendelssohn. It is now time to cast aside the natural but unlucky prejudice that he has been a barrier to the appreciation of Schumann's claims as a composer, from which the chief sufferers have been they who have lost the enjoyment his music might have afforded them; and it is to be expected that, for our own sakes, we in England will have the candor to recognize, and the liberality to admire on its own ac-

count, without reference to the relative merits of any other writer, all that is good in a composer whose music has excited the sympathy of some of the most intelligent of living critics.

Schumann was born at Zwickau, in Saxony, on the 8th of June, 1810. His father was a bookseller, and also a man of letters, having translated the poems of Byron into German, and produced some original works. Like most men who have become famous in music, Schumann evinced an early disposition for the art; having had no instruction in harmony, he composed some choral and instrumental pieces in his eleventh year, for performance by his schoolmates. Like many also who have acquired musical renown, he had to contend with the wishes of his parents in choosing this art as the pursuit of his life; his mother, at least, was strongly opposed to his predilection, and his father, dying when the young enthusiast was but sixteen, left her the sole arbitress of Schumann's career. He accordingly was sent to Leipsig, in 1828, to study jurisprudence, and he proceeded thence to Heidelberg, the year following, where, at a students' concert, he made his only public performance on the pianoforte. He was a pupil of F. Wieck, a distinguished teacher, who succeeded in persuading his mother to withdraw her objection to Schumann's adopting music as a profession. His father had bequeathed him such a competence as rendered him independent of the mere drudgery of his craft; thus he had never to toil as a teacher, but could devote his entire energies to the acquisition of fame, and the deserving it. Rejoiced at his emancipation from the uncongenial study of the law, he quitted the university, and returned to Leipsig to follow up the ardor his new pursuit. In the hope of overcoming the disadvantage of his late commencement of the systematic study of the pianoforte, Schumann applied his ingenuity to the discovery of some mechanical means for giving agility to the fingers, and so lessening the period of practical exercise; he kept his endeavor for some time a secret, but it was too soon revealed by the unfortunate effect it produced—the machine he employed to supersede practice, so violently strained the muscles of the third finger of his right hand, that he lost the use of it for ever. In 1831, he commenced the study of composition, under H. Dorn, at present Kapellmeister in Berlin, who was his only theoretical instructor. The mental infirmity which gave the saddest color to the last year of Schumann's life, was a disease of inheritance—his eldest sister having lost her reason, and other members of his family having been to a greater or less extent similarly afflicted. His first attack was in the autumn of 1833, immediately induced, it is supposed, by grief for the death of his brother's wife; during this aberration he was rescued from throwing himself out of his bedroom window on the fourth story, the memory of which escape was such a ceaseless source of terror to him, that he never afterwards would sleep in a room above the ground floor. He began, in 1834, the publication of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, of which journal he was ten years the editor, conductor, and principal writer. The articles he contributed to this paper are celebrated as some of the most genial and intelligent examples of musical criticism extant, and they secure for their author a high esteem as a writer on his art, wholly independent of his character as an artist; they are chiefly signed "Florestan und Eusebius," under which pseudonym also his first musical compositions were printed, as though he had been careful to feel the ground in his long-prohibited course, before risking the compromise of his name, by owning his unjudged productions. His attachment to Clara Wieck, the justly famous pianist, daughter of his old master, forms an important feature of this period of his life. He married this lady, on the 12th September, 1840, and under her new name, she has still extended her former reputation, while she has added not a little to his, by her sympathetic performance of his music. Emulous of any distinction, that, by raising him in general estimation, might make him seem worthy of his bride, he applied to the University of Jena for the degree of Doctor of Music, offering to write either a literary essay or a musical composition as the preliminary exercises; the University, however, dispensed with this form, content to grant him the diploma, in acknowledgment of the works he had already brought before the world, and his doctorship is dated the 22d of February, in the year of his marriage. It is supposed that he felt slighted by not being appointed conductor of the Gewandhaus Concerts, and was therefore dissatisfied to remain at Leipsig; from whatever cause, he quitted that city and gave up his journal in 1844, to undertake the direction of a vocal society in Dresden, rendered vacant by the departure of Ferdinand Hiller. He removed, in 1850, to Düsseldorf, to fill the appointment of musical direct-

or; but, whatever his other talents, he had never any qualifications for a conductor, and his inefficiency for the office increased with the rapid growth of his fatal malady to such an extent, that his band, who idolized him on his first arrival, at last refused, as a body, to play under him. He made a professional tour, with Madame Schumann, to Russia, and another to Holland, and the latter at about the period at which we have now arrived. His disease had now increased to the utmost; he was haunted by the imaginary sound of one single note, from which he never could free himself, and which became his perpetual torment; a peculiar phase of nervous irritability made him suppose all musical performances to be too quick, and this groundless fancy caused him such painful excitement that at last he could not bear to hear music at all. He was subject to fits of silent abstraction; and though he liked to have his friends near him, he would sometimes pass hours in their society without uttering a word. On the 27th February, 1854, he had been thus seated for some time, when he quietly left his companions, and, quitting home unobserved, he threw himself into the river, whence he was saved by some boatmen, whose humane purpose he combated with the utmost entreaties that they would suffer him to drown, as life was no longer supportable to him. This mournful event rendered it imperative to place him under restraint, and he was accordingly confined in an asylum in Emdenich; there at his request, he was provided with a pianoforte, playing on which, he continually amused himself with most incoherent rhapsodies. He never regained his sanity, save perhaps for the few hours preceding his death, when he recognized the anxious friends who had drawn around him; he expired on the 29th of July, 1856. We cannot contemplate such a close of such a career, without a deep sense of melancholy at the painful frustration of powers that were so far above those of average men as was Schumann's incapacity, in his last unhappy condition, below them; and while we grieve over his immense fall from intellectuality, to imbecility, it seems as if the sorrowful colors of his setting reflected their hues upon everything he had touched, and gave the tinge of sadness to all he wrought.

Mlle. Titiens.

Now that Madame Grisi is about to abdicate the imperial throne of tragic song, the public has no one to look up to as her immediate successor but Mlle. Titiens. No two artists, in many respects, can be more unlike than the Italian *cantatrice* and the German songstress; but in passion, feeling, abandonment, energy, power of voice and grandeur of style, a comparison may be made and established. In certain characters Grisi has left no one to fill her place. These will be found mostly in Rossini's operas, such as *Semiramide*, *Ninetta*, ("La Gazza Ladra,") *Desdemona*, ("Othello,") *Famira*, ("L'Assedio di Corinto,") *Elena*, ("La Donna del Lago,") &c., to which we may add *Elvira* in "I Puritani," written expressly for her. In not one of these parts has anybody created an impression since she sang them. They all belong to the repertory of pure Italian singing, of which Giulietta Grisi was undoubtedly the greatest mistress since Pasta. That Mlle. Titiens could not contend with her on her own Ansonian soil no one will deny. Her means, her education, her instinct, all forbade. There is, however, one exception—"Norma," in which the German singer may challenge comparison with the Italian, and in which she occasionally surpasses her. In the French and German repertoires the young artist has decided advantage over the elder, in possessing a voice of such extent as to be enabled to execute the music of the composers without alteration of any kind. Everybody knows that Mlle. Titiens has not yet only one of the most magnificent and powerful voices ever heard, but also one of the most extraordinary in compass. To sing the music of *Donna Anna*, *Fidelio*, *Valentine*, &c., without transposition or change, and to sing it with power and effect, is granted to few artists. Mlle. Titiens is one of these great rarities; and therefore, without any great stretch of compliment, we may assert that, putting aside the Rossinian repertory, she is destined to wear the mantle of Grisi, which that time-honored and renowned singer is about to let fall from her shoulders. And let those who admire all that is grand and heroic in the lyric drama rejoice that Madame Grisi has left a successor at all. But for Mlle. Titiens, for all we know at present, with Grisi would be removed from the lyric stage *Donna Anna*, *Valentine*, *Norma*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and other characters of the lofty tragic stamp. We may accept Mlle. Titiens, therefore, as a compensation for the loss of Madame Grisi, and doubly congratulate ourselves that we have obtained successor who treads so close upon the heels of the original.—*London Musical World*.

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The beauties of this famous Opera strung together. The piece is one of the series of the "Bouquet of Melodies" which is justly appreciated as containing the most comprehensive selection of melodies from the different Operas.

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Tennyson's famous Bugle Song, which could have found no composer more adequate to the task of providing a musical garment than the composer of the "Rainy day," "May Queen," and numerous other ballads which are permanently established among the best written to English words. The clarion notes of this Bugle Song will ring out far and wide and become forever coupled with Tennyson's sparkling rhymes.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 492.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 7, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 23.

I Love to Sing.

BY REV. DR. BETHUNE.

I love to sing when I am glad,
Song is the echo of my gladness;
I love to sing when I am sad,
Till song makes sweet my very sadness.
'Tis pleasant time
When voices chime
To some sweet rhyme in concert only;
And song to me
Is company;
Good company when I am lonely.

When ere I greet the morning light,
My song goes forth in thankful numbers,
And 'mid the shadows of the night,
I sing to me in welcome slumbers;
My heart is stirr'd
By each glad bird
Whose notes are heard in summer's bowers;
And song gives birth
To friendly mirth
Around the hearth in wintry hours.

Man first learned song in Paradise,
From the bright angels o'er him singing;
And in our home above the skies,
Glad anthems are forever ringing.
God lends his ear
Well pleased to hear
The songs that cheer his children's sorrow,
Till day shall break
And we shall wake
Where love will make unfading morrow.

J. S. Bach.

(TRANSLATED FOR THIS JOURNAL FROM THE
"DEUTSCHE MUSIK-ZEITUNG" OF VIENNA.)

Arias from various Cantatas, with Piano-forte accompaniment,
arranged by ROBERT FRANZ. Four sets (9 Alto, 9 Bass, 9
Soprano, 9 Tenor Arias). Leipzig: F. Whistling; Boston:
O. Ditson & Co.

(Continued from page 167.)

Of the Soprano Arias, No. 2 may serve for an example. It is taken from the cantata for the first Sunday in Advent: *Schwingt freudig euch empor* ("Soar joyfully on high,") in which—be it said in passing—not a single recitative occurs. The cantata consists of two parts, of which the first treats of the coming of the Lord into the world, the second of his coming into the believing heart of man. In this second part—in a somewhat loosely connected train of thoughts—occurs our Aria. Its text runs:

"Auch mit gedämpften schwachen Stimmen
Wird Gottes majestät verehrt;
Denn schaltet nur der Geist dabei,
So ist ihm solches ein Geschrei
Das er im Himmel selber hört."

(So with subdued and feeble voices
We God's great majesty revere;
For soundeth but the soul therein,
It swells to such melodious din,
That He in heaven himself may hear.)

It begins in G major. The *Ritornel* commences with a short and very feeling motive (a), which is at once carried out in a varied form (b), and then gives place to a rocking, lovely sound-

ing figure in broken [chords (c); and then (d), a broad cadenza-like passage in noble and beautifully floating forms. The whole has a certain childlike sense of awe in it, and wonderful loveliness with touching humility; it is as if the soul in praising the divine majesty, could find neither beginning nor end. These broad airy forms strain the imagination into an illimitable remoteness, like a summer night's sky sown with stars. (O.)

The voice takes now for the first time a short advance, imitating rather closely the beginning of the *Ritornel*, so that the accompaniment is opposed to it more independently and as it were duet-like; this proceeds two bars further with the figure (quoted under c), but then turns suddenly back to the beginning; and now for the first time begins a longer execution, which at the outset follows the harmonic development already indicated by the *Ritornel*, but which in the accompaniment contains new figural work, partly through a different position and arrangement of the matter in hand, partly through abbreviations and required by the conduct of the voice part; this in fact stands in an extremely elegant and graceful reciprocity with that, alternating and combining with it, filling it out and completing it. (P.)

Here is the first marked cœsura of the clause; it is closely followed by a second half, in which the voice carries through in cadence form a variation of the fundamental motive which appears at the very outset—(Q.)—while the very basses gradually ascend in measured quaver beats, and the upper part of the accompaniment with ornamental figures twines alternately about the voice part. This development also soon leads into a concluding turn analogous to what has just been cited, only the relation between voice and accompaniment is reversed. The whole clause ends with the *Ritornel* in G major.

It is characteristic in this sentence, that there occurs no real modulation into a related key, as there does usually—a proof, how little Bach allowed himself to be fettered by any formal scheme. In this case it seems hardly to be doubted, that with such broad laying out of the Aria in reference to the text: "So with subdued and feeble voices," he has kept the modulation as simple as possible. And yet what a fullness of sound reigns in it!

But now the middle sentence: "For soundeth but the soul therein," &c., shows the richest variety in the fitting together of parts, in modulation and melodic phrasing. It consists of two parallel clauses, each of which is introduced by a shorter prefix, containing the new motive; from this, both times, the accompaniment leads through the first motive over into the principal parts of the sentence. The first clause modulates out of the parallel key (E minor) to B minor; the second from B minor to D minor. The voice, with the accompaniment following like an echo on its heels, begins with the beautiful and noble motive: (R.)

This motive develops itself in the principal portion, which now follows upon the word "*schallet*" ("soundeth,") an incomparably grand, and variously interrupted *coloratur*, which is faithfully imitated, almost tone for tone, by the accompaniment, so that the "*dabei*," (therein) of the soul-inspired sound seems most naively hinted: (S.)

The words: "*So ist ihm solches*," &c., are now expressed by the following transformations of the of the motive; the accompaniment has more-over figures from the first part: (T.)

Observe the fine cœsuras, indicated by the declamation of the words, in this splendid melody; how characteristic, how noble it all is in thought and form! And how it lifts itself, what beautiful wave lines! A parallel, but heightened development appears also in the second clause of this sentence, which closes in D major. But to show what such a parallelism meant with Bach, compare the following example with the last: (U.)

Such intensified reassertions remind us, in their their way, of Beethoven. And now follows the *Da capo*.

No doubt many would be disposed to regard the embellishments in the middle sentence as a rather coarse word painting. But no one will find, it so, who has attentively followed the whole preceding progress only in a musical point of view (compare the first two citations towards the end); for though in the variety of figures and of arabesques the poetic purport of the Aria might escape one, the musical unity, rounding and just sequence never could.

Finally, as an example of the Tenor Arias we will take No. 1. It is from the Cantata of the 16th Sunday after Trinity: *Wer Dank opfert, der preiset mich* ("Whoso offereth thanks, praiseth me,") and stands there in the following connection. The ground thought of the gospel for the day, of the ten lepers, gratitude, is first presented as a wholesome duty by the congregation in a choral movement: "Whoso offereth thanks, praiseth me, and that is the way that I show him my salvation." Ps. L. 23. An Alto recitative then shows, how the world, with the creatures, praises the majesty of God; then as if responding, a soprano Aria shows how man, who can discern God's great goodness and love in his works is especially pledged to thankfulness, the more since God in thankfulness, will point out the way of salvation. And now, in a second Part, the Evangelist (Tenor solo) recites the scripture example of true gratitude from the Gospel (Luke xvii. 15 and 16), and then follows our Tenor Aria, which evidently is supposed to be sung by the Samaritan:

Welch Uebermass der Güte
Schenkt du mir,
Und was gibt mein Gemüthe
Dir dafür?
Herr, ich weiss sonst nichts zu bringen,
Als dir Dank und Lob zu singen.

(What overflowing measure
Thine to me!
And hath my soul a treasure

Meet for thee?
Lord, I know nought else to bring thee,
But with thanks and praise to sing thee.")

It was a happy thought of the editor, to incorporate in his work several examples of Bach's recitative, like this before us. For next to the Chorals, these are perhaps the best adapted to bring us in immediate contact with Bach's spirit. In the more artfully constructed movements, the very richness of forms may make the poetry less obvious to an unpractised ear; but the recitatives, in which the fancy wanders free, with ever new creative energy, are the most efficient means to win one also to a trust in the inward truth and necessity of Bach's other forms. In none of his various kinds of compositions does he stand so near to the curt and concise expression of the modern lyric style as here; nowhere also with him does the individual element stand out so independently; and certainly the great *Passionsmusik* owes a chief part of its general recognition and admiration to its incomparably fine recitatives. Indeed his recitative has more variety than any other, both in its character and in its application. Now it is narrative, and in this case assigned to the Evangelist (Tenor solo); now lyrical, now contemplative; now it makes its appearance in the midst of a figured chorus movement; now it interrupts the strophes of a Choral; now it alternates with the *Arioso*, &c. Frequently the Recitative itself approaches the character of the *Arioso*, and then it is accompanied by the orchestra, but commonly only with the organ. Melodious richness, beautifully phrased, expressive declamation, striking harmonic shading, interpenetration of word and tone—such are the unattainable excellencies of all Bach's Recitatives.

The Aria, which joins itself on to the narrative recitative, sets out in D major. The *Ritornel* begins with a wonderful tender cantilena, full of childlike humility, touchingly heartfelt, which becomes the more intense through the repetition of the motive. (V.)

To this is added an answering motive, corresponding to it in all respects (a), by which we are taken into the Dominant key, which prevails until the end of the *Ritornel*. (b). (W.)

The voice now sets in, in D major and takes immediately the same course as the *Ritornel*; but towards the end (at c) its development extends itself into a new member of 4 bars, which is formed out of the principal motive and brings on the conclusion of the first clause; this consists of 3 members—each of 4 bars. It is characteristic in the conduct of the voice-part here, that it is treated at the close, as well as in some other passages, exactly like a middle voice; so that the principal melody lies in the accompaniment. But how finely this fits the whole expression of the Aria! (X.)

To this is joined the second part of the *Ritornel*; and corresponding to the words of the text: *Doch was gibt mein Gemüthe dir dafür*. ("But hath my soul a treasure meet for thee?"), the second clause begins with a countermotive closely corresponding to the principal motive. (Y.)

We are already in the parallel key, although this clause belongs too much to the anterior sentence to form a middle sentence, since it contains nothing essentially new. But here it evidently serves for the most faithful rendering of the text. For the antithesis and the reproach-

ful question, which it contains, could not be rendered by the more positive Dominant of the key; but very well by the parallel B minor, especially when, as here, all three members of the clause end at the word "*dafür*" ("for thee") on the Dominant or B minor. What a significant index this passage offers for Bach's portrayal of thought! Add to which, that, as one easily sees, the 3 members follow in constant climax one upon another. The first member is already cited; here follow 2 and 3. (Z.)

Again follows the second part of the *Ritornel* (in B minor), already begun in the citation before made (at a), which leads to the third clause of the Aria, the middle sentence,—if this piece may be called so, for it is very short, and gains no close in a distinct key, but rather in its whole character forms a transition and remains floating on the Dominant in D major. It consists of a rising sequence. The voice sets in in a most genial manner. (Aa.)

The accompaniment adds immediately the concluding sentence, which agrees with the first clause of the Aria even to the key of the second half—of course), but has not the same text, but reserves the last member: "Lord," &c. Again the voice makes a splendid entrance, varies its theme more and more earnestly, and progresses most characteristically. (Bb.)

The Aria then concludes with the *Ritornel*.

* The letters O, P, &c., refer to the musical illustrations which may be given with the last number of this article. Our readers meanwhile can refer to the aria itself.

Hector Berlioz.

Music, of all the arts, is one which appeals more directly to the masses. Yet music is a modern art. The ancients, even the Greeks the most refined among the ancients, knew comparatively little of music. Music dates from the Christian era. The religion of the ancients was positive, tangible, sensual, with them every passion that for the instant ruled the breast, was raised on a pedestal and magnified into a god. And who were the gods of the ancients, put up for worship on their altars. The images of their heroes, the statues of their women, whose beauty and whose charms had subjugated the generation in which they lived. Positive and sensual sculpture was the great art of the ancient world, whilst from the doctrines of what is called Christianity or spiritualism arose poetry made sound, which we called music. The musical scale owes its origin to a monk; not that the peculiar traditions of the Christian doctrine were favorable to the poetic or the sublime, but that the ascetic, spiritual life, its tenets advocated, were favorable to inspiration and to the ideal. The sculptor of the ancients, idealize as he might, to create a God, did not produce a tangible image of man. Music was the spiritual art, ascending to Heaven in no visible form, the art created by the worshippers of an invisible God, an art that is but a mysterious sound, produced by no visible agency; vanishing, dying away into infinite space, brief, unexplained, as life itself. Language in its thousand delicacies, with its trumpet-tongued eloquence may convey to the world all the logic of the mind, all the strength of passion, all the feelings of the heart, but music begins at the point where words lose their power, for music is the language of that divine element which in one being (to the materialist) has no existence, but which is one very being by itself, the soul. Hence the charm music possesses for the sensitive, for the imaginative, for those who aspire to a sphere above. Hence its loss of power over positive natures, logicians, and men whose religion is the monotony of the church, and whose idol secretly enshrined is the splendor and triumph of their present stage of existence. Hence the power of music over the masses, over the

people, for amongst those in our days are to be found the romantic, the ideal, and a deep fount of sadness, for here, above all, since civilization has enfranchised and education refined aspirations in accordance with feelings, and not with their lives.

Of all musicians who have comprehended this mission of music, Hector Berlioz takes the first rank. He has written not exclusively for the class who have desecrated Opera, by making it a fashion, rather than the highest form of art. He has written for the people, and has written for them works in conception and execution as great as themselves.

Twenty-five years ago, Berlioz, taking Gluck, Weber, Spontini, and Beethoven, if not for his models, at least for his instructors, originated a music full of power, passion and originality, gigantic and grand in its details, which greeted by the critics with contempt and sarcasm, was received by the masses with enthusiasm not altogether unmixed with awe. The critical public, in its first greetings of Hector Berlioz' grand conceptions, was appalled at a score which required a hundred and fifty musicians and five hundred voices. Appalled, too, was it, and lost in amazement at the poet musician who could pretend with sound, mere sounds, without words, to portray the passion of Romeo, the jealousy of the Moor, or the insanity of Lear. But the century which, in painting, produced Delacroix, in poetry Hugo, in moral metaphysics Georges Sand, in personal analysis, Michelet, in political philosophy Coaine and Lammenais, whilst Liszt and Chopin played, Rachel infused passion into Racine and Corneille, and Malibran sighed away her soul in sound at once of earth and Heaven, could not fail at last to comprehend and when it had comprehended, to appreciate, the maelstrom of romanticism, (we use romanticism to avoid romantic, in its weak and morbid acceptation), so full of all the sympathies that touched the great, the noble, the divine, measuring in our souls depth through the world's sordid strife, as does the limpid stream pursue through heavy, rank, and tangled underbrush, its way in the primal forests.

Hector Berlioz was born on the 11th of December 1803, at La Cote St. Andre in the Department of Itère, which is situated in the Southeast of France, on the frontier of Savoy. Berlioz's father was a physician, who, if he left no memorial of his medical science has left in this province which he inhabited, a reputation of penurious parsimony, interspersed with grotesque anecdotes to prove it, which few in his time have surpassed. Such a nature as this, restricted and narrow in itself, and besides bound down by all the narrow prejudices of provincial life, was not likely to understand the musical vocation of his son, or his artistic aspirations. Hector was, therefore, put diligently to the study of medicine, and like all students, sent to the medical schools of Paris.

Here, leaving aside Broussais and Richesande, who were his professors, forsaking the dissecting room and its nauseating wonders, Berlioz rushed to the Conservatoire, and in the works of the great masters studied that art which was destined to give him both celebrity and fortune. He began long before he was well inducted into the mysteries of counterpoint and thoroughbass, to write symphonies, overtures, and even operas, but these were not fair prognostics of his future career. Inspiration and genius, untamed by knowledge and science, lead but to confusion and disorder. The trees that put forth their fruit blossoms in early spring, bear no fruit. So it was fortunate for Berlioz that he was not exalted in a precocious prodigy, or flattered by injudicious friends into conceited, self-satisfied mediocrity.

For some months Berlioz pursued his vocation uninterruptedly; then all at once, apprized by some meddling gossip, his father came to Paris, rescued him from the perdition of an ideal art, and took him back to his native town to plunk him into the positive science of surgery, chemistry and medicine. Berlioz, however, could not long endure this probation. Certain of not obtain-

ing leave of absence from his father, he stole away silently from home, and repaired to Paris. When he arrived there, he had two hundred francs in his pocket, his whole fortune, both present and future, for he was fully aware that his father would suppress the allowance he had hitherto made him as a student of medicine. Nothing daunted, however, he entered the Conservatoire, maintaining himself in his hours not occupied by study, by giving flute and guitar lessons.

Thrown at the Conservatoire amongst artists and musicians, Hector Berlioz was not long in forming acquaintances which, from sympathy of pursuits and taste, soon ripened into friendships. Amongst them were men of some influence, who, growing enthusiastic over the young composer, contrived to get up a concert for him at the Italian opera, the programme of which consists entirely of his works. The orchestra of the Italian opera, however, had no sympathy with unknown genius, or with innovators. Bound by the terms of their engagement to play only until midnight, as that hour struck they rose spontaneously, laid down their instruments and quitted the theatre, leaving the composer's "Death of Orpheus" in the very midst of a pathetic strain, on a suspended seventh.

The critics took advantage of this agreeable practical joke to declare that Berlioz's music was so execrable that it put even the orchestra to flight, whilst the public, profoundly mystified, was undecided as to what verdict to give, and was thoroughly prepared to forget even the young musician's name.

But this interrupted harmony was destined to have a great influence over his destiny, for it was at this concert that he first saw the woman who became for some years the muse of his inspiration, and finally his wife.

The Theatre Italien had been engaged on "off nights" by an adventurous company of English actors, Abbott and Cooper being the principal tragedians, whilst Miss Smithson enacted the tragic heroines.

This lady was a woman of extraordinary beauty, though of largely developed proportions, even in her youngest days.

The London public had never condescended to test her dramatic powers, though she had for several seasons secured an engagement for the queens and princesses of three Christmas pieces.

She made her debut in Paris in the part of Jane Shore, and the Parisians immediately declared her to be an artist of the highest order. At that time (about thirty years ago) England and France had not so completely patronized English women, and English beauty had a certain novelty for Parisians, and Miss Smithson's youth and beauty coming to her aid, she soon became a dramatic celebrity.

It was at this luckless concert that Berlioz first saw her, and that at first sight she inspired him with an overwhelming passion.

Although Miss Smithson has long fallen into dramatic insignificance, and is long since (*artistically*) forgotten, though she may still live in her husband's memory, for she has been dead some years; at the time Berlioz first saw her she was a beauty and celebrity, courted and admired, and far above him, the poor aspiring and disappointed musician.

Under the influence of what he imagined was a hopeless passion, Berlioz wrote one of his finest compositions, his symphony *Fantastique*, which depicts in all its alternations of joy, grief, doubts and hope, the violent love which enthralled him.

Going to Italy immediately after this symphony was executed, once more brought him before the public. Berlioz spent some months in the campaign of Rome, guitar in hand, his gun slung on his shoulder, whilst his genius inspired by his heart was laying the foundation of future compositions.

He returned to Paris. Miss Smithson, from the high walks of English tragedy, had descended to one of the little boulevard theatres, called *le Theatre Nantique*, where she represented in dumb show syrens and Undines, and all sorts of water nymphs requiring personal beauty. Berlioz rescued her from this precarious position,

and henceforth Miss Smithson vanished from public life into the calm obscurity of marriage and home.

Berlioz now (in 1833) found means of executing his great compositions, and took his place among contemporary composers.

Paganini, who had heard in many of the great towns of Germany (never afraid to patronise a new idea) many of Berlioz's compositions, wrote to him suggesting to him to write a solo for the violin, giving him as his subject "Childe Harold in Italy." Berlioz executed this idea with true genius, for Byron's poetry breathes in the wailings of the violin far above the tumult of the orchestra, giving, as it were, life to the immortal verse.

When Paganini, who was personally unknown to Berlioz, first heard this symphony—we believe at Leipzig—he wrote him the following letter:

"Beethoven is dead; you alone have the genius to recall him to life. I owe to that genius the greatest pleasure I have ever enjoyed. I have just returned from hearing your 'Harold,' and, as a testimony of my regard and admiration, I desire your acceptance of the sum of twenty thousand francs, which has been placed to your account at Baron Rothschild's."

"Yours, NICOLÒ PAGANINI."

Berlioz now rose in favor with the public and the government. He received an order to write a funeral mass for General Damremont and the officers that fell at Constantine, which was executed in the Chapel of the Invalides.

But the true spirit of his gigantic innovating genius was heard in its perfection only at the ceremony of the translation of the ashes of the victims of July, 1830, to the Place de la Bastille. There an orchestra of over one thousand performers, strengthened by all the bass instruments as novel as his music—the Saxe horn, the ophicleide, and others—entranced to enthusiasm over ten thousand spectators.

In 1839, he composed his tragedy, without words, of "Romeo and Juliet." Berlioz was now sought by all the sovereigns of Europe. He went to Berlin, to Vienna, to Dresden, and it was whilst traveling to Germany that he wrote "The Judgment of Faust." He went to St. Petersburg and to Moscow, and everywhere received in triumph, Berlioz returned to France not only famous but rich. He was sent for to go to London, there to lead the concerts in Exeter Hall; and whilst in London he perpetrated a practical joke upon the musical world which fully compensated for all the absurd criticisms of which he had been made the victim. He produced an oratorio entitled "The Flight into Egypt," which he represented to be written by a musician of the seventeenth century, named Phillippe Ducre—giving, at the same time, an account of how the music came into his possession.

The critics were in ecstasies. They prefaced their articles by learned eulogies on the simplicity of the style, wondering how such a maniac as Berlioz could appreciate its melody and its purity. Some even gave biographies of this newly discovered genius. Great was the laugh, great the consternation when Berlioz, having sufficiently enjoyed the joke, threw down the mask and confessed to his enemies as well as to his friends the composition of the great and successful work.

In the year 1855, Berlioz composed the Imperial Cantata sung at the Palais d'Industrie. There were twelve hundred instrumentists and eight hundred vocalists in this cantata, sung in this vast structure, as it were, to all the nations of the world at once. He has since written another cantata on the death of Napoleon I., entitled the Fifth of May. It is for bass voice with full chorus and orchestra. His minor compositions are numerous; he has written several admirable melodies in the style of Schubert, to words by Gautier, Hugo and Beranger, which are full of tenderness and expression.

Berlioz has been for some years the musical critic of the *Journal des Debats*. He has written several theoretical works on music, besides other lighter works concerning musicians, full of bold-

ness and irony. Berlioz is still a man of powerful frame, with a heavy, massive head; though a thorough man of the world, versed in all courtly manners, he is cold and reserved.

No man of genius ever met with greater opposition, none had ever more difficulties to surmount, more ridicule to overcome. It must be told to his credit that, spite of all this, never did he quail before public opinion—never once barter his convictions or his genius in exchange for popularity. He succeeded by the strength of genius and of will, in forcing the world into an appreciation of the new school he inaugurated without swerving the slightest iota from his own peculiar thought and style. Twenty years ago Berlioz's music was called the music of the future. Germany now calls Wagner's music the music of the future, whilst France, who has received it hisses and ridicule, characterizes it as Berlioz's music run mad.

Berlioz, as a critic, is inexorable and severe; naturally irascible, sensitive and violent, the persecutions he has endured have embittered him still further; he writes and criticises with the memory of the past before him. In private he is a man of the strictest honor and of most irreproachable morality.—*Phila. Sunday Transcript*.

The Organ.*

TWENTY-FIRST STUDY.—MUTATION STOPS.

These registers take their name from the way they are tuned. They are tuned to the third above the foundation tone of the organ, to the fifth, to the fifteenth or super-octave, and to other intervals; so that by touching the pipe C, for example, of a mutation-stop, we get the sound of the note E, or of that of G, or of some other interval, which is wholly different from the foundation note, and completely alters it. For this reason they are never used alone, but always with a very large supply of the foundation stops, and even then in so moderate a proportion with regard to them, that the tones of these last, far from being destroyed by them, may become all the more brilliant and more clearly brought out.

If this sort of proportion between them and the foundation-stops is not attended to, it is very evident their introduction into the organ would be a source of many evils. If the tones, for example, of the mutation and foundation stops were of equal power, it would at once become a question what was the real key-note of the instrument. The C of the foundation-stop sounding at the same time as the G of the mutation-stop, and each of these notes sounding one as loud as the other, the builder of the organ might affirm that C was the key-note of the instrument, a hearer of it might with as good reason affirm that it was G. Then what an abominable din would a piece of counterpoint be, which was full of nothing but a continuous sequence of fifths and octaves, thirds and fourths, and the like; combinations which imply some of the gravest offences against the most ordinary rules of the grammar of music.

Our forefathers, who in the middle ages invented the mutation stops, have been charged by modern writers with this very offence. But such writers made this charge possibly without being aware of this very necessary law of their existence to which we have just alluded, and most certainly without reflecting on it. They wrote of them merely on the abstract, and without bearing in mind that they always are, or always ought to be, so blended with the foundation-stops as to be, in some sense, not indeed put out by them, but at least so melted into one mass with them, that the hearer may be no more than just sensible of their presence. In such a blending as this the key-note of the foundation-stop always keeps its dominant position; and the note of the mutation-stop follows it as a companion naturally and almost necessarily attendant on it; but it no more quenches its sound or destroys its character than the alloy does that of the silver with which it is mingled. The alloy gives to the silver that hardness which does not naturally belong to it, but it in no way hinders it from being still the more precious and the more brilliant of the two metals.

We have already had occasion to notice, when speaking of different pressures of wind, that a strong pressure will so influence any particular pipe submitted to it, as to cause it to yield not only its own proper note, but also other concomitant sounds, and that these other sounds would remain hidden within, under a pressure of less power. We have also seen that in certain open pipes, the fifth and the octave accompany the tonic when these pipes are placed upon a strong pressure of wind, and that they lose

these two extra sounds, and retain only their tonic note, when this pressure is again reduced. These pipes, then, would seem to yield the sounds of the fifth and octave, according to a law which nature has given them, and in this case no one denies them the right to do so; no one accuses them of an offence against the most ordinary laws of musical composition. Why, then, we would ask, should less consideration be shown for the doctrine of mutation stops, which would seem to be nothing more than a filling up, so to say, of the outline, with which nature herself has provided us?

Not but what other explanations have been given of the origin of mutation-stops besides their being apparently in accordance with the laws of nature. Some writers say they find their origin in the harmonics left us by composers of the middle ages, and that as these composers did not think they were committing any fault against the grammar of music in writing sequences of fifths, octaves, or fourths, neither did the organ builders of those days when they made a register, which would in some sense be a stereotyping of such bad grammar. Others would bid us remember that from the very beginning of public worship the chant of the church, especially the people's song, was sung as such by them in unison. In process of time it came to be remarked that a fifth sounded continuously above all the notes of the leading melody, gave to the chant itself a new and original character, without at all lessening the effect of the unison, and that for the reason that this fifth was sung by one or two voices only against ten or twelve, or even more voices singing the chant in its proper place. The chant being the leading melody and the foundation, so to say, and always much louder than the other part, did not allow this part, which accompanied it at the distance of a fifth, to be heard more than as a sort of murmuring accompaniment, and received from it in turn a quality of tone which gave it a new character, but did not lessen its unison effect. This quality of tone was still further modified if instead of a fifth, a third or a fourth were taken, or some other interval. And as time went on, after an experiment had been made, and then another, other intervals were added to the accompaniment, such as the tenth, the twelfth, and the like, till at last more was added than was required even to complete the perfect chord; still, however, these combinations were always so well-proportioned to the part that was sung in unison, that the leading melody maintained throughout its dominant position. That such was the practice may be gathered from expressions used in the Bull of John 22d, where these words are to be met with, "We do not by any means intend to forbid the employment from time to time of certain consonances, such as octaves, fifths, and other like harmonies on the simple melody of the Church. Nevertheless, we grant their use, on the condition that the ecclesiastical chant still remains without any alteration or change." Our composers of *faux bords* would do well to remind themselves of this Bull, they, or at least the chapel-masters, who are the cause of their being performed, for amidst the crash and clatter of their chords, even a practiced ear finds it difficult now-a-days to follow the leading melody, and the proportion between that and the other parts is no longer as it used to be as ten to one, but as one to ten.

To come then to the point. What singers attempted in the middle ages with the voice, has been since attempted in the construction of the organ, so that above a melody executed in unison by six or ten, or twenty foundation stops, organ builders have invented a plan by which they place at the disposal of the organist, several other registers timed a fifth, a third, a twelfth, a fifteenth, and the like, above the foundation stops. Then as these stops were found to answer, and when used together, to add materially to the organ tone, a register was invented in which some, or all of these stops were made to sound at the same time. This register the French builders called a *Furniture*, but the Germans, following, perhaps, the genius of their own language, called it by a more expressive name, a *Mixture*.

Again, it is urged that the first of all rules for determining what is good in music is the ear, not indeed the uneducated ear, but the ear of the well-trained musician. Now musicians, even the most difficult to please, those even whose sense of hearing might be supposed to be almost worn out with the constant hearing of musical sounds, the greatest professors of their art, one and all proclaim most loudly that the combinations resulting from the mutation stops far from offending the ear, are a refreshment to it, and of great use, in music, as giving fresh vigor and strength to the harmony. This was long ago the opinion of the great master of the French school of organ building, Dom Bédos, who did not hesitate to express his admiration of the effects of furnitures

and full mixtures in the most unqualified manner. It is the ignorant alone, and persons who have not the ear to appreciate musical sounds, who arm themselves against the mutation stops with a law, the very meaning of which they do not understand, and set themselves against effects in them, which, in the judgment of those better qualified to have an opinion in such matters than themselves, ought not to give offence to the ear of even the most fastidious.

We would even go a step further, and at the risk of starting a theory, which may seem to some persons new, state our conviction that the laws of the mutation-stops are in accordance also with those of the human voice. Our own observations, at least, could lead us to think that the human voice is not the utterance of one single note only, but of a sound which is composed of several notes taken from a common chord, so that in the voice of one person it is the fifth of this chord which more especially prevails; in that of another it is either the third or the octave. If this is really so, we have the best argument in the world for saying that the doctrine of the mutation-stops is a true one; and that if in any case, such stops are found to give offence, we should be disposed to say that this arises not from the fact of the doctrine being a false one, but because, in that particular instance, it has met with unskilful hands in the application of it.

The mutation-stops may be divided into two kinds those which produce but one sound, such as the fifth the third, the octave, the twelfth, or the like, and may therefore be called simple mutation-stops, and those which give utterance to several notes at once, as is the case with such registers as the cymbal, furnitures, and mixtures of whatever kind.

1. The first kind blends without any difficulty with the foundation-stops, into the full tones of which its own almost melts away. Its various registers are brilliant in proportion to the rapidity of the movement for which they are employed; and as their sounds are bright and piercing they are but little suited for sustained and legato passages. For some years past they have been singularly neglected by organ builders, and by some of them, who did not seem to be aware of their real value, they have been with great stupidity, wholly laid aside. Though it must be confessed that their disuse has been in great measure due also to the fact that many organ players of late have gone sadly astray from the path trodden by their predecessors, and, not understanding in consequence the art of registering with these stops, have then condemned them, because they found in them nothing to remind them of the orchestra of the theatre, with the sounds of which alone their ears are full. Organ-builders have also laid them aside because they said they had no other way left them of introducing a more modern quality of tone into the organ. This reason must be taken for what it is worth, but in our humble opinion they might have found a way of introducing their modern work into the organ without having recourse to so Gothic a way of proceeding with regard to the ancient. In matters of art, especially where art is the handmaid of religion, it is very important not to neglect received and time-honored traditions.

2. The other class of mutation stops, such as the cymbals, furnitures, and mixtures of all kinds, are multiple or compound in their structure, and have sometimes as many as twelve or sixteen pipes for each of their notes. This number will be still further increased by adding to them a greater or less number of the foundation stops. Their registers may be employed as well in brilliant movements as in those of a plaintive and sustained style. The small pipes, with which they are so abundantly furnished, are the cause of their great brightness of tone, and of that continuous clashing of their sounds one against the other, so charming to the genuine artist. In the hands of such an one, if he really understands their management, such sounds may be made to leap forth from them, that we can compare them to nothing less than glittering metal spangles, or to bright sparks of fire. These mutation stops may be also used to accompany voices, over which they may be said to assume a veritable empire. But even so, though holding them in subjection, they do at the same time most powerfully move them to put forth all their energies.

Would that our artists would study well and seriously the nature and construction of these mutation stops, and do their best to perpetuate their use, and to advance them to the greatest possible perfection of which they are capable. All the great men who have preceded them, and have been eminent either in the art of building, or of inventing stops for the organ, will serve as examples to encourage them in this. One such, Dom Bédos, has been already referred to as the head of the French school, and were we to go to the German schools, we should

not find one of their masters, and they are very numerous, who does not have recourse to this quality of tone to give additional expression to their compositions, even though otherwise of great merit.

* "L'Orgue, sa Connaissance, son Administration, et son Jeu." Par T. REGNIER.

THE ATLANTIC FOR SEPTEMBER contains "The Shakspeare Mystery," by Richard Grant White; "Sacharissa Melassys," a story by the late Theodore Winthrop; "My Odd Adventure with Junius Brutus Booth," by James Freeman Clarke; "My Out Door Study," by T. W. Higginson; "The Aquarium," by Dr. D. W. Cheever; "The Young Repealer," by Harriet Martineau; "Bread and the Newspaper," by Dr. O. W. Holmes; "The Advantages of Defeat," by Charles E. Norton; two additional chapters of Mrs. Stowe's "Agnes of Sorrento;" an excellent sketch of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, by W. W. Story, "The Journal of a Privateersman," and several Poems. We extract the account of the

DEATH AND BURIAL OF MRS. BROWNING.

Mrs. Browning's illness was only of a week's duration. Having caught a severe cold of a more threatening nature than usual, medical skill was summoned; but, although anxiety in her behalf was necessarily felt, there was no whisper of great danger until the third or fourth night, when those who most loved her said they had never seen her so ill; on the following morning, however, she was better, and from that moment was thought to be improving in health. She herself believed this; and all had such confidence in her wondrous vitality, and the hope was so strong that God would spare her for still greater good, that a dark veil was drawn over what might be. It is often the case, where we are accustomed to associate constant suffering with dear friends, that we calmly look danger in the face without misgivings. So little did Mrs. Browning realize her critical condition, that, until the last day, she did not consider herself sufficiently indisposed to remain in bed, and then the precaution was accidental. So much encouraged did she feel with regard to herself, that, on this fatal evening, an intimate female friend was admitted to her bedside, and found her in good spirits, ready at pleasantry and willing to converse on all the old-loved subjects. Her ruling passion had prompted her to glance at the "Athenæum" and "Nazione;" and when this friend repeated the opinions she had heard expressed by an acquaintance of the new Italian Premier, Ricasoli, to the effect that his policy and Cavour's were identical, Mrs. Browning "smiled like Italy," and thankfully replied, "I am glad of it; I thought so." Even then her thoughts were not of self. This near friend went away with no suspicion of what was soon to be a terrible reality. Mrs. Browning's own bright boy bade his mother good-night, cheered by her oft-repeated "I am better, dear, much better." Inquiring friends were made happy by these assurances.

One only watched her breathing through the night—he who for fifteen years had ministered to her with all the tenderness of a woman. It was a night devoid of suffering to her. As morning approached, and for two hours previous to the dread moment, she seemed to be in a partial ecstasy; and though not apparently conscious of the coming on of death, she gave her husband all those holy words of love, all the consolation of an oft-repeated blessing, whose value death has made priceless. Such moments are too sacred for the common pen, which pauses as the woman-poet raises herself up to die in the arms of her poet husband. He knew not that death had robbed him of his treasure, until the drooping form grew chill and froze his heart's blood.

At half-past four, on the morning of the 29th of June, Elizabeth Barrett Browning died of congestion of the lungs. Her last words were, "It is beautiful!" God was merciful to the end, sparing her and hers the agony of a frenzied parting, giving proof to those who were left of the glory and happiness in store for her, by those few words, "It is beautiful!" The spirit could see its future mission even before shaking off the dust of the earth.

Gazing on her peaceful face with its eyes closed on us forever, our cry was her "Cry of the Human."

"We tremble by the harmless bed
Of one loved and departed;
Our tears drop on the lips that said
Last night, 'Be stronger-hearted!'
O God! to clasp those fingers close,
And yet to feel so lonely!
To see a light upon such brows,
Which is the daylight only!
Be pitiful, O God!"

On the evening of July 1st., the lovely English burying ground without the walls of Florence opened its gates to receive one more occupant. A band of English, Americans and Italians, sorrowing men and women, whose faces as well as dress were in mourning, gathered around the bier containing all that was mortal of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Who of those present will forget the solemn scene, made doubly impressive by the grief of the husband and son? "The sting of death is sin," said the clergyman. Sinless in life, her death, then, was without sting; and turning our thoughts inwardly, we murmured her prayers for the dead, and wished that they might have been her burial-service. We heard her post-voice saying:

"And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one most loving of you all
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall—
He giveth His beloved sleep.'"

But the tears would fall, as they bore her up the hill, and lowered "His beloved" into her resting place, the grave. The sun itself was sinking to rest behind the western hills, and sent a farewell smile of love into the east, that it might glance on the lowering bier. The distant mountains hid their faces in a misty veil, and the tall cypress trees of the cemetery swayed and sighed as Nature's special mourners for her favored child; and there they are to stand keeping watch over her.

"Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
Toll slowly!

And I said in under-breath, All our life is mixed with death,
And who knoweth which is best?

* * * * *
"Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
Toll slowly!

And I 'paused' to think God's greatness flowed around our
incompleteness—

Round our restlessness, His rest."

Dust to dust—and the earth fell with a dull echo on the coffin. We gathered round to take one look, and saw a double grave, too large for her; may it wait long and patiently for him!

And now a mound of earth marks the spot where sleeps Elizabeth Barrett Browning. A white wreath to mark her woman's purity lies on her head; the laurel wreath of the poet lies at her feet; and friendly hands scatter white flowers over the grave of a week as symbols of the dead.

We feel as she wrote:

"God keeps a niche
In heaven to hold our idols; and, albeit,
He brake them to our faces, and denied
That our close kisses should impair their white,
I know we shall behold them raised, complete,
The dust swept from their beauty, glorified,
New Memnons singing in the great God light."

Death of Catharine Hayes.

The latest foreign despatches bring us the intelligence of the death of the celebrated singer Catharine Hayes. She was born in Limerick, Ireland, in the year 1820. Her parents were poor, and her childhood was passed in severe privations. At the age of twelve, however, her fine soprano voice began developing itself, and for hours at a time she grew accustomed to entertain little groups of her playmates with the singing of Irish ballads, which she had learned without any teacher save genius and memory.

A distinguished musical amateur among the cultivated women of Limerick heard of her, and determined to educate her rare gift. While receiving instruction from this lady, she went to visit one of her aged relatives, who lived in the family of the Earl of Limerick. As she sat singing one day in her old friend's arbor, on the banks of the Shannon, boat after boat full of pleasers arrested their oars to hear her, and when she finished her final trill, the Bishop of Limerick, himself a great lover of art, came ashore and invited her to the Episcopal palace.

From that hour he was her steady friend. He gave frequent reunions at his palace for the display of her voice, and instituted a subscription among his influential friends, which resulted in a sum sufficient to place her in the family and under the instructing care of Signor Sapio, a renowned Italian music-teacher in Dublin. Here she remained for three years, practising without stint, and occasionally singing in public, until her celebrity enabled her to ask ten guineas for an appearance.

In 1839, having heard Mario and Grisi in Dublin, she became so fascinated with the lyric stage, that she immediately set out for Paris, and put her training into the hands of Emanuel Garcia, the master of Malibran and Jenny Lind. In 1841 she repaired to Milan to complete her dramatic culture under Ronconi, and in 1845 made her debut in "Puritani," at the opera-house of Marseilles.

Her next engagement was as *prima donna* at La Scala, in Milan. Here she first appeared as *Linda*,

and was called twelve times before the curtain. In 1846 she went to Vienna, and next year to Venice, and thenceforth made a sort of triumphal progress through the Italian cities.

In 1849 London enthusiastically affirmed for her the verdict of the Continent. At Covent Garden she recognized from the stage her old benefactor, the Bishop of Limerick, and hurrying to his box after the performance, fell upon her knees, and with tears thanked him for all the success she had ever enjoyed.

In 1851 Miss Hayes came to America, and after the brilliant seasons here, which most New Yorkers remember, started with excellent acceptance through the country, and finally visited those impressive sons of California who, at the close of each evening, used to toss their nuggets to her on the stage. She afterwards visited Australia and British India, everywhere meeting a sustained success. In 1857 she was married to William A. Bushnell of New York.

Miss Hayes' finest operatic rôles were *Lucia* and *Linda*, but her strong point was always in her own native ballads, "Kathleen Mavourren" and the like, where her memory must long stand unrivalled. —*N. Y. Evening Post*.

Hints to Musical Misses.

Of course in this wondrous age of ours everybody is expected to sing scientifically, and to play, moreover, upon some musical instrument. You are, therefore, almost sure to be called upon for a specimen of your abilities at every party you attend. When asked, comply at once; by so doing any error you may make will be the more readily overlooked. One apology such as this "I will readily comply with your wishes, but I must claim your extreme indulgence," is worth more than a bushel of those stereotyped excuses which affected young ladies are always well supplied with. If you sing, do so without grimaces. A really simple thing to do, a thousand tongues will answer. A very powerful contradiction appears, however, in the fact that many of our greatest, or at any rate *most popular*, singers, pull shocking faces while charming the spell-bound audiences with their silvery tones. Put a looking-glass before you when you are singing at home, and you will scarce credit that that that smiling, dimpled face could ever have looked so crabbed. Practice your voice three or four times daily, not longer than a quarter of an hour each time. As to what to practice, I should recommend scales, to the syllable "Ah," and secondly, songs, which must be good. In your choice, steer clear of that palsied, lack-a-daisy rubbish which now floods every sentimental cabinet. Handel, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, are not yet exhausted, and when they are, the roll of illustrious names is not small. Sing words, the import of which you know, whether they be Italian, English, or French, which for singing purposes I thus rank in order. Enunciate as you would in speaking, being careful to pout out the lips for o's and oo's, to have a mouth in a smiling position for oh's, and the lips and teeth properly closed for e's and all such closed tones. Sing with freedom and true expression, the former obtain by diligent practice, and the latter by a proper appreciation of the words. Do not breathe audibly, nor imitate the duck in the storm, by turning up the white of your eyes. Attempt nothing in a mixed company but what you are perfect in, and perform all from memory, which, if a poor one, you can improve by exercising more freely. It is improving to attend carefully to the execution of the great artists; you get by so doing notions of style, which might otherwise never enter your mind. Accompany yourself at the piano, if possible, for it is seldom you meet with another person who *feels* the music as you do yourself. If you join in a duet, be careful not to drown your fellow singer, and do not indulge in florid passages to the detriment of both music and singer. If you have the slightest cold cease your daily practice; and if you wish to rid yourself of a hoarseness, take a little rum with the drippings from bacon in it (infallible), and *talk very little*. (There ladies, what do you think of those two remedies?)

If you play, do so without exaggerated motions. Sit gracefully but not stiffly; sufficiently high to allow your fore arm to incline downwards from the elbow to the keys. Keep your hands in a rounded position from the wrist, and never let your thumb fall below the key-board. Use sparingly the pedals, for they are better left alone than wrongly used. Banish that engulfing thought which swells the ambitious bosom of many a brilliant player of the present day, and which (there is every prospect of seeing realized) will lead them to victory, namely, the surpassing of Anderson and Bosco in feats of legerdemain. Music it is not, and every devout worshipper of Apollo will not let petitions and anathe-

mas suffice, but will put a shoulder to the wheel to uproot it. Do not attempt to scramble over every key the piano possesses in less time than it would take a phlegmatic man to sneeze in, nor yet torture the poor keys after the fashion of a Rubinstein. Give me a legato "Lied" of Mendelssohn, or a refined accumulation of heaven-born chords of Beethoven, to all the doyle-dotted semiquaver "splash" of a thousand Rubinstains. Play nothing in public but what you are sure of. Confidence is one-half the playing. A sure way of getting this, is by playing as often as convenient before a few select friends at home; there you have an opportunity to detect weak points. These you should build up into strong ones by incessant application. Nothing will be done without *this*, you may depend. The best way to conquer difficulties is to meet them boldly, attack them, and conquer them.

Yesterday the writer practiced ten hours, two of which were spent upon a single phrase about two lines long. Commence your practice with scales every morning. (Pleasant!) This will supple the joints and invigorate them for what is to follow. Three or four hours most masters advise as the daily amount of work at the piano; but I find it an excellent plan to play till nature tells me to stop. After your head has ceased to play, allow your fingers the same privilege, for if the head does not work with the fingers it is but waste of time to remain at the piano. Be careful to sit with an erect back, as round shouldered players are by no means uncommon.

I should be very sorry to make a slave of any lady, but experience has taught me that to play in any sort of a passable manner, long, diligent and careful practice is indispensable.—J. G. T.—(*English Paper*.)

Musical Correspondence.

AURORA, CAYUGA LAKE N. Y., AUG. 26th, 1861.

—Is there not music in the ripple of the silver waters of this beautiful lake? Do not the birds sing with a more than natural energy in the noble trees that surround it, and is there not native musical talent enough in this lively village to make up a letter for "Dwight." The "Wandering Minstrel" hears your acquiescence and has courage to proceed. Leaving the hot and tired metropolis in the 7 o'clock morning train, Erie Railroad (which by the way, gives its patrons a very fine car for ladies and their fortunate male attendants, but condemns gentlemen who travel alone to a second class arrangement, which is not particularly conducive to excessive popularity and which may with reason be growled at and not tried again) you arrive at the beautifully located town of Ithaca (at the head of the Cayuga Lake) in time for an excellent supper at the Clinton House and after a good sleep, you take the morning boat (the "Kate Moran") and winding down the lake, reach this gem of villages at ten. Aurora is in the midst of the finest bit of picturesque agricultural happiness to be conceived of. Such glorious farms dot along the Shore, beautiful trees relieving the fields of grain, with here and there a bit of forest shading the picture and completing the landscape. Aurora (what a sweet name for a village on a lake) has one street, running lovingly along the water, on each side of which are residences that remind one of the suburban villas of your own goodly Boston. Here nature and Art meet together, for the people are citizens in refinement, and true villagers in simple, liberal and elegant hospitality. The gardens bordering the shore are more than charming. Most of the proprietors have their winged and web-footed travellers, and one good friend (as celebrated in literary circles, as he is kind and good and whose delightful home fairly kisses the waters) almost lives in his "Lotus," his fleet little yacht; it is his Post Office messenger, his carriage for *soirées*, his horse, his friend, and above all happiness to those, who sail with "Bogart," skipper *par excellence*, so here's to the "Lotus" and the fair cargoes she carries. With such and other aquatic accommodations your humble servant has boated and sailed, till his nose is red, his hands black and his heart contented—for the present. Nor have we lacked for music, for the

pianos are plentiful and good, and many sets of pretty and nimble fingers have proved Aurora to be a musical village, so the charms increase. Here have we talked Beethoven and Mozart as we skimmed over the wave, here have the glories of Weber, Mendelssohn, Bach and Rossini, yes and the not to be sneezed at triumphs of modern Verdi been thoroughly canvassed and played at, amid the not less glorious harvest and good cheer of sensible, happy and beautiful Aurora, the queen of the lake. But for the *grande* attraction, here is the summer home of Palmer the sculptor and while the unfortunate "Baggs" is stealing an hour from the night to let off his enthusiasm, the illustrious artist, not ten feet away from him is quietly sleeping, while the lake sings its rippling lullaby and tells us we ought to have been in bed long ago. Palmer is the most genial and approachable of Artists and is of course the centre of society during the summer months, and as he adorns it with commanding presence and interesting conversation (so instructive to the art lover), so is the beauty and talent of Aurora a fit setting to a ray of genius as brilliant of his. Palmer's heart is here, for it is amid this kind of refined country life (by a lake) that true genius thrives and ideas grow. Here Palmer has conceived some of his loveliest creations and here will he pitch his tent, after a few more years of city toil, and we should like the job ourselves, in case the tent were ours, as our *intentions* are thus sensible, for we love the place (at sight) and the people and their *attentions* will never be forgotten. They know what true comfort is, and with a full knowledge of citizenship choose rather the bright "Cayuga" and its surroundings and with their charming homes and means of rational enjoyment, live contentedly and the longer and have such an effect on all visitors, as to make them almost as enthusiastic as he who hastily pens you these sketchy impressions and who is sometimes known to your readers as

JEM BAGGS.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 7. 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

Musical Chit-Chat.

ORGAN CONCERTS.—The notice in another column, of the Organ Concerts in Leeds, (England), reminds us of a request made some time ago by a correspondent, that we should suggest to the organists of this city the expediency of giving such a series occasionally here. The success that has attended the English concerts, seems to indicate that such entertainments would not be unacceptable in a musical community, and in more propitious times, we should most warmly urge the trying of the experiment. The only place suitable for such concerts at the present time is the Tremont Temple, but, when the Music Hall has received the new organ, we doubt not that we shall have them. Then we shall hope to hear Mr. Paine, of whose attainments and accomplishments we have been told so much.

We have heard, by the way, that the Music Hall organ is now about completed, and is only awaiting more prosperous times for its entire completion and erection.

We learn that Miss Adelaide Phillipps (contralto) is in Paris, where we hope that she may be heard in opera. No one of our American *prime donne* is more thoroughly accomplished than she in all that is requisite for a brilliant success upon the lyric stage, and we anticipate for her in Europe a renewal of her triumphs in this country and in Havana. We see no reason to doubt a success scarce less than that attained by Mlle. Patti.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.—We learn that the books in the Upper hall are now open to the public. An index to the Catalogue has been published recently, and from a notice of this work in the *Transcript*, we copy the following account of the musical additions to the library, obtained through the efforts of Mr. Thayer, (our *Diarist*).

The article mentioned gives the following extract from the report of the Superintendent for 1859.

Among the presents of Mr. Bates, this year, is a collection of about 500 works relating to the history, science and art of music, forming a library in this department, of which any institution in the world might be proud. It was procured through the intelligent and zealous intervention of a citizen of Boston; Mr. A. W. Thayer, whose name deserves to be held in grateful remembrance by the cultivators of this delightful art in our city. The basis of the collection was the library of the late M. de Kondeka, which was advertised to be sold by auction at Berlin in January last, and of which it was well said in the advertisement—"Any one knowing the extreme rarity of books of music, particularly of the 15th and 16th centuries, will be surprised at the richness of this collection. The zeal of a learned amateur, aided by the most favorable opportunities, served to bring together, in the space of forty years, this choice collection of books, among which the late Mr. Dehn, the profound connoisseur in musical literature discovered, several which were before unknown to him."

The writer proceeds to say that,

"To the Kondeka Library Mr. Thayer added more than one hundred volumes, to render the department more complete. The collection contains most of the early printed musical works of the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries, some of which have become extremely rare. It has, besides these, many later works of excellence. In connection with it should be mentioned twenty eight quarto volumes of manuscript music selected and copied by Prof. S. W. Dehn, late Custos of the musical collection of the Royal Library of Berlin. This selection was made for the library at Mr. Bates' request, under the direction of Mr. Ticknor, from the best published and unpublished musical compositions of the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries, in the Royal Library of Berlin. It was one of the last and one of the best works of an accomplished and lamented connoisseur."

CONTRABAND SINGING.—It is one of the most striking incidents of this war to listen to the singing of the groups of colored people in Fortress Monroe, who gather at their resorts after nightfall. Last evening, having occasion to "visit" an officer of the garrison sick in his tent, I passed around by the fortress chapel and adjacent yard, where most of the "contraband" tents are spread. There were hundreds of men of all ages scattered around. In one tent they were singing in order, one man leading, as extemporaneous chorister, while some ten or twelve others joined in the chorus. The hymn was long and plaintive, as usual, and the air was one of the sweetest minors I ever listened to. It would have touched many a heart if sung in the audiences who appreciate the simple melody of nature, fresh and warm from the heart. One verse ran thus:

"Shout along, children!
Shout along, children!
Hear the dying Lamb:
Oh! take your nets and follow me
For I died for you upon the tree!
Shout along, children!
Shout along, children!
Hear the dying Lamb!"

There was no confusion, no uproar, no discord—all was as tender and harmonious as the symphony of an organ.

Passing into the yard, I found a large company standing in the open air round a slow fire. One young man sat on the end of a rude seat, "with a little book in the hand." It had been much fingered, and he was stooping down towards the dim blaze of the fire, to make out the words, as he lined them for the singers. Where he had learned to read I know not, but where some of his companions will learn to read I do know. The singers were dressed in all manner of garbs and stood leaning around in all kinds of attitudes. As the reader progressed one young man threw a few fresh hoops on the fire, and then as the reading became more distinct, I caught the words:

"Could I but climb on Pisgah's top
And view the promised land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
At my dear Lord's command.

"This living grace on earth we owe,
To Jesus' dying love;
We would be only his below,
And reign with him above."

At this moment the tattoo drum sounded the parade, and a distant bugle reminded me of my duty in another direction. With a word of counsel to the company, and a gentle encouragement, I withdrew.

Who shall dare say that these fellow-inheritors with us of the image of the Father and the love of the Son are fit only to be slaves?—C. W. D.—*N. Y. Com. Ad.*

ESSENTIALS OF SONG.—All the best song-writers, whose songs live either in the ear or the heart of the people, have been musicians. Carey, Dibdin, Moore, even Burns—who could not read musical notation, but who "crooned" over the fields, or rocking himself in his chair, the melodies to which he was to give a new lease of fame, had either a natural or an acquired knowledge of music. Burns had less than Moore, Carey, or Dibdin; but he had an excellent ear, which was more than an equivalent for the defects of his musical education. But the ignorance, in this respect, of the great mass of lyrical writers, it is doubtless the main cause why the musical composers of past and present times have descended to the lowest walks of literature in search of songs. The musician knows, though the poet is sometimes ignorant of the fact, that the song which is beautiful to read may be harsh to sing, from the multiplicity of consonants, each tripping up the heels of the other, and from the constant and disagreeable sibilations of the English language. To the composer, the Italian language, with its abundant terminal vowels, is the perfection of human speech. For the same reason the Scottish dialect, which has a greater number of vowels than the more classical speech of England, is more suited to music than many effusions of the best English poets. The lines of the well known Negro song—

"Oh, Susannah, don't you cry for me;
I'm going to Alabama
With my banjo on my knee."

almost every word of which ends with a vowel, are more available for vocal music than sound sense and high philosophy, than the choicest flights of wit or fancy, expressed by words encumbered with many consonants. It was Madame de Stael who averred that music was a glorious inutilité," musicians have but too often endeavored to verify the saying, when they have ignored or despised the aid of what they call "words." Our modern composers do not always consider that a song without meaning is like a body without a soul; and our modern vocalists, private and public, add to the mischief, and sing songs, both in the drawing-room and on the stage, without giving their listeners the remotest chance of discovering whether they are singing English, Italian, Hebrew or Chinese; and as if it were part of their purpose to conceal both the meaning and the language of the poet.

NEW CHURCH ORGAN AT JAMAICA PLAIN.—Seldom have the lovers of organ music been more highly gratified than those who were present last evening at the exhibition of this noblest of instruments, just completed for the St. John's (Episcopal) Church, West Roxbury, by Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook. It has 10 stops in the great organ, 11 in the swell, double open and double dulciana pedals, 6 couplers, in all 28 stops. The case is of black walnut, of Gothic design, and, in connection with the new projecting gallery, adds much to the inside character of the church. The organ was skillfully and beautifully illustrated by J. H. Willcox, Esq., who displayed a versatility of talent which both charmed and astonished the audience, as he exhibited the power, grandeur and sweetness of the instrument, in various compositions, winning the highest meed of praise for both the builders and player.

After listening to such splendid harmonies, who is there that will not agree with Bishop Clark of Rhode Island, in speaking of the Messrs. Hook's organs, "The elements of power and delicacy are wonderfully harmonized, and those who order an organ from their manufactory, may be sure of receiving the full worth of their money."

The Messrs. Hook have now an organ in each of the four churches in this village, all fine instruments—the largest being that of the Unitarian Church, which under the care of the organist who so satisfactorily presided at this splendid instrument, has obtained the high character it so richly merits.

St. John's Church, under the ministrations of the Rev. Mr. Babcock, is in a more flourishing condition than most other churches, being now entirely independent of debt, which speaks volumes of the high character of the members, of this excellent society. Messrs. Hook have now nearly completed organs for West Church, Rev. Mr. Bartol's, Rev. Dr. Gannett's, Rev. Dr. Huntington's, the new Methodist, Tremont street, the Catholic at Springfield, and the North Congregational Church at Newburyport.—*Transcript*

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

MR. EDITOR,—Has it ever occurred to you what a unique volume might be written on the life of a Country Music Teacher? We have often wondered at the neglect of such an unexplored mine of art-regions—the revelations of Uncle Tom's Cabin, would be nothing in comparison!

Of all the hard workers for their daily bread, under the sun, none are so miserable as they, who, having themselves musical talent and culture devote their time to attempting to instruct people incapable of receiving instruction.

To illustrate the latter statement, we give you herewith a little anecdote which we were advised was "Good for Harper's"—but seemed to us, to belong more to the columns of the Journal of Music. May it serve as a warning to all ignorant teachers.

Some months ago, the writer of this article, had among her music scholars, one young girl of eighteen, who could not be made to understand the nature of rests in general, and quarter rests in particular. As the Instruction book in use did not contain many examples for practice, in this instance, we wrote a couple of short exercises on the rest, and carried them to our pupil. We thought at the time, she received them very coolly, and before the next music day, she sent word that she did not wish to take lessons of us any longer. We made out our moderate little bill—(country music teacher's bills are always moderate) and presented it to the young lady, with one of our politest smiles, and she declined to pay it.

"What, we exclaimed in astonishment. You cannot refuse such a small sum as that—we should do wrong to charge you less."

"Yes marm;" was the reply. "You needn't think I am going to be imposed on, if I am a poor girl—I took lessons of gentlemen, before, and they did well by me, but I never had any teachers so ignorant that they had to write the notes down." And she actually threatened to bring the charge of ignorance against us in court, for having to write those exercises, and was highly indignant when we had our laugh on the spot!

Query,—If ignorance is bliss, must every one be allowed to inhabit a fool's paradise? DAISY.

New Publications.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS, by Charles Dickens. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

Of Dickens's last book it is almost idle to say anything now, for it has been read all over the world, for the last six months, and thousands upon thousands of readers have been, with us, impatiently waiting for the conclusion of the powerful and intricate plot which has so long fascinated them. We now, almost welcome its arrival with reluctance and regret that it has come to an end. High as the author's fame is, this book will add to it. It is published in nineteen different forms, and is the author's edition.

We have received from Leonard Scott & Co., 54 Gold Street, New York:

The LONDON QUARTERLY for July, which contains the following articles: 1. Thomas de Quincey; 2. Montalembert on Western Monachism; 3. The English translators of Virgil; 4. Maine's Ancient Law; 5. Scottish Character; 6. Russia on the Amoor; 7. Cavour; 8. Democracy on Trial.

The EDINBURGH contains ten articles, of which the titles are as follows: 1. Popular Education in England; 2. Literary Remains of Albert Durer; 3. Carthage; 4. The Novels of Fernan Caballero; 5. Watson's Life of Porson; 6. The Countess of Albany, the last Stuarts, and Alfieri; 7. Buckle's Civilization in Spain and Scotland; 8. Du Chaillu's Adventures in Equatorial Africa; 9. Church Reformation in Italy; 10. Count Cavour.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for August contains the following articles: 1. Joseph Wolff; 2. On Manners; 3. Vaughan's Revolutions in English History; 4. Norman Sinclair—conclusion; 5. The Royal Academy and the Water-Color Societies; 6. Mad Dogs; 7. Another Minister's Autobiography; 8. Three Days in the Highlands.

Where else can one get so much good reading for so little money? Consider the variety of learning here condensed in the alembic of the leading minds of England with such care and study, and tell us

where else one can find such an epitome of the age as in these Reviews. The WESTMINSTER has not come to hand.

THE HUMAN EAR.—M. Fessel, of Cologne, on testing the new Parisian tuning fork, observed that he had heard differently with his two ears—the note heard with the right ear being somewhat higher than that heard with the left. On examining his musical friends he has not yet found one, even among part-musicians, whose ears are precisely alike in estimation of the pitch of musical tones. He conjectures that the reason for this difference in hearing is, probably, that the external passage of the ear is set in vibration modifies the pitch of the entering sound according to the form of the individual ear.

THE NEW SCIENCE OF PHONAUTOGRAPHY.—Among all the marvels of mechanical ingenuity which are daily being brought to perfection, none are more interesting than those which aim at the accomplishing of some task apparently requiring intellect, in addition to mere mechanical dexterity, for its execution. It is difficult to conceive a mechanical operation which requires a greater exercise of intellect than that of verbatim reporting by means of shorthand. Yet even this art seems likely, before long, to be supplanted. For several years a French savant M. L. Scott, has been engaged in experiments on the fixation of sound upon a prepared tablet, in the same way as photography fixes luminous images; and has met with considerable success in this new art, which he has named Phonautography. At the last sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, a short communication was made by the discoverer, in consequence of the publication of some experiments in the same direction made by other gentlemen. This communication was devoted chiefly to a description of certain illustrations laid before the members, and would be unintelligible to the general reader without the diagrams and a knowledge of what had previously been accomplished by Mr. Scott. The subject, however, being of immense importance, and likely now to attract great attention, and having ourselves watched its development for several years, as well as having had many opportunities of inspecting the photographic representations of sound autographically recorded by Mr. Scott's instrument, a short account of what has already been done by this physicist will perhaps be considered of interest.

The problem which first required solution was the artificial construction of an ear, by means of tubes and diaphragms, so as to imitate, as nearly as possible, the human ear in its power of collecting sounds of every degree of intensity, and transmitting them to a delicate membrane placed at the extremity. After numerous essays an apparatus was constructed which possessed the above qualifications; the membrane was seen to vibrate visibly, and in a different manner, with each audible sound or note; and if a pen or style were fastened to this membrane, its point would trace the wonderfully beautiful and complicated curves and circles appertaining to the elements of sound. The next difficulty consisted in finding a sensitive surface upon which this style could mark the imprint of its movements; for the vibrations of the aerial pen were so delicate that if any appreciable force were required to effect the transcription, the resistance would at once stop all movement. This difficulty was at last overcome by employing a strip of thin paper, upon which was deposited a film of lamp-black obtained from the smoke of burning bodies. This sensitive surface is carried along by clockwork agency, in front of the vibrating style, so that the successive movements of the latter shall not impinge one on the other, when the result is a series of lines written on the paper, composed of the most complicated systems of curves, and forming a natural autograph of the producing sounds.

Of course it will be understood that the above is intended more as a brief outline of the principle of Mr. Scott's instrument, than as an exact description of its individual details. In reality, especially in the one recently made, it is far more complicated than would be imagined from this brief sketch; but the phonographs produced by it are marvellously perfect. Every separate source of sound has an individuality of its own. The sounds of different musical instruments, for instance, are easily distinguished from one another, and from the human voice. This latter, moreover, gives different traces, according to its character—the sweet, soft voice of a female, especially when singing, being characterized by great great beauty and harmony in the curves impressed on the paper; in those produced by the harsher voice of a man, the curves are larger and more ragged looking; whilst in a shriek or a shout, or in the harsh discordant sounds of instruments, the waves are irregular, unequal, and broken up into secondary vibrations of all degrees of amplitude.

An oration, delivered with varying rapidity, and with the pitch of the voice greatly modulated in different parts, has a striking appearance in its phonograph. Rapidly spoken parts have the curves crowded together, whilst in others they are widely separated. The loud tones of the voice are shown by the written waves rising to perhaps half an inch or more in height, whilst the low tones are not more than the eighth of an inch high; the modulations of the voice are thus shown very beautifully by the varying height of what may be called the letters of sound.

The fact of being able to make spoken sounds record themselves permanently on paper is of itself most singular and astonishing; but if it is ever developed, as the inventor says it shortly will be, to sufficient perfection to enable it to take down speeches which may be written off verbatim, it is difficult to imagine the importance of the discovery, whether it be in respect to the unimpeachable accuracy of the process, the entire absence of trouble and expense in reporting articulate sounds or the great saving of the time and the exhausting labors of our Parliamentary reporters.—*London Review*.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

It appears that the actual loss by the burning of the scenery of the Opera was far less than had been at first supposed. Although the first cost may have been, as stated, some 800,000 francs, the scenery was mostly that of pieces no longer played. The project about to be carried into effect of building a new opera house, would, moreover, have rendered it necessary to alter the scenes entirely, so that they were hardly worth more than their value as old canvass and lumber, which would have been perhaps some 50,000 francs. The buildings belonged to the State and were to have been before long, demolished.

Le Prophète has been played recently, in which Mad. Viardot, renewed her old triumphs in the character of Fidès. The *Huguenots*, *Comte Ory* and *Herкуланум* have also been performed, Mad. Tedesco appearing in the latter opera.

It is said that Flotow is engaged upon the score of a new opera, of which the text is written by M. de Dingelstedt.

M. Morère, who gained the first prize for singing at the recent concours of the Conservatoire, has been engaged at the Grand Opera.

At the Nuremberg festival, the first prize, a splendid cup, offered by the city of Berne, was won by the Vienna *Männergesang-Verein*.

THE NEW GRAND OPERA AT PARIS.—The plan of the new Grand Opera-house is now definitively settled. The design adopted is that of M. Garnier.

The form of the edifice, says the *Siccle*, is a parallelogram, with rounded angles, flanked at the sides by two projecting pavilions, at right angles to the streets abutting on them. The western pavilion—that is to say, the pavilion fronting the Rue de Rouen—is intended for the private entrance of the Emperor; the eastern pavilion, looking upon the Rue de Lafayette, will be the entrance for carriages. The principal facade, reserved for the pedestrians, is an imposing mass. It offers some analogy with that of the Garde-Meuble, but its colonnade is composed of coupled columns, like those of the Louvre. Persons arriving by the eastern pavilion will alight under a covered gallery, leading to a circular waiting-room, situated immediately under the audience part of the theatre. This waiting-room resembles to a certain degree, the vestibule of the Théâtre Français. Round it is a circular gallery communicating with the entrance gallery. The grand staircase bears some analogy to that of the Doria Palace at Genoa. It will lead only to the grand tier of boxes and the other first-class places. From the extremities of the vestibule will spring two secondary staircases, the plan of which is a semicircle, open in its diameter, consists of a succession of winding flights, sustained by superposed arcades.

The visitor reaches the grand staircase by a central vestibule, while he gains access to the other two by the lateral galleries opening into the broad peristyle which takes up the whole facade next the Boulevard. This peristyle, a sort of *Salle-des-Pas-Perdus*, communicates with the galleries which enable

the public to circulate under cover round the entire edifice. M. Garnier's plan is kept within the lines laid down by the Municipal Board of Works; for these lines, despite the sharp criticism to which they have been subjected, have been but very slightly modified, or rather not been modified at all. The new edifice will cover a superficial area of 11,226 metres—that is to say, double the area occupied by the present Opera-house and its outbuildings. Now, 14,000 metres having been granted by the bill framed for the purpose, there will remain 2,774 metres for the squares and plantations. The work will be commenced on the 1st August. They will be completed in three years, at a cost of about twelve million francs.

To the above description we beg to add the following account, taken from the *Presse*, and bearing the signature of M. Théodore Grasset:

"On a sub-basement, pierced with arcades, between which colossal statues symbolise the only lyric arts, rises a rich Corinthian colonnade, whose coupled columns, as in Perrault's work at the Louvre, support architraves with plat-bands. Above this arch a rich entablature serves as a base for a pilastered attic story, decorated with statues in semi-relief. The effect of this attic story, the model of which is to be found in ancient Greek architecture, and which has been reproduced in several edifices of the Renaissance period, is most picturesque and majestic. Two fore-parts, projecting but very little, surmounted by triangular frontons, and each pierced by a grand central arcade, complete and bound this arrangement in the most splendid manner.

"A gently sloping roof surmounts and crowns the whole. The artist has, moreover, succeeded in establishing a happy transition between the façade and the cupola which rises above the edifice. This cupola, magisterially placed on the circular wall which forms the sides of the audience part of the house, shows from the outside its shape and destination, and may be regarded as one of M. Garnier's happiest conceptions. The drum of the cupola (the elevation of the circular walls of the audience part of the house to the exterior of the roof) displays a characteristic arrangement; it is a series of bull's-eye windows, pierced at the base of the bend of the cupola. Through these windows, the air will be able to penetrate freely into the house. We cannot applaud too warmly this system of natural ventilation, analogous to that which answers so well at the Cirque in the Champs Elysées. Further on, the eye rests on the gable terminating the stage. Its serious mode of decoration forms a happy contrast to the rich architecture of the forefront and renders all the splendor of the latter more prominent. Not less do we approve of the division into three stories, as adapted by M. Garnier. It gives variety in unity, and is completely conformable, in the edifice under consideration, to architectural logic.

"In the sub-basement, firm in its lines and sober in its ornaments, are comprised the vestibules, galleries of communication, and all the various conveniences for the external service of the theatre. The story of honor, marked by the order of architecture, which characterises the fore-front, contains the grand saloon (in front of which the colonnade forms a large *loge*, open in the Italian fashion), the internal galleries, the Imperial box—with all the various rooms attached to it—and the first two rows of boxes; in fact, all the monumental and elegant part of the theatre. The attic story corresponds to the upper seats, and contains a saloon more simple in its arrangements than that on the first floor. The visitors who, with their modest toilets, are contented with the cheaper places, will here find for their use a promenade not existing in the present house.

"The interior of the theatre reproduces, only with more lightness and elegance in the curve of the vous-sures, the admirable arrangement of the present theatre. That *chef-d'œuvre* of the architect, Louis, a *chef d'œuvre* transported successively from the theatre at Bordeaux to that of the Place de Louvois, and thence, literally, to that in the Rue le Peletier, is a model theatre in those arrangements required by the tastes and elegant habits of the Parisian public. The cupola of the new theatre will, if the execution of the work prove conformable to the plans, be higher than that of the present house.

"There will be about two thousand places; the present house contains seventeen hundred and fifty. The boxes and other places will be distributed in the same manner as they now are in the Rue le Peletier, but with more room for each spectator. Each box will have a saloon—not a den which will contain scarcely two persons, but a real saloon, completely furnished. The audience part of the house will be of the same width as La Scala, 15 metres. This is wider than the theatre in the Rue le Peletier—a considerable increase, which will influence all the other proportions

of the building, and render it still more imposing. The stage, also, will be broader and deeper. It will extend to some distance on each side, so as to facilitate the employment, so greatly to be desired, of mechanical contrivances for working the scenery, and to substitute machinery for manual labor, which is now the exclusive power in use.

"The storehouses and painting-rooms have been very wisely excluded from the plan we are describing. They would have been only a source of danger and embarrassment—a fact pointed out by the officials. The *foyer des études*, the *salles de répétition*, the *foyer de la danse*, the fine proportions and elegant decorations of which latter will constitute one of the beauties of the new theatre, have, together with the dressing-rooms, been removed to the upper part of the edifice, although they are, at the same time, close to the stage. The visitor will remark, in the arrangement of these portions of the theatre, several ameliorations which will be highly appreciated.

"The architect has very skillfully placed the offices of the management, the Conservatory of Dancing, and the quarters of the principal functionaries and servants of the opera, further on towards the Rue Neuve des Mathurins. It is to be regretted, however, that there is not, as in the buildings connected with the present house, a court-yard for the free distribution of air. Taking into consideration the wants and habits of the population of artists, workmen, and servants, of all ranks, who reside in the Opera-house—700 persons at least—a large court-yard is indispensable. It is to be regretted that the ground, or rather the distribution of it, accorded to M. Garnier, did not allow him to include such a court-yard in the body of the building. The artists will not thank him for having built them a stone cage, which, however splendid, is deprived of air."

The foregoing sketch will give the reader some notion of what the future Opera-House will be. The first stone will shortly be laid; three years' patience, and we shall be able to behold M. Garnier's work in all its splendor.

LEEDS TOWN HALL ORGAN CONCERTS.—The first year of these concerts is just completed, and, from the accompanying analysis of the music performed, the public will see how great a boon our corporation has provided for the public. There cannot be a doubt that the closer our familiarity is with everything good in art, the greater is our appreciation of it, and the higher our delight. The Leeds Town Hall organ, as an imitative orchestral instrument, is the finest in the world, so we have been assured by the musicians who have heard all the noted organs at present existing. This fact must be exceedingly gratifying to the Town Council and the ratepayers, especially after the noisy outcry made by a few persons when first the organ was erected. But has there ever been a work of any magnitude completed which has not aroused feelings of jealousy? At the present time there are not wanting architects and others who declare that our noble Town Hall itself is a gigantic failure, despite the almost universal praise bestowed upon it! The grumblers, however, decrease in number every year; and as with the Town Hall so it is with the organ—even former detractors have become honest eulogists; and now we hear little but praise of both. During the year ending July, there have been 76 organ concerts given, and 22 performances at oratorio and other concerts, making a total of 98 performances on the organ in twelve months. The attendance at the organ concerts has been about fourteen thousand—a larger number than could have been expected, considering all circumstances. The programmes have contained 165 pieces, viz.:—32 various organ works, includes preludes and fugues by J. S. Bach, sonatas by Mendelssohn, and concertos by Handel; 25 sacred songs and choruses by Handel, 43 other sacred songs, duets and concerted music from the works of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn Spohr, &c.; 19 pieces selected from the instrumental works of various composers, including selections from the grand symphonies; 17 marches by Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Costa, &c.; 4 fantasias on popular music; 24 "recollections" of various operas by Mozart, Meyerbeer, Donizetti, Verdi, Wallace, &c. (these "recollections" have been most popular, and contain all the leading features in each opera, which are connected in a fantasia of considerable length, and with *intermezzi* of a suitable character; 7 concerted vocal music by Sir Henry Bishop, &c.; 13 secular songs by various popular writers; and 24 overtures, including *Der Freyschütz*, *Oberon*, *The Last Judgment*, *Son and Stranger*, *Fidelio*, *Masaniello*, *Zampa*, &c. We congratulate Dr. Spark, our talented organist, on his admirable selection of pieces generally, and on the manner in which he has performed his duties during his first year of office.—*Leeds Paper*, Sat. Aug. 3, 1861.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Come where the moonbeams linger. *F. Buckley.* 25

Buckley has a great and undoubted talent of inventing graceful, flowing melodies which are easily fixed in one's memory, because there is nothing forced, nothing artificial about them. Every one can sing them. Many of his songs have become popular. His late songs far eclipse former efforts. In England, where the author resides at present, his songs are among those most called for. The above song especially has obtained wide popularity there, as it should here, being uncommonly pretty.

The Stripes and starry blue. Patriotic Song. 26

A stirring patriotic song adapted to a famous old English air, the "British Grenadiers."

Elegy on the death of General Lyon.

Dr. Fr. Hasse. 25

A fit tribute to the memory of the fallen hero, already immortalized in the heart of the nation. The poetry is fine and the music truly grand and solemn, and suggestive of the sad event which the words memorialize.

Then wave ye stripes.

Miss Howell. 25

New England for the Union.

D. B. Worley. 25

Some of the innumerable patriotic songs which the war for the Union has called out will prove worth preserving. It is difficult to say beforehand what these will be. It is just as likely as not that the above two songs will be among the number, as they are well written and have all the requisites of popular songs.

Instrumental Music.

Cataract Galop.

Carl Faust. 25

A sparkling and melodious piece, not difficult of execution. Abroad it is one of the most popular dances of the day.

Marche du Vainqueur.

J. Blumenthal. 50

This "March of the Victor" is a beautiful tone-poem, by the author of "La Source," and "Les deux anges," pieces which are cherished second to none by the modern pianist. It should become a standard work. The fine Elegy for the slain, for which the middle portion of the March is unmistakably intended, is alone worth the price of the whole piece.

Army Grand March, introducing Glory Hallelujah and Hail to the Chief.

C. Grobe. 35

This arrangement of the popular refrain coming as it does coupled with the stirring melody of "Hail to the chief," the whole together forming an effective March, will be the most satisfactory one. The arrangement is simple, yet effective.

Books.

THE GOLDEN HARP. A collection of Hymns, Tunes, and Choruses for the Use of Sabbath Schools, Social Gatherings, Pic Nics, and the Home Circle. By L. O. Emerson.

This book has been introduced into many large schools, and has in every case given the fullest satisfaction. Individuals whose interests are enlisted in the cause of Sabbath Schools cannot do a better deed for the good of that cause than by examining this work, calling the attention of their friends to it, and introducing it into use in their respective localities.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 492.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 14, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 24.

The Lark in the City.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

The rainy mist was hanging low,
Creeping slow—
Creeping along the crowded street,
Dulling the echo of busy feet,
As the throngs passed by in a ceaseless flow,
Hastening, hurrying to-and-fro.

Overhead was a sky of lead,
Never a glimpse of blue to be seen—
Never a gleam the clouds between
And my heart sank low with doubt and dread ;
And thoughts of the morrow,
Its care and sorrow,
And the toil for daily bread,
Filled my heart with a wild misgiving ;
" Without a friend to love or pity,
All alone in this crowded city—
Where is the use of living ? "

Trill—trill—trill !
The song of a lark
Scattered the visions dreary and dark,
And woke my heart with a thrill !
Poor little lark, in its tiny prison,
It chanted its sweet song over and over,
As if it were newly risen
From the fields of emerald wheat and clover ;
And the notes came pouring,
Heavenward soaring—
Up—up—up ;
As if the cup
Of its happiness were overflowing,
Out on the hills, with a fresh wind blowing,
And the sky to eastward redly glowing,
In the bright green country far away,
At the morn of a sunny summer day.

Sorrow vanished—gloom was banished—
Forgotten the dreary misty weather ;
And long leagues off, where the corn was green,
Up in the sunlight's golden sheen,
My heart and the lark were mounting together,
High—high—high
In the bright blue sky ?

Trill—trill—trill !
And cheerily still
The lark, in the midst of the busy city,
Over and over sang its ditty ;
Raising my soul like a holy beatitude :
So, with all gratitude,
Cheered and chastened,
Onward I hastened,
Blessing the bird for its merry song,
That haunted my heart the whole day long.

Count Walewski's Address

TO THE CONSERVATOIRE IMPERIAL DE MUSIQUE.

[On occasion of the distribution of the prizes of the Conservatoire of Paris, His Excellency the Coun Walewski, Minister of State, presided. The occasion was made a memorable one, by the honors bestowed upon the venerable composer Auber, in creating him a grand officer of the Legion of Honor. The address of Count Walewski is interesting in its topics and graceful and eloquent in its style. We regret that we cannot more adequately clothe it in an English dress, but are confident that it will be read with interest by our readers.]

Gentlemen : In presiding upon this occasion, my first desire is to thank the eminent professors by whom I find myself surrounded, and especially the illustrious director of the *Conservatoire*, the glory of French

music, whose graceful intellect that reckons years only by the number of its successes, that charming octogenarian who will never have been an old man, whose last chef d'œuvre, *la Circassienne*, is still a work of youth.

The Emperor, gentlemen, who understands how to proportion the reward to the greatness of the merit, has been pleased by a signal manifestation of his good will to distinguish an instance that so calls for sympathy and popular feeling. His Majesty has been pleased to nominate M. Auber, grand officer of his Imperial Order of the Legion of Honor, that order, which in the design of its immortal founder, was instituted to reward every kind of merit. I esteem myself happy to be the medium of a favor so justly deserved.

(The Minister here presented to M. Auber the insignia of a grand officer amid the most deafening acclamations and applause.)

I thank the professors for the enlightened zeal that they display in the performance of their duties. I thank them for the great and diverse talents that have been formed by their care.

Yes, the Conservatoire has a right to be proud of the results obtained in all its departments. We voluntarily disparage what belongs to ourselves ; this is in some sort the coquetry of our hospitality, but in the presence of unfounded criticisms (although inspired by laudable feeling) we should have the courage to recognize what is good and loudly proclaim it.

The diplomatic duties which I have had the honor to discharge, have given me the opportunity of visiting almost all the capitals of Europe and I do not hesitate to say that in no country in the world does the State lend to the Arts a more generous and effective support. I congratulate myself that I have been able to enrich the Conservatoire with a precious collection of the instruments of all epochs, collected by the care of M. Clapisson, which will fill a useful place in its library, and will be complete before the close of the year.

No other establishment in Europe can compare with the Conservatoire of Paris in the *ensemble* and complete organization of its studies, in unity of design and method, and finally in that general emulation that has produced four hundred and ten scholars deemed worthy of taking part in the *Concours* of this year. It may be remarked, moreover, with satisfaction, that we are progressing, as never before has so high a figure been attained.

This very hall, even, in which we are assembled, the most modest and at the same time most illustrious concert hall that the musical world knows, in which an unrivalled orchestra has made real the marvels of perfect execution, eloquently testifies in favor of the preëminence of the Conservatoire of Paris.

I do not desire, however, to exaggerate, and with the intention of being equitable, to fail in doing justice to others. Italy has continued to be the Queen of Song. Nature has given everything to her children to make them a melodious race ; the voices of her singers have the limpid quality of their native air ; the very speech that they have learned in the cradle was their first lesson in melody ; but, after all, if Italy has for so long a time lent to us, if she still lends us admirable singers, have we not ended by restoring to her a little of what we borrow ? The Conservatoire of Paris has furnished to her theatres many artists of the first order ; let us only discover their real names under the translation that dis-

guises them, and you will see that the French school can claim a considerable share in the fortunes of Italian song.

The Symphony is German. A reverie and a profound science, Germany has given to it her entire genius, and not in vain has she produced Haydn and Mozart, Weber and Beethoven ; neither is it in vain that France has understood and interpreted with a superior intelligence these great poets of instrumental music. Our composers have known how to combine those mystic voices of the Symphony with the brilliant and perfected expression of singing, so as to form the modern French opera, of which a truly creative mind, Eugene Scribe, has sketched the portrait. It is to this wholly national creation that our first lyric stage should be exclusively devoted, just as the *Théâtre Français*, the guardian of traditions, the true school of good taste, should consecrate itself to the *chefs d'œuvre* of our literature, whether to those of the older school, or to the serious productions of contemporary authors. And thus combining this delicate labor with the movement and rapid life of the *Comédie d'intrigue*, the creators of the modern French opera have formed the *Opéra Comique*, that happy combination of learning purposely disguised, with eloquence and grace, the *chefs d'œuvre* of which have even gained a place in the repertory of classical Germany.

As I have pronounced the name of Eugene Scribe, I may be allowed to express the sentiments of profound sadness that I experience not to see him seated here to-day beside his illustrious fellow-laborer. You all, gentlemen, I am sure, share with me in this painful emotion. For twenty years he was a member of the committee on dramatic studies, and there also he has left a void to be filled. The *Conservatoire* has a right to take its part in the deep grief with which the loss of this brilliant, fertile intellect has plunged the dramatic art all over the world ; for it cannot be denied that French art (whether tragedy, comedy, opera, drama or comic opera) is, one may say, in possession of the universal stage. To you, gentlemen it belongs to preserve these conquests, which, since the times of Louis XIV., have never fallen from the hands of France.

To this end, labor without ceasing. If an impatient ardor whispers in your ears, "Imagination is of more worth than rules—Inspiration finds all she needs in a sudden intuition—Genius has no need of traditions," repel these theories. Imagination goes astray and cannot go far without the rules that guide it. Inspiration has sometimes met the sublime, but she is capricious and visits us only in the hour that she herself chooses. And as to *Genius*—the gift is rare. We have seen it however. At the beginning of the century it was called Talma ; it was called Malibran and Mars, and in our own day, it was called Rachel. Less proud and disdainful than is supposed, it has not depended wholly on itself ; it has regarded tradition as its natural heritage, and has not repudiated that treasure of acquired experience, that rich inheritance of so much study, so many recollections, which it was in its turn, to transmit, the richer for its own studies and its own memories. Always preoccupied with its art, seeking ever for what was *best*, going in advance of counsels, it seemed to be ignorant of itself—not to know that it was *Genius* ; but it knew that Taste is itself the genius of France.

Taste, gentlemen, I have already spoken of in an-

other place, and you cannot be surprised that I speak of it here again before you. Taste was the instinct, the nature and the necessity of these great artists. Without effort, it regulated their gestures, their bearing, their whole attitude. What dignity! What elegance! What fitness! I speak not only of the delicate and lively comedy, but even in the boldest movements of tragic passion, what grace mingled with terror, what moderation with power, what power with moderation! And this moderation, too, finding itself in harmony with the public sentiment, educated by pure Art, became the common intelligence of both artists and audience, the indispensable condition of success; the basis, finally of those great reputations that are the glory of our country.

So true is this, that when the accustomed audience was wanting to those great artists, they felt also that this moderation escaped them. In vain, in their triumphal excursions, did they attempt to resist the plaudits which carried them beyond their bounds; the enthusiasm of the parterre left them no longer masters of themselves; they yielded and the limit was passed. The more they were admired, the more applauded, the less were they satisfied. They needed to come back here, to find *themselves* once more—to receive, in some degree, the teachings of silence—to be less applauded, but more truly judged.

But, I repeat, study, tradition, moderation. Above all, never lose sight of this, that if Art is a pleasure and a charm, the highest of all to the public which it enchants, it is to the artist, a persevering effort, a toil, often even a pain. So, to all those uncertain inclinations directed towards Art as to a pleasure, I should say, "Stop! Choose another career, you deceive yourselves!" But to those who gifted by nature are animated by the sacred fire, I shall say, "Persevere with courage, fear not the labor, for it offers you in the future both fortune and Fame!"

Lesueur.

Lesueur is a name much talked of in this country; but very little is really known of the pretensions of its possessor. Our contemporary, *Le Ménestrel*, has recently published some interesting details about the French composer, from which we are able to glean particulars that may not be uninteresting to our readers. In the time of the Republic, which could scarcely be regarded as the 18th century, but which yet could not be considered the 19th, a great number of composers of talent vied for the favors of a public, attracted in other directions by the declamations of the political arena, or the roar of cannon from the frontiers. These rival musicians,—rivals, but excellent friends,—would sometimes join together in one common collaboration, and the Opéra Comique, whether Feydeau or Favart, would receive a score at which had labored some half-dozen illustrious men, such as Cherubini, Méhul, Nicolo Isouard, Berton, Kreutzer, Boieldieu, Paer, &c. The three most frequently united in a joint production were Méhul, Cherubini, and Lesueur. The works of the last-named rendered him less illustrious than the other two. He was indebted to the delicacy of Méhul, and the somewhat rigid sincerity of Cherubini for an elevated position at the court. Was he as deserving of this distinction as his two contemporaries? It seems to us not. His music had neither the grandeur nor the elevation of Méhul, and the masterly and learned refinement of Cherubini. It was far, however, from being devoid of merit. What chiefly distinguished it was the gracefulness of the melodies—after the manner of Dalayrac, though less sentimental than the author of *Camille*. Lesueur acquired more celebrity through his oratorios, motets and masses than his dramatic works. Two of his operas, however, are still remembered by musicians, *La Caverne*, a comic opera, to which we shall presently return; and *Ossian, ou, les Bardes*, a grand opera, for which Napoleon, with his own hand, decorated him in the Imperial box with the order of the legion of honor; and when, subsequently, Charles X.

wished to promote Lesueur to the rank of commander of that order, the musician declined the honor, preferring to keep upon his breast the same cross which the Emperor had placed there. This was the act of a noble mind.

Lesueur was born in a village near Abbeville, on the 15th of January, 1763.* After studying music in that town at the chapel of St. Vulfran, he was sent as an *enfant de chœur* to the master chapelry of Amiens. It was, no doubt, the magnificent cathedral of the metropolis of Picardy which inspired him with those soothing melodies that made the success of his masterpiece, *Les Bardes*. Lesueur's music, however, has not the antique grandeur of Méhul. There is nothing in all that he has written for the church which approaches the sacred loftiness of "Joseph, Dieu d'Israel." Having received a somewhat imperfect education, he had improved his style by reading the scores of the old Italian masters, with whose spirit he imbued himself. Throughout his works are to be found such simple melodies as the phrase of the tenor in one of his oratorios: "Surge, Deborah!"† which occurs as a type of his peculiar manner.

After filling the post of Chapel-master at Séz, Dijon, Mans, and Tours, having come to Paris in 1784, he obtained the Chapel-mastership of Notre Dame in 1786. He introduced an orchestra into the chapel of that cathedral, and had masses executed of an almost secular character, which displeased the chapter. He was reproached for this, and the instrumental parts were reduced, as before, to simple accompaniments of violoncellos and double-basses. Lesueur, wounded at this change, withdrew into the country, resided with one of his friends until 1792, when his benefactor died. He then returned to Paris, and succeeded in getting *La Caverne* (opera, in three acts) brought out at the Feydeau during the following year. The great success which this met compensated for the mortifications of every kind he had to endure while it was in rehearsal. It was remembered that he had worn the narrow collar of ecclesiastics when Chapel-master at the Cathedral, and that at that time he was called "Monsieur l'Abbe." Neither the orchestra nor the actors spared their jeers. Cherubini had to take the direction of the rehearsals, in order by his powerful influence, acquired through the popularity of his *Deux Journées*, to counteract the ill-will displayed towards his friend. He even did more than this; for at the three first performances he filled the office of prompter, and after the success of the opera had been fully ratified in Paris, he went to Rouen and produced it there with no less success thanks to the dramatic feeling so felicitously pervading the score. Among the more remarkable pieces may be mentioned the duet, "Moi, que de vous je me sépare," the air, "Quel antre affreux?" and the trio, "Se calme-telle un peu."

After *La Caverne*, Lesueur produced, in 1794, *Paul et Virginie*, not a very remarkable work, but it contained a hymn to the sun, which used to be executed at the concerts formerly given at the Feydeau. While Chapel-master at Notre-Dame he had written for the opera *Télémaque dans l'île de Calypso*. Though accepted, being never performed, he withdrew the score, and arranged it as an opera comique, in which shape it was subsequently produced (1796). Lesueur quarrelled with Sarrette about some writings against the Conservatoire, where he resided, and was thus obliged to leave his quarters, and thus found himself thrown with his family on the wide streets, unprovided with the smallest means. A lucky chance rescued him from this position. The famous Paisiello, then Napoleon's Chapel-master, having requested permission to retire, his place was conferred on Lesueur, as we have already mentioned. He was then able to obtain a hearing for his opera, *Les Bardes*, which had long been languishing on the shelves of the opera. The first performance took place on the 10th July, 1804.

In an anonymous pamphlet, entitled *Le Rideau*

* The inhabitants of Abbeville have set up a statue to Lesueur in one of their public places.

† Deborah—Oratorio. 1823.

Léré, Lesueur is reproached with being too dramatic in his masses, and not sufficiently so in his operas. The truth is he wrote his scores for sacred music a little in the style of those destined for the stage, and thus what seemed theatrical in a place of worship would have been in its right place on the stage, and what might have been strictly suitable to a church would be deemed too slow for the theatre.

Improvements in Key-Boards of Pianofortes and other Instruments.

There is no doubt that at the present time the manufacture of pianofortes has reached a very high degree of perfection, and that some of our American squares, and even a few of our grands, can very well compete with the best made in Europe. While the attention of the manufacturers has been called to a great many different points, it is surprising that an improvement in key-boards has escaped them. This is so much more remarkable, if we come to consider how the key-board has been originated and transferred to the pianoforte. It has been derived from the organ. At first the organ was played, not by pressing down the keys with the fingers, but by beating them with the fist. As the note C was made the basis of the natural scale, and most of the church music was written in C major, it was found convenient to place all the keys of this scale on one level; consequently, when, later, the sharps (black keys) were added, only half of the length of whole key could be given to them, and thus was caused the denomination of half or semi-tones. These sharps could only be placed in groups of 2 and 3, which, even, after it had become a habit to play with the fingers, instead as formerly, with the fist, did not improve much the art of playing. The only thing that could be said in favor of these groups was, that they would be easily seen and distinguished, an advantage which might have been achieved in many other ways. The system of groups causes difficulties with regard to the fingering of the different scales, and makes the execution of certain chords in a rapid tempo almost impossible. All intervals, extending an octave, the legato playing of which is of such high importance in reference to the melody as well as the accompaniment, can not be produced on the key-board of the pianoforte, and compositions for the orchestra can only be played after having been narrowed down to the limited space of the present system. To overcome these difficulties by the use of the pedal, has not only caused great labor to the pupil, but in many instances spoiled his taste, giving him the queer notion to find only that beautiful what is difficult. Finally, the anatomical construction of the hands facilitates the movements of the fingers, if they are kept close and the arms rest quiet, while the system of our present key-board makes it necessary to keep the fingers always stretched, and to move sometimes even very suddenly, the arms to the right and to the left.

When this system of the key-board was applied from the organ to the spinet and clavichord, and from these to the pianoforte, the theory of music was very little developed. Some of the most important intervals were not known at all, and were introduced at a later period. Even the tuning of such instruments could only be done partly, so that it was impossible to play pieces in all the clefs on the same instrument, because all the notes could not be brought to such a purity of tone as was pleasant to the ear. Only after the exertions of such men as Eubert, Rameau, and Lambert, towards the middle of the 18th century, who, combining knowledge of music with that of mathematics, succeeded in finding out a perfect musical temperature, carried out by practical tuners, it became impossible to compose and play pieces in all the clefs. And only then could the celebrated composer, J. S. Bach, write the series of Preludes and Fugues, known under the title: "Le clavecin bien temperé," by which title was at once indicated that the work contained pieces written in all the clefs. Since this great master, in his unsurpassed compositions, has laid

the foundation of the modern pianoforte playing, the latter has been brought to a very high degree of perfection, so much so, that most of the classical works of the old masters are now set aside as being too simple. In spite of all this, our system of the key-board is still the same. It is true, a very few attempts at improvement have been made, but without any kind of success, for they were founded upon the overthrowing of the whole system, a thing which is quite impossible, considering that all our pianoforte music is based upon it.

In the latest improvement of this kind, this great block in the way of all inventions applied to the key-board, has been avoided. Mr. Schünnemann, from Berlin, now residing among us, has hit upon a plan which leaves the whole system of the key-board quite unaltered, being only an addition to it, that can be used by the player according to his own discretion, and with which he can become acquainted in a very little time. After a short practice he will be able to play the chromatic scale *sliding*, which cannot be done on the present pianoforte. How important this is, can be easily learnt from the fact, that the chromatic scale belongs to every clef, and that the possibility of producing with ease the *glissando* chromatic scale, will give to the performer the means of adding to the effect of light and shade in his playing. The sliding can be done with one or both hands, in octaves or any other combinations, upwards and downwards. With the same facility, as the simple chromatic scale, the pianist can play chromatic passages of minor and major thirds or fourths, minor and major sixths of octaves, and also chromatic successions of chord as for instance the sixth, including the third, the octave including the third, the chord of the diminished seventh, shortly, every chromatic passage of every description. Triads or other harmonic combinations can be executed either chromatically or in keys, requiring sharps and flats with much greater facility than at present, setting aside the complicated fingering now in use, and bringing the different clefs to the same level as the C major. This invention will be undoubtedly welcome to composers as well as performers, on account of the old key-board remaining unchanged, and of the new resources which is offered to them by the addition. We hear that the latter will increase the price of the pianoforte only a trifle.—*Musical Review and World*.

A Gossip about Organs.

We wonder how many, out of the thousands to whom the tones of the organ are so familiar, ever giving more than a passing thought to it, or reflect on the science and skill that have been lavished on it from the times of the reed-pipes of the ancients up till now, when it has become the most gigantic and complex musical instrument of modern times. Indeed, many amateurs, fond as they are of music, and of church-music in particular, are surprised when they begin to find out what a vast amount of machinery is packed into such a small compass, and what a number of abstruse and scientific principles have to be attended to before they can extract even one sweet sound. The earliest organ was probably nothing more than a series of reeds blown by the mouth, a proceeding which was found so tiresome, that it was not long before the bellows came into use so as to ensure a constant supply of wind; but even then it was only a rudiment of the present instrument, since it was not till the eleventh century that a keyboard was first added to the one in Magdeburgh Cathedral. Here was an epoch in the history of sacred music, the lowest step of that platform of divine harmony which has since risen in such noble strains, and which is still ever ascending. What masters in the art have played out their lives since then, filling the world with the glorious creations of their genius!

It will not be uninteresting to the general reader if we endeavor to sketch briefly the manner in which the interior of the organ is arranged—the popular notion of all that is necessary being, some pipes, wind, and a person to play. After all, this may be a simple definition; but the curious and compact way in which so much delicate workmanship is put together is surely worthy of a little attention. Of course there is every variety both in size, volume and cost; but we will take a sample of the ordinary church-organ and examine it at our leisure. What is generally

called a good sized one would be more correctly spoken of as three or four harmoniously put together into a case, and not only involving distinct sets of pipes, but also distinct sets of keys upon which to play. Thus, in one case, we have frequently three, and in very large organs, four sets of finger-keys, or manuals, termed the great, the swell, and the choir organs; while the corresponding set to be played by the feet are called pedals. The grand desideratum, the wind, was always supplied by bellows, of course; but even in this point, immense improvements have been effected. Bellows are of two kinds, diagonal and horizontal; the former so called, because, when blown, one end ascends while the other is stationary, giving it a wedge-like appearance, while the horizontal bellows always preserves an uniformly level surface.

Almost all the old organs were fitted with the first kind, but the inconvenience was that the supply of wind was so irregular as to necessitate the use of several pairs (the organ at St. Sulpice, in Paris, having actually fourteen), whereas one pair of horizontal bellows is equivalent to at least half-a-dozen of the diagonal species. The wind which has been collected is then distributed by wooden pipes, termed wind-trunks, into a shallow box or wind chest, where it accumulates ready for more minute dispersion to the various portions of the instrument. Now the mechanism becomes a little more intricate. The roof of the wind-chest is formed by what is called the sound-board, on which are a certain number of grooves or channels perforated with holes, so as to allow of the conducting of the wind to the several pipes. Nevertheless, as matters stand at present, the moment that the wind is introduced, all the pipes would speak at once, to obviate which a movable piece of wood, or sounding-pallet is inserted in the groove, the control over it being exercised by means of a wire connected with the key-note; the result is, that when the note is pressed, the wire acts on the pallet, allowing the air to escape into that particular groove, and thus produces a musical note, or, we may say, notes; for, as there are several pipe-holes to each groove, all those pipes would sound simultaneously. This, however, is prevented by a series of sliders, perforated in such a manner as to correspond with the holes of the sounding-board, and table below it, and by this means all the pipes not wanted can be shut off at will. The keys of the manuals are connected with the sounding pallets by rather complicated mechanism, into which it would be tedious to enter now, although it does not always follow that they must be close to each other, an instance of which, Mr. Hopkins tells us, is to be found in Prince Albert's organ at Windsor, where the keys are placed twenty two feet from the rest of the instrument, while in that of the Church of St. Alessandro, there is a long movement of 115 feet.

We must not forget to mention, ere we go any further, that the sliders which admit or shut the wind off from the pipes, being all placed inside, and out of the reach of the player, are controlled externally by the use of the draw-stop; and, as everybody knows, the size of an organ is generally estimated by the number of the stops. Those that are apportioned to each manual of the organ, are usually acted upon only by the keys of that manual, but by the invention of the coupler, the stops of any two manuals can be brought into connection; for instance, we see in descriptions of organs, swell coupler to great, or choir to great, &c., implying that by this means the swell or choir manuals can be brought under the same action as the great.

It is obvious that a tremendous power is thus put into the hands of the performer, who is able at will to pile up Pelion on Ossa, and thunder forth his music to the loudest. As another instance of economizing in the labor of playing, we may mention the composition pedals by which a certain number of stops are pulled out simultaneously with the working of the pedal, without the necessity of the organist taking his hands off from the keys.

The most important department of the organ is that of the pipes, a department of all others which shows the particular stamp of the builder, the most eminent of whom can often be recognized by their tone.

Pipes are divided into two classes, those made of metal and those of wood; the metal being either of pure tin or a compound of tin and lead.

Mr. Walker is very fond of using a composition called spotted metal, in which there is about one-third of tin; and very nice it looks, particularly for front speaking pipes, where no money can be afforded for external decorations. Both metal and wooden pipes vary considerably in shape and size, depending entirely on the quality and quantity of sound to be produced, and the ingenuity expended upon them may be imagined when, as in the Panopticon organ,

sixty stops have to be inserted, implying an aggregate of 4,000 pipes. The swell is simply a smaller organ contained in the large one, and shut up in a box, the front of which works like a Venetian blind, allowing the sound to increase or diminish as the shutters are moved up or down; but, in small instruments, with only one row of keys, a substitute is used, of a large shutter placed immediately behind the show or speaking pipes, and worked in the same way by a pedal.

The first European organ of which we have any account, appears to have been sent to Pepin, king of the Franks, by the Byzantine emperor, Constantine, in 757. It must have been a queer concern, for it was not until the end of the eleventh century that the key-board was introduced, each key being five inches wide, so as to allow them to be beaten down by the fist. Indeed even so late as 1529, we find that a new organ was bought for Holbeach, in Lincolnshire, for the magnificent sum of £3, 6s. 8d.; and a still more splendid one put up in Trinity College, Oxford, a few years later, for £10. Now-a-days the competition amongst our English towns as to which shall have the finest organ, has run the prices up to £3000 or £4000. It is curious to observe how many continental cathedrals have more than one instrument; and, in fact, it is unusual to find a church of any size without two or more. That of St. Antonio, at Padua, has four large ones; while St. Mark, at Venice, has two large, and four small portable ones, which can be easily moved about; and, if we recollect rightly, there are also six in the cathedral at Seville.

Their usual position in English churches was in the gallery at the west end, facing the communion-table, and in cathedrals between the nave and choir,—a situation, by the way which came into fashion after the Reformation, and so far objectionable, that it interferes sadly with the general view; but in most new churches they are generally placed upon or a little above the ground floor, either in the chancel or at the side of the choir. In the Lutheran church at Dresden, the chapels at Versailles and the Tuilleries and at Little Stanmore, near Edgware, the organs are put at the east end, just over the communion table; while in the church at Courtray, it is divided into two portions, so as to allow a window to be visible in the middle, while the keys and bellows are placed underneath it.

There is a striking difference in the appearance of the organ cases of the present day, as compared with the earlier ones. All the decoration now is expended on the outside pipes, which are painted and illuminated in a manner wonderful to behold; while the old builders lavished their taste on the carving of the wood. Indeed, this was often carried to a ludicrous extent, particularly in an organ alluded to by Hopkins, who tells us, that not content with innumerable carvings of angels and heavenly hosts, the inventive artist added trumpets and kettle-drums, which were played by the same angels, while a conductor with a huge pair of wings beat time. To such a pitch was this extravagance carried, that there was even one stop, which when pulled out, caused a fox's tail to fly out into the face of the inquisitive meddler. Of more chaste appearance than these are the organ in the church of St. Nicholas, at Prague, in which all the ornaments and framework are of white marble, and that in the Escorial, at Madrid, said to be of solid silver.

Instruments are considerably cheaper than they used to be; for we are told that Father Smith, the most celebrated of the old builders, had £2000 for the organ in St. Paul's which had only 28 stops; while for a trumpet stop in Chichester Cathedral, Byfield was paid £50. We must remember, however, that many are only half stops, that is, furnished with pipes for half the notes, whereas these old ones always ran through the complete scale. For many years the Haarlem organ, which cost £10,000, was considered the largest and most complete in the world; but it has been frequently surpassed, both in size and tone. It contains 60 sounding stops, and 4088 pipes, one of which is 15 inches in diameter and 40 feet long; but in the Birmingham Town Hall there is one of 12 feet in circumference, which measures 224 cubic feet in the interior. The organ in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, has 8000 pipes and upwards of 100 stops; and we imagine that the one at Leeds is still larger. An ingenious method of blowing this last is in use, viz., by hydraulic power—a room underneath being reserved for the water apparatus, which costs comparatively little, and rarely gets out of order. It is the invention of Mr. Joy, of Leeds, and an immense boon to the performer, who can play for any length of time on the full organ without feeling himself dependent on manual labor. The Panopticon organ, built by Hill, and the most complete in London, is worked by steam power, and

possesses four manuals, to each of which duplicates are attached, allowing two or three persons to play at once. In the arrangement of notes, however, the Temple organ is the most peculiar, as it contains 14 sounds to the octave, whereas most organs have only 12. The blowing apparatus at Seville is worked by a man walking backwards and forwards over an inclined plane balanced in the middle, along which he has to pass ten times before the bellows are filled.

It is useful to know, in cases where funds are deficient or uncertain, that it is by no means necessary to have the instrument complete at once; for, at a small extra expense, spare accommodations can be provided, and spare sliders for stops, which can be filled in at any time.

In many very small churches, the Scudamore organ, containing only one stop, is very handy, and quite powerful enough to lead the congregation—besides having the merit of being extremely cheap, viz. only £25. Anything is better than the old barrel-organ, which we are happy to think is rapidly becoming extinct; for no church music could expect to undergo improvement with such a hopeless piece of machinery,—not to mention the freaks which a barrel of ill-regulated wind would sometimes perform—like the one that started off by itself in the middle of the sermon, and had to be taken out ignominiously into the churchyard and left there to play itself hoarse. We hope that the time will come when no parish, however small, will be without its organ, or at least a harmonium, feeling assured that church-music, although not the principal thing in our service, is yet of too much importance to be, as we fear it often is, utterly neglected.—G. P. BEVAN.—N. Y. *Albion*, Sept. 7.

MUSIC AN AMUSEMENT OF THE HOME.—What shall the amusements of the home be?

Where there is the ability and taste, I regard music—as combining in happiest proportions instruction and pleasure—as standing at the head of the home evening enjoyments. What a never-failing resource have those homes which God has blessed with this gift! How many pleasant family circles gather nightly about the piano, how many a home is vocal with the voice of song or psalm! In other days, in how many village homes the father's viol led the domestic harmony, and sons with clarinet or flute or manly voice, and daughters sweetly and clearly filling in the intervals of sound, made a joyful noise! There was then no piano, to the homes of this generation the great, the universal boon and comforter. One pauses and blesses it, as he hears it through the open farm-house window, or detects its sweetness stealing out amid the jargons of the city, an angel's benison upon a wilderness of discord, soothing the weary brain, lifting the troubled spirit, pouring fresh strength into the tired body, waking to worship, lulling to rest. Touched by the hand we love, a mother, sister, wife,—say, is it not a ministrant of love to child, to man,—a household deity, now meeting our moods, answering to our needs, sinking to depths we cannot fathom, rising to heights we cannot reach, leading, guiding, great and grand and good, and now stooping to our lower wants, the very frolic of our souls reverberating from its keys? The home that has a piano—what capacity for evening pleasure and profit has it! Alas that so many wives and mothers should speak of their ability to play as a mere accomplishment of the past, and that children should grow up looking on the piano as a thing unwisely kept for company and show!—Rev. J. F. W. Ware.

VINCENT NOVELLO.—A loss of an honorable and honored musician is announced in the obituary of the week—the departure of the patriarch, Vincent Novello, which took place at Nice a few days since. He was aged eighty. By descent an Italian, the larger part of his life and his professional career were passed in London; where his sound musical knowledge and his command over the organ (then not common in England) enabled him to do valuable service to his art. Especially was this rendered in the naturalization of sacred music of the great Italian and German writers belonging to the Roman Catholic Church. The Masses of Mozart, Haydn, Hummel, and many writers less known,—still meriting to be known,—owe the largest share of their introduction in a complete form to Mr. Novello's editorship, and to their performance in the Spanish chapel to which he was during many years attached. He was also an influential member of the Council of the Philharmonic Society, in the days when to belong to the same was a European distinction. He composed much; but what he produced was rather the work of an honest and temperate musician, perfectly trained, than the product of genius. That he was esteemed as a man,—that his society was culti-

vated beyond the verge of his own profession,—will be seen (to name but one instance) in the Letters of Elia. He had a numerous family; and to their distinction in his own art, and in the world of letters, it would be superfluous to advert. No common respect is implied to our farewell to one of the most sterling musicians of the old school whom this country has possessed as a resident.—*Athenæum*.

MANY PARTS AND MANY TIMES.—* * Glance now at the list of operas in which Madame Grisi has sustained characters, with the number of times she has played in each in London. "La Gazza Ladra," 47; "Anna Bolena," 38; "Otello," 36; "Il Don Giovanni," 82; "La Donna del Lago," 21; "L'Assedio di Corinto," 11; "Semiramide," 41; "Il Barbiere," 38; "La Sonnambula," 18; "Marino Faliero," 8; "I Puritani," 92; "Prova d'un Opera," 21; "Norma," 79; "I Briganti," 5; "Il Matrimonio Segreto," (Caroline,) 10; "Malek Adel," 7; "Ildegonda," 2; "Parasina," 6; "Nozze di Figaro," 22; "Falstaff," 4; "Lucrezia Borgia," 97; "Il Giuramento," 9; "Il Matrimonio Segreto," (Lisetta,) 9; "Fausta," 2; "Robert Devereaux," 6; "Don Pasquale," 29; "Cenerentola," 3; "Don Carlos," 5; "Corrado d'Altamura," 1; "Il Pirata," 6; "I Lombardi," 11; "I due Foscari," 3; "La Favorita," 26; "Les Huguenots," 78; "Roberto il Diavolo," 12; "Il Flauto Magico," 3; "Le Prophete," 9; "Il Trovatore," 13.

Some 900 and odd nights are thus accounted for, spread over twenty-seven operatic seasons! For so many years has Madame Grisi been singing in London, on an average of about thirty nights a year.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 14, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

Editorial Correspondence.

No. XX.

LONDON, Aug. 3.

The Opera at Covent Garden, after prolonging its season through a great many "extra nights," outlasting all the concerts for about a month, will close to-night with a performance of the "Prophet." I am not dying to hear that again, and had rather let last evening's fresh impression be the last of my operatic memories in London. For then we had something worthy to conclude a "season;" something to remember the opera by so satisfactorily, that one cares not to have that memory overlaid by anything of Meyerbeer or Verdi. It was the opera of operas, the one which wears best with true music-lovers—and with no public more than with that of London—*Don Giovanni*. This shall be my last as it had been my first, opera in London—the alpha and omega, and likewise the middle of my Covent Garden record. Eight times has Mozart's master work been given here since the commencement of the season in the first week in April, and every time to crowded and enthusiastic audiences.

And such an audience is a sight to see! From the hospitable box in the corner by the stage your eye commands the whole; you look down on the brilliant rows of comfortable "pit stalls," guinea seats all elegantly occupied, which take up the whole width and depth of the parterre, except a starveling segment in the very rear where thirty or forty stall-less people can have "pit" pure et simple, the condensed quintessence of it, for seven shillings; a few feet higher, the enclosing circle of "pit boxes," nodding and smiling and fanning with beauty and with fashion; then, just below you, the "grand tier" of nobility, et cetera, a sacred circle, closed to the non-elect, a broad, bright zodiac that hoops the heavens round at

mid height, beginning over the way there with the Royal box, which (to the credit of all concerned) is distinguished from the others only by its width, and not, as on the continent, by tawdry display of crowns and other gilding to remind you that the house and the fullness thereof are the King's or the Grand Duke's; then lifting your eyes (or lorgnette) to their natural level, you may contemplate another circle, of which you are a happy atom, called the "first circle" (of mere humans), and which vies in animated charms with either sphere or circle of the blest below, whether they be noble or be human: and then upward to another lustrous circle; and uppermost of all, most noteworthy of all, and most significant, a great space opening far back behind the sun (read chandelier), row rising behind row as far as glass can reach, all densely packed with heads, like seeds in the capsule of a sunflower, the "amphitheatre," where sit the people. There are the real lovers of *Don Juan*: these taste an immortality in Mozart's music; it hath a zest of present heaven for them, and causeth their faces to shine; there is more meaning than we think in the theatrical cant term "gods of the gallery." Not that other portions of the house were dull or inaccessible to Mozart, or that musical motives were not the ruling ones in more than one of the fashionable constellations hanging in those circles; but the focus of appreciative response and enjoyment was evidently up there among "the gods;" and it is a curious fact, and creditable to English musical taste, that on the "Don Giovanni" nights, the "Tell" nights, &c., the amphitheatre is always crowded, while the *Traviatas*, *Rigolettos*, and that sort of thing, are taken under the more exclusive wing of rank and fashion, which "subscribe" and call for such. A *Don Giovanni* night is emphatically a people's night. What I have chanced to witness has, I am told, been equally characteristic of the entire season; of the seventy-four performances, the eight of *Don Giovanni*, the nine of "William Tell," the five or six of *Il Barbiere* have been those which have seen the amphitheatre and all the cheaper places the best filled. Of course the attraction of favorite singers—especially of the rising star, the "bright particular," young Adelina Patti, has also had its influence on the popular tide, apart from the intrinsic interest of the composer and the piece. But most preferred to hear and see this gifted maiden as Zerlina, as Rosina (in spite of some defects), or as Amina—in three operas whose charm as music never can wear out—to being made patient with the platitudes of *Marta* and *La Traviata* by the redeeming personality of such a pleasing little body. And who compose the crowd up there? Partly, largely, no doubt, the Germans, who seem to be almost as numerous in London as in New York; for they have heard Mozart's great work more times in their life perhaps than any other class, and therefore love it better; but also a great many, a majority of English born. It is no mob, answering to the "ground-lings" of the theatres of old; they are well-dressed, respectable and polite people; the front rows indeed present a goodly show of elegance and beauty. There are three grades of seats there, at prices of 7 shillings, 5 shillings, and 2s. 6d.

The theatre itself is well suited to the display, as well as to the convenience, of such a brilliant audience. Although it is said to be architect-

turally inferior to the house that was burnt down and which it suddenly replaced, and although the auditorium has no peculiarly artistic aspect, yet it is spacious, elegant, light, cheerful, well ventilated and comfortable. The stage arrangements of course are on a very grand and complete scale, and vie with those of any other theatre in Europe.

And now for *Don Giovanni*. A magnificent orchestra, to begin with; and such a rendering of the overture, that no one could choose but listen and be penetrated, filled with the rich music and with unwillingness to lose a single note of what would follow. There is no orchestra in Europe more complete and choice in its material, or which gives out a more rich and beautiful *ensemble* of tone. The quality of the instruments, of the strings especially, is remarkably fine; every player is a virtuoso and happy in the possession of an instrument worthy of him, such as contributes a pure, warm, sympathetic tone to the euphonious whole. Such fine violas, 'cellos, double-basses, violins, taking the mass of them together, I think I have heard nowhere else, unless it were in Dresden, and there not so many of them. The average style of performance, too, at least in point of spirit, brilliancy, precision, power, richness of coloring, is not surpassed in Paris, Berlin, Dresden, or Vienna. The only fault is, that it rolls on in the glory of its full tide too triumphantly sometimes, and does not readily and instinctively subdue itself to the singer's voice. It is a brave orchestra, however, in the good senses of the word. And it has MICHAEL COSTA for conductor, who is a monarch in his way, and whose celebrity requires no justification. His air of quiet self-possession and authority, his ease and dignity of manner, albeit mingled with a little Neapolitan conceit, always give assurance. Although an Italian, long experience has made him cosmopolitan in music — has he not written an oratorio quite *a la Mendelssohn*? We have heard his *tempi* sometimes criticised; and so it has been with I dare say all conductors, not excepting Mendelssohn; and they do say that he is prone to hurry music which he does not like—a weakness which, considering how much trash he has at times to preside over, can be easily excused. The Verdi-ites, however, take it seriously. But, as the most nearly related sects in religion or politics quarrel the most sharply, so it is no wonder that South Italian and North Italian musicians do not belong to the same "mutual admiration society," and that Milan and Naples each regard the other as a Nazareth whence no musical good thing can come. But Costa not only possesses in himself the secret of musical expression, the true tradition of the Italian *cantabile*; he is a complete musician, and hence on neutral ground at least, in the great works of Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, &c., you can only rely on his intelligent and conscientious and even *con amore* rendering. And to this neutral ground belong also such works of universally acknowledged genius as Rossini's operas, for it is a cheering fact that as far as regards real masterworks of genius, all controversy of "schools" is soon forgotten; it is only while the lesser deities reign, while second and third rate composers occupy the stage, while Meyerbeer and Verdi, Donizetti and Flotow, and Auber and Balfe, &c., are in question, that we hear or care about the Italian and

the German school, the new school and the old school, and what not. At all events, *Don Juan* is not an opera that would be likely to suffer under Costa's hands; it is a feast always for musicians like him and the members of his splendid orchestra; and doubtless every individual of those eighty or ninety knows every note of it by heart and could have played it through without a sheet before him. Of course the overture was played with unction. A good overture, as played by the Covent Garden orchestra is not a thing to go unheeded; it enforces attention; people cannot talk through it until the singers come.

And what a cast! In the *ensemble*, orchestra, chorus, stage effect, &c., the London opera may have competitors in other cities; but not in the principal singers; London wealth and musical ambition draw and keep here the greater number of the best. As *Donna Anna* we had Mme. PENCO, a bright and spirited Italian woman, with considerable dignity of person, and face resembling Tedesco, only not so fleshy. She has a good rich, even quality of voice, and sings all in an artist-like and well-schooled manner; not a great singer, but one in whom such a part does not essentially suffer. GRISI took *Donna Anna* in a preceding performance, and, worn as her voice is, and obliged as she was to transpose some of the music, she was really superb in it. She will never come upon the stage here again to sing it less well, having at last really taken her farewell both at the Opera and at the Crystal Palace. The *Elvira* this time was indifferent: a young and pretty figure, with a bright and pretty voice, — Mme. ORTOLANI-TIBERINI. Mme. CSILLAG, her predecessor in this rôle, made, on the contrary, the most effective, finely conceived, and ladylike *Elvira* I have ever seen upon the stage. Csillag has rather an unmanageable organ, and is hardly a finished singer; but there is soul and passion in her every tone, look and motion; an artist in a high, poetic sense who never fails to interest. But the chief delight and admiration of the audience was "little PATTI" as the clever little witch and coquette of a peasant bride, *Zerlina*. And justly so. It was the most charming of all her charming impersonations; decidedly the most fascinating *Zerlina*, musically and dramatically, which I have seen since Bosio. It would be folly to expect in her the perfect singer we have lost in Bosio; yet she sang all the music simply, with pure style and expression, and with most felicitous and characteristic touches. The voice, which we had feared was growing old too fast from too much work in public, and too little time for rest and private study, had a delicate, fresh bloom upon it, that was delightful. It was only once, I think, that she indulged in an unmeaning cadenza or "embellishment" on Mozart's perfect melody; and that, probably, was the fault of some adviser; she seldom deviates from good taste and artistic truth where she is allowed to go alone; her instinct seems unerring. In recitative, in the easy, conversational Italian *parlando*, she is singularly fine for such a child. Her acting of the part was full of life and nature, amusingly original, the by-play incessant, and helping out the significance of every scene in which she was on the stage. For instance, the wonder and delight with which she (and her *Masetto* with her) gazes round on the splendors of *Don Juan's* ball room, and the timidity with which she sinks into the

luxury of one of those incredible chairs! Best of all, her exquisite coquetry in *Batti, batti*, with her offended simpleton of a bridegroom. Happy for her here to be so exquisitely mated! Happy for the public too! Is not that a nice cast indeed, in which the commonly considered small part of *Masetto* is given to no less an artist than RONCONI? In his hands it becomes really a great serio-comic part. His voice to be sure is *passé*, painfully "dilapidated" (to use a common figure of critics, who seem to suppose that voices are built up like stone walls, or put together like mosaics). But as a singer, he is thoroughly an artist; and as an actor, especially in comedy, he is inimitable and irresistible, as full of the quick "heat lightning" of suggestion as if he were always improvising his part under a happy inspiration. Yet it may be a question whether he is not prone to run it into too broad farce. But he contrives to maintain his dignity with refined public, and no one thinks of Ronconi as a buffoon. He has earned and is not likely to forfeit the character of artist, and is mentioned as among his peers with Mario and Tamberlik and Lablache, &c. Such an old *Masetto* and such a young *Zerlina* were natural provocatives of many happy, unexpected traits of naturalness and humor.

It would be superfluous labor for me here to enter into a detailed analysis of Patti's *Zerlina*, or of any of the parts, since the Journal of Music has no doubt copied some of the very just and graphic remarks of the *Times* and other London critics. A few words only of the other leading singers. The *Don Giovanni* was M. FAURE, a refined, effective baritone, who always sings and acts well, and whose impersonation of that most difficult rôle has more life and gentlemanly ease, is more free from absurdity, vulgarity, overdoing or underdoing, than any one that I remember. Not a great singer, but a sterling and invaluable one for parts like *Tell* and *Don Giovanni*. The familiar figure of CARL FORMES was the first to greet us when the curtain rose. His *Leporello* is after the common German fashion: capital in all the earlier scenes, but altogether too farcically grotesque in the last scene to comport with the sublime terrors of the supernatural visitation and the music. He sang as we have heard him "on the other side." The old *Commander*, the Man of Marble, was most impressively represented by Sig. TAGLIAFICO, who seems to be clever in all sorts of parts suited to a baritone, or even ponderous basso. The *Don Ottavio* was TAMBERLIK, — next to Mario, the greatest of all the tenors I have heard. But very different from Mario; his chief power lies in strong declamatory, impassioned, heroic parts; he is greatest in the *Tell* music, or as the *Prophet*. His voice is not as well preserved as Mario's, not as fresh and juicy, by no means as fine in its whole compass; but the tone is very resonant and marrowy and manly when he chooses, and he has the art to save his strength so as to strike with certainty in the important crises. His *Il mio tesoro* was very admirable; but his best service was in the accompanied recitative dialogue, and in the interwoven *ensembles*, where his rich, crisp tone always tells, and contributes its full worth to the harmony. He has a manly presence and a gentlemanly action. Such an Ottavio is not a nobody — and certainly Mozart has not given him the music of a nobody to sing.

The chorus, the *mise en scène*, ballet, and general treatment of the opera as a whole was splendidly complete, and worthy of such orchestra, such singers, such audience—and prices! I missed the usual inconsistencies and dead, unmeaning places in the action and stage presentation—usual, I mean, in America. The thing was a consistent whole; and more than ever did *Don Juan* seem to me the *universal* opera, typical of the whole story of human life. — It has spun itself into altogether too long a story in this letter, so I must leave “William Tell,” the “Barber,” &c., with a general summary, to another.

D.

Musical Correspondence.

VIENNA, AUG. 18, 1861.—At last again in the old room, after much tossing about on sea and land—as we used to translate in the opening lines of the *Æneid*—though the form of these tossings about has certainly undergone no small change since the days of General *Æneas* that old fillibuster, his Pater Anchises and parvus Iulus. Crossing the channel by steam in some seven hours, where it is 64 miles wide (Newhaven to Dieppe), and then running up to Paris on a railroad, moving about the city in omnibuses, and finally spending a day or two on the Rhine and Danube on steamboats—these are matters rather out of the late P. Virgilus Maro's experience.

In the old room, Sunday morning, nine o'clock and bells ringing lustily, but whether to call people to the worship of the “Most High” or in honor of the “All Highest” (Aller Höchster) the former being the term applied to the Deity; the latter to German Kings and Emperors and the more important personages, I cannot make out. It is Francis Joseph's birthday and a cloud of smoke is rolling away yonder from the Glacis, caused by the volleys of thousands of muskets fired in his honor. So I am puzzled to know to whose honor these Sunday morning bells are ringing.

In the old room again, with what a heap of letters to be examined and answered! Let this be the apology to those who have waited for months for answers to their missives, viz., that I was, after leaving Vienna a year since, drawn from point to point by the prospect of new ‘placers’ of my sort of native gold, some of which proved very rich though others involved only loss of time and labor—and that I was continually expecting to be on my way back to Vienna and thought it hardly worth while to have my packages forwarded. By degrees arrears shall be worked up.

In looking back over the time, which has elapsed since my last notes to the Journal, I see little or nothing that can lend interest to its columns, at least of musical matters.

In Paris where I remained a short time I heard no music and have no notes save of the doings of the few American painters, whom I still found there. Some have gone home, others were just going, others were away on summer tours.

In May's studio I found a picture of Michael Angelo leaving the Vatican nearly complete, figures half life size,—a magnificent portrait of Mad. de Podesta,—a girl at her toilet, life size, well advanced—and sketches for a large picture of Jews and Jewesses “by the rivers of Babylon.”

Cranch has nearly or quite complete, two more of his Venetian grand Canal pictures, one of them a moonlight.

Dana has been making some changes in the effects of his “Excelsior,” and has finished a fine scene on the Norman coast, and was on the point of flitting for the hot weather. I find on hunting up my former

notice of his doings, that an important point in relation to the proposed picture of the “Three Wise Men of Gotham,” was omitted either through my own carelessness or that of “the printer!” That is, that he long since sketched it and only awaits an order to work it out on a large scale.

Boughton I found out at Ecouen, a village about a dozen miles north of Paris, busy in a peasant house, primitive enough, too—upon exquisite little pictures of the peasant women and children.

Thom was there also, in a large stable studio with young Frère and a painter on porcelain; in one corner Frère's horse, in another the porcelain man's furnace, floor of earth and everything to make it free, easy and jolly. Thom has a picture on his easel, cabinet size, of faggot gatherers in the woods in winter—a nice one it will be.

Yewell has just sent to America a group of boys after bathing, half dressed, one of them poking a crab from his hidingplace under a rock; has finished a picture of laborers in a wheat harvest field, and has two others sketched—one, people in a court-yard, time of Henry IV., listening to wandering musicians, the other a girl tantalizing a child with a bunch of grapes.

Babcock still continues, as the correspondent of the Tribune once said of him to steal the most brilliant colors of the precious stones and fix them upon canvass. He has a small picture just about finished of young women singing, with colors as gorgeous as Beethoven's harmonies.

A. W. T.

Musical Chit-Chat.

By our last letters from Mr. DWIGHT, we were advised that he had taken passage in the Great Eastern, which was to have sailed Sept. 10th. We trust, therefore, before our next issue, to have the pleasure of welcoming him home, in which we doubt not that our readers will share.

Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LA MOTTE. — Our readers will take notice of the advertisement of this lady in another column. We have often referred to her public performances and to her success as an instructor of pupils, and can now only repeat what we have said before in commending her to the notice of the public.

We desire to call the attention of the parents of musical children to Mr. ZERRAHN's advertisement. The vocal classes which this gentleman proposes to re-open this season have been a success in every respect last winter, and a source of much pleasure as well as of valuable information to the pupils.

Our New York Correspondent desires our readers to know that he did not intend, in his last letter, to call the Princess Clothilde a “dumb,” but a *devout* attendant at church. In the same letter, for Mme. Beyer, read *Berger*.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB have received a new member, Mr. GOERING, who has just arrived here from Hamburg, where he was engaged by Mr. AUGUST FRIES, to take the place filled during their last season by Mr. ZOHLER. We hope the Club may be as successful and fortunate in their next series of concerts as they were in their last winter's season.

It is stated that VERDI's new opera composed for St. Petersburg, is founded upon a drama entitled “*Don Alvaro La forza del destino*,” written by Angelo de Saavedra Duke de Rivas, a Spanish author of the 18th century.

M. SALVI, the director of the opera at Vienna, proposes to lower the diapason to the normal diapason of Paris. He is also about to substitute iron

chairs and desks in the orchestra, for the wooden ones commonly used, in order to gain some acoustic advantages of sonority.

NORMAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC AT GENESSEO, N. Y.—A correspondent of the *Union* gives an account of this institution. He speaks as follows of the head of the Academy:

“The President of this Academy is Mr. C. Bassini, of whose system of vocal instruction I wish more particularly to speak. It is of itself worth far more than the price of the tuition, for it affords what cannot possibly be obtained elsewhere. Mr. Bassini is the author or inventor of a system for training the voice which is rapidly superceding all others, because it is the only one in which the mechanism of the voice is properly taken into account and scientifically treated. I do not give my own opinion merely, but the verdict of all capable, impartial judges, when I say that this is the *only true system*, and that all others are false or deficient except so far as they may practically embody his ideas. Though this assertion may at first seem extravagant, yet it can easily be understood when it is remembered that nature usually has but one law in such matters which many may *partially* understand before the person arises who is fully to interpret it. But whatever correct ideas may have before been advanced on the subject, they are so mixed with error that they can in no proper sense be regarded as rivals of the same system. It is but just, then, to rank Mr. Bassini as the founder of the only method which will bring out the powers and resources of the voice exactly as nature intended them. And how wonderful that system is those can best testify who have given it the most thorough trial. Mr. Bassini himself affords, perhaps, the best illustration of the remarkable results of his own method of instruction. The system which permits so delicate an instrument as the voice to be incessantly used, as he has his for many years, more than ten hours every day, and, in all that time, to keep completely at bay that great common enemy of singers, a “sore throat,” must, indeed, be a wonderful one, and very different from anything the world has heretofore been accustomed to.

The result of the same method when applied to others was most satisfactorily shown in the performance last week by the class at the academy, of Rossini's celebrated work, the “*Stabat Mater*.” This truly classical and difficult work was rehearsed only a short time toward the close of the term, yet it is asserted by competent judges that the rendering was far superior to the best ever given by the most celebrated societies of New York city and elsewhere. The reason of this is obvious. Every voice had been trained according to the same system, separately as well as with the class, and having thus been drilled singly, in company, in regiment and in division, under so experienced a general as Mr. Bassini, it is not surprising that they should have carried the audience by storm and gained an overwhelming victory. Miss Phelps, of this city, who was some time a pupil of Bassini, added much to the pleasure of the audience by her assistance.”

The following “*on dit*” is not fresh, but is nevertheless good:

A millionaire of Paris wrote to Scribe: “My dear sir, I have a great desire to be associated with you in some dramatic composition. Will you do me the favor to write a comedy, and permit me to add to it a few lines of my of my own? I will then have it produced in the most costly and splendid style upon the stage at my own expense, and we will share the glory?” To which Scribe answers; “My dear sir, I must decline your flattering proposal because religion teaches me that it is not proper that a horse and an ass should be yoked together. To which the millionaire replied; “Sir, I have received your impertinent epistle. By what authority do you call me a horse?”

A letter from Rome, in the London *Daily News*, says that Miss Harriet Hosmer, of whom America is justly proud, has completed her fine colossal statue of Colonel Benton, to be erected in bronze at St. Louis, when it shall have been cast by the Munich

foundry, to which the mould will soon be consigned. It also says that Miss Hosmer will be nobly represented at the Great Exhibition in London next year by her statue of the Captive Queen Zenobia.

MUSIC A MEANS OF PRESERVING HEALTH.—It is the opinion of our distinguished townsman, Dr. Rush, that singing by young ladies, whom the customs of society debar from many other kinds of healthy exercise, should be cultivated, not only as an accomplishment, but as a means of preserving health. He particularly insists that vocal music should never be neglected in the education of a young lady, and states, that besides its salutary operation in soothing the cares of domestic life, it has a still more direct and important effect. "I here introduce a fact," says Dr. Rush, "which has been subjected to me by my profession—it is, that the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing contributes to defend them very much from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption, nor have I ever known more than one case of spitting of blood amongst them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music, which constitutes an essential branch of their education."

This is irrefutable testimony, but that which follows is not the less so:

"The music-master of an academy," says Mr. Gardner, "has furnished me with an observation still more in favor of this opinion. He informs me that he has known several instances of persons, strongly disposed to consumption, restored to health by the exercise of the lungs in singing. In the new establishment of infant schools for children of three or four years of age, everything is taught by the aid of song. Their little lessons, their recitations, their arithmetical countings, are all chanted, and as they feel the importance of their own voices when joined together, they emulate each other in the power of vociferating. This exercise is found to be very beneficial to their health. Many instances have occurred of weakly children, of two, three, and four years of age, who could scarcely support themselves, having become robust and healthy by this constant exercise of the lungs. These results are perfectly philosophical. Singing tends to expand the chest, and thus increases the activity of the vital organs."—*Fitzgerald's Report on Music in the Philadelphia Public Schools.*

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The Royal Italian Opera closed its fifteenth season on Saturday, Aug. 3, with the *Prophète*—the opera with which it was inaugurated; Mad. Nantier-Didié, for the first time in England, essaying the part of Fides, to which she owes most of her laurels in Russia. In the absence of Mad. Czillag, who was obliged to leave London to fulfil a continental engagement, a better substitute could hardly be found than the clever French artist, who invariably commands our respect, although sometimes failing to elicit our highest admiration. In Fides she had to contend against the recollections Viardot Garcia, Grisi, Alboni, Tedesco, and Czillag, —a powerful array of talent, which, nevertheless, she encountered without a positive overthrow, which could not be affirmed of all artists who have impersonated the character. The execution of Meyerbeer's grand work was admirable; Signor Tamberlik, not for the first time during the season, carrying off the chief laurels. The Jean of Leyden of the accomplished tenor is now one of the most striking performances of the lyric stage.

FREEMASONS' HALL.—An amateur performance of Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* ("Lobgesang") and a miscellaneous concert took place in the above Hall, on the evening of Tuesday, July 16th, under the direction of the Hon. Seymour Egerton. The band and chorus consisted of more than one hundred performers; and the Hon. Victoria Grosvenor presided at the organ. The following is the programme *in extenso*, with the names of the singers attached:

PART I.—No. 1, Sinfonia; No. 2, Cantata; Chorus; Solo and Chorus, Miss E. Browne; Recitation and Aria, Dr. Lavies; Chorus; Duet and Chorus, Miss E. Browne and Lady Agneta Yorke; Aria and Recit., Mr. Cleather; Chorus; Chorale; Duet, Miss E. Browne and Mr. Cleather; Chorus.

PART II.—Overture (William Tell), Rossini; Coro con Soli, "La Carita," Rossini, Lady Agneta Yorke; Violin Solo, "Souvenirs de Bellini," Artot, Hon. S. Egerton; Quartet, (Martha), Flotow, Mrs.

Ronalds, Lady Katharine Egerton, Mr. Cleather, and Mr. Massingberd; "Ave Verum," Mozart; Scena, "Ah non credea," "Ah non giunge" (Sonnambula) Bellini, Mrs. Ronalds; Part Song, "O who will o'er the downs?" Pearsall; Overture (Oberon), Weber; Chorus, "Hallelujah!" (Messiah), Handel.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—A meeting of the Metropolitan Charity School children took place on Thursday; and, although the day was sadly unpropitious, there was a large concourse of visitors. Forty-three schools were represented, and the whole choral force reckoned near upon three thousand boys and girls. Mr. Henry Buckland conducted, and Mr. James Coward presided at the organ. The programme was entirely selected from sacred works, with the exception of "God Save the Queen." The children sang with remarkable freedom, and displayed a great advance on last year's training. Haydn's Hymn, "Lord of Heaven and Earth," was encored and repeated.

Paris.

PARIS, Aug. 8.—M. Faure has returned, and is shortly to make his appearance. It was said he would lead off in *Guillaume Tell*, but the departure of M. Gueymard on his *congé* renders this impossible. The *Trouvère* (*Trociatore*), or *la Favorita*, will, therefore, be the opera, at least most likely, for nothing is fixed yet. One thing seems sure, however, and that is that the prince-composer Poniatowski's masterwork, *Pierre de Medicis*, will have a turn. Every dog has his day; *à fortiori*, princes who condescend to the muse, as King Cophetua stooped to the beggar-maid, may have their night. With all my heart, so my attendance be dispensed with: "I care not greatly for 'prince-ish music' that may be heard." Julien de Medicis will be played by M. Faure.

At the Opéra Comique, Roger will swim gaily down the stream of popular favor—a stream that for him has yet had no shallows nor back currents. With nothing fresher than *Haydée* and the *Dame Blanche*, he fills the theatre nightly; and so thoroughly is he in a vein of triumph, that he may well think twice of his journey to St. Petersburg, notwithstanding the barbaric pomp there awaiting him. The new operas by Messrs. Bazin and Lefebure-Wely, which long since I intimated were in preparation, will naturally not see the light till the popular tenor has thoroughly brushed off the bloom of his re-appearance.

The Théâtre Lyrique is making itself wonderfully smart externally. The whole exterior has been ornamented and decorated afresh from the base to the roof. The allegorical piece which adorns the front is not yet quite completed. The subject is the city of Paris represented as a beautiful dame-protectress of the fine arts. Grouped around her are figures representing Music and the most illustrious masters of harmony. It was originally intended that both the native composers who had contributed to the glory of France, and those of foreign origin to whom she had offered shelter and protection on the various lyrical stages of the capital, should be included. This notion had been suggested by M. Hector Berlioz, but has been reserved for separate treatment. It is now the subject of the painting with which the ceiling is adorned. This ceiling, by the way, is talked of as a remarkable specimen of good taste in architectural ornamentation.

BERLIN.—After a six weeks' vacation, the Royal Opera House opened, on the 2nd instant, with Donizetti's *Favorita*. At Kroll's Theatre, Lortzing's *Undine* has been drawing excellent houses for some time past. Signor Lorini, who has just arrived from Russia, has again concluded an engagement with the manager of the Victoria Theatre for Italian Opera next winter. Mr. Balfe is also here. According to report, he has come to consult the celebrated oculist, Dr. Gräfe. A proof of the advantage to be derived from Signor Garcia's "Larynx-Speculum" has just been afforded by the first operation performed with his aid. Dr. Bruns, of Tübingen, by means of a curved knife, six inches long, with two blades, has cut away a polypus growing far down the larynx of a lady related to him. The lady had lost her voice for three years, but it is now quite restored.

BRUNSWICK.—A very interesting performance was lately given, under the direction of Herr Franz Abt, by the Männergesangverein and the Singacademie, in the old Egidien Kirche, which has been fitted up especially for concerts. The most successful pieces were Mendelssohn's eight-part setting of the 43rd Psalm, and Hauptmann's "Salve Regina." The female chorus sang likewise a very pleasing hymn by Blumenstengel, while the male chorus gave Schubert's "Nachtgesang im Walde," and Abt's "Nineta." The opera re-opened, after a vacation with Mehul's *Joseph*.

WIESBADEN.—The fortuitous presence of several artistic celebrities rendered the fourth concert given by the managers of the baths a very brilliant one. Mad. Bürde-Ney sang airs from *Oberon* and *Ernani*; and Herr Wachtel, airs from *Die Zauberflöte* and *Ernani*. Herr Didio played *fantasias* for the violoncello; Herr Ferdinand Hiller, Mozart's Concerto in D minor; and Herr Ludwig Strauss, compositions by Vieuxtemps and Strauss. Altogether the concert was a great success.

HAMBURG.—Mlle. Marimont, of the Grand Opera in Paris, Mad. Rosa Escudier-Kastner, Herr Beck, M. Vieuxtemps, and a host of other artists of repute, have been singing and playing at the concerts here.

NUREMBERG.—The principal propositions submitted by Herr Müller von der Warra, the Thuringian song writer to the Festal Committee, were as follows: 1. The singers of Germany, by their representatives, resolve on founding a Vocal Union of all Germany. The object of which shall be—1. The promotion of German national song, by all possible means, both at home and abroad. 2. The introduction of needful reforms. 3. The foundation of an Arndt-Zelter Fund, for the purpose of assisting the families of deceased song-writers and song composers of acknowledged merit. 4. The promotion of intellectual and social intercourse by means of a paper already established, and entitled *Die Sängerkhalle*. 5. The adoption of a universal decoration for German singers, to be worn in addition to the respective decorations of the various Societies. 6. The building of a Vocal Walhalla in some city, as Nuremberg, Coburg, or Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in the heart of Germany.—II. The representatives of German song, at present stopping in Nuremberg, resolve,—That a German Vocal Festival shall take place every two years, and that the next such festival shall be held in Frankfort-on-the-Maine or Heidelberg.

SALZBURG.—Herr Eckert, lately Capellmeister at the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, has accepted a similar appointment at the cathedral here.

RUSSIA.—The directorship of the Imperial Chapel of Russia has been lately vacant; M. Alexis Lvoff having resigned the post on account of his advanced age. It has been filled up by M. Bachmeteff, a councillor of state and a distinguished musical amateur. In consideration of M. Lvoff's long and valuable services, and the part he has had in raising the choir of the Imperial Chapel to its high state of efficiency (acknowledged throughout Europe), the Emperor has allowed him to keep his honorary titles of Senator and Court Master (Hofmeister), together with the emoluments thereunto appended. M. Lvoff's chief services to the Imperial Chapel are as follows: Firstly, the collecting and harmonizing of the *Chants of the Greek Church*, a work of vast extent, forming thirteen volumes. Secondly, the musical instruction of 300 pupils (chapel-masters) for the execution of the ecclesiastical chants. Thirdly, the formation of a capital of nearly 50,000 roubles for the widows and orphans of the chorists. Fourthly, M. Lvoff has enriched the library of the chapel by about one hundred pieces of church music of his own composition. As concerning Russian professors of music, a famous "lion pianist" of that empire (Lion Anton Rubinstein) has fallen among thieves during his sojourn at Lucerne. He has, it would seem, been robbed of 2,000 silver rubles and a gold watch. Satisfied with his experience of the hospitality of the hardy Swiss, he, hardy Russ, shook the Alpine snow from his feet, and betook himself to the modest seaport of Ostend, where he is as likely to be robbed as ever, but where he will not be insulted with boastful talk about the strict honesty and guileless innocence of the inhabitants.

THE GRAND VOCAL FESTIVAL IN NUREMBERG.*—The idea of getting up a Grand Vocal Festival for all Germany was, at the present day, a very natural result of the wish entertained by every educated person to behold the various members of the German family united in one great whole. Everything that serves to express this feeling, or that can nourish and strengthen the spirit which yearns for a united Fatherland is warmly welcomed and everywhere adopted and promoted most lovingly and zealously.

Viewed in this light, the Vocal Festival in Nuremberg was, from the immense interest it excited, a healthy sign of the times. No one could well expect the Festival to prove any very great event for art, although it called forth a few choral compositions, of more than ordinary merit, for male voices, and this certainly enriched that branch of writing. It was to be foreseen that the artistic would be outbalanced by the national element; but why should Music not consider it an honor to be the interpreter

of the noblest sentiments and feelings of love for our Fatherland, and of a yearning after the union and power of the entire German people? That kind of music which gushes directly from the human breast—we allude to vocal music—is that most nearly allied to the soul, whence alone it derives its true expression, and on which it exercises the profoundest reaction. To sum up in a few words the grand result of the Festival, we assert with joy that its principal object, namely, the enthusiastic expression of German nationality by German poetry and German song, was most triumphantly achieved.

That the masses of executants who met on the occasion, the thousands of spectators and listeners who flocked from all parts, the festive movements of the entire population of the town and its environs; and furthermore, material facts, such as the magnificence of Nuremberg itself, to the grandeur of the processions, and the fineness of the weather, which was without exception most propitious—that all this, we say, should co-operate powerfully in bringing about the satisfactory general result, was natural. Each element in the Festival enhanced the other, and music formed only the central point of a display of national feeling, such as, for the unrestrained intercourse of all classes, and the good-humored enjoyment of a vast multitude giving themselves up to the present moment, and able to rejoice in their existence for the sake of that existence itself, is to be found only among the members of our own race in South Germany.

For the celebration of a national festival, Nuremberg in the highest degree appropriate. We were struck with astonishment, as, amid loud expressions of welcome and the flourish of trumpets, we arrived at the railway station on Saturday, the 20th July, while this pearl of German cities unfolded before our eyes its architectural magnificence, which has not its equal in Germany, or, in its peculiar way, in Europe; and which, moreover, on this occasion, was bravely decked out in festive array, carrying us back in imagination to the time when the imperial city of Nuremberg received the German Kaisers, and welcomed them with brilliant state. On the 20th July last, however, Music was the guest for whom the grand old city, the mother of all German art, had put on her gala robes. All the public edifices, as well as all the private houses the palaces, and the most modest residences, were decorated from the ground floor to the gable points, with flowers and foliage, displaying a true artistic feeling, the prevalence of which caused the beautiful forms of the various buildings to stand out with more than ordinary prominence. From the house-tops to about a man's height from the pavement, hung thousands of thousands of long flags, which, by their broad stripes of black and gold, announced the signification of the Festival, while a large number of other flags with the Bavarian colors waved amongst them, frequently bringing out, a highly ingenious manner, as at the Rathaus, for instance, the architectural outlines by an infinity of smaller flags.

And yet no flags or colours were requisite to stamp Nuremberg as a German city, for not only is each world-famous and venerable church, but every house as well, a monument of German architectural art. This applies not to the buildings of former ages alone for down to the present day the Nuremberg architects, with Hiedeloff at their head, have continued the taste for the German style, and carried it out in a most admirable manner. The broad streets, nowhere laid out in informal straight lines, offer, in their windings, such picturesque and surprising views, with the vast expanse of sky visible above, since in all the principal thoroughfares there is ample space between the opposite rows of houses, that there is no other city in which the old and beautiful combines so harmoniously with the new and beautiful.

Let our readers picture these streets alive with thousands of human beings who made way for the interminable line of the Vocal Societies, on their road from the Rathaus to the Music Hall, situate outside the Laufer Gate, allowing them to pass through their closely packed ranks, in the most admirable order, without pressure or obstruction, but simply greeting, with loud hurrahs, now this, now that Society, from the most distant parts of their Fatherland; let our readers picture to themselves the lofty houses, nearly all four stories high, with their projecting windows and balconies, and fair blooming forms at every casement, while joy reigned on every countenance; while handkerchiefs, flags, and nosegays were waved in welcome; while, through the multitude, the procession of five thousand vigorous, light-hearted men and youths advanced, bearing aloft their magnificent flags, heavy with gold and glowing with painting and embroidery, followed by the proud recipients of the prizes awarded by the various Societies, some with goblets of silver or

gold, or ivory or wood delicately carved; others with gigantic old German drinking-horns, medals, and broad scarves, and while in addition, the military music re-echoed twice as merrily as usual, from the fact of its celebrating *Peace*, and its greatest blessings: *Art and the love of our Fatherland*.—let our readers picture to themselves all this, and they will gain some idea of the Festival, although they will still fall short of the reality, as displayed to those who were actually present; for thoroughly to appreciate the day's proceedings, a person must himself have witnessed that light-hearted, frank, unrestrained enjoyment, in which our Southern brothers breathe and live.

Passing through the Laufer Gate, which with the tower of gigantic circumference, is one of the finest monuments of the fortifications of the Middle Ages, the procession pursued its course to the Maxplatz, where the Music Hall was erected. The Platz is situated about ten minutes' walk outside the city, and, with its usually fine clumps of old trees, its large lawns, and broad walks, produces somewhat the effects of a London park. A better locality for a National Festival can scarcely be imagined. Around the Music Hall were booths and temporary eating-houses, lighted up in the evening by countless variegated lamps.

The principal ornament of the Platz, the colossal Music Hall peered forth through the picturesque groups of lofty trees. The front (the broadest side) with a high portico between two towers, built in the finest style of old German architecture, was a fine sight, agreeably surprising, or rather astounding, the visitor by the loftiness and grandeur of its proportions, as well as by the artistic taste with which it had been carried out, particularly when we remember of what material the whole edifice consisted, and the short time in which it was run up. The reader may form an idea of the capacity of this gigantic hall from the following figures:—It is 390 feet long, 186 feet broad, and in the nave, 54 feet high, and comprehends, therefore, a space of 70,000 square feet. The internal arrangements and decorations were most sensible and tasty. In this case again, the most pleasing ornaments were the banners of the various Societies, which hung down from the gallery which had been built solely to receive them. From a round stone basin, decked with flowers, in the centre of the Hall, arose a cooling fountain, worked by a steam engine at the side of the building. This magnificent Hall was planned by the building board of the Festival Committee, under the presidency of Herr Solger, one of the city architects, and carried out by Herr Schellhorn.

It was not till nine o'clock in the evening that the singers were located upon the broad stage, which of itself formed a large hall. The building was completely filled, admission to the gallery boxes opposite the stage and on each side of the structure, being attained by payment, while the pit was occupied by the inhabitants of the city and their families, who had been invited to attend the solemn opening of the Festival. These highly estimable individuals had the most undeniable right to the invitation, since they had hospitably received in their homes somewhere about five thousand singers. From twelve to fifteen thousand persons were present on the occasion, so the reader will be able to gain some notion the thunders of applause which broke forth, from time to time, under the most varied forms of expression.

The most conspicuous pieces to welcome and greet the visitors were fine "Festival March," by Vincenz Lachner; the "Singers' Welcome" of the Augsburg Liedertafel (words by Hertle, music by Fray, members of the above Society); and the instrumental introduction to Arndt's "Vaterlandslied," by F. Lux, of Mayence.

The plan pursued for the two days, the 21st and 22nd July, was rehearsal at seven o'clock a. m., the grand performance at four p. m., and separate performances of various associations at eight o'clock in the evening.

The prices of admission (12 florins for all the performances and two rehearsals; and from 4 to 8 florins for each day, according to the places) were altogether too high. The consequence was that the boxes opposite the orchestra and on each side of the building were but scantily attended the first day, and downright empty the second.

Passing over the speeches delivered at the first grand performance, we will proceed to notice the first eight of the sixteen new compositions executed by the general chorus under the personal supervision of the composers, of whom the only ones absent were Duke Ernst of Gotha, A. Methfessel, Kücken and Kalliwoða.

* Translated from the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*, expressly for the Musical World.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Bridge. Miss Lindsay. 25

The very chaste vocal compositions of this talented dilettante are much cherished at the firesides of England. Her setting of Longfellow's famous song is deserving of the widest publicity. It is simple, yet the sentiment of the words is most happily expressed.

The lone old tree. Clement White. 25

A household song, which will become popular.

Fairy voices. E. L. Hime. 25

Pleasing and melodious. No better song for young singers could be selected.

Forever thine. T. H. Howe. 25

A ballad of the best order. The writer, by previous successful songs has furnished ample proof of his ability and gift of melody.

There is a song I've heard thee sing. J. Barrett. 25

Simple and melodious.

Come where the moonbeams linger. F. Buckley. 25

Buckley has a great and undoubted talent of inventing graceful, flowing melodies which are easily fixed in one's memory, because there is nothing forced, nothing artificial about them. Every one can sing them. Many of his songs have become popular. His late songs far eclipse former efforts. In England, where the author resides at present, his songs are among those most called for. The above song especially has obtained wide popularity there, as it should here, being uncommonly pretty.

Instrumental Music.

Kathleen Mavourneen. Transcription.

Brinley Richards. 35

An elegant arrangement of Crouch's favorite song. Richards' compositions, original or otherwise, have now become so well established in the good graces of our Amateurs, that anything new from his pen is at once eagerly sought for.

Cataract Galop. Carl Faust. 25

A sparkling and melodious piece, not difficult of execution. Abroad it is one of the most popular dances of the day.

Marche du Vainqueur. J. Blumenthal. 50

This "March of the Victor" is a beautiful tone-poem, by the author of "La Source," and "Les deux anges," pieces which are cherished second to none by the modern pianist. It should become a standard work. The fine Elegy for the slain, for which the middle portion of the March is unmistakably intended, is alone worth the price of the whole piece.

Books.

THE GOLDEN HARP. A collection of Hymns, Tunes, and Choruses for the Use of Sabbath Schools, Social Gatherings, Pic Nics, and the Home Circle. By L. O. Emerson.

This book has been introduced into many large schools, and has in every case given the fullest satisfaction. Individuals whose interests are enlisted in the cause of Sabbath Schools cannot do a better deed for the good of that cause than by examining this work, calling the attention of their friends to it, and introducing it into use in their respective localities.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 494.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 21, 1861.

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The Rising of The People.

Poem delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, July 18, 1861.

BY ELBRIDGE JEFFERSON CUTLER.

The drum's wild roar awakes the land ; the life is calling shrill ;
Ten thousand starry banners blaze on town, and bay and hill ;
Our crowded streets are throbbing with the soldiers' measured tramp ;
Among our bladed cornfields gleam the white tents of the camp.
The thunders of the rising war hush Labor's drowsy hum,
And heavy to the ground the first dark drops of battle come.
The souls of men flame up anew ; the narrow heart expands ;
And woman brings her patient faith to nerve her eager hands.
Thank God ! we are not buried yet, though long in trance we lay.
Thank God ! the fathers need not blush to own their sons to day.
Oh ! sad and slow the weeks went by ; each held his anxious breath,
Like one who waits, in helpless fear, some sorrow great as death.
Oh ! scarcely was there faith in God, nor any trust in man,
While fast along the Southern sky the blighting shadow ran.
It veiled the stars, one after one ; it hushed the patriot's song,
And stole from men the sacred sense that parteth right from wrong.
Then a red flash, the lightning across the darkness broke,
And with a voice that shook the land the guns of Sumter spoke :
Wake, sons of heroes, wake ! The age of heroes dawns again ;
Truth takes in hand her ancient sword, and calls her loyal men.
Lo ! brightly o'er the breaking day shines Freedom's holy star.
Peace cannot cure the sickly time. All hail, the healer, War !
That call was heard by Plymouth Rock ; 'twas heard in Boston Bay ;
Then up the piny streams of Maine sped on its ringing way.
New Hampshire's rocks, Vermont's green hills, it kindled into flame ;
Rhode Island felt her mighty soul bursting her little frame :
The Empire City started up, her golden fetters rent,
And, meteor-like, across the North the fiery message sent ;
Over the breezy prairie land, by bluff and lake it ran,
Till Kansas bent his arm, and laughed to find himself a man ;
Then on, by cabin and by camp, by stony wastes and sands,
It rang exultant down the sea where the Golden City stands.

And wheresoe'er the summons came, there rose an angry din,
As when upon a rocky coast a stormy tide comes in.
Straightway the fathers gathered voice, straightway the sons arose,
With flushing cheek, as when the East with day's red current glows.
Hurrah ! the long despair is past ; our fading hopes renew ;
The fog is lifting from the land, and lo, the ancient blue !
We learn the secret of the deeds the sires have handed down ;
To fire the youthful soldier's zeal, and tend his green renown.
Who lives for country, through his arm feels all her forces flow
'Tis easy to be brave for truth, as for the rose to blow.
Oh ! Law, fair form of Liberty, God's light is on thy brow.
Oh ! Liberty, thou soul of Law, God's very self art thou :
One the clear river's sparkling flood that clothes the bank with green ;
And one the line of stubborn rock that holds the water in —
Friends, whom we cannot think apart, seeming each other's foe :
Twin flowers upon a single stalk with equal grace that grow.
Oh ! fair ideas, we write your names across our banner's fold ;
For you, the sluggard's brain is fire ; for you, the coward bold.
Oh ! daughter of the bleeding past ! Oh ! hope the prophets saw !
God give us Law in Liberty, and Liberty in Law !
Full many a heart is aching with mingled joy and pain,
For those who go so proudly forth and may not come again ;
And many a heart is aching for those it leaves behind,
As a thousand tender histories throng in upon the mind.
The old men bless the young men and praise their bearing high ;
The women in the doorways stand to wave them bravely by.
One threw her arms about her boy, and said, "Good bye, my son ;
God help thee do the valiant deeds thy father would have done."
One held up to a bearded man a little child to kiss,
And said, "I shall not be alone, for thy dear love and this."
And one, a rosebud in her hand, leant at a soldier's side ;
"Thy country weds thee first," she said ; "be I thy second bride."
Oh ! mothers, when, around your hearths ye count your cherished ones,
And miss from the enchanted ring the flower of all your sons ;
Oh ! wives, when o'er the cradled child ye bend at evening's fall,

And voices which the heart can hear across the distance call ;
Oh ! maids, when, in the sleepless nights ye ope the little case,
And look till ye can look no more upon the proud young face,
Not only pray the Lord of Life, who measures mortal breath,
To bring the absent back unscathed out of the fire of death ;
Oh ! pray with that divine content which God's best favor draws,
That, whosoever lives or dies, he save his holy cause !
So out of shop and farmhouse, from shore and inland glen,
Thick as the bees in clover time, are swarming armed men ;
Along the dusty roads in haste the eager columns come,
With flash of sword and musket's gleam, the bugle and the drum.
Ho ! comrades, see the starry flag, broad-waving at our head.
Ho ! comrades, mark the tender light on the dear emblems spread.
Our fathers' blood has hallowed it ; 'tis part of their renown ;
And palsied be the caitiff hand would pluck its glories down !
Hurrah ! hurrah ! it is our home, where'er thy colors fly ;
We win with thee the victory, or in thy shadow die !
Oh ! women, drive the rattling loom, and gather in the hay ;
For all the youth worth love and truth are marshaled for the fray.
Southward the hosts are hurrying, with banners wide unfurled,
From where the stately Hudson floats the wealth of half the world ;
From where, amid his clustered isles, Lake Huron's waters gleam ;
From where the Mississippi pours an unpolluted stream ;
From where Kentucky's fields of corn bend in the Southern air ;
From broad Ohio's luscious vines ; from Jersey's orchards fair ;
From where, between his fertile slopes, Nebraska's rivers run ;
From Pennsylvania's iron hills ; from woody Oregon ;
And Massachusetts led the van, as in the days of yore,
And gave her reddest blood to cleanse the stones of Baltimore.
Oh ! mothers, sisters, daughters, spare the tears ye fain would shed ;
Who seem to die in such a cause, ye cannot call them dead.
They live upon the lips of men, in picture, bust and song,
And nature folds them in her heart, and keeps them safe from wrong.
Oh ! length of days is not a boon the brave man prayeth for ;

There are a thousand evils worse than death or any war—

Oppression, with his iron strength, fed on the souls of men,

And License, with the hungry brood that haunt his ghastly den.

But like bright stars ye fill the eye; adoring hearts ye draw;

Oh! sacred grace of Liberty; oh! majesty of Law.

Hurrah! the drums are beating; the life is calling shrill;

Ten thousand starry banners flame on town, and bay, and hill;

The thunders of the rising war drown Labor's peaceful hum;

Thank God that we have lived to see the saffron morning come—

The morning of the battle call, to every soldier dear!

Oh joy! the cry is "Forward!" Oh, joy! the foe is near!

For all the crafty men of peace have failed to purge the land;

Hurrah! the ranks of battle close; God takes his cause in hand!

A Chapter on Bells.

A tinkling instrument of some sort was in use as early as the days of Moses, as appears from Exodus xxviii., 33—35, where the priest is commanded to hang bells to his robe, in order by their sound to give notice of his approach to the sanctuary. Bells were also appended to horses as an ornament, (Zech. xiv. 20,) probably similar to those which are still used in many parts of Europe. As a signal to call people together to join in any concerted action, bells have been used from remote times, having been thus used by the ancient Greeks and Romans for civil, military, and religious purposes. The Romans by bells announced the hour of bathing, and the early Christians adopted the same signal for designating the hour of prayer; St. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in Campania, at the end of the fourth century, being the first to introduce them in Christian churches. Their use gradually extended, and when parish churches began to be erected in England, they were generally adopted there, giving rise to that feature of ecclesiastical architecture, the bell tower. The ringing of bells during eclipses (which were supposed to be caused by the oppression of evil spirits) was common, and is referred to by Pliny and Juvenal. So, too, it was supposed that their ringing would avoid tempests, drive off infections, and abate the lightnings, since the evil spirits of the air being alarmed thereby, would abandon their malignant purpose and flee in affright. The mysterious influence which the sound of bells was supposed to exert over departed spirits was increased by the ancient custom of tolling the "passing bell" for the dying, that those who heard it might offer up a prayer in their behalf, as the virtue of the bell was thought to be not alone in the prayers which it invoked, but in that it also drove away any evil spirits that might be hovering near to seize the departing soul. And when the "curfew tolled the knell of parting day," a sadder influence was shed over the spirits of our fathers than was justified by the fact that this curfew bell was only a signal—instituted in the time of William the Conqueror—for all to put out their fires and retire to rest.

Russia is preëminently the country of great bells, where they may be heard in full vigor, not "swinging low with sullen roar," for they are too heavy to be swung, but incessantly tolling and booming, and deafening all ears but those of Russians, who almost worship their bells. In Moscow alone, before the revolution, there were 1,700 large bells, which number has increased now to 5,000. The Great Bell of Moscow, of which every one has heard, was cast in 1653 by order of the Empress Anne. Its weight is variously estimated at from 360,000 to 440,000 lbs. It is 21 ft. 3 in. high, and about 22 ft. in diameter at the mouth. In 1837 the Czar Nicholas caused

it to be taken out of the pit in which it lay, and to be placed upon the granite pedestal as it is now seen. Upon its side is seen the figure of the Empress Anne in flowing robes. It has been consecrated as a chapel, the Russians regarding it with the most superstitious veneration, and will not allow a particle to be taken from it as a specimen of the metal. The entrance to it is through a large fracture or opening in the side, whence a piece has been broken out. There is now suspended in Moscow, upon the tower of St. Ivan, a bell weighing 144,000 lbs., cast in 1817, the diameter of which at the mouth is 13 ft.

The bells of China rank next in size to those of Russia, there being several in Peking, cast in honor of the transference of the seat of government from Nankin to that city, which are said to each weigh 55,000 lbs.

Of European bells, the famous one at Erfurt, in Germany, cast in 1497, and weighing about 30,000 lbs., was long celebrated not only as the largest, but also as the best in Europe. One placed in the cathedral of Paris, in 1680, weighs 38,000 lbs. Another in Vienna, cast in 1711, weighs 40,000 lbs.; and in Olmutz is another of about the same weight. The celebrated Great Tom, of Oxford, England, weighs 17,000 lbs., and was cast in 1680.

The great bell recently cast for the Parliament House in London, weighs 30,000 lbs.; that in York Minster, called Great Peter of York, weighs 27,000 lbs.; and that upon the Notre Dame Cathedral in Montreal (the largest upon this continent) weighs 29,400 lbs., and was imported from England in 1843.

The inscriptions upon old bells afford a subject of curious interest.

The following old Latin inscription, or fragments of it, has been rung upon European bells for centuries:

"Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, conjugo clerum Defunctos ploro, pestem fugo, festa decoro, Funera plango, fulgura frango, Sabbata pango, Excito lentos, dissipio ventos, paco cruentos."

I praise the true God; I call the people; I assemble the clergy;

I lament the dead; I drive away infections; I grace the festival;

I mourn at the burial; I abate the lightning; I announce the Sabbath;

arouse the indolent; I dissipate the winds; I appease the revengeful.

The following one has been common in England for three hundred years, and also much used in this country:

"I to the church the living call,
And to the grave do summon all"

The following are selections of some old inscriptions:

One upon a bell in Wiltshire, England, cast 1619:

"Be strong in faythe, prayse God well
Francis Countess Hertford's bell."

Upon one in Oxfordshire, cast 1667:

"I ring to sermon with a lusty boome,
That all may come, and none stay at home."

Upon one (a fire bell) in Dorsetshire, cast 1652:

"Lord, quench this furious flame,
Arise, run, help, put out the same."

Upon one in Somersetshire, cast 1700:

"All you of Bath that hear me sound,
Thank Lady Hopton's hundred pound."

Upon one in Warwickshire, cast 1675:

"I ring at six to let men know
When to and from their worke to go."

Upon one in Staffordshire, cast 1604:

"That Newcombe of Leicester made me
"Be it known to all that doth me see."

John Martin also makes himself known upon one (of a peal of three) in Worcestershire, cast 1675:

"John Martin of Worcester he made me,
Be it known to all that do me see."

Many experiments have been made to determine the best and most sonorous material for bell-metal, all of which, and particularly the series of

experiments made in 1853 under the direction of the Institute of Architects in London, have demonstrated that neither steel, iron, glass, or any of the proposed substitutes for bell-metal, (copper and tin) would answer the purpose of producing a *loud, distinct, and musical* noise in combination; which combination of qualities is the true criterion by which to determine the merits of a bell. Steel bells (and all others having iron in their composition) have a harsh, puny thin sound, which is just the opposite of that fullness and richness of tone so desirable in a bell; and, moreover, bells of that description are open to a very serious objection in that the material of which they are composed is of so little *intrinsic* value, being worth as old metal only about one twentieth that of the copper and tin mixture. Good material alone will not, however, produce a good bell; it is also necessary that the shape be modeled upon correct scientific principles with reference to acoustic effects; and that proper skill be exercised in the process of mixing, melting, and pouring the metal.

A history of the various devices for mounting bells, and the improvements therein, would fill a volume. The most primitive mounting consisted of a beam or stock of timber, with pivots at the end resting in a frame, to which beam the bell was suspended—all the weight being beneath the axis of the pivots—and a rocking motion imparted to the bell by pushing with the foot, as is practiced at the present day in Spain, or by pulling upon a lever fastened transversely to the beam. Iron yokes have now very generally superseded those of wood, and they are usually so designed that part of the weight of the bell is *above* the axis of the pivots, and being thus more evenly balanced, less momentum is acquired by the bell in swinging, and consequently there is less strain upon the tower. The modern modifications of this yoke consist in the construction of detached arms in which the pivots are set, which are fastened to the body of the yoke by means of a bolt and ratchet teeth, so that by changing their position the poise of bell may be adjusted to the strength of the ringer. Within the past few years, also, various modes have been devised of so constructing the yoke and attaching it to the bell as to permit of the bell being readily turned, when desired, (without unhooking it) so as to cause the clapper to strike in a new place, thus obviating the liability of its becoming broken through continued blows given in one position; and we observe that Messrs. Meneely have been awarded two patents, bearing date respectively 1858 and 1860, for "Improvements in Mounting Bells," by which this object is attained. Other improvements that have been introduced from time to time are: the *clapper springs*, which, being attached within the bell, permit the clapper to strike, and then hold it away, so that it is prevented from clattering against the bell, which would muffle the tone and be very disagreeable to the ear; the *tolling hammer*, by which a uniform tolling stroke may be given; and the *counterpoise* and *stop* attached to the wheel, by which the ringer is aided in swinging the bell, and it is prevented from being thrown over when swung.

But we must draw this article to a close, and we know not how we can do so more advantageously to those of our readers who may have to do with the purchase of bells, than by commending them to the old established house of Messrs. Meneely, at West Troy, N. Y.; a house which—father and son—we have known personally for many years; and whose bells, so far as we know and we have known of a great many—have always given satisfaction.—*New York Observer.*

In this vicinity the bells cast by H. N. Hooper & Co., of Boston, are justly celebrated. The chime of Christ Church, Cambridge, is a good specimen of their skill. The chime of the Rev. Dr. Gannet's Church, in this city, we learn, is soon to be placed in the spire, by the same firm.

Beethoven's Music to Egmont.

[Translated from the German of F. Litz, for the New York Musical Review and World.]

When the time is approaching in which art is

to make sensible progress, and to tread with vigor and strength in hitherto unknown paths, premonitory signs will generally be given. Seldom, however, does mankind accept the prophetic meaning of such signs. They are generally looked upon as isolated events, can they recognize the struggling rays which foretold its approach, as coming from one and the same source. Such and similar thoughts are suggested in our day by the representation of Beethoven's music to Goethe's "Egmont." We here see one of the first instances where a great composer has sought his inspiration directly from the work of a great poet. However uncertain and irresolute this first experiment of Beethoven may seem at this day, in his time it was a bold one, and full of consequence. In ancient Greece, so close was the union between words and music, that the poem and the song were called by one and the same name. The epic was divided into cantos. A kind of intuition has preserved this like appellation in almost every language. The nature of both Grecian language and music, demanded and determined this union. Rhythm spontaneously detached itself from the words, to form the essential element of music. Learned Hellenists assure us that, in what remains to us of the labors of an Æschylus or Pindar, we possess only a reflection of their original beauty, since the lapse of ages has left us only the words, while our ears cannot hear the manner of their delivery. Not a fragment remains by which we can trace the character of the musical portion of these master works, and which were most probably deemed so important in their day. However many more or less learned, but always fruitless conjectures we may form in regard to the music of antiquity, there is no doubt that the active influence of the art upon the poets of that period was by no means small. At a later period, music declined to a barbarous state, to emerge from which, in new forms and with new functions, centuries were requisite. At first, consecrated to worship, it gave utterance to lofty tones, but stammering in its new tongue. During the middle ages, it found its phraseology; harmony gained a footing. While this was sufficiently rich and mechanically well-arranged for the purpose intended, the expression remained at first specifically musical. Composers cared primarily for the music, and contented themselves with adapting it, or nearly so, to the general sense and character of such words as were written for operas, not to speak of the strange things which history relates of the church-music. Only by degrees was the necessity felt of words well arranged as to sound. If beautiful ideas and pleasant fancies, connected with rhythmical and well-measured verse, were used, it was more by accident than otherwise. Musicians were only partially cultivated, and inexperienced in matters that did not appertain immediately to their science. On the one hand they were entirely devoted to the mere necessary studies of their profession—the almost labyrinthine mass of attainments, difficult to be acquired, but indispensable; on the other hand, an exclusive, passionate sensitiveness pervaded them, which forgot to manifest itself otherwise than through the impulse of their art. This, too, required intense mechanical exercises; so that musicians lost their intellect and their time in a sea of sounds, the splendor and storms of which left no room in their minds for other than matters of fact. As these collected elements separated themselves into their several kinds and species, the knowledge of some of which was easily acquired, and that of others deemed unnecessary, musicians emancipated themselves more and more from the shackles of their profession, and ceased to be wholly absorbed by it.

The not unprejudiced opinion, that men of genius and talent can not shine in more than one department, which finds its popular expression in the maxim, "Shoemaker, stick to thy last," we can not entertain. Genius and talent, however special, are found only in those who, abstractly from their speciality, are well organized. The lives of eminent men sufficiently prove that, even if they have neglected the cultivation of their capabilities in other than their special de-

partment, unless where faults of character obscured their qualities, they have still evinced their general talent.

By degrees, musicians ceased to live exclusively in their ideal world. They went beyond the mere practice of their art, and were esteemed as gifted men, even by those who were not musical. In our day, mankind have not only ceased looking upon musicians as curious phenomena, half-divine, giving heavenly songs to men; half-simulacra, entitled to equivocal respect or most unequivocal neglect. They are acknowledged as men who recognize the obligation of self-culture in all things, and some of whom can deal with words as well as tones. Music has generally appropriated to its own use literary productions of every kind. At the theatre, in the concert, in vocal and instrumental compositions, it transfers to itself abstracts, mottoes, devices, titles—all the expressions of the poem, the drama, and the romance. It scarcely loses a moment of modern poetic life, while it ransacks remotest antiquity for its subjects. From the east and from the north it seeks out materials and colors for its tone-painting. A strong magnetic bond unites the two manly forms of thought and feeling, poetry and music. Literature, we know, still arrogates superiority to its life, but we already find it forced to proclaim aloud its ancient privileges, in order to bring them to remembrance. The musical press is more and more active, and gains new interpreters. Already journalism finds one of its most fruitful sources in musical polemics; and the representatives of the several parties, progressive and retrogressive, forge for themselves well-made and polished weapons. The immediate result of the sudden elevation of the standard of musical science, is seen in the fact that poetry which aims at nothing more than a rhythmic medium for musical expression, or to furnish a text for the vocalist, no longer suits our great composers, who seek musical inspiration from nobler poetic sources.

While Schubert directed his genius to the best of the German lyrics, Beethoven, with firmer grasp, seized hold of tragedy itself. However incomplete the attempt of the latter may appear to us, it was of a more lasting influence—it was a striving after progress, the effect of which is felt in the present condition of our opera texts. Schubert's problem was in detail more quickly solved than Beethoven's, but it was none the less reserved for the latter's attempt upon "Egmont" to be a far-shooting arrow, whose progress the genius that sped it hardly divined. Wagner is no more contented even with master-works for his music. He claims for our age the revival of Grecian dramatic art, with other forms and wealth—an inseparable, appropriate, and mutually-benefiting union of the music and the drama—a union which is an unavoidable identification of the one with the other. Wagner was a poet before he commenced his musical studies, and strived in many a tragedy to emulate the models of Shakspeare. It was a representation of "Egmont" which suddenly showed him the whole power and strength which music might add to dramatic expression, and which ripened in him the determination to master the science of music, that he might be at once poet and composer. It was soon evident to him that the musical share which Beethoven had given to the drama was insufficient, and far from accomplishing the desired end, in that the musical interest was confined to the entre-acts, when the audience, fatigued with their attention to the anti-musical part, had only listless and inattentive ears.

Anti-musical, we have said, in relation to "Egmont;" and the expression is justifiable, since the pre-eminent excellencies of this work address themselves especially to deep reflection. The *Queen Regent*, *Machiavelli*, *Alba*, and *Orange*, are the important characters of this drama, and the beauties of these portraits are hardly such as music prefers to heighten by its peculiar brilliancy. Besides, the scenes in which the above characters appear, are those most striking ones where the poet represents how vain and transient is popularity, a much more fragile support than the straw to which the drowning man clings. The

peculiar character of the drama is therefore political throughout. We do not overlook the fact, that the love-episode interwoven with the drama invests it with that especial power of attraction which keeps it on the stage. But this is no reason that this should be esteemed the best part of the piece by those to whom capability to write is not proof of the greatest excellence. St. Augustine defines virtue as moderation and order in love. May we not claim that perfection in art is moderation and regularity in beauty? In order to rightly estimate the manifold beauties with which Goethe has invested the political portion of his tragedy, we must know the history and the people of that time; but the acquisition of this knowledge will make a love like that of *Egmont* and *Clara*, an anachronism irreconcilable with the life of the former. The masterly scene in Walter Scott's "Kenilworth," where the young maiden admires the handsome count in the full splendor of his court-costume, believing herself to be the only love of the youthful Leicester, moves us deeply. But the difference of age between *Egmont* and *Leicester*, produces a similar difference in the impression derived from the love-scenes of the novel and the tragedy, whether to the reader or the spectator. The love of *Egmont*, who, at the time of the catastrophe which ended his life, might well have been the father of one of the age of *Leicester* at the period of his affection for *Amy Robsart*, will excite a painful sensation in the breast of every spectator at all familiar with history. He will ask himself, how it is possible that *Egmont* could have so loved a young and thoughtless girl, without bestowing even an instant's thought upon the family of which he was the head? The development of the love-scenes is certainly as excellent in its way as that of the political. We are seduced by the charms of the beloved *Clara*, and we love him no less than her, as long as we see him in her presence. With *Alba* and *Orange* this interest disappears; the qualities he then displays belong to maturity. If it is unpleasant to look upon fruit destroyed by the worm before it has ripened, or upon the spectacle of a youth who has lost all hope in the goodness and justice of mankind, so much the more painful is that of a man ripe in years, who retains a most unpardonable naïveté, and falls a sacrifice to his own imprudence and misplaced confidence. The hero who dreams of freedom wearing the features of his *Clara*, appears to us an unfledged youth in his innocent simplicity. None the less moved is the public for whom isolated emotions suffice. They are drawn out by the love-scenes and the vision in the dungeon; and often the most important, the political part of the tragedy, is omitted; sometimes, even as on the stage at Dresden, such characters as *Margaret* and *Machiavelli* are wholly dispensed with. Beethoven, following the multitude, neglected the historical part of the piece. The pure and genuine sorrow that fills the heart of *Clara*, and the songs so well adapted for musical expression, attracted him. And so, also, undoubtedly, the constant striving for freedom which so harmonized with the longing for German independence, that he shared in common with many of his time. This feeling manifests itself especially in the masterly apotheosis which concludes the overture. When Beethoven composed these fragments, he pointed out a new road to art; with mighty hand he felled the first tree of this untrodden forest; he first laid his hand to the work, and removed the first obstacles. The world looked on with no especial interest, but the time was to come when art should tread this path, and soon after Beethoven it found the roads all cleared and leveled.—*N. Y. Musical World*.

Israel in Egypt.

FROM CHORLEY'S HANDEL STUDIES.

If there be one work of musical art beyond another, regarding which admiration cannot be too enthusiastically called on, to retain every faculty of judgment within control, it is Handel's Jewish "Sacred Oratorio," "The Messiah" being his Christian sacred one. The epithet belongs to

the choice of the words, which, like those of "The Messiah," were chosen from Holy Writ. No work so rudely, so fortuitously, so accidentally made, could, in result, be more noble and subduing. St. Mark's, in Venice, is not a more complete example of splendid and rich materials, inwrought with patches of coarse and quaint art, probably (let the rhapsodists say what they will) with no completeness of design, yet forming a whole almost without paragon in its pomp and impressiveness, than this "Israel in Egypt."

On whichever side this Oratorio is approached it will repay the most minute study. Let me offer a remark or two on its birth and parentage.

Twenty-seven days of October, 1738, M. Schœlcher's Notes reminds us, saw "Israel in Egypt" committed to paper; four years, that is, before Handel produced "The Messiah," his only other Sacred Oratorio. Need it be suggested, that for forty-seven years, at the least, the mind of the giant must have been ripening itself, and his hand acquiring its mastery over the thunderbolts wielded? The absence of design in the ordinance of the Oratorio speaks for itself. But it is known that what is now the first part of "Israel in Egypt" was patched on to a *Cantata* already completed, and which had been completed, in one respect, with a formality not habitual to Handel; since the *Cantata* referred to, might have been considered as circularly closed against amplification, by its opening and ending with the same strain of phrase,—employed *da capo*, as the musicians have it, or burdenwise, to use the ballad-monger's phrase. Supposing it to have suited Handel's convenience to lengthen the work; he did so by prefixing to this *Cantata* another act, equaling it in length, outdoing it in variety; exhibiting the Plagues of Egypt with an amount of force, brilliancy, and elaboration sufficient, it might have been supposed, to crush and efface any portion which could possibly follow. Pestilence—water turned into blood—fire from heaven—the insect-cloud darkening out life with its noisome activity—the death of the first-born—the "darkness which might be felt"—the rebuke of the great sea—the march of God's chosen people through the cloven deep—the recoil of the waters over their pursuers—were displayed in close succession. To speak of any other pictures in music by the side of these, is to talk of Ludovico Caracci after Michael Angelo, of Van der Werff after Rubens, or of Raphael Mengs after Raphael. And yet the original portion, now the second part, which is in fact merely monologue, or an Israelitish hymn of triumph over the destruction of Pharaoh and his host prolonged and wrought out, holds its ground; nay, leads to a climax of jubilant devotional rapture, as preëminent in its brilliancy as if the poet had from the first entertained no other design than to conduct his hearers through group after group, through trial after trial, through wonder after wonder, with the Pillar of Cloud to hide, and the Pillar of Fire to beckon onward the chosen people, onward and upward to the Prophetess, "with her timbrel in her hand," as the last and the most remarkable apparition following "the wonders in the land of Ham," and recording the dealings of the Most High with his chosen people.

Nor is this the sole wonder. If the design of "Israel," when examined, prove disproportionate—if the form was determined by the touch of inspiration, not the long preliminary care of pious meditation, the execution of this wondrous Oratorio will be found no less remarkable, when anatomized by the thoughtful musician. On the one hand, it is clear that in some of the choruses and ideas, to satisfy the impatience of his hand, Handel tore out leaves from his old school-books, interpolated ancient exercises, and pillaged other men's thoughts. It is only of late that such obligation has been admitted; its extent has possibly not yet been defined, nor its depth fathomed by the antiquarians. Erba, Stradella, Colonna, Kerl (the first the most largely), are probably not the only composers laid under contribution. It is impossible here to do more than to assert the fact: the calling of witnesses and the sifting of

testimony being manifestly tasks for another hand and time and place. Suffice it to say, that in no other work does Handel seem to have been so unscrupulous as in this; in none, however, does his own genius soar so high or burn so brightly. For, consider it only as a descriptive Oratorio,—recollecting that Handel wrote in a day when one of the greatest elements in the production of picturesque music—the orchestra of the moderns with its contrasted sonorities and improved executive resources—had scarcely been called into existence. In the awful scenes of the "hailstones for rain,"—"the locusts, that came without number,"—"the thick darkness that fell on all the land,"—the ocean waters rising like a wall on this side and on that,—the limits to the colors on Handel's palette will be at once seen, if the orchestral portion of these choruses be compared with the orchestral works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, or Mendelssohn. The latter great men not merely employed the tints of the rainbow, they also commanded the *chiar'oscuro* of twilight glooms and aerial radiances. Handel wrought with the primary colors; yet the best specimens of descriptive music by the best subsequent masters are pale in treatment and poor in variety when compared with his stupendous series of creations. The student, I think, will find his interest in "Israel," as well as his sense of Handel's variety of power, increased, if, especially, during the first, or descriptive act of "Israel," he measures the force and truth of the master's effects against those of Haydn—produced so many years later, when that admirable composer and ingenious man, also endeavored to paint by sounds; and attempted to distinguish himself in that path of composition, which Handel had followed to heights so sublime.

Ode to an Old Violin.

Torn,
Worn;
Oppressed I mourn,
 Bad,
 Sad,
Three-quarters mad;
 Money gone,
 Cr dit none;
Duns at door,
Half a score;
Wife in lair,
Twins again;
Others ailing,
Nurse a railing,
Billy whooping,
Betsy crouping,
Besides poor Joe
With festered toe.
Come then my fiddle,
Come my time-worn friend,
With gay and brilliant sounds
Some sweet tho' transient solace lend.
Thy polished neck in close embrace,
I clasp while joy illumines my face.
When o'er thy strings I draw my bow
My drooping spirits pant to rise;
A lively strain I touch—and lo!
I seem to mount above the skies.
There on fancy's wings I soar,
Heedless of the duns at door:
Oblivious all! I feel my woes no more;
But skip o'er the strings,
As my old fiddle sings,
"Cheerily oh! merrily go!
Presto! good master.
You very well know
I will find music,
If you will find bow,
From E, up in alto to G, down below."
Fatigued I pause to change the time
For some *adagio*, solemn and sublime.
With graceful action moves the sinuous arm;
My heart responsive to the soothing charm,
Throbs equally; whilst every health corroding care
Lies prostrate vanquished by the soft mellifluous air,
More and more plaintive grow, my eyes wif tears do flow
And resignation mild soon smoothes my wrinkled brow.
Reedy Hautboy may squeak, wailing Flauto may squall
The Serpent may grunt and the Trombone may bawl,
But, by Poll,* my old fiddle is prince of them all.
Could e'en Dryden return thy praise to rehearse,
His ode to Cecelli would seem rugged verse.
Now to thy case, in flannel warm to lie,
Till call'd again to pipe thy master's eye.

* Apollo.

ENGLISH MUSIC.—I assert emphatically that the English are a musical people, always have been, and always will be, in spite of money-grubbing and the worship of the dollar. But the world is continually assured of the contrary. Although the music-publishers, great and small, from Beale and Chappell down to the cheapest pirates of the trade, deluge the land every day with new songs by English living composers, the cry is dinned into our ears constantly that the English are "not a musical nation." The cry is at least a hundred and fifty years old, and may be found recorded in the pages of the famous "Miscellany" of Pope and Swift, and elsewhere in the newspapers of the days of Queen Anne and George I. It has never ceased from that day to this; and by dint of constant iteration, acquired such currency and authority, that, in 1820, when the great Napoleon discoursed to his faithful Las Cases, in the mournful days of his captivity and exile at St. Helena, on all imaginable subjects—of war, policy, philosophy, and literature—he declared that English music was execrable. "The English have no music," said he; "or, at all events, no national music. They have, in fact, but one good tune." And, to show his qualifications for the office of musical critic, he declared that tune to be "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon."

It was Mad. de Staël who averred that music was "a glorious inutility," and musicians have but too often endeavored to verify the saying, when they have ignored or despised the aid of what they call the "words." Our modern composers do not always consider that a song without meaning is like a body without a soul; and our modern vocalists, private and public, add to the mischief, and sing songs, both in the drawing-room and on the stage, without giving their listeners the remotest chance of discovering whether they are singing English, Italian, Hebrew, or Chinese; and as if it were part of their purpose to conceal both the meaning and the language of the poet. But, in spite of such drawbacks as these, aided by the favor in which Italian music is held in all courtly and aristocratic circles, no one who pays attention to passing events can avoid seeing that the love of music has very greatly extended itself in England of late years; and that next to Germany and Italy, England is fast becoming the most musical country in Europe. To say nothing of her native composers, England must ever take the foremost rank among nations for the encouragement given by her people to the great masters of musical art.—*Robin Goodfellow.*

A LITERARY LION.—We have had amongst us, for some time a literary lion. He has now gone away, so that we may, without danger of his being overwhelmed with "deputations" and such like obtrusive company, give due publicity to the fact. It was Mr. Alexander W. Thayer, a gentleman well-known in literary circles in America, and not altogether unknown on this side of the Atlantic. It is from his pen that a series of charming sketches of musical life in England have emanated. They appeared originally in *Dwight's Journal of Music* (Boston), under the pseudonym, "Diarist," and have frequently been copied into our periodical press. The great work upon which he has been engaged "half a life-time" is drawing towards a close, and we look forward to the only complete "Biography of Beethoven" with feelings of unmixed, pleasurable anticipation. Mr. Thayer came to England (from Vienna) to pick up information bearing upon the comprehensive subject, and we have reason to believe that he is perfectly satisfied with the result. Our veteran, Mr. Neate, is in possession of several interesting autographs, which were liberally placed at Mr. Thayer's disposal. We wish him every success in his great and glorious undertaking.—*Brighton Gaz.*

Death behind the Scenes.

The *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* has the following remarks upon the recent terrible accident at the Continental Theatre in that city, of which some account will be found in another column:

"No one can accuse theatrical managers of indifference concerning the safety of the persons they employ; for every motive, of interest as well as of humanity, prompts them to the exercise of all possible means to preserve them from danger. The frightful disaster of Saturday night, at the Continental Theatre, in this city, seems to have been one of those accidents that no precautions and no warnings can avert. A young woman, in a thoughtless moment, exposed herself to a danger from which thousands of young women have escaped when sim-

ilarly exposed. But hers was the exceptional case. A slight unusual motion, or an unexpected puff of air, brought her gauze dress in contact with a jet of gas, and thus began a scene of horror, agony and death, the chief features of which have been so fully presented to the public already, that they need not be recalled here.

But is it really not possible to guard against accidents like this in stage dressing rooms, as well as against those that are caused by recklessness and rashness? It does not seem impossible to arrange gas jets in such a way that they could not be reached by young women; or, if it is necessary to have some of them low down, it does not seem impossible to cover them with shades of glass or of mica, which would prevent the flame from touching anything swept near it. In some theatres, to guard against accidents to ballet girls, their thin dresses are steeped in a solution of alum, which is said to save them from fire: at least, they do not, when ignited, burst into flames, but smoulder in such a way that the fire can easily be put out. Some such precautions as these would certainly, to some extent, protect the poor creatures whose lives are exposed to such terrible dangers."

This subject, from the frequency of such accidents, deserves the most serious consideration. How is it with our own theatres? Are proper precautions taken here, at the Boston Theatre, the Museum, the Athenæum, to guard against these disasters? We find the following suggestions in an article written by Dr. Odling to the *London Times* :—

"The various means proposed for rendering textile fabrics non inflammable were carefully investigated a short time back by two well-known chemists, Messrs. Versmann and Oppenheim. They showed that linen and cotton goods dried after immersion in a solution of one or other of several salts possessed the property of non-inflammability, and that the best results were obtained with a solution of sulphate of ammonia, or of tungstate of soda, neither of which liquids produced any injurious effect upon the tissue or color of the fabric. The tungstate of soda solution was found most applicable to laundry purposes, on account of its not interfering in any way with the process of ironing. Muslins, &c., steeped in a 7 per cent. solution of sulphate of ammonia, or 20 per cent. solution of tungstate of soda, and then dried, may be held in the flame of a candle or gas lamp without taking fire. The portion of the stuff in contact with the light becomes charred and destroyed, but it does not inflame, and consequently the burning state does not spread to the rest of the material."

Catherine Hayes.

Catherine Hayes was born in Limerick about the year 1820. Her first instructions in music were derived from an accomplished lady amateur, who having heard her sing when a child, was so charmed with her voice and facility, that she assisted her as far as she was able to a knowledge of the pianoforte and singing. To the Hon. and Right Reverend E. Knox, Bishop of Limerick, however, Catherine Hayes was indebted for her first step towards a public life. The Bishop, having heard her sing by accident, invited her to the See House, and she soon became the star of a series of musical reunions, chiefly given for her instruction by her kind patron. The progress made by the young lady was so extraordinary that the Bishop at once perceived her talents might be turned to the best account—that is, made instrumental to the world's delight—and, having consulted his own friends and those of his protégée,—with feelings and opinions very different from those of the Bishop or Bishops who wished to dissuade Jenny Lind from appearing on the stage,—sent her to Dublin, and placed her under the care of Signor Antonio Sapia, the most eminent vocal professor in the Irish metropolis. Catherine Hayes arrived in Dublin on the 1st of April, 1839, and, so great was the confidence reposed in her by her teacher, made her first appearance in public on the 3rd of May following, in the large room

of the Rotunda. Nor was he disappointed. The success of the *débütante*, at first somewhat marred by extreme nervousness, was in the end triumphant, and from that day may be dated the artistic career of Catherine Hayes. Her success, however, did not stimulate her to immediate action. She remained under the tuition of Signor Sapia until August 1842, and in the October of the same year went to Paris, and studied diligently and zealously for some months with Signor Emmanuel Garcia, the brother of Malibran. As, nevertheless, she was bent on making the lyric stage her profession, she was advised at once to proceed to Italy, as the only theatre for obtaining dramatic requirements indispensable for success in that calling. She accordingly proceeded to Milan, and placed herself under the instruction of Signor Felice Ronconi, brother of the celebrated barytone.

While at Milan, our heroine was introduced to the once celebrated Mad. Grassini, aunt to Grisi, who was so pleased and surprised at her talents, that she wrote to Provini, manager of the Italian Opera at Marseilles, and procured her an engagement. Her *débüt* took place on the 10th of May, 1845, in *I Puritani*. The ordeal was a terrible one, as may be imagined; but, after a long struggle to overcome timidity, the singer recovered her powers, and made quite a furor. Her second and third appearances were in *Lucia* and *Mosé in Egitto*. She returned to Milan, and, although she was offered an engagement at the Grand Opera, Paris, and some of the minor Italian theatres, she declined all proposals, convinced that she was still but a novice, and gave her undivided attention to study under the direction of Signor Ronconi. Signor Morelli, director of the La Scala Theatre, however, having heard her at a private *soirée*, tendered her an engagement, which, after some hesitation, she accepted; and, only three months after her *débüt*, she appeared at the then first lyric theatre in Europe, as Linda, in *Linda di Chamouni*, a character in which she subsequently achieved perhaps her brightest laurels. The success of her first night at the Scala may be estimated by the fact of her being recalled twelve times in the course of the performance. Her second appearance was in *Otello*, and her graceful and delicate portraiture of the "gentle Desdemona," won for her the designation of "La Parla del Teatro." During the remainder of her stay at Milan, including the autumn season of 1845 and the carnival of 1846, Catherine Hayes won "golden opinions from all sorts of people," and was quite the pet of the Milanese aristocracy. From Milan she proceeded to Vienna, to fulfil an engagement there; and thence went to Venice, where she appeared on the first night of the carnival, 1847, in a new opera, entitled *Albergo di Romano*, composed expressly for her by a young Italian nobleman. We need not follow the artist with any further minuteness in her career on the continent. Her progress through the Italian states for the two subsequent years was marked by the most undeviating success. In 1849 Catherine Hayes came to London, and appeared at the Royal Italian Opera, in *Linda di Chamouni*. The greatest curiosity was manifested about the Hibernian *cantatrice*, who perhaps was never so closely scrutinised, so severely judged. The general verdict, however, was in the highest degree satisfactory, and Catherine Hayes became one of the reigning favorites in an establishment which boasted of such high names as those of Grisi, Persiani, Alboni, Mario, Tamburini, and Lablache. In 1851 Catherine Hayes visited the New World, and after enchanting the musical public of the United States, ventured to entrust herself to the rugged courtesies of the semi-barbaric tribes of California, whom she appears to have tamed by her song, and almost to have converted to civilisation. Her tour in these remote regions being incredibly successful, induced her to extend it to the Sandwich Isles, to Australia, and to British India, in all of which places she reaped abundant harvests, and returned to England in 1856, having amassed a handsome fortune. In the November of that year she made her *rentrée* at M. Jullien's Concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre, and afterwards made *tournées* in the provinces, awaking the old sensation in England and Scotland, and more than ever exciting the applause of her enthusiastic admirers in "Ould Ireland." In 1857 she married Mr. Bushnell, who had had the direction of her professional affairs throughout her transatlantic trip. The marriage, however, was soon dissolved by death, and Mrs. Bushnell became a widow before she had been twelve months a wife. The remainder of her artistic career up to the time of her decease was occupied in provincial tours and engagements at the metropolitan concerts.

The vocal powers of Catherine Hayes were not of the highest order. Her voice was a true soprano, with more than an average share of the middle voice, which enabled her to sing music beyond the means of

ordinary sopranos. The tone was brilliant and telling, rather than clear and sweet, being slightly veiled, or clouded, and not possessing that purity of quality we might point to in many native and foreign *cantatrice*. This voice, however, the artist had disciplined to so high a degree of perfection as to enable her to produce effects out of the power of far more gifted singers. Catherine Hayes was a great mistress of expression, and this, with her innate delicacy and high susceptibilities, threw such a charm round her ballad singing as to render it irresistible. With such means and impulses, it is not difficult to account for the prodigious success she achieved in Ireland when interpreting the national ballads of the country, into which she appeared to throw her whole soul, and which she delivered with so much earnestness and reality as to savor, at least in sober English ears, of exaggeration. No doubt with a more captivating and sweeter organ all this eagerness for display would not have been required—most probably not manifested; and in this, as in everything else connected with her singing, Catharine Hayes exhibited the consummate artist, as she knew exactly how far she was deficient, and in what she could prevail. Her influence over the feelings of the Irish was absolutely magical, and no other singer of our own times had the same power to arouse them to such ecstasy and admiration. She held, indeed, the key to the hearts of her countrymen, and could open and shut them as she listed. As a bravura singer, we are inclined to rate Catharine Hayes higher than as a ballad singer. Indeed, her art appeared to us invariably to predominate over her natural gifts, and while that which was simple seemed to be forced, her ornamental displays were often in the highest degree satisfactory. At all events, in whatever light we may be inclined to view her, it cannot be denied that a real singer has gone from us, and as such the loss of Catharine Hayes is to be seriously lamented.—*Lond. Musical World*.

Musical Correspondence.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

MR. EDITOR:—"DAISY'S" anecdote has reminded me of my own experience, some notes from which may not be altogether un-amusing to your readers.

Questioning a "new pupil" in a city not a thousand miles from Cincinnati, as to her knowledge of music, the masters she had had, &c., I came then to the question, "What kind of music do you play most frequently?" "All the operas," responded the young lady. "Oh!!! which, for instance? what arrangements?" "How should I know?" "Norma? Sonnambula? Freischütz?" "I don't know anything about those things; I play *all the operas*!" "Will you be so kind as to fetch a few of your pieces?" Some pieces were brought, and the young lady triumphantly pointed to the composer's number, on some tolerably simple waltzes, arrangements, &c., by Beyer and Czerny—opera 100—op. 3, op. 51, or whatever the figures may have been; these were "all the operas."

Asking another pupil (considered "quite a musical young lady") about the merits of Spohr the violinist (nephew of the Spohr), who was then residing in her native city, she told me that she thought she had heard him "when Beethoven gave his concert." "Are you quite sure that it was on that occasion?" said I, very much surprised. "O yes, quite; Mr. Beethoven put Mr. Spohr's name in nearly as large letters as his own, in the bills, and that makes me remember it."

Once, re-arranging some engravings in my music room, in came a very distinguished pupil, who had "graduated" in two large scholastic institutions, taken music lessons for some years, and was undergoing the process of re-gilding in the school with which I was then connected. She took a great deal of interest in my task, and so I pointed out some portraits &c. to her, and told her a few anecdotes connected with them. By the time that I reached the well-known engraving, "Mozart playing his 'Don Juan,'" I had worked myself up to quite a pitch of useless enthusiasm, which my pupil brought

to a point of culmination when she pointed to the portrait of "Cæsar Joseph 2d." which appears to hang (and so inscribed) on the wall of the room where Mozart plays, and exclaimed, with a sigh of sympathy, "And look! Washington, too!" Dear patriotic girl! Could she imagine a room, of any consequence at all, in any country, under any government, where the portrait of Washington was not?

How does it happen that pupils, who possess considerable mechanical dexterity, are yet left, by their instructors, in such lamentable and ridiculous ignorance as to the very names of composers, the history of music, and the meaning of art?

New York, Sept. 10.

ARABESQUE.

[As a match for "Arabesque's" experience let us give an anecdote of a well-known music publisher who, being applied to by a lady for his autograph to grace an elegant volume produced by the fair applicant, and modestly disclaiming any pretensions to the character of a celebrated personage, was answered, "Oh, but you certainly *are*, did not you write Haydn's Mass? Did I not see your name upon the title page?" The innocent lady of course referred to the publisher's imprint. He would indeed be famous, if he had written the thousandth part of the good things that he has published.]

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 21, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

J. S. Bach.

(TRANSLATED FOR THIS JOURNAL FROM THE "DEUTSCHE MUSIK-ZEITUNG" OF VIENNA.)

Arias from various Cantatas, with Piano-forte accompaniment, arranged by ROBERT FRANZ. Four sets (9 Alto, 9 Bass, 9 Soprano, 9 Tenor Arias). Leipzig: F. Whistling; Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

(Continued from page 178.)

We shall be well content, if we have at least succeeded in pointing out a little of all that there is noble and imperishable in these Arias, and in giving to this one or to that one a new stimulus to enter into deeper acquaintance with the work itself. To us it is as if human nature in its highest innocence and purity, exalted, glorified, looked out upon us from Bach's music. He lifts us constantly above ourselves, above our little and contracted sphere of vision, above our earthly doing and enduring, above our disjointed, contradictory wrestling and striving, inasmuch as he unites the highest nobleness of soul with the deepest humility and childlikeness, the most wonderful profundity with the most naïve simplicity. He draws incessantly from the living spring of his immediate life of faith, and has solved the contradictions in which our race toils on distractedly; he lets us for a while forget the painful break, and he awakens in our deepest heart the slumbering longing for that heavenly peace, which, here denied to us, rings from his tuneful works like sweetest memories of youth.

The four examples we have analyzed, will also characterize the manner in which FRANZ has arranged the Arias. It cannot escape even a hasty glance, that his manner is essentially distinct from that which has hitherto prevailed, for making Bach's vocal compositions accessible to the larger public. Meritorious in some respects as are the efforts of MARX (Pianoforte score of 6 Cantatas), WILSING (of the Christmas Oratorio), STERN (of the Mass in B minor), and how-

ever deep their understanding of Bach's spirit, still the arrangements by Marx and Stern suffer, especially as it regards the Arias, from a somewhat dry objectivity, since they take into account only the instrumental accompaniment, and wholly neglect the organ part contained in the thorough-bass marks. No doubt, the deepest respect has hindered them from venturing any attempt at a freer arrangement — and every one, who knows the difficulties involved in the execution of Bach's thorough-bass signs, will understand this piety. Equally certain is it, that by this sort of arrangement the understanding of Bach's works is rendered much more difficult, if not actually perverted. For halfness in any case does mischief; and it is very often quite impossible to form even a faint conception of the real meaning of a Bach Aria, if one be entirely deprived of that prime element, the organ. How often the Arias have no orchestral accompaniment at all; how often a very weak one, coming in only now and then! It certainly requires a very great good will, to find a duet between the contra-basso and the voice euphonious, simply because Bach has so written it. *Bach has much rather, as every score shows, elaborated his thorough-bass writing with the greatest care and accuracy; and it is an irreparable loss, that so large a part of it — it was frequently written upon separate sheets under a single bass part! — is irrecoverable.* This circumstance alone demands consideration for the work before us, however cautious and modest it may be. For the execution of the thorough-bass script cannot be left to the liking or the skill of every individual pianist. Add to this, that with Marx the striving after objectivity and faithful reproduction of the score often leads to disproportionate difficulties through the accumulation of parts; that with Stern, on the contrary, for greater convenience of execution, the beauty of Bach's conduct of the voices (parts) is left more than is necessary in the background.

Wilsing has at any rate struck into a more correct path, since he has also written out the thorough-bass; but his does not show a really deep acquaintance with the matter; it is rather superficial and not reproduced with any especial fineness either in the conduct of the voices, or in the treatment of the piano. Arrangements of single arias exist; especially by RITTER (in the *Armonia*) and by RUST (in Gumprecht's *Album für classischen Solosang*). Ritter, with few exceptions, copies off the score; where he allows himself a greater freedom, it amounts occasionally to the boldness of transforming the Soprano Aria: "*Mein gläubiges Herz*" into an Alto Aria and transposing it to B major! Rust has given a richer piano accompaniment; only, by giving too much, he often obscures Bach's carriage of the voices, where it is rather indicative and only by the fluid motion acquires firm harmonic form. But at all events he strives after a *re-production* of the real things; and only so can these be made accessible to us. A mere writing out of the score avails about as little as a mere mechanical execution of its intentions; all that can avail is a *reproduction made in the spirit of Bach after the models offered in his other compositions, especially in the "Well-tempered Clavichord."*

Of course, this can never be more than approximately realized; for Bach is once for all irresistible, and no one will ever be willing to maintain, that he has hit the only true mark. Of course, too, such a reproduction cannot be conceived of without a subjective intermixture. The greater or less depth in the understanding of the spirit and the handling of form, the artistic standpoint of the age especially, the style of charac-

terization will play an inevitable part always for one who undertakes such an arrangement; and not less, too, the nature of the locality for which the things in this arrangement are intended. In the church all sounds quite different from in the chamber; hardneses, which there cancel each other without difficulty, would frequently disturb the effect here. So too the nature of the piano-forte makes certain claims, which are quite irreconcilable with a pedantic adherence to a pure orchestral expression. All this makes the arranger's position with regard to the original much the same with that of the copperplate engraver to the oil painting. The latter also is compelled by the nature of his material to certain deviations in the distribution of light and shade, nay, under some circumstances, even to a modification of the form, if he would bring it to a real reproduction.

FRANZ has clearly seen the necessity of such a "more free" position, and his work is therefore so significant, *because here for the first time a beginning has been made in a veritable reproduction of Bach's works according to clear principles and on an extensive scale.* In what way he has striven to do this and what means he has made use of, he himself gives us the following account in his "Introductory Remarks":—

In the first place there are blank spaces here and there in the accompaniments, which in Bach's time were filled by the free intervention of the Organ: these I have had to make good, in obedience to Bach's figured bass, and, so far as possible, in Bach's spirit, by the insertion of complementary parts, each having an individual movement. Then the transfer of the instrumental parts to the piano,—in places where brief passing discords are not smoothed out, as they are in the orchestra, by the carriage of the voices and the variety of the tone-colors—frequently required a changed position of the parts, and sometimes a closer, sometimes a more open distribution of the harmony. The means of the modern Piano-forte technics had to be employed in the fullest measure, in order to reproduce what Bach could entrust to certain obligato parts or to the coming in of the Organ, in a manner at all suited to the piano. Even in the voice part occasional modifications seemed to be required, to avoid hardneses, which vanished in the broad spaces of a church, but which would make themselves sensibly felt—and surely much against the purpose of the composer—when executed in a small room at the piano. This has induced me, in certain passages, to let the voice part and the accompanying parts run into one another. Finally, it seemed allowable to depart from the original in places where undoubtedly it merely followed the tradition of the times: as, for instance, in those extended repetitions, in which the last century delighted, but which offend our modern ears, accustomed as they are to shorter forms, injuring rather than helping the impression of the whole.

For the quicker understanding and right execution of some passages, I have added expression marks, which indicate at the same time the course of the musical development.

New Publications.

We have received the NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW for September, 1861.

Contents: The Poetical Literature of Spain; Hans Christian Andersen and his Fairy Legends; Influence of Music — the Opera; The De Saussures and their Writings — Mme. Necker; Mahomet and the Koran; Wills and Will Making; Aristotle — His Life, Labors, and Influence; Carthage and the Carthaginians; Spasmodic Literature — Philip Thaxter; The Secession Rebellion and its Sympathizers; Notices and Criticisms.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW. American Edition.

Leonard Scott & Co., New York. July, 1861.

Contents: The Life and Letters of Sicheleimacher; The Salmon Fisheries of England and Wales; The Critical Theory and Writings of H. Taine; Mr. Mill on Representative Government; The Countess of Albany; Equatorial Africa and its Inhabitants; Mr. Buckle's History of Civilization in England; Christian Creeds and their Defenders; Contemporary Literature.

MUSIC IN COMMON SCHOOLS.—"The great point to be considered in reference to the introduction of Vocal Music into popular elementary instruction is, that thereby you set in motion a mighty power, which silently, but surely in the end, will humanize, refine, and elevate a whole community. Music is one of the

fine arts. It therefore deals with abstract beauty, and so lifts man to the source of all beauty—from finite to infinite, and from the world of matter to the world of spirits and to God. Music is the great handmaid of civilization. Whence come these traditions of a reverend antiquity—seditions quelled, cures wrought, fleets and armies governed by the force of song? Whence that responding of rocks, woods, and trees to the harp of Orpheus? whence a city's walls uprising beneath the wonder-working touches of Apollo's lyre? These, it is true, are fables, yet they shadow forth, beneath the veil of allegory, a profound truth. They beautifully proclaim the mysterious union between Music, as an instrument of man's civilization, and the soul of man. Prophets and wise men, large-minded lawgivers of an olden time, understood and acted on this truth. The ancient oracles were uttered in song. The laws of the twelve tables were put to Music, and got by heart at school. Minstrel and sage are, in some languages, convertible terms. Music is allied to the highest sentiments of man's moral nature—love of God, love of country, love of friends. Wo to the nation in which these sentiments are allowed to go to decay! What tongue can tell the unutterable energies that reside in these three engines, Church Music, National Airs, and Fire-side Melodies, as means of informing and enlarging the mighty heart of a free people?

Foreign examples are before us. In Germany, the most musical country in the world, Music is taught like the alphabet. In Switzerland and Prussia, it is an integral part of the system of instruction. Regenerated France has, since the Revolution of July, appropriated the same idea. Her philosophic statesmen are trying to rend the darkness, and prepare their country for the future that is before her. 'We cannot,' says M. Guizot, 'have too many co-operators in the noble and difficult enterprise of amending popular instruction.' England still halts in the march of reform. We ask the attention of the Board to the following passage from a work of extraordinary eloquence and power recently published in England, written by Mr. Wyse, a member of the British Parliament:—'Music,' says this writer, 'even the most elementary, not only does not form an essential part of education in this country, but the idea of introducing it is not even dreamt of. It is urged that it would be fruitless to attempt it, because the people are essentially anti-musical. But may they not be anti-musical because it has not been attempted? The people roar and scream, because they have heard nothing but roaring and screaming, no Music, from their childhood. Is harmony not to be taught? is it not to be extended? is not a taste to be generated? Taste is the habit of good things—'je ne suis pas la rose, mais j'ai vécu avec elle'—it is to be caught. But the inoculation must somewhere or other begin. It is this apathy about beginning that is censurable, not the difficulty of propagating when it has once appeared. No effort is made in any of our schools, and then we complain that there is no Music among scholars. It would be just as reasonable to exclude grammar, and then complain that we had no grammarians.' With these sentiments your Committee heartily concur. Let us, then, show this apathy no longer. Let us BEGIN. Prussia may grant instruction to her people as a boon of royal condescension—the people of America demand it as their right. Let us rise to the full dignity and elevation of this theme. We are legislating not about stocks or stones, or gross material objects, but about sentient things, having that in them which, while we are legislating, grows and still will grow, when time shall be no more. From this place first went out the great principle, that the property of all should be taxed for the education of all. From this place, also, may the example, in this country, first go forth, of that education rendered more complete by the introduction, by public authority, of Vocal Music into our system of popular instruction. 'The true grandeur of a people,' says Cousin, 'does not consist in borrowing nothing from others, but in borrowing from all whatever is good and in perfecting whatever it touches.' Rome grew to greatness by adopting whatever she found useful among the nations whom she conquered. The true policy of the American legislator on the subject of education is, to gather whatever of good or bright or fair can be found from all countries and all times, and weld the whole for the building up and adorning of the free institutions of our own country.

'The Committee here quit the subject. In its innermost circle it embraceth a School—in its outermost circumference it compasseth round a Nation.'—*Report on Music in Boston Schools, 1837.*

FIRE AT THE CONTINENTAL THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA.—FRIGHTFUL SCENES.—Last evening, Sept 14, a large audience was collected at Wheatley's Continental Theatre, to witness the production of Shakspeare's "Tempest." Everything went on

smoothly, until the conclusion of the first act, when a number of men ran hither and thither across the stage; a bright light flashed up, and directly a woman emerged from the side scenes, her dress and tights enveloped in flames. At the same time, loud screams in a dozen voices were heard, and the unfortunate danseuse referred to was thrown upon the floor and wrapped in the "sea-cloth," a length of canvass used to imitate waves.

Manager Wheatley appeared at once, and begged the audience to be orderly till he could examine the seat of the fire and learn its magnitude.

The origin seems to have been with Miss Anna Gale, a leading danseuse, who indiscreetly attempted to extinguish a gas jet in the dressing-room with her gauze dress. In a moment she was wrapped in fire, that ran up her tights and under-clothing frightfully burning her bare breast and arms, and mounting to her face and hair.

A dozen frightened creatures surrounded her, and the fire communicated to them. Amid piercing screams, Miss Gale ran upon the stage, as stated, but her pain was so intense that she fell writhing into a heap of glass, used to produce certain effects, and cut herself in the hands and cheeks.

Some of the other unfortunates leaped from the second story windows into Sanson street, and bruised themselves in falling. While confusion prevailed behind the scenes, the audience was scarcely less convulsed in front, and when Mr. Wheatley reappeared and desired them to vacate the house quietly and in good order, all broke for the door. There was, of course, much screaming and absurd noise; a few women fainted in the halls, but many loitered near the door, insanely endeavoring to look back upon the scene, whereas they were blocking up the passage ways. A conflagration very nearly ensued from the panic, as the sea-cloth that had been wrapped around Miss Gale was thrown into the stable, where it was discovered at the moment of igniting some combustibles. A fearful picture ensued on Sanson street. The burned and disfigured bodies were carried to an opposite hotel it having been ascertained that the hospital could not provide them immediate accommodation. Ballet girls in loose robes and yellow buskins were treading the muddy streets, and mothers who had daughters employed at the Theatre, ran hither and thither, making piteous inquiries. The street was blocked with cabs and idlers. In the upper room of the Capitol Hotel, the burned girls lay writhing and their groans caused thrills of fear to go through the mass without, unable to afford them any relief.

Finally, most of them were removed, and this street assumed its wonted silence. Owing to this confusion we could not get the full list of names, and the extent of all the injuries. It is probable, however, that Miss Anne Gale, and a Miss Herman, will die. Misses Abbie Carr and the Misses Gale, are also known to be injured. It is possible that ten or twelve females were bruised and burned. The loss to the Theatre is trifling. Performances will go on as usual, on Monday. The management is entitled to all regard in its efforts to assist the sufferers and much injury that might have occurred to the audience, was prevented by Mr. Wheatley's judicious conduct. It is probable that the injuries of some of the ladies are over estimated, owing to the unusual fear. At all events, we may be thankful that the losses were not greater.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

Panem et Circenses was the order of the day last week, and while tickets for comestible provisions were distributed to the poor, the theatres were thrown gratuitously open to the multitude. It is usual on these occasions to give pieces acknowledged as popular favorites, and often the most hacknied of the repertoire proper to each house. But, at the same time, an eye is had to the moral purpose of the work. At the Grand Opera, *Robert le Diable* was performed; and at the Opéra Comique, *La Dame Blanche* and *Les Rendezvous Bourgeois*. At the Vaudeville, the new play by Messieurs About and Najac, *Un Mariage de Paris*, was the chief entertainment; and at the Gymnase, the new drama by M. Victorien Sardou, *Piccolino*. The new military and equestrian spectacle at the Cirque, *La Prise de Peking*, of course continued its career uninterrupted; and the Porte St. Martin was in like manner under no necessity of changing its bill of fare, which, though containing but one dish of *Pied de Mouton*, has not yet palled on the taste of the Parisians. At all the theatres some piece of music more or less entitled to the appellation of a *cantata*, was performed in honor of the Emperor; but out of the entire crop of these lauda-

tory effusions, not one deserves to be singled out for laudation. Genius, when commanded to produce as per order, will frequently produce something not altogether devoid of inspiration; but as the artists who were set to work on this occasion could lay no claim to one whiff of divine afflatus, the flattest commonplace has resulted from the Imperial behest.

COLOGNE.—In honor of the Deutsche Kunstgenossenschaft, at present assembled here, the Festival Committee got up a concert, on the 14th inst., under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, in the Gürzenich. The programme comprised the "Hallelujah" from Handel's *Messiah*, Weber's overture to *Oberon*, "O weint um sie," for solo, chorus, and orchestra, by Ferdinand Hiller; andante and variations (from Op. 47), by Beethoven (Herrn Hiller and Von Königsow); three songs by Mendelssohn, Weber, and Hiller (Mlle. Emma Genast); "Zigeunerleben," by Schumann; and Symphony No. 7, in A major, by Beethoven.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL ON THE DONAU.—The first German-Austrian vocal festival at Krems and Stein, two towns adjoining each other, on the banks of the above river, took place on the 29th and 30th of June. There were present twenty-four associations, numbering from ten to a hundred and ninety-five members each; while eleven associations sent deputations consisting of from two to eight persons. The grand total of singers present was 1034. Numerous German flags waved from the windows, and most of the houses were decorated with appropriate inscriptions, such as "Das Haus hat keinen Herrn heut, Den Sängergästen sei es geweiht" ("This house to-day has no master; it is dedicated to our vocal guests"); "Wer und woher? Das gilt uns gleich; Haus und Herz gehören euch!" ("Who are you? whence do you come? That is all the same to us; our heart and house are yours"); "Liedwird That; Früh oder spät" ("Sooner or later, songs become deeds"). The South-German vocal associations are distinguished by a pleasing custom, which is, that each association has a matter of its own, mostly in rhyme, and set in four parts, which is the first piece of music it sings on its arrival in, or departure from, any place. The festival was held in the open air. A stage was erected for the singers, surrounded by green foliage, and separated by flower-beds and a fountain from the space allotted to the public, who numbered three thousand. The combined choruses were but moderately good; indeed, it was hardly possible for them to be aught else, with only one rehearsal, although the conductor, Herr Willvonseder, of Krems, did all he could to render them effective. The city best represented was Vienna, by the Männergesang-Verein of 195 members; the Akademischer Verein, of 134; the Sängerbund, of 84; and the Techniker Verein, of 45. Krems was represented by 56, and Linz by 53 (the Frohsinn Association), and 41 (the Sängerbund) vocalists, all of whom met with a hearty welcome from the inhabitants. The proceedings terminated with Arndt's "Vaterlandslied."—*London Musical World, Aug. 24.*

THE GRAND VOCAL FESTIVAL IN NUREMBERG.*—No one who is a musician, and consequently knows the limit of what can be done with such masses when there is only one rehearsal, will think of judging, by the standard of artistically perfect singing, the execution of those pieces in which the entire body of vocalists took part; all who were present will, however, confess that, on the whole, everything which under the circumstances could be expected was done, as regards precision and expression. The striking passages in the patriotic songs especially were sung with great dash and enthusiasm.

The collection of new compositions began with the 23d Psalm, "Der Herr ist mein Hirte," by Herr Julius Otto, Musical Director in Dresden. This was a work of some pretension, in several movements, and was given by the Orpheus Association, the Liedertafel and the Liederkreis, of Dresden. It was followed by a "Festgesang," words and music by the worthy old master, A. Methfessel, of Brunswick. Its patriotic purport, concluding with the words, "Weit jubelnd erschallt das Lied von der deutschen Einheit" (Far and wide resound the joyous strains of the song of German unity), called forth, as did also similar ideas in all the other patriotic songs, a storm of applause and hurrahs, as was proved, for instance, in the immediately succeeding piece, "All-Deutschland," words by Herr Müller von der Werra, music by Herr Franz Abt, of Brunswick. The most important composition was Ferdinand Hiller's cantata, "An das Vaterland," words by Herr W. Müller von Königswinter, in which the semi-choruses were sung by the four vocal associations of Munich combined. All the above four compositions, forming the first part of the concert, ob-

tained a great success, as was evidenced by the tumultuous applause and cheers with which the composers were greeted.

The second part commenced with a work by Franz Lachner, "Sturmes-Mythe," words by Lenau, which was extraordinarily successful, and encored. We agree entirely with the opinion thus expressed by the public at large. Besides the highly significant music itself, Herr Lachner had two great elements of success in his favor. In the first place, the text selected

"Stumm und regungslos, in sich verschlossen,
Ruht die tiefe See dahin gegossen," &c.,

a beautiful poem, and, indeed, to speak truthfully, the only real poem in the book of words, and, in the second place, the fact of the vocal portion being accompanied by a full orchestra of string and wind instruments, which were a great relief to the ear, after the eternal braying of trumpets and trombones.

Next came G. von Meyern's poem, "An die Deutsche Tricolore," set to the soul-inspiring strains of the Duke-Ernest of Coburg-Gotha, a composition received with enthusiasm, the last strophe being encored. The song, "An die Deutschen," words by Herr G. Elstermann, music by Herr Tschirch, Musical-Director in Gera, next came in for its share of approbation, while the whole wound up with "Des Sängers Herz," words by Herr O. Weiss, music by Herr G. Emmerling, Director of the Nuremberg Sing-Verein. Both words and music were creditable, and even successful; but we cannot blink the fact that, side by side with works by Lachner, Hiller, and other composers of repute, this song appears too insignificant for a "German Vocal Festival."

The audience now streamed out into the open air, and took part in the festive proceedings going on there; friends from north, south, east, and west meeting and greeting one another. So great, however, was the crowd, that many persons never came once across, during the whole Festival, friends whom they knew to be present, and whom they were seeking.

About nine o'clock the stage and audience portion of the building were again filled, and the performances of various separate Associations commenced. To describe them all in detail would be too long a task; nay, to a certain extent, it would be an impossibility, since not only were there no books of the words, but actually no programmes, from which the audience might discover what was being sung, and who were the persons singing. The oral announcement made on the occasion of each fresh piece died away in the large hall, and was a mystery to thousands. It is, also, an undeniable fact, that the size of the building prevented the songs from being duly appreciated; the softer passages, and, in a much greater degree, an absolute *piano*, were perfectly inaudible in the dearest places opposite the orchestra.

The second day of the Festival (Monday, July 22), was rendered remarkable by the grand procession, which was even more complete and brilliant than that on the preceding Saturday. Those persons who were present on this occasion in Nuremberg, will perhaps never again behold anything so nationally grand as this festive procession of five thousand light-hearted singers.

Nuremberg may, with perfect right, enter the days of this Festival as happy and glorious ones in her chronicles, and we are delighted to acknowledge that the spirit animating the whole Festival gained fresh strength from the sight of the magnificent city—in which even the very stones inculcate German nationality—and from the lively interest evinced in the proceedings by the worthy inhabitants of both sexes.

But to the singers, also, are praise and thanks due, for they shirked no trouble, or any sacrifice of their personal convenience and ease. The procession, which was opened by the vigorous forms of the "Turners" of the Nuremberg Turner-Verein, took nearly an hour and a half in defiling. There were eight or ten bands in its ranks. Before each Association boys bore aloft on long poles, from which fluttered blue and white ribbons, shields with the name of the Association, and that of the town whence it came, inscribed in large Gothic letters on them, while, behind these, advanced the members of the Association, with their flags, &c.

Our space will not permit us to enumerate all the Associations present, but we will mention those which were most fully represented, in order that we may give some notion of the far-spread interest the Festival had excited. The towns of Amberg, Ansbach, Apolda, Augsburg, Bamberg, Bayreuth, Coburg, Chemnitz, Constance, Dresden, Eisenach, Erlangen, Elberfeld, Frankfort-on-the-Maine (16 Associations), Fürth (6 Associations), Freiburg in Saxony, Gotha, Hof, Innsbruck, Cassel, Kiel, Landshut, Leipsic, Linz, Magdeburg, Mayence, Mannheim, Meeran, Munich (4 Associations), Nuremberg (11 Associations), Passau, Plauen, Presburg, Regens-

burg, Rudolstadt, Salzburg, Schwabach, Schweinfurt, Schwerin, Straubing, Stuttgart, Ulm, Vienna (Männergesang-Verein), Weissenburg, Wiesbaden, Würzburg, Wunsiedel, &c., were strongly represented. Special deputations had been sent from Basle, Bautzen, Berlin, Berne, Brunswick, Bremen, Darmstadt, Heidelberg, Carlsruhe, Cologne, Königsberg, London, Lübeck, Memel, Speyer, Teplitz, Weimar, Zweibrücken, &c. Herr Hennikofen appeared as the representative of the Teutonia Society in Constantinople, and Herr Eisfeld as that of the New York Liederkrantz.

The second grand performance in the Music Hall commenced about five o'clock, P. M., and, like the first, comprised eight new compositions.

A hymn, "Singt dem Herrn ein neues Lied," by V. E. Becker, of Würzburg, opened the proceedings, and was fully entitled, both by its matter and its admirable form, to rank with the best productions of the previous day. It was followed by "Unser Hort," words by Dr. Hölzl, barrister in Straubing (a most popular and liberal-minded gentleman), and music by Herr Julius Grobe, director of the Nuremberg Liederkrantz. It occasioned a perfect storm of delight, owing principally to the lines:

"Hand in Hand,
Fürst und Volk fürs Vaterland,
Eine Flagge auf dem Meer,
Eine Fahne für das Herr,
Einen Führer in der Schlacht,
Achtung, die der Erdball zollt,
Deutschlands Banner; Schwarz Roth-Gold."

The storm was lulled by a short and pleasing song entitled "Frühlingsgruss an das Vaterland," by Vincenz Lachner, of Mannheim, a truly lyrical work. "Der Deutsche Landsturm," also, words by K. Schultes, music by Kücken, of Stuttgart, was applauded, but not so heartily as the freshness of the composition merited.

The second part commenced with a work of some pretension, by Herr H. Neeb, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, words by F. Stolze, "Frisch auf zum Siegen." It begins with a slow movement, which by a pleasing gradation concludes in a fiery *allegro*, followed, at last, by a solemn *Andante maestoso*, in which the lines:

"Lass deine Adler fliegen
Zum grossen, heiligen Kampf!
Wenn Naht der Feind, dann zieht
Ein einzig Deutschland zum Rhein,
Zum Kampf fürs Vaterland!"

and the effective music, produced such an impression that the applause broke forth before the piece was concluded, and the last movement had to be repeated. Herr Neeb was called on to appear, and was himself so carried away by the general enthusiasm that he waved the German flag repeatedly over his head.

The public—who were numerous in the pit, though less numerous in the boxes—were more excited than on the previous day. Thus, the two songs, "Hör' uns, Allmächtiger, Führer der Schlachten," words by T. Körner, nobly and vigorously set by Herr Möhring, of Neu-Ruppin, and "Ermanne dich, Deutschland," words by Wagner, music by Herr A. Storch, of Vienna, were greeted with tremendous applause and trumpet flourishes; nay, the last of the two compositions was repeated from beginning to end. After the thunder-clouds of applause had thus noisily discharged themselves, the last chorus, a pious "Danklied," by T. W. Kalliwoda, glided quietly by.

Among the most distinguished performances of separate societies on both evenings were those of the Societies from Coburg, Dresden, Innsbruck, Würzburg, and Vienna, the Vienna Männergesang-Verein especially, under the direction of their chief, Herr Herbeck, by the artistically excellent manner in which they gave that gentleman's "Waldlied," accompanied by four French horns, admirably produced a more than ordinary impression, and were rewarded by long and tumultuous applause, which in this case was rendered to music alone.

Although nothing like a vocal contest for prizes was intended to be held, as the committee, with proper tact, had not combined anything of this kind with a Festival in honor of German unity, a Vocal Association in Berne sent a silver goblet, a gratifying mark of the loving interest taken in the proceedings by those of German lineage in Switzerland, with a request that the Committee would hand it to that Association which they should consider sang best. As, however, no persons were appointed judges of the various performances, the affair gave rise to some little embarrassment when the committee met on Tuesday afternoon. On the proposition of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, however, seconded by Herr Abt, unanimously adopted by the whole meeting, the goblet was awarded to the Vienna Männergesang-Verein.

* Translated from the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*, expressly for the Musical World.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Ole Shady, or the Song of the Contraband. Song and Chorus. *B. R. Hanly.* 25

A melody somewhat of the peculiar and eccentric character of "Dixie." There can be no doubt about its proving taking, and it would not be surprising if it would even become immensely popular. It is a capital hit at familiar events connected with the present war. The author is well known by his Song "Darling Nelly Gray."

Two thousand a year. *C. W. Glover.* 25

A humorous ballad, telling of a young man who fell in love, rather quickly, with the fair possessor of the handsome fortune of 2000 a year, and whose suit was flatly refused by the sharp-eyed young lady. The music is light and pleasing.

Too Late, too late. Sacred Song. *Miss Lindsay.* 25

Words by Alfred Tennyson. The air is very sweet and well befits the words. It is full of calm dignity and devotional feeling. The air lies just right for a rich Alto voice.

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The old fairy story, still as charming as ever to children, put into rhymes and set to a simple melody. Both, words and melody can easily be taught to children fond of singing and will be much enjoyed by them.

The Land of Washington. Quartet and Chorus. *J. H. McNaughton.* 25

Recommended to all Glee Clubs who have occasion to perform at patriotic public meetings. It cannot fail to draw long rounds of applause.

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The very chaste vocal compositions of this talented *dilettante* are much cherished at the firesides of England. Her setting of Longfellow's famous song is deserving of the widest publicity. It is simple, yet the sentiment of the words is most happily expressed.

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Fairy voices. *E. L. Hime.* 25

Pleasing and melodious. No better song for young singers could be selected.

Forever thine. *T. H. Howe.* 25

A ballad of the best order. The writer, by previous successful songs has furnished ample proof of his ability and gift of melody.

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Very elegant and graceful. It requires light and nimble fingers, but aside from that it is not difficult.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 495.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 28, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 26.

A Crimean Episode.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

"Give us a song," the soldier cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camp allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff
Lay grim and threatening under,
And the tawny mound of Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

"Give us a song," the guardsmen say,
We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow.

They lay along the battery's side,
Below, the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts from Severn and Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon!

They sang of love, and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory—
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang Annie Laurie!

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose, like an anthem rich and strong,
Their battle-eve confession.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset embers;
And the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again the fires of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters—
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Norah's eyes were dim,
For a singrr dumb and gory,
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of Annie Laurie.

Ah! soldiers to your honored rest,
Your love and glory bearing;
The bravest are the loveliest,
The loving are the daring.

Carl Friederich Zelter.*

The author of the present work is peculiarly fitted for the task of writing a sketch of Zelter's life, not only from the fact of his being a grandson of the composer, but also because he had at his command the necessary documents—which he tells us are numerous, and by no means exhausted—and, moreover, was acquainted with all the family traditions. He says, in his preface, that it was only a few years ago that he discovered the materials of his biography in the loft of a country mansion in Pomerania. Although in the interval of nearly thirty years since the decease of Zelter, the number of those who knew, loved, and honored him, may have considerably decreased, the author still hopes his book will find readers; some, he believes, will derive from its perusal the enjoyment arising from participation in the scenes portrayed, while others will view it as a romance or a historical picture.

* Carl Friederich Zelter. Eine Lebensbeschreibung. Nach autobiographischen Manuscripten bearbeitet von Dr. Wilhelm Rintel. Berlin, Janké. [The article is translated from the Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung, for the Musical World.]

The book is divided into two parts. The larger half is taken up by the autobiography from the pen of Zelter himself, and extends to his thirtieth year. He was born on the 11th December, 1758, in Berlin. This disproves, as the author remarks, the assertion made by another writer in this journal, that Zelter first saw the light at Petzov, a place where tiles are manufactured, near Potsdam.

Speaking of the autobiography, the author of the book observes:—"Apart from the naïveté of its style, the frank good humor of its narrative, and the natural charm of its humor, this portion of the work is a mirror, which may boldly be held up to the youth of the present day. The other half is an attempt further to work up the biography from documents, interspersed with letters. As the first part exhibited the gradual course pursued by the subject of it, the latter should show the consequences of that course, and what was done by the hero when he had arrived at the maturity of his powers. In this latter portion will be seen what reparation Posterity has to make to the memory of Zelter, whom it has too soon forgotten; what he did for his art generally; what efforts he made for the Singacademie, as its founder, its support, and its teacher; how he wrung from the government patronage and support for a regular course of musical instruction; and how he created the institution of the Liedertafel, besides doing many other things."

The author winds up by saying that he hopes he has succeeded in exhibiting to us Zelter in all his antique strength and worth, so that he may live again in the memory of his contemporaries and be recognised by Posterity as a man who deserves to be honored, imitated, and remembered.

Such are the sentiments of the author. As may be supposed, the great value of the book lies in the peculiar account of the youth and progress of its hero. In applying this term to Zelter, we guard him from that secondary significance of which it is easily susceptible, and, indeed, necessarily so. It is certainly something heroic, and indicative of a strong mind, for a man, when writing his own life, to speak frequently, and, in most instances, with sharpness, nay, with depreciation of himself. The judgment he pronounces on his own acts imparts to the opinions he utters concerning others, and of which we have many instances, the most lively appearance of truth. This first half of his troubled life is characterised in an exciting, and frequently a pathetic manner, by the struggle in him between manual labor (for, like his father, he was brought up as a mason), and art (for, from natural inclination, he was a musician). This struggle between the Real and the Ideal is, indeed, the trial which the majority of those who yearn after the highest objects have to go through. But Zelter wrote the sketch of his life at a period when he had nearly brought this struggle to a close. It was a very eventful period for him, for he had just lost his second wife, and beheld his native land in the most abject state of degradation, while he himself was without means, and full of anxious care as to how he should provide for his eleven children, passed the long nights without sleep, though he strove to turn them to account. His warmest wish, namely, that of visiting Italy, was never destined to be fulfilled, though he was frequently on the point of carrying it out. His relation to his father had a great deal to do with this. Zelter studied art in silence, and without his father's knowledge, while he followed his trade openly and uninterruptedly by his father's side, so that the old man knew less about his son's taste than any one else. One day, when a piece of music by a certain Zelter (it was the cantata on the Death of Frederick the Great) was performed, he

was astonished at there being anybody besides himself of that name in Berlin, and a third person had to inform him that the composer was his own son. Both in trade and art Zelter obtained the highest proficiency by the most marvellous exertion, seconded greatly by his corporal strength. About the same time that he finished his apprenticeship as a mason, and was received as a master, in his five-and-twentieth year, a grand composition of his was selected to inaugurate a new organ in the Georgen Kirche. This composition is discussed at considerable length in the book, and the opinions of celebrated contemporaries on it are quoted. A very interesting opinion is that of Kirnberger, the well-known theorist; Marpurg, his rival, is also mentioned. Of all the other persons (and they are not a few) who were connected with Zelter, the most prominent one is Carl Fasch. What is related concerning him is too valuable for us to pass it over in total silence. Besides, the commencement and destiny, the rise and glory of the Singacademie which he founded, are so closely interwoven with the history of these two men, that, considering the very general interest the subject excites in the artistic world, we cannot refrain from quoting the most important fact.

"From the year 1789, there gradually arose the society which afterwards accidentally obtained the name of the Singacademie, and owed its existence to my noble master, and fatherly friend, Fasch. The works Fasch has left behind him show us a man who, all his life, devoted particular attention to harmony, and exerted himself to apply it to what was serious, elevated and sterling in art. His outward characteristic had become, firstly, from his residence at a small court, and subsequently from his employment in the service of more exalted Royal personages, a reserved behavior, neither attractive nor repelling. Precarious health and the economy it necessitated had combined to prevent his gaining or promising much. His education and earliest connections were of such a kind, that, possessing as he did a cheerful mind, easily instructed, he necessarily became an admirable musician, but his over-great modesty had accustomed him to place himself beneath other artists, such as Bach, Quanz, and others of less account. Thus, he commenced the first practice with the other members of the Singacademie, as though they were his pupils, trying over his compositions with them, compositions which he offered as mere attempts, however convinced he might secretly be of their excellence. When a good thing is thus begun, and carried out with calm perseverance, it cannot fail to succeed. Such was the commencement of the Singacademie, which dates from a period which was not glutted with music, as the present is."

But smoothly as this reads, that the progress of this now world-celebrated Society speedily ran the risk of being brought to a premature close, because the members did not set about their work seriously, not because they neither were nor wished to be professional singers, but rather, in a far greater degree, because they had no place of meeting such as they were fairly justified in expecting, is a fact we gather as we read further. The Singacademie, so called principally because it soon moved from private houses to the Academy of Arts, though, unfortunately, into a wretched room which could not be warmed, was brought to so low an ebb, that, on many a Tuesday, which even then was the day of meeting, it was impossible to cast a piece of music. The Society was within an ace of being dissolved. "But the girls," says Zelter, "were the most courageous. One day the cold was insupportable, and the majority of the members were for going home. One

of the girls, putting her muff upon the floor, knelt down upon it, and wrapped her feet in her long gown. Several others followed her example, and, at last, the whole company, in this touching position, sang a choral, while Fasch burst out into tears. The picture of this evening is still present to my eyes; the scene was so touching, that I trust I shall always preserve it in my memory."

Like the above, all the other anecdotes concerning the progress of the Singacademie are of general interest, and especially valuable to all those who have been or may be members. The fate of the institution is so closely bound up with that of its founders, that we might substitute the one for the other. An intimate connection soon sprang up between Fasch and Zelter, so that the latter, as the former's pupil, as early as 1792, when the rules of the management of the Academy were settled, was appointed Fasch's assistant. Whether Fasch was or was not then aware his pupil was by trade a mason (though we believe he was not), is an undecided question. At Fasch's decease, in 1800, Zelter succeeded to all his duties. During the last eight years the number of the singers had increased from 30 to 148. "One fact which proved detrimental to the Singacademie," we read in another part of the book, "was that we had begun by attempting too much. Six-part and eight-part pieces could rarely be executed (this applies to the Mass by Fasch, and his eight-part 'Miserere mei,' Psalm li.) and it cost no slight effort to pass from such compositions, with breadth, greatness of taste, style, and expression, to small, light pieces, with which we ought to have commenced!"

(To be continued.)

Benjamin Paul Akers, Sculptor.

"Died, in Philadelphia, May 21st, Benjamin Paul Akers, sculptor, aged 35."

So closes the earthly career of one of America's most gifted artists. On that lovely May Sabbath—fair as that "sweet day" Herbert has immortalized, when the metropolis poured forth its thousands to do honor to the obsequies of the martyred Ellsworth—a little company of friends, under the pines on the banks of the Saco, in far-away Maine, gathered to pay the last offices of affection and friendship to the remains of one of those rare children of genius whose advent forms an era in the history of every people, and whose departure leaves an irreparable void.

When, in any position in life, men full of vigor and full of promise pass from earth, we feel that it is a loss to the world—how much the more when such men possessed special and rare qualities.

A few years since Clevenger, whose rare busts, scattered among the private houses of his patrons, give evidence of great genius and skill, died at Florence in the very dawn of his promise. Last year the architect Tefft, who had crowded much of performance into a short life, and whose future was full of hope, laid him down under the shadow of Brunelleschi's dome and passed from earth; and now, with hands heavier laden with garnered sheaves, and with a future brighter with promise than either of those who have preceded him, gifted as they were, Paul Akers passes from among us.

That the subject of this notice had exhibited indubitable evidence of genius, and the special gift of its expression through the medium of sculpture, has long been conceded by all who have had an opportunity of judging.

It seems fitting, then, that a brief account of his life and works should be given.

Benjamin Paul Akers was born at Saccarappa, a village forming part of the town of Westbrook, Maine, six miles distant from the city of Portland.

With aspirations for some higher life than that of the country people about him, blind movings of instinct within him ever inciting to a nobler, fuller existence, his early life passed outwardly like that of most New England boys, with busy hands engaged in various avocations, and it was not till twenty-four years of age that he saw, by accident, in a shop window, the marble bust of Brackett, which was to him a revelation. From that moment he was a sculptor. His life work lay clear before him, and boldly and joyfully he entered upon his career.

Without any art instruction, totally unpracticed in modelling, he opened at once a studio in Portland, where his first essays decided the question of his genius and fitness; his first portrait bust was pronounced a success.

In Europe, where galleries of art are accessible to

all, this might seem less wonderful—though even there it would be held remarkable—but that a boy grown up to manhood in a country village of Maine, where a bust or statue was utterly unknown, should, on seeing a bust by accident in a neighboring city, at once open a studio and commence successfully the practice of his art, argues not only innate genius, but also the possession of rare manual dexterity.

Several prominent citizens of Portland, the poet Longfellow and the Hon. Samuel Appleton, of Boston, sat to the rising artist. In due time came the journey to Europe, and, after a visit to America, the inevitable return. It was when in Portland, after his first visit to Europe, that he modelled a statue of "Benjamin in Egypt, at the moment of the discovery of the cup in his sack." This was exhibited in the Crystal Palace, and destroyed by the burning of that building.

Bringing with him several portrait busts in plaster, to be cut in marble, among them a grand head of Judge McLean—he settled at Rome in 1855. Unknown and retiring, he passed an almost solitary winter in his studio. It was not an idle winter. The summer found there a remarkable work nearly finished in clay—a life-size group of "Una and the Lion," illustrating the line,

"And while she slept, he kept both watch and ward."

The composition is excellent; the sleeping Una graceful and full of expression, while the figure of the lion is grand and noble, modelled from nature, it is the finest sculptured lion I have seen. Though naturally inviting comparison with the famous lions by Canova, at St. Peter's, it was universally approved.

Our Central Park already speaks much for the liberality and taste of New York. But its chief excellence and its large utility rest in promise. One essential requisite for its full development is statuary, and that of a high order. Mr. Akers' early death has deprived the park of his intended statue of Commodore Perry. This group would be a fitting and beautiful addition to the park, and the only work of his hands that can be substituted for the last statue.

Will not our wealthy citizens see that it finds a place there? Thus will the genius of a native artist be honored, and a most admirable ornament and educator of public taste be secured.

In addition to the Una, an exquisite bust of Cicero, a restoration from a somewhat mutilated head which lies on a shelf in the Vatican, (now the authorized portrait of the great orator, identified by means of a gold medal, struck by the Magnesian in his honor during his consulate,) also bore witness to the industry and skill of the artist. This head, broken off at the throat, and much defaced by the loss of the ears, eyebrows, and rubbing of the hairs, was carefully restored by Mr. Akers, and placed upon a bust modelled in keeping with the face. It satisfies one's ideal of the Great Consul far more than the bust that has so long passed for his. A cast of this bust is in the college library of Yale, and several marble copies are scattered among our private libraries.

Early in the winter of 1856-57, Mr. Akers suddenly found himself famous, and was kept busily employed in taking portrait busts. Rarely beautiful, truthful, yet transcending the actual and exhibiting the "possible" of the sitter, they possess the higher qualities of the art, together with a fidelity to nature and a perfection of manipulation which alone could render them remarkable. Already the busts of the young artist were classed with those of Powers—the highest possible compliment. A beautiful composition—a full-length portrait statue of a child of Mr. Edward King, of Newport—was greatly admired, and effectually disproved a whispered assertion that he could only make portrait busts.

He also found time, this busy winter, to model a study for a statue of Sta Elizabeth of Hungary, which statue, now in the possession of Robert Hoe, Esq., of this city, merits more than a passing reference. In this, more than any of his completed works, the most peculiar and rarest qualities of the gifted artist are exhibited.

Sta Elizabeth has ever been a favorite with worshippers and with artists, being the traditional type of high-born charity. The well-known story of the miraculous changing of the bread she was carrying into roses is the subject our artist has chosen. "The statue represents the princess at the moment when the roses have fallen to the ground. Her outer mantle has fallen, and she stands in the costume of a noble lady of her day—a close fitting jewelled bodice and a train of graceful sweep. Her whole attitude indicates an entire forgetfulness of self, her head with its heavy tresses, which we are told were of raven blackness, is gently inclined, and her face is irradiated with the rapture of devotion."

While looking at this charming creation one involuntarily attributes to the artist the qualities Tennyson

ascribes to young Hallam:—

"All comprehensive tenderness,
All subtilizing intellect."

Finding his large studio too small for his needs he took another in addition, which was soon filled with his busy workmen; it chanced to be the old studio of Canova, which fact was inscribed at length on a mural tablet. To those who knew the power of its living occupant, the chance seemed not inappropriate.

Under his immediate supervision fac-similes of some of the finest works of antique statuary were prepared for various American patrons. Mr. Edward King, of Newport, R. I., has perhaps the largest collection of these, among them a magnificent "Dying Gladiator."

It was a favorite plan of the sculptor to send to America copies in marble of all the chief works of ancient art. Doubtless he had felt the need of such facilities, and it was his cherished purpose eventually to collect fac-similes of all the best sculptures in a free gallery in New York, where students might have all the benefits of the galleries of Europe. In connection with Mr. Tefft, the young architect before mentioned, whose mind was both original and practical, a plan of art education had been elaborated which could they have lived to perfect and execute, promised great benefit to the interests of art in America. This idea of Mr. Akers, the free gallery of marble copies of the best statues, is so feasible that we may hope it is some day destined to be realized. Plaster casts are a mere mockery! The summer of 1857 was passed partly in the north of Italy and in Switzerland, also in a visit to England, where he collected all the authorities extant to assist him in composing a bust of Milton. This bust, finished the following winter, is a poet's ideal of the poet. It added much to the sculptor's reputation.

The great work of the winter was, however, the Pearl Diver, a statue too well known to need description here, and one which should find its fitting shrine in that public gallery for which the metropolis of America yet waits. Thought worthy by Hawthorne of a place in "Kenyon's" studio, it will live in the classic pages of the "Marble Faun." During this winter Miss Stebbins, whose beautiful statues have attracted much attention the past year, occupied a portion of his studio, and commenced modelling under his kindly supervision. Her first work, the Lotos Eater, a statue of great promise, was modelled in his studio.

Returning to America in the summer of 1858, Mr. Akers was attacked by disease in the early autumn. From that time his life was that of an invalid. In the fall of 1859 he again sought Rome, hoping for benefit. A well-nigh fatal attack of hemorrhage at Lyons retarded his journey, and when at last he reached Rome he was unable to open his studio. Returning to America in the summer of 1860, he was married to Mrs. Taylor, of Portland, well known as writer and poet over the signature of "Florence Percy." An infant daughter inherits his name, and we trust his genius.

Since 1858 Mr. Akers has executed a few portrait busts, one or two exquisite designs for monuments, and, we believe, partly completed a study for the statue of Commodore Perry, commissioned by Mr. Belmont, for the Central Park; but the artist's work practically closed with the spring of 1858. His life from that time was one of suffering. Wealth and fame seemed about to gild his labors, when mysteriously his self-appointed tasks are all set aside, and, after weary years of sickness, he is taken from earth.

The period of his active work, then, extends only from the fall of 1855 to the spring of 1858. Three short winters! For these the world possesses "Una and the Lion," "Sta Elizabeth," "The Pearl Diver," "Milton," and some forty unrivalled portrait busts. Well has he justified the devotion of life to art!

It is not alone the sculptor that we mourn; behind and greater than the artist was the man, broad, strong, tender, with a great soul full of faith in humanity and trust in God. With an intellect calm, self-poised and capacious, he possesses to a remarkable degree one evidence of genius—that of inspiring all with confidence in its possessor. All who knew him had faith in him, and looked to his future in art with exultant anticipation. The pages of *Crayon* and the *Atlantic* bear witness to his powers as a thinker and writer upon art. His influence upon all about him was stimulative and ennobling.

Indignant at oppression, with a hearty scorn of boastful assumption, and an impatience of empty formalities, yet ever eager to recognize true worth, and withal of rare modesty, he drew to himself the warmest admiration and affection of those among his acquaintances whose friendships were most desirable. The friendships he inspired were earnest and

lasting. Few will be more deeply mourned in Europe and America than this young sculptor of Maine. Nothing could be more beautiful than his love for children and their instructive attraction towards him.

"The child would twine
A trustful hand unmasked in thine,
And find his comfort in thy face."

His death, as his life, was calm and peaceful. The friends he best loved were with him at the last, and speak with joyful confidence of his trusting faith. His remains were borne reverently home to rest among the friends of his childhood. "We buried him on that last beautiful Sabbath day—laid him strewn with flowers beneath the pines and beside the river that he knew and loved."

Sleep then beside thy native river, and amid familiar scenes, as thou would have best loved to sleep, lulled by the murmuring music of the stream and the whispering winds among the pines.

Farewell! thy life has not been lost; thy influence shall not be in vain.

Now thy brows are cold,
I see thee what thou art, and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old.

But there is more than I can see;
And what I see I have unsaid,
Nor speak it, knowing death has made
His darkness beautiful with thee!

[N. Y. Evening Post.]

I. E. C.

Influence of Music—The Opera.

[From the National Quarterly Review, September, 1861.]

There are but few who appreciate the vast change which public taste has undergone in reference to music during the last quarter of a century, among all who speak the English language. This is particularly true of operatic music. The Italian opera had long been a favorite amusement among the French, Spanish and Germans, as well as among the Italians, before it received any encouragement in England. It was, however, beginning to get a foothold in the latter country when the Reformation commenced under the auspices of Henry VIII. This put a stop to it at once, as effectually as it did to painting and sculpture.

Nearly a century had elapsed from the time of Henry before the people were willing to tolerate it. Nor was the opposition which it encountered confined to the illiterate and fanatical.

Some of the greatest wits of the day ridiculed it, as something that could exist only among a highly romantic people, like the Italians, or a frivolous people, like the French. Even Addison regarded it as a very absurd amusement. He thought that at best "its only design is to gratify the senses, and keep up an indolent attention in the audience." We need not say how few men of culture entertain the same opinion at the present day. Scarcely any do except clergymen, or those whom Burns would call the "unco-pious." Even the latter begin to admit that Satan may not have so much to do with it after all; though it is well known that most persons find the opera insipid enough when they have only attended it once or twice. It takes some time to be able to appreciate it; both the mind and the ear require some training before they become sensible to its beauties.

Those who have never attended an opera at all think it is downright affectation to pretend to be pleased with any airs, however good in themselves, the words of which are those of a foreign language. "How many," they say, "who pretend to be in an ecstasy at a song, understand one word of the tongue in which it is sung, &c., &c. No, no; people go to the Italian opera neither for the words nor the music, but just because it is fashionable; and that's all about it." This seems plausible enough, but it is not the less erroneous. A little reflection would satisfy the most skeptical on the subject. It is only necessary to bear in mind that the words of the best songs in our own language, sung by our best singers, can seldom be distinguished from each other, except the auditor is familiar with them, or has them before him in print. It may be asked, If the words make no difference, why not translate the Italian into English, or have English opera instead of Italian opera? Then some

words at least would be understood; whereas none are now, save by the very few who happen to understand Italian. The answer is, that of all modern languages the Italian is the softest and most musical. It contains none of those hissing or guttural sounds which so much abound in all other modern tongues, especially in the English and German; nay, it is but rarely that even one word in a line of Italian poetry ends with a consonant. We could illustrate this fact by almost any poem we are acquainted with in the language. A pretty fair specimen of the melodious softness of the Italian is afforded by that passage in Bellini's opera of *Il Pirata*, which commences thus:

"Ma non fia sempre odiata
La mia memoria io spero."

Nor is it alone in the lyric poetry of Italy that the vowels and consonants are thus so charmingly blended—the former always predominating. In Dante, Ariosto and Tasso, when each is most sublime, bold and vigorous, we find similarly delightful successions of liquid sounds. Thus, for example, we have undoubtedly nothing in our language so melodious as the following stanza from the *Gerusalemme Liberata*:

"Fermossi; e lui di pauroso audace
Rende in quel punto il disperato amore:
I patti sian, dicea, poichè tu pace
Meco non vuoi, che tu mi tragga il core.
Il mio cor, non più mio, s' a te dispiace
Ch' egli più viva, volontario more:
E tuo gran tempo; e tempo è ben che trarlo
Omai tu debbia; e non debb' io vietarlo."

The French, though inferior to the English in the higher flights of poetry, is better adapted than the latter to the purposes of minstrelsy; yet the Italian opera is quite as much admired at Paris, as compared to the native opera, as it is in London or New York. No people have a higher opinion of their language than the Parisians; but they readily acknowledge the superiority of the Italian as a vehicle of melody. When it is remembered that the Spanish, Portuguese and Germans—in short, all the enlightened nations of Europe do the same, it must be admitted, even by those who have no personal knowledge of the subject, that there must be grounds for an opinion so universally entertained.

It is hardly necessary to say that by this we do not mean there is not melody in other languages also. Even the Italian cannot boast of nobler or more heart-stirring effusions than the English. It was by no foreign muse the unhappy but highly gifted Shelley was inspired when he poured forth his soul as follows:

"I pant for the music which is divine,
My heart in its thirst is a dying flower.
Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,
Loosen the notes in a silver shower;
Like an herbless plain for the gentle rain,
I gasp, I faint, 'till they wake again!
Let me drink of the spirit of that sweet sound;
More—oh, more! I am thirsting yet;
It loosens the serpent which care has bound
Upon my heart to stifle it;
The dissolving strain through every vein,
Passes into my heart and brain."

It was only necessary for him to be acquainted with the poetry of Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, and Cowley, not to mention Moore and Byron and a host of others, to be able to appreciate the charms of melody. Every student of English literature remembers with what subtle sweetness the author of *Paradise Lost* exclaims, in his *D'Allegro*:

"Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the charms which tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

Throughout Shakespeare's plays we have the most eloquent tributes to the powers of music. As a proof of its effect on the bard's own mind, we need only quote the one line in which he makes Jessica remark to her lover:

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music."*

This may seem strange and contradictory; but who that is susceptible of the nobler emotions of the soul has not felt the truth of it? It is well known that even light, gay airs, when well sung, often impart a tinge of melancholy, as if to remind us that human pleasure, however exquisite in itself, must be blended with pain. We experience similar sensations in examining any truly great work of art, let its subject be what it may, for the simple reason that there is nothing which makes us think deeply which does not make us more or less sad; for melancholy, however much it be decried by the thoughtless, is ever the companion of delight. But need we say that music soothes while it saddens? Even when it reminds us of happy days gone by, never to return, and of beloved friends never again to be met with on earth, it has its healing balm. No poet, ancient or modern, has depicted this power more forcibly or more beautifully than Moore. In proof of this, we need only quote one stanza:

"Like the gale, that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
Which once was heard in happier hours.
Filled with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death:
Thus, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in music's breath."

All true poets, ancient and modern, have been enthusiastic in praise of music. Nor does Homer form an exception. All acquainted with the *Odyssey* are aware that when the Phæacian youths danced before the much-enduring Ulysses at the command of King Alcinoüs, the glorious minstrel Demodocus sang the loves of Mars and the golden Aphrodite. Pope's version, or rather paraphrase, does but little justice to the passage, but it is the best we have at hand. At all events it will give the general reader a more correct idea of the authors meaning than would the original, with which only the select few can pretend to be acquainted:

"Ulysses gazed, astonished to survey
The glancing splendors as their sandals play.
Meantime the bard alternate to the strings
The loves of Mars and Cytherea sings;
How the stern god enamored with her charms,
Clasped the gay panting goddess to his arms,
By bribes seduced;—and how the sun, whose eye
Views the broad heavens, discloses the lawless joy."

Madame Dacier, the best critic of her sex, in commenting on this passage, observes with much truth and force that it "is remarkable, not because the dancers moved to the sound of the harp and song, for in this there is nothing extraordinary; but in that they danced, if I may so express it, a history that is, by their gestures and movements, they expressed what the music of the harp and the voice described, and the dance was a representation of what was the representation of the poet's song." But this is not the only passage in Homer that shows that the Greeks of the heroic age were not only passionately fond of music, but that a sort of performance corresponding with the modern opera was in great favor amongst them. Hope, than whom no one has bestowed more attention on the subject of Greek music, tells us that "Polybius attributes to the neglect of music the ferocious disposition of the Cynetans, and to the sedulous cultivation of music the softening of Arcadian rusticity. Aristotle, in the education of youth, urges, with equal earnestness, the practice of gymnastics and the study of music; and not only historians and philosophers—a Plato and a Theophrastus, a Strabo and a Plutarch—but even legislators and rulers enforced in their commonwealth the study of music; nay, made it a point to promote the cultivation of peculiar modes, and the exclusion of certain others; to keep a watchful eye over every innovation and change, whether in the construction of the musical instruments, or in the character of the musical compositions. Thence, while in ancient Rome the science of music was abandoned to slaves, in ancient Greece a want of musical skill was in the highest citizen deemed disgraceful. Amousikos, or unmusical, a

term implying a deficiency either of natural firmness in the organs of sound, or a proper cultivation of their capabilities, become a term of bitter reproach. Thus Epaminondas was, by his biographer Nepos, praised for his proficiency, not only in dancing, but in playing on the flute; and Themistocles was on some occasion deemed ill educated for not knowing at a festival how to strike the lyre. The Greek diatonic, or musical scale, contained modes and sub-divisions and measures more minute than modern ears can discern. Vitruvius complained of not finding in the Latin language terms capable of rendering the Greek musical system of Aristomenes. Greeks were the inventors first of the lyre, in all its varieties, and later of the organ. From Greece came all the terms of music, vocal and instrumental, afterwards used in the Roman ritual; and thence do we find, like the language, the music of the Greeks branch out in so many different ramifications, that its tendrils seemed to entwine themselves with every affection of the mind, and give the impulse to every movement of the body.*†

It was their love of harmony that caused the same people to be so fond of dancing, for they sent their dancing-masters as well as their music teachers to all parts of the civilized world, as the French do in our own time; and we have evidence that the former were ridiculed then, as the latter are now, by those who think that nothing is good whose precise value or utility cannot be estimated in the the current coin of the day. "In frames formed of a clay thus fine," observes Hope, "cast in a mould thus perfect, must have arisen organs of sense capable of impressions the most delicate and diversified. And, in fact, the ancient Greeks evinced the superiority of their organization, by surpassing, in every bodily display, every other nation. Among them, individuals, of every age and station alike, frequented the gymnasium; all were equally proud to excel in the more arduous games of the palaestra, and in the more elegant elegant movements of the dance. Saltatory motions were not, in Greece, confined only to one sort, and only marked by one character. The young and the old, the grave and the gay, each had the choice of metrical movements suited to their rank and station. While the warrior delighted in the bold abruptness of the Pyrrhic step, the courtesan displayed the languishing movements of the Lydian measure; even the philosopher took his part in the maze with a grave and decorous dignity."‡

* The best artists have often affected each other to tears by their enchanting strains. Madame Merlin gives a most interesting instance of this, in her admirable biography of Malibran.

† The presence," she says, "of Mademoiselle Sontag, at the Italian Theatre, was fresh stimulus for Maria's talent, and contributed to its perfection. Each time that the former obtained a brilliant triumph, Maria wept, and exclaimed 'Mon Dieu! why does she sing so well?' then from these tears sprang a beauty and sublimity of harmony, of which the public had the benefit. It was the ardent desire of amateurs to hear these two charming artists sing together in the same opera; but they mutually feared each other, and for some time the much coveted gratification was deferred. One night they met at a concert at my house; a sort of plot had been laid, and towards the middle of the concert they were asked to sing the duet in *Tancredi*. For a few moments they showed fear, hesitation; but at last they yielded, and approached the piano, amidst the acclamation of all present. They both seemed agitated and disturbed, and observant of each other; but presently the conclusion of the symphony fixed their attention, and the duet began. The enthusiasm their singing excited was vivid and so equally divided, that at the end of the duet, and in the midst of the applause, they gazed at each other, bewildered, delighted, astonished; and by a spontaneous movement, and involuntary attraction, their heads and lips met, and a kiss of peace was given and received with all the vivacity and sincerity of youth. The scene was charming and assuredly has not been forgotten by those who witnessed it."—*Madame Malibran*. Par le Comtesse Merlin.

‡ Hope's Origin and Prospects of Man, p. 181. § Ib., p. 184.

Music Among the Japanese.

At the time of the visit of the Japanese envoys and their seventy officers and attendants to the United States of America, it seemed to me worth while to test, in some degree, their musical capacities, and to discover, if possible, whether they were as utterly destitute of musical feeling as they had been pronounced to be. There were so many other important subjects relating to the social, religious, and political mysteries of their nation, that demanded all possible consideration, that comparatively little time was left for this. Moreover, it was one of the few topics which the Japanese themselves did not seem anxious to discuss. In almost every relation, they

were as ready to impart information as they were desirous of gaining it; but whenever music was suggested, their eagerness vanished, and they became as coy as the singing belle of a drawing-room before her first bravura of an evening. The cause of this backwardness was afterwards explained. They had heard sufficient music in America, and during the voyage, to satisfy them of the inferiority of their own, and they were sensitive about opening themselves to comparisons which would hardly be creditable to them. But although they at first strictly withheld the faintest note of their own music, they were by no means slow to repeat such melodies as they could catch and remember from the street bands of Washington, or the pianofortes of Willard's Hotel, where they resided. There was not an under officer who had not his favorite tune; and as for the third class attendants, they were in perpetual league with those among their American acquaintance who would consent to instruct them in light and simple songs, words included as well as music. I no not remember that their taste ever reached any very exalted point, for the most cherished of their newly-gained melodies were certainly "Kemo, kimo," and "Pop goes the weasel." The first of these they sang whenever they could find listeners, and often, indeed, among themselves alone, with a delicious abandon that betokened the heartiest enjoyment to be imagined. This was a universal song, and it gradually became so much in demand that no Japanese with any self-respect could suffer himself to be without it; and the hours of grave consultation and study which it gave rise to, over tea and tobacco, and sometimes, for the sake of inspiration, over pots of shirooko and saki, were almost without number. One or two quick-eared fellows, who had originally learned the words by note, without comprehending an atom of the meaning, nobly devoted themselves to sharing the treasures of their knowledge with their less gifted companions, and the ultimate result was a comical jargon, the like of which was, I presume, never before known to the polite circles of Washington.

"Pop goes the weasel" also underwent its series of modifications. This air was regarded as the peculiar property of the youngest officer of the body, the third interpreter of the embassy, a lad seventeen years old, whose handsome and dignified appearance, winning manners, and affectionate disposition, made him an object of far greater interest than even the lofty envoys themselves. "Poppy goes the weasel" he always would have it, and seemed to think the extra syllable a capital invention of his own. "Hail Columbia," too, occupied his mind for a while, but was presently given up in consequence of the tremendous obstacle offered by two "I's" at the outset.

It was curious to see the little interpreter in his daily struggles with the letter "I,"—struggles which always terminated in his discomfiture. Like all his Japanese brethren, he could never come to terms with "I." That slippery consonant invariably resisted or evaded them. And, in his special case, one unhappy result of this long contest was, that he never afterwards became acquainted with American gentlemen who had "I's" in their names, but always regarded them with a species of distrust.

The first time that I caught hearing of a pure Japanese melody was one evening, after some weeks of uninterrupted intimacy with the strangers, when their shyness even on this point had worked itself away. I was sitting in the room of two or three tawny young students of medicine, one of whom, while poring over a pile of manuscripts quite as unintelligible as the ordinary prescriptions of M.D.'s of more enlightened nations, beguiled himself by murmuring fragments of a new and unknown song.

These students, it seemed, were musical as well as medical, in a very high degree; for they presently joined in the chorus very excitedly, and worked it and themselves up with great energy. This was precisely what I wanted, but how to induce them to repeat it often enough to enable me to take a copy was a real difficulty. Two or three encores were easily obtained; but when they say the "American" at work with his note-book, they were sorely puzzled. That anybody should want to get possession of their unimportant tunes, was a thing not dreamed of in their philosophy. It happens that some of our musical signs exactly resemble some of their Katakana phonetics, and catching sight of these, they became more and more bewildered. No interpreter was near, and it would not do to leave them while they were in this ripe artistic mood, to go and seek one. Finally, by means of shuffling phrases in Japanese broken beyond all hope of repair, and an exhausting process of explanatory gesticulation, they were brought to a vague understanding of the purpose. Here a new difficulty arose. Finding that their national music was to be critically heard, and even to be recorded, it behaved them, they thought, to set it forth in its

worthiest aspect, to put it in its best dress for company, and the way in which they afterwards abstained from giving the simple naked air, and substituted instead strange and complicated variations on the same theme, was perfectly distracting. A persistent repetition of the same variation would not have been so bad, but their liberal fancy sanctioned no such limited offering. Each time it came with a sufficient difference to upset all calculations founded upon the preceding recital, the general family resemblance only being discernible. It was of no use. The first effort was a failure, and midnight came before I had perceptibly advanced in my task.

I had, however, discovered, the field, and it was only necessary to work it. The next day I caught my favorite interpreter; and the way began to clear. One after another, I jotted down their commonest melodies, to their infinite amazement. But when, after all was arranged, the drawing room pianoforte was approached, and their own native tunes came briskly out from under foreign fingers, their ecstasy was without limits—I could hardly say without bounds, since they testified it by leaping about in some cases like young kangaroos. The great men, and all the lofty men, and the officers with two ancient swords of inestimable worth, and even the Treasury censor—the greatest creature among them except the three ambassadorial magnates themselves, who, I privately believe, listened at a partition, since they could not with dignity appear to share the festivities—all these came forth obedient to the glad tidings, and eager for the welcome sounds. And then Sakanoto Tekeshiro, worthy medical and musical disciple of Apollo, or the corresponding Japanese deity, lifted his voice, and sang lustily; and his companions joined in the chorus, which they made very loud and very long; and this was the song they sang—the first Japanese song ever publicly heard outside their own land:

Allegro.

He to tsu to yah,... He.. to yo

a ka dé ba, Nekhee ya ka dé,

Ne khee ya ka dé, Ka za du

ta té ta ru, Ma - tsu ka za

du... Ma tsu ka za du!

This is the opening of a Japanese song of the seasons, or rather of the different months of the year each month, I believe, having its separate stanza. The above might be translated thus, fitting the English words to the music:

Spring time now is near,
Swiftly fades the passing year,
Smiling throngs appear,
Smiling throngs appear;
Here before our open dwellings,
Let the fir-trees rise!
Let the fir-trees rise!

A more rigorous translation would be as follows: "FIRST MONTH.—The last night of the year has passed. To-morrow, crowds will assemble for the holiday. Let us erect before our doors the beautiful fir-tree."*

As regards the manner in which this was sung, I can candidly say that it was as far from the whoop-like extravagance I had been led to expect as one could have desired. Among the score or two of Japanese around, there were as many with tolerable voices as would probably be found in the same number of uneducated amateurs the world over. And a few of them, I afterwards discovered, not only had exceedingly agreeable voices, but also knew how to use them with something approaching to taste and skill. Vocal cultivation, however, seemed to be beyond their wildest flights of fancy, and their highest musical joy was a good round chorus, with plenty of syllables to each line, and a snap at the end. I need not say that these choruses were sung in unison, for, when harmony begins to be understood in a nation, there music takes its place as a serious art. But they were quick to learn simple harmonies, and often repeated their own songs as duets, in thirds or sixths, as the case might be.

Their language, unsymmetrical as it may appear dressed up in characters presentable to English eyes, is really as soft and melodious as any I have heard. It is entirely free from harsh or guttural sounds, and the words are crowded with vowels. No syllable ever terminates in a consonant. To get exactly at the Japanese utterance of the words given above, a French pronunciation of vowels rather than an English should be adopted, especially with the letter "u." In case anybody should feel interested in seeing the original words, here they are, as they were written down in Katakana by the nimble fingers of Matsumoto Sanojoh, second secretary of the embassy—a gentleman whose simple dignity and generous courtesy would more than adorn any station an enlightened society could offer:

(Having no Japanese type, we omit the native version of this song.)

If it were desirable to give additional specimens of Japanese music, I could do so, but the one I have offered is a very fair example of their ordinary popular songs, and is neither better nor worse than the average. They are all short, excepting the heroic or historical songs, which are very stately affairs, and not so graceful as the rest. Like the tunes of most nations with whom music has not far advanced, they are generally in minor keys, though some very pretty ones are exceptions to this rule. This single specimen will at least show that the Japanese have melodies regular in form, properly accentuated, and by no means destitute of spirit and euphony. Properly harmonized and it is susceptible of very good harmonising—the above might pass for as neat a bit of melody as we are apt to find floating about our music stores. At any rate, it supplies what I think has not before been given—an opportunity to judge directly what the Japanese music is like. And so far as my own testimony goes, I can certainly say, in opposition to previous verdicts, that, after hearing all sorts of performances from the seventy-five Japanese officers who visited the United States, I think they sing quite as well as could be expected, and that, on the whole, worse afflictions (with better names) for human ears than their much-abused music can be found nearer home without the slightest difficulty.

* A feature of the New Year festival of the Japanese, not unlike our own Christmas celebrations, is the displaying of fir-trees and bushes before their thresholds.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 28, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

Editorial Correspondence.

No. XXI.

WILLIAM TELL.

LONDON, Aug. 10.

What I have said of *Don Giovanni* will give some idea of the superb style in which great operas have been presented this year in the theatre at Covent Garden. At least it will confirm what most have read about it—if indeed, there has been any disposition or any chance to read the musical journals at all during a rebellion and struggle for our Union and for all that freemen hold dear. But I have spoken only of one opera among the eight or ten that I have heard. A yet more memorable experience, considering how comparatively rare have been the chances to hear such a work, was Rossini's "William Tell," which I had finally the good fortune to hear here twice, after having missed it everywhere upon the Continent. The impression this great work has made this season in London, shows how mistaken was the indifference with which it was dismissed after two or three performances some years ago in Boston, and never again revived or called for, except by a few now and then of the more earnest music lovers who are ever in the minority. It was pronounced heavy, tedious, too much abounding in great choruses and complex ensembles and not allow-

ing sufficient prominence to individual singers (for the crowd always think more of what is personal), too clumsy in its dramatic structure to be saved by even the best of music, and so on; it drew a full house once, and the public fell off the next time; there was in fact too much in it, too much musical matter, too many ideas, too much subtle beauty, too much truth, to win the lazy admiration of those who get all they want in the simple and direct plots and climaxes of Donizetti and Verdi. The habitués of modern Italian opera found such a work as "Tell" as "slow" and foreign to their tastes as a grand symphony, or an "Israel in Egypt" oratorio; and the ephemeral critics, who never lack opinion and assurance did not hesitate to pronounce the masterwork of the greatest lyric genius that Italy has ever produced, a failure! Those who had studied and who knew the music apart from the performance, knew that the failure lay in the performance, and not in the composition. But "Tell" was laid upon the shelf, and not again attempted, any more than was "Fidelio," while "Trovatore" continued in perpetual demand. And so it ever has been in England, until this season just past. Probably it never had such justice done it in the presentation before. But now that it has been seen and heard with competent singers, superb orchestra and chorus, perfect scenery, ballet, &c., now that it has been thoroughly learned and mastered, all coöperating *con amore* in a complete ensemble, the London public have at once recognized its beauty and its grandeur, the rare originality, the rich and exquisite invention, the fresh, true local coloring of the music. Nine times during the season has the "Tell" been given, and always to the most crowded and enthusiastic houses. It takes its place now among the prime favorites, the standard works, like "Don Giovanni" and the "Barber," and will have to take its turn in every coming season. To the credit of English taste—is it not?—and to the justification of a genuine great work of genius against the superficial fashions of the day.

The last performance was in every respect magnificent. Those lovely choruses of the first act, so fresh and pure in their expression, so free from cheap sentimentality, from what is common place and from what is overstrained, so natural and yet of such wondrous art, so thoroughly Swiss in tone and sentiment, where else in Italian opera, and in how many German operas, is there anything comparable to them? What has Meyerbeer done, with all his ingenuity, all his wealth and novelty of instrumentation, that can charm and go right to the heart, filling us with genial warmth, and bathing every sense in morning freshness, like unto these? You can never grow weary of their sound. It is like walking through the Alps themselves, and sailing on the blue lakes. More than ever since I have been in Switzerland, have I felt how truly all that nature is reflected in Rossini's marvellous tone pictures; how its very atmosphere and echo, its lights and shadows, its essential characteristic, which all travellers feel and no one can express—at least not better than Schiller, who was never there—have impressed their subtlest and most delicate vibrations as it were upon the sympathetic medium of his music. Constantly, while upon or about the Lake of the Four Cantons, would snatches of these Rossini melodies and choruses float unconsciously into

my mind. And, *vice versa*, the singing of them, on the rich background of so glorious an orchestra, and such poetically complete and truthful scenic suggestion, brought back the real scene, the real breath and touch of mountain presences, in the most vivid manner. A stereoscopic view is nothing to it; that gives the outward form, but this gives the soul of Alpine nature.

I need not say how finely all the choruses were sung. And what an exquisite and holy charm was breathed in all that music of the wedding episode, where the three couples of young mountaineers are united by the good old pastor in the presence of their kinsmen and neighbors, and amid those eternal hills! How faithfully the music mingles the sense of peaceful happiness and sad presentiment! The charm is positively religious. The dance which follows, hardly less so; lovely as it is and full of grace and novelty, it is yet a minor strain, and seems to anticipate the trials and the tragedies in store for the peaceful and free-souled dwellers of those picturesque and wholesome vales. All the music of this part is innocence and chastity itself, and full of unaffected love and piety. Passing to the great Act, the second, where the Patriots (we will not call them "Confederates" now!) of the three Cantons meet at Rütli, we have perhaps the grandest and most sustained climax in all lyrical music. Some of the passages are worthy of Beethoven. The Trio of the three leaders; the triple chorus, into which tribe after tribe enter as they arrive in their boats (first seen afar on the moon-lit lake) or down the mountain passes; and finally the oath of federation, with its tremendous orchestral accompaniment—those double basses speak like a voice from Horeb—are thrillingly sublime, delivered as they were on this occasion. The only things in opera to be compared to this grandeur are, perhaps, some passages of Gluck and in the last part of Mozart's *Zauberflöte*—and yet these are too different in character to be compared to it. The charmingly Swiss prelude to this act, too, was made thoroughly appreciable, both musically and scenically. I did not suppose it possible to put upon the stage so beautifully true an image of Swiss scenery; and when the groups of old and young descend the mountains, towards the moon-lit lake and the little church with lighted windows on its edge, amid chimes of bells and all the mountain sounds, and ringing horns of hunters nearing and receding on the other shore, it requires but little imagination on your own part to find yourself back there.

Of the last two acts, which were judiciously abridged, I need not speak; for everybody knows that there is a great fault in the dramatic structure, the plot of the piece, whereby the climax of its interest is over with the second act. Much fine music remains, though; and wonderfully fine is all the music of the dances in the festival in Gessler's presence in the square of Altdorf. Pity only that it was not all given. When one sees graceful and characteristic dancing to such music, he cannot help wondering what it would be to witness an entire dramatic ballet, such as lasts through an evening, wholly set in motion by music so significant and full of genius, instead of by such unmeaning prettiness of poor Frenchy melody as are commonly danced to.

The principal singers were all good. In the first place TAMBERLIK, who was the Arnold. A

glorious tenor, although past the prime. No man could be better suited to this noble part, both to its wooing and to its heroic side, but more particularly to the latter. He is the greatest of declamatory tenors (perhaps I must except Sims Reeves in the oratorios). No other had such crisp and manly resonance in the recitative. Every tone stands forth so round, distinct and positive—the musical “large utterance” of the gods. The tones, too, are pure gold in their substance, warm, rich, sound to the core. He is very great in the superb bursts and climaxes of the principal arias, such as “*O, Matilda*” in the second act, and in the patriotic rally in the last act, where he makes the famous “*ut de poitrine*” so effective—whether it be really a chest tone with him or not. His performance was thoroughly inspiring that night and carried all before it. But in the purely singing style, sustained *cantabile*, he is not to be compared to either Mario or Reeves. M. FAURE made an excellent Tell, as he did Don Giovanni. Sig. POLOMINI made the part of the old Melchthal remarkably impressive; and Herr ZELGER, a giant of a German, with a ponderous *basso*, did good justice to the music of Walter. The picturesque and difficult little high tenor part of the fisherman, who opens the first scene, singing as he mends his nets, was beautifully given by Sig. NERI-BARALDI; and TAGLIAFICO, the baritone, of Protean cleverness in all sorts of characters, was Gessler. The ladies have less to do in “Tell” than in most operas; love here must be secondary to country. The rôle of Mathilda was filled, in the former instance, by Mme. MIOLAN-CARVALHO, a serious, quiet looking French woman, who sings very nicely as to style and method; and, the last time, by the pretty young wife of the tenor TIBERINI, née ORTOLANI, of whom I have before spoken. The brave boy of Tell, rejoicing in the name of “Jemmie,” was very well personated by Mme. RUDERSDORFF, who has plenty of bright execution with a rather warm and uninteresting voice.

* * * * *

Sept. 6. Another interruption!—for the European tour is over, and the preparations for departure, besides the intervention of the Birmingham Festival, have stolen away the opportunities of writing. This letter, therefore, which was waiting for completion, must go off as it is. D.

Festival in honor of Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clothilde.

Every distinguished personage who comes to Boston is treated to a concert by the School children. Every great man now-a-days has a *serenade*. General McClellan and even Gen. Butler have had their serenades. Perhaps, however, in these cases the music is only a subterfuge for getting a speech from the distinguished warriors, or a device to draw the crowd. But in the present case where a public welcome is given to a Prince who represents beside an historic name, a great nation eminent as the most liberal patron of Art in all its forms, and when he comes among us accompanied by his wife the daughter of the glorious *Re Galantuomo*, the Sovereign of Free Italy, who beside being a real princess, is also young and beautiful, there seems a peculiar fitness that the welcome given be *musical* in its form. Let the Prince examine Navy Yards and review our armies if he will, but let the gentle lady be welcomed by young faces and sweet voices and the concord of sweet sounds.

The festival took place on Wednesday afternoon, at the Music Hall, the arrangements being the same as at the similar entertainment offered to the Prince of Wales, a year ago. The decorations were of the same character save that the tricolors of France and Italy took the place of St. George's Cross, and our own Star Spangled Banner was even more profusely displayed than on that occasion. The seats for the guests were prepared in the centre of the first balcony over the clock, and were beautifully decorated.

The programme, it will be seen, is essentially the same as on former similar occasions, and we can give the performance no higher praise than to say that it was equal to that at the late Annual Festival of the Schools. It seemed to us that the number of the children was perhaps a little larger than it has been before as well as more conveniently arranged for displaying the singers.

The decorations of the fronts of the balconies were of velvet of the royal purple and the green of Italy, arranged with excellent taste and effect, the words, “Welcome. America. France” being emblazoned in large letters upon the balcony fronts.

The crowd was even greater than at the Prince of Wales Festival, and many were those who got no peep at the princely guests of the city. At the sound of the trumpet the young choristers promptly appeared in long and beautiful processions at the doors and took their places on the spacious and lofty stage, during which process Mr. J. C. D. Parker gave a voluntary upon the organ.

The guests entered the Hall at 5 o'clock, where they were received by the Governor and Mayor and the orchestra (the Germania Band) immediately struck up the French National Air *Partant pour la Syrie*, followed by the Sardinian National Air, and then by Hail Columbia, during the performance of which the children waved little flags, tricolored and starred and striped, then joining in with the orchestra in full force. The following is the order of exercises: 1. National airs. The music performed with Orchestra and a Choir of twelve hundred children. 2. Choral, from St. Paul. Mendelssohn. 3. Orchestra. 4. Hallelujah Chorus, from the Messiah, Handel. 5. Orchestra. 6. Old Hundredth Psalm.

After singing the Doxology, during which the audience remained standing, the children gave their guests three rousing cheers which they courteously acknowledged and the audience then dispersed.

New Church Organs.

The new Organ which Messrs E. & G. G. Hook of this city have had in course of construction during the past five months for Rev. Dr. Bartol's Society in Cambridge street, has been put up since the summer vacation commenced, and now occupies the place of the old and small English organ which stood in this church for so many years, and which of late has not been much better than a box of whistles. The new Organ is a superb instrument—large and powerful—enclosed in a solid black walnut case of the Romanesque style, from a design of Hammatt Billings, Esq., and cost nearly \$5,000. It has three complete manuals, from C C, to G in *alt*—56 notes—and the specification is similar to that of the beautiful one recently constructed by the same firm for Rev. Mr. Dexter's new church in Berkeley street; it ranks with this one and the one at St. Paul's Church, which are the largest church organs in Boston, and is only surpassed by the great Tremont Temple Organ. It contains all the “modern improvements,” and, by combining as it does, perfect equality and finish in the voicing, full and harmonious diapasons, a magnificent volume of tone, an easy and delicate touch, with a peculiarly rich swell, extending throughout the entire compass and rendering the whole remarkably effective, we cannot but conclude that it is in every respect the best organ yet

built by the Messrs. Hook, who, from their large and practical experience, are enabled to make a church organ in all its important and essential features, exactly what it should be.

For the information of organists and others interested in the subject, we here place on record the contents of the organ.

GREAT ORGAN. Double Open Diapason. Open Diapason. Melodia, and Std. Diapason Bass. German viol di Gamba, Principal, Twelfth, Fifteenth, Wald Flute, Mixture, Trumpet.

CHOIR ORGAN. Eolina, Dulciana, Viol d' Amour, Std. Diapason, Celestina, Flute à cheminée, Picolo, Mixture, Contra Fagotto, Clarinet.

SWELL ORGAN. Bourdon, Open Diapason, Std. Diapason, Dulciana, Principal, Flute Harmonique, Cornet, Ténoroon Trumpet, Trumpet Bass, Trumpet Treble, Oboe, Clarion.

PEDAL ORGAN. Double open Diapason, Double Dulciana, Violoncello, Std. Quint.

ACCESSORY STOPS AND COUPLERS. Swell to Great, Swell to Choir, Choir to Great sub 8ves., Great to Pedals, Choir to Pedals, Swell to Pedals, Tremulant Sw., Pedal Check, Bellows Signal.

Thus it will be seen that it has ten stops in the Great Organ, ten in the Choir, twelve in the Swell, four in the Pedale, and nine accessory stops—making a total of forty-five.

On Thursday afternoon the 19th inst., an intelligent and appreciative audience attended an exhibition of its resources and power which were displayed in a masterly manner by Mr. J. H. Willcox.

The programme was a varied one, commencing with an *extempore* introducing “La Marseillaise,” in which a great variety of combinations were most skillfully made, and some of the beautiful imitative stops shown to great advantage. This was followed by Meyerbeer's Coronation March from “Le Prophète,” played with all the effect of a full orchestra. Then a fugue, executed with Mr. W's usual skill, followed by some selections from “Lucrezia,” and Auber's beautiful overture to “Zanetta.” The “Star Spangled Banner,” the “Wedding March,” and the “Gloria” from Mozart's 12th Mass, concluded the performances, which gave the highest satisfaction to all present, both as to the merits of the Organ, and the ability of the player. The only drawback was the absence of Mr. Sharland, the regular organist of the church who was seriously ill at home, much to the regret of his many friends who were present and would have been delighted to witness his rare abilities in playing upon this noble instrument.

The Messrs. Hook have recently sent a large Organ to St. John's (Episcopal) Church Detroit, another to West Roxbury, and are now completing new ones for the new church in Longwood, Brookline, Rev. Dr. Gannett's, Rev. Dr. Huntington's, the Catholic at Springfield, the new Methodist Tremont street, and the North Congregational at Newburyport—all to be finished before November—a certain indication of the esteem in which their instruments are held by the community.

The Organ Concert in the Vine street Church, Roxbury, last evening, was in every respect a grand success. The house was crowded in every part, and the playing of Messrs. Dow, Blodget and Whiting gave very general satisfaction. The accompaniments, as well as the introductory organ piece were played by Mr. Dow, who handled the new instrument with great skill. The Bowdoin street Choir executed a number of choruses in a manner to bring down the house. An encore was demanded in one or two instances. Mr. Bruce and his choir evidently stand at the head in the department of sacred music in Boston. Miss Pearson sang a solo with fine effect, and fairly outdid herself. She was greeted with a persistent encore, which she gracefully responded to.

The new organ cost about one thousand dollars, and was built by W. B. D. Simmons & Co. It is a very sweet toned instrument, and quite large enough for the house. We are glad to be able to say that it is all paid for, and some one informed us that the salary of the player had been raised for the entire year, commencing with next Sabbath. At the close of the concert the singers and players, together with a few others, were invited to the house of Chas. S. Davis, Esq., where an elegant entertainment had been provided. His spacious rooms were thrown open to the company, and all enjoyed themselves highly for an hour, and separated in the best of spirits.—*Traveller*, Sept. 20.

CONTENTS.—1, Bourdon; 2, Open Diapason treble; 3, Open Diapason bass; 4, Dulciana; 5, Stop Diapason; 7, Clarabella; 8, Principal; 9, Flute Harmonique; 10, Twelfth; 11, Fifteenth; 12, Sesquialtra; 13, Trumpet.

PEDAL ORGAN.

14. Bourdon 16 feet tone, 27 pipes.
15. Violoncello, 8 feet tone, large scale 27 pipes.

MECHANICAL REGISTERS.

16. Coupling great to Pedals.
17. Pedal Check.
18. Bellows Signal.

The whole of this organ is enclosed in a swell box, and its plan is one worthy of attention as adapted to the needs of a church which for any reason cannot obtain an organ with two manuals, as being a very effective and excellent instrument at a moderate cost. The compass of the manual is 56 notes.

New Publications.

CASSILL'S POPULAR NATURAL HISTORY, AND CASSILL'S ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.—London & New York, Cassell, Peter & Galpin. 15 cts. parts.

We have received the late issues of these works, bringing the Natural History to the 29th No., and the Bible to the 38th. We have often commended these publications to our readers and would now mention especially the spirited and beautiful engravings of the Birds in the Natural History.

LLOYD'S MAP OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.—A fine map of the Southern States, about five feet by four in dimensions, colored, and showing all the railroads their stations and distances, together with counties, towns, villages, harbors rivers and ports, carefully compiled from the latest government and other reliable surveys, has just been published by J. T. Lloyd, New York. Upon the back of the sheet is printed a complete gazetteer of the same States. For reference at the present time, this map is about the best we have seen. We recommend it to concert givers and all others interested in topography of the Southern States, as a reliable guide.

THE Gipsy's PROPHECY. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Author of the "Lost Heiress." T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

The plot of this story is spirited and singularly well sustained in its interest and incidents throughout the book. In the detail of technical matters however, some ludicrous mistakes occur, especially in matters connected with the law, which has much to do with the story. But these are trivial, after all, and the book will not be laid down till finished, by any who may begin its perusal.

Musical Chit-Chat.

A rumor having gone abroad that our Germania Band was disbanded, we are glad to be able to state that it is not true. Those who heard their full band of forty pieces at the Musical Festival in honor of Prince Napoleon, on Wednesday afternoon, will rejoice with us that this company of most excellent musicians, the nucleus of our old Germania Society, is yet among us.

VERDI.—The artists for whom this composer is writing his new opera, *Don Alvaro*, are Mlle. Lagrue, Mlle. Tamberlik, Graziani, de Bassini and Marini.

GILMORE'S BAND.—Gilmore's celebrated band has been engaged to accompany Col. Stephenson's Regiment to the war. The band will consist of *sixty-eight pieces*, including twenty drummers and twelve buglers. Such a band was never enjoyed by a regiment before, and it will probably incite the men to heroic deeds if loyal men can need any new stimulus in such a time as this. The band will appear three times more before the Boston public at the Promenade Concerts.

RETURNED FROM THE WAR.—The distinguished organist of Grace Church, New York, Mr. George W. Morgan, who was a member of the 71st New York Regiment, and participated with it in the battle at Bull Run, has returned to New York, and resumed his former labors. Mr. Morgan is well known to lovers of good music in Boston, and we trust that it will not be long ere we shall have the pleasure of hearing him here.

Mr. Harrison Millard, of this city, another musician of note, who was in the same regiment, has also returned to New York.

WORDS OF CAUTION.—In commenting on the sad tragedy at the Continental Theatre by which so many young girls were burned to death in light, filmy dresses, the *Philadelphia Press* makes some suggestions worth remembering and giving heed to. It says:—

That young girls, with their filmy and expanded dresses on fire, should lose their presence of mind, is not wonderful. In the sudden casualty they forget, if ever they knew, that the worst thing they can do is to feed the flames by moving about. When a woman's dress gets on fire she should lie down on the floor, wrap the carpet around her, to extinguish the flames, or, if unable to do this, should simply roll on the floor, and thus put them out at once. A table cloth, a shawl, a hearth-rug, may save a human life, under such circumstances. But the misfortune is that, in sudden peril, all persons are apt to lose their presence of mind, and forget to apply these simple expedients.

As we mentioned yesterday, there are various chemical means whereby it is easy so to prepare muslin, gauze, and tarlatan, as to render them flame-proof. That is, if they are set fire to, they may smoulder but cannot break into flame. The safeguard, supplied by science, is simple enough, and ought to be generally adopted. Yesterday we suggested that before muslins be "made up" by laundresses, they should be dipped in a solution of alum, which will not destroy the starch-stiffening, and which will render them secure. We now further state that it is only necessary for laundresses to put a little soda or ammonia into the starch used in preparing muslin dresses to render them perfectly unflammable. The lightest textile fabrics, steeped in a seven per cent. solution of sulphate of ammonia, or a twenty per cent. solution of tungstate of soda, and then dried, may be held in the flame of a candle or gas-lamp without taking fire. The flame will destroy the material, but not set it into a blaze, and, consequently, a dress which has been so prepared may have its sleeve, for instance, burnt partially off, without any danger of the fire extending to its remaining portions. The experiment has been tried, has always succeeded, and should be used, not only by theatrical people, but by all who wear light, thin, and inflammable dresses.

MELBOURNE.—No doubt many of our readers will be right well pleased to hear of music and its prosperity in the far-off land of Victoria, which, notwithstanding the facilities of steam, seems almost a life's distance from Old England. We have received a packet of papers from Melbourne, which render a most flourishing account of musical transactions there, and show the progress made in the art to be really considerable. The Musical Union had given at the Exhibition Building on the 22d of May, a grand concert in aid of the fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of the soldiers of the 40th Regiment, who fell in New Zealand. The concert took place under the patronage of his Excellency, Sir H. Barkly, K.C.B., and Lady Barkly, Major-General Pratt, and a host of "militarists." The programme comprised Mendelssohn's *First Walpurgis Night*, Mr. Henry Leslie's oratorio *Judith*, and the overture to *Ruy Blas*. The principal vocalists were Mad. Stuttaford, Mrs. Hancock, Mr. Beaumont, and Mr. S. Kaye; Mr. G. R. G. Pringle conducted. The band numbered 52 players, and the chorus 100 singers.—*London Musical World*.

A colossal statue, by Pils, the sculptor, to be placed over the tomb of Staudigl, the great basso, is nearly finished.

PARIS.—The quarrel between M. Calzado and his orchestra has been arranged, and all are harmoniously engaged in preparation for the new season of the *Opera Italien*. The following are the artists engaged. *Prime donne soprani*, Mme. Rosina Penco, Mlle. Marie Battu, Mme. Volpini; *Contralti*, Mme. Alboni, Mlle. Trebelli; *Comprimarie*, Mme. Tagliafico, Mlle. Vesti; *Tenori*, Mario, Tamberlik, Belart, Brini; *Tenore comprimario*, Cappello; *Baritoni*, Badiali, Beneventano, Delle Sedie; *Bassi*, Tagliafico, Capponi; *Buffo*, Zucchini. Tamberlik will sing in March and April, and Beneventano replaces Graziani, who goes to St. Petersburg.

MME. COLSON is engaged at La Scala, Milan.

WEIMAR.—It is said that Liszt has left Weimar and moved to Loewenberg, in Silesia, where the Prince of Hohenzollern Hechingen has erected a large chapel.

Signor Muzio, in conjunction with Signor Rissoli, is forming an opera troupe for a season in Havana, composed of the following artists:—*Prime donne*, Miss Hinkley, Elena Kennett, Adelaide Bassigio and Mme. Mason; *tenors*, Lotti, Volpini, Tombesi, and Bignardi; *baritones*, Ferri and Fellini; *bassos*, Antonucci and Nerini. After the season in Havana, which has already begun, Muzio proposes to bring the company to the United States.

THE REQUISITES FOR A TRANSLATOR OF POETRY.—The first requisite for the translator of a poet is that himself should be a poet. I do not mean by this that he must necessarily be a great figure among the gods and demi-gods of poetic reputation; but he must have the poetic temperament; he must be naturally impelled to express his thoughts in rhythm; he must have a natural enjoyment of the luxury of sound, and a curious pleasure in the graceful garniture of thought, and in the elegant setting of a fine idea. In this sense it must be said of a translator as of a poet, *nascitur non fit*. There is an instinct in the musical use of language which may be improved by training, but cannot be taught by precept. There is a great deal of commonplace poetry published, but even the commonest of the commonplace cannot be written mechanically. A primrose is a common flower, but it is a flower with a hue and a fragrance, and everything that distinguishes a growth from a manufacture. So to the man who has a genuine vocation for translation there belongs a native fervor, glow, and fresh color of diction, that no trained versifier can approach. The poetical translator, in fact, is a poet in all respects, except in the grand faculty of invention. There must be all the difference betwixt him and the man of prose that there is between a Pegasus and a common horse. The Pegasus has wings, and a common horse has not. Only the Pegasus of the original poet pursues an adventurous flight over untraveled regions, full of beautiful novelty; the Pegasus of the translator repeats the already-made journey in the humble capacity of an admiring imitator. Still he makes a journey which only a Pegasus can make—

"And oars with easy wing through streams of gusty air,"—

which to every four-footed beast—hippopotamus, elephant, or even a lion, king of the forest—is impossible.—*Professor Blackie in Macmillan's Magazine for August*.

WHAT MUSIC DID.—A Minster was once called to officiate in a cold and dreary church. When he entered it the wind howled, and loose clap-boards and windows clattered. The pulpit stood high above the first floor; there was no stove, but a few persons in the church, and those few beating their hands and feet to keep them from freezing. He asked: "Can I preach? Of what use can it be? Can these two or three singers in the gallery sing the words if I read a hymn? I concluded to make a trial, and I read,—

"Jesus, lover of my soul"

"They commenced; and the sound of a single female voice has followed me with an indescribably pleasing sensation ever since, and probably will while I live. The voice, intonation, articulation, and expression, seemed to me perfect. I was warmed inside and out, and for the time was lost in rapture. I have heard of the individual and voice before; but hearing it in this dreary situation made it doubly grateful. Never did I preach with more satisfaction."

Truth About Music and Musicians.

No. 8.—*POLITICAL MUSIC.

Translated from the German by SABILLA NOVELLO.

"Fie! a politic song,—a scurvy song."—Goethe.

We live in an age of political excitement, and it is no wonder that the stormily-upheaving billows of statistic interest should overflow into other and foreign regions, and surge upon even the sacred shores of art itself. We all, as burghers of the state, feel the pressure of these ever-tossing floods; and, the more violent they are, the more they occupy our attention. Artists are also citizens, and their political opinions, inclinations, and partisanship, involuntarily influence their views of Art, because in it they fancy they discern a possible handmaid to Polity. This fancy leads them into sin and error: into sin, because they misuse art as slave—into error, because they entirely misunderstand what art in general, and musical art in particular, *can and ought* to effect, which I have demonstrated to you in my letter on the "Aim of musical art." When their pretensions soar greatly, they transform the Goddess of Art into the Goddess of Liberty, clap a Phrygian cap on her head, and thrust a party-flag into her hand,—sometimes into the other a sword or incendiary torch,—and bid her, like a second Rachel, declaiming the "Marseillaise" with heart-stirring emphasis, to take the field and lead on to victory.

I am willing to suppose that those who act thus, err honestly; and do not misapply art, because their music, when composed for a proper purpose, does not meet with the approval they hope to obtain. That they do err is evident from the fact that they exact from art two opposing results:—some demand that it should be ancillary to the Present, *i.e.*, the political Present; while others demand that it should act prophetically, and influence the Future. These errors originate in a misconception of music. *Music is the language of humanity*, and consequently neither a national dialect nor an interpretation to be monopolized by burgher, freeman, slave, noble, plebeian, rich or poor: *Music is one and the same for all mortals*; and all mortals are in heart alike, throughout different ages and different countries. Love, joy, sorrow, holy emotion, and high aspiration, have been felt by every human soul since the time of Adam, and will continue to be felt as long as human beings exist. In however many *hundred languages* man may express his sentiments by words, these sentiments have and will always be expressed by *one language of tones*—that of music. In the same manner, however, that the language of every nation develops from rough-hewn beginnings, and perfects itself in order to utter thought in more defined, minute, and elegant terms, so also has the universal human language, Music developed and perfected itself, and will continually progress, in order to express emotion in more defined, minute, and elegant melody.

These simple and incontestable axioms should suffice to outweigh all new-fangled doctrines, and it might seem superfluous for me to adduce further proofs against these worthless tenets; but as they are constantly and generally propagated, on the principle that "repetition is argument," by a number of partisans—shallow, ignorant journalists; speculative, imaginative authors; and clever, but alas! erring musicians; as they are likely to mislead young composers and the general public, because they sound plausible, and flatter the tendencies of this very political period; and as they are highly detrimental to art, retarding the progress of music instead of aiding it, which they pretend to do, I will proceed to further details. Does the state of social life in general, does the liberty or oppression of citizens, influence art? No, not even the personal liberty of individuals dedicated to her service. Camoens created his *Lusade* whilst in exile; and Mozart was, from his youth until his death, a slave, the slave of his father, of the Archbishop of Salzburg, of his wife, and of—his passions.

Art has nothing whatever to do with political economy; it should be entirely independent of State, even more so than Church or Faith. Freedom cannot create, neither can want of freedom extinguish genius. In the most despotic centuries and countries art has flourished; while, on the contrary, it has pined or been perverted in lands and ages of widest liberty. Our greatest composers lived in times which were anything but free; we enjoy at present far greater liberty in many respects, but have not progressed in art. America is a free nation; it possesses perfect liberty, but no music. France, during the last sixty years, has passed through widely different phases; did its music degenerate with restricted liberty, or improve with enlarged privileges? Experience and analytic reflection would sooner lead me to affirm that political freedom is *injurious* to art.

* No. 7 appeared at page 331, Vol. XIV.

I am not afraid to utter this hypothesis although I so dearly love liberty, for more than even liberty I love truth, and of art I speak as an artiste, not as a statesman; as I should speak of statistics, not as an artiste but as a citizen. I will only urge in defence of the above hypothesis, that the more free a State be, the more it demands from every burgher warm interest, sympathy, and co-operation in its welfare; this earnest sympathy, must occasionally, and often does, grow into an absorbing excitement. As soon as an artiste turns his attention from art towards other objects, and especially if he give way to political excitement, he loses the faculty of artistic creation. Every creation, every composition, requires entire and exclusive attention; even *artistic enjoyment* is rendered impossible or deficient by political excitement; thus we may fairly suppose that periods of *political calm* are the best adapted for artistic creation, development, and enjoyment. Should a great work of art be produced during a political crisis, you may rest assured that the author was not concerned in public affairs; in fact, during such disturbed epochs, real artistes have always withdrawn themselves into retirement in order to create their works. It is well known that Grétry placidly continued composing an opera whilst Louis XVI. passed beneath his windows to the bloody scaffold. From personal experience, I can relate a similar anecdote of an artiste who is considered by those who would force Music to be a handmaiden to polity, as an adherent to their sect. My first visit to Paris took place, as you know, during the Revolution of July. I hurried eagerly and anxiously to Berlioz, who, while the streets were in an uproar of confusion and bloodshed, was quietly writing a cantata!

Has enthusiastic sympathy with state affairs,—has jealous party spirit—ever created a musical work? You may adduce the "Marseillaise," the so-called revolutionary hymn. But what lends to its entralling element? The words of the song. The melody is merely excellent because it reflects faithfully and powerfully the feelings which the words express;—because it enhances the effect of the words, as music aptly combined with words always should do, and always does. But, you will say, the mere tune of the "Marseillaise," without words, sets the heart on fire. This is because it appeals to our memory, which vividly recalls the missing words and the wondrous influence they exerted during the stirring period which gave them birth. Play the "Marseillaise," without words, to persons who have never heard anything about it, and it will doubtless awaken emotion, but it will certainly not excite *political opinions*. Name any musical piece, without text, that will elicit such a result in an unpreoccupied mind, and I will confess myself converted.

Political music has met with the same fate as political verse, which some years ago was pronounced to be the highest branch of poetry, but which, after having raised some clouds of dust, has disappeared into utter oblivion. That which was really poetical in it was not political, and that which was political was not poetic; in the so-called political music, also, that which is musical is not political, and that which is political is not musical; therefore the composer who seeks to obtain artistic fame by his political music only, will gain the same experience as did Herwegh in his attempted political poetry—he will sink into uniformity. No author, no composer could escape this rock, if it were really true that he must merely represent the passing feelings of his epoch, or place himself at the head of some particular party; but both these pretensions are ridiculous and unrealistic.

Griepenkerl, who exacts from composers "Music of the present," is of opinion that in Haydn's Symphonies may be discerned the party-spirit of the seven years' war! Haydn's music was certainly fitted for his epoch; yet if it were merely indicative of the then reigning political opinion, its interest would have ceased simultaneously with the party-spirit which it is supposed to convey. Does Weber's *Freischütz* contain statistic information about the Carlsbad treaty? and are not Haydn's *Seasons* always fit for "the present;" and do they not return to us like the Spring he so well depicts, in ever-blooming youth and simple gaiety? Scudo, a French critic, asserts (in the *Revue des deux mondes*, November 15, 1851) that an atmosphere of revolution pervades throughout Méhul's compositions. He must surely forget that Méhul wrote a *Joseph in Egypt*, in which not even Scudo or Griepenkerl could detect anything revolutionary. Pray, what *opinions of the period* are advocated by Shakespeare's works? Has Schiller inculcated the party-spirit of his time in his *William Tell*, *Robbers*, *Maid of Orleans*, or *Bride of Messina*? Both of these men were assuredly poets, and until now nobody has presumed to assert that their writings are erroneous or obsolete.

(To be continued.)

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Take the Loan. Patriotic Song and Chorus.

Julius Eichberg. 25

A very taking Song for the times. It has been sung every night last week at the Museum and was encored every time. It will be on the bill next week. Theatrical establishments all over the country should bring it out at once. This would not only be judicious but also a patriotic move.

The Harp of Wales. Song. Brinley Richards. 25

A fine Parlor Song, nearly if not quite equalling the same author's popular ballad "Oh! Whisper what thou feelest."

Your Blessing, dear Mother! T. H. Howe. 25

This is a gem. It is not difficult and should become widely known.

Ole Shady, or the Song of the Contraband. Song and Chorus. B. R. Hanly. 25

A melody somewhat of the peculiar and eccentric character of "Dixie." There can be no doubt about its proving taking, and it would not be surprising if it would even become immensely popular. It is a capital hit at familiar events connected with the present war. The author is well known by his Song "Darling Nelly Gray."

Instrumental Music.

McClellan's Grand March. 50

The title-page of this fine and spirited piece of music has a handsome Vignette, in colors, representing the young General in whose command our brave legions are entrusted, on a splendid white charger. It is altogether the most striking likeness of Gen. McClellan which we remember having seen.

Cobourg Quadrilles. Chalaupka. 35

Well marked and easy to play.

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer. Transcription.

Brinley Richards. 40

Very elegant and graceful. It requires light and nimble fingers, but aside from that it is not difficult.

Books.

WINNER'S PERFECT GUIDE FOR VIOLIN, FLUTE AND GUITAR, ACCORDEON, PIANO, MELODEON FIFE, FLAGEOLET AND CLARINET.—Containing Instructions designed to enable the pupil to obtain a knowledge of playing without a teacher; with a choice collection of every variety of Popular Music. Each, 50

Teachers, pupils and dealers desirous of obtaining a low-priced Instruction Book and at the same time one that is useful and attractive will find these books fully suited to their wants. The instructions are given in a manner adapted to the comprehension of all grades of scholars. The exercises illustrating and enforcing the lessons are not dry and tedious, but sprightly and enlivening, and the selection of music, varying from the simple to the difficult, comprises the most popular melodies of the day. Dealers throughout the country cannot have on their counters a more attractive or popular series of books. They have illustrated covers and in all locations meet with a quick sale.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 496.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 5, 1861.

VOL. XX. No. 1.

Hymn to the Flowers.

BY HORACE SMITH.

Day stars! that ope your eyes with man, to twinkle,
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle,
As a libation—

Ye matin worshippers! who, bending lowly,
Before th' uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high!

Ye bright Mosaics! that with storied beauty,
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,
What num'rous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!

'Neath clustered boughs each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth,
A call for prayer!

Not to the domes, where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand;
But to that fane most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned—

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,
Its choir the wind and waves—its organ thunder—
Its dome the sky!

There, as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God—

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor,
"Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,"
O! may I deeply learn and ne'er surrender
Your love sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
How vain your graudeur! ah! how transitory
Are HUMAN FLOWERS!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly Artist!
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall
What a delightful lesson thou impartest,
Of love to all!

Nor useless are ye, flowers, though made for pleasure,
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night;
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight!

Ephemeral sages! what instruction heary,
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a memento mori,
Yet fount of hope!

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection,
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
And second birth!

Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Traveling-Letters."

WEIMAR, MAY 21, 1861.

So bright and fresh a day for a journey as yesterday was, I cannot remember in all my traveling-practice. Early in the morning the sky was gray and clouded, but the sun finally burst through; the air was cool and it was Ascension day; the people were dressed in their best, and I saw them in one village going to church, in another leaving it, and again in a third rolling ninepins; in all the gardens tulips of manifold colors—and I drove past and took note of everything.

In Weissenfels they gave me a small wagon with a willow-woven body and in Naumburg even an open droschky; my baggage was packed on behind, with it my hat and cloak; I bought me some bouquets of mayflowers—and so away I went through the country as though it was a mere pleasure drive. Beyond Naumburg came Pfortner-Primaner* and envied me; then drove by President G. in a little bit of a vehicle, which had in him a heavy burden, and his daughters, or wives—at all events the two women who were with him, doubtless envied me no less; then we trotted up the Köseiner hill, for the horses had hardly anything to draw, and we overtook many a heavy-laden hackney coach; and those people certainly envied me also, for I was truly to be envied. The country looked so spring-like, decked out, particolored, gay—and then the sun went down so soberly behind the hills—and then the Russian Ambassador drove along with two great four-horse coaches so glum and face full of business—and I like a young coxcomb drove by him so quickly in my droschky—and in the evening I had restive horses, so that a little vexation might not be wanting (which according to my theory belongs to pleasure), and composed all day long so very much of nothing at all, but enjoyed, idly. The whole affair was noble, that is the fact and will not be forgotten. I close this description with the remark that the children in Eckartsberge were playing "ring rose-wreath" just as with us and that they were not at all abashed by the presence of the stranger, although he looked on so grandly; I would rather have joined them!

The 24th. I wrote the above, before going to Goethe, early in the morning after a walk in the park. I am still here, but truly have not been able to go on with the letter. I shall perhaps stay here two days longer,—and that is no misfortune; for so good-natured and gay, with so much to impart and so full of talk, I never before found the old gentleman. The real reason, though, why I shall probably remain, is by no means a bad one and almost makes me vain, or rather proud; nor will I withhold it from you. Goethe sent me a letter yesterday for a painter, who lives here, which I am to deliver in person, and Otilie told me in confidence that it contains

* Boys of the first class in the celebrated school at Schulpforte. (Tr.)

an order to take my likeness, which Goethe will put in a collection of portraits of his friends, that he has been for some time making. This affair gives me great (*fast*) pleasure (*fast* in the Bible sense); but as I have not yet met Mr. Painter "Will-he-indeed" (nor he me) I shall doubtless remain here over day-after-tomorrow. I am not sorry for it though as I said; for I live splendidly here and enjoy the presence of the old gentleman to the top of my bent—have thus far dined with him every day and am to go to him again this morning; this evening he is to have company and I am to play—and when I play, the way he makes remarks upon and asks questions about everything, is a perfect delight. But I must tell the story properly and in regular order, so that you may know all about it. The first morning, I called upon Otilie, whom I found still unwell and complaining occasionally, but lighter-hearted than formerly, and just as loving and friendly towards me as ever. Since then we are almost always together and I find it a great source of joy to be better acquainted with her. Ulrike is pleasanter and more amiable than ever before; the earnestness of character, which she has gained, has assimilated itself to her entire being, and she has a truth and depth of sentiment, which make her one of the most lovable persons, I know. The two boys, Walter and Wolf, are lively, industrious and obliging, and when they talk of grandpapa's Faust—it sounds too pretty! But to come back to my story: I sent in Zelter's letter at once to Goethe; he sent an invitation to dinner; I found him externally unchanged, but at first rather silent and not very sympathetic; I believe he had an idea of seeing how I should behave; this was painful to me, and I came to the conclusion, that he was always so now. But by good luck the talk turned upon the Women's Societies in Weimar and upon the "Chaos," a mad sort of a periodical, which the women themselves publish, and upon which I have soared so high as become a fellow-laborer. All at once the old gentleman began to be merry and to joke the two ladies about their benevolence, and their intellectual richness, their subscriptions and their turning nurses, which he seems specially to hate; called on me also to fire away, and as I did not wait to be asked a second time, he soon became just what he used to be, and at length even more friendly and confidential than I had ever before known him. And now all sorts of topics came upon the tapis; speaking of Ries's "Robber's bride,"* he said it contained everything, which an artist needs now-a-days to be happy—a robber and a bride; then he scolded about the universal longings of the younger generation, which is so melancholy; then he told a story of a young lady, whom he once courted and who had also shown some interest in him; then came the charity fairs and the sale of articles manufactured by the women for the benefit of the unfortunate, at which the Weimar ladies play the shopkeeper, and where

* Opera by Ferdinand Ries. (Tr.)

nothing is to be bought, as he said, because the young people had arranged all before hand and so had hidden the articles until the right purchasers should appear, and so on. After dinner he suddenly began: "Good children—pretty children—must always be gay—crazy people,"—and his eyes looked like those of an old lion, when he is sleepy. Then I had to play to him, and he said, how strange it was, that he had heard no music for so long a time; in the meantime we had been pushing music forward continually and he knew nothing of it; and I had to tell him a great deal about its progress, "for," said he, "we will have a little rational conversation with each other." Then he said to Otilie, "you have no doubt already made your wise arrangements; but that is of no account against my command, and that is that you make your tea here to-day, so that we may be all together again." Upon asking, if that would not make it too late, because Riemer was coming to work with him, he said, "Well, as you have excused your children this morning from their Latin, to give them the opportunity of hearing Felix play, you certainly may for once release me from my work." Then he invited me to dine again with him to-day, and in the evening I played a great deal to him. My three Welsh or Welsh-ess* pieces are very popular here and I am reviving my English.

Having asked Goethe to say "thou" to me, he sent me word next day by Otilie, that I must then stay more than the two days, which I intended, otherwise he would not be able to get into the habit again. Since he himself afterwards repeated the same to me, and added, that I should lose nothing by the delay, and invited me to come every day and dine with him, when I had no other engagement;—since thus far I have been with him daily and yesterday had to talk with him about Scotland, Hengstenberg, Spontini and Hegel's Aesthetics;† since he then sent me out to Tiefurth with the ladies, but forbade me to drive on to Berka, because there is a beautiful girl there and he did not wish to plunge me into calamity—and I thought to myself, this then is the Goethe, of whom some time or other people will affirm there was never any such one person, but he was made up of several little Goethe-ids—certainly I should be a thorough madman, if I worried myself about lost time. To-day I am to play him a specimen of Bach, Haydn and Mozart, and so bring him down to the present time, as he expresses it. Beside all this, I have been a proper traveller, having seen the Library and Iphigenia in Aulis; Hummel has been playing octaves and the like!! FELIX.

WEIMAR, MAY 25, 1830.

I have just received your dear letter dated Ascension day and cannot help myself—must answer from this place again. To you, dear Fanny I shall send very soon a copy of my symphony; I am having it copied here, and shall send it to Leipzig (where perhaps it will be performed*) with the distinct order to forward it

* Three pieces for pianoforte; composed in 1829 for the album of three young Englishwomen—afterwards published as Opus 16.

† Mendelssohn had long been a student in the Berlin University, and a great number of manuscript books of note of lectures are still preserved.

* It was not. The first public performance of it was in Berlin in November, 1832, when the pianoforte Concerto and Midsummer night Dream overture were also given.—Tr.

to you as soon as possible. Collect votes as to the title which I shall give it. Reformation Symphony, Confession Symphony, Symphony for a church festival, children's symphony, or what you will; write me about it; and instead of all sorts ridiculous propositions, one rational one; but the ridiculous ones, which are hatched in the course of the business, I wish also to know. Yesterday evening I was in company at Goethe's and played all the evening alone, the Concertstück, the Invitation to the Dance and the Polonaise in C, by Weber, my three Welsh pieces, the Scotch Sonata. It closed at ten o'clock; but of course I stayed, amid all sorts of nonsense, dancing, singing, &c., until twelve—in fact I live like a heathen. The old gentleman always goes to his own room at nine o'clock and as soon as he is away we "dance upon the benches" and we have never yet separated until midnight.

To-morrow my portrait will be finished; it will be a large, dark crayon drawing and a very good likeness; but I look mighty grim. Goethe is so friendly and loving towards me, that I neither know how to thank him or make any return. Forenoons I have to play pianoforte to him an hour or so, from all the great composers, in chronological order, and explain in what and how they have aided the progress of the art; and he sits and listens in a dark corner, like a Jupiter tonans and lightens with his oldeyes. As to Beethoven, he would have none of him. I told him however, I could not help it, and played the first movement of the C minor symphony. That affected him most strangely. At first he said: "but that does not touch the feelings at all: that only excites astonishment; that is grand," and so he went on muttering to himself; and after a while he began again, "That is very great, quite mad, one would almost fear that the house would fall in; and then to think, of the whole orchestra playing it together!" And at table, in the midst of the talk about something else, he began again upon the same topic.

You know already that I dine with him daily; at table he asks me questions, going into minute particulars, and after dining he is always in such good spirits and so communicative, that we generally remain in the room more than an hour alone and he talks on uninterruptedly. It is a singular pleasure, when, as on one occasion, he brought out engravings and explained them; or when he criticised Hernani* and Lamartine's Elegies; or when he gives his opinion upon the theatres or pretty girls. Evenings he has several times invited company, which is now a rare thing, so much so that most of the guests had not seen him for a long time. Then I have to play, and he compliments me before all the people, in which his favorite expression is stupendous (ganz stupend). To-day he had invited a company of the beauties of Weimar because "I must also live with young people." If I approach him in such a company, he says, "My soul, thou must go to the women and behave right beautifully." I have a strong sense of propriety and therefore I had them ask him yesterday, whether perhaps I do not visit him too often. Thereupon he growled out to Otilie, who did my errand, and said, "he must first begin and talk methodically with me, for my mind is so clear in my own affairs, and he must indeed learn much from me." I felt

* It is hardly necessary to say that the opera Hernani is not meant.—Tr.

twice as tall when Otilie told me, and as he said the same thing to me yesterday, declaring that there was much upon his heart, about which I must make him clear, I said "O yes," and thought "this will be a lasting honor to me." The reverse is often true!

FELIX.

Munich, June 6, 1830.

It is a long time since I wrote and no doubt you have had some anxiety on this account. Do not think hardly of me; I could not help it, truly—have had anxiety enough about it myself—have hurried my journey by every means possible—have enquired everywhere for the fast mail coaches, have been everywhere lied to, have ridden all one night, that I might be able to write by to-day's mail, of which I was told in Nuremberg, and now that I at last have arrived here—there is no mail to-day. It makes me almost crazy; and Germany—with its little principalities, its money of all sorts, its post coaches, which take an hour and a quarter to the mile,* its Thuringian forest where it rains and blows, yes, even with its Fidelio here this evening—how much I love it—truly! For though I am so deadly tired, I must hear Fidelio as a matter of duty, but had much rather go to bed. Only do not be angry and do not scold me on account of the long delay; I can tell you, that all last night as I was riding along, I could see in the clouds signs of what I had to expect of you here. But now let me explain the reason of my delay in writing:

Two or three days after my last letter from Weimar I made ready to start upon my journey for this place and said to Goethe at dinner, who made no reply. After dinner he took Otilie aside to a window and said to her "you must make him stay longer." So she undertook to persuade me, as we were walking up and down the garden; but I wanted to prove myself a man of firmness and so held to my decision. Now came the old gentleman himself and said, there was not the slightest necessity for being in a hurry; he had a great deal to say to me, I had a great deal still to play to him and as to what I had said was the object of my journey, that was just nothing at all. Weimar was for the present the great end of my tour, and he for his part could not see that I lost anything here, which was to be found at the tables d'hôte; at all events I should hereafter see taverns enough. And he went on; and as this touched my feelings and then Otilie and Ulrike came to his assistance and explained how the old gentleman never urged people to stay but all the oftener hastened their departure,—and that nobody has so many joyous days secured to him as to afford to throw away any that he is sure of—and how they would then go with me as far as Jena—well, then I did not want to prove myself a man of firmness and stayed. Seldom in my life have I been so little sorry for any decision, as for this, for the next day was by far the most delightful that I ever spent in that house. After a pleasure drive in the morning, I found old Goethe very lively; he began to tell stories, went from the Dumb girl of Portici to Walter Scott, from him to the pretty girls of Weimar, from the girls to the students, to the Robbers, and so to Schiller; and now he went on, certainly for an hour uninter-

* German mile, of which 15 are equal to 60 geographic or 69 1-2 English.

ruptedly, talking gaily about Schiller's life, and his works, and his position in Weimar; and so he came to speak of the deceased duke, and of the year 1765, which he called an intellectual springtime in Germany, and which, as he said, nobody could so well describe as he; and to this work the second volume of his "Life" was to be given, but what with botany and meteorology and all the other stuffs and nonsense for which one never gets "thank you," one cannot get to work upon it; then he related anecdotes of the time when he had the direction of the theatre,—and when I was about thanking him for all this, he said—"Tis but chance talk—it all comes up just by the way, called out by your dear company." These words sounded to me wonderfully sweet; in short that was one of those conversations, which one all his life can never forget. Next day he made me a present of a sheet of his manuscript of Faust, on which he had written:—

"To the dear young Friend, F. M. B., strong gentle ruler of the piano, as a friendly memorial of joyous Maydays, 1830. J. W. von Goethe," and then gave me three letters of introduction, for this place.

If this fatal Fidelio were not to begin so soon, I might go on and state much more; as it is, only my farewell to the old gentleman. At the very beginning of my visit in Weimar I spoke of a family of peasants at prayer, a picture by Adrian von Ostade, which nine years ago had made a great impression upon me. When I entered in the morning to take my leave, he (Goethe) was sitting before a great portfolio, and exclaimed, "Yes, yes, away he goes—we'll see, if we cannot keep up until his return; but we will not separate without a little piety, and so let us examine that praying scene again together." Afterwards, he said I should write to him occasionally (courage! courage! I will do so from here); then he kissed me; then we drove off to Jena, where the Frommans received me with uncommon kindness, and where in the evening I bade Otilie and Ulrike also farewell,—and so I journeyed onward hither.

About 9 o'clock. Now Fidelio is over, and while waiting for supper, a few words more. The Schechner* has indeed lost very much; she no longer strikes her notes full and clear; and often sang very flat, and yet her deep heartfelt emotion came out so touchingly, that I sometimes in my way even wept; all the other singers were bad, and much in the performance was faulty; but there are excellent materials in the orchestra and the overture went—in their manner of giving it—very well. My Germany is indeed a land of folly; it can produce great men and do them no honor; it has great singers enough, many thoughtful artists, but none, who will modestly follow the composer and give his ideas simply and faithfully; Marzelline embellishes her part; Jacquino makes a clown of himself; the Minister an ass; and when one German like Beethoven has written an opera, another German, like Stuntz or Poissl (or whoever he may be) cuts out the ritornels and other such *useless* passages in it; another German adds trombones to his symphonies; a third now says Beethoven is overloaded, and then it is all over with the great man!

Farewell then; be healthy, gay and happy, and may all the wishes of my heart for you be fulfilled.

FELIX.

* This lady, one of Germany's greatest songstresses, then but 24 years old, had just suffered a severe illness, which injured her voice and led to troubles in the lungs, which five years later drove her from the stage.—Tr.

Munich, June 14, 1830.

To Fanny Hensel!

My dear Sisterkin!—Early this morning I received your letter of the 5th, and so, you are still not yet well; how gladly would I be with you, see you and talk to you; but it cannot be. So I have here written out a song for you, just as I wish it and mean it; while doing it I have thought of you and have been very soft-hearted. There is hardly anything new in it; you know me thoroughly, and understand just what I am; and that I am still, and you may laugh at the thought and enjoy it; I might, it is true, say and wish you something different, but something better, not. There shall be nothing more in the letter; that I am yours, you know—and may God grant you what I hope and pray:

Andante.

mf

p

cresc.

cresc.

dolce.

f *espress.*

cres.

ff *sf*

dim. *pp*

dim.

[For the London Musical World and Dwight's Journal of Music.]

Dussik, Dussek, Duschek.

The three names at the head of this article are in fact but various modes of writing the same as adopted by different persons, who in their day made it famous. The double *s* in the Bohemian language is equivalent to the English *sh* and the German *sch*; and out of Bohemia *e* seems to have been thought better fitted to secure the correct pronunciation of the second syllable than *i*. The name is found with as many variations as Rode's air—Gerber indeed, quoting from the German of Burney's Tour, gives it in the Lexicon of 1792 as Dulsick. Not having the English copy of Burney at hand I cannot decide whose error this was—Burney's, his printer's, his translator's, or the printer of the latter. Besides the forms given above, it will be found written Duschek, Düssek, Duschek, Dussick and perhaps still otherwise. The father of the English Dussek wrote his name Dussik; the friend of Mozart at Prague wrote his Duschek.

The recent revival of some of the English Dussek's compositions through the efforts of Mr. Davison and their performance in public by Miss Goddard, the interest, which all students of musical history must feel in the Duschek of Prague as Mozart's friend, the large space, which artists of this name filled at one time in the musical world, these and similar reasons are sufficient to justify an attempt to compile such an account of the Dussiks—the true way of writing the name—as will put an end to the present confusion in relation to them.

This article, however, will not be an attempt to write biography, but simply the compiling of scattered notices (for the first time) into what our French friends might perhaps call "memories pour servir, &c." Its basis will be the notices in Dlabacz's (or Dlabatsch's "Künstler Lexicon für Böhmen"—(Lexicon for Bohemian artists.) This Gottfried Johann Dlabacz was a monk,—Librarian and chorus master in the convent Strahow at Prague. His Lexicon, a labor of love, running through some thirty years appeared in 1815 in 2 vols. 4 to. No work of the kind by a single author was ever perfect—witness Fetis (1st ed.) and even Gerber—our English musical and Biographical dictionaries are unluckily below even contempt—and so may many an error be pointed out in Dlabacz. But as to the Dussik family, to which J. L. D. belonged, his authority is unquestionable, his notes having been made from the oral communications of that artist's father and mother. This remark seems to be necessary, because the authorities recently followed in England in a notice of J. L. Dussek are directly contradicted by Dlabacz in some points.

The following is I believe a complete list of the Dussiks, who have made themselves known in the musical world:

1. Johann Joseph Dussik, married Veronica Stebeta.
2. Wenzel Dussik.
3. Johann Ladislaw Dussik, married — Corri.
4. Franz Benedict Dussik.
5. Veronica Rosalia Dussik, married — Cianchettini.
6. Adalbert Dussek.
7. Franz Duschek, married Josepha Hambacher.
8. Karl Duschek.

Adalbert Dussek and Wenzel Dussik may be dismissed in the few words which Dlabacz has granted them.

The former he says "was a distinguished concert-master" on the Viola d'Amour and lived in Prague as a virtuoso upon that instrument in the year 1745–7, being in the habit of playing "as was then the custom in still moonlight nights in the public squares of the old town, to the universal applause of the people, who collected about him, in which per-

formances he was accompanied by Wenzel Petrik, a very skillful performer on the violoncello." He made the course of philosophical study at Prague, became a priest, joined the order of Cistercian monks, and entered the convent at Königssaal, near Prague, where he died about 1768.

Wenzel Dussik born in 1750 at Mlazowicz (Mlatsovitsch) in Bohemia, was a younger brother of Johann Joseph D., who took him into his family and tutored him into a good organist and bass-singer. He began life as an organist at Olmütz, but after some years of service there returned to his native country and became organist at Eiche; whence after a time he accepted the place of "School-Rector" at Bitesch in Moravia, where he died about the close of the century.

JOHANN JOSEPH DUSSIK.

In a history of the provincial tour Königingrätz in Bohemia, a family of this name is mentioned as giving magistrates to the town so long ago as 1472-97. Two and a half centuries later Dussik—whether a descendant of that family or not Father Dlabacz does not appear to know—lived in the town of euphonious name, Mlazowicz, as "Wagenmeister." What the—hocus pocus—was a *Wagenmeister*? A mere peasant driver of wagons? A mechanic, the builder of four-wheel vehicles, a grade higher in society? Or was he master of the post coaches? If so, he was a small official. Or was he an owner of coaches and horses, and thus "one of the first men in town?" If the latter, this Dussik was a very good match for Elizabeth, daughter of George Schreiner, teacher at Holowaus and of local reputation as bass singer. At all events that match was made, and when he died 1749 or 1750—Dlabacz is a little composed in his dates here—he left Frau Elizabeth with two boys on her hands, Johann Joseph, born in 1739, and Wenzel (noticed above) an infant at the breast—or was he a posthumous child? But let Dlabacz go on with the story, with as much of his quaintness as I can give in English.

The mother gave the ten-year-old boy into the school of her brother-in-law Johann Wlachs,* a skillful tutor of the musical youth of Mlazowicz, and in a few years had the joy to see him a preceptor in the same school, where he not only very often took upon himself the duties of his uncle; but out of gratitude remained with him for several years. "Thence he came, as assistant in a school, to Langenau, where he studied thoroughbass so zealously and taught the boys so assiduously, that three years later he was called as second teacher to Chlamecz. As he here and indeed in all that region had the reputation of being a very good organist and a skillful teacher of youth, the Magistracy of Czaslau* offered him the position of organist and head teacher in the town school of that place. He accepted these appointments in 1759 and began the duties of his office with great applause. To them he gave his days; but the nights, sometimes the whole night through, to the scores of Caldara, a Bach, a Fux a Tuma, &c., which he studied and from which he copied pieces suited to the wants of his pupils. Order, industry, piety and the long-desired finer culture of the pupils reigned in his house. And thus he gained both love and honor and the pupils respected him as their father. For them he thought he might be able to do more, if he should share domestic cares with a "house-mother." Here he found in Veronika Stebeta, a daughter of Judge Johann Stebeta—whose services to the town had been of great value,—and whom he married May 9, 1760 and who bore him two sons, Johann Ladislaw and Franz Benedikt and one daughter, Veronika Rosalie—all three at this present, great virtuosos. For how could he, who gave such an excellent musical education to the children of others, have failed as to his own?

* Call it *Flax*—that is near enough.

"Duly fitted by study at home, both sons were early provided with places in choirs; the one as a singer in the Minorite church at Iglau, the other as organist in the convent church in Emaus, where he enjoyed for several years the guardianship and aid of the brave composer and organist, father Augustin Ssenkyrcz (Shenkeerch).

"In the year 1802 Dussek had the pleasure to see once more in his old age, one of his sons, J. L. Dussek—one of the greatest virtuosos in Europe—together with his daughter Veronika Rosalia, who had married M. Cianchettini; and to enjoy their well earned fame.

"Dussek has written a great deal and among his best works are, 1 Pastoral Mass, 2 short Litanies, 1 Regina Coeli, and many pianoforte sonatas, fugues and toccatas, which have received the praise of a Burney and other great musical experts.

"Among his pupils of high rank, he gave special praise to Baroness Obiteczky of Obitecz and Rahenhaupt, by marriage Baroness von Litzau.

"In 1807 he was still living at Czaslau and still the best teacher there."

So far Dlabacz. Burney visited him in 1771 (?) and speaks of him as one of the very first among German organists. When he died I cannot make out; but in a notice of his son's death at Paris in 1812, the father is said to be still alive at Czaslau.

Johann Ladislaw (or Ludwig) Dussek, the eldest son of the preceding was born at Czaslau (Haslau) Feb. 9, 1761. Dlabacz, Gerber and others write his name like his father's with an *i*; the *Leipziger Allg. Mus. Zeitung* generally writes *e*, as do of course the English and French publications of his day. Hence the great confusion which has arisen as to the authorship of works by Dussik and Dussek.

"He began" says Dlabacz, "to play the pianoforte (or harpsichord) in his fifth year, and, upon the testimony of his own father, to smite the organ in his mirth." (This expression is an old German oddity. In old musical works people always *play* (spielen) the harpsichord, but *smite*, (schlagen) the organ. "Thereupon he went to Iglau as soprano singer, where he lived some years under the care of his near relation, father Ladislaw Spinar (at that time chorus director in the Minorite church), at the same time hearing the humanities (pursuing liberal studies) under the Jesuits; which course (of study) he continued two years longer at Kutenberg, where he was organist in the Jesuit church. After this he went to Prague, heard philosophy, and gained the degree of Master.

"At this period it was his desire to join the order of the Cistercian friars, but his youth prevented his admission into the convent Saar. So he entirely gave up his pious wish, willing by music alone to seek his fortune in the world. He was successful. He soon made a journey with his special protector, an Austrian captain of artillery, named Männer to Mechlin (Malinés) where he remained some time as pianoforte teacher and thence went on to Bergen-op-Zoom and Amsterdam." In those days, it should not be forgotten, Austria held most of the "Low Countries," which accounts for the constant intercourse between the musicians of Prague and Vienna on the one hand, and those of the Rhine countries on the other—a fact which had great influence upon the career of many artists, Beethoven among them. "In those two cities he has made his public appearance as a young 'tone-artist' and published some of his better compositions."

Dussek must have been very young at this time, —perhaps 21 or 22 years of age—no exact dates are given. The first contemporaneous notice which I find of him, is in Cramer's "Magazin der Musik" (Hamburg and Altona) in an article of notices of new music, headed with the date Jan. 15, 1783. It is this:

* Cbaslow—more recently the *c* (the *c*, the open *c*) has been expunged and the name is written Haslau.

Concerto pour le clavecin on Piano Forte avec accompagnements de deux violons, Alto and Basse, deux Hautbois and Cors, ad libitum, composé par Dussick. Oeuvre premier, libro 1 and 2, a la Haye chez Hummel and fils.

Trois Sonates pour le clavecin on Piano Forte avec accompagnement d'un Violon ad libitum.

Upon these works "W." whoever he may have been, remarks, "In both the concertos, as well as in the sonatas, the leading quality is a lively and brilliant execution; we find, especially in the first two, much that is both new and good, so that this hitherto hitherto unknown author, who is a Bohemian, gives promise of that excellence in his future works, to which we have become accustomed through the productions of a Mislewezeck, a Duscchek and others of his countrymen."

A. W. T.

(To be continued.)

Truth About Music and Musicians.

No. 8.—POLITICAL MUSIC.

Translated from the German by SABILLA NOVELLO.

(Concluded from page 208.)

"Fie! a politic song,—a scurvy song."—Goethe.

It is certain that every artiste and every composer must adapt himself to his era,—he cannot escape from its magical circle; but this rule merely applies to what is outward and conventional—to what is transitory—and is modified by time. Griepenkerl and Wagner demand incredible efforts from music. The first pretends that "the necessities of the period should be demonstrated by opera," and shows composers the path they must follow in order to fulfil the requirements of art. These requirements, however, appear to be that all art, therefore music also, should be the reflex and condensed memoranda of all the heterogeneous and conflicting opinions broached during a particular epoch. On this account, he admits only one opera to be worthy—Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, because this is "produced red-hot from the questions at present agitating the world, and contains the real kernel of most important interests of our time." Well, yes; Scribe's *text* represents to us religious war, and Meyerbeer has set it to appropriate music. Auber's *Masaniello*, too, is produced "red-hot from the questions at present agitating the world," for Scribe's *text* represents in it liberty's war against tyranny, and Auber has set it to the best of music.

Was I not right when I above asserted that those who demand a "reflex" of the present strifeful epoch, merely wish to degrade music into a means of accomplishing their political ends? And if music is to be a representation of the present only, is our epoch characterised solely by war? Surely it forms only one feature of our era; nay, is it not merely an abnormal ex-crescence? Yet strife is proposed as the only subject worthy of art illustration. Through such misuse, art becomes narrow and one-sided; it would lose its universal sway, because it could only gratify those who might be partisans of the same color as the composer. What would art become to those lovers of it, who desire, not delineations of political differences, not war-stirring effects of heart-rending emotions, but seek from music peaceful joy and soothing consolation? If music is required to be democratic, why should it not be aristocratic? Why should not every party, every sect, every rank, possess a music of its own? But we find that the music which pleases one party is agreeable to another; that which charms one class is not unadmired by another. What is said of music may apply to all other arts. Shall painters merely depict subjects fetched "red-hot from the questions agitating the present world"? Is Raphael's "Madonna" *obsolete*, or has it been superseded by Hübner's "Silesian weaver"? Is Lessing's "Hussite" a masterpiece of painting, *merely because*, it carries us into scenes of religious contest? Do the pictures of the ancient Flemish and Italian masters utter the opinions of their era, and must we reject as *unpolitical* Claude Lorraine's "glorious views,

Berghem's peaceful landscapes, or Haydn's pastoral *Creation*?

But do not alarm yourself; *political music* never will exist. Although journalists may write and re-write the law that "Art must be democratic," it never will become so, nor can it be made aristocratic.

Beethoven is cited as a composer who wrote *democratically*; but democrats are uncomplimentary to themselves and their "music of the future," when they adopt as the ideal of democratic music the confused, strained, gloomy and wearisome works of Beethoven's last manner. From the anecdote related of this great master, that he tore up the dedication of his *Eroica* to Napoleon when he learnt his elevation to the rank of Emperor, it has been concluded not only that Beethoven held democratic opinions, but that the symphony itself was democratically written. Pray tell me, if you can, whether the *Pastorale* be aristocratic or revolutionary.

You must remember that Beethoven himself has spoken often and very distinctly about his own music; therefore if he had wished to write "democratic" music (then utterly unknown), and thus introduce an effective novelty into his science, he would certainly have announced his intention, and pointed out his meaning. Read Schindler's "Life of Beethoven," and you will know what to think of his pseudo-democratic opinions, and consequently to judge of their influence over his creative genius.

I have already told you that music may and will cause delight and enjoyment, but cannot instruct, convince, or inculcate political principles; and the public in general feels and duly appreciates this truth. It cares not for democratic or any kind of political music, if such be the modern works full of instrumental fury, and wild, conflicting passages; it hears them once, "out of curiosity," but soon returns to the simple, pleasing operas of Auber and Rossini, &c.; it revels in Mozart's "obsolete" school, — even in his *Così fan tutti* (in spite of nonsensical text), and actually takes delight in old Dittersdorf's chirping melodies, precisely because it yearns to escape from the strife, the bustle and antagonisms, the cares and troubles of the day; and seeks, not to be reminded of and chained to the present, but to *forget* it and all its perplexities during a few hours at least.

It would be a sad thing for art, and for all real artistes, if some modern theories were true or feasible. The sphere of art, far from being enlarged, would be restricted more and more. Genius would be forbidden to spread its pinions and soar aloft; its wings would be cruelly mutilated, that they might flutter neatly within the due limits of the "questions of the day," like some poor bird in a cage. But genius proclaims itself genius especially by its independence; it accommodates itself to outward form and ascertained rules, but brooks not shackles or dictates as to what it shall express or what it shall originate. Genius cannot be created by perfect liberty, nor induced by loss of freedom; it can only be awakened by art, and perfected by arduous study. I can well believe that musical genius may be inspired by the works of Mozart, Haydn and other great composers, as, in fact, has been the case; but I can scarcely imagine that the exposition of a "red-hot" question of the day, or that a parliamentary speech, although a masterpiece of oratory, could inspire talent in a composer, or could incite him to executive efforts, excepting, perhaps, to the effort of making a speech, or writing a book to prove how excellent an idea it would be to apply the powerful influence of music to the furtherance of party-spirit and its ends.

Art steadfastly pursues its course through all the confused and accumulated obstacles of time; it is helped onwards only by great talents devoted entirely and exclusively to it; by encouragement proffered by the public, the mighty or the rich, who furnish ancillary support, and nurture it with deferential admiration. If, during our era, music has not progressed, but rather stood still, and even retrograded, the fact must not be attributed to want of public sympathy,

which, perhaps, was never more profuse than at present, nor want of sufficient pecuniary support, for now-a-days no good artiste need suffer hard poverty; nor is it because music has not been adapted to politics; the cause lies rather in the very erroneous views taken by some of our most gifted modern composers, who turn from simple art, and occupy themselves with politics and political music. Politics stifle real music, and misapply talent, as we may clearly see by the example of a highly-gifted artist of our day. The introduction of politics into musical art — nay, even an overweening application to statistic and transitory interests, exerts a most deteriorating influence on the study, reflection, originality, and creative power of any artiste, in any age; and I cannot too strongly warn you against being unwarily seduced by the syrens of polity, who in our present prosaic age infect every road or pathway, and seek to entice young artistes to their ruin.

Art is a jealous mistress, who suffers no rival, and only fully grants her gracious favors and sacred treasures to those who dedicate themselves faithfully and exclusively to her service. "Art is long, life is short," and music especially is so difficult a science that it cannot be studied or practised as a subordinate occupation. If man's life, of which so large a portion is sacrificed to eating and drinking, sleeping, and other necessities, be dedicated to so absorbing a pursuit as politics, what remains for art, for study, for creation? "He who would become great, must learn to limit himself to a single object," that is, he must consider and use all events which occur only in so far as they may affect and further his grand aim; while, on the other hand, he must steadily repudiate as extraneous everything which might prove a hindrance to, or even distract him from the same grand aim. As a rule, all great minds have contented themselves with a single object, and devoted their entire activity to its accomplishment; its exceptions may exist, but the rule is valid.

The most immediate and natural result which devoted attention to politics must induce on the thoughts and general characteristics of an artiste, is narrow-minded monotony. He must, in accordance with the war-cry of our æsthetic politicians, declare himself of some decided *party-color*, and work hard for its predominance. If he do this, he loses his clear perception of general humanity; his vision becomes spectacled—he can only use his eyes and understanding for those objects comprised within the circle of his political pale. What cares he for the small, insignificant thing at work within the human breast, called *heart*, with all its noiseless sorrow and joy? He has no time and no capability to dwell upon nature—her charms, her various phases. He must endeavor to comprehend the "red-hot questions of the day," and seek to represent them by compositions as red-hot as themselves. He must feel indignant at the oppressive tyranny which treads down noble democracy, and write (just to spite such tyranny) excessively democratic music, descriptive of present opinions, in order to accustom the public to such strains, to cultivate its musical-political faculties, and lead it gradually to the proper appreciation of the real "Music of the future." He must only recognize the exaggerations of the day,—the dark shades of human nature; and therefore must overlook all that is eternally beautiful, eternally cheerful, eternally beneficent—all eternal art. He must hate—for partisans are forced to hate; yet hate destroys—love only can create and perpetuate. He will study the works of Wagner, Schumann, &c., as his models, but neglect contemptuously Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, as worn-out and unconstructive "for our day."

But whatever conspicuously lives in and influences the thoughts and sentiments of a composer, must necessarily shine conspicuously as a reflex in his productions. His thoughts are thoughts of hatred, of war, of opposition; and if he succeed in faithfully depicting these ideas through the medium of music, if he gives a vivid truthfulness to such themes, he will fail in the simply cheerful, tranquilizing counter-themes, without

which no master-work can be constructed. Soothing, lively, and graceful images are perhaps never awakened in his soul; and should he know or feel that art demands them as a requisite contrast, he will seek to paint them, but without success—they will be false and inexpressive. Constraint and artificiality will be easily traced in them, while all charm and spontaneous grace will be found wanting. This is a truth I could prove by manifold examples.

Carl Friedrich Zelter.*

(Concluded from page 202.)

To be the successor of a man like Fasch, was, indeed, a distinction for Zelter, who was one day an artist and a mason the next. But he had richly deserved it by his persevering application, and had gone through innumerable privations before he attained it. The way in which he managed to educate himself is, on the one hand, too original, and, on the other, too honorable, for us to pass over in total silence the relation between him and his master. In reference to this we read as follows: "As the building" (he is speaking of the house in which he was employed in the Schlesinger Strasse, preparatory to being admitted a master-mason, and which, if we are not mistaken, is, at present, in the possession of Herr de Cuvry) "was situate above half a mile from my home, I hired a lodging outside the town gates, in order to save a long walk. But what was the use of this? After work, I used to go of an evening to Jeannette, who resided during the summer with her parents, in a little country-house at the other side of the city, and, for four or five months, when Fasch was on duty at Potsdam, I was in the habit of walking there and taking my lesson every Friday. I always returned the same day. Fasch, who knew nothing of my occupation, fancied I had business to transact in Potsdam, because I never denied that such was the case whenever the subject was broached. He used to be glad to see me, because I got on, and because he had more spare time in Potsdam than in Berlin. As I continued my visits, however, regularly all through the summer, he used often to remark, 'He must confess I paid something for his lessons, considering the time they cost me, as well as the amount I expended for refreshments and coach-hire, or that my business in Potsdam must be very profitable. He did not know that I did the distance, there and back, in one day, and in the evening was at my work on the house. I did not, however, find this fatiguing. At something after three o'clock in the morning, I set out from the farm-house where I lived, and, between eight and nine, I was in Fasch's room in Potsdam. My lesson lasted till eleven. I then walked about the grounds of Sans-Souci, or among the hills. I had ordered my dinner for a little before twelve o'clock, at a good inn, outside the Berliner-Thor, and, after dinner, I proceeded leisurely back to Berlin, enjoying myself till late in the evening at Jenny's. Neither my father, mother, nor any one else knew a word about the whole matter. The real advantage of my walking home consisted, however, in the agreeable solitude, for, as a rule, I worked out my compositions as I went along, so that I afterwards wrote them down all the more readily. On two or three occasions I hired a vehicle, but the coachman kept me waiting, and I could not get on along the sandy road. I arrived, also, late at Potsdam, where, during the reign of King Friedrich, there was no end to the examination a person had to undergo. 'Whence did I come?' 'How long did I intend to stay?' 'What was my business?' were some of the numerous questions I had to answer. By my own plan I avoided all these inconveniences, as well as the heavy coach-hire, until at last Fasch suspected how matters stood, and refused to accept any further remuneration for his lessons."

Zelter was indefatigable in his endeavors to obtain the patronage of Government for music generally—for which it had previously done nothing—and, of course, for the Singacademie especially, which then belonged exclusively to himself. As long back as the 13th January, 1804, he succeeded in prevailing on the King, attended by the entire Court, to pay a visit to the Singacademie.

By setting to music the poems of Schiller and Göthe, he attracted the attention of these great men, and soon became personally acquainted with them. Göthe was induced to observe that he could hardly have believed music capable of such magnificent strains as those of Zelter. We may mention, by the way, that on the 15th May, of the same year, Schil-

* Carl Friedrich Zelter. Eine Lebensbeschreibung. Nach autobiographischen Manuscripten bearbeitet von Dr. Wilhelm Rintel. Berlin, Janke. [The article is translated from the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*, for the *Musical World*.]

ler, also, attended a meeting of the Singacademie, to hear his ode: "An die Freude," and, likewise, that a funeral performance was got up by the society at his decease. The autobiography does not contain a word about Beethoven, who also visited the academy, and—according to a statement made by the present director—after hearing Fasch's *Muss für sixteen voices* extemporized upon several of its motives, on an old grand piano which stood in the ground-floor. The name of Beethoven, as, likewise, the names of his great contemporaries, such as Weber, Radziwill, &c., are not once mentioned.

More than by his songs, however, Zelter succeeded in obtaining the respect of his contemporaries by what was undoubtedly the most important of all his compositions, namely, the *Auferstehung und Himmelfahrt Christi*, words by Rammler, produced, for the first time, at Easter, 1807, and subsequently performed seven successive years. It was also revived at the Jubilee of the society, in 1857, by the present director. Zelter, meanwhile, had to contend with many difficulties thrown in his way by the Royal Capellmeisters. This was the reason of his journey to Königsberg in 1809.

The foundation of the Liedertafel took place at the same period. Concerning this event, so important in its results, we read: "When we consider the present wide extension of societies of this kind, of all of which Zelter's Liedertafel must be regarded as the parent and model, and when we are compelled to recognize in it an element instructing and elevating the human mind, we cannot avoid assigning a very high position to the importance and bearing of the idea and plan which created such an institution. But there was, moreover, a patriotic signification involved, for the foundation of the Liedertafel was intended to celebrate the return of the king to Berlin."

Intimately connected, also, with his journey to Königsberg, where the Court resided, was Zelter's firm resolve to give up manual labor altogether. He was materially influenced thereto, as may easily be imagined, by the fact that, under the ministry of Wilhelm von Humboldt, he had been appointed Professor of Music at a fixed salary. Gratitude had a great deal to do with the journey, but its great object was to interest the King still more for the art. From the numerous letters written concerning his journey, we obtain a lively insight into the state of things at this period, including that at the Court, as well as the sayings and doings of the princes of the blood, especially of the Crown-Prince, afterwards Friedrich Wilhelm IV.

Zelter was now recognized as a musician, and honored and loved as a man. He was in the full enjoyment of all his powers, and endowed with a warm love for all that is beautiful and elevated. "He was bold and sharp, but never unkind in his criticism, while he was always natural and child-like in disposition. Neither now nor subsequently do we remark in him any signs of that vanity or arrogance, frequently assumed by artists who have been distinguished by their intercourse with persons of high rank by birth or office. The relation existing between him, as a son, in all the maturity of manhood, and his gray-haired old mother, stands out in truly antique purity and beauty. His strength and depth of feeling, as well as his amiability of heart, always beamed forth so triumphantly from behind many asperities of outward behavior, and—as his contemporaries sometimes designated it—'Zelterian rudeness,' that even sharp words wounded only for the moment, and the bonds of friendship were never weakened, but were characteristic of Zelter to the time of his death, and have caused all those who were nearly connected with him with affection."

During the last twenty years of his existence, says the author, we perceive Zelter as composer, teacher, musical director, critic, author, and ministerial referee, occupying a position such as, probably, never fell to the lot of any other musician. The heavy ordeal to which he was subjected, when, in the year 1812, his stepson, for whose sake he had, up to that time, continued his trade, shot himself, brought him into fraternal connection, so to speak, with Göthe, who displayed the warmest sympathy with him, and subsequently, as we all know, addressed him as "Thou."† The voluminous correspondence between the two proves that from this epoch Zelter, "from being simply a man of action, grew up to be a thinker." The letters to Göthe, from 1814, may, observes the author, be regarded as a continuous series of criticisms, constituting a history of the state and progress of art in Berlin. They are completed by Zelter's unpublished but far more voluminous correspondence with other persons celebrated in every branch of art and science.

† For the information of those among our readers who do not understand German, we may state that the second person singular is used only in addressing those who are on a most intimate footing with, or greatly inferior in rank to, the speaker.—Ed. M. W.

After an active career in all the various capacities above-named, Zelter lived to enjoy the great pleasure when he had held his office for twenty-five years, of seeing the members of that admirable institution, the Singacademie, in a position to lay, on the 30th June, 1825, the foundation-stone of a building of their own—a building which reflects great credit upon the architect, Herr Ottmer.

In this building the first performance took place on the 2nd January, 1827; and the *Tod Jesu* was given there on the 13th April. On the ground floor was Zelter's residence, which he occupied up to his decease. This happened on the 15th May, 1832. As the number of members had increased from 374 to 436, it became necessary to divide the Academy into two bodies, the "Greater" and the "Less Academy." The Ripien-Schule, which met at twelve o'clock every Friday, had already been founded years previously. Many of Zelter's pupils, as well as other artists, of all kinds, sang there. Among these, the most amiable and most celebrated were the never-to-be-forgotten brother and sister, Felix and Fanny Mendelssohn.

The writer of the present article also belongs to those whose earliest reminiscences extend back to this period. As a student, I attended regularly the chorus-classes of the Academie, where Zelter used generally to be in the best possible humor, the first among his equals. Although his own songs occupied a more prominent position than anything else, and he evidently derived great pleasure from hearing them—for instance, at the present moment that I am writing this, I can still hear his "Gallias Caesar subegit," to which he was particularly partial, and can still see the majestic old gentleman in his blue coat, with his velvet cap upon his gray locks, as he marched up and down the room to the triple time of the song—he was still indefatigable in exhorting the members to exertion, requesting some to write poetry, and others to furnish music, all for the common good. No one was allowed to take offence at his outbursts, which were frequently rather rough and unceremonious. Every one laughed and said nothing. I recollect meeting on those occasions Julius (afterwards editor of the *Zeltungshalle*), Reissiger, jun., (now conductor in Christiana), and Krause (now a singer at the Royal Opera). I myself also received at these lessons the first encouragement bestowed upon me; for having tried my hand at Horace's ode, "Musis Amicus," Zelter observed, "Come, there is some stuff in it" ("Na, es klingt doch"). Professor Grell, the present director of the Singacademie, was then charged with the task of accompanying the choruses on the piano. The members were indebted to him for many fine contributions. Among them I may mention a "Te Deum" for two choruses, with an orchestral accompaniment, in which the wind instruments greatly preponderated. I have never heard of this work since. To this gentleman, as Zelter's faithful pupil, is the book dedicated. In the appendix there is an index of Zelter's works, published and unpublished, as well as the simple and classical speech which Herr Schleiermacher pronounced over his grave. FLOD. GEYER.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 5, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

Letters of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

Our readers will doubtless share our pleasure in the welcome news, that, at last, something has appeared to gratify the deep desire of us all, for better means of entering into the inner life of that composer, who has beyond all question exerted a wider and more lasting influence, in instrumental music at least, than any other since the death of Beethoven. Of course we speak and can speak thus only of Mendelssohn. What we now have before us is a single volume, the title of which is, "Reisebriefe von Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, aus den Jahren, 1830 bis 1832. Herausgegeben von Paul Mendelssohn Bartholdy, Leipzig. Verlag von Hermann Mendelssohn, 1861." In English, "Traveller's Letters, by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, out of the years, 1830–32, edited," &c.

From the preface, signed by Paul Mendelssohn, it appears that insuperable difficulties have thus far

prevented the execution of the first-conceived plan of a complete edition of all the important letters of the composer in chronological order, as a means of at least preparing the way and contributing, in part, the materials for a complete biography of him, and that, consequently, it was determined to select some one period, which might be considered complete in itself, and publish the correspondence belonging to it.

"After the completion, in 1829, of his first Journey, by himself, to England," says the editor, "and a short stay in Berlin, whither he had come to a family festival, he departed in 1830 on a tour to Italy, thence journeyed through Switzerland to France, and in the beginning of 1832, a second time to England. Out of that period, which, to a certain degree, is complete in itself, and which undoubtedly had a powerful influence upon Mendelssohn's development through the strength of the impressions made upon him—it may well be remarked here that he was but twenty-one years of age when he began this tour—a large number of letters are preserved, written by him to his parents, his sisters Fanny and Rebecca and myself. I have added to these also a few letters to other friends written during those years, in part complete, in part only extracts, and now give them to the public essentially complete. (Ihrem wesentlichen Inhalte nach.)

"Whoever knew Mendelssohn personally and desires to renew a living picture of him to his mind, or whoever wishes to obtain a more clear and distinct idea of him as he really was than that general impression which comes from a knowledge of his musical creations—such an one will not lay these letters aside without satisfaction. Besides this point of special interest there is one more general, since they show how Mendelssohn's personal characteristics and his art mutually interpenetrated and controlled [bedingt] each other."

His brother might have said more—he could say no less. We read these letters with somewhat of the astonishment that they could proceed from the pen of a young man of 21, which we feel when we hear the overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream" or the Octet and reflect that these works are the compositions of a boy! They exhibit a ripeness of culture in all directions truly astonishing. In some points they remind us of Mozart—more polished than his, for Mendelssohn had the highest education Berlin could bestow in the days of Hegel, Schleiermacher, Humboldt, and most of the great names, which have made that city illustrious in the literary and scientific world—while Mozart spent his early days in the bigotted and provincial city of Salzburg. But through all these letters, we feel the great power of observation and of description, the strong sense of humor, and the affectionate heart, which make those of Mozart, even now, after more than a century has passed away, interesting, beautiful and touching. They are, however, more difficult to give again in English—they possess a certain ethereal element, a perfume which it is hard to prevent escaping; and in this respect they differ from Mozart's, somewhat as a Mendelssohn overture or song without words, from similar works by the composer of Don Juan.

We will, however, endeavor to convey to our readers an idea of the original through a translation of some of these letters, and doubt not that, however inadequately they may be rendered, they will still prove not unpleasant reading in their calmness and beauty, when one turns gladly away from the war and bloodshed, now unhappily the staples of the daily press. The few notes added by the translator are marked Tr.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The Orpheus Club gave last Wednesday evening a most satisfactory evidence of its being "still alive" in the shape of a capital musical entertainment to its non-performing members and friends. The Club

sang several new pieces, among which a "Hymn to Music" by Lachner impressed us as fine and likely to appear more so upon closer acquaintance. The Solos were varied and as well selected as one could wish. Mr. Kreissmann contributed some songs of Schumann and Franz, and with Mr. Jansen, the the Basso profundo of the Society, a most beautiful duet from Spohr's *Jessonda*, which was entirely new to us. With the talent which the "Orpheus" has at its command it must be but an easy task for them to provide such an entertainment. Why, then, not do it oftener, especially since there is but little prospect this winter to the real music-lover for hearing elsewhere what he likes?

CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL.—The music given at the the Festival to Prince Napoleon was repeated at the Music Hall on Wednesday afternoon of this week to a different audience, made up mainly of the friends of the scholars. It is no easy matter to admit all who desire to attend these pleasant occasions, and it is hard to say which is the more difficult undertaking, for those who want, to obtain tickets, or for those who have them to bestow, to divide them among those who should receive them. We hope however that eventually all who wish may be fortunate enough to have the opportunity.

Madame Varian, during the last week has begun a series of parlor concerts, at low prices, suited to the times. The third of her series was given at Chickering's Rooms on Wednesday evening, 2d inst. to a crowded auditory.

Of her admirable qualities, as a singer, we have already spoken at some length in these columns, and have only to add that on this occasion, her vocal performances were up to the usual standard of excellence. Mr. Edward Hoffmann—the distinguished New York pianist—played adaptations from "La Traviata" and "La Favorita," "The Last Hope" by Gottschalk, and "La Gazelle," a nocturne of his own composition, with consummate artistic precision and finish; his accompaniments to the vocal portions of the programme were executed in a masterly manner. Mr. H. Draper, baritone, acquitted himself very creditably in an aria from "I Vespri," "Welcome Home," and the two duets with Madame Varian.

If the well filled hall, and hearty applause are any criterion, we should judge that these concerts are immensely popular and successful. The fourth of the series will take place this (Saturday) evening.

CARL ECKART, (Jenny Lind's conductor, while in America) the former director of the Imperial opera at Vienna has just been nominated Chapel-master of the Court of Stuttgart.

BOSIO.—The friends of Mad. Bosio and certain amateurs who still worship the memory of this great artist who died so prematurely, assembled recently in the church of the cemetery in which she is interred, to assist at a funeral service celebrated on the occasion of the dedication of a monument erected by M. Xindavelonis, Mad. Bosio's husband. The monument was executed in Florence, in bronze and represents a Genius, bending over the bust of the artist which is supported by a short column. The whole stands on a pedestal of Finland porphyry which is raised upon a foundation of granite. Three verses by Méry, written last winter at Paris in memory of the glory of the deceased, are engraved in letters of gold upon the pedestal. The monument was designed by Costa, a Florentine sculptor and was executed by a single casting at the foundry of Papin in Florence. The artistic execution is said to be perfect. It is also said that the remains of Mad Bosio are to be removed to Paris and to repose finally at the cemetery of Père-Lachaise.—*Rev. et Zag. Mus. de Paris.*

Great has been the praise lavished upon the name of Beethoven. Poets and artists have honored themselves in honoring him, and a mind fully equal to the work of love is bringing the rich experience of a life-time's study and research to the writing of a biography of him, who in music, like Shakespeare in poetry, was not for a day, but for all time." The performer who can play Beethoven's music with his whole heart and soul—give it true interpretation—is, in one sense, an artist. The perfection of his performance is, in having a listener who hears as reverently as he plays. Judge then of the feelings of one understanding this, who, being asked by a lady to play, gave her a Beethoven Sonata, for which he met this enthusiastic appreciation of his favorite composer: "Why, he really had quite a knack at writing music!"—*STELLA.*—(*Worcester Palladium.*)

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 15.—Hannah and Zela Gale, and Misses Phillips, McBridge and Forden, who were burned at Wheatley's Continental Theatre last night, died to-day. Three more will probably die. Miss Annie Nichols, who leaped from the flies, is unharmed. Abbie Carr, reported dead, is likely to recover.

STIGELLI, whose operatic successes here were most assured, and who, though he lacked clearness of voice in comparison with Brignoli, and immense power of organ as compared with some of the more robust of the tenors who have sung on this side the Atlantic, was the most faithful and conscientious of artists, and ever more pleasing as he was oftener heard,—Stigelli seems to have made everything but a success at Vienna. The criticisms upon his renderings of two roles at the "Court Opera House" are not only unfavorable but they are severely unkind. We translate from one the following remarks, which all our musical readers will agree with us in declaring unjust and ill-natured:

"The debut of Sig. Stigelli, whom we heard eight or nine years ago in concert, took place as *Eleazar*, in the 'Jewess.' At the former period his voice was already much reduced; and when we heard of his approaching debut at the Opera House we supposed that he must have attained some marvellous new voice, enabling him at his advanced years to acquire new laurels in the place of those long ago withered. Now, as we have heard him, we can only say that Sig. Stigelli's voice seems to have grown worse every year since he has been absent from Vienna. The voice which even then seemed bidding him farewell, has become utterly tuneless and cracked, and he sings with marked difficulty. * * * His second role, *Edgardo*, in 'Lucia,' was a total failure. To succeed in this role requires voice and youth, both of which he lacks. * * * May we ask what aim this attempt has, as after such failures any permanent engagement is altogether impossible?"

Is not this sufficiently unfavorable and unjust to poor Stigelli, who deserves better things?—*N. Y. Sunday Atlas.*

Music Abroad.

London.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.—Mr. Mellon does well to keep up Jullien's plan of occasionally devoting one portion of a concert exclusively to classical music. It is not bad policy to omit a set of quadrilles now and then, for the sake of inserting a symphony into the programme—to appeal from the large public who are captivated by a dance tune to the still larger public who have learnt to reserve their admiration for the worthiest objects. Paradox though it may seem to be, it is nevertheless strictly true that the best classical concerts are now more thoroughly popular than those which profess to be defined for "the people." "Music for the million" must be music of the highest class. What now pleases the vulgar most was written for the delectation of princes, and a cynic might reverse the terms of the proposition with some show of reason. All this is so well known that we need not insist on it; and we are somewhat surprised at Mr. Mellon's not having declared still more decidedly than he has done for the progress of the art of which he is evidently so enthusiastic a devotee. We feel convinced that he would consult his own interest in no less a degree than the advancement of music if he appealed habitually instead of occasionally to the taste which, whether it be from fashion or conviction, is now paramount in the English nation. It is true that he has given several "classical nights" since the commencement of his concerts, but these might well have been

increased in number, and we have never been able to understand the principle on which, in Jullien's time as well as now, they have been limited. It has invariably happened that the concerts on these special occasions have been much more fully attended than usual, and yet conductors seem loth to follow out a plan which this circumstance seems naturally to suggest. If classical music always "draws" best, surely it is reasonable to conclude that it must be a profitable investment. Fears seem to be entertained lest the avidity with which people flock to hear a symphony by Beethoven or Mendelssohn should be lessened by its constant repetition, but very little experience would suffice to show that such fear is groundless. No mental phenomenon is more evident than that, in the study of a masterpiece in any art, the "appetite grows by what it feeds on."

On Thursday night a selection of vocal and instrumental music by one of the great masters attracted, as rarely fails to be the case, a crowded audience. The master was Mozart, to whose compositions the whole of the first part was devoted. The singers were Mlle. Parepa and Herr Formes; and the band was the admirable one to which Mr. Alfred Mellon has accustomed his patrons, now restored to its original strength by the return of many of its most efficient members, whose services during the previous week had been in request at the Birmingham Festival. That the programme was well chosen, judiciously varied, and highly interesting, the subjoined will show:

Symphony in G minor; air "In diesen heiligen hallen"; concerto, pianoforte, in C major; scene, "Gli angui d'Inferno"; air, "Non piu andrai"; overture (*Figaro*)—Mozart.

The following announcement has appeared in the columns of a morning contemporary:

"INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.—Her Majesty's Commissioners have received a communication from M. Meyerbeer, stating that, in compliance with their request, he will compose a march for the opening ceremony."

The news is not exactly new, as our Paris correspondent had already informed the readers of the *Musical World* that M. Meyerbeer had acceded to the request of the Commissioners. Our correspondent further stated that M. Auber had consented to compose a piece for the inauguration of the Exhibition of 1862. To these we may now add, that Signor Verdi has consented to supply an Italian composition, and Professor Sterndale Bennett an English one, for the great inaugural ceremony. Germany, France, Italy, and England, thus represented by the most renowned living composers (Rossini is dead to art unfortunately) of the several countries, the musical performance involved in the inauguration cannot fail to create the liveliest interest and curiosity, as no doubt each musician will try his very best for the occasion. Surely after this the grumblers about music being neglected at the forthcoming International Exhibition will be silent. And this, in our opinion, is the only feasible way in which music can be turned to account under the circumstances, and rendered at once agreeable and useful.

BERLIN.—The great heat lately has proved anything but conducive to the benefit of in-door amusements. The Opera House has been almost deserted by its regular frequenters, many of whom are absent, by the way, at the various watering-places; and has had to depend chiefly on provincial visitors, whom no heat, I believe, would induce to refrain from "doing" all the lions of the capital. The principal attractions at the above establishment for some time past have been Cherubini's *Deux Journées* and the ballet *Flick and Flock*; the principal parts in the opera being sustained by Mad. Harriers-Wippen, Mlle. Münster, Herren Kransé, Pfister, and Wolf. At the Friedrich-Wilhelm Städtisches Theatre the bills have been monopolized by *Orpheus*, *Genoveva*, and *Fortunio's Lied*. The King has accepted the dedication of a Symphony composed for the approaching coronation by Herr R. Würst; and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has presented Herr Ferdinand Sieber, teacher of singing, with the large grand-ducal gold medal for Arts and Sciences. Mlle. Marie Taglioni is at present stopping at her estate in Silesia. She has so far recovered from the effects of her late accident that she will be enabled to resume her professional duties in the course of this month. The popular ballets of *Satanella* and *Morgano* will be revived for her.

MARIENBURG.—A project has been set on foot to get up a grand festival for the purpose of raising subscriptions towards the Prussian navy. A committee has already been appointed, and has decided on giving a musical and theatrical performance, together with a series of *tableaux vivants*. At present, the 13th October has been fixed on as the day on which the festival will take place.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 24, 1861. — We New Yorkers are so accustomed now-a-days, to things strange and startling, that we are insensible to the merits of everything that is not stamped with the feature of novelty. Nothing short of the recognition of the Southern Confederacy by France and England would startle us, and even then, if the Old Bay State would only "let herself out," we would have no fear of puffy, belligerent, cotton-struck Johnny. We should not be much surprised were Jeff Davis to come on with a flag of truce, to see the great living hippopotamus, whose "but a few days more" have almost expired; or Beauregard to inspect the great white whales, previous to their demolition by the rebel army. We are so used to hearing of the advance of a hundred of our Union forces against twelve hundred of rebel, and subsequent "retreat in good order," and the loss of our best generals, by the laxity of our Government, that we are prone to call it a natural sequence of war, and look upon anything like an engagement between equal forces, as almost impossible. The two most surprising things, however, that have impressed our senses lately are, first; the immense number of brave, sturdy volunteers Old Massachusetts has turned out; and, secondly, the advent of Hermann, the great prestidigitateur. Your gallant soldiers have made our very hearts tingle with admiration. Regiment after regiment have passed through our streets, singing their "Glory, Hallelujah," and marching gaily on to victory. Surely, is there no end of them? "How many more regiments is Massachusetts going to send on?" quoth an inquisitive old gentleman, of one of your volunteers. "She will send them on," replied he, "for the next six months, and if that will not do, will come herself." But this is far from being a musical or "prestidigitatorial" article.

Yes, Herrmann has "been and gone, and done it." We succumb before his mighty influence, and acknowledge our curiosity aroused, aye, even excited. He "beats the very devil," and might be — were we to believe the Millerites, whose ears are now extended, expecting momentarily to hear the blast of Gabriel's trumpet — a Minister Plenipotentiary, Extraordinary from His Satanic Majesty, to our sadly troubled land. That he "plays the devil" with your senses, there can be no shadow of doubt. Singularly enough, in his opening speech on the night of his debut, he endeavored to convince the audience that he bore no relation to the Prince of Darkness, but before he had performed his fourth trick, the audience perceptibly smelled brimstone and fire. To describe his soirees would be a most difficult task, for none would believe without seeing. His reception, however, we can give you a slight idea of. The house was literally jammed. From parquette to dome was one mass of people, who, for a whole week had been trying to pronounce "prestidigitateur" — after the manner of the solemn council of Dutch burghers practicing the thumb and nose salute of the Hudson skipper. It is fortunate that your "great world-renowned and preëminent Ambidextrous Prestigiator, and Arch-Illusionist of the present century," should have selected Boston for the effusion of his mighty ideas, for it is very certain that the advent of any such "What is it?" here, would turn the heads of all the Millerites and their houses would be set in order speedily. As I was saying, the Academy was thronged. Statesmen, soldiers, judges, jurors, singers, actors, laymen, ministers, Jew and Gentile, flocked around this "new light" as flies enticed into the spider's web, only to be entangled in all the meshes of sorcery and witchcraft. Here, a learned jurist, whose long delving in all the mysteries of jurisprudence has made him acute, and not easily deceived; there, a worthy divine, who would fain

exclaim, "Get behind me, Satan," but turns around so as not to lose sight of him. Here, a historian, whose name and works are known throughout the world; there, the "star" of the — theatre — in fact, representatives of every profession and age of life, forming a grand kaleidoscope. Herrmann's inaugural programme is divided into twelve tricks. From beginning to end, they are one series of intricate, complicated wonders. With unerring aim cards are thrown from the stage to the amphitheatre and one pack of fifty-two cards is increased to hundreds. Hats suddenly leave the heads of owners and ascend rapidly to the dome of the Academy, and at the request of the great wizard, return as rapidly to their original position. Bowl after bowl of gold-fish are taken from under a small shawl, and this in the very midst of the audience, in the very centre of the Academy, twenty feet from any table or secret arrangements. Two rabbits are held up to the gaze of the audience and perceptibly rolled into one, which toddles around the stage seemingly proud of its increased size, and at a sign, disgorges and resumes its original shape. Tin caps and feathers, enough to delight the eyes of an Army Commissary, were showered from a hat held at arm's length, subject to your keenest inspection. Hats become babies — and we might say in truth, so do the audience. Young and old, all seem merged in a laughing childhood, and even the descending curtain does not break the charm. We suddenly feel ourselves inspired with all the magic powers of our wizard friend. Ice-cream is imaginatively converted into soft-soap; horses possess the peculiar faculty of walking on their heads; stages take wings; and, finally we find ourselves going to bed with our boots on, much to the disgust of the partner of our joys, who remonstrates against such an undesirable innovation. Herrmann's comic programme is announced for a first performance next week. In it he is aided by his wife, and it is entirely distinct from his previous performances.

The Opera season at the Academy is to commence about the middle of next month. MUZIO will have the supervision of the company, which will consist of Miss KELLOGG, Miss HINCKLEY and Signors BRIGNOLI, MANCURI, and SUSINI. Mancuri is the new baritone, and he will make his first appearance as Ricardo in the "Ballo un Maschera." Brignoli and Susini are both to leave us after the present season. Brignoli goes to Paris and Susini has accepted an engagement at La Scala, Milan.

Now that Formes, Gassier, Junca, and Susini have left us, we have no bassos of importance remaining in this country, and if our national affairs are speedily settled, *primo tenori* will be at a premium.

A series of German operas will soon be inaugurated at the Stadt Theatre. The opening opera will be Lortzing's "Czar und Zimmermann." Some of Offenbach's comic operettas will be introduced, and we have good reason to anticipate a very lively season of German Opera. We hear rumors of a cheap Italian opera company, that is, performances at the democratic fee of fifty cents to all parts of the house. It will, however, have no connection whatever with the Academy management. The thing has been agitated for several years past, but no one has had the courage to attempt it, as yet. As a forerunner of the coming concert season (that is, if we are not all at the war) we have the first appearance of the young English pianist, ADAM TOUNHAY, of the Leipsig Conservatoire. He is assisted by Mlle. MONTMORENCI, the contralto; M. DUCHAUERE, baritone; Herr NOLL, violinist; and Dr. CLARE BEAMES, musical conductor. His programme embraces selections from Chopin, Satter, Weber, and he comes very highly spoken of.

The Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn begins its concerts on the 2d of November. It has left our New York society clear behind, but they have very many things in their favor, and this may account for

their success. The Harmonic and Mendelssohn are preparing for a hard winter's work. Their plans will be imparted to you when they are perfected.

Muzio serenaded the Prince Napoleon the other evening, just before the departure of the Imperial Yacht for your city. The river was covered with boats filled with gay parties and the entertainments ended with a grand illumination of blue lights and rockets. Trusting that this desultory gossip may interest you, we remain, Yours, &c. T. W. M.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Minstrel's love. (Sänger's Liebe).

Franz Kielblock. 25

Quite a pretty Song. Those who heard the Opera of Miles Standish, by Mr. Kielblock, brought out here in the Concert-room last season, do not question the genuine talent evinced therein, nor can they have forgotten the number of pleasing melodies scattered through the work. Anything from the pen of such a composer should invite attention.

Not a star from our flag. G. W. H. Griffin. 25

A stirring Song, which has been sung in public on various occasions with great applause.

Sister thou'rt dear to me. Song and Chorus.

G. W. H. Griffin. 25

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 497.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 12, 1861.

VOL. XX. No. 2.

September Rain.

O sweet September rain!
I hear it fall upon the garden beds,
Freshening the blossoms which begin to wane;
Or 'tis a spirit who treads
The humid alleys through—
Whose light wings rustle in the avenue—
Whose breath is like the rose,
When to the dawn its petals first unclose.

Swift, swift the dancing lines,
Flash on the water, brim the dusky pool,
Brim the white cups of bindweed, where it twines
Amid the hedgerows cool,
Eastward cloud-shadows drift
Where the wet Autumn breeze is flying swift—
Bending the poplar tree—
Chasing white sails along the misty sea.

Drenching the dry brown turf,
Softening the naked corn-land for the plow,
Fretting with bells of foam the eddying surf,
Loading the heavy bough
With moisture whose relief
Slakes the hot thirst of every porous leaf—
O sweet September rain!
We welcome thee across the Western main.

This earth is very fair,
Whereon with careless, thankless hearts we stand:
A sphere of marvels is this coiling air,
Girdling the fertile land;
There the cloud-islands lie—
There the tempests do arise and die—
The rain is cradled there,
Falls on the round world, makes it green and fair.

Unfelt, unseen, unheard,
The rain comes sudden from the concave sky;
Even so the human spirit oft is stirred
Most imperceptibly;
Rustle as if of rain
Heard in the chambers of our heart's lone fane—
Breath as of freshened flowers
Whose odor perished in the sultry hours.

A mystery lurks within
Our hearts; we live a false factitious life.
Earth trembles with inexpiable sin:
Wherefore its outer life
Falls gross upon our ears,
Deadening the delicate music of the spheres—
Seems unto us the best,
So that we know not love, we know not rest.

Only sometimes we lie
Where Autumn sunshine streams like purple wine
Through dusky branches, gazing on the sky,
And shadowy dreams divine,
Our troubled hearts invest
With the faint fantasy of utter rest—
And for one moment we
Hear the long wave roll of the Infinite Sea.

J. S. Bach.

(TRANSLATED FOR THIS JOURNAL FROM THE
"DEUTSCHE MUSIK-ZEITUNG" OF VIENNA.)

Arias from various Cantatas, with Piano-forte accompaniment,
arranged by ROBERT FRANZ. Four sets (9 Alto, 9 Bass, 9
Soprano, 9 Tenor Arias). Leipzig: F. Whistling; Boston:
O. Ditson & Co.

(Concluded from page 198.)

To these principles we must accord our unqualified assent, especially when we consider the discretion and piety, with which he has everywhere applied them. FRANZ enjoyed already a good reputation in the musical Present, and it has already been shown in these pages, how much he has learned from BACH. Hence we must approach the work with a prepossession in its favor.

And in fact it bears witness unequivocally of an eminent gift in Franz for seizing the innermost nature of Bach, and for so reproducing it, that at every step new lights spring up for us to show the wonderful splendor latent in his works. We regard the work as *one of the most eminent artistic achievements both of Franz himself, and of these latter times.* The reproduction of Bach's works in this form announces not only the most consummate mastery of *technique*, not only a great and truly productive skill in overcoming all the difficulties of such an undertaking; but, what is much more, the capacity of merging himself in Bach's very spirit, of *thinking musically in his sense*, and of giving full expression to his often only indicated intentions. And herein rules, as one may read clearly enough between the lines of the preface, not the mere interest in form, not the soulless pedantry of strict historical objectivity, but the *genuine artistic, and therefore the alone availing purpose, to bring before us, by all the means at his command and suited to the case, the eternally true spiritual meaning, the poetic feeling of the Arias.* How surprisingly successful he has been in this, in every case, any one will convince himself, who will compare the arrangement with the original; every one, who knows Bach somewhat, will have the impression, that what he heretofore had only a dim suspicion of in him, is brought out into full clearness through this work; to the most he will show himself from *an entirely new side*; the prejudice about antiquatedness, one-sidedness, &c., must vanish before the charm of euphony, of poetic immediateness and of universal human truth, which meets us here, and which will make him outlast all the changes of taste and of ages.

The carrying out of the organ part is done with great care; the conduct of the voices (parts) is always smooth and fluent; frequent turns are interspersed, borrowed from the musical matter of the rest of the accompaniment, which thus contribute very aptly to the animation of single parts. This is by no means contrary to the sense of Bach, who in the performance of his Cantatas used to take the organ part himself, and must certainly have interwoven here and there a multitude of most interesting details. Besides, the arranger here, as everywhere, has gone to work with foresight and fine taste. Everywhere you see, that Bach himself has been his teacher. In shifting the position of the *parts* in the accompaniment, as is sometimes demanded in the interests of euphony, the orchestral coloring of the modern pianism, and his own long accredited skill in the use of it, served him in good stead.

The difficulties, which must have arisen for a portion of the public through this sort of arrangement, very properly have moved him to no concession, which would have trenched too nearly on the claims of the work itself; for the sole determining end with him had to be, to present these noble things once more in a garb that corresponds as nearly as possible to their intrinsic

worth. Only by these means was it possible for him to write orchestrally, and yet at the same time in a manner suited to the pianoforte. We hold that his solution of this problem has been exceedingly successful; especially since Franz has been able in this manner to take in a multitude of little traits, which are passed over in an ordinary pianoforte arrangement, but which often contribute not a little to the characteristic beauty of the piece. Especially may this arrangement be regarded as *a model of an excellent pianoforte style, since it unites the solidity of the old with the euphony of the new forms in a peculiar and unprecedented manner.* This is not the place to enter into particulars about this; for in our whole discussion we have but slightly touched a multitude of points, which really deserved a fuller illustration and a deeper analysis. But one thing requires especial mention; namely, that this piano style, in spite of its thoroughly modern color—particularly as regards the placing of the parts and fullness of sound—yet wholly preserves the fundamental character of Bach's pianoforte as well as instrumental *technique*, its wonderful *conduct of the individual parts.* Not only in the vocal movements has every *part* with Bach its individual, personal character, but almost everywhere; the peculiarity of Bach's harmony consists not so much in beautiful successions of chords, as in the euphonious coöperation of independent *parts* running along together, whereby larger harmonic bodies, or (so to speak) moving organisms arise, which only become intelligible as a *whole*, and have their chief charm not in the simultaneous sounding of note upon note (chords), but in the live mingling and companionship of several streams of tone (*melodic parts*). To keep uninjured the mysterious charm of this entirely unique *polyphony*; to guard its progressions, conditioned as they are on all sides, alike in their preparations and in their effects, and never wholly isolated; in many cases imitating, in others fitly modifying;—to reproduce its beautiful transparency, symmetry, fluidity, &c.; to lay on neither too harsh, nor too faint colors, and yet to write in a way suited to the piano and suited to the player:—all this presupposes an exceedingly fine connoisseurship in the Bach style and a singularly well cultivated ear.

Franz's arrangement unites all these excellencies in a perfection never before reached; and this is a point, which cannot be urgently enough commended to the attention of our younger composers especially, but also to pianists. For the modern piano-forte style threatens more and more to degenerate into empty virtuoso glitter and hollow formalism, unless it shall condescend to take up into itself vital elements of an old, approved piano *technique*, especially a *stricter conduct of the parts.* The mere "intention," be it poetical or not, does not avail; and SCHUMANN as well as CHOPIN had studied BACH very thoroughly.—This work also proves, that the highest poesy and a solid form are no irreconcilable opposites.—The on the whole unimportant modifications in

the voice part, which we meet with, are always referable to a good reason and bespeak taste and a fine ear. Often a greater support has been given to the voice in the accompaniment, than the score indicates—a very desirable auxiliary, facilitating the practical execution.—Also, in respect to the abbreviations, which the editor has undertaken, we agree with him entirely; he has done it in a way that shows tact and fine judgment. Perhaps many would have deemed a more extensive freedom in this point desirable, especially as it regards the longer interludes, or the like; and possibly many of the Arias might have gained in penetrating power by a yet greater conciseness; but who will draw the line once for all?

Finally, the execution marks, affixed with great fidelity and care, deserve thanks, especially from the less initiated. They give the most direct suggestion of the manner of execution which the arranger has conceived, and point at the same time to a method of singing, which to be sure does not look very much like that now in vogue, but which for Bach's sake alone deserves the most careful consideration.—We simply refer in this connection to the excellent remarks in the arranger's preface, which treat of it at length.

We scarcely need remark, after what has been said, that we regard the work before us as an extremely valuable contribution, both to the understanding of Bach, and to the stimulating and reviving of a genuine artistic feeling. Hence we can only, in concluding, express our heartfelt thanks to the editor for this genuine artistic deed full of noble piety towards the great master, full of moral earnestness and deep enthusiasm for the true weal of our Future both in an artistic and a moral point of view. No one will take the work in hand, without feeling a breath of the spirit that was alive in Bach; no earnest musician will study it without receiving the warmest impulse; no unsophisticated soul will drink therefrom, without a glorious delight and without the feeling of being lifted above itself so the beholding of eternal clearness and beauty.

[For the London Musical World and Dwight's Journal of Music.]

Dussik, Dussek, Duschek.

We next find Dussek in Berlin, in 1784.

This was the period of the great popularity of Franklins harmonica and instrument makers were everywhere endeavoring to find some sort of key apparatus to take the place of the wet fingers in producing the tone. In Berlin two men in particular, unknown to each other, were then endeavoring to solve the problem; Röllig, a very accomplished Viennese, distinguished afterwards for several interesting musical inventions, and a certain Hessel, whom Gerber calls a mechanician of St. Petersburg, but who according to Röllig (in a letter to the Leipz. Mus. Zeitung, Feb. 1803) was an excellent portrait painter from Curland. These two men accomplished their object each in his own way. Röllig afterward travelled extensively with his instrument, upon which he was very skillful, while Hessel's passed into the hands of young Dussek. Gerber says in the *old Lexicon*,* writing at the latest in the win-

ter of 1789-90, "I remember still with pleasure having been witness in Cassel in 1785 of the extraordinary skill, precision and rapidity of both hands of this great artist upon the pianoforte, and of his learned and judicious execution upon the keyed harmonica. He was then traveling to exhibit the instrument. It was in no way different from the ordinary harmonica, except that the glasses were put in motion by a treadle and band, and were arranged in three rows instead of one for the greater convenience of adapting the keys."

In his notice of Hessel, Gerber says, after copying a description of the instrument, "I can testify to the correctness of this description, as I heard Herr Dussik play upon the very instrument here described in Cassel in 1785. He enchanted all his auditors, by a slow, harmonic introduction full of learned modulations, followed by the choral "Allein Gott in der Höh sey Ehr." He however at that time claimed the instrument as his own invention."

"But not alone as a performer "continues Gerber," but also as composer, this young man (Dussek) takes a superior rank among the Germans. There have already appeared from his pen,

3 Pianoforte Concertos with accompaniment Op. I., at the Hague.

6 Pianoforte Sonatas with 1 violin., Op. II. Hague.

6 Pianoforte Sonatas with 1 violin, Op. III. Hague.

3 P. F. Sonatas with Violin and Violoncello, printed at Berlin in 1786; and finally

3 Easy (Kleine) do., at Paris, Op. 1.

"Judging from the Berlin publications the ruling qualities of his compositions are uncommon delicacy and the finest taste combined with fire, invention and great knowledge of harmony. There would be nothing left to wish, if this fire and this richness of invention did not too often mislead him into forgetting the art of expressing his ideas within due limits."

From Cassel Dussek made his way to the Electoral court at Mainz (Mentz) "where he gained the favor of the nobility and the affection of distinguished 'tone-artists,'" (Dlabacz.)

In 1786 he went on to Paris with the *Hofmeister* (Steward?) of the French Ambassador at Berlin, where he played in the presence of the Queen Marie Antoinette, who granted him her protection. (Do.)

Gerber makes him go thence directly to London; but Dlabacz says "notwithstanding this (i.e. the favor of the Queen) he was forced away from Paris by his longing to see Italy. So he journeyed to Milan, where he gave concerts both upon the pianoforte and the keyed Harmonica and won the universal respect of the Italian musicians. Similar proofs of regard were shown him on many occasions by Germans and the distinguished Saxon capellmeister Ernst assured his (Dussek's) father in a very friendly and for the son most flattering letter, that, when passing through Dresden, he had gained the high opinion not only of the entire Electoral orchestra but of the Elector himself and of all the court."

Means are wanting to trace him through the years 1787-9—probably English publications may supply them—but Gerber says he had gained firm footing in London as teacher of the pianoforte in 1790, and Dlabacz mentions the "princess" of York as one of his pupils.

Joseph Haydn, too, found him in London and thought so highly of him as to write to the elder Dussik in Czaslau, as follows:

"Most Worthy Friend!

"I thank you from my heart, that you, in your last letter to your Herr Son, have also remembered me. I therefore double my compliments in return, and consider myself fortunate in being able to assure you, that you have one of the most upright, moral and, in music most eminent of men, for a son. I love him just as you do, for he fully deserves it. Give him then daily a father's blessing and then will he be ever fortunate—which I heartily wish him for his great talents. I am with all respects your most sincere friend,

JOSEPH HAYDN.

London, Feb. 26, 1792.

"About 1792, Dussek married Miss Corri, who was the principal singer at the London Professional concerts, he being concerto player to the same and playing in 'a style of incredible perfection.'" (Gerber.)

In 1796 (?) he established in company with Corri, his father-in-law, a music publishing house, which had the title "Music sellers to their Majesties, and their royal highnesses the Prince of Wales and Duchess of York." (Gerber.)

But the English part of Dussek's life must be left to some other person; I will pass on to his advent again upon German soil.

In the L. M. Zeitung Feb. 5, 1800, a correspondent says "the celebrated Dussek from London is at present in Hamburg." He had come thither, says Gerber, in January," as they say to push the publications of his house." There is a story, however, that a love affair had something to do with his sudden appearance in the German seaport.

March 5, the L. M. Z. correspondent says, "Steibelt and Dussek from London were here for some time. The latter, who, as I learn at this moment, is still here, "let himself be heard," in several solos on the pianoforte at the Harmonie."

It appears from a list of public concerts in Hamburg afterwards sent to the L. M. Zeitung, that during this year (1800) Dussek gave one on Feb. 24th and a second April 17th in the "Eimbeck House," and that, March 5th 1801, in the same place, at a concert given by Düsert a singer from Berlin, he played a sonata of his own for four hands on "a very beautiful English pianoforte by Clementi"—the other player being Musikdirektor Schwenke.

On the 23d of April, 1801, Himmel, the Berlin Capellmeister gave a concert in Freemason's hall, in Hamburg. Among the pieces given was a sonata by Himmel for two pianofortes, played by the concert-giver and Dussek. Such a sonata, says the correspondent, "played by two such perfect performers, upon two very beautiful and equal English instruments could not be otherwise than perfectly executed." At the close of his letter, which is dated "May, 1801," the writer returns to Dussek, thus; "As you know, the with good reason so renowned pianist, Dussek, has been with us for the last year and a half and has performed several times in public. What pleasure people take in making comparisons; and so in this case. Some prefer Himmel; others Dussek; and as to others, they could not make up their minds. For myself, Dussek seems both as performer and composer for the pianoforte,—although his compositions for correctness fall

* Gerber's "Lexicon der Tonkünstler" is in two parts, that of 1792 in 2 vols., and that of 1812-14 in 4 vols. The latter is not a new edition of the former but its complement and supplement. One must have both. The preface to the "old Lexicon" is dated March 26, 1790.

somewhat behind those of Himmel, yet for their greater originality and characteristic touches—to merit the higher place. As to mere execution—but only in this one, single respect—is Woelfl stronger than either. Herr Himmel, it is said, is going to St. Petersburg; Herr Dussek, it seems, finds a still longer stay with us agreeable.”

Although in the following notice Dussek is barely mentioned, still the other names in it will justify its insertion. It is from the *L. M. Zeitung* Vol. III. 835.

“Ottensen (a large, populous village, close by Altona, on the Elbe) Aug. 2, 1801.

“Yesterday Herr Brabam (properly Abraham) and Madame Storaci [sic], who have come hither via Vienna from Naples, and for whom the celebrated Cimarosa composed his last opera, gave, in Herr Rainville's beautiful hall, a concert which was very brilliant, both for the distinguished artists engaged in it and for the largeness of the audience, notwithstanding the price of admission was a ducat.

Herr Brabam has a voice of great flexibility and of extraordinary compass; almost all imaginable passages, ornaments and runs, he executes with astounding precision, certainty and clearness; the only trouble is that he overburdens all simple natural melody with his embellishments. Mad. Storaci, a well known singer these twenty years past, is nothing extraordinary. Herr Jar-novick [Giarnowichi] played a new concerto for the violin composed by himself, and Herr Dussek performed upon the pianoforte. The receipts amounted to about 700 Ducats.”

I find no notices of Dussek during the winter 1801–2, but a few months later Dlabacz records his appearance in Prague, and his visit in company with his sister, Mad. Cianchettini, to their parents in Czeslau. Oct. 26th (1802) Dussek gave in the Convict hall in Prague a grand concert, with the following programme,

1. Symphony by Joseph Haydn.
2. Pianoforte Concerto composed and played by Dussek.
3. Andante for grand orchestra, Mozart.
4. Extemporaneous fantasia, Dussek.
5. Another Concerto by him.

“Everybody was carried away by his masterly treatment of his instrument” says father D., “Dussek now journeyed,” he continues, “via Czeslau, where he spent some months with his parents, to Vienna, and appeared there in public with the same unanimous applause.”

Here occurs another confusion of dates; for Dlabacz, the *L. M. Zeitung*, and Tomaschek (in his autobiography) are hardly to be reconciled; but having no means of deciding between them, I give the passages from each, and leave the matter to judge and jury. Apparently Dlabacz is wrong in making Dussek go from Prague to Vienna. I find nowhere any contemporary notice of his being there in those years—while the notices in the *L. M. Zeitung*, seem to prove, that he at this time *could not* have been there. Then, too, how could Tomaschek omit recording the concert of 1802—or the other authorities those of 1804—if Dussek was in Prague both of those years? There is a mistake somewhere I think.

Dlabacz, a resident of Prague gives, as one have seen, the programme of the concert of Oct. 26, 1802.

Now in the *L. M. Zeitung* of Dec. 1, 1802,

there is an article upon music in Leipzig beginning thus: “Within about a month past the following foreign virtuosos have been heard here, some in the weekly, others in their own concerts.” The fourth of these persons noticed is

“Herr Dussik (or as his name is written in our English communications, Dussek) from London—long since of highest repute, as one of the very first of pianists and a favorite composer, whose new works, not yet known in Germany, far surpass his older and well known ones and deserve far more than any others a better acquaintance. In the concerto in G minor, his own composition, and full of character, he mastered great difficulties apparently quite without effort, exhibiting in addition to his extraordinary execution a precision and delicacy, not often found so combined. These excellencies he manifested in a still higher degree in an extemporary fantasia.” A year later the same journal prints a letter from Brunswick, written by one of those asses, who send communications without dates. By a careful comparison of various notices of Brunswick music, it appears that the correspondent is telling the musical events of the preceding winter, viz., that of 1802–3. Speaking of Musikdirector le Gaye's series of twelve concerts, he adds, “Herr Dussek, who spent some weeks here, rejoiced us with several concertos and fantasias. Our young organists will not praise the latter.” (!)

We have another proof of his presence in Leipzig in November, 1802, in the following bit of sharp writing, wherein our old friend Pleyel (in vulgar parlance) “catches” it.

SUUM CUIQUE.

Herr Pleyel in Paris,—who, since he has begun to give the public fewer of his own compositions, drives the business of publishing with so much the more active and often singular industry, with the works of others,—and to this end has reprinted several of my compositions—published, not long since, a French translation of the pianoforte school by me, which appeared in London under the title

“Dussek's Instructions, etc.,—Corri, Dussek, & Co,”

and did me the unexpected honor to name himself on the title page as part author of the same. On what grounds, I do not know; for certain examples, not very well chosen, and at all events very well to be dispensed with, which he introduced, certainly gave him no such right.

During my present tour in Germany I find this pianoforte school of mine, in a German translation, published by Messrs. Hoffmeister and Rühnel in Leipzig, who have been pleased, for what reason I know not, to suppress my name from the titlepage and give Herr Pleyel alone as the author.

Without pretending to claim for this little work any greater value than it really deserves, I still believe that it is a duty to myself and the public, to put this injustice in its true light and vindicate my claim to my own property.

At the same time I hereby make known, that a new and improved edition, of the pianoforte school prepared by myself, and much enlarged with suitable examples and remarks and in the German language, is now in press and will immediately be published by Messrs. Breitkopf & Härtel. This edition alone can I acknowledge as mine and recommend to the friends of music.

Leipzig, in November, 1802.

JOHANN LUDEWIG DUSSEK.

But here follows proof also that he was in Leipzig in the September, preceding; and if there on Sept. 18,—did he in those days of ante-railroad communication, visit Prague in October and return to Leipzig again the next month? This certainly disproves Dlabacz's *quoad* the journey to Vienna, and the “some months” in Czeslau. The paragraph is from the “*Zeitung für die Elegante Welt*,” Nov. 20, 1802, and is translated from an article headed “Music in Leipzig.”

Yesterday (Sept. 18,) the great, and in respect to unlimited power over the prodigious difficulties, perhaps the *greatest*—pianist of our time, made his appearance in the hall of the Gewandhaus, playing a concerto in G minor—his own composition, an extemporaneous fantasia. Profound harmonic art and original combinations distinguish his works, but there is also much that is irregular and strange. He is burdened, oppressed, one may say, by the very greatness of his powers, and yet we have proofs here and there, of the high cultivation of his sense of the truly beautiful. In the free fantasia, there are other artists, who are more satisfactory, and for precisely this reason. To arouse astonishment must ever be but a secondary object of the artist—but how many are they, who choose rather to excite wonder, than love!—Which paragraph must have been commonly edifying to the readers of the *Zeitung* for the elegant world—sixty years since!

Beethoven's “Fidelio,” by Liszt.

(Translated from the German for the New York Musical Review and World.)

Beethoven's only dramatic work occupies one of the most conspicuous places in that series of sublime compositions, to attack the acknowledged excellences of which is absolutely forbidden by æsthetic decorum, and to the hearing of which one may give himself up, with the fullest confidence that no disappointment will interrupt his entire admiration. For more than forty years has this opera been composed, and for only about twenty years has it been an acknowledged *chef d'œuvre*; so much so that not to be able to produce it in a respectable manner would be a disgrace to any German theatre. But what was the fate of this great work during the first twenty after its completion? It was treated with contempt by performers; condemned by the critics; laid aside by managers; and forgotten by the public. It is hardly to be doubted that Beethoven would have presented the German stage with a series of master-operas, had his first-born been met with that attention which the strong, earnest nature of the composer demanded from a cultivated public instead of with shrugs, mockery, and even with derision.

As a dramatic musical work, the “Fidelio” falls far short of perfection. A want of acquaintance with scenic effects is evinced, as well in the selection of a subject as in the symphonic treatment of both orchestra and voices. Nevertheless, the lyric and orchestral beauties, in which the work is so rich, stand out so prominently as to compensate almost for the want of dramatic interest. These rise triumphantly above the weakness of the libretto, and, even in the most uninteresting situations, develop such a wealth of sparkling, heartfelt, profound emotions, that no true artist, no cultivated spirit, can avoid being deeply impressed with their glowing, captivating tones; can refuse admiration for the composition, or most cordial sympathy for the composer, and for the sufferings of that genius, who, with just indignation, forsook the path of intellectual labor that man had strewed for him with thorns. The overture especially, the same which in our day is

received with general enthusiasm, and universally esteemed as one of the most glorious musical achievements, was a source of great vexation to Beethoven; a just and instructive account of which may be found in a book in other respects not entitled to commendation—Schindler's *Life of Beethoven*. It is there related to what torture Beethoven was put, as he was obliged to reconstruct it again and again, even to the fourth time, in order to suit it to the littleness of the pigmies, who even accused him of musical heresy; with what misery he had to contend, and with what meanness he was driven from the field.

A comparison of the four several versions extant makes apparent the forced mutilations of thought, and the gradual enfeebling of the eloquence whose glowing inspirations and transporting power we to-day admire in its original form; that form which Beethoven was forced four times to lower to the level of the ass-eared tribe who dared to judge him. But not long after, on the same stage, a like fate awaited the work of a master of scarcely less renown. Weber's "Euryanthe" met a like fortune, and the ever-ready judgment of the public exhibited itself, alas! only in a bad, clumsy pun.* Weber, even as Beethoven, with great effort clothed a used-up dramatic subject with the beauties of his superior art. So, also, was his labor unacknowledged and ill-received. Fortunately the brilliant overture of Weber has come to us free from those barbarous mutilations to which Beethoven mistakenly submitted.

It is a profitable occupation, now and then, to institute an examination into the causes of the success of some theatrical production. How many are there that consider how long the perfect expression of the noblest thoughts which Beethoven has given in "Fidelio" would have remained concealed under the thick veil of oblivion, had they not found a warm, genial artist, who entered into all the details and effective points of her rôle with a rare strength and power of conception almost exclusively her own; who united a pure gentleness with manly energy and bold vigor, whose interpretations were entirely her own, and whose dress even brought into clearer light her many perfections! Madam Schroeder-Devrient, with true artist-like conception of her rôle gave full expression to its pathos; and there was scarcely a spectator who was not carried away with admiration, as the charming woman, in male attire, with an action at which every heart trembled, but which was still all grace, threatened the astonished governor with her pistol. It is not too much to say that Germany is half indebted for the rich treasure she possesses in "Fidelio" next to its author, to Madame Schroeder-Devrient, its first true interpreter.

Will this example prevent other works from sharing the same fate? Hardly? In matters of art, genius is manifested by the progress in originality of its productions. But that which is new in music, as I have before declared and proved, can not at all count upon instantaneous and general sympathy. The length of time necessary for the appreciation of new works offered under new forms, can only be determined by accidental circumstances. Honored be he who, from their intrinsic value, can determine the place which new compositions shall occupy in the future. The support which the wealthy have given to art, and without which it could hardly have survived, is most important in this connection. It is the privilege of those untroubled by personal or business cares, to treasure the beautiful in art for its own sake; to nurse and protect it until the public are educated to its proper appreciation. Intelligent governments, occupying the highest political position, and empowered to enforce their desires, are often not only best able to judge of art, but are also most necessary for its protection and advancement. That this is so, witness Gluck, whom Marie Antoinette alone sustained for years, and Spontini, whose "Vestal" might never have found an audience without the Empress Josephine. Fortunate in this respect are we at

Weimar. Nowhere more than here are the spiritual lights of the age more cherished and encouraged in diffusing their rays abroad.

What consequence is it whether the operas of Wagner, against which such systematic opposition has been raised, have triumphed or failed here and there? In Weimar, they have found a foothold, and from thence may pervade the world with that which in them is original. This is a fact, the consequences of which for art will be more manifest hereafter, and little by little. When these operas were given here, immediate success was less cared for than the elevation of art, and the furnishing a repertoire of operas, such as shall enforce respect.

In our time has arisen a second "Fidelio," a work of high, lofty conceptions, the production of one who is also a great symphonic writer, but of one who sooner made himself acquainted with the requisites of dramatic treatment, and knew better than Beethoven how to use the materials at his disposal. I refer to the "Benevenuto Cellini" of Hector Berlioz. Its hour has not come yet, and it is most unfortunate for the opera that its composer is still living. When the time comes that the little jealousies which have caused the failure of this work, wherever it has been produced, shall have passed away, it will be acknowledged as one of the most important of our age, and the stage at Weimar may with pride boast that it alone has saved it from oblivion.

Behind the Scenes at the Theatre.

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."

If you wish to make everybody anxious to visit a building, or to excite intense curiosity as to its interior arrangements, write up "No Admittance" over the door.

The stage of the theatre, or behind the scenes, is to the public generally an object of intense curiosity; simply because they are not familiar with it, and not allowed to visit it.

What an intense desire a clock would excite to witness the concealed machinery which moved the visible hands, chronicle with unerring accuracy, the hours of the day, were that machinery studiously concealed from all except those who made and worked it and a few of their privileged friends! But the opportunity for viewing the machinery and works of the chronicler of time is open to all, and they are so easy of access that although quite interesting, they excite but comparatively little curiosity to see them.

But after witnessing the wonders of the mimic pageants of the stage, where rocks and forests appear at the prompter's whistle, or great cities start like magic into existence, to melt away at the same shrill command into the hall of the palace or the squalid hut of poverty, and the scenes represented are peopled by those romantic heroes and robbers, beautiful maidens, peasants with souls above their station, tyrants, lovers, villagers, and all make allusions as near like reality as possible,—who can wonder at the charm the drama and the theatre have at some period of life, to almost all of us who often witness there almost the realization of something we have imagined, the representation of some of our own air castles; and that actors who can open the fountains of our hearts by the mere make-believe of emotion, or cause us to forget in the plenitude of merriment and humor that there was such a thing as care in the world,—that actors should possess an interest different than almost anybody else.

What a desire there is of some youngsters to have a speaking acquaintance with a man who has faced the footlights, with one who becomes each night a robed monarch or a plumed chieftain. Nay, a "professional" off the stage is a marked man among us of older years, and whenever seen in any public place he feels the force of a facetious individual's definition of fame, which was as follows:

"There goes Snooks!"

But we have not yet got "behind the scenes" at the theatre, usually somewhat a difficult matter, and we hope it always may be.

A person who has never visited this locality would not only be at a loss to understand the use or name of half that met his gaze, but almost require an interpreter to explain the professional conversation that he would hear.

The visitor, after entering the modest, private entrance known as the stage door, first encounters an individual seated there whose duty it is to guard the mysterious realms within; this sentinel knows all entitled to admission, performers, work-

men, scene-shifters, etc., and admits none, other on any pretence whatever, save by the managers' order. Past him, and just before stepping into a mysterious labyrinth of what appears to be thin board partitions, standing thickly together, you pause to read what appears to be a little notice stuck up against the wall; one or two performers who are "not in" the first piece, and who have come in at the same time with you, also pause, and in repose to the inquiry of one to the other of "When's the call for to-morrow," you hear the reply of "Eleven o'clock."

The notice reads something like the following:

Tuesday.

Macbeth, 2d act, at 11 o'clock.

Choruses at 1.

5th act and marches, 2.

Auxiliaries report to Mr. B. at 10 1-2 on the stage.

Wednesday, 11.

Mr. Spouter's scenes in Lady of Lyons.

Raising the wind at 12 1-2.

This tells the actors at what hour they are wanted at rehearsal, and what the play is that is to be rehearsed, and sometimes the cast of characters for the piece.

Once upon the stage, the novice is bewildered with a wilderness of scenes, standing in every direction; dim, mysterious passages stretch off on all sides, and are lost in the distance; there is a peculiar gas and paint like scent pervading the place, a sort of perfume belonging peculiarly to the theatre; casting the eyes above, he beholds a perfect maze of ropes and canvas running in every direction, like the rigging of a ship, and apparently in the most explicable confusion; there is a steady roar of gas from the burners at the wings,—to the uninitiated making so much noise that he wonders how the actors can hear each other on the stage. In fact, in a sort of bewilderment, he really begins to wonder where the stage is, till he makes a step or two in some direction, and suddenly finds himself almost in full view of the audience, a confused kaleidoscope of colors beyond a circle of gleaming gas light, with spires of gas, orchestra, chandeliers, and stucco work, apparently to his hurried gaze, mixed together in confusion.

Back amid the scenery again—how coarse it looks; this magnificent saloon, the colors close at hand look as though finished with a white-wash brush; this throne, too, a mere wooden chair, daubed with flashy paint and gilt; you knock over a couple of flagons from a table that is all ready to be carried upon the stage for use in the next act; they fall to the floor with a sound like a lady's empty work-basket,— "Papier maché," you ejaculate, and a man in his shirt-sleeves tells you to be careful of those "properties." It is a magnificent banquet—a cross-legged pine table completely covered with a huge red flannel cloth, with a yellow cotton border, and spread with six paste-board goblets, two ditto flagons, two ditto dishes, with red, green and yellow paste-board fruit, two wood and gilt candelabra, and one real dish with a bunch of artificial flowers and four apples.

Stand aside,—here comes the king!—his face is a study, the wrinkles drawn beautifully in India ink, the ashen hue of age put on nicely, the russet apple red of the cheeks and the artificial white eyebrows and beard, each severally attracting your attention, and making you wonder how the deuce it is that it looks so natural from the other side of the foot lights.

Here we are at the Green Room, and the prompter has just "rung down" on the second act, and "rung in" the orchestra, who are playing gaily in front; three or four actors are just "coming off." The ruffian is cracking a joke as he walks along with a young cavalier whom he murdered a few moments before in sight of the audience, and another plumed and glittering individual dashes up a flight of stairs, towards the regions above, three steps at a time, saying something about his dressing room and "a change," for the next act. A lady, brilliant in regal costume, has both hands full of her silk dress held up about her to keep from contact with the boards, and as you gaze upon her you can hardly credit it, that it is the lovely being that you were almost in love with from the auditorium; some of the little arts of the stage begin to be apparent to you, and red lips, blooming cheeks, arched eyebrows, dreamy eyes, flowing ringlets, snowy neck, and other charms have not the attraction they had when distance lent enchantment to the view,—but gallantry holds our pen.

"All ready for the third act," says a call boy to a few assembled in the Green room, and away he dashes up stairs to call some one who is not ready.

Here comes the Prompter, book in hand, "King, Sir Charles, Lord Somers, Captain of the Guard,—ready at left, upper entrance," he says as he hurries past, and away go the characters named to take position, ready for entrance, while the busy prompter

* They said it was not "Euryanthe," but "Ennuyante."

hurries from point to point to see that all is right; stations half a dozen guards at one entrance to rush on at the proper signal—asks a couple of scene-shifters if they "have the flat ready for the second scene," and to "see that the door opens easy"—takes a hasty glance here, there and everywhere,—a final one at the stage—steps back to his post behind the pillar at the right proscenium—"clear stage,"—pulls a bell that communicates with the leader of the orchestra, and signals him to cease playing—pulls another to warn the man far above him to be ready at the curtain—grasps his book and "rings up,"—and in obedience to his signal the act drop slowly rolls up far amid the canvas skies, draperies and foliage.

Perhaps not one in a hundred of those who go to the theatre have the least idea of the importance of the prompter's position; the popular idea is, that his duties consist in holding a book of the play and giving the actors the word whenever memory fails them. This, however, is the least of his duties, and there is probably no man on the stage who understands the whole business of the profession better than a good prompter.

He is the hardest working man on the stage during a performance, and, though sometimes heard, is never seen; the audience do not begin to know how much he contributes to their enjoyment. He must be familiar with the business, the scenery, the exits and entrances, the properties required, in fact the general working of the whole piece; and during performance, it depends upon him to see whether it is done correctly or not.

It is he that is heard knocking without before some one comes in before the audience, he rings the bells, starts the thunder, directs the lightning, sets the rain going, makes the crashes, gives the signals for mobs or soldiers to rush on, and beckons them when to come off, sees that the actors go on and off at proper points, that the proper scenes are set, and whistles them on and off; one of his bells signal his forces above to drop clouds, draperies, or foliage; and another tells his machinists below when to lower a trap with a demon and his victim, amid a blaze of red fire, or to hoist up a fairy with gossamer wings, to the sound of music.

His little desk behind the pillar is surrounded with a complication of knobs and cords. Here is a brass plate marked with indices, "light," "dark," "foot-lights," "wings," "front," a small lever turned to either of these will lower or raise the lights at pleasure; half a dozen bell-pulls communicate with "orchestra," "traps," "green-room," "curtain," and the "flies" (far up above), and other points; speaking tubes for the leader of the orchestra and the man at the curtain, facilitate his communication with these points.

A bell and knocker are fixed within his reach for ringing or knocking without, a rope that starts the rain, another that sets the thunder going, and a third that tolls a big bell when the criminal is going to execution or they "ring the alarm bell," are all within reach of his hand. Besides attending to all the business of the piece, he must see a little in advance of the time of each actor's entrance in the progress of a scene, that he is at his proper point of entrance and ready to "come on;" in this he is assisted by a call boy, who obeys his orders and carries his messages from point to point. Beside all this constant watching he must be ready, if the actor falters in his part, to give him the word on the instant, and not let the piece or the performer suffer from a momentary failure of memory.

Knowing all this, reader, we will excuse the prompter if he only gives us a hurried glance as he attends to business, which will not bear an instant slighting.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

(To be continued.)

HAYDN AND THE MUSIC-SELLER.—Haydn used to relate with much pleasure a dispute which he had with a music-seller in London. Amusing himself one morning, after the English fashion, in shopping, he inquired of a music-seller if he had any select and beautiful music. "Certainly," replied the shopman, "I have just printed some sublime music of Haydn's." "O," returned Haydn, "I'll have nothing to do with that." "How sir, you will have nothing to do with Haydn's music! and pray what fault have you to find with it?" "O, plenty; but it is useless talking about it, since it does not suit me; show me some other." The music-seller, who was a warm Haydnist, replied, "No, sir; I have music, it is true, but not for such as you," and turned his back upon him. As Haydn was going away, smiling, a gentleman of his acquaintance entered, and accosted him by name. The music-seller, still out of humor, turned round at the name, and said to the person who had just entered the shop: "Haydn! ay, here's a fellow who says he does not like that great man's music." The

Englishman laughed—and explanation took place—and the music-seller was made acquainted with the man who found fault with Haydn's music.

Musical Correspondence.

BURLINGTON VERMONT, 11 o'clock Friday Eve. Sept. 23.—Mr. Editor.—The present event here is the assembling of the "Western Vermont Musical Association, under the direction of B. F. Baker of Boston, assisted by Mrs. Minnie Little and S. C. Moore from the same city.

About three hundred, the best vocal talent of Vermont came together last Tuesday morning and have remained with us since, practicing daily. In spite of the "hard times," the attendance has been greater this year than usual. The mornings have been devoted to the cultivation of the voice, afternoons and evenings to practicing in the "Choral Harmony" by Baker & Perkins and "Handel's Messiah." Under the thorough drill of Prof. Baker, the singers show a marked improvement.

Of the Professor's musical abilities I need not speak, every one is acquainted with them. Mrs. Little the vocalist has a very pretty voice, and received her share of praise, though she like others, is not exempt from faults. Lack of good articulation is one of her most prominent defects. Whenever our country singers hear one from the city, they are sure to imitate their faults as well as their good qualities, hence let every city singer bear in mind, that whenever they sing in the country, they are establishing a precedent. This bad articulation is quite prevalent among our choirs. A short time since, I attended church where I understood they had some excellent performers. With all of their artistic skill the only word perfectly understood by me, was "Lord" and this I partly anticipated.

Prof. Moore, Pianist is a very promising young musician, and stands at the head of his profession in this state. He reads very readily, but is too mechanical in his playing; his accent also is not what it should be.

During the four days of the convention everything has passed off pleasantly. This evening the grand concert which usually closes such gatherings, took place. Notwithstanding the heavy storm through the day and evening, those noted families the "Smith's" and "Jones's," besides thousands of others were present. Mr. Baker must have been exceedingly gratified to have had such a large audience. The selections from the Messiah were very good, and received abundant applause.

Several finely rendered songs added much to the entertainment. One very pretty ballad was sung by D. B. Worley, quite a prolific author, whose songs have become popular in this portion of the State. W. O. Perkins from your city was vociferously cheered after singing "Honor in Arms" from "Sampson." The pet of the evening was a Miss Gaskell from Rutland. We were all enraptured with both her singing and manners. Her voice is remarkably pure and very highly cultivated.

The concert was closed by the singing of the Hallelujah Chorus from "Messiah," which was better sung than any previous selections from the same author. J.

Music Abroad.

The Birmingham Musical Festival.

August 26.—Since the last Festival, the interior of the Town Hall has been redecorated, in a style which would gladden the heart of Mr. Owen Jones himself. The means of illumination, too, have been improved by some classical gas-candelabra, a present from the Messrs. Elkington. Altogether, the building, when filled, this morning, by its audience of

well-dressed women and men, all in holiday attire, and in the best possible spirits, presented a *coup d'œil* which will not easily be forgotten by those present.

The proceedings commenced with the National Anthem, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington taking the first verse, while the second was arranged as a quartet, sung by the above lady, Miss Palmer, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Santley, the whole audience standing up in obedience to the time-honored custom. Then came the real business of the day, the oratorio itself. As I have previously remarked, it was magnificently given. *Elijah* is identified with Birmingham, and no festival here would be considered complete without it. The local amateurs composing the chorus know the work by heart; and when we recollect that, in addition to this, they have enjoyed the advantage of Mr. Costa's advice and guidance for a week or so, we can easily understand that their performance must be immeasurably superior to that of the various associations at the grand musical gatherings in Germany, where the vocalists, to the number of one or two thousand, as at Nuremberg lately, have only one rehearsal. I do not mention this with a view to depreciate the efforts of the natives of Fatherland, but merely to chronicle the fact that England, unmusical as foreigners will persist in calling her, frequently sets an example, even in music, which might with advantage be followed by those who are eternally asserting they are our superiors in all that relates to the divine art of Mendelssohn and Beethoven, of Handel and Mozart.

I now come to the solo singers. The soprano music was confided to Mlle. Titens and Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington. The former lady has evidently made great strides in the rendering of oratorio music since her first essay in the *Creation*. The music in *Elijah* is evidently better suited to her powers than that of Haydn's masterpiece, and the experience she has gained is of great use to her. "Nobody is missed" was a favorite axiom of Talleyrand, the astute, and, though we cannot help regretting that we shall no more listen to the sweet, pure tones of Clara Novello, or the fascinating strains of Mad. Otto Goldschmidt, Mlle. Titens' singing to-day went far to prove the truth of the observation which emanated from the cynical heart of the wily ex-priest and whilome diplomatist. Her execution of the fine air, "Hear ye, Israel," was a superb piece of artistic vocalization and expressive declamation—calm, lofty, and unaffected. Her pronunciation of the English words, moreover, was extremely satisfactory, and proves how assiduously she must have labored to approach perfection—which I am almost tempted to assert she has attained—in every imaginable respect. In the double quartet, "For he shall give," in the trio, "Lift thine eyes," and in the quartet and chorus, "Holy, holy, holy," in the last especially, her natural aptitude for oratorio was placed beyond a doubt.

The contralto music was divided between Mad. Sinton-Dolby and Miss Palmer, who fully sustained their previous reputation.

Mr. Sims Reeves was in fine voice, and never sang with more spirit than on this occasion. His rendering of the recitative and air, "If with all your hearts," was superb. The same may be said of the accompanied recitative, "Man of God," in Part II., and "Then shall the righteous." Mr. Santley was heard to great advantage in all the music allotted to him. His rendering of the song, "Lord God of Abraham," and "Is not his word like fire?" created a deep impression. M. Montem Smith effectively discharged his duties as second tenor, and the subordinate parts in the double quartet were well sustained by Mrs. Sutton, Messrs. Mason, Briggs and Smythson.

Wednesday, August 28.—Handel's *Samson* was performed in the morning and a miscellaneous concert was given in the evening.

In the *Creation* which was given on Thursday, August 29, Mlle. Titens fully sustained her recently earned reputation as a singer of sacred music of the first class. Her rendering of "The marvellous work" and of the airs, "With verdure clad," and "On mighty pens," excited but one sentiment among the audience—that of profound and well-merited approbation, and more than confirmed the decision lately pronounced upon this lady in the same work at the Crystal Palace and Exeter Hall. Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington gave universal satisfaction in the music of Eve, while Mr. Santley did as much in that allotted to Adam. The bass music in the first and second parts was sung by Signor Belletti with his usual excellence. The tenor music in the first part was confided to Mr. Montem Smith; the remainder being reserved for Mr. Sims Reeves, who produced as great a sensation as ever in the recitative and air, "In native worth." The choruses were admirably given; and, to sum up, the whole performance passed off most satisfactorily, despite the chilling absence of anything like applause.

It is as difficult to say anything new about the *Messiah*, which was the oratorio selected for this morning, as it is about the *Creation*.

The performance was magnificent. Again did the great German *prima donna*, Mlle. Titiens, electrify her audience. Her rendering of the air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," was sublime. The other more noticeable points were the singing of Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington in "Rejoice greatly"; of Mad. Sainton-Dolby in "He was despised"; and of Mr. Sims Reeves in the whole of the music which fell to his share. The choruses went admirably, the "Hallelujah" being encored by the President.

Saturday, Aug. 31.—The miscellaneous concert on the evening of Thursday, the 29th inst., went off very well, and gave pretty general satisfaction. The programme, though far from perfect, was an improvement on that of Tuesday evening. Here it is:—

PART I.—Overture, *Masaniello* (Auber); Trio, "Soave sia il vento" (Mozart); Air, "Ah, vous dirai-je, maman?" (Adam); Duo, "Ch' l'antipatica vostra figura" (Ricci); Song, "Twilight is darkening" (Kücken); Concerto, Pianoforte, in E flat (Beethoven); Aria, "Fuman gl' incensi" (Donizetti); Ballata, "Tu m'ami," *La Zingara* (Balfe); Grand finale, *Loreley* (Mendelssohn).

PART II.—Overture, *Guillaume Tell* (Rossini); Aria, "Bravo, bravo, il mio Belcore" (Donizetti); Duo, "Dearest maiden" (Spohr); Aria, "Mille volte sul campo d'onore" (Donizetti); Quintetto, "E scherzando è follia," *Ballo in Maschera* (Verdi); Song, "Within a mile of Edinbro," (Hook); Duo, "Se la vita ancor t'è cara," *Semiramide* (Rossini); Romance, "Ah! now I feel," *Dinorah* (Meyerbeer); Duo, "Pronta io son," *Don Pasquale* (Donizetti); Sestetto, "Sola, sola, *Don Giovanni* (Mozart).

The concert yesterday morning (Friday), was a great success, the greatest, perhaps, achieved during the whole week. The hypercritical might object that the programme was too long, and that Hummel's Mottetto suffered by being placed between two such works as the Mass in D and *Israel in Egypt*. But censure itself should be silent on the occasion like the present. How shall I describe the grandeur, the sublimity which characterised the performance of Beethoven's great work. Language, at least the language at my command—is too weak. The performance was indeed worthy of the composition, and the singers of Birmingham have far surpassed the most sanguine expectations of their warmest admirers. They have deserved the sincerest thanks of every lover of genuine, classical music of the highest class. Never, I will venture to assert, was such a performance ever heard in this country or in any other.

Last night the festival was brought to a close by Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*. The attendance was not very large, although larger than that on the evening the *Creation* was given, while those who were present exhibited a much greater amount of enthusiasm than that manifested on any previous occasion.

At the conclusion of the oratorio, the National Anthem was given—Mad. Rudersdorff and Mlle. Patti taking the solos. Then followed a whirlwind of applause, from orchestra, soloists, chorus, and audience, for Mr. Costa, who fully deserved it, considering the unremitting attention he has devoted to everything connected with his department—no limited one, you will admit. It is a source of regret for all lovers of good music, that no orchestral symphony was included in the programme of the miscellaneous concerts. Such an omission is the more to be deplored, with such a conductor as Mr. Costa to wield the *bâton*, and such an orchestra as that at his command to play a work of this class. With this drawback, the Festival of 1861, both in a pecuniary and artistic sense, may be pronounced the most successful ever given in Birmingham.—*Musical World*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 12, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Homeward Bound.

Our readers were informed some time ago that Mr. Dwight had taken passage on the Great Eastern, whose homeward voyage came to such a sudden end. They will doubtless be pleased to learn of his safety and to read his account of

the disaster, which we take from a letter not intended for publication.

OFF QUEENSTOWN (Ireland), Sept. 18, 1861.

You will be anxiously waiting the "Great Eastern." The "Persia," which left Liverpool 4 days after us, will have arrived and report having met us (on the 16th), returning disabled. Thank God, we are saved!

We sailed on the 10th—smooth, quiet motion, and no sickness—but signs enough of want of organization on board—captain, crew, stewards and all were *new*, almost as much lost on this great ship as the passengers—all in confusion. On the third day (Thursday) a violent gale struck us. The great ship rolled awfully, I never saw a ship roll so (she had no ballast, scarcely any cargo, stood 35 feet out of water to 25 feet under and was top-heavy). I went down into the elegant Saloon and began to read. Presently a lurch, and all the tables, sofas, chairs, mirrors, &c., were dashed back and forth across the room six or eight times with violence—becoming a perfect wreck. I chanced to sit upon the only sofa, which did not start. The skylights (unfastened) were lifted by the wind and smashed. Soon another and worse shaking up—women and children were swept back and forth across the floor with the broken chairs and crockery—some badly hurt, and men cut in hands and face trying to save them. A number of us clung to that sofa and there staid all night till daylight in momentary expectation of destruction during several hours of it. Reports from the deck came in worse and worse—five or six boats were swept away, the paddle wheels broken off, the rudder useless, there was no power left to guide or manage the ship, she could only drift there in the trough of that merciless, tremendous sea—rolling, rolling, day after day, night after night, so that it was seldom safe to go from room to room. Stairs and banisters, on all sides gave way—nothing was firm enough to lean upon. All the internal "fixings," furniture, &c, of dining rooms and all, proved a flimsy sham? In short the ship had been sent out utterly un-sea-worthy.

Morning showed a sad wreck internally, and an almost hopeless prospect outwardly. For the violent wind and sea continued, and we had no means to head our course—no power left but the screw, that useless without the rudder—and the broken rudder swung against and damaged the screw! (The rudder post which broke, was of wrought iron, 10 inches thick!)

Friday afternoon (2d day) the wind abated; but the sea did not. I have slept—or tried to sleep in my clothes from that night till now. Then came an attempt to rig a spar for a rudder—it cost a day's work, and failed! We were drifting though in the right direction, sidewise, towards Ireland—to put back, being our only chance.

Saturday, (3d day), we found that nearly all our trunks were ruined—they would not let us take them to our state-rooms, and we had to leave them out on the floor of a great wide section of the third deck. There hundreds of well packed trunks had been shaken up like dice in the great iron box of a room, and trunks and contents all smashed and "chewed up" into pulp!

That day a passenger, Mr. H. E. Towle, of Boston, a civil engineer, devised, and with incredible labor and skill carried out a plan for restoring our rudder head by means of a huge chain cable. On Sunday afternoon it was tried and (thank God!) succeeded! We could use the screw, and that has brought us slowly to this point, which we reached yesterday at sundown.

Gleanings from Mendelssohn's Letters.

(Translated for this Journal by W. B.)

ROME, JUNE 6, 1831. (To his parents.) The Italians are naturally lazy. To work is to them a

disagreeable necessity, resorted to only to procure money. This is the reason that there is so little industry and competition; that Donizetti finishes an opera in ten days; it is hissed down, but that does not matter, as he is paid for it and may go promenading again. Lest by a series of failures his reputation might suffer and he be obliged to work hard to get it up again, which would be uncomfortable, he sometimes takes three weeks for the making of an Opera and takes special pains with a couple of pieces, to have them please much. After that he can write meanly again for a while and go promenading. In this manner their painters paint those incredibly poor pictures, which rank even much lower than their poor music.

PARIS, DEC. 19, 1831. (To his Father).—Every one of the Opera Librettos brought out here lately would not, according to my conviction, have had the least success in Germany. Moreover the chief tendency in all of them is such, that one must turn right against it—although I acknowledge the times want it and that upon the whole we ought rather to go with the times than against—I mean the immorality in all of them. When, in "Robert le Diable," the nuns, one after another come forward and try to seduce the hero, until at last the abbess succeeds; when the hero is put by a charm into the chamber of his sweetheart and then throws her upon the floor, in a group which is applauded by the public here and probably will be also applauded by the public in Germany, and when then, in an Aria, she asks for pity at his hands; or, when in another opera, a young girl undresses herself, telling in a song how twenty-four hours later she will be married—that has produced an effect, but I have no music for it. For it is vulgar, and if such should be wanted by the opera-goers and be thought indispensable, I would write church-music.

GENOA, JULY, 1831. (To a Lady friend who had asked him to compose for her Zedlitz's descriptive poem of the "Midnight review.") I like to take everything connected with music very seriously, and deem it unpardonable to compose anything which I do not feel through and through. That would seem to me like telling a lie; for notes have a meaning just as well defined as words, and perhaps more so. Now I think it altogether impossible to set a descriptive poem to music. The large number of compositions of this kind which exist do not prove the case against me, but rather speak in my favor; for I do not know one which is satisfactory. One has to choose between a dramatic style and a merely story-telling manner. In the "Erkling" one composer expresses the howling of the wind through the willow-tree, the wailing of the child, the clattering of the horse's hoofs; the other imagines a ballad-singer who chants the horrible tale quietly, just as one tells a ghost-story. The latter mode is the more correct of the two (Reichart has almost always chosen it) but still it will not come natural to me; the music is in my way; it excites my fancy more to read such a poem to myself and imagine the rest, than to hear it read or painted for me.

Now, to compose the "Midnight review" in the story-telling style will not do because there is no one particular person who speaks and because the poem has not the proper ballad-ring to it. I should rather call it a clever fancy than a poem, for it is to me evident that the poet lacked belief in the nebulous personages of his own creating. I might have done it in the descriptive style, like *Neukomm* and *Pischhof*, in Vienna; I might have introduced the long roll of drums in the bass, bugle-blasts in the treble and sundry other dismal sounds; but I think too highly of my serious tones; all these imitations have to me a comic character, they remind me of the illustrations in children's first spelling books where the trees are

all colored with very bright green, to make the children aware that they are intended for trees. And to write and send away something indifferent, that I should not be satisfied with myself; would not do, especially in your case, to whom I would always give the best.

(No date. To Edward Devrient.) You scold me because I am twenty-two years old, and not yet a far-famed man. I can only respond that if God had willed that I should be famous at twenty-two, I should very likely have become so; it is not my fault, for I write neither for fame nor for a chapel-master's place. It were very nice if both these things should come to me; but as long as I do not suffer want it is my duty to write as I feel in my heart and to leave the result to Him who has the care of more and more important matters. One thing only I am trying to do better and better, and that is to compose precisely as I feel and to have less and less outward considerations. When I have done a piece, I have done my duty, and I little care whether it yields me fame, honor, decorations, gold snuffboxes etc.—You want me to write Operas altogether and think me wrong not to have done this already. My answer is: give me a good libretto and it shall be composed in very few months; for my longings to write an Opera grow stronger every day; I know it might become something fresh and merry, if I could only find such a libretto now; but then, it is missing. And, to a text which does not fire me up thoroughly, I do not want to compose.—You certainly do not want me to be idle until I shall have found a libretto—even if this could be? And to have written just now several sacred pieces, has been an inner need with me, just as one sometimes feels a craving to read a particular book—the Bible or something else—and would feel content only with that book at that time and none other. If they remind of Seb. Bach, it is again not my fault, for I have written as I felt it, and if over the words I have got into a mood like old Bach's, I am the more glad for it. You will not think that I copy his forms, without anything in it; if I did attempt that, a feeling of repugnance and emptiness would stop me very soon. I have also since composed some grand music again, which may have some worldly success (the first Walpurgis-night by Goethe) which might be worth something to me, and I have also begun this morceau solely because I found pleasure in it and it put me in good spirits. As to the execution, I have not thought of it. But, now that it lies here finished before me, I see that it might very well make a *Concertstück*; in my first subscription concert at Berlin you must sing the part of the venerable high-priest; I have written it for you, and you must sing it or tell me why not. Beside, as I have this experience that pieces that I write without any thought of the singers, have the best success, I think it will be the same in this case, I mention this only to show you, that I do think of the practical. To be sure I do so only afterwards; but who, the d—, can write music, which is the least practical thing in the world (for which reason I am so fond of it) and, while at it, think of the practical! It is just as if one would put his confession of love into rhymes and verses at home, and deliver it to his beloved by heart.

I am going to Munich (where I have been offered an opera libretto,) to see if there is there a man-poet, for I repeat, I will only have to do with a man who has the sacred fire and talent, without meaning to say, however, that he must be a giant. If I do not find him at Munich, I shall endeavor, solely for that purpose, to make the acquaintance of Immermann. In case he should satisfy me no better, I shall go to London. It seems to me as if my *phenix* always flies from me, but what can I do, fishing for him in the crowd? He lives neither at the Hotel Reichmann nor next door. Where is he then? Write me some day about it, although I believe that the good God

sends us everything—even operas—when we need them, but that is no reason we should not bestir ourselves, and not give ourselves the trouble to look about us.

I wish this devil of a libretto were found! Meanwhile, I am doing as good things as I can, and I hope to improve, moreover. As to the rest, I am not responsible. We have agreed on this, at home. So, there is enough about this dry text; I am nervous again and almost ill-humored, and I had promised I never would be so any more.

New Publications.

LLOYD'S OFFICIAL MAP OF MISSOURI, published by J. T. Lloyd, 164 Broadway, New York, is a large scale, colored in counties, and gives a clear idea of the localities of such intense interest. Price 25 cents.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for September, (L. Scott & Co's reprint) is received. The contents are: The Rector; Meditations on Dyspepsia; Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy; The Peruvian War of 1856-'57; The Memory of Monboddo; A Day at Antwerp; Rubens and Ruskin; Phæthon; and the Art-Student at Rome.

Musical Chit-Chat.

CONCERTS.—The only Concerts during the past week have been given by Mrs. VARIAN. The last one was pleasantly diversified from the customary mixture of Songs and Piano-pieces by the introduction of a two-piano-piece by Herz, the musical *prestidigitateur* of yore, and a Piano Trio, or, at least part of one, by Beethoven. The first, though as brilliant as could be, unfortunately consisted of variations on the air "O dolce concerto," which must now be considered somewhat out of fashion. Beethoven's Trio was the composer's arrangement of the ever welcome, ever beautiful Septet. We, however, think this the least attractive form of the three which Beethoven chose for this composition, the arrangement for String quintet being the third. The Piano does almost all the work and the Strings are doing accompaniment. The beautiful Adagio and first Menuet, which would have given a chance to Mr. COENEN to show his familiarity with the classic style, were omitted, we suppose on account of the length of the programme. We cannot help thinking, however, that most of those present, and certainly all those who knew the Septet, would very willingly rather have missed the *Trovatore* song and the German Fatherland. Mrs. VARIAN sang as well and looked as charming as usual. Mr. HOFFMANN rendered the Septet-music very well and shone in several more showy pieces.

MUSIC AT THE WEST CHURCH.—This Church—one of the most ancient in Boston—stands at the corner of Lynde and Cambridge Streets, and was built and dedicated in the year 1806. The present pastor, Rev. Dr. BARTOL, was installed in 1835, and is now in the twenty-fourth year of his ministry, an earnest and able preacher, beloved and respected by all.

His congregation is numerous, influential and wealthy, as may be inferred from the fact that during the past season—universally conceded to be the most trying and stringent in financial affairs ever experienced in this country—they have had a new organ erected, at an expense of about \$5,000, which is entirely paid for.

Of this new Organ we gave a description in the *Journal* of September 28th. Since its completion, the musical services have been so ably conducted, and assumed such prominence in the devotional exercises of the church, that we have thought some account of them would prove interesting to our readers.

The music has always been above mediocrity—in fact, the intelligent, cultivated, and appreciative con-

gregation would tolerate none other—but, of late, it has very much improved, although the organization of the choir remains substantially the same. This is doubtless owing to the new incentives to improvement furnished by the acquisition of the superb Organ, and consequent additional interest felt by the members of the choir, as well as to the beautiful accompaniments produced from the new instrument by the skilful organist, Mr. J. R. SHARLAND.

The choir is arranged somewhat upon the antiphonal plan with four voices on each side, forming a double quartet or choir which alternate in singing the different verses of a hymn, the full choir joining in the last verse, with graceful and pleasing effect. In choir number one, Miss GILSON is the soprano singer. She possesses a highly cultivated and flexible voice, under full control, giving her the power to execute compositions of an high order. Mrs. SHARLAND, the contralto, has a very fine voice, and we heard her last Sabbath sing a solo, in which the artistic and devotional elements were combined in a manner highly creditable both to her ability and taste. The tenor and bass parts are sustained by Messrs. CONEY and STORER respectively, both singers of considerable merit, with voices which harmonize well with the others.

Two excellent amateur singers—sisters—take the soprano and contralto parts in choir number two, and are balanced in tenor and bass by Messrs. T. WILSON and J. CLARK. The whole form a very effective choir, and as an evidence of their capabilities we will simply state the fact that they occasionally sing a full verse without any accompaniment whatever, making all the harmonies and modulations in perfect tune and keeping accurate time together.

The style of the music is left (as it should be) to the judgment and discretion of the organist and leader, who shows excellent taste in his selections, and makes use of such works as the "Grace Church Collection," "Church and Home," "Cantus Ecclesiæ," and "Tuckerman's Collection," together with the music, selections and adaptations from the works of the great composers, arranged by himself.

In singing the last hymn, which is usually some plain, old-fashioned melody, the congregation unite with the choir—a practice recently introduced at the instance of the pastor, who is an enthusiastic and devoted admirer of the "art divine."

Mr. Sharland, the organist, who has been an amateur musician for many years, and has now adopted it as a profession, is doubtless well known to many of our Boston readers. He has had considerable experience as an organist, and for the past six or seven years has officiated in this capacity at the West Church—rather an unusual circumstance, by the way. He is a very thorough musician, and that he possesses a considerable knowledge of harmony and contrapuntal science, in addition to an exquisite taste and great natural talent, is abundantly shown by the ability displayed in the construction of his *extempore* voluntaries and interludes. The building up of this choir and the elevation of the music to its present high standard are the result of his indefatigable efforts, and he has now the satisfaction of having at command a choir capable of performing their sacred duties in a manner worthy of the worship of God in His Sanctuary.

STOCKHOLM.—Herr Ignaz Lachner, who is now appointed conductor at the Stadttheatre, in Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, after having acted as conductor in the Theatre Royal of this city for the space of three years, wielded the *bâton* here for the last time in the opera of *Guillaume Tell*. After the performance, Herr A. Randel, the composer, presented him, on the part of the band, with a large silver goblet, bearing the following inscription: "Presented to Herr Ignaz Lachner, Conductor and Knight of various orders, by his friends, the members of the Royal Orchestra, Stockholm, the 22d June, 1861." Herr Strandberg then presented him, in the name of the members of the Operatic Company, with a brilliant ring, on which was inscribed in Swedish, "Minne af Stockholms Scens lyriska Artister" (A memento from the lyrical Artists of the Theatre, Stockholm).

WEIMAR, AUGUST 13, 1861.—Three weeks ago we went a little journey a few miles into the country, to Schwartzburg, one of the most beautiful points in the famous scenery of Thuringia. But none of the scenery in this part of Germany is to be compared with much we have at home, even with the little I have seen of American scenery. Of course we cannot expect here the grandeur of our New Hampshire mountains, these being poor little dwarf hills at best—but it is a little annoying to have the Germans look around at you with such an air of satisfaction, and say, "Well now, isn't that a great deal nicer than anything you ever saw at home?" This journey which we made the other day, was, I must say, the most comfortable of any I ever took. The finest portion was some six or seven miles of walking, over a mountain and through a lovely valley lined on either side by high hills and precipices. The way through the latter was bordered with large trees and followed by a clear cool stream, and though it was a warm summer day we were quite protected from the heat, and at liberty to enjoy the scenery without being obliged to swelter for it. That I call travelling for pleasure. A great deal that goes by that name is in reality harder work, than any of us would do at home without complaining bitterly. The mountain, too, over which we climbed was equally obliging in respect to trees along the path, and we had the addition of cool moss for the feet the whole way. Arriving at the highest point, we got a pretty view of the surrounding mountains and vallies with the little village of Schwartzburg, with its houses dropped in amongst the hills and its castle in the middle, so surrounded by verdure that it looked from where we stood like a child's baby house set in fresh green moss. When we reached Schwartzburg we visited this castle, which is very old, and once belonged to one of the rulers of Sachsen who was poisoned by his wife, a Mrs. Gardner of old. (By the way what has become of Mrs. Gardner?) In the castle we were shown the usual set of curiosities which all well bred castles are presumed to have on hand, i. e., the bed of Martin Luther, the boots which Gustavus Adolphus wore at the battle of Lützen, and the horse-shoe which John the Strong snapped between his fingers. These curiosities, I may safely say, I have been shown in every castle I ever visited in Germany. This one had some articles new to me, for instance the sword of Bernard of Weimar, really a beautiful thing, quantities of guns and pistols, shields and helmets belonging to other old heroes, which I could not help admiring for their beauty of workmanship, even when my incredulity would not admit of my doing so on account of their exceedingly doubtful owners. If Gustavus Adolphus did really wear every pair of boots at the battle where he was killed, which are shown for his, he must have paid a great deal more attention to his dress that day than great generals would be presumed to pay at such a time.

I must tell you about the Artist's Festival here. It was a great affair. Musicians came from all parts of Germany. Composers, pianists, violinists, teachers, every one who had anything to do with music. Liszt kept open house, and some of the most noted musicians who lived with him, were Wagner, the great German composer, Droyschok, Bülow, and Jaell. Wagner has been living in Switzerland since 1848, having been exiled from Germany for having taken part in the revolution. He made a little speech at a supper while here, and told how homesick he had been in foreign lands, and how glad he was to get back among German friends again. He has been pardoned. The festival lasted four days; there being three concerts and three full rehearsals. Sunday, the first day, a Mass of Beethoven was performed in the church. A chorus of about two hundred, I should think an orchestra of half the number, and very good solos by singers from Berlin, Leipzig and here. Nothing in America can compare with

the chorus singing here. The reason is, not that the voices are better, for the contrary is the fact, but they are better drilled. American chorus societies do not think it necessary to practice much. They suppose if they can read the music, that is enough, while here they practice every chorus over and over again. I presume the Weimar Society have been rehearsing for this festival for the last six months. The Germans have a great many boys in their choruses. The effect is very fine, and little bits of boys are trained to sing the high parts, and sing with a sweetness and accuracy unrivalled by any lady's voice. They are usually poor boys, who receive a musical education in return for their services. When their voices are worn out, which is the case after a few years, they study some instrument or compose. The second concert was in the theatre, and was devoted to Liszt's symphonies, Prometheus and Faust. The two took up the evening. No one could listen to these works without feeling that Liszt is a great composer, and that some day, probably not till after his death, the talk will be of Liszt and his works, instead of as it now is, Liszt and his playing. A pianist has only a short reputation. In a hundred years everybody is dead who has heard and can tell of his performances, but a composer lives forever, in his works. Liszt seems to be ambitious of an eternal fame, and he will certainly get it. His music is very hard to understand, and must be heard several times before one likes it very much, but it is very elaborate and full of thought. It has a great many enemies now. The third concert was also in the theatre, and the programme was made up of manuscript works of living German composers. Most of them were there, and directed their own pieces. Some of it was good and some bad. At this concert, Tausig, a young pianist from Vienna, played a concerto of Liszt's very finely. I, together with every one else, had free tickets to all the rehearsals and concerts and enjoyed it very much. And now I have come to the bad part of my story. Liszt has left Weimar, it is said forever. He went a few days after the festival. I went to see him a day or two before he left. He was very friendly, asked me what I played, and said if he had time he would call and hear me play. He advised me to go to Berlin, and take lessons of his son-in-law, Hans von Bülow. I asked him if there was no prospect of his coming back, and he smiled and shook his head—said he should stay a month or two in Germany, and then go to Italy and perhaps Greece. But to-day I have heard that there is some prospect of his coming back, after all. The Grand Duke has made him lord chamberlain as a last resort to induce him to remain. It is a terrible loss to Weimar. Her only great man is gone now; fifty years ago nearly all the genius of Germany was centred in this little city, when Goethe, Schiller, Lessing and Herder made it their home.*

MUSIC.—The war has injured the business of nearly every one to a certain degree, and trade of all kinds, in consequence, has greatly decreased. However, we have noticed with pleasure, that the old and firmly established house of OLIVER DITSON & Co., Boston, issues even more than their usual quantity of music, and continues to publish without being affected by the common cry of "no business doing."

It is really astonishing when we come to look over the catalogue of this great publishing establishment, to see the heavy expense they have been put to, in publishing Operas, Oratorios, Sonatas, Symphonies, Cantatas, and all the different compositions of the great masters. But, the reward of such daring enterprise is being fully reaped by them, as their sales in both Europe and America are enough to encourage even more strenuous efforts to give the world the best music at the lowest prices. Ditson & Co. cannot help succeeding, in spite of all opposition, for they are acknowledged to be the most enterprising and successful music publishers in the world.—*Fitzgerald's City Item.*

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A very taking Song for the times. It has been sung at the Museum and was encored every time. It is again on the bill this week. Theatrical establishments all over the country should bring it out at once. This would not only be judicious but also a patriotic move.

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The very chaste vocal compositions of this talented *dilettante* are much cherished at the firesides of England. Her setting of Longfellow's famous song is deserving of the widest publicity. It is simple, yet the sentiment of the words is most happily expressed.

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Song and Chorus.

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Brilliant and eminently pleasing. Like the "Danse Espagnol" it will soon become one of the most favorite pieces of advanced Pianists.

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The title-page of this fine and spirited piece of music has a handsome Vignette, in colors, representing the young General in whose command our brave legions are entrusted, on a splendid white charger. It is altogether the most striking likeness of Gen. McClellan which we remember having seen.

Kathleen Mavourneen. Transcription.

Brinley Richards. 35

An elegant arrangement of Crouch's favorite song. Richards' compositions, original or otherwise, have now become so well established in the good graces of our Amateurs, that anything new from his pen is at once eagerly sought for.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 498.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 19, 1861.

VOL. XX. No. 3.

Farewell to the Swallows.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Swallows, sitting on the eaves,
See ye not the gather'd sheaves,
See ye not the falling leaves?
Farewell!

Is it not time to go
To that fair land ye know?
The breezes as they swell,
Of coming winter tell,
And from the trees shake down
The brown
And withered leaves. Farewell!

Swallows, it is time to fly;
See not ye the altered sky?
Know ye not the winter's nigh?
Farewell!

Go; fly in noisy bands
To those far distant lands
Of gold, and pearl, and shell,
And gem (of which they tell
In books of travel strange):
There range
In happiness. Farewell!

Swallows, on your pinions glide
O'er the restless rolling tide
Of the ocean deep and wide;
Farewell!
In groves far, far away,
In summer's sunny ray,
In warmer regions dwell;
And then return to tell
Strange tales of foreign lands,
In bands
Perch'd on the eaves. Farewell!

Swallows, I could almost pray
That I, like you, might fly away,
And to each coming evil say—
Farewell!
Yet 'tis my fate to live
Here, and with cares to strive.
And I some day may tell,
How they before me fell
Conquered. Then calmly die,
And cry
"Trials and toil—Farewell!"

[For the London Musical World and Dwight's Journal of Music.]

Dussik, Dussek, Duschek.

And now to Tomaschek's reminiscences.

"In the year 1804," writes he, "my countryman Dussek came to Prague, with whom I very soon became acquainted. He gave a concert in the Convict hall to a very large audience, in which after the overture, he played his military concerto; after the first few bars of his solo, the public uttered one general 'Ah!' There was in fact something magical in the mode in which Dussek, with all his charming grace of manner, through his wonderful touch, drew from his instrument delicious and at the same time emphatic tones. His fingers were like a company of ten singers, who possessing a perfectly equal executive power, can produce exactly, whatever their

leader wishes. I never saw the Prague public so enchanted, as then by Dussek's splendid playing.

His truly declamatory style, especially in cantabile movements, stands as the ideal for every artistic performance—something, which no other pianist since has reached.

His fantasia, which consisted mainly of mere broken chords, was utterly worthless, until he came to the Rondo of a sonata in C minor, with which he ended it. Dussek was also the first, who placed his instrument sideways on the stage, in which our pianoforte heroes in their ridiculous exhibitions (*gaukelspiel*) all follow him—even when they have no interesting profile to exhibit.

I gave my countryman much of my time—I offered it gladly—and in return he played most of his difficult sonatas to me, by which in the matter of touch I gained much. To form a judgment of my talent for composition, he also visited me, and as he repeated his visits often, I of course could with reason conclude, that my productions were not disagreeable to him; we also not unfrequently played sonatas for four hands together. He left Prague and, pursued by fate in all the turns and windings of life, died soon after in Paris, in the service of the super-fine Talleyrand." (In which last sentence Tomaschek has continued to convey an incorrect impression). This matter of the dates given by these writers still troubles me; as Dlabacz and Tomaschek were both residents of Prague, both musicians, both interested in the musical history of that city, how, in case Dussek was there both in 1802 and 1804, could both of them have known of, or recorded, but one of these visits? Another difficulty with Tomaschek's date is the intimate relations at the time existing between Dussek and Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, which, from the accounts we have of this intimacy render it—not impossible—but improbable, that he went on the then long and weary journey to Prague in 1804. All we need in order to clear up the matter is a simple contemporary notice of a concert, or of his arrival at, his presence in, or departure from Prague—but such a notice thus far is wanting.

But to Louis Ferdinand. This was that prince, whom Beethoven (*Wegeler* and *Ries*, p. 110) so highly (as he thought) complimented, by telling him, "he played not at all royally or princely, but like a strong pianist." From the various descriptions of him, which I have seen, I have formed in fancy the picture of a man (in 1802) of 30 years of age, tall and noble in person, and of remarkable mental powers—a true case of the *mens sana in corpore sano*. It was his misfortune to be a prince of the Prussian royal house—not high enough in rank to be called into public political service,—too high to engage in any useful occupation.

His active comprehensive mind could not rest; and he threw himself at one time with all energy into literary and scientific studies—an old journal of the time informs its readers that Prince

Louis Ferdinand is devoting himself to the study of *Greek*—then into artistic pursuits—then abandoned himself into dissipation in all forms, then suddenly allowed his better nature full play again, and so on. He fell in the fight at Saalfeld, Oct. 12, 1806.

As to his relations with Dussek I translate from him, who noticed, in the *L. M. Zeitung*, Aug. 19, 1807, Dussek's "Elegie harmonique sur la Mort de S. A. R. le Prince Louis Ferdinand de Prusse, &c.," from the late Ludwig Rellstab, in the reminiscences of Berlin music, in *Bote & Bocks musical Journal*, 1850, and from Spohr's "*Selbst biographie*."

The former closes one of those beautifully involved German sentences, which require a double barrelled memory to retain the beginning to the end, in about these terms; "the bad principle drew him (Prince L. F.) deeply into stupefying sensual pleasures; the good attracted him most powerfully to that art which has less to do with earth than any other occupation of heart or soul—music. And now must he attempt the destruction of a world and the creation of one new and more beautiful—or rather annihilate his old self and give the better part at his being free course. Fate and those to whom in his outward circumstances he was subject, gave him opportunity to effect the latter, and he embraced it.

"In his later days—I mean, say, the last five or six years of his life—in which he turned again to music with all the fiery ardor of his soul, as the means of pouring out his feelings and of finding nobler and purer recreation, and occasional hours, at least, of peace of mind—at this period came Herr Dussek to Berlin. The Prince had indeed studied music in his youth and had never wholly neglected it; but his soul was now for the first time open to its hidden worth—to its higher and more spiritual value. He had just now need of a man, who could aid him in learning to express fully and correctly, what he wished to say through musical tones; who could fully enter into the spirit of that which he produced and enjoy it with him; who could afford him intellectual food in productions exquisitely suited to the feelings and to taste of the prince; and, who finally, apart from their common art, would prove an amiable and pleasant companion. All this he found in Dussek in a higher degree than in all the other musicians of his acquaintance. Dussek was all this to him and the prince in return was all in all to Dussek.

"And in fact Dussek must have been to this Prince, what no other person could be,—speaking now, of course, only in regard to their musical relations. His strength as a composer, in my opinion, lies in the peculiar, new, striking and brilliant character of his invention, and, in the matter of working out his ideas, in the fire and soul, which are seldom wanting in the compositions of the prince.

"Dussek's playing is astounding in execution, sure, fiery, always effective—it is in all respects what is now-a-days called the *grand style*—I use

the term to distinguish it from the *gallant*, the highly ornamented delicate manner of playing for instance Himmel's; and such was the performance of Louis Ferdinand — only not so pure and neat as Dussek's. Hence arose relations between them, which justify Dussek in saying in the few lines of preface accompanying the work under notice; 'L'Auteur, qui a eu le bonheur de jouir du commerce tres-intime de S. A. R., ne l'a quitté qu'au moment, ou il a versé son précieux sang pour sa patrie'—relations, which give him the right to express, in the art they both so highly prized, his feelings at the hero's death, and to offer this work to the glorious manes of the deceased."

Now from Rellstab, who is speaking of the early years of this century, and in relation to Berlin.

"The pianoforte, which, in its independence of the instruments and for all classes of society in so far as they have anything to do with music, plays the most important part, had several most distinguished names among its votaries. The favorite player of Berlin, and decidedly the first in most delicate purity, elegance and finish of style was Himmel, a man created by nature to be the central point in the *musical salons*, an expression, *not* then in vogue. By far greater, and most decidedly so, was Dussek, not only as a virtuoso, but also as composer for the instrument; he had moreover obtained a corresponding European fame, while Himmel was but a local celebrity, although as such he had been raised to the pinnacle of admiration and favor. To these names belongs a third, that of Prince Louis Ferdinand; these three formed through a period of considerable length an almost inseparable artistic brotherhood."

Passing over what is said of Himmel, here follow the remarks upon Dussek, and the Prince.

"I now come to Dussek. It is not possible, for me at least, to picture him as one of the *musical celebrities* of Berlin of that period; he belongs more especially to an earlier one (the close of the last century) and was only traditionally known in the particular period, which is now under consideration. He was incontestibly a greater virtuoso than Himmel, one of the first of *European* pianoforte celebrities. He had in his eminent technical resources a much wider basis for various development, and both as player and as composer had done far more for the elevation of the instrument than Himmel; so that he rightly demands a place in the history of the pianoforte, to which the other, in spite of his local and well-earned reputation, can no way lay claim. We in fact are hardly justified in speaking of Dussek in this place—but then he had occupied a position in the musical art of Berlin, which is vividly felt even in our own period. He was joined with the ingenious Prince Louis Ferdinand and Himmel in a close musical union, the influence of which is in the highest degree valuable. The Prince, whose heroic death added immensely to the significance of his life, was at that time an artistic power in society, which though perhaps owing somewhat to his rank for its splendor, must have been in and for itself of the greatest importance, so intimately combined with and so transfused through all his other generous personal qualities, was the artistic side of his nature. In him were combined in fullest measure the noblest powers and instincts for love

and art, which it is true had to struggle with a sensual element, spirited and fiery, in working their way to a pure development and the noble ends for which they were bestowed; but which in this very conflict and struggle were something grand and of noble portent."

What is said now of the prince's pianoforte playing, is out of place here, and I pass on to where Dussek's name again appears.

"The prince played a great deal in company with Dussek; several compositions for two pianofortes and many others for four hands, plainly owe their origin to the relations between the great virtuoso and the richly endowed prince. Himmel, also, as before stated, was often their companion in *play* in the real signification of the term, and both, Himmel and Dussek, were the prince's favorite associates at the wine cup. What sort of influence in these matters Dussek may have exerted upon the character of the prince is to me unknown; but Himmel possessed, as we have indicated, that lively and joyous, that good-natured and amiable view of life, which is like sparkling foam of Champagne, and which is as a rule, the most welcome, when brothers in art of high intellectual qualities make the full glasses ring. And so the Prince, Dussek and Himmel formed a musical triad, each exciting, vivifying and strengthening the others—but in which Dussek, as a virtuoso upon the pianoforte, decidedly took the first place."

"Spohr had come (winter 1804-5) via Dresden to Berlin with the singer Rosa Alberghi, where he appeared with her in a concert (March 13, 1805).

While making arrangements for this concert he presented his letters of introduction and was invited to several music parties.

"The second music party—to which my fellow-traveler was also invited—was at Prince Louis Ferdinand's. We drove thither together and were most politely received by our host. We found there a very distinguished company—men adorned with orders, women dressed in the height of fashion, and the first artists of Berlin. I met here also an old Hamburg acquaintance, the celebrated pianoforte virtuoso and composer Dussek, who was now the prince's teacher and lived with him. The music began with a pianoforte quartette, which was played by him in real artistic perfection. Then I followed. Made wiser by my recent mistake (Spohr had played one of Beethoven's Quartetts, op. 18, at Prince Radziwill's to the disgust of his auditors), I chose to-day only compositions in which I could exhibit my powers as a violinist, namely a quartett and the variations in G, by Rode. My playing gained the liveliest applause and Dussek especially seemed to be enchanted with it. My beloved Rosa also gained universal commendation by her singing of an air to which Dussek played the accompaniment.

"After the musical performances were over the Prince gave one of the ladies his arm and led the way, every gentleman at a hint from him following his example, into the dining room where a splendid meal was served. Each man seated himself without ceremony by the lady whom he had conducted to the room; I by my dear fellow-traveler. At first the conversation, though free and easy, was not indecent. But when the champagne began to foam in the glasses, things were said unfit for the modest ears of an innocent

girl. I therefore, so soon as I discovered that those fashionable women did not, as I had supposed, belong to the court, but more likely to the ballet, began to devise means of secretly getting away with my companion. I succeeded in getting to my coach, without attracting the attention of the company and without hindrance, and returned with Rosa to her mother. Next day I was told that the prince's music-parties generally ended with such orgies."

In the autumn of the same year, in October apparently, Spohr was again with the Prince and Dussek, of which he writes thus:

"Before I entered upon my new office (concertmaster at Gotha), I received a letter from Dussek, who wrote me that his patron, Prince Louis Ferdinand, was going to attend the grand military manœuvres at Magdeburg and desired me to be his guest during that time, and to take part in the musical performances, which he intended to give. The prince he said, would write to the Duke and gain for me leave of absence. This was at once granted. I journeyed therefore to Magdeburg and found in the house, which the prince had engaged for himself and his followers, a chamber designed for me.

Here I led a strange, wildly boisterous life, which however for a short time was very welcome to my youthful tastes. Often at six o'clock in the morning I, as well as Dussek, was driven out of bed and sent, in dressing gown and slippers, to the prince in the reception room, where, in consequence of the great heat of the weather he was already sitting at the pianoforte in a still thinner costume—often with nothing on but his shirt and drawers. Now began the trying over and rehearsal of music for the evening, and this through the prince's zeal would often last so long that the hall would become by degrees filled with officers with all their stars and orders. The costume of the musicians then contrasted strangely enough with the brilliant uniforms of the courtiers. However this was not of the slightest importance to the prince, who never ceased until everything went to his satisfaction. Now we made our toilets in all haste, took our breakfast and then rode out to the manœuvres." * * *

But the prince was soon recalled from his Magdeburg exile and I, dismissed with hearty thanks, by the Prince, could return to Brunswick. Dussek told me when I took leave of him, that the Prince had intended to make me a present, but there was such an ebb in his finances, that he was forced to put it off to some later and more fortunate time. That time however never came, as the Prince next year met his fate at Saalfeld."

It is difficult to get at the truth in relation to any one born to a title, on the continent. We get nothing but eulogies. For princes, the catalogue is printed without negatives. And so this prince Louis Ferdinand is made a hero; indeed some woman or other in Berlin has written a long, wearisome novel, of the Heribert Rau and Elise Polko order, founded upon the prince's history.

God be thanked that English and American writers have not yet sunk so low as to make Byron, Nelson, and men of that stamp the subjects of weak romancers, or the English and American public so low as to purchase works of the kind. Thus far this kind of literature is reserved for our French and German neighbors. Mrs. Stowe's

use of Aaron Burr in the "Minister's Wooing," was not so successful as to lead to a repetition of the mistake, it is to be hoped.

The truth in regard to Prince Ferdinand clearly is, that the ruined debauchee, a man naturally of splendid qualities and uncommon talent, after having exhausted his powers of sensual pleasure, compounded with his creditors and squared accounts with the world, by — unnecessarily throwing away, in the skirmish at Saalfeld, a life not worth preserving.

A man is known by the company he keeps — and hence the intimacy between Dussek and Louis Ferdinand is that which gives the worst impression of the moral character of the former.

(To be continued.)

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Traveling-Letters.

LENZ, AUG. 11, 1830.

DEAR MOTHER:

"How the traveling musician celebrated his grand unlucky day in Salzburg."

An extract from the unwritten diary of Count F. M. B. * * *. (Continuation.)

As soon as I had finished my last letter to you the most unlucky of unlucky days began to dawn upon me. I took my pencil and contrived to spoil two of my favorite drawings in the mountains of Bavaria so completely, that I had to tear them out of my book and throw them out of the window. That provoked me and to recover my equanimity I took a walk upon the Capuzinerberg. That I lost my way is a matter of course; and at the moment when I did reach the top, it began to rain fearfully, and I must open my umbrella and hasten down again. At all events I could see the inside of the convent, and so rang; then it suddenly occurred to me that I had not money enough in my pocket to pay the monk for showing me about; as they take such a circumstance very ill, I just busied myself in getting away as fast as possible, without waiting to speak with the porter. Then I finished making up my package for Leipzig and took it to the postoffice; there I was told I must first have it examined at the custom-house. So I went to the custom-house; there they kept me waiting an hour, while they were making out a certificate of three lines, and in other respects acted so rowdyish that I had to give them a scolding. Hang Salzburg, thought I, and ordered horses to Ischl, where I hoped to recover myself from all the pitch in my nest. "You can have no horses without permission from the police." To the police office. "You can have no permission until your passport has reached the office from the city gate." Why make so many words about it? After sending and running hither and thither a countless number of times came the desired post-chaise; I have eaten, had my things packed up, and now think my troubles over; the reckoning and the drink-money are paid. As I go out of the door two elegant traveling carriages come slowly to the house, and the people of the inn hurry out to meet the party who are approaching on foot. I, however, pay no attention to all this and take my seat in my own vehicle. In doing this I notice that one of the other carriages has stopped beside mine and a lady sits therein. And what a lady! That you may not think I fell in love with the lady, and that this was the crown of my ill luck, I will begin by saying she was elderly; but her looks were very amiable

and friendly; she wore a dark dress and a heavy gold chain; she put the drink-money into the postillion's hand and smiled beautifully in doing it. God knows why I fussed so long with my trunk and did not tell the coachman to drive on; I kept my eyes upon her, and all unknown to me as she was, I felt a strong impulse as though I must speak to her. Perhaps it was all imagination but no one can convince me that she did not look over to me and mark the shabby traveler with the student's cap. But when she got out of her carriage on the side next to me, and then stopped at my carriage door in such a familiar manner, and stood there awhile with her hand resting upon it — why, all my well-earned traveling routine was necessary to prevent me from getting out and asking, "Dear Lady, what is your name?" Routine, however, conquered, and I called out very grand, "Go on, Schwager!" * Then the lady withdrew her hand suddenly, and away we went. I was all out of spirits, thought over the ill luck of the day and went to sleep. A coach with two gentlemen passing us awakened me. The following dialogue passed between the Schwager and me.

I. They come from Ischl, and so I shall not be able to get any horses.

He. O, the two carriages which stopped there were also from there, and yet you will get horses.

I. And they came also from Ischl?

He. Yes, to be sure; they come every year thither, and last year they came here also; I was their driver; and she is a Baroness from Vienna, (Herr Gott! thought I) and she is fearfully rich, and has such beautiful daughters; when the two went down into the mine at Berthsgaden, I took them down: how pretty they looked in their miner's dresses. They have an estate, and yet are always pleasant and familiar with such as I.

Hold up — shouted I — what is the name?

He. Can't say.

I. Pereira? †

He. Guess not.

Go back, said I, decidedly.

He. Then you will not reach Ischl to-night, and we have just passed the worst mountain; you will find out about them at the station.

I began to doubt again; went on; at the station nobody knew the name, nor at the next; at length after seven incredibly impatient hours, I reach Ischl, and before leaving the carriage, ask, "Who left for Salzburg this morning with two post-chaises?" and receive the quiet answer,

"Baroness Pereira; to-morrow morning she goes on to Gastein, but is coming back in four or five days."

Now I had it for certain — spoke also with their coachman; not a member of the family had remained behind; the two gentlemen in the chaise, which had followed, were two of the sons (just the two whom I did not know). To crown my misery, I now remembered a wretched portrait, which Aunt H. once showed me — the Lady in the black dress was the Baroness Pereira. God knows when I shall ever have another chance of seeing her! I don't believe that she could ever have made a pleasanter impression upon me, and I shall certainly not so soon forget her charming figure and friendly looks. After all, these presentiments are unlucky affairs; they

* Schwager — brother-in-law — the familiar title given in the Salzburg region to a coachman.

† A relative of the Mendelssohns.

come easily enough, but we first find out, when it is too late, that they are such.

I would at once have turned about and ridden all night, had I not upon reflection seen, that at best I should only meet them at the very moment of their leaving Salzburg — perhaps not even that, and that I should spoil the plan of my tour and my visit to Vienna, should I go on with them to Gastein (for I had even thought of that) and finally, that Salzburg had proved only a "pitch nest" to me. So I exclaimed once more adieu, and went sadly out of sorts to bed. Next morning I had them show me the empty house, and I made a drawing of it for you, dear mother. But my ill-luck was still thundering in the distance so that I could find no good point of view — that they charged me over a ducat for the night in the inn, and the like. I cursed in English and German, went on, placed Ischl, Salzburg, the Pereira, the Traun lake, among the things that were, and so am here, where I have to-day had a day of rest. I think of going on to-morrow and day after to-morrow, God willing, to sleep in Vienna.

Thence, more. And so ended the unlucky day of my life; all is true; no fancy; not even the hand on my coach door, but all literal portrait. What I cannot at all understand is, that I completely overlooked Flora, who was also there; for the old lady in a Scotch cloak that went into the inn was Frau von W., and the old gentleman with green spectacles who followed her cannot possibly have been Flora. In short when things once go wrong there's no stopping them. I will write nothing else to-day, the provocation is still too fresh, next time I will tell about the Salzkammergut, and how fine the journey yesterday was, and how right it was on the part of Devrient, who advised me to take this route. So, too, the Traunstein and the Traun Waterfall are wondrously beautiful, and in fact the world in general is very sweet. Good is it, that you are in it, and that I shall find letters day after to-morrow, and much more.

Dear Fanny, now I will compose my *Non nobis* and the A minor Symphony.

Dear Rebecca, if you should hear me singing "im warmer Thal" with half cracked voice, you would find it almost too distressing. You do that sort of thing better.

Oh Paul! ‡ do you know how to get along with Schein gulden, and Wiener Wachring gulden, heavy gulden, light gulden, conventions gulden, the Devil and his Grandmother's gulden? I don't. I wish, therefore you were with me, and perhaps also for other reasons.

Fare you well. FELIX.

PRESBURG, (HUNGARY), APRIL 27, 1830.

MR. BROTHER!

Ring of bells, drumming and music, carriage upon carriage, men running hither and thither, on all sides, picturesque crowds, that is the state of things about me here, for to-morrow is the coronation of the king, which the city has been waiting for since yesterday and praying the heavens to clear up and become pleasant for — for the grand ceremony, which should have taken place yesterday, had to be put off because of the continued and tremendous rain. But now since

‡ Paul Mendelssohn, as being in a banking house, may be supposed to have known something about Austrian money. Within these last few years all these different species of Gulden have given way to one which is decimally divided. — Tr.

noon, the sky has become blue and serene; the moon is shining quietly upon the boisterous city, and to-morrow as early as possible the crown prince is take his oath (as king of Hungary) upon the great market-place; thence he goes with a long procession of bishops and the nobles of the empire to the church, and finally proceeds on horseback to the Königsberg (King's hill), which is here directly before my window, there upon the banks of the Danube to wave his sword towards the four cardinal points, and so take possession of his new kingdom.

In this short journey I have gained the knowledge of an entirely new country; for Hungary with its magnates, its Obergesspann, § its oriental luxury, side by side with barbarism, can be seen here, and the streets offer me a sight, all unexpected and new. One really finds himself nearer the Orient; the frightfully stupid peasant Slaves; the land of gypsies; the servants and coaches of the nobles overloaded with gold and gems (for they themselves are at best but to be seen through the open windows of their carriages), then too the strangely saucy national costumes, the yellow complexion, the long mustaches, the soft, foreign speech — altogether it makes upon one the motliest impression in the world. Yesterday morning I rambled the streets alone; there came a long train of jolly soldiery upon their lively little horses; behind them was a troop of gypsies with music; then a lot of Vienna *elegants* with spectacles and gloves, talking with a Capuchin monk; then a squad of those small, half savage peasants, in long white coats, the hat down over the eyes, the black, smooth hair cut in a circle round their heads, skins of a reddish brown, exceedingly lazy in their motions and having an indescribable mingled expression of utter indifference and wild stupidity; then a pair of fine, keen-looking alumni of theology, walking arm in arm and clad in long blue coats; Hungarian owners of estates in the blue-black national dress; court servants; traveling carriages just arriving covered over and over with dirt. I followed the multitude as it moved slowly hill-upwards and so came at length to the ruined castle, whence one sees the entire city and far away down the Danube; and everywhere from the old white walls and from the towers and balconies above, the people were gazing down upon the scene; in every corner boys were standing and inscribing their names upon the walls for the benefit of posterity; in a small room (perhaps it was once a chapel or the bedroom of somebody) a whole ox was roasting, slowly turning upon the spit, while the people hurraed in concert; a long line of cannon stands before the castle, ready to thunder in due form at the coronation; down in the Danube, which here rushes madly along and flies through the bridge of boats with arrow-like quickness, lies the new steamboat, which had just arrived beladen with strangers; to all this add the view far away out over the level, bushy country, over the meadows which the Danube overflows, the dikes and roads all alive with human beings, the hills planted from top to bottom with the vines of Hungary, all this is foreign and strange enough. Add, moreover, the pleasant contrast, that of living with the pleasantest and friendliest people, and to find with them the new doubly surprising — these were indeed more of those lucky days, dear Herr Brother, which beneficent Heaven has so often and richly conferred upon me.

§ The Counts of highest rank.—Ts.

The 28th, about 1 P.M. The king has gone through the ceremony. || It was heavenly beautiful. Why should I make any long description? In an hour we all journey back to Vienna, and thence I go on my way. Under my window is a deadly tumult and the city guards are hurrying together, but only to shout *Vivat*. I made my way alone into the crowd, while our ladies saw all the proceedings from the windows, and the impression made upon me by all this incredible magnificence is ineffaceable. On the great square of the Brothers of Mercy, the people rushed together like mad, for it was there the oath was to be taken, on a tribune covered with cloth; this cloth the people had the right afterwards to appropriate to make themselves clothes; hard by too was a fountain spouting red and white Hungarian wines; the grenadiers could not keep the crowd back; an unlucky hackney coach, which stopped for an instant, was in an instant covered with people climbing up the wheels, lodging themselves on the roof, on the driver's seat, making a great ant-hill of the vehicle, so that the coachman, not to commit murder, had to stop there and wait quietly until all was over. When the procession approached, to which all heads uncovered themselves, it was only with the greatest difficulty that I could get my hat off and hold it up over my head; this cut off the view of an old Hungarian, who stood behind me; he, however, at once devised a way, seized the hat, without saying "by your leave," and crushed it at a stroke so flat that it was hardly as large as a cap; then they yelled as if transfixed on spits and almost tore one another to pieces in struggling for the cloth; in short it was a mob — but my Hungarians! The scamps look as if they were born only to be nobles and do-nothings, and as if they were very melancholy about it, and ride like the devil. When the procession left the hill, first came the embroidered court servants, the drummers and trumpeters, the heralds and other menials, and then suddenly, in frightful leaps, *plein carriere*, a count on horseback sprang down the street like a madman; the horse is bridled with gold; the rider is completely covered with diamonds, real, heron feathers, and embroidered velvet, (You see he had not yet donned his richest costume, because he must ride like possessed, Count Sándor, the mad man is called); he carried an ivory sceptre in his hand and pricked his horse with it, and every time the horse sprang and made a powerful leap; when he had cooled down, comes a file of some sixty other magnates, all in like fantastic magnificence, all with beautiful colored turbans, jolly mustaches and dark eyes; one rides a white horse which he has covered with a golden net; a second, a gray, with diamonds all over the bridle; a third, a black, bedecked with purple stuff; one wears sky-blue from head to foot, thickly embroidered with gold, a white turban and a long white doliman; another is all dressed in cloth of gold with a purple doliman; and so each seems more parti-colored and richer than his neighbor, and all ride so boldly and recklessly that it is fun to see it; and now, at last, the Hungarian guard, Esterhazy at the head, dazzling the eyes with brilliants and embroidery of pearls; how can all this be described? One must have witnessed all this splendor to conceive it, as the procession arranged itself in the broad

|| "Der König wäre unter die Haube gebracht."

square and stood still, and all the precious stones and variegated colors, and the lofty golden Bishops' mitres, and the crucifixes sparkled in the brightest sunlight, like a thousand stars!

Now then, to-morrow, God willing, I shall go on. Here you have a letter, Herr brother; write one also and soon, to me, and let me know how life goes with you. You have had an uprising in Berlin, also, and indeed, from journeymen tailors; what was the affair?

To you, your parents and your brothers and sisters, I say once again a farewell in leaving Germany; now I leave Hungary for Italy, and thence I will write oftener and more quietly. Be in good spirits, dear Paul, and push forward bravely; rejoice in all that's joyful, and think of thy brother, who rambles about the world. Farewell.

Thy FELIX.

Our Country.

On primal rocks she wrote her name;
Her towers were reared on holy graves;
The golden seed that bore her came
Swift-winged with prayer o'er ocean waves:

The Forest bowed his solemn crest,
And open flung his sylvan doors:
Meek Rivers led the appointed Guest
To clasp the wide embracing shores;

Till, fold by fold, the brodered land
To swell her virgin vestments grew,
While Sages, strong in heart and hand,
Her virtue's fiery girdle drew.

O Exile of the wrath of kings!
O Pilgrim Ark of Liberty!
The refuge of divinest things,
Their record must abide in thee!

First in the glories of thy front
Let the crown-jewel, Truth, be found;
The right-hand fling, with generous wont,
Love's happy chain to farthest bound!

Let Justice, with the faultless scales,
Hold fast the worship of thy sons;
Thy Commerce spread her shining sails
Where no dark tide of rapine runs!

So link thy ways to those of God,
So follow firm the heavenly laws,
That stars may greet thee, warrior-browed,
And storm-spiced Angels hail thy cause!

O Land, the measure of our prayers,
Hope of the world in grief and wrong,
Be thine the tribute of the years,
The gift of Faith, the crown of Song!

—Atlantic Monthly for October.

Behind the Scenes at the Theatre.

(Continued from page 220.)

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."

Now let us step into the "property room." This is under the charge of an individual known as the "property man" of the theatre, and "theatrical properties" are the various articles other than dresses used in the representation of plays; consequently the property room of a large theatre is quite a museum, and really a very curious sight to one who visits it for the first time.

Here are embroidered purses of gold (filled with broken china and tin), fat pocket books of (news-papers) bank notes by rich old uncles in farces, kings' golden sceptres, fairies tinselled wands, goblets of gold, flagons of silver, tin cups for peasants' revels, and papier mache chickens and roast beef for dinner scenes, caskets of jewels, gorgeous Dutch metal candelabras, signet rings for monarchs, and staffs for beggars and witches, Othello's handkerchief, the witches' cauldron, Romeo's vial of poison, Shylock's scales and knife, Falstaff's jug of sack, Friar Lau-

rence's rosary, Prospero's wand, clubs for mobs, shillalahs for Irishmen, writing apparatus for lovers to write hurried letters, kings to sign death warrants, and spendthrift's heirs to draw bills, the "letters" used in different standard plays, all alphabetically arranged and properly superscribed ready for use, so that they serve whenever the play is performed, wills and deeds with broad seals and black marks made to look well "from the front," crown jewels, jugs of ale *without the ale*, and a thousand other things used in mimicking life and representing romance.

We must not, however, forget the armory part of the property man's charge, not the least curious part of his collection. Here the visitor finds stands of muskets enough for a company, glittering spears for a Roman legion, gleaming battle axes for barbarians, curved scimitars for Moslems, and straight blades for true cavaliers, Spanish rapiers, Highland claymores, Toledo blades, and English broadswords. The *fascies* of the Roman lictors and pole-axes of the Queen's guard stand side by side, the executioner's big axe and block repose grimly in a corner, while on the walls are daggers of all sorts and sizes, from the delicate one which the maiden draws as a protection against dishonor, to the broad blade bared by the murderer or 'front wood robber,' who steps softly over the stage when the lights are turned down, to to thuds of the big fiddle; pistols, tomahawks, and other murderous implements in glittering profusion.

Whenever it happens that any of these properties are needed, the prompter makes a requisition on the "property man" the morning before the play in which they are used is performed, and the latter sees that they are ready in the evening, either in the dressing-room of the actor, if they are to be carried upon the stage, or upon the stage in their proper scene and position. The property man is generally an expert in imitating real articles with papier maché, paint, gold leaf, tinsel and Dutch metal; he manufactures the dragons, demons' heads, and furnishes the blood, thunder and lightning, stormy waves, and sun and moon for the establishment.

The wardrobe room is scarcely a less curious collection than the property room, although it is not so readily examined, as the most valuable dresses, and those not in immediate use, are packed in trunks or closets. Every actor possesses a wardrobe more or less extensive, of his own, as it is the aim of all of any note at all to possess a good one, as a valuable adjunct of success in the representation of character; still there is always a wardrobe attached to the theatre, more or less extensive according to its means; some very valuable, and can "dress" almost any piece splendidly. The wardrobe keeper is generally an expert at theatrical tailoring, and a good costumer, and has two or three women assistants who are kept at work upon the sewing and making, or altering and repairing, that is constantly required.

The glittering and flowing robes of kings, the rugged gaberdines of beggars, monks' cowls, cavaliers' glittering jackets and cloaks, peasants' picturesque ribbon-decked suits, savages feathers and wampum-trimmed frocks, Roman togas, Turkish spangled suits, military and naval uniforms of all kinds for all nations, knights' armor suits, jolly farmers' red red vests and drab small cloths, pettifogging lawyers' black cotton velvet suits, jolly jack-tars' blue anchor-broidered shirts and duck pants, canvas breeches and broad leathern belts with big buckles for smugglers, red, pink, blue, black and other dominoes for masquerade scenes, broad-skirted grey suits with big buttons for honest old men in farces, queens' robes and jewels, and peasant girls' muslins and ribbons,—hats—

Did you ever think how much character, so to speak, there is in a hat?

If not, watch how they are used on the stage. Actors understand the use of them, and useful articles they are in the make-up of a costume, as you will judge from the all sizes, shapes, styles and dimensions, colors and nationalities that you will find in the wardrobe of a big theatre,—hats with high crowns, hats with low crowns, hats with no crowns at all, splendid low comedy hats, hats with broad and with narrow brims, beggars' hats, peasants' hats, noblemen's hats with tall faulting feathers, great broad Spanish sombreros with drooping plumes, brigands' ribbon-trimmed and peasants' jaunty little head-coverings, jewel-decked and feather-crowned protectors for representatives of the great, Roman helmets, French shakos, grenadier bearskins, gold banded caps, sailors' tarpaulins, the jester's jingling head-piece, Quakers' broad-brims, the monarch's crown, Paddy's caubeen—HATS!

Out from the wardrobe! Now let us mount above to the 'paint room.' Up past the dressing rooms, to the region amid canvas clouds, tops of palaces and temples, or forest foliage, technically known as "the flies." The visitor here finds a set of men who

work this part of the scenery, attend to the curtain, &c. The number of ropes stretching in every direction surprises one, and makes it seem quite a marvel to know the use of and operate them successfully. Here, up above and at the extreme rear of the theatre is the scenic artist and his assistant. Suspended upon light, wooden frames is the canvas scenery. The canvas is prepared by an assistant, after which the artist sketches out his scene in crayon, and fills in with the proper colors from the innumerable pots of all kinds that he has prepared. His principal assistant does that part of the work or filling-in which requires less skill; perhaps most of the wings, or side scenes as the public call them, while the "flats" or the scenery that closes together directly in front of the audience, and the general arrangement of extensive views, are the work of the principal artist.

And there is yet one more department behind the scenes, that of the machinist or carpenter—an important operator, who builds all the bridges and balconies, and makes all the trap-doors, thrones, flowery banks and ale-house benches, who makes all the frame-work for the scenery, and sees that all mechanical work is kept in good running order.

And now, having glanced in at the several departments, we will step down upon the stage again. Men in their shirt-sleeves are standing ready to change the scenery. An actor is standing at L. U. E. (left upper entrance) waiting for his "cue" to go on. The king's guard, consisting of twelve men of various sizes and curious physiognomy, are posted R. U. E. (right upper entrance), waiting the summons of the monarch—"What ho! guards without there!"—when they will march on, no two in step, and half with arms shouldered on the right and half on the left shoulder, as guards on the stage always do. Suddenly you hear the words—"See, the duke descends the palace steps. Now he speaks to Sir Hubert. He is coming here—here comes his highness!"

"His highness," who, during the time he has been supposed to have been descending the palace steps, and seen by the individual who looked off the stage and spoke the above words, has all the while been chatting with you just like any other man, till the last four words strike his ear, when he suddenly stops, says to us—"Excuse me—my cue, gentlemen," settles his plumed hat a little more firmly, throws his velvet cloak over the left arm, puts on a stage face and stage stride, and "goes on."

You hear an excited dialogue in the play sounding oddly enough to you here, because you have seen none of the first part and don't know the plot. The last comer suddenly delivers a brilliant passage, across the stage with a tragic stride, and the audience give a round of applause.

He has "made a point."

Under cover of the noise of clapping hands, the prompter improves the opportunity to sing out to two auxiliaries who are not in their proper position on the stage, and make them move further back; and you hear the venerable, grey-headed monarch in the scene say, in a voice audible where you stand, but inaudible to the audience, while not a muscle of his austere countenance changes, "Good hit, Charley! Give 'em another!" Charley, who plays "his highness," also hears it, but of course makes no signs, as he goes on with his part, and the piece progresses to its close—a deadly combat, the curtain falling upon a bloody battle-field—the tyrant slain by the rightful duke, who stands over his prostrate form with sword upraised in boastful triumph, and his victorious followers picturesquely grouped about him.

The audience cheer and applaud, the prompter "rings down," and as the green curtain bumps upon the stage, the conqueror lowers his victorious brand, extends his hand to his fallen foe, who by its friendly aid leaps to his feet, draws forth a—pocket handkerchief from the recesses of his armor, wipes the perspiration from his brow—

"Phew! it's a warm night!"

"The duke," the tyrant, "his highness," and the rest, hurry off to their dressing-rooms, and are soon transformed into ordinary mortals like ourselves. The lights are extinguished, with the exception of a few to guide the actors who are to leave, and the watchman who takes care of the building, and we emerge from behind the scenes, perhaps with the reflection that a great deal that we see in the world outside, is not unlike in its deception to the mimic one with whose mysteries we have just been made acquainted, and that there is much truth in the words of the poet—"All the world's a stage."

A Concert in the South Pacific.

The Alleghanians, a popular company of Vocalists and Swiss Bell Ringers, lately returned from a four years tour around the world. The following

letter to the N. Y. *Musical Review*, from one of the members of the company, gives an interesting account of their visit to the island of Rarotonga, in the South Pacific Ocean, and of an entertainment given by them to the natives:

At Sea, Lat. 21 deg. 52 min. South—Lon. 159 }
West. SATURDAY, Jan. 21st, 1860. }

MESSRS. EDITORS:—We left the harbor of Papeete, island of Otaheite, on Tuesday morning, Jan. 10th, after having spent twelve days, and given five concerts on the most lovely island. The island of Rarotonga was to be our next stopping place. After pleasant passage of eight days, we came in sight of the land of our destination. To give you a brief description of our visit, our concert, and the island, I shall copy from my diary:

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 18th, 12 o'clock A. M.—Lat. 20 deg. 41 min. South, Long. 150 deg. West.—The island of Rarotonga is directly south of us; distant about forty miles, and in plain sight; at 6 o'clock P. M. we were within two miles of the land. Preparations are being made to lay the ship "off and on" during the night.

THURSDAY, Jan. 19th.—As soon as breakfast was over, we put off for the shore in one of the ship's boats. Hundreds of natives had already collected on the beach, at the only spot where boats could land. Our agent had posted two of our large pictorial posters together and fastened them to the end of a pole in such a manner that they could be held aloft, as we neared the shore. At the sight of this strange picture, the eyes and mouths of the natives seemed to open wider and wider as the boat approached the beach. Upon our stepping out of the boat, men, women and children immediately hemmed us in on all sides, eagerly scanning us from head to foot, evidently with as much wonder and astonishment as the first sight of a very large elephant would produce on a crowd of New Englanders. We soon found a native who had been out on two or three whaling voyages, and could speak a little English. We gave him several of our small bills, and explained to him our profession and business. He soon made it known to the crowd around. He then conducted us to the residence of Mr. Gill, the missionary, to whom we had letters of introduction from the Sandwich Islands. We found Mr. Gill at home, and he immediately gave us a most cordial welcome, as also did his most amiable lady. They had previously heard of our intended visit to the island, on our voyage to Chili, by a ship which left Honolulu about the time we did, and which had arrived at Rarotonga ten days before us. They were very anxious to hear us, but did not know how we could be remunerated for our trouble—there was but one other white family on the island, and money was a thing almost unknown to the natives.

However, if we could be persuaded to take pigs, fowls, cocoa-nuts, pine-apples, bananas, punkins, and other productions of the island, for tickets of admission, they would guarantee a large attendance. This idea pleased our fancy, and wishing to have the honor of giving the first concert ever given in the Hervey Group of islands, we most cheerfully consented to the plan. We instantly sent a boat off to the ship to bring our tickets, instruments, fixtures, &c., ashore. In the meantime, Mr. Gill proposed that we should call on the King, excite his curiosity, and set his influence at work among the natives. He conducted us to the "palace," a very comfortable one-story *adobe* built house, with thatched roof, pleasantly situated in a large grove of cocoa-nut and orange trees. As we were ushered in and introduced to the "royal family," which consisted of the King, Queen, and Princess, about ten years of age, we found them seated on a cane-bottomed settee, about twelve feet long, which they filled to its utmost capacity; they instantly arose from their seats and gave us a really hearty shake of the hand. At first sight, their great corpulency attracted our wondering gaze—the three, I should think, would weigh one thousand pounds. The only cares and labors which absorb the time and attention of their "royal highnesses," and every moment of which they diligently improve, are eating and sleeping. The fallacy of the poet who says that

"Uneasy rests the head which wears a crown."

is here, in this great King most clearly proved. I did not see the "royal diadem," but judging from the size of the King's head, it must be of enormous proportions. Mr. Gill explained to the "royal group" who and what we were, and also our profession. Their anxious desire to hear us was most clearly evinced by the profusion of smiles, which, owing to their scanty clothing, we could plainly see extended from their heads to their feet.

After having obtained the "royal command" to give a concert, and Mr. Gill promising us the use of the schoolhouse, which is a very large one-story

building, we presented to their "royal highnesses" a complimentary card of admission, then taking our hats and backing ourselves to the door, bowing and scraping in the most respectful and approved courtly style, during this retrograde movement, we quit the "royal presence."

Our agent immediately got up a large "poster," announcing that

BY COMMAND OF KING MAKEA V.

THE ALLEGHANIAN

WILL GIVE A GRAND CONCERT AT THE SCHOOL HOUSE THIS AFTERNOON, AT FOUR O'CLOCK, Jan. 19th, 1860.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—*Tickets to Admit One:* 1 hog; or 2 pigs; or 1 turkey; or 2 chickens; or 25 cocoa-nuts; or 20 pine-apples; or 2 bunches bananas; or 5 large pumpkins; or 2 baskets oranges;—children, half price.

By two o'clock, our arrangements were so far completed that we commenced the sale of tickets. The place selected for this purpose was under a large thatched roof, raised about twelve feet above the ground by ten or twelve posts, and occasionally used by the natives as a kind of a market. The second mate of the ship having been installed as ticket seller, the "box sheet" was opened, and the sale commenced. The crowd around this spot had been gradually increasing for an hour previous, and by this time the excitement had become intense; what, with the squealing of hogs and pigs, gobbling of turkeys, crowing of roosters and cackling of hens, rattling of cocoa-nuts, spilling and squashing of oranges and limes, the rolling of pumpkins under feet, taken all together with the Babel-like jargon of the natives, formed a scene of excitement the most thrilling and terrific, mortal eye ever gazed upon—and I must say the most laughable public excitement I ever witnessed; not excepting the humbug excitements got up by Barnum's auction sales of choice seats at the Jenny Lind concerts at Castle Garden, New York. The confusion was so great, the swine and the poultry having evidently entered into the excitement with as much spirit and earnestness as the human population, all apparently vying with each other in trying to make the most noise, that we found it would be impossible to stick to our "regular prices" for tickets; so we concluded to take everything that was brought with which to purchase tickets and furnish every one with a ticket.

While it required twelve of the ship's crew to receive the "currency," placing each kind on its respective pile, that is, putting the hogs, tied by the legs, in one place, the poultry tied eight or ten together, in another, and the cocoa-nuts, pine-apples, bananas, pumpkins, oranges, &c., piled each kind by itself, it required four or five other persons to distribute the tickets. If one could judge by the active movements of the receivers of the "coin of the realm," the big brooks of sweat streaming down their noses and cheeks, their thin shirts and pantaloons, the only clothing they wore, completely saturated by perspiration, I should say theirs was the hardest task of the day. The ticket distributors had busy times of it, though their labors did not require very great exertion.

By four o'clock, *nineteen hundred and sixty-one* tickets had been disposed of, and every thing that had been offered in the way of pay, had been received. The doors were now opened, and the squeezing, tugging, pulling and pushing commenced—in an instant it seemed as if every one in the great throng was suddenly impressed with the idea that he or she must be the first one to enter the door, in order to get the best place; just the same as a similar number of individuals, collected together for a similar purpose, in our more civilized and enlightened "down east" community; the crowd of savages having, however, one great advantage over the enlightened crowd, that is, there are no danger of getting hats smashed, clothing torn from their backs, or losing pocket books, as they possess none of these little frivolities of fashions. In costume, they still cling to the fashions of "the good old days of Adam and Eve."

As soon as they were all inside of the concert-room, and had become quiet, we commenced the concert by singing a lively quartette. With this they were highly delighted; but it was evident from their looks and actions, that our bells, as they stood upon the "bell table," before us, sixty-two in number, of all sizes, from a lady's thimble up to the size of a large water pail, (and when placed upon their handsomely draped table, make, truly, a very attractive and imposing display), really filled their minds with the greatest wonder. After singing two or three pieces, we commenced with the bells, by playing a "Grand March." I have heard of, and even wit-

nessed several astonished audiences in my lifetime, but the audience presented a picture of the *widest* open-mouthed astonishment, during the performance of this piece, I ever beheld.

At first it was plain to be seen that they did not know how to make known to us their approbation; but Mr. Gill giving them the hint in regard to the manner in which it might be manifested, every subsequent piece, vocal or instrumental, received the most enthusiastic applause, and several which pleased their fancy most, were rapturously encored. * * *

As soon as we concluded our performance, one of the native teachers arose and told us how pleased and delighted they were, and how grateful were their feelings towards us for our visit to their island, and he hoped we would remain with them forever. He also proposed that, before we parted with them, they should sing us one song. Some one immediately commenced, and the whole congregation quickly joined in singing the good old piece of sacred music entitled:

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free!"

Although they sung in their own language, it could easily be perceived by the expressive change of feature, gestures of the hands, and motion of the body, while singing, that they fully entered into the spirit and sentiment of the song. They also sang three or four hymn tunes, which they had been taught in their school—two of them were popular tunes composed by my old music teacher, Lowell Mason. This is the fifth island we have visited in the Pacific, and on every one of which I have heard sung by the natives, the same good old familiar home-tunes of Lowell Mason, whose musical fame reaches

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
To India's coral strand."

* * * * *

As we left the school-house to return to our home, at Mr. Gill's, about a half mile distant, the women and young girls instantly rushed around Miss Hiffert, all eager to clasp her in their arms and rub their noses against hers. (This rubbing of noses is a native custom, and indicative of their greatest friendship.) After nearly one hundred had embraced Miss H. in this their most affectionate manner, and having rubbed the skin completely off on one side of her nose, so that each subsequent greeting was becoming more and more painful, she begged of them, through Mr. Gill, to desist, and take the "will for the deed," thanking them a thousand times for these unexpected tokens of their affection and friendship. Many who were disappointed in not being able to embrace her in their customary manner, thought they must show their friendly feelings in some way, so they caught her up, first one and then another, in their arms, and in this manner carried her in triumph all the way to Mr. Gill's house, accompanied by the largest procession of females, some seven or eight hundred, I ever saw; and their happy, smiling faces plainly denoted how great was their feelings of joy, and how delighted they were at this opportunity and mode of expressing them to the *wahine hula-hula* (singing woman).

Soon after the concert was over, I took a walk down to the market to examine the receipts—it was a sight, surely. I really believe the receipts, in bulk, of this concert were the largest ever known. It occupied twenty-four men one day and a half, with four large whale-boats, to get them on board ship, distant one mile from the shore. After having been all got on board, the proceeds were found to "foot up" as follows:—79 swine (large and small), 93 turkeys, 116 chickens, 16,000 cocoanuts, 5,700 pine-apples, 418 bunches bananas, 600 pumpkins, 108 baskets oranges, some six barrels limes, besides mats, fans, &c.

In order to get at the amount of the receipts in dollars and cents, I have valued every thing at about New York retail prices:

79 hogs, at \$5 each.....	\$395 00
93 turkeys, at \$1 each.....	93 00
116 chickens, at 38 cents each.....	44 08
16,000 cocoanuts, at 12 cents each.....	1,820 00
5,700 pineapples, at 12 cents.....	684 00
418 bunches bananas, averaging 75 to the bunch, making 31,350 bananas, at 6 cents each.....	1,881 00
600 pumpkins, at 15 cents each.....	90 00
2,700 oranges, at 2 cents each.....	54 00
limes, mats, fans, etc., about.....	25 00

Total.....\$5,086 08

As there was no expense attending the getting up of this concert, you will see at a glance that if we had the immense quantity of tropical produce in New York to-day, and could sell it for the amount at which I have valued it, we should have the snug little sum of *five thousand and eighty-six dollars and eight cents*. But we haven't got it there!

I will conclude by giving you a brief description

of the island. Rarotonga is nearly seven hundred miles southwest of Otaheite, and is situated 21 deg. 12 min. south latitude, and 160 deg. west longitude; it is the largest island of the Hervey Group.

The "Hervey Group" consists of seven islands, named as follows: Rarotonga, Manguia, Aitutaki, Atiu, Mauke, Mitiao, and Manuai. They are all inhabited, except Manuai. Population about 10,000. They are situated between 157 deg. and 160 deg. west longitude, and 18 deg. 30 min and 22 deg. south latitude. They were discovered by Captain Cook in the years 1773 and 1777.

I will write you again from Valparaiso.

Yours truly, J. M. BOULARD,
of the Alleghanians.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 19, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Music at Home.

As music in public is to be, at best, an uncertain pleasure for us, during the coming season, (in spite of Mr. Ullmann's announcements) we are driven to look for it in smaller circles, and even at home. We may not hear a grand orchestra this winter; we may not enjoy, as we have in past times, the choral performances of our oratorio societies, for very many of those upon whom these things depend, have long ago laid aside the instruments of Peace and Harmony and, far from home, are serving their country in a sterner field.

From the smaller musical organizations, however, we surely may expect to hear from this winter. The pleasant chamber concerts of Mrs. Varian have opened the way, and have met with deserved success; and our readers will see, with pleasure the announcement in another column of the proposed series by Messrs. Kreissmann, Leonhard and Eichberg; and also find that our old friends of the Mendelssohn Club are already stirring.

Besides these resources, is still left the music of the home, where musical powers of every degree of cultivation always find ready and delighted listeners, where the refined audiences that hear the public performances of our city, receive the rudiments of their musical knowledge, where, of all places, Music finds her fittest sanctuary and permanent dwelling place. The shapes she may assume are various, from the simple song, which in its rudest form, often strikes a chord in the heart that never ceases to vibrate while life lasts, to the grander melodies of the greatest masters of the Art that demand the highest powers to render adequately, and yet are adapted for the smallest circle of listeners and the humblest place; beyond these, to those still more elaborate forms, in which many voices must take part—the cantatas, the masses, the choruses, sacred and secular, the study and practice of which has been the delight and ornament of so many private circles.

We copy some timely remarks from our neighbor the *Musical Times*, most heartily endorsing the suggestion that this is the time of all others to learn, and we rejoice to be informed that so many of our best teachers are still sought out by almost their accustomed number of pupils.

"The more quiet and home-like music of the season has been commenced in Chickering's Hall, from which the dust of summer has been swept to make way for Mme. Varian's flowing train.

But the season has not really begun. The Philharmonic will scarcely dare to attempt this year what it failed in accomplishing the last. The Mendelssohn Club will probably succeed in drawing together the coterie of music lovers in whose affections they are so well established. But where is a bassoon for their sextettes and octettes? There are rumors of opera troupes to come; but who and what are the singers, it would be difficult to say. No opera troupe can be supported in the present state of affairs. Mr. Ullman opens his campaign with a conjurer; and we imagine that he will thrive better, just

now, with magic than music. None of his glowing promises have yet blushed before the world in those gorgeous colors, which, like red before the bovines, inflame the mind and fire the expectation. The singers have gone, most of them. Even Brignoli, who seemed to have become an American fixture, is arraying his plump person for a foreign fitting. What shall we do with an opera troupe, now-a-days, when every cent of extra cash is invested in the seven and three-tenths per cent loan? Treasury notes run higher now than a tenor C in alt, and our whole people are "gridando liberta" with a gusto that throws even Badiali and Marini in the shade. Papas will say to young damsels who long for fashionable opera, that they must make their own music, be their own prima donnas, and supply the place of handsome tenors from the crowd of dandies who follow in their train. Parlor operas must supersede public ones; and the cheapness must excuse the quality.

We are glad to learn that our teachers are beginning the season with excellent prospects. We would certainly advise those who are abridged of the pleasure of hearing music this winter, to occupy their hours and their means in perfecting themselves under the tuition of our excellent resident instructors. This would be a proper direction for the flow of that wealth which might, under other circumstances, find its way into stranger hands with less benefit to all parties.

The enjoyment of music in private is even greater than that in public. Imperfect as may be one's own efforts compared with those of technical artists, they really afford a pleasure and a satisfaction more durable than those derived from listening to others, however skilled.

In times like these, when public enjoyment fails, the efforts of our parlor vocalists and pianists should be bent on personal improvement and enjoyment. We trust, therefore, that our own teachers, resident among us, our social friends as well as instructors, will thrive by the troublous times."

Musical Correspondence.

WORCESTER, MASS., OCT. 14.—Mr. B. D. Allen recently gave, at Washburn Hall, one of those charming musical entertainments by which he has succeeded in cultivating in our city a taste for the classics of that art of which he is so faithful a disciple. In all respects it was the best of the kind ever given in Worcester. The programme was excellent, and the performances remarkably good. The Trio Club, Messrs. Allen, Burt and Stearns, won golden opinions. Their playing showed faithful, long-continued rehearsal, and something more too, than perfection of mechanical skill—rare appreciation of the works performed. Mr. Allen played the selections from Schubert and Chopin with fine expression; and the Bach *Adagio* for piano and violin—Messrs. Allen and Burt was heard with unequalled pleasure. The vocalists were Mrs. A. G. Allen, who has a sweet and pure soprano voice of more than ordinary cultivation and Mrs. Munroe, recently of Lowell, we believe. Her excellent contralto voice is a welcome addition to our musical force, and it was heard to the best advantage in the beautiful duet from *Stabat Mater*. These ladies were assisted in the *Oberon* quartette by Mrs. Doane and Mr. A. Whitney. We give the programme of this concert, to which, by the way, the audience were summoned by invitation:

PART I.

1. Trio for Piano, Violin and Violoncello. Op. 1, No. 2. Beethoven
1. *Adagio*—Allegro Vivace. 2. *Largo* con espressione
3. *Scherzo* Allegro. 4. *Finale* Presto.
2. Song. The Morning Prayer of Samuel. Costa
3. Piano Solo. Andante and Minuet. Op. 78. Schubert
4. Duet from "Stabat Mater." "Quis est homo" Rossini
- PART II.
5. Piano and Violin. *Adagio* and *Rondo*. Bach
6. Song. "Spring is Returning" Mendelssohn
7. Piano Solo. *Scherzo*. Op. 31. Chopin
8. Quartette from "Oberon." Von Weber
10. Trio in G. No. 26. Haydn
1. *Adagio*—Allegro. 2. *Rondo*.

The hall of the American Antiquarian Society in this city has lately been enriched by a cast of Michael Argelo's statue of "Moses," the gift of Hon. Stephen Salisbury to whom the society was not long ago, indebted for a cast of the same artist's statue of "Christ." Not without reason has the "Moses" been called the artist's masterpiece. Such gigantic power of conception! such wonderful force and vigor of execution. From studying this statue we go refreshed to a new reading of the Old Testament, just as Haydn's chorus makes "the light" break with new brilliancy in the Creation, and as Handel's Messiah music adds touching beauty to the story of the "Man of Sorrows." So much do music, painting, and sculpture verify and reanimate the past!

S.

Musical Chit-Chat.

We notice with pleasure the announcement of four musical Soirées by Messrs. KREISSMAN, LEONHARD and EICHBERG. As it is well-known to our music-lovers that they never give any but the best music, we need not urge upon them to see that their list is well filled.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB have started on a trip to the State of Maine, to be absent two weeks. An editor "down East" heralds their coming in the following puff, "This is no common travelling concern, but music-teachers from Boston, on a tower of pleasure."

A musical entertainment was given on Wednesday evening last, at Messrs. Woodward & Brown's Piano Warerooms, to invited friends by the brothers LOUIS and WILLEM COENEN, (Violin and Piano), assisted by Miss RYAN. Mr. Willem Coenen impressed us as a clever pianist. Considering his youth his execution was even remarkable. Miss Ryan has a magnificent organ, which, with proper treatment, may become a Contralto of the first quality.

PAYING THE PIPER.—We clip from the N. York Times, a little comment upon the generous style in which our troops are being furnished with music. It would seem as though one full Brass Band for a Brigade, would suffice for all parades and extra occasions, whilst other marching were better done by the fife and drum, as of yore. The providing of a Band for each regiment, not only adds the number of twenty or thirty men to be provided for, without increasing perhaps at all by the effectiveness of the force, but the War Department reports the snug little item of \$4,000,000 as required per annum, to pay the musicians already under orders:

It is a proverb, old almost as our language, that "they who dance must pay the piper." Our Government is learning this truth somewhat to its sorrow. Secretary Cameron, we are told, is quite dismayed to find that the cost of music, by the regimental bands, is running up at a rate that will amount to millions of dollars per annum. To appreciate the fearful expense fully, it may be said that what is now paying for "brass bands," that blow so mightily in dress parades and in "serenading Generals," would have supported the navy of the United States, as it stood a few years since.

Music is a very good thing in its way, but we cannot but believe that we are having "too much of a good thing." There has been far more swelling of cheeks and obsequiousness of brazen-throated trumpets than is profitable. Jericho surrendered to the blast of a ram's horn. But our rebels do not yield to such persuasions. Nor should we expect them to. Shakspeare knew the powerlessness of music over such. In his celebrated lines he tells us that—

"He that hath no music in his soul,
And is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

We have found the rebels exactly of this sort. We have "piped," but they have not "danced." They hear our notes, but they utterly refuse to "keep step to the music of the Union." Therefore, let us change. Draw out the diapason, and let the ordinance of battle mingle its deep roar with the silly clangor of cornets. We have had "quavers" enough in the Army, and had better return to first principles, known to revolutionary soldiers in the drum and fife. Fashionable music is full of "fugues" which means *fights*; and we should avoid aught that suggests the rapid time made in the "fugue" at Bull Run.—*Exchange*.

Paris

Sept. 12.—The theatres, in expectation of the coming revival, are accordingly all under arms, and the usual stars of each establishment once more twinkling in their appointed places. At the Grand Opera the revival of *Herculanum* gave M. and Mad. Gueymard, M. Obin, and Mlle. Livry, and the habitués of that house with whom they are in such high favor, an opportunity of mutually greeting each other on their respective returns from their respective country trips. I should not have left out the name of Mad. Tedesco from this group of favorites. On the following Wednesday the *Prophète* was revived, the cast including Mad. Viardot, MM. Gueymard, Belval, Coulon, and Koenig; both evenings were equally brilliant and spirited. It is announced that the management of the Imperial Opera has signed a fresh engagement with M. Cazaux for another five years. The excellence of this artist renders this in every way a prudent step.

At the Opéra Comique, the *Caid* has been produced for the debut of Mlle. Balbi in the part of Virginie. This lady's reception was in the highest degree complimentary, and deservedly so, for she is a very charming singer, and only requires, what she

seems in a fair way of acquiring—a little more vigor—to take a most distinguished place in the profession she has adopted. Mlle. Balbi started, as did Mad. Ugalde and Mad. Carvalho, as a concert singer. Her next essay will be in the part of Perrine in *Maître Claude*. The revival of *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, which has been so long announced, is still hindered by the continued indisposition of Mad. Faure Lefebvre. The manager of the Opéra Comique has just accepted a new opera in three acts, the book of which is by MM. Leuven and Cormon, and the music by M. Jules Cohen. It is entitled *José Maria*. Mlle. Cordier is about to take her leave of this establishment, having resolved to devote herself to Italian Opera, for which line she has already obtained an engagement at Berlin. Mlle. Prort also ceases to be a member of the company.

The Théâtre Lyrique re-opened for the season with *Les Dragons de Villars*, Mlle. Girard appearing in the part of Rose Frisquet, originally played by Mlle. Borghese, who until now had had no worthy successor in this difficult part. Mlle. Girard is not certainly equal to Mlle. Borghese, but she is far superior to any who have since attempted the part. On the following day M. Ernest Reyer's opera, *La Statue*, was revived. M. Montjaux playing the part of Seline; and lastly, on the day after that, *Le Bijou perdu* was revived—one of Adolphe Adam's best works—and Mad. Marie Cabel was the heroine of the evening. The house was crowded, and the reception of the brilliant songstress was of the most enthusiastic description. A sort of electric communication seemed established between the artist and her audience, by which each in turn influenced the other. Thus, then, the three great lyric establishments of Paris are once more at the flood in the tide of their fortunes. Soon to these I shall have to add the Théâtre Italien, the programme of which is already put forth.

Have you heard of a fresh infant prodigy? a son of the late Italian composer Ricci, aged eight, who has just been presiding in the church of St. Justus, at Trieste, over the performance of a grand mass of his own composing!

One of the papers here states that M. Marschner, the well-known composer, who had been staying for the last eight months in Paris, has been taken seriously ill on his return to Hanover.

PATRIOTIC PICCOLOMINI.—In a free and semi-confidential conversation with the Municipality of Florence, Victor Emmanuel did not conceal the difficulties of the Neapolitan question, but he said he hoped to solve them by firmness and honesty. As to Rome (he said), there are people who wish us to cut the Gordian knot, but we prefer to untie it. Venice can only be obtained by war. The first thing to do is to organize a strong army. After that, and when we are ready, reasons for attacking Austria will not be wanting. This language may be considered as pacific as possible, in spite of the last phrase, which in my opinion is only bellicose in appearance. Yesterday evening the King drove in an open carriage, and unattended, through the streets of Florence, which were brilliantly illuminated. He was greeted everywhere with the utmost enthusiasm. On the arrival of the king at Florence, the celebrated Piccolomini (now Marchioness Della Farina) sang a cantata composed for the occasion. The following stanza, the first four lines of which was sung in a plaintive tone, and the last with an energy altogether warlike, produced an indescribable sensation, the King listening with evident pleasure all the time:

E Venezia—in riva al mare,
Siede, guarda, e al ciel di duolo,
E conforto aver non vuole,
Perché figli più non ha!
Oh! ch' a l'armire, e a fulminare,
Torna o Re nel tuo sentiero,
Dove regna lo straniero;
Va ti monstra, e fuggirà.

(And Venice—seated on the sea coast, looks up to heaven with grief and will not be comforted, because she has not her children. Oh! if in thy career, oh King! thou wert to take up arms against the stranger who reigns! Go! show thyself and he will fly.)

The crowd caught up the sentiment, and rent the air with shouts of, "To Venice!" "To Venice!"
—Letter from Florence, Sept. 16.

Hereford Musical Festival.

Wednesday, Sept. 11.—The oratorio selected for the first morning's performance was Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, which produced its usual effect upon the auditory. Mr. Weiss took the part of the Prophet Elijah, and fully justified the high popularity he has long enjoyed among the musical amateurs of Hereford. His declamation was exceedingly fine, and his deep bass voice admirably adapted to the music. The soprano music was divided between Miss Louisa Pyne and Mad. Weiss, who both acquitted themselves like true artists. High as is the position Miss Louisa Pyne has attained in what, for the sake of

distinction, we must term profane music, her singing yesterday was sufficient to convince the most sceptical, if, indeed, there is any one at all sceptical on the subject, that, if she chooses to devote her attention to it, she will achieve an equally high position in oratorio. Mad. Sain-ton-Dolby and Miss Susan Pyne took the contralto music, and Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Montem Smith the tenor. Most of these celebrated artists have been so often, and some so recently noticed in the same oratorio, that the mere mention of their appearance must suffice on the present occasion. The choruses were, on the whole, well rendered, and afforded general satisfaction, though to one who, like myself, had listened such a short time previously, to the wonderful choral triumph at Birmingham, they sounded, at intervals, rather weak and thin. But then the number of voices at the command of the Hereford conductor is only about a hundred and thirty.

A miscellaneous concert was given in the evening,

At half past eleven this morning the performance of Spohr's oratorio, *The Last Judgment*, commenced in the cathedral. Everything went well from beginning to end. Mr. Weiss had another opportunity for displaying the powers of his fine, genuine bass voice, and did so with artistic conscientiousness. Mr. Montem Smith was entitled to high praise. He shone with more than ordinary brilliancy, and produced a marked impression. Mrs. Weiss, too, was excellent, more especially in the duet, "Forsake me not," with the gentleman just mentioned. The contralto music found an able executant in Miss Susan Pyne. The chorus and band were fully up to the mark. After Spohr's work came *Samson*.

Although a vast number of pieces were cut out, two such works as the above were too long for a single performance. "Enough is as good as a feast," should be borne in mind by the Managing Committees of our provincial Festivals. However, what is done cannot be undone; and therefore I will say no more on this head, but proceed to make a few, and only a few, observations concerning the performance itself. Mr. Sims Reeves was in splendid voice, and never sang better. He was particularly grand and impressive in the air, "Total eclipse." Miss Louisa Pyne, as will be seen by the programme, sang the whole of the soprano music, in a manner that caused me to regret that she is heard so seldom in works of a sacred character. The other artists exerted themselves to the utmost, and the band and chorus were well up to their work.

Thursday, Sept. 12.—The second concert, yesterday evening, at the Shire Hall, went off very well, although there were not so many persons present as on Tuesday evening. This is to be accounted for, in a great measure, perhaps, by the fact that there were no five shilling seats, as at the first concert. Admission could not be procured for less than half a guinea, a large sum for many persons.

The programme of this morning's performance at the Cathedral, comprised "Spring," from the *Seasons*, Haydn; "The Requiem," Mozart; "Hymn of Praise," Mendelssohn.

In the first place, then, I must inform you that very many competent judges were of opinion that the selection from Haydn's *Seasons* might have been advantageously omitted from the programme, which would have been quite long enough without it. When—I ask, for about the thousandth time—will those worthy gentlemen who have the ordering of provincial festivals restrain their programmes within reasonable bounds. Not only, however, was the selection from *The Seasons de trop* on this occasion, it was not by any means a good sample of what Hereford can do. Well as the solo music was sung by Mad. Weiss, Messrs. Weiss and Montem Smith, the performance left the audience unmoved. The fact is, the choruses were below the mark—*manqués*, as the French call it. The music itself, too, which has nothing at all sacred about it, seemed out of place within the walls of a cathedral. A far finer performance was that of Mozart's *Requiem*,—"the" *Requiem*, as people say, and always will say, probably, just as they talk about "the Duke"—still the execution of the choruses was not worthy either of the work itself or of the members of the Three Choirs. Yet, so great is the power of genius, even when unsatisfactorily interpreted, that most of the choral pieces, as, for instance, "Dies iræ," "Rex tremendæ Majestatis," and "Confutatis Maledictis," produced a profound and lasting impression upon the audience. The solo singers, Mad. Sain-ton-Dolby, Mlle. Titiens, Signor Giuglini, and Mr. Winn, were irreproachable. Mlle. Titiens, in particular, was splendid, and the part she took in the quartet, "Recordare, Jesu pie," was sung by her with a degree of power, ease, and unaffected feeling which I have seldom heard equaled, and, certainly, never surpassed. Mr. Winn, also, was more than usually good, and de-

serves high praise for his delivery of the bass music. Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* went better than the *Seasons* but not so well as the *Requiem*. There was, at times the same want of steadiness, the same disregard of the nice gradations of light and shade, in the choruses; although, some of them, on the other hand, were given in admirable style. Mr. Sims Reeves was highly impressive, particularly in "The sorrows of death." The duet, "I waited for the Lord," was beautifully given by the Misses Louisa and Susan Pyne; while three grand instrumental movements were grandly performed by the band.

The principal feature in the performance at the concert in the evening was Mr. Benedict's cantata of *Undine*, which has already achieved such popularity in Norwich and London; and, as far as I can form an opinion from what took place on the evening in question, will soon be as great a favorite with the good citizens of Hereford. Great credit is due to Mr. Townshend Smith for introducing such a work, and the talented composer, who had come down to Hereford on purpose to be present—"assist," the French call it—at the performance of his work, must have felt very much obliged to him. Once more, if I am to state frankly what I think—and, by the way, it was to that end I was despatched down here—I must say, the members of the chorus were not as well up in their work as might have been desired, although they gave very effectively some of the music allotted to them. The parts were thus cast: Undine, Miss Louisa Pyne; Bertalda, Mad. Sain-ton-Dolby; Hildebrand, Mr. Sims Reeves; and Kühleborn, Mr. Weiss. Miss Louisa Pyne was suffering from severe indisposition, but despite of this, she scorned to give in, and with wonderful "pluck" went through her arduous task in a manner which elicited the most hearty applause. Mad. Sain-ton-Dolby was a most excellent Bertalda, and gave the romance, "The baron's old castle looks proud and bright," in first-rate style. Mr. Weiss supported his original part of Kühleborn with all the talent for which he is distinguished; while Mr. Sims Reeves was never more spirited and impressive than in the part of Hildebrand, a part of which, as the readers of the *Musical World* are aware, he was the original representative, as Mr. Weiss was of Kühleborn. The band was quite equal to its task, and altogether the cantata proved one of the "hits" of the Festival. The same may be said of Professor Sterndale Bennett's overture of the *Wood Nymphs*.

The performance of the *Messiah* on Friday morning attracted no less than 1736 persons, while the collection amounted to 307l. 0s. 7d. Both in a pecuniary and artistic sense it was the greatest success of the whole Festival. The charm exercised by this great work is really astonishing. Hundreds and hundreds who care for nothing else will go to hear the *Messiah*. So much, however, has been said so frequently not only about the work itself, but about every one of the artists who sang in it on Friday, that, not to grow wearisome, and repeat an oft-told tale, I shall content myself with sending you merely a general account of the performance without going into detail, which would be superfluous. The choruses, then, were given in a manner that must have satisfied even the most exacting critic. Despite her severe indisposition of the previous evening, Miss Louisa Pyne was determined that her Hereford admirers should not be disappointed. She sang the principal soprano music most beautifully, particularly the grand and impressive air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Mad. Weiss and Miss Susan Pyne likewise, were very effective. How Mad. Sain-ton-Dolby, to whom was allotted most of the contralto music, sings oratorio, no one with any pretension to musical knowledge needs be informed. Yet I cannot pass over in silence the way in which she rendered the wonderful air, "He was despised." Messrs. Weiss and Winn divided the bass music between them, the latter gentleman distinguishing himself more especially in "The trumpet shall sound," with, of course, Mr. T. Harper's marvellous trumpet *obligato*. The greater part of the tenor music was assigned to Mr. Sims Reeves. I really feel puzzled what to do when speaking of this gentleman. Having praised him so often, I am almost inclined to content myself with observing that he sang as usual but he was really so great on Friday, that I cannot resist dwelling somewhat more at length on so remarkable a performance. The manner in which he gave the accompanied recitative, "Comfort ye, my people," with the air, "Every valley," "Behold and see," and thou shalt break them," was simply sublime, and places him at the top of his profession—*facile princeps*—as the interpreter of the immortal Saxon's music. The band, under the direction of Mr. Townshend Smith, proved themselves worthy of the occasion. Mr. Amott officiated at the organ.

At 7 o'clock, P.M., a chamber concert was given in the College Hall.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Off again. Song and Chorus (Answer to "Home again." Marshall S. Pike 25

This song written by the author on the eve of his departure to the theatre of the war, with words of much beauty and significance in these times when so many are "off again," and a melody which must at once sink into the heart and take a permanent place there, will become as popular as "Home again" ever has been. Those who have musical friends—singers—in the army should have a copy placed in their hands. Either as a song or as a glee it will become a favorite camp tune.

List fairest Ella. Mrs. Luyster. 25

Within her downy cradle. Mrs. Luyster. 25

Two pretty Songs of medium difficulty.

A loving heart. Ballad. Mrs. Jerrold. 25

A melodious ballad written in close and successful imitation of the popular songs of Balfe, Richards and others. It is very good and effective.

The dying Soldier, or Kiss me good night mother. Edward Clark. 25

Founded on a touching incident said to have occurred in a hospital at Washington. The music is very appropriate and well adapted for young singers.

Instrumental Music.

Mephisto Galop. Carl Faust 25

A dashing Galop, just the thing in a ball-room. Moderately difficult

McClellan's Grand March. 50

The title-page of this fine and spirited piece of music has a handsome Vignette, in colors, representing the young General to whose command our brave legions are entrusted, on a splendid white charger. It is altogether the most striking likeness of Gen. McClellan which we remember having seen.

Kathleen Mavourneen. Transcription. Brinley Richards. 35

An elegant arrangement of Crouch's favorite song. Richards' compositions, original or otherwise, have now become so well established in the good graces of our Amateurs, that anything new from his pen is at once eagerly sought for.

Books.

WINNER'S PERFECT GUIDE FOR VIOLIN, FLUTE AND GUITAR, ACCORDEON, PIANO, MELODEON FIFE, FLAGEOLET AND CLARINET.—Containing Instructions designed to enable the pupil to obtain a knowledge of playing without a teacher; with a choice collection of every variety of Popular Music. Each, 50

Teachers, pupils and dealers desirous of obtaining a low-priced Instruction Book and at the same time one that is useful and attractive will find these books fully suited to their wants. The instructions are given in a manner adapted to the comprehension of all grades of scholars. The exercises illustrating and enforcing the lessons are not dry and tedious, but sprightly and enlivening, and the selection of music, varying from the simple to the difficult, comprises the most popular melodies of the day. Dealers throughout the country cannot have on their counters a more attractive or popular series of books. They have illustrated covers and in all locations meet with a quick sale.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 499.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 26, 1861.

VOL. XX. No. 4.

[For the London Musical World and Dwight's Journal of Music.]

Dussik, Dussek, Duschek.

(Continued from page 227.)

It appears from my next notice that Dussek entered the service of a prince von Isenburg — but who he was deponent cannot say — though only for a short time. The citation is from the *L. M. Zeitung*, Sept. 2, 1807.

"Herr Dussek has resigned his situation with the Prince von Isenburg, has entered the service of the prince of Benevento (Talleyrand) and will remain henceforth in Paris."

Again, *L. M. Z.*, June 21, 1809. From letter dated 'Paris, end of May.' The writer is describing a concert given by Rode after his return from Russia — probably the concert in the Odeon towards the close of the year 1808 — and having finished Rode, goes on:

"Dussek, one of the creators of the true style of pianoforte playing, and now for nearly a year again in Paris, made his appearance the same evening and 'carried away' all his auditors, who appeared to have come for the sole purpose of hearing Rode. It is a very rare thing to hear two such noble artists upon one evening. Dussek had all the greater success since for a long time no really great pianist has been heard here. The pianoforte is just that instrument, whose highest development is the least to be sought for in France. Steibelt has introduced here an abominable style of playing; a style, which is ruinous to the true effects of the instrument and which to every connoisseur must seem insignificant, however attractive to the mass of ordinary dilettants. One of the leading weaknesses of this style is the abuse of variations for the instrument. All pianoforte teachers in France and especially in Paris, imitate Steibelt's manner and enrich it with new faults. And so they have laid aside the good music of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Clementi, Cramer, Dussek and Hummel, and thrown themselves, soul and body, into the charlatanism and insignificance of style, which are the ruling qualities of Steibelt and most of his works. In Germany it would be impossible to form any adequate idea of the disgusting manner in which, to conform to the prevailing fashion, we must now play the pianoforte in Paris.

"It was, therefore, most desirable, that a man like Dussek should come here and act as a reformer and so bring the pianoforte back to its natural aims and ends to its real greatness and its true sphere. Even in this first concert Dussek effected much to this end, for he proved that success may be gained by combining sterling qualities with simplicity and sweetness; that there is no necessity for the sing-song and petty trickery by which those wanting in real talent attract attention."

Again, in a letter dated Paris, Dec. 18, 1809, "Herr Dussek is in the service of M. Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento. He appears to be treated in a very distinguished manner, and enjoys a respectable salary."—(*L. M. Z.*, Jan. 3, 1810.)

Again, "Dussek has written a magnificent grand mass in which he has not only proved himself a true master in church music, but more particularly a great contrapuntist. He sent this work some time since to Vienna to Prince Esterhazy, and it is strange that it has not only not been performed but no notice at all has been taken of it."—(*Id.*, Nov. 6, 1811.)

A few months later (April 15, 1812) the same Journal prints a letter from its Paris correspondent, announcing Dussek's death:

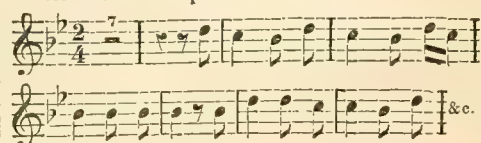
"PARIS, MARCH 21, (1812).—I am hardly able to-day to report, even in the fewest words, the little in relation to the theatres here, which can interest the German reader, for I have just been surprised by sad news, which must grieve every true friend of music, but which strikes to the very heart of myself and all those who personally knew him to whom this news refers.

"Your excellent, worthy and celebrated countryman, J. L. Dussek, is no more! Yesterday morning, at six o'clock, in the full vigor of manhood's best years, he closed a career, which, through the ever more thorough culture, development and solid strength of his great talents and his astonishing industry, had not yet reached its culminating point. He had been rather unwell several months, but was confined to his bed only two days; his disease was gout, which suddenly attacked his brain, and in less than two hours carried him off. Since it was fated him to die now, it was certainly a blessing that his excessively active, energetic spirit was not subjected to the trials of a long illness; a blessing to his warmly sensitive, affectionate heart, that he could breathe his last in the arms of his faithful friend and countryman, your noble Neukomm.

"His last work was another set of three sonatas for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, the last of which was finished only to the middle of the adagio. There is no need of discoursing farther here about Dussek, the man of genius, the richly endowed and solidly trained artist; the entire musical world knew, honored, loved him; his character as an artist, and the characteristics of his principal works have been often enough treated in your columns with intelligence, impartiality and truth. On one point only will I say a word; that Dussek has done, perhaps, nearly as much as Haydn, and certainly not less than Mozart to make German music known and respected in other lands. His earlier residence in London and his later in Paris have in this regard been of very great influence. As a virtuoso he is everywhere rightly placed in the very highest rank. In rapidity and certainty of execution and in the conquering of the greatest difficulties, it would be difficult to find a pianist who surpasses him—in neatness, clearness and precision possibly one (Cramer, in London); in soul, expression and delicacy, certainly no one. As a man he was noble and good; a just, impartial, kindly man; a true friend; sympathizing with all the good and beautiful in those whom he knew, with no revengeful spirit against the bad,

which he met with and from which he suffered. His weaknesses were such as are inseparable from so powerful an imagination and such extreme sensitiveness; such being their origin they can easily be forgiven. Moreover, through native strength of mind and his frequent and intimate intercourse with the most distinguished persons in the best classes of society—as with Prince Louis Ferdinand, of Prussia—he had gained a vast mass of general information of all kinds, highly polished manners and great tact for all that is proper and attractive in society; while his joyousness of disposition, his liberality of sentiment and his freedom from prejudice made these advantages singularly valuable to him, especially with musicians. His father and first instructor is still living in Czauslau; (upon his later and higher development Clementi exerted a powerful influence so long as he (D.) was in London); a brother, also a fine pianist, and author of many favorite works, is living in Milan; and a sister, possessed of similar high qualities, is in London, where she is married to a certain Mr. Cianchettini. In his early years Dussek's life was one of struggle; at a later period, when his merit was acknowledged, friendship, successful labor and advantageous positions made it for the most part easy pleasant. In this latter period he, in perhaps but a single instance, met with a deep and lasting sorrow—and this was when his patron and pupil (in composition and pianoforte playing) Prince Louis—whom it is well known he followed to the field of battle near Jena—was torn from him by death under such painful circumstances."

As to Dussek's works their general character has been sufficiently denoted in the foregoing passages from contemporary writers; their number, it might, perhaps, be difficult to determine exactly. The highest "opus" number which I have seen is 77, but this gives a very imperfect idea of the quantity of his compositions, since in those days, it was not the custom to call a page or two of runs, passages, and trills, confounding some poor, little, innocent, common melody an *opus*—this term being often made to include three or more important compositions—as Beethoven's *six* quartets, opus 18. Whether all the *opera* of Dussek from 1 to 77 were published does not appear from my authorities. In March, 1813, (see *Intelligenz Blatt*, No. IV., of the *L. M. Zeitung*, Vol. XV.), Breitkopf and Härtel print a long advertisement, announcing "a complete edition" of the composer's works; but it appears in the course of the advertisement that the edition is to consist of only the more important, (bedeuten-dere), and whether this design even was carried into effect I have not determined. In the *L. M. Zeitung*, Vol. IX., may be seen a song by him, written in the compass of three notes



and a canon for four voices to the words, "Ha, he, ha, ha, ich merke wohl an euren werthen Nasen, dass ich mit hübschen Phrasen, das ohr auch Kitzeln soll."

Gerber says, in the "New" Lexicon, "Besides the list of pianoforte works, which I have written in the other Lexicon, he has, from 1788 to 1799, that is, in a space of less than eleven years, made public so many proofs of his talents and industry, and given employment to so many presses, that the mere task of reducing them to order and bringing them into a correct catalogue would demand almost as much care and far more patience than the author seems to have expended upon their composition. For a great portion of them seem to belong to a certain class of manufactured wares, such as are usually sold by the dozen. Whoever knows the two concertos, ops. 15 and 17, published at Offenbach, will not even exempt them entirely from this charge, nor can the most of his works be declared free from errors in counterpoint." But Gerber, it will be noticed, is speaking of the works of the popular pianist not of the Dussek of the "Elegie harmonique," "L'Invocation," and those truly grand compositions of his last years.

Diabacz informs us that while a young organist he composed much for the church; he says "those musical compositions, which he wrote for church choirs, are still in manuscript and for the most part preserved in the St. Barbara church, in Küttenberg and in the Decanal church in Czeslau." But that was in 1815; still they may lie there yet.

Such are the principal notices, which have come under my observation in German authorities of the great Dussek.

Madame Corri-Dussek, wife of J. L. D., and daughter of Corri, the music-seller, was born in Italy—when?—married, when?—died, when? She was one of three (or four?) sisters, all of whom gained more or less reputation in England and on the continent. One of them was so much of a singer as to be taken by the "great Cat—little Cat—great Cat-alani"—as the comic song of that day had it, to the exceeding indignation of the said "great Cat—little Cat—great Catalani"—to the continent to sing in her concerts. Of course any adequate notice of these sisters—and they seem to be worth one—can only be drawn up from English authorities. According to Gerber, and the *L. M. Zeitung* (Dec. 15, 1802), Mad. Corri-Dussek was at that time in the front rank in London as singer, pianist and harpist, being in the former capacity prima donna in the Professional Concerts. She was also a composer, and Gerber gives the following list of works which had come under his notice in the catalogue of the firm, Corri & Dussek: 3 Sonatas for Pianoforte, Op. 1.; 3 Sonatas for the Harp, Op. 2.; 3 Sonatas for the Harp, Op. 3.; 3 Sonatas for the Pianoforte Op. 3 (?); 3 Sonatas for the Pianoforte, Nos. 1, 2 and 3; Duchess of York's Waltz; German Waltz for the Harp; Rondo for the Harp; Another Rondo for the Harp.

Queries. Did Dussek desert his wife? or she him? had they children? who was Olivia Dussek, authoress of an arrangement for Pianoforte and Harp of "Rule Britannia," (See *Harmonicon*, Vol. II., p. 8)? From a communication by Madame de Fouché, of Brighton, Eng., it appears that Mrs. Dussek married the tenor Morant as a second husband.

(To be continued.)

[From the National Quarterly Review, for September, 1861.]

Influence of Music—The Opera.

(Continued from page 204.)

If we examine the history of music among the Greeks, we shall find that the progress of the art was proportioned to that of painting and sculpture, so that it attained its highest perfection in the time of Pericles. And who can deny that its progress has been similarly distinguished among the moderns? Nowhere has this been more evident than in England. The English are said not to be a musical people; they readily admit the fact themselves; yet there is no audience in Europe more critical than a London audience. No audience in the world is more feared by *artistes* who have their reputation to establish; even those who have had the most triumphant success at Florence, Naples, Venice, Vienna, Berlin and Paris, approach London with diffidence—often literally with fear and trembling. Why is this? It is not because the English are cold-hearted, or unwilling to give genius all the credit that is due to it, for they are neither one nor the other. On the contrary, no people are more generous in this respect. They are critical simply because, although they do not possess musical talents themselves, they are capable of appreciating those talents in others. They employ the best *artistes*, cost what they may, or come from where they will; they give them better pay than they get anywhere else, and attend their performances more regularly than any other audience; and they will have none merely because they are cheap.*

By this means they secure the benefit of the highest musical education, their taste is formed on the best models. They may not be able to distinguish one note from another on paper; but the best musicians cannot pass a more accurate judgment on the rendering of a difficult passage in an opera. The same is true, though not to an equal extent, of a New York audience, composed in the main of the regular habitués of the opera; for New Yorkers, too, are willing to pay the highest price for the best talent. And if any one, capable of the effort, will compare the class of persons in the habit of attending the opera, with those in the habit of attending the theatre, he will readily admit the superior refinement, if not the general intellectual superiority, of the former.

While it is generally conceded that the tendency of the ordinary drama is to demoralize, experience proves that music, even when it is not of the highest order, purifies and elevates. Need we say that there is evidence of this in the recollection of every intelligent person? Nowhere has the experiment been tried but it has proved eminently successful. In several of the German States the people have their children instructed in music as carefully as in reading or writing. Those found not to have a good voice are taught to play on some instrument or other; generally whichever kind they prefer themselves; so that it is rare, for example, to meet with an Austrian—that is, one brought up in Austria proper—who is not a musician, vocal or instrumental; generally both. There are other States in which this is ridiculed as effeminate. Such is the case in Bohemia. But, if we compare the Bohemians with the Austrians, we shall find that

* At the first sight it may seem contradictory that it is not the people of those countries in which music is most cultivated, or the people who practice it most themselves, that are best competent to judge of its merits, or what amounts to the same, that have the best musical taste; but such is really the fact. M. D'Alembert explains the apparent anomaly as follows:

"Outre la foule de compositeurs médiocres qui abonde toujours dans un pays où la musique est fort cultivée comme elle l'est en Italie, le bon goût, il faut l'avouer, y dégénère sensiblement. Pergolèse, trop tôt enlevé pour le progrès de l'art, a été le Raphaël de la musique Italienne; il lui avait donné un style vrai, noble, et simple, dont les artistes de sa nation s'écartent un peu trop aujourd'hui. Le beau siècle de Senguel et de Lucain commence à lui succéder. Quoiqu'on remarque encore dans la musique Italienne moderne des beautés vraies et supérieures, l'art et le désir de surprendre s'y laisse voir trop souvent au préjudice de la nature et la vérité; ce n'est pas aujourd'hui que les Italiens éclairés s'en aperçoivent eux-mêmes et gemissent de cet abus. Mais il a sa source dans un défaut peut-être incurable, l'amour excessif des Italiens pour la nouveauté en fait de musique."—*Sur La Liberté de la Musique*, p. 122.

the latter are vastly more brave as well as more moral—in every respect better citizens—than the former. Still more musical than the Austrians are the Tyrolese, and they are still braver, soberer, and more industrious in proportion.*

Those who think that all music is dangerous to good morals, except sacred music—psalms, hymns, anthems, &c.—may reply that if the Tyrolese and Austrians are more industrious, brave, and virtuous than their unmusical neighbors, they are so rather in spite of their musical propensities, than on account of them. Nor is there much use in trying to convince them if the contrary. But we have proofs at hand of the humanizing effects of music, which we think ought to satisfy even them. Thus, in a report now before us, of the Inspectors of Scotch Prisons, recently presented to the British Parliament, the Rev. George Scott, chaplain to the Glasgow Prison, bears the following testimony to the beneficial influence of music:

"All the young prisoners have lately been indulged in the means of innocent recreation and exercise. A few who have a taste for music and drawing are occasionally indulged in gratifying the first, and at all times during their extra hours in cultivating the last. As to music, I am decidedly of opinion that it has a cheering and beneficial effect. It does not interfere with the work, and exhilarates the spirits of many who would be apt to fall into gloom and despondency. Before these various means of exhilaration were introduced, there were always a good many constantly sinking into a state of listless apathy; in which the mind seemed to fall asleep, or to be nearly overthrown, and the prisoner to sink into a state of lassitude, indifferent to everything. There used, also, to be frequent attempts at suicide, from the same despondency. Since these means of cheerful and innocent recreation have been introduced, I do not know of one attempt of the latter kind, and at present the mental energy of all the prisoners is more unimpaired than I ever observed. I attribute these beneficial effects, and the visible change, to the causes specified."

The effect of the famous Marseilles Hymn on the French Revolution is well known. It did more to arouse the people than scores of orators; and to this day it is more feared by the French Government than any other production, however voluminous. Napoleon I. remarked while at St. Helena, on being reminded of the fears he had evinced, even when at the meridian of his power, of the influence of literary men and women whom he knew to be opposed to his government, that he could not deny that he really had such fears, but that he would rather have had octavos of satire written against him, in poetry and prose, than to hear that the French people had again begun to march to the irresistible promptings of the Marseilles Hymn. Nor is this the only lyric that has been a source of dread to the rulers of France. The time the Bourbons had to employ Swiss regiments, a song composed by a Swiss peasant had such an effect on the latter that it was prohibited on pain of death throughout French dominions, though in this case it was the words much more than the air that aroused the patriotism of the exiles, by reminding them, as will be presently seen, of their mountains and hills, torrents and limpid streams, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, flocks and herds, shepherds and shepherdesses, &c.

"Quand reverrai-je un jour
Tous les objets de mon amour?
Nos claires ruisseauux,

* Nor is this high appreciation of music anything new among the educated classes of the German people. It was the same in the time of Luther; who has perhaps, never infused more truth and philosophy into the same amount of space, than he has into the following noble tribute to the salutary influence of music:

"Music is one of the fairest and best gifts of God; and Satan hates it, nor can he bear it, since by the means we exercise many temptations and wicked words. It chases away the spirit of melancholy, as we may see by the case of King Saul. Some of our nobility think that they have some great thing, when they give three thousand gulden yearly toward music, and yet they will throw away, without scruple perhaps, thirty thousand on follies. Kings, princes and lords must maintain music (for it is the duty of great potentates and monarchs to uphold excellent liberal arts, as well as laws), inasmuch as the common people and private individuals desire it, and would have it if their means was sufficient. Music is the best solace to a wearied man; through it the heart is again quieted, quickened, and refreshed; as that one says in Virgil:

"Tu calamos infare leves, ego dicere versus."

Luther's Table Talk.

Nos côteaux,
Nos hameaux,
Nos montignes ?
Et l'ornement des nos compagnes ?
— Là si gentil et si beau,
— A l'ombre d'un ormeau,
Quand danserai-je au son du chalumeau ?
Quand reverrai-je en un jour,
Tous les objets de mon amour—
Mon père,
Ma mère,
Mon frère,
Ma sœur,
Mes agneaux,
Mes troupeaux,
Ma bergère ?
Quand reverrai-je en un jour,
Tous les objets de mon amour."

But it is not man alone that is capable of being influenced by music. That more musicians than Orpheus have "charmed the savage breast" is beyond dispute. Naturalists show us that the most ferocious beasts are more or less subdued by its powers. Captain Henry Wilson, of the East India Company's Service, who has written an interesting book on India, informs us that a travelling Fakir called one day at his house with a beautiful large snake in a basket, which he caused to rise up and dance, as well as to keep excellent time, to the tune of a pipe on which he played. Having been greatly annoyed with snakes about his farm-yard, which continued to destroy his poultry, and even attacked the animals, one of his servants inquired of the fakir whether he could pipe these snakes out of their holes and catch them, to which he hastily replied in the affirmative; and being led to a place where a snake had recently been seen, began to play upon his pipe. In a short time a snake came gliding towards him, and was instantly caught; he commenced again, and had not continued five minutes when a huge *cobra de capello*, the most venomous kind of serpent, thrust his head from a hole in the room. The fakir approached him fearlessly and played with more spirit, until the snake was half out of his hole and ready to dart at him. He then played with one hand only, and advanced the other under the reptile as it was raising itself up to spring; the snake then darted at him, when dexterously seizing it by the tail he held it firmly until the servant dispatched it.

In a manuscript work by William Dennis, who devoted his life to the study of natural history, it is stated that of all beasts there is no one that is not delighted with music but the donkey. "H. Stephens," he adds, "avows that he saw a lion in London leave his prey to hear music; and Mr. Playford informs us that, as he once travelled in Hertfordshire, he met a herd of stags upon the road following a bagpipe and violin; that when the music played they went forward, but when it ceased they stood still; and in this manner they were brought from Yorkshire to the park of Hampton Court.

It may, indeed, be doubted whether the lion could be induced to abandon his prey by his love for music; nor does the story about the stags seem altogether credible; but as strange occurrences, resulting from the power of music, as either of those described by Dennis, are well authenticated. M. De Vernet, a French officer, while confined in the Bastille, used to beguile his weary hours by playing on the lute. He had thus, for several weeks, found consolation in his solitude. When playing one day he observed, to his astonishment, a number of mice and spiders issuing from their holes. He repeated the experiment with the same effect several times, and even found some entertainment in observing the attentive audience which he could assemble whenever he pleased.* The Abbé d'Olivet, than whom there is no more creditable authority, informs us that Pelisson amused himself in a similar manner while confined in the same fortress. "For some time," says the Abbé, "he placed his flies on the edge of the spider's web, which was in process of being formed, while his valet, who was with him, played on a bag-pipe. Little by little the spider used itself to distinguish the sound of the instrument, and issue from its

hole to run and catch its prey. Thus calling it always by the same sound, and placing the flies at a still greater distance, he succeeded, after several months, in drilling the spider by regular exercise, so that, at length, it never failed to appear at the first sound to seize the fly provided for it, even on the knee of the prisoner."

* A still stranger case is reported in the Philadelphia Musical and Physical Journal for 1817, by Dr. Craner, of Jefferson county, who stated that, "One evening in the month of December, as a few officers on board a British man-of-war, in the harbor of Plymouth, were seated round, one of them began to play a plaintive air on the violin. He had scarcely performed ten minutes, when a mouse, apparently frantic, made its appearance in the centre of the floor. The strange gestures of the little animal strongly excited the attention of the officers, who, with one consent, resolved to suffer it to continue its singular actions unmolested. Its exertions now appeared to be greater every moment. It shook its head, leaped about the table, and exhibited signs of the most ecstatic delight. It was observed that in proportion to the gradation of the tones to the soft point, the feelings of the animal seemed to be increased and *vice versa*. After performing actions, which an animal so diminutive would at first sight seem incapable of, the little creature, to the astonishment of the delighted spectators, suddenly ceased to move, fell down, and expired without evincing any symptoms of pain."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Translated from Louis Ehlert's "Briefe über Music," by FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

On Chopin's Mazurkas.

LETTER No. 16.

Do you know Chopin's sorrowful Mazurkas, those pathetic dances, in which a deep, heart-felt sorrow has put on red buskins, and weeps itself to death amid bacchanic tumult?

Ye still must dance, who have, poor feet so weary !
In gay shoes drest ye :
Who would, the earth beneath,
More gladly rest ye !

Poor Chopin ! was it the sorrow of his people that afflicted him, or a secret woe, a fatality of love ? Over his cradle the graces pronounced their fairest enchantments a favor not lightly granted to mortals ; and the gods bestowed on him their greatest gift, the nobility of genius. The highest things that any man can desire, in order to be happy, he possesses in the fullest measure ; the laurel of renown, success in love, the protection of friendship, the fruit of toil ; and all these accompanied by youth and an irresistible attractive individuality. He wanted nothing but a sailor's nervous system. Poor Chopin ! his soul was strung with æolian harp strings, on which, at the slightest breath of wind, wondrous, mysterious beings played ; from out a holy silence, these seraphic tones fell on our ear, so that we listened, as though nature's elementary voice pronounced an enigmatical prophesy. A poet of such wonderful refinement of language, with such a sense of color, such a lofty aristocracy of thought, should certainly possess a nervous system of his own. And thus he consumed a vitality that more niggardly natures would have preserved for a hundred years, before he had reached the prime of life. Envious ! If the multitude reckons according to duration, we have another measure. Could I become, for one month of rapture, such a poet as Beethoven, I should be content to pay for it with beggary for the rest of my life. Depth, inwardness is everything, and the greatest joy on earth is the power of creating an immortal work. And from failure in accomplishment comes unhappiness and unworthiness ; tired, broken down, we sit like watchers beside the bed of our sick hope, the crack-brained nurse who fed us on poisoned philtres.

Chopin had the misfortune to become so popular, that there is no drawing-room to be found where he is not falsified and misunderstood. The frivolous desire to play these exquisite compositions in an arbitrary manner, to intrude, with one's own personal feelings, into the poet's peculiar world, has led to that disagreeable style of Chopin-playing, distinguished principally by looseness of style and buffoonery. The coquettish usurps the place of the graceful, wantonness takes the place of daring, sentimentality that of sentiment, and geniality becomes harshness. Only one who has known tears and blushes, whose

heart beats in the fingertips, may venture to play Chopin.

We can well fancy how completely most amateurs fail in this trial, when we recollect how many great artists have been shipwrecked in the attempt. Our musical societies, where vanity and tedium pass current for mutual profit,—these unsupportable preserves of discomfort, these sick rooms of enjoyment, where men awkwardly herd together, in which the smell of corruption from a thousand strangled thoughts fills the air, are the natural theatres of those charades and anagrams, which our pianoforte players make on the name of Chopin. I swear to you by Hermann and Dorothea, on my metrical conscience, that I had rather be present at an improvisation in hexameters, than at one of those perverse interpretations of a poet, whose magical glow ought to frighten away all fingers that are afraid of fire. Imagine the fate of a composition, in which the written measure is entirely disregarded ; imagine the entanglement of hurries and delays where the metronomic influence is absent in the time, and in which not the movements of the pendulum, but ungoverned treatings of the human heart should raise and let fall the robe of the poem !

Surely some secret charm must exist in these creations which discloses even to the unpoetical world of "lofty ignorants" as Viardot once called those circles where the classics are condemned to eternal banishment, where Beyer and Rosellen are played with remarkable intelligence, and where everything is, esteemed ambrosia, provided that it is written salted or peppered. It must be that charm of real destruction, by means of which true nobility betrays its presence, that charm of indescribable grace, which clothes every form of life with beauty. As Chopin was a born aristocrat, even those saloons, that are not always so fortunate as to receive the best company, have been opened to him. But you would hardly believe in what adventurous circumstances I encountered this dear friend. One shudders at such popularity. To please whom, and where ? I once heard the B minor scherzo played in such a company of common buffoons, that it was like a rose buried in a bunch of thistles. A predilection for Chopin is instructive, and not a choice of judgment ; the noblest things that his genius has created, are the property of a small number only. I would wager my love, faith, and hope, that a sorrowful Mazurka, that I have now in my mind, is understood by very few persons. Too fatalistic is this too gloomy the sorrowful, questioning close ;

Ye still must shine, alas, poor eyes all tear-worn !
Where moon-lights sparkle ;
Who would from pain escape, asleep
Where willows darkle !

They call Chopin sickly. Which among us can boast of health ? He was not more sickly than many of our great poets, than Byron, or Robert Schumann ; although I am willing to grant, that Kalkbrenner was far more healthy.

But who is interested now in Mr. Kalkbrenner's robust muse, with his strong-wristed passages and red-checked melodies ? When I was a boy, I was once bade to play one of those tavern house pieces, that then covered every German and French piano. In my simplicity I asked my teacher if Mr. Kalkbrenner was not a sailor, for which question I was severely scolded. Since that time, I have never heard a piece by this excellent man, without thinking of striped trousers.

Chopin's nature was so poetic, that in his hands the study itself became a poem. Let his two greatest, those in C sharp and A minor, written with such exact technical aim, be played with freedom, and any one will acknowledge that our pianoforte literature has nothing more nobly passionate. And what wonderful originality is to be found in them ! Not a bar that is not new, playable and musically charm-

ing; indeed Chopin may be called the inventor of an entirely fresh pianoforte life. After him, how flat, how uninteresting is the style of any master, with the exception of Beethoven alone; what a litany of gone-by, dead-alive forms; what a prosaic, feelingless jingle! Should any one seriously declare to me, that even to-day he can execute with true enjoyment, the piano pieces of Clementi, Dussek, Hummel and Ries, I will esteem him as an excellent man, yea, a very honest one; but I will not drink wine with him.

Do you know any nightingale that can warble in such a dreamy clear-obscure as the melodies of Chopin's nocturnes? I will not do Hafis a wrong; but our German bulbuls seem lovesick in comparison. Has filigree work, or the Moorish arabesque, woven anything more transcendently fine than those fantastic embellishments, that look like silvery lace, threaded by elves in the moonlight? And now play his great songs of love, and look at the celestial passion in these summery, storm-intoxicated eyes!

Of the flame, so great, so noble,
That within my bosom rages,
Is the hot sun but a sparkle,
That into the air has mounted.

And his bosom was soon consumed by the great flame, for he died the fiery death of the poet. We, who drank so freely of the nectar, which he so generously bestowed, must laugh pityingly over the kitchen fire, at which citizen Dussek and worthy Hummel cooked their spare Olympic meal; and even the draught which noble John Field presents, seems to us little more than excellent sugared water. Heaven preserve us from historical injustice. They were worthy, honest men, but doubtful poets. Supported by the consciousness of having fully mastered the rules, they played the piano according to the pious usage of their forefathers, and composed correct pieces with the comfortable applause of a conscience untroubled by fancy; innocent of the revolutionary ideas of Beethoven, they leaned on the burger's staff of custom, protected by the police, applauded by boarding-schools, and taking unto themselves the certainty of immortality, as though some benevolent legates had made them sure of the future. But the after-world will be uninfluenced by party, and will lower the too easily obtained applause of our own age to its proper level.

And as a reward for fulfilling this contemptible office, the future will have the power to raise overturned pillars, and to set up crosses over down trodden graves.

Chopin sleeps under the palm; upon his grave bloom tender-hued roses. On a May night, while the air slept breathlessly, filled with moonlight and odor, I sat there amid dreams, and listened to the whispering leaves. I heard the softened tones of that funeral march he wrote; the basses, folded in mourning crape, with their hesitating step often interrupted by tears. I do not know how long I sat thus, in the lovely night of spring, with the dead at my feet, before I perceived, under the cypress shadows, two kneeling forms, that seemed to be holding a service of love in this spot. One was tall, with slender, transparent limbs; she looked like the dream of a summer night, and wore a sparkling net of filigree chains about her hair. The other, whose swelling breast and lovely arms spoke of a more developed form, carried on her face the magic story of some strange sorrow. A ray of moonlight fell on her feet; I shrank within myself, for I saw that she wore red buskins.

The Paris Conservatory of music has 934 pupils who are instructed by 81 teachers, styled "Professors" in 86 classes. The tuition is paid by the state.

According to the "Guide musicale" there are 20,000 Piano-teachers in Paris.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 26, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

No. XXI.

THE BOOK OF LEVIATHAN.

LONDON, SEPT. 25.

"Sitting at mine ease in mine inn"; on the bosom of the Atlantic, scarcely felt to heave under the huge bulk of our "floating hotel," smoothing the rough sea in our steady, stately, tranquil course—sitting at table in cozy state-room or luxurious saloon, recalling leisurely and writing out these musical memories of Europe, which for the year past have flung occasional and fitful shadows on these pages; improving the leisure of the Ocean and the quiet of the Great Ship, to complete the record of music heard in London, of Birmingham Festivals, perchance of far-gone days in Italy and Germany—thus studying at once your entertainment, reader, and the writer's peace of mind; forestalling, too, a little rest for the first days of arrival home:—this was a pleasant vision, was it not! But it was reckoning without "the Equinoctial," without the least appreciation of the unrivalled *rolling* qualities of the "Great Eastern," and without suspicion of the speculating and deceptive invitation of the "Great Ship Company (Limited)"—ominous word that last! The passage, hopefully begun, has proved abortive; the visions of approaching home were suddenly dashed; the ocean angrily has flung me back upon the shores of Europe. And here, instead of writing on the sea of the euphonious memories of the land, I write on *terra firma* of the hideous cacophony of sea and storm. This time the letter must be episodic, and relate experiences as far as possible from music—"the jarring of a bad discord at the end of my English Symphony," as my old artist friend in Paris sympathetically suggests. "Sternly and sadly marked" indeed, old friend, have been both the beginning and the end—if end it may be—of this European visit! But, thank God, we are safe and whole! "Who has not ate his bread in tears, he knows ye not, ye heavenly powers." Some of that great music now would come wonderfully in place to celebrate a wonderful deliverance! Some Handel's *Te Deum*, or *Gratias agimus* of Mozart, or *Lobgesang* of Mendelssohn, or glorious Joy Symphony of Beethoven, would chime well with the emotions of eight hundred rescued from the perils of the great deep and of the "Great Ship," which was to have set such perils at defiance!

And now for our story—although the newspapers have long since taken off the edge of novelty. Every passenger tells it in his own way, since in so vast a ship no one saw all and no two saw or fared alike; here is mine.

It was a fine day, that Tuesday, the 10th of September, when we embarked at Liverpool, and steamed down the Mersey and for twenty miles down the channel, so quietly that we hardly felt we moved. For some hours I could scarce detect a hair's breadth variation from the perfect level in the lines of the ship seen against the horizon. It was a festal going forth. Boats full of people hovered round us, and all Liverpool appeared to

throng the wharves, the house tops, and even the elevated squares far back in the city, shouting and waving handkerchiefs. Boom of cannon, blare of brass bands fatigued the ear. Then there was *quant. suff.* of complimentary ceremonial, official glorification and delay. The Lord Mayor of Liverpool and party sailed down with us to see us off, and we must stop our course an hour or two to see *them* off, and let the boats which bore them circle round us several times with National Anthem, waste of gunpowder, and whatever else pertains to the time-honored privilege of great bodies to move slowly. "Very portly directors, with red geraniums in their button-holes, and shining, benignant, after-dinner faces, had been inspecting the great ship; and said that all was well," and like the humorous writer of this in the *Times*, we were all glad when these gentlemen were off, and, ceremonies over, felt that we were fairly on our way. (*Fairly*, soon changed to *foully*, though!) We were about 200 cabin passengers, women and children being almost in the majority; as many more in the steerage; and about 400 crew:—800 souls, who made but a sparse population in a ship as big as a Swiss village.

For the remainder of the day one was lost and bewildered and fatigued in wandering over the great ship; not so much by its spaciousness, costing so many steps for every little errand or attempt to find any thing or any body, as by the general confusion that prevailed. It was evident before one had been half an hour on board, that there was very little of anything like thorough organization. The main deck, while it invited to the luxury of a quarter of a mile promenade (back and forth), was very dirty, poorly provided with seats, and these not fastened. Only our smaller luggage was allowed to go to our state-rooms, the larger trunks were left out in the middle of a wide floor stretching across the ship, just where they and we had been taken in at a port-hole upon the third deck, far aft and inaccessible to cabin passengers; we were promised that they should be carefully packed in safe and proper store-rooms—a promise never kept, as learned to our sorrow afterwards. And when it came to eating, gay and hotel-like as was the scene in those fine dining-rooms, and copious as were the viands, and great the bustle of stewards, one had to abandon the philosophy of patience and wax clamorous to get any thing to satisfy hunger. The fact was, the servants were all new and unused to their places; the crew were new; the officers were new; the captain himself, however excellent a seaman, however brave and devoted a man, was new—all new to the ship, and new to one another, running about, shouting at cross purposes, and adding to the general bewilderment; almost as much lost in the great strange place as we were. However, there was much to see and to enjoy,—at all events the luxury of long walks and quiet motion, with soft evening air and a young moon and starlight, on the open sea. One iucubus, which haunts the beginning of all voyages, the thought of seasickness, seemed to be dismissed from all minds; and the worst thing to be feared was the close air of state-rooms, spacious as they are compared with those in common steamers. How well for us, that our entreaties availed not for getting those "bull's-eyes" opened! Fatigue, however, from the day's confusion was a good soporific;

and those, who were so happy as to find berths without a rival claimant, (for, strange to say, 200 passengers crowded the cabin accommodations of this great ship, and in several instances the same number had been sold to two or more individuals — showing that the general hurry and confusion of the outfit prevailed also in the agencies at Liverpool and London) slept well enough through their first night at sea.

Wednesday, 11th. — Early on deck, in search of fresh air. Mild, sunshiny, misty morning, with that peculiar charm of some of Turner's sea views. Irish coast; long, gentle mountain lines as soft and picturesque as the Alban hills. We pass the rugged rocks of the Cape (Ireland's warning, hints a punster: "*Kape Clear*;) and are soon out of sight of land, rejoicing on our westward way. Things are slowly settling into order — very slowly — and yet necessarily — for, cut off from all the rest of the world, and hooped in by waves, we are a "company limited," and must fall into positive routine. Novelty, enough, though, to occupy the mind. There is the ship itself, the sea, the shores, to watch. There is the sweet and even motion of the magnificent and massive engines, as quiet as the breathing of a babe asleep. There is the wonder that the waves (for there is a fresh breeze and a good sea) appear so level from the height of our broad deck. Verily we tread down all inquietude! The billows have to bear us patiently; they only waited for so big a ship! Then there is infinite food for mutual curiosity in one another, rapidly melting into sociability. What a Shakespearian study! What varieties of character! It were a rich book that should portray all those individualities only so far as they manifested themselves during that one week to any observing one among them, — especially as they developed themselves during the three trying days that followed! What interesting peeps, too, into histories and plans and destinies! What mingling of the bright and sombre colors of all ages and all fortunes! Contrasts of wisdom and folly, of nobleness and meanness, of innocence and worldliness, of what is genial and what is hard and unencouraging! One never reads all this so vividly, so seriously, as when the typical voyage of life is thus enacted round him on a real ocean. So the day passes, and all's well. With a rich purple sunset the wind blows up strong, and the Great Eastern begins to show that she can "roll," and some of the passengers to look what they would fain not express and disappear below.

Thursday, 12th. — A bad night for the beginning of sorrows! Heavy rolling; and infernal noises ringing and grating all night through the sonorous, iron carcass of the ship; — shovelling of coal, dragging of chains, whizzing of great wheels, and all cast-iron sounds, mingled with a most superfluous deal of shouting, ordering about and scolding, making all sleep impossible. Consequence, a sharp, feverish headache, disposing one to seek rest — but not sea-sick; — fortunate perhaps, they who were! for, in the indifference to all things which that nausea necessitates, they could not know all the terror of the fearful night impending! Walk the deck awhile; but it is dark and rainy; long swells; ship rolling heavily. By noon the wind grows violent. Seated at lunch, we note at frequent, even intervals a loud, metallic, booming sound, which rings through the hollow caverns of the ship — not a thump as

from the waves, but an explosive sound, as if the huge iron sides of the empty hull *sprang* by their own vibration. Truly an ominous sound! and an intelligent waiter confirmed this theory of it (whether correctly or not), adding that *the ship was without ballast (!)*, only 300 tons of cargo to her more than 13,000 registered tonnage; so that the consumption of coal (300 tons daily) left her more and more hollow, to vibrate and contract and spring, like a huge drum.

By two o'clock the gale is furious; a boiling sea; the rolling of the ship is terrible; to keep a footing on deck is impossible to any but good seamen. Headache confines me to a lounge in the luxurious "Grand Saloon," where there are shelves plentifully filled with books, continually toppling down on people's heads. Resolving to abstain from dinner I try to read Mr. Pepys's Memoirs, and to realize the scenes of London in old times by the light of the London in which I have just been living — or watch the company about me, the ludicrous efforts of some to keep their seats, the pretty ways and happy voices of children, to whom it is all fun as yet. As for the dinner, all fared alike; there was no dining that day; several times over we could hear the tables set, and every time a new roll would bring a general slide and stampede of glasses, dishes, tables and all; yet would the silly waiters persevere in building up card houses. Soon it grew too serious to think of dinner, or to find amusement in the drollest mishaps. Chairs and tables slid away from us; women and children would creep into corners, bracing themselves against walls and railings. Suddenly the wind howls; it lifts the sky-lights, which run along over both sides of the saloon, and smashes them down, one after another, with a fearful jingling and flying about of glass. Most of it, fortunately, falls through the spaces behind the bronze railings, which skirt the room, down upon the deck below. Ladies, terrified, retire, clinging to bannisters, or to whatever they can get hold of, to their state-rooms. Many, however, remain; and I am just watching a beautiful group of children playing in a corner on the floor, as unconcerned and cheerful, as if childhood and sunshine ruled the world, when suddenly there comes a great lurch, with a tremendous crash, and everything gives way; sofas break from their slender moorings, and chairs, tables, glasses, the great stove, piano, commodes, all are pitched from side to side, six or eight times successively, — women and children with the wreck. Two of the ladies were badly hurt; it was a wonder some were not killed; several gentlemen were cut with glass, or sprained themselves in trying to help them. The most were hurried away, as fast as possible, to their berths, as being the safest places during the general shaking up and dashing about of every loose thing, which lasted all that night and for days afterward. The scene, just at that crisis of the hurricane, a little before sunset, was appalling. Terror reigned in all places. No, not all; some cheerful, beautiful young faces never lost their sweetness and serenity, nor did the cheerful music of their voices falter, during all peril of those three days and nights. These were angels of hope and confidence to others. And the calmness shown by most of the women, and, under their influence, by the children too, after the first shock was past, was truly admirable. That the danger was real, that destruction

so far as human calculation could see, was imminent, there could be no doubt. Those who knew the most, men who kept about the ship and observed all, men of nautical experience, thought the case most serious, while doing all in their power to prevent a panic and to circulate a cheerful hope.

Alarming reports came in continually from without. Boats had been swept away; one of the paddle wheels, after being at first twisted inward, so that it scraped and crunched against the iron side of the ship with a fearful noise, was gone; the other soon followed; sails, that had been hoisted to help bring her to the wind, were "torn to ribbons;" great rolls of lead had got loose in the engine room; huge oil tanks, weighing tons, are rolling back and forth, with a noise like heavy thunder, in the hold (we fancied some of the great cannon were rolling), and one of them has knocked a hole through the iron hull under the bows — fortunate that the ship does not pitch, as well as roll, or she would fill there! Still our hope is in the exceeding strength of this great iron hull; and though the ponderous engines suddenly stand silent, ominous silence amid the pandemonium of other noises, we have still the screw left to manage with. Alas! we little knew the worst, — that that great sea, which struck the stern with such terrific force a little before six o'clock, had broken the rudder head, an iron post twelve inches thick, short off, and that the ship had long since refused to answer to the helm. The captain wisely concealed this from the passengers, to avoid a panic, and kept a show of men, "an army of them," working at the steering wheels. More sad reports came. A poor sailor had his leg broken; the cook too, and the baker, had suffered quite as badly; and the number of those more or less seriously injured increased continually, until such casualties became a matter of course, as on a battle field. The two cows were killed; their house, in ruins, had crushed through the cover of the stairway leading from the deck down to the ladies' cabin; and it is even asserted, without contradiction, that one of the poor creatures thrust her head through the sky-lights into that very grand saloon in which we sat; but this deponent saw it not. A noble dog had worn his claws off, till his feet bled, trying to keep hold on the deck through the incessant rolling of three days and nights, while the tops of the masts, like clock fingers, described an arc of 45 degrees upon the sky. Some poor swans too were knocked about till they were dead. (The clever draughtsman, who gives the scene of the saloon in the *Illustrated News*, the truthfulness of which in general I can endorse, availing himself of the artistic license of concentration, I suppose, has introduced a fluttering swan upon the middle of the floor!)

Sleep, of course, was out of the question that night. Thoughts of the final sleep, and of the great awakening, were too near to all minds. Such excitement, such anxiety will know no rest except in the most wakeful watchfulness for all that passes. Besides, it were a difficult and dangerous matter, groping through the dark, clutching at treacherous supports, and stumbling upon broken glass to reach one's state-room, when it lay a long and crooked way off. Safety lay, if anywhere, in "staying put" in one place. By strange good chance, several of us found our-

selves when the great crash began, upon a heavy sofa at one end between two doors—the only thing in the whole room that did not slide! Here we planted ourselves, on and around this bulwark, women and men, some seated on the floor, some braced between the sofa and the door ways, some huddled against the wall built round one of the great smoke pipes, which screened us from the body of the room, a mutually supporting, compact group of a score or so, and sat awaiting what might come—sat through the shocks, the rollings that tasked all our strength (it steadied the nerves to have something to do, some effort steadily, relentlessly required) through all the fiendish roises, the thunder-claps and mutterings, as it sometimes seemed, of Fate—through rumors of new disaster and disablement—through fears of water, fears of fire, or of capsizing, or of being thumped to pieces by the bombarding fury of sea upon sea hurling itself under and against the sides of the huge iron egg shell in which we were rolled and tossed—through prayers, and terrified ejaculations, and singing psalms, and pious exhortations working upon nervous fears—through all the terrors and the perils of the live-long night, until the gray dawn should unfold our real situation. It was nearly dark; all the lights out; only the slender rays of a lantern struggled through the ruins; and the forms of those who came and went, staggering and leaning and starting again in the brief lulls between the rolls, were like shadows. A ponderous bronze chandelier, suspended almost above the heads of our crouching and tenacious little party, was like a Damocles sword to us; it swung incessantly until it kicked the ceiling. Keep from under, for surely the chain will part like everything else among these loose and flimsy fixtures! But no, it (and its fellow) swung on and held their places steadfastly, glass chimneys, globes and all, all night to the end—saved by their yielding, by their rhythmical conformity, and thus illustrating the fable of the oak and the osier in a tempest.

All this time the sense of danger was increased, the nerves kept on the strain, by such an unearthly combination of noises as was never heard before. With each tilt of the ship from side to side, it seemed as if the whole greedy mob of uproarious evil spirits, with the arch-demon of cacophony at the head of them, were let loose upon us; we were at the mercy of the whole hungry, maddened menagerie of a subaqueous hell, which roared and growled and hissed and hideously laughed at us. The dashing of all loose things against the walls; the crash of furniture; the scattering fire of glass and crockery and every jingling thing, continually renewed from all parts; the rattling of vast accumulations of broken crockery, swept back and forth in the cavernous spaces of the decks below; and with it the rush and swash of water, a foot or two of which had got in from above, strongly suggestive for some time of a leak; the thundrous rolling back and forth of heavy bodies, oil-tanks, cables, cannons, or what not; the creaking, grinding, wriggling of the great smoke chimneys, impatient as it were to join the dance; the dragging of chains, the blowing of steam, the petulant, sharp musketry of sails thrashed and rent away by the wind, the hoarse shouts of the vigilant and hard tasked crew; the angry surge and roar of waves; and, through all and beneath all,

like a measured, solemn sub-bass, the thunder thumps of the sea's great battering ram, threatening a breach against our sides, now here, now there, at each point seemingly concentrated with its whole force of gravity, ringing and reverberating through the great hollow iron drum of a ship with a horrible *rimbombo*. Odd, too, as well as terrible, when the crazed sense had got used to the turmoil enough to think of it! Had Hector Berlioz been there, he would have got several new hints, and would never rest until he had added a number of unheard of huge brass instruments to his monster orchestra, with due description of their uses in the next edition of a "Treatise upon Instrumentation." And the late Mons. Jullien would have set London ringing with the "Great Eastern Symphony-Quadrille." But it was no time for joking. The peril was real. Destruction threatened every moment, and many a mind was occupied with swift last thoughts, of home, of friends, of all that makes life dear, as if suddenly summoned to the final leave-taking—and perhaps, O joy! to the rejoining of dear ones who await us in the world of spirits. God alone can save us. Let us have perfect trust in Him. Whether we survive the storm, or whether it whelm us in eternity, it is the all-wise Love that does for us that which is surely best. It is perhaps well to know such hours of utter weakness outwardly, for then rises up a spiritual strength within; and then too the weakest, who has no physical power to aid another, may impart, by word or look, by tone of voice, by mere cheerful self-possession, such spiritual strength to those about him. Is it not a heavenly inspiration of hope, of trust, of calmness, that wells up within one at the actual encounter of the dreaded thing that *must* be? And that, too, remarkably in the habitually timid, in sensitive and nervous natures, in those who worry themselves with fears of possible dangers, who cannot get the better of a thousand petty everyday annoyances, yet find themselves calm, exalted even, when great trials come!

(To be continued.)

Musical Chit-Chat.

Mad. Varian, after carrying on her very successful series of Parlor-concerts to the tenth, last Wednesday, has discontinued them, but intends to open at the Music Hall a week from to-day, with the assistance of the Germania Band, and Mr. Zerrahn as a conductor of orchestral accompaniments. We trust Mme. Varian will be as successful in this new enterprise as she has been at Chickering's, for she eminently deserves it.

We see by the New York papers that Miss Lizzie Parker (Mrs. Heywood) formerly well known in this city, was to give a concert at Irving Hall assisted by Brignoli, Sussini, Ardavani, Mr. S. B. Mills, the pianist and Mr. Dressler.

Saroni's operetta of the "Twin Sisters" we observe has been performed before an "overflowing, delighted and enthusiastic audience" at Syracuse, N. Y., under the auspices of Mr. T. H. Hinton, well known as a teacher of music in this city, two or three years since. The "Twin Sisters" was composed especially for female schools and we recommend it heartily to any teacher desirous of procuring a suitable work for closing exhibitions of schools.

The Vienna Conservatory of Music has adopted the Paris diapason.

There were 542 pupils at the Brussels Conservatory last year, among them only 13 from abroad.

HOW TO PLAY ON THE MUSICAL GLASSES.—The *Harmonica*, derived from a Greek word signifying harmony, is another name for musical glasses. These consist of a number of drinking glasses of different sizes, placed near each other and tuned by putting more or less water in them as each note requires. The tones are then brought out by pressing the fingers round the rims. It is thought to be a very difficult thing to play on musical glasses, but we can assure our young readers this is quite a mistake; for there is no instrument requiring so little skill and attention from the performer. A few hour's practice will enable any one to give out the tones fully and clearly; and when this skill is attained, the choice and execution of melodies must be left to the taste of the performer, since no further directions can be given. Many suggestions have been made as to the best mode of exciting the vibrations of the glass; but it is doubtful whether any mode is so available and consistent with the object in view as the moistened finger. The learner will find it advantageous to employ water slightly impregnated with alum, with lemon-juice, or a few drops of muriatic acid; but, with a little tact and a little practice, pure water will do perfectly well. It may also be remarked, that the tone is best elicited when the little finger is employed, and this must be moved *from*, and no *towards* the player. The glasses should likewise be frequently sponged, to remove any dust or grease from the edges; and, previously to performance, if the learner has ever found it difficult to bring out the tones, the hands should be washed in *warm* water, for the purpose of softening the skin of the fingers; which must be well dried, and then dipped in *cold* water, to produce the tone. A glass of cold water should be contained within the case, as near to the performer as possible. When the apparatus is set aside, the glasses should be protected with a cover from dust and injury.

A MUSICAL PHENOMENON.—A letter from Venice says that a professional musician of that place has discovered a prodigy for which there is probably no precedent—a singer, that is to say, who is at once a bass, a baritone, and a tenor. The professor was on his way to Rovigo, when he paused to rest in a country inn. Suddenly, in an adjacent room, he heard a splendid bass voice sing Silva's *aria* out of "Ernani." That at an end, a sonorous baritone struck up the well known "Lo vedremo o veglio audace." The listener was still lost in admiration of the beauty of these two voices when a high ringing tenor made itself heard, and sang with great range of voice, Edgar's closing air in "Lucia." The delighted professor could not restrain his enthusiasm, and hurried into the adjoining room to thank the gifted trio, when to his astonishment, he found the apartment occupied only by one young man, who declared that he himself had sung all three airs. Put to the test, it proved that he spoke the truth, and that the singer possessed the extraordinary range from the low D to the high C, all full and beautiful chest notes. It is thought possible that the professor may persuade this Cressus of voices, who is the son of a well-to-do bourgeois, to devote himself to the stage.—*Trieste Journal*.

A MONSTER CONCERT.—In Gen. Banks's division on Fast day, twelve regiments of infantry and two batteries of artillery assembled to participate in appropriate exercises. Chaplain Quint of the second Massachusetts delivered a fine discourse, the soldiers sang patriotic hymns accompanied by the bands, and there were other interesting proceedings. Before separating, nine full bands, numbering 160 wind instruments, 60 small drums, and a due proportion of brass drums and cymbals, making more than 220 performers in all, united in playing America, Old Hundred, and Hail Columbia.

ULLMANN'S BENEFITS AT THE NEW YORK ACADEMY.—A card has been issued by Mr. Ullman to the Directors of the Academy, and another by the Directors to the Stockholders, both of which deserve a little attention, not only from the parties addressed, but from the public generally. Mr. Ullman recapitulates the sacrifices he has made and the energy he has displayed to maintain Italian opera in this city, and intimates that on due support being accorded to him in the two benefits to be taken on Thursday the 17th and Monday the 21st, will very much depend the question of his being able to meet his engagements and carry through the opera season set down for January, February and March next. The Directors are solicited to engage for the disposition of a certain number of tickets for these two performances, and they have not only met the appeal but passed it on to all the stockholders. There is no doubt but that most of the latter will meet it in the same spirit—that the body of the opera lovers in this

city will consider it even more a pleasure than a duty to come forward for the two benefits—and that the Little Napoleon of the Opera will have his hands strengthened as he asks. Though sometimes unfortunate and occasionally erroneous in judgment, Mr. Ullman certainly deserves well of the lovers of music in this city, and they should not neglect him in his day of appeal to their generosity.

From these circulars we learn that on Thursday evening "Un Ballo in Maschera" will be reproduced, with Kellogg and Hinckley (the two American prime donne together), and that on the Monday evening, Donizetti's "Betly" will be given, with a French comic opera which has created much sensation in Paris, "Les Noces de Jeannette." Mancusi, (of the Tacon, Havana,) Brignoli, and Salsini, are to sustain the leading male roles.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

We learn from the *Philadelphia Bulletin* that the same proposition is to be made in that city, in Brooklyn and in Boston.

New Publications.

PART SONGS, for three and four female voices, selected mostly from a collection by S. Müller, and translated by Fanny Malone Raymond, for the use of Normal Schools, Young Ladies' Institutes, &c. Boston: O. Ditson & Co. 160 pp.

A glance at the table of contents of this little volume will show how invaluable this collection will be to those for whose use it is intended. Many of the songs are in their original form, such, for example as the "trio from Elijah," the "chorus of angels from Eli," and some operatic selections; while others have been carefully arranged and adapted for female voices, presenting a most excellent collection and opening a somewhat new field for lady singers, in places where a quartette of mixed voices cannot be had—or is not wanted.

The name of Miss Raymond, always and often, a welcome contributor to these columns, is a sufficient guaranty for the faithfulness, musical adaptability and genuine poetic feeling of the translations.

NEW METHOD FOR THE PIANOFORTE and methodical guide for the Pianoforte teacher by W. A. Wollenhaupt and Th. Hagen. New York: Theo. Hagen. 69 pp.

This is a useful vade-mecum for both the teacher and the pupil. It contains useful hints upon pianoforte playing, from its simplest elements to an advanced stage of accomplishment. The most useful feature however, is perhaps, the catalogue of pieces adapted for players in the different periods of their progress, with some account of them and of the different styles, schools, and composers of music for the piano. If we are not mistaken, the greater part of this work has appeared from time to time in the columns of the *N. Y. Musical Review and World*, of which one of the authors, Mr. Hagen, is the editor.

We copy the following remarks on Chamber Music:

"The study of the Concertos for the Piano and Orchestra, given in the above list, will, of course, greatly enhance the knowledge and the enjoyment of the young artist. But he will find a still greater source of satisfaction in practising, with some congenial fellow-artists, the trios, quartets, and quintets which the great masters in our art have written, and which are comprised under the general title of chamber-music. Nothing more beneficial to his taste, nothing more refined to his musical ear and soul, than such a union of artists, who come together once or twice during the week, to familiarize themselves with the beauties of works which, for the most part were conceived and executed in hours of inspiration of great minds. The exchange of ideas between the great artists, caused by the laboring together with so noble a purpose, the mutual benefit to their knowledge, the enlargement of view which they must derive from it, the congenial feeling of friendship which must naturally arise in such a circle, make such an association an object worthy to be sought after by the young pianist. He may have plenty of opportunity to appear in public and the great mass of his fellow artists, by playing concertos for piano and full orchestra, yet all this will only polish him for the world, satisfy that ambition and thirst after appreciation and fame, which impels every man of true talent to leave his privacy; while the practice of chamber-music will satisfy his heart, and take

him back to the quiet and more delicate enjoyments of family and home. It is true, such unions are a rarity, but let the young student nevertheless try every plan to establish them; let him beware of isolating himself, which is unfortunately the curse of modern musical times, for this isolation, this trying to live for himself, and to outdo everybody else, cause that selfishness and immense self-esteem in the modern artist, of which every observer must have had abundant reason to complain."

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for November is issued by Ticknor & Fields. Contents:—George Sand; Hair Chains; The Flower of Liberty; Alexis de Tocqueville; Agnes of Sorrento; Health in the Camp; "The Stormy Petrel;" A Story of To-day; Concerning People who carried Weight in Life; Why has the North felt aggrieved with England? The Wild Endive; The Contrabands at Fortress Monroe; The Washers of the Shroud; Reviews and Literary Notices.

LLOYD'S OFFICIAL MAP OF VIRGINIA.—We have received from J. T. Lloyd, 164 Broadway, New York, still another of his admirable maps, being the eastern half of Virginia with Maryland and Delaware. The western part is not yet completed. The scale is very large and it appears to be in every respect reliable and convenient. Price \$1.

Music Abroad.

FRANKFORT ON THE MAINE.—The *Domestic War*, by Franz Schubert, has been given for the first time, the theatre of this city being the first in Germany which has brought out this music, so beautiful, ethereal and sweetly colored. The artists have done their best to execute it worthily; and it is said to be a splendid addition to the repertoire.

Meyerbeer is to go to Königsberg in obedience to the orders of the King of Prussia, to superintend some of the musical features of the coronation. He will conduct the orchestra at a concert to be given at the Castle, for which he has composed a hymn and a grand Coronation March, which will be played while the King is going to the Church and on his return. According to Meyerbeer's wish the Choir of the Royal Chapel of Berlin and the Domchor will be present at Königsberg. The great composer was born in Berlin, September 5, 1796.

BERLIN.—The most important event at the Royal Opera House since its re-opening, was the first performance this season of Richard Wagner's *Lohengrin*, on which occasion the house was very numerous attended. Herr Formes was much applauded as the hero, while the other parts were well sustained by Mad. Harriers-Wippen, Mlle. Deahna, Herren Betz, Fricke, and Pfister. Kroll's Theatre closed its doors a short time since for the season with Herr Schliebner's new opera, *Der Graf von Santarem*. Among the musical celebrities here last week, were Signori Tamherlik, Bettini, and Evarardi, on their way to St. Petersburg, where they are engaged. Herr Nicolai Rubinstein also has arrived from London, and Anton Rubinstein, who intends remaining for the present in Germany, is expected in a day or two.

DUBLIN, September 26.—Within the last ten days, since Monday, September 16th, no less than eight operas have been given in rapid succession, in the following order:—Monday, 16th, *Il Trovatore*; Tuesday, 17th, *I Puritani*; Wednesday, 18th, *Norma*; Thursday, 19th, *Marta*; Friday, 20th, *Il Barbiere*; Saturday, 21st, *Lucrezia Borgia*; Monday, 23d, *Don Giovanni*; and, last night, Wednesday, 25th, *Un Ballo in Maschera* for the first time. Novelty being the chief element of attraction to the Dublin public, this performance of the *Ballo* was looked forward to as the great event of the Italian season. Even the sun of Mozart paled before the dazzling brilliancy of this last meteor of Verdi. A house crammed to the ceiling greeted its appearance with enthusiasm. All the principal artists of the company were included in the cast, which was thus distributed; Amelia, Mlle. Titiens; Renato, Signor Delle-Sedie; Oscar, Mlle. Anna Whitty; Ulrica, Mad. Lemaire; Samuele, Signor Bossi; Tomasso, Signor

Ciampi; Silvano, Signor Fallar; Guidice, Signor Cassaboni; Servo, Signor Savini; and Ricardo, Signor Giuglini. The band of the 11th Hussars performed in the masquerade scene. The opera met with most unequivocal success. As Renato, Signor Delle-Sedie confirmed the great impression he had already made upon the public. The part afforded a favorable opportunity of his being judged impartially, and not by comparison with any predecessors, who perhaps possess more powerful voices, but are infinitely his inferiors in point of true artistic feeling and expression. He caused a sensation throughout the densely thronged theatre by his impassioned impersonation of the wronged husband. Mlle. Whitty had the honor of the first encore of the evening in the Page's song, which seemed to please the galleries amazingly. Mlle. Titiens displayed her magnificent voice to great advantage in the aria of the *prima donna*, as well as in the concerted music, all of which went admirably, without the slightest error. Signor Giuglini was perfection as Ricardo, and won a rapturous encore in everything he sang. His warbling (since that term seems to have become the recognized means of expressing the vocalization of this accomplished artist) was delightful, in the quintet especially.

Mad. Lemaire added greatly to the completeness of the *ensemble*, by her intelligent singing and acting as the Gipsy. The audience, or rather the "gods," were more noisy than ever. They made several attempts to interrupt the performance, by their familiar remarks on the dresses, the scenery, or the music, which at different times appeared to them open to criticism. Their observations were not, however, remarkable for wit or humor,—nothing comparable to one which was made on the first night of *Macbeth* some two years ago. It was during the symphony which precedes the sleep-walking scene. The curtain rose and discovered the Doctor and Nurse seated at the door of Lady Macbeth's chamber. The stage was darkened, everything had a solemn appearance, the music going on in the orchestra being to match. After a rather long silence, only broken by the grumbling of the double basses and other mysteriously sounding instruments, the patience of the "gods" seemed to be exhausted, when one of them addressed the Doctor, saying, "Arrah! bedad, man, make haste, then, tell us,—is it a boy or a girl?" Viardot, who was waiting at the side wing to appear, was obliged to defer her *entrée* for some minutes, in consequence of the roars of laughter caused by the inquiry. Nothing worthy of comparison with that speech was to be heard last night.

STUTTGART.—The theatre re-opened on the 2nd inst., with Lortzang's *Beide Schützen*. M. Gounod's *Faust* is in active rehearsal, under the direction of Herr Kücken. The Association for Classical Sacred Music performed Handel's oratorio of *Saul* on the 10th instant.—*Musical World.*

Music in Madrid.

It is no scandal to assert, that whatever may have been the amount contributed by the land in times past to the world's stock of Art, Spain has, to-day, no place of her own in the empire of European music. A guitar-player or two,—a few *seguidillas*, *no-dinhas*, and national dance tunes, in which the smallest amount of variety or novelty is to be found—make up the story of her offerings, so far as we know it in England and France. Still, wherever there is civilized speech, there will be music; more or less in quantity; home or foreign in quality, let the season be what it will, music, too, deriving some particularity from the framework in which it is set. A note or two of what has been heard during a few weeks of Autumn holidays in Spain may not be heard without interest.

Down the road from Pamplona, reached in early morning, to Madrid, arrived at four-and-twenty hours later, there was no sound of pipe, or wire, or human voice, save such as ourselves made. The silence of the fierce, scorched, herbless, hilly desert, as lonely and unpeopled as though the land was accursed, was unbroken by the sight or sound of bird or other living creature. In those picturesque halting-places, Agreda and Soria, which displayed the only habitations to be seen during the weary day, not a note was to be caught as we toiled on, under "a heaven of brass" and amid a simoom of dust. Sound there was, in the perpetual cries with which the trust worthy driver of the diligence urged his team of ten forward, and which, mixed with the tuneless jingle of the mule bells, are not yet out of my ears. Any thing more doleful and discordant in outcry and accompaniment hardly exists, even in the Pandemoniac shrieks and gibberish ventured by M. Berlioz in his "Faust." Never was a showy and brilliant capital (and Madrid is both) approached so dolefully

with such meagre preface or promise in its surroundings.

The Englishman cannot take ten steps from his hotel without being excited by the sight of some characteristic figure or group, which converts familiar pictures into realities. Who does not know the lady in her mantilla and fan, the bull-fighter, with his quaintly-dressed hair, tasseled cap and sash, the clean-limbed and clean-limbed peasant, unlading his handsome ass,—the mason, taking his *siesta* in the comfortable dust, with one of the stones he has been chiseling for his pillow, as so many old acquaintances? Yet, in Madrid, they surprise one almost as much as if Wilkie and Louis and Phillip had not brought them home to us. And a surprise is the swarming Prado, seen by moonlight, with its crowds of graceful pedestrians and admirably turned out equipages, and its children going round in dancing-rings under the spare acacia-trees, and its clean water sellers. Surely, one might listen there for guitar and castanet,—for something, whether national or exotic, not unreasonably. But we only encountered a gnat-like accordeon, an asthmatic old barrel-organ, and a harper, who did his best, on the worst of harps, to represent the well-worn "Miserere" from "Il Trovatore." (This, by the way, is a setting of a ferocious modern Spanish romance; hence, possibly, its extreme popularity here.) Lights in the church of San José, directed us as we were strolling homewards to a scene not less full of picture and peculiarity—the funeral of a lady, on whose obsequies much ghastly luxury had been lavished. The building was hung with black draperies laced with gold; an enormous pyramidal catafalque before the high altar blazed with candles, tier above tier; all too few to light up the groups, kneeling or lounging about in attitudes ready made for the painter. There was an orchestral Mass, which, I fancy, may have been of modern Spanish manufacture. More characterless music could not well be, nor any performed in an inferior fashion. But the chanting was good—by male voices, sonorous, and well in tune; and in the quartet of solo voices a baritone and a *contralto*, both of fair quality, were to be remarked.

The following evening yielded a thoroughly national exhibition in an old guitar-player, perched on the edge of the kennel in the Puerta del Sol. Street music could not have a better background than the wide fountain, with its ample sheaf of deliciously cool water, rising in a floating film against the darkness, with the folk who congregate on its brim to gossip or to fill their jars. The guitar-work was of itself the real thing; first, a series of ingenious changes, rung on a theme as short as the *Ciaccona* glossed by Sebastian Bach, with all manner of odd effects, such as I only recollect to have heard from Señor Huerta,—afterwards, a graceful *Notturmo*, in $\frac{3}{4}$ tempo, less characteristic, but still unfamiliar. We have since come upon more than one guitar going ar-owing at night-fall, or touched by mendicant beggar at the church-doors, but have heard nothing so good as this. Another evening hour, whiled away in a shabby, public garden, so ill-lit with its Chinese lanterns, that its haggard, dusty look passed unreproved under the cloud of night, introduced us to a slow dance, the "Habanera," neither very graceful nor very decorous, in $\frac{3}{4}$ tempo, which was new in style, but too sickly and lackadaisical, both as to music and motion, not to become wearisome after the first five minutes.

I have inquired for "the where" and "the when" of church-music without the slightest success. It is strange that in a capital so steeped in Roman Catholicism as this the church should make so little show. Not one building for sacred uses attracts the eye, save it be the Gothic Church of San Geronimo, standing behind the incomparable picture Gallery, and now (by the way) under restoration. They tell me that little or no service-music, good, bad, or indifferent, is to be heard, save in the Royal Chapel when the Court is in the capital. Vespers in the choir of the grave church in the Escorial were as badly executed, when I heard them, as certain Roman Vespers which occur to recollection as the *ne plus ultra* of abomination. The player who disported there on one of the four gift organs, a powerful instrument with a fierce and thrilling tone, was incompetent and offensive in his flourishing vulgarities. Yet what a scene for solemn music is that august chapel, especially for those who have visited the pompous tomb-house of Spanish kings beneath the high altar, and cannot help feeling as if somewhat of the haughty and arrogant spirit of the monarch who raised the pile, even unto this day, haunts its massively arched corridors and cleaves to its granite door-posts! The Escorial Church would be the place of places in which to hear Cherubini's "Requiem"! A characteristic *funcion* was to be seen on Sunday morning, the 1st, in the Church of Jesus of Nazareth, part, it

was advertised, of a jubilee service. Hard by the portal of this church is a chapel, with its altar-piece of life-sized colored sculpture, where the Virgin, flying into Egypt wears a flapping straw hat, and the child another. Within the rails, an *Orgue Alexandre* and a double-bass did duty for orchestra; without them four men (deacons or chorists) sang a gay mass stoutly and coarsely, but in tune and with accent, with voices not unpleasant, though little cultivated. The execution was as rudely primitive as that of a village service,—strange to meet within fifty yards of the *Prado* in gay Madrid!

The above paragraphs make up little more than a catalogue of negatives. But no one who has taken pains to gather testimony and recollect facts, could feel disappointed at so paltry a gleanings, especially when the time of year is considered. Ere we left Madrid, however, the Comic Opera, or Zarzuela Theatre, opened for its season. Here may such musical creative life as the capital possesses be found. The company is made up of Spanish artists; and though one may (as one might in Germany) fall on versions of known operas by Hérold, M.M. Flotow, and Auber, and other light foreign composers, the repertory is also fed by native writers unknown on our side of the Pyrenees, such as—to name merely those who are promised for the season just began—Señors Gaztambide, Barbieri, Arrieta, Vasquez, Oudrid, Fernandez Caballero. A benefit concert afforded us the opportunity of hearing some of the singers and a few specimens of the modern national composers of Spain. That times have changed since Ford's "Handbook" was written, and that, as a guide, the work is out of date, so far as the present aspect of Madrid is concerned, is not to be denied. The theatre of which he gives so menacing a description, is now a spacious, gaily decorated, comfortable building, agreeable to inhabit, easy to see and hear in, one of those available places of amusement which, it seems, we are never to have in London. The stage appointments and dresses are neat, picturesque and liberal; as was to be seen in a concert where every piece was sung with change of scene and in costume. The orchestra was not good, (it may have been a benefit orchestra;) the solo singers were more than agreeable. A *seconda donna*, Señora Rivas, (with a charming *soprano* voice,) amateur *soubrette* (who manœuvred her fan and her many skirts to admiration), a tenor whose organ is sympathetic, and whose method is good, and a baritone full of animation and spirit, must have surprised those who have been little used to hear of, or to hear, the singers of Spain. If these artists be of average quality, the country has materials for comic opera superior to those commanded at the time present by Germany and Italy. Four artists better trained for their duties are rarely to be met with. A *prima donna* "of other days" who was more ambitious, pleased us less; but her vocal style was, like theirs, good. The chorus was lively and ready. The music chosen, principally short and popular pieces from Spanish comic operas, bore out this pleasant impression. A duet from "Gil Blas," by Señor Sanz (the tenor), and Señor Obregon, (the baritone mentioned), with so much spirit, that, being itself very piquant and national, an *encore* was resistless. I have not heard anything so genial, or better executed, for many a day. In short, this might prove a world worth looking into. A glance at the score of two comic operas, "Catalina," in three acts, and "Una Vieja," in one, by Señor Gaztambide, has revealed traces of a vein of nationality which could be worked to good account by a composer more assured in his science, and varied in his resources. Both contain pretty music, though the writer is timid in combination and trite in modulation; both are as welcome (after their Spanish kind) as the better known "Czar und Zimmermann," of Lortzing, or the "Stradella," of M. von Flotow. The public appears to enjoy this theatre, since on the first night of the regular opera season not a seat was to be obtained save at a premium. It is a public, too, whose courteous manners, self-respect in point of appearance, and quick pleasure in all that passes, add no little to the satisfaction and cheerfulness of the solitary stranger.

The Italian Opera at Madrid is this winter to be headed by Mesdames de Lu Grange, and Julienne Dejean, with M. Carrion for principal tenor, and Signor Giraltoni, baritone; not one of the above is Italian by birth. What a tale is here told! But a new chapter seems to be opening in the story of Southern art. If Italian opera be going down, Italian drama may be rising. The walls of Madrid announce the performances in tragedy and comedy during coming months of a company led by Signora Santoni, the Marchesa Zambeccari, who the papers assure the patrons of plays is as great an actress, both in grave and gay parts, as Signora Ristori.—*London Athenæum.*

Special Notices.

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This is a song from the camp written by a regimental bandmaster, and not only meant well, but also well done. It is perfectly simple, and a person who could vend it about Washington just now might make a fortune on it.

Off again. Song and Chorus (Answer to "Home again." Marshall S. Pike 25

This song written by the author on the eve of his departure to the theatre of the war, with words of much beauty and significance in these times when so many are "off again," and a melody which must at once sink into the heart and take a permanent place there, will become as popular as "Home again" ever has been. Those who have musical friends—singers—in the army should have a copy placed in their hands. Either as a song or as a glee it will become a favorite camp tune.

The dying Soldier, or Kiss me good night mother. Edward Clark. 25

Founded on a touching incident said to have occurred in a hospital at Washington. The music is very appropriate and well adapted for young singers.

Instrumental Music.

Azure stary night. Th. Oesten. 25

A new number of the charming set of "By gone hours," the first numbers of which have been so favorably received. In style these compositions much resemble the "Sounds of love" by the same author, and are even esteemed better by connoisseurs.

Kathleen Mavourneen. Transcription. Brinley Richards. 35

An elegant arrangement of Crouch's favorite song. Richards' compositions, original or otherwise, have now become so well established in the good graces of our Amateurs, that anything new from his pen is at once eagerly sought for.

Books.

WINNER'S PERFECT GUIDE FOR VIOLIN, FLUTE AND GUITAR, ACCORDEON, PIANO, MELODEON FIFE, FLAGEOLET AND CLARINET.—Containing Instructions designed to enable the pupil to obtain a knowledge of playing without a teacher; with a choice collection of every variety of Popular Music. Each, 50

Teachers, pupils and dealers desirous of obtaining a low-priced Instruction Book and at the same time one that is useful and attractive will find these books fully suited to their wants. The instructions are given in a manner adapted to the comprehension of all grades of scholars. The exercises illustrating and enforcing the lessons are not dry and tedious, but sprightly and enlivening, and the selection of music, varying from the simple to the difficult, comprises the most popular melodies of the day. Dealers throughout the country cannot have on their counters a more attractive or popular series of books. They have illustrated covers and in all locations meet with a quick sale.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 500.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 2, 1861.

VOL. XX. No. 5.

[For the London Musical World and Dwight's Journal of Music.]

Dussik, Dussek, Duschek.

(Continued from page 234.)

Franz Benedict Dussek, brother of J. L. D., was born at Czaslau, March 13, 1766. According to Dlabacz he was equally great as violinist, violoncellist and pianist. "Already in his tender childhood," says father Dlabacz, "he was so thoroughly taught the elements of music, by his discerning father, as very often to take the father's place at the organ, when the latter was necessarily absent. Supplied with all needful musical knowledge, he some years later entered the service of the Countess of Litzau (Litzew) [pupil of his father] with whom he also made the so profitable journey into Italy. There he found opportunity for higher culture, made the acquaintance of the principal Italian artists, and performed with applause in a great many concerts upon the violin, violoncello and pianoforte, gaining thereby at Mortara and at Venice, engagements as concert-master in the opera houses with a handsome salary. Having passed some years thus he returned to Germany as a perfect artist, and was engaged in the cathedral at Laibach, and then as organist. In 1790 he was still there in the latter capacity, and paid a visit to his parents in Czaslau, where he gave his friends many a beautiful proof of his musical powers. He has written many concertos, sonatas and solos for his three instruments, which thus far, however, have remained in manuscript." Such is the scanty account given by Dlabacz.

Gerber (*New Lexicon*) gives his name by mistake as Franz Joseph, and says merely, that he was then residing in Milan, "where several of his vocal compositions had become known," and that in Leipzig had just appeared from his pen a trio or nocturno for three flutes, and a sonata for pianoforte and violin. The *L. M. Zeitung*, Feb. 18, 1801, contains a brief notice of music in Breslau, in which this sentence occurs, "In the orchestra of the theatre the most notable are Herr Dussek (the younger), a good composer and at present the first director; Herr Janetzek, a fine violinist and second director," &c.

Dussek could not have remained long in Breslau, but when he left the place I cannot determine; in fact he disappears from the ordinary books of reference until 1816, when the *L. M. Zeitung*, of July 17, in a long article upon Italian theatres and composers produces his name once more. Here is the passage: "Herr Dussek, a Bohemian, and brother of the deceased Parisian pianoforte composer and virtuoso, produced at the last carnival in Venice a very fine *Farsa seria*, 'L'ombra, ossia il ravedimento,' which pleased exceedingly. This talented artist has been for more than twelve years in Italy, and has composed nearly an equal number of operas and farces for Turin, Milan and Venice, all of which had more or less success. At present he is in Venice in the position of Capellmeister to the

Austrian regiment of infantry, known as the Davidovitch—a very profitable situation. I neither know Herr D. personally nor anything of his music—but so much is certain, that here he is a great favorite, and Herr Orlandi, the composer, described him as a man of very superior talent. For instance, he had been known to compose overtures on the day when the operas were to be given, without scoring them, but writing the parts separately and giving them at once to the orchestra, *Relata refero*."

Some months later, (March 12, 1817), the *L. M. Zeitung* gives us, in its Milan correspondence, a "List of operas composed by Herr Franz Dussek," with the remark that "this talented artist plays almost all instruments skilfully,"

Opere buffe.

La caffettiera di Spirito.
Il fortunato successo.
La feudataria.
L'Impostore.
Voglio di dote e non di moglie.
Il trombetta.
Matrimonio e divorzio in sua sol giorno.

Opera seria.

Roma Salvata.

Farse.

Il fortunato successo.
L'incantesimo.
La ferita mortale.
L'ombra, ossia il ravedimento.

In which list it will be noticed that the same title appears in one case both as an *opera buffa*, and as a *farsa*. The correspondent adds that Dussek had also produced several pieces of instrumental and church music.

It is true that these are scanty notices of a man, who at a time, when Winter, Simon Mayer, Guglielmi, Paer, Nicolini, Cherubini, Coccia, Vaccai, and their contemporaries were still writing for the Italian stage, was popular enough to have engagements annually at Turin, Milan or Venice for the composition of operatic works; but is it not strange that the writer, who noticed him in Schilling's *Lexicon* (Vol II., 1840) could only give the following paragraph?

"Dussek, Franz Joseph (should be Franz Benedict), brother of Johann Ludwig D., but an artist of far less importance, lived at Milan and and published there several minor compositions, such as trios, sonatas, &c., for flute and pianoforte, which however did not succeed so well as his vocal compositions, which consist of songs of all kinds, romances, canzonets, also a few ballads more ambitious in form, &c. Nothing more is known of him—but that is no loss to the history of music."

VERONICA ROSALIA DUSSIK-CIANCHETTINI, sister of the preceding, was born at Czaslau, in 1771, and taught singing and the pianoforte by her father. After being favorably known in Bohemia, her brother called her over to London, where she appears to have gained a good deal of reputation, and where any one curious about her subsequent history must naturally seek it. Dlabacz gives 1795 as the date of her emigration to

England, and as in the few notices of London musical matters which are to be found in my authorities previous to that date, she is not mentioned, it is natural to suppose him correct. In Spazier's *Berliner Musicalische Zeitung*, July 6, 1793, for instance, the Professional Concert is noticed, and it is said, "The principal soloists are Dussek, who makes a great sensation here; Madame Dussek (formerly Miss Corri) is the principal singer. Madame Storace, a good actress on the English stage sings here also," &c., but no mention of Fraulein Dussik.

She married Pio Cianchettini, a music dealer in London, not long after. In the autumn of 1804 she was in Leipzig, and the *L. M. Zeitung* (Oct. 17) gives us this much about her doings;

"Madame Dussek Cianchettini, pianiste, sister of the celebrated composer and virtuoso, played a concerto of her brother's, not without skill, and another, as also a quartet, of her own composition; her little five-year-old son also played several little pieces very prettily."

March 16, 1805. She gave a concert in Berlin at which she played a concerto of her own composition; her brother his great concerto in G minor, and the child with his mother variations for four hands upon "God save the king."

FRANZ DUSCHEK, (properly Dussek), the friend of Mozart, was born at Chotieboresk, in the circuit of Königsgrätz, in Bohemia, December 8, 1736. He was the son of poor parents and the notices of his birth in various authorities make it at least probable that they were peasants in something like the condition of serfs, on the domain of the Sporck family. Dlabacz quotes from a Prague newspaper, which calls Duschek "a subject of Herr Johann Karl von Sporck, Count of the Empire." This Count put him to school—why this peasant boy rather than others is not mentioned—or, at all events, "had him taught reading, writing, and music, and then sent him to study at the Jesuit Seminary in Königsgrätz. Here, however, he remained but a few years, because his well-formed and sound body was so disfigured (*verunstaltet*) through an unlucky fall, that he saw himself forced to give up farther study and seek his fortune alone in music. His *Mecenas*, however, did not desert him. He called him to Prague, had a masterly musical education given him and made his wonderful skill in teaching known to the high nobility of Bohemia. He was one of the first to introduce a delicate and pleasing style of pianoforte playing. He has been the teacher of most of our young nobility, and has formed several of our musicians. Among the latter are Kozeluch and Massek (*Maschek*) and his (own) wife Josepha, so much admired also in countries outside Bohemia."—(Dlabacz).

Gerber adds a particular or two in the few words devoted to Dussek in the *New Lexicon*; "Count J. C. von Sporck took him up, a poor peasant boy, on account of his good musical tal-

ents, and sent him to Vienna to Wagenseil. Here young Duschek made such improvement that upon his return to Prague he was not only then considered the best pianist there but retained this reputation through life."

A correspondent of Cramer's "*Magazin*," dating "August, 1783," notices him as deserving the first place among the "best composers and worthiest men of Prague." "He has lived here," says he, "for many years as professor of music and has educated many skillful pupils. His principal instrument is the pianoforte, which he plays as one of the very first artists. His compositions mostly 'go upon this instrument.' He has set many excellent pianoforte concertos, quartets, trios, and sonatas, which have been well received everywhere. He has also, as you perhaps know, composed many symphonies for the full orchestra with and without obligato instruments, quartets, and the like. Various entirely new works, which as yet have come into nobody's hands are to be had of him at a reasonable price. His new pianoforte sonatas for four hands are particularly fine. Besides his talents as an artist he is everywhere known as an honest and in every sense great virtuoso, and as a man of noblest, worthiest character, free from pride and selfishness. He embraces every opportunity for benevolence, exhibits ever a noble and magnanimous spirit, is very fond of society, and has often been a father to the unfortunate and deserted."

There is, of course, little to relate of a man living quietly in the exercise of his profession. Two or three visits to Salzburg with his wife, where he became acquainted with the Mozarts, one of these visits being when the Mozart was but a child, an occasional journey to Vienna and Dresden, such seem to have been all the interruptions to his uniform course of life. When the Mozarts were in Prague they were much with the Duscheks; I think they stayed at their house, at all events they come up often in Mozart's letters and in the history of his visits there. He died on the 12th of February, 1799. In the obituary notice of him, which appeared in the *L. M. Zeitung*, there is nothing to add to the foregoing. His relations with Mozart are fully enough discussed in the biographies of the latter.

JOSEPHA HAMBACHER-DUSCHEK, wife of the foregoing, was born at Prague, March 7, 1753. She was the pupil of her husband and became distinguished both as a singer and as a pianiste. Gerber, writing before 1790, says she not only was distinguished in Prague for her beautiful voice and excellent method, her bravour singing, both in German and Italian, and her very fine recitative in both these languages, but was before most of her sex in her taste and insight in vocal composition and by her masterly pianoforte playing."

Cramer's Prague Correspondent (*Magazin der Musik*, I. 998), writing in August, 1783, when she was thirty years of age, is quite enthusiastic about her and her husband. He calls her "one of our first female musicians, who surpasses many of the Italians both in power and in artistic qualities, both in delivery and method. She combines with a round and full voice, a style pleasing, beautiful and highly cultivated. In difficult and passionate bravour singing she has such facility, that every hearer must acknowledge her worthy the first place in the most splendid court.

Her recitative, both German and Italian, cannot be surpassed in expression and correctness by the first Italian songstresses. She composes also, and, in case of necessity, with little preparation, very correctly and for all sorts of voices; she plays the pianoforte masterly. The house of these two worthy virtuosos is one of the favorite rendezvous of musicians here and is open to all who are distinguished in art or science. Every stranger-artist is received at their house, and is introduced by them into society. Every Friday they give a private concert and all strangers (artists) are invited. Large offers have been made her to join the opera in Vienna, but the Duscheks prefer their still, quiet life to a theatrical career, and remain in Prague, where they honored and admired by all friends of music." Out of Prague she was not rated so high, although her concerts seem to have been always well attended.

Jahn (Mozart, Vol. IV., p. 281, et. seq.) gives a sketch of her and cites some of the opposing opinions; especially that of Leopold Mozart, who did not like her at all as a singer. Schiller and Koerner's father are also quoted.

Mozart's reception by Duschek in Prague in 1789 and by Mad. D. soon after in Dresden, is described by him in letters to his "Wifeling" Nannerl," which are given by Jahn, Vol. III., pp. 476—8.

As early as 1777, when the Duscheks were in Salzburg, Mozart wrote on for the air, "Ah, lo prevedi," and a rondo; and when in Prague to bring out Don Juan, the recitative and aria "Bella mia fiamma." It was this air, which he composed in durance vile, as his own son has stated, which puts an end to the old story of some nobleman having locked him up in a room to get an air from his pen. The relation between the Duscheks and the composer were such that a joke of this kind might be perpetrated without causing hard feeling. (Jahn, IV., 304.)

When Beethoven was in Prague in 1796, he composed the "Ah Perfido" for her, at all events in a concert which she gave in Leipzig in 1798, (if my memory serve) she sang an "Ital nische scena and aria, componist für Mad. D. von Beethoven," which must have been this one.

In 1800 (printed April 23) the *L. M. Zeitung's* Prague correspondent writes; "In the art of singing the celebrated Josepha Duschek still stands at the head. She is in this branch still our first female artist." When about fifty years of age she ceased to sing in public, as we see from this passage in the *L. M. Z.'s* Prague letter (Sept. 3, 1806), "Since Madame Duschek—an artiste in the full significance of the term, who in a more favorable position, would long since have filled all Germany with her fame—closed her public career, Prague has had to do without the advantage of a good native singer," &c.

When she died I have not been able to learn, but it is stated that she lived to be quite aged.

In addition to the Dusseks, Dussiks and Duscheks already sketched, one more appears in the musical journals of 1831—5, whose name is variously written Duchek, Düsseck, and Duscheck. He was, and for anything I know, still is, a concert flutist, who played publicly in Prague, Munich, Stuttgart, Zurich, &c. What his parentage was I have no means of knowing. A. W. T.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Richard Wagner.

Such various accounts have been given from time to time of Richard Wagner's so-called Music of the Future, and so much has been said concerning his system of music, that every cultivated mind has felt the necessity of acquiring a knowledge of the same. The following account from a French journal gives such a clear and impartial view of Wagner's "Tannhäuser," that we cannot refrain from presenting the following abstract to our readers:

The critic represents him as a spirited and talented composer, of excellent intentions, whose compositions are original, vigorous and highly colored, so that even his enemies allow him elevation and profundity. But what "great expectations" should not be formed from an announcement like the following: "Total and radical change in Music! Regeneration of melody! Reform of the preceptive faculties! Complete abnegation of old customs and impressions!" Great things were to be looked for! Wagner's friends exerted themselves to the utmost, in introducing the Parisian public to a world of sounds, the creator of which had at his disposal the best of musical talent; yet what was the result? The critic regrets, that so little sympathy was shown; that he, in common with the audience, was indeed enraptured with a few airs and passages, but upon the whole, the music did not touch the heart. It is an impossibility to lay aside so suddenly our wonted customs and impressions; it seemed to this critic, as if one were to assert it to be a prejudice to walk upon the feet, and should demonstrate it by standing on his head; but he would soon be compelled to return to his normal position; every body would applaud, not certainly, the unnatural and ever painful position, but the return to the inborn use of our feet. Thereupon the critic analyzes the half Christian and half Pagan libretto, which surpasses all other caricatures of modern librettos in extravagance; he praises all the passages in which melody and Harmony coincide with our ideas of music, and to which the mind will always recur with pleasure; but finds in the remainder a "multitude of sounds" without form, rhythm, melody or any prominent feature—a realm of phantoms; the realm, or rather system of Wagner! Music is essential to M. Wagner in his operas, but, as he plainly seeks to establish in his Letters on Music, all the traditional and settled experience of every artist during the past and present centuries, is rejected. I will now let the critic speak in his own words: "According to Herr Wagner, melody is the only form of Music, without which music can not exist. But of what melody does Wagner speak? Melody, says he, took at first the pure form of dance music. This is Italian melody. Furthermore, this melody has from the beginning taken more of a retrogressive than progressive character, because it is defective in the development and connection of its parts, and because of its meagre construction. Wagner admits that Haydn, Gluck and Mozart have made use of this melody, which in Beethoven, reached the highest point of perfection, and which he styles the ideal form of dance music,—this leads us to think that, in spite of the importance Wagner gives to instrumental music, the melodies of the great masters are not to his taste. If I am not mistaken,

melody, according to Wagner, is modulated declamation, a kind of recitative, which is so closely fitted to the development of the subject, and dramatic action, that it reproduces almost without intermission every sentiment, every word, and indeed by a peculiar pliancy, marks every syllable of the text, and even the accent. According to this definition of melody, it must surprise everybody that Wagner consented to have the German poem of Tannhäuser performed in the French language, as a translation often interrupts the close connection, and destroys the complete harmony that should exist between the word and note. Many say:—can it be possible that Wagner should lend his hand to such an overthrow of his work? That he has done so, leads us to think that Wagner has entered the region of “finite melody,” of which he says, “that it is no longer connected by forms; of that melody (as he expresses it) which is capable of an infinitely richer development, than ever the symphonies have yielded to this musician. A work composed according to the system (he adds) exacts undivided attention throughout its whole performance and in all its parts, for it has nothing in common with certain works, in which, beside the melody, sonorous unmelodious passages are to be met, which only answer the purpose of giving the melody that “setting” which so enraptures the *dilettanti*.”

In these words, Wagner judges a great many works of the Italian school, wherein melody is encompassed by unmeaning passages, patchworks, *tuttis* and insignificant *crescendos*, in which case attention is rarely paid to the proprieties. I fully agree in this with M. Wagner, when he affirms that these accompaniments even under the most favorable circumstances express but the refinement of musical noise. But none the less true is it, that Wagner by his “continuous” melody, which he contrasts with the “alternating,” destroys all form, all Rhythm, all Syntax; this is undeniable, for he contends that melody is the “only form” of music, and by this pretension he overthrows the *idea* of melody. So far, the prominent idea in a composition has always been considered the melody; it is the strophe, that by a certain reappearance, and by ideal and striking expression is separated from the “ensemble;” it is, in one word, the soul of composition. But this soul needs a body, not of those sonorous unmeaning passages, but sundry motives of secondary bearing, which, not having the melodious claims of the dominant idea, are *subject* to it, and serve as *relief*. This melody is necessarily changing, for it needs beginning, a middle part, and an end, being subject to the laws of periodic construction, which latter keeps it in certain limits from the first effusion till the last note. This principle of melody is not alone peculiar to music, it is to be met with in analogous forms in every province of the fine arts. In oratory, as in poetry, there are always one or more fundamental ideas predominating, which the orator or poet seeks to relieve by images or a train of ideas of secondary importance; the same applies to painting. I very much fear, that M. Wagner, by dance melody, understands that melody which, with its periods, rests and cadences, has been acknowledged by all great masters. To suppress those would be to destroy all construction, punctuation and syntax of melodic phrase, and to turn melody into an untangible shadow; it would rob music of the

element of light, by which it reveals itself to the world. God be praised! Music is not alone created for musicians, it is for the whole world; undeniably the study of good music exercises the ear and disposes us to judge correctly of certain compositions. Whoever has acquired this practice is fully able to comprehend a musical motive, and follow it in all its *nuances*, with interest. He will learn to distinguish if the melody be elevated and commanding, or ordinary, if expressive trivial, and if introduced suitably. The same is applicable to modulation. He will perceive independently of the construction of the composition, if the same is natural or constrained, if the intervals sympathetically effect our hearing, or if their combinations are false. So likewise with harmony, rhythm, &c. In order to judge a work correctly, it is not necessary to be an artist; the possession of a warm sensibility is requisite, which every fortunate organization should possess, in order to perfect the musical ear thoroughly.

I have followed above the ideas if not the words of the able critic. Finally he analyzes the different *morceaux*, and of the March of Knights he observes that it consists of two strongly marked motives which moving in different keys, produce the most magnificent effects, whereas the ballet contains no prominent melody whatever. The following incident related by an eye-witness confirms the above. During rehearsal, the ballet-master ordered the *danseuses* to commence their *pas* with the first bar of the melody; but no one *stirred*, until the measure was repeatedly explained to them. There was the opportunity for Wagner to sacrifice his system for the moment, as he had seemingly done in some fine arias, choruses, and the Septuor; but these expressive phrases appear only as flashes of lightning from the dark sky, as *oases* in the desert.

The critic closes as follows: “It seems impossible to imagine vocalists capable of producing such compositions, for owing to the want of resting places, the opera moves onward in a distressingly monotonous manner, the music lacking expression and vitality, “resembling dragging and dissonant psalmody, once in a while varied by heart-rending bursts of harmony.” If M. Wagner must needs overthrow the false conventionalities of the Italian school, he should offer us something better, than thus putting human nature to the rack.

However, M. Wagner consults not human nature; he is elevated above ordinary mortals, therefore have his admirers invented the word “Music of the Future;” alluding thus to that coming time, of which certain idealogists affirm, that mankind will arrive at such a degree of perfection, as to render the “hideousness” of the present day “sublime” to them, and what now appears to certain torture, will then give way to raptures of delight. Therefore to understand Wagner’s music now-a-days, requires the gift of the double-hearing.

M. Wagner is also an idealist, an enthusiast, whose mind, however acute, cannot discriminate between the expression of the words and music, between the clear and determined language of the one and the indecision and vagueness of the other. Music, to be understood, must consequently be subject to well-known and indispensable forms. M. Wagner has not enlarged the limits of music, he has *overstepped* them; as long as he remains within those limits he is protected by Art; if he forsakes them, he enters Chaos.

FELIX.

From Felix Mendelssohn’s “Traveling-Letters.”

VENICE, Oct. 10, 1830.

This is Italy! and that which I have looked forward to as the highest joy of life ever since I can remember—that has now begun and I am enjoying it. This day has been so rich in delights, that I must employ the evening in collecting my thoughts, and so I am writing to you—and you, dear parents, will I thank you who have granted me all this enjoyment; and of you, too,

dear brothers and sisters will I think; and you, Paul, I wish were here, that I might enjoy your delight at all the mad bustle on land and water, and to you Hensel*, I should like to prove that the Ascension of the Virgin Mary is the most divine thing that human being can paint. However it just happens that you are not here and so I must let out all my enthusiasm in wretched Italian to the hired servant, because he keeps still.

I shall however get all confused if it goes on as upon this first day, for so much, that can never be forgotten, has presented itself with each passing hour, that I really do not know where I shall find senses to comprehend it all fully.

I have seen the Ascension of the Virgin; then a whole gallery in the Manfrini palace; then a church festival in that church, where Titian’s St. Peter hangs; then St. Mark’s church; in the afternoon I took a boat ride on the Adriatic, and then went into the public garden where the folk lies in the grass and feeds; then again to the square of St. Mark where at twilight is incredible crowding and bustle; and all this must be finished up to-day, because so much that is new and different can only be seen to-morrow.

But I must relate now in order, how I came hither by water (for hither by land, says Telemachus, one cannot very well come)—and for this end will go back and begin at Gratz. That is a terribly tedious nest, instituted for yawning purposes. And why need I have waited a day longer, just on account of a (he) relation? How can an experienced traveler draw conclusions from an amiable mother and sister as to a brother who is an ensign? In a word, the man knew nothing to say to me, but I forgive him and will not blacken him to his mother in case I should keep my promise and write her. But that he took me to the theatre in the evening, to see the “The Stag,”—which is the most infamous, good-for-nothing, ridiculous stuff that the blessed Kotzebue has created; and that he found it very fine and rather piquant—that cannot be forgiven; for “the Stag” has so much “*haut-gout*” or “*fumet*,” that it would hardly answer for the cats. But this is Venice, so I must have come away from Gratz. My old driver loaded me in in the darkness at 4 A.M., and the horse crept away with us both. A hundred times during my two days’ journey did I think of you, dearest father; you would have sprung out of your skin and very likely upon the driver’s; for, when he at every slight descent slowly got down and put on the drag just as slowly, and crept up every little hill at a snail’s space; when he sometimes walked along by the horse to exercise his feet a little; when every possible sort of vehicle, even dog and ass teams, overtook and passed us; and when the chap at last, at a lofty hill took, as an extra span, a pair of oxen, which pulled with the horse in all friendliness—why, then I had to restrain myself, not to fall upon his hide; and I did it occasionally; but then he most seriously urged, that we were making excellent speed—and I could not prove the contrary. Moreover he put up only at the most wretched pot houses; started in the morning at 4 o’clock—in short, I reached Klagenfurth almost broken to pieces. However, when to my question, at what time the stage coach for Venice went past, I received the answer, “in an hour,” that refreshed me; a seat was procured me; I had a good supper also; the coach came in fact two hours later, because upon the Soemmering it had met with a heavy snow storm; but it came; three Italians sat in it and

* The painter who married Mendelssohn’s sister Fanny.—Tr.

seemed bent upon talking away all sleep from me; but I snored away all the talk; so at last morning came and, as we drove into Resciutta, the conductor exclaimed, "beyond this bridge not a person understands German." So I took my leave of that language for a long time, and away we went over the bridge. As soon as we passed it the houses changed in character; flatter roofs with roundish bowed bricks, the deep windows, the long, white walls, the high, square towers gave note of another land; and the pale brown countenances of the people, unnumbered beggars crowding round the coach, numbers of small chapels, more particolored and carefully painted on all sides with flowers, nuns, monks &c., point at once to Italy; but the monotonous region through which the road passed, winding along between bare white rocks, by a stream, which has made itself a wide bed of stones, but in summer loses itself as a little brook among the pebbles,—the melancholy monotony of the entire landscape was not at all like Italy. "I have purposely given a thin harmony to this passage that the theme may afterwards come out strongly," says Abbé Vogler, and it strikes me that the Creator has adopted the idea; for beyond Ospedaletto the theme comes out—and it does one good. I had formed an idea that the first impression of Italy would be striking, ravishing, sudden—a sort of firearms effect; thus far it has not at all appeared so; but, has offered a warmth, a mildness, a cheerfulness, an all-embracing content and joyousness, which is quite indescribable. Beyond Ospedaletto all is level, the blue mountains remain behind us; the sun shines warm and clear through the vine leaves; the road runs between orchards; tree is fettered to tree by vines; one feels at home—as though it was long since familiar, and he was but re-taking possession. Moreover, the coach *flies* along the smooth road, and as evening came on, we drove into Udine, where we passed the night, where I, for the first time ordered my supper in Italian, and where my tongue—as if upon glare ice—at one moment slid into English and the next tripped up. Thereupon next morning they cheated me; but I made nothing of that and on we went. It happened to be Sunday; the people came from all sides in particolored Southern costume, with flowers; the women had roses in their hair; light one-horse vehicles rolled by us; men were riding asses to church; at the post-houses everywhere were masses of idlers in the finest, laziest groups; (at one place one of them so quietly took his wife, who stood by him, by the arm, whirled about with her, and they walked off; now this was nothing at all and yet was so pretty); and now here and there Venitian country houses began to show themselves along the road, becoming by degrees more and more numerous; at last we drove between houses and gardens and trees as through a park; the whole land seemed in such holiday attire, as if the traveler were a prince making his public entry; for the vines, among the trees, laden with their dark clusters, are the loveliest festive wreaths; everybody is in his Sunday's best; a few cypresses make no difference. In Treviso there was really an illumination; little paper lanterns hung about the square, and in the middle a great transparency of many colors. Girls of splendid beauty were also going back and forth there, in red garments and long white veils. And so we reached Mestre in deep night, entered a boat and crossed over with calm weather and still water to Venice.

On the way, at a place where one sees nothing but water about him and lights in the far distance, a small rock rises in the sea; upon it a

lamp was burning; the boatmen all took off their hats, and one of them told me, there was the Madonna for great storms, which rage sometimes very dangerously here. And now with no post-horn, no noise of wheels, no tax-collector at barrier gate, we pass into the great city and under numberless bridges. The passages become more lively, boats more numerous,—we pass the theatre where the Gondolas, as with us the coaches, in long lines were awaiting their owners and fares—into the Grand Canal, past the tower of St. Mark, the lions, the Doge's palace, the Bridge of Sighs. The very indistinctness arising from the darkness only increased my pleasure as I heard the well-known names and saw the dim outlines—and so I *am* in Venice. Now think of it, that I to-day have seen the grandest pictures in the world, have at last made the personal acquaintance of a most lovable man of whom I had hitherto only heard. I mean Herr Giorgione, a magnificent fellow; and so is Pordenone, who has executed the noblest pictures and in one case has painted himself with a number of stupid pupils, so full of faith, and piety and devotion, that one feels as if he were talking with and taking a liking to him, a very different person from me who in this case would not get bewildered? But to speak a word about Titian, I must be serious, I never thought before that he could be such a *happy* artist as I have to-day seen. But that he knew how to enjoy the beauty of life and its wealth, I had seen proved by the pictures in Paris; but he knew also the deepest possible pain and sorrow, and how they are in Heaven; this is shown in his divine Entombment of Christ and in his Ascension of the Virgin. As she there floats upon the cloud and one feels its gentle motion through all the picture—as the beholder at a glance sees her breathing, marks her astonishment, devotion, a thousand emotions in short—but words sound so hum-drum and dry in comparison with what one would say! And then there are three angel heads on the right side, which for beauty are beyond all I know—pure clear beauty, so unconscious, joyous, religious.

But no farther! or I must grow poetic—or am already, and that sits badly on me; I will see it, though, daily. Still I must add a few words about the Entombment for you have the engraving. Look at it and think of me. The picture is the closing scene of a great tragedy—so still and grand, so piercingly painful. There is the Magdalen, sustaining Mary the mother, because she fears she may die from sorrow and wishes to lead her away—but turns her own head back once more and one sees that she wishes to impress this sight upon her memory forever—that this is the last; that is beyond everything! And then John, so troubled, who thinks more of and sorrows for Mary; and Joseph who, fully occupied with the entombment and his devotions, clearly arranges and directs the whole; and the Christ, who lies there so peacefully and has now overcome all—then, too, the glorious richness of color, and the dark streaked sky—it is a picture which ravishes me, speaks to me, and will never leave me. I do not believe I shall find much in Italy which will take such hold of me; but I am free from prejudices, as you know, and as you might again see at this very moment, for the Martyrdom of St. Peter from which I expected the most, has pleased me the least of the three. It did not seem to me to be a complete whole; the landscape which is magnificent, seemed to me to preponderate a little; and then in the design I was troubled because there are *two* victims but only *one* murderer; for the small figure, far in the background, is no relief—I could not make it seem as a martyrdom.

But very likely I am wrong and I will examine it more carefully to-morrow; I was also disturbed while looking at it, for there was somebody fiddling upon the organ in a most ungodly manner, and these saintly figures had to listen to his wretched opera finale. No great matter; where such pictures are, I have no need of an organist; I play the organ myself in imagination, and fret myself at little as such fools as about the rabble in general. Titian however was a man whom one can study to edification; and that I

will do and be happy that I am in Italy. And now the gondoliers are calling to one another again and the lights mirror themselves far and wide in the water; some one is playing a guitar and singing to it. It is a delicious night! Farewell and think of me in every joyous moment, as I of you. FELIX.

Influence of Music—The Opera.

(From the National Quarterly Review for September.)

DON GIOVANNI, ROBERT, OTELLO, ANNA BOLENA.

(Continued from page 235.)

Man is generally more affected by the words of an air than by the air itself, even when the latter is most melodious and pathetic. There are but few of us who can withhold a tear from a song that recalls to us bygone, happy hours, the endeared haunts of our childhood, the loved, the absent, or the dead—one that those dearest to us had often heard and enjoyed with ourselves, but never can again. Even if we hear it for the first time, and that it possesses true merit, and is well sung, if we understand the words it charms us in one way or other. If its subject be one of sorrow, we may weep over our own woes, like the Phrygian girls at the bier of Patroclus; if it be one of love, it may remind us of the charms and tenderness of an adored mistress; or if it be one of adventure, or chivalry, it is equally potent in conjuring up to our minds those fairy tales and romances which gave us most delight in our youth, and the recollection of which makes us feel young under the frosts of sixty winters.

The Italian opera performed in foreign countries possesses none of these advantages, except to the few who understand the language. This may give some idea of the high order of genius which it is necessary for the operatic composer to possess, if he would be successful. A person of ordinary talent may indeed compose an air that is very agreeable—one that all will be pleased to hear—nay, one that may be encored and enthusiastically applauded. But this is a very different thing from producing a lyric drama that will afford delight to three thousand persons for hours together.

Mere harmony would not be sufficient for this; the sweetest voices and the most skillfully handled instruments would not be sufficient. There must be thoughts as well as melody. In other words, the mind must be moved as well as soothed, the intellect as well as the sensuous feelings be acted upon. But, as already remarked, there are those who think that to all this the opera is unequal. Let us here pause for a moment, to see whether such are right or wrong. It matters little which of the works of the great composers we take up, in order to decide the question. Those whose titles are given at the head of our article will do as well as any others. In the first place, *Il Don Giovanni*, the *chef d'œuvre* of Mozart, which has justly been called the *Iliad* of operas, may be said to form a little world in itself—a perfect kosmos. There are but few dramas that contain so large a variety of characters, or in which such a diversity of passions are portrayed. How admirably does the tenderness of Ottavio contrast with the reckless buffoonery of Leporello! In what tragedy or comedy do we find truer portraits than Donna Anna or Zerlina? and yet no two characters are more different. The heart-rending wailings of the former are relieved by the light-hearted carols of the latter. Here we have a scene of appalling midnight murder—there one of innocent rustic pastime. Just before the ghost appears in that awful recitative, every heart capable of a joyous emotion is thrilled with delight, as if the composer wished to prepare the audience to hold converse with the visitant from another world. Nor is it alone in the life-like truthfulness of his portraits that Mozart rivals some of the world's greatest dramatists. When he is most gay and sportive he is deeply thoughtful, suggestive, abounding in refined sentiment, imparting grace to whatever he touches, and never forgetting that delicacy which, half dreamy as it is, expresses so much, and at the same time exercises a restraining influence on the proper passions of our nature. In short, there is not a finer lyric in any language than Zerlina's air, *Giovannotto che fatte amore*, or one more replete with thought and sentiment. This air alone would prove Mozart not only a musician of the first rank, but a true philosopher.

Meyerbeer is as much inferior to Mozart as Congreve is to Shakspeare; but it is not the less true that the *Robert le Diable* of the former is an admirable lyric drama, and it is so characteristic of the French throughout, that no one would suppose that it is the production of a foreigner. It shows that the author fully appreciated the quaint maxim of D'Alembert, that in France, if nowhere else, the music of the

country as well as its religion and government should be respected—"Il y a chez toutes les nations deux choses qu'on doit respecter, la religion et le gouvernement; en France on y en ajoute une troisième, la musique du pays."

There is, however, much more satire than truth in this; at least more of the latter is meant than of the former; for D'Alembert attacked all three "without favor, or affection, malice or ill-will." It is he who, be it remembered, had the courage to call the French opera, as distinguished from the Italian, "un tintamarre que leur rompt la tête, ou un plain chant qui les endort par sa langueur, quand il ne les révolte pas, par sa prétention." At the time this was written, no people in Europe thought more highly of their opera than the dilettanti of France. Nor was D'Alembert singular in regarding it as little better than mere noise, somnolent dullness or affectation. Rousseau exclaimed too, "Nous n'avons point de musique!" What is still more remarkable is that the French government was of the same opinion with D'Alembert, so far as to think that the music of the country should be respected as much as its religion, or its laws; and in proof of its sincerity it not only denounced those who maintained the contrary, but threatened them with prosecution for sedition. This may seem incredible, but it is not the less true; for the Minister of public justice deemed it necessary to issue a sort of proclamation against the anti-French Opera heretics, in which the following passage occurs: "Toutes les libertés se tiennent, et sont également dangereuses; la liberté de la musique suppose celle de sentir, la liberté de sentir entraîne celle de penser, la liberté de penser celle de agir, et la liberté de agir, la ruine des états." Thus in one sentence one of the highest functionaries of the most enlightened government in Christendom proves, at least to his own satisfaction, that the liberty of music may cause the ruin of states. Whether this be true or not, is, however, not the question we have to solve. We refer to it simply because it shows the importance attached to music as an instrument for good or for evil, by those who, from their position, ought to be best competent to appreciate its influence.

Meyerbeer has been much more successful in France as a reformer than Calvin; for the musical reformation has proved far more general than the Protestant Reformation, in that country; nay, indeed, the former is almost complete. The character of Robert is essentially French. He is the very impersonation of "the good knight and true." Brave as his sword, he is at once daring and light-hearted, superstitious and sacrilegious, fond of his new mistress and proud of his descent; now ready to "tear a passion to tatters," and anon as gay and joyous as if nothing had happened. In short, Robert is worthy of his name—he is emphatically Robert the Norman; he is a true hero *per se*, as well as the veritable hero of the piece. He is ever present to our minds during the performance of the whole opera; nor do we soon forget him after it is over. In a word, he teaches us to think—he is everywhere suggestive, which is the new characteristic of French opera. The manner in which he commences his courtship with the Sicilian Princess, by attempting to carry her away by force, reminds the historical student of the Black Prince, at Limoges, who is going to "fling the peasant girl to the general camp," until he ascertains that she is his own foster-sister; and every other trait in his character—his love for combats of all kinds; his indifference as to whether his opponent is a being of earth or heaven, or of the nether regions, remembering only that as a true Norman he must know no fear—is equally in unison with all that history teaches in regard to Norman chivalry, Norman dash, and Norman eccentricity.

Donizetti, by his *Anna Bolena*, and Rossini, by his *Otello*, have in turn tried to please the English and Americans in a similar manner, but by no means with the same success, though the efforts of both have been well received in England, if not in America. We do not remember to have ever seen the opera of *Anna Bolena* presented to an American audience; but we have little doubt that it would be well received at the Academy of Music. Certainly Mr. Ullman has often given us operas much less likely to prove acceptable.* By the way, why not try it soon, if it has not been tried already? Even if has—if it has failed once—it would be well to try it again with a better company, that is, when, perchance, we have such. The *dramatis personæ* alone would secure it attention. But, on reflection, whom have we now that could personate Henry VIII. as well as Lablache, for whom the part was first designed, and who acquitted himself so well in undertaking it? And who have we that could personate Anne Boleyn, as well as Pasta? not to mention Lady Jane Seymour, Lord Rocheford, Lord Percy, Smeaton (the Queen's page), and Harvey all of whom receive due attention in Donizetti's opera.

At Naples, Florence, Vienna and Paris, *Anna Bolena* has attracted large audiences. The Neapolitans, who would not tolerate Pasta in *Semiramide*, were delighted with her as Anna Boleyn, and Rubini has never received more applause than he did at Florence, as the faithful, hapless lover in the same opera.

* It is not always those who do most good that get most credit for their exertions. This is particularly true as applied to the management of the opera in New York. Whatever successes have been accomplished at the Academy of Music during the last two or three years, are due much more to Mr. Ullman's aid, Mr. Jacob Gsché, than to that gentleman himself. This we do not state merely as the result of our own observation and experience; it is the opinion of those friends of the opera who are best competent to judge, and who are under no compulsion to one manager more than another, further than they think he deserves the distinction. Nor is it alone at the Academy of Music Mr. Gsché has thus won "golden opinions." The late Madame Rachel declared him the only agent she ever had whose conduct on all occasions elicited her approbation; and he accompanied her throughout Europe as well as America. We believe he is also the only man under whose management the German opera has had any success, worthy of the name, in this country. Did we feel disposed to make invidious comparisons, we might speak some what differently of Mr. Ullman; but whatever faults the latter has, have, perhaps, been sufficiently censured by others. At any rate it is but fair to bear in mind that the best managers in the world have failed to please everybody, nay, they have sometimes been much abused when they have acquitted themselves best. "Peu de gens savent, et beaucoup feignent d'ignorer," says an eminent foreign critic, "ce qu'il faut d'activité, de connaissances, et surtout, de patience, pour cet emploi (that of a manager). Tous ceux qui vous entourent n'ont en vue que leur intérêt personnel; ce que vous leur faites de bien est à peine remarqué, et les torts les plus légers sont envenimés—les plus petites fautes sont relevées et blâmées avec un rigueur excessive."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 2, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

No. XXII.

THE BOOK OF LEVIATHAN.

(Concluded.)

And so the perilous night wore on. And still our little party sat there, huddled close together, amid the ruins and the darkness of that sumptuous saloon; still we rocked from side to side till all things slid and flew and crashed again, with noise as if the crack of doom had come; and still that chandelier pendulum swung ponderous and threatening over us and kicked the ceiling; still new alarms arose, and then gave way to words of comfort and assurance; still the sweet tides of inward life would seize the calmer intervals to flow back upon us, and wile away the minutes with silent thoughts of home and friends and country and a heavenly protection; or with talks begun for quieting of one another's fears, and running unconsciously into more and more free and genial conversation, even argument, to the forgetting of ourselves and of our danger, and, in that contact and communion of minds hitherto strangers to each other, revealing the rich sense of sympathy and oneness, and how the individual is strong and finds God only in proportion as his own poor life is merged in the common hope and aspiration of Humanity! And still the rough interruption came again to warn us of the situation; and the sea, with thunderous bang against the side began to lift and tip us; and a shudder ran through the long spinal column of the colossal ship, and with an angry jerk, this way and that way, we were rocked and shaken, taxing and straining every limb and muscle to maintain our place. Then comes a little breathing time; and with it perhaps come staggering, shadowy forms from without, crossing the flickering lantern rays; pale, frightened stewardesses, yet faithfully trying to render service among the sick and frightened in the staterooms; adventurous passengers who have been up to study the situation and returned not much the wiser; a passing steward, bearing a crust, snatched with difficulty from the general wreck of store-room and pantry, to some half famished individual—to stay his stomach and his courage too, perhaps—or bent on capturing and binding some endangered and

endangering piece of furniture, at the risk of new falls and bruises to himself. Or some brave young officer of the ship, with buoyant spirits, and voice ringing cheerily, continually goes and comes to hearten the ladies, announcing "all's well," "all right now," "wind subsiding," "the worst is over," and so forth—excellent news, if it were not too good! But such are real benefactors; to rescue from a panic is next best to rescuing from drowning; he who gives us to ourselves is to be thanked as well as he who saves us. The best is, that we be able to meet whatever may come calmly, that so we may afford to think of others, and, think, whatever be our danger, what is our case to that of the poor crew on deck! What of the night with them, exposed to the full brunt of it? Once the captain himself visits us. He has left his post of peril and most trying responsibility upon the bridge, to make a reconnaissance in person of the other portions of his storm-tossed kingdom. He has words of good cheer; our iron hull is strong and has already shown that it can bear any force of wind and waves; the gale will probably go down by morning, &c. And shall we put about and return to port? "Cannot decide that yet; will wait and see what daylight will suggest." Alas! he does not tell us that the rudder is broken, and that he has no power to control our course; that the great ship is drifting helpless in the trough of the sea, like a mere log—or rather, like an empty shell! At one time, like a flock of startled birds, there flew in and settled at our feet a group of trembling women from the steerage, whence they had been conveyed with difficulty through the long intermediate range of dining rooms and passages, over ruined furniture, to seek a comparative shelter from still more dangerous quarters, where, as they thought, water was leaking in at an alarming rate. One or two of these were from Ireland, young girls, all alone and friendless on the great deep.

So the hours fly, heavy as they are. In such excitement one forgets to measure time. Even fear consumes the present rapidly under its own feet. To live intensely, whether in joy or terror, is to live fast. But a calm trust was the pervading spirit, and by degrees spread itself from the strongest to the poor flutterers. A great boon is society in times of danger; we feel strong in Humanity, weak in our individual isolation. With calmness there was not wanting occupation. Though we could do nothing, could only sit there passively, yet each one could draw from more or less depth of inward life; we could talk; and so share what strength, what trust, what vantage ground of thought we had, with one another. A theological argument disposed of I know not how many half hours. The discussion may have settled nothing, made no converts; but as it was no barren argument for the mere love of arguing, doubtless we all drew nearer to each other by the talk—and that was solid gain, even if the next wave had swept us to eternity. After a while, the conversation turned upon the war at home. And here we could agree. The moment that we come upon the practical, do we not find that one essential religion may animate both orthodox and heretic, and that the ice-barriers of creeds melt before the genial breath of true humanity. And was it not a blessing in that hour to have the larger thought of country to pre-occupy us against poor trembling cares or prayers for our individual safety? And what is our suffering and our danger, to that of the brave thousands of our countrymen and kindred, who, loving peace, and never having dreamed of war except as of a scourge of social eras left behind us, have now left their peaceful homes to face the dangers and the hardships of the sickly camp, the long march and the battle-field? Let us be thankful for their patriotic inspiration; pray for them!

Still the storm rages. There is no reducing it to routine by whatever talk or thought of other subjects.

When will the gale subside? O for a heavy rain to trample down this sea! O that the morning would come, that we might see, at least, how it is with us, or descry perchance some friendly sail on the horizon. In light itself there is a certain friendliness and sense of safety. We have hours to wait yet; but they pass; one wonders how, but they are gone. To satiety of talk and fits of rolling succeed spells of musing, dreamy silence, whose length is not described by minute and hour hands. Whole lives are mentally lived over. One is with family and friends at home. One is counting up the chances of a nation's struggle for liberty and national existence; one pursuing Art ideals, philosophic speculations, or musing on the great problems of life and eternity; one gravitating back by force of habit to dollar and cent calculations, to the shop routine, or bolder enterprises, grand financial hobbies. Mostly serious thoughts prevail, but not on that account the less sweet and happy. Were it at all strange, should strains of sweet and solemn music, remembered from inspired masters, float through the mind? Snatches of song or harmony from that great Birmingham Festival, the freshest memorable experience of the year in Europe? "O rest in the Lord," from *Elijah*; the great Handel choruses: "He led them through the deep, as through a wilderness;" and much more, that will be readily imagined out of those sacred oratorios; or deep and tender arias from Bach; or great soul-lifting movements, sublime as the ocean, and as deep and infinite, but at the same time profoundly human, from Beethoven's Symphonies. Others find, too, no mean consolation in the homely hymns with which they have worshipped God from childhood, and their fathers before them. Say then, is music nothing practical and solid? Is it an unsubstantial fleeting pleasure, a mere tickler of the sense? Is it nothing to have great thoughts, beautiful divine thoughts, rhythmically haunt the soul in such an hour as this? Some dull, half drowsy moments find place also during the delusive lulls, as day approaches. Even the prisoner can sleep before the morning of his execution. What will the morning bring for us? Too dull and weary are we all, perhaps, to ask ourselves the question very earnestly.

Friday, 13th.—Day dawned last. A dull, grey, leaden sky. The wind has not gone down; still less the sea. I creep away in the early twilight, through winding passages, over the broken furniture of the dining saloon, clinging to what remains of rails and bannisters, when the rolling fit begins, down into our little state-room, and there get some hours of comparative rest; no sleep, for in the heavy rolls it costs much effort to keep from being pitched out of one's berth. And the noise too, is still tremendous; the sea swings its battering ram continually against one spot in the iron wall which shuts it out from me. Right under the bull's eye window the blow plants itself, making all quiver and resound again; and the white top foam leaps above the window (sometimes even upon deck) darkening all within. The air is close and stifling and damp; the carpet, as in nearly all the cabins, saturated with salt water, which had beat in by the not too tightly-fastened window in the first stages of the storm.

At noon creep up into the dining saloon in search of food, having had none for four and twenty hours. A table has been set in the adjoining room; the doorway barricaded by a large stove—the only place where it will "stay put." In climbing over this, and asking news of those about, a sudden lurch comes, the glass door (*minus* glass) of a side-board flies open, and I receive a discharge of decanters, pitchers, tumblers, full upon me—but fortunately not on face or hands. Contrive to reach the table, empty a cup of the blackest tea, spilling the greater half of it, and very nearly being spilt; snatch a bit of meat and bread (for it is mostly "grab game" now) and make off with it to my den. Bolster my head

upon the corner of the sofa, brace my feet, and try to read; but it is easier thinking. "No, neither!" says the boisterous enemy without, with thundering thump: "Me! me! Prepare for me!" And then I rise, and staggering between four narrow walls, look out upon him through the bull's eye, which, rising, sinking, shows now nothing but grey sky, and now the whole wide billowy waste to the horizon, which indeed is not far. A heaving, boiling and tumultuous surface; but nonsense all that about waves running "mountains high"—that is mere commonplace of poets and novel writers who have never been to sea. I wondered if indeed it was so great sea; if the gale was more extraordinary than is often met on the Atlantic at this season of the year. Surely those waves did not look at all proportioned to the violent effects we felt from them. Perhaps the height of our great ship dwarfed them. Perhaps another ship would not have rolled so; although no other would have stood so furious a rolling. "By good rights," said an old sea captain among the passengers, "we ought to have gone to pieces; it is against nature that we do not."

P. M. Go on deck, holding on steadily, and take a survey. It is clearing off; the fierce wind has moderated; but the high sea not; the merciless rolls are only aggravated; once set in motion, it must have its full swing before it calms down, which will not be to-day, scarcely to-morrow. Almost every one we meet, of the crew and stewards especially, bears marks of bruises; our young surgeon has his hands full with the more serious cases. But where are we? and what is to be done? for now it has become generally known that we have lost our rudder. Let a reporter in the *Times* relate:

The captain is a brave fellow, and keeps his spirits up wonderfully. He is ever keeping the men steadily at the wheel, although the rudder has been gone for many hours. He knows the alarm a knowledge of this would create. I overhear a consultation between the captain and some of the officers. Something must be done to try and turn the ship's head, and then, if the wind abates, sail will be set, and we may reach a port in safety. How is it to be done? A large spar, marked as weighing four tons, is to be heavily loaded with iron, then fastened to an immense hawser, and thrown overboard. This method has been successfully employed on similar occasions with great success. It is being prepared, and I go down in the meantime to have another investigation below.

I did sleep, thanks to the loss of sleep for two successive nights, and to the reassuring consciousness that something intelligent was being done, and not without hope, to recover control of the ship. And, all that night, in the waking intervals, or it may have been in dreams, I heard new sounds full of promise, and was in full persuasion that the ship's head was turned, the spar doing the rudder's work successfully the engines steadily going (did I hear their measured thump), and we were on the way to Ireland? Hastening on deck in the morning, found this all an illusion! Nothing had been done; the spar experiment had failed; we were still drifting, drifting, God knows whither!

Saturday, 14th. Drifting, drifting! But in the right direction now, if only the wind keeps in this quarter, that is, toward Ireland. Our hope is now to drift into the highway of steamers, to sight some ship; but we are far away, out of the common courses, in the pathless solitudes of the ocean. And will the wind, the fickle wind, continue to befriend us! The day passes much in the same manner as the last. There are periods of despondency and periods of hope; for the soul itself, as Heine sings, is like the sea, and has its waves, its storms and calms. We take a certain grim pleasure in swelling up the list of casualties that have befallen us. Here is a comforting discovery. Let the *Times* writer tell it:

A new subject of interest arises. There is scarcely a cabin in the ship to which the water has not found its way. Many require a change of clothes, and the hatchways of the baggage stores are opened. The scene that presents itself defies all description. The water has got in, and in sufficient force

to float even many of the larger articles. The rocking of the ship has set the whole mass in motion. It has the free range of a compartment some 60 ft. square, and 24 hours of such friction has reduced portmanteaus, hat-boxes, dressing-cases, and all the personal chattels incident to 400 passengers into a mass of pulp such as could not be rivalled by one of the most powerful shoddy mills in the West Riding of Yorkshire. I go down, for I have a personal interest in this mass of rubbish. Identity is out of the question. Here are the spangles of the dress of an actress; and there the sleeves of an officer's coat. On this side the rim of a hat, on that the leg of a dress boot. There has been most gross negligence in this matter, and the misery which will be occasioned to some portion of the passengers I need not dwell upon, because words cannot adequately express it. Later, I see men feeling cautiously with their bare feet for jewels and money, in which this desolation is said to be rich. How they will identify their own, and resist the temptation of taking that which is not theirs, is beyond my philosophy.

So farewell, tough old friend! Trunk, that has gone all over Europe with me, and survived so many railroad shakings, and rough boundary *visites*, packed full of all that was to recall all this to me hereafter! Farewell all my books, and catalogues of galleries, prints, photographs, keepsakes, programmes and records of a year's music,—little matters, but which money cannot replace! Worse cases than this, though, claim our sympathy.

Meanwhile a new hope springs up. An American passenger, a civil engineer, Mr. HAMILTON E. TOWLE, of Exeter, N. H., has suggested a very ingenious plan to the captain for virtually reconstructing the rudder head, which it is for those acquainted with mechanics to describe. He is placed in command of the engineer department, and devotes himself all that day and night, with admirable energy and skill, in improvising resources, to execute his idea. On that now all apparently must turn. God further the good work! Night comes on, the watches are set, and preparations made for signals; all are on the lookout for some ship. As I lie in bed about nine in the evening, half dozing, I hear what sounds like the rush of a rocket, twice! and then a gun! Presently my room-mate bursts in with news "too good to be true!" A ship has come up unseen, and is about under us! She has taken our watchers by surprise. It is the little brig "Magnet," from Halifax for Galway, and she readily engages to lie by us all night. Great joy and excitement! who can keep below; we rush on deck; some even pack what baggage they have left, that they may be ready to be taken off at once! And into midnight we scarce feel the rocking and the cold air, that Magnet holds us by such firm attraction. What can she do for us? Yet a new thrill of hope has shot through every breast. God bless the little brig!

Sunday, 15th.—On deck early. And sure enough, there lies the little brig, with her white sails, so sociable and friendly, hovering about us like a dove sent out to our rolling, dangerous, solitary ark! It is little, nothing she can do for us; she could not take us off; our boats would certainly be swamped; nor could she hold the half of us. Yet it is comforting and cheering to see her slowly circling round us, and to feel her sympathy. Until the new experiment upon the rudder is ready for the trial, Dove promises to stay by us; if it fails, she will be sent as a messenger to the shore to send out aid. The air is soft, a little hazy, tempering the sunshine; a lovely day it must be on the land. The sea has much subsided; indeed, it looks very smooth; but still we roll at the same fearful rate, as if the ship were bewitched with it and never could unlearn the trick. The fits of rolling come more regularly; between two rolling fits a lull of about five minutes, and then the long swell overtakes us and rocks us as if it would punish all our sins and take all the vanity and laziness and folly out of us before it had done. Poor, miserable sidewise, drifting log that we are, caught every five minutes in a new "trough," to be racked by a worse ague than before, since the fatigue makes each seem rougher than the last! This intermittent swell seems

to be the law of the calm sea; you mark the same thing on the beach, where every seventh (?) wave rolls in, a big one.

An anxious day this. All depends on those laborious and difficult operations at the stern, the new attempt to improvise a rudder. This time nothing must be risked upon hasty, half-way performance; it must be done cautiously and thoroughly. And then comes the trial; it may fail! and what then? Our last hope, apparently, of recovering control of the ship. The plan of the young engineer is ingenious; and he is putting forth all his energy, in executing it, improvising materials and means from whatever we can find about the ship, bending all things to his uses, detecting with a quick eye providential accidents, and this too in the face of not a little opposition, with a faculty that looks like genius and commands admiration and inspires hope. Long time have they been about it—all yesterday, and all night, and to-day for how much longer, toiling incessantly at the difficult and dangerous task. We get impatient for the trial. Knowing ones shake their heads. The experienced ones, those who have been our cheering oracles, who watched and understood the operations, and read the signs for us, and kept us in hope all along—these brave and sanguine ones, as well as wise, who hitherto have been so buoyant in their tone to the more ignorant and timid, now seem to keep more in the shade, and, if you find them, wear the soberest faces of all. Here, too, goes about a knowing croaker, with a discontented visage, a "discomfortable cousin," who also is a machinist, hinting ingenious doubts as to the working of the plan. (Wait till it works, and you shall find him claiming the credit of having first suggested the idea himself!) Alternations of the desponding and the sanguine mood of course, are natural during this delay. But most of us could thank heaven for a very hopeful state of mind that whole day. An unenlightened, childish confidence it might be; but almost as powerful and undoubting as that with which one waits the moving of a festival procession. And so it was with many; the only question being when will they be ready! at what hour will the ship move obedient once more to her helm?

A religious morning service is held in the Saloon, thanks to the somewhat mitigated rolling and confusion. Others worship in their own way, in the open air on deck. The sailors, proverbially a grumbling race, and who do not seem to have taken kindly to a ship too big for them to feel at home in, look in good spirits to-day. It is in the air, we feel it in our bones, that we shall go; we shall soon be making head, instead of drifting at the mercy of the winds. So far, in two days, we have drifted one hundred miles; first to the North-east, into the pathless waste of ocean, where we should meet no sail; then to the South-west, which would bring us ere long into the highway of navigation. At noon we get an observation, showing us to be about 280 miles to the North-west of Cape Clear.

Early in the afternoon all the chimneys give sign that they are getting up steam. By five, almost before we know it, the screw works! The ship obeys the rudder! her head is being slowly brought round toward the Irish Channel. Joy indescribable! Losses and disappointments are forgotten in pure thankfulness for life, in the sweet prospect of firm land again. But first a pretty scene; our dove is beckoned near; the little brig comes up within speaking distance; it is proposed to take her in tow, to steer by, should the temporary rudder fail. This Dove declines, from very natural fear for her own safety; but promises to keep us company till we are harbored. Dangerous to let herself be tied to so unwieldy a neighbor; and look! even now, while we are parleying, our huge hulk is drifting right upon her; she has barely time to save herself. A child rescuing a drowning giant! A dove to steer a dead leviathan! Thank heaven,

there is no need; Leviathan is himself again, he can wag his tail fins (the rudder) and can steer himself again. Cautiously turning, by describing a half circle of 8 or 10 miles, while Dove flies straight on the diameter, we get our course shaped to the Channel, and then we steam on, by screw power alone, at the rate of eight knots an hour, increased afterwards to ten. Thank God! this last hope does not fail us; the new rudder works! The weather, too, is most propitious; a gentle breeze from the S. W. And now, with relieved minds, we may go down to tea; tables are decently set again; and children and all can partake, sitting; what a happy scene as we come in upon it! as homelike as the Thanksgiving festival in a large family. Then comes a long and lovely evening upon deck. The full moon gleams across the smooth and glassy waters; the air is gentle and persuasive; the stars are out, and heaven full of radiant, moist, sympathetic eyes; and presently the whole northern sky was lit up with a superb display of the Aurora Borealis. The heavens above and the waters under us seem to unite with our hearts in a thoughtful festival; and happy groups sit or promenade upon the deck till midnight, since the ship, now making head instead of drifting, no longer rolls so terribly. We anticipate a quiet sleep to-night.

Monday, 16th.—Vain hope! No sleeping this night! The rolling has been worse than ever, almost, and the noise enough to make one crazy. Still we have been making steady progress; we go on at a good rate; we approach Ireland and the Channel. God grant continuance of this fine weather! Another gale would certainly destroy us. We left our "dove" long since out of sight; there was no wind for her sails; doubtless she follows as she can. And now we are on the highway. A steamer ahead! A large one, rapidly nearing. It is the "Persia," which left Liverpool on Saturday. We hoist signals of distress and she comes round. She sees our paddles gone, our fearful rolling, and will report us in New York, to the relief of anxious friends. But she can tell only a small part of the story; black boards are held up, on which is written that we cannot stop our engines; this she fails to read, wonders that we make off so fast, refusing as it were the aid we asked for, and with an indignant plunge goes down the wind, like a hawk, and in a minute has shot miles away on her own business. How beautiful she looked! And we wished that we were in her!

The ship rolls badly all day, though the sea is calm. But all goes well. The chaos of saloons and cabins is reduced to some beginning of order. In the evening a meeting of the passengers is held; opinions are freely expressed about the ship, the manner in which she was sent to sea, &c., and a Committee of seven appointed to embody these in resolutions.

Tuesday, 17th.—Land! The southern coast of Ireland. Already past Cape Clear and on our way to Queenstown. Beautiful coast, smooth sea, lovely weather. Signals are raised, and ere this the telegraph wires have sent the disaster of the Great Eastern all over the British Isles. But why do we stop here and lose four or five hours in the middle of the day? It is poor relief to our impatience that we can amuse ourselves with the boat crews of wild Irishmen who come out to us, in the hope of large fees for taking a few of us on shore. Meanwhile the passengers hold another meeting and adopt the "Resolutions," which have already, doubtless, been seen by our readers.

An hour or two before sundown we anchor outside the light off Queenstown. We might go into the harbor; but our captain, for some reason, does not choose to. Small tug steamers come out to us, the "Robert Bruce," the "Willing Mind," &c., and things look human, safe and sociable once more. A few go off on shore. The rest of us, not without murmuring, make shift to sleep another night on the great ship, which is to us now nothing but a great

nightmare, which it will be happiness to get away from once for all. The sailors have a merry leisure time of it on deck in the evening. A crowd of them are tossing a huge sprawling white thing from one to another, with loud laughter; it is one of our poor dead swans! Others are singing; one with a clear tenor voice sings a ballad, and the others join in the refrain quite musically. Divers accordions, guitars, &c., have crept forth out of the steerage, and entertain their groups. Is there a fraternity of street musicians going over to seek their fortunes in America perhaps? A group assembled in the Grand Saloon, are listening to the reading of a newspaper just fresh from Queenstown; the news of the Cape Hatteras expedition gives us joy. Subscriptions are going on for the wounded, as testimonials to Mr. Towle, to whom especially we feel we owe our lives; to our brave captain; and to the two heroic seamen (shame that I forgot their names!) who went over the stern, and for hours remained there, at great risk, plunged by every roll of the ship beneath the waves, until they had fastened the chain round the rudder!

Wednesday, 18th. Some forty of us jump into one of the tugs and land at Queenstown. Then a trip of nine miles up the river Lee, as picturesque in its way as the Rhine, to the curious old town of Cork.

Thursday, 19th. By rail to Dublin. And never have I enjoyed green country with a keener zest, than that ride through Ireland, after such a week. But it grew very cold and rainy. Well that we were off the ship! for that day a new gale arose, and bore her some miles out to sea again, the great majority of passengers remaining still on board.

Friday. A brilliant day. A beautiful and rapid trip, by sea to Holyhead, past the shores and mountains of North Wales by rail, running along the coast, everywhere sprinkled with sea-fowl; up the Dee to Chester, and across the green and golden landscape, in the middle of the grain harvesting, to the old quarters and most cordial welcomes in London.

I have not time to speculate upon the causes of our disaster. I am not disposed to charge it so much to the ship itself, as to the Company, or rather the Directors, and the unpardonably cheap and shiftless manner in which they sent her out to sea:

1. Without ballast. This alone would seem to account for the disablement. This made her top-heavy, and produced the violent rolling; and the rolling brought the extra strain upon the rudder and the entire machinery.

2. With an improvised organisation of which they had not warned the passengers whom they allured on board. New captain, new officers, new crew, new stewards; all new but the engineers; new to this ship, whatever their experience in others; new to each other and not in mutual understanding; lost, therefore, for some time, almost as much as we were in the great, bewildering monster vessel.

3. The cheap and fragile character of most of the internal fittings, furniture, &c., and the neglect of proper fastenings everywhere, as if the ship were only fitted out for a summer afternoon's sail on a lake or river.

And much more might be added; but doubtless it will all be legally and duly inquired into—and this is not the place for it.

So, having knelt upon the shore, like shipwrecked mariners of old, and made a sacrifice to Neptune, we will proceed with our own proper business, and resume the interrupted record of the musical tour in Europe. D.

MUSIC FOR THIS SEASON.—MR. ZERRAHN announces a series of Orchestral Concerts, an unexpected pleasure, and the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE announce their 13th series of Chamber Concerts. It is to be hoped that the attractions they offer will ensure them a full subscription list. Mr. GOERING, an artist from Hamburg, takes the place of Mr. ZOEHLER. Among other novelties, they produce two of the later works of Beethoven, not before performed here.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, OCT. 31.—The great and only sensation in the musical world, since writing my last letter, has been the *debut* of our *impresario* Ullmann in the rôle of a *beneficiaire*. In consideration of his long and unwearied exertions for the benefit of the public, he has made bold to solicit a benefit for himself—a most presumptuous idea, truly. This unaccountable freak has somewhat rudely interrupted our long musical somnolence, but our only sorrow is that it is for such a short time. Until the opening of the new year, we shall have but this miniature season which closes on Monday evening after the rendition of three operas in four performances, not including however, those in Brooklyn and Philadelphia. It is true, that this is but a test of the public feeling in regard to the feasibility of an opera this winter, but Ullmann with his usual strategic skill has made it literally a reconnaissance in force by presenting almost as many attractions as usually preface the most extensively planned seasons. The announcement of new artists in old rôles, and new rôles with old artists; of *entre actes* by the Herrmanns, M. and Mme.; of grand concerts by Patti and Thomas; of *debuts* and gala matinées,—all tend to make this short season one of the most interesting and attractive. To those who take a practical view of things there is much to be feared from this unnecessary surfeiting, this piling on of the agony. To witness the degeneracy of our opera *habitués* into aristocratic editions of the literary patrons of the Bowery pit—demanding for an evening's entertainment at least three four-act operas, with one of Schumann's Symphonies as a *preludio*, and "prestidigitatorial" *entr'actes*; a light operetta introducing of course a *ballet*, winding up with a grand concert vocal and instrumental—would be indeed a sight much to be regretted. It has been an idea quite prevalent with us, that to make a benefit successful, all that was necessary was to fill up a programme with every species of clap-trap amusement that offered itself, the more numerous the attractions the greater the success. Now if people resort to these places of amusement for the sole purpose of getting all they can for their money, considering quantity, not quality it would be policy to administer the pleasure in allopathic doses; but to those who extend their patronage from a love and appreciation of a creditable performance, offer a superior, but a moderate programme, and the result will be the gratification of all concerned. Now that we have criticised the general nature of these benefit performances, let us review the causes which prompted, and the circumstances attending them.

Ullmann in a manifesto, which has probably ere this met your eye, presented a plea, soliciting the patronage and support of the public in a short season of benefit performances. The stockholders and directors of the Academy with unusual generosity relinquished all claims to their usual privileges and pledged themselves for a certain amount in advancement of the cause. With this as a basis, and depending upon the well-known liberality of the opera-goers of New York he perfects his plans and presented to us in the midst of "wars and rumors of wars" a charming little season, introducing two new operas, a new baritone and a repetition of two of the great successes of last season—Kellogg and "Un Ballo in Maschera." Upon the result of this venture depend the fortunes of opera in our city the coming winter. The success both pecuniary and artistic of the first two nights, renders our prospects quite bright. Of the artistic success: Miss Kellogg in the new rôle of Amelia, in the "Ballo" has achieved new triumphs. Although nervousness on the first night somewhat marred her performance, yet she gained much favor, but on the second night she excelled even our greatest expectations. We must acknow-

ledge that the fact of our young *prima donna* being an American—a New Yorker, born and bred among us, lays us open to the charge of favoritism, but our unprejudiced opinion—and it is the universal opinion of the New York press—is that she is a fine artist, and her triumphs of the past are but the precursors of greater ones in the future. Her efforts in the opera were rewarded with applause and *encores* that the character of the audience stamped as sincere. It is rumored, and we think there is ground for it, that Gye has made a tempting offer to her for Covent Garden, which she has accepted. As with Patti, we are thus doomed to lose for a second time one of our native artists. The pernicious effects of war, are felt in more ways than one.

The *debut* of Mancusi, the baritone of the Havana troupe, was the second attraction promised by Ullmann. To pass an opinion upon him after such a short acquaintance would be unjust. After a second hearing, we are favorably impressed with him. Although we have been accustomed to the full round tones of Amodio and Ferri, for so long a time, yet there is something so pleasing in his voice that we admire him. He never can be called a great singer, his voice lacks the fullness and power that is so necessary and attractive, but in its tone it possesses sympathetic qualities that render it very effective. He is a very fine actor, resembling very much the tenor Beaucardé, both in style and appearance.

Brignoli, who during his sojourn at Long Branch has assumed mammoth proportions, sang with more than ordinary success. It is a pity that we should lose this favorite artist just now when *primi tenori* are so scarce. Hinckley was as pretty and fascinating as ever. Verdi should be thankful that he has such a charming interpreter of the rôle of Oscar. No one can do it better. Madame Strakosch and Sigs. Barili and Dubreuil, were about as usual. In Ulrica we miss Miss Adelaide Phillips, who made such a success last season. Mme. Strakosch does her best, but lacks power of voice. The chorus was very good, and "Un Ballo" a success. This evening we are to have the last performance of the season. Donizetti's "Betly" will be given with Hinckley, Brignoli and Susini; and the French opera "Les Noces des Jeanette" by Massé, with Miss Kellogg, Elena Dubreuil and Mazzini. Miss Carlotta Patti will give a grand concert in conjunction with Mme. Strakosch, Sig. Mancusi and Theo. Thomas. The engagement of your Academy by Edwin Forrest has deprived you of your share of this short benefit season. Ullmann's agents went on to secure the building for Forrest's off nights, but they were unsuccessful.

The *debut* of Mme. Hermann as *pianiste* reminds us that we may have the pleasure of hearing her as a *cantatrice*. She was a pupil at the Paris Conservatoire, and will make her debut probably early in the season in the "Fille du Regiment." M. Strakosch returns from Europe with that great time-honored artist Giulia Grisi, who is to gratify us with a repetition of those farewell (?) efforts that for the past twelve-month have been adding fresh laurels to her name.

Miss Lizzie Parker gave a grand concert on Tuesday evening at Irving Hall assisted by Brignoli, Susini, Ardavani and S. B. Mills. After the performance Brignoli had the misfortune to fall down stairs and sprain his ankle so badly that the performance of the opera company in Philadelphia has to be postponed.

M. Keller announces a grand Union concert on the last evening of this month with the aid of Mme. Von Berkel, Sigs. Quint, Mueller, Richards.

The first concert of the New York Philharmonic will take place on the 9th of November under the direction of Carl Bergmann, who has succeeded Theodore Eisfeld in the Conductorship. The following orchestral pieces are on the opening programme: Beethoven's C minor Symphony; Overture "Carneval Romain," by Hector Berlioz; and Wagner's Overture "Rienzi." S. B. Mills the pianist will probably be the only soloist.

The first *Soirée* of Mason and Thomas will be given on the 5th of November at Dodworth's Hall. The following is the programme of the season:

SOIRÉE I. 1. Quartet, (G No. 1), Mozart. 2. Sonata, (piano Eb op. 31, No. 3), Beethoven. 3. Rondo, (piano and violin, op. 70, B minor), Schubert. 4. Quartet, (F, op. 41, No. 2), Schumann.

SOIRÉE II. 1. Quartet (G), Haydn. 2. Romanzen, (piano, op. 28), Schumann. 3. Trio, (Bb minor, op. 5), Vollkmann. 4. Quartet, (E minor, No. 8), Beethoven.

SOIRÉE III. 1. Quintet, (Eb piano, Oboi, Clarinet, Bassoon, Horn), Mozart. 2. Sonata, (piano and cello in A, op. 69), Beethoven. 3. Solo, (Viola). 4. Fantasia (C op. 159, piano and violin), Schubert. 5. Quartet, (C minor, No. 4, op. 18), Beethoven.

SOIRÉE IV. 1. Quartet, by Haydn. 2. Sonata, (op. 101, A piano), Beethoven. 3. Trio, (F), Schumann. 4. Quintet, (C, 2 violins, 1 viola, 2 cellos, op. 162), Schubert.

SOIRÉE V. 1. Trio, (Eb piano, clarinet, viola), Mozart. 2. Quartet, (E flat), Spohr. 3. Sonate, piano and violin, (D minor) Schumann. 4. Quartet, F minor, (No. 11), Beethoven.

SOIRÉE VI. 1. Quartet, piano, (G minor), Mozart. 2. Prælude and Fugue, (violin) Bach. 3. Trio, (op. 99, B major), Schubert. 4. Quartet, (Eb No. 12), Beethoven.

Berge, the well known organist of St. Francis Xavier, Roman Catholic Church, has composed a new Mass of the "music of the future" style. It was produced last Sunday by his immense choir, which has twelve soprano voices, and is pronounced by all to be a grand effort. We presume it will be published, although Berge is very jealous of his music.

Miranda, the tenor has transferred his fine voice to the choir of Dr. Adams Church, which now ranks as one of the finest among the Protestant churches of this city. Mr. W. H. Platt is chorister; Dr. James Flint, Organist; Sopranos, Mrs. Morris, and Mrs. Bristow; Tenor, D. Miranda; Alto, Mrs. Tallman; Bass, H. Frost.

Wels, of Christ Church, the late organist of St. Stephens Catholic Church, has issued a new book of Anthems and Chants for the Episcopal music. It is a very fine collection of music, and will be received with great favor by the admirers of modern church music of the free style.

Until January we shall have nothing to satiate our musical thirst, but the Philharmonic Societies and once in a while a stray concert. We hope that the opening of the new year will throw open to us brighter prospects.

T. W. M.

Special Notices.

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G. M. Dowe. 25

A fine stirring Song, written for and dedicated to the young "Warren Zouaves" of this city, and adapted to the popular air of "Glory Hallelujah." This air has always seemed to be worth better words than those wedded to it now in the mouth of the people, and it is to be hoped that the present ones will be generally adopted.

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Adapted to the elder Russell's familiar and spirited air "Pull away cheerily." It would make a capital soldiers' song.

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Brilliant and taking, in the modern style. Of medium difficulty.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 501.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 9, 1861.

VOL. XX. No. 6.

Our Country's Call.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Lay down the axe, fling by the spade;
Leave in its track the toiling plow;
The rifle and the bayonet blade
For arms like yours were fitter now;
And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the light task, and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle field.

Our country calls; away! away!
To where the blood-stream blots the green,
Strike to defend the gentlest sway
That time in all his course has seen.
Seen from a thousand coverts—see
Spring the armed foes that haunt her track;
They rush to smite her down, and we
Must beat the banded traitors back.

Ho! sturdy as the oaks ye cleave,
And moved as soon to fear and flight,
Men of the glade and forest! leave
Your woodcraft for the field of fight.
The arms that wield the axe must pour
An iron tempest on the foe;
His serried ranks shall reel before
The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye who breast the mountain storm,
By grassy steep or highland lake,
Come, for the land ye love, to form
A bulwark that no force can break.
Stand, like your own gray cliffs that mock
The whirlwind, stand in her defence:
The blast as soon shall move the rock
As rushing squadrons bear you thence.

And ye, whose homes are by her grand
Swift rivers, rising far away,
Come from the depths of her green land
As mighty in their march as they;
As terrible as when the rains
Have swelled them over bank and bourne,
With sudden floods to drown the plains
And sweep along the woods upturn.

And ye who throng, beside the deep,
Her ports and hamlets on the strand,
In number like the waves that leap
On his long murmuring marge of sand,
Come, like that deep, when o'er his brim,
He rises, all his floods to pour,
And flings the proudest barques that swim
A helpless wreck against his shore. ¶

Few, few were they whose swords, of old,
Won the fair land in which we dwell;
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike for that broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Traveling-Letters."

TO PROFESSOR ZELTER.*

VENICE, Oct. 16, 1830.

DEAR HERR PROFESSOR!—Now then I have set foot in Italy and I wish this letter to be the

* Mendelssohn's master in musical study.

first of the regular reports which I think of making you, of all that seems to me specially noteworthy. If I have omitted hitherto writing you a regular letter, the fault is that of the great distraction in which I lived both in Munich and Vienna. For to tell you of all the parties in Munich, of which I visited several every evening and where I played the pianoforte more than ever anywhere else, was not possible, because one trod upon the heels of another, and I never could really quite come to my senses.

Besides, it would have hardly been of any special interest to you, for in fact that "good society, which does not afford material for the shortest epigram," makes no very marked effect in a letter. It is to be hoped, however, that you have not taken my long silence ill, and so I still dare expect a few words from you, even if they say nothing but that you are well and in good spirits. It looks all too stormy and unfriendly in the world just now,† and what we had begun to consider as unchangeable and enduring, falls to pieces in a few days. In such times it is doubly grateful to hear well-known voices, and convince one's self that certain things will not be swept away or thrown down, but stand fixed on a firm foundation; and, as I am at this moment very uneasy, not having had news from home for four weeks, and finding no letters either in Trieste or here, a few words from you, direct to me in the old style, would refresh and rejoice me to the heart, by giving me convincing proof that you still think of me with affection as you have done from my early childhood.

With a comfortable sort of joyousness the first view of the Italian plains filled me, no doubt you have been already told by my folks at home. Here I hasten hourly from enjoyment to enjoyment, and see continually something new and unexpected; but during the first days here, I discovered several leading works with which I am making myself most thoroughly acquainted and before which therefore I spend some hours daily. There are three pictures by Titian—the representation of Mary as a child in the temple, her Ascension, and the Entombment of Christ; also a picture by Giorgione, representing a girl with a cither in her hand, quite lost in thought, and now looking out of the picture with such a deeply reflective air (probably she is about to strike up an air, and as one looks upon her, the impulse is strong to do the same); and others still. The pictures alone are worth a journey to Venice; for the wealth of ideas, the strength and the religious feeling of the men who painted them, stream out to the beholder whenever he looks at them, and so I am not much troubled at having heard hardly any music here; for the music which the angels in the Ascension are making as they surround the Virgin and express their joy—one of them meeting her and thumping upon a tamborine, others blowing away upon curious carved flutes, another lovely group singing—or the music, which is floating before the fancy of the cither

player—this music of course is not to be reckoned. Once only have I heard any organ-playing, and that was sad enough. I was busy in viewing the Martyrdom of St. Peter, by Titian, in the Franciscan church; it was the hour of service and there was for me something awe-inspiring as well as devotional, as the old pictures in the very spots for which they were planned and executed, with their mighty figures, by little and little stood forth out of the darkness in which the long lapse of time has enveloped them. As I was so intently beholding that wonderful evening landscape, with the trees and the angels among the branches, the organ struck up. I was refreshed as I heard the first tone; but the second, the third, and all which followed brought me out of my dreams and reveries in good condition, home; for the man played in a church, at service, and in the presence of respectable people, so:



Et caetera animalia.

And the Martyrdom of St. Peter stood hard by! I have therefore not taken any great pains to make the acquaintance of the Herr organist; and as there is no decent opera here just now—as the Gondoliers who sang Tasso are dumb—as in general what I have seen of the Venetian art of the present time—such as poems framed and glazed upon Titian's pictures, Rinaldo and Armida by a new Venetian painter, Saint Cecilia by a ditto, moreover many new structures in no style at all—does not impress me very much, so I stick to the old and study out how they wrought. I have often had great desire for music awakened and hence have composed pretty industriously since I came here. Before I left Vienna an acquaintance gave me Luther's sacred poems and as I read them again, I felt their power more than ever and I think of composing many of them this winter. While here I have almost settled upon the treatment of the choral "Aus tiefer Noth" for four voices *a capella*, and have also the Christmas hymns "Ach Gott vom Himmel sieh darein," "Wir glauben all' an einen Gott," "Verleih uns Frieden," "Mitten wir im Lebene-sind" and finally "Ein feste Burg," and all these last I think of composing for chorus or orchestra. Please, write me about this plan of mine and whether you will be satisfied should I retain the old melodies in all cases, without tying myself to

† This was the period of the Revolutions of 1830.

them slavishly, as for instance if I should take the first verse of "Vom Himmel hoch" as a grand chorus and work it out quite free? Besides all this I have another overture for orchestra partly written — and should a chance at an opera occur, it will be welcome. In Vienna I completed two short pieces of church music; a choral in three movements for chorus and orchestra (O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden) and an Ave Maria for eight-part chorus *a capella*. The people who surrounded me there were so abominably dissipated and good-for-nothing, that I felt and conducted myself like a theologian. Moreover, the best players of the pianoforte of both sexes, there, never played a note of Beethoven, and when I expressed the opinion that there was after all something in him and Mozart, they would say, "So then you are an admirer of the classic music?" Yes, said I.

To-morrow I think of going on to Bologna, to see the St. Cecilia and then via Florence to Rome, where God willing I think of arriving in eight or ten days. Thence I will write you a longer letter. I only meant to-day to make a beginning and pray you not to forget me and to accept kindly my hearty wishes for your well-being and happiness. Your faithful,

FELIX.

Influence of Music—The Opera.

(From the National Quarterly Review for September.)

DON GIOVANNI, ROBERT, OTELLO, ANNA BOLENA.

(Continued from page 245.)

Otello is, however, a much better piece, although it can hardly be said to have more than the one character; the whole interest being concentrated, from beginning to end, on Desdemona. Rossini gives us no blending of lights with shades. All is gloom and sadness in his *Otello*. But nowhere is the wailing of grief more affecting. Whether the gentle Desdemona is pleading to a relentless father, or imploring a still more unfeeling husband, not to condemn her without any evidence of guilt, we are equally interested in the result. Our sympathies increase and our hearts grow more and more sad as the piece progresses, until we hear the rain pelt, and the thunder rolling without, while our hearts shudder to find her, at the opening of the third act, sitting beside her desolate hearth, "with all her household goods prostrate around her." There is nothing more deeply touching, even in Shakespeare, than that passage in which she seizes her harp, and, flinging her hand wildly over the strings, seeks to forget her own misfortunes in singing the favorite song of her friend. The song is an outpouring of her grief; her tears gush forth with the music; but both give her relief in spite of the storm that continues to howl in her apartment like a bird of evil omen. Every note grows more and more awful until the final scene ensues—the reproaches, the protestations, the sobs, the tears, the sight; then the struggles, the dying agonies of the victim; and while the falling of the curtain gives relief, one is sadly reminded of the ballad in Shakespeare, in which the heroine says:

"Desdemona—My mother had a maid called Barbara;
She was in love; and he she loved proved mad,
And did forsake her. She had a song of—Willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it expressed her fortune,
And she died singing it."

To give even a catalogue of operas that have been written by such composers as Weber, Morsigny, Haydn, Handel, Gabrielli, Mendelssohn, Farinelli, &c., and which have in turn afforded delight to thousands in all the principal cities of Europe and America, would occupy much more time and space than we have to spare. We must, therefore, confine our remarks to one or two. Who that has heard any of the pieces of Beethoven suitably performed, and was capable of appreciating them, will not bear testimony to their almost miraculous effect on the mind? The great and gifted of Europe, emperors, kings, poets, historians, warriors, &c., went hundreds of miles to his concerts. Nor could any sovereign have had greater honors paid to his memory after death. The statue erected to his memory at Bonn, in Germany, is one of the noblest specimens of modern art and the festival with which it was inaugurated was attended by several crowned heads, including the

King of Prussia, Queen Victoria, and the King of the Belgians. Three thousand persons met in the music hall; and among the musical celebrities who took part in the performances were Fetis, Spohr, Rellstab, Liszt, Berlioz, Fischhoff, Schindler, &c.

The rapid increase of our pages admonishes us that we can add little, on the present occasion, to our remarks on the opera. But it is our intention to return to the subject. Believing that, as we have endeavored to show in this article, music exercises a powerful effect on civilization—that it is a much more efficient instrument of culture than many, even of those who appreciate it best, are aware—our best efforts will be devoted, from time to time, to the encouragement and aid of those who evince the laudable ambition of securing for it that recognition, as an important branch of education, which it has long enjoyed in the principal nations of continental Europe, and which is gradually, though slowly, being awarded to it in England. The way to do this, however, is not to praise our composers, or *artistes*, more than they deserve; to write eulogies on operatic, or other musical performances, always declaring the last to be the best, &c. This, we know, is very fashionable; but it is equally fashionable to praise the most worthless books; yet our readers will bear us testimony that, while we are always, not only willing, but glad to render ample justice to merit, we do not hesitate to expose mere pretension, and show that what is often sought to be palmed off on the public as gold, is really nothing more than the commonest brass. In proof of the liberty which we take in this way, we can refer to any number of our journal. And since we are not afraid to speak of books as we find them, whether they are designed for instruction or amusement—for the college or the school, the centre-table, or the railroad stall—no matter by whom they are published, it is not likely that we will swerve from showing the difference, as best we can, between a good opera and a bad opera; between a good *artiste* and an *artiste* that is merely cheap; between a "season" that has really proved successful and a season which everybody knows was, and ought to have been a miserable failure.

The citizens of Boston,* Philadelphia, and Baltimore, as well as of New York, who are in the habit of attending musical entertainments, are as willing to pay for the best talent, and perhaps as well able to appreciate it, as any European audience, equally miscellaneous. Those who undertake to cater for them should furnish them the best, accordingly. Sometimes, indeed, this is done; but, in general, our operatic companies are such as would not be tolerated for one week in any of the principal cities of Europe. None know this better than our managers; yet, when they fail, they make a great outcry; they represent themselves as injured individuals; the victims of want of taste on the part of our people; instead of honestly admitting that only themselves are to blame.

Mr. Ullman seems to have learned that this sort of thing will no longer do. Perhaps it would be doing him more justice to acknowledge that he made the discovery with the aid of Mr. Gosché, nearly two years ago; for, if he has not presented us any very good *artistes* within the last year, the fault is less his than that of the times. The opera could expect no immunity from the blight of secession and civil war, more than the publishing trade, the pursuit of literature, or anything else useful and pleasant, which has suffered from it. But the worst of the secession mania is over now. Thanks to the patriotism of our people, and the disposition of our Government to do its duty, if unhappily civil war still rages, that degree of public confidence in the stability of our institutions is restored which is next to peace, in its effect, in disposing the mind to intellectual enjoyment. This, too, it seems, Mr. Ullman not only understands but is preparing for. If we are correctly informed, he has already entered into arrangements with the best artists in Europe, including Madame Ristori, who has so long been the delight of the Parisians, and for the monopoly of whom the principal directors of Europe, from Lisbon to St. Petersburg, and from Berlin to London, have been trying, for the last two years, to out-maneuvre each other. Should this prove true—should he secure for the Fall, not only Madame Ristori, but a company, the *ensemble* of which will be capable of sustaining that gifted lady—he will be worthy of being liberally sustained; if, upon the other hand, he contents himself, under one pretext or other, with stars of the fifth magnitude, such as he has given us, with scarcely an exception of a higher order, within the last year, he need calculate on nothing but failure, nor will he deserve a better fate.

* Boston pays more attention to music, in proportion to her population, than New York; simply, as we take it, because her citizens are, in general, better educated. There is more Puritanism in the former than in the latter city; but

the superior culture more than counterbalances this difference. If a certain class in the modern Athens regard amusement as sin, those who give tone to public opinion know very well that there is no superstition more foolish—that

"Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit."

The superior musical taste of Boston is sufficiently indicated by the fact that nowhere else on this continent is there so much attention paid to the best class of musical publications. There is music enough published in this city; but it is vastly inferior to that published by Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston; who, in addition to the best efforts of our own composers, reproduce the *chefs d'œuvre* of the great masters of Italy and Germany, including whole operas; and also publish the best musical journal in America—I. e., "Dwight's Journal of Music."

Bach and Handel.

Bach and Handel, two men of as different natures as it is possible to conceive, save in the common tendency of their minds towards the highest ideals, complete each other in the most wonderful manner, and, therefore, the dispute as to which was the greater is a most unfruitful one. Bach, in his course of life, closed against outward events, and taking but little share in the external movements of the art of his time, is, as well as in his works, still a mystery for us, and will remain one, until he obtains such a biographer as Handel has recently found in Germany. Perhaps the biographer himself would not object to see Bach also represented in another and clearer aspect. Starting from the organist's school, as Handel did, Bach never left his native land—nay, he was absent only a few times from Leipzig during his many years' residence in that town. That he did not strive to attain a universal education such as Handel's, was less the effect of circumstances than of his own nature. His church compositions are for the most part nearly connected by the text with the pietism of his times; but his art seized only the noblest side of this—namely, profound and fervent piety and, in its ideal purity, soared far above his poets and all the theology of the day, with its worship of "the humanely decreased" Redeemer and its sensual trifling with "the infant Jesus." While Handel allowed himself to be worked upon by the artistic influences of three nations, and while he gathered from the Italians and English sufficient to expand his German nature into universality, Bach remained the purely German composer, and it is a question whether a residence in foreign countries would have had a similar effect on him to that which it exerted on Handel. It was no part of Bach's nature or will to strive for and achieve such variety as Handel obtained. Leaving out of consideration purely instrumental music, especially compositions for the organ, his entire mental resources were displayed in religious music, and with such strength and purity that his works, like Handel's, surviving their own time, are likely to endure as long as art and religion themselves. Throughout his whole life he existed in the narrow relations of an official career, and we doubt that he ever desired to go beyond them, for the post of Cantor at Leipzig, despite its wretchedly limited emoluments, afforded a wide field for his artistic exertions, while his mind broke through even these limits in order in his works, mostly called forth by the wants of the church, to announce higher and purer views of religion than all the theology of the age.

Handel's life, outwardly considered, was certainly far more exciting and also more brilliant; but inwardly his was still the same quiet nature living in itself, and calmly neglecting to testify his devotion to Count Flemming in Dresden, or be of use to the English ladies at their musical entertainments, without the least intention of displaying a spirit of proud refusal. The high-handed, repulsive manner with which he has frequently been reproached was nothing but the very natural behavior of a man who, completely occupied with his own affairs, has no time to attend simply to other persons' gratification. His bursts of rage often passed the boundaries of moderation, and yet moderation and calm circumspection are fundamental traits in his character; his rage sprang not from moral weakness but from physical strength, and hence he would dismiss the shameless *evirato* Senesino, and threaten "the devil," Cuzzoni, to throw her out of

window, being all the while good natured—a fundamental trait in his disposition.

"Despite the old powerful genius within him," says his new biographer, "he never, by any tricks of genius, caused his parents nights of sorrow." The difference, when he was young, between his impulse towards music and the adverse wishes of his parents; his stay in Hamburg, with its intellectually exciting artistic and literary life, degenerated into the lowest sensuality, and full of hatred, envy, and the most vulgar squabbling; the journey into Italy, with its charms and seductions of another description—none of these could, for a single moment, divert Handel from his own nature, but were merely the means of strengthening him more and more in himself. It was the fact of his character being steelled thus early, that enabled him, at a subsequent period, to display that extraordinary energy, always capable—without ever having recourse to offensive expedients—of clearing for itself, in a day or two, a new path for the one which might have been closed against it. A natural love for domestic economy enabled him, even when only a youth, to make the journey to Italy at his own expense. He never tasted the bitter bread of assistance thrown to him by restrictive patronage; he remained free from early and injurious official duty, and the enslaving favor of courts, and, when afterwards ruined by bankruptcy, he came out of his misfortunes with honor. Yet his economy was far from being selfish; for, when he himself was in anything but a brilliant position, he gave concerts for the benefit of charitable institutions. The petty English musicians, with and without the doctoral title, trembled at the thought of him, for he could carry off from them the best appointments, to which he had certainly a better claim than any one else, since he conducted the concerts at Court, played the organ on grand occasions of public rejoicings, composed and conducted the music for them all—and yet quietly allowed his "bellows-blower," Greene, to secure one place after the other. A character like Handel, as well as, consequently, his art, is unfortunately far enough removed from our present artistic life as a general rule; but even in his own time he stood, as did, also, Bach, isolated, and really shone forth like a sun from the midst of the doings of *evirati* and *virtuosi* in England; and all this, too, without any pretension, but as became his nature, imbued originally with pure, broad tendencies, and afterwards rightly developed. Modern times can only show one ideal of perfectly free artistic elevation, essentially like him, although apparently different, and that is—Beethoven.—*London Musical World*.

September Music in Seville.

Cádiz, September.

No living person may hope to see the world of believers wholly disabused of its old fixed ideas. Italy will, for many, continue to be the land of song; "till King Sebastian comes back,"—the towns of Spain so many haunts, where, on the cool of summer nights, a romantic amount of serenade, fandango and castanet-work is to be found, as people in fancy dresses dance and make love beneath the moon. And the same dear credulous folk who have not got nearer to reality than such as is described in "Santo Sebastiano," or "Gonsalvo de Cordova," or what their elders have told concerning the sunny holidays (then rare, and, as such, precious) spent by young merchant or squire in the South, will still issue their doleful jeremiades over the want of music in England, and most of all on the dead stillness of Babylon "out of the season." How whimsically a column of the *Times* for a September day—promising Mr. Mellon's "Mozart night" at Covent Garden; Choral contests for the Many, Opera Concerts for the Choice, at the Crystal Palace; Selections from "Simone Boccanegra" at "The Oxford"; Opera companies moving to and fro in England; announcing the splendid Birmingham Festival as just over, and the Hereford one as to come,—brought this amount of uncorrected fallacy before me an hour ago, I should despair of making any one believe, who

had not just been passing a few days in the richly picturesque city of Seville; and there (like the writer) tried his best to come at popular music, or such music that exists, in any shape.

Not even in Italy—and that is saying much—has the amount of what I have heard in any previous foreign journey, during the same number of days, been so small. It was something not to be cheated altogether of a musical instrument known by reputation to most concerned in the subject, the organ in Seville Cathedral, on the Epistle side of the choir. It stands in a building beyond most other buildings fitted for the pomps and mysteries of organ-playing, beyond any other cathedral I know, picturesque in its lofty cavernous intricacies of gloom, in the magical lights which, at one hour in the day, burnish up some overlooked chapel to a mellow splendor, at another, illuminate the crucifix, high in air, above the fretted screen of the great altar, and which, relieved though it is by a rich crimson background, in the morning is but dimly seen, if at all. It is impossible wholly to disconnect musical sounds produced by unseen hands, when they burst out in a theatre of solemn exhibition so magical as this noble building, from their scenic accessories. How the organ, if tested in the show-room in a factory, might be approved, it is as little possible to form an idea; in its own place the sound is sublime, with the usual Continental tendency towards super-brilliance. There seemed to me good pedal tones, though resorted to with great timidity by the poor player; great variety, too, in the *solo* stops, which are numerous, though many (if I mistake not) only extend over half the register, a fact which has deceived some as to the real size and power of the organ, and no one more egregiously than the author of "The Hand-book," whose statement that the organ "has 5,300 pipes and 110 stops more than that of Haerlem," is calculated to mislead. But our author, smart as he was, knew little of his subject, since he complains of the "palisades of pipes" (as essential to an organ-front as walls to a building) as "inappropriate." A more precise account should be substituted; exact specifications existing in English treatises. In Seville, no rectification is to be hoped for on the part of the passing amateur. For once he may find all inspection of his favorite instrument impossible, unless he command high ecclesiastical influence. One has no right to call rigid persistence in a rule laid down a discourtesy. We English tourists are far too apt to resent the result of our determination to force business. But the veto is the exceptional fact of the kind as yet standing on our record to prove the rule of a courtesy which (together with a rare politeness and probity among subordinates and persons of low estate) makes large compensation for the material discomforts of Spanish travel.

Who has yet learnt to disconnect Seville (with its *Alhambra* house and its *Don Juan* monument) from the idea of guitars at all hours of the night? The aspect of its narrow streets, as we have seen them, will not chill him into doing so. What could be gayer, more picturesque, more tempting, than glimpses at every third house passed—through the open door, into some court-yard used as a summer saloon, with its lights, its orange-trees, its oleanders, its pictures, its pianoforte and its tapestry frames, at which some lady might be seen, sitting in the mystic glow, playing at work, or more idly playing with her fan, one of a little circle! Yet not a sound of dance-tune or song issued thence; and this was the more vexatious since your Spaniard seems to have a sound, manly voice of his own. There was only one measure to be adopted, the prosaic one of bespeaking music. A guitar-player and singer came, both capable of showing what is the humor of the hour, and the former (better skilled of the two) of showing the real style of his instrument and the pattern of those old national "fits" and measures which do not depend on the Riego or O'Donnell of the time being. This pattern previous research has disposed me to conceive lies within a narrow compass, and has small variety. The mendicant, in the *Puerta del Sol*, had taught us in Madrid as much as was to

be learnt in Seville. But the finger of our musician was firmer. In all the music I have heard the feeling for accent has been good, and he played with spirit and some apparent enjoyment. So, too, sang his partner, a bold, black-browed fellow; though not impudent in his behavior, anything but abashed, and some of whose songs, it may be feared, were not the fittest for a "Family Library." His voice was a good stout baritone; produced without twang or trick. I have heard and seen worse musicians and more coarsely-behaved men than this tavern pair sighed and swooned over in gay London houses! How different the arena of exhibition here! The inner court of our hotel is a court surrounded with arcades, supported on marble columns, in a by-outlet of which daily ironing goes on, in the centre whereof is an ivy bower, like a big bee-hive, with four tiled entrances and four tiled benches round a fountain, on which the cook is apt to retire to read his novel, or to sleep, or to arrange two or three flowers for Rosa, the laundry-girl. Outside this bower sat the artists; and the people of the house—a melancholy set, however kindly, out of whom the long drought seemed to have parched up all their cheerfulness, crept in, or lounged about—the melancholy book-keeper, the fat and melancholy waiter, the lean and melancholy *dito*, the melancholy *valet de place* (a capital one though) and his damaged poodle without a tail; a gay audience this for guitars in Seville on a September night, but seemingly cheered, I am happy to add, out of some of its melancholy by a treat so cheap and simple.

The other music we heard in Seville was that of the military band, as weak as it is numerous, playing to an audience of more than ten thousand persons in the midst of the new Plaza (the mean ugliness of which is a disgrace to Seville). The music was too innocuous to be offensive. The crowd was remarkable on the same grounds as *Ho Fi's* tea, because there was so little in it to remark. The women, of course, wore mantillas and manoeuvred fans; the working men had round hats, jackets and sashes; but "the costumes of *Figaro*," promised as not unfrequent in Andalusia, are not "got up" out of "the season" apparently, unless perhaps a *Caballero* should pass as rich as the English nobleman who, desirous of seeing the antique dress of the peasants on the "Piana dei Greci," near Palermo, organized a wedding betwixt two peasants, for the state exhibition of their finery, by advertising a dowry for the bride of five hundred pounds!—*Athenæum*, Sept. 21.

Bach's Mass in B Minor.

(From a Correspondent of the London Musical World.)

For weeks previous it had been known, in the musical circles of this capital, that Stern's Gesangverein was preparing for its first performance of Bach's High Mass, which was to take place on the Fast-day The 24th of April approached nearer and nearer. The last general rehearsal came off on Monday the 22d; but even then no one save the executants was allowed to be present; so that the mystery in which the preparations for the great musical event were still enveloped, as far as the public were concerned, became only more impenetrable, and general expectation more excited. The enthusiasm of those engaged in the performance, especially of the fairer portion, had, however, gone so far as to divulge the fact that the rehearsals went better and better, and that the magnificent work continued to increase in effect. Dark reports even were afloat that wives had deserted their husbands, and daughters, not yet arrived at years of discretion, their fathers and mothers, so as not to be absent from a single rehearsal, a course of proceeding all the more subversive of the usual arrangements of domestic life, inasmuch as several of the said rehearsals, especially the later ones, interfered most seriously with the Berlin dinner-hour. Be this as it may, however, the great and eventful evening at length arrived. When we got near the Singacademie, two immense files of vehicles were moving in opposite directions in the narrow square in front of the edifice, while countless pedestrians, threading their way between them, streamed towards the doors of this temple of the muses, which were flung wide open. We entered the room, already filled, and shortly afterwards crammed by a brilliant audience. The numerous chorus,

forming with the band an imposing mass, presented a cheering appearance, while an expression of expectant, joyous, and triumphant feeling was distinctly visible on the countenance of all its members. As we knew, from personal experience, what a colossal task was in store for the Verein, the more colossal, moreover, because, as we had been informed, none of the high D major choral passages had been transposed, the pleasing confidence already inspired by the well-trying Association and its excellent conductor was still more augmented. At length, the guiding staff gave the signal, and a breathless silence reigned throughout the room.

The first sorrowful cry of the chorus burst forth in the five-part "Kyrie," and with it, the concert-room, the motley crowd, the Past and the Present vanished. The intermediate orchestral part followed—a gradually increasing struggle of contrite sinners yearning to free themselves from earthly ties and darkness, and obtain freedom and light—being brought to a climax, when the chorus again joins in. Even in this gloomy choral movement, which, on the one hand, is the last of all the parts of Bach's Mass, to become fully intelligible to the hearer, in the depths and abysses of its unceasing consciousness of crime, and its supplications, growing every minute more and more urgent for pardon, while, on the other hand, on account of its great scope, as well as its complicated polyphony, it is one of the most difficult portions of the whole performance, Stern's Verein acquitted themselves with that brilliancy we have now a right to expect in them. The true expression of this most mighty of all "Kyries" was so well caught, and so firmly retained by the chorus, that the soul felt, as it were, set free at the chord in B flat major, which concludes the movement, and in which all the various feelings at length unite, after every voice has so long restlessly struggled to reach it. Never do we think we beheld so plainly as on this occasion, before the eye of our soul, the blooming of the flower of the Cross, which bursts forth, at last, and points plaintively heavenwards, on the highest pinnacle of this wonderful monument of Gothic art, shooting upwards, despite of every obstacle, in this major close so characteristic in the case of J. S. Bach, since we so frequently find it in many of his grand minor movements. The "Gloria" forms the strongest conceivable contrast to the "Kyrie." While the latter is to be compared to a picture of the earth, and the struggle of mankind to soar upwards, we have in the "Gloria" a representation of the unapproachable Godhead, throned in eternal light, and, raised high above space and time, filling all creation with his greatness. We were truly delighted at the full, fresh, sure tone, with which the very first separate movements of the alto and tenor voices succeeded each other. The magnificent ingenuousness, the almost childlike joyousness, which, despite the overwhelming majesty of this "Gloria," expresses itself in the plan of the Jubilant theme, as well as in the merry D major, $\frac{3}{4}$ time, similar to that of a dance; and in the orchestral portion, forming a perfect ring around the vocal parts, were given by the conductor and his faithful chorus in a manner affording unmistakable evidence of the finest appreciation of Bach's genius. How fervent and sympathetic, too, was the execution of the "Et in Terra Pax," which is as full of feeling as of grandeur of conception, and the theme of which presents the most wonderful contrast to the following semiquaver figure, arranged in double counterpoint, and set to the words, "Bonæ Voluntatis." Then came the "Qui Tollis," in which the voices, as though lost in humble and fervent contemplation of the Redeemer, who sacrificed Himself for man, answer each other, while the various orchestral parts, wonderfully contrasted with the dark, mysterious, and awe-inspiring treatment of the chorus, pours forth an inexhaustible stream of soft and weeping tones. Want of time and space compels us to mention in a merely cursory manner the mighty "Cum sancto Spiritu," rising until, in the "Amen," it culminates in a song of triumph, as it were, sung by the Universe in honor of its Creator—and a five-part "Credo," on a Gregorian *cantus firmus*, written in Bach's own incomparable manner, as well as the "Patrem omnipotentem," refulgent with the presentiment of holy delight.

THE BROWN PAPERS.—We learn that these pleasant articles which have appeared in this Journal from the ready pen of the "Diarist" are about to be collected and published in a volume by Schneider of Berlin. If all the people who have enjoyed these interesting papers, should buy a copy each, the edition would soon go off, and our Diarist would be a happier if not a richer man.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 9, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

No. XXIII.

NOTES OF THE MUSICAL SUMMER IN LONDON.

(Resumed from page 204.)

A long interruption! But, having recovered from the *rollings* of Leviathan, and having devoted a long and tedious episode to the monster—a readable story perhaps by way of change, but too subjectively told, I fear, in the effort to avoid repetition of the newspapers—I may now resume the record where it was rudely broken off. Or shall I say, my musical fruit gathering, after that Equinoctial gale has shaken all the trees, until the late autumn only yields some dry and rustling leaves, to tell of green summer recollections! A ghastlier smile suggests itself:—is it not like grouping among antediluvian footprints, to go behind that Atlantic episode for musical impressions which it did its best to (literally) wash out? But, it may well be believed, one lofty chain of Ararats, those great Birmingham Oratorios, still reared their heads above the storm, and their bold image should survive the deluge.

Of Birmingham next time perhaps. We must first complete after some fashion, our notes of the summer operas at Covent Garden, of which we have told only the smallest, although the best part. The *Don Giovanni* nights have been dwelt on as a specimen of the fine way in which such masterworks are given in this theatre. Then "William Tell" was described as the freshest and most interesting event of the season. To me the next most interesting was the never failing old favorite, that sparkling spring of melodies which such as only the happiest genius is blessed withal, the same Rossini's early work, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, as different as can well be imagined from the "Tell." This delicious music was rendered from beginning to end, by singers, orchestra and all, with real *gusto* and with rare perfection. The overture was the genial and bright one which commonly performed, and which was originally written for another opera, called "Elisabetta." The real overture to the "Barber," in B flat, I have only heard in Munich (where, by the way, the whole opera was charmingly performed, and with none the less fun and sparkle that the action was not coarsely overdone, and Figaro trusted more to his own cleverness than to the dimensions of his razor, &c.) The warm and rich sonority of Costa's orchestra, the remarkably good tone of nearly every instrument composing it, could reproduce the brilliant, richly blended colors of the "Barber" music to the life. The hero of the evening was MARIO. Some of our Boston readers have known what it is to hear the exquisitely florid melody of *Alma-viva* sung by him, as only he can sing it. That was many years ago—not quite a decade—but his voice retains still all its power and sweetness, all its freshness and its manliness, all its delicacy and flexibility. Indeed the great tenor is yet in his prime, and sings, if possible, with more effectiveness and more expression than ever.

What sounds can fall upon the mind more deliciously, bringing back summer night's enchantments, than his hurried notes of recitative and his inimitable air: *Ecco ridente*, with which he serenades his mistress in the opening scene? They are warm drops of satisfying golden tone, pure luscious *tone*, that sink into the soul and make one happy only to recall them—or wretched, that memory is so poor until refreshed by the real rain. Mario sang also in this first act a second serenade, of much more deep and tender quality, usually omitted in most theatres:—and indeed who else could sing it. It is interrupted by snatches of Rosina's voice answering, or rather singing to herself, from within. The melody is most unique and beautiful; full of delicate and quaint divisions, which, naturally as they came to Rossini, seem not in his usual vein, and even suggested (it may have been momentary fancy) something of the old Bach flavor. The *Rosina* was ADELINA PATTI, whose acting of the part was girl-like, graceful, pretty—a Rosina in the bud, as it were—bright, natural and well conceived, but not fully charged with all the *espiegleries* which a riper actress finds play for in the character. Musically she achieved a new success in it, although liable to some deductions. Her voice requires transposition of much of the music which is suited to a low *mezzo soprano*. But the more serious fault was, that she took great liberties with the text, embellishing what is originally as full of embellishment as it well can be. Even if the most finished artists, like Sontag, Alboni, Bosio, may be allowed to riot sometimes in a music so suggestive of the mood, it was hardly good taste for so young a singer to begin with variations on Rossini. Herein Patti had been unwisely advised; left to her own instincts she seems seldom to err against good taste and fitness. This part, of course, afforded fine play for those bright points of vocalization, those *staccato* sparkles in the upper octave, &c., which she commands in such perfection, and with which the mass of any audience is sure to be delighted. Yet, on the whole, with all its errors and short comings, how many more fascinating Rosinas can we find? Measured by the maturest standard it lacked much; for such a girl it was wonderful. In some quarters she has been visited by a too severe and sweeping criticism; it can do her no harm if it saves her from her own common places—that is to say, from too frequent trying over of her old and easy triumphs, and provokes her to be earnestly true to herself, still studying what intrinsically is fit in every case, and still a learner. Nothing is more fatal to the real progress of an artist, than to keep pressing certain springs (be they ever so ingenious and peculiarly her own) which she has found are sure to "bring the house down." But Patti has it in her to be much more than a mere *effect* singer, a mere vocal virtuoso. She already sings with character and feeling; she will do more and more so, if she is not injured by success.

The other parts were: RONCONI as *Figaro*, nothing could be funnier—fun improved perpetually. His once fine baritone is a ruin, but the singer's art and style are his unmistakably, and the man is so irresistibly clever, every moment of his presence on the stage is full of life, that he is a "chartered libertine," who must be allowed as much farcical extravaganza as he pleases to introduce—perhaps cannot help introducing—into the

Factotum's part. Dr. Bartolo was very well done by Sig. CIAMPI, who has a solid, generous voice; and Don Basilio though not the unctuous rogue of a Jesuit we have seen sometimes, was another instance of the many-sided stage ability of Sig. TAGLIAFACO.

This exhausts the more important list of operas which I had a chance to hear. I find mere pocket memoranda of half a dozen other evenings. Three of them chiefly owed their interest to PATTI. One was Flotow's light and pretty, but soon wearisome, opera of "Martha." I do not like the character for Patti. To think of her appearing tired of life, an *ennuyée* (my Lady in the first scene)! And the music, taking the opera as a whole, is just sickening-sweet enough, to make it hardly worth her while to spend her faculties in it. Yet she did sing it marvelously well—especially the "Last Rose of Summer," which hacknied melody the most finished singer could scarcely make fresh by a more pure, expressive rendering. Mme. NANTIER-DIDÉE made a good Nancy; and MARIO put all the charm of sweetness possible into the sentimental part of the lover. TAGLIAFACO was Sir Tristram. Sig. GRAZIANI, as Plunkett, did not relieve the dullness of the music. Another character for PATTI I could not like: the *Traviata*; who cares to see the fresh virgin bud transferred into the full blown rose of such false hot-house life! But in the Verdi-an brilliancies and bravuras she astonished by her execution; and she made the sadder scenes and melodies quite touching—so they say—I did not sit through all. TIBERINI (tenor) and GRAZIANI (baritone) did not co-operate very inspiringly. But in the *Sonnambula*, in Bellini's pure and natural melody, the freshest which he wrote, our "little Patti" was at home, and now more fitly placed. It is, next to *Zerlina* at least, the most agreeable of all her parts, her best success. The music was delicious as she sang it; and every one felt happier and better for it. The house was very full, for this time there was the double charm of Patti and of music worthy of her, music which does not lose its freshness. Her "*Ah! non giunge*" was of course a brilliant triumph, doubly so on repetition with quite happy variations.

If there were time, I might speak of the wonderful performance of TAMBERLIK in the part of the "Prophet," whose crisp and telling tenor, splendid declamation, and thoroughly manly impersonation, are all that the part could require; also of CZILLAG's beautiful and impressive rendering of *Fides*—Czillag, whose inspiration and conception are always in advance of her command of her voice, but who is a charming lyric artist in spite of that. Of the splendor with which this great spectacle opera was put on the stage, too, something might be said. But Meyerbeer's elaborate "grand operas," in spite of their good things, to me are tedious and do not send me home refreshed or earnestly affected.—I saw, too, twice the new thing of Verdi: "*Un Ballo in Maschera*." Once at Covent Garden, when MARIO not only sang delightfully, but looked most picturesquely, handsome rogue! in his Neapolitan fisherman's disguise. PENCO, DIDÉE and GRAZIANI in the other parts. Once at the Lyceum Theatre, which was opened for a few nights in June, expressly for the sake of trying this new work upon the public, and where

the plot was most absurdly transferred to the colonial days in Boston, Massachusetts. (Some even asked if "Maschera" meant Massachusetts!) As for the music, it is neither the best nor the worst of Verdi's operas, and contains some of his most ingenious and unique things. But there were two, yes three, singers in it, whom it was worth while to hear. Mlle. TIETJENS, quite young yet, has one of the largest, richest, purest soprano voices now existing, and her delivery is noble, as her whole appearance is lady-like and expressive of a true and generous nature. But more of her when we come to the Birmingham Festival. Sig. GIUGLINI is a capital tenor for such music, and Mario himself did not surpass him in the most favorite tit-bit of the music. Then there was Sig. DELLE SEDIE, who in the impassioned part of the dark skinned Secretary, a sort of musical Othello wrought up to jealousy, exhibited not only a rich and musical baritone, but a consistent intensity of pathos and of action, that was quite electrifying. It were no trifle to wrong such a man; the part seemed very real. Mons. and Mme. GASSIER were also in that caste; so that it was indeed a very rich one.

Such was the amount of my experience of London opera. The Covent Garden manager, GYE, made a most successful season of it in a material point of view. He had several good turns of fortune to ensure that. In the first place, the failure of the plans at the rival theatre, Her Majesty's, gave Covent Garden the monopoly of opera, with power to avail itself of many extra nights. The same chance threw into Mr. Gye's hands the two capital and opposite attractions of the setting and the rising star, the farewell nights of GRISI and the debut of ADELINA PATTI. Of the other wealth of this establishment in leading singers, chorus, orchestra and stage resources, I have already spoken. The programme of the season, after you deduct "Tell," and the old standard favorites *Don Giovanni* and *Il Barbiere*, was by no means so rich, either in novelties or in undying classics, as one finds commonly in theatres of far smaller means in Germany, especially in Berlin, Dresden, Munich and Vienna. No opera of Gluck, one only of Mozart, nothing (if I remember rightly) of Weber or Cherubini, not even the *Fidelio* of Beethoven—while, for newer things, Verdi and Meyerbeer are still harped upon, while *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* are eschewed with holy horror. The English taste has its strong prejudices; but no audience is so untiringly devoted to a good thing, repeating it with the same zest forever, after it is once thoroughly accepted; witness the repetitions of *Don Giovanni*. D.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

October 10.—Now for a word about the opening of the Italian Opera mentioned in my last. And first, it is not uninteresting to observe that the Italian Opera is one of the most ancient theatrical establishments in Paris, descending directly from the old Comedie-Italienne of the days of Molière. Its history, too, is as illustrious as its pedigree is ancient. Among its managers it has reckoned Rossini—among its performers, Garcia, Donzelli, Galli, Pellegrini, Bordogni, Rubini, Lablache, Tamburini, Levasseur, Mario, Ronconi, and, turning to the ladies, Pasta, Pisoni, Malibran, Damoreau, Sontag, Grisi, Persiani, Alboni; and through these golden mouthpieces the Parisian public have been made acquainted with the works of Mozart, Cimarosa, Rossini, Meyerbeer,

Bellini, Donizetti, Mercadante, Verdi, &c. An these be not titles to distinction, genius is a farthing rush-light! Although the fashionable public of Paris is not yet quite *au grand complet*, and many tourists, single, or in family groups, still linger to enjoy this brilliant autumn amidst hills and dales, watching spendthrift nature turned miser in her decline, burying her golden leaves in the earth; although Mad. Paris is still in some measure estranged from her lawful spouse, M. Le Beau-Monde, yet was there a gathering sufficient in number and brilliancy to do honour to the first night of the season. The opera was *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, and with three artists such as Mads. Alboni, Penco, and Marie Battu in the three principal female parts, the performance could not be otherwise than remarkable. Each displayed her characteristic excellence. Mad. Alboni sang the air in the second act with the incomparable grace and perfect mastery of vocalization which are hers. Mad. Penco was dramatic, as she can be when occasion serves, and Mlle. Battu brought into play the tact and good taste of which she is mistress, and which are so necessary to the difficult character she had undertaken. All three surpassed themselves in the trio of the first act, which was carried off with admirable spirit and completeness. It is to be regretted that equal praise cannot be extended to the male performers. MM. Zucchini, Badiali and Belart could hardly be considered satisfactory, though all three are excellent artists in their way.

The event of the week next to the opening of the Italian season is the revival at the Opera Comique of *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine* by Halevy, and decidedly the best work of that composer. M. Roger, having recovered from his *morbus tenoris* in the sudden manner which is one of the peculiarities of that disease, resumed his original part of Olivier d'Entraques, in which, since he first created it fifteen years ago, he has had no successor approaching him in the refined grace, dramatic power, and vocal ability which he considered in its performance. Fifteen years are fifteen years, and M. Roger does not possess the elixir of eternal youth. But there is a spell at the command of a true artist, a communicable enthusiasm which is of great virtue in concealing for a time the ravages of the arch-enemy; and, if the applause of the audience could be taken as the criterion M. Roger has not lost an iota of his youthful grace and energy, nor of the power and quality of his voice. The part of Athenais de Solange was assigned to the *débutante* Mlle. Cico, winner of a triple crown at the recent competition of the Academy of Music, having taken a first prize in singing, opera, and comic-opera. The ordeal was a severe one, however complimentary to the lady's powers, and it was not surprising that she should betray a degree of emotion which for a time, seemed almost to paralyze her fresh, clear, and resonant voice. After a time Mlle. Cico became more self-possessed, and in the difficult air, "*Boage épais*," the touchstone of French songstresses, her execution was almost unblemished, and from that time the sympathies of the audience were with her. Mlle. Cico has only to gain more ease and freedom in her acting, and to acquire more steadiness and rhythm in her vocalization to establish herself firmly in the favor of the public. *Le Postillon de Lonjumeau* is announced to follow this revival, after which the new work by M. Lefebvre-Wely will be produced, under the title of *Manon*.—*Cor. of the London Musical World.*

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, OCT. 30.—Verdi's "Masked Ball," Victor Massé's "Jeanette's wedding," and Donizetti's "Betly," have been lately produced at the Academy of Music. Of the music of the former opera, familiar to most of your readers, I have nothing to say—the rendition was generally pronounced inferior to that of last season. Massé's one-act comic operetta is full of spirituelle and elegant melodies, not over original; but the action drags terribly, and justice can only be rendered to the wit (what there is of it), and light music of the piece by good French singers and actors.

Miss Kellogg would make a charming singer for a small theatre or concert room, where her already finished vocalization could be heard; but in the Academy, her middle notes are inaudible, and her delicate upper tones often unsatisfactory. It is to be hoped that she will spare her flute-like organ many such ordeals. Dubreuil, with his worn voice, was even more dreary than there was any occasion for,—

he was dreary in the wrong places. Another "artist" put his head through a window, and delivered two vocal messages; we presume he sang that he had a violent cold and sore throat, that his tones were below pitch, and that he did not know his part,—but as we are not quite certain of that "fact," we will not insist thereon.

Donizetti's melodious "Betty," in spite of its many reminiscences, was enjoyable, fresh, and natural, after the rather sickly fun of the French opera. Miss Hinckly, (now Signora Susini), sang, acted, and looked very well indeed. But it was an immense relief, after all that had gone before, when Susini and Brignoli opened their mouths, to hear something like Voice, and to feel, that that a little extra exertion would not completely exhaust the capital contained in these gentlemen's chests, &c.

The house was full on both occasions (Ullmann's benefits). To fill out the bill on the second benefit, there was a concert between the operettas, in which Carlotta Patti, Mme. Strakosch (both voices, again, were insufficient for the house, with its acoustic deficiencies), Theodore Thomas, in a finely played violin solo, and Mr. Muzio, in accompaniments with false notes ad libitum, took part.

The Philharmonic Rehearsals are progressing favorably, both here and in Brooklyn. The first concert will take place on the evening of November 9th.

Yours,

ISYGAN.

WORCESTER MASS, NOV. 4.—The Musical Convention, conducted by Mr. B. F. Baker of Boston, closed on Friday, Nov. 1st, with a concert, well attended, at Mechanic's Hall. The usual solo singers were present, with some voices new to us, several giving promise of future excellence, provided they are not spoiled with the plaudits of audiences easily satisfied. Mr. B. D. Allen's Trio Club, made a quartette by the addition of Mr. Catlin's viola, played Mozart's quartette in G minor, played it too, most acceptably. The Club is deservedly in high favor with our citizens, and many have been the proposals made them to play in public, with compensation for their services. We learn that Mr. Allen refuses to do this, preferring to invite his audience at his own expense rather than sell his tickets and be obliged to consider the tastes of the public, not always in accord with his own. The Mozart Society continues its rehearsals this year, resident musicians conducting gratuitously, each leading three or four evenings. There are certainly objections to this plan, but the society keeps its existence without the expense that has attended its rehearsals. Several operatic stars, Miss Hinkley, Brignoli, Susini, and their associates, announce a concert at Mechanics Hall. A ballet troupe, Isabella Cubas the leading attraction, has been playing at the theatre.

The Academy of Fine Arts, and the English, Classical, German and French Institute, two praiseworthy institutions founded and successfully carried on by Misses Robinson and Gardner, are now offered for sale, the principals contemplating a residence in Europe. The schools may be purchased separately or as one institution, affording an unusual opportunity to teachers who would establish themselves in schools of good standing. Connected with the Institute is a military department with complete equipments, and a first class gymnasium. Warm wishes and high expectations will follow Miss Robinson on her way to the old world, where her great talents as an artist will doubtless manifest themselves in creations upon canvass no less beautiful and original than those of Miss Hosmer or Miss Lander in marble. Her forte is historical painting, in which she was a pupil of Camphausen and of Schroedter of the Düsseldorf school.

Mr. John K. Paine.

Our readers have often heard of this gentleman, from our foreign correspondents, as a young American who has devoted several years in Germany to

the earnest study of the organ. They have read notices of his concerts given in Germany and in England which have attributed to him a rare degree of merit, and given him great praise as a most accomplished executant upon his instrument, and as an enthusiast for the best music for the organ, especially that of BACH. His own compositions have also been much commended by high authority.

Mr. PAINE has recently come to Boston, which we learn he intends for the present to make his residence, and on Friday of last week, he gave an afternoon concert of organ music to a large invited audience at the Tremont Temple. The following was his programme:

1. Toccata and Fugue in D minor.....Seb. Bach
2. Improvisation
3. Trio Sonata in E flat.....Seb. Bach
- This work consists of three movements, viz.: an Allegro, Adagio and Vivace. It was composed in three obligato parts, to be played on different key boards, with soft stops; by these means, contrasts in tone are brought out, which otherwise would be impossible. The pedals are employed continually.
4. Chromatic Fantasia in A.....Thiele
5. Concert Variations on the "Austrian Hymn".....Paine
6. Choral Variation, "When Christ to Jordan came".....S. Bach
7. Vocal Quartette, "Agnus Dei".....Paine
8. Toccata in F.....Seb. Bach

The organ of the Temple (by the Messrs. Hook) is, of course, the best adapted of any in the city, by its size and variety of combinations, to display the acquirements of a performer, or to do justice to the demands of so excellent a programme, of which we should say that even the improvisations and variations were of the solid school of proper organ music and not intended to display orchestral effects, or such as we often hear at an organ "opening," to show off the instrument itself. So that, the hearer was led to think more of the music that he heard, than of the player whom he came to listen to. And so marked was the freedom, ease, and repose of Mr. Paine's manner of performance that one was almost led to overlook the exceeding brilliancy of his execution both of manuals and pedals, which was indeed wonderful for cleanness, precision, and an entire absence of any apparent effort.

Turning to the programme, we should perhaps select the trio Sonata by Bach as the piece which, for that audience, displayed as favorably as any other his powers. The different parts were brought out with most perfect distinctness, while the brilliancy and smoothness of the pedal playing we have never seen approached by any organist who has played in Boston. The variations on the "Austrian Hymn," two, were exceedingly ingenious and interesting, with no clap-trap about them, showing the labor of a composer and not of a show organist, the effects being those of the composition not of the combinations of stops or the ear tickling effects of the imitation of instrumental tones. The vocal quartette was well rendered, and gave a good impression of Mr. P.'s talent as a composer.

Mr. Paine is a pupil of Haupt, and his merits as a performer are equalled by the modesty and entire absence of pretension of his appearance. We need not say that we cordially welcome him to Boston as a permanent resident, and hope that our musical people, who are all interested in organ-playing, may have frequent opportunities of hearing so excellent a representative of the highest school.

Adelaide Philipps in Paris.

(Correspondence of the Boston Daily Advertiser.)

Paris, Oct. 25, 1861.

If your readers have a few moments to spare from the all-engrossing topic, perhaps the musical portion of them may be glad to learn that Miss Adelaide Philipps—as Signorina Fillippi—has passed through the severe trial of a first appearance before a Parisian public with entire success. The critical audience of the Salle Ventadour sat in judgment upon her "Azucena" last night, and gave it their unqualified approval. Accustomed as they have been to Alboni, and to no one else in this part, it was not to be expected that they were to experience any new sensations in the rendering of the music. To achieve success and

to prevent any unfavorable comparisons it was necessary to make it a *dramatic triumph*, and this was accomplished. Alboni, with her wealth of voice and nonchalant ease in the use of it, is so fat and lubberly withal, that she can only stand still while music gushes from her throat as from a fountain. Miss Philipps, on the other hand, has a great deal of dramatic power and displayed it to such purpose in her delineation of the fierce, revengeful, and yet loving gipsy mother, that she would have made a hit with far less vocal excellence than she really possesses; for the French do like *acting* above all things, and Alboni is one of the few whom they would tolerate without it. Our young countrywoman had several difficulties to contend against, a feeling of awe at the proverbially severe and cultivated character of a Paris audience, and a sense of the important results that their decision would have upon her future career, were surely not unnatural, even to one accustomed as she has been to the stage from her earliest years. Then her costume was peculiarly trying and unbecoming, for though her features are capable of very varying expression, she can scarcely afford to throw away the very considerable advantage to be obtained by a becoming costume. "Ach, mein Gott!" said a German lady in the box next me, whose emeralds and diamonds made her glitter like a chandelier, "if she were only a little '*schöner*' I should like her better."

There is something appalling in the way a debutante is treated here on a first night. There is no token of greeting. The first movement begins and ends, and then the second, and still there is a chilling unsympathetic silence. At length, at the end of the Cabaletta there is a moment of suspense. The applicant for favor has been heard and judgment is to be pronounced. In this case I was doubtful for an instant whether she was to draw a blank or a prize; but it was for an instant only, for there soon followed a burst of applause that must have satisfied the most anxious friend or the most ardent admirer. Some injudicious person threw a wreath upon the stage as large as a horse collar before Miss Philipps had sung a single note. The practice of awarding laurels before they are earned is so peculiarly American that I think the audience were rather puzzled to know what it meant. It appeared to embarrass everybody on the stage, till at last Mario picked it up and threw it behind the scenes. Miss Philipps was called out after the first act and at the close of the opera; a mark of approbation not often bestowed upon any one. This success is an "open sesame" to her for every Opera house in Europe, and she may well congratulate herself upon such an important step in her career.

The voice and manner of Miss Philipps are so well known at home, that I need say nothing of them here. Perhaps her voice has lost a little of its first roundness and power, and her execution suffered by comparison with Penco—the "*Leonora*" of the evening, and the leading soprano of the present day.

Mario never sang better in his life,—I say this up on my own judgment, supported by two of the leading papers, who so declare. His song in the tower during the Miserere displayed a most amazing vigor of voice, and then there is that exquisite something in his tones, and that fascinating enunciation of his own musical language, which must always keep him without a rival. The rapturous applause that rang through the house after every passage showed plainly enough how firmly planted he is in the affections of the Parisians, and how eager they are to reward him when he does his best.

Miss Philipps makes her second appearance in the Ballo in Maschera, again taking Alboni's part. She will also appear in Semiramide with Penco, and then will be quite at home, the part being especially adapted to her both vocally and dramatically.

J. L.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, who has been engaged at the Italian Opera, Paris, made her debut there on the 19th of October, as Azucena, in *Il Trovatore*. Galignani's Messenger of the 22d October, in a critique of her performance, says: "All honor to the Stars and Stripes! The young American vocalist, Miss Fillippi, came out on Saturday night, and most gallantly sustained the artistic honors of her country's flag. Her voice is a rich, firm contralto, of considerable extent, both in higher and lower portions of the register, faultless in intonation, and evidently cultivated in the best Italian school. To these vocal gifts are added those of a rarer quality—feeling, expression, and an impassioned earnestness, that give interest and significance to every tone. With such requisites it will easily be understood that her success was unequivocal and decisive from

the very first scene. We have had many great singers in the character, but the troubles of the Gipsy never stood out so conspicuously as in the hands of Mlle. Fillippi. The opening air was given with such mingled pathos and passion, the debutante took the audience by storm, and the result was a complete triumph. She was led to the stage by Mario, whose handsome face was lighted up with pleasure at her success."

THE ORPHEUS SOCIETY gave a very pleasant and somewhat novel soirée to their friends, at Allston Hall on Thursday evening of last week. The hall was set forth with tables of various sizes, around which the guests seated themselves in groups, as best suited their pleasure or convenience. The music consisted of some of the best selections from the Orpheus repertoire interspersed with solos by Messrs. Kreissmann, Leonhard, Schultze and other members of the Club. Meanwhile, the wants of the inner man were supplied according to the tastes of the company, a liberal bill of fare (instead of a programme) being set before them; and so, with music and good cheer, this pleasant affair was protracted to a late hour. There was something quite genial and pleasant in this social gathering which was eminently successful.

Errata in the translation "On Chopin's Mazurkas," in the *Journal* of October 26. In first column, line 11, for "possessess," read *possessed*; in second column, line 24, for "treatings" read *beatings*; line 27, for "discloses" read *discloses itself*; line 32, for "written," read *neither*; line 33, for "destruction," read *distinction*; line 46, for "instructive," read *instinctive*; line 51, for "too fatalistic is this," read *is this F*, (the note). In the second poetical quotation, for "moon lights," read "wax lights."

The Paris correspondence of the London *Daily News* says: "One of the funniest quarrels between a manager and an actress that was ever brought before the public has just occurred between the celebrated singer, Madame Ugalde, and the director of the opera Comique. On Saturday evening the following placard was posted on the doors of the above establishment: 'The theatre is closed in consequence of the refusal of Madame Ugalde to do her duty.' The papers of the next morning published a letter from Madame Ugalde, protesting against the above representation as a calumny, and asserting that she is in possession of a medical certificate, showing that a very bad cold made it impossible for her to appear. But the manager carried on the war by publishing in the evening papers a letter signed by three physicians—Drs. L. Boutin, Josah, and Faivre—reporting that they visited Madame Ugalde, for the purpose of ascertaining her state of health, and that, although 'relatively indisposed,' she was perfectly able to sing on Saturday evening."

The negotiations between Adelina Patti and the director of the Theatre Italian in Paris, have been broken off. *Galignani*, in announcing the fact, says: "We believe this young lady, in accordance with the counsels of her friends, will retire from the stage and concert-rooms for a few months, to afford a season of necessary repose to the voice. Exertions like hers are not to be continued with impunity by human organs, of whatever strength."

The Leipzig *Zeitung* makes a curious statement, which is interesting even as a *canard*. It says that a physician of the name of Pottsdoll has discovered a method by which he can artificially produce in any body's throat any desired quality and register of voice. He creates at pleasure bass, baritone, tenor or soprano voice in the human larynx by means of a slight and simple operation, quickly performed without pain or danger; and in a week or fortnight, those who have submitted to it acquire great musical powers, however inharmonious the voice may have been previously.

MARRIAGE OF ISABELLA HINKLEY.—To-day our favorite *prima donna*, Isabella Hinkley, was married to Signor Susini, the *primo basso* of the associate artists. They will immediately proceed to Philadelphia and hence to Baltimore, where they are to appear in opera on Thursday, the 31st instant. Their next appearance will be in Washington, on Friday, and they will then give a second performance on

Saturday in Baltimore. We suppose the anticipated departure of these two popular artists to Europe will be indefinitely postponed.—*New York paper*, 30th.

FUNERAL OF EDWARD KENDALL.—Funeral services over the remains of the late Edward Kendall, were held at the Hollis street church, at one o'clock this afternoon. The attendance embraced not only the relatives and immediate friends of the deceased, but also many of his professional brethren, including all of the members of Gilmore's Band. Rev. William R. Alger was the officiating clergyman, and his touching allusions to the deceased brought tears to many eyes. Gilmore's Band performed a dirge at the Church; and the remains were conveyed to Forest Hill for interment. Thos. Comer, David C. Hall, and several other well-known musicians were among the pall bearers.—*Herald*, Oct. 28.

New Publications.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, for October, 1861. L. Scott & Co. (From Crosby, Nichols & Co. Contents: Mr. Goldwin Smith on the Study of History; Biography, Past and Present; A Visit to the Mormons; Count Cavour; The Apocalypse; The Rival American Confederacies; Traders' Unions; Contemporary Literature.

From the last article we extract a notice of a work from which our readers have seen some translations in these columns, *Riehl's Musikalische Charakter Köpfe*.

Till we read Herr Riehl's "Notable Composers of Music," we were not aware that the relation between an age and its artists which Mr. Jarves has traced in painting, and Dr. Schnaase in architecture, had also been insisted on with regard to music. Of course it is undeniable that every century has its own style of architecture and school of painting; but we do not think any one has maintained this to this to be the case so well as Herr Riehl. His work is not a new one: the present edition being the third. As yet we have seen the first volume only, but a perusal of it makes us desirous of having the next one also. In this volume it is the minor composers of the last century whose lives and works are narrated and discussed. A circumstance is mentioned by the author, which equally concerns literature and music: at the present day, there are no longer any cities in Germany which are looked upon as arbiters in matters of taste. At one time, an opera which pleased a Viennese audience was sure to be applauded everywhere else, just as a play which succeeded at Mannheim, or a poem that was admired at Weimar, was certain to become universally popular. Now, every petty town and state have their own favorite music and literature; everywhere are to be found clever writers and skillful composers, but of great masters in music and literature are very few.

ANTIQUARIAN CATALOGUE, of Vocal and Instrumental Music, Ancient and Modern, and of Works on Music, &c. By Charles Grobe, Wilmington, Del.

A valuable catalogue for public libraries and all persons interested in the history and literature of music. This catalogue will be forwarded, *gratis*, on application to the publisher.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS, by Charles Dickens.—Another edition by Peterson & Brothers, quite readable too, for 25 cents. The various editions by this house are published by an arrangement with the author, who is paid by them one thousand pounds sterling for the right.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for October, (L. Scott & Co's Reprint) is received from Crosby & Nichols. The contents are. Democracy Teaching by Example; Meditations on Dyspepsia—No. II.—The Cure; Chronicles of Carlingford; The Doctor's Family—No. I; The Book-Hunter's Club; Social Science; What seems to be Happening just now with the Pope; Among the Locks; Capt. Clutterbuck's Champagne—A West India Reminiscence—Part I.

LADY MAUD, the Wonder of Kingswood Chase; or Erle Gower, or the Secret Marriage. By Pierce Egan. Author of "Lady Blanche," &c. T. B. Peterson & Bro. For sale by A. Williams.

A stirring and interesting novel, not to be laid down by the reader before the end is reached.

Letter from Trovator.

FINLAND, SEPTEMBER, 1861.—Will you permit me to look back for a few weeks, to a tour of northern travel and see if I can pick up a few scraps of

musical intelligence? Indeed, perhaps you will accompany me on the trip and so we'll make a sort of musical panorama of it.

So we begin. The curtain rolls up. Scene. The deck of a steamer—Land in the distance—Island to the right—The captain pacing the deck. He says,

Oh! white folks I will sing you a ditty
I'm from home and that's no pity,
To praise myself it am a shame,
But old Bob Riddle is my name.

I'm old Bob Riddle, oh,

I'm old Bob Riddle, oh,

I'm old Bob Riddle, oh,

(Presto) I'm old Bob Riddle, oh.

Enter Trovator. Good morning captain. You sing English songs, I hear?

Captain. Yes, I learned them in England, before I was fool enough to enter into the service of this confounded Russian line.

Trovator. We have made a pretty good run from St. Petersburg, so far, haven't we?

Captain. Yes, and to-night we'll be at Helsingfors. (The breakfast bell sounds. Exit Trovator in precipitate haste. The captain resumes singing,
I'm old Bob Riddle, oh!

(Enter Englishman). Eng. *log*. Well captain, how do you feel? I don't mean to ask whether you're sea sick, or whether you're homesick but—you know what I mean don't you?

Captain. All's well I believe. Did you hear the breakfast bell?

Eng. Well, I didn't hear it, because I was sleeping—taking a nap—you know what I mean, don't you? But I'll go right down, for I feel a little peckish—hungry—you know what I mean. (Exit Englishman in great haste. Some sailors came and received orders from the captain. *Exeunt Omnes*. A storm follows. Whistling of wind in the cordage. Violent tempest. *Omnes* sea-sick).

Well, that's a pretty good dramatic opening to the panorama—and at the same time it conveys to the reader, no, I mean spectator—information that we are in the Gulf of Finland, having left St. Petersburg the day before, and expect to pass the night at Helsingfors.

Don't be stupid and confound Helsingfors with Elsinore—Hamlet's Elsinore. They are as different as Boston and Bellows Falls. Helsingfors is a recently built town erected by the Russians after they took possession of Finland, and quite a popular place of resort. The panorama as it moves on, shows us, that Helsingfors lies hidden on the shores of a large bay, and surrounded by the most romantic scenery. The bright yellow houses form a crescent around the port which is alive with steamers and little sailing vessels—and the afternoon sun makes it a very bright shining lively place.

Not much to see. A Protestant church built by the Swedes—for the Finns are Swedish at heart and have neither Russian characteristics nor religion—is erected on a commanding site. The slope of the elevation on which it stands is faced with the most magnificent flight of granite steps, appertaining to any building in existence! Strong terms but borne out by facts. The steps of Santa Trinita and Ara Coeli at Rome are actually shabby in comparison to those which lead to the Protestant church at Helsingfors.

There are sea baths here and judging from the climate I should say that it was possible to bathe without breaking the ice, at least one month in the year. Near these sea baths is a concert room, for the use of guests—the price of admission being some outlandish coin which by an almost miraculous effort of arithmetical skill I have calculated to be worth 20 3/5 cents. The programme is good. Here it is. The original document in Swedish. Programme.

I.

1. Ouverture til "Don Juan" af Mozart
2. "Alsthe Ruder Klinge," Vals af Lumbye.
3. "Die Fahnwacht" af Lindpaintner.
4. "Schlittschuh-Galopp" af Meyerbeer

II.

5. Ouverture til "Le Bal Masqué" af Auber.
6. "Künstler-Ball Tänze," Vals af Lanner.
7. Finale ur "Medusas skeppsbrott" af Reissiger.

III.

8. Overture till "Iphigenie" of Gluck.
 9. "Erlkönig," Ballad af F. Schubert.
 10. Första aktens Finale ur "Tanahäuser" af Wagner.
 11. "Bonbon polka" af Strauss.
- Emellan hvarje afdelning 20 minuters uppehåll. (This means there will be an intermission of 20 minutes between the parts.) Entrée 1 mark. FILIP V. SCHANTZ.

After the concert — which was really excellent and the orchestra worthy of a metropolis — we go back to the steamer to find The Bride in the usual state of evening discomfort.

The Bride is *une Americaine* and the luckless Bridegroom is a male of the same race. How long they have been married I can't imagine, but they are quite young and I suppose are in the Honeymoon. I hope my honeymoon won't be like theirs.

He is playing chess. She emerges from her state-room places her hand on his shoulder and says:

"My dear, I'm afraid the ship's on fire."

"Oh no, I guess not," says he.

"But my love, I really wish you would go down in the cold and see."

"Oh! my dear, you're quite mistaken," says he.

"But my love I smelt it, positively smelt it," says she.

"It must have been the cook broiling a steak," says he.

"George, my dear," says she with impressive solemnity, "I know better than that. I have smelt burnt steak and burnt wood before now. I *know*, the ship's a-fire. If you George, won't go and see I must ask the captain."

And so George leaves his chess-board and goes down and rummages about the lower cabin while the Bride bends over the stairway and asks him if he "don't smell something." He emerges, unamiable as to expression of face, but she feels at ease for that night at least, and declares she always likes to be assured that everything is right — she'd rather have staid at home, than have come to Europe to be burned up alive.

The Englishman thinks that a woman like that's "a bore, a nuisance — a — well you know what I mean."

So we all compress ourselves into berths; a feat which when I look upon the Englishman, so stout and expansive, seems to me quite as wonderful as the feat of the Genie in the Arabian Night's Entertainment, who gets into the box found by the fisherman; and the next morning we find the panorama has moved considerably; and we are about entering the port of Revel, where two hours are allowed us by Captain Bob Ridley to see the town.

Revel is not exactly on the shore, but within walking distance and is entered by a picturesque but fearfully dilapidated portal. The houses are old, quaint and addicted to gable ends, often highly ornamented with coats of arms, statues, &c. The large Gothic churches built centuries ago by the Romanists still retain the ornaments of the 14th century and in that of St. Nicholas is a copy of Holbein's "Court of Death."

Out upon the ramparts, old broken and grass-grown, and offering fine views of the country for miles around. There is one old fortress quite as remarkable as the celebrated Stirling Castle, and offering a fine view — looking over plain and sea — a glorious blue sea, too, if it is only the gulf of Finland. Near here lay Napier's fleet during the Crimean war, and now a solitary Russian man-of-war guards the port. Returning to the ship, there appears a fresh character in the person of a beautiful lady from Bordentown, New Jersey, who has married an Estonian count of this vicinity.

Panorama the rest of the day depends for its effect on the rich scenery of the archipelago of Finland — a series of firred and pinned islands, with glimpses of the open sea between. These islands are of all sizes generally presenting the form of an irregular ellipse, while even the most rocky manage to afford a little

crevice or nook from which can spring some hardy tree, so eager of life, so replete with enduring vitality as to find a satisfied existence, even in that sterile home. Once in a while the islands recede showing vistas of dark blue bay, and again they enrich us as if to form a lake. Houses and signs of culture are few, light houses are fewer; and so all day we wind about this archipelago till the setting sun lights up with rich beauty this

— Far northern land
By the wild Baltic strand.

In the evening we come to Abo. It lies hid in the river Aura, which after diving inland a few rods takes a sharp turn and runs almost parallel with the gulf shore. First there is a big clumsy white tower — once the fortress of some old Norse chieftain — then fields, hills and factories, and then as charming a little town as you would wish to see. On a hill in the middle of the town is an observatory once celebrated, but now superseded by that built by the conquering Russians at Helsingfors. The view from it is very fine. Right near to us is the old Cathedral, a positively enormous building of red brick, surrounded by a rich grove used as a public park. On each side of this park lies the town with clean wide streets, low bright houses, a large parade ground, and the river Aura, no wider than the Erie Canal, and bordered by the most cunning little stone quays, you ever saw, running through the middle of the city.

Great difficulty to get into the Cathedral. Well meaning peasants can't understand what we want. They speak neither French, nor German, nor English, nor Swedish nor Russian! and had not one of the party caught a villager who spoke a patois of the Estonian tongue we should have had to scale the windows or charge at the front door with a battering ram. This Estonian said he would send a "Flicker."

We waited some ten minutes in the most intense anxiety to know what a "flicker" might be. It turned out a clean, pretty, very little girl bearing church keys which were nearly as big as herself. Oh! such a serious child! She wore long pale-colored ribbons and a solemn reproachful demeanor, as if her daily meditations for two-thirds of her brief career, had been directed to the subject of total depravity. She explained the pictures of the church — scenes in Finnish history — in some unknown tongue, and gave elaborate dissertations on the lives and virtues of various deceased knights and ladies, whose stone statues lay on their backs looking serenely at the roof. The Flicker also conducted us to a vault like a mouldy coal hole and seemed to take a grave satisfaction in pointing out divers skulls and bones, once appertaining to individuals of rank in Abo.

But there was such an organ in this church! The finest in Finland I was told, and it was given to the parish by an eccentric baker, who refused to marry, in order that he might economise enough to purchase the instrument, which cost 2,500 pounds sterling. I tried by expressive pantomime to the Flicker, to inform her that I should like to go up to the gallery and try the organ; but the Flicker deprecated the idea and the scheme was abandoned.

The churches of Finland are all furnished with most superb organs and the organists are generally superior performers of the German school. It surprises a traveller who has thought of Finland only as a bleak barren region like Lapland, to find here, handsome towns, fine Gothic cathedrals, excellent bands of music, and organs calculated to set nine tenths of the organists in the United States quite wild with envy.

That night we left Finland, and I finished my Finnish experience. Can I not justly claim to be a Finnish traveller?

Here ends part I. of the Panorama. When the curtain rises again it will be to disclose some scenes in Sweden.

TROVATOR.

Special Notices.

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An old familiar ballad which by Mad. Anna Bishop's inimitable singing has of late become a great favorite among singers. The accompaniments are new.

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A Ballad of superior merit.

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E. G. B. Holder. 25

A sentimental song in the popular style. A capital thing for serenading purposes.

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G. M. Dowe. 25

A fine stirring Song, written for and dedicated to the young "Warren Zouaves" of this city, and adapted to the popular air of "Glory Hallelujah." This air has always seemed to be worth better words than those wedded to it now in the mouth of the people, and it is to be hoped that the present ones will be generally adopted.

March away cheerily. Patriotic Song.

G. H. Russell. 25

Adapted to the elder Russell's familiar and spirited air "Pull away cheerily." It would make a capital soldiers' song.

Instrumental Music.

Gen. Baker's Funeral March. J. W. Turner. 25

Written "in memoriam" of the distinguished Californian who fell in the service of his country at the Ball's Bluff battle. The air of "Rest spirit rest" is happily introduced.

Valse pastorale. A. Kielblock. 35

A fine "Morceau de Salon," of medium difficulty. The many friends which former compositions of this author have gained for themselves, will be glad to see a new sign of his activity.

Beauties of "La Juive." J. Bellak. 40

A very useful potpourri for common players. It contains all the principal airs.

Mephisto Galop. Carl Faust. 25

The Galops, Mazurkas, &c., by Faust are among the very best of modern compositions of this kind. They are no more and not less what they pretend to be — good dancing pieces, lively, clear in rhythm, melodious and eminently serviceable in the ball-room, or drawing-room sociable.

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A very fine collection of the choicest Operatic Airs and favorite melodies, comprising selections from "Sicilian Vespers," "Il Trovatore," "Traviata," "Bohemian Girl," "Lucia," and other Operas, together with popular songs, waltzes, polkas, marches, quicksteps and arranged for the violin and piano. A book of this class has long been in demand, and a want has existed which will now be freely met by this work. We commend it to amateurs as "just the thing."

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 502.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 16, 1861.

VOL. XX. No. 7.

[From the Atlantic Monthly.]

The Washers of the Shroud.

BY PROF. J. R. LOWELL.

Along a river side, I know not where,
I walked last night in mystery of dream;
A chill creeps curdling yet beneath my hair,
To think what chanced me by the pallid gleam
Of a moon-wraith that waned through haunted air.

Pale fire-flies pulsed within the meadow mist
Their halos wavering thistle downs of light;
The loon, that seemed to mock some goblin tryst,
Laughed; and the echoes, huddling in affright,
Like Odin's hounds, fled baying down the night.

Then all was silent, till there smote my ear
A movement in the stream that checked my breath;
Was it the slow plash of a wading deer?
But something said, "This water is of Death!
The Sisters wash a Shroud—ill thing to hear!"

I, looking then, beheld the ancient Three,
Known to the Greek's and to the Norseman's creed,
That sit in shadow of the mystic Tree,
Still crooning, as they weave their endless brede,
One song: "Time was, Time is, and Time shall be."

No wrinkled crones were they, as I had deemed,
But fair as yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
To mourner, lover, poet, ever seemed;
Something too deep for joy, too high for sorrow,
Thrilled in their tones and from their faces gleamed.

"Still men and nations reap as they have strawn"
So sang they, working at their task the while,—
"The fatal raiment must be cleansed ere dawn:
For Austria? Italy? the Sea-Queen's Isle?
O'er what quenched grandeur must our shroud be drawn?"

"Or is it for a younger, fairer corse,
That gathered States for children round his knees,
That tamed the wave to be his posting-horse,
That forest-feller, linker of the seas,
Bridge-builder, hammerer, youngest son of Thor's?"

"What make we, murmur'st thou, and what are we?
When empires must be wound, we bring the shroud,
The time-old web of the implacable Three;
Is it too coarse for him, the young and proud?
Earth's mightiest designed to wear it; why not he?"

"Is there no hope?" I moaned, "So strong, so fair?
Our Fowler, whose proud bird would brook erewhile
No rival's swoop in all our western air!
Gather the ravens then, in funeral file,
For him, life's morn-gold bright in his hair?"

"Leave me not hopeless, ye un pitying dames!
I see, half-seeing. Tell me, ye who scanned
The stars, Earth's elders, still must noblest aims
Be traced upon oblivious ocean-sands?
Must Hesper join the wailing ghosts of names?"

"When grass-blades stiffen with red battle-dew
Ye deem we choose the victors and the slain:
Say, choose we them that shall be leal and true
To the heart's longing, the high faith of brain?
Yet here the victory is, if ye but knew."

"Three roots bear up Dominion: Knowledge, Will,—
These two are strong, but stronger yet the third,—
Obedience, the great tap-root, that still,
Kait round the rock of Duty, is not stirred,
Though the storm's ploughshare spend its utmost skill."

"Is the doom sealed for Hesper? 'Tis not we
Denounce it, but the Law before all time:
The brave makes danger opportunity;
The waverer, paltering with the chance sublime,
Dwarfs it to peril: which shall Hesper be?"

"Hath he let vultures climb his eagle's seat
To make Job's bolts purveyor's of their maw?
Hath he the Many's plaudits found more sweet
Than wisdom? held Opinion's wind for law?
Then let him hoarken for the headsman's feet?"

"Rough are the steps, slow-hewn in flintiest rock,
States climb to power by; slippery those with gold
Down which they stumble to eternal mock:
No chafferer's hand shall long the sceptre hold,
Who, given a Fate to shape, would sell the block."

"We sing old sagas, songs of weal or woe.
Mystic because too cheaply understood;
Dark sayings are not ours; men hear and know,
See Evil weak, see only strong the Good,
Yet hope to balk Doom's fire with walls of tow."

"Time Was unlocks the riddle of Time Is,
That offers choice of glory and of gloom;
The solver makes Time Shall Be surely his.—
But hasten, Sisters for even now the tomb
Grates its slow hinge and calls from the abyss."

"But not for him," I cried, "not yet for him,
Whose large horizon, westerling, star, by star
Wins from the void to where on ocean's rim
The sunset shuts the world with golden bar,—
Not yet his thews shall fail, his eye grow dim!"

"His shall be larger manhood, saved for those
That walk unblenching through the trial-fires;
Not suffering, but faint heart is worst of woes,
And he no base-born son of craven sires,
Whose eye need droop, confronted with his foes."

"Tears may be ours, but proud, for those who win
Death's royal purple in the enemy's lines;
Peace, too, brings tears; and 'mid the battle-din,
The wiser ear some text of God divines;
For the sheathed blade may rust with darker sin."

"God, give us peace!—not such as lulls to sleep,
But sword on thigh, and brow with purpose knit
And let our ship of State to harbor sweep,
Her ports all up, her battle-lanterns lit,
And her leashed thunders gathering for their leap."

So said I, with clenched hands and passionate pain,
Thinking of dear ones by Potomac's side:
Again the loon laughed, mocking; and again
The echoes bayed far down the night, and died,
While waking I recalled my wandering brain.

National Hymns.

The following extracts are from the new work, on National Hymns, by Richard Grant White, a member of the Committee appointed to award a prize of \$500 for the best National Hymn.

PATRIOTIC SONGS.

Patriotic feeling, like all other feeling excited by any unusual incident, seeks utterance in verse and music; and thus a national hymn seems almost as indispensable an appanage of nationality as a national flag. One of the first indications of an incipient revolution in France is the singing of the "Marseillaise Hymn;" and one of the first steps taken to restrain the outbreak is the suppression of the song. Only a few months ago the Poles, charged and fired upon by the Russian troops, as they assembled to present a petition in Warsaw, fell upon their knees, and sang their national hymn; thus fortifying themselves to endure an attack which they were powerless to repel. And so when loyal Americans assembled in those dark days of the Republic which immediately followed the bombardment of Fort Sumter, they longed to sing; but there was no song suited to them or to the occasion. "The Star-Spangled Banner" had been growing in favor in these loyal States from the beginning of the secession movement, and was played continually by all military and orchestral bands, and sung often at concerts and private musical gatherings. But as a patriotic song for the people at large, as the National Hymn, it was found to be almost useless. The range of the air, an octave and a half, places it out of the compass of ordinary voices; and no change that has been made in it has succeeded in obviating this paramount objec-

tion, without depriving the music of that characteristic spirit which is given by its quick ascent through such an extended range of notes. The words are altogether unfitted for a national hymn. They are almost entirely descriptive, and of a particular event. Such lines as these have not a sufficiently general application for a national hymn; they paint a picture, they do not embody a sentiment:

"On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream."

The lines are, also, too long, and the rhyme too involved for a truly popular patriotic song. They tax the memory; they should aid it. The rhythm, too, is complicated, and often harsh and vague.

"Oh! thus be it ever when free men shall stand
Between their loved home, and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation."

In fact, only the choral lines of this song have brought it into general favor.

"And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

But even in regard to this, who cannot but wish that the spangles could be taken out and a good, honest flag be substituted for the banner!

HAIL COLUMBIA.

"Hail Columbia" is really worse than "Yankee Doodle." That has a character although it comic; and it is respectable, because it makes no pretence. But both the words and music of "Hail Columbia" are commonplace, vulgar, and pretentious; and the people themselves have found all this out. The "Star-Spangled Banner" is an old French air, long known in England as "Anacreon in Heaven," and in America as "Adams and Liberty," until the song so designated was supplanted by Key's. The air to which Hopkinson wrote "Hail Columbia" was a march written by a German band-master on occasion of a visit of Washington, when President, to the old John-street theatre, in New York. It was called the "President's March." "Yankee Doodle" is an old English air.

LACK OF ENGLISH MELODIES.

In one respect at least, we faithfully preserve a distinctive trait of our race. We have no national music. In this deficiency the English are peculiar among all the people of the earth. There is no national English music; we have brought none over here with us, and we have originated none since we left the old home. There are songs, indeed, which are called English ballads; and there are certain very correctly written glees, mostly dolorous in their character; and also, English church "services" or sacred music, by which such words as "We praise thee" and "O, be joyful," can be sung in a sufficiently penitential manner. But all this has no distinctive character, except it be that character which forbids it to be called music by any other civilized people, or to be listened to with patience by those among ourselves who happen to have musical organizations and cultivated taste. It is true, that certain composers, on both sides of the water, have produced some fine music—a very little; but its character has plainly shown that it was merely the isolated upspringing of German Italian or French seeds, cultivated in English soil. We have no school of music; nay, we have not even a good popular air that is of our own production. The very commonest ballads which have been long in favor, both in England and America, are not of English origin; they

are Scotch or Irish, French or Italian. Of "Home, Sweet Home" itself, the sentiment of the words—written by an American—is truly English, but the melody is Italian. And the very "Annie Laurie," which was sung so much in the Crimea, is Scotch.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

"God Save the King," which has become the recognized British national hymn, the concentrated expression of loyalty to King, Lords and Commons, is, words and music, a rebel composition, written in honor of a pretender to the British throne; and the "enemies" that it so denounces are the reigning House of Hanover, and its supporters. It has been attributed to Dr. John Bull, a musician who lived in England in the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First; but this could have been done only by persons entirely unacquainted with Bull's compositions, which are formal, dry, and dreary to the last degree besides being "impossible" enough to please Dr. Johnson. It was even said, upon the authority of a Dr. Cook, who had inspected the archives of the Academy of Ancient Music upon this subject, to have been "written by a Dr. Rogers, in the time of Henry the Eighth, prior to the Reformation." But the truth is, that it has not yet been known a hundred and twenty-five years, or recognized as a British national hymn for seventy-five years. As late as 1796, a correspondent of the "Gentleman's Magazine" expresses a wish "the song of God Save the King may long cheer the heart of many a loyal subject." The air is originally French, and is still sung by the vine-dressers in the south of France. This air, Henry Carey, a musician who lived in the reign of William and Mary, Anne, and the first Georges, adopted and re-wrote, writing also, and perhaps partly adopting, the verses which are now sung to it, with the exception of two very important words.

THE MARSEILLAISE.

The history of the other great national hymn of the world, the Marseillaise—for these two separate themselves by eminence from all the others—is noticeably and significantly unlike that which has just been examined. Every reader of this little book may not know all the brief history of that marvellous song, which is almost travestied in Lamartine's sentimental melodramatic account of it in the *Girondins*. It received its name from the men who first made it known in Paris, the ruffian Marseillais—a horde, some five hundred strong, of the vilest and most brutal of the floating population of a Mediterranean seaport town, who were summoned to Paris by Barbaroux for the purpose of exciting and assisting at the atrocities of 1792. Headed by the wretch Santerre, they marched into Paris, and through its principal streets, on the thirtieth of July in that year, a band of swarthy, fierce, travel-soiled desperadoes, wearing red Phrygian caps wreathed with green leaves, dragging cannon, and singing, as they marched, the Marseillaise.

ITS AUTHOR.

Rouget de Lisle, an accomplished officer, an enthusiast for liberty, it is true, but no less a champion of justice, and an upholder of constitutional monarchy. He was at Strasbourg early in 1792. One day, Dietrich, the mayor of the town, who knew him well, asked him to write a martial song to be sung on the departure of six hundred volunteers who would soon set out to join the army of the Rhine. De Lisle consented, wrote the song that night—the words sometimes coming to him before the music, sometimes the music before the words—and gave it to Dietrich the next morning. As is not uncommon with authors, he was at first dissatisfied with the fruit of his sudden inspiration, and as he handed the manuscript to the mayor, he said, "Here is what you asked for, but I fear it is not very good." But Dietrich looked, and knew better. They went to the harpsichord with Madame and sang it; they gathered the band of the theatre together and rehearsed it; it was sung in the public square, and excited such enthusiasm that in-

stead of six hundred volunteers nine hundred left Strasbourg for the army. This song its author called merely, "The War-Song of the Army of the Rhine" (*Chant de guerre de l'armée du Rhin*.) But in the course of a few months it worked its way southward, and became a favorite with the Marseillais, who carried it to Paris, where the people know nothing of its name, its author, or its original purpose, spoke of it simply as "The Song of the Marseillaise," and as the Marseillaise it will be known forever, and forever be the rallying cry of France against tyranny.

The Hanover Square Rooms.

BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F. S. A.

London may fairly be considered an enormous Cyclopædia of history, of which nearly every street forms a volume, and every house a chapter. To the effective mind it is peopled by the past as well as the present inhabitants. We think of Dr. Johnson in Fleet street; of Oliver Goldsmith in Green Arbor Court. Memories rush upon us more thickly in our public buildings, for they connect themselves with so large a variety of our fellow men and their acts—whether they be political, religious, charitable, or merely speculative—that the edifices for the due discharge of the duties thus called forth, whether the House of Parliament or the South Sea House, abound in suggestions which may worthily employ the mind. It is recorded of the great French *tragédienne*, Rachel, that on the morning of her last departure from Paris, she rose at early dawn and went alone in a small open carriage to the theatre which was the scene of her professional triumph, and, stopping in front of it, in the silent morning indulged undisturbed, in a last reverie of retrospection, which restored to her mind long-past glories in her professional career. There is something intensely melancholy in a closed or deserted place of amusement; it is all the more sombre because it is created to be gay. A theatre by daylight is ghastly in its wretchedness. Vauxhall never gave the idea of a pleasant garden. Yet all such places abound in memories of exciting scenes, of triumph in dramatic or vocal art, over which the delighted professional or enthusiastic amateur will descant during his mortal career with pleasure.

Less gloomy than the theatre, the concert-room and the ball-room have still a *tristesse* of their own. The visions of "fair women and brave men" who have whirled away hours of happiness in the large, 'dull, comfortless saloon that even "Almack's" looks by day can scarcely relieve the feeling of sadness that its blank immensity produce on the mind. The Hanover Square Rooms, when they echo in the same way to a solitary footfall, are dull enough; and it requires a strong imagination to invest them with the life and enthusiasm so frequently exhibited there when each seat has hardly held down its excited occupant, as strains "to which gods might listen and admire" have burst forth from the now deserted orchestra.

The English, it will be allowed, are at the present time a "musical" nation; and there is no great capital where a purer class of music is enjoyed, understood, and more generally patronized, than in London. True, we may have an abundance of vulgarities, may patronize "nigger" melodies, and other works of still more questionable taste; but it must always be remembered that the larger class of the community have not, and cannot have, the educational refinement necessary to the appreciation of a Beethoven or a Mendelssohn. This large public must be provided for in its own particular way; and hence mere organ-grinding may find its grateful listeners to applaud and reward it.

The rise and spread of a higher class of musical taste in England is due to a vast amount of perseverance, and no small share of the direst persecution. John Bull delighted in his old ballads and dancetunes; very properly too, say we; but, as is too usual with him, he believed in nothing else. "Greensleeves," "Sellenger's Round," "Old Sir Simon the King," "Arthur-a-Bradley," and others

of that class, enlivened him at country wakes, May-day festivals, and election balls. They were as exhilarating as brandy punch, and he wished for no other music. The more refined strains of Italy, where harmony sometimes superseded melody, were to him as mawkish as *eau sucrée* offered in place of his strong drinks. He could not take the dose quietly, and with true bull-like ferocity sallied forth with the only argument he knew how to use, the *argumentum baculinum*, and with "beef-fed" sinews, of which he boasted, did he show the "frog-eating" foreigners that themselves and their music were equally unpalatable to him.

The rioting at the theatres when Italian singers first attempted operas in London, in its violence, and its success in banishing them for a time might excite our doubt of its truth, could we not remember similar scenes enacted but a few years ago, when a company of French actors intended to occupy Drury Lane. In the end, musical art triumphed; but the victory was not won without the battle.

It was chiefly due to the individual energy, and that of the humblest class, that concerts became fashionable and regularly established in London. The first meeting deserving the name was held in a remote part of the town, unfit for genteel resort, and, when reached, deficient in proper accommodation.

"It was in the dwelling of Thomas Britton—one who gained his livelihood by selling about the streets small coal, which he carried on his back—that a periodical performance of music took place, to which were invited people of the first consequence. The house was in Aylesbury street, Clerkenwell; the room of performance was over the coal shop; and, strange to tell, Tom Britton's concert was the weekly resort of the old, the young, the gay, and the fair of all ranks, including the highest order of nobility."

Such is Sir John Hawkins's account of this singular origin of popular concerts. But Thomas Britton, it should be observed, was no ordinary man; he was well described as "a lover of learning, a performer in music, and a companion for a gentleman any day of his life." In carrying his charcoal about town for sale, Tom naturally passed book-stalls and shops where "curiosities of literature" would be hidden from all but the student of books. When he arrived at such a spot, he rested his sack on the ground, freed his hands from his coal-measurer, and searched for bibliographical treasures. In this way he obtained a most curious library of rare books, and could, on stated occasions, join noblemen and gentlemen in Paternoster Row, and talk with them over their mutual good fortune in meeting with rarities. Britton played the base-viol; and the social tastes that brought book-collectors of all ranks together enabled him to do the same for music. The large room over his coal-shed was given gratis for their use. The concerts were gratis also, and the best men in London played at them; the visitors being well-known amateurs and nobles, who did not disdain a scramble up the ladder that led from the coal-shed to the concert-room, rewarded as they were sure to be by the best music.

"Though mean thy rank, yet in thy humble cell
Did gentle peace and arts, unpurchased dwell."

Cibber, in his famed "Apology," has noted the difficulties which beset the introduction of foreign singers to the English stage. This was in the early years of the last century, when, as he phrased it, "the Italian opera first began to steal into England, but in as rude a disguise and as unlike itself as possible; in a lame hobbling translation into our own language, with false quantities or metre out of measure to its original notes, sung by unskilled voices, with graces misapplied to almost every sentiment, and with action lifeless and unmeaning through every character." Then came the strange mixture of English and foreign singers in the same opera; the native singing in the vernacular, the foreigners responding in Italian, than which nothing can be conceived more absurd, or more destructive of art.

It was in 1710 that the first Italian opera, *Almahide*, was represented entirely by Italian

rtists. An English singer of eminence, Mrs. Tofts, however, occasionally played with them when the greatest stars among them appeared. This lady seems to have fallen easily into an imitation of that greed for money and applause which was popularly believed to belong to foreigners, by such as judged from some glaring examples. She, however, seems to have combined with it many other unpopular traits, which led to the following epigram:

"So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along;
But such is thy av'rice and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starv'd, and the poet have died."

Large salaries were paid to singers from the Continent from the very earliest time of their importation; in addition to which it became a fashion with rich amateurs to make them money presents; favorite ladies, like Mingotti, obtained heavy drafts on noblemen's bankers, which one lady of rank imitated by sending Farinelli one for two hundred pounds.

Crowds of nobility and gentry were attracted about the same time to Drury Lane, to witness the performance of operas, in which the principal characters were sustained by an Italian named Valentini, in his own language, while the remainder of the songs and recitative were sung and recited by Englishmen in English—an absurdity which has seldom been surpassed. Vanbrugh and Congreve endeavored to profit by the prevailing taste, and produced an opera called *The Triumph of Love*, translated from the Italian, with the songs adapted to the original music. It, however, met with no success; and after being thrice performed was withdrawn. Owen M'Swiny, the first Director of the Opera, was ultimately ruined; and so capricious was the public, that Cibber records, "We have seen even Farinelli singing to an audience of five-and-thirty-pounds."

A Swiss adventurer, named Heidegger, obtained the favor of the great in the reign of George I., and he was appointed Director of Music and Masquarades to the monarch and court. Under his auspices, Faustina, Cuzzoni, Farinelli and others appeared, and reaped large harvests in England. Feuds among the *cognoscenti* ran high on the subject of the abilities of their favorite. Cibber, in somewhat quaint language, says, "These costly canary-birds have sometimes infested the whole body of our dignified lovers of music with the same childish animosities. Ladies have been known to decline their visits on account of their being of a different musical party." The disputes between Cuzzoni and Faustina for precedence, in the summer of 1727 completely broke up the fashionable world into partisans of one or other. The extreme of this musical *furor* has been immortalized by Hogarth in one of the plates of "The Rake's Progress," where a small engraving, cast upon the ground of the Rake's morning-room, exhibits Farinelli enthroned as Apollo; kneeling ladies offer their hearts on the altar before him, exclaiming, "One God—one Farinelli!"—a phrase absolutely made use of by one fair leader of *ton*. Hogarth was as bigoted an Englishman as any could be, and his works abound with bold hits at the foreign singers and the un-English tastes they generated.

It was in the year 1720 that a plan was adopted for a more regular and certain support to the lyrical drama and concert than could be ensured by the casual attendance of the public. A fund of £50,000 was raised by subscription, which sum £1,000 was contributed by King George the First. The project was placed under the management of a Governor, Deputy-governor, and twenty Directors, and called the Academy of Music. To render the design as complete as possible, not only the chief vocal performers, but a lyric poet, and three of the best composers then in Europe who could be prevailed upon to visit this country, were soon afterwards engaged, viz., Attilia, Handel, and Bononcini. Gallini was at this time manager of the Opera House; but his days were disturbed by continued feuds, particularly as to the superiority of the two last-named composers. Horace Walpole, writing to Mann

in 1741, tells him, "The Opera is to be on the French system of dancers, scenes, and dresses."

Handel had by this time ensured his success as a popular musician by the production of works especially suited to the English taste. In fact, he was so completely identified therewith, that the Italian party expressly opposed him, and ultimately had a sufficient influence to deaden the effect of his greatest work, the *Messiah*, and compel him to visit Ireland, where a greater welcome attended him. Walpole was evidently no friend to the great Saxon, and notes his success on his return to England in no complimentary strain: "Handel," he says, "has set up an oratorio against the operas, and succeeds. He has hired all the goddesses from farces, and the singers of 'Roast Beef' from between the acts, at both theatres; with a man with a note in his voice, and a girl without ever a one; and so they sing, and make brave hallelujahs; and the good company encore the recitative, if it happens to have any cadence like what they call a tune."

The success which now attended oratorio or concert at last induced their patrons to think of a befitting place for their performance. The theatres or the public rooms of taverns were felt to be inappropriate; and, under the auspices of royalty, the Hanover Square Rooms were completed by Sir John Gallini. They combine concert and ball rooms; but it is only with the former that we have now to do. It is a noble room, measuring 96 feet in length by 35 in width, and is capable of holding 800 persons. The low arched roof is well adapted for sound. The emblematic paintings upon it are by Cipriani, and are good examples of an artist most popularly known in England by the numerous engravings after his designs by Bartolozzi. The same artist designed and executed the concert tickets for many years—works once highly prized by collectors. The concert-room seems to speak only of past glories; in its palmy days it was one of the wonders of London, and its decorations considered as the *ne plus ultra* of gorgeous taste. It has lived to be superseded by more splendid and convenient rooms, where good music can be heard at a tithe of former cost. Still, the old room, for its time was elegant—with its delicate paintings, white and gold enrichments, and walls panelled with looking-glass. The royal box, too, in front of the orchestra, insensibly calls to mind the good old George the Third, with his queen and family, enjoying the strains of sound English music as unpretentiously as any of his subjects below.

The change of taste, the establishment of other music-halls, and the love of novelty so characteristic of the "great public," has condemned Hanover Square Rooms to destruction; and houses or warehouses may in a short time occupy their site. Let us, then, linger a few moments within walls so often "eloquent with sweet sounds" from vocalists and musicians who have delighted us and our forefathers. In 1776 the Concerts of Ancient Music were established, "to keep alive a love for the works of the older masters," a rage for novelty at that time threatening to throw all the compositions of the olden times into oblivion. In 1812 the Philharmonic Concerts were established, to cultivate instrumental music; and it boasted one of the finest bands in Europe; an engagement as a member thereof giving a musician high standing in his profession. Haydn and Weber have superintended their own works at these concerts; while a host of singers have appeared on the platform to enchant all listeners. From 1808 to 1810, Mad. Catalani, the most celebrated of *prima donnas*, carried all before her in a series of concerts here, in absolute opposition to the greatest English singers of the time, who were arrayed against her at the Opera Concert Rooms, and included Mrs. Billington and Braham. But it is invidious to name any great departed vocalist or musician in connection with these Rooms, which have echoed to the music of the greatest in the art from their opening night to the present time.

It is possible for the thoughtful man to sit in this deserted room and dream over its past glories, even as Rachel sat in the quiet morning

and thought, opposite the theatre which had been the scenes of her professional victories. In the loneliness of solitude the mind often best expands itself. Crowds, excitement, and confusion go to make the public triumph; but calm contemplation gives the triumph its value. As you gaze on the lonely rooms, visions of the past fill the void; from king to commoner crowd the seats, and all that has made music a living art throng the orchestra. They pass before the mental vision a long array of brilliant spirits, whose enjoyment of an exquisite art has been quadrupled by giving intense enjoyment to their fellows, and lightened most innocently and pleasantly the load of care each is doomed to bear in life. The world owes its deepest debt of gratitude to the professors of the fine arts, and perhaps most of all to that of music, for much of the purest and best gratification at its command.

But it would not be just to the old Rooms, or to the English character, if we neglected to note the high and holy purposes of charity to which they have been occasionally devoted. How many are the good works that have been first promulgated and the divine music of "a heart singing joy," vibrating among the poor, the widow, and the orphan, through the eloquent appeals that have been made here—and never made in vain. The worthless prodigate, Charles the Second, was so impressed by the benevolence of the Dutch, that he is said to have declared, when that country was in peril, "he believed God would always help Holland, because of its abounding charities." Let us hope the same for England. Cold and unsocial as we may occasionally be, like the Hollanders we have a hand "open as the day to sacred charity." How many thousand kind hearts have beat in unison, all desirous to do good, while meeting on this pious errand here!

We leave the old Rooms with kindly thoughts—pleasant memories only float about them; and when they are doomed to destruction, we shall feel that another link with the great and good departed has been broken in the world of London.—From the *St. James Magazine*.

Musical Correspondence.

HARTFORD, CONN., NOV. 11, 1861.—With the war, and all its disheartening influences around us with the sturdy soldier, the bristling bayonets, and the rolling drum ever among us, as regiment after regiment leaves us to fight for the "stars and stripes," still our city seems to move along in its usual channel of prosperity—all kinds of business being good, even to "music-teaching," which was never better. Of concerts there has been no lack by such artists as HINCKLEY, MILLS and others. Patriotic concerts have been given week after week, for the benefit of the soldiers—and substantial benefits they have been, too. These latter concerts have all been undertaken wholly by home talent, with the exception of one given about three weeks ago, at which the services of Miss LOUISE KELLOGG, of New York, were with difficulty obtained, and who made a most successful *début* on that occasion, captivating the large audience with her easy and graceful manner, purity of voice, and brilliant and correct execution. She was assisted by her eminent instructor, Signor RIVARDE, a finished artist in every way, singing most delightfully, and proving himself worthy of the great reputation he has achieved in New York. Mr. RANDOLPH HUNTINGTON, of New York, sang finely at this concert, and Mr. S. B. MILLS, the pianist, displayed his astonishing powers upon one of Messrs. STEINWAY & SON's splendid Grand pianofortes. Had I time and space, I would tell you how this Grand piano did not arrive from New York until after the concert began, how it was brought upon the stage between the first and second parts, how the audience were kept waiting, almost beyond endurance, in the bungling attempts to adjust the legs (?), and how, after being "stood up" in all its majesty of

bearing, ready to be opened, it was discovered that there was no key wherewith to open it, "in the place where the key ought to be"! Then the laugh that went through the house, and the appearance of the "Peak family," as one after another of those on the stage essayed to take a squint into the keyhole, with the keen assurance that the key in their possession would just fit the lock, of the pitching of keys upon the stage by those in the audience who never knew how to "pitch a key" before; of the call, by a wag, for an experienced burglar, if there was one in the house, until, at last, just as the piano was to be moved away, a sharp Yan-kee made out to unlock it, with as much applause as ever greeted a HERMANN. The concert then went on.

Last week we had quite a nice taste of Opera. Miss KELLOGG, Madame HINCKLEY-SUSINI, BRIGNOLI, MANCUSI, SUSINI, ANSCHUTZ, &c. They were here two nights. The first night was made up of a concert, and a scena from "I Puritani" and "Lucia", with pianoforte accompaniment. Miss KELLOGG was engaged for this night only, at a great expense; and, although laboring under many adverse circumstances, still she sustained her previous reputation in Hartford, as the finest singer who has appeared here since the days of Jenny Lind. She is not only highly talented, but she is endowed with that rare—very rare gift—genius, which must ere long place her at the head of her art. The entertainment was altogether very fine. The second night nearly the whole of Donizetti's beautiful opera, *Don Pasquale*, was given. Madame SUSINI (Hinckley) was the *prima donna*, and sung and acted charmingly. SUSINI outdid himself with his splendid acting and magnificent voice, and BRIGNOLI, of course, delighted every one, while MANCUSI made many friends. This night we had a nice little orchestra, with ANSCHUTZ to conduct it. I must not forget to speak, and most enthusiastically, too, of the astonishing and most effective performance of Herr MOLLENHAUER, upon the violoncello, at the concert the first evening. He is certainly a most finished artist. The new and beautiful theatre, (Allyn Hall), which has been built during the past year by ex-mayor Allyn, and capable of seating 1500 persons, was packed both nights by a delighted audience. Next week we are to have a full troupe from the New York "Academy of Music," and they are to treat us to Rossini's delicious opera, "Barber of Seville." Is n't Hartford making great strides in the musical world? H.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 16, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Conclusion of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

No. XXIV.

MME. LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT IN "ELIJAH."

LONDON. Oct. 25. 1861.

This letter was to have been devoted to the Birmingham Festival. And I had begun to spread out my materials to attempt a record of the impressions of those memorable last days of August, when a fresh piece of musical good luck took me here almost by surprise—indeed just one of those events which my readers would hardly pardon me for not reporting at once. Birmingham, and such antiquities, therefore, must again give way for a week, while we relate what has just taken place in Exeter Hall.

These spacious old head-quarters of Oratorio were in all their glory again last Tuesday evening. More full of light and thrilling resonance

they never were. An audience of the best kind, as numerous as the place can hold, were drawn there by the three-fold interest of charity; of hearing JENNY LIND sing once more, after five years of resolute retirement in domestic life; and of hearing that great work—perhaps the most welcome of all oratorios next to the *Messiah*—Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, done so conscientiously as it surely would be under her auspices, she sustaining all the leading soprano parts, and SIMS REEVES (for the first time coöperating with her) all the tenor, with worthy associates in the other solos, with a thoroughly drilled choir and orchestra, on the scale of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and with her husband, Mr. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT, for conductor, and the accomplished organist of the Temple Church, Mr. E. J. HOPKINS, to play the organ accompaniments. Here was an appeal to love of music and humanity quite irresistible; and it is no wonder that for some days before the concert there were no seats to be had for love or money. The sum raised must have been a solid furtherance to the philanthropic work of the Rev. Mr. Douglas—enough to "tide over" many of the difficulties he has had to encounter in his efforts to improve the spiritual, social and material condition of the dense population of the district lying around the Victoria Docks, or "London over the Border." It was simply characteristic of the great singer to signalize the opening of a new career of her artistic triumphs by a splendid gift to society, setting apart the entire first-fruits thereof for the good of her fellow beings. Such good deeds require no appreciation here; our business is with the musical event as such.

It is understood that this performance of *Elijah* is the grand prelude to a series of performances which Mad. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, with Mr. Otto Goldschmidt as director, and with Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Belletti, &c., as her principal assistants, proposes to give in Liverpool, Manchester, and other great towns. Such a reappearance, after such long silence, of course excites great joy and curiosity. There may have been some doubts, some fears, too, whether the great singer would be found the same; whether that wonderful voice had not lost much of its charm. But these, I may safely say, were happily dispelled on Tuesday night. The great soprano of our day is as supreme as ever; as full of penetrating power and beauty; the clearest, purest, truest, largest, and most musical of all high voices. Possibly, the delivery of it costs somewhat more effort than in former years; but that is not painfully visible, and the effect is smooth, spontaneous, expressive art. When first heard, in the double quartet, "He shall give his angels charge," it soared above all, with a triumphant fervor, that seemed to carry the whole up with it and lend a clear, seraphic temper to the harmony, as Mendelssohn intended. Never were those highest phrases touched so satisfactorily—so proudly lit upon—not struggled up to. And she was well supported in the other parts, including as they did Sims Reeves, Miss Palmer, &c.

In the scene of the widow, "What have I to do with thee?" her delivery was the perfection of dramatic pathos. Here you felt one, perhaps the central, secret of the singer's power, which is her earnestness. She sings with her whole soul, and with determination to convey the whole reach and meaning of each phrase of text and

music in her tones. Still more powerfully was this felt in her great song, "Hear ye, Israel," followed by "Thus saith the Lord," and "Be not afraid." Nothing could be more touchingly beautiful than the first sentence; nothing more grandly declamatory than the last. This is just the music for Jenny Lind; one can readily believe that Mendelssohn wrote it for her. But perhaps here is the fittest place to suggest the only question that occurred as to the otherwise faultless perfection of her singing. Was it not perhaps too uniformly excellent? that is to say, too uniformly earnest—always strained up to the full bent of expression—every phrase and every note charged to its full capacity—all, as it were, emphasized, so that you needed some repose, some level places to recover in? But nothing of this sort could one feel in the succeeding pieces. In the angel trio, "Lift thine eyes" (sung to perfection with Miss Cole and Miss Palmer, and encored enthusiastically); in the angel's message to Elijah, "Arise now! get thee without"; above all, in that crystal clear, ethereal quartet, "Holy, holy" (with Miss Cole, Miss Palmer, Miss Eyles, and chorus); in the recitative, "Behold, God hath sent Elijah"; and in the exquisite quartet, "O come, every one that thirsteth," (with Miss Palmer, Mr. Reeves, and Mr. Lawler), her voice was the impersonation of that high seraphic temper, that worshipping, Miltonic ardor, that sympathy as from above—purified, not passionless—which the situations and the words suggest, and which so truly inspired the composer. Perhaps *tenderness*, in the common sense of the term, is not so remarkable among the native graces of the Lind voice or art as some others. Yet no one sings with more feeling. Her noblest manifestation is, however, in a piece like "Holy, holy." Was ever *Sanctus* so sustained and grand! That high voice sounded like one that had led in the angelic choirs, with still increasing joy and fervor, since the stars first sang together.

Mr. Sims Reeves, as we have said, sang all the tenor solos; and he sang his best. Indeed, in his two great airs—"If with all your heart," and "Then shall the righteous shine,"—he fairly shared the first honors of the evening. In the recitatives, too, he maintained his consummate mastery, as in song. And what more could one want to have coupled with the Lind voice in those beautiful quartets than the voice of Sims Reeves? Only the warm, rich, large contralto of Miss Palmer, who also surpassed herself that evening. There was a fine purity of style, a simple, unaffected fervor in all that lady's singing. She has a comforting quality of voice, that suits that particular angel who bore messages to Elijah; and she seemed steeped in the music, even when she was not singing, or only joined unconsciously in the chorus. In "O rest in the Lord," she was most heartily and most deservedly encored. In the denunciation of Jezebel she showed a dramatic energy which we had hardly expected. The silvery high soprano of Miss Cole was admirably suited to the part of the boy sent out to look for rain; and she did good service, as did also Miss Eyles, contralto, in concerted pieces. The same must be said of Mr. Lawler, bass, and Mr. Cummings.

Mr. Weiss sustained the difficult and all-important part, which he had made his own, that of Elijah, with great power and dignity, and like a thoroughly artistic singer. I might particularize

many fine points; but what need when all was admirable and worthy of the occasion. Orchestra and choir were all that one could wish, entering into the work with a will, and marring or obscuring none of the beauties of this magnificent composition under the firm, intelligent baton of Mr. Goldschmidt, who at once took a high position thereby among good conductors.

There was no instance in which one could find fault even with a *tempo*, unless it were that the "Blessed" chorus was taken up a little faster than the instruments could play with ease. On the whole it was a triumphant, and will remain a memorable performance of *Elijah*. D.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

October 17th.—It is anticipated that *Alceste* will, before the end of this month, at length see the light. I am informed that on the occasion of its production the newly-invented electrical metronome will be employed, of which M. Hector Berlioz had already availed himself at several large concerts, and by means of which the immense advantage is obtained of establishing a perfectly simultaneous "beat" between the chorus, or any instrumental performers on the stage, and the band in the orchestra. This important improvement will, no doubt, be in future generally adopted in all large lyrical theatres, and will greatly add to the perfection and completeness of operatic performances. Of thunder we have had enough and to boot in orchestras, and to introduce an electrical conductor by the side of the musical one was a very proper notion. The long-mooted question as to the introduction or not of dancing into *Alceste* has been settled in favor of the retention of the music Glück had written for a ballet. Accordingly, M. Petipa has been requested to devise means for the employment of a *corps de ballet* and *coryphées* and to invent a *pas de trois* of a suitable character to the airs which have been retained. It is fully anticipated that this revival will be a great success, of which M. Michot will earn his share no less than Mad. Pauline Viardot. A musical paper mentions the date of the first production of *Alceste*, which was on the 25th of April, 1776, since when it has been four times revived—on the 22d of October, 1779; on the 24th of February, 1786; on the 13th "Messidor," year "V." of the Republic, and on the 20th of April, 1825. Pending the interval are the promised novelties are forthcoming, Mlle. Marie Sax, a young singer whose intelligence and progress have strongly interested the public of the Grand Opera in her favor, will make her reappearance in the *Trouvère* and *Robert le Diable*; for she too has been indisposed, only as ordinary mortals are, however, her position as yet being too modest to expose her to those more subtle maladies of which, should she rise, as there is every promise of her doing, she will, in time, no doubt have her share.

Postillions never die; and that magnificent old boy, that Methusalem in jackboots—*le Postillon de Lonjumeau*, considerably older than Adam, his progenitor—for poor Adolphe was cut off in his prime—is again in his sheepskin saddle, cracking his whip, and blowing his horn, in spite of railroads and locomotives. Poor old fellow! he is not exactly the fastest of coaches, and instead of leaving his customers behind, like the deaf postboy in Cruikshank's caricature, they have rather distanced him. Nevertheless, the public are willing to humor the old boy, and laugh good-humoredly at his mumbled jests, his tottering swagger, and feeble briskness; and when he pipes out his "Oh! qu'il est beau!" clap their hands, and shout "bravo!" till the old one fancies himself as wild a young dog as ever. Well, let him. There are quite juvenile German postboys not worth him even now, and to whom he could give a start of two or three stages, and greet them, with his arm round the landlady's waist, at the end of the journey.

M. Montaubry, the son-in-law of Chollet, the original representative of the postillion, is said to be the only singer now in possession of the "traditions" of the part.

It is, I believe, certain that Rossini has made up his mind to give the world yet another token of his genius. Resolved as he seemed to have been that he would leave behind him no "senilia" that might bear traces of the inevitable effects of time on the most vigorous powers, the desire to contribute to the fund for erecting a monument to the memory of

Cherubini has caused him to set aside his determination; and probably it will be found that the laurel-tree of Apollo was not so dead within him but it could yet push forth a blossom worthy of his old self, of the art he has adorned, and of the brother artist whom he wished to honor. *Titan* is the title of this work, which is for a grand orchestra; and it will be played at a concert of the Conservatorium especially intended to procure funds for Cherubini's monument.

How old is Meyerbeer? is the popular question of the day. How young he is, has long been the popular exclamation. It matters little, the majority of sensible people will say. *Dinorah* was fresh enough for a stripling, but that no stripling could have kept his footing in its depth. The Germans, however, have a rage for accurate data, that is, precise dates; so they are comparing and discussing the various assertions and authorities on this point. Some say he is 70; some 65; some 67. The day of the month (September) as well as the year in which he came into the world, is equally a point of discrepancy and dispute. I believe myself that he is not yet seventy, but what matters when a man was born who is destined to live for ever?

Have you heard that Mad. la Baronne Vigier—once known and admired as Sophie Cruvelli—is about to return to the stage? It is so reported, and being sufficiently probable, as well as pleasant to believe in, there is no reason why the rumor should not be accepted for a verity.—*London Musical World*.

At the *Grand Opéra* such interest as there is naturally concentrates itself on the revival of "*Alceste*," of which, as the most important musical event of the year 1862, we shall speak in detail. Otherwise, the times seem "out of joint," as regards the great musical theatre of Paris. For the introduction of M. Faure, has been given, not "*Guillaume Tell*," but the "*Pierre de Medicis*" of Prince Poniatowski. So much for Art becoming a ministerial plaything! All talk of M. Meyerbeer, the coy, being prevailed on to produce his "*Africaine*" (a manuscript fast approaching "years of discretion") seems to have died away. M. Halévy's "*Noë*" is to appear at the *Théâtre Lyrique*, in its new quarters. There is not a whisper of a chance of the Homeric opera by M. Berlioz as forthcoming. Difficulties are said to have arisen with regard to M. Gounod's "*Reine de Saba*," owing to the unsatisfactory nature of the book. His "*Ivan the Terrible*," a fierce Russian tale of conspiracy against an Emperor, is held (they say) to be unsafe, by the Censorship. The Republic of 1848 was more courageous in allowing "*Le Prophète*," with its Ana-Baptist riots, to see the light. Meanwhile, it would be a pity if a composer who has the ear of Europe now, should be checked in the career of his popularity by carelessness or want of judgment in the selection of his subjects. In England, no Biblical opera will ever succeed, whether it be Méhul's "*Joseph*," or Signor Rossini's "*Moïse*," or Signor Verdi's "*Nabucco*."

"*Undine*," a legend, which (tempting though it has been found) may still be intrinsically too delicate and spiritual for stage presentation, has been re-set by M. Semot, and is about to be produced at the *Théâtre Lyrique*.—*The Athenæum*.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—A grand concert is shortly to be given at the Paris *Conservatoire*, in aid of the funds for the monument which is about to be erected at Florence to the memory of Cherubini. At this we are positively assured that Signor Rossini is about to break his long and perverse silence, by permitting to be executed there a grand *scena* for a bass voice, entitled "*Titan*." Some journals, however, add an odd condition to this timely condescension, and state that the composition is to be sung by four men in unison.

A competent witness, just returned from Italy, dismayed at the musical decadence everywhere to be found, and not giving a good account of the music by Signor Peri, from which we had hoped something, makes an exception in favor of Signor Mazzoleni as a *tenore robusto* who recalls the vigorous days of Donzelli, but who, however robust, does not bawl. M. Gustave Garcia, the youngest of the great musical family, who sang his first public notes this spring in London, after making a fair *début* the other day in Brussels as one in a comic opera company, has gone to Italy to work out his career.

M. Meyerbeer, whose fastidiousness in the production of his works is as well known as their popularity, has an account to settle with the modest men of the Belgian capital. There his "*Struensee*" music (written for his brother's tragedy) has been given to a new drama, by M. Guillaume. Referring to our remarks last week on the amount of what may be called his occasional music which is in being, it may be asked whether, in our present rage for classification, a Meyerbeer "*Morning*" or "*Night*," would

not prove attractive? England knows nothing of those grand harmony *Polonaises*, his "*Torch Dances*," nothing of the music to the tragedy in question, save its overture, nothing beyond some four or five of his hundred songs. A novelty like this, we should fancy, must prove a safe speculation.

"I should have said," writes our Correspondent who lately communicated a note or two on the music of Spain, "that if the Zarzuela theatres of the Peninsula have composers of their own whose names are unknown on this side of the Pyrenees, they seem to be as liberal as most European opera houses in borrowing their stories from the French. Señor Gaztambide's "*Catalina*," mentioned by me, is a re-setting of M. Scribe's "*L'Etoile*," with changes in the third act. His "*La Vieja*" is from the same fertile dramatist's "*La Vielle*." How far the music is borrowed from French or Italian sources, to what extent it possesses any national form or flavor, are matters to be discussed elsewhere. Señor Arrieta's "*Domino Azul*" (is this a "*Black Domino*," re-set as a blue one?) is a stock-piece in the theatres of the Peninsula, if advertisements are to be trusted. I may add to this paragraph of odds and ends a note on the nothingness of the Gipsy music which I heard. The guitar-playing for the dancers, timed with tamborine and castanet, was piquant in its accent, though monotonous; the voices of the women and men who (by courtesy) sang to it were simply hideous in their harshness; and the tunes, if tunes they deserved to be called, had as little outline or variety as the generality of Oriental chants, not getting beyond a drawling recitation.—*Ibid*.

Musical Chit-Chat.

NEW SYSTEM OF LIGHTING THE STAGE.—A new system of lighting the stage of a theatre has been introduced in the Imperial Opera-house at Paris, which supersedes the present objectionable arrangement of the foot-lights. These lights, as is well known, fatigue the eyes of some actors painfully, set fire to dresses of incautious actresses, at times with fatal result, and produce heated currents of air in quick motion between singers and the audience. In the new method, the burners are kept below the floor, the products of combustion are carried off by two tubes, and the light is thrown upon the scene by a double reflector, and is at the same time so screened by a plate of unpolished glass as to save the actors' eyes from annoyance. This method of lighting may perhaps be found applicable to other places as well as theatres; and seeing that, in addition to the advantages above named, it prevents the diffusion of noxious vapors in the atmosphere, it has claims to consideration on the score of health.

The Musical Season.

Our readers have not failed to notice the advertisements announcing several series of concerts for the coming season, all of them of that sterling quality which commends them to the patronage and support of all those who profess to be interested in the cause of music in this city.

First we may mention, as coming first in order, the series proposed by MESSRS. KREISSMANN, LEONHARD and EICHBERG, of which the opening concert will be given this evening at CHICKERING'S. The programme before us offers rare attractions, Sonatas for Piano and violin by Beethoven and Bach, an Andante for two pianos, of Schumann, performed by Messrs. Leonhard and Dresel with choice bouquets of songs by Robert Franz and Schubert by Mr. Kreissmann, solos by Messrs. Eichberg and Leonhard and a Trio by Haydn. A fascinating programme with names that give ample assurance of most excellent performance.

Then comes Mr. ZERRAHN, with the announcement of orchestral concerts. We trust most fervently that he may be able to carry out his plan, and if the true lovers of orchestral music second his endeavors as they should, we have no doubt of his success.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, though named last, are not least esteemed. They announce

their *thirteenth* season, to commence on the 27th inst. We know precisely what familiar faces we shall see at this first concert, of those who through these thirteen years have faithfully attended these concerts, to many the most interesting of all that are given here, but we hope to see yet more and more of new lovers of Chamber music, to swell the numbers of the congenial company, who have so long enjoyed together the faithful rendering of those works of the great masters whose youth is perpetual, it would seem, and of which we never tire.

The Mendelssohn Club have a new member, Mr. Goering, who takes the place of Mr. Zöhler. Otherwise the members are the same as in the last season. We cordially wish them a renewal of the marked success that attended their concerts of the last winter. Now too, is the time, to organize for the private concerts which are so pleasant, and, for suburban, so much more convenient than the public concerts in Boston.

Organ for Christ Church, Cambridge.

A new organ has just been placed in this ancient and beautiful church by W. B. D. Simmons & Co. The contents and plan of the organ are the same as those of one by the same builders for the Vine street Church, Roxbury (noticed in our Journal, page 206) with the addition of a *Viol da Gamba* stop. The case is of chestnut, of a design corresponding generally with the beautiful memorial painted window in the chancel, the pipes being of the natural color of the metal.

The first organ of this church was built by the famous John Snetzler, of London, in 1761 when the church was erected. While Cambridge was occupied by the patriot troops in the Revolutionary war, the metal pipes were appropriated by them and converted into *bullets*. The original excellence of the instrument was consequently much impaired, as the pipes afterwards substituted were very inferior. A new organ was presented in place of this instrument, by the late A. G. Pickman, Esq., built by George Stevens in 1845, which, however, has proved quite inadequate to the needs of the church, and is now replaced by the one under notice.

An informal exhibition of its capacity was given on Friday evening of last week, which gave satisfactory evidence of its excellent tone and of power sufficient for the church. The choir of the College Chapel under Prof. Homer, contributed the vocal portion of the programme and Mr. George E. Whiting, of Boston, skillfully displayed the good points of the organ.

The following impromptu programme was given.

1. Extempore Voluntary.....Mr. Whiting
2. Magnificat. Zingarelli.....Choir
3. Overture. Heimkehr aus der Fremde, (Mendelssohn).
Mr. Whiting
4. Gloria in Excelsis. (Concone).....Choir
5. Fugue, (G minor).....Bach
6. Te Deum, (Jackson).....Choir
7. Andante. 1st Sym. Beethoven.....Mr. Whiting
8. Concluding Voluntary.....Mr. Parker
9. Old Hundred. Sung by the audience.

Mr. Whiting, of whose performances we have before spoken, has quite remarkable powers of execution and ranks high among our resident organists. We learn that he has recently succeeded Mr. S. A. Bancroft, as the organist at the Mount Vernon Church, Boston, which, of itself, shows the high estimation in which he is held. Mr. Bancroft goes to the Emanuel Church (Rev. Dr. Huntington's).

The singing of the College Choir gave much pleasure to the audience and good proof of the efficient labors of Mr. Homer, the Instructor of Music in the College.

Concerts.

THE PATTI MATINEE at the Academy of Music on Saturday last was an entertainment of which we

expected little, and enjoyed much. Indeed, only to hear CARLOTTA PATTI's clear soprano dash off the glittering sparkles that make the ornament of the song of the Queen of the Night, from the *Zauberflöte*, with such rare perfection of vocalization, was enough to reward one for going out in the dreary rain of that day.

Beside this; a fine orchestra under Mr. ZERRAHN, gave us good overtures and a pianist whom we have never heard, Mr. SANDERSON, showed himself to be a most brilliant concert-player, giving a transcription of the *Semiramide* overture and a fantasia from *Rigoletto* with excellent effect. His execution of *octaves* was indeed quite remarkable and his playing was loudly applauded. Signor CENTEMERI, a singer new to us, is a pleasing baritone, of not very powerful voice, but artistic style and good school. Mr. LEHMANN, a basso, gave some German ballads in a very satisfactory manner.

Madame VON BERKEL, whom we have heard in opera, sang in Italian and English, to much acceptance and our old friend, Mad. STRAKOSCH, (eldest of the Patti's) sang more to our taste than we have heard her of late. Her voice seeming fresh and sweet and not worn as it has sometimes, recently, appeared upon the stage.

Another *matinée* will be given *this afternoon*, will, we doubt not, be equally pleasant.

THE CONCERT AT THE MUSIC HALL presented many agreeable features. True, the selections were not new, but they were mostly excellent, and the artists are so well known that they seem like old friends. BRIGNOLI especially delighted the audience, being in capital voice and spirits. We never heard him with more satisfaction. SUSINI was impressive and ponderous as usual; but his style is not quite faultless, and he needs the scope of the stage to produce the best effect. MANCUSI, a new baritone, achieved only a moderate success; his voice is of pure quality, but he either lacks nerve or experience, and he did not do himself full justice. Miss HINCKLEY, (or rather Signora Susini) sang in a rather spiritless manner; her voice bubbling up, as it were, inarticulately, and without the force and emphasis that belong to a fine artist. Mr. MOLLENHAUR, brother of the famous violinist, played two pieces on the violoncello with marvellous skill. They were intended for popular effect and would not take high rank as music; but his command over the instrument is so masterly, his touch so exquisite, and his taste and feeling so apparent, that it would be hard to write anything but praise. He was heartily applauded and recalled each time.

Mr. Anschütz, a thorough musician, as our readers all know, accompanied the artists upon the pianoforte. The concert would have been far more enjoyable with an orchestra. We have become familiar with the gems of the opera in their appropriate setting and substitutes seem rather meagre. However, we have no opera, and have little prospect of one, and in the dearth of musical entertainments, even a cool evening at the Music Hall is better than nothing.

BOSTON MOZART CLUB.—We learn that the Monday Evening Rehearsals of this Club, have again commenced; and that the services of Mr. CARL ZERRAHN as Conductor have been secured for the season.

The Rehearsals will, as heretofore, be held at Mercantile Hall, (Summer street). We have often noticed the pleasant entertainments given by this amateur club during the last season, and know of no association that presents such attractions to amateur players of any orchestral instrument as the Mozart Club. The privileges of the *associate* members are also very pleasant and enjoyable.

MUSIC IN THE ARMY.—Dr. J. H. Douglas has made a report to the Secretary of the Sanitary Commission relating to the disposition of the wounded after the battle of Ball's Bluff, which reveals some interesting facts. The importance of music in the camp after battle is well set forth in that part of the report which speaks of the care of the wounded, in the following manner:—

"I am convinced that music in a camp after a battle, whether it is a successful engagement or not is of great importance, especially so after defeat. One of the soldiers said to me, 'I can fight with tenfold more spirits, hearing the national airs, than I can without music.' Others of the wounded said they wished the bands would play more frequently. Of the feeling that pervaded the men after the battle, Dr. Douglas says they had not the slightest appearance of depression; all were in excellent spirits, and eager for another brush with the enemy. There was none of the demoralization and expressions of bad feeling such as was exhibited after the battle of Bull Run. The long roll called them to arms in the middle of the night of Wednesday, Oct. 23, only two days after the battle and the whole remaining regiment appeared with as much alacrity as ever before."

A correspondent of the *Daily Advertiser*, says that the above reminds him of an incident in one of the earlier campaigns of the first French Republic. "It was described in my presence when a child by an eye-witness. It was deemed important by the Austrian General, to take a battery, or strong positions, held by the French near the Rhine at no great distance from Mannheim. Two attacks of the Austrian storming-party had been beaten back, when the band of the regiment was ordered to the front, and the position was taken in a very few minutes."

GERMANIA BAND.—A rumor has somehow obtained that the Germania Band was dissolved, the members having mostly enlisted in the various regimental bands for the war. Nothing could be farther from the truth, as the band was never in a healthier condition than at present, though we are sorry to say it does not now, nor has it ever received the share of patronage its superior qualities merit. The fault, however, has not been entirely with the public. The members being one and all *professional* musicians, have not that natural business capacity which in this land of go-ahead-itiveness must characterize the man who will succeed pecuniarily. Relying too much on the fact which they were aware of, that they could and did furnish better music than any band in New England, they have waited for business to come to them, not remembering that one half the public do not know how a brass or reed band should be formed, or how the musicians should play after being formed into a band. Many people who would have engaged the Germania Band did not know where to find it, and we have frequently spoken privately of the lack of system in its business arrangements. But a change has recently taken place, and now, with Sig. De Ribas, well known as one of the first musicians in the country, at the head of the bureau of engagement, we hope to see the band rise like a Phoenix from its ashes. With Heinicke for a leader, and with such musicians as the brothers Eichler, Regestein, Pinter, Ribas, Faulwasser, and other well-known players, we see no reason why the Germania Band should not at once take the position it ought rightfully to occupy.—*Boston Musical Times*.

THE JUDGMENT OF THE PUBLIC.—Whether the public, collectively considered, be or be not good judges of music, is a question often mooted but never satisfactorily determined. Each position has its strenuous advocates. One side insists that true judgment on matters of art and taste combined can only proceed from the general mass, whose opinions are unfettered, whom no prejudice can sway, no interest can subvert, and who are moved to no bias by pedantry or technical servility. The other side argues that the judgment and opinions of unlettered and uninformed people should be esteemed of the least account, since they are directed by feeling only, a most unsound and unsafe guide in subjects of delib-

erative speculation, and that instinct and natural appreciation could never supply the place of knowledge and experience. When an appeal is made to facts, either party finds support in past and current events, and forcibly brings forth all that aids its own argument, without even dreaming of that of its antagonist. It is contended that all works which have obtained great popularity, another term for the favor and sanction of the multitude, are addressed as much to the vulgar as the refined ear, and that the *Messiah* and *Don Giovanni* are as much constituted to please the tyro as the connoisseur. The mighty intellects, it is urged, who gave life to these masterpieces, did not compose them in order to delight and gratify the learned only, but to charm the universal ear, while at the same time it perfectly gratified the tutored understanding. The supporters of this doctrine are fond of quoting the celebrated expression of Weber, which he never expressed, that "he did not write *Oberon* for John Bull, he wrote it for the world"; and cite the fact as the cause of the non-popularity of the opera. Weber did not in *Oberon*, as he had done in *Der Freischütz*, conciliate the public taste; hence the success of one work and the failure of the other. The opposition maintains that what is called the "general" is not the "universal" public, and that the mass of the people, who must materially exercise a powerful influence on the reputation any work enjoys, are not as unlettered and ignorant as is attempted to be made out. It is further advanced that all works achieve their reputation by expressed opinion, which implies consideration and reflection if not knowledge and experience, and consequently that judgment can only be propounded where there is some exercise of the thinking faculty, which does not appertain to the unlettered and ignorant, which sounds somewhat, to our simple apprehension, like a paradox. Both sides are armed with powerful arguments and ratiocinations formed to confound all but their opponents. For our own parts, in reference to so stupendous a matter, we merely observe, with Sir Roger de Coverley, "much may be said on both sides."

"The public," writes Goldsmith, "is too frequently mistaken as to the merits of every candidate for favor; but, to make amends, it is never mistaken long. A performance, indeed, may be forced for a time into reputation; but, destitute of real merit; it soon sinks; time, the touchstone of what is truly valuable, will soon discover the fraud, and an author should never arrogate to himself any share of success till his works have been at least ten years read with satisfaction."

This is exactly the way to put it. The *merus publicus*, impressed by their feelings in the first instance, are not in a condition to give any opinion of their own. The superficial and simple are certain to please uneducated ears, and hence the cause why many works of little merit have for a time enjoyed so large a share of popularity. But the ear grows used to trivialities, and use begets opinion, and opinion judgment, and comparison at last enforced proclaims the power of thought over pure instinct. Frequent hearing creates the connoisseur, and thus as music progresses *dilettantism* increases, until every body is able to hazard an opinion. Time, indeed, is the true touchstone of all things tentative and experimental. No mental composition ever obtained renown which was not founded on the rock of art, which is truth, and against all works erected thereon the billows of prejudice and false taste lashed for ages can never prevail.—*Musical World*.

BOSTON MUSIC TEACHERS.—For many years past European teachers of high excellence have come to reside among us. It can matter but little where the tuition be given so long as able instructors are at hand. Our piano teachers are numerous and skillful; such men as Dresel, Leonhard, Lang, Parker, (we mention merely a few of our public performers) and many others, are amply competent to lead those students who possess any native musical taste to a refined appreciation of music, and an artistic excellence as performers. Bendelari and Kreissmann, from across the water, are able representatives of their separate schools. Our own vocal teachers are largely and excellently represented by ladies. Mrs. Harwood, Mrs. Long, Mrs. Kempton and others have a large field for exertion and are sufficiently accomplished to take a high position in it.

We do not propose to enumerate the music teachers in the city; we have alluded to the subject merely to advance their merits, and to lead our students, at the beginning of our winter season, to avail themselves of the store of musical ability which we have so largely among us. Our purpose will be achieved if this ability be fully recognized and made available.—*Boston Musical Times*.

The *Brighton (England) Gazette*, in speaking of the Birmingham Festival, says: "One pleasing feature in the late event we feel great pleasure in noticing, as we regard it a consummation devoutly to be wished: we allude to the explanatory and critical remarks inserted in the programme. Mr. Macfarren, we hear, introduced this plan into England, and we tender him our best thanks for it. It is a reproach to our musical population at home, that they are so little acquainted with the historical branch of art. If not absolutely indispensable to a just and proper appreciation of a work of art, a knowledge of the circumstances under which it emanated from the 'airy web' of its originator's fancy cannot but be of essential service to us in forming our estimate of its peculiar beauties and character. The more we penetrate into the mysteries of art, the greater will be our delectation; just as a connoisseur derives greater pleasure than the uninitiated in the contemplation of a beautiful painting or group of statuary."—*Ibid*.

CAPT. G. A. SCHMITT.—At the beginning of a series of Chamber Concerts, we cannot but regret not to have the ready and able assistance of the gentleman whose name heads this paragraph, whose contributions to these columns, have always been most welcome. Many of our readers are aware that he has long since laid down the pen and drawn the sword, for his adopted country, and that he was seriously wounded at Ball's Bluff. We have seen a gentleman lately from the camp of the 20th Regiment, who tells us that Capt. Schmitt is at last doing well, and in a fair way to complete recovery. Our readers will join with us in congratulating our gallant friend on his narrow escape upon that terrible field. May he do much more good service for the country, and return again in safety to the quieter fields of Literature and Art, in which he has labored so well.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 12.—*First Philharmonic Concert November 9th.*—Every concert reporter has a few phrases ready, with which (in order to give himself the air of knowing something about the matter), he describes the impression each work made, or should have made upon him. Must he not also criticize the execution? And it is next to impossible for any musical production to pass through the critics understanding without losing a few features, or sustaining some bruises. And can he give himself so much trouble, without blaming the incorrect performance of certain portions, the too late or too early entrance of this or that instrument, or the drum beaters' badly executed pauses?

The Fifth Symphony, by Ludwig van Beethoven, played by the New York Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Mr. Bergmann, was a pleasure of the highest order. What more can be said?

The "Carneval Romain" overture, by Hector Berlioz, delighted us, although it would have produced a better effect in a larger hall. It is rather overwhelming, when Berlioz, with true French abandon, lets the whole instrumental chorus loose, each player apparently working "on his own hook!" But who can be angry with such a composer? the work is full of character and spirit, and is rich in piquant instrumental effects. The solo for the English horn is pleasing,—a melody overflowing with French sentimentality, which is taken up by the other instruments, and continued until the entrance of the bold, lively tarantella theme of the allegro vivace: those who would know more about this overture, can study it in the score. As to execution, the time was often uncertain, nor did the instruments always come in with certainty. But we were grateful for the opportunity of hearing such a work; will not Mr. Bergmann break the seals that still separate us from the Berlioz Symphony? May Queen Mab, in her moonbeam chariot, drawn by mites and gnats,—haunt, and let loose upon him all her tricks, and charms, and elfin torments, until he grants our wish!

How shall we speak of Wagner's overture to *Rienzi*? For many disciples, Wagner is the apostle of modern dramatic music, and sometimes righteously so. But many regard him as a misfortune that has befallen art; and again—often they are right. With these we are obliged to admire all that he has created; with those, we must condemn everything. We take the opinion that lies between the two. The hearing of this overture was in many ways interesting to us; at the same time, we are indifferent as to hearing it again. It is programme music; blood flows; freedom is preached; the trumpets commence with a long sigh, the instrumental world lets loose the reins; all is noise and hurricane; and when the thing cannot be carried any farther—*finis est*.

Mr. Mills played Chopin's F minor concerto with artistic intelligence and finish. Those who understood the difficulties, both technical and "expressional" of this concerto, were grateful to Mr. Mills for his admirable translation of the true Chopin spirit. This artist also played Henselt's elegant variations most charmingly.

Miss Fay sang two Italian Arias.

Mason and Thomas' Quartette Soirées (Nov. 5th.)—Ferd. Hand has said somewhere, that the performance of a quartette is one of the most difficult tasks. Common understanding of the composer's intention, complete unity of feeling is necessary; a little difference of opinion on the part of the players, even, may hinder the perfection of execution. Then the precise accentuation, the pianos and fortes, the tenderness with which the whole work should be handled! No player can make any display of his own individuality; he is only a part of a whole. The very tone of the several instruments should bear a sympathetic resemblance, both as to strength and tone. But when one soul, one endeavor, reigns in the quartette party, is it not a beautiful musical symbol of true friendship?

That Messrs. Thomas, Mosenthal, Matzka and Bergner understood their task, their excellent rendition of the clear, lovely, sunny G major quartette by Mozart, was a sufficient proof. How happy, how contented, how glad we felt while listening to it!—Now we enjoyed Mozart's genial work, and then we rejoiced in the artists' noble endeavors, who have made it their duty to awaken a taste for fine chamber music in their foreign home. It is too plain that this is not done from pecuniary motives; but they shall yet reap who so disinterestedly sow the seeds of the true and beautiful in art!

The execution of Robert Schumann's quartette in F major also delighted the listeners; but a little uncertainty was observable in the last movement. Franz Schubert's Rondo in B minor was finely played by Messrs. Mason and Thomas. This noble exemplification of Schubertian humor is a little tainted with sentimentality. Mr. Mason also played Beethoven's admirable sonata, in E flat, opus 31.

Fain would we don the seven leagued boots, and leap over the days that separate us from she next soirée. CYGAN.

Letter from Trovator.

TROVATOR'S PANORAMA, PART II.

Sweden, September, 1861.

The curtain rolls up and all is dark. (This you know is one of the standard "effects" of a panorama). But by and by, lights peer out—then water is seen reflecting the lights. Then stars overhead—then more lights, forming apparently a crescent and evidently belonging to some hilly town; by which I mean to say that the town is built on the slope of a hill; really what with stars and gas and water it is a pretty scene.

(Here the Exhibitor of the Panorama speaks).

Exhibitor, log. Ladies and gentlemen, we have the pleasure of exhibiting to you a magnificent view of the city of Stockholm; the capital of the Kingdom of Sweden and built upon the romantic shores of Lake Malar and the Baltic, which here unite their

waters. The history of Stockholm, is highly interesting. It was found in the year Something and Odd, by a distinguished warrior whose name has at this moment escaped me, but which is undoubtedly familiar to every member of this highly intelligent audience.

The large edifice whose outlines you see dimly before you is the palace the present King of Sweden Carl XV. the grandson of Bernadotte. The palace is one of the noblest royal mansions in Europe. Opposite to the Palace, on the other side of the harbor, you discover the outline of the new Museum, intended to contain the pictorial and zoological treasures of the realm. Observe the beautiful effect of the starlight upon the water, and advise your friends to come and see it likewise.

So we are at Stockholm. I won't describe the city or interfere with the province of the regular exhibitor—only let me say, that a more fascinating and lovely little capital is not to be found anywhere else in Europe. It is a place *sui generis*. Romantic, lively, animated, gay and musical.

Here Jenny Lind lived; and here her mother lives yet. And here I attended an opera at the celebrated opera house in which King Gustavus III. was assassinated. It is an elegant but not a large theatre and the performance was not first-class. As Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera" has revived the interest felt in the incident which has attached an historic association to the building, let me recount afresh this singular tragedy.

Gustavus III. built the theatre which was finished in 1782. On the 16th of March, 1792, a Masked Ball took place there. The King had been previously warned by an anonymous letter, but not wishing to be thought cowardly he took no notice to it. He attended the ball wearing a black masque and domino, and leaning on the arm of Baron d'Essen one of his courtiers. In the crowd, he was speedily recognized and surrounded by several masks who pushed up close to him, evidently with design. At last one of them approached the King and striking him lightly on the shoulder, as if to find out whether he wore a coat of mail under his domino exclaimed, "Good evening sir Mask." The king became uneasy and was about to return to the drawing room, when the report of a pistol was heard, the King fell into the arms of d'Essen, crying out "I am wounded."

Suddenly a cry of "fire, fire!" was raised, and numbers ran to escape; but the Baron d'Essen loudly commanded that all the doors should be closed.

The King was carried into the little saloon behind his box, and thence taken to the palace on a litter. As the porters were conveying up the staircase of Lions, he raised himself up, and exclaimed to the surprise of those about him, "I am like the Holy Pope; they carry me in procession."

In the meantime the doors of the theatre were closed and guarded and the names of all the maskers were taken. The last of these was a captain Ankerstroom who observed with a marked arrogance, "I hope no one suspects me." "Why you, more than anybody else?" answered the chief of police. Later a pistol and dagger were found in the parquet which were recognised as belonging to Ankerstroom who was therefore arrested. He confessed that he was the assassin, but declared that he had no accomplices.

The king became worse and worse and on the 29th of March died from the effects of the wound, first expressing a wish that the accused should be pardoned—for several others had been arrested, in consequence of this wish of the dying king, only Ankerstroom was executed, the others were acquitted.

It will be easily seen how far the concocters of the *libretti* of Auber's and Verdi's operas have departed in their version from the historical fact of the affair.

* * * * *

In the market place of Stockholm I heard some very peculiar street singing by two women, accompanying themselves on the harp. The melodies were very beautiful and generally plaintive, but there was one comic song ending with a refrain about "dretful krinolin" which pleased the humble audience mightily. The minstrels sold the words of the songs and every purchaser—including market girls, laborers and seamen—joining in the choruses.

The music in the Swedish churches is chiefly of the German choral style, and the service though nominally Protestant retains many of the Catholic forms, while the clergymen wear as highly colored and embroidered robes as the priests of Italy.

From Stockholm there is a very irregular water communication to the West coast of Sweden by means of numerous lakes connected with canals, the entire route being known as the Gotha canal. Travelling on this canal it is customary for the passengers to walk along the banks while the steamer is slowly descending the frequent locks. On one occasion I strolled farther ahead than I had any thought of doing, and the afternoon gradually sank into twilight. Arriving at a lock—there was only one house in sight—I entrenched myself on the bank near by to await the steamboat, as the twilight deepening into dusk made it unpleasant to watch farther. Then in the dim glooming was heard far below, a delicious carolling. It was from a Swedish milk maid returning slowly home and warbling some national air. She approached, passed along the path at the foot of the bank, and without thinking there was any hidden listener near by, went on slowly, still singing till her voice was lost in the distance. The melody was quaint and peculiar, yet simple, lively and characteristic, and the entire incident was of just the kind which one might expect in a pastoral opera, but could hardly hope to find in real life. The Swedish girl had a remarkably sweet and powerful voice, and possibly latent musical talent enough to make with due instruction another Jenny Lind.

So the panorama of travel goes on enlivened by incidents which trifling in themselves add greatly to the pleasure of the trip and form material for the note book of John Brown.

I call him John Brown because he told me that a year ago he visited America in six weeks, expressly to visit the scene of the execution of Ossawatimie Brown, at Harpers Ferry. He was a fellow passenger an old Scotchman, shrewd, dry, and sometimes witty. Travelling was his hobby and though his yearly vacation of six weeks did not allow him much time, he had visited every country in Europe, and was as familiar with Constantinople and Madrid, as with Aberdeen or Auld Reekie. His travelling apparatus consisted of an extra shirt, a pocket comb, Murray and an unusual facility of getting along in the world. He spoke no continental language and in the English tongue—occasionally varying it with few phrases of Highland Gaelic—would talk indiscriminately to Turk, Russian, Italian or Swede. And really the man seemed seemed to travel just as comfortably as if he had been a perfect Mezzofanti.

Of Gothenburg, of the sea again, of the Cattegat and of Copenhagen the Panorama I have no doubt gives admirable views but, I suppose I must pick it for you only musical items.

Here, then, is the Tivoli, a superb music garden in Copenhagen. The admirable orchestra is led by Lumbye whose name is familiar to most musical people, as an excellent composer of dance music. He is a respectable elderly gentleman with white hair, a white moustache. He leads well, and selects programmes in which Lumbye's music—and one might select worse music too—is the principal ingredient. The people are very fond of his works and encore them frequently—at which Lumbye looks very benignly on them and the world in general. TROVATOR.

Special Notices.

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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Beggar girl. For one or two voices.

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An old familiar ballad which by Mad. Anna Bishop's inimitable singing has of late become a great favorite among singers. The accompaniments are new.

The magic of a smile.

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A Ballad of superior merit.

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A sentimental song in the popular style. A capital thing for serenading purposes.

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Adapted to the elder Russell's familiar and spirited air "Pull away cheerily." It would make a capital soldiers' song.

Instrumental Music.

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A piece immensely popular abroad, and played here nightly, during the engagement of Miss Julia Daly at the Boston Theatre, with great success.

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Strauss. 25

A very pretty Polka, which this celebrated composer of dance music wrote expressly for the great *presidigitator*, whose name it bears. It has been played innumerable times during his entertainments in this country and elsewhere, and will have a large sale. A humorous sketch of the wizard, which, besides, has the merit of being an excellent portrait, makes the piece still more marketable.

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An easy and pleasing trifle.

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Written "in memoriam" of the distinguished Californian who fell in the service of his country at the Ball's Bluff battle. The air of "Rest spirit rest" is happily introduced.

Valse pastorale.

A. Kielblock. 35

A fine "Morceau de Salon," of medium difficulty. The many friends which former compositions of this author have gained for themselves, will be glad to see a new sign of his activity.

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A very fine collection of the choicest Operatic Airs and favorite melodies, comprising selections from "Sicilian Vespers," "Il Trovatore," "Traviata," "Bohemian Girl," "Lucia," and other Operas, together with popular songs, waltzes, polkas, marches, quicksteps and arranged for the violin and piano. A book of this class has long been in demand, and a want has existed which will now be freely met by this work. We commend it to amateurs as "just the thing."

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

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(From the Atlantic Monthly for November.)

The Flower of Liberty.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

What flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from heaven so freshly born?
With burning star and flaming brand
It kindles all the sunset land;
O, tell us what its name may be!
Is this the Flower of Liberty?

It is the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

In savage nature's far abode
Its tender seed our fathers sowed:
The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood
Till, lo! earth's tyrants shook to see
The full-blown Flower of Liberty!

Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Behold its streaming rays unite
One mingling flood of braided light—
The red that fires the Southern rose,
With spotless white from Northern snows,
And, spangled o'er its azure, see
The sister Stars of Liberty!

Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

The blades of heroes fence it round;
Where'er it springs is holy ground;
From tower and dome its glories spread;
It waves where lonely sentries tread;
It makes the land as ocean free,
And plants an empire on the sea!

Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Thy sacred leaves, fair freedom's flower,
Shall ever float on dome and tower,
To all their heavenly colors true,
In blackening frost or crimson dew;
And God love us as we love thee,
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!

Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

For Dwight's Journal of Music

(Translated from Louis Ehler's "Briefe über Musik," &c. By
FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.)

Berlioz and Wagner.

LETTER 17.

The Cellini overture, which I heard yesterday, calls my attention to one of the most remarkable individualities of our day.

Hector Berlioz is a man of wonderful, almost tropical fancy, a born orchestral mind, and among living musicians, the most interesting. However heroically passionate, dreamily soft, intellectually and prodigally rich may be his ideas and combinations, "the curse of the grimace" is thrown over the whole. Something like the odor of blood cleaves to his partitions, and it sometimes seems to me, as though the knowledge of a deadly crime, mad to confess itself, struck the cymbals in his orchestra. As nothing is so detestable to his spirit as restriction, and as his realistic mind is ever pressing forward towards

extremes, his ideas are abrupt, his combinations adventurous, his orchestral calculations subtilized, until we reel through his scores from voluptuousness to horror, between wit and ascetism, sobriety and negligence. What are the horrors of Balzac, Grabbe, or Salvator Rosa, compared with those of this very French pen? Not the "Tempest," the "Winter's Tale," not Achim von Arnim's wildest fancies, not Hoffman's most drunken humors can reach the witch-sabbath of Berlioz's "Walpurgis-Night." That sounds sometimes thoughtfully still as falling stars, then wild as a polonaise of will-o'-the-wisps, then it is a May-fly's concerto; or it rises like the sea, while the earth trembles beneath this orchestra, and hot, red clouds ascend and lie upon the instruments like volcanic glories. If you ever have an opportunity to hear the Queen Mab in "Romeo and Juliet," ride thirty miles for that purpose. Our Cyclops can also become an elf. Then you will hear an orchestra, with gnats and grasshoppers for players, the violins covered with spider's webs, and the flutes cut from reeds. He who has not heard this conversation cannot have an idea of its delicacy. Rose confessions, violet complaints are noisy in comparison.

I will tell you a secret, but I must beg of you not to look so beseechingly at me with your forget-me-not eyes. I have a secret love at the bottom of my heart; a forbidden, secret love,—and, but that the world is so unfeelingly virtuous, I would carry its colors openly on my bosom. I love, and will love Hector Berlioz as long as my heart beats, and I will tell you why. For I am so fortunate as to be able to give good reasons for my love. Perhaps I had an imaginative nurse, who early accustomed my childish soul to fabulous conversations and ghost story necessities. Probably she had an aeronaut or a poppy merchant for a husband, for she filled my head with wonderful histories of enchantment of all kinds. She had a wonderful way of looking at the world as from a bird's-eye view, of petrifying living things, and giving a speech to the lifeless, so that I was not at all astonished when I found her carrying on a conversation with her arm chair. She would certainly have given me an endless repertory of fairy tales, had she not possessed the peculiarity of many circulating libraries, that of having lost the last pages of many of her histories. Thus all sorts of plots and characters became entangled in my fancy; some without a head, some without feet,—for it often happened that I remembered the happy end of a thing, when its melancholy beginning was wanting. Through my whole life I have been haunted by a desire to repair these mutilated tales. And so it happened, that I heard accidentally, at a concert, a piece by Berlioz. Imagine my astonishment, when I recognized my dearest legends in it, and now enjoyed them, un mutilated, for the first time. I would scarcely believe it, when the piece came to an end, and all the glory vanished with the sound. The sudden recall to reality was as disagreeable as the awakening from a

sweet dream. Since that time, I have felt the deepest interest and curiosity in Berlioz. I thoroughly understand the peculiarities of this man's creations, for I listen to them in a two-fold manner; with the grateful, unprejudiced ear of a child, and with the watchfulness of a dissatisfied artist. I know, just as well as any one, how drunkenly wild his counterpoint often is,—in deed, it often looks as though it had been written with red wine,—how like beasts of prey his rhythms leap, how hasheesh intoxicated his harmonies can be; I know well enough that poor Berlioz sometimes buries his thoughts, led astray by their apparent death; then, taking them back from the bier, he does not perceive that they are now really dead, and wear two fatal worms in the head, in place of fine eyes; but I also know, that it must be conceded to this man, that he is completely individual, and of a perfect mould. It is not imitation, affected striving after a capricious ideal, or the idolatry of his friends, that has made him what he is, but a simple necessity of his nature. I consider him an anomaly of genial strength, the fanciful dessert served by Providence after the feast of Ludwig van Beethoven. He is a remarkable *hors-d'œuvre*, and I freely acknowledge that I enjoy most of his works with extreme delight, and take the liveliest sympathy in all; for when Berlioz errs, it is at least the error of a giant, and the errors of giants are infinitely more interesting than the truths of dwarfs.

The Cellini overture is one of the finest pieces from Berlioz's pen; it has little that is morbid in the conception, it is clear, full of the finest motives, and handled with extraordinary intelligence. It is no posthumous instrumentation of abstract thoughts; the real movement of an orchestra lives in it. We feel, in spite of ourselves, that Berlioz's true kingdom is the orchestra. Wagner needs words; nay, more, he needs the situation. Only when these two conditions carry the musician along with them, is he excellent. The Tannhäuser overture is no exception to this rule, for it is only an epitome of the situations of the whole opera; and, according to my judgment, it will be unique among his compositions. In his Faust overture, I miss the hand of a truly instrumental nature like that of Berlioz; it contains many fine intentions, but no goal; rhapsodical interjections, but no true force of thought; and thus the whole piece makes upon me the impression of a finely instrumented, but,—when we consider the greatness of the subject,—merely the expression of an *interesting* sorrow. How much more alive are his scores, when he has to do with real objects, with an actual world!

Wonderful is the warfare that this question of the "Future-music" has caused. Led astray by party hate and favor, its ideal floats still further down the future. Our German journalism has not shown its finest side in the contest. When parties had exhausted all their reasons, they began to abuse each other. And not with the genial abuse of Fichte either, who once, after an hour's vain discussion, broke off with the despair-

ing exclamation, "Sir, one of us must necessarily be an ass, but assuredly it is not I!", but with stupid abuse. Rudeness is, it is well known, an acknowledgment that there is nothing more to be said reasonably. You have stigmatized my silence on this question as equivocal. Madame, I value a ripe silence more highly than an unripe discourse. At an earlier period, I might have endeavored, like many other young enthusiasts, to relieve and convince myself; for, believe me, the greater part of our critics in art write in order to enlighten themselves. I will confess to you, that with age, a certain difficulty, a certain mistrust as to the value of maiden impressions has come over me; nay, I will lay at your feet the most fearful of all confessions, a confession, to which a critic by the grace of God would listen with a shrug of sovereign pity; that I have been many times forced to correct my taste, for I have found that it is best not to put faith in the first impression that a thing makes upon me, that I must often alter a first judgment, and that admiration will even sometimes step into the place of disgust. I cannot describe to you the lively dislike that the motive of the Venus mountain inspired me with on hearing it for the first time, what a whine it appeared to my nervous system, how dull and trivial Tannhäuser's song in B major seemed to me, or how that shiver of the violins at the close, tormented and displeased me. I felt as though I were witnessing the dancing follies of a mad-house ball. To-day, although I am not disposed to regard the overture to Tannhäuser in the light of such a work of art as the overture to Coriolanus, I have become gradually familiar with it, and when it is played before the curtain, it exercises over me a narcotic influence of the most agreeable kind. This experience has made me distrustful and meditative as to my own impressions. In studying carefully the works of younger masters, when anything in them displeases me, I think immediately of my Tannhäuser experience. But it is not my fault, if I feel towards some of them always the same horror that I felt at the beginning. If the confession that I feel unqualified to judge the value an artistic creation on a first hearing, awakens your favorable opinion as to my honesty, you will certainly lose what regard you may have felt for the greatness of my intellect! However, I am less fearful of being blamed for prejudice, than for hastiness or dishonesty, for we are all—you alone excepted!—prejudiced; and if any one could give me a trigonometrically correct measurement of the superficial contents of my nature, I should give much less thought to the size of the article, than to the great gain such knowledge would prove to me in setting the use and management of my faculties in a clear light before me.

But as to my position in this peculiar question, I do not absolutely belong to either party; I am too young and confident, not to meet and greet progress eagerly, wherever it is to be found; yet too old and distrustful, to give myself up entirely to a party that believes it will succeed by means of excess and the romantic fanaticism of its associated fury. I will not court the favors of either, and if I displease, I do so at least with good intentions.

The Emperor Nicholas—there are few persons, madam, whose remarks strike us more forcibly than the political sentences of the late Czar

—once said: "I can understand the idea of a republic, but a constitutional government I cannot understand." To tell the honest truth, you can understand the absolutism of the classicists, and the stormy republicanism of the "future musicians," but what you cannot understand, is—my constitutional medium?

Letters about Music.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

Translated for the *London Musical World*, from the *Kölnische Zeitung*.

Felix Mendelssohn's brother, Herr Paul Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, the Berlin banker, announced some time since his intention of publishing, in conjunction with Professor Droysen, a collection of the celebrated musician's letters. The execution of this project, however, in its fullest extent, was attended, for the moment, by insurmountable difficulties, and therefore Herr Mendelssohn thought his best course would be to carry it out temporarily on the more limited scale. The result is that we have gained a volume of *Letters written by Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, while on his Travels, from 1830 to 1832*, a book perfectly unequalled in its own particular way, and for which we cannot sufficiently thank the publisher.

Felix Mendelssohn started from Berlin in May, 1830, for the purpose of making a long tour. He went, in the first place to Weimar, where he was most warmly received by Göthe, who prevailed on him to stop a fortnight, or thereabouts in his house. From Weimar he proceeded, by the way of Munich, to Vienna, and thence to Italy. We find him, in October, at Venice and Florence. The winter of 1830—31 he passed at Rome. In the spring of 1831 he made a trip to Naples, and then, taking Rome, Florence, Milan, &c. on his road, directed his steps to Switzerland, where he roved about for some months. A second visit to Munich took place in October, 1831. Thence he proceeded, through Düsseldorf (for the purpose of calling on Immermann) to Paris where he stayed the winter. The spring of 1832 found him in London—where he had frequently been before, the last occasion being in 1824—actively engaged in the prosecution of his art.

The letters now presented to us are, with few exceptions, all addressed to Mendelssohn's parents, or brothers and sisters. They treat of subjects of every kind at considerable length, and sometimes assume the form of a diary. They present us with the picture of a young man of such extraordinary natural gifts, and such eminent accomplishment, of so fresh and youthful a mind, of such high morality and amiable loveliness, that any one like him is very rarely to be met with in the history of art, or rather artists, while among musicians such a one has hitherto never been met with at all. Not only for those who knew Mendelssohn personally, or honored him as a composer—or for those who consider such a phenomenon in relation to progress generally—but even for his enemies (for such there are!), this collection of letters affords evidence of his greatness in every way, as a man.

It is very seldom that the powers that guide our fate are pleased to lavish their gifts so freely on any one as they did on Mendelssohn—it was not in vain that he was called Felix. His parents were not only blessed with material riches (a doubtful gift for their children), but were pre-eminent in mind as well as accomplishments, and conducted the education of their sons and daughters with just as much earnest strictness as devoted love. Mendelssohn grew up in the midst of the best educated society in Berlin. His natural talent for music (a talent which, for extent and early maturity, the only other example is to be found in the case of Mozart) was not forced, like a hot-house plant, at the expense of his other capabilities, but received, in its organic growth, all the sun and all the dew it needed. An engaging appearance, a celebrated name, which people had not to beat into their heads, and influential family connections advanced him

in his intercourse with the outer world—the social position which others have to win by their own exertions was his by the force of circumstances. For these brilliant advantages Mendelssohn might be envied; but he commands our love and respect by the mode in which he employed them. The gratitude he manifested towards his parents, and his warm love generally to all connected with him, his profound modesty, despite all the consciousness of his artistic strength, his love for nature, the sincere, overflowing admiration he entertained for all that is grand and beautiful, his earnestness, his industry, his respect for his art, his kindness towards every struggling man of talent—but I should never end, if I attempted to enumerate all his laudable and loveable qualities. A nearer, although cursory, glance at the letters lying before us, will furnish an occasion for many observations. You will allow me, pen in hand, to go through them once again, after having previously devoured them with a kind of feverish haste.

The first two letters, dated from Weimar, and the third from Munich, are interesting, not only on account of Mendelssohn, but also of Göthe. "Göthe is so friendly and kind to me that I do not know how to thank him for it, or deserve it," writes Felix. But this is not all. "The old gentleman" goes through a practical course of musical history with his young friend, who plays him pieces, "in chronological order, of all the various great composers," and takes him as far as Beethoven's symphony in C minor. But I should have to quote everything to give an idea of the charm of this meeting between the grey-haired hero of poetry and the genial young musician. It reminds us almost, however strange it may sound, of Clärchen's relation to Egmont, when Mendelssohn writes: "And as I then thought, this was the Göthe of whom people would one day say he was not one person, but consisted of several little Göthides." We regret that Eckermann was not present to add to his Dialogues those which may have taken place on this occasion.

A second letter from Munich to his elder sister, Fanny Hensel, who, as we know, was one of the first musicians of the day, is exceedingly characteristic, for its principal contents are a "Song without Words," the rest consisting of a few warmhearted lines. He sends the song to his suffering sister, as the genuine expression of his feeling for her, of "what he wishes and means;" and as the little piece (it is as Mendelssohnian as possible) begins, so to speak, in the middle and leaves off in the middle, without on that account being fragmentary, there is something very touching about it, and it really sounds more as if it was spoken than composed.

Concerning what Mendelssohn saw and did from the middle of June till the middle of August, we are left in the dark. Then come two letters, one containing an account of a travelling mishap in Salzburg, and the other a description of the coronation ceremonies of Pressburg, so full of life and humor (there are little touches of Jean Paul here and there), so full of enjoyment and abandon, but at the same time of objectivity, as to be perfectly entrancing. Mendelssohn possesses the gift of description in a degree which is astounding, especially when we recollect that his attention was, as a rule, devoted to music. Musicians, generally, are bad hands at seeing, which, by the way, is far from saying that they are always good ones at hearing. But it is one of the attributes of music to lead those who study it more particularly to the concentration, rather than the observation, of the outward world. Although nature and life may produce in the composer many a sentiment which he subsequently attempts to express in tone, yet it is not so much a quick perception of details as the total impression which he requires for this. But Mendelssohn may stand comparison with a painter (he possessed, indeed, a fair amount of skill in drawing from nature, and displayed a great partiality for cultivating and improving it), and, whether it be national customs, works of art, scenery, or events in social life, he describes his object in the most graphic manner. He possessed, also, an

excellent memory for things of this kind (his memory for music was something inconceivable), and, when he narrated facts and occurrences, it was evident he did not require to think over them—he went through them a second time, and photographed, as it were, all that passed before his mind's eye.

Thus the description of his entry into Italy, and his visit to Venice, from which place the following letters are dated, are full of really Göthe-like life.

But he expresses the impressions he received from material objects no less clearly than the scenes of every-day life. I must here notice a peculiarity of his mind which throws a strong light upon his whole artistic nature and productions. He invariably avoids what young men gifted (and, by the way, in many cases, not gifted) with poetical powers so frequently seek after, namely, the clothing his sensations in the strongest possible form of expression. Not only is everything like exaggeration repulsive to him, but a kind of modesty of heart prevents him in most cases even from presenting his feelings in all their strength. Thus he is in ecstasies about Titian. "But not a word more," he suddenly exclaims, "or else I shall grow poetical, if I am not so already, and that does not become me very much." Rather than appear, under any circumstances, pathetic, he endeavors to render in cheerful words, as unpretending as possible, whatever moves him most profoundly, and if he can ever be reproached with not being perfectly truthful, it is on the score of thus keeping in subjection that with which his soul is filled.

With what simple words, however, he could sometimes describe the loftiest thoughts, the following lines will show:—"But if I am to speak of Titian, I must be serious. I had not previously thought he was so happy an artist as I have to-day seen that he was. That he enjoyed life with its beauties and its riches is shown by the picture in Paris, and I was acquainted with the fact; but he was conversant, also, with the profoundest grief, and is no stranger to Heaven itself; this is proved by his divine Interment, and the Ascension."

In a subsequent letter to his master, Zelter, he gives vent to his indignation at the commonplace, humdrum music played in Italy, and his irritation is to be pacified only the music of the Sixtine Chapel, and a few occasional displays. The result of his musical experience in Italy always amounts to this,—that any one who wishes to hear Italian music well played, if, indeed, any one wishes to hear it at all, must go to Paris and London. It is to be hoped that regenerated Italy will have strength enough to take a fresh flight in art as well as in other things.

But during the whole period he is revelling in the works of art that Venice, Florence, and, subsequently Rome, present to his notice, Mendelssohn does not cease, a single instant, from active productivity himself. The works, however, which take up his time—if we expect a few occasional pieces, in the best acceptance of the word—have not any connection with the objects by which he is surrounded and inspired. At Venice he works at the music for Luther's Sacred Songs; at Rome, we see the *Walpurgisnacht* spring into life. His inward musical life pursues its natural course, like the pulsation of his heart; we behold blossoms sprout forth from what was previously sown, while the fruit progresses steadily and surely into full maturity.

At Rome, where he arrives on the 1st of November, 1830, he takes up his permanent quarters, so to speak, and expressly informs us, that it is here, for the first time, that a certain breathless eagerness for travel leaves him, and that he experiences the sensation of having reached the "culminating point" of his peregrinations. He remains until after the Easter solemnities, and his readers obtain a perfect picture of his sayings and doings, especially if they have been fortunate enough to visit the city themselves. We behold him studying, in solitude, art and antiquity; associating with men of the first order, such as Horace Vernet, Thorwaldsen, Bunsen, &c.; going out into fashionable society; and enjoying the

Carnival in a spirit of unrestrained fun. The Pope dies while Mendelssohn is at Rome, and Mendelssohn talks about the Conclave; of the election of the new Pope (Gregory XVI.), which happened, by the way, on his (Mendelssohn's) birthday; of the winter and spring days; of the religious ceremonies; and, in a word, of everything beautiful and peculiar, which arrests the attention of a visitor in the mournful old capital of the world. During all this time, however, he does not neglect work; and the lover of music will feel not a little delighted at being enabled to welcome so many of Mendelssohn's compositions at their birth. His only complaint is, that he has no intimate musical acquaintances; in this he was a spoilt child, and felt called upon to attribute to Italy alone a state of things which others meet in Germany as well.

Of the highest possible interest are the accounts Mendelssohn gives of the musical performances during Passion-Week, especially the account contained in a subsequent letter addressed to Zelter. His delicately-educated ear, his musical memory, the talent he had for giving himself up to his impressions, without losing for a moment his clearness of observation, rendered him capable of furnishing a report of every detached musical part, and, at the same time, of grasping, and most completely making his own, the poetical power of the whole. There is nothing on which a greater amount of obscure twaddle has been expended than the musical part of the solemnities during Passion-Week at Rome, and thus Mendelssohn's letters on the subject are a real gain for the history of Music.

The natural beauties of Naples and its neighborhood, some of which Mendelssohn visits in the company of Schadow, Bendemann, Sohn, and Hildebrand, afterwards his associates at Düsseldorf, do not prove sufficient to render his sojourn agreeable; and, for the first time, we behold him somewhat out of humor, and somewhat less active than usual. The manner in which he endeavors to enlighten himself and his relatives on his state of mind, is another most highly characteristic bit. He experiences the reaction of the Neapolitan *dolce far niente*, and nothing can be more repugnant to a hearty, hard-working young man, such as he is. His description of Neapolitan idleness and frivolity is admirable, and one feels inclined to shake hands with him, when he exclaims, "I can very well perceive why all this must be so, and why the wolves howl*, but there is no necessity for us to howl with them; the proverb should be just reversed."

Mendelssohn now proceeds on his travels from Rome, through Florence, Genoa, and Milan, to Switzerland. It is impossible to allude, even cursorily, to all the peculiarly attractive subjects with which his letters are filled. But I must mention the extracts from two letters to that excellent man, Edward Devrient. On the one hand, they present us with a splendid picture of the perfect purity of Mendelssohn's artistic efforts, while on the other, it is exceedingly remarkable that, as we perceive from them, precisely at this period of his most fertile development the young composer desires nothing so ardently as to write an opera. But he could not find a suitable poet, however much and zealously he endeavored to do so. We can scarcely estimate the influence which would have been exerted on the progress of German music had Mendelssohn met with a German Scribe. Had he done so, it may with great certainty be presumed that many things would have turned out differently from what they have done.

Hitherto we have been called on to contemplate only Mendelssohn's mental activity; but, during his ramblings through Switzerland, we see the genial young man in quite another light. We behold him scaling mountains and travelling valleys in the most undaunted manner; facing snow, rain, and wind; allowing the fearful weather to affect at the most his clothes, but never his spirits; in the midst of all his labors

* Mendelssohn is here alluding to the German proverb, "Wer unter den Wölfen ist, muss mitheulen."—"Whoever is among wolves must howl with them; equivalent to our 'When you are at Rome, you must do as Rome does.'"—J. V. B.

and privations never ceasing to draw, compose, and extemporise upon wretched organs; and treasuring up in his heart the magnificent beauties of nature with the same pure warmth he had greeted the works of art. At Engelberg he once again takes up Schiller's *Tell*, and is lost in ecstatic admiration of its incomparable beauties.

Many a German probably has discovered from experience, that by reading *Tell* on the scene of the action, he is struck by its truth and beauty, even more than he would be under ordinary circumstances. It is a remarkable fact that Mendelssohn, whose veneration for musical classics is well known, and who is erroneously looked upon as an opponent of progress (which, by the way, is in many cases a mere name) should at every opportunity, exclaim, "In music such a work does not yet exist, but something as perfect must be produced at some period or other." For the present, at any rate, there appears little hope of this being done.

I must now mention a most charming letter, written from Lucerne to Taubert. The latter had forwarded Mendelssohn a volume of his songs with a letter, and Mendelssohn receives the advances of one hitherto completely unknown to him with the same genuine, ardent sympathy, and the same heartfelt interest in his artistic aspirations, nearly allied to his own, which he always displays when he meets a musician with talent and integrity. Many of our best artists can corroborate this. Whenever he appeared distant, he could not help appearing so, for he did not choose either to abandon or disguise the great fundamental principles of his nature.

"The dirty, wet pedestrian takes his leave and will write again as a town fashionable, with visiting-cards, clean linen, and a dress-coat," we are informed in a letter of September 5th, from Lindau. Accordingly, on the 6th of October, Mendelssohn treats us to an account of his musical doings in Munich, where he is uncommonly amused, gives a grand concert for the benefit of the poor, plays at Court, creates a perfect *furor*, and participates with genuine boyish delight in the October Festival. In addition to this, he gives the fair little L——, a lesson in composition every day at twelve o'clock. What he says about this same little L—— must be quoted in order that it may be made known to those who have not yet obtained the book itself.

"I think her one of the sweetest creatures ever I saw. Just fancy a delicate, small, pale little girl, with noble, though not handsome features; so interesting and unusual, that it is difficult to keep one's eyes off her, while all her movements and all her words are full of geniality. She possesses the gift of composing songs and singing them in such a manner, that I never heard anything like it; to listen to her is for me the most perfect musical pleasure ever enjoyed. When she seats herself at the piano, and commences one of these songs the tones sound differently to what they generally do—the whole composition sways so strangely to and fro, while the most profound and most delicate meaning lies in each note. When she begins to sing, with her gentle voice, the first word, every one becomes still and thoughtful, and, after his own fashion, thoroughly moved. O, if you could but hear her voice! It is so innocent, and unconsciously beautiful; it proceeds from the innermost depths of her soul, and yet is so calm! She possessed every natural requisite last year; she had not written a single song which did not contain some trait of talent bright as the sun. I and M—— were the first to trumpet the news through the city among musicians; but not one put much belief in what we said. Since then she has made the most remarkable progress. Any one who is not carried away by her present songs, is destitute of anything in the shape of feeling—perhaps I will shortly make you girls* a present of some of which she wrote out for me from gratitude, because I teach her what she really knows from nature, and have kept her somewhat to good and serious music."

I respect the scruples which have induced the editor, here and in many other instances, to sup-

press names—but I cannot resist being indiscreet, and informing such persons as do not already know it, that this phenomenon, as interesting as comparatively speaking unknown, of whom Mendelssohn speaks with such warmth, was Fräulein Josephine Lang, at present the widow of Professor Köster, and who now, after many severe trials, resides in Tübingen. Of her touching sympathetic songs,—and with really girlish freshness she writes fresh ones every day—a great many, it is true, though far too few, have been published, since the period in question. They have found many friends here and there, but have been far too little noticed by the great mass of the public. As we well know, fate too frequently plays a capricious game with the productions of the mind just as with man himself. The choicest flowers bloom unknown, but are none the less beautiful or the less fragrant because they fade unseen. The flowers of the mind do not, however, fade so speedily—so let us hope that the Songs of Josephine Lang will still meet with the popularity and appreciation they so richly merit.

I can dismiss in a few words the letters from Paris (winter of 1831—32) and those from London (spring of 1832). They do not, especially the first, possess quite the charm of the previous letters. Whatever interest he might feel in it, the sort of life led at Paris could not really suit a musician and a man like Mendelssohn. It so happened that at that moment politics were playing a part which swallowed up every other, and, although Mendelssohn's lofty productions gained from him, in many cases, that appreciation of the best among his colleagues, he never felt particularly comfortable. To this we must add the news which he received of the death of one of his dearest friends, Edward Rietz, the violinist, as well as that of Göthe and some other intimate acquaintances—and, last of all the outbreak of the cholera, of which he himself had an attack. For me this period will never be forgotten, for it brought me in much nearer relation to Mendelssohn, than when we had met each other before, which we had done as almost mere boys. Unfortunately, I was obliged to leave Paris much sooner than he was. The surest proof that his residence there did not really please him, is the fact that he never returned thither.

In London he hears of the death of his master, Zelter. These were eventful times for our friend's heart. The extraordinary reception which he met with, even then, in London, where, moreover, some of his oldest friends resided; the great musical activity in which he lived; the immense traffic and bustle of the great city, with their order and restlessness, always appealed to his feelings—and "restored him to, or diverted him from himself." We here leave him. The reflections contained in the last letter, on his position, at the time, with regard to the Berlin Sing-Academie, and, indeed, to Berlin generally, afford us explanations of many circumstances which have given rise to much discussion in the musical world.

It is to be hoped that the obstacles still exist to prevent the publication of other letters from Mendelssohn will soon be surmounted. We cannot see too much of such an artistic nature, so noble in its tendencies, so perfectly accomplished, and so comprehensive in its operations—especially at a moment like the present, when passion and obscurity play so great a part in musical affairs. It has been granted to but few to attain such perfect development, such rich effectiveness as Felix Mendelssohn. His good fortune, too, remained faithful to him up to the end—when his youth ended, then, also ended his life!

* Mendelssohn is writing to his sisters.

The "Alceste" of Gluck.

The lyric drama is now so much embodied in the European system, that nationality in music, as regards opera, is fast fading away. Even in Italy, French, German, and also English works, are now produced. In Vienna, Berlin, Stuttgart, Hamburg, Dresden, Leipzig, Hanover, Brunswick, Darmstadt, Frankfort, and other great musical towns in Germa-

ny, operas of every school find a place. London has long yielded to the cosmopolitan principle, and a new opera or a revival of any remarkable production in any part of Europe is as much a matter of interest as an original composition here. Whatever may be alleged as to art-advancement, it is a curious fact that the clinging to the master-pieces of past time should be so strongly manifested. The day may come when Handel's operas, containing as they do such exquisite inspirations, will be revived, not perhaps with the original books, for these, it is to be feared, are irretrievably bad, but the music may be adapted to new librettos. As regards Gluck, inasmuch as the defunct Ancient Concerts at the Hanover-Square Rooms (the cessation of which was a heavy blow for the preservation of art of by-gone days) have rendered permanently popular certain airs, his name has always lived in the memory; and it has been the constant practice of opera-house directors to promise the performance of one of his grand works, as it has been the equally certain result that nothing was done. After Gluck's "Orpheus" had, however, been resuscitated at the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris, and Viardot, by her sublime acting and singing, had caused the revival to have a run of some hundreds of nights, the "Orfeo e Euridice" was magnificently mounted at the Royal Italian Opera in the season 1860, with Csillag, Miolan-Carvalho, Didiée, and Penco. The grandeur of the music and the freshness of the melodies quite astounded the modern amateurs, whose experience was mainly metropolitan; but in Berlin Gluck's reputation is constant, and not casual. Even the Grand Imperial Opera-house powers were awakened from their trance by Viardot's Orfeo, and, searching the archives, they ascertained that at periodical returns Gluck was always a great fact. The palmy days of the feuds between him and Piccini, when opera flourished on the excitement of the partisans of each composer, Gluck's memorable musical proclamations, the ascendancy which France, through him, acquired in Italy and Germany, reminded the Parisian impresario that the truly great and beautiful in art never dies—that music of the mind and heart is eternal. So Viardot, an *artiste* whose voice ever and anon is pronounced to be extinguished, still most unexpectedly turns up somewhere in Europe, whether singing in Russian, in Spanish, in German, in French, in Italian, or in English, and invariably moves her audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. She is without the charm of personal beauty, without the possession of an exceptional organ; she is ugly and discordant (as her detractors give out); yet the star of this child of song, of this dramatic and musical genius, never sinks. If it disappears for a time from one hemisphere, the news soon arrives from another sky that it is shining brilliantly. One moment she is heard of in Berlin as the "Iphigenia in Tauride," and in Aulide; as the Shakespearian Romeo, with Vaccai's rapid music; as the Desdemona with Rossini's finer inspiration; as the Rosina of Iberian identity; as the Alice and the Princess in Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," both which parts she has played in one night; as the Valentina *par excellence*; as the only Fides; as the creator of Orfeo; and now, as the only singer (without voice and without beauty, be it reiterated) who could embody Alceste as she is now embodying it in Paris.

This revival of "Alceste" will bear its fruits. What a lesson is the career of Gluck for all composers. A Bohemian by birth, he became a wanderer at an early age. From 1736 to 1745 he worked in Italy. In the year of the second Scotch rebellion he composed two operas in London, but with no success, for Handel was in the field. It is asserted that the latter thought little of Gluck; but the composer of "Orfeo" was then writing in his earliest style. He had a profound veneration for Handel, whose portrait was always placed opposite his bed. To Gluck's presence in this country is the world indebted for the development of his genius. In concocting (besides the two operas) a pasticcio, "Pyramus and Thisbe," he had adapted some of the airs he had composed for other works, and he was so astonished to find that, in their new position, they had failed to produce the effect created in their original situations, that he came to the conclusion there were rules governing composition as well as rules which guide the material world. Hence his theory of the strict alliance necessary to be preserved between sound and sense, between poetry and notation, between melody and rhythm, between accent and action. In due course he published his two celebrated prefaces, the one to the Italian version of "Alceste," in 1794, at Venice, and the other prefixed to his "Paris and Helena." Abandoning Metastasio, Gluck had the good fortune to have as an ally Calsabigi, who wrote for him the books in which such intense dramatic situations are to be found. Gluck's prefaces were

proclamations; he thundered forth his theories against superfluous ornament, he declared war to the knife to tedious ritornello, to florid *points d'orgue*; he insisted upon the overture being a precursor of the story; he claimed to be the musical Raphael, for as the slightest alteration in a man's traits would become disfigurement, so would a note more or less sustained, a neglect of time, an appoggiatura out of place, a shake, a roulade, ruin an entire conception. Gluck's prefaces were a finality doctrine in art, and his dogmas, albeit, *au fond* based on truth, have not been so accepted. The Gluckist faith has been followed, it is true, but its principles have been extended. Mozart, with some well known exceptions, adhered to Gluck's vocal precepts, but advanced far beyond him in rich and varied orchestration. Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Meyerbeer, &c., also are Gluckists, without being instrumentally monotonous. Herein, indeed, is the capital defect of Gluck's finality. Would he not have resorted to all the resources of modern instruments had he possessed them in his days? And as Mozart found it not beneath his genius to add additional accompaniments to the "Messiah," why should not a conscientious and enthusiastic admirer of Gluck like Berlioz, do the same for his idol? Amateurs may remember the dismal effect of the "Messiah," with the original score, when essayed by Hullah, in St. Martin's Hall. A more recent example is in point. Only let the sensations be contrasted in listening to Costa's additional accompaniments to Handel's "Samson," at Birmingham, and in hearing the same oratorio at the Hereford Festival, with the meagre instrumentation of the composer. If "Alceste" should be performed at the Royal Italian Opera, which the reception of "Orfeo" would fully warrant, no better service could be done for Gluck than to invite either Berlioz or Costa to write additional accompaniments; and then the permanent popularity of the revival would be secured.

The mythological tradition of "Alceste" is, that she and her sister murdered their father, when, flying to Admetus, she married Alceste; but that, being pursued by Acastus, the brother, with an army, Admetus was taken prisoner, and was only saved from death by the offer of his wife, Alceste, to be sacrificed in her husband's stead. Another version is, that Admetus being about to die from disease, Alceste, at the word of the oracle that nothing could save his life but for some one dying in his place, gave herself up to the Fates; Hercules, however, intervening to bring her back from Tartarus. The French adaptation, by the Baille du Rollu, of Calsabigi's original Italian libretto, differs in many respects; Apollo as well as Hercules controls the Fates. In the tragedy of Euripides it is the influence of Hercules alone. Gluck had to modify his score to fall in with the intentions of the French poet; but the canvas sufficed for the genius of the musician.

It can create no surprise that since the revival of "Alceste" at the Théâtre Impérial de l'Opéra, in Paris, on the 21st of October, the work is given three nights in the week, and bids fair to be as popular as "Orphée" was at the Théâtre Lyrique. This second triumph of Gluck proves the accuracy of the judgment of the amateurs who have been trying so long to impress upon London managers the importance to art of such resuscitations. If "Iphigenie en Aulide," "Iphigénie en Tauride," "Armide," and "Alceste," were added to the Royal Italian Opera repertoire at Covent-garden, now that the ice has been broken with "Orphée," there would be both a classic and popular lyre-drama to fall back upon. Gluck killed Lully and other French composers in his days, and the influence of his works left at the Grand Opera no *prestige* for his successors, until Rossini arrived with his "William Tell," and Meyerbeer, with his "Robert le Diable." Halévy's "Juive" survives of the Academician's operas, and Donizetti's "Favorita" retains its place; but Rossini and Meyerbeer, especially the latter, are the great attractions. There is a large and increasing listening public, fatigued with modern mediocrity, who are glad to fall back on the past. Here, Mozart's "Don Giovanni" alone is the representative of the ancient opera; but Gluck's French list of works opens up a mine of wealth. The cast in Paris is as follows: Alceste, Madame Viardot; Greek Girl, Mlle. de Taisy; Admète, M. Michot; High Priest, M. Cazaux; Hercule, M. Borchard; Evandre, M. Kœnig; Apollon, M. Grizy; Caron, M. Coulon. M. Dietsch conducts the orchestra, the strength of which in the stringed has been carried up to 14 violins, 14 second ditto, 10 altos, 10 violoncellos, and nine double basses. Berlioz, in praising this additional phalanx, states that it has brought the Grand Opera Band up to the number of the Royal Italian Opera orchestra; but this is an error. Costa's players are not only more numerous than the above in stringed,

Music Abroad.

Paris.

but, as Berlioz well knows, the English artists play on more costly and superior instruments, which fact accounts for the volume of sound that so struck Spohr, Meyerbeer, Berlioz, &c. A bass trombone is added to the Paris band, but otherwise there has been no increase in the wind instruments. Indeed, as regards the orchestration, the original score is rigidly adhered to, which, with due submission to Berlioz, is to be regretted. The proof that additional sonority is required is given by the increase of the stringed; and if new accompaniments had been written for the wood and brass, monotony would be avoided. The flute and oboe play a prominent part in the instrumentation of Gluck, it is true; but clarionets, bassoons, and horns would impart infinite *clan* and variety in many passages. As transposition has been imperative from beginning to end, to enable Madame Viardot to sing *Alceste*, there could have been the less remorse in additional accompaniment. The composer's score, it is admitted, will, in certain parts, lose; but in the main it would gain immeasurably. Transposition in a concert-room is always accepted; why should there be this obstinacy in resisting it for the stage, especially when scenic effect will be so much improved? The loss of a few notes, and the keeping up of the chain of modulations, must be attended to as much as possible by the skillful adapter.

The Paris execution is not so rigidly exact as that generally remarked in Germany. It is warmer in the coloring, but it might be rendered still more so, and there would even then be no exaggeration in Gluck's intentions. Viardot is the tower of strength in the cast. One wonders how Signora Bernasconi satisfied Gluck in the Italian version in Vienna, in 1767? He selected Rosalie Levasseur herself for the French adaptation in 1776. Since that date the heroine of Euripides has fallen to Madame Saint-Huberte, to Mdlle. Maillart, and to Madame Branchi. The last mentioned artiste is within the recollection of old opera frequenters. "*Alceste*" was revived for her and the famed tenor, Nourrit, in 1825; and it was for her farewell benefit it was done in 1826, not to be brought forth again until the year of grace 1861, and then only on account of the prodigious sensation created by Viardot in singing detached airs at the Conservatoire concerts after her triumph in "*Orphée*." How little can the results of first nights be depended upon! Sophie Arnould, who had been Gluck's Eurydice and Iphigénie, in Paris, was not assigned *Alceste*, the music of which was written for a high soprano. The enraged prima donna got up a cabal, and "*Alceste*," on the opening representation, was a *quasi-fiasco*. "*'Alceste' est tombée*," exclaimed Gluck at the end, in despair. "Oui," replied a friend, "*tombée du ciel*."

The introduction to "*Alceste*" has the proportions of an overture, although, like that of "*Don Giovanni*," it is allied to the opening piece, as the curtain rises. Before Gluck's time, by the way, the curtain never fell between the acts, and the audience saw all the labors of the carpenters in preparing the stage set. The first chorus, "*Dieux, rendez-nous notre Roi*," and the aria d'intrata of *Alceste*, "*Grand Dieu du destin qui m'accable*," are sublime in expression, and are followed by the grand ceremonial in the temple of Apollo. It is wonderful how Gluck works up the interest in the declaration of the oracle with the consternation of the multitude, that the King of Thessaly must die that day unless some one will die in his stead. The grand scena of *Alceste*, "*Divinité du Styx*," terminates the first act. The Queen is left alone in her despair in the temple, and resolves to save her spouse by giving herself up to death. The phases of passion during this scene are most trying and arduous for the singer, who has three great airs during this act,—the one of anxiety, the next of affection, and the last of invocation. The wife, the mother, the fatalist appear in turn. Love and despair, fanaticism and heroic enthusiasm, struggle successfully in *Alceste's* bosom. The shades cannot affright her; the terrible cries from the Styx, do not dismay her; Cerberus barks in vain; *Alceste* has but one fixed idea—the noble effort to save *Admète*, and she fronts the abyss undismayed. Viardot was inspired during this act; the actress and the singer were equally great and imposing. Whether in energy, or in the last stage of human weakness, her pantomime was always as suggestive, and her passionate accents and thrilling tones in the notation, testified to her thorough grasp of Gluck's conception. The tenor air of *Admète*, "*Alceste, au nom des Dieux*," was very well sung by Michot. Coulon's voice is not of the depth "*deeper still*" required for the fine air of "*Caron l'appelle*," but the stentorian air of *Hercule*, "*C'est en vain que l'enfer*," was well delivered by the athletic M. Borchard.—*Queen, London.*

Oct. 24.—Congratulate me, then, for have I not stood in the imminent deadly breach, and dared the horrors of that battery of sad sensations, called *Pierre de Medicis*, directed by Prince Poniatowsky, eminent in the art of offence, skilled in wounding the spirit? Well, since it had to be undergone, as I said in my last, better to have it over at once than suffer the continued tremors of this sword of Damocles. It has dropt upon us at last; we have felt its sharpest edge, but we still live *tant bien que mal*. I am not going to inflict any lengthened notice of this performance upon you, uselessly reviving my sufferings, without contributing to your edification. Let me only say that M. Faure, the excellent William Tell, and almost excellent Don Giovanni, of your last Italian Opera season, had to make his *début* in the part of Julian de Medicis, in this tedious work. The part is quite unworthy of his powers, and indeed is not one calculated at all for a singer of first rank, for it contains but one duo and one air. The concerted pieces go for nothing. I told you before, some modifications had been introduced in the *dénoûment* of the opera, rendering it less gloomy and repulsive. This has necessitated a new finale, which is quite equal to all the rest of the opera, neither rising nor falling below the dead level of commonplace. The ballet called "*Les Amours de Diane*," which has always accompanied *Pierre de Medicis*, has been retained, but neither lends nor borrows grace from its leaden setting, notwithstanding the efforts of Mad. Ferraris.

In the Italian Theatre we had the first appearance this season of Signor Mario, who had sung the *Il Barbier* and eke in *Un Ballo in Maschera*. To myself, and to all else with whom I have conversed, it is apparent that Mario has wonderfully recovered much of that youthful freshness which his person and deportment have so steadily retained, while the capricious organ which in its periods of thorough efficiency placed its possessor first perhaps among all tenors, actual or historical, has passed through every phase of decadence, even to downright decrepitude, anon recovered as by potent charm, or the exhaustion of some withering poison. Latterly, however, the clouds which had drifted across the brilliant luminary had become so frequent and un-transparent eclipse seems imminent. The joy of the critics especially, whose painful task it is to note, like astronomers, with rigid accuracy the declension or oscillation of those admired stars, who do not bear the operation of science so philosophically as their celestial prototypes—the joy of all, I say, was the greater, therefore, to find Signor Mario's voice in the recovered possession of so phenomenal a share of the attributes of its prime. The vocal sickness of the great tenor has this time no convalescence, but jumps at once to elastic health. In a becciera of imaginary silliness we drink to its preservation—may it yet continue for many years the even tenor of its course.

"Macbeth doth murder sleep; Macbeth shall sleep no more!" Would we could parody the stern decree and say, "*Beneventano doth murder song; Benny shall sing no more*." Well, but he does not, some will say, in an honest sense of the word. No more he does, or the owl shall sing the nightingale into an ivy bush. *Canis latrat*, as we used to say in the Latin exercise book—the dog barks! He was the Figaro to Signor Mario Count Almaviva. Poor, light, merry, busy, frisky smotherer of Sevillian chins, and plotter of Sevillian intrigues! poor Figaro, to see the, triksy barber! thus transmogrified into the most melancholy and lymphatic of hair-dressers. Figaro here! Figaro there! but Figaro is anywhere but at the Italian Opera of Paris at this present moment. In the *Ballo in Maschera* the part of Renato, the Ankerstrom of the French *Gustave* was played by Signor Delle Sedie. The original representative of the character here was Signor Graziani, and I shall do no injustice to the latter, or unduly flatter the former, if I boldly establish a comparison between them. If Signor Graziani excel in the resonant quality of his voice, Signor Delle Sedie, on the other hand, is pre-eminent for his power of expression, his softness and smoothness of tone, and the delicacy of his light and shade. Signor Graziani, in some degree, revealed too freely in the merely physical beauty of his voice, the tones of which seemed to issue forth spontaneously in native excellence. Signor Delle Sedie, whose voice has not the same power, never loses control over it, and gives to each note, with delicate care, its exact value and intention. In the last act this conscientious and most intelligent artist rose to the highest point in the perfection of

his execution, as well as in the appreciation of his audience, who warmly and frequently applauded him, and demanded his air "*Della vita*" a second time.

London.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—This Theatre commenced proceedings on Thursday, Oct. 24, in a manner which promises well for the season to come. A new Opera was produced—Mr. Howard Glover's *Ruy Blas*—with triumphant success.

A very few lines must suffice at present to chronicle the reopening of this national establishment last night, in presence of a crowded audience, with an original grand work in four acts, from the pen of an English composer. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison could not have commenced their "season" more auspiciously. The new opera achieved a brilliant and well-merited success, and the enthusiastic applause bestowed upon its composer, who was unanimously called for at the end, after the principal singers had been summoned, was a spontaneous tribute on the part of those who had experienced such hearty gratification from his music. Although the only dramatic composition of his which had been previously represented on the London boards was an operetta called *Aminta*, produced at the Haymarket Theatre a good many years since, Mr. Howard Glover has long held a conspicuous place in the ranks of English musicians, and by musical amateurs is popularly recognized as the author of *Tam O' Shanter*, one of the most characteristic works of its class ever written for the concert-room. His new opera, the book of which prepared by himself, derives its material from Hugo's celebrated play *Ruy Blas*, is a more ambitious effort than any that has yet proceeded from his pen; and it is only just to add that increase of endeavour has been accompanied by a proportionate amount of success. But of the merits of *Ruy Blas*, libretto and music, we must defer speaking till a more convenient opportunity. Enough just now to say that it is placed upon the stage with that completeness in every department for which the Royal English Opera has earned honorable distinction; that the cast comprises the strength of the company; and that the orchestra and chorus, under the vigilant direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon—who seldom fails to secure by indefatigable zeal and talent an eminently satisfactory "first performance," and has maintained his reputation on the present occasion—exhibit all their well-known efficiency. The character of *Ruy Blas* falls to Mr. Harrison, that of the Queen of Spain to Miss Louisa Pyne, and that of Don Sallust to Mr. Santley (whose return to the Royal English Opera is a manifest gain to its interests); while the subordinate parts are in the hands of Miss Susan Pyne, Miss Thirwall, Mr. St. Albyn, Mr. Patey and Miss Jessie McLean, a young and highly promising *débütante*, for whom a personage has been invented something akin to the page in the *Huguenots*, *Gustave* or the *Ballo in Maschera*, wholly foreign to the drama of M. Hugo. The performance did not terminate till a late hour; but the good sense of the principal singers in respectfully declining "encores" prevented the slightest feeling of tedium among the audience, who consequently remained, with scarcely a single exception, until the last note of the opera. As there were a great many songs, all more or less attractive, and some eminently beautiful, had "encores" been accepted, the fall of the curtain might have been postponed till considerably past midnight. In the instance of two ballads, nevertheless, "*A sympathizing heart*" (Act ii.) and "*Could life's dark scene be changed for me*" (Act iii.) both sung to the utmost degree of perfection by Miss Louisa Pyne, and the last especially, one of the most expressive and unhackneyed compositions of its class that we remember, the sensation created was so remarkable, and the demand for repetition so thoroughly genuine and unanimous, the stringent regulation now for the first time adopted at the theatre of resisting such demands on the part of the audience, was regarded—not altogether unreasonably, perhaps—as somewhat of a hardship.

After the opera, the National Anthem was sung by the entire company, Mr. Henry Haigh (tenor) and Miss Louisa Pyne taking the solos. *Ruy Blas* is to be repeated, as a matter of course, this evening.—*London Times.*

Mendelssohn's Letters.

A LETTER FROM MENDELSSOHN WITH REFERENCE TO AN ENGLISH ARTIST.*

LEIPZIG, 18th Nov., 1837.

My Dear Sir:—It is now a fortnight since your sister first appeared here in public, & directly after it

I wanted to write to you & give you a full account of it & only to-day I have leisure enough to do it.—Excuse it, but although it is late & I may think that you heard already from other sides of all the details of her great success here I cannot help writing you also on the subject, & before all I shout "triumph" because you know that you are my enemy † & that my opinion prevailed only with great difficulty (letters included) & it comes now out how well I knew my countrymen, how well they appreciate what is good & beautiful, & what a service to all the lovers of music has been done by your sisters coming over to this country. I do not know whether she thinks the same of my opinion now, I am sometimes afraid she must find the place so very small & dull, & miss her splendid Philharmonic band & all those Marchionesses, & Dutchesses & Lady Patronesses who look so beautifully, aristocratically, in your Concert-rooms, & of whom we have a great want. But if being really and heartily liked & loved by a public, & being looked on as a most distinguished & eminent talent must also convey a feeling of pleasure to those that are the object of it, I am sure that your sister cannot repent her resolution of accepting the invitation to this place, & must be glad to think of the delight she gave & the many friends she made in so short a time & in a foreign country. Indeed I never heard such an unanimous expression of delight as after her first Recitative, & it was a pleasure to see people at once agreeing and the difference of opinion (which must always prevail) consisting only in the more or less praise to be bestowed on her. It was capital that not one hand's applause received her when she first appeared to sing "Non più di fiori" because the triumph after the Recitative was the greater; the room rung of applause, & after it there was such a noise of conversations, people expressing their delight to each other, that not a note of the whole ritornelle could be heard; then silence was again restored, & after the air, which she really sang better & with more expression than I ever heard from her, my good Leipzig public became like mad, & made a most tremendous noise. Since that moment she was the declared favorite of them. They are equally delighted with her clear & youthful voice & with the purity & good taste, with which she sings everything. The Polacca of the *Puritani* was encored, which is a rare thing in our concerts here, & I am quite sure the longer she stays & the more she is heard the more she will become a favorite; because she possesses just those two qualities of which the public is particularly fond here—purity of intonation & a thorough bred musical feeling. I must also add that I never heard her to greater advantage than at these two concerts, & that I liked her singing infinitely better than ever I did before; whether it might be that the smaller room suits her better or perhaps the foreign air, or whether it is that I am partial to every thing in this country (which is also not unlikely) but I really think her much superior to what I have heard her before. And therefore I am once more glad that I have conquered you, my enemy.

They are now in correspondence with the court of Dessau & with Berlin, whereto they intend to go during the intervals of the concerts here; I hope however that their stay will be prolonged as much as possible. We had Vieuxtemps here, who delighted the public; we also expect Blagrove in the beginning of January. Charles Kemble with his daughter Adelaide passed also by this place, but she did not sing in public, only at a party at my house. Has Mr. Coventry received my letter, and one for Bennett I sent him? And have you received the parcel with my Concerto, which Breitkopf and Hartel promised to send in great haste? Do you see Mr. Klingemann sometimes? And how is music going on in England? Or had you no time to think now of anything else than the Guildhall pudding & pies & the 200 pineapples which the Queen ate there, as a French

paper has it? If you see Mr. Attwood will you tell him my best compliments & wishes, & that a very great cause of regret to me is my not having been able to meet him at my last stay in England. And now the paper is over & and consequently the letter also. Excuse the style, which is probably very German. My kindest regard to Mr. & Mrs. Clark, & my best thanks for the kind letter & the papers they sent me by Mrs. Novello. And now good bye & be as well and happy as I always wish you to be.

Very truly yours,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY.

* This letter is not from the volume of Travelling Letters recently published.

† In allusion to Mr. A. Novello's desire that his sister, Miss Clara, should proceed direct to Italy and not visit Germany.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 23, 1861.

The Opera of *MARTHA*, PIANO SOLO, is completed in this number of the *Journal* by the publication of a title page and the "Argument."

AT HOME. — The readers of this *Journal* will be glad to learn that Mr. DWIGHT arrived in the Niagara, on Saturday last, and that he will forthwith resume the control of these columns, which have so long needed his direct supervision. However interesting the "Editorial Correspondence," published in these columns during his absence, may have been, we presume that all the readers of this "organ" will gladly welcome home him, who so well understands the uses of all its stops, and all its rows of keys, how to draw out its best tones, to display its rarest combinations, and to discourse its fittest and grandest music.

We take this opportunity of thanking those correspondents who have lightened by their contributions, the unaccustomed labors of his assistant, who has aspired to do no higher service than to supply the "wind" necessary to keep in it the breath of life. Some things may have found a place in these columns which a severer taste or wider experience would have excluded, but it is hoped that the best and highest interests of Art have been kept in view, and that the former high character of the *Journal of Music* has not materially suffered during the long absence of its editor.

Concerts.

The first concert of Messrs. Kreissmann, Leonhard and Eichberg was given last Saturday evening, at Chickering's Hall. The attendance was not large, but, as might be expected, the most cultivated of music-lovers, those whose faces we never miss on such occasions, were present with their intelligent approving smiles.

PROGRAMME.

1—Andante et Var., by Schumann, op. 46, (for two pianos.)
Messrs. Dresel and Leonhard.

2 { a Aufenthalt. } Schubert.
{ b Die Post. } Mr. Kreissmann

3—Sonate, op. 30, No. 1, Beethoven, (Violin and Piano.)
Messrs. Eichberg and Leonhard.

4—Songs by Franz; Frühlingsgedänge. Für Musik, Waldfahrt
Mr. Kreissmann.

5—Tarantella, (Violin,) by Schubert. Mr. Eichberg.

6—Sonate, B minor, Bach; (Violin and Piano.)
Messrs. Eichberg and Leonhard

7—Dichterliebe, op. 48; (Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 7,) Schumann.
Mr. Kreissmann.

8 { a Andante spianato, op. 22, } Chopin.
{ b Polonaise, op. 53, } Mr. Leonhard.

9—Trio, in G major, (Piano, Violin and 'Cello,) Haydn.
Messrs. Eichberg, Leonhard and Wichtenthal.

Schumann's *Andante* (for two pianos), exquisitely played by Messrs. DRESEL and LEONHARD, gave us more tangible proof of the genius of the composer

than anything we have heard. The melody is lovely, full of a certain pensiveness, not akin to melancholy, but graceful though subdued in character. It is feeling embodied in tone; the feeling of a noble soul, tempered and refined by suffering, at once beautiful and touching. Of the instrumental portion of the concert this was to us by far the most interesting—in spite the older and greater names that follow on the programme.

Mr. KREISSMANN is pretty well known to our readers, and we shall probably be able to say very little about him that is new. We all love to hear his fine voice, and we all recognize the intellectual power and discrimination which his singing shows. He favored us with an unusual number of pieces, embracing many well-contrasted styles. Schumann's *Dichterliebe* displays a vigorous dramatic conception, and is filled with an intensity of passion; but the songs of Franz are more enjoyable, certainly more pleasing to the general public.

Mr. EICHBERG has steadily worked his way to a position where, without disparagement it is safe to say, he is second to no resident artist. An honest, thorough musician, gifted with the finer sense which lifts a violin-sonata above mere fiddling, and devoted heart and soul to his art, he is always welcomed upon the platform. The *Tarantella*, by Schubert, was probably the best test of his execution; although, in the Sonatas, by Bach and Beethoven, he played with all the power, the taste and earnestness that always mark his efforts.

Mr. LEONHARD filled his portion of the time acceptably, although none of his selections were calculated to rouse any special enthusiasm. The pianoforte suffers so much when its tones are contrasted with the live notes of stringed instruments, that it is always expedient for the player to select music with some vital force in it, and not depend on the dreamy reveries which in a private circle are so delightful.

The concluding *Trio*, by Haydn, was full of the simple beauty that marks all the works of this beloved master. It is not a grand, or a profound, or a dramatic, or other large-adjec-ted composition; but is spontaneous, melodious and tasteful. It served to introduce Mr. Wichtenthal, a new and fine violoncellist, whom we shall be pleased to hear again.

The next concert to be given this evening, we hope will draw out more of those who can appreciate really excellent chamber music.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB give their first Concert on Wednesday evening, Nov. 27th. An attractive programme will be found in another column.

MAD. VARIAN's Concerts, at the Music Hall, have thus far been well attended, and given much satisfaction. Mad. Varian has needed the opportunity now afforded by a large hall and an orchestra to display her best characteristics. Mr. HOFFMANN still gives her his efficient aid as pianist.

MISS BRAINERD is continuing her professional tour in Connecticut, her native state. Her last series of concerts, recently given, proved very successful. During the present week concerts have been given in Watertown, Plymouth, Litchfield, Norfolk, and Winsted, assisted by Mr. GUSTVUS GEARY, Tenor; and Dr. CLARE W. BEAMES, Pianist and Manager.

MILAN. — Mad. Colson has reappeared with great success in Donizetti's *Polito*, and subsequently in *Il Trovatore*, with similar success.

MADRID. — Mad. La Grange has appeared here in *Norma*, exciting the greatest enthusiasm.

Opera in Boston.

Mr. ULLMAN has issued one of his characteristic manifesto to the public of Boston, giving his programme of opera for this season:

"Since I decided to undertake the management of the Opera for the ensuing season, war has broken out, which has greatly increased the risks of that at all times difficult enterprise, and in the opinion of many precludes even the possibility of an attempt. Yet I am disposed to make the effort provided some encouragement be held out to me.

"For this purpose I have appealed to my friends and the public in New York and Philadelphia, on the occasion of the first benefit I have ever taken in those cities during a managerial career of eighteen years, and I am happy to say that my appeal received a cordial and liberal response.

"To complete the sum required for the conclusion of some important engagements now negotiating by my European agent, I have determined to give four Operas in Boston, the first two of which will be for my benefit, and trust you will not only honor me with your presence, but likewise induce your friends to attend.

"These Operas will be given November 25th, 26th, 28th, and 29th, and are positively the only performances that will be produced in Boston until February or March next, Mr. HERRMANN, the celebrated *Prestitigateur*, commencing his long-expected engagement on Monday, December 2d." * * *

In addition to Miss HINKLEY, BRIGNOLI, MANCINI, SUSINI, and Miss KELLOGG, Mr. ULLMAN tells us that "an engagement has been effected with Mme. COMTE-BORCHARD, one of the best Prima Donnas ever in this country, who is now in New York on her way to Havana, where she is engaged to appear in December, as the leading Soprano of the great Italian Opera Company at the Tacon Theatre. Madame Comte-Borchard will appear in Boston as *Lucrezia Borgia*.

"The performances will be under the direction of CARL ANSCHUTZ.

"The two Benefits will take place on Monday and Tuesday, November 25th and 26th."

The operas to be given are *Il Ballo in Maschera*, *Betty*, *Les Noces de Jeannette*, *Lucrezia* and *Martha*.

PARIS. — Mr. Satter, the pianist, is now in Paris, where he proposes to give some concerts during the winter.

Musical Correspondence.

MILWAUKEE, NOV. 14, 1861.—Messrs. Editors: — Notwithstanding the all-absorbing interest of the war, our musical Society continues its monthly concerts for members, and with rather more pecuniary success than might be expected—the house (Albany Hall) being well filled on the last occasion. On the evening of the 12th inst., the Society gave its 117th monthly concert for members. The programme was an extraordinarily rich one, commencing with that beautiful and charming overture to the "Merry Wives of Windsor," by Nicolai. The orchestra consisting of some thirty-five members, under the able conductorship of Mr. Abel, performed this somewhat difficult composition in a vigorous manner, and were rewarded by loud applause from the appreciating audience. No. 2, was a duet by Mendelssohn—"I would that my Love," sung by the Director of the Society, and a young lady, (Miss BRENDEKE), a new beginner, who, though still very young, displays considerable talent, which, with a proper cultivation, will give the lady a fair local reputation as a singer. No. 3—a solo for the violin, DeBeriot—was executed in a masterly style by Mr. WEINBURG,

who is decidedly the favorite of our concert-going citizens. He was loudly *encored*, as usual. The *finale* of an act of Verdi's *Ernani*, for solo, chorus and orchestra, was the closing, piece of part I. The second part consisted of "A Night on the Ocean," a grand dramatic tone-picture, for male chorus and orchestra, composed by Tschirch. On this occasion, the Society were assisted by the *Liedertafel*. The performance, however, could not be called more than average—the rehearsals being but indifferently attended by many of the singers who assisted the Musical Society.

In conclusion permit me to add a few words in relation to the Director of the Musical Society. Mr. Abel, formerly of Cleveland, I believe, received a call to this city about one year ago, since which time he has given such general satisfaction, that, last week, he was unanimously re-elected for another year. His magnificent tenor voice, and talents as a pianist, render him of inestimable value to the Society.

Respectfully yours,

TENOR.

BROOKLYN, NOVEMBER 18, 1861.—The musical season is never fairly commenced, until regularly opened by the Philharmonic Society. Their first Concert (5th season) took place in the midst of a violent storm of wind and rain on the evening of Nov. 2d. Notwithstanding the weather (which could not have been worse) the "Academy" was nearly full, which speaks volumes for the musical enthusiasm of those who thus braved one of the worst storms to hear a programme most delightfully rendered by a picked band of fifty performers under the direction of Carl Bergmann and which contained the following pieces for orchestra:

Symphony in B flat, (first time). Haydn
Two Symphonic pieces for orchestra and piano. Goldbeck
1. "Idyl,"—(First time). 2. Hunting Scene.
Symphony, No. 4, in D minor. (First time). R. Schumann
Overture—Gisondist. (First time). Littleff

Madame Blanchard of the Conservatoire, Milan, was the vocalist and Mr. Goldbeck (Piano), Mr. Noll (Violin) and Mr. Bergner (Violoncello), the soloists. The "Haydn Symphony" was especially charming and made us forget the state of the weather and even the state of the country and must have carried peace and happiness (for the time) to every musical heart in the house. It was most perfectly played, as was the noble work of Schumann which opened the second part so grandly. Goldbeck's compositions for orchestra and piano are admirably written and gave much delighted to the audience. Would that we had time to particularize their many beauties. Bergner achieved a real triumph by his masterly rendering of Servais' most difficult "Concerto Militaire" for Violoncello and Orchestra. He also played a *duo* Tyrolienne with Mr. Noll (violin) which was rapturously received. The "Gisondist" Overture is immense in its way and made a most brilliant *finale* to the Concert possessed.

We had two nights of opera in October, with a programme exactly the same as at the New York house and of which your columns has had full description. As Herrmann's *soirées* were *quasi* musical so must we mention his *debut* in Brooklyn, which was made additionally attractive with the agile vocal aid of Carlotta Patti and the piano playing of Mad. Hermann also other entertainments peculiar to Ullman.

The first classic *soirée* of Messrs. Mason and Thomas was given at the Hall of the Polytechnic Institute last Thursday evening. The list of subscribers is very gratifying for a commencement and is another evidence of the growing taste for really good music here. Haydn's quartet in D major—Suite in F minor (for piano) by Handel—Trio in E flat by Schubert and Beethoven's quartet in C minor—were all most exquisitely performed and listened to with the most profound attention. With all due respect to immortal Beethoven and lively Haydn, we did most decidedly prefer the Trio of Schubert, but

as your New York correspondents have so particularly written of these most refining musical entertainments, it is not at all necessary on our part to attempt more details at the present time and so like the veritable Bagges himself, we wander along and crossing the Wall street Ferry, find ourselves in "old Trinity" Church, time about noon of a Wednesday, as far back as Oct. 16th., the occasion being a public rehearsal of Mr. Henry Stephen Cutler's well known choir of boys and men, aided in part by delegations from quite a number of other choirs of similar organization, numbering in all about sixty voices. Some chorals and plain chants were grandly given by the full chorus and the regular choir sang a few oratorio choruses and solos very finely, including "Comfort ye" (most effectively rendered by Mr. Samuel D. Mayer) and the "Hallelujah" from Handel's *Messiah*. The organ playing of Mr. Cutler was not the least part of the attractions. If a printed programme had been furnished, other good things would not have been forgotten.

Church music is receiving quite a deal of attention in Brooklyn and the mere "quartette arrangements" (which has been until quite recently decidedly the most in favor with music committees and directors) has probably seen its best days; for better things are now being done in quite a number of our churches and others are preparing to follow. At the Church of the Holy Trinity, a small chorus of twelve adults (including four *Soli* voices)—with eight choir boys, have been quietly and steadily rehearsing and singing service for about a twelve month, under the direction of George William Warren. This church is one of the largest and most beautiful in the country and it was densely crowded in every part on Friday evening, Nov. 1st, on the occasion of the first public rehearsal of the choir, of which here is the programme:

Te Deum Laudamus—Anthem in F major, (1797.) Dr. John Clarke.
Psalm 136 of the Psalter—Anglican Chant. . . . Dr. Randall.
Prayer for "Moses in Egypt." Rossini
Choral—"Winchester," (1665). Playford.
Christmas Carol—"Hark! the herald angels sing," George William Warren.
Jubilate Deo—Anthem in B flat major. . . . Albert W. Berg.
Hymn—"Softly now the light of Day;" arranged from Rossini.

Easter Carol—"The world itself keeps Easter Day." George William Warren.
Christmas Hymn—(Cantique de Noel,) Soprano Solo, Adolph Adam

Psalm 137 of the Psalter—Gregorian (Anglicized) Chant.
Hymn—"As when the weary traveller," arranged from Mendelssohn.

Choral—"Ordination Hymn," (1560). Tallis.
Easter Anthem—with "Hallelujah," George Wm. Warren

The soloists were Mrs. J. M. Comstock, *Soprano*; Mr. J. M. Comstock, *Tenor*, and Mr. Chas. Huntington, *Baritone*. All amateurs, but possessing beautiful voices, under excellent cultivation and who richly deserve the brilliant local celebrity they have already attained. These affairs stimulate choir members to every good exertion and create a musical interest in a parish highly beneficial to all concerned, for which reason they will occur quite frequently at "Holy Trinity," by permission of the Rector, the Rev. Dr. Littlejohn, who presided on the occasion, with a grace and dignity, only equalled by his introductory address, which as an incentive to every well meaning choir director, ought to be printed and well circulated.

Hoping to be more entertaining in my next and apologizing for the unusual length of this—believe me your devoted,

BAGGES.

Letter from Trovator.

HAARLEM, HOLLAND, October 15., 1861.

This quaint old Dutch town has one transcendent glory—its organ. On that organ old guide books, old musical histories, old musicians have often dilated. But Icabod! the glory has departed. Greater organs than that of Haarlem have arisen in York, in Birmingham, in more than one German town; and Haarlem is in fact, but an organic fossil.

The town itself is pretty enough, and intensely odd, as is every town in Holland. Tourists begin with Rotterdam which is mildly surprising. Delft is the next stopping place, and here is an old cathedral with a richly traceried tower, and a ravishing set of bells; then there are picturesque canals and painfully clean doorsteps. Then comes the Hague,

which enjoys the aboriginal name of St. Gravenhage, while the Germans call it Haag, and the French La Haye. Indeed the liberty taken with proper names on the continent is most perplexing to innocent strangers. Who under earth would ever recognize Copenhagen in the outlandish orthography of Kjobhavn, the Danube as the Donau, Vienna as Wien, Venice as Venidig, and Aix la Chapelle as Aachen?

The Hague, or La Haye or Haag, or St. Gravenhage, whichever you please to call it (for you pays your money and you takes your choice) cannot be termed an exciting place. It is small, cozy, and yet quite aristocratic. No vulgar commerce to destroy the serenity of the Netherlandish court. Not much amusement (beside the swans in the Vyverberg Pond) to distract the good people from the duty of scrubbing their floors.

Don't know what the Vyverberg is? Well, then learn that it is the feature of the Hague, of Haag, &c. It is a very handsome hill (I actually didn't see the elevation till it was pointed out by a citizen, but then they literally make mountains out of mole-hills in flat old Holland) planted with trees and flanking a very handsome pond in the centre of which is a circular island, (about as big at the top of your hat,) covered with foliage. Opposite the promenade is a dilapidated old castle once the palace of the Counts of Holland. Near by is an odd old gateway near which (Murray solemnly observes) "the virtuous and inflexible Barneveldt, Grand Pensionary of Holland was beheaded in 1618, at the age of 72." And Murray evidently disapproves of this, and adds "this event is a stain on the character of Prince Maurice of Nassau," which is, to say the least, a mild reproof of murder.

However virtuous and inflexible I may be, I could not endure the Hague seventy-two years as the lamented "Pensionary" seems to have done; and from the bottom of my soul, I pity the foreign ministers doomed to live here. The exile from the United States, in that capacity, is Mr. Pike—not, I assure you one of the inseparable pair, Mr. Pike and Mr. Pluck mentioned in Nicholas Nickleby. Pray for him.

After the cozy, snug, sleepy St. Gravenhage, or Hague or Haag or La Haye we came to Leyden, and here is a little ghost of a musical association or reminiscence, the first I have met with in Holland. Here lived the John of Leyden on whose history Scribe and Meyerbeer have made that glorious opera, "Le Prophete." This town appears to be the culminating point of cleanliness in Holland, for I saw a woman hard at work scrubbing out a blacksmith shop to the great discomfort of the smith and a horse whom he was shoeing and whose feet were undated with soap suds.

Sunday is a good day anywhere and particularly so at Haarlem; for there the stores are shut up, the scrubbing of door-steps is suspended for this occasion only, and everybody goes to church. I attended service at the Cathedral which in the days of the Catholic builders must have been a superb affair, and even now, denuded of its ornaments, and with its frescoes all whitewashed over, has a grand and imposing effect. There was a communion service holding, and a long table with seats on each side for about fifty people, was stretched down the nave. During a pause in the service, the clergyman announced a psalm, and suddenly the crushing sound of the organ was heard "giving out" a choral which the organist played with the trumpet, hautboy and heavy diapasons. The volume of the tones was immense, and the magnificence of the instrument was proved by this simple performance. After the service an admirably played fugue detained a few amateurs as the great mass of the congregation slowly poured out of the Cathedral doors. I was unable to hear the organ at a private performance, but the fol-

lowing description of such an occasion is fished from "Murray":

"The first burst of sound was quite thrilling, as peal after peal issued forth, vibrated along the roof, and died away in distant corners of the building. Then softer tones were poured forth in a flood of melody; and as the former were more powerful, so did these appear more touchingly melodious than those of any other instrument of the sort I had heard. The variety of imitation of which it is capable under the hand of a skillful musician is extraordinary. At one time the trumpet sounds a charge; in the next, the fife, hautboy, or piano is heard. But the most remarkable imitation is that of the tinkling of bells, so very exact, that it is difficult at first to believe that such tones can be produced by air within pipes. The performance concludes with 'The Storm,' and with peals of mimic thunder, under which the massive building seems to shake, and the walls to jar. The great diapason produced a sound which reminded me of the whizzing confused movement of the wheels of a cotton factory. All this, however, is to be regarded merely as a *tour de force*, as ventriloquism of the organ; it owes its great reputation to the general sweetness and mellowed effect of its tones. The vox humana pipe is considered particularly fine. When the performance is over, strangers are invited into the organ loft, to inspect the instrument. The condition of exhaustion in which I found the organist, from the mere physical exertion of playing, made me think that his charge (about five dollars American money) was not so exorbitant as it at first appeared."

Printing hasn't much to do with music, to be sure, but I must record the fact, that dear old Dutch Haarlem claims to be the birthplace of the inventor of moveable types. Of course Mayence claims the honor for John of Guttemberg, and both cities have erected statues to the memory of their respective champions, while musty antiquarians wage controversial war on the subject. The champion of Haarlem is one John Coster, and his statue near the Cathedral is of very recent construction.

Regard for the sanity of the readers of *Dwight's Journal* alone prevents me from recording here a most fearful ghost story I heard at Haarlem, the scene of which was the queer, gabled, scolloped old inn at which I lodged. It would infallibly drive them mad with fright, or at least prevent them from going to bed in the dark for a month. Just imagine—mysterious Dutch lady murdered—shivering ghost, like a little girl, seen out on the Dunes or sand banks—a white figure flitting along the Dyke—great inundation—a noise in a garret—cruel murderer drowned in inundation—amazing denouement in my inn! Ah! that I dared repeat in detail this glorious, old-fashioned ghost story!

DRESDEN, SAXONY, October 25, 1861.

It is a lamentable fact that Germany with its large and intelligent generations of populations, never produced an operatic composer. Yet such would appear to be the fact; for, in a journey from Holland to Saxony via the Rhine, I went through nearly a dozen towns, into opera houses, and saw only *Trovatore* and *Masaniello*, only Verdi and Auber occupying the boards. There was a little exception at Frankfurt, where Lortzing's *Undine* was announced.

At Dresden an improvement. The Court Theatre, which exteriorly, at least, is the most magnificent in Europe, is indulging in Meyerbeer's "*Robert le Diable*," with Auber's "*Mason and Locksmith*"—by no means his best work—as an alternate. A burlesque on "*Tannhäuser*" is having a run at the little Zweites theatre.

The Court church of Dresden is very appropriately placed near the theatre. It is easier for the members of the orchestra to bring their 'cellos and trombones to the organ loft. This they do every Sunday morning, and the mass then performed with their aid, and that of a superb organ, is one of the features of the city to a stranger. The church is modern and ugly, but makes an admirable concert hall, and the music is probably the best of its kind which can be heard in the world. TROVATOR.

Special Notices.

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A piece immensely popular abroad, and played here nightly, during the engagement of Miss Julia Daly at the Boston Theatre, with great success.

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A very pretty Polka, which this celebrated composer of dance music wrote expressly for the great *preslidigitator*, whose name it bears. It has been played innumerable times during his entertainments in this country and elsewhere, and will have a large sale. A humorous sketch of the wizard, which, besides, has the merit of being an excellent portrait, makes the piece still more marketable.

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Written "in memoriam" of the distinguished Californian who fell in the service of his country at the Ball's Bluff battle. The air of "Rest spirit rest" is happily introduced.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 504.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 30, 1861.

VOL. XX. No. 9.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Traveling-Letters."

FLORENCE, Oct. 23, 1830.

Here is Florence; the air warm; the sky clear; everything noble and beautiful. "Wo blieb die Erde," &c., from Goethe.

I have now received your letter of the third, and see that you are all well, that my anxiety was uncalled for; that you all live on and think of me; now I am again fresh—can enjoy—will see all, and shall be able to write once more; in short the main thing is now in order.

I have made the journey hither, oppressed with a thousand doubts and hesitations and had almost made my way direct to Rome, because I had no thought of finding letters here; luckily I did come hither and now it is of no consequence how the misunderstanding occurred by which I waited in Venice while you wrote me to Florence; I will endeavor in future to feel less anxiety—that is all that I will promise. The driver pointed to a spot among the distant hills, where the blue mists lay and said "Ecco Firenze;" I looked out and saw the round dome before me in the haze and the wide spread valley in which the city lies. I again felt myself the traveller as Florence made its appearance; I noticed a few willow trees along the way—and the driver said "buon' olio;" whereupon I saw that my willows hung full of olives. As a rule, the driver (as one says "the Turk" instead of "the Nation") is an out and out scamp, thief, rogue; mine has cheated and half starved me; but he is almost lovable in his superhuman brutishness. An hour before reaching Florence he exclaimed, "Now the beautiful land begins!" and true it is that beautiful Italy does begin just there. Villas on every height, picturesque old walls—above the walls, roses and aloes; above the flowers, vines; above the vines, the foliage of the olive, the tops of cypress trees, or pines—and all in sharp outlines as if cut out of the blue sky; and then too pretty angular faces—life on the roads everywhere, and far away in the valley the blue city. And so I drove on comforted in my small vehicle, downward and into Florence; and though I was shabby and dusty enough, as every one must be coming from the Appenines, I made nothing of that—drove in high spirits through the midst of all the fine equipages from which the most delicate English lady-faces looked out upon me—thought to myself, the time will come when you must shake hands with the roturier there, of whom you now take no notice, a little clean linen and the like only, first—felt no shame even in passing the Battisterio, but drove to the post-office, where I first became really happy—for there I received three letters, those of the 22d and the 3d and that from father alone:—now I was happy indeed, and as I was driven along the Arno to Schneider's—to the famous inn, the world seemed again to me perfectly magnificent.

The 24th.

The Appenines are by no means so beautiful

as I had imagined; for this name had always called up visions of picturesque, wood-covered mountains; but they prove to be nothing but long ridges sadly bare and white—the little green that there is not particularly inspiring; dwelling houses few; no jolly brooks and waters at all; only here and there a wide streambed, all dried up except a mere thread of waters; and then these miserable scamps of people. I at last grew fairly confused with the constant cheating, and hardly knew *who* was the victim of all their lying; so I protested once for all against everything they said, and told them I would pay nothing unless I could have my own way; and so at last things became bearable.

Last night I had again magnificent quarters. I had made the bargain with the Vetturino for food, lodging and everything. The natural consequence was, that the chap took me to the wretchedest inns and let me go hungry. So, late last night, we came to a lonely pothouse, dirty beyond description; the stairway was heaped with dry leaves and wood for the fire; it was cold and they invited me into the kitchen to warm myself, an invitation which I accepted; they placed a bench for me upon the hearth; a troop of peasants stood about me warming themselves likewise; I sat enthroned upon my hearth among the scamps, who in their broad hats lighted up by the fire and gabbling in their incomprehensible dialect, appeared suspicious enough. Then I had them cook my soup under my own eyes and gave them wholesome advice in the matter (after all it proved not eatable); then condescended to talk with my subjects from my seat on the hearth and they pointed out a hill in the distance, which unceasingly emits flame, making a very striking spectacle in the night (Raticosa is the name of the hill)—and then I was conducted to my sleeping room. The landlord held up a corner of the coarse sackcloth like sheet remarking, "very fine cloth!" Then I, in spite of it, slept like a bear, saying to myself before dropping off, "now you are in the Appenines;" and the next morning, after I had not obtained a breakfast, my driver kindly inquired how I was pleased with my entertainment? Then he went on pouring out any quantity of talk about the present condition of France,* scolded his horse in German, "du Luder," because it was foaled in Switzerland, spoke French to the beggars who surrounded the cabriolet, and I corrected many an error in his pronunciation.

October 25.

And now I will go to the Tribune and be devout. That is a spot in which I like to sit; directly before me I see the small Venus de Medicis, above it that of Titian, and if one will turn a little to the left, there hangs the Madonna del Cardello, a favorite picture of mine which completely recalls to my mind "la Belle Jardiniere" and seems to be its sister-picture; also the For-

* This was in the time of the downfall of Charles X., and elevation of Louis Phillippe.

narina, which, however, *would* not make any impression upon me, because the engraving is really exact and because in the face there is an expression which to me is decidedly unpleasant—nay, is somewhat vulgar. But when one looks upon the Venuses he becomes solemn from very beauty; it is as if the two spirits which had the power to create such works floated through the hall and laid hold upon the beholders.

It is incredible what a man Titian was, and his pictures are full of joyous life; but Medicean Venus is not to be despised. And now the divine Niobe with all her children there; now really one does not know what to say. And I have not been even once yet to the Pitti palace where St. Ezekiel and the Madonna della Sedia of Raphael hang. I saw the garden, however, yesterday in the sunshine; it is noble, and the countless cypresses, the thick myrtles and laurel branches make a seriously strange impression; but when I saw that I find beeches, lindens, oaks and firs ten times handsomer and more picturesque than all this, then Hensel* exclaims, "The northern bear."

October 30.

After the warm rain of yesterday the air to-day is so deliciously warm, that I sit here and write at the open window; and it is by no means disagreeable that the people are traversing all the streets with the prettiest baskets filled with fresh violets roses and pinks for sale.

Day before yesterday I had become heartily wearied with all these pictures, statues, roses, and museums and concluded about twelve o'clock to go out for a walk until sundown; I bought me a bouquet of daffodils and heliotrope, and so away I went up the hill between the vineyards. It was one of the jolliest walks I have ever taken; any one must feel refreshed and recreated, at seeing himself surrounded by such nature, and a thousands joyous thoughts whirled about in my head. So, first I went up to a pleasure resort, Bellosguardo, where one has all Florence and the broad valley before his eyes, and where the rich city, its many towers and palaces filled me with delight; but still more the countless white country houses, which cover all the mountains and so far as eye can reach, as if the city spread itself over the mountains and far away; and when I took the telescope and looked far adown the valley, still all was thickly sown with white houses and bright points, and I felt myself in such an unbounded extent of human dwellings so at home and well! Then I went on over the hill to the highest point which I saw, where stands a tower; and when I reached it I found people in all parts of the building busy in making wine, drying grapes and mending barrels. It was Galileo's Tower, where he used to make his observations and discoveries. Here again was a most extensive prospect, and the girl who took me to the roof of the tower, told me a quantity of stories in her dialect of which I understood little, gave me

* The painter, husband of Mendelssohn's sister, Fanny.

afterwards some of her dried, sweet grapes, which I ate as a virtuoso; and so I went towards another tower, which had caught my eye, half lost my way, opened my map to find it (still walking on) and so ran against another person, who was also walking on and searching his chart. The only difference between us was that he — was an old Frenchman, and wore green glasses; said he “*é questo S. Miniato al Monte, Signor?*” To which I answered with great decision, “*Si Signor*”—and as it proved I was right. At this moment A—F— came vividly to mind, who had recommended this convent to me—and it is certainly wondrously beautiful. Now imagine me going thence to the Boboli garden, where I saw the sun set, followed by an evening of the most brilliant moonshine—and you will find it quite natural that my walk refreshed me. As to the pictures here I will write another time, for it is now late; I have still the Pitti gallery to see, to take leave of the great gallery, and to look once more upon my Venus—of whom truly one must not speak before womankind—but who nevertheless is divinely beautiful.

The courier leaves at 5 o'clock and, God willing, day after to-morrow morning early, I am in Rome. Thence and then, what remains to say.

FELIX.

Rome, Nov. 2, 1830.

* But I will write no further in a melancholy strain for as your letter a fortnight after the event has made me melancholy, so will my answer, four weeks after, affect you. Then you would write in return in the same strain and the thing would go on forever. As a rule, since four weeks elapse between the writing of a letter and the receipt of an answer, one should confine himself to relating to is taking place or what has happened and say little about present feelings, as they in the main depend upon events or the relation of them.

That I am in Rome I can hardly yet get clearly into my head; and yesterday morning early, as by dazzling moonlight, and under a heaven of dark blue, I drove over a bridge ornamented with statues and the courier said, “*Ponte Molle*,” it seemed all a dream, and my sick bed in London last year, my rough Scotch journey, and Munich and Vienna and the pines on the hills, all sprang at once into my memory.

The journey from Florence hither had for me but little interest. Siena, said to be beautiful, we passed in the night. It was provoking to me, that one of the regular government couriers had to take with him continually a military guard, which was doubled at night, but which, it would seem is a necessity, since he paid it. Such a thing ought not to be now-a-days. Still the world is advancing and there are moments when we can see it spring forward. And so I sat in Florence waiting the departure of the post, read French newspapers, and at the moment of the clock's striking, I noticed among the advertisements “*La vie de Siebenkase par Jean Paul*.”

I had my own, thoughts, how so by little and little, all our beautiful imaginations wander out into the world, and how our great men after death come there to honor, while during their lives the romances of Lafontaine and French vaudevilles make impression upon their country-

* The beginning of this letter, as it only relates to the illness of a relative is omitted in the publication.

men; and how we endeavor to make instead of their works the trash of the French—not Beaumarchais and Rousseau though—our own. However that is no matter—not the least.

The first music, which I heard here, was Graun's “*Tod Jesu*” [Death of Jesus], which an Abbé here, Fortunato Santini, has translated with great skill and exactness into Italian. The music of the heretic has now been sent to Naples, where it is to be produced this winter with great solemnity; and it is said that the musicians are quite ravished by the music and take hold of it with great love and enthusiasm. The Abbé has long been waiting for me, as I hear, and with impatience, for he wants divers explanations about German music from me and because he hoped I should bring the score of Bach's “*Passion*” music. So things do move on continually and the true will make its way surely as the sun; if to-day remains cloudy, that is a proof that the spring-time has not yet come; but return it must!

A hearty farewell to all and may a benign heaven keep you fresh and joyous. FELIX.

A Beethoven Matter.

NOTES UPON A PREFACE.

The preface in question is one of certain “hefts” of national songs with accompaniments by Beethoven, published recently by Peters of Leipzig and edited from mss. in the Royal Library at Berlin by Franz Espagne, who now has charge of the musical department of that institution. It may seem rather late to be making notes upon something which appeared nearly a year ago—but as it never met my eyes until a few days since, owing to my absence from Germany, the delay must be excused. Although not yet fully prepared to go into the history of Beethoven's national song arrangements, nor feeling called upon to correct every error which I detect in the constantly increasing Beethoven literature* still, on the general ground that every one, able to do so, is bound to correct mistakes and misapprehensions, which affect the reputation of others—especially of the deceased, and that too, so soon as possible, I make these few notes. For Mr. Espagne—of course unintentionally—has done the late George Thomson great injustice in some of his remarks upon that gentleman's publications of national songs and melodies.

Not to do Mr. Espagne injustice here is his preface translated entire:—

“The songs, which appear in this publication, are taken from the original manuscript of Ludwig von Beethoven, which in the year 1846 passed from the possession of Prof. Schindler into that of the royal library at Berlin. This ms. contains in all 70 melodies of different nations arranged for one, two and three voices with an accompaniment for the piano-forte, violin and violoncello; of these a few appeared in the “*25th Schottischen Lieder*, op. 108,” published by Schlesinger—others in the collections of English, Scotch and Irish songs published by G. Thomson in Edinburgh—the rest still remain unprinted. Those in Thomson's collections are in regard both to text and music not only incorrectly printed, but altered and abbreviated at will. To give but two examples; in the song “*Charlie is my darling*,” the last eight bars are omitted, and in the “*Miller of Dee*,” the last fifteen, so that both end in

* What a task that would be in relation to the last new volume of Lenz!!

a minor instead of a major key. Besides; Thomson's collections have long since disappeared from the book trade, while in Germany, owing to the high price they were never widely diffused. Hence there has long been a want of a correct and complete edition of these arrangements, which Beethoven undertook with so much zeal. (The number already known to me is 157). That this has not been long since undertaken, especially with the still unappreciated songs, is owing mainly to the circumstance, that in the ms. of the composer the text is always wanting. Now though there is no difficulty in finding the words to single well-known airs (as Nos. 1, 3, 4 of the first, and No. 1, of the second heft) yet it was by no means easy to find them for the old Irish and Scotch melodies and most difficult indeed to obtain those belonging to such as are superscribed by Beethoven “*German*,” “*French*,” “*Spanish*,” “*Portuguese*.” To many of the old Irish airs the original texts are lost; also to many of the Scotch. As Thomas Moore wrote new songs to 124 Irish airs, so Thomson procured for a great number of popular melodies, new songs from Burns, William Smyth, Walter Scott, Jonana Bailie, Thomas Camp 1 and others. A part of these lay before Beethoven, while engaged upon the melodies; others not, as appears from the composer's directions for the tempo and execution, his notes as to the number of stanzas and especially from the rhythm. Whenever doubts as to Thomson's text came up (as in case of almost all the airs to which Moore wrote songs) I have sought in older collections of Scotch, Irish, &c, popular melodies—for the most part printed in the last century—the original text—which owing to the difficulty of obtaining such materials has proved no small labor.

The translators of the English texts Herr Hüffner and G. Pertz have made a special point of retaining the original rhythms so as to give the completest possible imitation of the originals; and I hope that their efforts compared with those of others in the same field, will be found decidedly successful.

The deciphering of Beethoven's ms. was a task of no small difficulty, especially certain passages which had been repeatedly corrected, crossed out, or altered with lead pencil. But the experience of several years, during which these and other mss. of Beethoven have much occupied me, has made me sufficiently master of their peculiarities. I have added nothing but a few necessary directions for execution—have changed nothing but a few false notes evidently arising from haste in writing.

My particular thanks are due to Herr Prof. Jahn for his kind loan of a copy of 400 songs carefully corrected by Beethoven himself, and to Prof. Schindler for his friendly communications upon several matters involved in my work.”

BERLIN, Dec. 1860.

FRANZ ESPAGNE.

In reading the above one cannot avoid the inference that the writer has never seen a complete copy of Thomson's publication; or if he has, that he has not read with due care the prefaces of the three collections. Else how could he have failed to know that all the 25 songs published by Schlesinger are among the 39 (out of 300) arranged by Beethoven and printed in Thomson's Scotch Songs? And how too could he have spoken of “*Thomson's English*” songs; there being no such collection?

It is, however, with the charges against Mr. Thomson that we now have to do—strictures which it is hoped will be clearly seen to be undeserved and based upon mere mistake and misapprehension.

These strictures are twofold in character—those which relate to the text and those upon Thomson's treatment of Beethoven's instrumental accompaniments.

As to the text; Mr. Espagne evidently supposes the collections of George Thomson to have been in-

works, embodying all the traits of his peculiar originality,—his midsummer fairy vein and his large, religious fervor and grandeur included—gave us opportunity to see how greatly Mr. B. J. LANG, always clever, has improved his uncommon talent for the piano. He played it with perfect clearness and marked, intelligent emphasis. Perhaps, considering the great power of the instrument he played on, he did not humor it so as to get out its best tone in the strong passages of the first movement; to our ear it was a little hard and heavy; but this impression disappeared in the sympathetic and truly "*espressivo*" sounds of the Andante, and seldom returned to disturb us in the following movements. How grand and full of matter most inspiring, that last, *Allegro appassionato*, is! He was well seconded by the violin and 'cello. This piece made the great impression of the evening.

The flute Fantasia was for the introduction of the new member of the Club, Mr. ROBERT GOERING, who is to fill the useful place (especially for their out-of-town concerts) of one available for a second violin in the Quintets, and a contrast of tone in opera arrangements and lighter pieces needing color. The piece played was of the usual pattern of parade pieces for the Flute—in which Flute, breath, fingers, tongue, count as ingredients 99 per cent., and Music one per cent:—slow and solemn introduction, empty as solemn, impressing its utterances with *trilling* emphasis; a theme, plainly given (Austrian National hymn), and then seriously tortured with all sorts of variations of delightful difficulty; a Coda; and—immense applause. The gentleman showed himself a rare proficient in all this business, and indeed an excellent flute player. His tone is full and clear, his execution neat and equal to all difficulties and graces. In a *staccato* variation he gave a specimen of continued rapid *double-tonguing*, which we should think might have worn out a tongue not made of steel.

The Quintet by Gade is a very pleasing, dreamy and poetic composition, full of the usual seashore reverie of that composer, who never reaches, but continually suggests, such Mendelssohnian creations as the "Hebrides" overture, the first and second movements of the "Scotch Symphony," &c. It is rich and full in harmony, flows on naturally and smoothly, a good accompaniment to sweet-sad thoughts; and it was finely rendered. The Club have in store for us some of the wondrous Quartets of Beethoven's latter period, and other good things, new and old, and, after this auspicious beginning, will, we doubt not, win us back more and more to music, in spite of this rebellious interruption and defiance to the gentler genius of our century.

SECOND SOIREE OF MESSRS. KREISSMANN, LEONHARD & EICHBERG. — We sincerely regret that it was not possible for us to make one of the handful of listeners, whom the storm of Saturday permitted to attend the concert of three artists so accomplished and so earnest in their several spheres, as the gentlemen just named. The assistance of the ORPHEUS CLUB, too, made our loss the more provoking. As it is, we can only record the programme. We were none the less eager to hear the "Kreutzer" Sonata again, now that we have heard both Joachim and David play in it, the former with Clara Schumann.

PART I.

1. Hymne an die Musik. Lachner Orpheus.
2. Sonata, (Violin and Piano, op. 47. Beethoven Messrs. Eichberg and Leonhard.
3. { a Der Nussbaum. Schumann
b Mondnacht.
c Widmung. }

A. Kreissmann.

PART II.

1. Türkisches Schenklied. Mendelssohn Orpheus.
2. { a Meeresstille. By R. Franz,
b Der Bote. arranged for Piano
c Der Rosehusch. by Liszt.
3. Duet, Jesondia. Spohr Messrs. Kreissmann and Jansen.
4. Theme and Variations from Sonata No. 14, in F major, for Violin and Piano. Mozart
5. { a Gondoliera. Gade
b Lieb und Wein. Mendelssohn Orpheus.

We hope better luck *this* evening, at the third concert. The programme is particularly inviting. A Trio by Schubert, in which MOLLEHAUER, violoncellist, will assist Messrs. Eichberg and Leonhard; a Beethoven Sonata for 'cello and piano; a part of Beethoven's Trio, op. 70; a *Siciliano* by Bach, and an Adagio by Spohr, by Mr. Eichberg; one of Beethoven's "Scotch Songs" (see letter from Mr. Thayer on another page) and three Franz songs, by Mr. Kreissmann.

Italian Opera.

Mr. ULLMAN, during the present week has given us a little taste of opera; a sort of foretaste of what we may enjoy in the future, if we do our whole duty by him, two of these performances being for the benefit of the manager himself, in order to enable him to carry out his plans for our future delight.

Un Fallo in Maschera, which was given on Monday night, was surely not the opera that we should have selected to draw a full house for our own benefit in Boston, nor could we conscientiously have recommended it to Mr. Ullman for his. Pleasant enough to hear, it does not excite enthusiasm in any class of hearers, and as the novelty of it has worn off, it did not attract the packed house which so important an object as Mr. Ullman had in view, demanded, although quite a large audience was present.

The cast presented some changes from that of the last season, of which none were calculated to add to its attractiveness, if we except the appearance of Miss KELLOGG, in a new character, (Amelia), which of course was an interesting feature in the performance. It is a hard task for a young singer to assume a part with which so accomplished an artist as Mad. Colson is entirely identified, but Miss Kellogg stood the test bravely. Her voice has developed considerably since the last season, improving in volume and flexibility, while it has lost none of its good traits.

Some of the music is too low for her voice to give with due force, but in the higher passages she sang with brilliant effect, giving *all* the music of the part, some of which Colson usually omitted. She showed the same grace and ease of action which we have formerly noted as being natural to her, we might say inborn, although this character, so monotonously tragic, is not one best fitted for her powers. When the essentials are so good, it is perhaps ungracious to speak of mere accessories, but we could not help wishing her a more becoming toilet, both in the colors and the make of her dresses, which were singularly ill adapted to her graceful and slender figure.

Miss HINKLEY (now Signora SUSINI) has also improved in voice since we last saw her on the stage. She looks the pretty page as charmingly as ever, so that we almost pardon the indistinctness of enunciation of her melodious voice, which is of less consequence in delivering the flippant nonsense of the page than it might be in a more serious part.

Mad. STRAKOSCH sustained very capably the ungracious rôle of Ulrica, which neither Alboni nor Adelaide Philipps have been able to invest with much interest.

BRIGNOLI was all himself, in his very best estate; very good humored, unusually animated; in *perfect* voice. What more can be said?

Instead of Ferri as Renato we had MANCUSI, a new baritone; not very attractive. A careful painstaking singer, but having a dry, unsympathetic voice and an awkward and ineffective presence upon the stage.

BARILI and DUBREUIL, as before, personated the conspirators, Sam and Tom, and very effectively do they portray this couple, of evil omen, who perpetually haunt the scene with forebodings of its impending catastrophe. These characters could hardly be in better hands.

The choruses were as good as we usually are favored with, and the orchestra, under Mr. ANSCHUTZ, reliable and satisfactory.

On Tuesday, the benefit to Mr. Ullman must have been more substantial than on the first evening. The weather was fairer, the bill of fare offered novelties, and the house was well filled. *Les Noeues de Jeannette*, a pretty French operetta, by Victor Massé, which has had much success in Paris during the last year, was first upon the programme, and was sung (in French) by Miss KELLOGG and M. DUBREUIL, there being but two characters. The plot is simple and the music pretty and decidedly *French*. Miss Kellogg had good opportunity for showing the remarkable facility of her voice and often brought down the house. The Nightingale song, with flute obligato accompaniment, was admirably sung, nor could the audience be contented without its repetition. Her action was sprightly, and dress unexceptionable and appropriate. Her by-play was exceedingly spirited and lively, and would have done no discredit to one whose speciality it was to act in French vaudeville. She was well seconded, moreover by Dubreuil, who acted with spirit and intelligence, giving the music quite acceptably, although his voice is not all that could be desired in a part where so much depends on him.

Then came Donizetti's *Betty*, another operatic trifle, of much the same character, containing many pretty passages, long familiar to concert goers. Miss Hinkley, Brignoli and Susini filled the characters. The libretto gave but little aid to the hearer, as the many cuts and alterations, rendered it quite impossible to follow the singers intelligently, trusting to its guidance. This too went off in an animated sprightly manner, Miss Hinkley being a quite charming Betty (on whose movements the interest chiefly turns,) while Brignoli and Susini were fairly entitled to their share of the applause with which the performance was rewarded.

Why do not the strolling companies of operatic "artists" take the hint that these performances give them, and, instead of treating us to concerts of hack-nied songs, in their vacations, give some of these pleasant operettas of which there are so many, French and Italian? A simple scene, and two or three singers, with an orchestra, is all that is needed, so that the trouble and expense of getting them up would be but trifling, while the novelty of the entertainment would be sure to attract audiences who are weary of the stale programmes offered by the givers of operatic concerts.

On Thursday evening Mad. COMTE BORCHARD was to appear as Lucrezia Borgia, but too late for notice this week.

Schubert's Musical Remains.

Although perfectly well aware that it is but a waste of time—even in the best of times—for me to give a notice in the *Journal of Music* of any fine collection of rare books or manuscripts on sale, even for less than auction prices—knowing well that not a reader, even when no rebellion is drawing upon his resources, will pay the slightest attention to such an announcement as that which I am going to make—still I will make it, on the principle that one should not weary in well doing. Moreover I will wait a few weeks before making the announcement in England and Paris, so that Boston, New York, &c., may have the first chance.

When Ferdinand Schubert died, two or three years since, he, like all teachers in Austria, necessarily left his family in very straitened circumstances. A mass of MSS. has been put into my hands to dispose of for that family's benefit, among which are several autographs of Franz Schubert. The most important of these are:

The complete orchestra Score of "Alphonso and Estrella," an opera in three acts begun Oct. 21, 1821, and ended Feb. 27, 1822.

Mass in G, in score, for four voices, small orchestra and organ with additional instruments by his brother Ferdinand.

An operatic chorus and air, scored for full orchestra. Half a dozen Songs.

There is much other music instrumental and vocal in the collection by him, but I cannot as yet decide whether it is written out by him, his brother or a copyist.

Any reasonable offer for the Opera, the Mass or the Chorus and Air, would be accepted—no price is fixed. My own choice would be to have them go together in some permanent, public library.

Vienna, Oct. 22, 1861.

A. W. T.

Letter from Trovator.

MUSIC AT VIENNA.

VIENNA, Nov. 1, 1861.

Dresden has lately been ornamented with a statue of Von Weber cast in bronze and placed behind the elegant theatre. The location is not as good a one as might have been selected. The pedestal of the statue bears the simple words "Carl Maria von Weber."

The composer of "Oberon" lies buried in the cemetery at Dresden in a handsome, though not showy, family tomb, on which are inscribed the dates of his birth and death.

At Prague, where there is an admirable theatre, and they have just produced Gounod's "Faust," which is now making the tour of European lyrical stages; but it was my luck to reach these places on the off nights of the opera. Prague is a singularly beautiful place. An air of sad, barbaric grandeur seems to invest it. It is emphatically the city of statues. They stand in serried rows upon the roofs of all the buildings, they adorn the streets and public places, they guard the old bridge in numbers that would seem incredible. Do you remember the story in Arabian Nights of the Enchanted City of Marble? The Caliph Haroun Alraschid is led to it through the vagaries of certain magical fish whose eccentric behavior during the operation of frying is, to say the least, very surprising. The Caliph finds a city all marble, the people petrified and not a living soul to be seen. Now Prague, if the people would only desert it, would be an admirable representative of the enchanted city, so large is its population of statues. There are warriors with their swords on the battlements and casernes; saints with the cross and popes with the triple tiara stand in solemn silence upon the churches; and on that wondrous bridge are religious groups telling in silent stone the great story of the Christian faith. I think that no one who strolls over this bridge at twilight and observes the living and the sculptured forms he meets there can forget the scene. Here a saint gazes at the crucifix—here Christoforus bears the Holy Infant on his shoulders—here a holy hermit peers out from a cave—here a ghastly skeleton stands, a perpetual *memento mori*—here is the Madonna, holding on her knees the dead Christ—here is a Crucifixion, with a monk and a nun on either side, gazing in tearful anguish at the cross—and in the centre of all is the dying Christ, while on the pedestal which supports this last are the solemn words:

Oh! vos omnes qui transitis
per viam, attendite et
videte si est dolor
sicut dolor meus.

Then as they approach this statue all the passers-by, priests or soldiers, peasants or nobles, citizens or strangers, remove their hats in solemn reverence to the holy idea symbolized by this solemn statue on the bridge.

* * * * *

At Vienna I anticipated a series of musical treats, and my expectations were by no means fully met. I was disappointed to find that Strauss, the famous Strauss, and Musard, the gentlemanly Musard, instead of giving their celebrated concerts in superb and fashionable saloons, go around with their bands from one Beer Hall to another, as they may be engaged. Strauss is most often found at Schwender's, and Schwender's is nothing more than an immense guzzling shop, where the Viennese go to revel in beer and tobacco. To the guzzling shop are attached restaurants, a cheap theatre, a panorama, and a Ball Room; and here, instead of to elegant concert-rooms,

must you go to hear the ravishing strains of Strauss' Band. For every waltz a German seems to need a quart of beer, while he can enjoy an opera selection only in a cloud of pipe smoke.

That reminds one of the opera. It is not first-class at Vienna; at least, not as ultra first-class, not as A, No. 1 first-class, as you would expect in a city of such musical celebrity as Vienna. The building is absolutely shabby, but they have a novel arrangement in responding to the calls before the curtain. Instead of raising the curtain or instead of having the principal performers come out at the sides of the stage, the central part of the drop-curtain *recedes*, leaving a sort of alcove in which the performers may appear. I heard here Cherubini's *Deux Journées*, a peculiar and admirable work, the chief *onus* of which rests on the baritone, on this occasion a splendid singer and actor as you need wish to hear. His part of the old Water-carrier is semi-tragic and semi-comic, and affords full opportunity for vocal and histrionic display. There are two tenors and two sopranos in the piece, but they have no solos allotted them, so that the opera is by no means calculated to "show off" the singers; but several of the concerted pieces are most beautiful and effective.

The best music I heard at Vienna was in the fine old church of St. Augustin. The choir consisted of nearly a hundred men's voices, led by a dandyish-looking Kapellmeister, whose name begins with E—wretched being that I am, to remember only that letter of it—and the mass performed was by somebody else beginning with E. A superb mass it was, especially the Benedictus. Yet almost any music would sound superbly interpreted by such a choir. The voices were under the most perfect control, and the *pianissimo* of this large chorus was, my ears told me, never equalled in their remembrance. Why, this choir sang such a simple thing as the familiar tune known as the "Sicilian Mariners' Hymn," with such exquisite taste that it was indeed an apple of gold set in a picture of silver. Our church choir singers would open their eyes as wide as saucers (and keep their mouths closely shut for shame) could they hear what this Viennese choir make out of "Sicily." Indeed, should the political troubles in America result in calling me to the permanent dictatorship of the Republic, my first care, after giving all my poor relations fat offices in remote quarters of the globe (and in unhealthy climates if possible), and hanging a few hundred traitors, will be to select about two thousand choir singers from all the States, and send them abroad at the Government expense. First they should learn how to really sing the Messiah choruses, under Costa, in London; then they should study the English Cathedral music, as sung at Wells Cathedral; then they should go to Russia and learn the service of the Greek Church as heard at St. Isaac's, in St. Petersburg; then they should pass a year at Moscow, under the monks at the Donskoi Monastery; and going to Austria should finish under this excellent leader whose name begins with E; and then, returning to the Hub of the Universe, they would show Bostonians how "Sicily" can and should be sung.

At Vienna, I was fortunate enough to meet with that old friend of the readers of *Dwight's Journal*, the "Diarist." He showed me a great batch of originals and copies of letters of Beethoven, which, for the last ten years he had been engaged in collecting and arranging; and now there is a fair prospect that the long promised "Life" will be actually commenced. In the meantime the "Diarist" should be an oftener in the columns of *Dwight's Journal*, for though a little unsound as regards Verdi, and by no means so enthusiastic as he ought to be about that angelic Donizetti, the "Diarist," I am sure, is missed as much by all the readers of *Dwight's* as he is by

TROVATOR.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The young volunteer. Song. T. B. Bishop 25

A taking, off-hand composition, which will cheer and amuse a great many.

Fresh as a rose. Ballad. M. W. Balfe. 25

Balfe has written no new Opera this season but he has been busy furnishing the London Concert-Balladists with new Songs, in which he has been very successful. This Song has become a great favorite in England.

Farewell, we meet no more. Quartet. S. K. Whiting. 25

A simple, but effective Quartet; just the thing to take up and read off at a chance social meeting of musical persons.

The Beggar girl. For one or two voices. Piercy. 25

An old familiar ballad which by Mad. Anna Bishop's inimitable singing has of late become a great favorite among singers. The accompaniments are new.

Instrumental Music.

Port Royal grand march. C. Peterson. 25

Composed in commemoration of the recent great naval victory. It is a very good and effective March and should command a large sale.

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Pleasing Waltzes of medium difficulty.

Agathe. (When the swallows). Transcription. Brinley Richards. 35

In Richards' usual brilliant style. The works of this author do not now need any introduction to our amateur piano-players, they are always welcome, and sure to please.

For Brass Band.

God save the President. Geo. F. Benkert. 1 00

For eight to fourteen pieces. Printed on cards, convenient for street use. This forms the forty-fourth number of a series of Brass-band Music, lists of which can be had of the publishers on application.

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THE AMERICAN MUSICAL CLASS BOOK. Designed for Female Colleges, Institutes, Seminars, and Normal and High Schools. Containing Elementary Instructions, Vocal Exercises and Solfeggios, and a Valuable Collection of Duets, Trios, and Concerted Pieces. By Bissell. 50

Among the numerous works of the kind this new candidate for popular favor cannot fail of a prominence, since its peculiar features are such as will commend it at once to the patronage of those for whom it is chiefly intended. Its rudimentary lessons proceed with a regularity of precision that cannot fail to fix permanently on the minds of the pupil the essentials of success in future studies. The exercises are, in a form to attract the attention and the selection of music, one of the best if not the superior of all similar collections. Principals of Educational institutions, music teachers, and others interested in books of this class will find it advantageous to examine this volume.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 505.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 7, 1861.

VOL. XX. No. 10.

Mrs. Browning's Last Poem.

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S VISIT TO ITALY, MAY, 1861.

1.

"Now give us lands where the olives grow,"
Cried the North to the South,
"Where the sun with a golden mouth can blow
Blue bubbles of grapes down a vineyard-row!"
Cried the North to the South.

"Now give us men from the sunless plain,"
Cried the South to the North,
"By need of work in the snow and the rain
Made strong, and brave by familiar pain!"
Cried the South to the North.

2.

"Give luc'der hills and intenser seas,"
Said the North to the South,
"Since ever by symbols and bright degrees
Art, childlike, climbs to the dear Lord's knees,"
Said the North to the South.

"Give strenuous souls for belief and prayer,"
Said the South to the North,
"That stand in the dark on the lowest stair,
While affirming of God: 'He is certainly there,'"
Said the South to the North.

3.

"Yet oh, for the skies that are softer and higher!"
Sighed the North to the South,
"— For the flowers that blaze, and the trees that
aspire,
And the insects made of a song or a fire!"
Sighed the North to the South.

"And oh, for a seer, to discern the same!"
Sighed the South to the North,
"For a poet's tongue of baptismal flame,
To call the tree and the flower by its name!"
Sighed the South to the North.

4.

The North sent therefore, a man of men,
As a grace to the South—
And thus to Rome came Andersen:
"— Alas, but must you take him again?"
Said the South to the North.

—Independent.

Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of Dr. HEINRICH VON KREISSLE.

FRANZ (PETER) SCHUBERT was born on the 31st of January, 1797, at Vienna.

His father, Franz Schubert, was the son of a peasant from Neudorf in Moravia. Coming to Vienna from Sonnenstädt to pursue his studies, he became in 1784 assistant to his brother, who was a teacher in the Leopoldstadt; and two years afterward, his good school qualifications won for him the position of teacher in the parish of the *Heiligen 14 Nothhelfern* in the Lichtenthal suburb.

His first marriage, with Elizabeth Vitz of Silesia, was blessed with fourteen children, of whom only Ignaz, Ferdinand, Carl, Franz and Theresa lived.

His wife dying in the year 1813, he married again (in 1814) with Anna Müller of Vienna, and by this marriage he had five more children, of whom Maria, Josefa, Andreas and Anton lived.

Franz passed his childhood in his father's house; but neither this, nor the next period of his short life is marked by any important event immediately concerning him. Under the eyes of his parents, in the circle of his brothers and sisters, he grew up in those limited relations which characterize the existence of a poor schoolmaster blessed with a large family. His musical bias made itself remarked at the earliest age and on the slightest occasions. The child was particularly attached to a journeyman joiner, who knew how to take him to a place where there were pianos, upon which the little Schubert got through his first exercises without further introduction. Certainly his father took care to impart betimes to Franz, as he had done to the older sons, Ignaz and Ferdinand, the rudiments of general knowledge; and we may pass over his childhood's years the more lightly, since the seven-year-old boy already claims our full interest in a musical regard.

The first instruction in music, and indeed in violin playing, he had from his father, who had also taught the older sons, Ignaz and Franz, in the same branches. In piano playing Ignaz gave him the first introduction, and finally the choir-master (*regens chori*). Holzer undertook his farther development, both on the piano and in singing. Even at that time—Schubert was ten years old—Holzer regarded the knowledge of his young pupil with amazement and with tears of joy, and declared that it would be useless trouble to try to impart anything new to him, since he always knows it all before. "Often," said he, "have I watched him in silent wonder; if I wanted to teach him something new, he knew it already."

Being now eleven years old, and possessing a beautiful soprano voice, he let himself be employed as a solo singer and violinist in the choir of the Lichtenthal parochial church; and ear-witnesses assure us he performed with fine and just expression. He composed too at that time little songs, piano pieces, and even string quartets.

The father's efforts now succeeded in getting the boy into the imperial court chapel, whereby he obtained a place as pupil in the *Convict* (refectory). It was in October 1808, that Franz was presented for examination to the two court kapellmeisters, Salieri and Eibler, and the "singing master Korner. When the other boys, who appeared for the same object, perceived the little Schubert, coming along, clad after the manner of the time in a light blue, almost whitish, coat, they thought that must be a miller's son and no mistake.

As might have been expected, Schubert's trial singing excited the admiration of the examiners; so excellently did he perform the task set him, that his admission as singing boy into the court chapel and as pupil into the *Convict* followed

without more ado; and the uniform, with the golden border on it, to whose splendor Schubert was not insensible, helped to reconcile the boy to the bitter parting for some time to come from all who had hitherto stood near to him in life.

He was now a singing boy in the imperial court kapelle; moreover, as he played the violin with tolerable facility, he was assigned to the little Convictists' orchestra so called, whose task it was in almost daily rehearsals to study some of the larger compositions, especially the Symphonies of Haydn and Mozart, and then the works of Beethoven, which were still regarded at that time with wonder, and to prepare performances.

Of these pieces it was some Adagios from Haydn's Symphonies and the G minor Symphony* of Mozart, which made a deep impression on the serious boy, who was not particularly friendly to the world about him; but on hearing the Symphonies of Beethoven this impression rose to ecstasy. His partiality to these came out decided even then; but he was destined, as no other was, to emulate in ever prouder flights the master whom he looked up to as his beau ideal, while he preserved his own individuality completely.

The Symphonies of Krommer, at that time liked for their lively character, found little favor in his eyes; while on the other hand he would defend those of Kotzeluch, when their somewhat antiquated style was ridiculed by the musicians, with much warmth—to be sure, only in comparison with Krommer's. He also counted among his favorites the Overture to the *Zauberflöte*, to the "Marriage of Figaro," and those by Mehul.

Inevitably Schubert, soon raised by his talent and his earnest pursuit of his Art to the position of first violin in the little orchestra, gained no inconsiderable influence over it; in consequence of which, when the director happened to be absent, the leadership of the orchestra with the first violin devolved on him.

At the same time, too, the creative impulse was awakened with an irresistible force in the boy of thirteen. Already he confided to his comrades, under seal of secrecy, that he frequently put his own thoughts into notes.

Thoughts streamed in upon him in abundance, and he too often only wanted note paper, on which to fasten them. As he was not in a position to procure such for money, a kind friendly hand provided it, and his use of it seems to be have been altogether extraordinary.

Sonatas, Masses, songs, operas, nay even Symphonies, according to the testimony of vouchers, lay ready finished at that time; although the greatest part was soon thrown away as mere experiment.

In the year 1810 he had composed a Fantasia for four hands, filling not less than 32 pages, and containing over a dozen pieces conceived each in a different character, and each ending in a different key from that in which it began. This

* "Only hear the angels sing in it," he used to say.

was followed later by two smaller ones. It was his first piano composition. In the year 1811 falls the composition of the song: "Hagar's Lament," of a string quartet, a second four-hand piano fantasia, a quintet overture dedicated to his brother Ferdinand, and many songs.

(To be continued.)

First Impressions Abroad.

[The following letter, which we find in a recent number of the *Transcript*, is from a young lady artist of Boston, written on her way to Rome.]

PARIS, FAUBOURG ST. GERMAIN.

My Dear Friend: I shall not attempt to give you a description of my passage across the Atlantic, or of the mysterious disappearances and reappearances which were constantly taking place among the passengers. One transit is so like another, that except to those directly concerned, there is very little interest in an ordinary passage, and ours was of that kind. We encountered neither shipwrecks nor pirates; indeed, we did not speak a vessel on the whole way out, and the icebergs, which were so kind as to show themselves, were at so great a distance as to render a little pleasurable fright on their account impossible. Of the passengers, 260 in number, a large proportion were foreigners, (Mexicans, Cubans and Spaniards), and consequently were much longer than usual thawing out. By the eighth day, however, the people became so well acquainted that they looked forward to the time of parting with regret. On Friday morning we came in sight of the coast of Ireland, and spent most of the day watching the changeable face of the country, with its wonderfully beautiful variations. Rightly was it named the Emerald Isle, for it is a green gem in the ocean.

On Saturday afternoon, in the midst of a rain which seemed to fall without any effort on its part, we bade adieu to our fellow passengers, some of whom we expected to meet in London—some in Paris—others whom we hope to see in Rome this winter, and others, still, whom we expect to see, never again. Then we entered the steam tug, and in a short time were in Liverpool. I do not think I can ever feel so strange and forlorn in a foreign land as I did that day, although I was with kind and attentive friends.

My companions all had friends expecting them. I alone knew nobody, was expected by no person. Since then I have been in large towns in France, hundreds of miles away from any person I had ever seen, an entire stranger, without hearing a word of English spoken for days, and was not lonely in the least; but that day, on first setting foot on English soil, I was miserable enough. My thoughtful friends had secured me a room at Mrs. Blodgett's, and when I found myself fairly housed there my sorrows vanished. I was so pleasantly situated, so kindly cared for, that I soon felt quite at home. Americans coming to Liverpool will be very fortunate if they can gain admittance to the excellent private boarding house of kind Mrs. Blodgett, Duke street. She is so well known that the number is unnecessary. On Monday, after visiting Chantrey's fine statue of Caning, in the Town Hall, and Gibson's statue of Huskinson, in front of the Custom House, I went up to London. We passed through Chester, one of the few walled towns still remaining in England—through Coventry, so famous for its legend of Lady Godiva. The ducking of "Peeping Tom" was annually celebrated there until two years ago, since which time it has been discontinued. I saw the turrets of Warwick Castle, and I was told also those of Kenilworth—passed through that modern "inferno," Birmingham, and by the sweetest, quaintest little towns that ever sat to artist for their pictures, and arrived in London at nightfall. The next morning I took a cab and went in search of some acquaintances, who were not a little surprised to see me. During the fortnight I remained in London I saw many things of interest. Although I was constantly on the wing when well enough to be out, I of course left very much unseen.

On my way out to Sydenham to carry letters to American friends, who were in that vicinity, I heard in the railway carriage that Grisi was to take her farewell of the stage at the Crystal Palace that afternoon. So I would not let so good an opportunity pass, but accepted the invitation of the pleasant English party who were in the carriage with me, and, thanks to their kindness, saw and learned much in a short space of time. The stage was beautifully decorated; the names of Grisi's favorite rôles, and those of the operas to which they belonged, were wreathed with beautiful flowers, and formed a semicircle around the musicians,—in the centre and di-

rectly behind the singers, the word *Addio*, in large letters, and also beautifully garlanded with flowers, told the cause of the immense concourse of private carriages which crowded the entrances to the building. I was told that most of the nobility in London were there. Certainly it was the largest and finest audience I ever saw there or elsewhere,—11,174 persons were said to have been present that afternoon; yet so large and so finely proportioned was the building, that they only occupied a comparatively little spot in the centre. A score of celebrated singers, male and female, assisted at the concert, but the voices were almost lost in the immense arches. Grisi was enthusiastically received by her vast audience. She has been a great favorite with the English people, and now that her voice is going, it is to be hoped that she will rest content with her past laurels, and let this farewell be really her last upon the stage. After I had heard Grisi and Mario sing, I wandered off into a distant part of the Palace, beyond the sound of the music or the sight of the crowd. After a while I found myself in Pompeii, (you must know that parts of cities are reproduced there with all their buildings, and yet there is still room enough to spare,) where I encountered a small party of ladies and gentlemen, accompanied by some beautiful children. They were Grisi, Mario, their children and a few friends. She looked older and more care-worn than I expected to find her, but there was a fine frank way with her that I liked much. She seemed fond of her "little Marionets," as she calls them.

I cannot attempt a description of that wonderful structure, the Crystal Palace. It transcends in beauty the most gorgeous description in the Arabian Nights. Aladdin's wonderful palace could not have been as beautiful, and its contents are as varied as they are remarkable. North, South, East and West, lend their richest and rarest productions to enhance the beauty of the already beautiful structure. Tropical trees and shrubs, fruits and flowers, are inhabited by birds of joyous plumage, which flit hither and thither at their own sweet will, and mingle their songs with the cool, refreshing murmurs of the many fountains. Arts, Sciences, Manufactures, everything is there represented in such a way that the beholder can learn there in a few hours by observation more than he could glean from books in years. It is truly an epitome.

I visited Hampton Court Palace, built by Cardinal Wolsey in the time of Henry VIII. It is built of brick, is kept in good repair, and contains, besides many other fine works of the old masters, the original Cartoons of Raphael. In the National Gallery I saw some of the works of the old masters for the first time, and did not wonder in the least at the great admiration which they have always excited. The gallery was not open to the public the day I went there, but my escort, a Boston gentleman well known in the literary and musical world, explained to the janitor that we were strangers, whose time was limited, so we were admitted.

While we were there, Lord John, the newly created Earl of Russell, came in and looked at the pictures while I looked at him. A small, common looking man, with a quiet, unpretending manner; there was nothing in his appearance to command attention, or to indicate that in him we beheld one of England's greatest statesmen. A number of artists of both sexes were copying in the different rooms. We had a long conversation with a lady who was copying one of Turner's landscapes with much success, and ascertained from her that any person by painting a tolerably good picture and submitting it to the committee appointed for such purposes, could have the privilege of studying the noble works of art contained in the National Gallery free of expense. She also said that the number of students who availed themselves of the privilege was much greater in years past than at the present time. At Kensington Museum I found that the same liberality is exercised toward art students, Queen Victoria and the members of her court lending the rarest and most valuable objects of art and virtue to the institution for the benefit of the pupils of the School of Design for Women, which is established there. I did not know until after my return to the city that the school was there at times I could have visited it. It is now under the patronage of the Queen, who recently ordered some lace to be manufactured from the design of one of the pupils.

The Palace for the Exhibition of 1862 is only a few steps from the Museum, and is a very fine structure. Americans will be pleased to know that Miss Hosmer's noble statue of Zenobia is to be exhibited there. Many of the London artists were out of town, but I visited the studios of several who had not escaped to the quiet of the woods and hills, and found much to admire. The studio of J. H. Foley, the sculptor, interested me more than any I have visit-

ed as yet. And I saw many very nice things in that of Mr. Durham. Mrs. Bodichon, who visited America two years since, and whose remarkable water colors paintings were so much liked by many of our connoisseurs, has been making rapid progress in her own country, where good artists and good pictures are anything but rare. Her recent pictures of Algeria, where she spends her winter months, are quite remarkable. Her sister, Miss Anna Smith, has also been painting some admirable things; two paintings especially struck me, or rather one subject treated in two different ways. A young Moorish girl is kneeling beside a fountain, the waters of which are dried up. The accessories are simple but all in keeping. The empty water jar—the useless cords by which it was to be lowered—the arid sands and the scorched vegetation, combined with the utter hopelessness in the attitude of the child, made it one of the most touching pictures I ever saw.

I also met Miss Margaret Gillies, the engraving of whose paintings, the "Past and Future," "The Heavens are Telling," and various other well known pictures, are so very popular in America. I saw on her easel another beautiful figure piece, which is to be published in New York, when times are better. A few fine heads by Mrs. Bridell, whose husband is a noted landscape painter, were the last works I saw in London of noted lady artists.

I heard much of the works of Mrs. Wells, who died in the spring of this year. I was not so fortunate as to see any of her works, and was just a week too late for the annual Exhibition of Fine Arts; but all whom I met spoke in the highest terms of her excellence, both as a woman and an artist; and her early death seemed to be regarded as a national loss. By the advice of friends, I took the New Haven route to Paris via Dieppe, and had no reason to regret my decision. It was cheaper than the other routes, and then we passed through Rouen, the town of all others I most wished to see, and our tickets gave us several days of grace, so that we might stop by the way and see what we chose. I left London at 9½ o'clock, and reached New Haven at twelve. Took the steamer there for France, and after a pleasant passage across the English Channel, arrived at Dieppe about 4 o'clock P. M. I had no baggage except a carpet bag, as I registered my trunk in London, and it had gone on to Paris, there to remain until such time as I should go and claim it. Strange enough it was to be in a land where no English was spoken. I followed the other passengers, and found myself in the Custom House, as I expected. They did not ask for my passport, and merely asked if I had anything prohibited. I said no; asked for the omnibus to the Chemin de Fer for Rouen. Entered it and then breathed freely. I had tried my French and found I could make myself understood, and knew I should be in time for the next train.

At 7 o'clock reached Rouen, where I passed the night and spent part of the next day in seeing the quaint old town, with its wonderful gothic Cathedral of Notre Dame, which contains the heart of Richard Cœur de Lion, and the beautiful church of St. Ouen (pronounced St. Wan); and last but not least the square where the brave Jeanne d'Arc was burnt to death by order of the cruel Duke of Bedford, who lies buried in the Cathedral a little distance beyond. The town is very old and as picturesque as one can well imagine. Pierre Corneille was born here, and a statue is erected to him on one of the bridges. I was constantly losing my way and constantly asking every body where it was, and always got along swimmingly, not because I am such a good linguist, but because the French are so very quick of apprehension. In the afternoon I took the cars for Paris, regretting that I had not time to make an excursion to Chateau Gallard, so celebrated in French history; but I knew if I stopped for that I should lose the Emperor's fête, and that I could not give up. So I bid adieu to Rouen, and in a few hours found myself in this delightful city of Paris. Au revoir.

M. F. F.

Music and Sculpture in Munich.

(Correspondence of the London Athenæum, October 23.)

Rather more than a year ago, I read a statement in the *Athenæum* that Haydn's long-absent oratorio, "Il Ritorno di Tobia," was shortly to be performed in Munich. Since that time, however, it has given neither sign nor sound till now, when it is promised for the opening concert of the Advent series. I trust this time the promise may be fulfilled, and that the year's interval may be fruitful as regards the execution of the work. Strangely enough, the same time has elapsed since another work of art was mentioned in your columns, which also has just now been exhibited. I speak of Mr. Randolph Rogers's gate for the Capitol of Washington, which was cast in

October, 1860, and has required the labor of a full year before it could be shown to the public. Some people complain that the works cast at the Bronze Foundry should require so much filing and elaboration, instead of issuing perfect from the actual process, and we must all wonder that so long a period should be needed. But I presume the immense amount of fine work on the panels and round the borders must be taken to justify the delay, and the satisfactory result is too evident to be disputed. I hear that the gate is to figure in the Exhibition of 1862, and its attractiveness in Munich is well shown in the fact, that 4,000 people went to see it the first day.

There are nine panels on the gate, four down each side, and one crowning the top. In the first, Columbus is represented before the Council of Salamanca, endeavoring to prove the existence of another hemisphere, but vainly. In the second, he takes leave of his friends, mounted on the mule purchased with the money given by Queen Isabella; and in the third, he is pleading his cause before her and King Ferdinand. In the fourth, he sails from Palos; in the fifth, he lands at San Salvador, and takes possession of the newly-discovered country in the name of his king; in the sixth he gains the friendship of the Indians by releasing an Indian maiden made captive by one of his sailors; and in the seventh, he enters triumphantly into Barcelona. The eighth and ninth show us his degradation and his melancholy end. In addition to these groups, in which there is throughout much character and great animation, Rogers has marked the time of the discovery by placing statues of all the chief contemporaries of Columbus round the door, the reigning monarchs, with Cortes, Pizarro, Balboa; and between the panels are heads of the writers on Columbus and his successors, among whom Washington Irving, Robertson and Prescott are conspicuous. In other places are heads of American beasts, and festoons of fruits and flowers. On each side of the gate stands a statue destined for the Richmond monument to Washington.—Nelson, who was Governor of Virginia at the breaking out of the American Revolution, and afterwards a general under Washington, and Lewis in the picturesque costume of a Virginian sharpshooter.

The mention of these great works leads me naturally to speak of an inane statue King Ludwig has placed in the Promenade Platz, just in front of the "Baierischer Hof," and therefore in full view of all English travellers, to Max Emanuel, Elector of Bavaria. The statue is erected to him in his character of stormer of Belgrade; but to readers of English history he occupies a more important position, as father of the prince chosen by the Partition Treaty to govern Spain, and as sharing with Tallard the honor of being defeated, at Blenheim, by the Duke of Marlborough. In his account of the Congress at the Hague in 1691, and of the French caricatures of it, Macaulay says: "In another, William appeared taking his ease in an arm-chair, with his feet on a cushion and his hat on his head, while the Electors of Brandenburg and Bavaria, uncovered, occupied small stools on the right and left." I have not seen the caricature, but I am sure the Elector cannot be more ridiculous there than he is here on his pedestal. There he stands, with uplifted sword, on an exploded shell, without an atom of motion in face or body, his face resembling that of a sheep, and his attitude that of an awkward fencer. Many suppositions were started to account for this tameness; some would have it that King Ludwig wished to typify that remarkably mild and gentle heroism of Gaëta, which he is said to admire. I think, however, that the true meaning must lie in the result of the storming of Belgrade under the Elector, for a German authority says that garrison and inhabitants fell under the sword of the conqueror. He is evidently supposed to be quietly cutting them down. When I add that this statue is flanked by four of the finest heads and most expressive figures in Munich, Gluck, Orlando di Lasso, Kreitmayer and Westenrieder, you will have an idea of the inappropriateness of its site.

Considerable progress has been made this summer on some of the buildings of both Kings; in particular the National Museum and the Propylæa Thor are fast approaching completion. A sitting figure of Bavaria has been placed over the former, and there are various reliefs towards the top, which are very amenable to Mr. Ruskin's criticism, expressed in his Edinburgh Lectures; they are placed so high that a powerful glass would be needed to examine them. There is a talk of making the Pinacothek more useful to artists, and of checking the system of restoration, which was lately exposed in one of the Munich papers. Hitherto, copying has not been allowed in any of the rooms where the pictures are hung on account of the floors; but now a wooden flooring is to be laid over the stucco, so that scaffoldings can be

set up without damaging the floor or endangering the pictures.

Mr. Fechter's Othello.

(From the London Observer.)

In speaking of Mr. Fechter's Hamlet, we did not hesitate to avow an almost unlimited admiration of the striking originality of his conception of the character, and of the exquisite skill with which he embodied it upon the stage. We must ever look upon that performance as the justly won triumph of a superior intellect disdaining to tread the ordinary paths of tradition, unmindful or unknowing of what others had done before in the same part, and resting solely for success upon its own inward and unfaltering conviction of what was right and true. The result has been startling. Beneath the gleam of Mr. Fechter's truer genius the traditional Hamlet—nobly as the character was sometimes sustained—has sunk into a temporary, nay, it is to be hoped, an eternal oblivion, and has given place to a creation worthier in all respects to be accepted as the correct embodiment of the great poet's thought, when he drew with so seemingly wayward a hand a character that few comprehend, though all admire. Can it now be said that Mr. Fechter does for Othello what he has already so happily accomplished for Hamlet? Can it be said that he vindicates the character from any traditional abuses, and presents it to the world in a purer and nobler form than it has ever borne before? We must candidly declare that we think not. It is needless to observe how strongly the moody contemplativeness and halting irresolution of the northern prince—but lately a student in the school of Wittenberg—contrasts with the ardent temperament and fiery impetuosity of the swarthy Moor, born beneath a warmer sun, bred from infancy in the rough tutelage of the camp, trained to manhood in the hardy exercises of the "tented field," and, as he himself declares, "knowing little of this great world more than pertains to feats of broil and battle." It is hardly possible to conceive in nature or in fiction any two characters more widely different from each other, whether in mental refinement or physical hardihood. Where the one, though spurred by the strongest provocation, still hesitates to act, and ingeniously tortures an over sensitive mind by the indulgence of speculations which it cannot solve; the other in the pure simplicity of a noble and untutored nature sees only what is wickedly presented to him in the form of a hideous truth, and no sooner sees than he instantly resolves, and swiftly executes. The attributes of generosity and gentleness are undoubtedly common to both, but they exist in each in a different form, and exert upon the character a different sway. Hamlet is gentle from refinement of intellect and tenderness of sensibility; Othello from nobility of soul and manliness of nature. Now, in the delineation of these two widely opposite characters, Mr. Fechter, as it appears to us, does not sufficiently distinguish the radical difference that exists between them. By communicating to the one the delicate sensibility which properly belongs to the other he misreads the intention of the mighty author, and presents us with a picture of refined sentiment rather than of injured manhood and impetuous passion. In the Othello of Wednesday evening we saw, it is true, a skilful, and, in several respects, a most exquisite delineation of all that is tender and touching in the character; but we looked in vain for those grander phases where passion, engendered of the sense of irremediable wrong, rushes to a height that borders on the sublime. To avoid what he deems to be the errors of tradition, Mr. Fechter obviously carries the process of refinement too far, and thus, unhappily, attenuates the part to a thinness in which, though the sentiment be preserved, the grandeur is wholly lost. In this play, too, abounding in so many passages of elaborate and eloquent poetry, another defect, which we fear is ineradicable, is more apparent even than in Hamlet, viz., the foreign intonation of Mr. Fechter's voice, and the difficulty or impossibility under which he appears to labor, of catching the melodious swell of the Shakespearian rhythm. Hence it follows that, although the eye is often gratified by some stroke of skilful acting, the ear is rarely visited by a pleasing or harmonious sound. The cadences of Mr. Fechter's voice are all French, and on his lips the melody of English rhythm has no place. The effects that he produces—occasionally wonderful, and above all praise—are always from isolated expressions or exclamations, never from a sustained effort, or from the climax of an eloquent and soul-stirring passage. Listening to the words of Shakspeare as they fall from his mouth, one would never know that the famous address to the senate, or the still more exquisite passage in which the heart-stricken Moor bids farewell to his glorious soldier-life, was written in any

other form than the plainest prose. When we hear the noble verse of Shakspeare thus rendered, how does memory carry us back to the well-remembered elocution of some of our own great players, who attuned these beautiful passages to the richest harmony, and whose voices seemed, like that of the young lady whom Ben Jonson so exquisitely complimented,

"As some soft chime to strike the air:
And though the sound had parted thence,
Still left an echo in the sense."

But, although Mr. Fechter is unable to accomplish anything in this way, he achieves wonders in other respects. In his delivery of the long soliloquy in the second act of "Hamlet," his exclamation, "Why, I should take it," was unparalleled for intensity of expression and happiness of effect by anything we ever heard uttered upon the stage. Something very like it is repeated in "Othello," when, in the third act, in reply to Iago's heartless and insidious remark, "I see this hath a little dashed your spirits," he exclaims, in a voice hardly articulate from the intensity of the heart's emotion, "Not a jot, not a jot." Again, when reminded by Iago that Desdemona, in marrying him, had deceived her father, he replies with similar emotion, "And so she did." And once again, when in the midst of the violent upbraiding of his wife for her supposed infidelity, the contemplation of her beauty flashes into his soul a returning sense of tenderness and love, and he exclaims, in a voice of unspeakable anguish, "Oh, Desdemona, away, away, away!" In touches of this nature Mr. Fechter has certainly never been surpassed, perhaps never equalled. They go at once to the heart and take the house by storm. In the same way his playing throughout abounds in so many traits of the most delicate and exquisite finish that one is reluctant to express the opinion that it is not in all respects perfect. We adhere to the belief, however, that his view of the character of Othello is not the correct one, and that the traditional reading of the part is not so chargeable with the blemish of erroneousness as his own. Romantic, tender, sensitive, pathetic, and picturesque he doubtless renders it in too highest degree, but the essential and vital quality of highly impassioned manhood is wanting; and the acting of the player, wherever the exhibition of the grander emotions is demanded, is weak and nerveless compared with the strength and vigor of the text he has to enunciate.

The play is produced according to a version of Mr. Fechter's own preparation, being, as he tells us, the first of an intended series, which he designs to publish under the title of *An Acting Edition of the Plays of Shakspeare*. One of the objects of this undertaking, he informs us, is to divulge to his comrades in art the fruit of "nearly twenty years' unceasing labor of love for the scenic representation of the great master," and if possible to "sap the foundation of that worm-eaten and unwholesome prison where dramatic art languishes in fetters, and which is called 'tradition.'" The field upon which Mr. Fechter is thus fearlessly entering is a very ample one, and the task he assigns to himself is beset by no common difficulties. All that we can now do is to wish him well through it. Taking the acting version of "Othello," however, as a sample of what is to follow, we must at once declare that it does not appear to us to be by any means free from blemish. We should be the last to stand up for any of those "traditions" of the Stage, which are more generally termed "conventionalisms;" but we confess that we should be loth to change even an established conventionalism for any alteration that is not in more exact consistency with the spirit and intention of the great master to whose service Mr. Fechter has bound himself. Now, in the play of "Othello," as presented to us on Wednesday evening, whilst we admit the happy introduction of a vast amount of very beautiful scenes, and a greatly improved arrangement of what is commonly called the general business of the stage, comprising the appropriateness of costume and furniture and the picturesque grouping of figures; whilst we admit also the judicious restoration of portions of the text previously eliminated, such as the scene in which Bianca is concerned, and in which the growing jealousy of the Moor is confirmed by what appears to be an indisputable incident; whilst we freely admit all this, we must still think that the conduct of the fifth act, and especially the close of it, is not so much in harmony with what Shakspeare intended as the traditional version which Mr. Fechter seeks to discard. How is the opening of this act arranged? It commences with the second scene, the first having been included in the preceding act. We take the description from Mr. Fechter's own book: "Desdemona's Chamber. At the back a large window, with balcony overlooking the sea. On the left of the window an arch, discovering an oratory; by the half-raised curtain is

seen a *Prie Dieu*, surmounted by a Madonna, and lighted by a red lamp. On the same side, in front, a bed raised by two steps. A door at the right. A high and elegant Venetian lamp burns at the head of the bed where Desdemona lies asleep; a small toilette glass, fallen from her hand, lies near to her. Her clothes scattered about. On the balcony, Othello, motionless, enveloped in a long white burnoose, is looking at the stars. Far off—at sea—is heard the "Song of Willow." No one will dispute the picturesqueness and beauty of this arrangement. The eye, indeed, could demand nothing more to satisfy it; but the gratification of this external sense is purchased at a cost which we hold to be much too dear. It is to be remembered that when the fifth act opens, the feelings of the audience have been wrought to the highest pitch of excitement by the tremendous events which have preceded it, and that every one is aware that a terrible crisis is approaching. At such a moment any retardation in the onward progress of the play becomes intolerable. The effect of Mr. Fechter's arrangements is, for an irksome interval of many minutes, to stop the action altogether. Whilst he is listlessly gazing on the stars, and whilst the wailing song of "The Willow" (which we must observe has never before been repeated, or even alluded to in the course of the performance, and which consequently has no meaning or effect whatever, now that it is introduced in a part of the play to which Shakespeare never assigned it), is vibrating through the house; whilst all this is tediously going on, the audience is palpitating with anxiety to know what is really to happen. Desdemona lies asleep in her bed, conspicuously raised upon a dais; her husband, who has sworn to destroy her, stands apart in the same chamber. What is he doing?—languidly leaning against the window and looking upon the stars! Is this Othello? the soldier of fiery blood, quick impulse, and prompt action! At length, when that weary contemplation of the stars has ceased, he creeps with stealthy pace and crouching form toward the bed, and finding there the toilette glass which has fallen from Desdemona's hand, he takes it up, and gazing intently into it exclaims:

"It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul"

meaning to convey the impression, that he sees in his own dark features, the cause of all his misfortune. This reading of a somewhat doubtful passage may be admitted to be as ingenious as it is novel; but we cannot assent to its correctness. The words that immediately follow,

"Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars,"

make it perfectly clear to our minds that the "cause" that was operating upon Othello's soul was not the consciousness of his own dark skin, but the conviction of his wife's infidelity. Mr. Fechter adopts the opposite view, and instead of accepting the words we have quoted, in what we hold to be their obvious meaning, he makes them a pretext for quitting the bed-side, again slowly marching towards the stars to whom he is appealing and deliberately throwing the offensive toilette glass out of the window. It will readily be seen that all this occupies a long time, and it must, we think, be felt that effective as such incidents might be in an ordinary melodrama, they are by no means in keeping with the grand and earnest straightforwardness of Shakespeare's mighty scene.

Were we disposed to be hypercritical, we might object, too, to the prominence which is now for the first time given to the bed upon which the fated Desdemona lies, and which has the effect of bringing painfully into view the process of her suffocation, a scene always so full of horror as to be scarcely supportable, and of which undoubtedly the less that is forced upon the sight the better. But we pass that by, and come direct to the alterations which Mr. Fechter has introduced into the working out of the final catastrophe.* Here, again, we are completely at issue with him. He labors to intensify the scene—we think he immeasurably impairs and mars it. In order to carry out his idea of the fashion in which Othello is to die, a large excision is made in the text. When Othello has been disarmed of his first sword, the circumstance of his possessing himself of a second is omitted, and, by consequence, the beautifully characteristic lines—

"I have seen the day,

That with this little arm, and this good sword," &c.

are omitted also. In the same way, when Iago is brought in bound, Othello does not, as prescribed in the rightful text, make any attempt upon his life; and again, by consequence, a highly characteristic passage is omitted. The purpose for which these omissions are made afterwards becomes apparent; it is to produce a novel and startling conclusion. The end approaches. Mr. Fechter commences and continues with becoming calmness and dignity the well-known injunction, "Speak of me as I am; nothing

extenuate," &c., &c., until he comes to the words "I took by the throat the circumcised dog," when, to the astonishment of every human being in the house, he suits the action to the word by ferociously throwing himself upon Iago, and forcing him (according to the stage directions of Mr. Fechter's own book) "still bound, but smiling with bold effrontery, to kneel before Desdemona," when, with uplifted hand and glittering dagger, he makes a show as if he would plunge the weapon into the breast of Iago, but by a dexterous turn he directs it instead to his own bosom, and, drawing it forth again, "throws it (we again quote the words of the book) at the feet of Iago, who shrinks with terror, as if struck in the face by the blood of Othello." Can any comment upon this be necessary? According to the standard version of the text, and to the ordinary "tradition" of the stage, there is nothing in Othello's life that more becomes him than the calm, majestic grandeur of his death. According to Mr. Fechter's acting arrangement the scene is converted into something that has all the appearance of a scuffle and shuffle, and which for the moment most certainly leaves the audience in doubt as to who is killed—Iago or Othello. Against such innovations as these we must at once emphatically protest; and when the first feeling that they have created of surprise and wonder has passed away we are convinced that all people of good taste and right judgment will unite with us in condemning them.

Of Mr. Ryder's impersonation of the part of Iago it would be difficult to speak too highly. We candidly confess that we were by no means prepared for so masterly a performance; and we greatly doubt whether it has ever been surpassed. Mr. J. G. Shore was something more than merely respectable as Roderigo; but of Mr. Jordan's Cassio we can say nothing in praise. Miss Carlotta Leclercq infused a due amount of sweetness and gentleness into the impersonation of Desdemona; and Miss Elsworthy comported herself sensibly as Emilia, except that her voice and action were somewhat too violent when she denounced the traducer of her mistress, and desired "to place in every honest man's hand a whip to lash the rascal naked through the world." The delivery of this passage is generally overdone, and Miss Elsworthy certainly did not avoid the "traditionary" fault.

We have already alluded to the beauty of the new scenery. Portions of it—the Rialto and the Views of Cyprus, for instance, are the work of Mr. W. Telbin. Other portions, scarcely, if at all inferior, are the result of the joint labors of Messrs. Gates, Cuthbert, and Gouge. All are admirable.

The performances of the first night passed off with great *éclat*. The applause of a densely-crowded house was liberal but judicious. Mr. Ryder was called before the curtain at the close of the first act, and a similar compliment was bestowed upon Mr. Fechter at the end of the third. On the final fall of the curtain all the principal actors were called, and all appeared, with the addition of Mr. Harris, who was farcically forced forward by Mr. Fechter.

The Study of Bach.

It is scarcely forty years since, even among musicians whose position demanded that they should be thoroughly educated in their art, anything like an intimate acquaintance with the works of Sebastian Bach was a fact of uncommon occurrence. To many the old master was known by name alone. Only a very few persons were acquainted with certain of his productions, and even those persons not unfrequently attached nothing more than a historical value to what he had written. The majority of German musicians had almost entirely forgotten one of their greatest and most important masters, without ranging themselves more particularly under the banners of any more modern composer.* Let it not be said that Beethoven became, immediately after Sebastian Bach, the popular hero of the period.

*Thibaut, in his work, *On Purity in Music* (page 9) says—"Thus our so-called virtuosos, musical directors, and teachers, steal carefully away from what is old, and endeavor by every means to bring into disrepute the endless musical treasures of which we can boast, and they succeed only too well."

At page 24 of the same work we read, "There is not the slightest chance for church music so long as we are compelled to admit that organists, such as our Apel, Ett, Rink, Umbreit, are to be regarded as rare phenomena. To what have our organists reduced us? To nothing more or less than this: that every half-judge of music but too frequently leaves the church, thoroughly disgusted at the musical trifling and bad taste of what he has heard." A similar opinion was pronounced at the same epoch by Carl Maria von Weber. At p. 70, vol. III. of his posthumous works he utters the following complaint: "The art of performing Sebastian Bach's compositions effectively, is probably, altogether lost, since the enjoyment to be thence derived does not lie on the surface, while on account of the richness of the harmonic structure, the external melodic contour does not stand out with that prominence which our vitiated ear requires."

Although, even during his lifetime, he had no lack of admirers and sincere followers, there were many, on the other hand, who could not reconcile themselves to the eccentricities and oddities which marked the last period of Beethoven's productive activity. Those who, for such reasons, did not then worship him, inclined as a rule much more to Haydn and Mozart than to the old "Cantor" of the Thomas-kirche at Leipsic, whose long-tailed periwig, strange to say, was in the eyes of many the image of his "rococo-music." It is true that, by musicians who, in their day, really understood Haydn and Mozart, the influence exerted upon the writings of the latter by Sebastian Bach was not ignored. It is also well known that, in the course of their education, Haydn and Mozart were made acquainted with Sebastian Bach's compositions, although it cannot be denied each of these masters pursued a path of his own, and only now and then walked a short distance with old Sebastian. Beethoven's, in our opinion, more nearly allied than his predecessors to Bach, although, in virtue of his creative powers, he asserted his freedom from any authority, recognizing it only when it in no way impeded the lofty flight of his fancy and his invariable genial aspirations. To this we attribute the fact that even Beethoven did not effect as much for the full and universal appreciation of Bach's works as he might, and that in his time there were many who did not feel inclined to accord the great contrapuntist and church composer that rank to which he had a just claim. Hence an intimate acquaintance with Bach's works was still rare in Beethoven's time and hence at that period we actually find Bach's disciples only among musicians scattered here and there as organists and directors of Sing-academies, or such as had been fortunate enough to know some of Bach's own pupils, and by them have been inspired with a taste for his music.

Things looked decidedly better when Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy appeared upon the scene. With him a new era commenced for the Bach-school. Excited thereto by his master, Zelter, he became more intimately acquainted than any other composer of modern times with Bach's works. Even when only twelve years of age, endowed with a truly miraculous power of reproducing the longest and most complicated compositions, Mendelssohn would play any fugue of Bach from memory. His love and partiality for Bach increased to such a degree, as he attained the age of manhood, that he felt it incumbent on him to use his great official influence, in various ways, for the Bach-school of music. Who is not acquainted with his efforts to procure a worthy performance in public of some of Bach's previously unknown compositions? Was it not Mendelssohn, also, who erected, in honor of the old master, at Leipzig—the principal scene of Bach's labors—a monument, thus giving his veneration material consistency? And is not the early death of this gifted master all the more to be deplored, inasmuch as, had the period of his labors been prolonged, he would have exerted himself still more to promote the study of Bach? But let us cease regretting; even in this respect the labors of Mendelssohn brought forth a splendid harvest. While it is now almost universally acknowledged as absolutely indispensable that every thoroughly educated musician should be acquainted with Sebastian Bach, and have studied the inmost meaning of his compositions, no musical school of any importance neglects the great fugue writer, and no Singacademie omits to perform his works.—nay, several have, during this last forty or fifty years, produced them very often, and thus facilitated the appreciation of his worth by the professional and non-professional public in an equal degree.

In the first rank of the institutions which can boast of having promoted and spread a love and knowledge of Bach's music, stand the Singacademie of Berlin, and that of Breslau, under the direction of Mosewius*; Stern's Verein, at Berlin; Riedel's at Leipsic, &c. Connected with the foregoing are, also, those musical associations which perform exclusively Bach's music like the Bach-Verein, founded at Vienn's suggestion, and conducted under his management in Berlin and Frankfurt-on-the-Oder), or disseminate better editions of his works, like the Bach-Society in

† It was more especially at Vienna, in Van Swieten's house, that Beethoven became acquainted with Sebastian Bach's works. The music played was almost exclusively that of Handel, Sebastian Bach, and the great Italian masters, up to Palestrina, Beethoven seldom missing a performance. The company frequently kept on playing far into the night; and there is a story current that old Van Swieten would very often not allow young Beethoven whom he had taken under his especial protection, to leave the house until, in addition to everything else, he had played him some half-dozen fugues by Sebastian as "an evening blessing," or parting benediction.

* Mosewius occupies a very high place among those who exerted themselves to spread a taste for Bach's music. He founded the Breslau Singacademie, where he produced many of Bach's works, and, both by tongue and pen, has greatly extended the comprehension of them.

Leipsic, the object of which is eventually to publish a complete edition of all that has proceeded from the old master's pen. While mentioning what has been done, in recent times to diffuse a feeling of appreciation for his music, we must not forget the very great services rendered by the most celebrated teachers of musical composition. Thus, thanks to all these combined efforts, such a pitch has been attained, that the number of musicians who can appreciate and perform satisfactorily Bach's works is becoming greater every year; a result by the way, in which the music schools founded, during the last thirty years, at all the principal centres of musical intelligence (such as Berlin, Leipsic, Vienna, Cologne, Dresden, London, and even Paris) have had their share. In all probability, Weber would no longer, at the present day, give utterance to the complaint, that the art of performing Bach's compositions effectively was lost, since first-class organists now enable us to hear his most difficult works of the organ, rendered in a style which cannot leave a doubt on our minds that the performer thoroughly understands them;—nay, even first-class violin-players already take pride in studying his violin sonatas, which, difficult as the latter are, they not unfrequently master skillfully and happily. These are all convincing proofs that the old master is beginning to make his way, and that, in many circles, musical taste is not at such a low ebb as several persons have thought themselves called upon to assert. In conclusion, we cannot help expressing a wish that Sebastian Bach may some day find a biographer who shall, as Otto Jahn has done in his biography of Mozart, critically sift the materials at his disposal, and fashion them into an artistic whole.—Forkel's book on the *Life, Art, and Productions of Sebastian Bach*, although a valuable addition to the literature of the period at which it was written, will not do for the present age. The great activity recently manifested in this department, more especially, of musical literature, induces us to indulge in the hope that we shall not have to wait much longer for a comprehensive work on Sebastian Bach and his productions. For many musicians such a book has become a pressing necessity.—A. T.—*London Musical World*.

Hawthorne's Wonderful "Marble Faun."

AN EXPLANATION.

A writer in the *New Englander*, for October, professes to give the key to Hawthorne's allegory in the "Marble Faun." It is as follows:

"We understand that the four principal characters in the story personify the different elements which we perceive in our strangely-moulded natures: the Soul, or Will, whichever we may call it; the Conscience, or intuitive power; the Reason, or Intellect; and lastly, the Animal Nature, or Body. These four we find united in companionship, and in a state of comparative isolation from all others. They form, so to speak, a little world in themselves, and are all, for the time being, sojourners in the ancient city of Rome, at a distance from their homes.

"The beautiful and courageous Miriam represents the *Soul*; her judicious and honorable friend, the sculptor Kenyon, is the *Reason*. She ever finds in him a wise counsellor, but he is too cold and austere to secure her full confidence, or to give her, in her great trial, the warm sympathy she seeks. Rightly he is represented as a worker in marble, even as the Reason deals with truths in their naked severity and coldness. The fair and lovely Hilda admirably personates the *Conscience*, and sustains, throughout, the purity and loftiness of so elevated a character: Sympathizing and kind, tender and true, though dignified and somewhat reserved, she dwells apart, in the summit of a lofty tower, above the dust and miasma of the city; and though she comes down, and walks the filthy streets of Rome, her white robe is unsoiled, and she returns at night to feed her companions, the white doves (pure thoughts and desires), and to keep the flame burning on the altar of prayer. The others often refer to her as having a finer perception of the beautiful and true than themselves; and though they sometimes complain that her standard of virtue is too high for them to reach, and her judgment upon their opinions and conduct too severe, yet they are never satisfied that theirs is correct unless it coincides with hers.

"Miriam and Hilda are both artists, for our nature was formed to enjoy and to produce the beautiful, although Hilda does not now originate pictures, as in her native home, but copies from the old masters; that is, the Conscience refers us to the eternal standards of Right and Wrong. Associated with these high-souled friends, we find a gay and thoughtless youth, so simple-minded and careless that they regard him as a mere child in understanding; yet his graceful beauty and mirthfulness, and especially his

affectionate and winning manners, afford them so much pleasure that they admit him to constant companionship. This is Donatello, who represents the Animal Nature. Kenyon woos Hilda with an admiration bordering on reverence, and Donatello passionately loves Miriam, though neither finds his affection at first fully reciprocated; Miriam indeed often regards the childishness of Donatello with contempt. But after Hilda has sprained her delicate wrist, she grasps the strong hand of Kenyon; and when Miriam finds herself cast off by Hilda, and regarded with suspicion by Kenyon, she clings tenaciously to the tenderness yet remaining for her in the heart of Donatello. That is, when the Conscience has been weakened by intercourse with guilt, it is glad to lean somewhat upon the understanding; and after the Soul has become debased by crime, she loses much of her dignity and delicacy, and is even willing to confess in the most humiliating manner her subjection to the Body, and dependence upon it for happiness. 'I lost all pride,' says Miriam, 'when Hilda cast me off.'"

Before his contact with guilt, Donatello is in a state of perfect, though childlike enjoyment. He is in sympathy with the animal creation; understands the language of beasts and birds, and they come at his call. Whether he has really pointed and furry ears, being himself only an improved animal, we are left in doubt even at the end of the story.

New Picture for the Capitol at Washington.

The picture which Leutze is painting for the Capitol is not, as the itemizers have had it, for the Rotunda, but is a commission which he has received in accordance with and illustration of, a plan for the decoration of the Capitol, which he has presented to General Meigs, and which has received his approval. The space which is to receive the picture is one of four blank walls, above the stair-cases leading to the galleries, each twenty by thirty feet. Mr. Leutze's plan is substantially to fill these four walls with illustrations of the American spirit and the development of the nation; the one he is executing taking for its subject Emigration; then will follow historical scenes and landscapes in a consistent series, filling the walls and Rotunda, and removing to a gallery the pictures now in the Rotunda, which are rather gallery pictures, where they are anything, than decorative works such as the general plan and use of the building demands. The minor spaces will be filled with less important views, groups, &c., with arabesques showing the natural history of the United States.

The picture represents the summit of a pass through the Rocky Mountains; at the right a wild desolate valley from which the emigrant train is toiling up to the ridge, whence the prospect of the great western plain opens to the eye, lying in a golden haze, with glimpses of rivers winding away out of sight. Some horsemen urge their horses eagerly up to the dividing ridge, and the younger members of the party climb the rocks shouting and waving their hats in enthusiasm. The sun is setting and the rosy light falls on the snowy summits of a distant peak, which forms the climax of the composition, and divides the land of toil from that of promise.

In the border, set in an arabesque composed of the flora and fauna of the Rocky Mountains, are several smaller designs, with the motto of the picture: "Westward the star of empire holds its way," overhead. Underneath is a view of the Golden Gate, with the harbor of San Francisco looking inland, and in the upper corners the wise men of the East at the left, and Hercules clearing the passage between the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. Along the sides are the expedition for the golden fleece, the return of the spies from Canaan, the overwhelming of Pharaoh's host, Columbus at his studies, the raven bringing food, the dove returning to the ark, and at lower corners portraits of Boone and Clark.

Leutze's plan is one which would bring into play, in the different portions of the work, all the varied talents of the country, landscape, *genre*, decorative, portrait, historical or ideal, furnishing subjects for all. The work is to be done on the wall itself, in the water-glass process, which, with the permanence and brilliancy of fresco, gives all the freedom of working which water color affords. It is the manner adopted by Kaulbach in the new museum at Berlin, and has stood all the tests for many years.

The success of Leutze's plan, and its adoption as the policy to be followed by the government in the decoration of the Capitol, would give a new and healthy stimulus and training to our artists, tending more than any other kind of patronage could, to develop the different talents in the profession.

Mr. Leutze receives \$20,000 for his picture with its pendants, a remnant of an old appropriation to

the finishing of the buildings. We hope sincerely that its success may be such as to give art new grace in the eyes of our legislators, and initiate a new policy towards it. It seems to us eminently and worthily a popular work, appropriate to the place it is to hold.—*Eve. Post. Nov. 21.*

Musical Correspondence.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., NOV. 25.—The Beethoven Society of Hartford, numbering a chorus of about sixty singers with an "efficient orchestra," treated us to a concert Thanksgiving eve, which was well attended and is deserving of notice. The following was the programme:

The Transient and the Eternal.....	Romberg
When the heart is sad and weary.....	Rossini
Hear my Prayer.....	Mendelssohn
My heart's first home.....	Wallace
Miserere from <i>Il Trovatore</i>	Verdi
The Glorious day of Freedom.....	Verdi
St. Cecilia's day (Cantata).....	Von Bree
Two forest nymphs.....	Glover
God bless our noble volunteers.....	J. G. Barnett
Clear up those lovely eyes.....	Rossini
Four-part song, arranged from.....	Donizetti
Tramp Chorus.....	Bishop

If we did not know that it is impossible to get up a successful concert without catering to the popular taste in the selection of the programme, we might be disposed to growl at the above list. All the pieces on it, if we except the cantata by Von Bree and the patriotic song by Mr. Barnett, are familiar to most musicians, so that comment upon its quality is unnecessary. We may say, however, that the idea of giving such a soul composition as Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer" the same evening with the surface music of the hackneyed *Miserere* in "*Il Trovatore*," is in itself enough to shock a person of sensitive nerves. But if the programme was mediocre, we are happy to say that the same cannot justly be affirmed of the rendering. Taken as a whole, the chorus singing was vastly superior to any we have ever heard in Springfield. Promptness and, usually, delicacy, characterized the united efforts of the Society in every instance. If there was a fault in the *tempi*, it was an inclination to hurry. This excess of promptness was noticeable in the exquisite chorus responses in "Hear my prayer," also, in a chorale or two, but not to so great an extent as materially to injure the effect. The "efficient orchestra" (which was efficient, though it numbered only six or eight instruments) seemed in the earlier part of the evening to have adopted a different "diapason" from the pianoforte, and this did not tend to heighten the beauty of the choruses, especially in the soft passages. The discrepancy was at length remedied and the general effect in like proportion benefitted; although, if we mistake not, the pianoforte was "a house divided against itself" throughout the concert.

"St. Cecilia's Day" by Von Bree, which we heard for the first time on this occasion, is a genial Haydnish composition, but without striking originality.—(Perhaps it is for this very reason commendable; for we cannot help thinking that many composers of the present day produce worthless works by striving to produce such extremely original ones.) It is a lighter style of music than Romberg's "Transient and Eternal;" but the latter had the better rendering. The soprano solos of both were sung (many of them very effectively) by Mrs. Strickland. Her voice is a very powerful one and she filled the hall better than any other lady singer. A solo in the "Transient and Eternal" and the cavatina from "*Semiramide*" were given with a beautiful clearness and distinctness. In the duet from "*Moses in Egypt*," the accompaniment was played so lightly that both singers flatted a trifle. Otherwise it was finely done.

The solo in the only selection from Mendelssohn was exquisitely sung by Mrs. Preston, who, by her pure and sympathetic voice, is admirably qualified to sing this sort of music. Although a new singer to a Springfield audience, her reception was a flattering

one, and deservedly so. Another soprano, Miss Julia Smith, sang a ballad of Wallace's quite acceptably. She gives promise of becoming a fine singer.

The audience had the unusually small number of two patriotic pieces offered them, and the pieces were unusually good. Mr. Barnett is already favorably known as a composer, and "God bless our noble volunteers," although too good to become very popular, would be sure, if published, to increase the high esteem in which he is held by musicians. Miss Preston sang it—as everything else—very satisfactorily. Perhaps there was occasionally a lack of *fire*, but there was enough to rouse the audience, and the piece received the heartiest encore of the evening.

Mr. Wander was the principal tenor singer of the evening (and when we say tenor, we do not mean baritone—in which class three-fourths of the so-called tenor singers should be placed). He sang, among other solos, the tenor solo in the *Miserere* (forgetting his cue in one instance), and the melody in a funny four-part arrangement of airs from the "Daughter of the Regiment." This last was given with such perfect abandon as to be irresistible.

Mr. Barnett showed himself a good conductor. We should have liked him better, however, if he had steadied the choruses in some other way rather than by audible beating the time with his foot. In some cities, his audience would have spared him this trouble by doing it themselves; and while this is universally condemned by all right-minded persons, why should the same thing be tolerated in a conductor?

R.

The Dettingen Te Deum.

FROM H. F. CHORLEY'S "HANDEL STUDIES."

This is a peculiar "Te Deum;"—a Protestant thanksgiving anthem with an orchestra—written to commemorate a great victory—written in great haste, a hundred and fifteen years ago; yet which lives after victory has swept away the traces of victory, and elaborate composer the memory of hasty composer—in brief,—colossal, grand;—preëminent among "Te Deums."

No musical *pièce d'occasion* has lasted so long. The one which approaches it the nearest in vitality is Handel's "Funeral Anthem." Mozart's "Requiem" was less hastily composed; so it may be assumed were Cherubini's "Coronation Mass" and Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang;" and the wear of the two last-mentioned works has to be tried.

By one of the above parallels we are brought into a world of speculation and comparison, worth consideration. The Protestant "Te Deum," in many of its phrases, is identical with the Roman Catholic Mass; and thus on studying this work belonging to the English church and creed, reference must be made to things totally different, and, by some, thought totally antagonistic. But in art, the desire should not be so much to set apart as to reconcile. If music is to be brought into worship, it cannot, surely, be classed and ticketed. If from Catholic Services Protestant "Te Deums" have grown, such fact has nothing to do (so far as the musician is concerned) with infallibility, or with nonconformity. Let separate things be kept separate. The technical progress of art must surely be disconnected from variations of opinion. A new chord one year, an extinguished instrument another; all discoveries, in short, must be matters independent of Pope or of Luther; at least, it may be as well to declare that, in the following Study, in which from "Te Deum" reference is made to Mass, neither declaration, still less dogma, in reference to the connection of art with religion is intended to be put forward.

I have said before, that Handel sometimes tried his effects *twice*. This remark may dispose some students to turn to an earlier "Te Deum"—the "Utrecht Te Deum," composed by Handel in 1713, thirty years before the "Dettingen Te Deum," the date of which is 1743, two years later than the date of "The Messiah."

The noble, *early* music of the "Utrecht Te

Deum" may be, possibly, studied elsewhere. Now, we have to do with a Thanksgiving Anthem after Victory; poured out by a poet in the fullness of his power and the ripeness of his genius; and a war-poet, too! Thus considered, the second "Te Deum" far exceeds the first one.

Chorus (five voices).—We praise Thee, O God: We acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.

The Introduction verse, Number I. begins, during four bars, merely on the two commonest trumpet notes, being "a call" (to use the barrack phrase). Let a new composer try to arrange this call anew!—which is used by Handel throughout the chorus with persistence, yet without such persistence being in the least felt. Any thing more free than this first chorus, with all the cohesion and "motive" given to it by these two trumpet notes, hardly exists in music. There is the use of one voice to lead off a new phrase, on the words,

O God, we praise thee

(a use, by the way, let me observe, belonging to a time when the *alto* voice was unsettled); there is that wonderful modulation on the words,

We acknowledge thee,

which is amazing, if taken in conjunction with the last *stiff* entry of the subject, made by the bass instruments ere the chorus closes. There are the two last bars of the full choir and orchestra—all worthy of no common study, in admiration of immense power—power that asked for no rule and cared for no difficulties. The taste of the times enjoined an orchestral symphony, but Handel could not bring this to an end without his obstinate trumpet call. Is there not here a foretaste of the humor to prescribe and to ticket and to characterize, which has been assumed as a feature of modern art? The trumpets never come to an end in this Dettingen Battle "Te Deum." The battle was for ever in the ears of the musician when he wrote.

Chorus (five voices).—All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting.

The second verse, in the same key as the first one, is curious. Handel did many things *twice*; and here, as first five bars of the symphony, is, note for note, the theme of the symphony to his superb duet, "The Lord is a Man of War," in "Israel," produced—or reproduced (who can now tell?)—five years earlier, and there, as here, with a touch in it, transferred from the "Magnificat" of Erba. But how Handel could rouse (even after he had reproduced) himself, could never be more clearly seen than in this chorus. The adoration of the words, "All the earth," as given in full chorus, amounts to *platoon* firing.

(To be continued.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 7, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

Chamber Concerts.

The third Musical Soirée of Messrs. KREISSMANN, LEONHARD and EICHBERG, last Saturday evening, was a remarkably pleasant occasion. Programme and performance particularly good; company (weather favoring) large, nearly filling Chickering's Hall, and of the kind whose presence accords with the music. All felt auspicious from the first. The pieces played and sung were these:

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Trio for Violin, Piano and Violoncello, in Bb, op. 99. Schubert
Allegro moderato—Andante—Scherzo and Rondo.
Messrs. Eichberg, Leonhard and Mollenhauer.
2. Scotch Songs, arranged by..... Beethoven
A. Kreissmann.
3. Adagio, for Violin..... Spohr
J. Eichberg.

PART II.

1. Sonata for Violoncello and Piano, op. 69.... Beethoven
Allegro ma non tanto—Scherzo—Adagio cantabile—
Allegro Vivace.
Messrs. Mollenhauer and Leonhard.
2. Siciliano, in G minor..... S. Bach
Messrs. Eichberg and Leonhard.
3. { a. Erinnerung..... Op. 5.
b. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai, "25," R. FRANZ
c. Willkommen im Wald..... Op. 21.
A. Kreissmann.
4. Allegretto and Allegretto ma non troppo, from Trio, op. 70..... Beethoven
Messrs. Eichberg, Leonhard and Mollenhauer.

The Schubert Trio, generally new to the audience, opens with a lifesome, buoyant, brilliant Allegro, full of happy genial inspiration, clear in its development, and not at all too long, like many of the movements of this rich, original composer, who in the crowd of his inspirations does not always know when to stop. The Andante, singularly beautiful, and deep in feeling, was especially enjoyed and felt. The real Schubert genius lay in that. The Scherzo and Rondo finale were worthy to follow, and kept expectation eager, without disappointing, to the end. In fact a more enjoyable selection from the works in Sonata form by Schubert could hardly have been made. It was capitally rendered. Mr. LEONHARD impressed us the first time he played in Boston, when he had far less technical mastery and less musical maturity than now, as a young pianist having a real German genial sense and feeling of his music. His nervous energy did not seem acted, and he entered into the spirit of a Beethoven composition, whatever faults there might be in his play or manner. With soberer and clearer purpose, after earnest studies, he is now an *intelligent* artist, and he bears it in his face. We may always count ourselves happy when we may hear the piano part in works of Beethoven and Schubert played as expressively and forcibly as they were on Saturday evening. Mr. EICHBERG was the best person among us to do justice to the violin part, which he rendered with his usual breadth of style and truth. In Mr. HENRY MOLLENHAUER, one of the brothers in New York, whose presence with the Opera was availed of, we had indeed an excellent violoncellist, to complete a very satisfactory trio.—We hope this Schubert Trio will be heard again this winter, that our music-lovers may in some sense commit it to heart.

The "Scotch Songs," selected by Mr. KREISSMANN from the series of Scotch and English songs arranged by Beethoven (for a history of the matter see our last), but commonly published as "Scotch Songs"—a title likely to mislead a German—chanced to be two old English songs, once very hacknied (at least the second one), but now again as good as new. They were "The faithful Johnnie," and "Sally in our Ally," which really seemed quaint in the new dress and circumstances. What Beethoven did for them was to put to them an accompaniment for piano violin and 'cello; and this he has done with such skill and tact as to illustrate whatever of fresh and wildflower beauty the old street melodies had in them. They were sung with much expression; indeed there was an honest simplicity about the performance which added a new charm to the songs.

Mr. Eichberg had scope for the sentimental and elegiac style of playing, with sustained and finely graduated phrasing, in the Adagio by Spohr, who showed his best power in what he wrote as violinist for the violin.

The Sonata, op. 69, by Beethoven, one of the

least familiar here, is one of the richest and most beautiful creations of the master's middle period. We doubt if any specimen of his art and genius in this kind would have been listened to and followed with a deeper interest. The audience seemed to drink in every note of it like some wondrous and delicious draught proffered at the right moment. So fresh was it and full of the Beethoven peculiarity, so fit to follow what had come before, that the zest was as keen as if we had come thirsting to it. The rendering was all one could wish, and it was hard to tell whether the most praise was due to the pianist or violoncellist; both entered into the spirit of the work.

The *Siciliano* by Sebastian Bach was very warmly redemanded. Think of an encore for Bach! But it was short as well as sweet; a simple, graceful, taking thing; yet full of art, as one who minded the piano-forte part could not fail to perceive; and it was so nicely played both by Mr. Eichberg and Mr. Leonhard. Bach wrote it for flute instead of violin; but there was nothing lost by the change. Shall we not have more of Bach's violin music in our concerts? There is no modern music fresher. When we remember Joachim there in Dresden, standing up in the corner of the room, and all alone, without accompaniment, addressing these things to our private ear, possessing us wholly with the magic of the *Chaconne*, the Sonatas, Fugues, &c., all for violin alone, we feel impatient that all our musical friends should know such enjoyment.

Robert Franz! How like the good old times before the European tour, before "Leviathan," it seemed to hear our good friend Kreissmann sing the well known Franz songs! Strangely little known is Franz even in his own Germany, if we except quaint little old theological Halle, where he lives, *facile princeps* among the musicians, and where Handel was born,—and also Leipzig, and a few of the finer spirits in Vienna, Berlin, Hannover, &c. Of course the best know the best the world over; and Franz enjoys a recognition as select and honorable, as good for the future, as it is limited and far from popular. He is none the less original and admirable, none the less a man of genius, a profound musician, an artist richly furnished with both inward and acquired gifts, that he is not widely known. It is because he stays at home and abides his time; works for Art and not for fame or money; and prefers to produce small things like songs, full of poetry and soul, rather than to try to outdo Beethoven in vast symphonies laboriously done up and labelled for "the Future." In six months in Germany, a whole year in Europe, it was never once our luck to hear a song by Franz in any concert. His peculiarity is not yet accepted out of certain as it were, intimate circles; Schubert and Schumann one hears everywhere, but not Franz. Probably in no city are his songs so often heard, or so much bought as here in Boston—thanks to their introduction by one who knew their worth and knew how to make it felt. Some day we must recall the pleasant visit we paid to Franz in Halle. For the present let us feel happy that we have such beautiful things to listen to and to enjoy, and that we have artists willing and able to expound to us their beauty. Mr. Kreissmann was in good voice and sang the little pieces with nice and true expression; how much of their charm was due to the accompaniment by Mr. DRESEL, there is no need of telling.

The movements from the Beethoven Trio, op. 70, in E flat, are from a well-known favorite, and made a beautiful and fitting close to the concert.

The fourth and last Soirée of the above named artists will take place to-night. The programme is both rich and rare. Mr. Kreissmann will sing Beethoven's *Liederkreis*, songs by Franz, and Schubert's "Erl-king;" Mr. Eichberg will play Bach's *Chaconne*, part of Mendelssohn's Concerto, and a Beethoven Sonata duo with Mr. Leonhard. The latter will play a *Bollade* by Chopin, and three little four-hand pieces with Otto Dresel: viz., two characteristic marches by Schubert, and a Polonaise by Saran, the composer pupil and friend of Robert Franz. What could be richer or more choice and appetizing?

MEDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The second concert comes next Wednesday evening. The selection will include one of Beethoven's latest Quartets, for the first time in Boston; a Quintet with clarinet by Weber; one of Kummer's violoncello solos ("Les Arpèges"); and Mozart's Quintet in C minor. Here, too, are capital attractions:

Italian Opera.

The last three days of the one week of Opera, vouchsafed to eager ears, as the event showed, by Mr. Ullman, gave us *Lucrezia Borgia*, for the debut of a new soprano, Mme. COMTE BORCHARD; *Martha*, with Miss KELLOGG as the chief star; and for Saturday afternoon, a medley: *Les Noces* again, parts of *Lucrezia*, *Trovatore*, &c.

Miss KELLOGG's impersonation of Martha confirmed our agreeable impression of her as a singer and an actress. The fresh bloom of her voice, its maiden-like, clear, penetrating quality, somewhat Patti-like, her truth of intonation and expression, and her already remarkable execution are full of promise, which is sustained by the unaffected, graceful animation, as well as a certain intellectual quality, an air of native refinement, that pervades her performance. It certainly seems unnecessary to go abroad for mere vocal study, when such singers can spring up and unfold so fair at home. The opera as a whole had some hitches in the presentation; but BRIGNOLI was in his best voice and temper, and got such plaudits and encores as seriously lengthened out the rather unsatisfying sweetness of Flotow's work. It seems to be very popular though; and the very large audience, as large as in any "piping times of peace," sat it all through with delight, however much they found to criticize—for this is one of the things which even the public can be critical about. SUSINI's big round voice and easy manner left not much to be desired in former Plunkett's character. Mme. STRAKOSCH filled the rôle of Nancy not so well as some have done, yet creditably.

Lucrezia Borgia was given on Thursday, to a full house, and again at the farewell matinée on Saturday afternoon. Mad. COMTE-BORCHARD, as *Lucrezia*, agreeably surprised the audience, to whom even her name was new. She showed herself an accomplished and thoroughly trained singer, with a voice which is a little past its prime, though still very effective and pleasant. Her execution is brilliant, nor does she lack courage to attack difficulties, or skill to overcome them. She will be welcomed in Boston with

pleasure if she should visit us again. The other characters were filled by familiar acquaintances, and we need not say that they were well filled, when SUSINI was the *Duke Alfonso* and BRIGNOLI the *Gennaro*. Mad. STRAKOSCH made a good *Orsini*, and in many respects shows progress and improvement.

The opera, which was promised "entire," at the matinée, was given to a large audience, shorn of its fair proportions in a manner which we never saw equalled before. Page after page of the libretto, scene after scene of the opera, were unceremoniously skipped, and those to whom the opera was new, must have been sorely puzzled to follow the thread of the plot, if, indeed, they could find any clue.

Beside this curtailment of the performance, an apologetic note upon the bills stated that, the music of *Il Trovatore* being, by mistake, sent to New York, it was impossible to present the *Miserere* scene, which had been promised as one of the special attractions of the occasion. We make no personal complaint at this omission, and were not sorry to lose it, but we could not but think that Mr. ULLMAN'S promises were but shabbily kept to an audience which so very liberally has patronized the performances of the week.

Les Noces de Jeannette, in which Miss KELLOGG has made so charming an impression, and shows so decided a talent for the lighter style of lyric comedy, then followed this, being given, we believe, not only entire, but with the ready responses to encores, which the pretty young singer so gracefully and cheerfully gives. A chorus, of no special importance, was omitted, and Mr. DUBREUIL, as before, ably sustained his part, to the satisfaction of the audience, not a little of the interest, and of the burden falling upon his shoulders.

Mr. Ullman has no cause to find fault with the opera-going people of Boston for any lack of patronage, for the theatre has been well filled at every performance, except on the first evening, and any possible deficit on that occasion, must have been more than made up by the full houses at the subsequent representations. We trust that he may be able now to carry out the plans proposed for the season, and, before long, make us another visit.

Music Abroad.

VIENNA.—The Singacademie lately held its annual general meeting, and elected its officers for the ensuing year. Prince George Czartoryski was elected president, and Herr Stagnmayer chorus-master, by eighty-one votes out of eighty-two, a pretty good majority. The first concert of the Society will take place in the Redoutensaal, on the 15th Nov., when the programme will include choruses by J. S. Bach, Lotti, Durante, Benevoli, Eccard, Calvisius, M. Haydn, Handel, Mendelssohn, and Blumner, as well as a "bass-arioso" with chorus out of the last-named composer's new oratorio, *Abraham*. You may, possibly, recollect another Society here called the Bachverein, which was founded by the late Herr Fischhof, and which Herr Selmar Bagge made an ineffectual attempt to keep up. It appears that a quantity of music belonging to it remained, after its dissolution, in the hands of Mad. Mauthner—in whose house, by the way, its first meetings were held—and, also, of Herr Bagge. The lady has since died, and her heirs have presented the Singacademie with the valuable music in her possession. In consequence of this, Herr Bagge, too, has made the Singacademie a present of the rest of the music which formerly belonged to the Bachverein, and which had long been lying in his house. The committee of the Gesellschaft der Musik-freunde have just issued their programme for the ensuing season. It has met with almost universal approbation, but the Society will have to exert themselves to the utmost, in order that their efforts this year may not be eclipsed by what they have already done. After a series of victories, the danger

of a diminution in the favor of the musical public is not so distant as people are inclined to believe. The spirit of rivalry, too, which has of late years given such a reassuring and hopeful impulse to musical Vienna, is evidently on the increase, so that the old Imperial city no longer merits, as far as music is concerned, to be stigmatized as an "intellectual Capua."

Schubert's charming operetta, with Castelli's amusing *libretto*, has at length been given at the Opera-house, under the double title of *Die Verschworenen* (*Der häusliche Krieg*). This opera, as I informed you at the time, was revived last year by the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, and most warmly welcomed. It was not as successful as it should have been at the Opera-house, not from any short-comings in the music, nor want of talent in the *libretto*, but simply because the performance was, for several reasons, not what it ought to have been. For instance, it was a mistake to cast the part of Astolf to Herr Erl, who has long since ceased to be a satisfactory representative of youthful lovers. The *mise-en-scène*, moreover, was bad, and the chorus, with their stupid conventional attitudes and groupings, anything but delectable to behold. It is but just to say, however, that, as far as regards the musical getting-up of the operetta, Herr Dessoff had done all that lay in his power to ensure a hit; but, as we say here, "Der Mensch denkt; Gott lenkt." I must state, by the way, that, with the exception of Herr Erl, the artists were well suited to the parts assigned them, and both sang and acted with great spirit. In the course of the last fortnight we have had two performances of *Les Deux Journées*, the German for which is, *Der Wasserträger*, in which Herr Beck is particularly good, and well supported by Mlle. Hoffmann, Herren Mayerhofer, Erl, Lay, Walter, and Liebisch. The orchestra, under Herr Dessoff, played with great spirit.

Paris is not the only capital which has taken to building new theatres. Although not going into bricks and mortar—or rather stone and mortar, perhaps—to lodge the Muses of Poetry and Music, on so grand a scale as her sister on the banks of the Seine, Vienna, also, will soon have a new Imperial Opera-house. Without counting those appropriated to the Court, there will be ninety-eight boxes, each box being calculated to hold six persons. Thirty-six of these, including those for the court, will be on the first tier. The house will, in addition to this, contain 690 reserved seats (of which 430 will be in the pit), 930 unreserved seats, and standing room for 500 persons more; for, as your readers are no doubt aware, there is in all German theatres a large vacant space at the back and round the sides of the pit, where, when it is not too full, the spectator may walk about as at a Promenade Concert. Thus the new edifice will hold conveniently 2740 persons, while the present Kärntnerthor-Theatre can contain only 1650. There will be four galleries. By not having a fifth tier, not only will the height be more in keeping with the breadth, but the theatre will be far superior in its acoustic qualities.—*Lond. Mus. World*.

LEIPZIG.—Herr Hauptmann has received the Guelph-Order from the king of Hanover. The following was the programme at the second Gewandhaus concert: overture to *Les Abencerages*, by Cherubini; concert-aria by Mozart, sung by Herr Schnorr von Karolsfeld; concerto for the piano, by Schumann, played by Herr Dreyshock; songs by Schumann, and nocturne by Dreyshock. Second part: Beethoven's Symphony in B flat major. Annexed is the programme of the third concert: Part I. Symphony No. 3 (C minor), by Spohr; Aria, "Ah perfido," Beethoven; Concerto-allegro, for violoncello, composed and played by Herr H. Davidoff. Part II. Overture to *Medea*, by Bargiel (first time); Cavatina from Bellini's *Sonnambula*; fantasia on one of Schubert's waltzes, by Servais, performed by H. Davidoff; and overture to *Ruy Blas*, by Mendelssohn.—*Ibid*.

STUTTGART.—Herr Eckert has commenced his duties as Capellmeister by getting up Auber's *Gustave III.*, which has not been performed for some twenty years. Hitherto he has afforded great satisfaction by the zeal and activity he has displayed in his new office. By the way, the public has now been made acquainted by Herr Kücken himself with the reasons which induced him to resign his office as Capellmeister. He felt grieved at a second Capellmeister, in the person of Herr Eckert, being appointed without his knowledge, and, so to say, behind his back. He looked upon this as a personal insult, and, in order to avoid being exposed to such in future, sent in his resignation on the 26th of September, and, on the 30th, received official notice that it had been accepted.—*Ib*.

ST. PETERSBURG.—The foundation of a Conser-

vatory of Music by the members of the Russian Musical Society has at length received the sanction of the proper authorities. Herr Rubinstein has been requested to undertake its organization and management. This has induced him to abandon the idea of making a professional tour for the next three or four years, and to return at once to the banks of the Neva. The new Conservatory, fashioned on the model of the Conservatory at Paris, will not only provide a complete course of instruction in all the branches of vocal and instrumental music, as well as of composition, and every accomplishment for the concert-room, but will adopt proper measures for the aesthetic and scientific education of the pupils. An "Operatic School" will constitute an integral and prominent part of the institution. It is moreover intended to establish, at some future time, schools for drama, ballet, and scene-painting.—*Ib*.

BERLIN.—At the Italian Opera, a number of new comers have been introduced as candidates for public favors during the last week. Among them may be mentioned Signora Rideri, who appeared as Norina, in scenes from *Don Pasquale*. The general opinion is that her voice is far too small and thin for the stage, but admirably adapted for the concert-room. Her *bravura* singing took the house by surprise. Another fair *débütante* was Signora Tiberini, who made her curtsy in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Her style was much admired, particularly her execution of an introduced cadence in the mad scene, where she alternates with the flute. This was a masterpiece. Her voice itself, however, failed to give satisfaction. Signor Tiberini was not successful either as Edgardo or Count Almaviva. The popular favorite is Signora Trebelli, whom the local critics place in the same rank as Catalani, Pasta, Sontag, &c.—Herr Wachtel has left the theatre in the Friedrich-Wilhelmstadt, after fulfilling a most successful engagement, and Mlle. Augusta Geisthardt has gone there to fill up the place he has left vacant. It is the intention of the gentleman to drop the German singer for awhile, and appear, in a day or two, as a full-blown Italian at the Victoria Theatre. The lady has captivated most hearts by her impersonation of Rosa in Fioravanti's opera *Die Dorfsängerin*. She was effectively supported by Mlle. Härting, Herren Winkelmann, Abich and the other members of the company. By the way I may mention that the members of the band and chorus serenaded Herr Wachtel, the other morning, at his hotel, as a mark of their appreciation of his kindness in suggesting and singing at a benefit got up for the band.—The Sisters Marchisio have left the Italian Company for the present and proceeded to Hanover and Magdeburg. They will, however, shortly return. Spontini's widow, who is very advanced in age, and who resides in Paris, is now here. She came to be present at the representations of the opera of *Nurmahal*. Herr A. von Kotski, also, the pianist, from Wiesbaden, is here. So much for the Past and Present. As far as the Future is concerned, you must know that the new season of the Singacademie will be inaugurated to-night, Nov. 2d., by a mass of J. S. Bach. The next works on the list for performance are Haydn's *Creation*, Blumner's *Abraham* (an oratorio) and Handel's *Solomon*. About the middle of this month, Herr Hans von Bülow will commence a series of concerts, at which he himself will, of course, metaphorically, if not literally, play first fiddle.

MAYENCE.—An organ concert was lately given in the Stephanskirche, by Herr Lux, to an audience of at least 2000 persons. Herr Lux performed a prelude and fugue by Bach, a fugue of his own composition, and three fantasias also of his own composition, namely, one on a romance by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; one on the prayer from *Der Freyschütz*, and one on "O Sanctissima." He was ably supported by the Verein für Kirchenmusik, who sang the "Ave Maria" of Arcudeit (died 1570), two songs from Schneider's *Weltgericht*, and Haydn's motet "Des Straubes eitle Sorgen."

PARIS.—M. Padeloup has started a series of "Popular Concerts of classical music," to open the enjoyments of that kind of music to the multitude. The *Gazette Musicale* says of this project, "Has not the time come for this? Music penetrates everywhere; the smallest hamlet has its *Orpheon*, and its musical society. The free instruction in singing in the common schools, forms every year a population of musicians. It therefore becomes useful, indispensable, to form the taste of these masses, and to procure them the means of hearing, as well as possible, the *chefs d'œuvre* of the great masters, as well as the great artists who do honor to their time and their country."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Nightingale Song. "Les Noces de Jeannette." 25

Amongst the village swains. Do. 25

These are the two most prominent songs in this charming Operetta, which both in Paris and London—in the latter city under the name of the "Marriage of George"—has had a long and highly successful run. Those who witnessed the representations of this novelty at the New York or Boston Academies will easily call to mind the above two songs. With the first one, Jeannette charms her lover back to her side; the second is the "Sewing Song." Both are recommended to the singing world at large as two pieces of surprising freshness and beauty.

'Twas a calm and starry night. E. R. Cory. 25

A simple ballad with a flowing, graceful melody. Songs quite similar in character have found thousands of admirers, and so may this one.

Delaware, my Delaware! J. R. Sweeney. 25

A good patriotic Song.

Leonore. Ballad. E. R. Cory. 25

A pretty sentimental song, in the popular style.

Our native Land. A song of liberty. G. W. Morris. 25

A stirring Song by a favorite writer.

Fresh as a rose. Ballad. M. W. Balfe. 25

Balfe has written no new Opera this season, but he has been busy furnishing the London Concert-Balladists with new Songs, in which he has been very successful. This Song has become a great favorite in England.

Instrumental Music.

Battle at Port Royal. Charles Grobe. 50

Descriptive of the voyage of the great naval expedition and the bombardment of the Forts Beauregard and Walker, at the entrance of Port Royal Sound by the war vessels of the fleet. A very brilliant piece, interspersed with a variety of appropriate national and popular Songs. The titlepage is adorned with a sketch of the bombardment and a map of the locality.

Marche nationale. G. W. Marston. 25

A very well written piece of music, of medium difficulty.

Books.

THE AMERICAN MUSICAL CLASS BOOK. Designed for Female Colleges, Institutes, Seminaries, and Normal and High Schools. Containing Elementary Instructions, Vocal Exercises and Solfeggios, and a Valuable Collection of Duets, Trios, and Concerted Pieces. By Bissell. 50

Among the numerous works of the kind this new candidate for popular favor cannot fail of a prominence, since its peculiar features are such as will commend it at once to the patronage of those for whom it is chiefly intended. Its rudimentary lessons proceed with a regularity and precision that cannot fail to fix permanently on the minds of the pupil the essentials of success in future studies. The exercises are in a form to attract the attention; and the selection of music is one of the best if not the superior of all similar collections. Principals of Educational institutions, music teachers, and others interested in books of this class will find it advantageous to examine this volume.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 506.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 14, 1861.

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From Felix Mendelssohn's "Traveling-Letters."

ROME, November 8, 1830.

To-day I ought to write about my first eight days in Rome, how I have arranged it to live, what my prospects for the writer are, and how this divine spot works upon me; but this will be rather difficult. It seems to me that I am changed since I came hither; and if formerly I made efforts to repress my impatience and my haste to move onward and push forward with ever increasing speed, or concluded that this was merely a habit—I now see clearly that the real cause was but the lively wish to reach this goal. And now I have reached it; and my mind has become calm, joyous yet earnest to a degree that I cannot describe. What it is that has so affected me is also something which I cannot exactly explain; for the awful Coliseum, the pleasant Vatican, the mild spring air all share in it, as well as the friendly people, my comfortable chamber, and everything. But I am changed; I feel myself well and happy to a degree long since unknown, and have such a delight in and impulse to work, that I expect to accomplish far more here than I had purposed; for I am already deep in my work. If God only bestows the continuance of this happiness, I look forward to a most beautiful and productive winter.

Imagine a small two-windowed house, in the Spanish Square No. 5, that has the warm sun all day long, and a room up one flight in which a good Vienna grand pianoforte stands; on the table lie several portraits—Palestrina, Allegri, &c.; a Latin psalm book—out of which "Non Nobis" is to be set to music—well, now, I reside there. The capitol was too far away, and I was afraid of the cold air, against which here I have no need for anxiety, when I stand at my window of a morning and look upon the Square, and see everything so sharply defined in the sunshine against the blue sky. My landlord was once a captain in the French service; the girl has the noblest contralto voice that I know; above me lives a captain in the Russian army, with whom I talk politics—in short my locality is good. When I come in the morning into the room and the sun shines so brightly upon my breakfast (you see I am spoiled for a poet) I am filled with infinite comfort; for it is already late in the Autumn, and who with us can think of having warm weather, clear sky, grapes and flowers? After breakfast I begin work, and play, sing and compose until about noon. Then all this huge, boundless Rome lies before me as if purposely for my enjoyment. I take up this work very leisurely, choosing some new object of world-wide renown daily—to-day taking my walk among the ruins of the old city—to-morrow to the Borghese gallery—another time to the Capitol, St. Peters or the Vatican. This makes every day memorable, and, as I take time enough, I carry off every impression clearer and stronger. When at work mornings I dislike to stop and would gladly keep on writing, but

say to myself, "you must, though, see the Vatican;" and when I am once there I hate to leave it. So every one of my occupations gives me the purest delight, and one enjoyment crowds another. While Venice with her *past* seemed to me like a tombstone—her modern palaces going to ruin, and her continual memorials of the magnificence of yore soon made me sad and melancholy—Rome's past seems to me like history; her monuments elevate, make one earnest, yet joyous; and it is a pleasant thought, that man can produce that from which after the lapse of a thousand years one can still draw profit and pleasure. When now I have fully impressed such a picture upon my memory—and daily a new one—it is usually already twilight and the day at an end. Then I hunt up acquaintances and friends; we exchange notes upon what we have done, that is what we have *here* enjoyed, and get along delightfully. Evenings I have been mostly with the Bendemanns and Hübners, where the German artists assemble; I go, too, sometimes to Schadow's. A most valuable acquaintance for me is the Abbé Santini, who has one of the most complete of Libraries for old Italian music, and who gladly lends and gives me everything—for he is good nature itself. Evenings he has Ahlborn or me accompany him home, because it causes scandal if an Abbé is seen alone in the street after dark; that such fellows as Ahlborn and I must serve as duenna to a sixty-year-old priest, is piquant enough. The Duchess of—* * * gave me a list of old music, of which she wished to obtain copies if possible. Santini possesses it all, and I am very much obliged to him for allowing it to be copied, for I at once look it all through and make myself familiar with it. I pray you to send me for him, as a testimony of my gratitude, the six Cantatas of Seb. Bach, edited by Marx and published by Simrock, or some of the organ pieces. I should prefer cantatas; he already has the Magnificat, the Motets and some other things. He has translated the "Sing to the Lord a new Song" and intends to produce it in Naples; for which he should be rewarded. As to the Pope's choir, which I have heard now three times (in the Quirinal, on Monte Cavallo, twice, and once in San Carlo), I shall write fully on that topic to Zelter. I anticipate great pleasure with Bunsen; we shall have much to say to each other, and I am inclined to think that he has work for me; this I will do gladly and as well as possible, if I can do it conscientiously. To my home comforts is to be reckoned, that I am reading Goethe's "Italian Journey" for the first time; and I must confess that I am greatly delighted that he arrived in Rome on the same day as I did;—that like me he first went to the Quirinal and there heard the *Requiem*; that in Florence and Bologna he also was full of impatience; and that here he became also so calm in spirit—or solid, as he calls it; for all that he describes, has also been precisely my own experience, and that is very pleasant. But he speaks at length of a large picture by Titian (in the Vatican), and is of opin-

ion that the intention of it is not to be made out; that it contains merely figures beautifully grouped. Now I imagine, that I have found a very deep meaning in it, and believe that whoever finds higher beauty in Titian, is always in the right, for he was of the divine quality. If he had no opportunity here in the Vatican, like Raphael, to show his powers in all their breadth—still I shall never forget his three pictures in Venice, to which belongs in character this in the Vatican, where I was to-day for the first time.

If one could come into the world in the perfection of all his faculties, everything would smile upon him full of life and joy, as the pictures in the Vatican upon the visitor; the School at Athens, the Disputa, the Peter, which stand there before him as if created by the mere thought of the artist; and then the entrance under the parti-colored vaultings, where on the one side one looks out upon the square and Rome and blue Alban mountains; and above him figures from the old Testament and a thousand various angel forms and arabesques of fruits and flowers; and then only does one pass up into the gallery! But you must become famous, dear Hensel, for your copy of the Transfiguration is magnificent! That joyous awe which seizes me, when I first behold an immortal work, the fundamental impression and idea of it—these did not come to me to-day, but when I saw your picture. The first impression to-day gave me only what I knew already through you; and not until long observation and study did I succeed in finding any thing new in it. On the other hand the Madonna dia Foligno appeared to me in all the splendor of her loveliness.

I have had a happy morning in the midst of all this magnificence; I have not yet visited the sculptures; the first impression of them remains for another day.

Morning of the 9th.

So every morning brings me new expectations, and every day fulfils them. The sun has at this moment again lighted up my breakfast, and now I will again to my work. By the first opportunity I will send you, dear Fanny, the Vienna compositions, and what else is finished, and to you, Rebecca, my drawing book. It however does not now quite satisfy me, and I shall see here much of the sketches of the landscape painters, so as if possible to acquire a new style; I tried to form one for myself, but, no!

To-day I intend to go to the Lateran and the Ruins of Old Rome; in the evening I go to a friendly English family, whose acquaintance I have made here. But I pray you send me many letters of introduction; I have a great desire to become acquainted with a monstrous mass of people, particularly Italians. And so I live on happy and jolly and think of you all in every happy moment. Be happy and rejoice with me in the times which seem opening to me. Farewell all!

FELIX M. B.

Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of DR. HEINRICH VON KREISSLE.

(Continued from page 282.)

In the following year (1812) he composed: two string Quartets (in C and B flat); a Sonata for pianoforte, violin and 'cello; a Quartet-Overture in B flat, and a second for orchestra in D; an Andante and Variations in E flat for piano; a *Salve Regina* and *Kyrie*, and several songs, among others the "*Klagelied*" of Rochlitz.

He also in this year composed 12 Minuets, which excited the admiration of Dr. Anton Schmidt, a friend of Mozart's and an excellent violin player, and occasioned his prophetic exclamation, that a great master was to come of that boy.

These minuets were lent one day by Schubert, and since then have never come to light. He himself could never be brought to the point of re-writing them from memory; and so this composition, which would certainly have given an interesting insight into the germinating talent of the boy of fifteen, is lost probably forever.

Salieri, whose attention had been drawn by several of Schubert's compositions, especially his Quartets and his "Hagar's Lament," to this rare talent, saw to it at once that the court organist Ruziczka was commissioned to initiate him into the mysteries of Thorough Bass. The lessons began; but soon the teacher was convinced, that he had before him a pupil, to whom he did not need to teach anything more. This fellow, said he, has learned it from the dear God.

And in these words lay indeed the truth. All the youth lacked was names for the mysteries of his art; their essence was already unlocked to his genius.

The consequence was, that Salieri took to him still more warmly and gave him (even after he had already left the *Convict*) almost daily instruction in composition. But the Italian set before his pupil almost exclusively the scores of the old Italian masters, whereas the latter felt more longing for Mozart and Beethoven, an inclination which Salieri did not share. And as he went on he gave him, instead of poems of Schiller, Goethe and other German poets, Italian stanzas to compose, and made no secret of his contempt for the German as a barbarous language.* So a rupture between the two became unavoidable; and Schubert, who felt already strength enough within him to travel his own way, and who was irresistibly drawn to that kind of music, in which he was to achieve the highest ever yet done,—German song,—instantly separated himself from a school, which could not answer to his nature, and left the master, whose memory he nevertheless held always in high honor. In the year 1813, five years after entering the *Convict*, his voice began to change, and he left that institution, in which he never had felt comfortable and had only devoted himself to the regular class studies so far as his more and more decided tendency to Art allowed him. He now returned first of all to the paternal house, with which he had kept up an intercourse

* Salieri had spent half a century in Germany, without learning the language. He made a joke of it himself; and in animated conversation he used to mingle three languages, which, with his sparkling glibness of tongue, must have been comical.

during his stay in the *Convict* by the fact that, during the holiday months especially, his string Quartets, often immediately after he had composed them, were performed in order in the Quartet meetings held there. On these occasions the old Schubert used to play the 'cello, Ferdinand the first violin, Ignaz the second, and Franz the violin. The youngest among them all was the most sensitive. If ever a mistake occurred, however small, he looked either seriously, or sometimes smiling, into the delinquent's face; if the father blundered, he said nothing at first, but, if the error was repeated, he would say quite timidly and smilingly: "*Herr Vater*, there must be something wrong there," and the monition always passed unquestioned. Those hours of practice afforded great enjoyment to the players, but to the composer also the advantage of convincing himself immediately of the effect, which his compositions produced on the performers and the hearers.

A twice repeated summons to report himself for military service induced him, in order to escape this danger for the future, to enter his father's school as an assistant. Making a virtue of necessity, he discharged this to him uncongenial duty with much zeal for three years, and he used in after years to allude, not without a touch of self-complacency, to the time when he flourished the rod about the heads of the youth entrusted to his care.*

During this time he was assiduous in his attendance at the church choir in Lichtenthal, and he composed for it in the year 1814 the grand Mass in F, which was there performed and ten days afterward repeated in the church of the Augustines under circumstances, which made the performance quite a family festival.

Schubert stood at the director's desk; his first master was *regens chori*; at the organ sat his elder brother Ferdinand; the first soprano was a good friend and favorite singer of the composer; the other parts were undertaken purely by friends and acquaintances; and after the performance his father presented him with a five-octave pianoforte.

The dry, soul-killing business of school-keeping must naturally have been almost intolerable to our involuntary assistant, in whose head great musical thoughts already begun to shape themselves and press for utterance; he threw off the burden as soon as he could, and released himself from the few lessons, which he had thus far given, in order to follow thenceforth the pure call of the inner voice and dedicate himself exclusively to Art.

(To be continued.)

*The pedagogic profession was and is still rather largely represented in the Schubert family.

The Dettingen Te Deum.

FROM H. F. CHORLEY'S "HANDEL STUDIES."

Semi-Chorus (three voices).—To Thee all angels cry aloud, the Heavens, and all the powers therein.

The third verse, "*Larghetto piano* for a semi-chorus," is a puzzle. Here the angels do not "cry," so much as *whine* in the key of B minor; and not "aloud," but "quietly," as John Wesley the Methodist, and his brothers and sisters, were brought up to "cry." It is possible that this may have arisen from the foreigner's misapprehension of the English verb, since the same humor pervades the same verse of the "*Utrecht Te Deum*," which is set in F sharp minor; there likewise, we have the same fancy of contrast shown by introducing

The Heavens, and all the powers therein,

forte, for male voices alone. The earlier of the two versions is, I think, the finer one; and though, in the Dettingen verse, a point worthy of admiration is the broad, declamatory ease with which the words are distributed to the *soprani*, if the phrases be delivered in accordance with the manner of writing them, the "cry" must be one of pain among the Angels, not of the jubilation in which they are directly afterwards joined by the continued "cry" of Cherubim and Seraphim in the following verse. In both cases the words may have been sacrificed, with the view of making a musical prelude, which, by the contrasts of a grave and poignant melancholy, should set off with greater lustre the adoration about to follow. If this was Handel's motive, it might better have been attained by some short and stately recitative, than by this semblance of a chorus, in which the music so curiously contradicts the words.

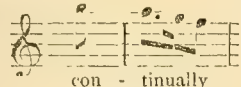
Chorus (five voices).—To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth: Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory."

The verse No. 4, at which we now arrive, though, what some will always feel, a strangely-planned vestibule, may be described as the greatest "*Sanctus*" (otherwise, hymn of adoration) existing in musical art; having some decided peculiarities of its own, which belong to the arrangement of the text. In every Catholic Mass—taking, as the finest instance, the "*Sanctus*" of Mozart's "*Requiem*,"*—in that of the great Oratorio of modern time, "*Elijah*"—the setting begins at once, on the words, "Holy, holy." In this "*Dettingen Te Deum*" the act of adoration is also made a piece of procession and pageant music (not to speak irreverently), as well as a hymn. The myriads of adoring angels and arch angels are continually arriving before the steps of the great White Throne. There is a wonderful amount of accumulation in the "*Sanctus*" in "*Elijah*"; I can never hear that chorus without a strong and present recollection of ancient Be-
atifications by the antique Italian painters, in which, apart from the principal groups, a tranquil sea of angelic faces rises in the background, melting into an ineffable splendor, an impression of boundlessness and multitude; a vision, glorious, clear, and ample; spreading eastward, southward, upward, to limits where Faith can hardly follow it. There may be something of a like feeling, to those who consider the stars on a cloudless night, who bethink themselves of vast and fathomless distance, of multitude, of a serenity with which aught that belongs to this planet of ours cannot interfere. And this was Mendelssohn's fancy, in regard to this particular "*Sanctus*." When he discussed the plan of his "*Elijah*," and talked of the Prophet, the destroyer of Baal's priests, whose prayer shut up the heavens and let loose the rain, he referred to the Prophet, as one who, whether man or instrument, had still to be rebuked, still to be persecuted, still to be shown the nothingness of human littleness; and hence came the Desert scene. "After this," some one asked him, "what next?" "GOD," was Mendelssohn's quiet answer. After the earthquake and fire, and the still, small voice, was to come the vision of celestial glory, "eternal in the heavens," which makes the "*Sanctus*" the culminating point of Mendelssohn's "*Elijah*."

This is referred to as an illustration of Handel's greatness by measurement with Mendelssohn's. Spiritual as the later master was, the earlier one was the more splendid. If, in "*Elijah*," the "*Sanctus*" has a translucent, quiet glory, in the "*Dettingen Te Deum*" we find a force, a monotony, a march (the march of myriads), a representation of the scene, together with the expression of its purpose, which give the elder

*The weakness of the "*Sanctus*" in Beethoven's two masses, especially in his *Missa Solennis*, where the verse set for solo voices mysteriously wanders betwixt major and minor keys,—may be noticed as a curious illustration of the preferences by which great men have proved their individuality in treating known matters. I venture to say, at the risk of such opinion being confirmed or disproved by time, that one of the loftiest modern settings of the verse, as part of a Mass, will be found in the "*Messe Solennelle*" of M. Gounod.

"*Sanctus*" its right preëminent. Never were any four consecutive notes of the scale made more wondrously effective by repetition, than those, to the words,



used first, as accompaniment, afterwards, in every change of key, against the one prolonged note, given to the words, "Holy, Holy." Observe, again, how the climax in the "Hallelujah" of "The Messiah," made by the diatonic ascent of the treble voices, on the words

King of kings,

is used here again, without any satiety by reiteration; leading, after a short return to the original phrase, to their burst of the full chorus, on the last repetition of the words,

Holy, holy!

and this, further, outdone by the stupendous yet simple chords, on the phrase,

Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory, with the pedal in the bass, used with wondrous amplifying force. The plainness of this chorus, built, virtually on a phrase of four notes of the scale, may have led it to be undervalued; but by no writer who has ever lived, has such colossal splendor been reached. This chorus must rank, as has been said, with the "Hallelujah" of "The Messiah," and with the final chorus, "The Lord shall reign," in "Israel;" albeit it be made up of fewer materials than either.

Some repose may have been found necessary after such a display of splendor; but the words of the Protestant Hymn are somewhat intractable; for they demand incessant praise, and thus, perforce, if it be set, as here, in separate movements, for variety's sake, there must be a certain anti-climax, not altogether in agreement with what is true in taste. In the verse No. 5.

Quartet and Chorus.—The glorious company of the Apostles praise Thee. The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise Thee. The noble army of Martyrs praise Thee. The Holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee: the Father of an infinite Majesty.

may be seen that sort of recognition of the old Romish chant which Handel has elsewhere showed in his service-music, especially in his "Funeral Anthem," in the movement,

He delivered the poor that cried.

There is one phrase of *prose* (as the church-singing vocabulary goes) three times repeated, "The glorious company," &c.; "The goodly fellowship," &c.; "The noble army," &c., and the responsive "Praise Thee" is also three times varied, for contrasting voices. All this is written in *solo*, but in the clause,

The holy Church throughout all the world,

the chorus is made to speak in grave, broad, adamantine music, it may be said, typical of the Rock on which Christian Faith was to build its shrine, clearly indicating how keen, true, and solid was Handel's general comprehension of his text.

(Conclusion next week.)

THE LONDON MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—(From the Prospectus for the Fourth Season.)—The plan upon which the Monday Popular Concerts were instituted, and their form and character as musical entertainments, are now so widely known, that it is unnecessary to add anything to the explanations already published. It was originally intended, in 1859, to give six performances, and to repeat the experiment, should it turn out successful, from year to year. So warm and unanimous, however, was the response to this first appeal, an appeal based no less upon a faith in the ability of the general public to appreciate than in the power of genuine music to attract and charm, that during the first season the proposed six concerts were increased to thirteen, during the second to twenty-seven, and during the third to twenty-four. The programmes of these sixty-four concerts (to which must be added eleven, held in Liverpool, Newcastle, Edinburgh, and Glasgow) have included nearly all the trios, quartets, quintets, and

double quartets of Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr and Mendelssohn, many quartets by Haydn, Dussek, Cherubini, Schubert, Spohr, E. J. Loder, A. Mellon &c., the most celebrated sonatas and other compositions for pianoforte, solo or concerted, by Mozart, Beethoven, Woelffl, Steibelt, Dussek, Clementi, Pinti, Hummel, Weber, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Sterndale Bennett, Macfarren, &c., and several of the harpsichord works of Handel, Scarlatti, and Sebastian Bach, together with a large number of songs, duets, and other vocal pieces from the ancient and modern schools of Italy, Germany, France and England. As executants, in every department, the most eminent artists have been provided, engagements having been contracted with renowned performers abroad as well as at home. A constant attendance at St. James's Hall, throughout a series of Monday Popular Concerts, was, therefore equivalent to a varied course of lectures on the chamber-music of the great masters, with practical illustrations by the first professors of the day.

In the forthcoming series, while many of those pieces, vocal and instrumental, which have met with the greatest amount of favor will, from time to time, as a matter of expediency, be repeated, a fair proportion of novelty will help to strengthen the attractions and enrich the repertory of the Monday Popular Concerts. The programme of the first (sixty-fifth) concert combines a due admixture of both elements. The quartets are now heard for the first time at St. James's Hall, and consequently for the first time at these concerts. That of Mendelssohn belongs to the astonishingly fertile period of his early youth which gave birth to the Quartet in E flat (Op. 12), the Quintet in A, and the Ottet in E flat (all of which have been given more than once at the Monday Popular Concerts), and immediately preceded the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the first published orchestral symphony (in C minor), and the first pianoforte concerto. Like the earlier quartet in E flat, it contains a quaint middle-movement—this time not "*canzonetta*," as in the other, but "*intermezzo*"—in which one of the most individual phases of Mendelssohn's genius is vividly predicted. Among the 82 string-quartets of Haydn, all that need be said here of the one in F major, is what has been said so often of so many of its companions, "that it is one of the very best and most genial of the numerous family." Beethoven's sonata in E flat, for pianoforte alone—a bright example of his early genius—will doubtless be recognized by a large part of the audience as an old and valued acquaintance; Dussek's in G, for pianoforte and violin (the fellow of the one in B flat, which has taken such a stand at the Monday Popular Concerts), as a more recent one, losing nothing by closer familiarity. This sonata was first performed by Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Wieniawski, at the twenty-third concert of the third season, July 1st, 1861, and, as it possesses the same genuine and brilliant qualities as its better-known companion, promises, like that companion, to win back all the popularity in the present day which it can hardly fail to have enjoyed in the zenith of its composer's fame. The vocal music must speak for itself.

The reception accorded last season to M. Vieuxtemps, justified the Director in offering that distinguished violinist a fresh engagement, which he has accepted. M. Vieuxtemps will lead the five concerts preceding Christmas. At the second (Nov. 25th), Signor Piatti, and at the fourth (Dec. 9th), Miss Arabella Goddard, will respectively make their first appearances.

* * * In the course of the ensuing series of concerts the whole of the Posthumous Quartets and last pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven will be given; besides some revivals from Dussek and other great pianoforte composers; a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello by Auber (composer of *Masaniello*); and vocal pieces by Italian, French, German, and English composers of the last and the beginning of the present century.

Opera Hunting in Germany.

PARIS, NOV. 1, 1861.

I think that all inquisitive travelers owe a great debt of gratitude to Lola Montez's old friend, Ludwig I., King of Bavaria; for if that artistic old monarch had not impoverished his country in ornamenting Munich, the Bavarian capital would have been a very stupid place, and tourists would have been greatly bored thereat. Now, it is just the opposite.

Munich, as it appears to-day, is an æsthetic caprice. A man with cultivated and artistic tastes finds himself the sovereign of a tolerably wealthy little kingdom, but with a capital as stupid as the stu-

pidest third-rate town in stupid Germany. He determines to transform this dull little town into a capital which, for art and architecture, shall rival the great cities of Italy. He builds superb picture galleries, erects statues and palaces, opens streets, universities and theatres, and adorns the walls of the new edifices with frescoes. A Basilica, in the old style of those in use among the primitive Christians, is built to give an idea of the Basilicas of Rome. A Loggia, hardly inferior to that of the Piazza del Gran Duca, transports one to Florence. In short, a traveler unable to visit the Italian cities will find in Munich an epitome of their treasures—an Italy in miniature.

The old king still lives, though it is thirteen years since he abdicated in favor of his son; the improvements he made in Munich all bear testimony to a harmless vanity on his part. For instance, the frescoes which adorn the outside walls of the New Pinacothek or gallery of modern painters, represent Ludwig receiving the homage of savants, painters, poets and architects, while various emblematical figures in loose drapery are crowning his head with laurel. In the great Basilica, a superb sarcophagus of polished granite awaits to receive his remains after death; and the numerous statues his munificence has erected in Munich bear his name in quite as large characters as the names of those to whose memories these statues were raised.

The present king, Maximilian II., "son of the above," as the tombstones say, appears to have inherited the refined tastes of his father and carries out, though on a more moderate scale, his ideas. He is now building a superb triumphal arch between the Glyptothek and the building opposite it, so well known to all visitors to Munich. To be sure, the arch is wholly unnecessary. It commemorates nothing and nobody, and leads nowhere in particular. But then it looks pretty, and, as Munich seems to be built more for the benefit of tourists than of anybody else, it does not appear out of place.

They have a Crystal Palace also at Munich, quite an elegant and large affair, built for an "Exposition" held some four or five years ago. The Exposition was a failure, drew no crowds. But the building remained and has been kept ever since, though what to do with it neither king nor any one else can imagine. It is like the elephant won at the raffle, of no use to any one, not even the owner, but a great expense and bother to all concerned.

One of the most interesting places in Munich is that of the theatre, I forget the real name of it. On one side is the new palace, built much in the style of the Pitti Palace at Florence. Opposite is a sort of ornamental arcade with frescoes between the pillars. Another side is occupied by a row of irregular stores, while on the fourth side stands the superb Opera House, its façade rich in columns, capitals and frescoes. The centre of this square is ornamented with a fine bronze statue of some defunct monarch, who, of course, was a "Pater Patriæ." (It is worthy of note that every town in Germany has an equestrian statue dedicated to some king or duke, who is always mentioned on the pedestal as having been either the "Father of his Country" or the "Friend of his People.")

This theatre of Munich completely meets my ideal of what an opera house ought to be. Large, rich in decorations, comfortable as to seats, cheap as to prices, crowded as to audience, and unexceptionable as to stage appointments; such is the Munich theatre on an opera night. It was my good fortune to hear performed there Beethoven's "*Fidelio*." The solo singers were excellent, the chorus super-excellent; and the performance altogether one of those rich treats which an opera goer loves to recall with delight, and rolls like a sweet morsel under his tongue. Then the Munich people show a kindly appreciation of that glorious creature, Donizetti, and his "Don

Sebastian," an opera quite unknown in America, alternates with the works of the standard German composers.

* * * * *
I have just been on an opera hunt. Unable to go over the Alps and once more visit dear Italy, I concluded that the next best thing would be to go opera hunting in Germany. The newspapers said a good deal about Mozart's "Idomeneo" which was on the boards at Stuttgart. So I trotted off to Stuttgart.

When I say I trotted off to Stuttgart, I wish the phrase to be understood in a purely poetical sense; for actually I didn't trot at all, but went in the railroad car. Stuttgart proved to be a gem of a place; quite a little Versailles. There was an elegant royal palace, elegant fountains, elegant statues, an old chateau, a so-so-ish cathedral, and a curious old tower, attached to the palace; all surrounded by vine-clad hills. Item, a fine theatre, but alas! it was closed for two nights. Of course there had been a performance the night before I came, and there would be any number of performances after I had left. But for me, alas! no "Idomeneo."

So I rushed off to Karlsruhe, only a few hours' ride. Being a ducal town and the residence of the court of the duchy of Baden, I knew there must be a theatre there. So there was, and I arrived just in time for the performance, which, instead of being lyric, was only a German translation of a French comedy. "Last night we had Ristori playing here," said my landlord, "and next week we shall have Mozart's 'Zauberflöte' sung." Which was very consoling.

Karlsruhe is one of those places in which an American would dwindle, peak and pine away to nothing, if he had to stay there more than an hour. It is built in the shape of a fan, the streets radiating from the ugly ducal palace, and presenting nothing of interest. To be sure there is in the principal avenue a little stone pyramid with an illegible inscription and a harmless statue to some "Grossherzog" or other, who was, of course, a *Pater Patriæ*. Then the Ducal palace has a large, damp park belonging to it, which is very shady and muddy.

So I ran away to Heidelberg. Of course the theatre was closed, but there was the glorious old castle, with the lovely view of the Neckar valley, quite as refreshing as any opera that can be known or mentioned. And that terrace! Well, I suppose everybody who has seen Heidelberg will acknowledge that no description can do it justice, while those who have not, will not be interested in anything I can say about it. Only, a hint. Try and visit it in autumn, when the rich foliage in which the castle nestles is tinged with the richest tints of yellow, of purple, of brown, of scarlet, of gold. After that you will treasure your recollection of Heidelberg as "a joy forever."

Precious little time to spare! This very night an opera at Mayence! only one hour off! Gounod's "Faust,"—something I have a great curiosity to hear. There's a train at 2. 20, and a train at 5 P.M. Will wait for the latter and in the meantime stroll about the valley of the Neckar.

Terrible disappointment! The 5 P.M. train proves to be a baggage train and creeps along at snail's pace, pausing an hour at one of the way stations. Result is that I arrive in Mayence too late for the opera! The next morning I hear at the breakfast table that it was a great success, and will be repeated "in a few days."

Begin to feel pathetic and tender on the subject of operas, and quote Moore:

"Has hope like the bird in story"
Which flitted from tree to tree,
With the talisman's glittering glory,
Has hope been that bird to thee?
From flower to flower alighting,
Did she the bright gem display,
And when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair jewel away?

Just substitute "opera" for "talisman" and "city" for "flower," and you have my case exactly.

Nothing better to do than to go to Frankfort; so the next morning I tread the streets of that city, and am reduced to such a state of operatic exhaustion, that I can only smile sardonically when I see by the *affiche* that Lortzing's "Undine" was given at the theatre the night before, and that various operatic attractions are announced for next week. But I derive solace from the King on the Bridge.

The King on the Bridge is to me one of the features of Frankfort, though guide books say nothing about him. The King is of brown stone, and stands on a recess at the middle of the old bridge which crosses the Main. The King is arrayed in his royal robes and wears a crown on his head, while his long flowing beard imparts a calm majesty to his thoughtful features. One hand grasps a sword and the other holds a globe, and there, night and day, stands this symbol of imperial power, gazing far up the Main, and seemingly keeping watch over the good old city of Frankfort; and yet I have never heard the slightest mention made of the King on the Bridge.

What's this! to-morrow night an opera at Darmstadt! Weber's "Der Freyschütz." To be sure, I've seen the opera over and over again, but what of that? It's a pity to hunt so long in middle Germany for opera, and, after all, leave the country discomfited. Then Darmstadt is only an hour or two off, and can't be any more stupid than Karlsruhe. A companion offers, and the die is cast; if we go to Darmstadt.

Plenty of time and no trouble; for with me is a correspondent of a London daily paper, who writes to his journal something about the place. "Can I fish your account for Dwight?" I ask. "You can fish," he says, "but give credit." So I close this communication, sending you the result of my fishing, which you may print or not, and which releases from all further trouble in the matter, and closes the German opera hunt of

TROVATOR.

A Day in Darmstadt.

THE RESULT OF THE FISHING.

(From the London Star and Dial.)

Darmstadt, Nov. 12.

There are in Central Europe quite a number of quiet, obscure little capitals, which tourists, hastening to more attractive places, know only as the buffets of the railway lines. Such is Karlsruhe—such is that really charming spot Stuttgart—such is sleepy Cassel—such even the almost classical Weimar—and such the unpretending chief city of Hesse Darmstadt, a place which, in view of an approaching royal wedding, will not be always as uninteresting to the English men and women as it has been hitherto.

One cannot very easily get enthusiastic about Darmstadt, although it is quite possible to live there very contentedly, especially if one were an amiable young princess about to marry an accomplished prince, and reside in the really attractive grand ducal palace, which will be the home of the Prince Louis and the Princess Alice; and I can readily imagine that when one gets familiar with the sober, church-going, slightly slumberous Hessians, and is admitted into "society," there will be still more to make a residence in Darmstadt agreeable; but as to getting ecstatic or enthusiastic over the prospect, I still maintain that it is not easily done.

My own experience of Darmstadt is only that which any English visitor may acquire by a day's delay on the way to Baden or Switzerland. Leaving the cars at the station, there is a little space of shrubbery, some weak-looking wall, a modern gate called the Rhein Thor, some very young and pudding-headed Hessian soldiers, and you are in Darmstadt. Directly ahead stretches a wide street, lined on either side with light brown houses, quite modern, quite unpretending, and monotonously stupid. A short walk and this street expands into a little square, adorned with a high column, on the top of which stands a bronze statue of one "Grossherzog," named Ludwig, who, the inscription tells us, was the friend of the people. Ludwig is apparently performing the globe feat so popular in the circus, for he is balancing himself on the top of a spherical bronze affair, and seems to be in imminent danger of toppling over if he

should make a false step. However, he has managed to keep his St. Simon Stylites position since 1847. The column on which this feat of equilibrium takes place is a really elegant affair, and a fit ornament for any city.

After this little square the street, as if somewhat alarmed at what it had done, contracts again and leads directly to the ducal palace, where it debouches into a large square, and then and there gives up the ghost.

The first view of the palace is by no means imposing, its most commonplace front being presented to the principal street. For this singular palace has four utterly different façades. The first is too shabby to deceive description, and, as before stated, is unfortunately the first presented to the stranger. The main front, looking upon a triangular open place, is after the style in vogue during the 17th and 18th centuries. There is a large portal, regular rows of windows, a little balcony, and a gilded coat of arms with an inscription in abbreviated Latin placed near the top of the building, so high that no one without telescopic vision, an eagle-eye, or an opera-glass, can possibly read it. The third front is, to use an Hibernianism, a back. It looks upon a pretty wide street, and is irregular, ugly, and strangely wanting in windows. The moat, which surrounds the chateau (and is now filled with shrubs and plants instead of water) expands on this side into quite a large garden or valley well shaded with trees and vines. The fourth façade is utterly peculiar. Indeed, it is no façade at all, but a conglomeration of little fronts and backs, and sides of buildings and wings belonging to the palace. There are gable ends in the quaint style seen so often in Holland; there are parapeted walls; there is a low gothic portal approached by a drawbridge, and half covered with ivy; indeed, the Flemish and Gothic seem to be mixed up in picturesque confusion, far more attractive to the eye than the showy formality of the main front. Opposite is the entrance to the public gardens or parks of the duke, and from this entrance the best view of the palace is obtained; and the visitor, as he glances at the vista of trees behind, and at that giant pile of Flemish gables and peaks before him, wonders how it happened that quiet, formal Darmstadt should contain so very pretty a picture of quaint architecture and fine old woodland. And he will confess that the ducal palace is altogether a very curious affair, quite unlike any he has seen before.

I did not see the State apartments, but they cannot be very large, as the best rooms in the palace—at least those having the most agreeable frontage—are devoted to the museum. This institution contains, besides the usual display of wearisome curiosities, an admirable display of models of celebrated ancient and modern buildings, and a fair numismatic collection, particularly rich in Russian coins. The mineralogical cabinets are arranged with the utmost care and neatness, and "Derbyshire" has very largely contributed to the specimens. The picture gallery of the palace is much more extensive than I had any reason to expect, and deserves the attention of amateurs. There are some excellent Guidos, and a very remarkable San Sebastian, the best picture of Mengs. A series of four portraits of the younger members of the ducal family has just been placed in the gallery, and attracts no small attention.

There is a very curious picture in one of the rooms representing Darmstadt in 1746, or rather what can be seen of it from the open square near the old chateau, the circular tower of which still remains. The perspective of this picture is most amusingly incorrect, and a band of soldiers in the distance (wearing by the way the Preobajanski helmets of Russia) are quite as large on the canvass as the figure supposed to be half a mile nearer to the spectator. In the foreground the ducal family is seen starting on a ride, the duke occupying the first carriage, preceded by servants and outriders in elaborate livery. In the next carriage is the duchess, sitting in as solemn and isolated a grandeur as if she were the Empress of all the Russias. Ladies of the court follow in other carriages. Strange to say, the crowd of people in the square pay not the slightest attention to this princely *cortège*, but are very intent in applauding a company of strolling players. Only one solitary courtier takes off his hat and makes a low bow as the carriage of the duke passes by.

The principal church in Darmstadt, the one which the Princess Alice will probably attend—is one of the oldest affairs in the church line I have ever encountered. It is built diagonally across a narrow little "piazza," and has a very discontented look as if it were edging about to escape from its narrow quarters, and failing to do so had gushed out into buttresses and queer projecting points, like an irritated hedgehog in a narrow cage. I attended Sunday morning service in this unhappy church. In the

street near each door was a little stand with a collection box, which any adventurous thief could easily have whisked off. The interior of the building looks small, though it really seats a vast number of people. Wide galleries extend on two sides, while over the door way, and in the place usually occupied by the organ loft, is a gigantic wood and glass cage, shaped like an organ case, and intended for the ducal family. The organ is in one of the side galleries. The choir consists of over one hundred children, led by an energetic individual who is perched on a little out-jutting ledge of gallery near the pulpit, and makes himself conspicuous by sawing the air with his arm in beating the time for the children. The music, however, does infinite credit to his skill as a leader. Nowhere in Germany have I heard those grand old chorals—especially that one known in England as "Luther's Judgment Hymn"—given with more sublime effect. As the glorious strains sung by the entire congregation, with the clear shrill voices of the children rising high above all, fill the entire church with its devotional harmony, the dim little interior, the ugly galleries, the preposterous ducal cage, are forgotten, and the rapt listener sees nothing, is conscious of nothing but the rich strains sung by that earnest congregation who sing with the spirit and the understanding also.

They have a good theatre at Darmstadt, situated near the palace; very handsome without, but rather small, not to say shabby, within.—The orchestra is good and the singers fair. The members of the chorus are preternaturally ugly, even for chorus singers—the men being short and heavy, like elephants, and the women tall and gaunt, like giraffes. They sing well, however, and the Darmstadt opera will bear comparison with any in Germany, excepting that of Munich or Berlin. I saw Weber's "Freischütz" given the other night with excellent effect, the "machinery" of the "Wolf's Glen" supernatural demonstrations being so good, that for the first time in my remembrance the blinking owls, and skeletons, and dragons, and nondescripts, and fireworks, called forth no derisive shouts of laughter.

The public buildings of Darmstadt are so very few that when I have added to those previously named a curious circular church lighted from the top, like the Pantheon, bearing the simple inscription "Deo," I have mentioned all which attract the attention of the stranger. Unlike Carlsruhe, the streets are narrow, and irregular, with the exception of those running up from the principal gates of the city. There is one avenue, however, lined entirely with curious and picturesque houses, presenting their gable ends to the street, and separated from each other by wide passages, each house being exactly like its next door neighbor. Yet, as a general thing, the streets of Darmstadt are uninteresting, and the houses characterless, as specimens of architecture. There are, near the entrance to the park, a pair of stone statues of merit, erected recently to certain dukes, of whom nobody ever heard, and who died over a century ago.

Murray's "Guide Book" speaks rather slightly of Darmstadt, but gives certain statistics about the place, to which I refer those interested in the subject. I have only attempted to sketch a few of the objects that meet the eye in strolling lazily through the city, and to remind those travellers who may be passing that way, that Darmstadt is worth a day's time, and that the picture gallery will occupy three or four hours very pleasantly. The hotels are tolerable, but English newspapers are unknown in the cafés. In the eventuality to which allusion has been made of late, Darmstadt will be suddenly invested with new interest to English society, and this is my only excuse for writing so much about this quiet, unpretending place, so invariably snubbed by guide-books and tourists.

A New Musical Conservatoire in London.

The Royal Academy of Music has at last met with an antagonist. A new school has just been founded at St. James's Hall, under the title of "The London Academy of Music." The prospectus looks formidable and imposing. Dr. Henry Wylde is Principal; Herr Molique, Professor of Harmony and Composition; Sigs. Schira and Manuel Garcia are appointed heads of the Italian vocal classes; Herr Janza appears as teacher of the violin, M. Pague of the violoncello and Herr Oberthur of the harp; Sig. Maggioni is set down as instructor of the Italian language; and Mr. Ryder of the Princess's Theatre is engaged to give lessons in elocution. Other professors, in various branches, we are informed, are in contemplation; while a governor and superintendent for the ladies loom in prospective. The special object of the new Academy is to impart "a complete musical education to vocal and instrumental students,

by means of the best London professors, on the moderate fees of the Continental institutions." This, although it might be more euphoniously expressed, is sufficiently clear. The best musical instruction, at the cheapest charges, will, no doubt, prove a desideratum, cannot fail to excite attention, and must end in receiving universal support and patronage. The appointment of Dr. Wylde, as principal, or head of the Academy, is perfect guarantee that there will be no lack of energy in the management; while the engagement of Herr Molique, as Professor of Harmony and Composition, proves that the very highest talent in the most important department has been secured.

For further particulars we must refer those interested in the matter to the preliminary announcement which appeared in last week's advertisement, pending the issue of a complete prospectus which may be shortly expected. In the meanwhile we feel called upon to make a few remarks respecting the establishment of a school which aims at indoctrinating the youths and maidens of England in every branch of a musical education, and is competing with, if not endeavoring to supersede, a well-grounded and time-honored institution, which has found favor in the highest quarter, and which has never wanted a helping hand from those who could best afford to give it.

We cannot pretend to throw dust in the eyes of our readers. They as well as ourselves know that the London Academy of Music has been started in direct opposition to the Royal Academy of Music—just as the New Philharmonic Concerts were intended to rival the Old Philharmonic Society. Dr. Wylde is the great musical reformer of the day, and no doubt thought that the old Conservatory in Tottenham Street was capable of being improved upon. So we think; but since reformation involves greater difficulty and more responsibility than conservation, it behoves the director of the New Academy to be heedful that he promises no more than he can carry out, and that the changes and innovations he contemplates on the old régime may be such as everybody can understand and appreciate. If better teaching be proffered at less charges in the London Academy, the inevitable result will be that the Royal Academy must succumb, in spite of prestige, and the power that years and acquaintance never fail to confer. If, on the other hand, the instructions indicate no improvement, and the terms are not more economic, the elder conservatory must triumph. In short, the amelioration must be obvious and positive to effect any good.

It seems somewhat strange that while, in the furnished programme of the new Academy, two Italian singing-masters are named, no name of an English master appears. Is there any dearth of English vocal teachers in the metropolis? or is English singing at a discount? We could supply some half-a-dozen eminent names as a satisfactory answer to the former question; while the establishment of the Royal English Opera of late years and the rapid rise of Music Halls in all directions, if proof were wanted, would demonstrate that the national song is more in favor than ever. We must suppose, then, that the English vocal teachers are included in those "other professors in various branches," upon whom Dr. Wylde has not yet affixed the seal of his selection. In the prospectus of an English Academy, however, it would have read better had the Italian masters been overlooked.—*London Musical World*.

RAUMAU AND MEYERBEER.—The following letter from Meyerbeer to the celebrated French critic, Jules Janin, has appeared in the Paris papers:

"Your last letter was directed to me at Königsberg while I was still in Berlin, where I am working like a youth, notwithstanding the threescore and ten years kindly allotted me erewhile by people whose liberality seemed to me to be without limits. As it is not till the 18th of this month that I am expected at Königsberg, where I am to organize the grand Court concert, I have time to answer you, and I shall tell you at once how astonished I was at the little sympathy and forwardness (*empressment*) which the name of Rameau has elicited among you; he was, nevertheless, one of the glories of your Opera; one of your masters in the art of music; he afforded you a relief from Lulli and prepared the way for the advent of the chevalier Gluck.

"Thus his family had every right in the world to meet in Paris itself with that assistance and support which have not been refused on several repeated occasions to the descendants of Racine, to the granddaughters of the great Corneille. To a certainty, had I been in Paris, I should have *incognito* paid 200 francs for my stall, and I rely on your kindness to forward that sum to those good people who must be so unhappy at finding themselves deceived in expectations so justly founded. I send you at the same

time a written authority for M. Gazot, the author's agent, by which I renounce all my dues for the fragments of my operas played on the benefit night of the illustrious and unfortunate family of Rameau.

"Why are you not at Königsberg for the day of the coronation? Why are you not even simply at Berlin? What splendid musical festivals are in preparation! As for me it is my pleasure as well as my duty in the office I hold to compose the Grand March which will be executed at Königsberg at the moment when the royal *cortège* proceeds from the castle to the church for the coronation. I intend in addition to write a hymn, which is to be executed on the day of the King's, our sire's, return into his good city of Berlin. Add to this that I have promised to compose an overture for the grand concert of the four nations which the London Exhibition is to give next spring in the Crystal Palace at the opening of the Great Exhibition.

"This is what detains me here, what has occupied me this autumn, and will occupy me this winter and the beginning of next spring; but, my dear friend, if God will grant us to live, we shall meet again, I hope, next year, relieved of all anxiety, in that hospitable city, that gentle Spa, all resonant with the plash of fountains and the murmurs of green oaks.

"Your affectionate MEYERBEER."

English National Music.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In the *Journal* of November 16, several extracts were given from "The New Work on National Hymns, by Richard Grant White." In these extracts, I remarked some assertions that surprised me not a little, taken, as they profess to be, from a "Work," and therefore making some pretensions, of course, to historical accuracy. Mr. White says:

"In one respect, at least, we faithfully preserve a distinctive trait of our race, we have no national music. In this deficiency the English are peculiar among all the people of the earth. There is no national English music, we have brought none over with us, and we have originated none since we left the old home. There are songs, indeed, which are called English ballads, and there are certain very correctly written glees, mostly dolorous in their character; and, also, English church 'services' or sacred music, by which such words as 'We praise thee' and 'O, be joyful,' can be sung in a sufficiently penitential manner. But all this has no distinctive character, except it be that character which forbids it to be called music by any other civilized people, or to be listened to with patience by those among ourselves who happen to have musical organizations and cultivated taste."

For the honor of my country, I beg to deny the above sweeping and superficial assertion of the non-existence of any "national English music." I can find but one excuse for it. I suppose Mr. White to be a warm patriot who labors under the impression that England is about to declare war on account, perhaps, of the Mason and Slidell affair, and who thinks that one way of making one's own troops fight well, is to render the enemy as unamiable as possible in their eyes; so he goes to work, on the principle that "all's fair in love or war," at his own speciality (which I presume to be music, as he writes a "work" on one of its branches), to carry out his idea. Mr. White's remarks are really fit to rank among the prejudices of past centuries, when Englishmen, of very tolerable education for their day, fancied most Frenchmen to be a set of frog-eating, lantern-cheeked Jean Crapauds, who wore dress-coats in rainy wintry weather; and when the French, in their turn, took every John Bull for a large-waist-coated individual with red hair, very perfidious, very churlish, very much addicted to swearing, and perpetually and carnivorously hungry for "ros-bif."

There is no national English music, says Mr. White. Then Busby, Burney, Hawkins, Chappell and others, in their histories (without taking more scarce antiquarian accounts and collections to witness), have been deceiving us all this time, and Englishmen's ears have been listening, for so many centuries, to something else than national songs, as they so fondly imagined them to be! Has it not been hitherto accepted, as an historical fact, that British

harpers were famous before the Norman Conquest; that they then traveled from castle to palace, house and hut, singing the ancient songs of the country? Songs, both Saxon and Danish, that were regarded as "national and ancient" at the time of the Conquest! Busby considers that the most interesting period in the history of English music, as regards the creation of popular melodies, was about Chaucer's time, the latter end of the fourteenth century; and, through that and the following hundred years, music was so highly esteemed by the people, that the minstrels were better paid than the clergy; while the people, not having any permanent registers for the songs composed by the minstrels and by themselves (such registers existing for sacred music only), were obliged to hand them down to posterity "by word (or song) of mouth." In consequence of the uncertainty of such a means of preservation, thousands of these songs have probably been swept away; but hundreds still exist, to prove that the English have a national music. And what a rich varied mine of melody it is!

Mr. White, in speaking of "God Save the Queen," as though this were the sole national (according to one version of the word patriotic) air we have, surely forgets "Rule Britannia," a finer song; and has Mr. White never heard of "Old King Cole," "Ye Gentlemen of England," "Heart of oak," "In the spring-time of the year," "The hunt is up," "Sally in our alley," "Oh, willow, willow," "Joan, to the May-pole," "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright," the sea songs, Robin Hood's songs, &c., &c.? All genuine national songs, imbued, on the faith of an Englishwoman, (in spite of Mr. White's declaration that "English ballads have no distinctive character") with character, melancholy, gay, vigorous, as the sentiment may require; generally wedded to fine words, often of historical interest; really unaffected and hearty, original melodies; true people's songs.

Nor do these ballads lie in the dead letter of antiquarian collections alone; nor do they only live in the saloon and concert-room; they are still occasionally to be heard from the mouths of the people. Milkmaids, at their sweet work in green Devonshire valleys, with the fresh breath of morning, or the mild light of evening about them,—boys, bravely swallowing down the frosty midnight air, as they go from house to house, chanting the Christmas carol,—young and old country folks, gathered together on May morning, still, in a few retired nooks, setting up the traditional Maypole,—sing them. And how often, sitting under a sloe bush, with the Weald of Kent stretching into the blue distance before me, have I heard them, floating fitfully down the wind, rung out from distant village church-bells!

That English glees are "mostly dolorous in character," very hilariously I deny! But no defense is needed for this peculiar *genre* of composition, well known and admired even among amateurs.

The Puritan Fathers certainly left all this behind them, as Mr. White intimates. It was in perfect consonance with their principles to do so. They doubtless regarded so profane an art as a contrivance of the devil, and selected the least pleasing of psalm tunes to use in public and private worship, lest the ear should for a moment distract the mind from continual reflection on total depravity. It would be well if American church choirs made a little more use of the excellent compositions (so abused by Mr. White) in sacred music of Arne, Tallis, Boyce, Purcell, Arnold, Bull, and other English musicians, in place of the often incorrect "adaptations" from these, and the poorly arranged "selections from classic composers" &c., which it is a misery to sing, and which must certainly place many hearers in a state of mind, universally uncomfortable as any Puritan *de pur sang* could desire.

Most Scotch and Irish melodies are poetic and

beautiful exceedingly; so are many Polish and Russian national songs; the varied beauties of the German Volkslieder have been everywhere acknowledged; the collection of some 250 national English songs, recently published by Chappell of London, now puts it in the power of all to enjoy the English popular songs also, without the trouble of selecting for themselves. This edition, admirably arranged by Macfarren, is a national monument, superior far to Sir John Stevenson's selections from the airs of Ireland; while the arrangement, as regards the preservation of in-born character, is better than the Beethoven, Haydn and other accompaniments, &c., to the Scottish songs. The words are preferable to Moore's; they are mostly the simple, natural expression of the people's poets; instead of a refined, exquisite, but misplaced and untruthful adaptation of those feelings to the taste of over-delicate and sometimes affected sensibilities.

Would the Irish Balfie and Wallace, would the English Bennett, Hatton, Glover, and others, resort to the people's songs, their true well-spring of inspiration, would they employ the national coloring in their compositions, as did Beethoven, Weber, Rossini, Mendelssohn, then there might be some hope for England to possess, not only a rich national song music, but also an original and characteristic school of opera and oratorio!

F. M. R.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 14, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

Chamber Concerts.

MESSRS. KREISSMANN, LEONHARD AND EICHBERG.

In Chickering's hall last Saturday evening the last seat was taken. The room overflowed—a rare thing for such concerts even in times of peace—with people eager to listen to the fourth and last of these delightful soirées. The feast this time offered no large concerted pieces, if we except the "Kreutzer" Sonata, but was made up wholly of choice little solos, each a fine poetic gem, and all admirably contrasted and combined. Little, though, only as compared with Trios, Quintets and the like; for such things as the "Chaconne," the "Ballade," the "Liederkreis," may be considered great.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. { a. March Characteristique, op. 121, No. 1. Schubert.
b. Polonaise, op. 3. A. Saran
c. Marche Characteristique, op. 121, No. 2. Schubert
Messrs. Dresel and Leonhard.
2. An die ferne Geliebte. Beethoven
A. Kreissmann.
3. { a. Und wüßten die Blumen. Op. 12.
b. Parting. Op. 23. } R. FRANZ
c. Er ist gekommen. Op. 5. }
4. Andante from Concerto for Violin. Mendelssohn
J. Eichberg.

PART II.

1. Chaconne. Bach
J. Eichberg.
2. Ballade, op. 47. Chopin
H. Leonhard.
3. Erlkönig. Schubert
A. Kreissmann.
4. Sonata for Violin and Piano, op. 47. Beethoven
Messrs. Eichberg and Leonhard.

The three four-hand piano pieces were full of fine originality. The Marches by Schubert, eager and rapid, keep on with insatiate reiteration of the same crisp, fiery little rhythmic phrase, as if possessed with an impetus that must go on forever. The clean struck chords almost give out electric sparks. Perhaps two of them together were too long, considering such monotony of

movement,—if we can use the term of anything so beautiful and full of life.

Saran, the young pupil and friend of Franz, has twice before (in an original theme with variations, and in his "*Fantasie-Stücken*") given unmistakable proofs of an original and fine genius for piano-forte composition. He has ideas, fresh and poetic in their nature; and he has already to a rare degree acquired artistic mastery of form and treatment. This *Polonaise* pleased us more than any of the earlier pieces. It is extremely beautiful; a piece which one could hear with interest after the fine inspirations of Chopin and Schumann. How the three pieces could be more perfectly conveyed to the audience, than they were that evening, it would be difficult indeed to imagine. They were played to a charm.

Mr. KREISSMANN did a good service in reviving our impressions of the beauty and depth of feeling of Beethoven's *Liederkreis*, or cycle of melodies, which sing the different moods and verses of a little poem "to the distant loved one." In his music it is indeed one of the tenderest, deepest and most spiritual of love songs. A great part of the beauty and the meaning lies in the accompaniments, which demand just such a pianist as Mr. DRESEL. The singer's voice failed him in now and then a high note, but the spirit and feeling of the piece were well presented. In the songs by Franz, and in Schubert's wonderfully exciting "Erl King," which was accompanied with most graphic power by Mr. Dresel, he was remarkably successful. Indeed we have rarely heard him sing anything better than he did the "Erl King."

Mr. EICHBERG's violin playing won for him very warm applause. The Mendelssohn Andante melody sang upon the strings in a remarkably smooth *cantabile* style; only we must say that we liked him better when he used to play more simply and chastely as regards expression, indulging less in a certain sentimental sort of pathos. This is too apt to take with an audience, and in that way may unconsciously betray an artist out of the bounds of his own due reserve. In execution the thing was admirable; and still more so was the great "Chaconne" by Bach, which he rendered very effectively, albeit not with all that breadth and depth and manliness which belong only to Joachim among violinists. Mr. Dresel played the fitting and unpretending accompaniment put to it by Mendelssohn.

Mr. LEONHARD continues to win golden opinions. He has a poetic touch—which is also a fiery and manly one—just right for Beethoven. The passion and the reverie of Chopin's *Ballade* told well their story in his clear, crisp, vital touch—that kind of energetic touch under which tones spring up, as distinguished from the kind which knocks them down. The "Kreutzer" Sonata (piano and violin) was very effectively played in both parts, and made a solid, grand conclusion after the exquisite melange.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—A large audience listened, with interest, on Wednesday evening to the following programme (second concert of the season):

PART I.

1. Quintet. (Clarionette principale) Weber
First movement—Moderato
2. 13th Quartet, in B flat, op. 130, (First time.) Beethoven
Adagio and Allegro—Presto—Andante con moto—Alla danza tedesca—Cavatina, Adagio molto—Finale, Allegro.

PART II.

3. "Les Arpegges," solo for Violoncello, on a theme of Beethoven's. Kummer
Wulf Fries.
4. Quintet, No. I, in C minor. Mozart
Allegro—Andante—Minuetto—Finale, Allegro.

A "posthumous" Quartet of Beethoven—that is a Quartet of his last period, not "posthumous"—with all its bewildering intricacies, its wondrous alternations of moods fantastic, playful, grandly solemn, its confidential revelations of the inmost of the deep-souled, loving, deaf and isolated man—such a Quartet, heard now for the first time, does not of course find us ready for any full, appreciative comments. We avail ourselves, therefore, of the Christmas vacation between this and the next concert (fixed for January 8th), to try to study and report of it more carefully. Meanwhile, we can say that it was listened to, through all its movements, with the deepest interest and wonder, especially if one followed it with score in hand; and that the degree to which the Club had possessed themselves of its peculiarities, and thrived their way through its intricacies, making a shapely whole of it at all events, really surprised us. We would urge it on them strongly, as the best thing to be done, if they would not lose the pains already taken, and would have us understand the Quartet and enjoy it fully, that they fail not to repeat it, and in the very next concert—perhaps in the next two.

Mozart's early Quintet, by way of conclusion, formed an agreeable relief and contrast after the great Quartet. It is all so smooth, spontaneous, naive and youthful. It sent all away refreshed and cheerful, like cooling grapes and apples after dinner. The concert was of happy length. Besides these, only the movement from Weber's Quintet, with Mr. RYAN'S clarinet, which was relished, and the 'cello solo, finely played by WULF FRIES, on a theme of Beethoven's, to-wit, the Adagio from the "Kreutzer" Sonata, with variations by Kummer, one of the best writers for the instrument, one of which in difficult *arpeggios*, showed at least great skill.

Schubert's Manuscripts.

A more particular description of the Autographs in possession of A. W. T., and for sale, is as follows:

1. Part of an Oratorio, upon the Raising of Lazarus. It is the 2d Act and consists of 64 pages, solo, recitative, &c., by "Simon" and 18 pp. of solos and chorus—breaking off here. Full orchestral accompaniment.
2. Mass in G, complete. 4 voices, 2 violins, viola Bass and Organ, 2 Trumpets and Drums, ad lib. to which Ferdinand Schubert has added Oboes, Clarinets and Bassoons. It is in score, 87 pages.
3. Part of a String Quartet in C minor. 16 pages of the opening movement, (4 pp. in lead pencil).
4. Part of a P. F. Sonata in C,—Allegro, Andante, Menuetto and Trio. Finale wanting. pp. 14.
5. Adagio for P. F., in G, 3 1-6 pages.
6. String Quartet complete in Bb—Allegro, pp. 16.
7. String Quartet complete in Bb—Allegretto 12 pp.
8. Opera, "Alfonso and Estrella," complete except the Overture. 3 acts, no spoken dialogue, about 850 pp., full score.
9. Part of a number out of the "Zauberharfe,"—this is only the vocal parts written out upon what was intended to be a full score—16 pp.

Concerts and operas, of which a crop sprang up so unexpectedly these last weeks right in the teeth of

war, will now cease awhile, to make way for the Christmas and New Year's holidays;—after that, to reappear, we hope, with new life and vigor. The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB is postponed to Jan. 8. The KREISSMANN-EICHBERG-LEONHARD delightful Soirées are over.—will they not arrange us a new series? CARL ZERRAHN will give us some Symphony Concerts after New Year—unless the public shall seem to have lost its love for them. The HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY are of course getting ready their annual Christmas performance of the "Messiah," and we trust more good Oratorios are to follow, enough to make a season of it. We understand that they are studying the "Dettingen Te Deum:"—may a conclusive victory soon furnish an occasion for its bringing out in public!

Our readers cannot have forgotten "the late Mr. Brown"—who as "Diarist," biographer of Beethoven, rectifier of musical statistics generally, and much more and better, "still lives." Well then, they will be pleased to know that the "Brown Papers"—those charming musical, pathetic, humorous stories and sketches, with the fine New England flavor about them, which are scattered along through old volumes of this Journal, are being collected, revised, added to and published as a book, by Schneider, an enterprising Berlin publisher. In English, mind you. For they issue very nice editions of the best English and American authors there in Germany. Of course the market here will be supplied, and we are sure the many admirers of A. W. T's—that is to say "Brown's"—agreeable and touching stories, will all be eager for a copy.

MR. JOHN K. PAINE, the young organist whom our sister State of Maine sends us, and of whose musician-like qualities and mastery of Bach and all the real organ music we had abundant personal opportunity to be convinced last winter in Berlin, has become a resident of Boston, and we can congratulate the Society of the Rev. Dr. Bartol, (the "West Church," in Cambridge street), on having secured the services of so able and true an organist. It is Mr. Paine's intention soon to give an Organ Concert—which we shall commend most earnestly to all true music-lovers.

We have before us a private letter from Mr. TRENKLE, the excellent pianist and teacher, whom all our music-lovers must continue to regard as one of us, although the state of his health compels him to reside in San Francisco. He writes: "I have a great deal to do, and this contributes much towards enjoying myself better here. Moreover my health is improving, and I manage to live without much discomfort—my old enemy, the asthma, becoming more gentle, so that I hope he will, perhaps, by and by altogether disappear."

What is this? Shall we then have prima donna basses, and big Lablaches "roaring you as gently as any nightingale" soprano? Such would seem to be the inference from the following newspaper clipping:

A Leipzig journal tells us that a physician of the name of Pottsdoll has discovered a method by which he can artificially produce in anybody's throat any desired quality and register of voice. He creates at pleasure bass, baritone, tenor, or soprano voice in the human larynx by means of a slight and simple operation, quickly performed without pain or danger; and in a week or a fortnight at farthest those who have submitted to it acquire great musical powers, however inharmonious the voice may have been previously.

We can easily believe the following, after what we have seen of RONCONI on and off the stage of Co-

vent Garden. The *vis comica* of the fellow is not more remarkable than his gentlemanly thoughtfulness and self-possession.

At the theatre of Nice, on the 16th ult., a curious incident occurred. In the performance of *La Cenerentola*, one of the actresses, Mad. Mistrali Vetant, having gone too near the footlights, set fire to her dress, but Ronconi, who was singing by her side as Don Magnifico, extinguished the flame by pressing the dress between his hands. In so doing, strange to say, he did not interrupt for a moment the *morceau* he was singing, and the actress, on her part, deriving confidence from his remarkable calmness, went on with the performance as if nothing had happened. The audience were so pleased with the self-possession displayed by Ronconi that they summoned him three times before the curtain with loud applause.

Music Abroad.

PARIS.—At the Opera Comique, end of October, an opera by the Prince Poniatowski, "*A travers le Mur*" (across the wall) was reproduced with considerable interest. At the Théâtre Italien, "the cosmopolitan *Marta*," as the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* calls it, was given for the debut of Mme. Volpini, who charmed the eyes by youth and prettiness, and as a singer "was much moved."

M. Padeloup's "Popular Concerts of Classical Music," at the Cirque Napoléon, had commenced with great success. The *Pastoral* Symphony, the overture to *Oberon*, a hymn by Haydn, executed by all the stringed instruments, "were never more attentively listened to, more relished, more applauded at the Société des Concerts." And very cheap: only 75 centimes (15 cents) to hear Haydn, Beethoven, Méhul, Weber, Mendelssohn! says the *Revue*. The same paper for Nov. 31 notices the performance at the Imperial Opera of the *Trovatore* and *Pierre de Médicis*, and the fourth presentation of Gluck's *Alceste*, which was to be repeated weekly, so as to reconcile its success with the demands of the current repertoire and of the debuts. *Robert le Diable* and the *Huguenots* still have their turn (the Grand Opera would not be itself without them)—the latter sung by Gueymard, Belval, Mmes. Gueymard, Vandenhuevel-Duprez and Kamackers. M. Faure was to make his second debut as William Tell, the part which he sustained so well in London.

Auber's *Sirène*, with Roger as Marco Tempesta and Mlle. Marimon as Zerlina, was to alternate with the *Postillon de Lonjumeau* at the Opera Comique. At the Italiens, *Don Pasquale* was to be sung by Mlle. Battu, MM. Delle Sedie, Zucchini and Belart. At the Lyrique, the new opera *Ondine*, by M. Semet, was in rehearsal; the revival of *Jaguarita* was retarded by the illness of Mme. Cabel.

At the second of M. Padeloup's "Popular Concerts" the people were to hear: Overture to "Magie Flute," Beethoven's C minor Symphony, a violoncello solo by M. Jacquard, Weber's *Invitation a la Valse* (orchestrated by Berlioz), and the "Tell" overture. A new Mass with grand orchestra, by M. Benoist, professor in the Conservatoire, was performed at the patronal festival Nov. 3, in the church of St. Eustache.

VIENNA.—One hundred and thirty concerts are already announced for the winter season. Mme. Clara Schumann and Joachim are expected. Morini was to commence at the Court Opera in the part of Arnold in "Tell." Soirées for unpublished compositions have been commenced in the rooms of Haslinger. The historical concerts of the Conservatoire of the Philharmonic Society will take place on the 19th and 26th of January, under the direction of Messrs. Hellmesberger and Herbeck.

Maillart's pretty little French opera, *La Clochette de l'Ermite*, continues popular.

FLORENCE.—Sivori, the violinist, has played three times lately at the Teatro Nicolini with the most brilliant success. At the Pergola they have been studying "the cosmopolitan *Marta*," and Mme. Borghi-Mamo, after making a *furor* in *Il Barbiere*, was to sing in *Otello*.

LEIPZIG.—Complaint was made in the *Deutsche Musik-Zeitung*, of Vienna, that Bach was so much neglected in the Saturday motet slaying by the boys in the Thomas-kirche. To which some one replies that they have sung four motets by Bach in the last half year, and that nowhere else is Bach so often sung. Moreover he complains of the want of tenors and of the changeable nature of the choir, consisting wholly of pupils in the Thomas-schule. As to modern motets, he reminds that the Thomaner-chor sing 120 motets in the year, and that Bach wrote only 6. Whereupon the editor (of the Vienna paper) suggests the Cantatas, so many of which lie in the Royal Library at Berlin unheard, unpublished.

London.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The opening concert of the fourth season took place on the 18th of last month, and is thus reported in the *Times*:

The "Lecture" on the present occasion, the 65th in London, brought, as usual, a vast crowd of amateurs to St. James's-hall, and proved as delightful as any of its predecessors. Although, shortly after the commencement of the last movement of the final quartet, "Professor Vieuxtemps" was compelled to give out a strong hint that music, and especially good music, was intended to be heard, and could only be heard properly in the absence of disturbing elements, a more attentive audience has rarely been assembled. The programme was as follows:

PART I.

Quartet, in A minor, Op. 12 (strings).....Mendelssohn
Song, "Now Phoebus sinketh in the west".....Arne
Song, "Se il padre perdei".....Mozart
Sonata, in E flat, Op. 7 (Pianoforte).....Beethoven

PART II.

Sonata, in G major (Violin and pianoforte).....Dussek
Song, "The Three Ages of Love".....E. I. Loder
Song, "Zuleika".....Mendelssohn
Quartet, in F major (strings).....Haydn
Conductor, Mr. Benedict.

Each piece in the foregoing being a *chef d'œuvre* in its way, and the whole so well balanced that one work formed an agreeable relief to the other, the selection was one of varied and continuous interest; so much so that in the course of a performance two hours and a half in duration there was not a dull moment. Perhaps among all the extraordinary achievements of Mendelssohn's early youth, the quartet in A minor, which begins and ends with the expressive little ballad, "Ist es wahr?" is the most extraordinary. The first and last movements are more than remarkable enough to have been produced by one so young; but the *adagio* and *intermezzo* (the first of the Mendelssohnian "scherzos"), viewed under the circumstances, are really prodigies. Throughout the quartet we cannot fail to observe the strong influence exercised by Beethoven's later writings on the mind of the young composer; and, perhaps, if we except Schubert's quartet in the same key, no composition on record presents (without plagiarism, be it understood) so many features in common with the so-called "Posthumous" quartets of the author of *Fidelio*, as this very work of Mendelssohn. Its first introduction at the Monday Popular Concerts was a brilliant success. The "intermezzo" was rapturously encored, and every movement applauded with enthusiasm. M. Vieuxtemps (first violin) never played more magnificently. By this one performance, which exhibited intellectual culture and executive proficiency in equal proportions, he justified all the praises that have been lavished on his talent, and stamped his reappearance among us as a legitimate artistic triumph. He was most admirably supported by Herr Ries (second violin), Mr. Webb (viola), and M. Paque (violoncello). The cheerful and masterly quartet of "Papa Haydn," with which the concert terminated, was forcibly contrasted with the more passionate and soaring inspiration of Mendelssohn, was just as finely played, just as warmly received, and showed that the powdered wig of the staid sexagenarian when covering a head full of poetry could exercise as great a charm in its way as the flowing locks of the romantic youth.

M. Hallé was the pianist, in stating which we have said enough to convince our musical readers that the beautiful sonata of Beethoven (played, as usual, from memory) was given throughout with the facility of a practised master and the reading of a profound musician. The favor which this gentleman enjoys with the public was manifested in the tremendous burst of applause that awaited him on his appearance in the orchestra, and was renewed at every movement of the sonata. One of the greatest treats of the evening was the execution, by MM. Hallé and Vieuxtemps, of the fresh and vigorous sonata of Dussek, for the rescue of which from unmerited oblivion the director of the Monday Popular Concerts is as fully entitled to the gratitude of musicians and lovers of good music as for the same good office rendered some time since to its companion (in B flat), belonging to the same "Op. 69," which now, after half a century of silence, is probably as often heard in public as any composition for pianoforte and violin extant. Mr. Chappell may be reminded that there is a trio in F, and also a quartet in E flat, from the same pen, which have not yet been introduced at the Monday Popular Concerts.

The vocal music was capital. Mademoiselle Florence Lancia (her first appearance at these concerts) is an artist in the truest sense of the word. In the fine air of *Ilia*, from Mosart's *Idomeneo* (to which the great composer makes special allusion in one of the interesting letters to Leopold Mozart, his father), and in Mendelssohn's plaintive "Zuleika," (No. 1), she elicited, by her chaste and expressive singing, an equal measure of sympathy and applause. In the first she seemed a little nervous; but in the last she was completely mistress of her powers. Mr. Winn, one of our most talented and improving bass singers, was also deservedly successful, not only with the genial and melodious air from Dr. Arne's *Comus* (which has a touch of Handel, his giant contemporary, about it), but with the poetical ballad of Mr. Loder. The task of accompaniment at the pianoforte was, as from the first institution of the Monday Popular Concerts, undertaken by Mr. Benedict, to replace whom with advantage would be simply impossible. At the next concert (November 25th) the programme is to be exclusively selected from the works of Mozart.

LIVERPOOL.—"There was a larger attendance at the concert last evening, and particularly in the boxes and body of the hall. In addition to Mad. and Mr. Goldschmidt, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Sig. Belletti, as principals, there were included in that category Sig. Piatti, solo violoncello, and Mr. H. Blagrove, violin. Mad. Goldschmidt sang splendidly, and we may remark, that her reception was of a more enthusiastic character than on Monday, and there was a greater evidence of appreciation of her powers. Her first essay was in the scena from *Der Freischütz*, and she gave it with enchanting pathos and expression. In Mozart's rondo, "Il Re pastore," she had ample opportunity for the display of her execution, of which she availed herself to the admiration of the audience. The well-known 'Bird Song,' and the 'Swedish Echo Song,' both of which may be said to be essentially her own, were executed with brilliancy of style and peculiar effects that reminded us more than anything she sang of the palmy days of Jenny Lind. Each was rapturously applauded; and at the close of 'Echo Song,' there was almost an ovation by orchestra and audience, who rose *en masse* and cheered her, which she acknowledged by waving her adieu. One of the best features of the concert was the duet from *Lucia*, sung by her and Mr. Sims Reeves. The same remark will apply to the trio 'Fia gratia al ciel,' from *Fidelio*. Mr. Sims Reeves sang even better than he did in *The Creation*. He gave Molique's beautiful song, "When the moon is brightly shining," splendidly, and was encored, with which demand he for once condescended to comply, and was absolutely cheered as he returned to the orchestra. Sig. Belletti shared largely in the honors of the evening. His rendering of the air 'Bravo, bravo, il mio Belcore,' from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, was a most finished vocal effort, and the pure style in which he executed the florid passages, stamped him as an artist of the first rank. The song was re-given. Sig. Piatti's performance consisted of two fantasias, in which he displayed marvellous execution, and great purity and delicacy of tone. In Beethoven's Choral Fantasia the vocal portion was not characterized by sufficient steadiness. The chorus sang Mendelssohn's part song, "Praise of Spring," well, with the exception of the trebles being a little flat: but in Mr. Goldschmidt's 'Summer evening,' there were several hitches, and the piece is of too classical a style to be appreciated by a general audience. The overtures to *Oberon* and *Figaro* were creditably given by the band.—*L. Mercury*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Our native land. A Song of Liberty.

G. W. Morris. 25

This is one of the twelve songs selected by the New York Prize Committee as the best among twelve hundred, from which it may be safely concluded that it possesses more than average merit.

Effa Gray. Ballad.

E. R. Corey. 25

One of those simple strains which are quickly caught by the ear and easily remembered. It will become popular.

A flower thou resemblest. (Du bist wie eine Blume).

F. Agathe. 25

A well-known German lyric by Heine, which has been set to music perhaps by more composers than any other in any language. This new version has the merit of simplicity as well as originality, and will doubtless make friends.

Massachusetts boys. Patriotic Song and Chorus.

J. Otis Sargent. 25

Capitally adapted for the camp. The words are fine and the air spirited. No doubt but the soldiers from the old Bay State, who are all full of music, will soon make this song resound from their tents and camp-fires.

Rockland wildwood. Song.

M. S. Pike. 30

A very pleasing production, to which the author, in his concerts, owes a great deal of his success. It was usually performed as a Quartet, with a very pretty Echo-effect, in which form it will also be shortly issued. The title-page has a lithograph of Rocklawn cottage, Pike's residence.

Instrumental Music.

Shadow Air from "Le Pardon de Plöermel." Transcription.

Brinley Richards. 35

The famous Bravura Air, sung here so far only by Carlotta Patti, in an elegant and effective arrangement for the Piano.

Marche nationale.

G. W. Marston. 25

A very well written piece of music, of medium difficulty.

Books.

THE AMERICAN MUSICAL CLASS BOOK. Designed for Female Colleges, Institutes, Seminaries, and Normal and High Schools. Containing Elementary Instructions, Vocal Exercises and Solfeggios, and a Valuable Collection of Duets, Trios, and Concerted Pieces. By Bissell.

50

Among the numerous works of the kind this new candidate for popular favor cannot fail of a prominence, since its peculiar features are such as will commend it at once to the patronage of those for whom it is chiefly intended. Its rudimentary lessons proceed with a regularity and precision that cannot fail to fix permanently on the minds of the pupil the essentials of success in future studies. The exercises are in a form to attract the attention; and the selection of music is one of the best if not the superior of all similar collections. Principals of Educational institutions, music teachers, and others interested in books of this class will find it advantageous to examine this volume.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 507.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 21, 1861.

VOL. XX. No. 12.

Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's Travelling Letters.

Rome, Nov. 16, 1830.

DEAR FANNY!

Day before yesterday no post went, and I could not talk with you; and if I thought, how the letter would have to remain by me a couple of days before it could go off, it was impossible for me to write. And so I have thought many times of you, have wished all happiness for you and us, and have rejoiced that you were born so and so many years ago; it is such a support to think what reasonable people there are in the world. But you are one of them; continue bright and clear and sound, and do not alter much; you do not need to grow much better; may your good luck be faithful to you;—these are about my birth day wishes. For that I should wish you any sort of musical ideas, is not at all to be presumed of a man of my calibre. You are really insatiable, that you complain of the want of such; *per bacco*, if you had the impulse, you would compose what you have in you; and if you have not the impulse, why take on so terribly? If I had my child to fondle, I would write no score; and since I have composed "*Non Nobis*," I cannot, unfortunately, carry my nephew round in my arms. But seriously,—the child is not yet half a year old, and you already would have other ideas, than of Sebastian,* (not Bach!). Rejoice that you have him; music only keeps away, because there is actually no room for her, and I do not wonder that you are no unnatural mother (*Rabenmutter*). I wish you, though, for your birthday whatsoever your heart desires; so I will wish you also half a dozen melodies; but my wishing will be no help.

Here in Rome we have so celebrated the 14th of November, that the heavens put on their blue and festal garb, and sent us down a beautiful warm air. Then we went very comfortably to the Capitol to church, and heard a wretched sermon by Herr * * *, who may be a right good man, but who to me always preaches very grimly; and if any one can fret me in the church on such a day, on the Capitol, he must take special pains for it. Afterwards I went to Bunsen, who had just arrived. He and his wife received me full of friendliness, and there was much that was fine, and there was politics, and regret that you had not come. *Apropos*: my favorite work, which I am now studying, is "*Lili's Menagerie*" by Goethe; particularly three passages: "*Kehr ich mich um, und brumm*;" then: "*eh la menotte*," &c.; and especially: "*die ganze Luft ist warm, ist blüthevoll*," where the clarinets would have to come in decidedly; I will make a scherzo for a Symphony out of it.

Yesterday noon at Bunsen's there was among others a German musician; O God, O God, I wished I were a Frenchman! The musician said to me: "One has to *handle* music every day." Why? answered I, and that took him all

*The child's name.

aback. Then he went on to talk of earnest striving; and how after all Spohr had no earnest striving; but how he had clearly seen an earnest striving shine through my *Tu es Petrus*. If there had been a hare on the table, I should have devoured it while he talked; as it was, I made macaroni answer. But the fellow has a little estate at Frascati, and is just now thinking of *giving up* music; if one had only got as far as that! After dinner came Catel, Eggers, Senf, Wolf, another painter, two more painters, and still more. I had to play the piano too, and they wanted things by Sebastian Bach; these I played them in rich measure, and had much success in it. So too I had to give a distinct description of the entire performance of the Passion music, for they seemed to me scarcely to believe in it. Bunsen possesses the piano score; he has shown it to the singers of the Papal chapel, and they have declared before witnesses, that such music is not to be executed by human voices. I believe the contrary!

Trautwein is publishing the Passion according to St. John in score; perhaps I will have made me for Paris some shirt buttons *à la Back*. To-day Bunsen is going to take me to Baini, whom he has not seen for a whole year, because Baini never goes out, except to hear confession. I rejoice in him, and I propose to myself to get as closely acquainted with him as possible, since he can solve me many a riddle. The old Santini is still always obligingness itself. If I praise a piece in the evening in company, or do not know one, the next morning he knocks very gently and brings me the piece wrapped up in his little blue pocket handkerchief; in return for which I accompany him home evenings, and we are very fond of one another. He even brought me his eight-part *Te Deum*, and begged me to correct some modulations into it; it keeps too uniformly in G major; I will see then if I can introduce a bit of A minor or E minor.

I only wish now to become acquainted with a good many Italians; for a maestro of San Giovanni Laterano, whose daughters are musical, but not pretty, and at whose house I have been introduced, will tell me nothing. If you can send me any letters, do so; for as I work in the morning, see and admire at noon, and so pass the day till sunset, I should like to move about in the evening in the Roman world. My friendly Englishmen from Venice have arrived; Lord Harrowby passes the winter here with his family; the Schadows, Bunsens, Tippelskirches receive every evening; in short I have no lack of acquaintances, only I should like also to know the Italians.

The present which I have prepared for you this time, dear Fanny, for your birthday, is a Psalm for chorus and orchestra: "*Non nobis, Domine*"; you know the song already. An air occurs in it, which has a good conclusion, and the last chorus will please you, I hope. Next week there will be an opportunity, I hear, and then I will send it to you along with much other new

music. Now I will finish the Overture, and then, God willing, go at the Symphony. A Piano-forte Concerto too, which I should like to write for Paris, begins to haunt my head. God grant success and happy times, and we will yet enjoy them. Farewell and prosper. FELIX.

Rome, Nov. 22, 1830.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER!

You know how much I hate, a thousand miles away, and over the interval of a fortnight, to give good advice; but for once I will do it.

The fact is I believe that you commit a mistake in your conduct, indeed the same one which I too used once to commit. I really never in my life have known father to write so out of humor, as since I have been here in Rome; and so I want to ask you, if you cannot perhaps soothe him a little by some domestic remedy? I mean somehow by humoring and conceding, by putting forward *that* side of things which father likes, instead of the other,—suppress entirely much that vexes him, and instead of: *shameful*, say: *unpleasant*, or instead of: *splendid*, tolerable. This helps incredibly sometimes; and I will gently ask, if it would not perhaps in this case? For, leaving the violent political events out of the account, the unpleasant humor seems to me to proceed from the same cause as then, when I commenced my musical activity in my own way, and when father was continually in the worst humor, scolding at Beethoven and all the *fantasts*, and frequently annoyed me by it, and frequently made me disrespectful. Just then there came some news, and that, I think, did not suit father, and was perhaps even painful to him. So long then as I kept on exalting and praising my Beethoven, the evil grew worse, and I—if I am not mistaken—was one day banished from the table. Now it occurred to me, that I could say a great deal of truth, and yet not precisely *that*, which father could not bear; and so it went on better and better, and at last good. Perhaps you have forgotten a bit that you must spare now and then, and not touch with a sharp point,—that father makes himself older and more out of tune perhaps, than, thank God, he is, and that it becomes us all to give in to him sometimes, even if we really have the right of it, as he has so often done to us. So praise a little what he likes, and don't find fault with what he has at heart, especially not with what is old, established. And praise the new only when it has accomplished something outwardly in the world; for until then it always comes to a question of taste. Draw me the father gracefully into your circle, and dance about him;—in short, seek to smooth all down and make all even once more, and bear in mind that I, who am a travelled man of the world, have never found a family, which, reckoning in *all* faults, weaknesses and peevish humors, was so happy, as we have been until now.

Do not answer this, for it would not come for four weeks, and then again there will be something new. Anyhow, if I was foolish, I want

no spiritual drubbings from you; and if I have spoken well, then follow my good precepts.

Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of Dr. HEINRICH VON KREISSLE.

(Continued from page 290.)

And now begins the second chapter in the short life of this highly gifted man, in which an abundance of most glorious creations came to light; and the astonished world, scarce able to look over what was offered it to-day, was every morrow surprised by new tone-poems, as they welled forth from the exhaustless spring of this rich mind.

Looking back upon his musical activity in the years 1810-1814, when he had just stepped from boyhood into the period of youth, one is really astonished at the multitude of compositions which sprang up in so short a time.

Besides those already mentioned, with which must be reckoned many songs and attempts in string Quartets, of which he has composed 12 or 15, there falls also within that earliest period the composition of 30 Minuets or Trios,* inscribed to his brother Ignaz, in easy style for the piano; of a Violin Concerto; a Terzet for men's voices, with guitar accompaniment, for the *name-fest* of his father, to which he also composed the words; and a festival poem (words and music by himself) in honor of the fiftieth birthday of his teacher, the first court capellmeister Salieri.

To the year 1813 belong: Four String Quartets (in C, Bb, Eb and D); an Octet for brass instruments; three Minuets and Trios for orchestra; three *Kyries*; a Symphony in D; the third four-hand pianoforte Sonata; the Terzets and Canons à tre;† and of songs, Schiller's "Thekla, a Spirit Voice," the "Elysium" by the same, and the "Grave-digger's Song" by von Schlechta.

In the year 1814 he composed three String Quartets (in C minor, D and Bb); five Minuets and six Allemandes, with Trios, for Quartet and two French horns; the grand Mass in F already mentioned; a *Salve Regina*; the song: "*Wer ist wohl gross*," with chorus and orchestral accompaniment; and many songs, among which Schiller's "Diver" (begun in 1813) and "Emma," Klopstock's "Edone," Kosegarten's "*Erinnerung*" and "Die Erscheinung," and Matthiesson's "*Die Betende*."

If many of the compositions thus far mentioned fall under the category of first attempts, and can scarcely claim much interest at this day, still, on the one hand, they give evidence of the extraordinary fertility of the young composer, while, on the other, Schubert's individuality comes out in many of them quite unmistakably, and one already hears, albeit it softly, the wing-stroke of his genius, destined in a surprisingly short time to unfold to a splendor hardly dreamed of.

Here a letter may find place, from Schubert to his brother, dated November 14th, 1812, that is to say, at the time of his residence in the *Con-vict*. By its good-natured, downright tone it may contribute something characteristic to the picture of the youth just entered upon his 16th year. Schubert writes:

* These Minuets are lost.

† Der Schnee Zerrinnt. Lacrimosa. Liebe sänseln die Blätter.

"Let me come out at once with what lies on my heart; and so I shall come sooner to my point, and you will not be long detained by circumlocutions. I have reflected long now upon my position, and have found, that, taken on the whole, it is really good, but might be bettered here and there. You know from experience, that one would often like to eat a *semmel* (wheaten roll) and a couple of apples, especially when, after an indifferent dinner, one may expect a wretched supper not before half past eight o'clock. This desire, which had already frequently intruded itself, now grows more and more importunate, and I have had at last, *nolens volens*, to effect a change. The couple of groschen, which I get from father, are spent in the first days at T.'s; what then am I to do the rest of the time?"

"They who hope in Thee, shall not come to shame," Matthew, Chap. 2, v. 4. So I thought too. Suppose then you should let me have a couple of kreutzers monthly. You would never feel it, while I here in my cell should count myself happy and be contented. As I have said, I support myself upon the words of the apostle Matthew, who says there: "He that hath two coats, let him give one to the poor." Meanwhile I wish that you would give ear to the voice, which calls to you incessantly, to remember

Thy
loving, poor, hoping,
and yet again poor
brother Franz."

During the holidays Schubert had frequently attended the opera. Of the operas then given, he was particularly interested in Weigl's "Swiss Family," the first opera he heard, and in which those distinguished artists, Vogl and Mme. Milder, sang; then in Cherubini's "Medea," Boildieu's "John of Paris," "Cinderella" by Isouard, but most especially by Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris," in which again Vogl and the Milder distinguished themselves greatly. This last opera every time transported him to rapture, and he preferred it at last, on account of its noble simplicity and sublimity, to all other operas.

These visits to the theatre possibly enticed him into trying his own hand in musico-dramatic works. In fact Schubert has composed more than a dozen operas, melodramas and musical farces, and has left several more unfinished. Of their character and success we shall speak hereafter.

Schubert had now cast off all that narrowed and constricted him. Undistracted by calls of duty, he followed the bent of his genius, and in restless industry and uninterrupted production he strove to increase the talent heaven had given him, to the utmost.

The year 1815, his eighteenth year, sparkles with a stately series of tone creations of all sorts, although the songs alone have become widely known. Among these however are found already such as might belong to Schubert's most brilliant period, so ripe and so complete are they. It may suffice to mention, that "Kolma's Lament," "Loda's Ghost," Schilrick and Viavela," the "Maid of Inistore" from the Ossian songs, and then "Hector's Parting," "The Maiden's Lament," "Der Liedler und der Kampf," were already composed in this year. To these were added: "Die Erwartung" (expectation), "An die Freude" (to Joy), "Wonne der Wehmuth" (Bliss of Sadness), "Geist der Liebe" (Spirit of

Love), "Evening," "Table Song," "To the Sun," "Praise of Tokay," "Die Spinnerin" (the spinner); the great ballads, viz: "Die Bürgschaft," "The Minstrel," "Minerva von Bertrand" (also very extended), and "The Nun;" "Unendlicher" (infinite), "Trost in Thränen" (consolation in tears) "Mother Earth," "Clärchen's Song," "First Love," "Nähe des Geliebten" (nearness of the loved one), "To Mignon," "Hope," "The youth at the mill stream," "Bliss disturbed," "The Stars," "Night Song," "To Rosa," "Ideo's Swan-song," "Louisa's Answer," "Evening Song," "Amphyraos" by Theo. Körner, a very comprehensive composition, "Morning Song," a four-part drinking song and the three-part song: "Das Leben" (Life). To the same year belong the musical farces: "The friends of Salamanca," in two acts; "Der vierjährige Posten," and "Fernando," each in one act. Of church music in the same year he composed a grand *Magnificat*, a *Salve Regina*, an *Offertorium*, and the second *Dona Nobis* to the Mass in F. Moreover two Symphonies (in D and Bb); three piano-forte Sonatas (in F and C); a Quartet in G minor; 12 *Allemandes* with Codas and 10 Variations for piano, and the *Ecossaises* dedicated to Frau Mina Spann.

Schubert's compositions, especially his songs, had already begun to penetrate into circles of Art-loving men of noble aspirations; and in the next following years several persons distinguished by rank, culture and artistic, if not musical, achievements of their own, came forward to meet him and followed his productive career with the liveliest sympathy.

One of the most valuable acquaintances for Schubert was that of the poet Mayrhofer, who, being a great amateur himself, was in raptures with the melodies of Schubert, and by his poems gave him occasion for a series of remarkable compositions, entirely departing from the song form customary until then.

In the year 1829, one year after Schubert's death, Mayrhofer thus writes how he became acquainted with him and in what spiritual relation he stood to him:

"My relation to Schubert had its commencement in the fact, that an early friend gave him the poem 'On the lake' to compose. Led by the friend's hand, in the year 1814, Schubert entered the room, which five years later we were to occupy in common. It is in the Wipplingerstrasse; house and room have felt the power of time; ceiling rather low, the light limited by a great building opposite, a piano worn out by much playing, a small book-case; such was the room, which, with the hours spent in it, will never vanish from my memory.

"As Spring shakes the earth, to lavish her green grass and blossoms, so does the first feeling of his own productive power shake and endow man; for, as Goethe says:

Weit, hoch, herrlich der Blick
Rings ins Leben hinein
Von Gebirg zu Gebirg
Schwebet der ewige Geist
Ewigen Lebens ahndevoll.

"This ground feeling and the love for poetry and music made our relation more intimate; I wrote poems, he composed what I had written, much of which owes its origin, continuance and diffusion to his melodies."

Of Schubert's still growing productive power

and of the increasing value of his works, the compositions of the following year bear witness. Of larger compositions there belong to the year 1816: the *Stabat Mater* of Klopstock; a *Salve Regina* and the chorus of angels: "Christ is arisen" (in four parts); a Trio for violin, viola and 'cello; a Symphony in Bb, and the so-called tragic one in C minor; a Quartet in F; a violin Concerto in D; a piano-forte Sonata in F, and an unfinished three-act opera, "Die Bürgschaft."

The following songs occur during the same time: "The death of Oscar," "Fragment from Æschylus," "The Constellations," the "King of Thule," "*Schwager Kronos*," "Knowst thou the Land?" "Spirit Greeting," "Little heath rose," and Hunter's Evening Song," the well-known song of "The Wanderer" by Schmidt of Lubek, "At the grave of Anselmus" by Claudius, "On the Danube," "The Mariner," "*Wie Ulfen fischt*," and "Song of a mariner to the Dioscuri" of Mayrhofer; furthermore, "Orpheus," "*Führt zum Hades*," "*Liedesend*," "The captive Minstrels," "Cradle Song," "The Nightingale," "At a Spring," "Life Melodies," "*Sprache der Liebe*," "The four Ages of the World," and the ballad "Ritter Toggenburg."

During this year he sought the position of music director in Laibach, but did not obtain it.

(To be continued.)

The Dettingen Te Deum.

FROM H. F. CHORLEY'S "HANDEL STUDIES."

(Concluded from page 291.)

Chorus (five voices).—Thine honorable, true, and only Son: also the Holy Ghost the Comforter.

In verse No. 6, is doctrine, rather than emotion; and this is wrought out, doctrinally, in a brief movement of fifteen bars. In Handel's earlier "Utrecht Te Deum," it is incorporated with those former phrases of the Hymn which, in some sort, are also phrases of a creed—abstract as much as expressive. In every work of this kind, and with this object, that which is passed over and that which is expatiated on are matters well worthy of comparison.*

Solo and Chorus.—Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ. Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

In No. 7, we have, again, the trumpet put to a new use; as opening a stately and broad chorus, by a rather long duet or dialogue with a bass voice. For this mixture Handel seems to have had a predilection: feeling, perhaps, that the brightness of the instrument relieved the ponderosity of the deep male tones. Be the filling-up what it may, they rarely dialogue completely, or blend happily; and in this preliminary air, an equality of sound and a length of respiration are demanded from both parties, which in our time have never been obtained from bass singer, at least since the powers of Lablache began to fail him. The song, then, may, without disrespect, be treated as merely a somewhat mechanical preface to the Chorus, wrought on the same theme, the noble close of which, where the dialogue is repeated by the full strength of the quartet, and afterwards the descending passage of the bass voices, on the repetition of the words,

Thou art the everlasting Son,

are among the finest portions of this Hymn.

* Let any one who is willing to follow out the subject, examine the "Credo" of Beethoven's Mass in C major, with especial reference to the final binding together and working-up of that noble movement beginning with the clause—

"*Et resurrexit*,"

of the which there are many declarations to be combined within one musical form. It is observable that Beethoven, among all men imagined to be a formalist when setting words, has set these words better to music, and has better evaded the difficulties of verses in themselves supplying no inspiration, than any contemporary or predecessor. As example of a totally different mode of treatment, the "Credo" of Sebastian Bach's Mass in B minor may be cited, in which two of the most difficult and least inspiring clauses are dwelt on, without the slightest reference to the words—the one as a florid duet for female voices; the other, as a long pastoral for a bass singer.

Solo.—When Thou tookest upon thee to deliver man: Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.

Chorus (five voices).—When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death: Thou didst open the kingdom of Heaven to all believers.

On the long and pastoral solo, No. 8, there is no need to dwell; save to invite those who enjoy comparison to look at it in company with the Pastoral in the Mass of Bach, of which mention is made below. The next chorus (for Nos. 9 and 10 amount to one, the former being merely an introduction of four bars) is equivalent to the "*Crucifixus*" and "*Et Resurrexit*" of the Roman Catholic Mass, a part of the Latin service delighted in by all composers.† In the "Utrecht Te Deum" the words may be said to have been slighted by Handel—who indeed, throughout all that work, is more scientific than scenic—but here within a space, limited in comparison to that apportioned to it by the Mass composers, it is very fairly treated. Observe the boldness of the modulations to the words,

When thou hadst overcome, &c.;

a boldness transcended by that of no modern modulator; and recollect within how few words the whole spirit of the agony of "the Cross and Passion" had to be condensed. In a "Te Deum," or Hymn of Praise, it was more natural to dwell on the Resurrection and Ascension than on the Sepulchre: this is notably done. Observe again, that throughout this "Te Deum" Handel employs one and the same key (that of D major) for all the triumphant choruses, yet without weariness to the ear resulting. Here is another example of the beauty, purpose, and use of monotony, as a means of effect in request among the old masters—of late, utterly avoided.‡

Trio.—Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father. We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge.

The trio, No. 11, is again a resting-place for its composer: a careful movement for three voices—alto, tenor, and bass—calling on us to notice the sparing use which Handel has made of the solo treble throughout this Hymn. This is explicable, probably, by its having been mainly written to be executed by cathedral singers, among whom, in former times, female voices were allowed to figure but grudgingly, if at all. Here, in the midst of antiquated forms, will be found a hardy touch of novelty in the very opening phrase, in which its accidental A flat gives so much expression and tenderness to the melody.

Chorus (five voices).—We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood.

The chorus, Nos. 12—13, is again preluded by a flourish of inevitable trumpets, showing, as in the "*Agnus Dei*," of Beethoven's *Missa Solennis*, that the elder composer, as the later one, felt, that to make prayer intense, it might be as well to indicate the Battle, the event *prayed against*, (this *Dettingen* being a military "Te Deum"). In the chorus itself, grave, pathetic, supplicatory, the strong thing is the sudden breaking away, from all united effort, by the voices alone of women who end it; these leading with inexpressible pathos into the chorus, No. 14, in which, again,

Chorus (five voices).—Make them to be numbered with Thy saints in glory everlasting, O Lord, save Thy people and bless Thy heritage. Govern them and lift them up for ever. Day by day we magnify Thee: And we worship Thy Name, ever world without end.

the words are dry, not impassioned. In No. 15, once more in D major, and its sequel, No. 16, "And we worship thy name," we see Genius at its ease again, free to exhibit (though with always the military trumpet) a still higher tone of adoration. The second movement, in 3-2 tempo,

† Especially to be noticed in Bach's Mass in B minor, where the treatment of the "*Crucifixus*" cannot be exceeded; as also in both of Beethoven's Masses. In the "*Missa Solennis*," the latter named master seems positively unable to end so high an inspiration. But of the two writers, Bach is the happier—the more original—the more dramatic—ever.

‡ How assiduously so, can hardly be better exemplified than from the writings of Mendelssohn; who could rarely give even a *barthen* twice without some change, more or less. A remarkable instance of this will be found in the chorus of people, who repeat the Prophet's prayer for rain twice in the noble scene which closes the first act of his "*Eljah*."

begins in a somewhat antique and *alla-capella* manner; but let the student enjoy the freedom of the opening phrase, and mark how this spreads, and grows, and breathes, and burns, till, after the reiteration of the words, "world without end," on the chord of B minor, there comes a noble phrase of glory, of force, of pedal climax, and last, of utter satisfaction.

Solo.—Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin. O Lord, have mercy upon us; O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us, as our trust is in Thee.

In No. 17 is to be noted another instance of over-expression, suggesting that Handel may have read the words of his "Te Deum" carelessly; or, betwixt Catholic Mass and Protestant Service, may have lost his clear view, or, his mostly admirable sense of proportion and propriety. In the words to be set, there is not repentance so much as precaution; not grief for offence past, but deprecation against sin to come. Yet, in the music, there is too much of the lacerating, macerating sorrow of the Magdalen; and hence the air has been transferred to the penitence of the words of the Latin Mass,

Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.

Even the far-famed recitative of "Jephtha," in the oratorio, with his conflict and madness and paternal agony, is hardly more poignant than this. It may be not nature, but it is, with deference to Handel, and reference to his known modes of expression, over true; and this will be felt by those who perceive that the opening phrase is identical with that of the opening phrase of the Recitative in "The Messiah,"

All they that see him laugh him to scorn.

In the latter the desolation, however dreary, was not desperate enough. In the former it is a piece of contrast (for contrast's sake, exaggerated), rather than a rightly balanced expression. I cannot help fancying that Mendelssohn may have had it in his ears when he wrote that pathetic prayer in St. Paul, for the blind convertite, "O God, have mercy!" but in the elder movement, be it over-colored or not, Handel is more pathetic than Mendelssohn.

Solo and Chorus.—O Lord, in Thee have I trusted: let me never be confounded.

The close, No. 18, of the "Te Deum," suggests a fancy from which there is no escape, that the close of our Protestant Hymn is in some sort an anti-climax: this (merely) as regards purposes of art. The Roman Catholic Mass ends with "Give us peace," the greatest earthly blessing; no anti-climax, only repose. Our "Te Deum" finishes with "Let me never be confounded." The first suggests a tranquil subsiding into the arms of Eternal Rest; the second is an ill phrase to be set by any composer who has had to deal with universal glory and triumph, and who is called on to end his work with individual prayer, not wholly supplicating, not wholly confident. Thus, though Handel "holds up" stoutly to the last, concluding his "Te Deum" in its commencing key, and with its perpetual trumpets, and thus, though he has written a stout and vigorous chorus, in one phrase, recalling a phrase from the first chorus from "The Messiah,"

And ths glory of the Lord,

the "Te Deum" ends not, it must be admitted, with a brilliancy equal to that of its commencement.

Music in the Public Schools of Boston.

SEMI-ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON MUSIC, (SEPT. 10, 1861).

In compliance with the Rules and Regulations of this Board, the Committee on Music beg leave to offer their semi-annual Report.

Under the enactments of the present Code, it is made the duty of this Committee to hold examinations of each Grammar School in music, at least once in six months. For the more convenient, and systematic carrying out of this requirement, the Committee early resolved themselves into sub-committees of one, to each of whom was allotted a certain district of the city which was considered as

coming under his more immediate supervision and care. The Girls' High and Normal School, however, remained in charge of the full Committee; and it was further made the duty of the Chairman, and the privilege and duty (if they so regarded it) of every member, to visit any or all the schools out of their respective districts, at the hour of the regular music lesson, as often as they might deem it expedient. These duties your Committee have attempted, as far as in their power, conscientiously to perform.

During the months of June and July last the whole ground was thus gone over, so far as the Grammar Schools were concerned, in the necessary preparations for the Annual School Festival, and examination was made, more or less formally, of the condition of this department of our public school instruction throughout the city. It may suffice to say here, that the impressions thus gained were favorable, and in the main satisfactory,—especially when we take into consideration the short time during which music has stood upon something like a level with the other branches of study, and the necessarily imperfect working of any system of instruction designed to reach such large masses of recipients, in the first few years of its operation. There appears to have been a steady advance on the part of the pupils in the interest manifested by them for both the study and practice of music, and to some extent in knowledge and solid acquirements gained of it as an art and a science,—an advance which has been marked and decided, year by year, ever since the adoption of the orders by this Board [Secretary's Minutes, September, 1857,] which opened a new page in the record of musical instruction in our schools. Nor has this interest and advance been confined to the pupils only. It is largely shared in by the masters and teachers in all the schools, who have earnestly coöperated with every effort of the Committee, and by the devoted corps of instructors in music, whose efforts have always increased in sympathy with the increasing demands upon their time and talents.

A manifest starting-point of this accession in interest and effort, on all hands, was the introduction of an annual exhibition of the musical capabilities of the pupils, which, it will be recollected, was adopted by way of experiment, in the summer of 1858, as a part of the programme of the Annual School Festival, with so much success as to insure its continuance in that connection to the present time. Certain it is that the impetus given to music by the brilliant success of the musical offering to the Prince of Wales, by the pupils of our Public Schools, a year ago, has ever since lightened the labors of all under whose charge the interests of this department directly and indirectly have come.

A word in this place as to the character of these annual exhibitions in general, and the influence they are calculated to exert. We say nothing of their influence on the rapt multitude who are so fortunate as to compose the audience on such occasions; it is the effect on the pupils themselves to which we would particularly allude.

These are not mere show performances. It has been the policy of the Committee to make their selections, in the main, from music of the highest order only,—that which ever has and will continue to have its effect on both performer and listener,—from the standard works of the great masters of choral music and oratorio,—from Handel and Beethoven, Mozart and Mendelssohn, Martin Luther and Sebastian Bach, to know whom and their works thus intimately, is to lay up in store a never-failing fund for reminiscence and enjoyment in after years,—whose purifying influences are perennial, bearing fruit for all time. It is in the careful and long-continued study of such music, and the previous rehearsals preparatory for their public performance, more than in the successful results of the occasion itself, that substantial good is to be gained. The desirableness of some such public demonstration of the musical capacities of the pupils of the Public Schools as is afforded by these annual occasions, we assume now as a granted fact. They have become a part of our school history, and have already taken a deep hold on the pride and sympathies of the community. In regard to the appropriate time, and the manner in which these exhibitions should hereafter be conducted, we purpose to consider more fully in another part of this report.

Of the utility and healthful influences of music as a branch of popular instruction, it does not become us now to speak. This has long since become, as we believe, a recognized fact. The question then is, how can this department of study best be treated, so as most effectually and economically to insure the ends desired, with the least expenditure of time and effort in proportion to the results attained. Let us pursue this inquiry in fairness and candor,—without unduly magnifying its importance, or demanding

more than its fair share of attention. And in order to bring the whole matter understandingly before us, it becomes necessary to repeat some things already familiar, it may be, to this Board. For a *résumé* of the methods of musical instruction employed from time to time, from its first introduction into our schools up to the close of the school year ending with the first of September, 1858, we may refer to the brief historical sketch embodied in the School Committee's published Report for that year. The present provisions for this department of public education are substantially the same as those in vogue in 1858, and may be briefly summed up as follows:

Two half hours each week are devoted to the study and practise of vocal music, in the Grammar Schools; and in addition to the instruction given by the music teacher to the first and second classes, musical notation, the singing of the scale, and exercises in reading simple music are practised twice a week by the lower classes, also, under the direction of their own teachers; and the pupils are required to undergo examinations, and are entitled to receive credits for proficiency in music, as in the other studies pursued in the schools.

In the Primary Schools, likewise, singing is made to form a part of the opening and closing exercises of every session; and such time is devoted to instruction in music, in each school, as, in the judgment of the sub-committee of said school, is deemed expedient.

In the Girls' High and Normal School the teacher of music is required, in addition, to give such instruction to the pupils of that institution as shall qualify them to teach vocal music in our Public Schools.

A Standing Committee on Music, consisting of five members, is appointed each year by the President, subject to the approval of the Board. This Committee hold their office for one year ensuing. It is their duty to nominate to the Board for confirmation such persons as in their opinion are qualified for the office of teacher of music* in the schools, to make examination of each Grammar School in music, at least once in six months, and submit a written report thereupon semi-annually, at the quarterly meetings in March and September, and exercise a general supervision over this department of public instruction in all the schools.

The responsibility of the musical instruction at present is divided among four teachers of vocal music, as they are called, viz.: Mr. Zerrahn, who has charge of the pupils in the Girls' High and Normal School, and Messrs. Butler, Bruce, and Drake, those of the Grammar Schools; except that in the Mayhew School, music, in addition to his other duties, is taught by Mr. Swan, the master of the said school. A compensation of one hundred and twenty-five dollars per annum, for each Grammar School, is allowed. Each teacher of music is permitted to use such manual or text-book as his judgment or fancy may dictate, subject to the general approval of the Standing Committee on Music; and he is required, at his own expense, to furnish and keep in tune a piano in every school under his charge.

Music takes a prominent place in the Exhibitions at the close of the school year, and, as has been before said, is now made the engrossing feature in the programme of the Annual School Festival.

Such, in brief, is the nature and *modus operandi* of the plan at present in action in this branch of our Public School instruction. Under its beneficial working much progress has been made, and important results have been obtained. The system is a good one, so far as it goes. But, in the mind of the Committee, it is susceptible of some modification and improvement. This, in the nature of things, was to be expected; we say it without disparagement of the faithful and devoted labors of those who now have the interests of this department more especially in charge. Music can be taught to the best advantage in strictly private lessons only,—each individual requiring the personal and long-continued attention of the master; and the attempt to teach it to the masses, in schools, must, in the nature of the case, be successful only in a general way. Precepts, therefore—maxims, laws of general application, a good taste, methods and habits of study and of practice, and the general principles of the art are mainly to be inculcated. The general powers only can be developed and trained in classes, while the numberless traits and peculiarities and shades of capabilities which point to individual capacity and genius must, of necessity, be overlooked. Without due regard to these ultimate facts in the philosophy of teaching (music particularly), much labor and time will be wasted. There is every reason, then, why

* From the list of names thus presented, if approved by the Board, the sub-committees of the Grammar School Districts select for their respective schools such teachers as they may prefer.

those who are expected to teach music, in addition to the other studies of the schools, should possess the knowledge how to teach it in the best manner.

This leads us to an important consideration already brought forward in a preceding page, to which we desire especially to call the attention of the Board.

In the Code of Rules and Regulations, previously quoted, instruction in music, in addition to their other duties, is plainly enjoined on the teachers of the Primary and the lower classes in the Grammar Schools. And in this connection we would again press upon the attention of the Board the requirement in the Rules, [Chapter IV., Section 18,] by which the capacity to teach the elements of vocal music is named among the qualifications of all new candidates for the office of teacher. Until this requirement is recognized and insisted on, as one of the elements of examination whenever a new teacher is presented, the attempt to carry properly into effect the provisions above alluded to must of necessity be futile. In immediate sequence to the above named requisition, as it stands in the original orders submitted by the Committee on Inquiry, [February, 1857,] and adopted by the Board, it is wisely provided that it shall be the duty of the music teacher, for the time being, in the Girls' High and Normal School, to give such instruction to the pupils of that institution as shall qualify them to teach vocal music in our Public Schools. The remarks bearing on this subject, in the Report subsequently offered by that committee, are so much to the point that we make no apology for repeating them here.

"It must be evident to every member of this Board," says that Report, "that the Girls' High and Normal School is the principal source from whence the teachers to supply the vacancies which from time to time occur in the Grammar and Primary Schools should be obtained. Were, then, the graduates of this institution as well instructed in the art of teaching music as it is presumed they are in other branches, the difficulty under which we now labor would vanish at once. Here, in the estimation of your Committee, the foundation should be laid broad and strong. The pupils of this institution should not only be instructed in the science of music, but they should also be thoroughly trained in the art of teaching it. The importance of this cannot be too strongly urged. Experience proves that the success of the teacher is in direct ratio, not to the amount of knowledge possessed, but to the capacity he has of communicating it to others. A few have this in a great degree by nature; but by the great majority it is attained only by long and arduous experience; and hence those who connect themselves with this institution for the purpose of fitting themselves for teachers should be thoroughly and carefully trained. In this way, and in this way only, can the evils be remedied which every quarterly report made by the Superintendent of Schools informs us to exist and which, depending not on the ignorance of teachers, but on their incapacity, can otherwise never be done away with."

(To be continued.)

NEW ORGAN IN BUFFALO.—The *Commercial Advertiser*, of the 14th, describes an organ just built for St. Mary's Church in that city:

Viewed from the body of the church the organ has quite an imposing appearance, it being 34 feet high, 21 feet wide, and 17 feet deep. The front pipes are made of pure English tin, highly polished, and the design, which is very tasteful, is in accordance with the architecture of the church. The builder, Mr. Wm. Mohr has been engaged in the construction of the instrument nearly eighteen months, making it a labor of love, and finishing it in the most substantial, durable and perfect manner. The organ contains 1772 pipes, in the making of which Mr. Mohr has used 2500 lbs. of English tin, and about 1800 lbs. of lead, the proportion of tin being much greater than usual. The 1772 pipes are distributed as follows:

GREAT ORGAN.

Double Open Diapason.....	56 pipes....	all metal.
Open Diapason.....	56 " " "	"
Double Stopped Diapason..	56 " " "	24 wood the rest metal.
Stopped Diapason.....	56 pipes, 17 wood, the rest metal.	
Violin Open Diapason....	56 " " "	metal.
Viol di Gamba.....	56 " " "	"
Gemshorn.....	56 " " "	"
Principal.....	56 " " "	"
Twelfth.....	56 " " "	"
Fifteenth.....	56 " " "	"
Seventeenth.....	56 " " "	"
Cornet (5 ranks).....	160 " " "	"
Mixture (5 ranks).....	280 " " "	"
Trumpet.....	56 " " "	"

SWELL ORGAN.

Open Diapason.....	56 pipes, all metal.
Clarabella.....	56 " 12 wood, the rest metal.
Flaute a Traverse.....	56 " Cherry wood.
Chimney Flute.....	56 " 17 wood, the rest metal.
Principal.....	56 " all metal.
Spitz Flute.....	56 " "
Piccolo.....	56 " "
Mixture (3 ranks).....	168 " "
	560 "

PEDAL ORGAN.

Sub-bass.....	25 pipes, wood.
Double Open Diapason.....	25 " "
Open Diapason.....	25 " "
Possaune.....	25 " "
	100 " "

COUPLERS.

Great Organ and Swell.
Pedals and Great Organ.
Pedals and Swell.

The compass of the Organ is $4\frac{1}{2}$ octaves, from C to G, and it will be remarked that there are no half stops in it; they all "run through." The largest pipes are 16 feet and the smallest $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in length.

The Double Open Diapason in the Great Organ,

The Double " " " Pedals,

The Sub-bass " " " " and

The Posaune " " " " "

are each 16 feet stops. Of 8 feet stops there are 10.

This Organ has a reversed action, by means of which the performer is enabled to sit facing the body of the church, and it is supplied with wind by five air cylinders, which are filled by a most ingenious, yet simple contrivance. In Europe these air cylinders are considered to be far superior to the ordinary bellows; they supply the wind with more steadiness, and with less labor; besides which, they are not so liable to get out of order.

The Organ has been tried by a number of our best organists, and all agree in pronouncing it one of the finest instruments ever erected in this part of the country. It is remarkable for the full, rich, and powerful bass, for the sparkling brilliance which the 5 rank Mixtures and Cornets impart to it, and for the peculiar sweetness of some of the solo stops. It is a lasting monument to the skill of the builder, to the liberality of the society for whom it was built, (at a cost of \$4,500,) and should be a source of pride to all lovers of music, and admirers of mechanical genius. To such persons an inspection of this instrument will abundantly repay them for a visit to St. Mary's church, and every facility for such an inspection will be cheerfully offered, either by Mr. Mohr, 297 Elicott street, or by the organist, Mr. Schmidt.

Musical Correspondence.

PARIS, NOV. 18. — It is a good thing to go to the opera at Paris when you have money and can afford the orchestra stalls or boxes; but it is not so superlatively a good thing to attend the opera when you can go only to the pit or gallery, and pay about a dollar for a seat in the remote corner of a dusty parquette, getting mild glimpses of the stage between Frenchmen's shoulders. Yet, under all these disadvantages, it is something of a treat to hear Meyerbeer's "Prophete" as performed at the Grand Opera. It is usually reserved for Sunday nights and invariably draws an immense audience. Yet I have heard the work quite as well given in New York, some years ago, by La Grange, Salviani, Miss Hensler, Marini and Amodio. The *Fides* of the Paris opera is Tedesco, now a stout matronly lady, who sings well, of course, but does not give the "*Ah, mon fils*" with that exquisite pathos which marked La Grange's rendition of that matchless aria. Gueymard takes the part of John of Leyden with the most complete success; and the other characters are well represented. The great feature of the scenic effects is the rising sun in the skating scene, a bit of mechanism, it is said, invented by Meyerbeer, and costing ever so many thousand francs per night. The cathedral scene does not surpass in splendor that used at the New York Academy in the same opera; but the ballet is better.

At the Opera Comique I have recently heard Auber's charming opera "*La Sirene*," revived for the first time since 1844, when Roger made a great hit in it. The opera is a delicious work, full of graceful, ear-haunting melodies, and with a libretto more interesting than those of most operas. Roger again takes the part of the bold brigand hero, and acts with an ease and dash which would alone secure the success of the piece. And then he sings divinely, too, notwithstanding the statements that his voice is half gone. In the well known air, "*Oh! Dieu des flibustiers*" (Anglicised into "Kind fortune, aid me now") he produces a great sensation, but in my opinion, his rendition of the sentimental love song which commences the second act is his greatest triumph. Roger sings with so much sentiment, feeling, and intelligence that one can very well afford to spare the few high notes which, they say, time has stolen from him. Any way, I had rather hear Grisi, Frezzolini, Roger and Badiali, now, in their old age, than any of our fresher and less careful singers. Poor Sontag seems to have been the only one who, in her later artistic triumphs, combined the taste and finish of a long stage experience with the freshness and *naïveté* of the youthful debutante. To hear that woman at fifty years of age sing *Lucia* was a blissful treat that I now recall with a melancholy pleasure.

Roger, you know, lost his arm some time ago through an accident while out hunting. But the deprivation has been so skilfully hidden by mechanical skill that the loss is scarcely noticeable. Roger's artificial arm is so admirably made, that he can move it sufficiently to make an operative gesture, though, as it is, of course, easier to use the remaining natural arm, his gestures with the latter are much more frequent, so that the spectator is likely to set him down for a left-armed man, though, without being previously informed, no one would suspect the true facts of the case.

"*La Sirene*" was given in New York some years ago, with Miss Nau as the prima donna, but the tenor part, on which falls the chief weight of the opera, was very inadequately represented, and so the work failed to make a great hit; but it is really richer in melody than several of Auber's more celebrated operas.

At *Les Italiens* I noticed that a Mlle. Fillippi — a new contralto — was announced. But it was several days before I learned that the new-comer was no other than a lady whom I have often delighted to honor — our own countrywoman, ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS. She debuted in *Trovatore*, and with the most decided success. I am as glad of it as if I had a wager of a thousand dollars pending on her triumph. Here, in the most exclusive and fashionable opera of the world, is an American girl, vieing with such singers as Alboni and Borghi Mamo, and proving herself a formidable rival to them. And where on earth will you or anybody else hear a more luscious, more delicious voice than that which Miss Phillipps has so carefully and conscientiously trained and educated?

At the Grand Opera, Gluck's "*Alceste*" with Viardot Garcia; at the *Comique*, Auber's "*Circassienne*;" and the promises of new operas by Prince Poniatowski and Offenbach made me very desirous to prolong my stay in Paris; but untoward circumstances rendering this impossible, I start to-morrow on a gloomy winter Atlantic passage, leaving, for the second time, with sorrow, a continent which has afforded many musical treats to TROVATOR.

COLOGNE. — The second Gesellchafts-concert offered the overture to *Uriel Acosta*, by Schindelmeisser; Weber's *Eb* Concerto, played by J. Seiss; the "*Opferti*," by Beethoven; an *Othello* fantasia, by Ernst; *Credo* and *Agnus Dei*, from Cherubini's Coronation Mass; and the eighth Symphony of Beethoven.

MUNICH. — In the first subscription concert were performed: Beethoven's C minor Symphony; an Aria from *Figaro*, sung by Frl. Stehle; Mendelssohn's violin Concerto, played by Herr J. Walter; a Scena from Rossini's *Otello*, and a Concert Overture by H. Stunz.

LEIPZIG. — Cherubini's *Requiem* and Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum* have been given in aid of the "German fleet." — The last programme (Nov. 16) of the motet performance by the boys in the Thomas church contained Bach's motet: "Be not afraid," and Gabrieli's *Ego dixi, Domine* (a piece which the earnest editor of the Vienna Musical Journal strongly recommends to choirs).

Breitkopf and Härtel (publishers of the splendid editions of Bach and Handel) now propose to publish by subscription Palestrina's motets, in 3 volumes; subscription price 6 thalers. The volumes will contain 78 motets for five parts, 37 for six parts, 3 for seven parts, and 13 for eight parts. — Two thousand copies of Mendelssohn's "Travelling Letters" are already sold, and a second edition is forthcoming.

LONDON OPERAS AND PATTIGRAPHS. — The correspondent of the *Evening Post* notices, among other entertainments of London, these:

WALLACE'S "LURLINE."

One of the greatest treats offered in the whole range of London amusements is Wallace's charming opera of "*Lurline*," as given at the Covent Garden Theatre by the Pyne and Harrison Troupe. The music, which has been made familiar to New York amateurs by the Mendelssohn Union, is of such a character that it bears a concert-room performance much better than most modern operas. On the stage the recital sounds heavy and pretentious, and the solos for the prima donna are anything but dramatic. Yet the opera is so beautifully mounted, and with some exceptions so charmingly sung at Covent Garden, that these defects can be easily forgiven. Louisa Pyne gives the pretty songs of the water nymph with taste and elegance. Harrison, who does not sing the music of *Rudolph* (the best in the opera) half as well as young Mr. Cook, who sang it for the Mendelssohn Union, indulges too much in the wearisome falsetto, and spoils with it some of the best airs. Santley, who takes the part of the Water King, the aqueous and indignant papa of *Lurline*, is equal to many of our boasted Italian baritones, and Mr. Corri does the wild drinking song of the Gnome in a style which ensures for it a nightly encore.

To my fancy the entire opera is sung too quickly, Mr. Mellon, the leader, hurrying the *tempi* so that the effect of some of the choruses is lost, and even the songs of "*Lurline*" impaired. As the man must know his business better than I do, I would not mention this, were it not that the music of "*Lurline*," as conducted by G. W. Morgan in New York, certainly sounds to better advantage than when conducted by Mellon in London.

But the scenery of "*Lurline*" is absolutely bewitching. There is a pretty fairy cave, and divers damp haunts of the Water Kings, all aglow with stalactites and falling water, and supported by pillars of coral. Then there is a good moonlight view of the Lurie Berg on the Rhine; but best of all is the scene in which Rudolph, in the Water Nymph's cave, hears the dirge

"Peace to the memory of the brave."

sung by his companions above; and at the same time we see the funeral procession bearing the singers — boats gliding gently over the surface of the waves, far over the head of Rudolph and his damp associates of "the choral halls." This scene is most creditable to the theatre, and the whole opera a credit to Covent Garden.

ROBIN HOOD.

Macfarren's opera, "*Robin Hood*," does not allow so much opportunity for scenic display, nor is the music so popular a character. It needs to be heard more than once to be understood or fairly enjoyed. The most striking *morceaux* an unaccompanied hunting chorus for male voices and a bewitching love song for tenor, "My own, my guiding star," which Sims Reeves has made popular. Mr. Haigh, a lazy young gentleman with a charming voice, takes Reeve's place this season, and sings the "Guiding Star" nearly as well as he. The song will rival in general popularity the best known airs of Balfe, and do more towards Macfarren's reputation than his most elaborate concerted pieces.

Madame E. Guerrabella—nee Ward—an American lady, who has sung in concerts in Italy and Russia, has made her operatic *debut* as Marion in "Robin Hood." Her voice is good, if not powerful, and her execution fair; but the music allotted to Marion is rather ungrateful, and no singer can make a sensation in it. The London critics treated the American *debutante* very generously.

A new opera by Balfe is announced for speedy production at the Covent Garden.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

I suppose it is very wrong to include dear Mr. Spurgeon among the London amusements; but since his Gorilla lecture it can't be helped. The photograph makers have just published a little picture, entitled, "Rev. C. H. Gorilla," and representing one of those interesting animals climbing a tree, as natural as life, only the head and white neckcloth are of Spurgeon! This fascinating work of art is advertised in these words: "No Home without a Gorilla; a portrait of one from life should be in every home, as it creates so much merriment."

And talking about photographs reminds me of Adelina Patti, who is photographed in astonishing variety. Patti as "Lucia," Patti as "Amina," Patti as "Rosina." Patti standing by a big white vase; Patti seated intently looking into a book; Patti about descending a marble staircase—Patti served up in every style. Indeed, the photographer's windows are becoming a most attractive feature of London, Paris, Vienna and the other European capitals. Only it is rather confusing to see so many life-like portraits of so many and such diverse people; and after a long stare you go away somewhat dazed, wondering why Louis Napoleon was a rope-dancer; what Blondin was doing with a crown and coronation robe; what President Lincoln meant by dancing the Redowa with the late Empress Dowager of Russia; why Taglioni wore a black cloth coat and carried a scroll in her hand; why Grisi and Mario were performing gymnastic feats; why the Wondrous Leotard was playing on the guitar under a lilac bush; why the Prince of Wales was performing the part of the Wandering Minstrel, and what under earth Robson the comedian was doing in company with the Prince Consort, the Queen, Count Cavour, D'Israeli, the King of Prussia, Arabella Goddard, Spurgeon, Garibaldi, Prince Alfred, Franz Joseph II., Duchess of Sutherland, Earl Russell, Count Persigny, Queen Isabella, Louisa Pyne, Sam Cowell, Jeff. Davis and the gorilla.

W. F. W.

Recollections of Beethoven.

By CIPRIANI POTTER.

Many persons have imbibed the notion, that Beethoven was by nature a morose and ill-tempered man. This opinion is perfectly erroneous. He was irritable, passionate, and of a melancholy turn of mind—all which affections arose from the deafness which, in his latter days, increased to an alarming extent. Opposed to these peculiarities in his temperament, he possessed a kind heart, and most acute feelings. Any disagreeable occurrence, resulting from his betrayal of irritability, he manifested the utmost anxiety to remove, by every possible acknowledgment of his indiscretion. The least interruption to his studies particularly when availing himself of a happy vein of ideas, would cause him to expose the peculiarities of his temper; a capriciousness not at variance with, and perfectly excusable in, professors of other arts and sciences, when placed in a similar situation.

If we may be allowed to imagine a man's native character to be exhibited in his productions, in the compositions of Beethoven we shall frequently perceive it to be perfectly delineated. For instance; his Ops. 90 and 101, two sonatas abounding in his singularity of style, containing the most amiable thoughts, intense feeling, and passion, with a decided melancholy pervading the whole. Persons not endued with a portion of these feelings, (particularly the last-named) or not possessing a very strong passion for music in the abstract, cannot sympathize with the author, or appreciate his digressions in these instances from the conventional form of sonata-writing.

Another cause for mistaking Beethoven's disposition, arose from the circumstance of foreigners visiting Vienna, who were ambitious of contemplating the greatest genius in that capital, and of hearing him perform. But when from their unmusical questions and heterodox remarks, he discovered that a mere travelling curiosity, and not musical feeling had attracted them, he was not at all disposed to accede to their selfish importunities; he would interpret their visit into an intrusion and an impertinence; and consequently, feeling highly offended, was not

scrupulous in exhibiting his displeasure, in the most pointed and abrupt manner; a reception which, as it was ill-calculated to leave an agreeable impression with those who were so unlucky as to expose themselves to the rebuke, did not also fail in prompting them to represent his deportment unfavorably to the world. He would frequently revert to these intruders when conversing with a friend, and relate many singular anecdotes, resulting from their annoying visits.

When his mind was perfectly free from his compositions, he particularly delighted in the society of one or two intimates. It sensibly comforted him, and at once dispelled the cloud of melancholy that hung over his spirit. His conversation then became highly animated, and he was extremely loquacious. The favorite medium by which he expressed his ideas, was the Italian; his pronunciation of that language being better than either his French or German; for having resided the greater part of his life in Vienna, he had imbibed the Viennese pronunciation, which is considered the worst in all Germany; and indeed, is only to be supported on the stage, and as a patois dialect; the natives considering it a vehicle for wit and humorous amusement.

It would naturally be concluded, that Beethoven's preëminence as a composer should have placed him above the envy of the profession; but this was far from being the case. No doubt the feeling died with him, although it existed during his life to a very considerable extent, particularly in Vienna. This unworthy conduct on the part of the profession, together with his own unhappy malady, doubtless increased his melancholy, and rendered him more reclusive in his social habits. In justice, however, it should here be stated, that some of his most ardent admirers, both professors and amateurs, resided in Vienna. Latterly his deafness became so aggravated and confirmed, as to oblige those who wished to communicate with him, to have recourse to writing; but being very excitable and tenacious upon the subject of his infirmity, if they were not rapid in their communication, he would endeavor to anticipate what was intended, or evade the question altogether, by changing the discourse. Some judges are of opinion, that his misfortune had considerable influence upon his writings, and that it contributed to their complexity, particularly his latter productions; but it would have required a much more extended period than was allotted to him, to have caused him to forget the powers or genius of an orchestra. Indeed, had he been spared twenty or thirty years longer, we may conceive him to have contracted a confused idea of musical sounds and combinations; but his great experience of orchestral effects, so satisfactorily exemplified in all his works—his profound knowledge of harmony, and his inexhaustible fancy, would always have assisted him in the accomplishment of any work.

(To be continued.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 21, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — "The Hymn of Praise," is concluded with a title page and the words of the Cantata.

Music at Home.

The report, from week to week, is certainly but meagre as compared with what we collect under the head of "Music Abroad." It is naturally a poor time for Fine Arts, when war is the chief art. But music cannot die out in the free States—not till Freedom dies. Freedom is fresh and full of joy, buoyant even in her trials, with instincts all in sympathy with harmony and heaven. Freedom loves beauty and loves music, and like the bird must sing. We wonder how much music (music as an Art, we mean, as a refining influence) there is in Secession! What a field for artists! But Freedom must have music with the breath of life. While she breathes and holds her own, she never can consent to the mean and false economy of banishing the Muses. Culture and refinement are what a free State cannot afford to do without; and they will surely die with Freedom.

Boston has nothing to report for the week past in the way of concerts. But next week there will be an Amateur Orchestra to speak of; on Sunday evening after Christmas, we shall have the "Messiah" given by the Handel and Haydn Society; and then will follow orchestral and chamber concerts, what more we shall see. Art is not dead among us yet, nor voiceless in a swoon of terror. From other quarters round us the week brings reports of concerts worthy to be mentioned, as showing that music still lives, and that her standard is not lowered in the life struggle of the nation. Here is, for instance, this from Worcester, heart of the old Bay State; "Stella" writes (in the *Palladium*).

"The concert, given by the choir of the First Unitarian church on Friday evening, was excellent in regard to the music performed and the manner of its performance. Mr. Thayer, organist of the church, played a *Chorus from the Huguenots*, "*God Save the King*," with original variations, the *Coronation March from The Prophet*; and Bach's *Fugue in G minor*, in which he proved himself a conscientious student of his instrument. His pedal playing and management of the stops, &c., were very greatly commended. The choir sang *Et Incarnatus* from Mozart's Twelfth Mass, and there were solos and duets sung with taste and expression. We must particularize Miss Whiting's singing of Beethoven's *Adelaide* as being especially good. Mr. Lawrence sang the *Messiah* air—*The People that walked in Darkness*, with very good effect. Miss Metcalf sang the sadly beautiful air, "*He was despised*;" and Mr. Stocking gave excellent expression to the air, *Be thou faithful*. The occasion introduced a young *debutante*, Miss Lizzie Eaton, who has a voice of remarkable purity and sweetness, which was heard to good advantage in an air from Mozart and in the duet, with Miss Whiting, "*O Lovely Peace*." The concert was a most agreeable one, creditable alike to the performers and to the large audience, which gave undivided attention to the music gratuitously offered by Mr. Stocking and his associates."

In Philadelphia, Messrs. Wolfsohn and Thomas gave their first *Soirée* of classical chamber music, at the Academy Foyer, last Saturday evening. And the "Germania Rehearsals" go on regularly, although not crowded as before, giving welcome tastes of orchestral music, symphonies, overtures, and lighter things. "Mercutio" writes us from there:

"But the fact is not to be disguised, that it is much more difficult now to get an audience together, than it was a twelvemonth since. I do not know that money is so much scarcer, but the majority of people consider themselves in duty bound to consider it so;—sensible, thoughtful people, and you will find few lovers of classical music that are not of this class, entertain just doubts of the propriety of attending public amusements of any kind, in times like the present. So many have dear friends and relatives in our great army, and who can tell how soon how many households may be transformed into scenes of sadness and mourning, by the uncertain fate of war? With such melancholy anticipations ever before them, there is necessarily on their part no disposition to patronize public assemblages, and the managers of such affairs cannot reasonably complain if they suffer in their purses from this very natural state of the intelligent public mind. There is such a thing as respect for the memory of the absent, whose lives are in daily peril for our sakes."

This is well, and honorable to the music-loving people of Philadelphia. But it is not good economy, moral or material, to let the serious abstinence go too far. Even amusement, entertainment,

is as essential as fresh air to health, and the mind fevers in the noblest purpose without it. Besides, music is more than amusement, than mere trifling of life away. It is culture, inspiration, breath of life, in the degree that it is noble music and not low. Then as to the cost of it, retrenchment of superfluous expenses, and all that, consider: We have never spent much upon music; concerts, if luxuries, are the cheapest of all luxuries; dinner parties, balls and dresses—these cost money, and it is a real economy which retrenches these. But for a single bottle of champagne one can have three or four concerts of the finest music—symphonies of Beethoven, and what not. To the music lover these are necessities of life (at least until we come into the very worst strait), and he will not cut of this trifling expense, while he keeps on expending largely to keep up the mere vulgar liberality of fashion and conventionality.

To the report of Philadelphia must be added Romberg's Cantata "The Song of the Bell," which was performed on the 10th, at the Musical Fund Hall, by the Handel and Haydn Society, assisted by the Germania Orchestra; and a concert by the Pupils of the Blind institution, on Tuesday, in aid of the "Cooper Refreshment Volunteer Fund," with orchestra, chorus and solos.

BUFFALO has been comforted by a visit of the Ullman Italian Opera troupe, with Miles Kellogg, Hinkley, Signor Brignoli, Susini and the rest; which has even elicited a public card of thanks, signed by music-loving citizens, to the acting director, Mr. Grau, and tendering him a benefit.

The ST. LOUIS Opera House opened on the 9th, as a "monster Music Hall."

In NEW YORK, the Philharmonic Society gives, as usual, its course of Symphony Concerts and Rehearsals, with its noble orchestra; and Messrs. Mason and Thomas have already given their second Soirée of classical chamber music, with the following programme:

I. Quartet in G major: *Haydn*. 1. Allegro con spirito; 2. Adagio sostenuto; 3. Minuetto, presto; 4. Allegro ma non troppo. Messrs. Thomas, Mosenthal, Matzka, and Bergner. II. Romanzen, for Piano-forte. Op. 28; *Schumann*. Mr. Wm. Mason.—III. Trio in B flat minor. Op. 5; *Volkman*. 1. Largo; 2. Allegretto; 2. Allegro con brio. Messrs. Mason, Thomas and Bergner.—IV. Quartet in E minor. No. 8; *Beethoven*. 1. Allegro; 2. Molto Adagio; 3. Allegretto, Thème Russe; 4. Finale, Presto. Messrs. Thomas, Mosenthal, Matzka, and Bergner.

The New York Harmonic Society give their tenth annual performance of "The Messiah" on Christmas night; Miss M. Brainard, Mme. Stæpel, Messrs. J. R. Thomas and G. F. Ilsley will sustain the solos.

— And so we might go on telescoping over a no tempty, though unusually barren field; in the absence of greater luminaries, gleaning small stars and star dust. But this is enough to show, at least, that the interest in music is not quite dead.

In the annual performance of Handel's "Messiah," Sunday evening after Christmas, Mrs. LONG will sing the principal soprano solos. It will be the last opportunity to hear her in those noble airs, since this occasion marks her withdrawal of herself from public singing. Henceforth she will devote all her energies to teaching.

Mrs. KEMPTON will sing the contralto solos; Mr. GUSTAVUS GEARY (from the Exeter Hall Oratorios, London), the tenor; Mr. J. R. THOMAS, of New York, the bass; and Miss GILSON will divide the soprano airs with Mrs. LONG. CARL ZERRAHN, of course, conducts, and Mr. LANG presides at the organ.

FACING THE MUSIC.—The war (of Union and Freedom versus slaveholder Rebellion) moves to the tune, it is said, of a million and a half or two millions a day. Not a small item in the vast expenditure is the sum paid to military bands, as appears by the following paragraph in the *New York Tribune*:

"The United States Government has become the great patron of music, in the belligerent days. Secretary Cameron, in his late report, spoke against the expense of so much military music, and recommended a reduction in the bands. The law allows twenty four musicians—or what newspaper reporters call "pieces" (why not call them shreds or patches, or any other unmeaning term?)—to each regimental band. If we admit the usefulness or necessity for any regimental band, twenty-four musicians instead of being too great a number, are the smallest possible force to give strains with any warlike inspiration. The bands of the French regiments number nearly fifty musicians each. Some Austrian bands number as high as eighty. It is not surprising that the Secretary may be appalled at the expense, when we take into consideration that our improvised army contains over six hundred regiments, which number multiplied by twenty-four, the number of musicians to each, gives fourteen thousand four hundred musicians, and their pay at \$15 a month each amounts to some \$2,606,000 a year, without counting subsistence. But to get good musicians in this city for army bands at this regulation pay is now next to impossible. Thrice that sum is said to be asked and freely given by officers of certain regiments."

In Prussia there is a band master general, who organizes and controls the entire music of the Prussian army. Every band in the whole kingdom must conform, in numbers, in the selection and proportion of various instruments, in the particular structure, compass, pitch, &c., of each kind of instrument, to his unitary standard. He is thoroughly master of his subject, and probably knows more of the capacities of wind instruments and the best ways of combining them, so as to obtain the most effect, for every kind of service, than any man in Europe. Wieprecht is his name. He is preparing a treatise on wind instruments, which will be invaluable. Liszt and Berlioz, whose work on "Instrumentation" is well known, have owed much to Wieprecht. We have been promised by him a schedule of the composition of the bands, larger and smaller, in each branch of the Prussian army, together with a comparative view of the instruments in use in Prussia, Austria and France. Had we dreamed of war at the time when we often saw him, we should have been more careful to secure the prize. But our only object now in mentioning it is, to suggest the obvious *economy*, as well as efficiency, that might be found by our great army in some such unitary regulation of the bands.

Lovers of Mass music, and particularly the admirers of WEBER, will be interested to know, that his Mass in G will be performed at the Catholic Cathedral in Albany Street, in this city, on Christmas day, at 10 1-2 A.M. Miss WASHBURN will sustain the principal soprano, and Mr. WILLCOX will preside at the organ.

"Spiridion," in his Paris letter to the *Evening Gazette*, exultingly reports a piece of news alarming enough to one who does not happen to rejoice in Charles Lamb-like ears—but "ears," by his account, are common among Frenchmen;

"'Tis Saint Cecilia's Day! How can I better celebrate it than by returning thanks to Heaven (her patron as well as mine) that the downfall of pianos is at hand. Henceforward who plays—pays. Everybody cannot possess the privilege of vexing the neighborhood and murdering sleep and good nature within a radius as extensive as carage, for pianos are to be classed with dogs as a nuisance, and artists cannot buy Rossini except on the condition dogs are allowed to bay the moon, they must pay for it. When civilization throws cats into the tax gatherer's wallet there may be some hope of millennium."

Mons. Fould (thank heaven there is no Ghetto for Jews in France!) is the divinity that so opportunely steps out of his machine in Saint Cecilia's aid. It is not the first time she owes obligations to bankers. You remember Mendelssohn contrived to marry the delightful chimes of resonant gold with the magic of counterpoint, and if Meyerbeer has not officiated in a "back office," his father did and his brothers do, and the altar whose horns give him immunity from creditors and fast days stands there. Mons. Fould, touched by the species of the question which every porter's daughter thinks she may inflict on our ears has determined that a tax—I hope a heavy one—is to be levied on every piano used, which measure will be beneficial in several ways; it will increase the revenues of the state, it will greatly diminish pianos, and it will solace involuntary listener's ears by allowing them to think as they hear pianos tortured. "There is a tax payer who is making my contribution to the state lighter." This is the most popular tax ever levied in France. Pianos had demoralized public morals and given music a reputation, which corrupted rapidly in consequence of the continued broils of opera singers and their managers. Its reputation had become so spoiled a serious gentleman dared define it; "The most bearable of noises," and a brilliant person ventured to reply to the query: "Do you like music?" by drawing on his gloves, buttoning close his coat and putting on his hat with a defiant cock, and saying; "I ain't afraid of it, sir?" Divine Cecilia, it had come to this pass!

A further evidence that the Parisians have "ears" is, that they find Gluck's music heavy. They shed tears over it and run away from it:—so the Philadelphia *Transcript* learns:

A rival, in heaviness, to Wagner's *Tannhäuser* has been produced at the Grand Opera in Paris, Gluck's *Alceste*, and, which has met with a total failure. Fiorentino the critic in speaking of it thus concludes: "Fatigue and exhaustion began to appear on every face, an Arctic spread from person to person, the audience could stand it no longer. There was too much desolation, too much sadness, too many tears! The first act was flooded with tears, the second act was drowned in tears, the third act was suffocated with tears. People applauded, they admired. They gaped, they venerated Gluck and Gluck's music, and they quitted the opera dying to hear *Don Juan*, or *William Tell*, or the *Huguenots*, or the *Secret Marriage*, or the *Barber of Seville*."

Music Abroad.

BERLIN.—Two Italian operas will regale the somewhat musically blasé Berliners this winter, as they did the last: one at the Royal Opera House, alternating with the regular German company, and one at the beautiful Victoria Theatre, where they have

still Mlle. Artot, and have also (if our informant, a French journal, says true) won over Trebelli from the other house. Berlin was in raptures with Trebelli last year; it will go crazy about "little Patti," who was to sing this month at the Royal Opera, in the Merelli troupe. The sisters Marchisio are there too, and one of them, Barbara, has made a sensation as *Desdemona* in Rossini's "Otello." An opera by Rubinstein, *Die Landeskinder*, is to be brought out. Gluck's operas (*minus*, alas, Johanna Wagner), and Mozart's, Weber's, Cherubini's, &c., will probably "turn up" from time to time on the German nights. At the little Frederic-William theatre, Offenbach's "Orpheus in Hell" farce does not seem to run *all* the time, as it did (nearly) last winter. Another pretty French thing: "The Hermit's Bell" is now succeeding—in both senses of the word—sung by Frau Haerting and Ungar, and Herr Winckelmann.

In the second concert of the Laub and Radecke Quartet, a quartet by Richter, professor in the Leipzig conservatorium, was much applauded.

AMSTERDAM.—Four national concerts, with orchestra, have been organized for bringing out the works of native artists. At the first were given compositions by Van Bree, Caenen, Heinze, Hartog and Verhulst; at the second, a Symphony by Verhulst, an overture and a ballad by Hartog, and other works. The violinists Joachim and Vieuxtemps, the 'cellist Davidoff (of Leipzig), the pianist Bülow and other eminent artists, are expected.

MAYENCE.—Handel's "Belshazzar" was performed here, under Rühl's direction, on the 28th October.

COLOGNE.—The Männer-Gesangverein gave a grand vocal and instrumental concert last Tuesday, under the direction of their talented conductor, Herr Franz Weber. For the first time the programme bore the heading, "Under the Patronage of his Majesty William I. of Prussia." A part of the receipts were set aside for charitable purposes. Beethoven's overture to *Egmont*, and Cherubini's overture to *Les Abencerrages*, were exceedingly well played by the town band. In the first part, the members of the Verein sang three songs (by Franz Otto, C. M. Von Weber, and Felix Mendelssohn) and Lenau's "Sturmesmythe," set for a chorus of male voices and a full band, and composed expressly for the late grand festival at Nuremberg, by F. Lachner, and, in the second part, Wolfgang Müller's cantata, "An das Vaterland," set to music by Herr Ferdinand Hiller.

To the great delight of all lovers of male choral singing, the Verein once more distinguished itself by the style in which it gave the various pieces set down for it. The term "precision" is far too weak to describe the perfect exactitude with which all the members, as though they were but one man, gave the most delicate touches of light and shade, and that, too, with the most faultless intonation and purity, free from anything even approaching harshness; in a word, the singing of the Verein afforded every one an artistic treat, which was the best possible proof of the zeal and earnestness with which the members devote themselves to their task. The two festival compositions had been well rehearsed, and were, consequently, executed in a most admirable manner. Lachner's work is an unusually taking composition, and testifies to the profound skill of its composer; the hand of an experienced *maestro* is visible throughout. The instrumentation is first-rate, and must mollify even those who object to a full band with male choral singing. Now, it strikes us that the employment of stringed instruments, especially violins, is exceedingly appropriate in the accompaniment of male choruses, because they tend to act as a relief to the lower male voices, and thus prevent the latter from appearing too sombre and monotonous. Ferdinand Hiller's cantata has simply an accompaniment of brass instruments, which is, undoubtedly exceedingly well adapted for large masses. Mendelssohn, for instance, had only a brass accompaniment for his work, "An die Künstler," which he composed for the grand German and Flemish Vocal Festival in Cologne. As a matter of course, this style of writing does not produce a good effect in a small room, simply because it produces—too much. The Cantata is a valuable addition to the compositions we already possess for male voices. The first and last strophes, in which the poem is naturally adapted to the requirements of

the composer, are most effective and full of dash. But the work is, as a whole, too long, a fault occasioned, despite certain highly clever thoughts, principally by the middle portion, which Herr Hiller could hardly have treated save, as he has done, in a declamatory style. With regard to the words, we would simply observe that it is a difficult task to compose music to an abstract of the history of Germany.

Mlle. Amalie Bido had been invited by the committee to perform the instrumental solos, which constituted one of the chief attractions of the concert. This amiable young lady is making such rapid advances on the road to real fame, that it is rather a difficult task to follow her, in all her triumphs, through the Rhenish provinces and Westphalia. She played Vieuxtemps' violin concerto, No. 1.; the first movement before, and the last two movements after the three songs. She was at first a pupil of Mayseider, in Vienna, but, as she owes her progress in the higher branches of the art to the Belgian school, her selection of the works of Vieuxtemps, Leonard, &c., spring from a kind of reverential feeling, which we cannot help respecting, especially, as Vieuxtemps' work, already named, by its style of composition, by the extravagant length of the whole, and by the spinning out of certain enormously difficult passages, renders the achievement of success a task which is by no means easy for the artist. Mlle. Bido's play is distinguished by purity and volume of tone, by perfect power in overcoming all technical difficulties, and by a degree of vigor and endurance for which we should hardly have given one of the fair sex credit. Mlle. Bido differs most favorably from ordinary *virtuosos* by the partiality she displays for what is really serious and noble in art. The way in which she performed Beethoven's Romance, in the second part of the concert, convinced us most satisfactorily of her ability to conceive and interpret classical music of the highest kind.—*Mus. World*, Nov. 22.

VIENNA.—At the Imperial Opera House the programme for the last week has included, among other pieces, *Le Nozze di Figaro*. It will, perhaps, scarcely be believed that the representation of such a work as this is anything but a triumph for the grand lyric establishment of the Hapsburg capital. Some of the characters are respectably supported, but as a whole, the performance is, as I have already intimated, far from satisfactory. In the first place, Herr Esser, although a good practical musician, is not the man to conduct Mozart's music. He is far too plodding and dry for the task. With regard to the singers, Herr Draxler is quite out of his element—a regular fish out of water—as Figaro, the joyous, the careless, light-hearted and astute. The same may safely be affirmed of Mlle. Liebhart as the page Cherubino, although it is but an act of justice to state that she sings every note set down for her. What is wanting is soul and spirit. I cannot say much in praise either of Mad. Ellinger as the Countess, or Mad. Dustmann as Susanna, a part formerly sustained by Mlle. Wildauer. The other characters were played and sung rather better. But if Mlle. Liebhart does not make a good page, she is admirable as the coquetish farmer's wife in *Das Glöckchen des Eremiten*, a part in which she has made a decided hit. Mlle. Wildauer plays Rose Friquet, but her appearance is not youthful enough, and her acting wants individuality. The male personages are well represented by Herren Mayerhofer, Walter and Hölzel. I have just witnessed the *début* of a new tenor, Herr Morini by name. He selected the character of Arnold, in *Guillaume Tell*, for his *coup d'essai* before a Viennese public. He certainly was not a failure, but as certainly he is not the man to figure as first tenor at the Imperial Opera. He has many qualities to recommend him, but he fails in one most essential particular, which is nothing more or less than his voice itself. It is really painful to hear him attempting to "pump up" the higher notes.

MUNICH.—Herr Christlan Seidel, a promising young composer, died here on the 18th September.

DRESDEN.—Gluck's *Iphigenia auf Tauris* has been revived with the most cheering results. Everyone is delighted with the manner in which it has been produced, and is loud in praise of the conductor, Herr Rietz, for the care and energy he has bestowed upon the rehearsals. Mad. Bürde-Ney, as Iphigenia; Herr Schnorr von Carolsfeld, as Pylades, and Herr Mittemwurzer, as Orestes, were all that could be desired, and were frequently rewarded by the applause of a house crowded to the ceiling. Herr Degele was not, by any means, suited to the part of Thoas. The orchestra, chorus, and ballet contributed their fair share to the success of the revival.—*Corr. London Musical World*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Tear (Die Thränen). *Fr. Agthe*. 25

A Song of great and marked beauty, written for a Tenor voice, to the same words which Stigelli has rendered into music. The well-known version of the great Tenor should awaken no prejudicial feeling against this new setting, which, if once fairly tried, will be accorded a high place unanimously.

Oh! ye tears. *Franz Abt*. 25

A new Song by the popular German Songwriter, and one which seems to follow more closely in the wake of his best efforts, such as "When the swallows homeward fly" and others, than those which have lately appeared from his pen.

Glory Hallelujah, with a Guitar accompaniment. *C. J. Dorn*. 25

A very simple arrangement.

Our native land. A Song of Liberty. *G. W. Morris*. 25

This is one of the twelve songs selected by the New York Prize Committee as the best among twelve hundred, from which it may be safely concluded that it possesses more than average merit.

Effa Gray. Ballad. *E. R. Corey*. 25

One of those simple strains which are quickly caught by the ear and easily remembered. It will become popular.

A flower thou resemblest. (Du bist wie eine Blume). *F. Agathe*. 25

A well-known German lyric by Heine, which has been set to music perhaps by more composers than any other in any language. This new version has the merit of simplicity as well as originality, and will doubtless make friends.

Instrumental Music.

Sibylle. Romance. *Brinley Richards*. 35

A new original composition, whose captivating melody, adorned with those delicate embellishments, for which this author is distinguished, will soon make it a general favorite in the drawing-room.

Meteor Grand Galop. For four hands. *H. A. Wollenhaupt*. 60

An effective arrangement of a brilliant Galop which is already widely known, and one of the best things this composer has written.

Random Polka. *Robt. Bell*. 25

Simple and pleasing.

Books.

ORATORIO CHORUS BOOK. 75

This handsome Octavo volume of 188 pages will be found to be a most desirable acquisition to the libraries of Musical Societies, choirs and amateurs. In a neat and compact form the best choruses of the best Oratorios are certainly cheap at the price of this collection, and within the reach of all; besides this, the greater convenience of use arising from having the choruses in a single volume and thus not being obliged to handle over half a dozen or more books is a recommendation in favor of this new work which will not be overlooked by singers.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 508.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 28, 1861.

VOL. XX. No. 13.

Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's Travelling Letters.

Rome, Nov. 23, 1830.

Just as I wanted to be working on the *Hebrides*, in comes Herr B., a musician from Magdeburg, plays me a whole book of songs, and an *Ave Maria*, and asks me my opinion of them by way of instruction. I fancy myself like Nestor *im Polrock* (?), and have given him a sorrowful lecture, but have lost a morning in Rome by the means, which is a pity. The choral: "*Mitten wir in Leben sind*" is finished, and is one of the best church pieces I have made. After ending the *Hebrides* I think of going at Handel's "Solomon," and arranging it for future performance, with abbreviations and all. Then I think of writing the Christmas music: "*Von Himmel hoch*" and the A minor Symphony,—perhaps some things for the piano, and a Concerto, &c., just as it may happen. In all this, I confess, I miss very much some acquaintance, to whom I can communicate new things,—who knows how to peep into the score with me, or play an accompanying bass, or a flute; so, when a piece is done, I have to lay it into the chest, without anybody to enjoy it. I have become spoiled in this particular in London. Such friends as those I probably shall not find again together. Here one must always say but half, to keep the best half to himself; while there one said half, because the other half was understood of itself; the other person knew it already.

But truly it is glorious here. Lately we young folks were in Albano; we set out early in the morning in the brightest weather; under the great aqueduct, which cuts itself off sharp in dark brown from the clear sky, the road kept on as far as Frascati—from there to a cloister, *grotta ferrata*, where there are beautiful frescoes by Domenichino,—then to Marino, which lies very picturesquely on a hill; and so we came to Castel Gandolfo on the lake. All these places, like my first impression in Italy, are by no means striking, or so strangely beautiful, as one imagines he will find them; but they feel so good for one, so satisfying, all the lines so softly picturesque, and such a perfect whole, all framed and lighted, and all that. Here I must pronounce a eulogium on my monks; they always make a picture complete at once, and give it tone and color with their variegated costumes, and their devout, silent gait, and sombre mien. From Castel Gandolfo to Albano runs a beautiful and shady alley of evergreen oaks along the lake; and here now it swarms with monks of all sorts, who animate the landscape, or make it lonely too. Near the city, a pair of begging monks were walking,—further along came a whole troop of young Jesuits,—then an elegant young ecclesiastic lay in the bushes, reading,—further on stood a couple in the wood with fowling pieces, lying in wait for birds; then came a cloister, around which stood a lot of little chapels in a circle. It was quite lonely there at

first; but then a stupid, dirty capuchin came out, all laden with big bunches of flowers, and stuck them round before the images of the saints, first kneeling before each, before adorning it. We went on, and met two old prelates in eager conversation;—in the cloister before Albano the bell rang for vespers; and even on the highest mountain stands a cloister of the Passionists. There they must not speak more than an hour each day, and occupy themselves always with the history of the Passion. Very strange it was to us in Albano, in the midst of the girls with their pitchers on their heads, among the vegetable and flower dealers, in all the throng and clamor, to meet such a coal-black dumb monk on his way back to Monte Cavo. So they have taken possession of the whole glorious region, and form a strange, melancholy ground color to all that is merry, free and lively, and to the eternal cheerfulness which nature gives. It is as if mer need-ed here a counterweight on that account. But that is not at all my case, as I need no contrast, to enjoy what I have.

I am often at Bunsen's, and as he likes to turn the conversation upon his liturgy, and upon the musical part of it, which I find very faulty, I hold no leaf before my mouth, but speak my opinion right out, and, as I believe, that is the only way to come nearer to men. In this way we have already had a couple of long, earnest talks, and I hope we shall learn to know each other more entirely. Yesterday there was music of Palestrina at his house, as there is every Monday, and there for the first time I have played *in corpore* before the Roman musicians. I know well enough, how I got to *play* at people's houses at first in a strange city. I usually feel a bit embarrassed by it, and so it was yesterday. The papal singers had sung Palestrina out, and now I had to play something. Anything brilliant was out of place, and of the serious they had had more than enough. So I asked the director Astolfi for a theme, and he picked out with one finger this:



and smiled when he had done it; the black frocked abbés placed themselves around me, and had great delight in it. That I remarked, and it cheered me up, so that I succeeded towards the end right well; they clapped as if they were crazy; Bunsen thought I had confounded the clergy,—in short the thing was fine. As to public playing or bringing out of works, there are but poor opportunities here; so one must keep to private society, and fish in troubled water.

Your

FELIX.

Rome, Nov. 30, 1830.

To come home from Bunsen's in the moonlight, with your letter in one's pocket, and then to read it over all so leisurely to oneself in the night,—that is a satisfaction, such as I wish to many or to few! In all probability I shall remain here

the whole winter, and not go to Naples until April. There is so much that is splendid to be seen, and to be appreciated, on all sides;—one has first to think himself into so much, to receive an impression from it; and then too I have so much work within myself, which demands quiet industry, that hurry just now would spoil all. And although I continue faithful to my plan, and only take up into me *one* new impression each day, yet I am now and then obliged to make days of rest, so as not to get bewildered.

To-day I write little, because in these days I must stick to my work as much as possible, and I cannot get the better of myself so far, as not to *take*, as Falstaff says, the Beautiful that lies before my feet. Moreover the weather is *brutto* and cold; such weather brings no good moods for narrative. The Pope is dying, or already dead. "So we shall soon get a new one," say the Italians very indifferently; and, since his death puts no stop to the carnival; since the church festivals go on, with their pomp, their processions, and their fine music; since in fine they get besides the solemnities of the masses for the dead and the lying in state in St. Peter's, they are altogether contented, provided only it does not occur in February.

I am greatly pleased that Mantius likes to sing my songs and sings them often. Greet him from me and ask him too, why he does not keep his promise, and write once to me? I have already written several times to him, that is to say notes. In the *Ave Maria*, and in the choral "*Aus tiefer Noth*" are passages very expressly made for him, and he will sing them inspiringly. In the *Ave*, which is a greeting to the Virgin Mary, a tenor (I have imagined some young man for that) sings each part over first alone, before the choir. Now as the piece is in A major, and at the words "*benedicta tu*" goes somewhat high, he has only to prepare his high A—it will sound finely. Get him to sing you a song of a bad way of life, which I have sent to Devrient from Venice. The thing is so between ecstasy and despair, and he will sing it well; but do not show it further; keep it under 40 eyes. Ritz* too is silent, and I long only too much for his violin, and his deep play, which all comes before my soul when I see his dear, dainty hand,—I write now daily on the "*Hebrides*," and shall send it to him as soon as it is ready. It is a piece for him; strange altogether.

Of my life, next time; I work industriously and live very glad and happy; my looking-glass is stuck full of Italian, English and German visiting cards; every evening I visit acquaintances; there is a Babylonish confusion of tongues in my head, for English, Italian, German and French cross each other there. Day before yesterday I had to improvise again before the Papal singers. The fellows had purposely invented the oddest possible theme for me, wishing to lead me on to

* The violinist Edward Ritz—an intimate friend of Mendelssohn's.

the smooth ice; but they call me *l'insuperabile professorone*, and they are really very polite and friendly. Now I wanted to describe to you the Sunday music in the Sistine, the Soirée at Torlonia's, the Vatican, St. Onofrio, Guido's Aurora, and other little matters; but the next time. The post goes, and this sheet with it. But my wishes are with you, now as ever. **FELIX.**

(To be continued.)

Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of Dr. HEINRICH VON KREISSELE.

(Continued from page 299.)

The year 1817 again was adorned by an abundance of distinguished compositions; note-worthy among which are the piano Sonatas in E♭ and A♭, in F minor and A minor; then those for four hands in A minor; a Sonata for piano and violin; two Overtures in the Italian style; a Trio for stringed instruments; a Polonaise for violin; and a Symphony in C major. Of songs there occur in this period: "Philoctetus," "Memmon," "Antigone and Œdipus," and Mayrhofer's "Hunter of the Alps;" the *Pax vobiscum* and "To Music," by Schober; the "Praise of Tears," "The Linnet's Courtship," "To the setting Sun," "The Seaman and the Horseman," the fragment: "Song of a Child," the Aria "*La pastorella*," Gretchen's Prayer, from Faust: "*Ach neige*," and "Farewell" for the album of a departing friend, of which the words also belong to Schubert. These were followed in the year 1818 by the Sonatas in C and F, and the religious songs: "The image of the Virgin," "The Sympathy of Mary," and Litany for All Souls' festival; then: "To the Moon in an Autumn Night," the "Flower Letter," and "Grave Song for a Mother."

Schubert had already made an astonishing number of important compositions; still he worked on without rest; melodies streamed in upon him; all he had to do was to fix them upon paper. Men of mark, enthusiastic for all that is beautiful, listened with wonder to his compositions; there only lacked the singer, who by fit delivery should give meaning and expression to the songs, and make them understood in wider circles. Schubert, who heretofore had mostly sung his songs himself, directed his eyes particularly to the court opera singer VOGEL, whom he much admired, but who was known to be difficult of access. The thing was first of all to furnish him an opportunity to become acquainted with Schubert's compositions; the rest, his friends thought, would come of itself.

Schober had often spoken enthusiastically to him of the young composer, and invited him to be present at a sort of rehearsal. But such was the disinclination of the singer, long since satiated with music, and so mistrustful had he become by many experiences of the word "genius," that all attempts glanced off from him at first. But finally he could not resist the repeated entreaties of Schubert's friends any longer; he agreed to call on him; and at the appointed hour Vogel one evening, not without gravity, stepped into Schubert's chamber, who received him with some awkward foot-scrappings and a few stammering, incoherent words.

Vogel turned up his nose indifferently, took up the nearest piece of music paper, containing the

song *Augenlied* (eyelid), hummed it through, found it really pretty and melodious, but not important; then sung several other songs with half voice, which seemed to please him, particularly "Ganymede" and "The Shepherd's Lament," and as he walked away, clapped Schubert on the shoulder with the words: "There's something in you, but you are too little of an actor, too little of a charlatan; you lavish your fine thoughts without hammering them out broad." And so he went off, without promising to come again.

He spoke more favorably of Schubert to third persons; indeed he indulged in expressions of admiration at the ripeness and intellectual freshness of the young man.

By degrees the impression of Schubert's songs grew on him overpoweringly; he often came unasked and studied with Schubert at his own house his compositions, waxing enthusiastic about them himself, and inspiring those who heard him with the same enthusiasm. The tie between the two artists was firmly knit, and many witnesses of their co-working, who still live, remember with delight the pleasure which it gave them.

The enthusiasm of the singer bore the best testimony to the value of the compositions, and Schubert now saw fulfilled beyond all expectation, what had scarcely lain as a wish in such completeness in his soul. Vogel no doubt exercised a beneficial influence on Schubert's artistic activity; he it was, who first by his soulful delivery introduced his songs to the world of Art; he was his faithful guide, his fatherly adviser; and certainly he was the cause of Schubert's directing his attention so much to truth of expression, just accent and faultless declamation.

Single dilettanti too, having their attention drawn to it by Vogel's excellent delivery, began to enter into the spirit of these compositions; Schubert's melodies resounded in private circles and in the halls of musical societies; and many persons of distinguished rank and culture grew partial to them.

In the summer of 1818 Schubert went to the Zeléz, the estate of Count Joseph Esterhazy in Hungary, to spend some time. He returned home laden with new compositions. The four-hand variations on a French song, dedicated to Beethoven; four hand marches; the "*Divertissement Hongrois*;" the vocal quartet, "Prayer before Battle," to words by La Motte Fouqué,—and the universally known Fantasia in F minor, owe their origin to that visit. The Fantasia, one of Schubert's finest piano works, was dedicated by him to the young Countess Esterhazy, his only pupil, whose talent caused him great joy, and to whom a personal attraction also drew him.

There too he became acquainted with Herr von Schönstein, who had a fine tenor-baritone voice, and who by this and by his admirable delivery made Schubert's songs known in high, and even in the highest circles.

In the year 1820 Schubert, through Vogel's mediation, was engaged to set to music a little opera, "The twin brothers," for the Kärnthnertheater. The text could not have pleased the composer very well; he worked at it without the necessary love and interest, and the operetta soon vanished from the repertoire. In spite of this, however, it contained, as might be expected, a couple of beautiful pieces of music; the introductory chorus and two airs, sung by Vogel, re-

ceived great applause; and the instrumentation and treatment of the whole nowhere allowed one to suspect a beginner.

More important was the music to the melodrama "*Die Zauberharfe*" (the Magic Harp), which was also brought out in 1820 in the theatre at Vienna. It was considerably applauded, and was given a dozen times. Here too the text was wholly insignificant; but it seems to have excited the composer's fancy by its fiery legend character. Through the insolvency of the management, he lost the 500 florins promised him for it.

In the year 1821 Herold's "*Zauber-glöckchen*" (*les Clochettes*), also a magical opera, was proposed for performance in the Opera house, and Schubert was applied to to compose a couple of pieces to be introduced in it. These consisted in a tenor Aria, sung by Rosner, and in a comic duet for tenor and bass; both pieces, especially the duet, got great applause.

A decided turning point for Schubert occurred that same year, when Vogel sang the "Erl-King" with immense applause in a concert* ("*Académie*") got up in the Kärnthnertheater, March 7th. This song, composed already in the year 1816, and published a short time before (in February 1821) by some of Schubert's friends, at their own expense, found now a rapid sale. The edition was soon exhausted; the publishers showed themselves suddenly compliant, and an outlook into a more joyous future opened before the composer. But how little Schubert knew how to profit by such favoring circumstances, must be told hereafter.

About this time all prospects of the wished for dramatic-musical activity vanished, since the court opera regime was suspended, and the theatre was farmed out to the well known impresario Barbaja. From this time forward the stage belonged to the Italians, who composed then such an assemblage of vocal artists as has not since been seen. Before this irresistible close phalanx, which held the whole public as if spell-bound in a magic circle, even the best singers of the German opera gradually gave way. Vogel soon after left the stage, to follow up for some years his second artistic career, already entered on, as song singer.

Of the more important compositions, which fall within the years 1819, 1820 and 1821, we may here cite, especially from the first of those years: The music to the operetta "*Häuslicher Krieg*" (Family Jars) by Castelli; then that to the farce already mentioned, "The Twin Brothers," and that to the melodrama "The Magic Harp;" an Overture in E; a Cantata, and the songs: "*Abendbilder*" (Evening Pictures), "*Himmelsfunken*" (Sparks of Heaven), "*Beim Winde*" (In the wind), and the "Wanderer" of Schlegel.

Of the year 1820: A Quartet in C minor; the Oratorio "The Resurrection," by Niemayer, — of which however only the first act is composed; six Antiphonies for the feast of Psalms,

* This was the first public performance of any works by the composer still almost unknown to the public at large. Vogel sang the "Erl-King," accompanied on the piano by Anselm Hüttenbrenner; then came the vocal quartet "*Das Dörfchen*" (the little village), to Bürger's poem, which also pleased very much; and finally the "Chorus of Spirits over the Waters," from Goethe, for eight voices, one of Schubert's grandest compositions, which however fell through utterly, partly because it was not understood, and partly because it had not been thoroughly rehearsed. More recently the Vienna Männergesangsverein has restored it to honor.

of which the manuscript, written down in 30 minutes in black crayon, still exists. Then the songs: "*Abendröthe*" (blush of evening), "*Orestes in Tauris*," "*Der entsühnte Orest*," "*Freiwilliges Versinken*," "*Liebeslauschen*," "*Waldesnacht*," "*Der Schiffer*."

Of the year 1821: "Song of Spirits over the Waters," eight-part chorus; "*Gränzen der Menschheit*," "*Suleika*," "*Sei mir gegrüßt*," and "*Der Unglückliche*" (the unfortunate).

(To be continued.)

Music in the Public Schools of Boston.

SEMI-ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON MUSIC, (SEPT. 10, 1861).

(Concluded from page 300.)

Another subject which has much exercised the minds of the Committee, in their discussions as to what system will be most likely to insure the realization of the expectations of this Board in the completeness and efficiency of the musical instruction in the schools, is that of its more extended introduction into the Primary Schools. The investigations of the Committee have assured them that very little if any available efforts have thus far been made, in this direction, in that most important division of our school system. The number of teachers in the primary department competent to teach music, in its most simple and elementary forms, is perhaps large. But their efforts have as yet been very little turned to this subject; and of those who have given it some attention many are still sceptical of the practicability of doing anything effectually among the children of the Primary Schools. Your Committee are of opinion that this is a mistaken notion,—that much *can* and ought to be done here,—that, indeed, the Primary School is, of all others, the place where instruction in music, if we would ever expect it to attain to anything like a satisfactory result as a part of our Common School instruction, ought to begin. The child of five or six years, they believe, can easily be taught the first rudiments of music, and a few plain principles in the management of the voice. More than this, a very great proportion of them can, not only be taught to sing by rote, but to understand somewhat of musical notation, so as to perform respectably the singing of the scale and the reading of simple music by note. As confirmatory of this opinion, we are happy to be able to quote the following, from the Fifth Quarterly Report of the Superintendent of Public Schools: "One of the most curious of the phenomena observed," says Mr. Philbrick, in that Report, "was the positiveness on the part of some teachers that certain things were impracticable, if not impossible; while perhaps in the next school visited the same things were found to be satisfactorily accomplished. This was the case more especially respecting the teaching of singing, writing, and the sounds of the letters. Only yesterday, in a school consisting of sixth class or alphabet scholars, of the poorest material, I witnessed the singing of Old Hundred with a good degree of spirit, if not with the understanding; and I shall take the liberty to persist, hereafter, in the belief that any school, with proper teaching, can learn to sing."

A difficulty in the way of such attempts, on anything like a common and well-defined plan, has hitherto been found in the lack of a proper text-book adapted to this early age. Your Committee have given to this subject, also, their careful attention, and have examined, from time to time, various systems and text-books that have been brought to their notice. They have not as yet found one which seems in all respects proper, but they are not without hopes of ultimate success in their investigations on this point. There is great need of some comprehensive and appropriate Manual of Music for the use of Public Schools, which shall combine all that is practicable to be learned of the principles of music as a science and art, with exercises of a progressive nature, which, by means of printed charts or the use of the black-board, could be illustrated and made available to a large class at one and the same time. Such Manual might, perhaps, be advantageously comprised in three parts, adapted respectively for Primary, Grammar, and Normal School instruction, and would, in the estimation of your Committee, be an invaluable acquisition to the list of school text-books.

The Committee would here suggest the propriety of extending the requirements of this department of study in the Girls' High and Normal School, so as to include, to some extent, the mathematics of mu-

sic, and a knowledge of harmony and the laws of musical composition; and in order to the complete working of this system, in connection with our plan of public education, it is their hope, at no distant day, to see it recognized, also, in the English High and Latin Schools, so far, at any rate, as to require in the curriculum of their academic studies some attention to thorough-bass and the principles of musical composition and counterpoint.

In the course of their examinations, among much to be commended, the Committee found some things, also, which, in their estimation, ought to be corrected.

The pianos used in the school-rooms are, in too many instances, not kept thoroughly in tune. Nor are the pianos themselves, in all cases, such as they should be. This is wrong. It needs no argument to sustain the assertion that the instrument, in its essential parts, ought to be the best of its kind. By this we do not mean it is necessarily to be the most expensive. Plain, substantial workmanship is all that is required. All superfluous ornamentation and extra finishing may be dispensed with; but its internal construction, its tone and general excellence as a musical instrument cannot be too fully considered; nor is it too much to demand, in consideration of its delicate province in forming the musical ear of the pupil, that the piano shall always be kept scrupulously in tune. Let it be borne in mind that in many instances, perhaps, this is the only standard of excellence in instrumental music the child can ever have, the memory of which, for better or worse, will cling to him in after years. Better by far dispense with the instrument altogether than not to regard the requirements above mentioned.

This brings us naturally to the inquiry as to whether a change might not advantageously be made in the existing provisions for the supply of pianos to the schools. At present, as has been stated previously, they are furnished by the music teachers, and kept in the school-houses at their own risk. This involves a considerable expense of rent and insurance, while, as we have seen, it does not always secure a suitable instrument to the city. Of course this expense comes out of the salaries of the teachers, and is borne by the city indirectly. Your Committee are confident that an improvement in this regard would be effected, and money saved to the treasury, in the end, if the city should furnish and possess and keep in tune the pianos in each school. The music teachers would, no doubt, willingly be thus relieved from the ownership and sole responsibility of the instrument. By careful estimate and inquiry the Committee have assured themselves that, at the present time, new and better instruments, from the best manufacturers, can be obtained, at a cost, the interest on which will be considerably less per annum than the sum incidentally paid by this department under the present arrangement, the city, as is customary with all its property, insuring its own risks against fire. In case such change is thought proper to be made, your Committee would recommend that the new pianos, before they are accepted, should be required to pass under their examination and approval, with the aid of such disinterested experts as they may be able to obtain. The music teachers should then, as now, be held to a reasonable extent responsible for the proper care and custody of the instruments; and it should be made the duty of the Standing Committee on Music to sufficiently often inspect the same, and see that they are kept in perfect order and tune.

The Committee desire to express their sense of the great importance of the presence and coöperation of the masters at every music lesson in their schools. They are happy to be able to say that, in almost every instance, such is now the case. A few exceptions to the general rule have been noticed, always to the manifest detriment of the class. A single hint, on this point, they feel assured, will be enough. To say nothing of the moral effect of the presence of the master on both instructor and pupil, it is work enough for the music teacher that he perform faithfully his duties of instruction, during the brief half-hour allotted him for a lesson in each school, without any extra demands upon him for the watchfulness and discipline of his class. The progress and practical results in these studies have always been most marked, when the personal attention of the master has been thus conscientiously bestowed.

Although it is enjoined, in the Rules and Regulations, that the pupils shall be examined in music, and receive credits for proficiency in that study, in like manner as in other branches pursued in the schools, it is evident that very little attention is practically paid to these points. Your Committee, without being strenuous in urging the observance of these requirements to the letter, are of opinion they ought to be regarded. It is become a very trite saying that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well;

and certainly if this branch of education deserves the attention it now receives at our hands, it should also share, to a certain extent at least, in the honor and regard that is accorded to its associate studies. It is therefore recommended that hereafter a list be kept by the masters of the names of their pupils in the first and second classes, in the Grammar Schools, who may show a commendable degree of proficiency in music, with the relative rank, determined by occasional examinations, marked against each, so far as practicable; and that henceforth the number detailed from each school for duty in the great choir at the Music Hall, be selected from said list in the order of their merit; thus making it (as in the minds of the Committee it should be considered to be) a mark of distinction, in its way, to belong to this choir, and to be permitted to take part in it at the Annual Festival, or any public occasion when its services may be called into requisition. Such plan, if adopted, might perhaps be interpreted so as to answer satisfactorily the demands of the Rule in regard to examinations and credits in this department.

Among the most radical faults that have come under the notice of the Committee, in their recent examination of the music classes throughout the city, is the almost universal inattention to the *proper position of the body* while singing, whether standing or sitting. It is too much to expect that the music teachers, in the brief time allotted them for their lessons, can correct this great and serious evil. Only the introduction, and general operation, in the schools, of some plan of thorough, systematic physical training can be supposed to afford a remedy. Under the influence of such system, if early adopted and carried up through the lower and intermediate classes,—especially if to this were added some instruction in the art of correct vocalization and the proper management of the voice,—greater strength, a more resonant tone, purer intonation, exacter enunciation, precision, ease, fluency of delivery, everything that is improving to the singing voice, in the minds of the Committee, would finally result. It needs but a slight acquaintance with anatomy and physiology to convince the most sceptical of this. The Committee will venture the assertion that, with a proper training of this sort, the effect of a choir of singers, in respect of volume and power of tone alone, would be at least doubled.

Your Committee would again invite the attention of this Board to the expediency of providing for a *separate and distinct* exhibition of the musical department of the schools. Such, it will be remembered, was the original intention of the mover of the project, that this should become an institution by itself; and it was made a part of the Annual School Festival only by way of experiment. That experiment can now be said to have been fairly tried, and to have met with more than its predicted success. There are many and various reasons, known and felt more particularly by this Committee, perhaps, than by those who have not made trial of them, why the present arrangement should not be the permanent one. Coming, as it does, in the heat of summer, amid the harassments and hurry incident to the close of the school year, when the attention and time of teachers and pupils are engrossed in the medal examinations and annual exhibitions, it imposes, by its necessary preparations and rehearsals, public and private, on all hands, in addition to their other labors, an almost herculean task. The day of the Annual Exhibition itself finds the children wearied with the tasks and excitements of the morning, and but half disposed to make the necessary exertions required in the afternoon. And furthermore the regular and long-established routine of exercises, appropriated to this special occasion, being given in addition to the musical performances, unduly prolongs the session, and has proved the source of much dissatisfaction and complaint.

By the proposed alteration, it is suggested that the annual exhibition of the musical department of the schools shall take place in the latter part of the month of May, near the close of the spring session, when both masters and pupils are comparatively at leisure, and the weather is better suited for the occasion itself, as well as for the previous preparations and rehearsals. Many of our citizens, who are usually absent with their families in the summer, and who would gladly be present if they could, will then be offered an opportunity. And if at the Annual Festival a portion of these exercises are required to be repeated, to give brilliancy and eclat to the occasion (as it is earnestly hoped in some form they may ever continue to be), it will only be necessary to take from the already thoroughly disciplined and practiced choir such force as may be desired, and, with the aid of a single special rehearsal, have ready a trained and efficient chorus. The only consideration that has at all opposed itself, in the minds of the

Committee, to the urging of this measure, at the present time, is that of expense. No increase, however, will of course take place, except in the event of the reconstruction of the choir, in whole or in part, for the School Festival, in July; and even then it is believed the additional outlay required will be small, since the arrangement and publication of the music, and the majority of public rehearsals, which constitute a considerable part of the whole expense, is to be done but once; and the materials of the stage can, for so short a time, be stowed away, and reërected at a comparatively trifling cost. But those contingent objections, if such they can be called, will, it is believed, be vastly more than counterbalanced in the difficulties avoided and positive advantages gained.

It was early the feeling of the Standing Committee on Music that some change in the existing plan of instruction ought to be recommended. They say, in their first printed Report, [City Doc., No. 34, 1858,] "It has been a subject of consideration whether a more centralizing course in regard to the mode of instruction might not render our system more efficient; whether it would not be better to place the whole responsibility of the musical instruction under one person, with a salary sufficient to remunerate him for giving up his whole time to the City, as in the case of the teachers in the Primary and Grammar Schools, than to divide it, as at present is done, at an equal expense among three or four." "But with the limited experience of the past year," the Report goes on to say, "your Committee do not propose to recommend any specific action upon this point, at the present time." Three years of additional observation and experience has convinced the Committee that this suggestion, in a modified form, ought to receive the careful attention of the Board. They do not now, on the whole, recommend the substitution of a single music teacher, in place of a corps of teachers, but they do respectfully suggest the propriety of such alteration of the present provisions for instruction in music as shall provide for the appointment of a head to this department, with a sufficient corps of assistant teachers, all of whom shall be nominated, as now, by the Standing Committee on Music, subject to the ratification and approval of this Board, and amenable, as at present, to the general supervision of this Committee, such head teacher, or Superintendent of Music in the Public Schools, as he might perhaps be properly called, to exercise a similar care and responsibility over the whole musical department of our educational system to that now exercised by the master of a Grammar School over every room in the building under his charge. The tendency of such organization would be, in the estimation of your Committee, the more thoroughly to systematize this branch of popular instruction, and to carry order and uniformity, method, unity of purpose, and exactness of results into its operation, which is in music, in the very nature of things, most difficult as it is most desirable to obtain. The present may not be the time to carry this change into effect; and your Committee, having called the attention of the Board once more to the subject, are still content to leave it for the present, asking for it the serious consideration of every member, in view of the future introduction of some such plan as above set forth.

Respectfully submitted, for the Committee,
J. BAXTER UPHAM, Chairman.

September 10, 1861.

Recollections of Beethoven.

By CIPRIANI POTTER.

(Concluded from page 302).

To an experienced musician, many effects of combination in harmony are the result of mere calculation, and which a man would retain to the last day of his life. The knowledge of the equilibrium of an orchestra; that is, the relative powers of different instruments in combination, composing an orchestra, is purely a matter of experience. Many clever musicians have an extensive knowledge of instrumentation, without possessing the least fancy, and consequently are not considered men of genius; but Beethoven exhibited his peculiar talents and genius even in this department, from his novel mode of treating instruments individually and collectively. His latter works again prove the assertion of his having retained all the requisites necessary for composition. His Mass in D and his 9th Symphony in D, are most extraordinary effects of his knowledge of orchestral effects.

Without intending to draw a parallel between the early and latter works of this illustrious musician, we cannot refrain from observing that his last compositions, though containing what are called eccentricities, extravagancies, incongruities; yet the

motivi, the melodies, are truly sublime, a convincing proof that as he advanced in years his mind became more elevated. By way of example, we would name the subject of the last movement of a sonata in E major, op. 109; the *Canzona* in the posthumous quartet in A minor, op. 127; the *motivo* of the last movement of his symphony in D, No. 9. From these considerations, they who are most anxious to understand and appreciate Beethoven, are the more induced to study these works, and the result is, that they find in them more consistency than was at first imagined. Musicians should be more careful in hazarding a hasty opinion of the works of so great a master.

Many of the peculiarities of Beethoven's style, have been ably discussed; and we are ready to acknowledge that some of his compositions are at times very complex; a circumstance we will endeavor to account for, in the following observations. From the originality and singularity of his ideas, the treatment of them becomes naturally as singular. Sometimes his subjects are not sufficiently *contrapuntal* to admit of that mode of treatment; consequently the effect is not sufficiently intelligible; since the object of the study of *Counterpoint*, is to give clearness and purity to the style, that the hearer may be enabled to distinguish each individual part. As a *contrapuntist*, Beethoven was certainly inferior to Mozart, who was without doubt the greatest in that school of writing; but Beethoven would contrast those singular effects by the boldness of the unison, the variety of his accents, and the vagueness of his harmonies, omitting certain notes in chords, which produces a quaintness, and tends to destroy that monotony (occurring from always employing the complete harmony), and prevents the ear from being satiated before the conclusion of a piece. Again, the augmentation and diminution of his subjects, the dwelling upon certain harmonies, (all these effects resulting from his genius) keep up the vigor of his music; the true lover of the science remaining excited to the last note. The most prominent feature in Beethoven's music is the *originality* of his ideas, even in his mode of treating a subject, and in the conduct throughout of a composition. No author is so free from the charge of *mannerism* as Beethoven.

Other singularities remarkable in his compositions consist in the broken rhythm, (which is also a striking feature in Haydn's works, particularly in his beautiful quartets and symphonies) in the double passing notes, discords formed from the resolutions of others; the inverted *pedale* effects, which, at first hearing, are difficult to comprehend; but some of Sebastian Bach's works abound in these extraordinary combinations. Examine his Fugue in B minor, No. 24 of the celebrated set of forty-eight preludes and fugues. A prelude by the same, in Clementi's "Practical Harmony," p. 132 of vol. I. The introduction to Mozart's quartet in C major, No. 6, has puzzled many distinguished musicians; but no one of any consideration has dared to pronounce S. Bach or Mozart even inconsistent. Musicians often vary, and naturally, in their opinions of classical authors. A distinguished artist, and one of Beethoven's greatest admirers, declared that he never esteemed Mozart's Overture to the "Don Juan"—that it was too complicated, and decidedly one of his weakest productions; now, the greater part of the profession entertain a directly contrary opinion, and indeed it is almost universally admitted to be one of his happiest efforts.

Beethoven's playing was doubtless much impaired by his cruel malady. Although, from experience and a knowledge of his instrument, a musician may imagine the effect of his performance, yet he cannot himself produce that effect when wholly deprived of the sense of hearing, more especially a sensitive man like Beethoven. His infirmity precluded his ascertaining the quantity or quality of tone produced by a certain pressure of his fingers on the pianoforte; hence his playing, latterly, became very imperfect. He possessed immense powers on the instrument; great velocity of finger, united with extreme delicacy of touch, and intense feeling; but his passages were indistinct and confused. Being painfully conscious therefore of his inability to produce any certain effect, he objected to perform before any one, and latterly refused even his most intimate friends. These, however, would at times succeed in their desire to get him to the instrument, by ingeniously starting a question in counterpoint; when he would unconsciously proceed to illustrate his theory; and then branching out into a train of thought, (forgetting his affliction) he would frequently pour an extemporaneous effusion, of marvellous power and brilliancy. It is easy to imagine a purely mechanical performer, void of all feeling, previously to a stroke of deafness, who has conquered every difficulty of the instrument, playing a piece of music correctly, and to

the satisfaction of those of a reciprocal feeling; but to a conformation like that of Beethoven, where light and shade, and delicacy of expression, were either all or nothing, the full achievement of his object amounted to an almost impossibility.

The above description of the peculiarities of this illustrious man, may be thought prolix; yet, as it has resulted from an anxiety to correct mis-statements, and erroneous impressions respecting him, and at the same time to exhibit his real disposition, it may be received with indulgence.

The true admirers of Beethoven can never cease to appreciate the works of Mozart and Haydn, since his early productions accord so perfectly with the compositions of those two great masters in style; all three emanating from the same school; and it is impossible to imagine what Mozart would have written, had he been permitted to have lived only to the age of Beethoven.

Even Haydn's latter works surpass his earlier to an extraordinary degree; for his early quartets and symphonies, though beautiful, are very inferior to his last. It will be acknowledged by many, that Beethoven's first productions are more perfect than the early works of the two above-named composers; a circumstance which may be attributed to the science being better understood at the period he commenced writing, together with the advantages he derived from the examples of those two great men; but his decided originality has always prevented his being charged with plagiarism.

Psalms and Psalmody.

The Scottish Presbyterian ministers have, of late, given their attention to this most important subject, and have been the means of making considerable improvements. There can be nothing more disagreeable to the ear, and more disgraceful to the house of God, than to hear a good song or paraphrase sung to an inapposite tune. As psalmody is an important part of public worship, precentors or choristers ought to be most careful in their selection of tunes, and to suit them to the words, so that the congregation may have their attention directed, while engaged in the sanctuary, and of praising God from the heart.

We can remember the day when the radical notion of singing, in most of our churches, seemed to be roise. If a man roared along with the precentor, he flattered himself that he was singing; and his private conviction was that the louder he roared, the better he sang. The consequences were appalling. Everybody shouted at the pitch of his or her voice; shrill, quavering cries, howls, and deep bass groans rose tumultuously together; and, over all, the precentor, with stentorian lungs, attempted either to drown the wild discord, or reduce it to something like harmony. It is well for us that He to whom such praises were sung, listens to the music of the thankful heart, rather than to the discord of the untutored voice.

There is another feature that has been undergoing rapid improvement of late; we mean the relation of the tune to the words. Fifty years ago, such a thing was never thought of. The precentor who could get through a tune without going wrong, and stick by the same tune through successive verses, and, moreover, sing loud enough to control the voices of the people, was reckoned the right man in the right place; if not, indeed, the realized ideal, the just precentor made perfect. Many churches, however, thought themselves exceedingly well off when they could secure a precentor who, if he fell out of one tune, had a knack of easily getting into another; or, if he began a long metre psalm to a short-metre tune, contrived to cram the lines into the short metre without having to stop and begin over again. Such a thing as harmony between the tune and the psalm does not seem to have entered into the heart even of a precentor to conceive. Different tunes were expected for the sake of variety; but the performance of one on the ground of its consonance with the sense of the psalm was never thought of. If a precentor had picked up a lively tune, he would use it once for a paraphrase like,

"Few are thy days, and full of woe," etc.

without any preception of incongruity; while he would sing other verses, like,

"Hark! the glad sound!"

to some tune as mournful as the wail of a coronach. There are now in circulation several admirable books classifying the tunes according to the special emotions they are fitted to express or excite, and indicating the tunes that are most suitable to each psalm, paraphrase, or hymn. We suppose no city precentor is now without such books; and we strongly recommend those in the country who may still be with-

out them, to avail themselves of the valuable direction they afford.

Even when the tune harmonizes with the sentiment, there are sometimes ludicrous effects produced by repetitions and suspensions of the voice. These can be avoided by little attention, but this little attention is not always given. We once heard a hymn sung, the second verse beginning with :

"He careth for the fatherless :
He feeds the hungry poor,
And in the pious he delights," etc.

The tune ("Transport") was one that repeated part of the third line. The consequence was that after "He feeds the hungry poor," there came :

"And in the pie—
And in the pi—ous he delights," etc.

We have heard of a case where the fourth line had to be sung in part by the bass voices, and then repeated and sung by the whole choir. The result was that the cry went up from all the bass singers,

"Send down sal—
Send down sal !"

And this singular petition was only explained when the choir took it up and finished the line :

"Send down sal—ration."

As a counterpart of that, the story is told of a stranger who was startled to hear all the women in one of our churches breaking out at the end of the third line, with an earnest cry of,

"O for a man—
O for a man !"

And his surprise only abated when the choir chimed in, and converted this amorous song into the more spiritual prayer of :

"O for a man—sion in the skies !"

A few Sundays ago, we were amazed to hear the choir of a church proclaim that they were about to engage in an entomological pursuit as expressed in the following line of a hymn :

"And we'll catch the flee—
And we'll catch the flee
And we'll catch the flee—ting hour !"

We have heard a precentor, whom nature had gifted with a bass voice, start the first line as a tenor, fall into bass the second line, make a dash at soprano in the third line, and come in at the death with what we were told was a first-rate counter, but which sounded more like a solo by the pig and the whistles. One of the two objections have been stated against choirs—first, that being *paid singers*, they degenerated into mere performers, and sometimes may be very good singers, but very bad singers.—This objection can be remedied by all except the instructor or conductor being volunteers and connected with the congregation. The best-sung churches we ever heard were led by unpaid choirs—the choir itself, besides, being led by a soprano voice, not by a male. The other objection is that choirs sometimes do all the singing, the congregation being mere listeners. This, however, is more the sin of the congregation than of the choir ; and when one begins to encroach on the province of the other, a rebuke from the clergyman should put all to rights.

A Western paper reads a severe lecture to a certain church chorister ; and we copy part of the castigation for the benefit of the "waw-waw"-ing gentry the world over :

"MY DEAR SIR—You are a chorister. Your share of worship of the sanctuary is no slight one, and would that you appreciated it more fully ! Let us illustrate the point by calling to mind, and placing before the eye, what you actually did last Sunday. The hymn had been given out. It was a familiar and beautiful one, that saints, long in glory, loved to sing while on earth, and whose spirit they did not exchange in the songs they sing now. With those words before you, this is what you sang ; for our short-hand reporter, whom we had detailed for this express service in the loft, took it down *verbatim* :

"Waw-kaw, ewaw, daw aw waw,
Thaw saw, thaw law aw waw,
Waw-kaw, taw thaw raw-waw-waw braw
Aw thaw raw-jaw-sawaw."

"Now, that is what to the eye looks like pious Pot-tawattomie, and might be a translation for the sacred edification of that lost tribe. But to the ear, of what advantage was it ? Not the most careful listening could detect the faintest approach to articulate intelligible sound. And dear chorister, what you really ought to have sung were words that did not need to be thus cloaked. They were full of the spirit of the Sabbath, a very ointment box of psalmody. These were the words you travestied :

"Welcome sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes."

"Well, what did you gain in giving the version which, as stated, has a startling resemblance to Pot-tawattomie ? Was devotion heightened by your efforts ? Why should you do this ? Music should be the vehicle of the sentiment. Dear chorister, does not your vehicle greatly resemble one of those conveyances known to the travelling caravan, and useful only in defeating the purpose of surreptitious inspection of the animal enclosed ? Don't you remember how painfully futile were your own juvenile exertions to see the kangaroo or some other hairy exotic, through a crevice ? You knew the animal was there ; you were none the wiser for what you saw ; and the managerie man was the most delighted party to the transaction. Now, yesterday, the poor hymn (poor only because exposed to your murderously-musical assaults) was similarly shut up, and enclosed from all the senses ; and for the life of us, we could not have told by any process of listening, whether you were vocalizing in English, Italian, or native Indian. Chorister, don't do it any more. Call your choir together during the week, ask the clergyman to give you the hymns to practice upon, and then devote time enough to the rehearsal, if time be all that is wanted, to give the sentiment and pious fervor of the hymn as clearly as from the desk itself, while your rendering of the music shall bear it higher and nearer the throne than the reader can, be his intonations the best the pulpit can produce."—*Scottish American*.

Musical Correspondence.

LEIPZIG, NOV. 25. — The past week has been rich in musical treats. The second quartet concert was given on Saturday in the Gewandhaus, where we heard Cherubini's quartet, (E♭ major), a most lovely composition, too seldom heard. The performers were David, Röntgen, Herrmann and Davidoff. The history of the latter ('cellist) is peculiar and interesting. He was bred to the profession of engineer, though always playing the 'cello for his own amusement, and had the reputation of a first-rate dilettante. At last, in Moscow, I believe, he took lessons of a celebrated 'cello player, who was astonished at the rapid progress his pupil made. Davidoff was constantly saying : "Bring me something harder to play ; these things don't give me any more pleasure ; I want something more difficult." "But, my dear Davidoff, these are difficult, these are classical ; I don't know of anything better written. It is nonsense for you to wish anything harder ; I tell you, there is nothing harder." "Ei, then, I must write something myself," said Davidoff, whereupon he went to work, and produced, as my German friend expressed it, "hair-splitting things." He came to Leipzig, played, and astonished everybody. In truth, he "woke up of a morning, and found himself an artist." Loving music as he did, it was no difficult matter for him to decide to relinquish his profession of engineer, and devote himself entirely to the art in which he so excelled. Grützmaker's leaving for Dresden made the situation of first 'cellist vacant. He immediately took it, and more than fills his predecessor's place.

In the same quartet concert of which I have spoken, were performed the variations of Mendelssohn for piano and 'cello, by Kappellemeister Reinecke and Davidoff. Reinecke is a fine pianist, of the classical school, though possessing technic enough to give him the reputation of virtuoso, if he wished it. That would, perhaps, be hardly consistent with his position as direction of the Gewandhaus orchestra. The third piece on the programme was Schumann's A major quartet ; and the last, Schubert's Rondo (B minor) for piano and violin.

On Tuesday evening the Euterpe audience wended their way to the Hall in a state of expectancy, not unmixed with anxiety. Would it succeed ? asked every one of himself. Herr von Bronsart, the director of the Euterpe, showed himself a man of enterprise in undertaking such a programme, and a man of

genius in carrying it out successfully ; for nothing less than genius could have wrought out of the heterogeneous mass comprising this orchestra, a whole massive enough to produce in all its colossal proportions Beethoven's ninth symphony. Whoever remembers the unsatisfactory performances of this society two winters ago, and contrasts them with this of last Tuesday evening, must admit the fact that a wonderful change for the better has taken place. The truth is, a man of genius is at the helm, a director, who is in a fair way of placing his orchestra in no unfavorable light, even by the side of its great rival, the Gewandhaus. To say that the symphony was faultlessly done, would be going too far ; but that it was, on the whole, an exceedingly fine performance, every one must admit. Herr v. Bronsart, a pupil, by the way, of Liszt, adheres strictly to the opinions of Richard Wagner in regard to the *tempi* of the different movements. The first he takes slower, and the Scherzo considerably faster, than the traditional *tempi*. The choruses of the Ossian and other Vereins gave the "Hymn to Joy" in a fine manner. The basso, Herr Sabbath, from Berlin, opened with the "O Freunde, nicht diese Töne !" singing the not very singable recitative in a masterly style. So many soloists get wrecked upon this rock, that it is a relief to hear one who can bear himself clear of the breakers. But who (save a thoroughly dyed-in-the-wool, professional critic) can cold-bloodedly pick to pieces any performance, even the poorest, of the Ninth Symphony. The glorious music makes its way always to the heart, through the poorest interpretations. How much more powerful is it, when produced by orchestra, chorus and soloists who are equal to the task assigned them !

The remainder of the evening in the Euterpe was occupied with Schumann, the music to the four ballads of Geibel, "*Vom Pagen und der Königstochter*" being performed. This work, brought out here for the first time to my knowledge, must be reckoned among the finest from Schumann's later period. It is for chorus, orchestra and soli, and enchanting on a first hearing. In the first ballad, a Hunter's chorus is the most striking feature, in the third the wierd, wild dances of the water spirits, and the music of the Merman's Harp, at which "the wind listened, the waters grew calm, enchanted and spell-bound," as the verses tell us. Then in the fourth ballad the pompous and festive bridal music contrasts strangely with the mournful, mysterious end, when the Merman's Harp, made from the dead body of the murdered Page lover, comes and tears the bride away from the stranger Prince whom her hard-hearted father was just compelling her to marry. There is throughout the composition what the Germans call a "Schwung"—no long, tedious unintelligible passages, no tiresome repetitions of the same idea—all is living, bounding, ever new, and replete with beauty. We are hoping to hear this in the Gewandhaus in the course of the winter ; two performances of such a fine thing, cannot surely be too much.

The usual Thursday evening concert was omitted on account of Friday's being Fast-day. To make up for it, a grand performance of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* took place in the Thomas Kirche, and on Sunday there were three concerts—two in the forenoon, one from the dilettante orchestra, who played a Symphony from Haydn, and Quintet from Mozart ; and a miscellaneous concert in the evening, when Frau von Bronsart, the pianist, played Liszt's *Tannhäuser* and a gavotte from Bach.

How the good things crowd upon each other ! Since writing the above, three concerts more have taken place. In the Euterpe Liszt's *Symphonische Dichtung*, "*Festklänge*" was brought out for the first time. In the Gewandhaus, Schumann's B♭ Symphony, and in the third Quartet Concert, Mendelssohn's quartet (E minor), Mozart's Quintet (D minor) and Beethoven's quartet, (C major, with the fugue) were performed. L.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., DEC. 20.—The second concert of the Philharmonic society took place Saturday, Dec. 14th. I enclose the programme:

- Symphony—Heroica, No 3, Op. 55. Beethoven
 1. Allegro con brio. 3. Scherzo allegro vivace.
 2. Adagio assai. 4. Allegro molto.
 Aria, "Perfidio Speriuro". Beethoven
 With Orchestral Accompaniment.
 Madame de Lussan
 Grand Concerto, in E (first part) for violin. Vieuxtemps
 Mr. Bruno Wollenhaupt.
 Concert Overture, (first time). E. C. Phelps
 Dedicated to Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn.
 Aria de Ernani. "Ernani involami". Verdi
 With Orchestral Accompaniment.
 Madame de Lussan.
 Fantasia, for Violin. B. Wollenhaupt
 Mr. B. Wollenhaupt.
 Aria de La Juive. Il va venir. Halevy
 With Orchestral Accompaniment.
 Madame de Lussan.
 Overture. Les Francs Juges, (First time). A. Berlioz

These concerts are very well attended, for the Brooklyn people are proud of them; but one cannot avoid remarking, that dilettantism has the upper hand in the programmes; the excellent and the insignificant are mingled. It is a pity that this society cannot hold to the interests of the highest in art. But the directors are men of business; they understand their public better than they understand music, and the concerts must be made to pay. Where the conductor's choice is free, works of consequence and interest are sure to be brought forward. No doubt the selection of the "Eroica" and "Les Francs Juges" was his.

The *Eroica* was, on the whole, well performed. Conductor and orchestra went to work *con amore*, and the hearers felt convinced that the society was doing its best to render justice to the great master's work. And this is no light task, before a public that does not always listen with the attention such a composition deserves, and the greater part of which is not possessed of sufficient cultivation to appreciate it properly. But as this public is a plastic one, much may be yet accomplished. The first movement of the symphony—one of Beethoven's finest conceptions—did not produce the effect that it should have done, owing to an absurd arrangement in regard to the seats. People were allowed to secure seats without paying an extra price; this did away with the necessity of being there at 8 precisely (the hour of commencement); loiterers came noisily in, strong in their reserved seats, utterly disregarding the feelings of others, and rendering it impossible for any one to enter fully into the meaning of the first movement of the symphony. So stupid an arrangement should be done away with.

We were sorry to hear Beethoven's fine aria spoiled by Madame de Lussan, a mediocre singer. In the inevitable Verdi aria, the lady's effort obtained an encore. Oh, classic Brooklyn! how wast thou then enraptured. But Mad. de Lussan displayed herself on many sides; she monopolized three numbers of the programme. We respect good intentions, but her voice and cultivation were not enough for what she attempted.

It is singular, that in the Philharmonic societies of New York and Brooklyn, indifferent singers are usually engaged. Are no better to be had? Then, at least, pieces should be selected for the singers that are not beyond their powers, and that harmonize somewhat with the noble works on the programme. To judge from the style of vocalism we are usually favored (?) with, one is almost led to the false conclusion that instrumental music stands higher than vocal. But does it require less talent to write for the human organ, the most sympathetic and soulful of instruments, than for those of wood and metal? How we long to hear the fine instrumental works that the society executes for us, relieved by the glorious songs of Gluck, Schumann, Bach, Franz, Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Mendelssohn, sung worthily with understanding and feeling! We trust that the directors of the society will treat this noble side of art with a little less indifference in future.

Mr. Bruno Wollenhaupt is an industrious artist;

his technical ability is good—yet he left us cold. It is rather his aim to overcome difficulties, somewhat to the neglect of the poetical side. Mr. Wollenhaupt also played a fantasia of his own. This is not an original work, but one in the sentimental style of virtuoso music, and having many brothers and sisters in the musical market.

Another novelty was a concert overture by E. C. Phelps. The composer was "smart" enough to introduce his work, accompanied by a letter of introduction: "dedicated to the Philharmonic society of Brooklyn;" how could it fail to succeed? Mr. Phelps has shown, in this, that he has an aim, and therefore we respect him; but he must yet dedicate many an *opus* to this society, before he will be able to produce one original in idea, finished in form, interesting in the contrapuntal employment of themes, and properly colored by instrumental means. The overture struck us as the description of "travels compiled from various sources." Now we pay a visit to Amadeus; then we make a voyage of discovery towards Mendelssohn, (where we make rather a long stay); then we step into a church, and listen to a choral; and at last we double cape Wagner. The Cape of Good Hope? Mr. Phelps must not lose courage, but continue on his path of composition; he has already learned much, and, as Schumann says, "there is no end of learning!"

According to the polite and peculiar custom here, the greater part of the audience left, before the performance of Berlioz's overture, and thus the orchestra almost had the pleasure of playing the genial Frenchman's work for themselves—and very well they played it, too. But the Brooklynites are so satisfied with, and proud of their Philharmonicists, that they like to give them an occasional private pleasure.

CALORO.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 28, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — The commencement of Chopin's Mazurkas and Waltzes.

Our Music Pages — Chopin's Mazurkas — Handel's Messiah.

With the present number of the *Journal* we commence the publication of CHOPIN'S MAZURKAS, intending, during the coming year, to give our piano-playing or piano-loving readers the entire series of them in their order. The collection from which we print (Ditson & Co.'s beautiful edition) is the most complete ever published, containing an entire set not found in the London edition, as well as one or two smaller Mazurkas taken from private albums, and that extremely dreamy, delicate, poetic, sad one, or fragment of one, which is said to have been his last composition, and which he was too weak to finish.

Dreamy, delicate, poetic they all are. Sad, too, even with their festive rhythm and their whirl of gaiety. Nothing more finely individual, more thoroughly poetic and imaginative, more full of tender feeling and of sweet, sad longing, ever was written, in such small forms, for the piano. It is essentially piano music, and yet right from the soul, warm and palpitating. There are fifty-one of these Mazurkas, in twelve sets; all based on essentially the same theme, which lies in the rhythm, the peculiar rhythm of his national Polish songs and dances. Yet no two are alike except in rhythm and genius. The editor of the London edition, Mr. Davison, says of them:

"Chopin produced, in all, about seventy works, including two grand concertos for piano with orches-

tral accompaniments, two grand sonatas for piano solo, a sonata for piano and violoncello, other pieces with orchestral accompaniments, several books of studies and preludes, together with a large number of nocturnes, polonaises, ballads, scherzos, mazurkas, variations, &c. These do not include his posthumous works, two volumes of which have appeared, the last consisting of sixteen Polish songs, and published not long since, with the original Polish words, and German versions, by Gumbert. That Chopin, however, excelled less in works of "longue haleine" than in those of smaller pretensions, will hardly be denied. His *Etudes*, his *Preludes*, his *Valses*, his *Nocturnes*, and above all his Mazurkas, are quite enough to save him from oblivion, whatever may eventually become of his concertos and sonatas. The variety with which in the Mazurkas he has said the same thing some fifty times over, will go further than anything else to prove that Chopin's genius, whatever its eccentricities and failings, was decidedly *inventive*. The best of the Mazurkas are without question those that smell least strongly of the lamp, those which, harmonized in the least affected manner, are easiest to play, and bear the closest affinity to (in some cases are almost echos of) the national dance-tunes of his country. Some of them are gems, as faultless as they are attractive, from whatever point of view regarded; others, more evidently labored, are less happy; but not one of them is wholly destitute of points that appeal to the feelings, surprise by their unexpectedness, fascinate by their plaintive character, or charm by their ingenuity."

LISZT, who has paid a most generous and glowing tribute to Chopin in a long and beautiful analysis of his character and genius, speaks of the Mazurkas out of a full sympathy with their nationality. Contrasting them with the more fiery and chivalrous *Polonaises*, in which you fancy that you hear "the firm and heavy tread of men, advancing with the consciousness of courage against every turn of fate," he says:

"The celebrated Mazurkas of Chopin wear an entirely different character from the *Polonaises*. Upon a wholly different ground play tender, pale and opaline *nuances*, instead of the juicy and strong coloring. The feminine—and even effeminate—element is no longer placed in a certain mysterious twilight, but advances into the foreground with such decided significance, that the other elements vanish before it or are banished into its train. Woman here appears the queen of life; Man, to be sure, is still spirited and proud, but lost in the dizziness of pleasure. In spite of this, there is a sad vein running through it. The national songs, in their melody and in their words, strike both these tones, and both bring out the singularly effective contrast, which results in real life from that necessity of cheering sorrow and which finds a magical narcotic in the grace and stolen charm of the *Mazurkas*. The words, sung in Poland to these melodies, give them moreover the right to cling closer to the life of memory than any other dance music.

"Chopin has happily appropriated to himself the popular melodies and transferred into them the whole merit of his labor and his style. In polishing these diamonds to a thousand facets, he discovered all their hidden fire, and, even gathering up their dust, he set them in a pearly ornament. Could there be a better frame, in which to enclose his personal recollections, poetry of all sorts, attractive scenes, episodes and romances? These now owe to him a circulation far outreaching their own native soil, and they belong at present to the ideal types, which Art surrounds with the glory of its sanction.

"Chopin has set free from its bondage the secret essence of Poesy, which is only indicated in the original themes of the Polish mazurkas. While he has adhered to their rhythm, he has ennobled their melody, enlarged their outline, and magically introduced into many passages a harmonic *chiaroscuro*, which gives back that world of excitements and emotions, wherewith hearts are moved in the dance of the mazurka. Coquetry, vanity, fantastical humors, inclination, sadness, passion, the outgrowth of feelings, all are in it. To comprehend how admirably this frame suits these soul-pictures, which Chopin executes within it as with a pencil dipped in the colors of the rainbow, one must have seen the Mazurka danced in Poland; there only can one learn the whole that lies in this national dance.

"Indeed one must perhaps have been in Chopin's Fatherland, fully to understand and appreciate the character not only of his *Mazurkas*, but also of many of his other compositions. They almost all breathe that aroma of love and longing, which surrounds his *Preludes*, his *Nocturnes*, his *Impromptus*, like an

atmosphere, in which all the phases of passion move by in succession."

"Amongst the great number of his Mazurkas, too, there reigns a striking diversity of subjects and of the impressions they call forth. In many you hear the clink of spurs, but in the most, above all the scarcely distinguishable rustling of crape and gauze in the light breeze of the dance, amid the flutter of fans and the jingling of gold and diamonds. Some seem to describe the lively enjoyment of a ball, which on the eve of a storming of the castle is as it were undermined with heaviness: you hear the sighs throughout the dance-rhythm, and the dying away of the farewell, whose tears it veils. Through others glimmers the anguish, the secret sorrow, which one has carried with him to the festival, whose stir cannot drown the voice of the heart. There it is, a murmuring whirlwind, a delirium, through which a breathless and spasmodic melody is hurrying to and fro, like the impetuous beating of a heart, that breaks and perishes in love and passion. There again resound from afar bold *fanfara*, like distant reminiscences of glory and of victory. Some there are, whose rhythm is as vague and evanescent, as the feeling, with which too lovers contemplate the rising of a star in the firmament."

To-day we offer the first two of the Mazurkas. In alternation with them we shall give, from time to time, for those who desire vocal music, and especially for those who belong to choral societies and singing clubs, the whole of the noblest of Oratorios, *HANDEL'S "MESSIAH,"* with organ or piano forte accompaniment. Thus each subscriber, who is careful to preserve the four pages of music which he gets every week, will possess himself, in the course of the year, of both the above named valuable works, either one of which alone is more than an equivalent to the subscription price of the paper. It will be seen, we do not mean that the war shall stint us.

BOSTON MOZART CLUB.—The members of the amateur orchestra, who re-organized themselves a year ago under the above name, are treating their associates and honorary members—members who "assist" with ears, and willing ones—to a second season of those pleasant "social orchestral entertainments" which drew their friends around them last year. The first was given at Mercantile Hall, last Monday evening—a very stormy night, which kept away and disappointed many of the invited; but so satisfactory was the entertainment to those who did assist in the way just indicated; and so encouraging to the amateurs who bore active part, that a repetition, for the benefit of the absent, was announced amid general applause. The programme was as follows:

- PART I.**
First Symphony in C major.....Beethoven
Adagio molto; Allegro con brio—Andante—Minuetto and Trio—Finale. Adagio; Allegro molto.
PART II.
1. Overture. "La Clemenza di Tito".....Mozart
2. Concert Waltz. "Sophien-Walzer".....Strauss
3. Divertissement with Solos from Verdi's *Trovatore*....Strasny
4. Overture. "Italiana in Algieri".....Rossini

A Symphony of Beethoven, even the first and easiest of them, is no small undertaking for a band of amateurs, not "gentlemen of leisure," but all engaged in active business of some sort. Yet the degree to which they had mastered it, must have surprised many persons. The *tempi*, the intention, the expression of the work they had clearly made their own; under the experienced and hearty lead of *CARL ZERRAHN*, whom they employ for teacher and director, they could scarcely go wrong. Some special blemishes and shortcomings there necessarily were in the nature of the case. They were not always quite in tune, especially in passages where wind instruments enter as the chief ingredients. Perfection in this point would be the last thing to expect of

amateurs. Then again amateurs do not solace themselves now-a-days with hautboys, however it may have been in more pastoral and piping times; that pair, so individual and essential in an orchestra, had to be represented by an extra pair of flutes, to the great loss of contrast. Good-natured, droning, pastoral bassoons, too, quite as seldom stand up in the corner of a private gentleman's library or parlor; where Beethoven needed their service, a couple of violoncellos had to be detached for it. The string band was really creditable. It numbered four first and four second violins, two double basses, 'cello, and, we believe, three violas. Generally the Symphony was played with spirit and precision, and good light and shade; and the flutes, horns, &c., warmed into better tune as it went on, the Trio of the Minuet suffering the most.

The overtures, too, sounded quite well—quite orchestra-like. The best played piece, perhaps, was the graceful set of Strauss waltzes. They seemed to have caught the witching waltz accent. Hardly so successful were they in the *Trovatore* line, which one would think went wide of the line of a Mozart club. But no doubt *Trovatore* had its admirers and was called for; and if any stuff is not too good to be cut up into parade passages and solos, why not this? Several of the solos on this occasion showed a good degree of amateur virtuosity.

In truth we can congratulate the Mozart Club on both the spirit and the talent manifested in their enterprise. It is one of the best things which music-loving gentlemen can do, whether for musical improvement, or for a genial and beautiful resource in leisure hours. The society, without the routine business labor, of an orchestra; the social coöperation in such music, just for music and for friendship's sake, must be something very charming, and we envy any one the privilege of taking part in it. We wish that amateur orchestras may become common in all our cities.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—Christmas would not be complete without the usual performance of the oratorio "*The Messiah*," for Handel has embodied all its texts and meanings in tones of a kindred inspiration, which year by year become more deeply and indissolubly associated with them. Let us all go, then, to the Music Hall to-morrow (Sunday evening, and once more fill our souls with the grand harmonies of those choruses, and the heavenly haunting voices of those melodies, as they will be given by our old Society. The choruses have been zealously and thoroughly rehearsed; not one will be omitted; the orchestra will be the best that Boston can furnish; and the solos are entrusted to the best available talent, which we have already named. Mrs. LONG, of course, will be heard with peculiar interest, seeing that it is understood to be the last time that she will sing in public. All will exceedingly regret the loss, and no one will willingly miss the opportunity of hearing her sing "I know that my Redeemer liveth" once more.

GOOD NEWS.—The proposed "Philharmonic Concerts" of *CARL ZERRAHN* have not fallen through this time, as they did in the anxious and dark days of last winter. On the contrary, the subscription is encouraging, the public seems to be in the right temper for it, and the first concert will actually be given in the Music Hall, on Saturday evening, January 11th. Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony" will be the main feature of the programme.

Music Abroad.

LEIPZIG.—The programme of the third Gewandhaus Concert (Oct. 17) contained a new overture (to *Medea*) by Bargiel, which the critics characterize as rather a laborious effort to appear original in the wake of Mendelssohn and Schumann; a Symphony in C minor by Spohr; overture to *Ruy Blas*, by Mendelssohn; violoncello solos by Davidoff (concert Allegro of his own, and Fantasia on the *Schmiedt* waltz by Servais); Beethoven's "*Ah, perfido*" and Cavatina from *Sonnambula*, sung by Mlle. Antonini, from London, her first appearance in public. For the 4th Concert (Oct. 24): Schumann's Overture to "*Genoveva*"; Concert aria, "*Mia speranza adorata*," by Mozart, and aria from "*Les Noces de Jeannette*," sung by Mlle. Biondini, "from Paris"; piano Concerto (MS.) composed and played by Carl Reinecke, the capellmeister; the 7th Symphony of Beethoven. Herr Reinecke was most warmly applauded, as he always is.—The 5th concert (Oct. 31) consisted of a performance of Handel's "*Joshua*," as prepared by Julius Rietz; the solos sung by Mlle. Biondini, Fräulein Lessiak, Herren Otto and Sabbath from the royal choir in Berlin, and Herr Wiedemann of Leipzig.

The "*Euterpe*," which aims to represent somewhat "the Future" and "young Germany" in its programmes, opened its season in the great hall of the Booksellers' Exchange, as usual, on the 29th of October. It is to give eight orchestral and three chamber concerts. The programme contained: Symphony in C minor by Mozart; overture, "*Fingal's Cave*," by Mendelssohn; overture to the "*Flying Dutchman*" by Wagner; Scena and aria of *Dejanira* from Handel's "*Hercules*"; two Persian songs, with piano accompaniment by A. Rubinstein, sung by Fräulein Laura Lessiak; piano Concerto in E minor by Chopin, Notturmo by the same, and Tarentella (*di bravura*) by Liszt, played by Frau von Bronsart (née Starck); the orchestra, as last year, under the intelligent direction of Herr v. Bronsart.

The operas during the month of October at the wretched little old theatre here—the only one—were: *Don Juan*, *Ernani*, Gounod's "*Faust and Margaret*," "*Tell*," *La Juive*, *La Sonnambula*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and the *Zauberflöte*: eight operas in ten performances.

BERLIN.—Stern's Gesangverein celebrated the memory of Mendelssohn on the 4th of November, in Arnim's hall, by a selection of his compositions.—The Singacademie commenced its *cycus* of subscription concerts in its fine hall and building, Nov. 2, with Sebastian Bach's great Mass in B minor. Haydn's "*Creation*," sub-director Blumner's oratorio of "*Abraham*," and Handel's "*Solomon*" are to follow.

The Italian Opera season at the Victoria Theatre was to open with Rossini's "*Tell*." All the preparations had been made; day after day rehearsals for three weeks; Herr Wachtel had modulated his German tongue to an Italian accent; the chorus was "up" and precise in its important part; the scenes on the lake of the Four Cantons were magically painted, and the day approached; when on the day before in came an agent of the police to say that the performance of "*Wm Tell*" was interdicted! The reason given was, that the Royal Theatre claimed the exclusive privilege of all *tragic* opera performances. Perhaps "*Tell*" was too tragic and too true for a Royal theatre after the Königsberg "*Um Gottes Gnaden*" coronation stamp.

On the 28th November, a concert was to be given in the hall of the Singacademie, at which the kapellmeister Taubert would produce the music he has composed to Shakspeare's "*Tempest*." Radcke has given his first subscription concert for this year; the works performed were: Beethoven's Festival Overture, op. 124; fragments from Mendelssohn's "*Christus*"; Beethoven's piano Concerto in Eb (played by the concert-giver); and Schumann's Bb major Symphony.—In the second "*Soirée* for classical orchestra music" a Herr Albert Werkenhain played Henselt's F minor Concerto.

Verdi's "*Un Ballo in Maschera*" has been given on one of the Italian nights at the Royal Opera; Carlotta Marchisio sustaining the chief part, Mlle. Brunetti that of the page, and Trebelli that of the sorceress.—Mme. Herrenburg-Tuczek was to take her leave of the stage on the 5th December, in a benefit performance of "*Le Nozze di Figaro*," in which she has for years sung the part of Susanna with success.

At a grand serenade given to the king, Herr Wieprecht, the general director of band music, was summoned to the palace by his majesty and charged to bear his thanks and compliments to the musicians of the *gardes-de-corps*. The king also expressed his desire to hear Meyerbeer's Coronation March (written for the late Königsberg ceremony) performed in a concert of military music on a grand scale, which Wieprecht is to organize.

WIESBADEN.—Ferdinand Hiller's opera, "The Catacombs," libretto by Moritz Hartmann, will be produced during the season; also a new opera by Prince Peter von Oldenburg, entitled "*Küchen von Heilbronn*."

HAMBURG.—Mme. Clara Schumann gave a concert on the 15th November, in which she played a new piano Quartet by Brahms.

VIENNA.—The programme of the second Philharmonic concert contained Spohr's "Consecration of Tones" Symphony; a bass air from Mendelssohn's *Paulus*, sung by Mayerhofer; C. Reinecke's Overture to "Dame Kobold," and Mozart's G minor Symphony.

On Sunday, December 1st, three concerts. At noon in the Redoutensaal, the first extraordinary concert of the Society of Friends of Music: Symphony in D by Phil. Em. Bach; "Loreley" by Ferd. Hiller; "*Gondelfahrt*" by Rubinstein; chorus by Mendelssohn; the entire music to Weber's *Preziosa*. At 5 P.M., second Quartet production of Hellmesberger and Co. Programme: F. Schubert, Octet, and piano Trio; Schumann, Quartet in F major. At 5 P.M., also, chamber concert of Herr Hoffmann. (Programme: Mozart, Quartet in C; Goldmark, piano Quartet (MS.); Mendelssohn, Quartet in Eb major).

Ander, who had been kept from the stage six months by severe illness, has just made his reappearance as *Pyllades* in Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*; he had the warmest reception.

London.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The promised Mozart-selection was given on Monday night, and how great was its attraction may be gathered from the fact that the shilling places were occupied by upwards of 1,000 persons, while the stalls and "reserved seats" were crowded. The programme was one of the richest that could be devised. It began with the string quartet in C major, the last of the famous set dedicated to Haydn, a passage in the opening *adagio* of which elicited from the celebrated Italian composer, Sarti, the oft-quoted interrogatory,—"Si può far di più per suonare gli professori?" Long after the death of Sarti, however, Beethoven, in his quartets, showed that even more daring harmony might be used by a real inventor, without the slightest danger of putting the performers "out of tune." The quartet of Mozart, a masterpiece in every sense, was played to perfection by M. Vieuxtemps and his associates—MM. Ries, Webb and Paque. The first part terminated with the solo sonata in D major (1798)—No. 108 in the "Thematic catalogue," of works written between February, 1782, and November, 1791 (the year of Mozart's death), which the author of *Don Giovanni* has left in his own handwriting, and which reveals a fertility almost unparalleled in art production. This was simply, naturally, and irreproachably rendered by M. Hallé, who was none the less in his element, and none the less at his ease for having the printed music before him. Like the quartet, the sonata was applauded whenever a pause in the performance allowed of the audience giving expression to their delight, and the great German pianist was recalled to the platform at the end of the "finale." The next instrumental piece—that which ushered in the second part of the concert—was the justly renowned quintet in A, for clarinet (principal) and quartet of string instruments (1787), a work over the composition of which the Genius of Melody would seem continually to have presided. The performers were the same as before mentioned, with the addition of Mr. Lazarus. The execution of the quintet was in all respects first-rate, as might have been guessed from the names of the executants;

but what chiefly demands acknowledgment, and is, indeed, the principal reason on the present occasion for noticing the second of the Monday Popular Concerts, was the performance of Mr. Lazarus, not only the ablest professor of the clarinet this country can boast, but possibly the best to be found in Europe. Avoiding details, we may single out the second movement ("*largo*") of the quintet for special praise. In this a lengthened and exquisitely wrought-out melody is allotted to the clarinet, which, though here and there interspersed with graceful phrases in "dialogue" for the first fiddle (M. Vieuxtemps, of course), makes of that beautiful instrument, as it were, the "familiar spirit" of the movement. It has been urged by competent authorities that no musical instrument so nearly approaches the human voice in wealth and purity of tone as the clarinet, and certainly Mr. Lazarus, by his use of it, would lead any poetical theorist to become obstinately prejudiced on that point. His phrasing is as refined as that of any singer, his tone as satisfactory as it is artfully graduated, his mechanism beyond the reach of criticism; while the extensive compass of the instrument enables him to exhibit such variety as would appear to comprehend all the registers and qualities that endow contraltos and tenors, barytones and basses with their distinctive appellations, the only "timbre" denied it being that of the soprano, which essentially belongs, in one sense, to the flute, and in another to the oboe.

A more faultless performance than the slow movement was never listened to; but in awarding to Mr. Lazarus the praise which is his fair prerogative, we must add, that M. Vieuxtemps, as "first fiddle," was, without hyperbole, "a Juliet to his Romeo;" and that the subordinate parts, for second violin, viola, violoncello, were rendered by Herr Ries, Mr. Webb and M. Paque with a softness and delicacy that brought out the melody of the most conspicuous instruments so prominently, and at the same time so unobtrusively, as may be said to have realized the *beau idéal* of accompaniment. The restoration of the "mutes" (Mozart has written "*con sordini*" in his score) to the "strings" the omission of which was reprehended, on the occasion of the first performance of this Quintet at the Monday Popular Concerts, was an immense advantage to the light and shade ("*chiar'oscuro*," as musicians prefer to term it), and indeed to the general sentiment and expression of the *largo*, which was listened to with breathless attention and encored with rapture. The last instrumental work was the genial and vigorous sonata in D major (No. 10), for piano and violin, superbly played by MM. Hallé and Vieuxtemps—a composition which, though not in the "Thematic Catalogue" triumphantly proves (in the last movement especially) that Mozart could compose just as finely before 1784 as after it. The attention with which this was heard, from first to last, may in some measure be attributed to a notice now added to the premonitory paragraph alluded to in our report of a recent concert:

"Between the last vocal piece and the sonata for pianoforte and violin an interval of five minutes will be allowed."

This afforded ample time for those who were compelled to leave early, and permitted the large majority (who happily had more leisure at command) to enjoy the performance of the entire sonata without disturbance.

Nothing could be better in its way than the vocal music. Mr. Winn, who had already so favorably impressed the audience of the Monday Popular Concerts, confirmed the good opinion he had elicited by his unaffected and sensible reading of a spirited and capital air from Handel's *Scipione*, No. 16 of the Italian operas composed by the immortal author of *The Messiah*; and also in Mr. Loder's thoroughly English ballad "The Three Ages of Love," which he repeated by desire. Mlle. Florence Lancia, on the other hand, changed (wisely we think) both her songs. Her first was now a graceful and genuine ballad by Mr. Frank Mori: "Where art thou wandering, little child?" her second, Spohr's delicious canonet "The Bird and the Maiden," clarinet *obbligato* Mr. Lazarus, both of which she gave with an artistic feeling and a perfection of style that enchanted all her hearers and obtained for her the honor of a "recall." Mr. Benedict presided with his accustomed talent as accompanist at the pianoforte.

For the next concert, among other interesting things, the whole of Beethoven's celebrated *Septet* for wind and string instruments is announced, together with a pianoforte sonata of Beethoven and a quartet of Haydn, both for the first time. The plan now adopted of having two new pieces (that is, pieces hitherto unheard at the Monday Popular Concerts) in every programme, cannot fail to meet with unanimous approval.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

O leave me not, my darling one. *E. G. B. Holder* 25

A fine ballad for a Tenor voice.

A voice from the old church bell. Quartet. *S. R. Whiting*. 15

Suggested to the author, who is Bandmaster in a Maine regiment on the Fairfax Road in Virginia, now a deserted, and dilapidated ruin. The music is simple, but very appropriate.

Little Clarence. Song and chorus. *E. G. B. Holder*. 25

In the popular style.

Rocklawn summer wildwood. Quartet. *M. S. Pike*. 30

A fresh, cheerful Quartet with taking Echo-effects which will everywhere call forth the plaudits of an audience.

Oh! ye tears. *Franz Abt*. 25

A new Song by the popular German Songwriter, and one which seems to follow more closely in the wake of his best efforts, such as "When the swallows homeward fly" and others, than those which have lately appeared from his pen.

Instrumental Music.

Alpenglückchen (Alpine bells) Tyrolienne. *T. Oesten*. 30

A very pretty new composition—not difficult—from the author of *Gondellied*, *Sounds of love*, and numerous other pieces, original and arrangements, which are in every player's hands.

Chime Waltz. *J. H. Eberman*. 25

A pleasing trifle.

Grand Etude. *F. Agthe*. 25

Rather difficult. Good practice in reading accidentals.

Sibylle. Romance. *Brinley Richards*. 35

A new original composition, whose captivating melody, adorned with those delicate embellishments, for which this author is distinguished, will soon make it a general favorite in the drawing-room.

Meteor Grand Galop. For four hands. *H. A. Wollenhaupt*. 60

An effective arrangement of a brilliant Galop which is already widely known, and one of the best things this composer has written.

Random Polka. *Robt. Bell*. 25

Simple and pleasing.

Books.

ORATORIO CHORUS BOOK. 75

This handsome Octavo volume of 188 pages will be found to be a most desirable acquisition to the libraries of Musical Societies, choirs and amateurs. In a neat and compact form the best choruses of the best Oratorios are certainly cheap at the price of this collection, and within the reach of all; besides this, the greater convenience of use arising from having the choruses in a single volume and thus not being obliged to handle over half a dozen or more books is a recommendation in favor of this new work which will not be overlooked by singers.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 509.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 4, 1862.

VOL. XX. No. 14.

[For the Transcript.]

Chimes.

ARLINGTON STREET CHURCH.

Ring out, soft bells, in upper air,
Nearest the stars, our pleading prayer!

Our faltering prayers, our hymns of praise,
Above us far, in beauty raise!

Above the city's heat and din,
Above its putrid breath of sin,

Above each feeble human tone,
That here and there praise God alone,

Ye plead for all! While all unseen,
The listening angels earthward lean,

Harkening the music far and dim,
That echoes their sweet praise to Him!

Ring loud—ring soft—ye chiming bells!
No lesson now your own excels,

That bids us hear your music flow,
Yet think—"some one works hard below!"

Above, such sweetness on the breeze—
Below, some hand must strike the keys!"

We build our lives so like to this—
Above the Starry Field of Bliss,

The waiting Angels and the Light—
Below, the Darkness and the Night;

We groping dimly, the right note
To strike, whose music tone shall float

Above us to the Master's ear,
That He may know we serve Him here!

So we below work day by day—
Thank God, if He hears far away,

Above us all, some music flow,
From us, who strike the keys below!

Dec. 17th, 1861.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 306).

Rome, Dec. 7, 1830.

To-day again I do not come to the full letter which I meant to write. God knows how the time flies here. This week I have made the acquaintance of several very amiable English families, who promise me again delightful winter evenings; I am with Bunsen a great deal; I mean too to get a true taste of Bains. I believe he regards me as a "*bruttissimo Tedesco*," so that I can learn to know him splendidly. With his compositions, to be sure, one has not a great way to go; and so in fact it is with all the music here. There may be plenty of will perhaps; but the means are lacking utterly. The orchestras are below all conception; Mlle. Carl* is engaged as *prima donna assoluta* for the season at both of the principal theatres; she has already arrived and begins to make *la pluie et le beau temps*. The papal singers are really getting old; they are almost wholly unmusical, hit even the most tradi-

tional pieces incorrectly, and the whole choir consists of 32 singers, who are never together though. Concerts are given in the Philharmonic Society so-called, but only with a piano; orchestra there is none; and lately when they wanted to try to give Haydn's "Creation," the instruments thought it impossible to play it. How the wind instruments sound, nowhere in Germany has one the least conception.

Now since the Pope is dead, and the conclave commences on the 14th, and so what with the ceremonies of the burial and what with those of the elevation of the new Pope a great part of the winter passes, and is lost for all music and all larger assemblages, I almost doubt if I shall come to any regular public undertaking here; but I am not sorry for it, because inwardly I enjoy so much here and of such various kinds, that there is little harm done if I carry it round with me a while and try to work.

The performance of Graun's *Passion* in Naples, and especially the translation of Sebastian Bach only show, how the right must finally prevail. They will not seize hold of, and will not enkindle the living sense of the people; but therein it is not worse, than with their sense for all the other arts, but rather better; for when you see a part of the Loggia of Raphael scratched away by an unspeakable and incomprehensible barbarism, to make room for scribbings with lead pencil; when the entire beginning of the ascending arabesques is quite annihilated, because Italians with penknives, and God knows how, have inscribed their miserable names there; when somebody paints below the Apollo Belvidere, with great emphasis and still greater letters: Christus!; when right before Michael Angelo's Last Judgment an altar is erected, so large, that it exactly hides the middle of the picture, and so disturbs the whole; when cattle are driven through the majestic halls of the Villa Madam, where Giulio Romano has painted the walls, and vegetables are stored there, out of sheer indifference to the Beautiful,—then indeed we have something much worse than a bad orchestra; something that must annoy a painter much more, than wretched music does me. The people are indeed inwardly diseased and dissipated. They have a religion, and believe not in it; a Pope and superiors, and laugh at them; they have a clear a brilliant Past, and it stands far from them; no wonder that they do not enjoy Art—if they are so indifferent to all that is earnest. The indifference about the death of the Pope, the unseemly merriment at the ceremonies is positively shocking. I have seen the corpse on the bed of state, and the priests who stood about it were continually whispering to one another, and then laughing. At this moment in the church where masses are read for his soul, there are carpenters at work continually on the scaffolding of the catafalque, so that with the ringing blows of the axe, and the noise of the workmen, one can hear nothing of the religious service. As soon as the cardinals are in conclave, out come the satires

upon them, in which for example they parody the litany, and, instead of the evils for the end of which they pray, they always name the peculiarities of well-known Cardinals. Or they have a whole opera performed by Cardinals; one being the *primo amoroso*, another *tiranno assoluto*, a third lamplighter, and so on. This could not be where people were inspired by Art. Formerly it was not better, but then they believed in it, and that makes the difference.

But Nature, and the warm December air, and the line from the Alban hills along down to the sea,—all that remains just so; then there can cut no names and write no inscriptions—every one can enjoy that fresh, all by himself, and that is what I hold to! A man is wanting to me here, to whom I might impart all very openly; who could read my music as it originates and make it doubly dear to me; with whom I could rest and refresh myself completely, and learn from him right candidly (he need not be a very wise man for that). But since the trees were not meant to grow up into the sky, as they say, so probably the man will not be found here; and a good fortune, which I have had everywhere else in very rich measure, will just here fail me. Here then I must hum to myself, and it will be all right.

FELIX.

Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of DR. HEINRICH VON KREISLE.

(Continued from page 307.)

It was a consequence of Schubert's acquaintance with Vogl, that these two brothers in spirit, lovers of beautiful nature, whose sight probably inspired the former with many a beautiful song, in the fair season of the year shook off the dust of the residence from their feet, and, like wandering bards, traversed the blooming districts of Upper Austria and Salzburg, to refresh themselves in God's free world, and now in rare old cloisters, now in the cities of the charming land, set their glorious, now everywhere famous strains resounding. Everywhere they were welcome; they were joyfully received as worthy guests into the religious establishments; and the cities of Linz, Gmunden and Steyer did not fail to celebrate their presence each time as an extremely desirable event for the friends of German song.

These wanderings were repeated several times and commonly reached their goal in Salzburg or in Gastein. With the exception of these and a couple of excursions to Hungary (Zeléz and Eisenstadt), Schubert never in his whole life went beyond the immediate neighborhood of his paternal city; its charming environs were enticing enough, for that matter, to draw him out after the labor of the day, in the company of friends, and let him find refreshment and impulse for new creations in the free sense of Nature.

In the house of Matthäus von Collin (tutor of the Duke of Reichstadt) Schubert became ac-

* Formerly singer in the Royal Theatre at Berlin.

quainted with Counsellor Mosel, well known as a composer and musical literateur, with the Orientalist von Hammer-Purgstall, the Count Moritz Dietrichstein, the authoress Caroline Pichler, and the Patriarch Ladislaus Pyrker, also esteemed as poet, who all took a lively interest in his achievements. Especially did the Patriarch delight in Schubert's songs, as appears from the following letter, dated Venice, May 18, 1821, which Pyrker addressed to Schubert, when the latter had begged him to accept the dedication of that book of songs, in which "The Wanderer" is found.

"Highly esteemed Sir!

"Your kind proposal, to dedicate to me the fourth book of your incomparable songs, I accept with all the greater satisfaction, that it will often now recall to me that evening, when I was so much impressed by the depth of your soul—particularly as expressed in the tones of your 'Wanderer'! I am proud to belong to one and the same Fatherland with you, and I remain with the highest regard

"Your most devoted,
"Johann L. Pyrker, m|p
"Patriarch."

Some years later (1825) he met these patrons at the baths of Gastein, to which he had undertaken a pleasure excursion in company with Vogl. His stay there was particularly quickening to him through his intercourse with Pyrker and other men attached to him, and he used to count the days spent there among the finest of his life. In the year 1822 he composed to a text by Schober his first larger opera: "Alfonso and Estrella." Probably on account of the circumstances of the theatre at that time being unfavorable to German music; or from some other of the many causes which, as experience shows, prevent a work destined for the stage from coming to performance; then too because it did not lie in Schubert's character to push such a business energetically, even though it was for his own interest; this opera never was performed in the composer's native city; and even when a prospect opened for it, it proved vain at last.

In the year 1823 Carl Maria von Weber came to Vienna, to superintend in person the bringing out of his opera "Euryanthe," composed for the Kärnthner-theatre. This followed on the 25th of October, 1823. The Viennese had expected a music which, like that of the "Frey-schütz," would hit the black at once. These expectations, however, were deceived; for instead of the captivating arias, duets and choruses, which had soon become so popular, here were long extended recitatives, leading into songs also recitative-like in their style, and borne upon a heavy, often not easily comprehended orchestral accompaniment, sometimes overpowered by it, so that they sounded strange to the ear of the general public accustomed to the rounded form of the aria. Weber had broken with the past traditions of the opera, and, leaning to Gluck's manner, but far outstripping him in the romantic flight of his imagination and in his most developed art of orchestration, he had come forward with a work, which may be regarded as the beginning and foretype of the musical drama of our day. In its lofty beauty it is unreachd, not to say unsurpassed, by other works which follow the same principle.

Schubert, just then a child of his age, and yet a king in the realm of melodies, could not find much to his taste in this austere, ascetic music, as

it seemed to him; and, frank as he was, he expressed himself in this sense against the composer. There is too little melody in it he thought; the *Frey-schütz* is indeed quite another thing.*

Weber had met Schubert soon after his arrival in Vienna, and several times afterwards, and was greatly interested in him. He had promised him to bring out the opera "Alfonso and Estrella" in Berlin. The score travelled thither; but the opera remained unperformed; and it is possible, indeed, as has been oftentimes asserted, that the author of *Frey-schütz* and *Euryanthe*, mortified by the failure of the latter opera† and by Schubert's judgment on it, did not have the production of Schubert's work so much at heart, as might have been expected from his promise.‡

Within the same year falls the composition of a *Tantum ergo* in D, and, as a matter of course, many songs, among which: "Willkommen und Abschied" (welcome and farewell), "Frühlingsglaube" (Spring faith), "Einsamkeit" (Loneliness) "Der Wachtelschlag," "The Rose," "The Son of the Muses" and "Sister's Greeting."

The following year is marked by the composition of "Fierabras," a heroic-romantic opera in three acts. the text by Kupelwieser. In that year he composed a Piano Sonata in A minor; a Sonata for Piano and *Arpeggione* in A minor; and for songs: "Pilgerweise" (Pilgrim strains), "Der zürnende Barde" (the enraged minstrel), "Der Zwerg" (the dwarf), "Forget me not," "Du bist die Ruh" (Thou art therest), *Drang in die Ferne* (Impatience to go abroad), to be sung on the water, "Viola," and, finally, the alike popular and famous "Miller Songs," a cycle of twenty songs, out and out compositions, which bear the most eloquent testimony to the perfected ripeness of the young man of twenty-six. About the same time, too, the music to the play of "Rosamund," by Helmine Chezy, was brought out at the theatre *an der Wien* with great applause.

(To be continued.)

* It is well known that Weber turned to Beethoven and asked his opinion of the opera, which had been received with little favor. Beethoven said, "The thing is good," and while he advised him not to regard the general voice, he showed him some *critiques*, in which he (Beethoven) had been advised to study music diligently, accustom himself to a better style, &c., &c.

† Since then the times have changed, and with them the musical understanding also. *Euryanthe*, a superb work of the first rank, is now recognized and appreciated at its full value even in Vienna.

‡ Quite recently Franz Liszt has had *Alfonso and Estrella* brought out in Weimar, but only with moderate success; Schubert himself considered this and *Fierabras* his most successful operas, and the best adapted for performance.

Royal English Opera.

THE PURITAN'S DAUGHTER.

The new opera produced on Saturday last, under the title of the *Puritan's Daughter*, created more than usual interest, inasmuch as it was rumored that Mr. Balfe had at last procured a librettist worthy of his talent. A new book by a rational hand for Mr. Balfe was, indeed, a godsend, and a masterpiece was anticipated—need we add, has been realized? Now that Mr. Balfe has shown himself eager to collaborate with an experienced writer and a scholar, we may look forward even to more brilliant achievements than the *Puritan's Daughter*.

The libretto is by Mr. J. V. Bridgeman, a gentleman well known in literary circles for his scholastic attainments, and also as a contributor to the stage in various departments of the dramatic art. The story is ingenious and simple, and not taken from any source with which we are acquainted. The period is that of Charles II. Wolf (Mr. H. Corri.), formerly colonel of Cromwell's regiment of "Ironsides," and some Puritans bound in the same cause, have

received information that King Charles, accompanied by a small escort, intends making a journey from London to Dover. They conspire to fall upon the escort and carry off the King. A ship is required to convey Charles abroad when taken, to obtain which Wolf promises the hand of his daughter Mary (Miss Louisa Pyne) to Seymour (Mr. St. Albyn), a buccancer. Seymour has a lieutenant Drake (Mr. Wallworth), who, under the cloak of obedience, waits to requite his captain for having formerly carried off his betrothed. The Puritans meet in a ruined chapel attached to Middleton Hall, where Colonel Wolf resides with his daughter and Clifford (Mr. Santley), his secretary. Mary Wolf and Clifford are attached to each other. Wolf has chosen Clifford for his secretary, though a Royalist, as his father and himself were friends in boyhood. At the meeting of the conspirators there are two unsuspected listeners—Mary Wolf, who has strayed to the secret door, and Ralph (Mr. George Honey), the comic character of the piece, who, having overheard Seymour observe he would find treasure in the chapel, meaning Mary Wolf, comes in search of concealed gold. The Puritans having sworn their oath of vengeance, hear a noise at the door. Seymour rushes off and brings in Mary. The Roundheads are furious at being discovered, and Seymour making known to them the attachment between Mary and Clifford, they swear that Clifford shall die unless the girl marries Seymour. Mary, to save her lover's life, consents, and takes an oath never to speak of what she has witnessed. Clifford is distracted at learning from Mary that she is about to become the wife of another. Not being able to obtain any clue to this change in her feelings, he is maddened by jealousy.

In the second act King Charles (Mr. Patey) and Rochester (Mr. W. Harrison) seek shelter from a tempest in Middleton Hall, and are received by Clifford. When Colonel Wolf comes in, he perceives, to his surprise and delight, that the King is in his power. The hall is surrounded, and all chance of escape prevented. Clifford alone has leave to quit the mansion unquestioned. The Merry Monarch, who pays court to Mary, in consequence of a wager with Rochester that he would carry her off without discovering his rank, learns from her how unjust he has been towards Clifford, whose father lost life and fortune in his cause. Stung with remorse, he promises that Clifford shall be restored to his estate, and declares himself to be the King. Mary remembers the oath of the Puritans, and determines to save the King's life. She attempts to lead him off by a secret passage, but every outlet is guarded. She conceals Charles on the approach of Clifford, and when the young cavalier is about to take leave of her forever, the King stands before them and endeavors to reconcile matters. Clifford, at first incensed, is ultimately assured of the innocence of Mary, and determines to effect the King's escape at the risk of his own life. Charles and Clifford change cloaks and hats, and the King passes through the guards.

In the last act, on the discovery of the King's escape, Rochester, Clifford, and Ralph are about to be shot, when the Royal troops, headed by the King, break into the hall; Seymour is shot by Drake, and the Puritans are led off to meet their deserved fate. All things are satisfactorily explained, and Clifford is united to Mary.

The opera commences with an overture as remarkable for the brilliancy of the instrumentation as for the felicity of the ideas. The horn movement, above all, with which it opens, is striking and melodious. The introductory chorus, "Here's to wine!" is extremely attractive, and pleased the audience on the threshold. The overture, by the way, was loudly applauded and repeated. The comic duet, "I would ask a question," for Ralph and Jessie (Miss Susan Pyne), is written in the composer's most fluent manner, and in his peculiar humorous vein. The ballad of Wolf, "My own sweet child," is after the sentimental pattern, with a florid *caballetta* for Mr. H. Corri. The comic song for Ralph, "What glorious news is that I've heard," is one of the most original things in the opera. The opening phrase is suggestive of one of the Irish melodies, but all the rest is as new as it is attractive. The accompaniments are racy and full of variety, and the whole song is characteristic and replete with interest. The manner in which the popular air, "The power of love," is hinted at rather than brought in at the end is exceedingly happy. The scene where the Puritans take the oath of freedom, if wanting in grandeur and elevation, is grave and solemn, and towards the conclusion is particularly impressive. In the concerted morceau after the oath there are some happy and telling hits. Mary's appeal, "Wouldst thou see me perish?" is beautifully plaintive, the oboe being employed in the accompaniment with striking effect. So also Mary's response to the oath, "I swear by all

I love," in which a wonderful and fine effect is obtained by one note sustained pianissimo by the choir, while the soprano voice is singing. The ballad for Mary, "Pretty, lowly, modest flower," is one of the gems of the opera. The leading phrase is beautiful, and the florid passage at the termination brilliant and effective. The duet for Mary and Clifford, which constitutes the finale, "Yes, thou must cease to love me," has many felicitous points. The opening movement is extremely melodious, while the Italian grace and flow of the *ensemble*, "Oh! dared I speak," is not likely to escape the least observant listener. Clifford's ballad, "Oh! would that I had died ere now," which follows, created, perhaps, the greatest sensation of the evening. Although a real Balse-sentimental tune, it is new and beautiful, and will be heard all over Europe. With infinite tact and corresponding effect, the composer has made Mary repeat the air in form of a prayer, after Clifford has sunk stupified into a seat.

The second act commences with a recitative and air of a bold character, "How peal on peal of thunder," for Clifford. The trio for Charles, Rochester, and Clifford, "By the tempest overtaken," is characteristic of the situation. The concluding motive is very sprightly. The terzetto, "My welcome also to this roof," allotted to Charles, Rochester and Wolf, is a genuine inspiration. It is succeeded by a vigorous strain for Wolf, "Can it be, do I dream?" which is worked into a turbulent invocation. The duet, "Let the loud timbrel and the trumpet," would require another Tamburini and Lablache to give it full effect. The song for Rochester, "Though we fond men all beauties woo," is gay and spirited. The long duet between the King and Mary has many points of interest, but it is uselessly elongated. The gratitude of the young girl would have been better expressed in two than two-and-thirty lines. Miss Pyne, whose singing was superlative here, never proved herself a more consummate mistress of the vocal art. Rochester's bacchanalian song, "Let others sing the praise of wine," given with great animation by Mr. Harrison, was one of the hits of the performance. The air is not merely catching, but haunting; the burden is irresistibly quaint; and the very essence of comedy is attained. The ballad, "How well I recollect the night," which Mary addresses to Clifford, is original and beautiful, and is sure to win its way to the highest favor. The duet which follows wants condensation. A charming terzetto follows, "What man worthy of the name," but its effect is dissipated by the long concerted piece which follows. The quator, "Ere long death perhaps shall lay me low," is noble and brief, as it should be in the situation. The close of the second act is solemn and striking. Mary, believing Clifford to be the King, laments over his fate; Clifford, aside, calls upon Heaven to give Mary strength to endure the coming blow; while Rochester, under the influence of Bacchus, in snatches of the drinking song, celebrates the good qualities of punch. This scene is conceived and developed with the highest art and skill.

The music of the third act is hardly of equal interest with the other two. The song of Rochester, "Hail, gentle sleep," is smooth and flowing. The scene involving the treachery of Seymour, the discovery of the King's flight, the baffled rage of the Puritans, the confession of Ralph, the examination of Mary, the doom of Rochester, Clifford, and Ralph, and the distraction of Mary, although interesting from a dramatic point of view, is not well adapted for musical purposes. It is too long, and, being all of one tone of sentiment, somewhat monotonous. Certain unison passages given to the conspirators have a powerful effect, and the by-scene between Wolf and Mary, where the daughter pleads to her father for Clifford, is touching and beautiful. Up-roarious applause is obtained nightly by Miss Louisa Pyne in the ballad, "My father dear, though years roll by," in which the splendid singing and unusual energy of the lady completely electrify the audience. The finale is a rondo given to the soprano, brilliant and showy and well calculated to exhibit the perfection of Miss Louisa Pyne's mechanism.

A more triumphant success than that achieved by the *Puritan's Daughter*, we do not remember at the Royal English Opera. To this success almost every artist in the performance more or less contributes. To Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Santley, the chief honors of the execution are due. We never heard Miss Pyne sing more superbly.—Mr. Balfé, indeed, seems to have written instinctively to set off her voice to the greatest advantage. Mr. Santley, too, never sang more nobly or with greater effect. Mr. Harrison was exceedingly humorous as Rochester, and makes great fun in the drinking scenes, and is altogether admirable. Mr. George Honey has an important part in Ralph, and contrives to amuse the audience with his whimsicalities. Miss

Susan Pyne must be complimented for undertaking a subordinate character like that of Jessie, to which, however, she imparts, by her mirth and sprightliness, no ordinary significance.

The band, under the zealous conduct of Mr. Alfred Mellon, we need not say, is thoroughly up to the mark, and the chorus are excellent.—*London Musical World*.

Bach as Organist.

Among composers for the organ, Bach, by unanimous consent, stands the highest; and of all his many contributions to the "King of instruments," the most universally admired are his pedal fugues. J. N. Forkel,* Bach's biographer, and the intimate friend and correspondent of Charles Philip Emanuel, the "Patriarch's" second son, although a diligent seeker after Bach's MSS. does not seem to have been acquainted with more than a dozen of the pedal fugues. In alluding to the "grand preludes and fugues with *obligato* pedal," † Forkel remarks, "the number of these cannot be ascertained; but I believe that it does not exceed a dozen; at least, with all my inquiries for many years, at the best sources, I have not been able to collect more than twelve, the themes of which I will here set down. To these I may add a very artificially composed *Passacaglia*; which, however, is rather for two clavichords and pedal than for the organ."

Subsequent explorers have been more fortunate—adding to the treasures amassed by the industry and research of Forkel almost three times as much as he himself procured—and, among other things, some of the finest of the organ pieces. Kittel, a pupil of Bach, and organist of Erfurt—who had accumulated a very extensive assortment of the unpublished works, which was unfortunately distributed after his death—owned, together with other compositions for the organ, thirteen fugues, with pedal *obligato*, among which we find the grand fugue in G minor, without prelude. The twelve of which Forkel has given a thematic catalogue, are in C minor, A minor, G major, E minor, B minor, C major, D minor, C major, D minor, F major, G minor (not the one so frequently performed by Mr. Best), and the prelude and fugue in E minor, known to every organist. The Set of Six Preludes and Fugues (*Sechs Praeludien und sechs Fugen mit Pedal*), published at Vienna as far back as 1801, were most probably selected from the Forkel and Kittel MSS. How many compositions of the kind Bach really produced it is impossible to guess; but, in all probability, the best of them are printed in the most recent German editions of Grienkerl and others.

If any proof were wanting to show that Bach was one of the greatest organ players that ever lived, these "pedal fugues" would suffice. "His great genius," observes Forkel, "which comprehended every thing, and united everything requisite to the perfection of one of the most inexhaustible of arts, brought organ playing to a height of excellence it had never attained before his time, and will hardly reach again." "The admirable John Sebastian Bach," says another writer, ‡ has, at length, in modern times, brought the art of the organ to its greatest perfection; and it is only to be wished that after his death it may not decline, or be wholly lost, on account of the small number of those who will bestow any pains upon it."

"When John Sebastian Bach," says Forkel, "seated himself at the organ, which, when there was no divine service, he was often requested to do by strangers, he used to choose some subject, and to execute it, in all the various forms of organ composition, so that the subject constantly remained the ground-work of his performance, even if he had played, without intermission, for two hours or more. First, he used this theme for a prelude and a fugue, with all the stops. Then he showed his art of using the stops for a trio, a quartet, &c., always upon the same subject. Afterwards, followed Psalm tunes (choral), the melody of which was intermingled in the most diversified manner with the original subject, in three or four parts. Finally, the conclusion was attained by a fugue, with all the stops, in which either another treatment only of the first subject predominated, or one, or, according to its nature, two others were mixed with it. This is the art which old Reinkin, at Hamburg, considered as being already lost in his time, but which, as he afterwards found, not only lived in John Sebastian Bach, but had attained through him the highest degree of perfection."

* Author of the "Complete History of Music," and other works.

† Life of John Sebastian Bach, with a critical View of his Compositions, page 10.

‡ Quanz, or Quantz—a celebrated player on the flute, who added a key, and other mechanical improvements to the instrument. Quanz was a friend of Handel, and, besides his musical talents, wrote several treatises, which had great reputation in their day.

The foregoing is only a paragraph selected from a long and interesting account of Bach's excellent qualities as a performer on an instrument he loved as much as the clavichord itself; and for which he wrote so many masterpieces. Although the organ fugues are more than a century and a quarter old, they possess all the charm of novelty. Nothing can possibly be more unlike our mighty Handel than his no less mighty contemporary, "the giant of Thuringia." Both the material and the machinery of the two men differ essentially: there is more variety in Handel, but there is more unity in Bach; a freer flow of rhythmic tune in the former, but greater depth of harmony and greater ingenuity of contrivance in the latter.—*London Mus. World*.

Spohr in London.

One morning, Spohr received a missive which was conveyed to him by his servant, Johanning, in much such terms as these: "M. Spohr is requested to be present at four o'clock to-morrow evening in the closet of the undersigned." Not being acquainted with the signature which followed, and the footman who had brought the letter being unable to inform him on what account his master desired to see him, the extremely susceptible artist replied, in the same laconical style, that he should not be disengaged at the hour appointed. Thereupon a second letter succeeded, couched in less imperative terms than the first. This time it was—"M. Spohr is begged to be good enough to honor the undersigned with a visit, to appoint any hour that may be convenient."

On the day following, Spohr stood face to face with an old man with silvery locks, whose countenance beamed with a friendly smile, and who had stepped out to the head of the staircase to receive him, but could speak no word of either German or French, while Spohr was equally unable to speak to him in English. After standing and looking at each other for some time with mutual embarrassment, the Doctor, that is to say the old man, settled it by taking the composer by the arm and conducting him into a large apartment, the walls of which were, so to speak, tapestried with violins; others, which had been taken out of their cases, were scattered about on the chairs and tables. The Doctor hereupon handing Spohr a bow, and pointing to one of these instruments, the celebrated violinist came to the conclusion that what was wanted of him was that he should give his opinion as to the value of all these fiddles. He had the patience to try them all, one after the other, and after having selected six, he again took them up, one by one, in order to pick out the best. It was by no means a light task, for there were an enormous number of them, and the Doctor handed them every one to Spohr in succession, without letting him off in a single instance. He had observed that our fiddle-fancier had cast the tenderest glances towards one in particular of these instruments, and that his countenance lighted up with the extremest joy every time the master's fiddle-stick was drawn across its strings; and to this very one he assigned the palm of superiority. The Doctor, enchanted with the verdict, not only treated the judge with an improvisation on the *viol d'amore*, but when Spohr bade him farewell presented him with a five-pound note, which the musician laid upon the table, again shaking his head in token of refusal. But the Doctor did not let slip the occasion which soon after presented itself of being equal with him, and paid ten pounds shortly after for a ticket to his concert.

This concert was the most profitable which Spohr had ever given. Almost all the persons to whom he had had letters of introduction, and among them the Duke of Sussex and the Duke of Clarence, took stalls, for which some of those wealthy noblemen paid in the most liberal manner. A large proportion of the subscribers to the Philharmonic Concerts kept their tickets, and as the worst places cost as much as half-a-guinea, and the room, capable of containing about a thousand personas, was crammed, the receipts were magnificent. Add to that, the performers in the orchestra resigned their emoluments, in admiration for the talents of the concert-giver—"out of friendship for me," modestly says the latter. The event thus ushered in under such brilliant auspices was, however, marred by incidents of an alarming nature, and which had a calamitous effect on the health of Dorette, Spohr's cherished companion.

Here let the author of the memoirs speak in his own unaffected language:—"My concert took place on the 20th of June, the day on which Queen Caroline made her entry into London on her return from Italy, to appear before Parliament to answer the charge of adultery. London was divided into two camps; the most numerous, which embraced the middle classes down to the lowest rabble, declared for the Queen. The city was in a state of violent

commotion. The bills of my concert, pasted up at the corners of the streets, had disappeared under immense placards, commanding in the name of the people a general illumination of the city. Johanning came in with the intelligence, that any windows not illuminated would be smashed. My wife, who was, moreover, anxious about her first appearance, trembled at the scenes which were about to be enacted. I endeavored as best I could to reassure her, and I succeeded. My new symphony was executed in a masterly manner, and was even more successful than when it was played for the first time. During the air of Handel which followed, 'Revenge, Timotheus, revenge,' I was in an adjoining apartment, tuning my wife's harp, and afterwards led her into the concert-room. Our duo was about commencing, the audience was subsiding into silence of expectation and listening to the first chords of our performance, when on a sudden, a fearful riot occurred, followed by a cannonade of paving stones against the panes in the windows of the adjoining room, which was not illuminated. The gas with which this apartment was lighted was quickly turned on. The mob, satisfied with the victory which had crowned this demonstration, moved onwards, vociferating cries of delight. All at last resumed their places, and tranquility was sufficiently restored to permit us once more to begin. I was afraid lest emotion should have an injurious effect on Dorette's playing, and awaited her first chords with anxiety, but they sounded full and vigorous. Our success increased after each part of the duo, and at the end the applause seemed never likely to cease. As we descended from the platform, delighted with our triumph, neither of us had any suspicion that it was our last in common. —*London Musical World.*

CHRISTMAS-EVE SERVICES AT TRINITY CHURCH.—A large attendance testified to the interest of the public in this ancient temple of worship. Its Christmas decorations are perfect successes and well suited to the massive proportions of the edifice they adorn. Above the altar an evergreen cross is erected, lit with tapers; on both sides of the chorister's stall stand two imposing pine trees, while the entire chancel is adorned with laurel and evergreens. Suspended from the beak of the dove is a handsome star and cross, while the columns and each entrance to the aisles are embowered in all the emblematical shrubbery of Christmas.

The church was thrown open at 2½ o'clock, at which hour the Christmas Festival of the school children was celebrated. Mr. James Ayliffe rang out upon the musical chimes of eight bells, the ensuing programme:

Evening Hymn; a Concerto in rondo form, with various modifications in major and minor keys; Portugal Hymn; Evening Bells; Christmas Carol; Vesper Hymn.

At the conclusion of the bell-ringing the children, numbering about three hundred and fifty, entered and were seated near the chancel. Mr. Cutler performed a stirring voluntary upon the organ as the clergy and choristers entered from the robing room to their usual seats. The services commenced with a Christmas carol, a species of choral exercise only too rare in this country. The choir solo was sung by Master Hopkins, and the chorus by the choir and the Sunday School children. When it ceased, the organ pealed forth the air in lordly volume, and as its tones died away, the chimes took up the theme and flung out upon the busy city the glad notes of "Hosanna to King David's Son."

Among the clergy who officiated in the service were the Rev. Dr. Vinton, the Rev. Dr. Ogilvy, the Rev. Mr. Farrington, and the Rev. Mr. Greenleaf of Cincinnati.

Evening prayer with full choral service was performed, and an address delivered to the children by the Rev. Dr. Ogilvy. At its conclusion the Christmas Tree Carol was sung, and the clergy and choristers proceeded to examine the tree; the doors of the larger porch were rolled back, to disclose a tree fifty feet in height, bearing wonderful fruit in the shape of varied gifts, and sparkling with tapers. A large table was laden with presents also, which were distributed to choristers and children, something for each and all.

To-day, at 11, there will be a full choral service, the one chosen being Kempton in B flat, and the anthem comprising selections from the Messiah. Chimes will be rung at half-past ten, in this order:

Ringings changes on eight bells; Samson, from Handel's chorus, "Then round about the starry heavens"; Sicilian Mariner's Hymn; Play's Hymn; Christmas Carol; Ringing the Chimes; Old Hundred.

At the conclusion of morning service, the poor of the parish will be served with poultry and other substantial gifts for their Christmas Feast.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Musical Correspondence.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—On Sunday evening, Dec. 22, a concert was given in the new and very beautiful Catholic Church, St. Michael's, by Mr. J. H. WILCOX, organist of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston, and his admirable choir. The programme was well chosen, and the performance, as a whole, was very fine.

PART FIRST.

1. Introduction, Organ.....Mr. J. H. Willcox
2. Chorus, Magnificat.....Emmerig
3. Song, Ave Maria.....Cherubini
Miss Washburn.
4. Bass Solo and Chorus of Male voices.....Mozart
Solo by Mr. Jansen.
5. Quartet, Benedictus.....Von Weber
Miss Washburn, Miss Flynn, Mr. Langmaid and Mr. Powers.
6. Christmas Song.....Adolphe Adam
Mr. S. Tuckerman.
7. Soprano Solo and Chorus, Kyrie Eleison.....Haydn
Solo by Miss Washburn.

PART SECOND.

1. Organ Solo.....Mr. J. H. Willcox
2. Song, Ave verum.....Stradella
Mr. P. H. Powers.
3. Christmas Hymn, Adeste Fideles.....Arranged by Novello
Soli, Miss Washburn, Miss Flynn, Mr. Gardham, Mr. Mooney
4. Song, Gratias agimus tibi.....Guglielmi
Miss W. Washburn.
5. Soprano Solo and Chorus, Credo.....Von Weber
Solo by Miss Washburn.
- 5, Song, If with all your hearts.....Mendelssohn
Mr. Langmaid.
7. Recitative and Chorus, from the Messiah.....Handel
Miss Washburn and Chorus.

An intelligent audience of about 2,000 persons, representing all classes in Springfield, was in attendance and enjoyed the music highly. Mr. Willcox showed his usual skill in exhibiting the instrument and in his accompaniments. He was obliged frequently to make long delays on single pedal notes to gain time for arranging his stops, as the organ (costing \$3,000 and having 31 stops and 1427 pipes, large scale,) has only two banks of keys.

The singing was unequal. Miss WASHBURN, a well cultivated Soprano, sang finely in all her pieces, with greater mechanical skill than expression, however, we thought. In the "Gratias agimus tibi" she completely enraptured her audience. Mr. POWERS, who has a rich bass voice, sang the "Ave verum" of Stradella artistically, and the accompanying *viol d'amour* stop of the organ was so managed as to produce really new and striking effects. Mr. JANSEN, too, exhibited a rich bass voice, and sang well in the piece by Mozart: but the chorus of male voices was less satisfactory. The whole Chorus was small, but good, their best performance being the *Kyrie* by Haydn. The *Benedictus*, by Von Weber, is a very beautiful composition, quite *sui generis*, and was charmingly done.

The performance closed with the Pastoral Symphony and following pieces from "The Messiah": Miss Washburn sang "There were Shepherds," &c. beautifully; but before she finished she allowed ambition to carry her too far, and by altering the music for the worse, marred the effect. The Chorus "Glory to God" was well done.

Mr. Willcox tried to "play out" the audience with Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," but though the music seemed out of place, and was poorly played, for him, it failed of its purpose, for the people remained and listened to the last note. Mr. W. and his choir would be welcomed if they should again visit Springfield. SCHMIDT.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., DEC. 27.—We are having a week of concerts. Sunday evening, Mr. J. L. Willcox of Boston exhibited the organ recently erected in the new Catholic church, and with his choir (from the church of the Immaculate Conception), gave a sacred concert. We were unable to attend, but have no doubt that Mr. Willcox fully sustained his reputation as a brilliant organist. The organ was built at the factory of the Messrs. Hook at a cost of \$3,000, and is a noble instrument, in every respect up to the standard of their house. It

has two manuals from C C to G in alt, and two octaves of pedals from CCC to C. We append a specification of stops.

Great Organ. Open Diapason, Melodia and Stop Diapason Bass, Dulciana treble, Dulciana bass, Bourdon, Viol d'amour, Flute a cheminée, Principal, Twelfth, Fifteenth, Sesquialtra (4 ranks), Trumpet.

Swell Organ. Open Diapason, St. Diapason treble, St. Diapason bass, Keraulophon, Bourdon, Flute Harmonique, Principal, Flageolet, Cornet, Oboe, Trumpet treble, Trumpet bass.

Pedal Organ. Double Open Diapason, Double Dulciana, Violoncello.

Couplers &c. Swell to Pedals, Great to Pedals, Swell to Great.—Tremulant, Bellows Signal, Pedal Check.

The whole number of registers, thirty-three.

The exhibition of this organ was followed Monday evening by a concert by Dodge.

The event of the week of most interest to a Springfield audience, however, was the concert of Wednesday evening, given for the benefit of the volunteers, by a club composed of the best of our resident talent, both professional and amateur, with Mr. L. G. CASSARES as director. The programme was a long one—too long, in fact. Just think of twenty-one pieces, with a liberal sprinkling of patriotic songs, every one of which the audience seemed to have conscientious scruples against allowing to pass without encores! Had the old word-master, who wrote—

—"If music be the food of love,
Then give me surfeit,"

been present, his wish would have been so fully gratified and he so overfed that he never would have "asked for more." The number of pieces was not only large, but many of them were uncommonly lengthy, abounding in interminable repetitions. This was noticeably the case with one song, "composed expressly for this occasion," in which the words:

—"Hush! soldier, 'twas heaven's decree,

We must bury him there by the light of the moon!"

were iterated and reiterated—to make a cautious estimate—twenty times. It seemed as if the "soldier" would never comprehend his orders. At first they were given out in moderate time, but this was after a while changed to very slow time, as if in endeavors to impress the idea upon his benighted understanding. This still proving unavailing, "double quick" was substituted and the desirable consummation at last reached, much to the relief of the audience. One young lady expressed the utmost solicitude, lest the moon should go down before the order could be executed!

The programme contained an unusual number of solos and duets,—so many that it would be impossible to notice any but the most commendable. We shall, of course, consider amateurs without the pale of criticism, and speak only of professional musicians. Mrs. Wells was queen among the soloists, and sang the soprano of the first movement of the duet from Verdi's "Masnadieri" splendidly. She was in excellent voice and we never heard her sing better. With the last movement of the duet, as well as the Allegro of "Ernani Involami," we were not quite as well pleased, the distinctness so necessary to the rendering of rapid passages being sometimes wanting. She sang the latter as if fatigued, but fully redeemed herself by her heart-stirring singing of the "Marseillaise." This glorious old war song rang out with such an inspiring effect, the chorus responding, as it should, in solid unison, that we could easily understand how the impulsive French were fired by it to dethrone kings and reconstruct empires. Mrs. Wells has the soul of a true artist, and does not consider the mere correct singing of notes the only essential to a proper rendering of music. Music is emotional, and in order to affect others, it is manifestly indispensable that the singer should herself be deep

ly affected. Very commendable also was the singing of Miss Crossett in "*Qui la voce*" from "*Paritana*:" and here again, too, more especially in the first movement. She has a voice of singular freshness, vocalizes with ease and evidently sings *con amore*. Among other ladies who contributed much to the enjoyment of the evening, we may mention Mrs. Tiffany and Miss Mann. The former sang Mendelssohn's beautiful arioso, "*But the Lord is mindful*" very sweetly, and it would have been among the most agreeable pieces of the evening if the accompaniment had been played with proper care. It would seem not a difficult thing to understand that the accompaniment to so delicate and charming an air should be played delicately, and not accented (*thumped* is the word) in the manner one frequently hears the melodies in Thalberg's variations. But the ladies were not the only soloists. Few songs were given with more vigor and energy than Mr. C. R. Ladd's "*Viva L'America*," but in these times the piece ought to be considered objectionable. Millard's music is well enough, but the sentiment "*United we stand, divided we fall*," is not a very comfortable one to contemplate when we are practically divided—and, besides, threatened with a foreign war. Other gentlemen, among whom were Messrs. C. O. Chapin and J. C. Spooner, sang very acceptably.

Mr. Cassares played the only pianoforte solo of the evening admirably. It was an arrangement (his own, we believe) in which the airs "*God save the king*" and "*Auld lang syne*" were transcribed and fantasied—or, as some would say, varied—in the modern style. It deserved and received a hearty encore. His playing is remarkably clean, distinct and precise, and only after he had played enough to have more than fatigued any pianist, did we detect a single false note. His piano—an ordinary square—would have been wholly inadequate to the true rendering of classic music, even if such music were not considered out of place in a popular concert; still we are not alone in wishing that our concert programmes might sometimes contain music, the requisites for the playing of which are something more than mere agility of finger, and the object something above a desire to tickle the ears of listeners. Do not understand us to blame Mr. Cassares for not playing classical music in public; he knows very well how to cater to the popular taste, as his selections, plainly show, and their unbounded success confirms. We only plead that a "respectable minority" ought occasionally to have their taste regarded.

The chorus showed excellent training and reflected high credit upon the conductor. Nearly every thing sung—but especially Bishop's ever-welcome "*Tramp Chorus*"—was given by one voice, and in excellent style. The *Gloria* from Mozart's 12th Mass may be mentioned as an exception, there being an unchecked tendency to hurry; but we have been informed that this had only a hasty rehearsal. Three of Mendelssohn's Part Songs ("*Three National Songs*") were sung finely, but, contrary to the original intention, with accompaniment. Meyerbeer's graceful "*Pour out your sparkling treasure*" was also nicely done, although in this, as well as some of the other choruses, the parts were not well balanced, the soprano and tenor being predominant. The accompaniments to the choruses were elegantly played by Mrs. Hart. We have never seen a more graceful performer upon the pianoforte.

In conducting, Mr. Cassares does not excel as in playing; the strength and decision of beat with which a good conductor controls his chorus, and which makes every movement of the baton eloquent, were lacking. The singers were so much an unit, that little or no conducting was necessary; still, it must not be forgotten that they are to a great extent indebted to Mr. Cassares for this unity. And no less are we all indebted to him for the musical enthusiasm which has been aroused among us, and for his patriotic labors which have resulted in netting a handsome sum for a good cause. R.

ST. LOUIS, DEC. 2. — The third of our series of Philharmonic Concerts was given on Thursday evening last. As usual, the hall, which will seat about 2,000, was literally packed — standing places, as well as seats. These concerts are the rage just now; and, were the Society willing, the tickets could be disposed of at enormous rates. The affairs of the Society are in a very flourishing condition, coming out of the first season with some \$2,000 in the treasury, and having every ticket sold for the series of the second season. Not the least interesting part is the delightful Soirées given semi-monthly by the various members. We claim for St. Louis more first-rate amateur talent than there is in any city of its size in the country. Violinists, flutists, pianists and vocalists without number. The last Soirée was equal, and in many respects, far superior to, nineteenth of the "*Grand Concerts*" given here by the celebrated, talented, handsome Signoras, Signors, Fraus and Herrs So-and-So, from all parts of the world "and the rest of mankind."

The programme of the last concert was as follows:

PART I.

1. Overture, Ries
2. Chorus, "Then round about the starry throne," from *Oratorio, Samson*, Handel
3. Piano Solo, "Jerusalem," (I Lombardi), Fantaisie Tri-omphale, Gottschalk
4. Andante, "From G minor Symphony," Mozart
5. Recitative and Air, "Sweet form that on my dreamy gaze," from *Lurline*, Wallace
6. Trio and Chorus, "Finale from Norma," Bellini

PART II.

The First Walpurgis Night, or the eve of the first of May.
Mendelssohn

The soloists selected for this occasion were Mr. Barrill, who rendered the air from "*Lurline*" charmingly, with taste, precision, and feeling, giving evidence of study and improvement; and Mr. S. M. Brown, who gave us that immensely difficult arrangement of Gottschalk's in his usual style.

The main feature of the programme, however, was the "*Walpurgis Night*" of Mendelssohn. Fears were entertained lest the calibre of this piece was heavier than our Society was able to manage; but they proved groundless, as, under the able management of the conductor, SOBOWLEWSKI, who has been indefatigable in his endeavors to bring it out well, having rehearsal after rehearsal, it was magnificently rendered. The orchestra, laboring under their difficult parts, did themselves infinite justice, infusing a life, vigor, and spirit into their performances rarely excelled. Great credit is due the Society for striking at such high game, and attempting a work of this kind; especially as it has achieved a brilliant success. Were I to speak in detail of the various parts, I fear I should be too prosy and tedious, and where all did so well, it would be invidious to mention a few. PRESTO.

Night's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JANUARY 4, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of CHOPIN'S "MA ZURKAS."

Twenty-six Letters of Joseph Haydn.

Theodor Goerge von Karajan, second in rank of the Officials in the Imperial Library at Vienna, and one of the most distinguished of Austria's living scholars, has recently published a paper in the *Jahrbuch für vaterländische Geschichte*, entitled "*J. Haydn in London*." It is made up mostly from the well-known authorities, Dies and Griesinger. But not entirely; for several letters, hitherto unknown, written by Haydn from London, have afforded him some new materials, and give us new insight into their writer's personal characteristics. The correspondence

begins, however, two years before Haydn's visit to London and affords a valuable addition to our knowledge of his position and condition during those last of his thirty years of service as Prince Esterhazy's Chapelmaster.

As the prince advanced in years, his annual visit to Vienna appears to have become shorter and shorter, until at length a few weeks in winter was all the opportunity which Haydn had, of moving in that musical circle to which Gluck, Mozart, Salieri, and so many other great men belonged, who had been or still were making Vienna the musical capital of Europe — a circle in which Haydn could move as loftily and worthily as the best.

It is true that for many years Haydn could have found in all Europe no position more to his taste or more to his advantage, in so far as his artistic development was concerned, than that which he held as Prince Esterhazy's chapelmaster in Eisenstadt and Esterhaz (or Estoras, as Haydn writes it). He said many years afterwards to Griesinger: "My Prince was satisfied with all my compositions. I received applause as chief of the orchestra; I could try experiments; observe what increased and what weakened the effect; could therefore correct, add to, leave out, weigh. I was cut off from the world; nobody was at hand to lead me to doubt my own judgment and plague me with advice; so I had to become original." "On the other hand," says Karajan, "one can easily perceive that such a life extending over a period of thirty years, in a small town, and part of the time in a solitary chateau, must at last become insupportable to a man of Haydn's talents." Yes, indeed, after a lapse of twenty-five years, during which the peasant wagonmaker's son had quietly but surely elevated himself to the foremost position in all the world as composer of instrumental music; — when his "sound had gone out into all lands;" when the multifarious duties of his office, a pleasure to the young man, had become a burden to the man of nearly sixty years; when he had already begun to long for rest and leisure to work out still grander ideas than those on which his fame was formed; when the feeling of exile at Esterhaz was made doubly painful by the thought of Mozart and a new generation of musicians in Vienna, and by the sudden and glorious development of operatic, chamber and orchestral music there, from all which he was cut off; then, indeed the spirit of Haydn began to pant for freedom from the thralldom of his official routine; and this finds expression (for the first time in any published documents) in these letters. It must not, however, be thought that Haydn's condition was in any, even the smallest degree, that of a dependent upon a hard or tyrannical master. It was love for his old prince that enchained him — gratitude for long years of kindness — it was hard that he must so rarely and for such short periods be in Vienna; but to desert his old master that was impossible! Death at length separated them, and gave Haydn his freedom — nought else could have done it.

Karajan's article, which has also been printed separately, begins with a short description of the large building, hard by the Schottenthor (Scotch gate) on the north side of the city proper, known as the "Schottenhof," as it appeared 70 years ago. In this building, in the second story, lived, at that time, a famous physician, a Dr. Geuzin-

ger. "Here was a place," says Karajan, "where of a Sunday men like Joseph and Michael Haydn, Mozart, Dittersdorf, Albrechtsberger, were always welcome to the hospitable table of the doctor—where they played their newest compositions upon the pianoforte to a company of friendly critics—now getting together a quartet, and now producing a Symphony—in short affording enjoyment to a cultivated circle of citizens, which, occasional public performances excepted, as a rule was only to be found in the palaces of the nobles."

Geuzinger had, earlier in life, been physician to Field marshal, the Prince Nicolaus Joseph von Esterhazy, and had therefore become acquainted with Haydn—an acquaintance which ripened into strong and lively friendship. Hence, in later years, whenever Haydn was in Vienna—that is, so long as he continued in the active service of Esterhazy—he was expected to dine every Sunday at Geuzinger's.

The Doctor's wife, a von Kayser by birth, was at the time this correspondence begins near her fortieth year (born Nov. 6, 1750) and had been married about seventeen years. They had five children; Josepha (the Peppi of the correspondence) 16 years of age, and Salvina, 4, and three sons, Franz, Peter and Joseph, of 15, 9 and 7 years. Madame Geuzinger, a woman of fine culture, was eminently so in music. She read full scores with ease, and arranged them for the pianoforte. That these arrangements were of real value is proved by the request of Haydn, in one of the letters, that she should send him a complete Symphony thus arranged for publication in Leipzig.

The letters of Haydn are printed by Karajan from the originals; those of Mad. Geuzinger from the first drafts, presented by her with Haydn's. To convey, in an English translation, the queer quaintness of the Austrian German, which makes many passages in these letters very amusing, is not possible; but in other respects—save that the high flying complimentary terms in the addresses and signatures are usually omitted, together with the compliments to the Doctor and others—our translation is as literal as may well be.

The customary "*Euer Gnaden*"—still almost as common as in Haydn's day, especially among the lower classes to all of higher social position, is necessarily translated "Your Grace," although it has not the technical value of the English expression. What are we to do in English with such an address as this?

"Hoch und wohlgebohrne,

"Hochschätzbarste, allerbeste Frau v. Geuzinger!"

Literally,

"High and well-born

Most-highly-treasured, all-best Frau von Geuzinger."

The reader will then be pleased to imagine each letter of Haydn beginning thus or in similar terms, and usually closing with a postscript to this effect: "My most devoted respects to high your Herr Spouse and entire family and the Pater Professor." And now to

THE LETTERS.

1.—Madame Geuzinger to Haydn.

Dated VIENNA, JUNE 10, 1789.

Most respected Herr von Haydn!

With your kind permission, I take the liberty of

transmitting to you a pianoforte arrangement of the beautiful Andante of your composition, which is such a favorite with me. I have made this arrangement entirely myself, without the least assistance of my master, and I beg you to do me the kindness to correct anything in it which may not meet your approbation. I hope that you find yourself in the best condition, and have no stronger desire than to see you soon in Vienna, that I may give you new proofs of the respect which I cherish for you.

I remain, with sincere friendship,

Your most obedient servant,

Maria Anna Edle von Geuzinger,
born Edle von Kaiser.

2.—Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.

Dated ESTORAS, JUNE 14, 1789.

High and well born

Gracious Frau!

In all my correspondence up to this time the surprise of having such a beautiful letter and such kind expressions to read is the most delightful, and still more do I admire that which came with it—the capitally transcribed Adagio, which is so correct that any publisher might put it to press. I should only like to know whether your Grace has arranged it from a score or whether you have been at the astonishing pains of first acoring it yourself from the parts before making the pianoforte arrangement; for in the latter case the compliment is really too flattering, and one that verily I have not deserved.

Most excellent and worthy Frau v. Geuzinger! I await but a hint as to how I can do your Grace some sort of service. Mean time I send the Adagio back, and confidently hope from your Grace some commands to which my small talents may be adequate, and am, with extraordinary and most distinguished respect, &c., &c.

3.—Mad. Geuzinger to Haydn.

Dated Oct. 29, 1789.

* * * *

I hope you will have duly received my letter of Sept. 15, together with the first movement of the Symphony (of which I sent you the Andante some months since); and herewith follows also the last movement of the same, which I have arranged for the pianoforte to the best of my ability—wishing only that it may please you and most humbly praying you, in case I have made any mistakes, to make at your leisure all needful corrections, which, most estimable Herr von Haydn, I shall at all times receive with heartiest thanks. I pray you have the goodness to inform me whether you received my letter of Sept. 15th, with the piece which accompanied it, and whether it was to your taste, which would be a great satisfaction to me, since I am very anxious and restless about your having received it and not being dissatisfied with it. Hoping the best for your health and prosperity, the assurance of which from you would afford me extraordinary pleasure, I beg the continuance of your friendship and a place in your thoughts, remaining &c. &c.

My husband also sends his respects, &c.

4.—Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.

Dated ESTORAS, NOV. 7, 1789.

* * * *

I pray your Grace's forgiveness a million times for my long delay in returning your so laborious as excellent work. The last time my dwelling underwent the cleansing process, which took place immediately after the arrival of the first movement, the manuscript was mislaid by my copyists under such a mass of music that not until within a few days past, did I have the pleasure of finding it again—tucked away in an old opera score.

Dearest and most excellent Frau von Geuzinger! Be not angry with a man, who values you above everything. I shall be inconsolable if, owing to this

delay I shall lose anything of your favor (of which I am so proud).

These two movements are just as carefully transcribed as the first was. I wonder only at the pains and patience which your Grace thus expends upon the fruits of my small talents; on the other hand, I assure you, that in my frequent turns of low spirits, nothing so refreshes and enlivens me as the flattering consciousness of your Grace's kind remembrance; for which kindaess I kiss your hand a thousand times and in unfeigned respect, remain ever,

Your Grace's most obedient, &c.

Christmas Performance of the Messiah.

The zeal of the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY was well met by the great crowd of attentive listeners that filled every seat in the Music Hall last Sunday evening. But for the undeniable fact that the poor old music Hall has got to looking very shabby—its delicate sunset-tinted walls and ceiling being about as badly smoked and smutched as Michael Angelo's Last Judgment in the Sistine chapel—it would have seemed quite like the good old times of half a dozen years ago, when music, to say the least, was far more thought about than war, and civilization was of more account than "cotton." But so soon as the times allow a safe and peaceful passage of our Great Organ over here, which is already finished, its putting up will be a signal for the renovating of those walls, whose blackened aspect now is in keeping with such black and troubled times.

The chorus seats were not quite as full, we thought, as in some oratorio occasions of past years; but this was the result of the good rule, which excludes "dummies" and does not allow any to "assist" in public, who have not borne their part in the rehearsals. There was a goodly number, though, and uncommonly well balanced; and perhaps as prompt, true and effective a mass of voices as the Society has let us hear since our Handel Festival. The arrangement of the forces on the stage was better than it has often been, the orchestra being placed more in the middle of the singers and in part surrounded by them. It will, we are glad to hear, be still further improved, by ranging the sopranis in the front line across the stage, contralti behind them, and so on, with the first and second violins, tenors, 'cello's, &c., in line with the voices to which they severally correspond, throwing the wind instruments quite behind all. Thus each class of voices will feel the support of its corresponding part in the accompaniment. This is far better than our old way of placing the orchestra before the singers, obliging them to shout to their audience over a solid wall of instrumental tone. In Berlin, Leipzig, &c., the entire orchestra is placed behind the singers. The orchestra was larger and better than we had dared to hope in these times, when the war makes such draughts upon our musicians. We were reduced, to be sure, to one fagotto, and that of a somewhat uncertain sound; but this could not be said of the trumpet, which sang out admirably in its *obligato* accompaniment to the air: "The trumpet shall sound;" and there was a most efficient row of first violins, including Schultze, Eichberg, Suck, and others. The rehearsals had been thorough, and the whole thing went generally well, although there is much room for improvement; our chorus singers, impatient of that "old world" drill, which cultivates a sensitive ear to what at first seem smallest blemishes, are naturally too apt to think that they

have mastered that with which they have only become familiar. Familiarity is not always knowledge.

One mark of conscientious thoroughness, one not too common here in times past, is certainly to be commended in this getting up of the "Messiah." Not a chorus was omitted; not a concert-piece; nothing in fact, but a piece or two of solo, which is a less important sacrifice to brevity and good hours. This time we heard not only the *Hallelujah*, the "Wonderful" chorus, and the other popular and stirring ones, but also such profoundly beautiful and tender ones as "And with his stripes," the mystical Quartet and Chorus: "Since by man came death," and the exquisite Duet: "O Death, where is thy sting?" (soprano and tenor):—pieces in which Handel betrays a certain affinity for the time being with Bach; pieces, which one grows to love, as his experience of life grows deeper and more serious. Those, too, were among the best rendered pieces of the evening: The great choruses were quite successful, especially the *Hallelujah*; and we were glad that Mr. Conductor ZERRAHN did not, in the "Wonderful" chorus, resort to Costa's cheap expedient for effect at Birmingham, of contrasting whispered *pianissimos* with sudden stunning outbursts on the great words.

In the soprano arias Mrs. LONG was uncommonly happy; in voice, in style, in feeling, her efforts of that night were among her very best; there was sweetness, purity and dignity in all; and she will be much missed in oratorio hereafter, if she adheres to her resolution of retiring from the stage. The airs "Come unto him," "But thou didst not leave," and "How beautiful" were sung by Miss GILSON, a fresh young voice, of silvery sweetness and purity, and with an execution that promises well, albeit a little cold. The "celebrated English tenor," Mr. GUSTAVUS GEARY, does not lack voice, robust and rich and resonant, but he does lack naturalness in his over-refined struggles for expression,—which is peculiarly unfortunate in so pathetic a recitative and air as "Thy rebuke," &c., whose beauty and pathos are nothing, worse than nothing, save as they are simple and unaffected. The bass, Mr. THOMAS, executed his pieces well, with a voice of manly substance, although somewhat hard and dry in quality. Mrs. KEMPTON appeared to labor under a cold; her upper notes were feeble, husky and tremulous, but her deep contralto as rich and warm as ever. In spite of these drawbacks there was much true style and pathos in her singing, especially of "He was despised."

Great applause greeted the announcement by Dr. UPHAM, the President of the Society, that all the performers had volunteered their services for a repetition of the "Messiah," on New Year's afternoon, for the benefit of the "Sanitary Commission." We have not yet heard the result of this patriotic offering.

CONCERTS COMING.—The new year starts with fair promise; for the week to come we are to have two good things at least.

1. Wednesday evening, the third Chamber Concert of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB; when that wonderful Quartet in B flat, of Beethoven's last period, will be repeated, to the great joy, no doubt, of many who enjoyed it before better than they understood it. The programme also contains a Quintet, with *contrabasso*, by Onslow, a Duo Concertante by

Spohr, and two vocal pieces: one from a Psalm by Mendelssohn, the other, Mozart's *Dove sono*, to be sung by Miss PEARSON.

2. CARL ZERRAHN'S first of four Philharmonic Concerts is definitively announced for next Saturday evening (Jan. 11), at the Boston Music Hall. The orchestra includes all the best resident musicians. The programme offers first of all, Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," which will be soothing and refreshing in these wintry war times. The *Tannhäuser* overture is not yet voted dangerous to healthy nerves, and if any should be seriously disturbed by it in their sweet dreams of the Past, they will surely find relief in the Finale (orchestral arrangement) of the 1st act of *Don Giovanni*. For further variety, Miss MARY FAY, the brilliant young pianist, will play Mendelssohn's *Capriccio* in B, with orchestral accompaniment, and Thalberg's Introduction and Variations to the Barcarole in *L'Elisire d'amore*.

ORGAN EXHIBITION.—We quite forgot, in the hurry of last week, to speak of the exhibition of the new organ in the beautiful new church in Arlington Street (Rev. Dr. Gannett's), which took place on the evening of Dec. 18th. The organ was built by Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook, and is one of the finest specimens of their well known skill and taste. It has plenty of power, a great variety of stops, which are remarkably beautiful singly and blend very richly in the full organ; and the mechanical arrangements work, so far as the hearer could judge, to a charm. We have nowhere heard flutes of more liquid sweetness, or reeds of a more fine and racy flavor. The organ seemed all that one could desire; but why shall an "organ exhibition" always consist of making the organ do all sorts of things except just that which it is designed to do? These endless, aimless wanderings among solo stops, these *potpourris* of operas, popular airs, bits of secular and bits of sacred, strung together upon idle fancies of the moment, may be very well to show the fine qualities of all the stops as well as the skill of the exhibitor,—neither of which do we call in question—but they fatigue and dissipate the mind just when it seeks to be edified and strengthened by the grandest of all instruments voicing the great thoughts of Eternity. If you would show the virtues of an organ, why not play organ music? Give these exceptional things their place, but do not let them usurp all. We do not object to the queer scrolls and monsters carved here and there about a Gothic cathedral; but not to show them, nor to give them shelter, except incidentally, were the sublime proportions of the Cathedral reared.

Reports from Various Quarters.

NEW YORK.—Respecting the Christmas performance of the "Messiah" we quote from the *Tribune*, if only for the originality of the criticism.

"At Irving Hall on Christmas night. 'The Messiah' of Handel was performed. As but so few of the pieces suit the public taste, being antiquated and devoid of interest either in music or words, it would be better to give extracts from this work, associated with airs and choruses from the oratorios of Haydn, Mendelssohn, Spohr, and some newer names—Costa, for example. Why the public should be drugged with the tooty-tooty violinism of Handel, and the meanest and stupidest form for vocal music, the fugue, by the hour, is not clear. In England, where the worship of old bones is part of the rubric, it does answer—but for a young country with genius—the antique opiate is an overdose.

On the occasion in question, the ladies of the Society presented the conductor, Mr. Bristow, with a medal, and a speech was made reciting his long services to the Harmonic Society. The room was crowded. This Association presents the charm of

young, fresh voices, giving their utterances with enthusiasm."

"Tooty tooty! Mr. Critic (to use your own felicitous expression), how did these "enthusiastic utterances" accord with stuff so antiquated and devoid of interest?"

WORCESTER, MASS.—Christmas week brought not only higher musical flights than usual in plain Protestant churches (a *Gloria* of Mozart, for instance, in the Latin (!), and extracts from the "Messiah,") but also one of those occasions which "Stella" delights always to record—Mr. B. D. ALLEN'S musical soirées.

* * * * It took place Saturday afternoon, at Washburn Hall, which was nearly filled with an appreciative audience. The programme was excellent; so, too, its performance. It opened with Haydn's *Trio*, for piano, violin and violoncello, No. 9; a work as full of hopeful aspiration as youth itself; and rendered by Messrs. Allen, Burt, and Stearns with due taste and skill. The Beethoven *Sonata* for piano and violin, op. 30, No. 3, was a leading feature. It is a work purely Beethoven's own, full of rich and brilliant fancies, finely brought out by Mr. Catlin's violin and Mr. Allen's piano-playing. Miss Whiting sang the *Cradle Song* from the Christmas Oratorio, one of the quaintly beautiful "airs for an alto voice" which are introducing "glorious old Bach" to our better acquaintance. The song is a gem; its accompaniment a worthy setting. Miss Whiting sang it well; also the charming little songs of Mr. Allen's composition, "When the twilight weeps"—which has a soft, subdued tone of twilight beauty such as breathes through Turner's evening skies; and "There sits a bird on every tree," a glad burst of song fresh and pleasing. Perhaps the finest performance was Mr. Allen's playing of the *Polonaise* of Chopin, op. 44. He gave it in all its stern, uncompromising grandeur, and with an effect that must have sent a thrill through the heart of his listeners. Truly indeed we heard, as Liszt says, "the firm and heavy tread of men, advancing with the consciousness of courage against every turn of fate." Such music as this of the gifted young Pole comes home to us now in these our days of peril. The Mendelssohn Choral Society sang Miriam's "Song of Triumph," a fine work, full of Schubert's impassioned earnestness and dramatic force. In the large upper Hall the choruses would have told with fine effect, particularly the fugue at the close. We hope to hear it again. The programme closed with Mozart's *Trio* for piano, violin and viola, a work celebrated for the matchless originality and beauty of its minuetto movement. It formed a fitting close for a musical feast refreshing at any time; doubly, trebly so now. STELLA.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—The third musical entertainment by the Choral Union, at the Lyceum, on Thursday evening, Dec. 26, consisted of the first two parts of "The Creation"—a good idea that, of leaving off the sentimental sweetish Adam and Eve part! Mr. A. T. THORPE conducted. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club (of Boston), with a pianist, formed the orchestra. Mr. A. B. Winch, of Taunton, assisted. The performance was spirited, we are told, and the audience the largest of the season.

MEXICO.—The Philadelphia friends of the sisters Fanny and Agnes Heron will be glad to learn that the report of their capture by the reactionists in Mexico, is incorrect. Recent letters from them report that are singing with immense success at Guanajuato, with an opera company, of which Albert Maretzek is the manager, his brother Max having divided his forces and taken the other artists to Vera Cruz. During their Mexican tour, the sisters Natali, and Signor Testa, the husband of Fanny, have sung in twenty-seven different operas, including, besides those they formerly appeared in, *Murtha*, *La Traviata*, *Le Prophète*, *Stradella*, *Marco Visconti* and *William Tell*. They have engagements which will probably prolong their stay in Mexico through the whole of the coming winter.—*Evening Bulletin*.

Music Abroad.

PARIS.—At the Grand Opera, during the first week in December, "*L'Étoile de Messine*" was twice played. Gluck's *Alceste* again drew a crowd. For an "extraordinary" entertainment, the *Huguenots* was given. A piece by Alary, "*La Voix humaine*," was on the carpet.—At the Opera Comique, Mme. Ugalde made her reappearance as Virginia in "*Le Caid*." The *Postillon de Longjumeau* seems disposed to keep the stage all winter; and Auber's *Sirène* and *Haydée* have taken their turns twice in successive weeks. Two new comic operas, by Lefébure-Wely and by Delphin Balleguier, are in preparation.—At the Italians, Mme. Marietta Guerra made her debut as Gilda in *Rigoletto*; and during the same week *Auna Bolena* was sung three times; Mlle. Battu and Mme. Alboni were warmly received.—At the Théâtre Lyrique, *Jaguarita* had its one hundredth representation. A two-act opera by M. Jules Beer was to be put in rehearsal.

In the sixth "Popular Concert of Classical Music" Haydn shared the honors with Beethoven. The Scherzo of Beethoven's Symphony in F, and the Largo of Haydn's in D were redemanded. The programme of the 7th concert (Sunday, Dec. 8, at 2 P. M., in the Cirque Napoléon) contained: Symphony in Eb by Mozart; flute fantasia on *Oberon*; overture to *Melusina*, Mendelssohn; Andante (Hymn) and variations from Quartet, op. 76, by Haydn, executed by all the strings of the orchestra; Symphony in C minor, Beethoven. A new series of 8 concerts, still under the direction of M. Pasdeloup, is announced.—On the 8th a grand Mass, by Gounod, was to be sung in the church St. Eustache by 400 Orphéonists; and on Monday, the next day, at the Madeleine, the annual Mass of the Philanthropic Association of artists of the Imperial Academy of Music; a Mass by M. Dietsch, under his own direction, and an unpublished *Benedictus* and *O Salutaris* by Auber, were to be performed by the orchestra and choruses of the Academy, numbering 300 artists; the soli by MM. Faure, Michot, Casaux, Marié, Mlle. Sax, and a child belonging to the choir, endowed, it is said, with a remarkable voice. The grand organ to be played by M. St. Saens.

BERLIN.—Adelina Patti made her debut at the Royal Opera in the first week of December, in the *Sonnambula*, with the most brilliant success.—Prof. Wilhelm Hensel, painter to the Court since 1828, who married Fanny, the sister of Felix Mendelssohn, is dead; he was 68 years old.—The Dom Chor has given its first concert of the season, the programme being composed, as usual, of sacred pieces by old Italian and German masters, sung *a capella*, without the aid of instruments. A chorus by Vittoria made a profound sensation by the elevation of its style; German art was represented by a motet for eight voices by Sebastian Bach; they sang also a *Qui tollis* by Caldera, and compositions of Gumpelsheimer and Eccard.

LEIPZIG.—In the 7th Gewandhaus Concert an unpublished violin Concerto by Rubenstein was played acceptably by Becker of Mannheim. In the same concert an ensemble piece from *Uthal*, an opera, by Méhul, was given. In this opera the French composer makes no use of the violin, but restricts himself to the bass and alto.

COLOGNE.—The principal feature of the third concert in the Gürzenich hall was the "Walpurgis Night" of Mendelssohn. Two ms. works were played the same evening, viz: Gade's *Hamlet* overture, and an *Ave verum* by Brahms, which obtained a success *d'estime*.

VIENNA.—George Hellmesberger, professor of music in the Conservatoire of Vienna, director of the orchestra in the Court Opera, and leader of the famous Quartet party, has been decorated with the golden cross of merit, &c., &c.—Joachim will not come to Vienna this winter; he will wait, says the *Musik-Zeitung*, for more "peaceable international relations."

HANNOVER.—In the second subscription concert Mme. Clara Schumann played Mozart's C minor Concerto.

BREMEN.—On the 20th November the "Artists' Union" performed some of Handel's compositions for stringed instruments, flute, oboe and bassoon (composed in 1716-1720), under the direction of Reinthaler.—Aimé Maillart's operetta, *La Clochette de l'Ermitte*, has been played here eight times.

FRANKFORT AM MAIN.—The Liederkrantz has given a concert for the benefit of the Mozart institution, founded and endowed by it.—In the second concert of the Museum, Marie Cravelli and Hans von Bülow, the Berlin pianist, took part; the latter played a Concerto of Beethoven and a Tarantella by his father-in-law, Liszt.

DRESDEN.—Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris* has proved so successful, that it is to be followed up by the *Iphigenia in Aulis* and the *Alceste*.—Mme. Maria Theresa Rietz, wife of the Capellmeister, died on the 13th November.

MILAN.—The principal artists engaged at La Scala for the Carnival of 1861-62, are: *Prime donne*: Mmes. Czillag, Colson, Talvo; *tenors*: Graziani and Negri; *baritones*: Beneventano and Morelli-Ponti. For novelties will be given: Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*, not yet heard in Milan; *Mornile*, an opera written expressly for the Scala by Sig. Braga; *Uscocco*, by Petroccini; *Ione e Morosina*, by Petrella; and *Don Sebastian*, by Donizetti.

TURIN.—The Carnival season at the Teatro Regio will be inaugurated by Meyerbeer's *Il Profeta*. The singers so far engaged are Mmes. Borghi Mamo, Carozzi-Zucchi, and Casimir Ney, for *prime donne*; MM. Alboni, Bianchi, Cantoni and Iligelli, tenors; Morelli and Saccomano, baritones.

BOLOGNA.—*Gli Ugonotti* is still in great favor. Mme. Barbot and the tenor Bartolini are remarkable in the parts of Valentine and Raoul.

ROME.—A new opera by Pedrotti, *Isabella d'Aragona*, has been well received. The principal interpreters, MM. Sarti and Storti, as well as Mme. Giuli are highly praised.

PALMA DI MAJORCA.—Flotow's *Marta* has met with complete success here.

MADRID.—La Grange has already sung in six different operas. Bettini is singing on the same stage in the *Ballo in Maschera*.

HAVANA.—There is quite an operatic carnival at present at the Tacon Theatre, the Volpin troupe have given *Nabuco* with a new *prima donna*, Bassegio, who met with a great success. Eliza Kennet, the English girl who has for several years been highly popular in Italy, has appeared in *Lucia*, and Madame Masson in *Trovatore*, Muzio acts as conductor. The Ghioni and Maccaferri company have also been singing at Havana in the *Due Foscari*, in *Ernani* and in *Norma*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Maggie Gray. Song and Chorus. G. A. Cargill. 25

A pleasing trifle, written in the popular style.

Flag of our heroes. Song. C. E. Kimball. 25

A stirring patriotic Song.

Only for thee. Ballad. Geo. Linley. 25

Evidently written in imitation of the popular "Ever of thee," to which ballad Linley wrote the words, and hardly less beautiful.

The Patriot's Chorus. J. W. Morris. 25

An energetic, stirring Chorus, to eloquent words.

Somebody is waiting for me. S. J. St. Leger. 25

One of those pleasant, semi-comic ballads, rarely met with, which the nicest taste can find no fault with. It is a ladies' Song.

O leave me not, my darling one. E. G. B. Holder 25

A fine ballad for a Tenor voice.

A voice from the old church bell. Quartet. S. R. Whiting. 15

Suggested to the author, who is Bandmaster in a Maine regiment by the sight of an old church on the Fairfax Road in Virginia, now a deserted, and dilapidated ruin. The music is simple, but very appropriate.

Instrumental Music.

Donna Julia. Valse romantique. H. Laurent. 25

One of the best of the English school of Waltzes, highly popular abroad. The piece has a handsome illustrated title-page.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 510.

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Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of DR. HEINRICH VON KREISSELE.

(Continued from page 314.)

We have yet to mention various distinctions which Schubert received during the last named years, and which, if they did not better his material condition, must have flattered his self-esteem. In the year 1821 the court capellmeisters Salieri and Weigl, the counsellor Mosel and Count Moritz Dietrichstein bore testimonies to his musical talent, such as have seldom fallen to the lot of artists. In 1822 he received from the bishop of St. Pölten, to whom he had dedicated the "Harper's Songs" from "Willhelm Meister," the following note:

"Well-born Sir! You have done me a really unmerited and quite especial honor in dedicating to me the twelfth work of your universally prized and favorite musical art productions. Accept, as well for this distinction and attention, as for the copy sent me of this excellent work, with your kind inscription, my much obliged thanks and the confession, that I acknowledge myself greatly your debtor. I have at the same time given a copy to my secretary, Herr Giessrigl, and one to Herr Prof. Kastl. Both were highly delighted with it.

"God, from whom cometh every good gift, has signally endowed you with so rare, so exalted a musical talent, that by its further development and exercise you can found for yourself a steadfast fortune. Heartily wishing this, I assure you that I am with distinguished consideration, your much obliged, and

Most devoted Servant,

Johann Nep. ^m|_p, Bishop.

In 1823 he was made an honorary member by the musical societies of Linz and Graz.

In the years 1824 and 1825 we find him still engaged in restless production. To the first of these years belong: the composition of the Octet, for two violins, viola, clarinet, fagotto, horn, violon and 'cello, in D; the *Salve Regina* for four men's voices in C; the Introduction with the seven Variations on an original theme for pianoforte and flute; and the songs: "The Victory," "Evening Star," "*Auflösung und Sehnsucht*" (all by Mayrhofer), "In the evening red" by Lappe, and of course many others.

In 1825 he composed: A Sonata in C, and the following songs: "Fullness of Love," "Gravedigger's homesickness," the songs in Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," the "*Heimweh*" and "*Die Allmacht*" (by Pyrker), "Evening song to the distant loved one," "In the wood and on the bridge," the "Blind Boy," and two songs from Schlegel's play "*Lacrimas*," all compositions of high worth. In the same year he travelled with Vogl through upper Austria and part of the Salzburg region. We have already alluded to his stay in Gastein and his meeting with L. Pyrker. In Gastein he composed a Symphony in C, and the well-known Sonata in A minor, op. 42, dedicated to the Arch-duke Rudolf.

The following letters, written by Schubert in

1824 and 1825, are characteristic of him and may not be uninteresting. The first is from Zeléz, dated July 18, 1824, and addressed to his brother Ferdinand. It reads:

"About your quartet party I wonder all the more, that you were able to move Ignaz to it. But it will be better if you stick to other Quartets than mine; for there is nothing in it, except that they please you perhaps, as every thing pleases you that comes from me. The recollection of me is the dearest thing to me in it. Was it merely pain at my absence, that drew from you tears, which you did not trust yourself to write? Or did you, at the thought of me, oppressed with a mysterious eternal longing, feel your dark veil wrapped also around you? Or did all the tears, which you have seen me weep, come into your memory? Be that as it may, I feel it more distinctly at this moment, you or no one are my inmost friend, bound in with every fibre of my soul! — But lest these lines mislead you into thinking, that I am not well, or not in cheerful spirits, I hasten to assure you of the contrary. To be sure, it is no more that happy time, when every object seems to us surrounded with a youthful glory; but that fatal recognition of a miserable reality, which I seek through my imagination (thank God) to make as beautiful to me as possible. People think that happiness adheres to the spot where one once was happy, while it is only in ourselves; and so I experienced indeed an unpleasant illusion, and saw here renewed an experience which I had already had in Steyer; but I am now better able to find happiness and repose in myself, than I was then. As a proof of it, I send you a grand Sonata and variations on a theme of my own invention, both for four hands, which I have already composed. The Variations enjoy signal favor. About the songs handed over to — I console myself, since only some of them appear to me good, as: "*Wanderers Nachtlid*" and the "*Entsühnte*," but not the "*Entführte Orest*," at which mistake I was obliged to laugh much. Try, at least, to get these back as soon as possible. I am the more glad, that you find yourself so well, because I hope that I myself this coming winter shall enjoy the sense of feeling well *most vigorously*. Greet our parents, brothers and sisters, and friends most heartily from me. For you a thousand kisses. Write as soon as possible and fare you well, right well. With love forever,

"Your brother Franz."

A second letter, written to his parents on the 25th of July, from Steyer, reads:

"Dearest Parents!

"I fairly deserve your reproach for my long silence; but as I do not like to write empty words, and our present times offer little that is interesting, you will forgive me that I begin with speaking of your affectionate letter. I was very glad to hear of the health of all, to which, the Almighty be praised, my own health may be added. I am now again in Steyer, but was 'six

weeks in Gmunden, whose surroundings are really heavenly; these, as well as their inhabitants, especially the good Traweger, moved me deeply and did me a great deal of good. At Traweger's I felt at home, entirely unrestrained. Afterwards when the Hofrath Schiller came, who is the monarch of the whole Salzkammergut, we dined every day (Vogl and I) at his house, and we made music a great deal both there and at Traweger's. Especially did my new songs out of Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake" prove a great success to me. Also they wondered greatly at my piety, which I have expressed in a hymn to the holy Virgin, which, it seems, takes hold of all souls and attunes them to devotion. I believe that comes from the fact that I never force myself to devotion, and, except when I am involuntarily overcome by it, I never compose such hymns or prayers; but then it is commonly the right and true devotion. From Gmunden we went by way of Pruhberg, where we met some acquaintances and stopped some days, to Linz, where we tarried eight days, which we spent alternately in Linz itself and in Steyeruck. In Steyeruck we staid at the Countess Weissenwolf's, who is a great adorer of my littleness, possesses all my things and sings many of them quite finely. The Walter Scott songs made such an extremely favorable impression on her, that it was evident the dedication of them would be anything but unpleasant to her.* In the publication of these songs, however, I think of making a different *manipulation* from the usual one, in which there is so little eye to the main chance; these bear the honored name of Scott upon their front; in this way they may excite more curiosity, and by the addition of the English text might make me also known in England. If only something decent could be made out of these dealers in Art! but the wise and beneficent regulation of the State has already taken care that the artist shall remain the slave of every wretched tradesman.

"As to the Milder's † letter, I am very glad of the favorable reception of "*Suleika*," although I could wish the *critique* had come to my own eyes, in order to see if something were not to be learned from it; for, favorable as the judgment may be, it may also be ridiculous sometimes, if the critic lacks the proper understanding, which not seldom is the case.

"In upper Austria I find my compositions on all sides, especially in the cloisters Florian and Kremsmünster, where, with the help of a brave piano-player, I produced my four-hand variations and marches with favorable success. They were pleased especially with the variations from my new Sonata for two hands (Op. 42), which I performed alone and not without success, some assuring me that the keys under my hands became singing voices, of which, if it is true, I am very glad, since I cannot endure the accursed hacking, which is peculiar even to distinguished

* They were dedicated to the Countess.

† The singer, Mme. Milder-Hauptmann.

players; it neither gratifies the ear nor the soul. At present I find myself again in Steyer, and if you will soon make me happy with a letter, it will still reach me here, since we tarry only ten or fourteen days, and then set out for Gastein, one of the most celebrated bathing places, about five days' distance from Steyer. I enjoy myself to an extraordinary degree upon this journey, since it makes me acquainted with the loveliest regions, and on our return we shall visit Salzburg, celebrated for its splendid situation and environments. The weather here during the whole of June and half of July was very unsteady, and then for fourteen days very hot, so that I grew really lean from perspiration, and now it rains nearly four days at a time. To Ferdinand and his wife and children my best greetings. I dare say he still creeps always to the Cross† and cannot get rid of D: and I am sure he has been sick again seventy-seven times and has believed himself nine times on the point of dying, as if dying were the worst thing that could befall us mortals. If he could only see for once these divine mountains and lakes, the sight of which threatens to crush us or to swallow us up, he would not love this petty human life so much, as not to deem it a great good fortune to be recommitted to the incomprehensible power of the earth for a new life.

"What is Carl§ about? He has very likely much to do now; for a married artist is pledged to produce both art and nature pieces, and if both kinds turn out well, he is doubly to be praised, for that is no small thing. I renounce that. The Schneider|| (tailor) and his Schneidcrein (tailoress) must have a care to the coming little Schneider, or little Schneiderin, for the Schneiders are as numberless as the sands of the seashore, [here follows a string of puns on the word *Schneider*, which are untranslatable]. Ane now at last I must make an end to this prattle; I thought I was bound to make up for my long silence by a letter that should be ditto. Marie and Peppi¶ and the little Probstl I kiss a thousand times. For the rest, pray greet most heartily all that is greet-able. In expectation of a speedy answer, I remain with all love,

Your most faithful son,
Franz.

(To be continued.)

† A tavern, where the Schubert family used to come together. Franz disliked to go there, because the host adulterated the wine, so that it gave him the headache.

§ His brother, the landscape painter.

|| Schubert's brother-in-law, a school-teacher.

¶ His sisters.

Translated for this Journal.

Twenty-six Letters of Joseph Haydn.

(Continued from page 317.)

5.—*Mad. Geuzinger to Haydn.*

Dated Vienna, Nov. 12, 1789.

* * * * *

I am unable adequately to express the pleasure, which I felt in reading your treasure of a letter of the 9th inst., or how completely I am repaid for my pains by your satisfaction with the result; I desire nothing more anxiously than to have more leisure (from my very many domestic duties)—for then I should certainly devote many hours to music, which is my most beloved and delightful occupation. Be not displeased, most worthy Herr von Haydn, that I intrude upon you again with a letter (for I would not let this

good opportunity pass without informing you of the due receipt of yours). With longing desire I look forward to the happy day, when we shall see you again here in Vienna. I commend myself anew to your friendship and kind remembrance, and remain unchanged,

Your most truly devoted, &c., &c.

My husband and children commend themselves also most heartily to you. The bearer of this is a jeweller of this city—named Seibert—an upright man.

6.—*Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.*

Dated Estoras, Nov. 18, 1789.

* * * * *

The letter, which I have received by the hand of Herr jeweller Seibert, gives me another proof of your excellent heart, in that, instead of chiding me for my recent fault, you express so much friendship toward me that it—in addition to so much forbearance, kindness and special attention—has fairly astonished me; for which, however, I kiss your Grace's hand a 1000 times. Should my small talents be such as to enable me to make any return for so much that is flattering,—I venture to send your Grace a small vase of musical flowers. True, I do not find much that is fragrant in this Potpourri—but perhaps the publisher will make amends in future numbers. If the symphony contained in the work should happen to be one of your arrangements—ah, then I am more than satisfied with the publisher; if not, then I venture to pray your Grace to have one of your Grace's arrangements copied, no matter which, and I will send it at once to the publisher in Leipzig.

I am happy thus to have hit upon an occasion, which gives me the hope again of a few beautiful lines from your hand. Meantime I am with particular respect,

Your Grace's lifelong, &c., &c.

7.—*Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.*

Dated at his house in Vienna,
January 23, 1790.

* * * * *

I give your Grace notice that all the arrangements have been made for the proposed small quartet party next Friday. Herr von Häring thinks himself lucky to serve me on that occasion—all the more because I described to him your kindness and all the various claims your Grace has upon me.

And now all I ask is some small applause. Your Grace must not forget to invite the Pater Professor. Meantime I kiss your hand and am

Your Grace's &c., &c.

(To be continued.)

Musical Devotions. — Vespers.

(From the Christian Inquirer.)

Vespers mean an evening service, as *matins* mean a morning service. The word is derived from *vespera*, the Latin for the evening star.

The Jews had "an evening sacrifice." "At even was the Lord's passover." Hence Christ observed the Last Supper at that hour. There is much in the evening, as the morning hour, naturally to prompt us to devotion. The duties of the day done, its sun set, we spontaneously turn to the sheltering, calming Providence, to the soothing Spirit, and, like Isaac of old, go forth "to meditate at eventide."

The idea of a Vesper Service in Unitarian churches was first carried into practical effect by Rev. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, of Brooklyn, December 19th, 1858. His devotional and æsthetic

genius fitted him to be a leader in such a reform. But for two or three years, though the experiment succeeded admirably in his own church, little fruit seemed to come of it in the way of extension to other societies. Mr. Longfellow published his *Book of Vesper Chants and Hymns* in 1859. A new work, probably, in some respect, better fitted for our present use, is about to be issued by Rev. Dr. OSGOOD.

Vespers have been introduced within the last year or two, with various modifications upon the original idea, in Rev. Dr. OSGOOD's Church of the Messiah, New York; Rev. Dr. FARLEY's Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn; Rev. Dr. HALL's Church, Providence, R. I.; Rev. E. E. HALE's Church of the Unity, Boston; Rev. Mr. POTTER's Church, New Bedford; and probably in some others, of which we have not heard. In Hope Church, Yonkers, they were introduced soon after the entrance of the Society into their new house of worship, Nov. 17th, 1861; and it has been unanimously voted by the Society to have the service on every Sunday evening.

Some of the advantages of Vespers are these—the introduction of more music; more reading of the Scriptures; a shorter and more spirited service; a greater participation of the congregation in the act of praise and worship; the explanation of the Bible as a part of the service; and more reliance upon the affectional and devotional and less upon the mere intellectual influences of the service. * * * * *

One of the effects of the Reformation was to strip the service of the church, in a measure, of its music, as well as the church itself of ornaments. The chants were discarded. The good old hymns, fragrant with the piety of generations long past, were put away. To be sure, Luther and others wrote grand lyrics of their own, and Protestant hymnology has accumulated rare treasures. But music was suspected of Romish leanings, and instruments were put under ban. Many a hard battle has been fought in parishes to introduce the organ, the violin, and the violoncello. They were branded as the tools of the devil. But the descendants of the Puritans have been slowly coming round to appreciate music more highly, and the other æsthetics as well as ethics of religion. The new and more beautiful churches of our faith stand as one of the ripest and richest fruits of the spirit of a new age in this particular. The Vesper Service is its fitting accompaniment.

The churches of all times have all laid much stress on music. The Psalms of David are full of appeals to the music of devotions. They were lyrics sung by the Jews. The variety of instruments employed was greater than in any modern church, and comprised a full orchestra. We believe much improvement is yet to be made in this direction in our churches. It may be questioned whether the organ is quite enough for the highest results of sacred music. It is too solemn, heavy, and monotonous as a sole instrumental reliance. Its exclusive employment in sacred music would be paralleled by using the drum only in the army.

The best expression of many of the deeper and subtler feelings of our nature is in music. A song expresses more sentiment than a sermon. It is, in its nature, lyrical, spontaneous, and infinite. It is the language of the heart. It is, especially, suited to express the vast, the high, the immortal sentiments of religion. Words are too tame and precise. Creeds are too rigid. The wondrous magic of music must be invoked to raise the highest feelings of devotion. The effect of music is seen every day. A band cannot pass along the street without calling together a crowd. A surgeon on the Upper Potomac testified to the curative influence of the regimental bands in the recovery of the wounded soldiers.

All the great churches—the Jewish, Catholic, Greek, Methodist—have made much account of sacred song. Our Saviour and his apostles employed devotional strains of music. Wesley remarked that he did not see why the devil should have all the good tunes. He adapted many to the use of the church. Nothing soothes, soothes, arouses, and transports the soul like mu-

sic. Tired soldiers on a march, fainting and falling, have been known to rally their strength, and spring forward with fresh energy, under the inspiring effect of a stirring patriotic air. How could a war be carried on without music? As little can a church make good its work without it. Make melody in your hearts when you sing, and you awaken a thousand echoes in the hearts of all around you.

As a modern writer has said, "what a mystery is music—invisible, yet making the eye shine; intangible, yet making all the nerves to vibrate; floating between earth and heaven; falling upon this world as it were a strain from that above, ascending to that as a thank-offering from ours! It is God's gift, and it is too lofty for anything but his praise; too near the immaterial to be made the minister of sordid pleasure; too clearly destined to mount upwards to be used for inclining hearts to earth. O that the churches knew how to sing—making music a joy, a triumph, a sunshine, a song of larks, as well as a midnight song of nightingales!"

Singing is described as one of the occupations of heaven. If we sung more, and complained less, we should be better fitted to enter the celestial choir. In the symphony of heaven, devotion may be quite as necessary to make a good singer as time or tune. It is well to practise here on that mode.

Balfe's New Opera "The Puritan's Daughter."

(From the London Athenæum.)

It would be idle to expect that, after so many years of practice and popularity, Mr. Balfe will now remake himself; therefore it would be lost time to point out again what is wanting in his style, which separates him from those complete masters of their craft, the Rossinis, Meyerbeers, Aubers of modern opera, whose choicest works not only attract during the period in which they are born, but also return, after the lapse of years, with new individuality, if not freshness, given to them by contrast. One thing, however, may be insisted on, for the sake of those who are to come, by Nature as liberally endowed with genius as the Irish boy whose setting of poor Haynes Bayly's "Lover's Mistake" was his start in popularity—and in reference and deference to that improvement of taste which is so remarkable in England—Mr. Balfe has too easily allowed himself to be controlled in places where he should have held his ground. Every one has laughed at the anecdote of Astley, who informed the orchestral player, counting his bars, that he was not there to rest. Every one has held up classical eyes and hands at the paltry managerial taste which, some thirty years ago, insisted on the removal of all serious constructed music from every new opera in English, and allowed the translated masterpieces of the German and Italian age to be patched and weakened by interpolations. But abuses as great remain untouched; the folly of which will, so long as it is endured, preclude the establishment of a real English school of opera in conformity with the requirements of this time. The notion that every tale, whether it be serious or comic, pastoral or fantastic, Chaldean or belonging to Cornwall, must contain a certain number of ballads; and the resolution to poke these in somehow, no matter what be the passion, no matter how heavy the crowd on the stage, is entirely destructive of unity, character or color in opera, save it be a ballad opera. No treason is intended against that form of entertainment, which is susceptible of a charm and an artistic color of its own, let the words be only poetical and reasonable, such as Gay and Carey, and Bickerstaffe, and Sheridan, and Dibden wrote, and if the melodies have the freshness of those by Arne, Shield, Storace, and Bishop. No objection is hinted against the introduction of "couplets," (to use the French term), in what may be called the level spaces of grave stories, when it is done with taste and discretion. But the apparition of a harp brought by a clodhopper into a corn-field, and with it a milking-stool, in order that the *Rosetta* of "Love in a Village" may sit down and sing "Oh, no, we never mention her," (which we have seen) is not more utterly at variance with every principle of drama, of music, of hope that our singers shall conceive their duties in dramatic spirit, than that fatal compliance with "the shops," and that fatal appetite for *encores*, which has forced "My mother's smile," and "My father's home," and "My sister's tear," and "My brother's heart," (not to speak of the ballads of the "dear cottage" and "the

sweet church bell," so prized by the *Mrs. Fugglestons* and *Mrs. Micawbers*), into positions so monstrous, that the experienced opera-goer naturally begins to wince and be afraid whenever a sentiment is expressed, or a season of the year mentioned. In the "Puritan's Daughter," an agony duet, which is to bring on the situation closing the first act, is brought to a full stop just ere its crisis, that Mr. Santley may express his feelings and exhibit his beautiful baritone notes on the subject of sad memories. In the third act, a character of genteel comedy, fairly placed by the dramatist and exceedingly well acted, (as we shall have to say), is turned upside down, in order that Mr. Harrison, who went to bed drunk, as *Lord Rochester*, when he wakes sober may have something very sentimental, if not very new, to deliver concerning the blessings of sleep. In the final scene, when death, conspiracy, terror, madness, are all in the fray, in place of the few frantic appeals of which the situation admitted, there must be a sweet tune about "a daughter's heart" for the heroine. The melody is meritorious, we admit, for the piano-fortes of *Miss Pinkerton's* establishment, but as much misplaced as would be a "Pas de Melancolie" with a muffled tamboirine, executed by the pantomimist or the first danseuse of the theatre.

So clearly at variance with all common sense—so vicious, and destructive of progress, are these cut-and-dry requisitions, (no matter from whom they originate,) that we have small scruples in re-stating the absurdity—and the less because, in Mr. Bridgman's share of this new drama for music there is much to praise, much of promise for the future. The story is welcome, because an English one—of the Cavalier and Puritan strife, which yielded a "Peveril" and a "Woodstock." It includes the contrast (always a musical desideratum) of the gay, frivolous, profligate courtier with the rigid, conscientious *Ironsides*—and the intermediate element of intrigue and hypocrisy on both sides. The heroine, *Mary Wolf*, (Miss Pyne) is a Puritan's daughter; (but how came a Puritan's daughter by her satins and pearls?) The lover, *Clifford*, (Mr. Santley—a welcome variety is a baritone lover), is a Cavalier. By accidentally becoming cognizant of a Puritan movement, Mary is placed in the gripe of a wicked hypocrite, one *Seymour*, (Mr. St. Albyn), who claims her hand, and binds her by an oath of secrecy as the price of her lover's security. As if all this was not bad enough, *Charles the Second* (Mr. Patey) and *Rochester*, (Mr. Harrison) when disguised, out a-roving and in need of shelter from a storm, get enmeshed in this nest of conspiracy and distress. The King, of course, makes love to the beauty on the strength of a wager with his rakish familiar. In the ardor of the encounter betwixt his pursuit and her indignation, the secrets of the two come out. The Monarch undertakes to see Mary righted, and the Puritan's daughter connives at the escape of the Cavalier King from his self-commissioned judges and executioners, by the agency of the now disabused Clifford, who loyally takes his sovereign's place. The reader will see in this a strong but thoroughly warrantable reminiscence of the duel scene in the park of "Woodstock." The third act is devoted to the solution of the difficulty—how, we need not detail. Enough to add that, among the other principal characters, is a cowardly serving man, *Ralph* (Mr. Honey) who is, by "right divine," enamored of a serving-maid, *Jessie*, (Miss Susan Pyne.)

There is, we repeat, in the above story excellent material for an opera-book. Mr. Bridgman has, however, not sufficiently studied variety in its arrangement. Both the first and the second acts end with what may be called situations of suppressed emotion—in which anything like the effect of the great musical *finale* is impossible. Act the Third, of course, must close with the inevitable *canary bird* felicity of the *prima donna*, who, but two or three minutes before, had been trembling on the verge of madness and the grave.—Then, his scenes are two lengthy everywhere. The comical man, who "means well," becomes mournfully tiresome; the second encounter of misunderstanding between the jealous lover and his misunderstood lady would bear concentration; and *Lord Rochester's* tipsy sayings and doings become perilous, not because of their coarseness, so much as because of their quantity. All these, however, may be faults arising from inexperience. On the other hand, the book has many effective situations, and, what is rarer, the verse given to the musician to set is lyrically "well cut" for music—generally neat, without formality—the words, for the most part, familiar, without undue vulgarity, and sentimental (if not poetical), without involution or vagueness. Mr. Bridgman may become a valuable assistant—let us rather say, a creative suggester—to future composers of English opera—and, as such, is an object of interest to all its well-wishers.

Of Mr. Balfe's share in the "Puritan's Daughter," there is no need to speak in detail. The concerted music is the most to our liking,—that given to the Puritans being often spirited and effective, and the business of the scenes is often led on and linked together by the animated use of some orchestral phrase, with a skill which belongs to the good school of writing. The ballads are clever, and some of them will become popular, it may be expected. There is life in the comic music—and if the "hiccup" in the drunken song is found too literal, the composer would have a right to appeal for precedent to the cough in "La Traviata," and the snuff-music in M. Halévy's "Nabab." As in his later operas, Mr. Balfe has shown increased solicitude and finish in the treatment of his orchestra. The overture, however, barring its brief introduction in triple time, is not good—the subjects are not fresh, and the modulations are somewhat of the crudest.

"The Puritan's Daughter" was generally well performed; every one on the stage being steady in her and his part.

The work was received with every sign of enthusiastic approval. Composers, singers, publishers, managers could not desire an audience more eager to *encore*, more willing to enjoy, more patient with what is tedious. But thus also were received "Bianca" and "Ruy Blas,"—and this the managers of the Royal English Opera would do well to recollect, in conjunction with another fact, derived by experience of the Paris theatres. It is impossible to feed a repertory of grand opera rapidly. There have not been eight remunerating new successes during the past twenty years at the Grand Opera,—a theatre supported by the State, which has only to pick and choose among the authors and the composers of Europe! Thus, we must insist, no ordinary discretion in choice and effort is required in a country like ours, which, as regards its musical stage, is, to make the best of matters, but in a state of transition. The gambols and triumphs of Mr. Bunn ended, for him, not brilliantly, while they threw back the steady and progressive course of English opera for something like twice the number of years that his mismanagement held out.

On the Pretended Love for Classical Music.

[The following letter, written by a musical American, who seems much afraid of being humbugged by the "Classics," appeared last summer in the *New York Times*. We copy it to please the writer and amuse our readers.]

THROUGH CENTRAL EUROPE.

Dresden, Thursday, Oct. 25, 1860.

I spoke, in a former letter, of certain resemblances between the North-German race and our own. One of the most striking of these is, if not a love of humbug, at least a facility in self-delusion. I was led to remark this more particularly the other evening, on the occasion of the first of the Winter series of classical concerts given in the hall of the Hotel de Saxe. Here assembles the *élite* of Dresden society throughout the Winter, paying very high prices, suffering the inconveniences of uncomfortable seats, bad air, and a very short performance with little or no interval admitting of circulation and social intercourse—on the other hand, gaining classic instrumental music most admirably performed. How many of the large assemblage of, to all appearance, earnest worshippers receive their *quid pro quo*, must probably ever remain a secret. The application of the confessional, or even the rack would be vain; for it might not lie in the power of the sufferer to give such an account of his own feelings as would settle the question.

In Hans Andersen's tale of the King, who affected to dress himself in the robes which the *soi-disant* manufacturers assured him were only invisible to those unworthy of office and to the hopelessly stupid, but who, in point of fact, walked out naked into the streets,—when the crowd professed admiration for the beauty of the dress, the humbug was too transparent to last long, and it required but the voice of one independent person to end it and force the rest to admit it. It was a simple question of fact: is the King naked or is he not? All pretending to admire his dress were arrant liars.

Far be it from me to lay such a charge at the door of that large body of respectable, conscientious Germans and Anglo-Saxons who profess admiration for the classics and refuse all merit to others. That there are among them those who understand and really enjoy such music, it would be idle to deny. That there are also very many who honestly and conscientiously believe that they enjoy it, will be readily admitted. Whether they really do take an intelligent and truly artistic pleasure is another question. Pleasure there doubtless is. It would be a

gross slander to imply that, of the multitudes who attend the performance of such music, the mass is actuated by the base desire of cheating others into the belief that they enjoy what they go to hear, when they are simply bored. No. If an artistic temperament is not a commonly diffused gift—if art-education is not so universal as to make it possible to collect more than a very few capable of appreciating the ingenuity and artifice in the development of themes, which constitute much of the merit of the classic musical writers—there are in our race other qualities, and those of a high order in the moral scale. We have a love of progress, a conscientious ardor to learn, and learn the right thing. If we cannot judge what is good and worthy of admiration in art by ourselves, we do our best to find out what is, and hunt it down with the instinct of a bloodhound. We are not to be cheated out of our course by wayside flowers. What really is capable of giving us pleasure and is within our grasp we pass by unheeded. Military bands, popular melodies, even the brilliant lights of the Italian operatic school, we scorn to touch. *Excelsior* is our motto: *Aut Cesar aut nihil* our cry. The result is, few get any higher, and the majority, grasping at the Imperial shadow, are forced to put up with the alternative, and lose the meat that God and nature intended for them.

The conscientious pursuit of naught but the greatest and best is excellent in morals, but the rule does not hold good in artistic any more than intellectual education. Aim the shafts of your benevolence, your fortitude, your self-denial, at the sun; but, in all else, let your progress be slow enough to be sure. It is not usual to put Aristotle into the hands of infants, nor do we offer the *Mecanique Celeste* to boys about to begin mathematics. We go from the known to the unknown.

So in art. We must start from what is really felt and enjoyed, if we are to improve the taste and elevate the feelings. We must go low enough for our foundations.

It will not do to thwart nature. The hearing music in which one feels no real pleasure other than the conscientious thrill that one is hearing what others say is the true thing, will not create a love for it, any more than one substance will combine chemically with another, for which it has no affinity, by constant juxtaposition. If your soul is stirred by the martial strain of a brass band, follow it. Own to it. Be not ashamed of your nature, and deny what you feel, because some one says it is a low taste. If the sparkling muse of Rossini attract you—if the deep pathos of Bellini move you—if the grand characteristic *finales* of Verdi bring your heart to your mouth—feel no shame for it. If you can only take pleasure in a simple melody with sentimental words and an accompaniment that never goes beyond the two simplest chords—buy it and make the most of it. It is an honest pleasure at least, and may be an entering wedge for something higher in time. Those who saw in the immense sale in England and America of such music as Old Dog Tray, reason for despair, should have hailed it as a germ of hope. Here at least then is something genuine. Some love of music there must be—a fact not necessarily proved by fashionable throngs at Beethoven concerts.

The course pursued by the musical leaders of our public resembles that of a certain schoolmaster who, every Saturday afternoon, had two tables set; the one covered with books, the other with gingerbread. The first he called the table of reason; the last the table of sense. The boys soon found out what they ought to like best, and when called on to make choice, always declared for the table of reason, and were rewarded accordingly, with a piece of gingerbread from the other table. One little fellow, however, not knowing the secret, said honestly that he preferred the table of sense, and so, not only forfeited his gingerbread, but got a good whipping for confessing to such bad taste.

We should not be above taking a lesson from the French and Italians in these matters. Whatever their faults, they do not generally deceive themselves as to their likes and dislikes, and never care to appear to like what they do not. With them a name goes for little. They believe in their own taste and judgment, and would as soon object to hear music because the composer had not a known name, as any of us would object to testing a pudding without a certificate of the qualification and notion of the cook. We know well enough what pleases our palate—we know what is good, as the saying is—and probably all the professors in the world could not induce us to make a meal of horse-flesh.

A few seasons since, Verdi's opera of "Rigoletto" had been performed a great many evenings at the Paris Academy of Music. On a certain evening a change was announced. "Don Giovanni" was promised, with a new tenor. But, at the last moment,

the manager came forward and announced that, from unfavorable circumstances, Mozart's opera could not be produced that evening, and the only attraction was "Rigoletto" once more. A storm of applause greeted this announcement, and the "table of sense" (for thus we are taught to consider Verdi) was eagerly devoured, and that of reason turned over to us children of the light.

Anglo-Saxons go so far in the other extreme as sometimes to be satisfied with Mozart's name alone. That Mass which, under the name of "Mozart's Twelfth," is the one, perhaps, in highest repute in England and America, was, a few years ago, offered to a Committee of the highest authority in Germany to decide on its merits. The verdict was, for various reasons stated at length in the report, that it had no claim to be considered one of Mozart's compositions. This report, with its attendant circumstances, can be found in one of our leading musical journals, making a part of a letter from an intelligent correspondent in Germany. About the same time, a copy of this Mass was put into the hands of a distinguished Italian contrapuntist, a great admirer of Mozart and all the shining lights of the German school. He had no knowledge either of the Mass, or of the high reputation it held in England and America, and with no interest or feeling to bias his judgment, it might be supposed to be as fair as it is possible to obtain by human means. His report was to this effect: that, whilst it must be admitted that Mozart, like "the good Homer, sometimes naps," yet in all his works there is something which shows his stamp. In this work he found *nothing at all*, and pronounced it unhesitatingly wholly unworthy of his pen.

One such fact should make us of the many very cautious about putting ourselves into the hands of leaders as blind as ourselves. Following our own tastes, such as they are, (and one must be very insincere with himself not to know what he really does like), we may, it is true, incur the charge of bad taste. But is not this better than trusting wholly to another's guidance, to get to cheat ourselves and others into the belief that we really are following our own tastes—hugging ourselves the while for our discrimination—and at last find out that, after all, we are worshipping a false god? Have not those hundred thousand purchasers of honest Old Dog Tray a right to laugh at us? And would it not have been better to follow his point, though it led but to sparrows, than, hunting for eagles, to run the risk of being lured by some treacherous *ignus fatuus* to the edge of a precipice, where there is no escape but by a plunge into bathos?

While on the subject of classical music, a word may be allowed on the exclusive claim set up by Philo-Teutonists to being sole possessors and patentee of the genuine article. With many things seem to have got to such a pass that the adjective *German* represents the good, and *Italian* the evil—the Ormuzd and Arimanes of the Persians. This simple and easy rule for the neophyte, and one knows at once what to praise and what to avoid. I think, nevertheless that something may be said for the cradle of the arts—the land from whence have come some of the finest of human creations.

No good judge doubts the science of the old Italian musicians. Palestrina, Leo, Scarlatti, Jomelli—indeed, an endless list of celebrated writers, form too strong a phalanx to be overthrown. It is claimed, indeed, by the Italians, that their countrymen carried the art on by greater strides than their German contemporaries. Marcello, flourishing at the same time with Sebastian Bach—flying, indeed seven years before him—has in his psalms all modern effects and harmonies. We find here the extreme sharp sixth, the diminished seventh, the seventh of the seventh, the flat fifth with seventh—also enharmonic changes, and withal a beautiful melody, which, though by some of the modern German school it might seem to be thought out of place, cannot by the majority of artists be so judged when combined, as it is, with learning and taste.

Later, Fenaroli, the head of the Neapolitan Academy, immortalized himself, at least in Italy, by his Partimenti, or studies in Thorough Bass, which the French school of the day was not capable even of understanding, and required a key to be published by one of Fenaroli's scholars. They were known in Germany, and it is said that Beethoven shows proof of having studied them. Cherubini is admitted by the German side, on the plea that he resided abroad. But he grounded himself in Italy, and rather imparted his science to those among whom he lived than received it at their hands. In modern times, who can go beyond Raimondi, of Palermo, called to Rome a few years ago to assume the baton of Chapel-master at St. Peter's? His climax was an Oratorio, or rather, a trinity of Oratorios, capable of being performed separately or together—a perfect

miracle of contrapuntal ingenuity. Who, too, that knows Piccianti, Professor of Counterpoint at the Florence Academy of Fine Arts, can doubt that it is only his modesty and willingness to blow his own trumpet, that have deprived him of a European fame?

Whatever may be thought elsewhere, the Germans themselves by no means hold the Italian school in contempt. Mozart studied in Bologna; Handel wrote for the Italian theatres. So did Meyerbeer. I had the pleasure of meeting in Rome, some years ago, with two students of music from Northern Germany. One talked of going to Palermo to study fugues with Raimondi; the other, Rheinthal, has since become known as the author of the oratorio "Jephtha," which, according to the *Athenæum*, falls but little short of being a first-class work. I mention him that I may call him into court to testify in the present question. Having heard a composition of a Florentine student, he was with difficulty made to believe that the author had not studied in Germany. He may be considered a good judge, for those who have read Hiller's conversations with Rossini, may remember that, in answer to an inquiry who were the best teachers in Germany, Hiller only gives the name of Rheinthal.

As the partisans of what may be called the transcendental school of music in Germany are very severe in their attacks on Verdi, who, to say nothing of his success in Italy, is now the most popular composer in Paris, London and Vienna, one is naturally desirous of seeing specimens of these living masters whom they hold in high regard. Of these, the name of Robert Franz has, of late years, been most frequently heard among them. He is not known in Europe except by a few in Germany. It was, therefore, only lately that an opportunity offered of seeing his works. I had the pleasure of laying a large collection of his songs before some eminent Italian professors of composition. Italians are by no means exclusively wedded to their own great names. They are too cosmopolitan not to recognize merit wherever it exists. Bach, Handel, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, are all authorities in their schools, and a professor is thought unworthy of his place, who is not familiar with these authors, and whose library cannot afford the student an opportunity of examining them. But on the occasion of the introduction to them of Franz, truth compels me to say that he was welcomed with roars of laughter. The highest praise vouchsafed was that all was not hopelessly bad (*non è tutto cattivo, cattivo*). The voice part, they said, was entirely sacrificed, and though the author showed no lack of learning, that was his only claim to notice. The same was said of his "Kyrie Eleison," which an American critic has characterized as *poetic*.

The feeling that some of the followers of this new apostle in music evince, is of such a nature as to bar the door against all discussion. It partakes of the nature of a religious sentiment, that will not allow the question of its idol's merit to be mooted. The few songs which, to common ears, appear the most intelligible, are by them considered the least meritorious. There seems to be in this something of that paradoxical spirit of our nature, which delights in what promises the least pleasure. As the French exquisite, in the time of tight trowers, told his tailor when he was taking his measure, *si j'y entre, j'en ne les prend pas*, so whatever these enthusiasts suspect themselves of liking they put on one side. The bitterer the dose, the quicker the cure; the more painful the operation, the surer its success. These musical Fakirs would not only hang themselves on hooks, but assure us it is a pleasurable sensation.

But let our composer speak for himself. Look at the first song, I believe, that he published, "Zwei schöne Augen." Could not two beautiful eyes suggest anything more poetic than this? The "Lotosblume" is one of those most frequently sung. It ends on the seventh, a half note below the key note! Is this poetry? or simply license? And for what purpose? I think, too, I remember a "Frühling's Lied," at least I recollect a certain dreariness of effect which might impel a listener to apostrophize the author in the lines of Goethe:

"Frühling ist es, liebes Fränzchen?
Aber, leider, Herbst für mich!"

But there are other differences among musicians; not only the champions of Germany and Italy, but the partisans of the old and new meet hostilely in this field, as in every other. The radical party in art must be small, for there are few who do not recognize the excellence of the old masters. We are nearly all, to a certain degree, *laudatores temporis acti*. But this proper appreciation should not degenerate into prejudice. The world is not at a standstill. What man has done, man may do. Whatever may be said of art and literature, all must admit sci-

ence to be essentially progressive. Newton and Davy, great discoverers though they might be, could learn something now from a tyro; and Fulton would not be held at present the highest authority in steam. May it not be so in music? Have we not, at least, as large an armory as Bach and Handel? Whether future artists shall arise who will wield the weapons to as good purpose, depends on other circumstances beside the date of birth.

A few years since, a gentleman, believing that there was much prejudice enlisted in both the subjects of dispute alluded to, proposed an *experimentum crucis* as a double test. He gave the top line or melody of an old Lutheran choral, which had been harmonized in two manners by Bach, to a distinguished Italian professor, requesting him to harmonize it. This was done in three different manners. Again, two other arrangements under the same circumstances were made by one who had only studied in Italy. The whole seven were sent to a strenuous advocate of the German school, with a proposal to submit them to a Committee. It is not known whether this was done, as no answer was received. Chance, however, subsequently brought into the neighborhood of the originator of the plan a learned professor who devoted his life to old church music, was familiar with Bach, and a great admirer of him. This fact must be borne in mind. The seven arrangements were given to him, without any explanation, and with the sole request that he would place them according to his estimate of their merit. At the end of several weeks a report was made, and the harmonies of Bach headed the list. The report gave evidence of a very thorough and conscientious study. In answer to an inquiry whether there was any internal evidence to prove that they could not all be by the same hand, an addition was made to the report to this effect, that there was not. "But in that case the writer must be familiar with the German style of part-writing, as displayed in the two he had placed first, which also struck him as resembling Bach." Here was a triumph for the judge at least, whatever may be said of the parties to the suit. These chorals were also submitted to a German amateur of taste and knowledge. He judged them rather by their effect than by a minute study. According to his verdict, the Bachs had the second and third place.

From all this enough appears to prove that the difference between Germany and Italy, between old and new, is not so very marked but that a majority of listeners might confound them on a single hearing; at least could have no cause to see all evil in one and all good in the other. I might say more. I might speak of an ardent Germanian attributing a composition of Verdi's to Beethoven. But enough. There is such a thing as having too good a cause.

In conclusion I would venture an opinion, that each age should, in a certain degree, act up to its own lights, being at the same time not unmindful of the beacons of former times. There is always a large conservative class ready to deny everything new; but what is good, will probably, in spite of them, be recognized at last. Even Mozart and Beethoven were scouted as reformers; Rossini's "Barber" was voted a failure, and he would be a bold man who would venture a wager that Verdi will not be held a classic, after his death, by a majority of judges; or even Franz himself, certainly no common master of harmony, provided he would only agree to end on some one of the intervals of the common chord, and would vouchsafe something like a melody for the voice part that plain people can appreciate, without being obliged to accept it on the authority of an acolyte, and live on faith a year or two before the holy of holies is opened to them. Jacob served seven years for Rachel, but did not get her then. And the most conscientious student of Franz may be pardoned, if sometimes he faint under his task, and think with Mr. Weller, that it is not worth while going through so much to get so little. X.

MUSIC WITHOUT NOISE.—A Great Musician, as everybody knows, composed certain "Songs without Words," but Mendelssohn, in producing those apparently impossible works, accomplished a difficulty less arduous than that which has been surmounted by the inventor of an instrument advertised by Mr. Chappell of Regent Street, as—"Azéma's Silent Practice Drum."

The handbill headed as above informs us that:—

"For the purposes of practice, the Silent Drum possesses all the advantages of a real one: it offers the same resistance and rebound to the sticks, and admits of an equal degree of force and action in beating, unaccompanied, however, by the excessive noise which precludes the possibility of a drum being practiced in-doors."

We would say that not only does the Silent Drum possess all the advantages of a real one for purposes of practice, but is also free from all the disadvantages of a drum which, when beaten, makes a noise. A solo on the drum is a musical performance to which few persons would like to listen under any circumstances; but when executed as a piece of practice, especially in doors, it must be extremely far from agreeable to anybody within hearing.

Well, but some one will say, what is the use of a Silent Drum? Might not the drummer, for purposes of practice, as well beat the air? This question is provided with an answer in the subjoined statement:

"The degree of correctness in the beating is accurately ascertained by a slight sound, as well as by the vibration on the leg, to which the Silent Drum is strapped; this position of the drum on the leg also corrects the fault, common to beginners, of allowing the sticks to drop towards the right. The small circumference of this instrument compels the drummer to concentrate the blows, and its rim ensures the sticks being kept at a proper height. The Silent Drum is very portable, six of them occupying less space than one ordinary side drum."

The fact that the small circumference of the instrument compels the drummer to concentrate his blows, will be apparent from the following:

"Directions how to use the Silent Drum.—Strap it on the left leg, a little above the knee, the iron tongue resting against the inside of the same; when standing, the left leg must rest on some slight elevation; when sitting, the left leg to be bent under, and the right one stretched out, with the right side of the drum resting on it."

When sitting, at least, the drummer, if he missed the drum, would very likely hit the leg against which it would rest, and give himself an unpleasant whack on the knee, which would forcibly remind him of the necessity of concentration in aiming his drumstick at its mark.

Mr. Thomas Carlyle, in many of his humorous writings, takes frequent occasion to impress upon his readers the great value of the Silences. Among the Silences there are few more valuable, especially for purposes of practice, than the Silent Drum. M. Azéma would confer a great boon upon society, and particularly the studious part of it, if he could contrive to invent some other Silences of the musical kind. A silent piano in the next house would be a real blessing to many a person whose auditory nerves are sensitive; so would a silent flute, a silent fiddle, or a silent cornopeon. Let M. Azéma consult Mr. Babbage, who made the calculating machine, and abhors street-music; let them lay their heads together, and try if, between them, they cannot invent a silent grinding organ, a silent brass band, and a silent bagpipe; to the use of which itinerant Italians, Germans, pseudo-Scotchmen, and other creators of public discord, should be restricted by Act of Parliament.—*Punch*.

Adelaide or Alice?

(From the London Musical World, November 2.)

Sir,—Having read in your *Musical World* of to-day another portion of a letter from an American, in which he classes various singers that might have been heard lately in London, he mentions amongst the contraltis, "Miss Adelaide Phillips (has not sung)"—of course, he means in London. It is evidently an error. He means, no doubt, my daughter, Miss Alice Phillips, who has appeared in the North, and in Birmingham, Oxford, &c., but not yet in London, being in my estimation too young, only seventeen, yet still possessing a remarkably fine and deep contralto, and I hope sufficient talent to perpetuate my name in the musical world—I mean in its literal sense—as well as deserving the good opinion of your valuable columns whenever she may venture to bring forth your notice. I am, &c.

Edgbaston, Oct. 19, 1861. HENRY PHILLIPS.

(From the London Musical World, Dec. 7.)

Sir,—Miss Adelaide Phillips, of Boston, U. S., and not Miss Alice P., daughter of H. P., Esq., is the lady whom the correspondent of *Dwight's Journal* regretted not to have heard in London. Miss Adelaide P. is a favorite in the American cities in such parts as Azucena in the *Trovatore* and Madeline in *Rigoletto*, and the best New England singer of "He was despised," and songs of that class in Handel's oratorios. She was indebted in part to the generosity of Madame Goldschmidt for the pecuniary means of completing her musical education in France and Italy. I am not a critic of vocalists, and there-

fore it is of little importance that few songstresses give me so much pleasure as Miss Ada. Phillips.

A. W. T.

[From the London Musical World, Dec. 21.]

Sir,—A few further particulars respecting a young lady destined, if I mistake not, to take a high position among the professors of the lyric art, will, perhaps, be acceptable. Miss Adelaide Phillips is an Englishwoman, having been born in Bristol, where her father was a chemist and druggist, and her mother a professor of dancing. When his daughter was about six years of age, Mr. Phillips hoping, like many before him, to better his position in life, emigrated with his family to America, and settled in Boston. The young Adelaide at a very early age displayed great aptitude for the stage, and gave unmistakable signs of possessing a fine contralto voice. Her father obtained engagements for her at the Museum, Boston, at Philadelphia, and other towns, and she played a variety of characters from "Little Pickle" (as she grew older and her vocal powers developed themselves) up to Lacy's English version of "La Cenerentola." Mad. Lind-Goldschmidt upon her visit to the United States, being much struck with the voice and talent of Miss Phillips, strongly recommended her father to send her to Europe for instruction. He candidly confessed his inability to meet so heavy an expense; upon which Mad. Goldschmidt suggested the getting up a benefit for the purpose of raising the necessary funds. In addition to the profits arising from this source, several merchants and gentlemen of Boston sent handsome subscriptions, and Mad. Goldschmidt generously added 250 dollars to the amount. Thus armed, Miss Phillips, with her father, started for Europe, and arrived in London in March 1852. She immediately placed herself, according to Mad. Goldschmidt's recommendation, under the able tuition of Signor E. Garcia, and I had the pleasure of being her instructor for the piano and harmony. After remaining a year and a half in London, Miss Phillips left for Italy, and sang at Brescia and other small towns; but upon her arrival at Milan she found great difficulty in obtaining engagements, owing to the number of artists, from various countries, who were waiting to pay the managers of the opera for the privilege of singing. She played Arsace one night with great success, when Mr. Phillips, tired of being so long away from the country of his adoption, and anxious to rejoin his family, left Italy with his daughter, and passing through London in August 1855, reached Boston, where a sad blow awaited them—Mrs. Phillips dying almost immediately after their arrival. Since that time Miss Phillips has continued an uninterrupted career of success; and in various tours through the States has sung with the late lamented Mad. Bosio, Mlle. Patti, Ronconi (playing Rosina to his Figaro), Formes and the Gassiers, &c. The theatrical interest being the first to suffer from the effects of the unhappy civil war in America, Miss Phillips determined to take the opportunity of re-visiting Europe, and arrived, with her eldest brother, in London in June. After spending a few weeks here, she left for Paris, where she made the successful debut in Azucena already announced in the journals. I am, Sir, yours obediently.

Dec. 9th.

W. CHALMERS MASTERS.

Music Abroad.

London.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The performance of the *Messiah*, (the third in four consecutive days), by the Sacred Harmonic Society, on Friday evening, the 13th inst., was one of the very best we remember, the choruses "going" with a spirit and energy rarely equaled. True, we have one objection to make, and that not for the first time; we refer to the peculiar reading of "For unto us a child is born." In order to heighten the effect upon the words, "Wonderful Counsellor," Mr. Costa takes the opening *pianissimo*, and thus for the sake of a startling contrast, the sense is completely sacrificed, for we can hardly imagine people whispering to each other, "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulders, and his name shall be called," and then suddenly bursting into the strongest shout, "Wonderful," &c. The absurdity of this is self-evident, and we can only express our surprise that the gentleman who so ably and energetically wields the *bâton*, should persist in continuing an innovation so opposite to the sense of the text. Mad. Guerrabella, on whom fell the entire weight of the soprano music, had already proved herself a thorough mistress of art, by her performance in Mr. Macfarren's *Robin Hood*.

THE LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION brought its third season to a termination on Saturday last, before an audience which more than filled the Dudley Gallery of the Egyptian Hall. A steadily increasing taste for this description of music has long been perceptible, and that the admirable performances of this well selected little company of singers has done much to foster and improve that taste, there can be but little question. The party, consisting of Miss J. Wells, Miss Fyles, Messrs. Baxter, Cumming, Lawler, and Land (under the direction of the latter gentleman), sing with a degree of precision, and an attention to the delicacies of light and shade, which it would be difficult to equal, and impossible to surpass, while the judiciously selected programme has afforded an opportunity of giving some of the most favorable specimens from the earliest to the latest writers.—*Musical World*, Dec. 21.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The fourth concert by the students took place on the 14th inst., before an audience which filled to overflowing the far too limited space at the command of the institution. The first part comprised Mr. Henry Leslie's cantata of *Holyrood*, the principal parts being sustained by Miss Robertine Henderson (Mary, Queen of Scots), Miss E. B. Hall (Mary Beatown), Mr. Wallace Wells (Rizzio), Mr. Rudkin (John Knox), all fairly and honorably exerting themselves, the first-named lady particularly merited the applause which greeted her. The chorus was open to exception on the score of occasional unsteadiness, and the band invariably too loud for so small a room, the effect being anything but pleasant to those in its immediate vicinity. A manuscript overture, by Mr. G. H. Thomas, student (and King's scholar, if we remember rightly), displayed a considerable amount of cleverness for so young a hand, being, on the whole, a meritorious composition, and one which would be more effective in a larger area. Mr. Henry Davies gave an intelligent reading of Weber's *Concert-Stück*, and Mr. Walstein appeared with much credit in the C minor concerto of Beethoven. A selection of vocal music from the Italian masters, and Romberg's overture in D, completed the programme of this decidedly successful concert.—*Ibid.*

COLOGNE.—The managers of the Conservatory of Music have determined on giving, during the winter, a series of so-called Musical Evenings in the large room of the establishment. At these Musical Evenings, the audience will consist of subscribers to the institution, and other patrons and lovers of art, and the students will gradually learn to face a more numerous public, and give proof of the progress they may have made. The first concert of the series took place on the 2nd inst., when the young aspirants for artistic fame acquitted themselves in a highly creditable manner. The programme consisted of compositions by Rode and Beethoven for the violin; Capriccio in E major by Mendelssohn; concerto in A flat major, by Hummel; sonata, with violin, in E flat by Beethoven, and suite by J. S. Bach, for piano; soprano aria in F from *Don Juan*; female chorus, by Cherubini: alto aria from *Hercules*, by Handel, and a couple of two part-songs, new, by Ferdinand Hiller.—*Mus. World*, Dec. 14.

BREMEN.—The Künstler-Verein have commenced operations for the winter season. At the first meeting, Professor Grayenhorst recited fragments from a new poetical version of the *Odyssey*, in which he treats the songs of Homer, as he formerly treated the Greek tragic writers, although with greater freedom and more in accordance with modern forms. After his recital, three members of the musical department of the Association, Herren Streudner, C. Schmidt, and Cabisius, jun., performed a trio by Anton Rubinstein. The next meeting, on the 20th ult., was dedicated to the memory of Handel, when the musical members availed themselves of the opportunity offered them of performing a work of that master, which has scarcely ever been heard here. This was one, or, to speak more correctly, two of the Oboc-Concertos, or *concertante* orchestral works, composed by Handel in the years 1716, 1720, inclusive, when he was musical director of the Duke of Chandos at Cannons. There is every reason to believe that these compositions were never played in Germany during the last century, while, during the present one, they have only been performed once in Dresden, namely, last winter. On the present occasion Dr. F. Chrysander, Handel's biographer, had the kindness to place the score in his possession at the disposal of the Association. These compositions had been most carefully rehearsed, and were admirably performed under the direction of Herr Rheinthal. They are most interesting, not only as specimens of the mode of thought and instrumentation of the period at which they were written, as well as of the master's style, but they are conceived

in a grand and comprehensive spirit, and betoken the mind of their creator, which was subsequently so powerfully developed. They are shortly to be published in conjunction with other pieces, such as the Organ-Concertos, the Water-Music, etc., with which they bear an affinity. They were preceded by some of Haudel's finest bass arias, the performance having been previously inaugurated by a biographical introduction, giving a short account of the great master's labors, divided into three principal periods,—his years of study and travel, up to 1720; the years he devoted to the composition of operas, from that date up to 1740; and those he dedicated to oratorios, from the conception of *The Messiah* to his death in 1759.—The second Private Concert, on the 19th ult., proved by the performance of Mad. Clara Schumann, a worthy pendant to the first of the series, when Joachim delighted the audience. Mad. Schumann played Beethoven's Concerto in G major, and *The Carnival*, one of her husband's earliest compositions, whose second symphony in C major was afterwards executed by the orchestra, as a mark of their respect for this gifted lady. The orchestra executed, also, Mozart's overture to *Figaro*, and Beethoven's to *Leonore* (No. 3, C. major). Mlle. Mathilde Enequist Biondini, of Paris, sang Mendelssohn's Concert-Aria and an elegant *bravura* piece, with violin accompaniment, by Victor Massé. The opera is going on very well, and every praise is due to the management for the manner in which it is conducted.—*Corr. London Musical World*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JANUARY 11, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of CHOPIN'S "MAZURKAS."

"De Gustibus."

To prove that we have not lost any of our old hospitality to views differing from our own, and to oblige the author, to whom we stand in cordial relations, and whose earnestness and self-truth we respect, however we may disagree in musical opinions, we have reprinted in another column a very curious letter re-opening the hopeless feud between German and Italian, classical and modern. With all deference to our anti-classical friend, who certainly makes some bright hits in the way of special pleading, we must say that his protest strikes us as an over-ingenious piece of self-tormenting scepticism. Scepticism in itself is a good thing, no doubt. It denotes a disposition to be honest with oneself, to see and examine for oneself and believe only upon evidence. It is better than passive credulity, which weakens the mind until it loses all capacity of anything like real, practical conviction. But scepticism, from being such a safeguard to intellectual integrity, may degenerate into morbid suspicion and distrust, and so rob us of much light that is wholesome to all eyes. We think our friend in this case shows himself rather a victim of a sceptical turn of mind. For see to what an argument he is reduced, in order to upset the idol worship, as he deems it, of the lovers of classical German music:

He leaves his favorite Italy for a few weeks' tour of observation in Central Europe. He makes some stay in Dresden, where he hears classical music "most admirably performed," and where the *élite* of society crowd the hall and listen with evident devotion. The scene puzzles him, since he cannot enter into it entirely; he cannot see why Strauss and Verdi would not be quite as good. Ingenious scepticism, or the sceptical genius, is quick to suggest a solution of the problem, cutting the knot in this wise: They don't enjoy it; they only think they do; they are taught that it is their duty to enjoy Symphonies, Sonatas, &c., and find Bach, Mozart,

Beethoven divine; and so they flatter their consciences and imagine that the pleasant "thrill" is in their senses. This is the logic of it: "They seem to like it, but they certainly can't like it, because (as I and some others have found) it is impossible to like it!" Of course there is no argument to be held with one who takes that ground. If we cannot have credit for enjoying what we do enjoy, we can only pocket the insult as good-humoredly as possible, and be content with the enjoyment. We cannot afford of course to falsify our own experience for the sake of chiming in with your taste. If we find more delight in Bach or Beethoven, than we do in Verdi, shall we not "own to it?" Is not the rule as good in our case, as in that of the lovers of brass bands, Verdi, and "Old Dog Tray?" We do not insult you by questioning the sincerity of your love of those things; we claim on our part to be equally sincere, and just as little likely to be self-deceived.

It is quite possible, nay certain, that there are some persons in almost all audiences of classical music, who try to persuade themselves and the world that they enjoy because others do, because it is understood to be the thing sanctioned by the chief authorities in taste. But this, we apprehend, is quite as true of the Italian side of the house, as of the German; and fashion mingles with the musical attraction quite as much on *Rigoletto* nights, as on those dedicated to Mozart. Our sceptic reasons from particular exceptions, which should prove the rule, against the rule itself. Depend upon it, human nature is not half so self-denying as to persist in punishing itself, as you suggest, by listening to what only bores it. Call us knaves, but don't call us fools. What right have you to tell us that our love for Beethoven is not as "genuine," as any boy's love of the burnt cork "minstrelsy?"

Your case of Mozart's "Twelfth Mass" proves nothing—only another bit of special pleading. Admitting (what we never knew before) that some "Committee" (our friend is great on "Committees") has pronounced it not authentic, that does not prove the fact; nor does the fact, if proved, amount to more than this: that it is quite possible for non-expert lovers of the great masters to be deceived sometimes, and take a Mass or a Madonna by a third-rate hand to be a genuine Mozart or Raphael. Many are real lovers of high Art, who are by no means critics. And for such criticism, one needs to be musician as well as music-lover.

The other "Committee" experiment referred to, that of the Lutheran chorale, as harmonized by Bach and by modern Italian professors and students, is no less unsatisfactory. For who is to select the Committee? And who will rest in any verdict so obtained? Or, supposing that for once, in this given instance, the obscure Italian chances to do as well as Bach—does it prove that Bach's great fame, and all the reverence felt for him, is suddenly left tottering with its foundations knocked away? Shall I love Bach the less, because another harmonizes a few bars as well as he? Have I been loving only a name then, and not the musical live thing itself? Rather a broad conclusion from one slender fact!

And what if some people are peculiar—"transcendental," if you please, though what you mean by it we hardly know—in their partiality to the songs of Robert Franz, who, as you truly say, is

not very widely known even in Germany? Perhaps it is a very whimsical and false liking. We, for one, "own to it;" we know many an earnest lover of Beethoven and Bach and German music generally, who does not, who cannot abide Franz more than he can Verdi, or the Wagner heresy. Franz must simply wait his time, like other men of genius, as we think him. But it is begging the question, to appeal to those Italian "roars of laughter." To some of us it only proves that the Italians have a *conventional* respect for great established names like Handel, Beethoven and Mozart, (just as you say the poor bored Germans have), while they have not a quick perception and appreciation of genius in a new man, when it comes to them in any other than an Italian garb. You may have fallen in with a fanatical admirer: but is your scepticism any less fanatical? As to the special criticisms on the songs adduced, it is enough to say that tastes differ, and we find melody where you do not—or at least something quite as interesting and expressive. Talk of "learning!" It is you, who would tie us down to rules this time, and not let us trust our feeling, our sense of what is beautiful. We trust Franz himself will see, for no doubt he will be amused by, the apt citation of the couplet from Goethe. The endearing diminutive "Fränzchen" is certainly happy; but we fear the "Spring song" was found dreary as an after-thought to justify the sly citation.

And now for some more logic. It is nonsense and self-delusion, forsooth, for so many of us to think that we enjoy Bach and the great German masters, because the simple fact is they are learned, dry and scientific, not half so juicy and enjoyable as the Italians. But now you tell us what great masters of fugue and counterpoint the Italian school has furnished and is furnishing to-day. You speak of the miraculous trinity of Raimondi's oratorio. There was science in the old Italian masters; there is science in the new. You claim for them the very merit which you think it so absurd to reverence when found in Germans. Is not the truth, however, just this: than no composer ever did, or ever can, win a lasting admiration by virtue of mere science, the mere technics of his art, unless he have also genius? Our scientific "armory" is of course as large now as that in Bach and Handel's time; but does it only take an armory to make a Bach? We are bound, you think, to believe in progress, and not imagine that the old masters are not everyday surpassed. What do you say of Shakespeare?

Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

The third concert, on Wednesday evening, was one of uncommon interest. The repetition of the Quartet of Beethoven's latest period did not diminish the attraction, for the hall was fuller than ever before. This was the programme:

- 1—14th Quintet in F, (with Contra-basso) Moderato Minuetto—Andante—Finale. Allegretto. First time. Onslow
- 2—Air—"Caro cibus" from the "Praise Jehovah" Miss Pearson. Mendelssohn
- 3—Concertante for two Violins, op. 48. Spohr Messrs. Schultze and Meisel.
- 4—Scene and Air, "Dove Sono" from *Le Nozze de Figaro* Miss Pearson. Mozart
- 5—13th Quartet in B flat, op. 130. Adagio and Allegro—Presto—Andante con moto—Alla danza tedesca—Cavatina. Adagio molto—Finale, Allegro (Second time). Beethoven

We have hardly ever listened to a more interesting and lifesome work of Onslow's (a composer, whom, with all his cleverness, we oftentimes find tedious) than this Quintet with contra-basso. A happy humor runs through all its movements; the ideas are fresh and natural; the treatment clear and satisfactory,

and within limits of becoming brevity. The contra-basso adds much to the euphony of the whole, and brings the other instruments forward into a more vivid light. The piece was remarkably well played; the neatness and elegance of Mr. SCHULTZE's principal violin was particularly noticeable.

The Concertante by Spohr showed the executive abilities of the two artists to excellent advantage; the difference in the quality of their instruments was greater than that in their playing. The accompanying pianist, too, Herr Meyer, did his part artist-like.

Of the Beethoven Quartet we can only now say that it became both clearer and more interesting on a second hearing; there was every evidence that it made a deep impression on the most part of the audience. Indeed it has popular elements in it, three of its six movements (the 2nd, *Presto*, the 4th, in old German dance rhythm, quaint and witching, and the Finale, being light and readily appreciable. While in the remarkably difficult and elaborate *Adagio and Allegro* (first movement), the themes are so marked and decided, one of them almost suggesting words, that they take you irresistibly along with them. In the *Andante con moto*, still more complicated and individual in each phrase of its four parts, yet each phrase is so characteristic as to make all clear; and how wonderfully full of beauty and deep soul it is! The Cavatina (*Adagio molto*) is altogether heavenly. We are not prepared for an analysis, but there is no denying the magical charm of the whole work. Shall we not hear it yet again?

Miss PEARSON is an interesting singer, with a clear and telling mezzo soprano voice, which she seems to produce, however, too much from the throat, in a way wearing to itself. Her style is large and simple, suited to such noble music as she had to sing; though better suited to the piece from Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, than to *Dove sono*, for which she has hardly schooled her organ to sufficient delicacy, although showing good conception.

TO-NIGHT.—No one will forget the first PHILHARMONIC CONCERT at the Music Hall. The "Pastoral Symphony" and the fine overtures will sound the better, since they were denied to us last winter. Mr. ZERRAHN is unavoidably deprived of Miss Fay's services; but no one will regret the opportunity to hear the "Orpheus" singers, as a substitute. We look for a well filled hall; the subscription list looks like a revival of the old "Germania" times.

Reports from Various Quarters.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Germania orchestra (Senz conductor) gave their regular public rehearsal at the Musical Fund Hall, Saturday afternoon, with the following programme:

1. Overture. Le Roi d'Yvetot. Adam
2. Song, In the distance. Buchner
3. Waltz, Sophien Dances. Strauss
4. Andante, Symphony No. 4. Gade
5. Overture, Hebrides (by request). Mendelssohn
6. Cavatina, Prophet. Meyerbeer
7. 1st Finale, Martha. Flotow
8. Galop. Boetiger

A charming feature in these Germania "Rehearsals," not without precedent as far off from "Secesia" as our own Boston, is thus related to us by a correspondent:

"See! there's Mr. Jones!—'Oh! what a pretty Christmas box Arthur sent me!'—'What order do you take on Mason & Slidell?'—'Why! how've you been?'—'Where's Mary?'—'A yard and a nail.'—'Don't Harry look well in his military overcoat?'"

"Had I given you the above relatively incoherent phrases without further comment, you would have abundant reason to believe me 'very much so' or even worse. The fact is, they are not imaginary. I really heard them. When? Last Saturday afternoon. Where? In the Musical Fund Hall. Well, what of that? Only this, while I heard them, the Germania was performing Mendelssohn's 'Hebriden' overture, and I felt considerably annoyed at my inability to hear the music that drew me there, on account of the chirping and chattering of those who came to converse.

"The talkers almost outvoiced the orchestra. I do not object to those in the audience who read the *Evening Bulletin* while listening to the music of the masters, great and little. It must be pleasant to read in that way.

"It is an undeniable and unpleasant fact that the 'talking nuisance' I complain of has nowhere attained greater development than among 'Germania' audiences. If it continue to increase as it has done, it were well to advertise *Conversazioni* instead of *rehearsals*. Purely out of self-defence have I taken a seat on the last bench of the hall, where, instead of hearing noise from four sides, I need hear it from but three—a gain of twenty-five per cent.

"CHANTERELLE."

PARIS.—From the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* of Dec. 15, we glean the following items:

At the Imperial Opera the week was occupied with *Alceste* by Gluck, and (as usual, one might say) with the *Huguenots* and *Robert le Diable*, besides a new ballet, "The Star of Messina," at which the Emperor was present.

The first new work to be given at the Opera Comique was the "Jeweller of St. James," music by Grisar.—At the Italians, the baritone Bartolini was to debut in the *Trovatore*, Mme. Guerra in *Rigoletto*, and the tenor Brini in *Norma*. *Soffo* was in rehearsal.—At the Théâtre Lyrique, Méhul's "Joseph" was to be revived, the parts being distributed to M. Buzin, another *tenor debutant*, Petit, Legrand, and Mlle. Faivre.

The receipts of all the theatres, concerts, balls and spectacles for the month of November exceeded a million and a half of francs.

The programme of the eighth popular concert of classical music in the Cirque Napoleon was as follows: Overture to *Il Matrimonio segreto*, Cimarosa; Symphony in A, Beethoven; Viotti's 24th violin Concerto, executed by M. Lancien; Adagio and Minuet from a Symphony in Eb, Haydn; Overture to *Zampa*, Herold.

BERLIN.—*Le Prophète* has been performed to excellent houses at the Royal Opera lately. The rôle of Fides, the disconsolate, heart-broken mother, is entrusted to Mlle. de Ahna, who acquits herself bravely of her arduous task, as far at least, as the music is concerned. She has evidently studied the part profoundly and conscientiously, and succeeds in doing justice to the intentions of the composer. I am sorry to say that I cannot, with truth, speak as favorably of the dramatic portion of her performance, which is deficient in intensity, and fails to move the audience as Mad. Wagner-Jachmann was accustomed to do. However, it is "never too late to mend," as the proverb and Mr. Charles Reade inform us, and I have no doubt that with time Mlle. de Ahna will become a far superior actress to what she is now. Mlle. Lucca was greatly applauded as Bertha. She was especially successful in the duet of the fourth act, which she gave in a magnificent manner. Altogether her conception and rendering of the part, both in a musical and dramatic sense, were entitled to high praise, and rewarded by the tumultuous plaudits of a delighted audience. The band, under the guidance of their Capellmeister, Herr Dorn, played with remarkable spirit and precision.

The farewell performance of Signora Brunetti and the Sisters Marchisio, previous to the departure of the latter for London, consisted of an *olla podrida*, part of which was new and part old. Among the novelties was a waltz by Alary, sung by Signora Trebelli.

Herr Adolph L'Arronge's new comic opera, *Das Gespenst* (*The Ghost*), has been produced with success, at the Wilhelmsstädtisches Theatre. The young composer has been fortunate enough to obtain an unpretending but good *libretto*,—rather a rarity, as things go,—and has treated it in a manner which promises well for the future. After a spirited overture, in which the "ghostly" element is admirably marked, the first act commences with a fresh hunting chorus in C major, which was highly effective. In the following trio in D minor, the clarinets and bassoons are very cleverly introduced. A *cantilena* of the heroine Gretchen, is full of charming melody, while the little movement a *capella*: "Ach, so ängstlich klopf mein Herz," comes in a charming episode. The second

act is even better than the first. It opens with a lively duet in D major, most artistically rendered by Mlle. Härtig and Herr Herrmann. This is followed by Gretchen's grand air, a beautiful, well-treated *morceau*, full of feeling, and far superior to the ordinary compositions of this description. The opera concludes with a brilliant *bravura* waltz in E flat, in no way inferior to some of Balfe's most "Balfey" bits. The principal characters were sustained by Mesdames Ungar, Harting, Herren Abich, Winkelmann, Schindler and Herrmann, with credit to themselves and to the composer, who, in *propria persona*, conducted the orchestra on the night of the first performance, and had every reason to be gratified with the reception of his work.

Herrn Zimmermann and Stahlknecht have commenced their annual series of Soirées for Chamber Music. The programme of the first Soirée opened with a quartet by Haydn (G major, cahier 14, No 1,) the dashing joyousness of which produced a corresponding effect upon the audience. The quartet was performed as only real artists could perform it, the two concert-givers being assisted by Herren Ramelsberg and Richter. The next piece on the list was Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, with Herr G. Schumann at the piano. Then came Beethoven's quintet in C major, Herr Kahle playing the second violin part. Mendelssohn's trio went off with decided *éclat*, a result to which the correct and delicately graduated playing of Herr G. Schumann contributed in no slight degree; but the performance of the quintet was, for such artists as those I have mentioned, cold and unsatisfactory.

The programme of the second Soirée of the Herren Papendick, Spohr and Koch was as follows:—Adagio, variations and rondo, by Beethoven; "Reisebilder," for piano and violoncello, by F. Kiel; and Mendelssohn's trio in D minor. Beethoven's work is one that is but rarely heard here, and, consequently, the fact of its being included in the programme on this occasion, acted like a potent spell, charming the admirers of the mighty *maestro* to the concert room. The work was on the whole, performed in an intelligent and expressive manner. Kiel's "Reisebilder" are a series of characteristic compositions, from the pen of a talented and experienced musician; they are eight in number. Those entitled, "Rest," "Intermezzo," and "At the Waterfall," are the most important. The others are either too short, as, for instance, "The Romance," or dry and uninteresting. These said "Reisebilder" were performed with a fair amount of taste and technical skill by the pianist, but his colleague, the violoncello, was somewhat deficient in spirit, although, to give him his due, his tone was good. The execution of Mendelssohn's trio was by far the best thing of the evening. Full of that youthful fire and dash, which are absolutely indispensable if the work is to produce its proper effect, the concert-givers played *con amore*, and quite deserved the plaudits with which their efforts were rewarded.

Herr Hans von Bülow's second Soirée was attended by a large and fashionable audience. Is not Herr von Bülow "Hofpianist"—pianist to his Majesty? Is he not, also, a "Von?" He was the "be-all and the end-all," the alpha and omega, the dinner and the dessert, in his own person. He suffered no rival near his music-stool. "L'état, c'est moi," said the Grand Monarque. "La Soirée c'est moi," cries Herr Hans von Bülow. He, and he alone, disdaining aid from any one else, was the sole performer. The programme was intended to be a sort of historical sketch of three destined periods, commencing with Bach, and then taking Beethoven on its way, bringing us down to the works of the most modern masters. Among the pieces selected were a *Suite* by Bach, Beethoven's Sonata in A flat major, Op. 110, Waltzes, by Ehlert and Raff, Liszt's Polonaise, in C minor, Schumann's "Novellettes," a "rêverie fantastique," by the concert-giver himself, and Liszt's "Soirée de Vienne" and "Carneval von Pesth"—Pesth soit du Carnaval! said I, who had to listen to it!

At a morning concert given by Signora Brunetti, the sisters Marchio were, as usual, the great attraction. They were tremendously applauded in the duet from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, which duet was encoored. In addition to this mark of the delight of the audience, they achieved the honor of being called forward three different times. Verily, the fair Sisters are great favorites in the city of Berlin. The best piece in the Italian programme was the "letter air" from *Don Giovanni*, transposed into G major, and divinely warbled by Barbara Marchisio. Mad. Biederi distinguished herself by the manner in which she sang a number of *bravura* trifles excellently, well adapted for the display of her extraordinary volubility, and—for nothing else.

I have not yet finished my list of concerts. I have

still to mention two or three more, and will begin with that given for the benefit of the Gustave-Adolph Stiftung. The audience was very select, and the bill of fare worthy, on the whole, of being set before them. The stars of the evening were Signora Trebelli, Herr Woworski, and Herr Bendel, who were, one and all, applauded.

The next concert to which I come, is particularly worthy of commemoration, since in it Charity and Music were united. It was the first of a series which will be given in the course of the winter by the Concert Union for Charitable Purposes. It took place under the direction of Herr Albert Hahn, in the concert room of the Theatre Royal. The only actually professional element on the occasion was the co-operation of Herr G. Schumann, who played the pianoforte part in Beethoven's Grand Fantasia, with orchestra and chorus, in the most creditable and artistic fashion. Among the other executants, I must mention, as worthy of special praise, the newly organized amateur orchestra. The chorus gave a really beautiful piece by Ferdinand Hiller: "O. weint um sie," and a vocal quartet by W. Rust, "Waldvöglein," with an amount of freshness and precision which would not have been discreditable to the best of your English Choral Societies. In the course of the week, I had occasion to hear a flutist, ye!pt Herr Foltz, at a concert given by himself, of course for the purpose of rendering the public acquainted with his own talent, which is far from inconsiderable. Although not a Pratten, he is by no means to be sneezed at. He overcomes all the technical difficulties of his instrument with pleasing facility, entirely free from anything like effort, and displays undoubted good taste, and deep feeling. Another aspirant for fame is Herr Pazroschke, whose bow—in whatever sense you choose to take the word—I first saw at a concert for Charitable Purposes given in the Wilhelmstädtsche Theatre. He has yet much to learn, but his tone is already full and rich, and his bowing (pronounce this time, bo-ing) capital. The most important event of the week, however, in a "concert sense," I have reserved for the last. It was the performance of Herr Taubert's music to Shakespeare's *Tempest*. It went off brilliantly.

On the 2nd inst., I was present at a very imposing ceremony in the Royal Opera House. I allude to the tenth performance of marches for a prize offered by Herr G. Bock, the eminent musical publisher. The audience was a most brilliant one. First and foremost came their Royal Highnesses Prince Carl of Prussia and August von Wurtemberg, Prince Radziwill, their Excellencies General Field Marshall von Wrangel, the ministers of state, Herren von d. Heydt and von Bernuth, and a great many officers of high rank with their ladies, as well as several members of *corps diplomatique* with theirs. The pit was occupied exclusively by officers, while the ladies filled the boxes. On the stage, which the Intendant General, Herr von Hülsenhael, had decorated in a very tasty manner, were drawn up the bands of the Königl. Kaiser Alexander, Garde Grenadier regiment, the Garde Fusilier regiment, the 1st and 2nd Garde Dragoner regiment, and the Garde Schützen Bataillon, supported by the Pioneers, all in grand uniform.

The programme consisted of the following twelve marches, selected by the committee from all those sent in: 1. "Des Preussen Muth," defiling march (infantry); 2. "Der verwegene Reiter," parade march (cavalry); 3. "Der preussische Grenadier," grenadier march (infantry); 4. "Auf und dran Spannt den! Hahn," (riflemen); 5. "Lasst die Trompeten erschallen" (infantry); 6. "Hoch wehen im Kampf der Preussen Fahnen" (cavalry); 7. "Vorwärts frisch auf, den Degen zur Hand" (infantry); 8. "Preussen, vorwärts!" (riflemen); 9. "Für den König ins Feld" (infantry); 10. "Kameraden, auf, zu Pferd!" parade march (cavalry); 11. "Unter Deinen Fittich, Preussens Aar, ruht's sich sicher!" (infantry); 12. "Gott mit uns" (riflemen). After the above marches had been performed, the officers gave their votes. The cavalry march, No. 10, obtained 158; the infantry march, No. 5, 5; and the rifle march, No. 12, 107. On opening the sealed envelopes containing the name of the composers, Herr Lorenz of the Berlin Fire Brigade; Herr Zikoff, of the Posen regiment of the line, stationed at Juben; and Herr Schreiber, of the Rhenish Jäger-Bataillon in Wetzlar, were found to be the composers of No. 10, No. 5, and No. 12, respectively. These performances of the prize marches have now existed for ten years, and have become an established institution of great importance to military music. By their means a great many talented young men, from all points of the kingdom, are introduced to the favorable notice of the public, while the army is supplied with marches of undoubted merit. The next performance will, according to report, take place next summer at Potsdam.—*Corr. London Musical World.*

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 511.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 18, 1862.

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Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 313).

ROME, Dec. 10, 1830

Dear Father! By the date it is to-day a year since we celebrated your birthday at Hensel's; and let me do as if it were again so now, and let me tell you something from Rome, as I did then from London. As a present I think of writing out to-morrow my old overture to the solitary island,* and when I put Dec. 11th at the bottom, and take the book into my hands, it seems to me as if I were about to give it to you at once. Then you would say, to be sure, you could not read it, but still I had brought you the best that I could make, and if I have the feeling every day as if I ought to do that, yet it is somewhat peculiar with a birthday; — I would I were there. Of how much joy I wish you let me be silent. You know it already, and you know how I and all of us are bound up in your prosperity, your cheerfulness, and that I can wish you nothing, in which we should not all doubly partake.

To-day is feast-day. I enjoy myself when I think how glad it must look with you there at home. And while I tell you how joyfully I live here, I feel as if I wished you joy. Really for me a time like this, in which the earnest and the pleasant are united, is very quickening and beneficial. Every time that I enter my room, I rejoice anew, that I have not to go on further the next day, — that I may quietly put off so many things until the morrow — that I am in Rome! Before, whatever a day brought into my head, was instantly crowded out again by another day, and the impressions chased each other; whereas here all can spread itself out orderly. I believe I never yet have worked with so much zest, and were I to execute all that I propose, I should have to stay by it the whole winter. To be sure, I am deprived of the great pleasure of imparting what I finish to some one who can enjoy and enter into it; but that impels me on again to new work, since everything pleases me best myself, so long as I am in the midst of it. And then this connects itself with the many solemnities and festivals of all sorts, which for a couple of days crowd out work now and then; and since I have made it my purpose to see and enjoy all I can, I do not allow work to hinder me, and so come back to it so much the fresher. It is really a glorious life. As to my health I get along quite well: only the warm air, that is to say the *Scirocco*, affects my nerves very much, and I must be careful how I play the piano much and late of evenings. But just now it comes easy to me to omit that for a day or two, since in the past weeks I have had to play almost every evening. Bunsen, who always cautions me not to play when it is not good for me, gave yesterday a great party, and I had to go. I liked it too, because I made several agreeable acquaintances

by the means, and because Thorwaldsen especially expressed himself in such a friendly way towards me, that I am quite proud of it, since I reverence him and have always admired him as one of the greatest men. He is a man like a lion, and it refreshes me only to see his face; you know at once that he must be a glorious artist; he looks so clear out of his eyes, as if everything must shape itself to form and image in him. Moreover, he is altogether gentle, and friendly and mild, because he stands so very high; and yet I believe that he can find delight in smallest things. It is a real enjoyment to me to see a great man, and to think that the original creator of things which are to last forever, stands, in his life, and with all his individuality, before me, and is a man, just as much as others.

Morning of the 11th. — Now is the proper birthday; a few notes apropos to it have just occurred to me; and even if they are not good for anything, there never used to be much in my congratulations. Fanny may make the second part to it; I only write what came into my mind, as I entered the room, where the sun shone again, and it was your birthday.

Andante Maestoso.

Bunsen was just now here, and sends his greetings, wishing you all joy. To me he is friendliness and attention itself, and I think, since you ask me, we shall get on very well together. You have called P. up to my mind in all his unamiableness with a couple of words; indeed the Abbate Santini is an obscure man compared to him, for he does not, by his ungraciousness and arrogance, make himself more important than he is. But just as P. is one of those collectors, who give one an aversion to learnedness and libraries through their narrow-heartedness, so Santini is a genuine collector in the best sense of the word. Whether his things have a great money value, is all the same to him; — so he gives everything away, without distinction, gladly, and only seeks all the time to get something new; for his chief concern is the diffusion and general knowledge of his old music. I have not seen him since then, because now every morning he must figure *ex officio* in his violet robe in St. Peter's; — but if he has availed himself of an old text, he will say so without hesitation, since he takes no credit to himself for being the first. He is, properly speaking, a limited man, and that I hold in a certain sense a great praise; for as he is no luminary, musical or of any sort, and has, moreover, much resemblance with the lay-brother who would penetrate the mysteries, he knows how to confine himself strictly to his sphere. Music does not interest him much, when it only stands in his bookcase; and he is, and holds himself to be nothing but a quiet and industrious laborer. That he is tedious, and also at times not without sharpness, one must freely admit; but when a man has and pursues a definite direction, and develops it according to his powers, in order to benefit other men by it, and carry the thing onward, I like him, and believe that everybody ought to respect him, all the same, whether he be tedious or agreeable. I should like to have you read that before P.

It always makes me inwardly wrathful, when men, who have no direction at all, presume to judge of others, who pursue some object, though it be the smallest; and for that reason I have lately served a musician in a social party here to the best of my abilities. He undertook to speak of Mozart, and since Bunsen and his sister love Palestrina, he sought to ingratiate himself with them by asking me, for instance: What I thought then of the good Mozart with his sins? But I answered: I for my part would instantly give up my virtues, and take Mozart's sins instead; how virtuous *he* is, though, I cannot determine. The people began to laugh, and had their pleasure in it. That such folks should feel no modesty before great names! It is a consolation, though, that it is the same thing in all the arts; the painters do no better here. They are frightful people, when you see them sitting in their *Café Greco*. I almost never go there, I have such a horror of them and their favorite place. It is a little, dark room, some eight paces wide, and on one side of the room one may smoke to-

* Afterwards published under the name "Overture to the Hebrides."

bacco, on the other not. There they sit round on the benches, with their broad hats on, big butcher dogs beside them, throat, cheeks, the whole face covered with hair, make a horrible stench (only on one side of the room), and say coarse things to one another; the dogs take care for the dissemination of vermin; a neck-tie, a frock would be innovations—what the beard leaves free of the face, is hidden by the spectacles; and so they drink coffee, and talk of Titian and Pordenone, as if they sat beside them, and also wore beards and wide-awake hats! And then they make such sick Madonnas, such feeble saints, such milksops of heroes, that one feels a desire to smash into them right and left.

These infernal judges do not shrink even from the picture by Titian in the Vatican, about which you ask me. It has no object and no meaning, say they; and that a master, who occupies himself a long time full of love and devotion with a picture, must probably have seen as far as they with their motley spectacles, never occurs to any of them. And if I never can do more my whole life long, I mean to say the rudest things, and from my heart, to all those who have no respect before their masters; in that I shall have done one good work at least. But here they stand, and see these splendid revelations, of which they have no sort of conception, and then dare to judge them. On the picture there are three degrees or *stadia*, or whatever you may choose to call them, represented, (as there are also in the *Transfiguration*). Below stand martyrs and saints, represented as suffering, enduring and oppressed; on every face dejection, almost impatience; one, in a rich bishop's garb, looks with the liveliest, most painful yearning upward, as if he wept, and yet he cannot see what already floats above them all, and what *we* know, who stand before the picture. Above them, namely, in a cloud sits the Madonna with the child, full of serenity, and surrounded by angels, who have wound many wreaths; and the Christ child holds one of them, and seems to want to crown the saints below immediately, but the mother for the moment holds him back. The contrast of the pain and sufferings below, where St. Sebastian looks so darkly and almost indifferently out of the picture, with the high, untroubled serenity in the clouds, where the wreaths are all ready for them, is altogether splendid. High over the Madonna group again hovers the Holy Spirit, from which a clear, beautiful light diffuses itself, and so it forms the keystone of the whole. It just now occurs to me, that Goethe, in the beginning of his first stay in Rome, describes the picture and admires it; but I have not the book here, and so cannot read it over to see how far it agrees with my account. He speaks at length of it; it was then in the Quirinal, and did not come until later to the Vatican. Now whether it was made to order, as these people maintain, or for whatever other reason, it is all the same. He has put his own feeling, his own poetry into it, and so it has become his own. Schadow, with whom I have pleasant and frequent intercourse, since he generally, and in his own department especially, judges very mildly, clearly and calmly, recognizing all true greatness, lately thought, that Titian never had painted an indifferent and tedious picture, and I believe he is right; for life and inspiration and the healthiest power speak out of all that he has represented; and where

these are, it is good to be. But this now is the fine, the unique thing here: that one sees only things that have been written about, talked about, painted, judged, for better or for worse, a thousand times; by the greatest masters, by the smallest scholars, now praised and now found fault with; yet still the things make such a fresh and quickening impression on one, that they excite each differently according to his idiosyncrasy. Here you can always refresh yourself from men by turning to the surroundings, which is frequently reversed in Berlin.

I have just received your letter of the 27th, and I am heartily rejoiced that I have already answered many things which you ask in it. There is no hurry about the letters which I asked for; I have in the meantime made almost more acquaintances than I like to have, because late sitting up and making music does not agree with me at all in Rome, and so I can wait for them with patience. Formerly it was not so, and therefore I asked so pressingly. Only I do not quite understand what you say to me of the *coterie*s, which I have now outgrown; for I know that I, and all of us, have always from our hearts hated and dreaded that which commonly goes by that name, to-wit: an exclusive, narrow, empty companionship, which cleaves to mere externals. But it is almost natural, that among men who see each other daily, without their interest changing; who must, too, lack participation in public things (as is indeed the case in Berlin, the theatre excepted),—that with them a humorous, lively, unique way of speaking about things should easily form itself, and that so a peculiar, perhaps even uniform language should spring up; but that can form no *coterie*. I certainly believe that I shall never belong to a *coterie*, whether I be in Rome or Wittemberg. I am glad that the last word I wrote, before your letter came, was, that in Berlin one must seek relief from the surroundings in men; and that shows, that I have no word to say for the *coterie* spirit, since that only separates men from one another. I should be sorry, if you should remark such a thing, except momentarily, of me or of any one of us. Pardon me, dear father, that I defend myself so earnestly against that intimation; but I have already the deepest aversion to that word, and you write me in this very letter, that I must always speak right out, just as I feel; so do not take it ill of me.

To-day I was in St. Peter's, where the great solemnities, called Absolutions, for the Pope have commenced, and will last until Tuesday, when the Cardinals go into conclave. The building is beyond all representation. To me it seems like a great work of Nature,—a forest, masses of rocks or the like; for I always lose the idea of a human work in it. One looks up at the ceiling, as little as at the sky. One loses himself in it, goes to walk in it, and walks himself soon very weary. Divine service is held and sung in it; but you only notice it when you come near to it. The baptismal angels are uncouth giants; the doves colossal birds of prey; one loses all idea of measure and proportion; and yet one feels his heart wide open, when he stands beneath the cupola, and sees clear to the top in one look. To-day a monstrous catafalque is erected in the nave, which has about this form.† In the mid-

† Here follows in the letter a little drawing of the catafalque.

dle under the pillars stands the coffin; the thing is tasteless, and yet it makes a strange effect. The upper round is thickly set with candlesticks; so, too, the ornaments upon it; the lower round likewise, and over the coffin hangs a burning lamp. Beneath the statues burn innumerable candles; moreover the whole is over 100 feet high, and stands directly against you, when you enter. And now the guard of honor and the Swiss march round in a quadrangle; in every corner sits a Cardinal in deep mourning with his servants, holding great burning torches, and then begins the chant with the *Responsoria*, monotonous and simple, as you know it. It is the only time they ever sing in the middle of the church, and it makes a wonderful effect. Only to stand in the midst of the singers (I may do that), and to look at them, gives one a splendid impression. For there they all stand around their colossal book, out of which they sing, and the book again is lighted with a colossal torch, that burns before it; and the way they all crowd one another in their robes, in order to see and sing well, and Bainsi with his monkish face beats time with his hand, and now and then scolds violently in the midst of it, and then to observe all the various Italian faces, is a pleasure. And as one always here has only to hasten from one enjoyment to another, so it is also in their churches, particularly in St. Peter's, where a couple of steps change the whole scene instantly. I went to the extreme end, and there was a wonderful spectacle. Through the wound columns of the high altar, which you know is as high as the Schloss in Berlin, and away over the space of the cupola, you saw, in diminishing perspective, the whole catafalque with its rows of lights, and the many little men who crowded round it. When the music begins, the tones come much later back there, and die away and vanish in the immeasurable space, so that one hears the strangest, most indefinite harmonies. Change your position again, and place yourself in front of the catafalque, and instantly you have, behind the glow of the many lights, and all the shining splendor, the twilight cupola full of blue vapor, and that is altogether indescribable.—In short, it is Rome!

The letter has grown long; I will close it; it will arrive just at Christmas. A joyous festival then to you all! But I send gifts also; they will set out day after to-morrow, and arrive on the day of the silver wedding. Many glad festal days come close together here, and I do not exactly know, whether I shall think myself away to you to-day, and wish you joy, dear father, or whether to think with the letter, and arrive on Christmas eve and not be admitted by mother through the room in which the tree is building. But I must take it out in thinking. May you all fare well and be happy. Felix.

I have just got your letter, bringing me the news of Goethe's sickness. How I was personally affected by it, is not to be told. All the evening his last words: "We will see to it to keep ourselves on our feet till your return," rang continually in my ears, and allowed no other thoughts to come up; and, if he is gone, Germany assumes another form for artists. I have never thought of Germany as a country without rejoicing from my heart, and feeling proud that Goethe lives in it; and the after-growth looks,

for the most part, so weak and sickly, that one's heart is heavy. He is the last, and closes a bright, happy period before us! The year ends terribly serious.

(To be continued.)

Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of DR. HEINRICH VON KREISLE.

(Continued from page 322.)

To the letters just cited may be added these, addressed to his brother (probably Ferdinand) from Gmunden:

Sept. 12, 1825.

"DEAR BROTHER!

I should really like, as you desire, to make a full description of our journey to Salzburg and Gastein; but you know how little fitted I am to narration and description. But since I should have in any case to tell it upon my return to Vienna, I will rather venture now in writing, than then orally, to sketch a feeble picture of all these extraordinary beauties; in this way I may hope to hit it, better than in the other.

"We set out on our journey about the middle of August from Steyer, and went by the way of Kremsmünster, which in fact I had often seen before, but which, on account of its beautiful situation, I cannot pass by. You overlook a very lovely valley, interrupted by some gentle little hills; on the right side rises a not inconsiderable mountain, on whose summit the far-stretching convent offers already from the carriage way, which leads down over an opposing brook, a most splendid sight, particularly heightened by the mathematical tower. Here, where we have for sometime past been known, especially Herr von Vogl, who has studied here, we were very friendly received, but, without tarrying, kept on our way, which afforded nothing worthy of especial mention, until we came to Vöklabrunn, where we arrived in the evening; a dreary nest.

"The next morning we came, by Strasswalchen and Frankenmarkt, to Neumarkt, where we dined. These places, which already lie within the Salzburg region, are distinguished by a peculiar style of building of the houses. Nearly everything is of wood. The wooden kitchen utensils are arranged on wooden stands, set against the houses on the outside, around which run wooden walks. Everywhere too on the houses hang old riddled targets; which have been preserved as trophies from times long passed away; for frequently we find the date 1600 and 1500. Here too begins the Bavarian money. From Neumarkt, which is the last post before Salzburg, you already see the mountain peaks, just covered with snow, look out from the Salzburg valley. About five (English) miles from Neumarkt the country becomes wonderfully beautiful. The Waller-See, which spreads out its clear bluish green water on the right of the road, enlivens this graceful landscape in the most glorious manner. The situation is very high, and from this point it descends continually to Salzburg. The mountains rise higher and higher; especially the fabulous Untersberg looms up magically as it were above the rest. The villages show traces of former opulence. On the commonest peasants' houses you find everywhere marble window and door posts, also frequently doorsteps of red marble. The sun veils itself

and the heavy clouds pass over the black mountains like misty spectres; but they do not touch the crown of the Untersberg; they creep by him, as if they feared his dreadful import. The wide valley, sown with single castles, churches and farm-houses, grows more and more visible to the enraptured eye. Towers and palaces show themselves by degrees; at length you pass the Capuchin mountain, whose huge rock-wall, close by the roadside, soars up perpendicularly and looks fearfully down upon the traveller. The Untersberg with his attendants grows gigantic; his greatness will almost crush us.

"And now we enter, through some stately alleys, into the city itself. Fortifications, wholly of free-stone blocks, surround this once celebrated seat of the Electors. The gates of the city with their inscriptions announce the vanished might of the priesthood. Mere houses of four or five stories fill the rather broad streets; and passing the oddly ornamented house of Theophrastus Paracelsus, we go over the bridge of the Salzach, which roars by strong and dark and turbid. The city itself made a rather gloomy impression on me, while the cloudy weather darkened the old houses still more; and besides this, the fortress, which lies on the highest summit of the Mönchberg, winks its spirit greeting down into all streets of the city. But as unfortunately it began to rain immediately on our arrival—a very common case here—we could not manage to see much, except the many palaces of splendid churches visible in passing. By Herr Pauernfeind, a merchant of Herr v. Vogl's acquaintance, we were introduced at the house of Count von Platz, President of the *Landrecht*, by whose family, already acquainted with us by name, we were most friendly received. Vogl sang some songs by me, whereupon we were invited for the following evening and asked to produce our bag and baggage before a select circle, which proved much to the taste of all, the *Ave Maria*,* mentioned in my first letter, meeting with especial favor.

"The way in which Vogl sings and I accompany, the way we seem in such a moment to be one, is something wholly new, unheard of to these people. After we had ascended the Mönchberg the next morning, from which one overlooks a large part of the city, I could not but be astonished at the multitude of splendid buildings, palaces and churches. But there are few inhabitants here, many houses stand empty, many are only occupied by one, or at the most two or three families. On the squares, of which there are many and beautiful ones, grass grows between the flag-stones, so little are they trodden. The Cathedral is a heavenly building after the model of St. Peter's church in Rome, of course on a smaller scale. The length of the church has the form of a cross, and is surrounded by four immense courts, each one of which forms a great square. Before the entrance stand the apostles in gigantic size hewn out of stone. The interior of the church is supported by many marble columns, is adorned with the figures of the Electors, and in all its parts is indeed perfectly beautiful. The light, falling in through the cupola, lights up every corner. This extraordinary brightness makes a divine effect, and might be commended to all churches. On the four squares,

* The well-known hymn among the songs from Scott's "Lady of the Lake."

which surround the church, are found great fountains, which are ornamented with the boldest and most splendid figures.

"From here we went into the cloister of St. Peter's, where Michael Haydn has resided. This church too is wonderfully beautiful. Here, as you know, is found the monument of M. Haydn. It is really fine, but in an out-of-the-way corner. There is something childish also in these little billets lying round; the urn contains his head. May thy clear, tranquil spirit hover over me, thou good Haydn, thought I to myself; and even if I cannot be so clear and tranquil, yet surely no one on earth reverences thee so inwardly as I. (A heavy tear fell from my eyes, and we passed on). We dined at Herr Pauernfeind's, and when the weather in the afternoon allowed us to go out, we ascended the Nonnenberg, which, although not high, affords the most beautiful prospect. It overlooks the hinder valley of Salzburg. It is almost impossible to describe to you the loveliness of this valley. Imagine a garden, covering many miles, and in it countless palaces and estates, which look out of or through the trees; imagine a river, winding through the most variegated meadow; imagine meadows and fields, like so many carpets of the finest colors; then the splendid masses which wind like ribbands round them, and finally alleys, miles long, of immense trees, all surrounded by an immeasurable row of highest mountains, standing like watchmen over this heavenly valley; imagine this, and still you have but a feeble idea of its inexpressible beauty. The rest of the notabilities of Salzburg, which I only saw on our return journey, I will leave till then, and follow up my description chronologically."

Sept. 21. Steyer.

"You see by the date, that several days have flown between this and my former line, and we from Gmunden have settled down upon Steyer. To continue my description then (of which I already repent, because it lasts too long for me), here follows the following as follows: The following morning was the finest day of the world and in the world. The Untersberg (Under-hill), or properly the Uppermost, shone and glittered with his squadron and the common rabble of the rest of the mountains splendidly in, or rather near, the sun. We rode through the vale above described, as through Elysium; the valley, though, has this advantage over that Paradise, that we sat in a charming coach, which convenience Adam and Eve had not. Instead of the wild beasts, we met many sorts of the most darling maidens. It is not right, that I make such miserable jokes in so beautiful a country, but to-day for once I cannot be serious. And so, sunk in rapture, we steered on composedly over the lovely day and over the yet more lovely country, meeting with nothing striking, except in a dainty building, which is called *Monat-Schlösschen*, because an Elector had it built for his sweetheart in a single month. That everybody knows here, but no one is shocked at it. A tolerance most delightful. This little building also seeks to glorify the valley by its charms.

After a few hours we arrived in the remarkable but exceedingly dirty and gloomy city Hallein. The inhabitants all look like spectres, pale, hollow-eyed and lean enough for kindlings. This frightful contrast, which this view of the Ratzentadt, &c., upon that valley produces, made an

extremeful fatal impression on me. It is as if one fell from the sky upon a dung-heap, or after Mozart's music heard a piece by the immortal A. Vogl was not to be moved to visit the salt mine and works; his great soul, goaded by his gout, strove towards Gastein, as does the traveller in a dark night to a light point. So we rode on past Golling, where the first high, insurmountable mountains showed themselves, through whose fearful gorges the pass Lueg leads. After we had climbed slowly up over one great mountain, terrible mountains before our nose, as well as on both sides, so that one could believe the world was nailed up here with boards, suddenly we looked, on reaching the highest point of the mountain, down into a frightful gorge, and one felt his heart fluttered somewhat for a moment. But recovering from the first fright, you see these wild high walls of rock, which seem to shut us in at a little distance, like a blind alley, and you study in vain to find the exit. In the midst of this dreadful nature, man too has sought to immortalize his yet more dreadful bestiality. For here it was, where the Bavarians on the one side and the Tyroleans on the other side of the Salzach, which roaring paves its way deep, deep below, committed that horrible murder, when the Tyroleans, hidden in the hollows of the rocks, fired down with hellish cries of exultation upon the Bavarians, who sought to gain the pass, and who, being hit, plunged down into the abyss, unable to see whence the shots came. This most shameful beginning, which was continued several days and weeks, they have sought partly to indicate and partly to expiate (through such holy signs) by a chapel on the Bavarian side and by a red cross in the rocks on the Tyrolean side. O glorious Christ, to how many shameful deeds thou hast to lend thine image. Thyself the ghastliest monument of human depravity, they set thine image up as if they would say: 'See! with rude feet we have trampled the most perfect creation of almighty God; shall it cost us any pains with light hearts to annihilate the remaining vermin, called men?'

"But let us avert our eyes from such humiliating reflections, and see to it rather, that we come out of this hole. After descending for a good while, the two rock walls advancing nearer and nearer together, and the road with the stream becoming narrowed to four yards breadth, suddenly, where one least suspects it, under an overhanging rock, where the pent up Salzach rages furiously, the road turns, to the agreeable surprise of the traveller. For now we go ahead upon a broader way, and level, although still shut in by mountains heaven-high. At noon we arrived in Werffen. A market, with an important fortification, built by the Salzburg Electors, is now being renovated by the Emperor. On our return we ascended it; it commands a splendid prospect of the valley, which is bounded on one side by the huge Werfner mountains, which you see as far as Gastein. Heaven! Devil! what a frightful thing is a description of a journey! I can go no further. As I shall come in the first days of October to Vienna, I will hand you this scribbling myself and tell you the rest by word of mouth."

(To be continued.)

Johanna Wagner.

To the Editor of the Musical World, (London).

"Why"—asks the *Recensionen* of Vienna—"has

Johanna Wagner (Mad. Jachmann) appeared in the drama?"

If we consider this lady's career—extending over more than twenty years—as a singer, the final result of her professional exertions does not strike us as occupying quite so prominent a place in the history of the modern stage as a number of German musical critics have taken upon themselves to represent. Her vocal efforts were deficient in the *creative element*, properly so speaking, for all that was most brilliant in them was founded upon the genial impersonations of Mad. Schröder-Devrient. In Berlin, Mad. Wagner's imposing figure exercised a special power of attraction, and her Orpheus gained for her the undivided approbation of the lovers of classical music. Although not of great compass, her voice possessed strength, and, in the lower register, rich volume. But, without pity for herself, she speedily ruined these advantages, by singing such parts as Valentine, Fidelio, &c., which required of her voice what was almost an impossibility. The friendly warning of criticism was allowed to pass by unheeded. Accustomed to lay on her colors thickly, what she principally aimed at, in her impersonations, were startling effects, which, as her voice, by being continually forced upwards and downwards, had become dull and flat, she was at last unable to produce. That a lady who has sung for ten years in one place, should have found a circle of admirers and enthusiasts, is something perfectly natural. Unfortunately, the applause lavished on her by these persons was no longer able to fire, lightning like, the masses, and, despite all exertions in other quarters as well, Mad. Wagner was compelled to think of retiring from the Opera. In order that this step might not involve her retirement from the stage altogether, an expedient was hit upon; it was agreed that her claim for a pension should be bought for a respectable sum, and, in addition, that her expressed wish to be allowed to appear in spoken drama should be granted. In this way was the appearance of Mad. Wagner, the singer, in Goethe's *Ifigenie* brought about, after due endeavors, by means of puffing, to gain over the sympathy of the public for this "first attempt."

"How"—continues the *Recensionen*—"did Mad. Wagner make her appearance in the drama?"

On the occasion of the festivities accompanying royal birthdays, people here, as a general rule, were not in the habit of seeing the theatre very crowded, and custom required that the audience should refrain from loud applause. The "dramatic attempt" of Mad. Wagner, the singer, drew a house crammed to the ceiling, and, with that want of tact, which usually distinguishes over-zealous friends, Mad. Wagner, in defiance of all precedent, was received with applause which seemed as though it would never cease, and honored, in the course of the evening, with bouquets, just as if she had been an actress already crowned with fame. People, however, soon became aware that the "attempt" was not successful. The tumultuous abuse of applause, unfortunately now naturalized in ballet and opera, was transplanted into the more modest area of the theatre, and it is almost beyond dispute that a "higher" claque than the ordinary one intended to surprise the public, the critics, and the Intendant-General. A number of the Berlin critics were, it is true, bewildered by such a hubbub, and saved themselves from pronouncing an opinion by indulging in cheap enthusiasm; the more prudent ones, however, although speaking with evident mildness and indulgence, were but little edified by Mad. Wagner's *Ifigenie*. Herr Röttscher, for instance, wrote as follows:—"Subsequent performances will enable us to say what share respect for the *dramatic singer* had in these ovations. That the lady should, immediately on her appearance, be greeted by uproarious applause, was not a mark of much tact, since Mad. Wagner was appearing for the first time in this branch of art. Indeed she will do well, as a rule, to seek protection against blundering friends, who, to judge by this first sample, can only injure her. The present criticisms ought to be addressed exclusively to the *aspirant* in this new field for her exertions. If we were to mention everything with which we disagreed, we should be obliged to extend our notice into a regular treatise." We are, therefore, not alone in our tolerably candid criticism, and it was to be feared that the public, as in so many other instances, would suffer from a terrible reaction, after their fit of frenzy was over. When personal sympathy has cooled down a little, people will at length endeavor to determine in what consists the difference between, and the merit of, the peculiar mental task of a singer and actress, for a part like Goethe's *Ifigenie* is far from being properly represented by any one possessing only a majestic form without a large amount of deep feeling.

Even the second performance of *Ifigenie* was moderately attended, and the applause trifling. But the

second part, Maria Stuart, quite sobered the public. Mad. Wagner's action was moderate, but unmeaning. Her best scene was that with Burchard, though here again we heard nothing save hollow and monotonous declamation, overloaded with ponderous false accentuation. We perceived no sign of anything like soul or intensity of feeling. The grand scene in the third act, stripped of all declamatory spirit, was dull and colorless, the actress anxiously avoiding the exhibition of aught approaching passion.

On the 2nd November, Mad. Wagner appeared as Orsina, in *Emilia Galotti*, and, although nearly ashamed of so much blame, we confess we never before heard the Prince's deserted mistress represented with greater roughness and coarseness of tone, while the unfavorable impression thus produced, was increased by an unbecoming dress. Where was the proud Italian woman, the fiery and passionate Orsina, whose exasperated soul, filled with the desire of revenge, is meditating the death of the faithless Prince? Lessing's dialogue brought out, on this occasion, no fiery excitement, no feverish emotion: the actress had not the slightest conception of the part. The vision in which a "Himmliche Fantasie" should dawn, "as though in a trance," upon the hapless Orsina, now almost mad, was spoken by Mad. Wagner close to the prompter's box, while Odoardo (Herr Kaiser), was walking up and down, immersed in thought, at the back of the stage. Indeed, as a rule, the other actors and actresses did not appear to exist for the *débutante*—provided only the cue was given at the right time. As we left the theatre, an admirer of the lady, on our observing the fourth act of *Emilia Galotti* was absolutely nothing, unless the representative of Orsina exhibited intense passion, said to us, "Ja, ja, det is nich ihr Genre!" "Oh! yes. That is not her line!"

If we consider the three parts, *Ifigenie*, Maria Stuart, and Orsina, selected by Mad. Wagner for her *débuts*, it is self-evident that such a selection implies no ordinary aspiration, for, had the fair and respected vocalist succeeded in dramatically carrying out these three grand but heterogeneous female conceptions, she would have encircled her brow with a crown of artistic excellence such as had never before existed. But she was deficient in the soul and voice necessary for so lofty a flight. Up to the present time, the Berlin public have, with admirable forbearance, watched the dramatic essay of a fair singer, greatly respected by them, and have spoken only in "silent circles" of the absolute inefficiency of their favorite. Had a strange actress played the above characters as Mad. Wagner played them, we very much doubt that the critics and the public would have preserved such exemplary silence. For the gratification of certain individuals, or as a stroke of policy intended to work upon the curiosity of those who pay their money, such an experiment on the part of a dramatic singer, hitherto the object of popular applause, may be all very well for a short period; but the engagement of Mad. Wagner as *prima donna assoluta* in drama, might, perhaps, be productive of bitter regret, at some future period, and is, therefore, not advisable. Every one capable of forming an opinion will agree on this point. A. A.

* The equivalent, in the Berlin *patois*, of "Ja, ja, das ist nicht ihr Genre."—TRANSLATOR.

Anecdote of Prince Albert.

We borrow (says the *Albion*) from a London correspondent of an English provincial paper the subjoined gossip that has now a melancholy interest.

One of the pleasantest operatic reminiscences is of a performance, not long ago, of Beethoven's grand opera of "Fidelio," at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. The king of the Belgians and the Count of Flanders had accompanied the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the Princess Alice to the opera. The massive harmonies, the contending passions which sweep through the opera like a tempest, the magnificent choruses, a performance faultless from the first note to the last, the finest orchestra in Europe and the best conductor, made the representation of "Fidelio" on this particular night a consummate treat for the musician. I never saw a party enjoy an opera more thoroughly than that in the royal box. They all knew the music. His Majesty King Leopold beat time through whole bars, and you might have thought you were looking at the music master in the "Barber of Seville." It was not a simple motion of finger and wrist. The fore-arm of majesty described large triangles like the pictures in the music books, and always in true anticipation of Costa's rapid baton. But the true *fanatico per la musica* was the Prince Consort. Every note of the music, it was clear, was as familiar to him as "God save the Queen" to an Englishman. His unimpressible and unimpassioned manner vanished in the dim recesses of the royal box,

where he might suppose himself unobserved. He beat time for Costa a note in advance. In the absence of that inimitable *chef*, it is clear he could have stepped into his seat, and carried the orchestra through with *éclat*. It was not alone with the air or *motif* (you will please to observe) that he indicated this perfect familiarity, but in the sub-action of the orchestra, the independent "setting" of the accompaniment, and the intricacy of the fugue. His enthusiasm, indeed, accidentally noticed by the Queen, quite upset her gravity. Beethoven wrote two or three overtures for "Fidelio." One was played before the curtain rose, and the other, the splendid composition known as "Leonora," between the first and second acts.

The musician will recollect that in the latter are some crescendo passages for stringed instruments, which at length burst like a storm into elementary war. The Prince was so carried away by the fire and energy of the overtures under Costa's impetuous baton, that he sprang from his seat, and seemed to be calling up the music with his right hand from the depths of sound. Her Majesty happened at this instant to look round, and was so tickled at seeing the Prince on his legs and turning an imaginary barrel organ, that her mirth became irrepressible. The royal cambric was at frequent intervals brought to the royal lips, and very red in the face did the Majesty of England become before the risibility, thus unexpectedly awakened, could be restrained and sobered down to a decent gravity. The Prince, I will venture to say, rose at once in the estimation of every one who chanced to notice this little touch of nature. Somebody has said, "we meet our friends in a melody as in a glance of the eye, far beyond where words have strength to climb." Thus the King and Prince looked at each other as Beethoven chronicled "all the sobs, the heart-heavings and god-like Promethean thefts of the earth spirit," and thus they gave answering waves of the hand in token of musical sympathy and appreciation. If, indeed, I wanted an illustration of the refined pleasure which musical genius is capable of giving to the cultivated connoisseur, I should cite the exquisite and unaffected enjoyment by this royal party of an opera which three Englishmen out of four consider to be heavy. But gone, alas! are all those pleasant nights with the great composers, which he so thoroughly relished, and in their stead remain saddened remembrances, tender regrets, and chastened sorrow. The Poet Laureate has said—

Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
The sound of a voice that is still.

The Jarves Collection of Old Masters.

Boston, Jan. 4, 1862.

To the Editors of the Salem Register:

Permit me to call the attention of your readers to the remarkable exhibition of pictures now at Williams & Everett's, No. 234 Washington street, Boston. Certainly never before in this city has such a genuine collection of old masters, and of such a rare stamp, been placed before the public. It is a fair representation of the criticism of the age. One may recognize here the sources of Ruskin's enthusiasm for the mediæval art, of Lord Lindsay's, of Rio's, and the other able expositors of the true merit and deep pious feeling of the early religious painters—the pre-Raphaelites; and not to be forgotten among those writers, the owner of those pictures himself, who has furnished in the elegant publication called "Art Studies," some very judicious and delicate criticisms, highly instructive upon the attractions in the genius of those times.

Nor are pictures wanting to prove the undeniable merit of later schools. We have specimens of the Carracci, a Mater Dolorosa, probably by Ludovico, Domenichino and Guido, and Murillo, that school which Sir Joshua Reynolds held up as the best model of study and imitation, as well as Fra Angelico, Sano di Pietro, his rival in purity, Giotto, the delightful Gentile da Fabriano, and no less pleasing Lorenzo di Credi, Masaccio, and a perfect example of the incomparable color and solemn poetry of Giorgione, which glows in the room like a bandeau of jewels.

Not to particularize too carefully amid such a little heap and casket of gems, we cannot refrain from a few words upon the excellence of some of these noble works. On first entering the little hall where these old world treasures are deposited, one cannot but be arrested by the cool, diaphanous, deep, glowing color which meets the eye on the opposite wall. Harmony and richness itself, gem-like, glancing light, radiance and splendor, and perfect sentiment in form and expression, subdued and harmonized to a delicious accord by an ever pervading taste and mastery of treatment. Nothing hot, dusty, hasty, opaque, dauby and crude; but everywhere lumin-

ousness, inwardness, honest finish and careful labor; humidity and downiness of nature, as in the exquisite Murillo, which faces you. The very Zephyr is here playing his finest note on the "organ pipe of nature," if it shall not rather be called an Æolian harp. Nothing can surpass the freshness and brilliance of this picture. In delicacy, feeling and treatment felicitous beyond conception. Like strains of music upon the ear, the color and bloom from fruit, flower and foliage, and the form of the lovely girl, her robes easily escaping, tintured and died as with grapes, and redolent of sunny wines, Claret and Burgundy.

Dance and Provencal song and sun-burnt mirth strikes upon the sense, and kindles the imagination like some exquisite idol, some impassioned verse. It is perhaps as fine a bit of nature, of poetry and romance, as one will meet with in any gallery.

The Spanish painters were forbidden by the Inquisition to paint the nude, and this was the limit of Murillo's daring. It is a most uncommon subject for the painter, who, besides his religious pictures, revelled in the picturesque and the artistic to be detected in common life, peasant boys and beggars on the ground. The same *pose* however, and suggestions of a similar composition, occur in several works of the painter, in Europe; enough to show what his genius might have accomplished with this happy, innocent loveliness, this sensuous and romantic vein, sweet and flowing, airy as summer, luscious as vintage; and how his genius, loving all things in nature, took delight in the beauty of the world around him.

Besides the Murillo, which cannot but captivate every one, and remain in the memory like some loved poem—(we have heard it said that our poet's lamented wife spoke of this picture with enthusiasm, a few days before her sad death, which all the country mourns)—the large Guido, just arrived, is sure to please every lover of the beautiful. A composition like a rhythm in poetry, two lovely heads bent the same way, like the recurrence of a refrain harmonizing verse. Like lilies upon two neighboring stalks, they incline gracefully, they droop and hang the head gently; the hair looped and allowed to stray escapes in beautiful festoons, with ravishing lines, elegant as the head it adorns. Everything is married to grace and harmony; beauty and pensiveness like a flower. Their eyes are full of tenderness and sentiment. Indeed we remember no instance in Guido's greatest works where the eyes are softer, or so melting in expression as here. The eyes in the Beatrice Cenci at Rome are wonderfully expressive, gentle and lustrous, but swollen with grief and weeping. The subject is the disarming of Cupid. Besides the two lovely figures just spoken of, which are so beautifully handled, a third appears in contrast, placed in profile, and habited in an ideal close-fitting tunic or vest, a costume we are taught to believe in the ancient art the goddesses wore. Cupid remonstrates vigorously, seated in the lap of the central figure; a fine vigorous infant very *pigant*, and touched naturally. With some neglect of drawing in the lower parts of the composition, and a shadow of excess in one of the heads, this is one of the best preserved and most interesting of Guido's minor works. The sinking in and disappearance of the green drapery which formed the back ground, and which can now be dimly discerned in certain lights, has caused the figures to have a startling, bright and vivid look, too much for harmony and keeping. The accessories are finely done. There is lustrous orange and gold; and the drapery is in parts beautifully felt, tender, and exquisitely disposed. The crimsons in this master are never good, but red, hot and brickly. The flesh tints and rosy coloring are delightful. The texture of the most soft and delicate skin and pinky bloom, with the vesture lying on it and colored by it, are beautifully given, but in this respect the Bolognese painters never equalled Titian and Rubens. This picture gave the name to one of the rooms of a fine old palace at Sienna, on the road from Florence to Rome, which was called the Guido Chamber. The late owner, Lord Fleetwood, purchased it for £900.

The Domenichino, by its side, is a fine example of this master. Refined, to the highest degree, and beautiful, with excellent harmony of parts, and a certain breadth and dignity of style. The color rich and luminous. The story is something badly told, perhaps. Artemisia prepares to drink the ashes of her husband with a sort of elegant unconcern; but the whole is a very lovely picture, and the highest type of the ornate and eclectic school which has reigned in the drawing-room for several generations back. Notice the exquisite painting of the vase, and the noble drapery; and the perfect oval (a narrower face than Guido, in his Niobe head, commonly gives, more *petite* and delicate) which the outline of the face forms, and in which this master delighted.

It would be too long a story to attempt to do justice to this collection. It is but a selection, and by no means too flattering a one, of the main portion now in the building of the Historical Society at New York. Taken together, it is by far the most authentic, reliable and valuable gallery of old masters ever amassed by one collector in this country, and would be very highly valued in any part of Europe. The Bryan gallery in New York contained a few early, archaic works of much interest, but abounded in very indifferent copies, and was far from having any choiceness or selection. Its principal value was in some early northern works, some early copies and one or two originals of that delicate and exquisite master, Hans Memling, who is seen in such perfection at Ghent and Bruges.

Certainly the average of the older masters in Mr. Jarves's collection, not taking into account one or two Peruginos and Francias, and some other large compositions of the first order as to importance and cost, is quite equal, if it be not superior to the additions lately made to the National Gallery, London, under the supervision of Sir Charles Eastlake; and a choicer gallery than that, though small, does not exist in Europe.

The works now here, have, in some instances, been very delicately and beautifully engraved in outline for Mr. Jarves's Art Studies, by a rare hand, the pupil of Raphael Morghen. One has but to compare them with the outlines which disfigure, for the most part, Mrs. Jameson's works, to mark the difference. One may read in the above named work some very discriminating and judicious criticism on the merit and peculiar characteristics of these old men, of whom here we have examples.

We have not touched upon the treasure of the collection, an unfinished work by Leonardo da Vinci, which was valued in Europe at \$20,000. We leave this to make its own impression. It has that grace, depth, and modelling, and the characteristic blue, rocky landscape, which are peculiar to this great painter. Any one who saw La Vierge aux Rochers in the British Institution a few years since, by the same hand, and of which there is a copy or *replica* in the Louvre, will recognize the resemblance. Nor have we described the Mater Dolorosa which fastens everybody by its power, nor the Giorgione, or Luca Signorelli; but we would urge every one who would see Art in its greatest periods and most illustrious names; who would appreciate the force of Ruskin's criticisms, and the best literature and *connoisseurship* of the age relating to this subject, to visit this small but precious chamber of ancient works.

The whole impression upon one is as if a piece of Europe—Florence, Dresden or Paris—had been cut out and brought over here to be set up in Washington street. So far away are you there among the mighty Past; so breathing is it all "of the still air of delightful studies," under the shadow of the Portico of Saint Marks or the gorgeous halls of the Pitti and the Vatican. Nor need it be feared that the works may not be genuine. They speak for themselves, to every educated eye, and to every natural sensibility. They need no other passport, though the Catalogue gives an ample one, and it must be considered that all noblest things are not to be appreciated at a glance. Who doubts that Chaucer, Spenser, Beaumont and Fletcher are great poets, and yet it is in proportion as one's taste is cultivated, catholic, refined, that one enters into the merits of these old writers. But here we have the opportunity of study of various ages, and the works we have principally pointed out are of the most finished and developed periods, and are to art what (as a whole), Milton, Gray, Collins, Pope, Byron, or Tennyson, are to literature, geniuses which appeal to all time and to various idiosyncracies and capacities.

AMATEUR.

Musical Correspondence.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., JAN. 13.—The faithful chronicler of concerts who should write from Springfield would be kept busy this winter. No previous season has brought with it so many and so good musical entertainments, and we hear of several more on the tapis. Last Monday evening, Mrs. PRESTON of Hartford, with Miss BARTON, mezzo soprano, and OSCAR MAYO, pianist, gave a concert to an audience which was as enthusiastic as the temperature of the hall would allow. We have read of liquid notes, but we rejoice that nothing of the kind was heard on the evening in question, for the inevitable anomaly of frozen notes might not have been agree-

able. Under the circumstances, it would of course be out of the way to criticize closely, much more to find fault—which many seem to consider synonymous with the former much-abused word. Mrs. Preston sang well and showed that she could sing better. She and her accompanist did not appear familiar with each other, and if this was the case no inexcusable blunders were apparent. Balfe's "Come into the garden, Mand" was perhaps the most faulty in this respect, the *tempo* being sometimes painfully unsteady. Miss Barton, who sang three or four solos and a duet with Mrs. Preston, has a pleasant voice, and one it would be worth her while to cultivate, in order to gain the finish, which experience and a good teacher would give her, and which she now lacks. She should avoid singing light songs in too strict time, and remember that even Verdi's music should be sung as Verdi wrote it. A similar remark would apply with equal force to Mr. Mayo, who played an exceedingly tame and common-place accompaniment instead of the one written to "Our good ship sails to-night." His piano solos did not present great technical difficulties, but he played them as well as any man could with cold fingers.

On Thursday evening Mr. EDWARD HOFFMAN (a younger brother of Richard) gave a pianoforte soirée, which was attended by a "select few" of our musicians. Although the programme was composed of modern and not classical music, the occasion was a very enjoyable one. Mr. Hoffman plays with great correctness and nicety of expression pieces of the grade of Thalberg's fantasia on *Masaniello*, Satter's *Traviata* fantasia, &c. Jnell's fantasia on *Norma*, with which the soirée began, was hardly as perfectly executed as most of the following pieces, and the "Last hope" was played faster—at least the "working up"—and with less delicacy than Gottschalk would have played it. In all other respects there was little to criticize. But there was considerable to laugh at in "Dixiana." The antiquated melody of "Dixie," in this caprice of Richard Hoffmann's, is made to rave with a perfect looseness. Think of making a fugue of "Dixie!" "Glory, hallelujah!" will come next. R.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JANUARY 18, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Chopin's "MAZURKAS."

First Philharmonic Concert.

The sound of an orchestra, of a Beethoven Symphony, was something for which ear and soul had thirsted so long in these times, that no one was disposed to listen very critically. It was well to make the best of our diminished means, and if our orchestra is thinned out by the war, to find a satisfaction in the thought that this too is contributing all that it can spare to swell the inspiring sound and rhythm of the army that shall save our country, and bring back peace and unity and Art and music under more glorious auspices than ever before. In such a time could not a patriotic ear hear the absent instruments almost as clearly as those present, cooperating sympathetically as it were these thinned harmonies to make them rich with nobler meaning and intention? So we have all to thank CARL ZERRAHN for gathering up such forces as were left, and organizing them to such good purpose, so that we still may not altogether lack the refreshment of orchestral music, nor forget the sound of Beethoven and Mozart.

The Music Hall was so well filled, on floor and

balconies, as to look like old times, and show a real general interest in the occasion. And it soon appeared that our conductor had collected not so bad an orchestra after all. It numbered thirty-five or forty instruments; with six first and six second violins—the seconds, however, by no means relatively so efficient as the first. There was but one bassoon, and he a new one, with a violoncello for his mate. The other wind parts were reasonably well filled; some of them very well. And so the "Pastoral Symphony" commenced, and sounded very natural, winning one to its summer mood, almost persuading him that he breathed the warm, blithe, breezy, fragrant air of grassy fields in the long days of June. How wonderfully Beethoven has caught the whispered, evanescent tune of it in that little motive of the first Allegro! And to what a life-some, stimulating quality he blends his instruments! Nothing dull or heavy in the mingling of those tone-colors; they "hit the sense," as Shakspeare has it, and set every nerve alive and tingling with enjoyment. That first movement, considering its difficulty, the delicate rendering of little mingling phrases and melodic fragments required, and considering the reduced size and of course somewhat make-shift composition of the orchestra, went very satisfactorily. And so did the next movement, which is also the next best, the Andante "by the brookside," flowing rich and cool and mellow, with bright gleams of sunshine and brighter flashes of bird notes ever and anon crossing the shadows. One forgives the good Beethoven those imitations of nightingale, &c., to which we pause and listen at the end; for he was happy then; it as if he smiled when it was done, and done so beautifully. The rollicking dance of the peasants, the rumbling of the coming storm, the cooled atmosphere, the pattering rain drops and the bursting of the thunder and the lightning in full fury, and the subsiding and clearing up again, were made quite effective. The last part, suggesting shepherds' songs with their returning flocks, and hymns of gratitude, was a little confused; the stammering of a horn, here and in earlier parts, disturbed one's equanimity sometimes. But on the whole the "Pastoral Symphony" was much enjoyed. You felt Beethoven in it; he is unmistakable, even without a splendid orchestra; you touch him and his strong genius magnetizes you, his deep, tender, human spirit glows through you, and lifts you into your freer, larger, nobler self.

The Orpheus Glee Club followed, closing the first part. The indefatigable KREISSMANN, with preliminary wave of arm, winds them up, and off they go, as one man, with mechanical precision, careful light and shade (not so exaggerated as sometimes formerly), and Teutonic fervor, in one of Mendelssohn's part-songs, called "Love and Wine." A very good one, but unfortunately not the best suited to some of the most prominent voices called in play; those high tenors struggling rather desperately with notes too high for them. Yet there was such life about it, that it pleased and was most eagerly encored; the Club returned and sang another piece, less difficult and more successful. Their pieces in the second part were better chosen. Lachner's "Hymn to Music" (written for the recent Männergesang-verein festival at Nuremberg?) is an interesting composition, of some variety and dignity; it brought out the strong basses of the Or-

pheus roundly, and did not expose the weak points, as above. It was finely sung, and made an excellent effect, as did also "The Forest" by Haeser. The introduction of *Liedertafel* songs into a Symphony concert would be rather questionable, as a general rule, in a fully furnished musical community. In Germany we never heard it, except where something of a nobler character, like Mendelssohn's "Antigone," was sung. The true place and the true charm of these pieces is in the Club rooms, round the social tables with the beer and wine, lending a refined sentiment, a genial enthusiasm to convivial expansion. They sound better there than they can sound in a concert room. Yet it is a very genuine element in music, and really artistic; and in our circumstances, there are few things which could be employed so happily to give variety to a Symphony concert, as these well-trained and, hearty part-song singings of the "Orpheus." We would only suggest that in such concerts their nobler and manlier choruses, such as *Antigone* and *Ædipus* afford, should take precedence of the more commonplace convivial and sentimental.

The *Tannhäuser* overture has become a favorite here, and there was probably a call for it, as much as there was for any special work. It is a mistake, however, to suppose, as many do, that in it we are listening to the so-called "music of the future," or that from it we can gather an idea either of the genius or of the peculiar principles of Richard Wagner: inasmuch as those principles justify no overture at all, any more than they do a symphony, or any other composition purely instrumental; the Wagner notion being, that the Tone is naught without the Word. The opera *Tannhäuser* only hints the way, in parts, towards his Opera or "Art-work" of the "Future," to which he henceforth devotes himself, and in which recitative dialogue takes the place of melody, while the orchestra supplies only background. This overture, therefore, stands upon its own independent merits as an instrumental work, although of course it is better understood after an acquaintance with the opera, from which it takes its leading motives. It is imposing, startling in its effects, contrasting solemn religious tranquility and triumph with delirious, despairing rapture of the senses, in avidly suggestive manner. We own that it took hold of us more when it was new, than it does now; though it has not wholly lost its charm. But that it is a charm to last and grow more and more inwardly satisfying, like that of some of the perfect older masterpieces, such as the *Zauberflöte*, the *Iphigenia*, the *Leonora*, the *Freyschütz* overtures, we may well doubt. On this occasion, too, we felt that too much of its peculiar power is lost without a much larger orchestra; with three or four times as many violins, and a richer body of middle strings and bass, that thin, squealing effect of certain passages becomes relieved and tolerable; but, while not doubting that the work was enjoyed by many of the audience, the result of the experiment was to our mind not favorable to the selection of *Tannhäuser* for such an orchestra, in its more important concerts.

The Finale to the first act of *Don Gioranni*, as an orchestral piece, recalled the wonderful wealth and beauty of Mozart's music in a delightful manner. The instruments warmed to their pleasing work.

On the whole, the concert was successful, and we desire again to express our thanks to Mr. Zerrahn and to the members of the orchestra for the good service which they have done us and are prepared to do us in these musically barren times. We hope Mr. Zerrahn will see the expediency of continuing such concerts, once in every week or two, throughout the larger portion of the year, until they shall become an institution, something always to be counted on as a resource. We are sure it will be easier to educate the public to that, than it is to get the whole thing up anew, for a few concerts only, each year after very long intervals. In such continued frequency of concerts, there would be opportunities enough to introduce lighter works, to please a variety of tastes; and many things, which are questionable in the four or five only feasts we have of classical and noble music, would find their fit occasions, leaving the others unalloyed.

CONCERTS COMING.—There are some good things at hand. For instance:

This evening, at Chickering's rooms, Miss MARY FAY, the young pianist, gives the first of a series of four concerts, chiefly, we presume, of pianoforte music, with the assistance of Messrs. F. SUCK, H. SUCK and WULF FRIES, to make up a Quartet of piano and strings.

Next Wednesday evening comes the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB again, who have secured the assistance of Mr. J. C. D. PARKER as pianist. He will play with them a Trio by Hummel in E flat, and Variations (with cello) by Mendelssohn. There will be a Quartet by Mendelssohn in E flat, and Mr. MEISEL will play the Andante of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto. Really our London critics will admit that the Club justifies its name this time.

Next Saturday evening, Mr. JOHN K. PAINE will give an *Organ Concert* in the Tremont Temple. Then we shall hear *real* organ music, the noblest ever written,—some of the finest specimens of the Preludes and Fugues, the Toccatas, the Sonatas, &c. of Sebastian Bach, the master and the genius *par excellence* of the Organ, into whose works Mr. Paine has studied more deeply and more successfully than any American. In a second part he will give other composers by way of variety; but the entire programme is not yet determined.

On the following Saturday, Feb. 1, Mr. ZERRAHN's second Philharmonic Concert. He proposes to give us the C minor Symphony of Beethoven, Wagner's "Faust" overture, and what other good things we are not yet informed.

Odds and Ends.

The *N. Y. Tribune* man returns to his attack on Handel, thus:

We have no desire to enter into any controversy with the editor of *Dwight's Musical Journal* respecting Handel's *Messiah*. With the exception of the Hallelujah Chorus, and "He was Despised," pretty much every other piece, we take it, must be a mouldy bore to ears educated to the refinements of logical musical form, of pure and grand statement, of vocal method, of vocal declamatory style, of musical rhythm integrated with and born of regular and flexible poetical measures, and not dreary prose, taken higgledy-piggledy, without connection, progress, climax, and culmination; the whole drowned in drearier fugues, the fossils of an early age, when Apollo's rays had not produced the higher forms of grace and beauty.

NEW YORK.—Two operatic performances were announced for this week at the Academy of Music; on Wednesday, Miss Kellogg in the *Traviata*; on Friday, Miss Hinckley in "The Barber of Seville," Brignoli being the tenor, and Mancusi the baritone; Susini, we suppose, the bass. *Ditto* at the Brooklyn Academy on Tuesday and Thursday.

A Glee and Madrigal soirée, complimentary to Henri Appy, the violinist, was given at Dodworth's Saloon, by a number of his friends, both professional and amateur, on Thursday evening, Jan 9. The programme included:

1. Piano Quartet—Triumphal March, 5th Symphony..... Beethoven
 2. Madrigal—Now is the month of Maying..... T. Morley. A.D. 1595
 3. A Glee—While the Moon shines bright..... Bishop
 4. Song—Ah! Maiden, cease those pearly tears..... H. Rodwell
 5. Madrigal—There is a Ladie, Sweete and Kind..... Thomas Ford. A.D. 1607
 6. Violin Solo—Concerto in E minor..... Mendelssohn
- Andante Finale..... Henri Appy

THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Academy of Music was held in the Directors' Room of the Academy, last evening. The attendance was numerous. Mr. Gordon F. Ford was called to the chair, and Mr. John Winslow acted as Secretary. Mr. I. H. Frothingham, the Treasurer, submitted the annual statement of receipts and expenditures, showing the receipts of the year, from all sources, to have been \$56,227 55; expenditures, \$51,290 98; leaving a balance of \$1,936 17. The total cost of the building up to date has been \$206,750. The income during the past year amounted to 15,502, and the estimated ordinary expenses of the ensuing year are put down at \$10,000. The Board then proceeded to ballot for five Directors, in the place of those whose terms have expired. The following were chosen, being the same as last year, with the exception of Mr. Massey, who replaces Mr. Thurston, deceased; Luther B. Wyman, Henry E. Pierpont, Samuel Sloan, Isaac H. Frothingham, Marcellus Massey.—*Tribune*, 11th.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Harmonia Musical Society announce their first concert at Musical Fund Hall for Jan. 23d.—Mr. Simon Hassler gave a concert at the same place on Thursday, assisted by several artists and Carl Senz with his orchestra.—The Junior Harmonia Musical Society gave their second annual concert in Handel and Haydn Hall on Tuesday.—The programme of last Saturday's Germania Rehearsal was thus:

1. Prize March—In Union is strength..... Winter
2. Song—Das Schwabe Maedle..... Proch
3. Waltz—Spirals..... Strauss
4. Andante—Symphony in C..... Schubert
5. Overture—Dinorah..... Meyerbeer
6. Aria—Faust (1st time)..... Spohr
7. Finale—Don Giovanni..... Mozart

This evening the Kellogg-Hinckley troupe, on their way to Washington, treat the Philadelphians to the "Barber."

We cannot resist copying "Stella" (of the Worcester *Palladium*). This week she says:

Within a few years no one with the slightest pretension to a "musical ear," could pass by our school-houses during the time that singing formed a part of the exercises, without a wish that suitable musical instruction might be given in our public schools. The screeching, the discord, the undue prominence of a few rough voices, recalled the lines,

"This must be music," said he, "of the spears;
For I'm blest if each note of it doesn't run through one."

A large proportion of the scholars probably obtain their ideas of music from what they learn at school. How important, then, that they should be well taught! We argued something better for the future of young Worcester, last Wednesday evening, when Mr. Whiting's class, of a thousand or more children from the public schools, sang, at Mechanics' Hall, the national songs, choral music, &c. There was no screaming upon the high notes—which were given with the proper voice—and the children evidently understood what they were about, singing melodiously and in time. Mr. Whiting has made a decided change in the singing of the public schools, and we shall probably hear no more parental injunctions against children's singing at school lest they acquire the dreaded "school tone." It is also a matter of no small importance *what* children sing; whether they follow the lead of an intelligent teacher, or sing "what they know"—the usual alternative—and disgrace the school-room with plantation melodies, street songs, &c.

Dwight's *Journal of Music* announces that it will publish in its pages this year, *Chopin's Mazurkas* and *Handel's Messiah*. As the terms of the *Journal* are two dollars a year, it is evident that a subscription for the paper—high-toned and excellent as it is—is the cheapest musical "investment" that can be made. This is not a "puff," but our unasked opinion.

It is observed by *The Athenæum* that the knowledge of the Prince Consort was very great, and it lay in many unexpected nooks and corners. Of music he knew far more than an average man, played on more than one instrument, sang well, and wrote down his thoughts in musical works of some length, if not with high creative power, yet with a steadiness and sensibility not to be found in the works of ordinary gentlemen who write. It is known to the public that he was a very good etcher. "We have heard an engineer declare that the Prince knew more of fortification than any non-professional person he had ever met; and the Secretary of the Photographic Society assures us he was a very admirable photographer."

"Spiridion," in Paris, writes to the *Evening Gazette*:

I mentioned to you Rossini's visit to the Grand Opera at the general rehearsal of 'L'Etoile de Messine' and the ovation given him. Do you remember that the orchestra played to honor him the overture to 'William Tell'? The next day Rossini sent for the scores of the overture and corrected a *very important* mistake which existed in the score and had existed there since 1829. Nobody's ears had detected it. Rossini's ear discovered it the other night for the first time. Isn't it rather odd? Speaking of music, let me mention that Boieldieu's piano, the instrument on which he composed his last opera, 'Les Deux Nuits,' was sold at Havre recently for forty francs. The present owner would not sell it for ten thousand francs.

Col. John Cochrane (says the *Tribune*) has introduced singing into his regiment, in which all the men and officers are expected to take part, and has established daily religious services through the regimental chaplain. "John Brown's soul is marching on," chorused by a thousand men at evening parade, gives a Cromwellian earnestness to this war, in at least one camp.

Music Abroad.

VIENNA.—From Herr Bagge's *Musik-Zeitung* of Dec. 21, we glean the following:

Hellmesberger and party in their recent "Quartet productions" have been playing several of the last Quartets of Beethoven, in which, while generally praised for their artistic rendering, they are criticized on two points: first, that the leading violin inclines to make itself too prominent, while the others yield too timidly; and secondly, that they are not sufficiently attentive to Beethoven's meaning as indicated by his *forte* and *crescendo* marks. (So we see, even the best do not escape criticism.) Beethoven's G major Trio, and Mendelssohn's piano Quartet in B minor formed part of the last programme.

The orchestral society "Enterpe" gave Beethoven's "Prometheus" overture, Haydn's Eb Symphony with the Variations in C minor, a piano piece with orchestra, by Schumann, played by Herr Dunkl, and some "empty" songs by their director, Herr Langwara.

At the second Gesellschafts-Concert, Mozart's Eb Symphony and Beethoven's *Egmont* music were produced. Frau Dustmann sang the songs of Clärchen, and Herr Lewinsky recited the connecting poem.—Piano concerts were given during the week by Alexander Dreyschock, Wilhelm Treiber, and Fräulein Wiswe.

HANOVER.—HEINRICH MARSCHNER, the well-known composer of the "Templar and the Jewess," the "Vampyre," "Hans Heiling," and other operas, died here of apoplexy, after a long and severe illness, on the 14th of December.

Wagner's *Rienzi* has been given several times at the opera. Herr Niemann, the tenor, and Fran Caggianti sustained the chief parts admirably.

London.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The selection on Monday night was again, in the instrumental department, exclusively dedicated to Mozart. One composition alone was drawn from the former programme, viz., the Quintet in A for clarinet and stringed instruments, the enthusiastic reception of which at the

first Mozart concert fully justified its early repetition. Mr. Lazarus was, of course, the clarinet, M. Vieuxtemps, and his associates—Herr Ries, Mr. Webb, and M. Paque—forming the string quartet.

The pianist (her first appearance this season) was Miss Arabella Goddard, who met with such a welcome as is only accorded to artists standing highest in public favor. . . . Mozart with her has always been an especial favorite, the unaffected purity of his music being thoroughly congenial to her own unaffectedly expressive style of playing. A more graceful example of his genius than the sonata in B flat major (the third of four sonatas in the same key) could not possibly have been chosen. The slow movement (passing over the numberless beauties of the *allegro* and *rondo*) is an inspiration. The audience, which crowded St. James's hall in area, balconies, gallery, and orchestra, listened to the whole with rapt attention, applauded movement after movement, and at the conclusion unanimously recalled the pianist. Miss Goddard's other performance was in the celebrated sonata for pianoforte and violin, written expressly for Mlle. Strinasacchi, a famous "virtuosa" in her day, whose execution on the fiddle, when Mozart reigned "King of Harmony" at Vienna, astonished and delighted the amateurs of that gay capital, and most especially the Imperial connoisseur, Joseph II. This is the sonata which was written in such haste, that, at the public performance—the violinist being Mlle. Strinasacchi, the pianist Mozart himself—one of the players (it is easy to guess which," says M. Oulibicheff) had nothing on his desk to read from but a blank sheet of music paper. Mozart (as usual) having been unable to find time for noting down his own part, the sonata was given without rehearsal, and the great composer had to improvise, or trust to memory, for his share of the duet. . . . In the admirable quartet in E flat (No. 4 of the renowned "six" inscribed to Haydn) the accomplished Belgian violinist—who is, if possible, playing better this year than last—surpassed himself; and thus the concert both commenced and terminated with *éclat*. . . . The singers were Miss Banks and Mme. Louisa Vinning, both deserving favorites of the public, and for both of whom were set down pieces attractive in themselves and happily contrasted with each other. Haydn's canzonet "Sympathy," and Mendelssohn's beautiful setting of Heine's poem, "Auf flügeln des Gesanges" (*Anglice*, "On the Pinions of Song"), were allotted to Mme. Vinning, who in each was successful, more especially in the canzonet of Haydn, after which she was complimented with a "recall." Miss Banks, in a florid air from Handel's *Rinaldo* (the first of the 29 Italian operas composed for London), exhibited the results of her St. Martin's Hall training, under Mr. Hullah, to eminent advantage, and, later in the evening, proved herself a thorough mistress of the homelier English school, obtaining a well-merited encore in a new and very expressive ballad, entitled "Never forget," one of the most recent compositions of Mr. Macfarren. Mr. Benedict accompanied the vocal pieces with his accustomed mastery skill.

At the 69th of the Monday Popular Concerts, postponed in consequence of the lamented death of the Prince consort, from Monday the 17th to Tuesday the 18th inst. Miss Arabella Goddard performed with triumphant success, and this for the third time, the last and greatest of Beethoven's sonatas. The programme was selected from the writing of various masters, and commenced with a quartet by Krommer, a composer doubtless new to the majority of the audience, and judging from the specimen produced, not likely to become familiar, although this same "Moravian" (born at Kammenitz in 1759) composed no less than sixty-nine quartets for stringed instruments, besides a vast quantity of music for the church. The remainder of the instrumental selection, however, made amends for the diluted character of the "Krommer" music, as it comprised the sonata in C minor, op. 111, of Beethoven, the trio in D minor (No. 1) of Mendelssohn and Beethoven's septet, the latter repeated by general desire. . . . That Miss Goddard played the sonata throughout *con amore* will be readily understood, and never has she exceeded the grace and brilliancy infused on this occasion; the warmth and enthusiastic unanimity of the "recall" at the conclusion showing how completely her efforts had been appreciated. In the ever welcome D minor trio of Mendelssohn, Miss Goddard enjoyed the coöperation of Messrs. Vieuxtemps and Paque, and a finer performance of this masterpiece has probably never been listened to. The speed at which Miss Goddard led off the irresistible *scherzo*, maintaining it unabated to the very end, was astounding. But, as Mozart said to the Emperor Joseph II., "not a note was missing." . . . The septet, although coming last in the pro-

gramme, again gave unqualified satisfaction, as was shown by the larger part of the audience remaining for the final note, and applauding with as much vigor and freshness as if they had only just begun the evening. The vocal music was shared between Mad. Florence Lancia and Mr. Winn, the lady introducing a new and graceful song composed expressly for her by Mr. Frank Mori, which she sang to perfection, and repeating Schubert's "Junge Nonne," with even more effect than at a former concert; Mr. Winn winning new favor with Wallace's popular "Bell-ringer" and "Se vuol ballare," from Mozart's *Figaro*.—*London Musical World*.

MANCHESTER.—Two more of the Hallé concerts have been given in Free Trade Hall, both to crowded audiences. Of the first (Dec. 5), *The Manchester Guardian* writes:

"The programme presented several noticeable features. For the band, in addition to the two brilliant overtures of Spontini and Auber (*Olympia* and *Le Domino Noir*), there were Haydn's 'Surprise Symphony,' exhibiting throughout his serene and joyous temperament: the *allegretto scherzando*, from Beethoven's Symphony in F, (No. 8) which Hector Berlioz declares must have fallen from the skies entire; and Handel's 'Harmonious Blacksmith,' arranged for full orchestra, all of which were played with admirable precision, force, and light and shade, the *scherzando* having the usual compliment paid to it, viz., a demand for a repetition, with which, as the movement is provokingly short, Mr. Hallé did not hesitate to comply. The concerto was the No. 5 by M. Vieuxtemps, a genuine composition, put together with the constructive power of a true musician, and played with the skill of a *virtuoso* to whom the word difficult is unknown. The cadence was especially remarkable for originality and brilliancy. The whole performance was indeed admirable, and richly merited the great applause bestowed upon it. A *rêverie* and *tarantella* by the same composer, were both excellent specimens of their class—the first grave and expressive, the second tricky, fanciful, humorous, and quite in character. Mozart's sonata for pianoforte and violin (in D), the same which Mr. Hallé and M. Vieuxtemps recently performed with so much success at the Monday Popular Concerts in London, is a perfect gem in its way, full of charming grace and *naïveté*, the execution being beyond all praise. It is hardly necessary to say anything of Mr. Hallé's performance of Weber's Rondo in C major (the last movement in his solo sonata, Op. 24), hit off with such brilliancy and force as to call forth the warmest demonstrations, which the great pianist acknowledged by a performance, also in his best style, of a well-known valse of Chopin's. Miss Palmer, the vocalist of the evening, acquitted herself in every way satisfactorily. The selection was good. Mercadante's air 'Il sogno' with violoncello accompaniment (admirably played by M. E. Vieuxtemps), is in the pure, Italian school, expressive, broad, refined, and Mr. Davison's setting of Shelley's 'Lament,' quite true to the desolate feeling that runs through the poem. The accomplished critic of the *Times* has here shown that he can compose as well as criticize. Two canzonets by Sordizvani (?), both interesting compositions, were rendered by the same fair vocalist with taste as well as feeling."

At the next Concert (Dec. 12) the whole of Gluck's *Orfeo* was given. The following is extracted from the interesting report of *The Manchester Guardian*:

"The contralto voice was that of Mad. Sainton-Dolby, as Orpheus; the sopranos were Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, as Eurydice, and Miss Armstrong as Love. In estimating the merits of each performance, it must be carefully borne in mind that this was only a recital of the music of the opera, and not an operatic performance. This remark is especially applicable to the part of Orpheus. It must be recollected that, in the case of a recital, the intense emotions that agitate the heart of Orpheus throughout have to be expressed by the voice alone; and, this considered, the task undertaken by Mad. Sainton-Dolby was no ordinary one, and she no doubt felt it to be so. But she addressed herself to it with great courage, and, we think, most successfully. Mad. Sherrington, as Eurydice, is less heavily taxed. Her singing, as it always is, was admirable; and in the great scene with Orpheus, in the third act, nothing could be finer in the way of expression. Miss Armstrong acquitted herself admirably in the beautiful music allotted to the part of Love, exactly suited as it is to her known classical predilections. Nothing was wanting in the chorus; a fact that reflects great credit upon them, considering that it was a first performance, and consisted of music demanding much intelligence to render it effectual. The band was most excellent throughout."

Special Notices.

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Mr. Richardt, who is now concertizing in the Provinces, together with Ole Bull and Formes, is eliciting the highest encomiums from the press there, for his ballads "Thou art so far," and "The golden stars." The latter is new. It is very similar in style to the other and will become quite as popular.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 512.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 25, 1862.

VOL. XX. No. 17.

Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 381).

ROME, Dec. 20, 1830.

In my last letter I have spoken to you of the serious Roman life; but as I like in my letters to write how I live, I must tell this time of the gay life; for that has reigned this week. To-day is warmest sunshine, blue sky, clear air, and on such days I have my own way of life, am busy until eleven, and from then till twilight I do nothing, but breathe the air. Yesterday the weather was quite bright again for the first time for several days; so after working a piece of the morning upon *Solomon*, I went upon the *Monte Pincio* and walked up and down there all day long. It is an incredible impression which this air, this brightness makes; and when I got up to-day, and saw the clear sunshine again, I rejoiced at the do-nothing day that was to commence again. All the world goes hither and thither, and enjoys Spring in December. Every moment you meet acquaintances, loiter about with them, remain alone, and can dream well. The place swarms with the sweetest faces; as the sun advances, the whole landscape and all colors change; when the time comes for *Ave Maria*, we go to the church of *Trinità de' Monti*; there the French nuns sing, and it is wondrous lovely. Upon my soul, I grow quite tolerant, and listen with edification to bad music. But what is to be done? The composition is ridiculous; the organ playing still more stupid; but now it is twilight, and the little motley colored church is all full of kneeling men, who are shone upon by the setting sun whenever the door opens; the two singing nuns have the sweetest voices in the world, touchingly tender; and especially when one with her soft tone sings the *Responsorium*, which you are accustomed to hear so hoarse and stiff and monotonous from the priests, it gives you a strange feeling. One knows moreover, that he is not to see the singers;—so I have formed a singular resolution: I will compose something for their voices, which I have marked very closely, and will send it to them, for which several ways stand at my command. Then they will sing it, that I know; and that will be fine now, when I hear my piece sung by people whom I have never seen, and when they have to sing it before the *barbaro Tedesco*, whom they also do not know. I enjoy the thing very much; the text is Latin; a prayer to the Madonna. Does not the idea please you?*

After church we go to walk again upon the hill, until it is dark. For there Mme. Vernet and her daughter, also the pretty Mme. V., for whose acquaintance I am very grateful to Rose, play great parts among us Germans, as we stand in groups, or follow after them, or walk beside them. Pale painters, with

hideous beards, form the background; they smoke tobacco on the *Monte Pincio*, whistle to their dogs, and in their way enjoy the sunset. As I happen to be frivolous to-day, I must particularly inform you, my dear sisters, that I was lately at a great ball, and danced with such a relish as I never did before. I had said a good word to the *maitre de danse* (for here such a person must stand in the middle and order all), and so the man let the *Galop* last more than half an hour. There I was in my element, and very distinctly conscious that I was dancing in the *Palazzo Albani* in Rome, and, what is more, with the handsomest maidens in Rome, according to the opinion of competent judges (Thorwaldsen, Vernet and others). The way I made their acquaintance, is again a Roman story. I stood at *Torlonia's*, at the first ball, knowing not a single lady, and therefore not dancing, and looked at the people. Suddenly some one taps me on the shoulder: "And you too admire the beautiful English lady?" "I am altogether astonished."

That was the Herr Counsellor Thorwaldsen, who stood in the doorway, and could not satiate himself with looking. But scarcely had he said that, when a whirlwind of words rang out behind us: "*Mais ou est-elle donc, cette petite Anglaise? Ma femme m'a envoyé pour la regarder, per bacco*;" and it was clear enough that the thin little Frenchman, with the gray, bristly hair, and the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, must be Horace Vernet. He went on to talk quite earnestly and learnedly with Thorwaldsen about this beauty, and I rejoiced in my soul at such a young maiden, as the two old masters stood there and were forced to admire, while she danced on entirely unconscious. Then they got themselves presented to the parents; so I fell back and could not talk with them. A couple of days afterwards I was at the house of my acquaintances from Venice, the Attwoods, who wanted to present me, as they said, to some of their friends; these were the friends, and so your son and brother was satisfied.

My piano playing gives me here especial pleasure. You know how Thorwaldsen loves music; sometimes I play to him in the morning, while he works. He has a right good instrument standing by him, and when I look at the old gentleman, and see how he kneads his brown clay, and smooths out an arm or a dress so finely,—in short when he creates that which we must all afterwards admire as finished and enduring, I feel very glad, that I can afford him a satisfaction. But with all this I get behindhand in my work. The "*Hebrides*" is at last finished, and has become a singular thing. I have the nun piece in my head; for Christmas I think to compose the Lutheran Choral, for this time I shall have to spend it all by myself. That is to be sure more serious, as well as the anniversary of the silver wedding, when I shall light many candles, sing over the vaudeville, and look at my English conductor's baton. After New Year I

will apply myself again to instrumental music; write several things for the piano, and perhaps another, or the other Symphony; for two haunt my head.

I have got acquainted with a glorious spot: the tomb of Cecilia Metella. The Sabine mountains had snow upon them,—it was heavenly sunshine,—the Alban range lay before one like an apparition in a dream. Distance there is not here in Italy; but all the houses on the mountains may be counted, with their windows and roofs. Thus have I sucked the air to satiety, and tomorrow the serious life will have to begin again for the sky is overcast, and it rains hard. But what a spring this will be!

The 21st.—The shortest day is dull, as was to be foreseen; to-day therefore I must think of fugues chorals, balls and the like. I will add however a few words about Guido's *Aurora*, which I visit very often, and which is a picture to run through the walls; for such a hurry, such a pressing forward till all rattles and rings again, has no man ever conceived. The painters maintain that it is lighted from two sides; for my part, they may light their pictures from three sides, if it will help them; but it lies elsewhere! Dear, Rebecca,—I can make no regular song here; who shall sing it to me? But I make a great Fugue: "*Wir glauben alle*," and sing it myself, until my captain, frightened, comes down stairs, looks in and asks, if I want anything. Then I answer: a countertheme. But what don't I want! And what have I not got! So life goes on.

FELIX.

Rome, Dec 23, 1830.

Nothing can be more disagreeable and uncomfortable [than Rome in rainy weather. We have had now for several days continuously storm, and cold, and torrents from heaven, and I hardly comprehend how I could write a week ago a letter full of walks, orange-trees and everything beautiful; in such weather everything becomes hateful. Yet I must tell of it, else my former letter would have no counterpart, and that must never be left out. If in Germany we have no idea of winter days as clear ones, neither have we any of a wet winter day; everything is arranged for fine weather, and so we endure the bad, as a public scourge, and wait for a better time. There is no protection anywhere; in my chamber, which is otherwise one of the most comfortable, the water runs in richly through the windows, which will not come to; the stone floor is cold in spite of double carpets, and the smoke is driven from the chimney into the room, because the fire will not burn: the foreigners shiver and shrivel up with cold, like tailors. But this is golden in comparison to the streets, and I consider it a calamity, if I have to go out. Rome, you know, is built on seven great hills; but there is also a multitude of smaller ones, and all the streets run sloping; there the water streams against one violently; nowhere raised sidewalks, or *trottoirs*; down the steps of the Piazza di

* The piece afterwards appeared as Opus 39.

Spagna it pours, as from the great water works on the Wilhelmshöhe; the Tiber has risen and deluges the neighboring streets: that is the water from below. From above it comes in torrents of rain, but that is the least part of it. The houses have no roof gutters, but the prolonged roofs slope downwards, of different lengths however, and water the streets on both sides furiously, so that, go where you will, close to the houses, or in the middle, you are shower-bathed from a palace or a barber's shop; and before you know it, you stand under such a dripping, where the water rattles down on your umbrella, and you have a stream before you, not to be leaped over, and must retrace your way. That is the water from above. And then come the carriages driving close to the houses in the greatest speed, so that you must stand in the doorways until they get by; for they spatter men, houses, and each other; and if two meet, in a narrow street, so that one has to go into the gutter, swollen to a stream, the inconvenience is great. Lately I saw an Abbé in his haste pull a peasant's broad hat from his head with his umbrella, and the hat fell bottom upward under such a cataract; the peasant turned round the wrong way to seek it, and when he found it, it was already filled with water. *Scusi*, said the Abbé, — *Padrone*, answered the peasant. Moreover the fiacres only run till five, and so if one is in company it costs a scudo; *fiat justitia et pereat mundus*. Rome in rainy weather is incredibly cheerless.

By a letter from Devrient I see, that my letter to him, which I carried to the post office myself in Venice on the 17th of October, had not yet arrived on the 19th of November. Just so another letter, which I sent on the same day to Munich, had gone astray; both letters contained notes, and therein lies the reason. For in Venice at that time they took all my manuscripts away from me at the custom house, when they examined my things in the night just before the departure of the post, and I have only just now, after much annoyance, and writing back and forth, got them all back again. I have been assured here generally, the reason was, because they suspected a secret cypher correspondence in the notes. I could not believe such a miserable stupidity; but since precisely these two letters from Venice with music have not reached their destination, and only these, it is clear enough. I shall enter a complaint about it here at the Austrian embassy; but it will not help me, and the letters, for which I am very sorry, are lost. And so farewell.

FELIX.

Rome, Jan. 17, 1831.

We have had for a week past the mildest and most glorious spring weather; the young girls carry bouquets of violets and anemones, which they have picked themselves in the morning in the villa Pamfili; the streets and the square swarm with promenaders in motley dresses; the *Ave Maria* comes already 20 minutes later,—but what has become of the winter? This has reminded me again in these last days of work, to which I mean now to apply myself earnestly, since actually the merry social life of the past weeks has somewhat torn me away. For although I am already nearly done with the arrangement of "Solomon," and with my Christmas-song, which consists of five numbers, I have still before me the two Symphonies, which shape themselves to

me more and more livingly, and which I should be too glad to finish here. I hope too, in the Fast time, when the parties cease (I mean the balls particularly), and when the spring begins, to have time and inclination enough, and then there will be again a considerable stock of new things on hand.

A public performance is not to be thought of here. The orchestras are worse than one could believe; there is a want of real musicians, and of the true feeling. The handful of fiddlers go at it each in his own way; each comes in differently; the wind instruments are tuned too high, or too low; their middle parts make ornaments, such as we hear in the streets, and hardly as good; the whole forms a regular cat music,—and such compositions as they know! The question is then, whether one will and can reform that altogether, bring other people into the orchestra, teach the musicians how to keep time, form them beforehand; and then there is no doubt that the people would themselves find satisfaction in it. But so long as that is not done, it grows no better, and they are all so difficult, that there is no prospect of improvement. I have heard a flute solo, where the flute stood more than a quarter of a tone too high; it gave me the toothache; but nobody remarked it, and when a trill came at the end, they applauded mechanically. And if it were only better as it regards singing! The great singers have left the land; Lablache, David, the Lalande, Pisaroni, &c., sing in Paris, and now the little ones copy their high moments, and make an intolerable caricature of it. We may will to carry through something that is false, or impossible—it still remains *another thing*, and as a *cicisbeo* will be to me to all eternity something low and vulgar, so will also the Italian music. I may be too dull to understand either of them; but that is not my affair, and when lately in the *Filarmonica*, after all the Pacini and Bellini, the chevalier Ricci asked me to accompany him in *Non piu andrai*, and when the first notes began, and were so essentially different and removed so heaven-wide from all the rest, then the thing was clear to me, and they never will be reconciled so long as there is such blue sky, such lovely winter here as this. Just so the Swiss can paint no beautiful landscapes for the very reason that they have them all day long before their eyes. "*Les Allemands traitent la musique comme une affaire d'état*," says Spontini, and I accept the omen. The other day several musicians here were talking about their composers, and I listened in silence. One of them cited Sig. * * *, but the others took it up and said, that he was not to be reckoned as an Italian, since the German school still clove to him, and he never had been fairly able to shake it off; consequently he never had been at home in Italy. We Germans now say the reverse of him, and it must be disagreeable to find oneself so *entre deux* without a country. As for me, I stand by my flag; that is honorable enough.

The evening before last a theatre, undertaken and managed by Torlonia, was opened with a new opera by Pacini. The crowd was great; in every box the handsomest and best dressed people; the young Torlonia appeared in the proscenium box, and was, with his old duchess mother, much applauded. They cried: *Bravo Torlonia, grazie, grazie!* Opposite him Jerome

with his court-state, and many orders; in the adjoining box a countess Samoilow, &c. Over the orchestra is a figure of Time, pointing with his finger at a dial, which moves slowly forward, and might make one melancholy. And now Pacini appeared at the piano and was received. He had not made an overture; the opera began with a chorus, to which a tuned anvil was struck in time. The Corsair appeared, sang his aria, and was applauded, whereat the corsair above, and the maestro below, bowed. (The sea-robber sings contralto and is named Madame Mariani). Then followed many pieces, and the thing grew tedious. The public also found it so, and when Pacini's great finale began, the parterre stood up, began to talk aloud together, and to laugh, and turned their backs round to the stage. Mme. Samoilow fainted in her box, and had to be carried out. Pacini vanished from the piano and the curtain fell at the end of the act amid much tumult.

Now came the grand ballet "*barba bleu*," and then the last act of the opera. Once in the humor of it, they whistled the whole ballet through, and accompanied the second act of the opera also with hisses and laughter. At the conclusion Torlonia was called, but did not come. That is the plain prose of a first representation and theatre opening in Rome. I had imagined it who knows how lively, and I came off out of tune. If the music had made a *furor*, it would have vexed me, for it is below all criticism wretched. But that they should all at once turn their backs upon their darling Pacini, whom they wanted to crown upon the Capitol, that they should ape his melodies and sing then in caricature, that vexes me again, and it proves to me how low such a musician stands in the general opinion. Another time they will bear him home upon their shoulders,—that is no compensation. They would not do so in France with Boieldieu,—to say nothing of their artistic feeling, merely from the sense of decency. But enough of this; it is disagreeable. Why should Italy to-day be also by force a land of Art, while it is the land of Nature, and thereby gladdens all!

I have described to you the promenades upon the *Monte Pincio*. They still continue daily. Lately I was with Bollards on the *Ponte Nomentano*. That is a lonesome, fallen bridge in the wide-lined, green Campagna. Many ruins from the Roman times, many watch-towers of the middle ages stand around there on the long rows of meadow. On the horizon all the mountains lift themselves, now covered partially with shining snow, fantastically changed in form and color by the shadows of the celestial airy apparition of the Alban hills, which transforms itself like a chameleon while you look at it,—where for miles wide you see the little white chapels gleaming on the dark mountain background, clear to the cloister of the Passionists upon the summit; and where one can follow with his eye, how there the road winds through the bushes, there the mountain falls off to the Alban lake, there a hermit's dwelling peeps out from the trees;—it is as far as Potsdam from Berlin, say I as a good Berliner; but it is like a very lovely dream picture, say I seriously. There lurks the music; there it sounds and rings on all sides, not in the empty, senseless playhouses. And so we went back and forth, and chased one another over the Campagna, and clambered over the hedges; and after

sunset we drove home; then one feels as much fatigued, as much contented with himself and well, as if he had done a great deal. And so he has, if he has truly *felt* it! I have taken strongly to drawing again, and am beginning even to paint with water colors, because I should like to be able to recall a few plays of color; and one sees better too, the more that he has practised.

I must tell you, dear mother, a great, very great pleasure, which I lately had, because, you will enjoy it with me. I was day before yesterday for the first time in a little party at Horace Vernet's, and had to play there. Now he had told me beforehand how *Don Juan* was his only, real favorite music, especially the *duello* and the *Commendatore* at the end; and as that really pleased me in him, I set out to prelude to the *concert-stück* of Weber, and fell imperceptibly more deeply into improvising,—thought I should give him a pleasure, if I should come upon these themes, and work them wildly through a while. It delighted him to a degree that I have seldom seen any one delighted by my music, and we were at once well acquainted with each other. Afterwards he came suddenly and whispered into my ear, that we must make an exchange,—that he too could improvise. And when I naturally was very curious, he intimated that that was a mystery. But he is like a little child, and could not contain himself a quarter of an hour. Then he came again, and took me into the other chamber, and asked, if I had time to lose: he had a canvas all stretched and prepared, and wanted to paint my portrait on it, which I should keep as a remembrance of to-day, and roll it up and send to you, or take it with me, as I chose. To be sure, he had got to collect himself for his improvisation, but he would make it at once. I eagerly said yes, and I cannot describe to you what a satisfaction it gave me, that he had really had so much interest and pleasure in my playing. It was decidedly a satisfactory evening. When I came up the hill, all was so tranquil, still, and in the great dark villa* only one window clearly lighted; and then music sounded down to me in single chords, and the sound was really too sweet there in the dark night, by the fountain. In the ante-chamber too young Academicians were practising; a third acted as lieutenant and commanded ably. In the other room my friend Montfort, who had won the musical prize in the Conservatorium, sat at the piano, and the others stood around and sang a chorus. But it went very bad. They asked one person, and when he said, he could not sing, the other said: "*Qu'est ce que ça fait, c'est toujours une voix de plus.*" I helped too according to my powers, and so we amused ourselves quite well. Later there was dancing, and then you should have seen for once how Louise Vernet danced the Saltarella with her father. When she had to stop a moment, and instantly took the great tambourine, and beat away upon it, and set us who could no longer touch hands, free, I should have liked to be a painter,—that would have been a splendid picture! Her mother is the friendliest lady in the world; and the grandfather, Charles Vernet, (who paints the fine horses) danced that evening a contra-dance with so much agility, cut so many capers, and varied his steps so well, that it was only a pity he was 72 years old. He rides two

* Vernet lived in the villa Medici.

horses tired every day, then paints and draws a little, and in the evening he must be in company!

Next time I must tell you of my acquaintance with Robert, who has just finished a splendid painting, "*The Harvest*," and I must describe the call I lately made with Bunsen on Cornelius, Koch, Overbeck, &c., in their ateliers. Both hands are full of what to do, and what to see; unfortunately time will not be elastic, however much I try to stretch it. And I have not yet said anything of Raphael's child portrait, and of Titian's bathing ladies, which here pass piquantly enough for "*Heavenly and earthly Love*," because one is already dressed and in full gala, and the other undressed; * and of my heavenly *Madonna di Foligno*; and of Mr. Francesco Francia, who was the most innocent and pious painter in the world; and of poor Guido Reni, whom the present beard-painters overlook so, and who has painted a certain *Aurora*; and nothing of so many other splendid things. But what need of its being always described! Well for me, that I can find inspiration in it. When I see you again, I shall perhaps be able to impart it to you too.

Your

FELIX.

* The picture in the Borghese gallery.

(To be continued.)

Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of DR. HEINRICH VON KREISSLE.

(Continued from page 332.)

Schubert also tried his hand occasionally as poet, and composed the words to several of his songs. His verses, while they betray want of practice, give evidence of the poetic gift and of that peculiar tone of feeling which his associates have frequently remarked in him. * * * *

The year 1826 had arrived, and Schubert had scarcely three years more to live. His activity seemed to grow more intense, as if he had a presentiment of his approaching end. He went on restlessly creating, making incursions into all forms of musical art, now busied with the composition of songs, and then again with choruses, masses, chamber-music, symphonies, &c.

Besides a series of distinguished songs, which date from this last period of his life, he composed also at this time his most valuable instrumental pieces, such as the great Symphony in C, his most important orchestral work, which was finished in March 1828, a few months before his death.

In June 1826 we find him again in Zeléz, where he composed the Sonata in C. Besides this he wrote in this and the following year: A German Mass for male chorus with organ accompaniment; the Battle Song of Klopstock for eight men's voices, and the splendid chorus "*Nachthelle*," also for men's voices with piano accompaniment. Of songs may be mentioned: "*To Sylvia*," "*Fishermen's melodies*," "*Song of Hippolytus*," "*Grave-digger's melody*," "*Serenade*" (by Schikh), "*The Wanderer to the Moon*," "*In the Open Air*," "*Züggelglücken*," "*At Midnight*," "*The romance of Richard the lion-hearted*," "*Über Wildemann*," "*Lebensmuth*," "*In the Spring*," "*At the window*," "*Sehnsucht*" (by Seidl), and the first part of the "*Winterreise*" (winter journey).

To the year 1827 belong, besides many other, the following compositions:

An Allegretto for piano-forte, in remembrance of Herr Walcher (April 26), and the *Impromptu* for piano, Nos. 3 to 8. Of songs: "*Sailor's parting song*," "*The Crusade*," "*The foot-soldier of Wal-*

enstein;" "*Fischers Liebesglück*;" "*The father with the child*;" the three Italian songs dedicated to Lablache, the singer; "*Anna Lyle*" from Walter Scott's "*Montrose*;" "*The Stars*;" "*The song in the green*;" "*Hunter's Love Song*;" the "*Serenade*" (by Grillparzer), for Alto solo, with vocal accompaniment, of which we shall speak hereafter; and finally the second part of the "*Winterreise*," which he completed before the song "*The Crow*" in October 1827. The composition of this last named cycle of 24 songs, of altogether melancholy character, seems to have made a deeper impression upon Schubert than one could wish. Persons, who stood near to him at that time, relate that he, having been for some time given over to a gloomy mood, said one day to his friends: "You will soon learn the reason of my melancholy nature; I will sing you at Schober's songs to make you shudder; they have affected me too very deeply." Soon afterwards the friends heard those songs, in which Schubert found great pleasure, but which, although thoroughly Schubertish, sounded so strangely to the listeners, that they seemed at first more puzzled than delighted by them. But their great value came to light, when Vogl had made himself fully master of them; the "*Winterreise*" found in him as unsurpassable a singer, as the "*Müllerbieder*" had in Schönstein. Whether, as many have maintained, the composition of the "*Winterreise*" had a serious influence upon Schubert's health, may remain undecided; it is probable and natural, that he was predisposed to the composition of that work, inasmuch as outward and inward circumstances, including the failure of so many hopes, had already operated to put him out of tune, and he felt the impulse in himself to give musical expression in the most touching manner to the dark view of the world, which had suddenly taken possession of him.

In the year 1826 he had applied for the place of vice-chapelmaster to the Court, which would have given him a sure subsistence and an appropriate sphere of labor, without claiming too much of his powers. But the Court theatre director Weigl got it. When Schubert heard of it, he said: "I should have been glad of the place; but since it has been given to so worthy a man as Weigl, I must be contented."

In the same year he received from the committee of the Society of Friends of Music in Vienna the following letter of thanks, with an enclosure of 100 florins:

"You have given to the Society of Friends of Music of the Austrian Empire repeated proofs of your sympathy, and you have exerted your distinguished talent as a composer for the benefit of the same, and especially for that of the Conservatorium.

"While the Society knows how to appreciate your decided and distinguished worth as a composer, it wishes to give you a suitable proof of its gratitude and respect, and begs you to accept the enclosed not as an *honorarium*, but as a proof that the Society feels under obligations to you, and gratefully acknowledges the interest you have shown in it.

"From the committee of direction of the &c., &c.

Vienna, Oct. 12, 1826.

KIESEWETTER, m. p."

We come now to the year 1828, the thirty-second year of Schubert's life, and also the year of his death. He had never yet given a concert for himself. At suggestions from many quarters, and because the publishers, owing to the voluminous increase of his songs within a short time, were rather backward with their orders, he consented finally to arrange a private concert in the hall of the Austrian Musical Union. It took place on the 26th of March, 1828, and only compositions by Schubert were performed. The programme was as follows: 1.) 1st movement of a new Quartet, played by Herren Böhm, Holz, Weiss and Linke; 2. a) "*The Crusade*," by Leitner; b) "*The Stars*," by the same; c) "*The Wanderer to the Moon*," by Seidl; d) Fragment from *Æschylus*; all songs with piano accompaniment, sung by Herr Vogl, imperial royal pensioned court-opera singer; 3. Serenade, by Grillparzer, soprano solo and chorus,

sung by Mlle. Josephine Fröhlich and the female pupils of the Conservatorium; 4. New Trio for piano, violin and violoncello; 5. "On the stream," Rellstab, song with horn and piano accompaniment; 6. "Die Allmacht," by Ladislans Pyrker, sung by Vogl; 7. Battle Song, by Klopstock, double chorus for men's voices. The hall was full to overflowing, and the success so brilliant, that a repetition was intended. But it was otherwise decreed in higher counsels. This concert was destined to be both his first and his last, and the two following Schubert concerts had only for their end, to cover the expenses for his tombstone.

Even in this year his productivity was astonishing. As already mentioned, he completed in March, 1823, his greatest orchestral work, the Symphony in C, and labored incessantly upon a grand Mass in E \flat , one of his best church compositions. He composed moreover a Quintet (op. 163) for two violins, viola and two 'cellos: three grand piano-forte Sonatas, which he wished to dedicate to Hummel, but which were afterwards inscribed by the publishers to Robert Schumann, the enthusiastic admirer of Schubert's muse; also the grand Duo in A minor (op. 140), dedicated by the publishers to Clara Wieck; a piano Sonata for four hands; a four-hand Fugue; a *Tantum ergo*, and a church aria for tenor solo with chorus; the Hymn to the Holy Spirit for 8 men's voices with brass accompaniment *ad libitum*; and for songs: "At the Stream," by Rellstab, with 'cello accompaniment; "The Shepherd on the rocks," with piano and *obligato* clarinet or 'cello accompaniment; finally "Miriam's Song of Victory," by Grillparzer, for solo and chorus, one of his grandest compositions; "Lebensstürme," for piano, 4 hands, (composed in May); and the 14 songs, issued by the publishers under the name of "Swan-Song," including his last song: "Die Taubenpost" (the carrier pigeon), composed in October 1828, a few weeks before his death.

(To be continued.)

Weber and the Harmonichord.

We learn from the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung* that Peters & Co., the well-known publishers at Leipzig and Berlin, have just given out a work highly interesting both on account of its author and of the instrument for which it was written. Its title is subjoined:

"*Adagio and Rondo for the Harmonichord (or Harmonium), with Orchestral Accompaniment, etc., by C. M. VON WEBER. A Posthumous Work.*"

"Weber composed this most charming concertino at Munich, on the 31st May, 1811"—as we are informed by a notice prefixed to the score—"for Friedrich Kauffmann," whom he met, probably, on one of his professional tours, at the before-named city. The work consists of an *adagio molto* in F, two-four (nine pages), and an *allegretto* also in F, six eight, "two very attractive movements, with graceful melodies, and some genuine Weber-effects." The orchestra comprises the string quartet, two flutes, two oboes, two bassoons, two horns, trumpets and kettle-drums.

But what—it may be asked—is the Harmonichord? An instrument with a keyboard, resembling in form an upright grand piano. The strings, however, are made to sound, not by means of hammers, but by the action of a cylinder, covered with leather and worked up with colophony. It was invented by the celebrated mechanic and professor of acoustics, Friedrich Kauffmann,* born at Dresden in 1785, and first submitted by him to the public, together with other acoustic and mechanical contrivances, in the years 1811 and 1812. It was for him that the concertino just exhumed was written. In writing this work, he kept in view the peculiar character of the instrument, and succeeded in making its tones agree and contrast with the instruments of the orchestra (except the clarinets, which are similar). Our present harmonium, which has been greatly improved in construction, and which sprang from the physharmonica, or aeoline, as it is also termed, differs, it is true, from the original harmonichord, although as well adapted as the former, by its sound

and power of sustaining the notes, for the performance of the concertino.

After the death of his father, in 1818, Friedrich Kauffmann received an offer from the Grand Duke of Darmstadt of the post of harmonichord player in the latter's orchestra. He declined the honor, nevertheless, because the King of Saxony had promised him a yearly salary for life, on condition of his returning to Dresden. Happy in his domestic relations, he lived in that pleasant capital nearly twenty years, improving himself in his art. In 1839 he completed a new grand self-acting instrument, which he designated a symphonion, and which combined a pianoforte, clarinets, a piccolo, "Schallstäbe," and kettle-drum. Speaking of this, Professor Schaffhäutl, of Munich, said:

"The effect is really enchanting—as varied as it is brilliant. Even the touch of the piano is so fresh and full that, involuntarily, we look for the performer and the hands, which, at one moment, energetically sweep the strings, while, at the next, accompanying tenderly and softly, they conjure up the bright and mellow sounds of clarinet or flute."

Accompanied by his son, Friedrich Theodor Kauffmann, born at Dresden in 1823, and whose particular talent found in this branch of art an advantageous field for display, Friedrich Kauffmann, taking with him a Symphonion, a Chordaulodion, a Harmonichord, and an Automaton Trumpeter, set out upon a lengthened professional tour through Germany, Russia, Sweden and Denmark. In St. Petersburg, more especially, the two artists met with a warm reception. Unfortunately, on the return sea voyage from Copenhagen, in 1843, their instruments, the fruit of the exertions and labor of years, were lost. After their return to Dresden, Kauffmann and his son set about building new instruments in the place of those which had been lost. While doing so they not only applied all their former inventions, but introduced new contrivances and ameliorations, and turned out a materially-improved Harmonichord, Chordaulodion, Symphonion, and Belloneon, while even the place of the Automaton Trumpeter was filled up. When all this work was finished, the younger artist set about constructing a complete self-playing, orchestra-like instrument, of his own conception. After five years' unwearying exertions, he finished it in 1851. It comprised in itself clarinets, flutes, flageolets, horns, cornets, trumpets, tuba, kettle-drums, drums, triangles and cymbals. It was called an Orchestrion, and among other entertaining monstrosities was exhibited in London and elsewhere during the year of the Great Exhibition (1851). On their return, father and son established a permanent depot for their inventions, under the title of "The Acoustic Cabinet," with which they have combined a manufactory of musical instruments.

ROSSINI'S "TITANS."—"Bearing in mind," writes a correspondent of the London *Athenæum*, "that you desired me to write to you about Signor Rossini's 'Chant des Titans,' I seize the five minutes that remain between the conclusion of the performance and the departure of the post, to tell you my impression—shared, I believe, by the party of artists with whom I was—which is one of disappointment. The effect was not great. The four basses were quite insufficient to give the only effect of which the piece is susceptible—that of imposing sonority. *Motif suivi* there is none. It is a large rugged strain of rather uncouth defiance, and in the Crystal Palace, with fifty or a hundred bass voices, and a proportionate orchestra, would, no doubt, be imposing; but in the *Salle du Conservatoire*, sung by four voices, it was like a colossal statue in a greenhouse. Of course, the hand of the master is perceptible, and there are reminiscences of the second finale of 'Guillaume Tell' and of the 'Inflamatus' of the 'Stabat Mater,' but it can add nothing to the reputation of the author, and I believe few will in their hearts think it quite worthy of him. I am sorry he has broken his long silence by such a composition. It is as though a great orator, for whom all ears were open, rose up and said, 'Good night, ladies and gentlemen.' Of course the piece was well received and *encored*—but believe me, it was not effective."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Chimes.

A full chime of bells is almost a new thing in this country. Our ideas of the pleasure which it may afford are gathered from foreign lands and from books; but, in our reading community, there are few who have not associations and impressions which are as a sort of halo around "the chimes." They

unquestionably have some connection with "aspire;" and this is perhaps the reason why they are so universally associated in men's minds with holy uses. Prose has vied with poetry to invest their tones with sentiments of reverence.

The striking by machinery of the quarter hours on two or three bells is, to our notion of "chimes," as the side of a white painted house is to a picture. Memory, association and imagination combine to give effect to "those evening bells" which, coming from one or many spires in a calm summer evening, seem to waft down to earth peace to and among all men. The cares and pressures of the day are for the while forgotten, and the listener finds himself in a state of quiet receptivity, which is easily exchanged for one of reflection and aspiration. The broad sunlight does not seem to be in harmony with the music of chimes. They are out of place in the thronged marts where haste and care have impressed themselves upon every one. Their charm will work only in willing ears. Their music would be as effectual at the head of a column of troops as would be a mother's lullaby, and yet it might start a tear in the eye of a soldier, in which one had not before glistened since he parted from his mother. Chimes will not work "in season and out of season." Some occasion must give them efficacy. Let the simple notes of "Watchman, tell us of the night" reach the ear from the distant spire on Christmas eve, and there is an almost irresistible impulse to stop and raise your hat if you are in the street, or to think a prayer if you are at your fireside.

These remarks have been induced by the (mis?) management of the excellent new chime in the Arlington Street Church. When the birthday of our nationality comes, "Hail Columbia" may well rise, when the sun rises, from every spire and every hamlet in the land; but "Yankee Doodle" would not be as well! A joyous peal may announce the wedding taking place in the church below, and solemn tones may increase the impressiveness of a funeral ceremony, but chimes must be "in season." Never let "Rosa Lee" be heard from the spire of a church! Appropriateness is a requisite in all music, but in that of the chimes it is an absolute essential. Imagine the effect on a still Sunday evening of Beethoven's "Now night in silent grandeur reigns," or Haydn's "Softly the shades of evening fall,"* coming trembling into your chamber. Would not a holy quiet drive earthly cares away? Calm and solemn should be the music of the chimes, stealing into men's hearts and persuading them, not driving them as a trumpet might. Let every occasion be availed of, but let none be created. Let children be reminded, as they go to sleep on Saturday night, that the next day will be the Sabbath, by some simple air, which, when heard in after years, will recall hours of innocence and peace. Don't let the chimes usurp the place of the "church-going bell," but let them on Sunday set our souls at peace. "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*" Let chimes act well their part, and not attempt to take the place of organ, trumpet or hurdy-gurdy.

* The writer seems to allude to certain psalm-tunes in some of our old collections, which are mere adaptations, made (if we mistake not) by Gardiner, of England, from passages in some of the string Quartets, or other instrumental works, of the masters referred to. At all events, it is very certain that neither Haydn nor Beethoven ever wrote a psalm-tune.—ED.

MODERN MUSIC.—The London *Athenæum* thus notices a new work by one of the most earnest and enthusiastic laborers in the cause of popular musical education in England:

The History of Modern Music. A Course of Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. By John Hullah. (Parker, Son & Bourn.) These Lectures are far above average merit, having been combined by one who possesses general cultivation as well as sufficient musical science. Thus they escape from that aridity and tameness which too often

* Whose father, Johann Gottfried Kauffmann (born, in 1752, at a village near Chemnitz, died, in 1818, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine), was the founder of this family, so distinguished for mechanical talent.

impair the interest of discourses on like subjects. The field is a wide one, too wide, perhaps, to admit of more than outline work; hence, especially, in proportion as modern times are approached, omissions are to be noted, such, for instance, as the forgetfulness of the merits of Weber, whose "Der Freischütz" marked a period in the history of German opera, with as deep a point as ever was made by any new work in the world of music. There is some want of precision, too, in Mr. Hullah's appreciation of Handel, Bach, Gluck and Beethoven; arising, it appears, from incomplete acquaintance with their works, especially of the second and third named writers. The old Cantor of Leipzig is less soulless and adust than he is here represented. The great poet of "Armida," "Alceste" and "Orphée" had more science than he is here credited with, witness his admirable writing for the voice and the many points in his instrumentation, which Mozart had obviously studied closely. But it is easier to admire without limit, as Mr. Hullah admires Mozart, than than to touch with an acute and discriminating finger on the special higher excellencies of an artist less universally perfect. More, too, should have been made of Beethoven, whose Mass in C is, we think, undervalued; and with many of whose latest works the lecturer professes himself unfamiliar. But, laying together omissions and commissions, we find no reason to qualify the good opinion expressed of this work, as one containing much information, neatly arranged, and if not marked by any original thoughts or passages of rivetting eloquence, meritoriously clear of commonplace.

Dr. Heinrich Marschner.

(From the Athenæum, Dec. 28)

Dr. Marschner's death leaves a vacancy in the ranks of worthy second-rate German artists. He was born at Zittau, in 1790, during the great period of music; and early showed remarkable dispositions. Family circumstances did not admit of his receiving a very genial or complete education; but he soon distinguished himself as a pianoforte-player, and as the owner of a lovely boy's *soprano* voice;—he began to write in every form of composition ere he had mastered the rules of writing. About 1816, he had gathered skill enough to produce a small opera, "Der Kiffhäuser Berg," which opened the theatres to him: and from that time forth, was heard of in Germany as one pouring out musical dramas without stint, the fame of some among which (such as "Der Vampyr" and "Der Templar") led to his installation at Hanover as Chapel-master in the year 1830. A third opera, "Hans Heiling," produced a year or two later, bade fair to continue its writer's successes, but from that time forward Marschner's name may be said to have begun to perish; nor—left at a considerable interval behind Spohr's—is there anything in the voluminous mass of his music which will keep it alive. There is no "style" in his operas or his pianoforte music. "Der Vampyr" was a second-hand emulation of Weber's fantastic manner, but Weber's melody (so justly called "flattering" by Mendelssohn) was wanting to it.—Though Marschner is said to have tried hard to mould his fancies so as to make them vocal,—and, in particular, to have studied Signor Rossini's music with this view,—there hardly exists any opera music more crabbed than his, the impurity in his part-writing for voices making remembrance so difficult as to be next to impossible. The first *finale* to his "Falkner's Braut" is a miracle of difficulty hardly to be mastered save by machines. Life went on with him something drowsily as regarded his acceptance in German favor—and of late days he made attempts in London and Paris to ascertain if no chance was to be found in those livelier capitals for some recognition of his efforts. It may be feared that these ended merely in disappointment, and that the busy life of a diligent worker did not produce to him that result of satisfaction which ought (did one not know the lot to be unequal) to attend all honest labor.

(From Moore's Encyclopedia.)

Marschner, Heinrich, a dramatic composer, was born at Zittau, on the 16th of August, 1795. In his earliest youth he displayed remarkable musical talents, so that he soon exhausted the learning of the teachers to whom he was committed. He subsequently entered the choir of the children of the Gymnasium, then under the direction of the celebrated Schneider, where he attracted the attention of the organist of Bautzen, who offered him a situation in the choir of his church; but Bergt (the *cantor* at Bautzen,) teaching him only Greek and Latin, instead of harmony, Marschner abruptly returned to Zittau, and devoted himself to developing, without assistance, the taste for musical composition which had tormen-

ted him from early childhood; here, in his leisure hours, he wrote every thing that came into his head—songs, motets, piano music; he attacked every thing, instructing himself only by his own mistakes. At this time he wrote a ballet, "*La Fière Paysanne*." He afterwards found the opportunity of going to Prague, where Weber directed the opera at that time, (1812). His condition as a Saxon subject compelled him, at the expiration of the armistice, to leave Prague, and he departed to Leipsic, placing himself under Schicht, to whose instructions he was much indebted. He also here became acquainted with Beethoven, Kozeluch, and Klein of Presburg. In 1812 he returned to Saxony, and choose Dresden as his residence, and here composed many of his operas, which gained him a high reputation; and here he became, in company with Weber and Morlacchi, director of the Dresden opera.

In 1826 he married Mlle. Marianne Wohlbruck, a well-known singer, and in the same year, on the death of Weber, being unable to succeed him as first director of the opera at Dresden, he sent in his resignation and removed to Berlin, where Madame Marschner had most brilliant success on the stage. In 1827 they removed to Leipsic, where, in the next year, "*Le Vampyr*," the most celebrated of his works, was produced; and in 1829 he produced "*Le Templier et la Juive*;" in 1830, "*La Fiancée du Fauconnier*." In this year Marschner was called to Hanover as *maître de chapelle* to the king; and here he wrote, "*Le Château au Pied du Mont Etua*," and subsequently, in 1832, "*Hans Heiling*."

Fétis says of this composer, that "he cannot be denied the merit of being one of the successors of Weber who have shown the highest dramatic sentiment in his works. He succeeded not alone in serious drama, and is one of the very small number of German composers who, in attempting the comic, do not fall into the trivial. His melodies are expressive, but his manner of writing is negligent, and he often abuses the use of transitions. Still the author of the '*Vampyr*,' the '*Templier*,' and of '*Hans Heiling*,' will leave no common name in the history of art."

His published works are, 1st. "*Der Holzdieb*," 2d. The overture and entr'actes to the drama "*Le Prince de Hombourg*," 3d. Overture and airs to the drama, "*La belle Ella*," 4th. "*Le Vampyr*," 5th. "*Le Templier et la Juive*," 6th. "*Das Braut der Falkner*," 7th. "*Hans Heiling*," 8th. "Ten Collections of Songs for four male voices," 9th. "Twenty Collections of Songs, Romances, and German and Italian Airs for a high voice with piano accompaniment," 10th. "Quatuor for piano, violin, viola, and bass," Op. 36, Leipsic. 11th. "Trios for P. V. and Cello, besides a great number of Sonatas, Roudeaus, Fantasies," &c., &c.

Dr. Arne's Music to "Comus."

Mr. Hogarth, in his interesting *Memoirs of the Musical Drama* (published in 1838), has the following with reference to *Comus* and its composer:—

"In 1738, Arne established his reputation as a dramatic composer by his music to Milton's *Comus*. This piece, as then revived, was considerably altered, and rendered more fit for representation, by Mr. John Dalton, a gentleman of some literary reputation, who died in 1763, prebendary of Worcester and rector of St. Mary-at-Hill. He extended a good deal the musical portion of the piece, not only by the insertion of songs selected from Milton's other works, but by the addition of several of his own, which were very happily suited to the manner of the original author. The parts of *Comus* and of the second attendant spirit were performed by Beard; Euphrosyne by Mrs. Clive; and the *Lady* and pastoral Nymph by Mrs. Arne (wife of the composer).

"The piece had a great run, and has since been revived at different periods with success. Further alterations were made in it by Colman, in 1772. The dialogue was greatly mutilated, because it was found that moral lessons, and descriptive passages, however beautiful and poetical in themselves, are cold and tedious on the stage. During the run of *Comus*, after its revival in 1738, Mr. Dalton sought out Milton's grand-daughter, Elizabeth Foster, who was then living in extreme old age and poverty. By his benevolent exertions, her illustrious ancestor's drama was performed for her benefit at Drury Lane, on the 5th April, 1750, by which she obtained above one hundred and thirty pounds. Garrick spoke a prologue written for the occasion by Johnson.

"In *Comus*, Arne introduced a style of melody which may be said to be peculiarly his own: being neither that of the older English masters, nor of the Italian composers of the day. It is graceful, flowing, and elegant; depending for its effect neither on the resources of harmony and uncommon modulation,

nor on the feats of vocal execution. It is, at the same time, very expressive, and finely adapted, not only to the spirit, but to the accentuation and prosody of the poetry. The music, too, is highly dramatic. The careless jollity of *Comus*, the elegant voluptuousness of Euphrosyne, and the graceful simplicity and tenderness of the pastoral Nymph, are finely expressed in the airs of these different personages; as, for example, in "Now Phœbus sinketh in the west," "By dimpled brook," and "How gentle was my Damon's air." And from the descriptions which we have of Beard, Mrs. Clive, and Mrs. Arne, they must have been admirable representatives of the characters.

But *Comus*, though a beautiful dramatic poem, is more suited to the closet than the stage: and the charming music of the piece, though it can no longer be heard in the theatre, ought still to give delight in the chamber or the concert-room."

Bach and Handel.

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH, and GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL—the two most illustrious musicians of the age, and who, in their own particular walks, have never been equalled, much less excelled—though contemporaries, were personally strangers. These great men were simultaneously producing masterpieces destined for ever after to exercise a most important influence upon the art: and yet so independent were they of each other, that it may be safely said, had Bach not existed, Handel would have been precisely what he was; and had Handel not lived, Bach would have been nothing less than his incomparable self. We believe that in the history of art no parallel instance can be named, of two great and original geniuses working wholly apart, and reaching the pinnacle of fame, without any reciprocal advantages, and without anything in common but their insurpassable excellence. Raphael and Michael Angelo were not merely contemporaries, but friends; Haydn and Mozart were mutually debtors, in so far as their art was concerned; but Bach and Handel were like self-luminous suns, each lighting up a sphere of its own, while all but invisible to its rival. What they have done for music it would be superfluous to insist on now. They found a chaos, out of which they created a symmetrical and beautiful world. Bach was the fountain head of harmony. Handel of melody. To attempt any comparison between them, however, would be irreverent. Each had a mission of the highest import, and each fulfilled it to admiration. It matters little that some regard Handel as the most fertile inventor, Bach as the profoundest thinker; Handel as the poet, Bach as the mathematician and philosopher; enough that both were essential to the future destiny of music, and that both put to the noblest uses the gifts they had received from above. That Bach will always remain the chief idol of musicians, while Handel will continue to produce the most vivid impression on the many, is perhaps as true as the earth will forever revolve round the sun, and the moon round the earth. Impartial judges, however, will draw no distinction between them on that account, but admit their *equal* claims to the world's esteem, and, at the very most, premise that the office of one was more particularly to teach, that of the other to enchant; each being at the same time, both teacher and enchanter.

Bach and Handel *never* met. And yet they were born within what may fairly be described as "a stone's throw" of each other, and what is more, in the very same year, and all but in the same month. Bach first saw the light at Eisenach, in Upper Saxony, on the 21st of March, 1685; Handel at Halle,* in Lower Saxony, on the 23rd of February, 1685.—Nor was there a very long interval between the periods of their respective deaths; Bach quitting this world (at Leipsic) on the 30th of July, 1750, aged sixty-five; Handel on the 13th of April, 1759 (in London, at the house which is now 57, (Brook-street), aged seventy-four.† So that Handel outlived his renowned contemporary nine years, although Bach wrote even more music than Handel—which is the rather to be wondered at, inasmuch as Handel was one of the most rapid and voluminous producers ever heard of. Both died blind, a result no doubt induced in a very great measure by their almost superhuman labors, mental and physical.

Thus the two "Saxon giants" were inspired contemporaneously, at different portions of the Temple of Art. Between them they raised the structure in which so many true high priests have since worshipped, and some with a no less holy zeal than the founders.

What a fund of interesting speculation attaches to the fact, that the *Passion of St. Matthew* and the mass in B minor, the *Well-tempered Clavichord* and the *Art of Fugue*, should have existed, and Handel not knew them; and that, on the other hand, *The Messiah*,

Israel in Egypt, Acis and Galatea, and the Suite de Pièces, should have been bequeathed to the world, and Bach remain comparatively, if not wholly ignorant of them. That the two great musicians continued strangers to the last, however, was the fault of Handel entirely, and is one of the very rare charges that might (with deference) be preferred against the immortal composer of *The Messiah*, as in some degree too much a man of the world. Handel, from his early youth, until he settled in England (in 1714), and even afterwards, was an inveterate traveller; he sought for money no less than for fame. With Bach the case was different. Unlike Handel, who never married, and gave no "hostages to fortune," in the shape of children, Bach, who was twice wedded, had seven by his first wife, and thirteen by his second, eleven sons and nine daughters. These he had to maintain and educate out of the income he received as Director of Music and Cantor of St. Thomas's school at Leipsic. The post was sufficiently lucrative; but Bach had no further resources and sought none. "He was," says his biographer, "too much occupied with his business and his art to think of pursuing those ways, which, perhaps, for a man like him, especially in the time at which he lived, would have led to riches. If he had thought fit to travel, he would have drawn upon himself the admiration of the whole world; but he loved a quiet domestic life, constant and uninterrupted occupation with his art, and was, like his ancestors, content with a moderate competency."

That Bach's desire to make the acquaintance of Handel, with some of whose published works he had become familiar, was sincere, may be elicited from the following interesting extract out of Forkel's biography:—

"Bach had a very great esteem for Handel, and often wished to be personally acquainted with him. As Handel was also a great performer on the clavier and the organ, many lovers of music, at Leipsic and in its neighborhood, wished to hear those two renowned men together; but *Handel could never find leisure for such a meeting*. He came three times from London to Halle, his native town. On his first visit, about the year 1717, Bach was at Coethen, only four miles from Halle; on being informed of Handel's arrival, he immediately set out to pay him a visit; but Handel left Halle the very day Bach reached it. On Handel's second visit (between 1730 and 1740†), Bach was at Leipsic, but ill. No sooner, however, informed of Handel's arrival, than he sent his eldest son, William Friedemann, with a very polite invitation to Leipsic; but *Handel regretted that he could not come*." On Handel's third visit, in 1752, or 1753, *Bach was dead*. Thus Bach's wish to be personally acquainted with Handel was not fulfilled, any more than that of many lovers of music who would have been glad to see and hear him and Handel together."

It has been surmised that the composer of the *Messiah* was a little jealous of Bach's reputation; though it is difficult to account for Handel's indifference to the advances of so illustrious a compatriot and fellow-musician, such an idea had better be rejected altogether. Whatever the two may have been as mortal men, as immortal geniuses their wreaths are twined together in a partnership of glory that is indissoluble; from this point of view should their remembrance be for ever contemplated. Bach was Bach, and Handel Handel; but either was worthy to be the other, and might have been, had circumstances placed them under opposite conditions. It should especially be borne in mind that Handel lived and struggled amid the strife and passions of the great world; while Bach made a world for himself, in which, like a true patriarch, he passed an existence of almost undisturbed serenity. And this should atone for what was wanting in the one, while it accounts, in a great measure, for the unselfish single-heartedness of the other.

* Forkel, in his *Life of Bach*, relates the following:—"Handel's master Zuchan, organist at Halle, died in the year 1717; and J. S. Bach, whose reputation was now already high (he was in his 32nd year) was invited to succeed him. Bach in short, went to Halle to prove his qualifications, by performing a piece, as a specimen of his skill. For what reason is not known, however, he did not enter upon the office, but left it to an able scholar of Zuchan's, of the name of Kirchoff."

† Between these two eventful dates—as if the goddess of music had been loth to suffer her darling art to remain without a worthy representative—was born (on the 27th of January, 1756) that other grand musician, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Fourteen years later came Beethoven—whom many place before them all.

‡ This must have been either in 1733, when Handel went abroad to engage singers for his Royal Italian Opera, (and preferred Carestini to Farinelli!) or in 1738, when he repaired to the baths at Aix-la-Chapelle for the benefit of his health.

Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG, conductor of music at the Boston Museum, has composed an *opera buffa*, to a Spanish subject, which will soon be brought out at that popular establishment.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JANUARY 25, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of CHOPIN'S "Mazurekas."

Concerts.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. — The programme of the fourth chamber concert, on Wednesday evening, had some features of peculiar interest, although as a whole it was rather a singular one. Mendelssohn furnished the solid, as well as the largest, part; and yet we would gladly have had as much more of him as was originally intended, namely the Violin Concerto, instead of the Flute Concerto, by which it was supplanted. The opening Quintet gave us but a shadow of Beethoven, since it is properly not one of the Quintets. Hummel, on the other hand, who should be heard occasionally at least, was well represented both in selection and performers. But let us record the programme in due form:

1. Quintet in E flat. Beethoven
Allegro—Andante—from the Piano Trio, op. 1, arranged for Quintet by the author.
2. Piano Trio in E. op. 83. Hummel
Allegro—Andante—Rondo.
Messrs. Parker, Schultze and Fries.
3. Concerto for Flute. Furstenau
Robert Goering.
4. Variations for Piano and Violoncello, op. 17. . . . Mendelssohn
Messrs. Parker and Fries.
5. Quartet in E flat, op. 44. Mendelssohn
Allegro—Scherzo—Adagio—Finale, Vivace

The novelties of the concert were the two pieces in which our townsman, Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, took principal part, and most acceptably, as pianist. The Trio, by Hummel, in all its three movements, is full of grace and elegance, abounding in happy turns, felicities of form and finish; yet wholly on the surface as compared with one like Beethoven or Mendelssohn, and coldly artificial as compared with Mozart; but elegant and lively, and putting one in good humor—at least when played with so much point and delicacy, so much nicety and ease of style, as it was by Mr. Parker. The theme of the Andante is so marked and characteristic, that one could imagine it to be some old national melody; otherwise we know nothing to the contrary of its being Hummel's own invention. The Variations by Mendelssohn were delicious, full of all sorts of power and fancy. The theme, simple and very winning, lent itself admirably to the purpose. There is real variety of character, of poetic conception in these variations; they are not mere mechanical changes wrought upon the chords and phrases, not the dead letter business which most variations—flute variations, for instance—are. Some are airy and tender; some are quaintly fantastic; some are full of wild strength and impetus, like that one in rapid octaves, which the pianist achieved so triumphantly; and one floats entirely upon one continuous ground note on the violoncello—a sort of *organ-point*—which is very beautiful. We need not say, the 'cello was played artist-like by Mr. FRIES.

A Flute Concerto never is a novelty; for though Furstenau may have composed as good things of the kind as anybody, and though Mr. ROBERT GOERING played them remarkably well, as he does everything, still all flute solos will sound tediously and frivolously alike, and seem to have as little right in a classical chamber concert, as a rope-dancer interlude between

two acts of Hamlet.—The two movements from Beethoven's early Trio (his *opus* 1), arranged as Quintet, were pleasing, especially for a beginning, and were smoothly played; but it seems hardly good economy to go back to those things when there are so many of his more important creations with which we are as yet most imperfectly acquainted.

The Quartet in Eb by Mendelssohn is one of his finest works—a work which grows more and more interesting the more it is heard. The Allegro, starting with a very vigorous and pregnant motive, bursting forth as it were out of a deep, brooding, pent up mood, develops with great breadth and energy; an impetuous, exciting movement, crowded with individual vitality in each of the four parts, yet clear, rich and satisfying. It would have sounded more so had the instruments been in better tune. This last remark applies with still more force to the Finale, which is so full of wild energy and difficulty, and through whose entanglement our hunters seemed to scratch and scramble as through thickset briars and brambles; yet it was bravely done, and a wonder they got through so well; it must take the most perfect of quartet players to make that Finale sound much differently. The two middle movements were much more fortunate in treatment. The Scherzo shifts the scene to mild, dreamy moonlight, swarming and throbbing with Mendelssohnian fairies; and to what a frenzy of excitement the little people work themselves up before it is done! This was delicately rendered; nor did the deep, rich sentiment of the Adagio fail to make its due impression; how beautiful the middle portion, where the melody is buoyed up upon an accompanying figure resembling that by which Handel suggests the wings of angels in the "Messiah!"

MISS MARY FAY, the pianist, gave her first Soirée, in Chickering's hall, last Saturday evening, with a good audience for a stormy night. She played alone, or as co-equal, or as accompanist, in each piece of the following programme:

1. Trio, (op. 1, Eb). Beethoven
Allegro, Adagio cantabile, Scherzo, quasi Allegro assai, Finale, Presto.
Miss Fay, Mr. F. Suck, Mr. Wulf Fries.
2. Pensées Fugitives, for piano and violin. S. Hiller and Ernst
No. 1, Passé. No. 2, Souvenir. No. 3, Romance.
Miss Fay and Mr. H. Suck.
3. Bolero, Ferd. Hiller
Miss Fay.
4. Concerto for the Violin. Mendelssohn
Mr. H. Suck.
5. Quartet, (G minor). Mozart
Allegro, Andante, Rondo, Allegro moderato.
Miss Fay, Mr. F. Suck, Mr. H. Suck, Mr. Wulf Fries.

That early Trio of Beethoven, which, though comparatively unimportant and a little tedious for a concert, is yet elegant and happy in its mood, was perhaps a wise and modest choice for so young an artist. It gave field enough for her clear, firm, brilliant execution. The Scherzo was particularly well played, and generally she excels in the parts which require brilliancy and dash; deeper artistic or poetic feeling is not the distinguishing characteristic of her playing. But taken as a whole it was a good performance, and her associates were all that could be desired. We scarcely hear a violin more chaste, artistic and expressive in this kind of music, than was that of the elder Suck. The Mozart Quartet we were obliged to lose.

Hiller's difficult and brilliant *Bolero* was well suited to the powers of Miss Fay, and she distinguished herself in it. Mr. H. Suck appeared

to much better advantage in those agreeable little fugitive pieces by Stephen Heller and Ernst, than in so ambitious an undertaking as the entire Violin Concerto of Mendelssohn, with only a piano accompaniment. The performance showed creditable skill and promise, but must be set down as lame, whereby a splendid composition was found heavy.

Concerts at Hand.

MR. J. K. PAINE'S ORGAN CONCERT will take place this evening, at the Tremont Temple, and we consider it an event of too much importance to pass unnoticed. We have often in past years spoken of Organ Concerts as a great desideratum in our stage of musical culture. We have become familiar with good things in the form of symphony, chamber music, Oratorio, Opera, &c. We have a general reverence for the Organ as the most sublime of instruments; and yet our opportunities of hearing and knowing what real organ music is, have been exceedingly few and far between. Our ordinary church services do not afford them; or if they do, in the shape of opening "voluntary" and "playing out," the opportunity is in the great majority of instances improved in such a manner, that the introduction of a hand-organ from the street would be a fair and cheap equivalent for the noble temple of sounds which we set up only to mimic its inferiors. In Oratorio, the organ fills in richly, but is seldom discerned individually amid the orchestral instruments. These "voluntaries," what are they often but the volunteering of the emptiest and idlest moods and fancies, the feeblest *potpourris* of operatic reminiscences, the merest parading of finger habits, chasing, loitering, loafing over the keys through senseless passages, humdrum cadences, odds and ends of all sorts, quite at random, in the feeble hope that something will "turn up," and as if, so long as the sound is kept up and discords avoided, there must be music in it—which by no means follows. The effect is to induce a listless, foolish, good for nothing, tired-out-with-nothing state of mind on the part of the congregation—a state as uninspired and frivolous as the player's own—at the very season when, and by the very means to which, we look for solemnizing, strengthening, tranquilizing influences.

Of course there are organists among us, who know better and do better than this; who do not give you nothing, improvised by themselves, when they can play something written by masters who had soul and science. We have several honorable exceptions, who play real organ music, fugues of Bach, or choruses from Handel, for their introductory and closing service. But these opportunities are few. We need concerts where the organ shall be chief, and where we may reap in larger measure the benefit of such lives, such inspiration, such sublime, religious Art as that of SEBASTIAN BACH, the greatest of all organists and writers for the organ. Such concerts could be made frequent with but little cost or risk. All our serious organists might take part in them, contributing in turn. Wonderfully fine organs are not so indispensable to the project, as fine compositions and good earnest interpreters. Much could be done now; more when we get our glorious great organ in the Music Hall; let that be sacred to the noblest uses, and be very active in them too!

For these reasons every lover of true organ music must welcome the chance afforded us by Mr. PAINE, who has been thoroughly initiated into the great works of Bach, as well as of the other organ masters, and who will play this evening some of his best things. The first part of his programme will be of Bach exclusively, and will include a *Prelude and Fugue in A minor*; a *Choral Variation*, for two manuals and double pedals; a *Trio Sonata in Eb*, and a *Toccata in F*. In the second part he will play a bril-

liant Concert piece by Thiele, a part of an Organ Sonata by Mendelssohn, and Concert Variations of his own upon the Austrian Hymn. Mrs. KEMPTON will assist by singing the *Ave Maria* of Franz, which is good for an organ accompaniment, and a Spring song by Esser.

MISS MARY FAY gives her second concert this evening.

Next Wednesday afternoon we shall once more be flocking to the Music Hall, to the first "Afternoon Concert" of the season, when the ORCHESTRAL UNION, with ZERRAHN for leader, will give us doubtless a good Symphony, with an agreeable variety of smaller pieces. The orchestra will number about thirty; and the concerts will continue every Wednesday.

For the second PHILHARMONIC CONCERT, which is fixed for next Saturday evening, Mr. ZERRAHN's orchestra will give us the grand old C minor Symphony of Beethoven; Wagner's *Faust* overture, and Schindeldeisser's "Uriel Acosta" overture; Miss FAY will play a Capriccio by Mendelssohn; and Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG an original Concerto for the Violin.

Odds and Ends.

MR. CARL MATER, a well-known pianist of this city, has hit upon a fortunate expedient for improving the quality of tone in square pianofortes. All piano-players know that what is generally termed the soft-pedal of the square pianoforte, is intended to serve the same purpose for this instrument which the shifting-pedal performs for the grand-piano. But the soft pedal is a very poor and inadequate contrivance; the little pieces of leather, attached to a moveable strip of wood, are thrust between the hammers and the strings, and entirely muffle the tones by preventing the vibration of the strings. The result is dull, meaningless sound, worse, if anything, than the strumming of an Ethiopian banjo. The improvement is simply this: The bits of leather used for the dampers are adjusted so that when the soft-pedal is pressed down, only half the face of the hammer is covered; and the tone, though softened, has still some resonance, since a portion of the face of the hammer strikes the string without any intervening substance. It will be observed that the change entails no extra expense, and the effect for piano passages is really beautiful.

Verdi's *Traviata*, according to the *Albion*, "has outlived the virulence of criticism, and in fact has recently been taken to the bosom of the Church in Brooklyn." This is not meant in irony, but sober praise; the same journal adds: "What opposition it has encountered has arisen from the incapacity of certain minds to receive, through music, a sufficient impression of the awful love (!) described by the composer; and in the absence of this, the touching simplicity (?) of most of the melodies and the tremulous frenzy (*sic*) of much of the concerted music seem trivial."

A correspondent of a musical paper in New York speaks of "Mozart's Dove Song," meaning the air "Dove song" in the "Marriage of Figaro."—As a pendant to this we may quote the following intelligence from one of our city weeklies: "Carl Eckhardt, who formerly directed the music of the Boston Museum, is now director of the Royal Theatre, Stuttgart." Carl Eckert, formerly here with Mme. Stontag, and a musician of much more note, is the man.

PHILADELPHIA.—The opera-goers were assembled in full force last Saturday evening, awaiting the rising of the curtain upon Rossini's "Barber"; but, by an accident upon the railroad, the singers, Miss Hinkley, Brignoli, &c., did not arrive. The disappointment was to be made up last evening by the "Barber" plus an act of *Favorita*.

Musical Correspondence.

MILWAUKEE, JAN. 17.—Since my last letter, our city has been visited by the "Hinkley Troupe," consisting of "Miss Hinkley," Sig. Brignoli, Sig. Susini, Sig. Mancusi, Herr Mollenhauer, and the leader, Carl Anschütz. Two concerts were given by them, during the Holidays, to crowded houses. The Prima Donna was very coolly received, notwithstanding the numerous newspaper "puffs" and notices copied from other journals. On the first evening she was suffering from a cold, while on her second appearance this affliction seemed to trouble her less. Nevertheless, the public were mostly disappointed. And, contrasting her with the quiet and unpretending Annie Milner, who visited this city a few years since, "Miss Hinkley" was a failure. Mollenhauer was the favorite of the public, on this occasion. He was enthusiastically encored, as, indeed, he deserved to be. His performance of "The Carnival of Venice," and Schubert's "Ave Maria," will not easily be forgotten. The other artists were well received; and I only regret, that they should have limited themselves to programmes containing almost nothing but compositions by Verdi and Donizetti.

The last monthly concert of our Musical Society was given on Friday evening last, to a comparatively empty house. (For this the management was undoubtedly to blame, in a measure, the programme being published in but one English paper.) The programme was as follows:

- PART I.
1. Overture from the opera "Fra Diavolo".....Anher
2. Remembrance, (four-part song).....Mendelssohn
3. Fantasia on Aïra, from Verdi's Opera, "Lombardi," for Violin with orchestral accompaniment.....Vieuxtemps
4. Love and Home, song for Tenor, with orchestra accompaniment.....Tschirch
5. The Bard, Male chorus.

- PART II.
1. Concert Overture "Fingal's Cave".....Mendelssohn
2. Duet from the Opera "Joseph".....Mehul
3. Pastoral Symphony, first part.....Beethoven
4. Finale, from the opera "Ernani," for Solos, Chorus and Orchestra.

The different pieces of the programme, with a few exceptions, were very well rendered, particularly the Fantasia for the Violin. Mr. WEINBERG, the performer, was loudly applauded at the close.

TENOR.

Music Abroad.

LEIPZIG.—A correspondent says of the Quartet soirées given in the Gewandhaus (by Herren David, Röntgen, Hermann and Davidoff), that they are "the purest and most beautiful Art enjoyments which the place affords; especially since Herr Capellmeister Reinecke has appeared regularly in them as pianist." "Few piano players have made so genuine an artistic impression on us as Reinecke. With a perfect technique, he plays with a warmth that does one good, and never does too much or too little. With fine tact he knows how to subordinate himself or make himself prominent, according to the nature of the composition." In the first soirée Herr Dreyschock took the place of David as first violin; the pieces were: a Quartet in G, by Haydn, a Quintet of Beethoven, and the Eb piano Quartet of Mozart. The second Soirée, which formed "the brightest moment in the musical life of this winter," offered Cherubini's Eb Quartet, Variations for piano and cello, by Mendelssohn, Schumann's A major Quartet, and Schubert's B minor Rondo for piano and violin.

Riedel's singing society were to perform Beethoven's *Missa Solennis* on the fast day, Nov. 22.

COLOGNE.—The third Gesellschafts Concert took place on Tuesday, the 26th ult., under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller. The following was the programme. Part I.—1. Overture to *Hamlet*, by Niels W. Gade (first time); 2. Concerto (No 2) for violoncello, by Goltermann, executed by Herr A. Schmit, teacher at the Conservatory; 3. "Ave Maria," for female voices, with orchestral accompaniment, by Johannes Brahms (first time); 4. Symphony in G minor, by Mozart. Part II. "Die erste Walpurgisnacht," by Goethe, composed for soli, chorus and orchestra, by F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy. The two novelties achieved rather a *succès d'estime* than an enthusiastic triumph. Even leaving out of consideration the strange idea (with which, it is true, three or four other composers had previously been seized) of writing a musical prologue to such a tragedy as Shakspeare's *Hamlet*, seeing that the piece, as

a whole, affords absolutely no opportunity for musical expression. Gade's overture, considered merely in a musical light, is not an inspired work, but simply an ordinary, nicely written piece of music, without, however, the advantage of any originality in the instrumentation, a quality which renders his symphonies so taking. J. Brahms's "Ave Maria" voluntarily renounces all claim to the impression that a female chorus, purely sung, invariably produces on us, on account of its neglect of harmony in simplicity, which choruses for female voices absolutely demand. Shrill modulations, and sharply piercing notes, which go through one, produce a disagreeable effect, because they constitute a glaring contrast to the grace and mildness of the female character. The motives, too, or rather the motive, for there is only one, is deficient in the language of fervor and devotion requisite in a prayer. The mere announcement of the Symphony in G minor was hailed with delight by the lovers of real music, and their expectations were completely satisfied by a performance admirably delicate, and, in the proper place, full of passion. Mendelssohn's "Walgurnisnacht" was, as it always is, most warmly applauded. We feel bound to state, however, that we have but rarely heard this unique and genial work so well played as on this occasion.

London.

HERR PAUER'S PIANOFORTE PERFORMANCES.—The interest of these is well sustained. The first quarter of the fifth performance was devoted to French composers, Chambonnières, Couperin his pupil, and Rameau. The specimens by the two last-named writers were delightful, distinct in melody, pleasantly quaint in harmony, with those national touches of phrase and form which have never been laid aside from the days of "Hippolyte et Aricie" to those of the "Val d'Andorre." In particular, a *Gigue*, *Musette* and *Tambourin* were charming. The second "Period" included an excellent Sonata by Paradies, another by English Bach, the youngest of the illustrious family, and two movements by Wanhall. In the third period we shall confine ourselves to noticing the fine duet Sonata in E flat by Prof. Moscheles, in order to take the opportunity of mentioning a most promising young lady, Signora Rubini, who assisted Herr Pauer, and who appears to possess some of the best requisites of a great player, charm of touch, elasticity of finger, and feeling without extravagance.—*Athenæum*.

The *Era* states that "it is asserted from good authority that Her Majesty's Theatre will positively open next season. The new manager is M. Bagier, of the Theatre Oriental, Madrid, and an immensely rich agent de change. His first novelty will be to bring out his protégée, Mlle. Sarolta, who appeared for a few nights at Drury Lane Theatre in 1859, under Mr. E. T. Smith's management." From the *Gazette Musicale* we learn that M. Obin has been engaged by Mr. Gye to appear at the Royal Italian Opera in "Robert le Diable." But the French journal is, as too often happens, mistaken about English matters, when it speaks of the revival being the first performance of M. Meyerbeer's work in Italian here, "Robert" having been twice cast in that language at Covent Garden Theatre, both times without making any great impression.—*Ibid*.

There has been organ-playing this week of no common quality, Mr. Best having been retained to make a new organ speak, built by Mr. Walker, for a church in Dublin. Of performances like these it is not possible to offer any regular report. Once again it may be pointed out, how much it is to be regretted that in this London of ours—so rich in many things, so poor in more—there can be maintained no instrument of the first class in a locality more suitable than a factory, and more accessible than a church, which might, on certain days of the week, be exhibited by the best players as a settled attraction of London. This, it may be recollected, the "Apollonicon" was for many years. The "Panopticon" experiment failed, in these better musical days of ours, because it had not a fair trial. It is superfluous almost to add, that the organs in Exeter Hall and St. James's Hall do not, in the least, fulfil the required conditions.—*Athenæum*.

A performance was advertised in the *Morning Post* of Saturday last, as under—"CARDINAL WISEMAN. To-morrow (Sunday), his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman will assist pontifically at the High Mass, which will commence at 11 A.M., at St. Mary's Moorfields. The music will be Haydn's No. 16, with full orchestral accompaniment. After Mass, the "Te Deum" (Romberg's, with full band) will be sung in thanksgiving for his Eminence's restoration to health." To persons "beyond the pale," the performance, as above set forth, may seem to have an

air of self-celebration which is singular. On the same Sunday, which was one of Church Festival, Mendelssohn's "Ave Maria" was performed at Vespers in the church at Southwark.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The fifth winter concert was, in some respects, the most interesting of the series. The selection was excellent, and included two novelties of various degrees of merit, and Miss Arabella Goddard made her first appearance for the season. The novelties were Schubert's overture to *Rosamunde* and Reber's overture to *La Nuit de Noël*. The former is a highly effective and dramatic prelude, with great brightness in the ideas, and brilliantly instrumented. The latter is French in idea and treatment, but telling in the orchestra. Both overtures were well played. The symphony was Haydn's in G, one of the most melodious of the old master, and as fresh as if it were written in the present day. Mr. Manns evidently made his mind up to have it well executed, and he was not disappointed. Miss Arabella Goddard, who was received with an unusual demonstration of applause, performed Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor, and Listz's fantasia on *Rigoletto*.

The singers were Miss Maria Stanley and M. De la Haye, neither of whom had been previously heard at the Crystal Palace. The lady sang the cavatina "Com'è bello" from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and Mendelssohn's "On Song's bright pinions." She has an available mezzo-soprano voice, and indicates good training in her singing. The sharpness in her intonation may be laid down to the nervousness of a first appearance. M. De la Haye, too, has much merit. He has a tolerable tenor voice of the veiled kind, and is by no means a novice in his art. He wants, however, warmth, which was too plainly evidenced in "Adelaida," a scene from Verdi's *Due Foscari* was his second effort.

There was a large attendance of subscribers and casual visitors, and the concert, thanks to the prohibition of encores, was over in reasonable time.—*Mus. World*.

DUBLIN.—From a highly interesting account of Mlle. Patti's performances in Italian opera in Dublin, which appeared in a recent number of the *Irish Times*, we extract the following:

"The series of operas came to a close with *Marta*, on Saturday evening. From the beginning the young prima donna has had a succession of triumphs. Nothing could be more brilliant than the talents she displayed, and the exhibition of the rich gifts bestowed on her by nature at so early a period. No great lyric artist to our knowledge has manifested so large a share of histrionic and vocal ability in mere girlhood. Only eighteen years old, yet singing with the highest culture, the most dazzling brilliancy and finish in every character, and acting with the tact and experience of one who had trod the boards for years; and possessing the fresh charm of girlhood, the grace of beauty, and the buoyancy of youth. Any one so fitted to enrapture the young, please the mature, and gratify the experienced in art we have never witnessed on the stage. She sings the music of Rossini, Mozart, Verdi, Donizetti, and Flotow, with equal truthfulness, and frequently adorns their writings with *floriture* appropriate and dazzling, executed with an ease which astonishes. If she has a fault in her vocalism, it is redundancy of ornament, and too frequent a recurrence of bird-like *staccati* passages. The part of Lady Henrietta, in *Marta*, is particularly suited to Mlle. Patti. Her acting is tempered by good taste; and the tact she displays in the by-play is worthy of all observation. Then her singing is distinguished by a truthful adherence to the text, enriched by ornamentation in keeping with the various themes, and softened by an expression pure and natural. To speak of some of her flights of song is now superfluous, as all who have heard them must have been equally delighted and amazed. This latter unique portion of vocal art she exhibited in 'The Spinning Wheel' quartet. In the Italian version of the 'Last Rose of Summer' she evinced a purity of style never excelled by any of her predecessors, while she put them all in the shade by her rendering, to an *encore*, of Moore's words to the same melody. She then gave 'Home, sweet home,' and to another re-demand, 'Twas within a mile of Edinboro' town.' The Scotch tune she sings with unspeakable archness, and an originality of tone and manner which cannot fail to charm. At the termination she was greeted with acclamations, and left the stage laden with bouquets. As she emerged from the stage door to her carriage, she was met by a cavalcade of the students of Trinity College—almost all Honormen—who took the horses from the vehicle and drew her to the hotel, amidst deafening cheers. And thus ended the climax to one of the most triumphant successes within our memories."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The vacant chair. Ballad. *Harley Newcomb*. 25

A pretty, simple ballad, the import of which—the sad bereavement of a family from the loss of a dear relative slain while fighting for his country—will make it dear to many a singer.

Home love. Ballad. *C. W. Glover*. 25

A very simple Song, the melody in the Tyrolean style. Teachers in want of something suitable for beginners will find it as useful as pleasing.

The golden stars. *A. Richardt*. 25

Mr. Richardt, who is now concertizing in the Provinces, together with Ole Bull and Formes, is eliciting the highest encomiums from the press there, for his ballads "Thou art so far," and "The golden stars." The latter is new. It is very similar in style to the other and will become quite as popular.

Instrumental Music.

The Band passes. Military movement. *Francesco Berger*. 30

A piece in the style of a march, first heard faintly in the distance, then coming nearer, and more distinctly understood, then bursting out, as if quite near, with full power, and finally dying away gradually like the music of a band marching off. The thing is nicely done and will find many admirers. It has passed through many editions in England.

Before her portrait. Reverie. *Th. Oesten*. 35

Quite a charming Fantasia, difficult to play.

Maraquita. Transcription. *Brinley Richards*. 30

One of this author's elegant arrangements of favorite airs, which are just now meeting with general favor.

For Brass Band.

Viva l'America! Quickstep, for 14 or fewer Instruments. *B. A. Burditt*. 1,00

This fine melody, which is now generally reckoned among our national airs, should be a stock-piece of every Brass Band in the country. It makes a superb Quickstep.

Books.

THE NEW GERMANIA. A collection of the most favorite Operatic Airs, Marches, Polkas, Waltzes, Quadrilles, and Melodies of the day. Arranged in an easy and familiar style for four, five and six instruments. By

B. A. Burditt. 1,25

A very desirable collection of instrumental music; one that the musical community have long required, and one for which the thousands of small bands and amateur clubs throughout the country will be very thankful. The melodies are of that class which the great mass of the people, both as performers and listeners, at once adopt as their own and stamp as "favorites." They are very finely arranged, and, as the title indicates, in a style easy, familiar and acceptable to all. Mr. Burditt has been long and favorably known as the leader of one of the best Bands in this city, and as a composer and arranger of this class of music. His long experience has enabled him to determine correctly as to what he wanted in a collection of this kind, and how it was wanted; he has therefore acted understandingly in the preparation of this volume.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 513.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 1, 1862.

VOL. XX. No. 18.

Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 339).

Rome, Feb. 1, 1831.

I did not wish to write to you until my birthday; but day after to-morrow perhaps I shall not be in writing humor, and shall have driven away all thoughts by much labor. For it seems to me improbable that I shall be surprised to-morrow by the papal military music;* and, since I have told all my acquaintances that I was born on the 25th, the day will steal by silently. I had rather have it, than a little, half festival. I shall set your picture before me once more to-morrow, and rejoice in it, and in you. Then I shall play over to myself my military overture, and at dinner pick out my favorite dish on the bill of fare at Lepre's;—there's an advantage perhaps in having to do all that for oneself sometimes on birthdays and the like. Alone one feels sufficient to himself; but the other way too is not bad. In the evening the Torlonias are so friendly as to give a ball of 800 persons; and on Wednesday, for the eve of the festival, and Friday, for the after-festival, I am to be with the Englishmen. During the past week I have been seeing things industriously again, and I begin now to revisit objects with which I am already acquainted. Thus I was in the Vatican, the Farnesina, the Corsini, the villa Lante, Borghese, &c. Day before yesterday I saw for the first time the frescoes in Bartholdy's† house, since the English ladies, who live there, and who make their sleeping chamber with canopied bed of the painted hall, would not grant admission until now. And so now for the first time have I entered my uncle's house, and seen his pictures and his view over the city. It was a grand and king-like idea, that of the fresco pictures; and this carrying out of a beautiful thought in spite of every possible hindrance and annoyance, merely for the thought's sake, is what I always was most partial to!

To come to a wholly different subject: in many circles here now it is the practice, to exchange piety for tediousness, and they are two very different things. Our preacher too can do something in the matter. You see here men of a fanaticism, which one might comprehend in the 16th century, but which to-day is something unheard of elsewhere. They all want to convert one another, they abuse each other in Christian terms, and mock each other's faith most scandalously. If simpleness were only simplicity! Unfortunately I must recede from my old favorite maxim, that good Will can do anything; there must also be good Power with it. But I am taking too high a flight, and father will scold! Make no demands upon this letter. But out there

lies snow; the roofs of the Piazza di Spagna are entirely white, and already new snow clouds are coming up. That is very dismal to us Southrons, and we freeze. The Monte Pincio lies full of ice. Your Northern light is avenged on us; who can feel warm enough to to think or write here? I rejoiced in the idea of living through one winter without snow; but I must give it up. In a few days the spring air will come, say the Italians; then there will again be merry life and merry letters! Farewell, and remain happy and near to me.

FELIX.

Rome, Feb. 8, 1831.

The Pope is chosen, the Pope is crowned. On Sunday he read Mass and gave the blessing in St. Peter's; in the evening was the illumination of the cupola and the *girandola* at the same time; on Saturday the Carnival began and is still rustling on in the motliest forms. The city has been illuminated every evening. Last evening there was a ball at the French ambassador's; to-day the Spanish one gives his grand festival. Near my house they sell *confetti*, and scream. And now I might properly leave off; for why describe what is indescribable? These godlike festivities which in pomp, splendor and animation surpass all that imagination can conceive, must be depicted to you orally by Hensel; I cannot do it with the cold pen. And as it has all changed during the past week, the mildest, warmest sun shines, and we stay upon the balcony until sundown in the open air.

O that I could send you in my letter but a quarter of an hour of this delight, or make you feel how life really flies, and every moment brings its own never to be forgotten joy! They have a good chance here for festivities; let them only light the simple architectural lines, and St. Peter's cupola stands burning in the dark violet-blue air, and glimmers all so still; if they give fireworks, it lights up the dark, thick walls of the castle of St. Angelo, and sails down the Tiber; if they begin their mad festivities in February, the brightest sun shines down upon them, beautifying all—it is an incredible land.

But I must describe how differently it turned out with my birthday, from what I expected; but briefly only, for in an hour we go upon the Corso to the Carnival. There was preliminary feast, feast, and after-feast. On the 2nd of February Santini sat in the morning in my room, and said with diplomatic mien, in answer to my impatient inquiries about the conclave, that there could hardly be a Pope before Easter. Mr. Brisbane came too, told us how, since he was in Berlin, he had been in Constantinople, Smyrna, &c., and asked after all his Berlin acquaintances; then suddenly a cannon goes off, then another, and the people rush across the piazza di Spagna, and scream to the top of their lungs. We three start off, God knows how, out of breath for the Quirinal, and reach there just as the man had gone in again, who had cried out from the window that had been knocked through: *Annuncio*

vobis gaudium magnum, habemus papam R. E. dominum Capellari, qui nomen assumpsit Gregorius XVI. But all the Cardinals came out upon the balcony, and inhaled fresh air, and laughed with one another. For the first time for 50 days had they come out into the open air, and they looked so merry, and their little red caps shone bright in the sun; the whole square was filled with men; they clambered up upon the obelisks, and upon the horses of Phidias, but the statues loomed up far above all in the air. Then came carriages upon carriages, with crowding and screaming. Then appeared the new Pope, with the golden cross borne before him; and he blessed the whole multitude for the first time while the people at the same time, sprayed and shouted hurra! All the bells in Rome were ringing, cannons booming, trumpets, military music—that was only the ante-festival. For when early the next morning I followed the crowd down the long street, and came upon the piazza of St. Peter, which was more beautiful than I had ever seen it, glittering in the bright sunshine, carriages swarming to and fro, the red Cardinals' coaches in full state rolling to the sacristy, with their embroidered lackeys mounted up behind, and the countless people of all nations, all ranks, all conditions; and when over all this hovered the cupola and the church all bluish, for there was a strong vapor in the morning air, then I thought to myself, perhaps Capellari would take all that to himself, if he should see it; but I knew better—that was the birthday festival, and the whole papal election and demonstration were a dramatic spectacle in honor of me. But it was well played, and very natural, and I shall not forget it my life long.

St. Peter's church was crowded full; the Pope with the fans of peacock feathers was borne in and placed upon the grand altar, and the papal singers intoned: *tu es sacerdos magnus*. I heard only two or three chords; but it does not need more; only the sound. Then came one Cardinal after another, and kissed his foot and hands, and then he embraced them.

When one has looked on so for a while, standing crowded amongst men, so that he cannot move, and then suddenly looks up into the cupola, quite up to the lantern, it gives him a strange feeling. I stood with M. Diodati in the midst of a herd of Capucines; the saintly men however are not at all devotional on such an occasion, and are very unappetizing. But I must hasten on; it is nearly time for Carnival, and I must not lose anything of that. In the evening for my birthday they burned tar-barrels on all the streets and lighted up the Propaganda; as the people believed, because it was the Pope's former dwelling; as I believe, because it stands opposite to me, and I have only to lean out of the window to enjoy it all. Then came the ball at Torlonia's, and everywhere peeped out little red caps above, and red stockings below. On the following day they worked with all their might upon scaffoldings, partitions,

* On the 2d of February 1830 the bands of some regiments in Berlin had given Mendelssohn a serenade upon the morning of his birthday.

† The Prussian Consul-General, Mendelssohn's uncle, who died in Rome.

stages for the Carnival; people nailed up edicts about the horse racing; mask patterns were hung out, and for the after-festival the illumination of the cupola and the *girandola* were fixed for Sunday.

On Saturday we went up to the Capitol, to witness how the Jews pray to be tolerated in the holy city for another year, and how their petition is at first rejected at the foot of the hill, and then above, after repeated supplication, granted, and the Ghetto pointed out to them as their quarter. The thing was very tedious; we had to wait two hours, and after all we understood the speech of the Jews as little, as the answer of the Christians. I came down in a vexed humor, and thought the Carnival began badly. And so I came into the Corso, and thought of nothing, when suddenly I am rained upon with sugar plums. I look up—it is some young girls, whom I have seen occasionally at balls perhaps, but have not been much acquainted with them; and when in my confusion I am on the point of taking off my hat and greeting them, then the firing begins in good earnest. The carriage rolls by, and in the following one sits Miss T., a gentle, beautiful English girl. I would greet again, but she too flings sugarplums. Now I grow wild, seize *confetti* and greet in a bolder fashion. The street swarmed with acquaintances; my blue overcoat looked like a miller's; on a balcony stood the B's, and hailed down handfuls; and so with pelting and being pelted, amid a thousand raileries, in the midst of the drollest masks, the day ended with the horse races.

The next day was no Carnival; but in place of it the Pope gave the blessing from the *loggia* on the square of St. Peter's, was anointed as bishop in the church, and in the evening came the illumination of the cupola. How the change produced by the lighting of the building operates in a single moment, Hensel must draw or relate for you, as he will. To me especially the sudden and surprising intimation of so many hundred men whom one does not see, and who are climbing round there in the air and working, was something quite amazing. And the divine *Girandola*! But who can seize it? And now away it goes again; farewell, I will very soon describe it farther. Yesterday at the Carnival I was already pelted with flowers and bonbons, when I received from a mask a bouquet and cudgelings, which I have dried, to bring them to you. Work just now is not to be thought of; I have only made a little song; in the Fast days I will be industrious again; who thinks now of writing and of notes? Now I must be off; farewell you dear ones.

(To be continued.)

FELIX.

Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of DR. HEINRICH VON KREISSELE.

(Continued from page 340.)

Ferdinand Schubert, the most trustworthy voucher about the last days of his brother Franz, relates the following:

"Already in September Schubert fell sick and had medical treatment. After a while he grew somewhat better. Accordingly in the beginning of October he made a little pleasure excursion, with me and two other friends, to lower Waltersdorf, and from there to Eisenstadt, where he

visited the grave of Joseph Haydn, and lingered there some length of time. During these three days of travel he was extremely moderate in eating and drinking, and at the same time very bright, and had many sparkling suggestions.

"But when he came back to Vienna, his malady increased again. He was eating a fish * in the evening of the last of October; after swallowing the first mouthful he suddenly threw his knife and fork down on the plate, declaring that he loathed the dish, and that he felt precisely as if he had taken poison. From that moment he ate and drank almost nothing more, and took merely medicines. He also sought to help himself by motion in the open air, and took some walks. On the 3d of November, early in the morning, he walked from the Neu-Wieden to Hernals, to hear the Latin *Requiem* composed by me. This *Requiem* was the last music that he heard. After the service he set himself in motion again for three hours long. On getting home he complained much of fatigue. In a few days he began to fail and grow weak more and more rapidly, until he sank down finally upon his sick bed. This was on the 14th of November. He sat up, to be sure, a few hours in the day, and corrected the second part of his *Winterreise*. His death followed on the 19th of the same month, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. On the evening before his departure he called me to the bed, with the words: 'Ferdinand! hold your ear to my mouth,' and then said very mysteriously: 'Say, what then is to become of me?!' I answered: 'Dear Franz! We are all very anxious to restore you, and the Doctor assures us, you will soon be well again, only you must keep patiently in bed.' That whole day long he wanted to go out, and was always under the persuasion that he was in a strange chamber. A few hours later appeared the Doctor, who spoke to him in the same manner. But Schubert looked the Doctor fixedly in the eye, grasped with his feeble hand at the wall; and said slowly and with earnestness: 'Here, here is my end.*— Schubert was buried, amid the sympathy of the population of Vienna, on the 21st of November, in the burial ground at Währing; and only three graves separate his from that of Beethoven, his lofty prototype."

On the 23d of December 1828 his friends and admirers caused to be performed for his funeral, in the Augustiner court church, the *Requiem* for double choir by Anselm Hüttenbrenner, Director of the Styrian Musikverein and early friend of Schubert. Many friends of Art took part in the performance. The Society for Church Music at St. Ulrich had already set the example on the 27th November with the *Requiem* of Mozart.

Soon the wish was expressed among the friends of music, to distinguish the burial place of the so early departed by a monument or a tombstone. As the estate he left did not afford the means for this, Fräulein Anna Fröblich arranged a concert on the 30th January 1829, in the hall of the Musikverein, half the proceeds of which were destined to the erection of a monument. The programme consisted of the following pieces: "Miriam's Song of Victory," the solo sung by Tieze; Variations for the Flute(!) by Gabrielsky,

* This was in the Red Cross inn already mentioned (on the Himmelfortgrund), where Schubert with his brother Ferdinand and several friends frequently met.

* Ferdinand Schubert, with whom Franz boarded, lived at that time on the Wieden, Schleifmühlgasse, No. 694.

played by Bogner; the songs "Carrier Pigeon" and "*Aufenthalt*," sung by Vogl; the Trio in Eb, played by Bocklet, Böhm and Linke; the song "Omnipotence," sung by Schoberlechner; "On the stream," with cello accompaniment, performed by Tieze and Linke; and the first Finale from *Don Juan*, the solos by Fr. Kierstein, Jekel and Sack, and Herren Tieze, Lugano, Schoberlechner and Nejebse. The concert was so successful that it was repeated, and the proceeds of the two, together with the contributions of some friends, sufficed to defray the costs of the Requiem and the monument, (amounting to 360 florins and 46 Kreuzers). The inscription on the monument was composed by Grillparzer, and reads as follows:

Music has buried a rich possession,
But still fairer hopes.
Here lies Franz Schubert,
Born January 31, 1797
Died November 19th, 1828,
31 years old.

Judging from the lithograph portrait, which appeared in Vienna, and from the large plaster of Paris bust, Schubert had a round, thick face, a not particularly high forehead, pouting lips, bushy eyebrows, full, crisp hair, and a thick snub nose; altogether something Moorish. His stature was below middle size; back and shoulders rounded; the arms and hands fleshy, the fingers short. The expression of his countenance was anything but intellectual and friendly; and only when music or conversation excited him, but especially when it had to do with Beethoven, did his eye begin to flash and his features to grow somewhat animated.

In the bloom of his years, in the fullness of his working faculties he was snatched away from this world. Brief was the period of his earthly pilgrimage, and sudden the moment of his departure; for in a few days a violent inflammatory fever had made an end of his life. There was great and universal mourning for the minstrel richest of all in song.

Not yet 32 years old, he created an astonishing amount of what is excellent; yet his powers on all sides were still occupied in growing; and more perhaps, certainly greater, than he had yet accomplished, might have been confidently expected of so rich a genius, as yet just hastening towards its full development.

(To be continued.)

(From Novello's Musical Times.)

Life and Labors of Vincent Novello.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

In a small house overlooking Hyde Park,—240 Oxford Street, then called Oxford Road,—an Italian, named Giuseppe Novello, settled with his English wife. To them were born several children; and among the younger was a son named Vincent. He was born on the 6th of September, 1781; and, early, showed a marked predilection for music. He would slip away from meals, to use his recreation time in "finding out chords" on an old pianoforte, when once he had "learnt his notes." These were taught him by a friend of his father, one Signor Quellici; and this was the only direct instruction ever received by the young Vincent in his favorite art.

Possessing "a good ear," he had an aptitude for languages; and he was sent, with an elder brother, Francis, to a school at Huitmille, a village near Boulogne-sur-mer, to acquire French in addition to his naturally-learned English and Italian. It may be a circumstance worth noting, that the vessel in which the two boys came to England was the last boat that left France before war was declared between the two countries before the close of the century.

On his return, eager to seize every opportunity of practice and attainment of musical knowledge, Vincent sang as a choir-boy at the Sardinian Embassy's chapel, Lincoln's Inn Fields, as long as his voice remained unbroken. Samuel Webbe, senior, was organist there; and an acquaintance with him and with Danby, organist of the Spanish Embassy's chapel, Manchester Square, were among Vincent's early incentives to musical study. While still a mere lad, he officiated as deputy for these organists; and commenced his professional career in actual youth. He was not more than sixteen years of age when he became organist of the Portuguese Embassy's chapel in South Street, Grosvenor Square; and began to teach, when he himself was hardly more than a learner. But his taste and aptitude for the science, together with his native industry and perseverance, early rendered him a proficient in thorough-bass, as well as a skillful executant.

He was engaged at the Pantheon, as pianist and conductor, when Catalani was prima-donna in the Italian operatic company that performed there; and hence he acquired that facility in the reading from score, which was, at that time, a rare accomplishment. Hence, also, and from his direction of the Portuguese choir as organist, arose his skill in accompaniment, which had all the excellence of a peculiar gift. When accompanying voices, he seemed to know, by intuition, which singer required aid; and he would, as it were, imperceptibly prompt, as well as support the particular vocalist under guidance. His sensitive ear followed the inner parts no less accurately than the more salient bass or soprano; and many an uncertain tenor, or wavering alto, would he—with his distinctive finger pressing slightly out their particular required note or passage—steady back to their appointed course. He would come to their rescue with the most opportune assistance, and help them with a timely support that seemed like inspiration. As a timist, he was firm and correct; so self-possessed and competent, as to inspire confidence in those he led. Not only was his own performance on the organ fine and potential, but his ability in conducting the vocal choir was supreme. It became a fashion to hear the service at the Portuguese chapel; and South Street, on a Sunday, was thronged with carriages waiting outside, while their owners crowded to suffocation the small, taper-lighted space within. With attentive hush were oftentimes listened to, the strains of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, or Himmel, in some soft offertory, breathed out by four well-disciplined voices, and sustained by Vincent Novello's smooth fingers, creeping with a certain maintained equipoise from note to note of the ivory keys, hardly whiter than his own hands. They were small, strongly knit, and remarkably pliant; with capability of stretching that fitted them admirably for organ-playing. The not very large but exquisitely sweet-toned instrument that belonged to South Street chapel, had three rows of keys; over which the white, supple, yet strenuous fingers of Vincent Novello used to wander with a touch almost loving, in its caressing closeness. Now light and hovering, in some florid passage of *Kyrie eleison*; now firm and dominant, in some assertive *Gloria in excelsis*; now rich and majestic, in a lofty *Hosanna*; now full of pathos, in an *Incarnatus est*; now persuasive and consoling, in some *Benedictus*; now steadfast, strict, peremptory, yet, withal, instinct with spirit and animation, in some concluding fugue of exhortive *Dona nobis pacem*. The *Adeste Fideles*, although really a composition by an Englishman named John Reading (who also wrote *Dulce Domini*), obtained the name of "The Portuguese Hymn" from its having been heard by the Duke of Leeds at the Portuguese chapel, who imagined it to be peculiar to the service in Portugal. Being a Director of the Ancient Concerts, his Grace introduced the melody there; and it speedily became popular, under the title he had given it. So widely has its liking spread, that Vincent Novello's arrangement of this favorite hymn, *Adeste Fideles*, has been reprinted in France, Germany and America. His organ-playing eventually became so famed, that George the Fourth offered him the appointment of private organist at the Pavilion, Brighton; but this was declined, from devotion to more extended and pressing professional calls upon the musician's time in London.

Organ-builders especially liked to have Vincent Novello exhibit their instruments, from the peculiarly sustained style of his playing. It was well calculated to display to advantage the various stops of the organ; while his thorough acquaintance with the mechanism enabled him to develop to the utmost the different points of excellence in construction. A large number of organs were built under his inspection, and from his designs, both for England and for abroad. He was frequently appointed umpire at competitions for organists' situations, and from his

known discrimination in judgment, as well as his great care and justice in decision. These latter were evinced by his desire to be kept uninformed of even the names of the several candidates, whom he distinguished merely by numbers in the order of succession in which they played. These numbers he noted down, with minutely-detailed comments, in his memorandum-books, as each candidate performed; and then, at the conclusion, he gave his verdict according to the pre-eminence of favorable remark appended to that particular number.

Later in life, he became organist at Moorfields chapel, from 1840 to 1843. He also presided at the organ during the Westminster Abbey festival in 1834, and at the performance of Beethoven's Grand Mass in D at the Philharmonic Society. Of this last-named society, Vincent Novello was one of the original founders. With his eagerness for the dissemination of sterling classical music, he perceived how such an institution would stimulate and preserve the progress of the art; a perception which the result has amply verified. In these early days of the Philharmonic, before the functions, or even the title of a conductor were known among us, he used, in turn with his compeers, to "preside" at the piano-forte (as the phrase went) in this society's concerts; in later times, when, through his exertions and the efforts of others, music had made advance, he filled the more honorable, because more responsible office of conductor.

On becoming a member of the Royal Society of Musicians, Vincent Novello played the viola for some years in the orchestra at the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy at St. Paul's Cathedral; it being the duty of the forty youngest members of the first-named Charity to supply the orchestra for that festival, the remuneration for which goes to the funds of the Royal Society. During these years he occasionally took part in a string quartet; but afterwards he ceased viola playing.

One of Vincent Novello's early advantages was his acquaintance with the Rev. J. Latrobe, who gave the young musician access to his valuable library. The ample use made of this privilege is best proved by Vincent Novello's having culled from it some of the fine Masses of Mozart and Haydn, which, with the zeal of a true musical enthusiast, he edited and published, at his own cost of time and money, in order to introduce them, in accessible form, among his countrymen in England. No pains of personal exertion were ever spared by Vincent Novello in the advancement of the highest interests of his beloved art; no personal sacrifice was ever thought too great to ensure their establishment. In these views he was nobly seconded by the admirable woman he took to wife. On the 17th of August, 1808, Vincent Novello married Mary Sabilla Hehl; and from that period to the close of their wedded union,—when her death occurred, 25th July, 1854,—she exaltedly fulfilled the duties of helpmeet to her husband. As aider in his artistic aims, she enabled him to devote his whole mind and thought to them, by her active superintendence of his household, his family, and his domestic affairs; while she made his professional efforts doubly and trebly available by the excellent economy with which she appropriated, to their mutual benefit, the income he earned. Strictly kept house accounts, energetic and constant exertion, judicious foresight and counsel, bore witness to her unwearied self-dedication to his interests. When immersed in the duties of her house and coming family, she was never too busy or too tired to make home cheerful and happy to him after a long day's teaching, by reading through the whole evening, some favorite book of poet or poetical writer; while he, with his extraordinary power of industrious work, would copy music, or correct proofs.

She brought him eleven children, of whom six survive; and amid all the fatigue and care of bringing them into the world, nursing them, watching them, teaching them, she was ever a cheerful, ready, enlightened companion to her husband. Out of the limited means of a young professor, she contrived, by taking an unusually active and intelligent share of exertion upon herself, to make her husband and children a neat and even elegant home, a superior circle of friends, and many advantages only to be obtained through the influence of a wife and mother no less intellectually gifted than morally good. No expense was spared in the education of the children; both father and mother agreed in this, as in all other points concerning them. By frugal self-denial on their own parts, by liberal expenditure on behalf of their offspring, by sedulous study of the different individual capacities and special tendencies of each child,—boy or girl,—did Vincent and Mary Novello foster and develop such talents as their children were endowed with by nature. Books in abundance,—selected with care, and always previously read by

both parents,—good masters (for school-instruction was held less eligible than home-teaching), frank companionship and intercourse with their elders, encouragement to ask questions and derive information through ever prompt answers, judicious indulgence, and affectionate equality in treatment, were unfailingly forthcoming, and made parents and children feel themselves reciprocal friends. The way in which books were made so high treats in the Novello family, by the kindly mode of their bringing, furnishes pleasant and salutary example for other young fathers and mothers rearing a family on slender pecuniary resources. Often, when late overnight professional avocations made early rising an impossibility to Vincent Novello, he would have his young ones on the bed while he ate the breakfast his wife brought him, and showed them some delightful volume he had purchased as a present for them. First came the "looking at the pictures;" then, the multiplicity of eager inquiry they elicited; then the explanation; then, the telling of the subject of the book; then the account of its author; then, the final glory of seeing *V. Novello's children*, 240 Oxford Street, written in the blank leaf, or cover, at the beginning. After this fashion were "*Æsop's Fables*," "*Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare*," "*Sandford and Merton*," "*Maria Edgeworth's Early Lessons and Parents' Assistant*," "*Priscilla Wakefield's Juvenile Travellers*," "*The Hundred Wonders of the World*," and the "*Book of Trades*," successively brought home and enjoyed. The due intermixture of practicality and imagination in the works chosen for and given to their children, serve to indicate the judgment evinced by Vincent and Mary Novello in eliciting and cherishing the various biases in their boys' and girls' several faculties. The names of these children, known afterwards to the world in their subsequently developed capacities and adopted careers, will perhaps best furnish an indication of their parents' wise procedure in educating them first to last:—

Mary Victoria,—married to Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke.

Joseph Alfred.

Cecilia,—married to Mr. Thomas James Serle.

Edward Petre,—died in early manhood.

Emma Aloysia.

Sydney Vincent,—died in childhood.

Clara Anastasia,—married to Count Gigliucci.

Julia Harriet,—died in infancy.

Mary Sabilla.

Florence,—died in childhood.

Charles Vincent,—died in infancy.

(To be continued.)

Fifteen Years Ago—Italian and German—Verdi.

The following remarks form the chief part of a very able and suggestive article on "Music in New York," which we have chanced to find in an old number of the *American Review* (May, 1847). They were evidently written by the late GEORGE W. PECK, a gentleman who loved music with his whole soul, and who knew the real and enduring from the superficial and fashionable.

* * * * *

Why will not this very distinction, which we have just made, between *singing* and *music* suffice? It seems a very plain one, but listen to the conversation of our musical and music-loving people, one would think it none too clear.

Here, for example, we have just had a good opera company, twice a week or more, all winter; Benedetti, Pico, Barili, Beneventano, Sanquirico, with a chorus, have sung; a large orchestra have fiddled and blown—all has been very good indeed. But the music they have given us has not been worth the pains, and many give Donizetti, Coppola, and Verdi credit for what is due chiefly to the names of the singers and players. Many become enthusiastic admirers of Italian music, and presume to have fixed opinions on the subject they never studied; knowing music as the Prince Benbenin-bonbobbin knew books "without ever having read"—and because they have heard weak music well sung, and were pleased, fancy it was the music itself that pleased them. Now, that they would be pleased, and should wish to bear more of the same sort that has pleased them, is what no one can have the least disposition to find fault with. But when they affect to be of the *dilettanti*, and give out judgments, they go too far, and become like the "*self-taught*," i. e. those who get on by dint of ignorance, and resemble the street musicians whom lovers of comfort pay to be still; who put themselves up by making all sensible educated persons desire to put them down.

There is no royal road to learning, and one cannot, or should not, form conclusions from too narrow an induction. It would be well if hundreds, who speak positively about music, would consider how much their opinions are really worth. They have not studied composition, not read criticism, not played or sung much; how can they tell, because they have heard Donizetti & Co., presented by a good company, and not much else, that there is no music in the world that comes up to theirs? They cannot. It is impossible.

Therefore, when they presume to make the old comparison between German and Italian music, and to decide dogmatically that the modern Italian is the greatest ever written, and the only music worth hearing, their opinions are not entitled to much weight. And, as in all questions of art, and especially the musical art, the feelings very strongly enlisted, and disputers, whether right or wrong, throw the whole force of their will into the matter, it ought not to have much influence upon us when we hear these opinions uttered and adhered to with great prejudice, heat, and excitement. To one who looks to knowledge as the basis of opinion, and does not go by local authority—who actually studies music, reads the best authors, and plays well enough to read great compositions for himself—it does not. His musical opinions are like his literary ones; he has his great writers whom he looks up to with reverence, and his minor ones whom he recurs to with pleasure; his soul admits the various forms of genius through all peculiarities and nationalities. With him the great art of Music stands behind all, and abstracted from all personal commixture; he is not a member of any clique or party; he goes not easily into *fièvres*. He is overwhelmed by no particular style, but loves them all with difference—Handel best of any, or Mozart, or Beethoven, (for who could ever decide which was the greatest in art, or in poetry;) he has a wide range, from Bach to Bellini, and since it is his object to find out excellence, he can look scarcely anywhere all through, without discovering at least some degree of it. Suppose, for example, such a student (we are not personating ourselves, but our ideal of a genuine musical scholar) were to attempt to make the comparison between German and Italian music, let us endeavor to fancy how he would write. Might he not make something such a comparison as the following?

The German music is the production of a nation whose chief characteristic is a deep enthusiasm, strong passion contending with a heavy temperament, and developing itself, not in physical vivacity, but in mental, and hence tending towards mysticism. The brooding over sorrow till it becomes grief unutterable, the slow consuming fire, the morbid fancy, the reflective power that wanders away into the dim twilight of consciousness—all that unwieldy vigor that wastes itself in the mazes of metaphysics, or accumulates unmanageable stores of learning, that masters by its patient, inflexible perseverance, whole libraries, or acquires skill in the most difficult and minutely laborious of the arts—these are the qualities which distinguish the Almain above all other races. These qualities shine through his music and make it like himself, profoundly learned, passionate, enthusiastic, mystical. There is no question but that for strength, depth, hidden tenderness, and indeed for all that makes music great, the German school can produce examples of the greatest music ever written; at the same time, if we take the whole mass of their music, there can be as little question that a great deal of it is dry, hard, and frequently unintelligible. Handel was an old Italian German; he studied in Italy and lived in England; his music was touched with the flowing vocal Italian character, but he was one of those great geniuses that really belong not to any one age or nation. Haydn and Mozart were both admirers of the old Italians; Beethoven is the purest German of them all, as he is also the greatest and most thoroughly German of the Germans themselves. People in speaking of the German music usually mean Beethoven, or perhaps sometimes Mozart; they do not consider the whole of German music, the writings of the thousands that are there all the while writing, and have been ever since these great composers. Perhaps they include Spohr and Mendelssohn, or Von Weber and the song writers and pianists—still it is only a few of the chief writers out of the most productive country in music that there is. Now because these great artists write good music it does not follow that the style of all Germany is so perfect as not to admit of excellence in that of any other nation. Beethoven may have written, as there is no doubt he has, the greatest symphonies that were ever composed; Spohr may please us with his finish, Mendelssohn with his subdued enthusiasm, that so often goes off into dreaminess; Schubert may move us with his passionate recitations—all this may be and we still be conscious that

the German style is not the only style in the universe.

We may, in short, know as much as an Albrechtsberger, and be able to follow the direction written on the margin of some of Handel's music—"here extemporize a fugue on such a subject"—and still be quite aware that there is a music differing from all this, lighter, easier, more flowing, and more full of animal spirits—the music of that country known in poetry as "sunny Italy," where skies are always blue, and the landscapes have all ruined temples in the foreground and mountains in the distance, and the whole land resembles a view on the act drop at the theatre; where formerly there were castles, counts, and ladies, Rinaldos, Udolphos, Hypolitos, Lucias, Lauras, Beatrices; where now there are carnivals, lazzaroni, and macaroni, Vesuvius, bright-eyed maidens, antiquities—all that sort of thing, in short, which we have read of in various books, for instance, in Mr. Headley's delightful letters. And we may without accusing ourselves of bad taste, suffer ourselves to be pleased with this lighter music, the offspring of the quick-spirited people who live in that romantic region, for *what it is*, without requiring it to be something else. Depth of passion is not an element of the modern Italian character, however it may have been in the days of the old novelists; the modern Italian is sudden, impetuous in his emotions, child-like, sensitive, easily impressed and easily forgetting; smiles and frowns pass over him like sunshine and showers in April weather. His wit is merely fun and gaiety, his sorrow a burst of passion; every bubble in his temperament comes rapidly to the surface and vanishes. These qualities of character are seen especially in the music which is the very element of this impressible people. It is never deep, never restrained, but always animated and free; it could not bear the thick flowing harmonic current of the German school, nor its novelty and variety of ideas. It must dance along with careless ease and do whatever it does in a vivacious manner, the passion of it being never overwhelming, never struggling for utterance, but of that kind which can burst out freely like the joy or grief of young children. It is a music which will always be the most universally understood and the most popular; it has besides a natural refinement and grace, all its own. The whole art of music owes as much to it as to the music of Germany; the dry learning and the reflective and sentimental tendency of the German passion having always been modified and kept in check by the healthy vivacity of the Italian. It is not necessary to rank either school above the other; they both go to constitute the great art of Music, and one may study both, and admire both, and Scotch, Irish or Chinese melodies besides, without sinning against good taste.

This is as fair a comparison as we can fancy our student to make, so cabined and cribbed as we are. We have made it to awaken thought among the admirers of Italian music, of which we have had so much, and are to have more . . . but alas! the music will be probably all Verdi. Now this Verdi is an Italian who affects Teutonic rigidity; his music is loud, forced, strange stuff; anybody could write as bad, that would; its shapes are only meant to be striking; its harmony astonishes the untaught ear and disgusts the cultivated; it has no real truth; very little of the Italian flow; much of it is Donizetti diluted, and that with a poor solution, making the whole like a mess of *eau sucre* and stale German beer, filled up with mouldy macaroni. So much for a modest opinion of Verdi's music in a single sentence. Heartily do we rejoice that there is a corner where one may say thus much, and fancy in the transparent air the countenance of "Father Haydn" looking approval. In the name of the musical art, we do hope that those who *know*, and can support what they advance with reasons, will not let their voices be drowned under this looked-for Verdi inundation!

We have spoken thus heartily against Verdi, because, in the present state of music in this country, we think him the very worst composer whose works could be presented to our public. Many of those who, as we noticed at the first, mistake *singing for music*, will soon learn to swear by him; scraps will be reprinted from him, and the voice of fashion is so strong that his unpoetic and uncouth melodies will become popular in parlors all over the country, and thousands and thousands of young hearts, fed on such food, will have no appetite for that which is wholesomer, more nourishing and less highly seasoned. Why, even now, almost all that our public ever know of really great classic vocal music is through a few oratorios heard a few times a year by audiences of the respectable middle, rather than of the "upper ten." Donizetti, Balfe, Bellini, make the staple of what is piled on the corners of village

pianos of the better order. You seldom see any songs of the old and purest Italian school; seldom anything in that way that you can feel the same pleasure in hearing as in looking at a quiet old landscape; seldom anything that contains any deeper or richer poetic truth than the expression of mere Italian passion.

Now if there were a body of learned musicians in the country who could withstand this Verdi inundation, or any other, who could oppose the ephemeral, and give decisions as a high court of appeal of the last resort in matters pertaining to musical art, as there is in Germany, the influence of false music would not be so bad. The composer would be ranked at once according to his real merits by this tribunal; and those who then persisted in admiring him, would do it of their own free will, as preferring to be fashionable rather than musical. But here there is no such tribunal. Good professors of music are rare, and among them how few understand the poetry of their art; how few can criticize and judge of a piece as Mozart could, on true, æsthetic, untechnical principles; how generally our professors are mere players, disagreeing among themselves, and caring far more to get by hook or crook a decent living than to be true to their art. Then the sources of information that are open to the public; the news papers, bah! musical literature, old stories, anecdotes, history of Tubal Cain, &c. * * *

Still, as we have observed, there are indications that this state of things is improving; there is light in the East. The very lines that are beginning to be indefinitely drawn between the opera, oratorio, family, and Ethiopian, show an incipient stratification, and if we can (we musicians) keep it before the people that Verdi is only a *fashionable* composer, and not a *great* one; that his music is *showy*, not *poetic*; if we can only bring it to be suspected that he is not to be admired, except in a *sort*, in fact, rather to be laughed at, as we laugh at Bunn's and other librettos, and though well enough at the theatre of an evening, is not worth studying or thinking of anywhere else, we shall do something to assist the marshalling the elements into clear order: knowledge here, ignorance there; poetry here, fashion there; and so on; and thus we shall most essentially serve the best interests of the art we love with all our hearts in its very truth and purity. G. W. P.

Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

By J. W. DAVISON.

It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers that the oratorio of *Elijah*, written expressly for the Birmingham Festival of 1846, was first performed in the splendid Town Hall on Wednesday morning, August 26, under the direction of Mendelssohn himself, before an immense multitude, and with the most brilliant success on record. None who were present on that memorable occasion can have forgotten it. The proudest day in the life of one of the greatest of masters; it was also the most glorious in the musical annals of this flourishing emporium of commerce and industry, where the production of such a work as *Elijah*, and the enthusiastic appreciation it elicited, showed that the heart of the manufacturer and the merchant was alive to all those impressions which the refined and elevated manifestations of art are formed to create. Mendelssohn was indeed the foster-child of Birmingham; and if the capital of old Bohemia* may raise its head above the other cities of Germany, as having given light to the masterpiece of Wolfgang Amadée Mozart, Birmingham is entitled to similar preëminence in Great Britain, as having indirectly originated the masterpiece of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

Elijah has been so often described, at such great length and with such eloquence, by the most competent pens, that to venture on the task again must necessarily entail repetitions without number, ideas that have long been received as gospel, and critical views already promulgated. The occasion, however, warrants its being undertaken anew, and must stand as apology if much of the old ground is retraced.

The oratorio commences with that passage in the life of the Prophet in which he foretells the three years' drought, as a mark of Divine anger at the transgressions of the chosen people. The music of *Elijah* is written for a bass voice, in consonance with the gravity of the personage; and the prophecy is introduced with great dignity in a recitative, "As God the Lord of Israel liveth."† The recitative

* *Don Giovanni* was composed expressly for Prague. Mozart felt so pleased at the reception accorded to his *Nozze di Figaro* (which had comparatively failed in Vienna), that he promised the Bohemians a new opera, and gave them his very best.

† The opening of Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, where the Jews complain of the cruelty of the taskmasters, will doubtless be cited as a precedent for this. Nevertheless the treatments are

conducts to a long and elaborate movement for the orchestra, which may be accepted as an illustration of the people's sufferings under the awful infliction to which they are subjected. Though not a fugue, this masterly composition is in the fugued style. The impressive theme upon which it is founded, led off by the basses, *pianissimo*, is developed with continually increasing power, until a *pedale*, on which is constructed a remarkably exciting progression for the violins, leads, through the medium of a gradual *crescendo*, to the first chorus, "Help, Lord! wilt thou quite destroy us?" (in the same key as the overture, D minor). Here the people complain of their sufferings, and appeal for mercy. This magnificent piece carries out the feeling suggested by the orchestral movement, and brings the aid of voices to strengthen and deepen it. It is built upon two subjects—a touching and pathetic phrase being wedded to the words, "The harvest now is over, the summer days are gone," and one of a less despairful, but still sombre, character to the episode, "Will, then, the Lord be no more God in Zion?"—the effect of the last being heightened by a fitful tremulous accompaniment. These two subjects are first given alternately and then worked together with admirable skill, until the climax, in which the cries of the multitude become louder and louder as their distress is more poignantly felt. The chorus, without coming to a full close, conducts to a choral recitative, "The deep affords no water," which in plaintive strains adds new intensity to the supplication of the people.† The recitative paves the way to a duet for sopranos, with chorals, "Zion spreadeth her hands for aid," a tender and exquisite inspiration, in which the complaint of the two solo voices is intermingled with a sort of choral burden, incessantly recurring, on the words, "Lord, bow down Thine ear to our prayer" (said to be—we know not on what authority—the theme of an old Jewish chant). The art of the composer is inimitably displayed in the management of this phrase, which, though constantly present, always enters at different periods of the rhythm, so as to combine an effect of surprise with the pleasure that it cannot fail to elicit. The poetical expression is perfect, and the quaint and delicate nature of the orchestral accompaniment lends another charm, which will be best appreciated by connoisseurs. The contrast presented by this duet—in which the alternation of submission and grief is so powerfully depicted—with the terrible gloom of the overture and chorus that precede it, cannot be too highly lauded.

Still more grateful and consoling is the tenor recitative of Obadiah, "Ye people, rend your hearts and not your garments," which leads to the air, "If with all your hearts ye truly seek me." Here the minor modes are abandoned for the first time, the reposeful key of E flat major affording a happy relief, while the devotional character of the air itself, with its soft and unobtrusive accompaniment, steepens the mind of the hearer in that faith with which the preacher wishes to imbue the hearts of repentant sinners. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the opening recitative, where the tenor voice imparts an effect of comfort to which no words can render justice. The manner in which the subject of the air is resumed, through a device peculiar to Mendelssohn, and of which *Elijah* presents a variety of beautiful examples, is also worthy of attention.

But the persuasive eloquence of Obadiah is only transitory. The people are still spirit-stricken. Conscious of having greatly erred, they hesitate between hope and despair. This mixture of sentiments is powerfully conveyed in a chorus, the first part of which—"Yet doth the Lord see it not; He mocketh at us"—is restless and vehement. The striking phrase through which *Elijah*, in the opening recitative, delivers the prophecy of the drought, appears as an episode, worked out contemporaneously with the principal theme. This part of the chorus, in C minor, unexpectedly breaks off upon a discord on the words, "Till He destroy us;" and then, after a pause—as if the people were suddenly impressed with a belief that confession of faith would be more becoming than complaint against the Omnipotent decrees—ensues a *chorale*, "For He, the Lord our God, He is a jealous God," still in the minor key. There is nothing in music more impressive than this hymn. The *coda*, in C major, which follows the *chorale* and brings the chorus to an end, grows in sublimity like a mountain which the eye follows gradually from base upwards, until the summit is lost in the clouds. The art of the composer, both in his management of the voices and his distribution of

wholly different, and the instrumentation with which Mendelssohn accompanies the denunciation of the Prophet invests the latter with peculiar solemnity.

† The employment of recitative in chorus, peculiar to Mendelssohn (in his *Athaliah*, for instance, it is largely resorted to, and always with eminent success), has been a snare in the path of inferior composers, who have made such prodigal use of it that it palls upon, rather than delights the ear.

the orchestral accompaniments, is here displayed with consummate felicity. The continued accumulation of power, as phrase after phrase is delivered, astonishes the ear just as much as it edifies the mind, while the united choir and orchestra stream forth in a splendor of harmony to which the solemn tones of the organ impart additional grandeur.

In a recitative for *contralto*, "*Elijah*, get thee hence," an angel commands the Prophet to repair to the brook of Cherith. Here, as in all the solo recitatives of *Elijah*, Mendelssohn has shown himself the equal of Handel and Mozart as a master of musical declamation. A double quartet, in G major, "For he shall give his angels charge," for four female and four male voices, divided into two choirs, then unfolds the Divine intention to protect and sustain *Elijah*. This is one of the most remarkable examples of vocal part-writing of which the art can boast. The flowing melody, the delicate harmony, the ingenious blending of the male and female choirs, and the tranquil expression of the whole, make up a truly attractive combination. The brook of Cherith dried up, the first angel advises the Prophet, in another recitative, to depart to Zarepheth. What has just been said with reference to the recitatives in *Elijah* (all of which, we may add, are more or less elaborately accompanied) is here signally confirmed. We would particularly invite attention to the suggestive manner in which the low tones of the *contralto* voice give musical expression to the sentence, "And the barrel of meal shall not waste." The descent of the voice not merely presents a musical effect of beauty, but a poetical idea of the angel condescending to glance at the necessities of humanity, in her admonition to *Elijah*, who, though a prophet, is as subject to earthly wants as the meanest of Ahab's people.

The ensuing scene, between the Prophet and the widow, is one of the most touching and eloquent passages in the oratorio. The supplication of the widow for her son's salvation—the appeals of *Elijah* to heavenly intervention—the restoration of the sufferer—the joy and gratitude of the mother—and the united thanksgiving of the sinful, no-longer-doubting woman, and the sinless Prophet, steadfast in faith, are all rendered with extraordinary fervor and truth. The air in E minor, in which the disconsolate widow gives vent to her sorrow, is appealing to the last degree. The plaintive tones of the soprano voice, the shrill notes of the oboe, the *sforzandos* of the tenors and violoncellos (which convey the notion of sudden throbs of pain, the result of mental anguish), all help to give reality to the picture. The solemn strains to which the Prophet's words are set contrast powerfully with the wail of the distressed matron, whose newly awakened hope at the promise, and wild exultation at the accomplishment of her son's recovery, are painted with a master-hand. The short duet which terminates this very fine scene, conveys, without effort, the mingled emotions that may be supposed to agitate the breast of the mother who has recovered her lost son, and the soul of the Prophet who is the agent of the Almighty in achieving this great miracle. A chorus of angels (in G major), "Blessed are the men who fear Him," in which the wisdom and power, the goodness and mercy of God, are apostrophized, flows directly out of the duet, and brings the first section of the oratorio to a close. If ever faith was robed in splendor, it is in this truly exquisite piece. Nothing can be more tender and soothing, nothing more fervid, religious, and aspiring. The masterly orchestral coloring strengthens the charm, and adds to the loveliness of the vocal phrases, which seem to flow, as the notes from the throat of the skylark,

"In profuse strains of unpremeditated art,"

although nothing but the finest art could have given birth to anything so impulsive and natural. The whole moves onward, steadily, resolutely, and placidly, like faith that endures and dies not. The restless motion of the violoncellos, as the rustling of the bending grass before successive breathings of the wind, suggests the idea of a hope newly born, which impels the mind to fresh exertion, and invigorates the body with health and strength renewed. A passage on the words "He is gracious, compassionate, righteous!" stirs up the heart like a trumpet, and inculcates the belief that an art which can produce such things has not been extravagantly apostrophized as "divine," and that music never so worthily fulfils its mission as when advocating the cause of religion, and celebrating the praises of the Creator.

The scene now changes to the court of the King of Israel, who, encouraged by his wicked partner, Jezebel, has provoked the wrath of heaven. *Elijah*, admitted into the presence of Ahab, reproaches him with his iniquities; but the three years having expired, during which the drought was to endure, the

Man of God declares his intention of soliciting Divine mercy for rain. The stubborn monarch, however, denounces *Elijah* as the one who has troubled Israel; and this draws a retort from the Prophet, who challenges the king to test the power of Baal, and that of the true Deity, by a sacrifice, inviting the prophets of the false idol, and "also the prophets of the groves." Each party supplicating his God to send down fire from heaven, the god who answers the appeal is to be acknowledged as the true one.

The priests of Baal first address their idol; but their repeated invocations, backed by *Elijah's* ironical suggestions to "call him louder," are vain. No god replies; no fire descends. *Elijah* then gathers the people about him, and in a solemn prayer to "the Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob," entreats a manifestation of Almighty power. Angels encourage the Prophet, and strengthen his solicitations by their own. God is propitious. Faith triumphs; the fire descends; the sacrifice is consumed. *Elijah* now exhorts the people to seize the priests of Baal, and destroy them. The priests are taken, and every one of them slain. The Prophet then apostrophizes the glory of God, commenting, in a tone of fierce enthusiasm, on the awfulness of His displeasure; while an angel echoes the words in a weaker and more compassionate spirit.

The foregoing is included in one musical picture. The dialogue between the Prophet and the king is embodied in accompanied recitative, intermingled with brief choral responses for the people. Ahab's entrance is announced by a striking orchestral symphony, and the instrumental accompaniments throughout express the exciting nature of the incidents. The choruses of the Baalite priests are wonderfully picturesque, and marked in every single instance by an absence of repose which is admirably appropriate. There is no faith, not a glimpse of devotional feeling, in any one of them. Handel's idea of representing the religious exhortations of the false prophets as reckless *saturnalia*, is here adopted, and developed even more poetically than in *Deborah* and *Samson*. The opening chorus, "Baal, we cry to thee," is in two parts, the theme of the first (in F major), being a characteristic melody, accompanied by wind instruments only. This is a double chorus, and the alternate exclamations of the opposite choirs produce a grand effect. The second part, "Hear us, Baal! hear, mighty God!" (beginning in the relative minor), is in direct contrast with the preceding. The idolaters finding their appeal not answered promptly, their faith begins to waver, and tends to anxiety and doubt. All this is powerfully suggested—the voices singing in loud unison the theme of the invocation, while the orchestra is employed on a figure of accompaniment which, by its restless and turbulent character, heightens the impression. The organ, too, brings the weight of its ponderous tones to strengthen and enhance the effect. At last the chorus dies away upon a cadence in the original major key—as if the priests of Baal, breathless with their exertions, were inclined to give up the point in despair. But the mocking *Elijah* will not let them rest. In majestic recitative he incites them to supplicate their deity anew; and another (very short) chorus (in C sharp minor), "Hear our cry, O Baal!" supervenes, in which the idolaters reiterate their solicitations. The first having proved inefficacious, the Baalites try another form of worship. Equally vain, however, is their fresh supplication. Baal is silent—the sacrifice remains untouched. But *Elijah* will not hear of his enemies being so soon disheartened. Their God may be asleep, or on a journey—or what not? The Prophet scornfully abjures them to persist, to resort to their most savage rituals, to cut themselves with knives, to do all kinds of desperate things, in short, according to their practice "in the groves." Exasperated, the baffled priests return to the charge; and another chorus (in F sharp minor), "Hear and answer, Baal!" illustrates the depth of their despair. The wild melody given to the voices, the feeling of ungovernable rage suggested in the orchestral accompaniments, the echo and re-echo of the principal phrase, the long pauses after the words, "Hear and answer," and the plunge once more into the whirlwind when no answer comes, are all features of the strongest musical interest, suggesting, with marvellous felicity, the rage and disappointment of the bewildered pagans. *Elijah's* recitative, "Draw near, ye people," which immediately succeeds this chorus—a transition from the hopelessness of idolatry to the comfort of true religion—is a point of exquisite beauty; while the song that follows, "Lord God of Abraham" (in E flat), expresses the serenity of pure devotion as eloquently as any of the airs of Handel.

The admirable employment of contrast is one of the great charms of *Elijah*. After the contest with the Baalite priests, the song just mentioned has a pe-

cularly soothing effect; and this is deepened by the quartet of angels (in E flat), "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," which ensues, in the form of a *chorale*. Nothing can be more engaging, more inartificial, than the melody, nothing purer than the manner in which the voice parts are distributed, while, as if to set the stamp of individuality upon a composition of studied simplicity, Mendelssohn has introduced a combination of the organ and first violins in the accompaniment, as striking as any of those entirely novel features in which his ingenious score abounds. The high notes of the violins, carried through the concluding harmony of one phrase into the harmony with which the next commences, produce an effect little short of enchanting. Elijah's subsequent recitative, "O Thou who makest Thine angels spirits," is in a tone of earnest supplication, which gives additional significance to the Prophet's appeal. The answer comes like a peal of thunder, first muttering, then exploding in all the fierceness of an electric shock. The miracle through the agency of which Elijah's sacrifice is favored, and his triumph over Ahab and the Baalites consummated, is illustrated by a chorus, "The fire descends from heaven," in which the exultation of true believers is triumphantly conveyed. The few notes, *pianissimo*, to the words, "Before Him on your faces fall," suggest the sense of awe to which the more violent emotions give way: and this appropriately ushers in the finely harmonized *chorale* which embodies the act of adoration and brings the chorus to an end. In another recitative Elijah orders the extermination of the false priests—"Take all the prophets of Baal; let not one of them escape you." The people echo his words, a roll of the drum accompanying the delivery of the mandate and its supposed immediate execution, with mysterious effect. Then follows the magnificent air (in A minor), "Is not his word like a fire?"—which some have compared with "Consume them all," in *St. Paul*, although the resemblance is confined to the agitated character of both. Here the continuous *tremolo* of the violins, the restless motion of the basses with which the voice frequently travels in unison, and the piercing tones of wood instruments, combine to give strong expression to the Prophet's denunciations of the iniquities which idolaters have heaped upon the altars of the Almighty. A well-calculated relief is obtained through the air for *contralto* (in E minor)—"Woe to them that forsake Him"—a plaintive melody, expressing with heart-touching eloquence the feeling of the ashamed and repentant people, and with delicate taste allotted to a female voice—as if woman was the earthly angel, whose mission, among other things, was to plead to heaven on behalf of transgressing man. The instrumentation of this air is judiciously sparing; and as a point of genuine art, may be cited the manner in which the subject is resumed through a progression that surprises the ear by its originality, while it delights the intelligence by its beauty.

The rest of the first part is developed in a scene of the highest interest. The people, headed by Obadiah, demand Elijah's intercession. Moved by their supplications, the Prophet implores the Deity to open the heavens and send rain upon the earth. The people echo his prayer. In expectation of a favorable response, Elijah despatches a youth to the shore, to see if there be any sign of the Lord's intervention. The youth returns and says, "There is nothing; the heavens are as brass above me." Elijah resumes his petition with increased fervor. Again the youth is sent forth, and again returns with an unsatisfactory answer—"There is nothing; the earth is as iron under me." A third time Elijah prays with intense earnestness, and a faith rather augmented than abashed by disappointment. The youth goes forth once more, and returns with more consoling news. "Behold," he says, "a little cloud riseth from the water; it is like a man's hand. The heavens are black with clouds and wind; the storm rusheth louder and louder." Elijah and the multitude offer up thanks; the storm bursts forth, and the thirsty land is flooded and refreshed.

Mendelssohn's musical embodiment of these incidents is in a spirit of poetry second to nothing in the range of art. The prayer of Elijah (in A flat) is full of pious submission, and the burden on the words, "Open the heavens and send us relief," echoed by the people in chorus, one of the most heavenly melodies that ever came from inspired genius. A great charm, too, from a dramatic (as well as musical) point of view, is obtained by the change of harmony when the chorus for the last time takes up the burden. The recitatives for Elijah and the youth are singularly expressive, the contrast between the unswerving faith of the former and the ingenuous unconsciousness of the latter, as conveyed in the vocal phrases, being artistically heightened in the accom-

paniments. While the Prophet speaks there is a continuous movement in the orchestra, which augments at each renewal of his prayer (the violoncellos divided, being principal agents in the effect) till the notion of pent-up waters striving to break from the place of their imprisonment is powerfully suggested. To Elijah, full of faith, the rain comes as soon as the prayer is uttered; his soul drinks in the waters before his earthly part is made conscious of their presence. In the youth no such faith exists. His ignorance and candid unbelief are indicated by the solitary tones of the oboe, which, combined with the soprano voice, reveal an extraordinary effect of bareness—nothingness indeed. His slow progress to conviction is exquisitely painted. The phenomenon of the little cloud gradually expanding, and the successive indications of the approaching atmospheric convulsion, are wonderfully embodied. The *tremolo* of the violins, the "*crescendo poco a poco*," in which the violas, violoncellos, and wind instruments, appear one after another, augmenting, step by step, the volume of sound, until the whole force of the orchestra is employed upon a sudden and unexpected change of harmony; the exclamation of the choir, "Thanks be to God for all His mercies!" uttered with joy and gratitude by the people; the solo recitative of Elijah, an apostrophe to God's power and goodness, which for an instant arrests the exultation of the multitude; and lastly, the overpowering chorus (in E flat), "Thanks be to God," the climax of the whole, are exemplifications of genius, combined with the finest art, which can only be contemplated with wonder. In this chorus Mendelssohn has soared to the highest flights of Handel. The opening theme is expressive of unbounded rapture, and the whole is developed with a power that seems to accumulate with each successive phrase and change of harmony. The three startling modulations, leading from E flat to A flat, then to D major, and then back to the original key, on the words, "But the Lord is above them and Almighty;" the progressions that follow, which may be likened to mountains overtopping mountains; the impetuous scale passage for violins alone, which has been compared to the last flash of lightning in the tempest (and, though bearing no resemblance to it, may in immensity of effect be likened to the first crash of the trombones in the Storm Movement of Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*); and the majestic chords that follow this extraordinary point and bring the chorus to an end, reveal such evidences of a creative power, that had Mendelssohn done nothing else, his place would have been carved out by the side of the greatest of composers—for none in their moments of highest inspiration ever aspired more loftily, or achieved more wonders than succeed each other with prodigious rapidity in this magnificent piece—a fit conclusion to the first part of a work to which, in many respects, the musical art can furnish no parallel.

(Conclusion next week.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 1, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Commencement of Handel's "Messiah."

Mr. J. K. Paine's Organ Concert.

Not even Bach's fugues could prevail against a storm like that of Saturday last, and Mr. PAINE had to postpone his concert until Monday evening. The audience (of four or five hundred people) was quite as large as such a solid and unusual entertainment could be expected to draw, so little has our public yet been educated to the understanding of true organ music. But the company was select and intelligent, composed of persons who came to listen in the hope of learning, and whose good opinion is worth something. The modest bearing of the young artist, self-possessed at the same time, was largely in his favor. And the reputation of his earnest studies, of the pure and noble direction in which he has dedicated his powers, means, hopes to Art, and of the much that he has accomplished in a few years of real study at so young an age, ensured a respectful audience. Many, who seek the best in all things, poetry, painting, sculpture,

&c., and who only felt perhaps that they had never heard music which seemed to answer to the great traditions of the Organ, but who had often been assured that they would find it in Sebastian Bach, and trusted the assurance as they would the world's opinion of Michael Angelo or Raphael, before they had ever seen anything but fifth-rate paintings, were naturally careful not to let an opportunity like this go by. We believe all who came felt themselves amply repaid. Few would profess that they had fully understood; but all are ready to confess that they enjoyed. To most it was a new revelation of the significance and grandeur of the Organ. This time they heard it speak in tones, in combinations, in marvellous developments of infinite variety out of unity, which seemed to justify the grand scale on which the instrument is built and which make it a temple of harmonies.

Mr. Paine's programme was as follows:

1. Prelude and Fugue in A minor.....
2. Choral variations, for two manuals and double pedals.....
3. Trio Sonata, in E flat.....
4. Song, "Ave Maria,".....
5. Toccata in F.....
6. Grand Concert piece in G minor.....
7. Andante and Allegretto from an Organ Sonata.....
8. Vocal, "Parting in Spring,".....
9. Concert variations on the Austrian Hymn, J. K. Paine

The concert-giver placed as it were his best foot foremost, in playing the most important piece first. The *Prelude and Fugue in A minor* is one of Bach's greatest organ compositions. Naturally enough it called out the least demonstration from the audience,—perhaps made the least impression on them; but it comes nearer to the mark, we think, to say that it was received with silent wonder, which implies that there was an impression, a pretty strong one, but one which did not understand itself and did not dare to utter a response. But it was plain to all that there was something beautiful and grand, as well as most artistically ingenious and involved. How suddenly and positively the Prelude (with the smart, penetrating, richly blended tones of the full organ) took us away from ourselves, and bore us along through the labyrinth of quaint, fantastic figures, with a sense that all was tending nearer to the heart of the true tone-world! Then the Fugue, the not disappointing answer to the promise—how curious and complicated the theme; yet how distinctly, positively answered and kept up in all the four parts, each individually alive, and full of it in its own way! The distinctness of each part in so much complication, and especially the evenness and smoothness of the pedal playing must have astonished many. And yet all this mechanism, this ingenuity in Bach is always subject to idea, to the poetic inspiration. No part in the working of this fugue is more beautiful than the middle portion, where it goes on for a long time without pedals; than how grandly they come in again!

The Variation on a Lutheran Choral was played with a softer combination of stops, and is indeed a lovely composition, full of religious tenderness and rich suggestion. It is in fact a Quartet between the two hands and two feet, with the Choral melody thrown sometimes into a solo stop besides; as if the right hand played first violin, the left hand second violin, the right foot tenor and the left foot bass in a quartet of strings, with *solo obbligato* superadded. It was a capital illustration of the utility of pedals in an organ. But the mechanical part,

remarkable as it was, was nothing to the spiritual beauty of the music in itself, which all appeared to feel.

The *Trio Sonata* was another instance of the way in which Bach makes the several key-boards play individual parts in concert. Here the two Manuals used were Soprano and Tenor, while the Pedal was Bass. The composition comes remarkably near to the developed Sonata form of Haydn and Mozart; the three movements being contrasted in like manner; each is full of beauty and of novelty (for Bach is always new and inexhaustible in fancy); and the Adagio and Allegro were especially admired. The *Toccata* (a name given by those old masters to a concert piece, in which the subjects are only touched, as it were, but not worked up—a sort of free fantasia in fact) was a brilliant, not unmeaning, triumph over immense difficulties; those strong bold chords, whole double handfuls, were as sharply defined in their beginnings and their endings, as crisp and emphatic, as if played on a piano.

The selections of the second part were less severely classical. The Concerto by Thiele (a talented pupil of Haupt, who died full of promise), is extremely difficult, brilliant and full of deep, passionate unrest, rather than of imaginative invention. We have heard more interesting pieces by him; but this placed the great executive ability of the young organist in a strong light. The two movements by Mendelssohn were delicate and beautiful—fair specimens too of the quality of his six Organ Sonatas, which really sound tame after Bach.

Mr. Paine showed not a little contrapuntal skill and felicitous invention in his variations on the Austrian Hymn; they were not mere mechanical variations, but developed the subject-matter with new interest, and led it to a dignified close in regular fugue form. Being warmly recalled, he surprised us by a similar, and even more successful, treatment of the "Star-Spangled Banner," which was noble and inspiring throughout. One would hardly have supposed that the leading motive of that patriotic melody could have been turned into a subject for a Fugue, as it was, without sacrificing sense to ingenuity. Mrs. KEMPTON rendered valuable assistance with her expressive singing of Robert Franz's *Ave Maria*, a touching, noble melody, which sounded particularly well with organ. The song by Esser, though pleasing, was not so well suited to an organ concert.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The first Afternoon Concert fell upon a dark, dreary, drizzly day, (last Wednesday), the walking was so bad as to require courage to get to the Music Hall. Yet there was a goodly show of people, who were rewarded by a very fair performance of one of the well-known Symphonies of Haydn, to begin with. The first movement went very smoothly, and sounded so genial, sunshiny and placid! Pleasant SCHULTZE, at the head of the violins, looked as though that music expressed him exactly—but we did not intend to be personal. In some of the other movements the placidity was troubled somewhat by the too hoarse and loud sound of the brass instruments, as if the war spirit had infected them.

The most interesting thing in the programme, and perhaps the best played, was Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* overture, a work full of fire and thoroughly dramatic—one of those things which sharpen one's regret that he lived to write no operas. The "Phenomenon" waltzes by Strauss were luscious in their tone minglings; and Mr. HAMANN made a pleasant enough Horn solo (or rather *obbligato*) out of a popular German song. The other pieces (Trio from *Attila*, Reminiscence of *Tannhäuser*, and Fourth Battalion's Quickstep we did not hear. With better weather we doubt not these concerts will be thronged, and will deserve to be.

MISS MARY FAY's second Soirée did take place, we understand, on Saturday evening, in spite of the worst weather ever known. Some forty persons listened to the following programme:

1. Sonata, (op. 12, Eb). Beethoven
Allegro con spirito—Adagio—Rondo.
Miss Fay and Mr. F. Suck.
2. Three Romanzas, (op. 94). Robert Schumann
Miss Fay and Mr. F. Suck.
3. Polonaise, (op. 53, Ab). Chopin
Miss Fay.
4. Sonate, (op. 105, A minor). Robert Schumann
Miss Fay and Mr. H. Suck.
5. Scena Cantante, (Concerto for the Violin). . . . L. Spohr
Mr. H. Suck.
6. Fantasie on Norma, for two Pianos. Thalberg
Miss Fay and Mr. B. J. Lang.

Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" was performed on Thursday evening in the Old South Church, by a combination of choirs, under the direction of Mr. B. J. LANG, the organist of the church—too late for notice in this week's paper.

CARL ZERRAHN gives his second Philharmonic Concert in the Music Hall *this evening*. The glorious old Fifth Symphony will lead off, and what could we have better? The orchestra will also play Wagner's remarkable overture to Goethe's "Faust," which made a strong, if not a unanimous impression here a few years ago; and Schindeldeisser's striking overture to "Uriel Acosta," the story of which is explained in the programmes. Mr. JULIUS EICHBURG will perform a Violin Concerto of his own composition; and Miss MARY FAY, the young pianist, will play a *Capriccio* by Mendelssohn, with orchestra, and Thalberg's Variations on the *Barcarole* in "L'Elisir d'Amore."—Will Jupiter Pluvius and Boreas please to cease their alternate strife for once and allow as many of us to attend as wish to do so—a house full at least!

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB announce their next Chamber Concert, at Chickering's, for next Wednesday evening. It will open with a Quartet of "father Haydn" to put all in good appetite and humor, and close with the Quintet with two 'cellos by Schubert. The intervening varieties will be one of Chopin's poetical *Scherzos*, and one of Liszt's "Harmonies Poétiques," played by Mr. B. J. LANG, and a violin solo by Mr. SCHULTZE.

We are glad to hear that there is demand for the Club "in the Provinces," so to speak, even in these war times. They have been making a concert tour of a couple of weeks "down East." In Portland they were welcomed by an appreciating audience. A correspondent writes:

"The programme, although not quite as chaste as those of the 'Chamber Concerts,' was well selected for a concert intended for the public in general. The most important pieces were: The Overture to *Zanetta*, Auber; Finale, 2d Act, *Lucia*, Donizetti; Wedding March, from "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn; Andante from 5th Symphony, Beethoven; the celebrated Adagio "God save the Emperor" with variations, from Quartet, No. 77, Haydn. "Of the solos for Violin, Flute, Clarinet and 'cello we can but speak with entire satisfaction. The Flute Fantasia, by Mr. Goering, was beautifully rendered, and the Souvenir de "La Muette de Portici" by Mr. Meisel called forth an enthusiastic encore.

"The next visit of the Club will be anxiously looked for."

A concert was given at the Lyceum Hall, in Lynn, Mass., on the 21st, (concerts alternating there with lectures, by the Germania Band of this city, Mr.

Heinecke, leader, assisted by Miss A. S. Washburn as vocalist. Light overtures by Adam and Auber, waltzes, operatic finales, &c., were played; also a cornet solo by Heinecke, and a Serenade for oboe and cornet, by Ribas and Heinecke.

From the Detroit papers we learn that a large Organ has recently been erected in the new St. John's church, by the Messrs. Hook, organ builders, of this city, and at its opening the people of Detroit were favored with the performance of several choice selections of organ music by Thos. Yarnley, Esq., organist of the church.

The *Detroit Daily Advertiser* says:

Much credit is due for the highly successful manner in which he executed the programme. This is the first time, we believe, that an organ concert has ever been attempted in our city, and we hope it may be followed by others equally successful. The instrument proved itself equal in all respects to the requirements of the organist. The stops in imitation of the trumpet, oboe, cornopean, and flute, are exquisitely voiced; the diapasons rich and full, and the great organ, with its couplings and double diapasons, majestic and grand. In point of power, richness and variety, it is in fact a full orchestra of itself, capable of discoursing the most delightful melodies, and of uttering the grandest harmonies and modulations.

We insert a copy of the programme:

- | | |
|--|-------------|
| Prelude and Fugue, op. 37, C minor). | Mendelssohn |
| Come Gentle Spring (Seasons). | Haydn |
| Andante and Variations in A flat. | Hesse |
| Adagio from a Pianoforte Sonata. | Mendelssohn |
| Overture Le Pre Aux Clercs. | Herold |
| He was despised (Messiah). | Handel |
| Fugue G, Minor (the celebrated). | Bach |
| Flute Concerto (1st part). | Rink |
| Overture Oberon. | Weber |

The organ is of the largest class. It has three manuals and a pedale of extra compass, and comprises in all thirty-five registers.

Gazzaniga has accepted an engagement at the Bellini Theatre in Palermo. She is about to sing in a new opera, *Mariam Dolor*, composed by the violoncellist, Bottesini. Mad. Colson is at La Scala, Milan. She seems to have created a very favorable impression. Verdi's opera of *Lo Battaglia di Legnano* was recently brought out there and proved a failure.

Parouli is at Rio Janeiro, and goes soon to Buenos Ayres—Medori is engaged at La Pergola, Florence; Rosa di Vries at the San Carlo, Naples; Cortesi and Albertini are both at Florence without engagements; the Gassiers are at Moscow; Frezzolini, who has lately lost her father and sister, remains in Paris; Csillag is at Milan in company with Colson. Of tenors, Germania Bettini is at Madrid, singing in "Judith," a new opera by Feri; Paecani and Tiberini are singing at Turin; Beaucarde is at Florence; Errani at Oporto; Neri Beraldi at Moscow. Junca, the basso, is at Boulogne, singing in the *Huguenots*.

H. F. Chorley, the musical critic at the London Athenæum, will deliver four lectures before Easter, at the London Royal Institution; on "National Music."

Neither Offenbach's new opera, *Le Roman Comique*, or LeFebvre Wely's *Reverteurs* have met with great success in Paris.

Hiller has written an opera called *Loreley*, which has had a great success at Vienna.

Music Abroad.

LONDON.—The sisters Marchisio, famous on the Continent, have made their debut here in concert. The *Telegraph* says:

"The *débütantes* both give evidence of having been carefully trained in the school of Italian singing, as it was taught and practised when Rossini wrote. Mlle. Carlotta's voice is a soprano of considerable compass, and of great power, metallic resonance, and brilliancy. Mlle. Barbara, it is true, betrayed no perceptible nervousness, and with her performance we cannot find the shadow of a fault. Her voice is a genuine and rich contralto of singularly sympathetic quality, of remarkable extent, and more completely uniform in tone throughout its entire compass than that of any singer we can call to mind.

LEIPZIG.—The 8th Gewandhaus concert (Nov. 28) had for programme: Overture by the Russian composer Glinka, to the opera "Life for the Czars" (first time), which the *Signale* finds "interesting in a few passages, but as a whole, without effect and dry"; Aria from the "Barber of Seville"; Concerto (No. 10, A major) for violin by Spohr, played by Concertmaster Dreyschock; Church Aria, by Stradella; Concert Allegro for violin, composed and played by Dreyschock; Symphony (No. 1, in Bb) by Robert Schumann. The singer was Fräulein Anna Reiss, from Mannheim, who showed "talent with a

respectable degree of culture."—The 9th Concert (Dec. 5) fell upon the anniversary of the death of Mozart. The first part consisted of a Symphony in B♭ by Haydn; a Chorus with solo from "*Castor and Pollux*," by Rameau (1737), for the first time, he solo sung by Frl. Strahl from Berlin; Chaconne for violin, by Bach, played by Herr Röntgen, of the orchestra. Part Second: Compositions of Mozart; viz.: Overture to the "*Schauspiel-director*"; Duet, Quartet and Finale from the unfinished opera "*L'Oca del Cairo*" (the Goose of Cairo), first time; Concerto for violin and viola; *Ave verum corpus*, chorus.

The third Concert of the "Euterpe" was made up of two formidable works: 1. Robert Schumann's cycle of ballads: "The Page and the King's Daughter," (poem by Geibel), for solo voices, chorus and orchestra. The solos were sung by Frau Dr. Reclam, Frl. Lessiak, Herr John, music-director in Halle, Sabbath from Berlin, and others; the choruses by the "Ossian" and "Arion" societies. The work appears to have "gained ground" with the public. 2. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, at the end of which Herr von Bronsart, the director, was called out amid general applause, "a fact," says the *Zeitschrift*, "which stands alone in the musical annals of Leipzig."—In the 4th concert such larger works were excluded in favor of more graceful salon pieces. Frau Ingeborg von Bronsart, pianiste, played Bach's Italian Concerto, a *Novelette* by Schumann, and the *Ad waltzes* of Chopin, to great acceptance. Frl. Jenny Meyer, a fine contralto from Berlin, sang an air from the "Messiah," Cavatina from *Semiramide* and Liszt's *Mignon's* song. The concert opened and closed with the overtures to *Les Abencerages* (Cherubini) and *Oberon* (Weber). Liszt's "*Festklänge*," one of his "Symphonic Poems," formed the middle part.

The record of church music in the Thomas-kirche, including Saturday motets by the boy choir, and larger works, cantatas, &c., with orchestra on Sunday morning, shows as follows: Nov. 23, (Saturday, 1½ P. M.): Motet by Schicht: "*Nach einer Prüfung kurzer Tage*." Nov. 24. Chorus and Choral by Bach: "Lord come not to judgment." Nov. 30. motet: "Open the doors wide," by Graun; "From heaven above," by Richter. Dec. 1. Hymn: "Wisdom, fame and-glory," by Handel. Dec. 7. motet: "*Angelus ad pastores ait*," by Orlando Lasso; "*Macht hoch die Thür*," by Hauptmann.

The weekly "Evening Entertainment" of the pupils, with their professors, in the Conservatorium, always offers a substantial programme. For instance; Nov. 21. *Hommage à Handel*, for two pianos, by Moscheles: Idyl, for piano, by Hans Seeling, op. 6; Fantasia for piano, op. 23, Mendelssohn; Sonata, piano and violin, op. 12, in E, Beethoven. Nov. 29. Quintet, strings, in A, Mendelssohn; Variations for piano, Handel; Sonata, piano, by Domenico Scarlatti; Concerto, no. 4, for piano, Moscheles; Fantasia, piano, Mendelssohn; Andante and variations, piano, Schumann. Dec. 6. String Quartet, in C, Mozart; Trio in D minor, piano and strings, Mendelssohn; Trio, ditto, in E♭, Mozart; *Concert fantastique*, piano and orchestra, Moscheles.

BERLIN.—Hans von Bülow (Liszt's son in law, who plays everything, and gives whole concerts alone, without a note before him) played the following pieces at his second soirée, Nov. 29: *Suite* in F, by Bach; Sonata in A♭ op. 110, Beethoven; *Polonaise* in C minor, Liszt; *Reverie fantastique*, op. 7, Bülow; two-*Novellettes*, op. 22, Schumann; Waltzes, by Ehlert; Waltzes, by Raff; Waltzes in E, by Schubert, transcribed by Liszt; The "Carnival of Pesth," by Liszt.

A concert for the benefit of the Prussian fleet was given Dec. 1, in the music hall of the Royal Theatre under Bülow's direction. The Coronation march by F. Lux, to which the prize had been unanimously

awarded among 83 competitors, was played. Also a new overture by A. Rubinstein; a "Hungarian National Rhapsody," by Liszt (piano part by Bülow); and Beethoven's Festival Overture. The Dom-chor sang two new choruses for men's voices, by Meyerbeer.

Robert Rudecke gave his second subscription concert Dec. 6. *Undine*, a Fairy Legend for chorus, solo and orchestra was performed; and Herr Laub executed Joachim's Hungarian Concerto for the violin.

Tanbert's music to Shakspeare's "Tempest" is warmly praised; it has not yet been put upon the stage, but was given in the concert room, with the aid of a connecting poem. Meyerbeer has been putting some music to a new spectacle piece at the Victoria theatre, called "The Forest Queen," which is based upon Auerbach's charming little romance, "*Joseph im Schnee*." Prof. A. B. Marx has been seriously ill for several months.

The Royal Dom-chor gave its first soirée, under music-director Herzberg, on the 30th Nov. in the hall of the Singakademie. We translate from the *Neue Zeitschrift*:

"The *Sanctus*, by Palestrina, written in simple, noble church style, and the male chorus by Vittoria (*Populus mens*), had been heard before. The following pieces were new. Caldara's chorus in 10 parts (*Qui tollis*), composed and carried through very contrapuntally and canonically in the spirit of Palestrina, his unattainable prototype; J. S. Bach's eight-part motet: "Be not afraid," and his *Cantus firmus* (Lord, my shepherd), characterizing the triumph of the Evangelical faith with great fire and boldness, were splendidly executed. The Hymn for male voices (I thank thee, dear Lord), by Gumpelzhaimer, and the "Spiritual Song (*Maria das Jungfräulein*)" by Joseph Eccard, pupil of Orlando Lasso, betray in their great simplicity and heart-felt melody a deep religious sense. The theme of Graun's motet (*Herr, ich habe lieb die Stätte*) seems at this day rather obsolete and out of place. Aug. Neithardt's noble and effective chorus ("Be thou faithful unto death") closed the soirée, and sadly reminded the company of the great loss which our world-famous Dom-chor has sustained this year in the death of Neithardt, the founder and director of the Chor. Herzberg proves a worthy successor. For instrumental pieces, Herr Leo Lion, a pupil of Dreyschok's played with understanding, clearness and certainty a Fugue in F minor by Mendelssohn, and a *Gavotte* by Sebastian Bach."

COLOGNE.—The following was the programme of the 3th Gesellschafts-Concert, under the direction of Ferdinand Hiller.

First Part: 1. Concert-Overture, by F. Hiller (new—manuscript); 2. Aria from Handel's *Samson*, sung by Mad. Offermans van Hove, from the Hague; 3. "Weihnachtslied," for six voices, by Sethus Calvisius (1587); 4. Violin-Concerto, No. 7, by L. Spohr, played by August Kömpel; 5. First Finale from Weber's *Euryanthe*. Second Part: Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

Hiller's new overture consists of a single fiery *allegro*, without any introduction, or other change of tempo. It is the effusion of a lively fancy, which is restrained, by the sure musical knowledge of the composer, within the limits of a beautiful form, and moves, with great dash and spirit, in the domain of musical ideas. It was most favorably received by all competent judges and impartial listeners; and is, without a doubt, one of the finest orchestral works Hiller's muse has produced.

The "Weihnachtslied" of the celebrated and learned old musician, astrologer and chronologist, Sethus Kalwitz (1556—1615) of Thuringia, was given a *capella* by the chorus very purely and gracefully.

The insertion of the Ninth Symphony in the programme was a mark of respect to the birthday of Beethoven, namely, the 17th December. It was played in splendid style, the execution of the first *allegro*, the *scherzo* and the *finale* being especially good. —From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC.
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Quid retribuam. Solo and Quartet. *Lambillotte*. 50

Although Lambillotte's Compositions for the Choirs of the Catholic Church may lack in depth and science and are not written, perhaps, in the very strictest style, still, in the universal estimation of organists and singers who consult the taste and understanding of their Congregations, they occupy a high position. Choirs of little practice can hardly find anything more pleasing to study. The above piece forms one of a collection of fourteen, all of which have long been popular abroad, and are fast becoming so in this country.

Do they think of me at home. With Guitar accompaniment. *Glover*. 25

An easy arrangement of a very pretty Song, for which there is a large demand.

Home love. Ballad. *C. W. Glover*. 25

A very simple Song, the melody in the Tyrolean style. Teachers in want of something suitable for beginners will find it as useful as pleasing.

Instrumental Music.

Annie Laurie. Transcription. *A. Baumbach*. 35

Well adapted for the general player. The name of the arranger is a sufficient guarantee for the effectiveness and brilliancy of the arrangement.

Louise Waltz. *J. E. Howard*. 25

A trifle, but well-written, and full of melody.

Royal Arch Galop. *J. P. Clarke, Mus. Bac.* 35

A well marked, dashing piece of Dance-Music.

Polish Liberty March. *R. Barnekoy*. 26

Introducing a famous Polish National air. Not difficult.

The Band passes. Military movement. *Francesco Berger*. 30

A piece in the style of a march, first heard faintly in the distance, then coming nearer, and more distinctly understood, then bursting out, as if quite near, with full power, and finally dying away gradually like the music of a band marching off. The thing is nicely done and will find many admirers. It has passed through many editions in England.

Books.

THE NEW GERMANIA. A collection of the most favorite Operatic Airs, Marches, Polkas, Waltzes, Quadrilles, and Melodies of the day. Arranged in an easy and familiar style for four, five and six instruments. By *B. A. Burditt*. 1,25

A very desirable collection of instrumental music; one that the musical community have long required, and one for which the thousands of small bands and amateur clubs throughout the country will be very thankful. The melodies are of that class which the great mass of the people, both as performers and listeners, at once adopt as their own and stamp as "favorites." They are very finely arranged, and, as the title indicates, in a style easy, familiar and acceptable to all. Mr. Burditt has been long and favorably known as the leader of one of the best Bands in this city, and as a composer and arranger of this class of music. His long experience has enabled him to determine correctly as to what he wanted in a collection of this kind, and how it was wanted; he has therefore acted understandingly in the preparation of this volume.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 514.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 8, 1862.

VOL. XX. No. 19.

Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 346).

ROME, Feb. 22, 1831.

A thousand thanks for your letter of the 8th, which I received yesterday, on my return from Tivoli. I cannot tell you, dear Fanny, how much I am pleased with the plan of the new Sunday music; it is a brilliant suggestion, and I beg you for heaven's sake, do not let it go to sleep again, but much rather give your travelling brother a commission to write something new for you. The man will gladly do that, for he takes really too much delight in you and your idea. You must let him know what sort of voices you have; must draw these, your subjects, into counsel as to what they would like to have (for the people has rights, O Fanny!); and especially I think it might be well occasionally to lay before them something right easy, appreciable and agreeable,—the Litany of Sebastian Bach for example!—seriously however I mean the "Shepherd of Israel," or the *Dixit Dominus* of Handel, or something of that sort. And will you not also now and then play something to the people? That, I should think, could do no harm to you or them. They must take a breathing spell, and you must study the piano; then it would be a vocal and instrumental Concert. I wish, though, that I might listen, and pay you my compliments afterwards. Be prudent and mild, and do not tax yourself too severely; nor the voices of the people either; do not be worried, if it sounds bad; give thy thoughts no tongue; do not beware of entrance to Handel; but being in, bear it that whoever misses may beware of thee; finally, take care that the singers do not get tired of it—this above all. Thy thee loving Polonius.

One piece probably already owes its origin to these Sunday music parties. That is to say, when you wrote to me about them lately, I thought whether I could not send you something for them, and then a favorite old plan of mine came up again, but spread itself out to such a breadth, that I can give E * * * nothing of it to take with him, and so must send it later. Hear and be amazed! Since I was in Vienna I have half composed "The first Walpurgis night" of Goethe, but have had no courage to write it out. Now the thing has taken shape, but has become a great Cantata with full orchestra, and can make itself quite lively; for in the beginning there are Spring songs and the like;—then, when the watchmen make an uproar with their forks and prongs and owls, comes in the hobgoblin business also, and you know I have an especial weakness for that sort of thing; then come out the sacrificing Druids in C major with trombones; then again the watchmen, who are frightened, where I will bring in a tripping, mysterious chorus; and finally at the close the full sacrificial song—do you not think, that may be a new sort of Cantata? I do not need an instrumental in-

troduction, and the whole is animated enough. It will, I think, soon be finished. Altogether, composition goes on briskly again now. The Italian Symphony makes great progress; it will be the liveliest piece that I have made, especially the last movement; for the Adagio I have nothing yet decided, and believe I will reserve that for Naples. "*Verleih uns Frieden*" (Grant us peace) is ready, and "*Wir glauben all*" (We all believe) will be in a day or two; only I cannot fairly get hold yet of the Scotch Symphony; should I have in these times a good suggestion, I will set about it immediately, and write it quickly down and end it. Your

FELIX.

Rome, March 1, 1831.

While I write the date, I am sad to think how the time flies. Ere the month is finished, Holy Week begins, and after Holy Week I shall have been as long as possible in Rome. Now I reflect whether the time has been rightly used, and I find myself remiss in all corners. If I only could take hold here of one of the two symphonies! The Italian one I will and must reserve until I have seen Naples, for that must play its part in it; but the other one too runs away, the nearer I try to come to it; and the nearer the end of this Roman, tranquil time approaches, the more embarrassed I become, and the less will it go. I feel as if it will be a long time before I come again to such comfortable writing as here, and therefore I should like to get everything done. But it is no use; only the "Walpurgis Night" progresses rapidly, and will soon, I hope, be ended.

Then again I wish to sketch now every day, so that I may take away with me the places which I would remember; and I have much to see yet, and I already know how *this* month, too, will suddenly come to an end, and I shall fail again. And verily it is too uniquely beautiful here! To be sure, things are much changed, and there is not the variety and gaiety that there was earlier; * nearly all my acquaintances have gone away; the streets and promenades are empty; the galleries are closed, and it is impossible to get in. News from abroad fails us almost entirely (for we first learned here the details about Bologna through the *Allgemeine Zeitung*); people come together little or not at all; all has become still; but for that very reason again it is so beautiful, and the mild, warm air is never now withdrawn from us.

Most to be pitied in these circumstances are the Vernet ladies, who are in a disagreeable position. The hatred of the whole Roman people is singularly directed against the French *pensionnaires*, of whom they believe that they alone would easily bring about a revolution. Vernet has several times received anonymous threatening letters; indeed he has found before his atelier an armed Trasteverino, who took to flight when Vernet brought his musket; and as the ladies

are entirely cut off and isolated at the Villa, there is naturally great anxiety in the family. In the meantime all has remained safe and quiet in the city, and I am fully convinced, that there is more in it than one can see. But the German painters are actually more pitiable than I can tell. Not only have they shaven off their beards, mustachios and whiskers, openly confessing that, when the danger is over, they will let them grow again; but the long, stout fellows go home at nightfall, shut themselves in, and nurse their fears there all alone. Then they call Horace Vernet a braggart, and it is indeed quite another thing with him and with these pitiful creatures; through these events they have grown really intolerable to me.

Latterly I have been again somewhat in the more modern ateliers. Thorwaldsen has just finished in clay a statue of Lord Byron; he is seated upon old ruins, with his feet upon the capital of a column, and looks off as if on the point of writing something on the tablet which he holds in his hand. He has represented him, not in the Roman, but the simplest costume of the present day, and I find that it is very good and does not disturb the impression. The whole has that natural movement, which is so wonderful in all his statues, and yet he looks gloomy and elegiac enough, and not at all affected. Of the procession of Alexander I should have to write a whole letter; for never has sculpture made such an impression on me, as that has. I go every week, and only look at that, and march with the rest there into Babylon. I was recently at A's. He has brought with him splendid pencil sketches from Naples and Sicily, and I should like to learn something from him; but I fear he is a strong exaggerator and never draws quite true. His Coliseum landscape at H.V's. is a beautiful romance; in the actual scene I have found nothing of those dense groves of cypresses and orange-trees, those fountains and bushes in the middle ground extending back to the ruin. His mustachio too has vanished.

Something merry now for a conclusion. How I wish that you, O Fanny, could have heard, as a counterpart to your Sunday musical parties, the music which we lately practised here on Sunday evening. They wanted to sing Marcello's Psalms, because the fast days still continue, and so the best dilettanti were assembled; a Papal singer in the middle; a *maestro* at the piano, and we sang. If a soprano solo occurred, all the ladies pressed forward, every one wanted to sing it, and so it was performed *tutti*. The tenor by my side never hit a note correctly, and wandered in uncertain regions to and fro. If I came in with the second tenor, he would fall into my pitch; and if I sought to help him, he would think it was my other part, and stick fast to his own. The papal singer now helped the soprani with his *falselto*, now came in as first bass, now quacked the alto, and when all was of no avail, smiled sadly over to me, and we exchanged stolen winks. With all his helping the *maestro* often

* Revolutionary outbreaks had occurred meanwhile in the Pontifical States, particularly in Bologna.

lost his thread himself, and got a bar ahead or behind, and then we fell into anarchy, each singing as he pleased and what he pleased. Suddenly there came a serious passage for the basses alone; they all set in properly, but in the second bar burst into loud laughter; the rest of us joined in, and so the thing ended in a joke. The people, who had come to listen, at first applauded loudly, then went out and dispersed. Eynard came in, heard our music, made a grimace, and was not seen again.

So may you all fare well and be happy and well and glad. FELIX.

(To be continued.)

Twenty-six Letters of Joseph Haydn.

(Continued from page 322.)

8.—Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.

Dated at his house in Vienna,

February 3, 1790.

Flattering as was your invitation yesterday, for me to spend this last evening at your house—equally painful to-day is it to find myself unable to thank you in person for all your kindness. Great as my regret is for this, equally great is my wish for your Grace's utmost possible enjoyment, not only this evening but for ever and ever. Mine is past—for to-morrow I return to my gloomy solitude! God grant me only health—I fear the reverse to-day. I am far from being well.

God preserve your Grace, your dear husband and your lovely children. Again I kiss your hand, and so long as I live remain unchangeably

Your Grace's, &c., &c.

9.—Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.

Dated Estoras, Feb. 9, 1790.

And now—here I sit in my solitude—deserted—like a poor orphan—almost cut off from human society—melancholy—full of recollections of noble days that are past—Yes, alas!—past—and who knows when those happy days will return again? Those delightful social gatherings, where all were of one heart and one soul, all those delicious musical evenings,—which are only to be imagined, not described—where are all those sources of inspiration? Gone are they—and gone for a long, long time!

Let not your Grace wonder that I have so long delayed in writing my thanks. At home I found everything in disorder. For there I knew not whether I was chapel master or chapel footman. There was nothing to comfort me—my house all in disorder—my pianoforte, usually the object of my love, was inconstant, disobedient—it rather excited me to wrath than soothed me to calmness—I could sleep but by snatches—my very dreams persecuted me—for as in my dreams I listened all delightedly to *Le Nozze di Figaro*, the abominable North wind waked me and almost blew off my night cap. In three days I lost some 20 pounds, for while yet on the way hither all traces of the nice Vienna morsels disappeared. Yes, yes, thought I, as, in the eating house, instead of the juicy boiled beef, I had to chew upon a fifty-year-old cow—instead of a ragout with small dumplings, a piece of an old sheep with yellow cucumbers—instead of a Bohemian pheasant, a piece of fried beef like leather—instead of delicious oranges a dschab or so-called coarse salad—instead of pastry, sliced dried

apples, hazelnuts, &c.,—yes, yes, thought I to myself, if I only had now many a bit for which I could find no room in Vienna! Here in Estoras I am never asked “will you take chocolate with or without milk? What shall I offer you, dearest Haydn? Will you have a vanilla or a pineapple ice?” If I only had a bit of good Parmesan cheese, now, especially during Lent, to carry down the black dumplings and home-made macaroni a little easier! I gave orders to-day to the porter to send me down a few pounds.

Forgive me, best and most gracious of women, that in this my first letter I wear away the time with such a mess of wretched nonsense—pardon it in a poor fellow, whom the Viennese have spoiled by kindness. I am beginning, however, by degrees to accustom myself once more to country life. Yesterday, for the first time, I set myself again to study, and reasonably Haydnish.

Your Grace has doubtless been more industrious than I. The pleasing Adagio from the Quartet has already, I hope, attained its true expression under your beautiful fingers. I hope my good friend, fraulein Peperl, will never forget her master in singing the Cantata, especially in the matters of a clear enunciation of the words and careful vocalization—for it would be a sin to allow so fine a voice to be shut up in the breast. I pray you give her often an encouraging smile or I shall certainly suspect something is wrong. I commend myself also to Monsieur François,* whose musical talent is such, that even when he sings in his nightgown, it is always good. I shall encourage him by often sending him something new. Meantime I kiss your hands again for all your kindness, and am—&c., &c.

10.—Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.

Dated, Estoras, March, 14, 1790.

I beg your Grace's pardon a million times for being so tardy in answering two such pleasing letters. It has not been from neglect (against which sin Heaven will protect me so long as I live), but to the multitude of duties which devolve upon me in the present melancholy condition of my most gracious prince. The death of his wife has so weighed upon his spirits, that we are forced to lay out all our strength in the effort to arouse him from his forlorn condition. The first three days I therefore arranged grand chamber music with nothing vocal. The poor Prince, however, fell into so deep a melancholy in listening to the first piece—my favorite Adagio in D—that it was a task indeed to bring him out of it by other pieces.

On the fourth day we gave an Opera, on the fifth a comedy and so at last the daily spectacle—at the same time putting the old opera of Gassman, “*L'Amor artigiano*,” in rehearsal, because he has said not long since, he should like to see it. I wrote three new airs to it, which I shall send, your Grace, very soon—not for their beauty, but as a proof of my industry.

The new Symphony promised your Grace, you will receive in April in season to be produced in von Kees's concerts.

Meantime I kiss your Grace's hands for the biscuits, which came to hand last Tuesday. They reached me just as I had swallowed the last morsel of the previous lot.

That my dear Arianne has met with applause

* Franz, eldest son—Peperl (Josepha), eldest daughter of Mad. Geuzinger.

in the Schottenbof, enchants me; only I recommend to fraulein Peperl to speak the words distinctly, especially these: “*chi tanto amai*.” I am so bold as to wish you on your approaching name day all imaginable good and to pray to you to continue me in your grace and to accept me still at every opportunity as your unworthy master. I take the liberty at the same time of adding that the teacher of languages can come hither any day—the cost of the journey will be repaid him here. He can come down by diligence or by another conveyance of which he can hear daily by enquiring at the Maschakerhof inn.

I will send back the biscuit box on the first opportunity.

As I am convinced that your Grace sympathizes with me in all my concerns (which I am far from meriting) I will inform you that last week I received an extremely pretty gold snuff-box 34 ducats in weight, as a present from Prince Oetting von Wallerstein, with an invitation to visit him this season at his expense—his highness having a strong desire to know me personally (a pleasant encouragement to my weak spirit).—Whether I shall get up resolution enough to undertake this journey is another question.

And now I pray you, excuse this hasty letter and believe me, &c., &c.

P. S.—My compliments to Herr Geuzinger, &c.

I have lost my honest and faithful coachman, who died on the 25th of the last month.

11.—Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.

Estoras, May 13, 1790.

With astonishment I read your dear letter, at seeing in it your Grace had not received my last missive, in which I wrote that our landlord had accepted a stranger who had happened to come to Estoras as teacher of French, upon which I immediately wrote my apologies both to your Grace and to your family tutor. Most estimable patroness—this is not the first time, that letters of mine and several other persons have been lost; for our mail bag is always opened on the way at Oedenburg (where letters posted there are added to ours) by the house master; hence mistakes and other unpleasant mishaps have often occurred there. However, to be safe for the future and to defeat such shameless curiosity, I shall enclose all my letters in an extra envelope addressed to Herr Portier Pointner. This affair troubles me so much the more, as it has given your Grace occasion to chide me for an instance of neglect, against which Heaven preserve me! But as to this or these curious persons, there was nothing in the last, nor in fact any of the letters, which was not perfectly innocent in all respects. But now, most estimable Patroness, when shall I have the priceless pleasure of seeing your Grace in Estoras? As my duties do not allow me to come to Vienna, I comfort myself with the idea of kissing your Grace's hands this summer here, in which flattering hope I am, &c., &c.

12.—Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.

Estoras, May 30, 1790.

When I received your Grace's last estimable communication, I had just been in Oedenburg making inquiries for the lost letter. The house-master there swore by all that is holy, that he at that time had seen no letter in my hand writing;

hence it must have been lost here in Estoras! Be this now as it may. Scandal has not found the least foundation for a hint against me, far less against your Grace, since the entire contents of my letter were devoted in part to my opera, *La vera Constanza*, which was given in the new Theatre in the Landstrasse, and in part to the French teacher, who at the time was expected in Estoras. Your Grace can therefore be perfectly free from anxiety, not only in relation to the past but for the future; for my friendship and esteem for your Grace (tender as they are) will never go too far,—having at all times before my eyes the respect due to the sublime virtues of your Grace—virtues which not I alone, but all persons who know your Grace must admire. Let not your Grace then be discouraged from comforting me occasionally with your delightful letters—which are most necessary to me in my solitude to the cheering of my oftentimes deeply depressed spirits. Oh, if I could only be with your Grace one quarter of an hour to pour out my disappointments and troubles and to inhale new life from your Grace's sympathy. Under the present management of affairs, I am exposed to many annoyances, which here I must bear in silence. The only remaining comfort is that, praise God, I am in health and take delight in constant activity. Only I am sorry that, in spite of this pleasure in my work, your Grace must wait so long for the promised symphony. This time however the cause is a certain necessity, which my circumstances and the present rise in prices has occasioned. Your Grace must not however be angry on this account with your Haydn, who, however often the Prince absents himself from Estoras, can never obtain permission to go for 24 hours to Vienna. It is hardly credible, and yet the refusal is always made in the most delicate manner, in fact, so as to put it out of my power to press the matter.

Well, in God's name! This period will pass away, and another time come, when I shall enjoy the inestimable delight of again sitting by your Grace at the pianoforte, and listening to Mozart's masterpieces, and of kissing your hands for so many favors.

In this hope I am, &c., &c.

13.—Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.

Estoras, June 6, 1790.

* * * * *

I am heartily concerned that your Grace received my last letter so late; but no Hussar left Estoras last week. It was not my fault, that the letter was so long in reaching you.

Between us! I allow your Grace to know that our Mademoiselle Nanette has given me an order to compose a new pianoforte sonata for your Grace, which however must fall into no other hands. I consider myself very happy in receiving such an order. The sonata will reach your Grace at the farthest in 14 days. The above-mentioned Mademoiselle offered to pay me for the work, but your Grace can easily imagine that I shall at all times refuse such an offer. For me the highest reward will always be to hear that I have earned some degree of applause; meantime I am with highest respect, &c., &c.

(To be continued.)

BRESLAU.—Carl Reinecke produced here a new pianoforte Concerto of his own composition on the 21st.

Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of DR. HEINRICH VON KREISSELE.

(Continued from page 346.)

How great a loss Art has suffered by the early death of Schubert, can be better judged by the present generation, than it could be by his contemporaries. For if the singer now perhaps is wanting, who could identify himself with the very spirit of Schubert's song, and achieve such extraordinary success with it, as Vogl did, yet on the other hand the present musical public, apart from the general progress in culture, enjoys the decided advantage of having learned to know and to appreciate the many-sided activity of the artist, in consequence of the gradual publication and performance of many works of his still unknown at the time of his death, or else somehow inexplicably consigned to oblivion, especially his instrumental compositions; and so they have been placed in a position to form to themselves an image of the whole man.

Whoever has fairly taken in the most important works of Schubert, must say without hesitation, that a master of the first rank, at least in one relation, stands before him.

Franz Schubert belongs to that stately series of composers with whom the German nation, and only this by reason of its indwelling depth and universality of mind, from the first half of the last century to the present day, has never ceased to endow the world; and every single one of whom has achieved such eminence in one branch of the various provinces of music, that his creations could not be replaced by those of the rest in the same department.

In Handel's works, and in those of Bach, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn and Schumann, all the kinds of music thus far known, the song not excepted, are found nobly represented; but while these carried the different forms of so-called sacred music, and then the Opera, the Symphony, &c., to the acme of beauty and sublimity, it was reserved to Franz Schubert in the comparatively smaller frame of the song to surpass them all, and lend complete expression to the German spiritual and mental life, through all its innumerable and wonderful shades, from the bright dancing melody of the "Son of the Muses," and the Idyl of the "Miller" songs, to the dark, complaining tone of the "Hurdy-gurdy man" and the Ossianic battle and cloud pictures.

In the song he became the central point for the whole modern development of this kind of music, which also reached its first culmination through him.

From the old stand-point of song writing, before him, only the general mood of feeling contained in the poem was reproduced, without any shading of expression in the detail. But now suddenly a dramatic element, before unknown, came out, which was calculated to lend individual significance, and thereby enhance the brilliancy and blending of color, to the single parts of the poem. The union of noble words with noble melodies, the intimate interpenetration of the music and the poem was, to the joy and astonishment of the friends of true Art, accomplished in the happiest manner; and the Song, heretofore moving only in the simplest form, soon raised itself to one of the most important genera of Art of modern times,—one which has served the deeper German life of feeling as a limited indeed, but always trustworthy place of refuge, when it has had to turn away unsatisfied and out of humor from the public musical doings.

During his lifetime he was especially known and valued only as a song composer, and even there within a narrower range than afterwards. Of his piano-forte compositions for a long time only a small

part were known; his other instrumental works became known still later, and not always in his native city first. He has tried his hand in nearly all the forms of music. Besides about 600 songs, he wrote operas, overtures, symphonies, masses, trios, quartets and quintets, a grand octet, choruses, cantatas, offertories and graduals, two *Stabat Maters* and *Hallelujahs*, vocal quartets, Italian arias and a multitude of two and four-hand, great and little piano pieces, such as: Sonatas, variations, fantasias, rondos, impromptus, *Moments musicaux*, *divertissements*, dances and marches, all more or less full of beauties and fine interesting traits.

When we consider the astonishing multitude of Schubert's published works alone, we are convinced that their creator, whom death surprised in his thirty-second year, must have wrought with as great facility as restless activity; and his compositions are not sparing of notes.

In fact Schubert was uncommonly fruitful and industrious, and one may well say, that he has faithfully and honestly improved the talent entrusted to him.

As a general rule he began his day's work* in the forenoon hours, and continued it uninterruptedly until dinner time; then his whole being was absorbed in music. He often felt himself affected by his compositions, and eye-witnesses assure us, they could gather from his shining eye and altered speech, how mightily it wrought within him.

The remainder of the day was given just as regularly to social enjoyment; in the fine season of the year to excursions into the country, in the company of friends; and sometimes it happened, when he felt well with them and could not bear to part from beautiful Nature, that an accepted invitation for the evening was thrown to the winds; this led to embarrassments, it is true, but they did not trouble him long. But certainly it needed but the least excitement, after his work was over, to wake his never resting soul again; the charming Serenade of Shakespeare ("Hark, hark, the lark") was composed on such a pleasure party in a tavern, put upon paper, and, the fit occasion offering, was sung at sight from the sheet.

"If," says Robert Schumann, "fruitfulness be a main mark of genius, then Schubert is one of the greatest. He would by degrees perhaps have set the entire German literature to music; and if Telemann requires that a regular composer should be able to compose the entrance ticket given at the city gate, he might have found his man in Schubert. Wherever he inclined, music gushed forth; Æschylus, Klopstock, so coy to composition, yielded under his hands, just as from the light measures of W. Müller and others he had won their deepest strings."

(To be continued.)

* Schubert can only be called laborious in the sense, that, restlessly creating from himself, he sought to fix the fullness of his thoughts on paper. For what in ordinary life is called labor, and especially for all mechanical labor he had no liking; and this, together with his none too regular way of life, which prevented him from appearing with the desired punctuality at the hours of rehearsal, was probably the reason why he could not long retain his function as *Correpetitor* at the Kärnthnertheater.

(From Novello's Musical Times.)

Life and Labors of Vincent Novello.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

(Continued from page 347.)

Among the distinguished literary friends whom the Novellos had the pleasure to assemble in their small drawing-room at 240 Oxford Street, may be named Charles and Mary Lamb, Shelley, Keats, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Coulson, Charles Cowden Clarke, Henry Robertson, and John Byng Gattie. The two last are named here, not so much for their publicly-known attainments, as for their consociation with the subject of the present biographical sketch, in the sonnet which Leigh Hunt addressed]

To HENRY ROBERTSON, JOHN GATTIE, and VINCENT NOVELLO, not keeping their appointed hour.

Harry, my friend, who full of tasteful glee
Have music all about you, heart and lips;
And John, whose voice is like a rill that slips
Over the sunny pebbles breathingly;
And Vincent, you, who with like mastery
Can chase the notes with fluttering finger-tips,
Like fairies down a hill hurrying their trips,
Or sway the organ with firm royalty:
Why stop ye on the road? The day 'tis true,
Shows us as in a diamond all things clear,
And makes the hill-surmounting eye rejoice,
Doubling the earthly green, the heavenly blue;
But come, complete the charm of such a sphere,
And give the beauty of the day a voice.

No apology need be offered for quoting the above, which in its italicized lines so accurately as well as poetically characterises the excellence of Vincent Novello's playing. As affording a graphic picture of the friendly ease which distinguished the meetings in the little drawing-room, a passage from Charles Lamb's delightful *Elia* essay, called a "Chapter on ears," may also be subjoined:—

* * * "Something like this scene-turning I have experienced at the evening parties at the house of my good Catholic friend, *Nov*—, who, by the aid of a capital organ, himself the most finished of players, converts his drawing-room into a chapel, his week-days into Sundays, and these latter into minor heavens.* When my friend commences upon one of those solemn anthems, which peradventure struck upon my heedless ear, rambling in the side-aisles of the dim abbey, some five and thirty years since, waking a new sense, and putting a soul of old religion into my young apprehension,—(whether it be *that*, in which the psalmist, weary of the persecutions of bad men, wisheth to himself dove's wings—or *that other*, which, with a like measure of sobriety and pathos, inquireth by what means the young man shall best cleanse his mind)—a holy calm pervadeth me. I am for the time

—rapt above earth,

And possess joys not promised at my birth.

But when this master of the spell, not content to have laid a soul prostrate, goes on, in his power, to inflict more bliss than lies in her capacity to receive,—impatient to overcome her 'earthly' with his 'heavenly,'—still pouring in, for protracted hours, fresh waves and fresh from the sea of sound, or from that inexhausted *German* ocean, above which, in triumphant progress, dolphin-seated, ride those Arions, *Haydn* and *Mozart*, with their attendant tritons, *Bach*, *Beethoven*, and a countless tribe, whom to attempt to reckon up would but plunge me again in the deeps,—I stagger under the weight of harmony, reeling to and fro at my wits' end; clouds of frankincense oppress me—priests, altars, censers, dazzle before me—the genius of his religion hath me in her toils—a shadowy triple tiara invests the brow of my friend, late so naked, so ingenuous—he is *Pope*,—and by him sits, like as in the anomaly of dreams, a she-Pope too, tri-coroneted like himself! I am converted, and yet a Protestant,—at once *malleus hereticorum*, and myself grand Heresiarch; or three heresies centre in my person; I am *Marcion*, *Ebion*, and *Cerinthus*—*Gog* and *Magog*—what not?—till the coming in of the friendly supper-tray dissipates the figment, and a draught of true Lutheran beer (in which chiefly my friend shows himself no bigot) at once reconciles me to the rationalities of a purer faith; and restores to me the genuine untrifling aspects of my pleasant countenanced host and hostess."

Truly a pleasant sight was that same drawing-room at 240, Oxford Street, when poets, artists, and musicians, friends of the master of the house, met in kindly, lively converse. The walls simply colored of a delicate rose tint, and hung with a few choice water-color drawings by *Varley*, *Copley Fielding*, *Havell*, and *Cristall* (who were also personally known to *Vincent Novello*); the floor covered with a plain grey drugget bordered by a tastefully-designed garland of vine-leaves, drawn and embroidered by *Mrs. Novello*; towards the centre of the room a sofa table strewn with books and prints; and at one end, a fine-toned chamber-organ, on which the host preluded and played to his listening friends, when they would have him give them "such delights, and spare to interpose them oft" between the pauses of their animated conversation. *Keats*, with his picturesque head, leaning against the instrument, one foot raised on his knee and smoothed beneath his hands; *Leigh Hunt*, with his jet-black hair and expressive mouth; *Shelley*, with his poet's eyes and brown curls; *Lamb*, with his spare figure and earnest face; all seen by the glow and warmth and brightness of candle-light, when the young musician and his friends assembled in that ostentatious informal fashion which

* I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below.—*Dr. Watts*.

gave zest to professional social intercourse at the then period.

(To be continued.)

Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

By J. W. DAVISON.

(Concluded from page 350.)

The second part of the oratorio commences with an air for soprano, "Hear ye, Israel," in two movements, the first in the minor, the second in the major key of B. In the first the style of the music, as well as of the words, is one of tender expostulation, as though, while chastising to chasten, the Almighty felt compassion for the weakness of His creatures, and expressed it through the mouth of an angel. The second movement, "Thus saith the Lord," in a vigorous and lofty tone, sets forth the Divine promise to maintain and help the faithful under all circumstances. A world of eulogy has been lavished on this fine song, to which we need add nothing but a tribute to the judgment exhibited by Mendelssohn in placing it where it stands. Doubtless he was aware that no chorus, however grand, could come immediately after "Thanks be to God." But that was not all; the way in which "Be not afraid" is introduced, seems to be a sort of amends for the absence of a chorus at the beginning. This long and elaborately developed piece enlarges on the sentiments of hope and encouragement expressed in the song, which it succeeds by a bold and unexpected transition from the key of B to that of G. The same transition is repeated whenever the principal theme is resumed, and with especial effect after the impassioned episode in E minor, "Though thousands languish."

A scene of considerable importance in the progress of the oratorio ensues. *Elijah* again taxes *Ahab* with idolatry, and again threatens him with a manifestation of Divine wrath. This is conveyed in one of the grandest of all the recitatives, at the end of which occurs a point calculated to impress even those wholly uninitiated in the musical art with a sense of its eloquence and beauty. We allude to the very striking passage, "And the Lord shall smite all Israel, as a reed is shaken in the water." Mendelssohn rarely condescends to a direct imitation of the picture suggested by sentences to be declaimed or sung—to "word painting," as it is termed; by no means so often as *Handel*, for example; but when he does, it is invariably with a result so successful that the gravest criticism holds him justified. The idea of the "reed shaken in the water" was evidently as tempting to Mendelssohn as the floods standing "upright as an heap" to *Handel*. The tremolo for the stringed instruments, with the voice of the Prophet—uttering his denunciation, in solemn phrases—beneath, produces an effect wholly apart from anything either Mendelssohn or any other master has written. The hearer will find attention to this passage well repaid by the interest and admiration it is sure to excite.

A new agent now appears in the shape of *Jezebel*, *Ahab's* wicked queen, who reveals herself to the people, and narrating, one by one, the presumed offences of the Prophet, exasperates her hearers to the utmost pitch of fury, until they resolve upon *Elijah's* destruction. This is presented in a series of recitatives for the queen, with brief choral responses for the people; the whole terminating with a chorus (in A minor)—"Woe to him, he shall perish." The musical expression is throughout most vivid. The progressive influence of the words of *Jezebel*—the low tones in which, answering her query, "Have ye not heard he hath prophesied against all Israel?" the people murmur "We heard it with our ears," and then, like distant thunder rapidly approaching, swell out into the ejaculation "He shall perish!" the increasing emphasis of the queen, at each step in the accusation, echoed by the cries of the people, who become more and more incensed as she proceeds, until her energetic admonition—"Seize *Elijah*, and do unto him as he has done!"—is caught and developed in the chorus named above—are one and all conveyed with masterly skill. The interest grows deeper and deeper until the culminating point is attained, and the rage of the infuriated multitude is depicted in the chorus—at first incoherently, voices echoing voices on the words, "Woe to him!"—then bursting forth with unanimous vehemence in the exclamation, "He shall perish!" The passage in unison—"So go ye forth, seize on him, he shall die"—brings this scene to an end just at the moment when astonishment at the genius of the composer has reached its height.

Obadiah then, in a recitative full of promise and consolation, ending with an exquisitely melodious phrase to the words, "The Lord thy God do go with thee," warns the Prophet to seek safety in the

wilderness. *Elijah* obeys; but strength deserts him; his spirits are exhausted, and he longs for death. This is revealed in an air of infinite pathos, "It is enough, O Lord" (in F sharp minor,) where may be remarked the admirable employment of the violoncellos, which share the melody with *Elijah*, as though they were the voices of unseen spirits, sympathizing with his anguish and distress. In the second part the movement changes from slow to quick; and in the exclamation, "I have been very jealous for the Lord God of Hosts," the Prophet for a time forgets his griefs in the holiness and dignity of his mission. He soon, however, relapses into the strain of despondency with which the air sets out.* But angels hover near, and encourage him with words of comfort. They bid him look towards the mountain, whence the Lord will come to help him; reproach him for sinking beneath the weight of his affliction, and cite God's own sleepless watchfulness over Israel as an example for emulation.

All the above is comprised in a tenor recitative, "See how he sleepeth under a juniper tree;" an unaccompanied trio for female voices (in D),† "Lift thine eyes to the mountains;" and a chorus (in D), "He, watching over Israel." The recitative is soft and appealing; the trio simple, unaffected, and beautiful. Nothing can be more exquisite—"angelic" we might say, without hyperbole—than the effect of the three female voices in such a place. The audience are impressed with all that it is intended to impress upon the Prophet, and, like him, are fortified and consoled. "He, watching over Israel," should never be separated from the trio, of which it is only the development.‡ This chorus is beautiful beyond the power of language to convey. Melody never assumed a more enticing shape; harmony never clothed it with greater purity. The orchestral accompaniments, too, are transparent—undulating as ripples on the surface of a gentle lake. Better than all this, however—which might be said of abstract music without reference to any particular text—"He, watching over Israel" expresses to perfection the sentiments that, proceeding from the lips of heavenly messengers, inspire the favored minister of Almighty God with new strength, fervor, and holy resignation.

The music now assumes a graver character. The end of the Prophet's mission is at hand; but still there remains something for him to do. An angel directs his steps to Horeb, the mount of God, which is distant a journey of forty days and nights. The injunction is embodied in a contralto recitative, "Arise, *Elijah*;" to which the Prophet retorts that his toil has been in vain, adding an entreaty that the Lord will manifest himself. The angel preaches patience and submission, in an air, "O rest in the Lord." The introduction of this air at the end of *Elijah's* recitative is a masterstroke. The recitative, when *Elijah* has expressed a wish to be released by death from further suffering, terminates on a long-sustained note, B (dominant of E minor), which rising a semi-tone, the angel begins the air in the key of C, thus contrasting the heavenly nature of God's messenger with the earthly nature of the Prophet in a manner as delicate as it is poetical. If religion can be rendered more attractive by the aid of musical expression, this beautiful song may be cited as a case in point. The melody is as simple as the harmony is chaste. At the return of the subject occurs one of those devices of which, as we have already hinted, *Elijah* contains so many striking examples. We allude to the feint of going into E minor, which, after twice recurring, is finally abandoned for the resumption of the original key of C. Nothing can be more apparently artless; yet it is one of those subtle touches by means of which the composer often raises an unobtrusive thought into an ideal beauty. It is worth while mentioning here that Mendelssohn, thinking there would be too much music of a sweet and tuneful character in this part of the oratorio, contemplated the omission of "O rest in the Lord," as

* This song seems to be built on a plan similar to that of "O Lord God have mercy," in *St. Paul*, just as the chorus, "Woe to him, he shall perish," is designed much after the manner of "Stone him to death," in the same oratorio. But here resemblance ceases, and the great superiority of the two pieces in *Elijah* must be manifest.

† This trio was an afterthought, and a most felicitous one. The words, "Lift thine eyes to the mountain," were originally set to a duet for soprano and contralto, which was sung by the (then) Misses Williams, when the oratorio was first produced at the Birmingham Festival, in 1846. The alteration is one of the most important of the many which Mendelssohn effected in *Elijah*, in the interval between the Festival and his visit to London the following spring. The addition of the chorus, "Woe to him," which now completes the scene of *Jezebel* and the people, is another change of great significance.

‡ It cannot be too earnestly or too often suggested, that, if "encores" must be tolerated in performances of sacred music, the demand for repetition should in this instance be withheld until the termination of the chorus, without which the effect of the whole is spoiled and the composer's intentions frustrated. The trio and chorus might thus be gone through again without a break, and the author's design unimpaired.

superfluous, but was dissuaded by a friend from carrying his design into effect. To this judicious friend the musical world owes a debt of gratitude, and Mendelssohn himself is in some measure beholden. A chorus (in F major), "He that shall endure to the end shall be saved," in which redemption is promised to all who suffer without repining, follows next. Here the theme, measured and stately, is treated with a profundity that, while the strict fugal form is almost everywhere avoided in *Elijah*, shows the command possessed by Mendelssohn over that branch of musical art of which fugue is the most elaborate manifestation.

The wish of Elijah's heart is now about to be fulfilled. His journey to Mount Horeb accomplished, his soul yearns for the presence of his God. Night falling, his desire to behold the Deity is expressed in a highly suggestive recitative. The angel replies in another—"Arise, now, get thee without," bidding Elijah ascend the mount. Elijah obeys, and, covering his face, awaits, with intense longing, the achievement of the promised miracle.

The chorus in E minor, which embodies the miracle of the Lord's apparition—"Behold! God the Lord passed by"—must be regarded as the culminating point of the second, as "Thanks be to God" of the first, part of the oratorio. It is what the German æsthetic critics would call a programme chorus, being divided into four *tableaux*—the first three representing natural phenomena, the fourth the accomplishment of the Prophet's wish. Elijah, having covered his face, in anticipation of the Divine presence, God passes by, and "a mighty wind" rends the mountain—but the Lord is *not* in the tempest. Again God passes by, the sea is upheaved, and an earthquake shakes the land—but the Lord is *not* in the earthquake. After the earthquake a fire—but the Lord is *not* in the fire. After the fire "a still small voice"—and in that still voice is the Lord God Almighty, the Seraphim singing His praises from above. The music which illustrates this most impressive scene is unsurpassed. The tempest, the earthquake, and the fire, are suggested with equal felicity by different treatments of the same subject. The composer rises with his theme—the earthquake being painted in more terrible colors than the tempest, and the fire than the earthquake. The sentence, "And yet the Lord was not in the fire," is elaborated with marvellous effect, until the tumult dies away, and a transition into the major key leads to a phrase in which the presence of Godhead is announced in strains of soothing and enchanting melody—"And after the fire there came a still small voice, and in that still voice onward came the Lord." The orchestral accompaniments are here of that delicate nature most appropriate to the subject. The quartet and chorus (in C major)—"Holy, holy, holy is God the Lord"—at once a simpler, more sublime, and more impressive musical embodiment of the "Sanctus" than can be cited in any of the Roman Catholic church music—nobly terminates this section of *Elijah*, which presents nothing more worthy of admiration than the power with which a new interest is created for every fresh incident.

The climax approaches. Elijah, who has accomplished his mission of energy and of suffering, of action and of passion, is now, like Enoch, too pure for earth. Angels console him with the assurance that there are yet seven thousand in Israel "who have not bowed down to Baal." The Prophet offers up thanksgivings, while the faithful extol his prophecies and denunciations. At length "Elijah was not, for God took him." He is snatched away to heaven in a chariot of fire, drawn by horses of fire.

The musical illustration of the above commences with one of the finest choral recitatives—"Go, return upon thy way." Elijah responds in another—"I go on my way in the strength of the Lord," which is followed by an air (in F), "For the mountains depart"—a melody of sweet and tranquil beauty, accompanied exclusively by stringed instruments, and oboe *obligato*. Elijah utters his last sentence in this song, which appropriately reflects the serenity of mind with which the Prophet now contemplates the end of all things. The translation is presented in a chorus (in F minor), "Then did Elijah the Prophet break forth like a fire." The first part is sombre and mysterious; the second, "And when the Lord would take him away to heaven," magnificently describes the ascent in the whirlwind. The startling transition with which this sets out, and the progressions of harmony through which the chorus is brought to a termination in the key of the dominant major, are

among the most remarkable points in the oratorio. Here, indeed, as elsewhere, the genius of Mendelssohn shows itself equal to the loftiest attempts—the poetical conception being as grand as the musical treatment is masterly.

The rest is didactic—including reflections on what has preceded, apostrophe to the power and glory of God, words of consolation to believers, prophetic allusions, and exhortations to continue steadfast. It has been suggested that with the translation of Elijah, the oratorio should have come to an end. We cannot share this opinion, since the history of the Prophet's life, his toil, his self-denial, his perseverance, his miracles, and his reward, may be presumed to have left impressions and superinduced results that ought properly to be included in the general design. What follows, moreover, is as brief as it is interesting. The tenor air (in A flat), "Then shall the righteous shine forth," is a worthy pendant to "If with all your hearts." Obadiah who had previously admonished the people to love the true God, now exults in the triumph of that faith which has been inculcated by the example of Elijah. The sentiment of devotion is expressed with vivid intensity in this song, which yields in beauty to none of its predecessors, and is remarkable for the grace of the orchestral accompaniments, where richness of coloring is attained by means that, at first sight, seem inadequate, but which genius finds ample. The employment of trombones, *piano*, to strengthen the passages of modulation, cannot escape observation—to say nothing of other points of equal refinement. We would not willingly lose such a genuine inspiration to satisfy any theorists even if it were superfluous to the plan—which is not the case. A recitative, "Behold, God hath sent Elijah the prophet," conducts to a chorus in D—"But the Lord from the north has raised one." This ends with a brilliant movement, "Behold my servant and mine elect," which, besides evincing much of the vigor of Handel, contains one passage, "On him the spirit of God shall rest," bearing a strong affinity to an episode in "The people shall hear," the most wonderful of all the choruses of *Israel in Egypt*.* The unison passage commencing on the words, "The spirit of wisdom and understanding," combines grandeur with simplicity, and brings the chorus to an end with striking effect. The next piece, a quartet (in B flat), "O come, every one that thirsteth," may almost be regarded as sister to the double quartet, "For He shall give His angels charge," in the melodiously flowing character of which it largely participates. As an example of pure vocal part-writing, this may be compared with any of the three quartets in Mozart's immortal *Requiem*. It serves admirably to separate the choruses that immediately precede and follow it, offering a strongly defined contrast which relieves the one while it prepares the way for the other. The final chorus, consisting of two parts—a majestic prelude (in D minor), "Then shall your light break forth," and a masterly fugued movement, "Lord, our Creator" (in D major)—is noticeable for containing almost the only example of the severe style in the whole of *Elijah*. It has other claims to admiration, however, besides its excellence as a piece of scholastic; and indeed, if that were not the case, it would hardly merit the place assigned to it in such a work.

Much more might be written of *Elijah* than is comprised in the foregoing, but perhaps enough has been said for the purpose in hand, which is mainly by a detailed analysis of its design to elicit attention to its beauties, and by pointing out the relation between the music and the words of every piece, to make those beauties more easily understood and appreciated. *Elijah* is not only the masterpiece of its composer, but one of the monuments of musical art. What at first must strike all who are familiar with the great works of Handel and others, is its entire originality. It has the dramatic coloring at which Handel aimed in several of his works, added to a dramatic completeness that few of the latter can boast. While piece after piece may be omitted from almost any of Handel's oratorios—the *Messiah* and *Israel* excepted—not a bar from *Elijah* can be spared. *Elijah* is a single effort, perfect in all its parts, and as a whole majestic and beautiful. It is, moreover, thoroughly human, treating of the sufferings, the indomitable resolution and unswerving faith of a man full of sympathy for the good, strong in sincerity, great in aspiration, meek of heart, pure of manners, and god-like in mind—but still a very man. It is a sacred drama, as real and absorbing as one of Shakespeare's plays. The composer himself put the materials into shape; and this is only one proof among many that Mendelssohn has given of an essentially dramatic talent which, had he been spared, might have done for opera what *Elijah* has done for

* These reminiscences are so rare in Elijah, that when they come the hearer is disposed rather to welcome than call them in question.

oratorio. The ways of heaven are inscrutable, and it is not for us to complain. Mendelssohn was snatched away in the prime of life, but not till he had accomplished a labor that will render his name and memory imperishable. As an effort of art, and as an inspiration of genius, *Elijah* is entitled to a place by the side of the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*. Whether it should stand first, second, or third, in this great fellowship of Masterpieces, it is as well not to inquire. Better to look upon it as inseparable from the Handelian monuments, thus helping to continue a glorious Art-Trinity.

Musical Correspondence.

CINCINNATI, O., JAN. 31.—Musical matters are rather dull in our city, this winter; but the CECILIA SOCIETY, in spite of the times, manage to get along pretty well, although their chorus is not always as complete and their audience not as large, as in former years. They are now in their sixth season and the concerts this winter have been in rather quicker succession, than usual. Last winter they bought a Steinway grand Piano, which is now almost entirely paid for, and thus they are going on, with perseverance and energy, and set a good example to many other musical societies, who have many more wealthy members and perhaps as much or more musical talent among them, than this one, and still are not doing half as much for art and their own cultivation.

The general experience in western cities is, I suppose, that new musical societies, when first started, are quite flourishing for a year or two, but as soon as the novelty wears off, they are flagging and kept alive only by very persevering efforts, such as we see rarely made by Americans, I am sorry to say, but often by our German citizens, who go into musical pursuits not for the sake of novelty or mere amusement or show, but for the real, genuine love of Music. The Germans are decidedly the musical pioneers of the West.

The Cecilia Society had as principal attraction for their third concert "Comala" by Gade, a truly beautiful composition, which grows in favor, the oftener it is heard; and in their fourth concert, which took place yesterday, they gave for the first time extracts from "the first Walpurgis-Night," by Mendelssohn, the whole of which they are rehearsing now, and besides, many other interesting compositions, as you will see by the enclosed programme:

1. Chorus "Ave Verum,".....Mozart
2. Andante with Variations for two Pianos.....Schumann
3. Aria for Tenor, a Druid, and Chorus of Druids and People, from the first "Walpurgis Night," poem by Goethe.....Mendelssohn
- " Now May again
 " Breaks winter's chain,
 " The bud and bloom are springing," &c.
4. Song for Soprano, "Serenade".....Schubert
5. Fantasia on "Don Giovanni," for Piano.....Thalberg
6. Chorus from "Walpurgis Night".....Mendelssohn
- " Disperse, disperse, ye gallant men!
 " Secure the passes round the glen:
 " In silence there protect them," &c.
7. Chorus from "Erking's Daughter,".....Gade
- " Morning Dawn."
8. Two songs for Soprano
1. Welcome.....Curschmann
2. Spinning Song.....Stegmayer
9. Tarantella for two Pianos.....Satter
10. Chorus with Solo: "Gipsies' Life".....Schumann

Many of our musicians are gone to the war,* and it is difficult to get up an orchestra now-a-days, but still we had a pretty good one the other day in a concert arranged by Mr. Andres,—a small army, but, I suppose, better drilled, than our grand ones.

We are promised shortly some new German Operas by the "Maennerchor," in which it is reported Mad. Fabbri will assist. X.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 29.—At the Germania rehearsal of last Saturday, I heard Chopin's "Marche Funebre," as arranged for Orchestra. The music of this "poet of the piano" is so peculiarly *piano* music as to be almost incapable of effective adaptation for any other instruments.

The author of this arrangement (it was not the

* Although there is nothing else in common, except the oboe and the key of F, the above may recall the last movement of Florestan's air in the second act of *Fidelio*—if only on account of these coincidences. Mendelssohn was a long time uncertain whether he should add the oboe part or limit the score to the string quartet. There can hardly be a doubt of the wisdom of his ultimate decision.

one by Berlioz) evinces an appreciative acquaintance with all the nice points of the beautiful composition I speak of, and has proved it trustworthy. In the first and last parts of the "Marche," the bassoons have the burden; in the middle, or elegiac, portion the melody is given first to the clarinet and then to the first violins.

The following programme is that of a concert given last evening at the Musical Fund Hall, by Master I. RICE, eleven years old.

- PART I.
1. Piano Luet—"Coronation March from The Prophet." Wolff
Master I. Rice and Carl Wolfsohn.
 2. Aria—"Niohe." Pacini
Madame Bertha Johannsen.
 3. Piano Solo—"Rondo." Hummel
Master I. Rice.
 4. Aria—"Lucretia Borgia." Donizetti
Mr. Adolph Birgfeld.
 5. Violoncello Solo—"Aria final de Lucia." Servais
Mr. Charles Schmitz.
 6. Piano Solo—"La Source." Blumenthal
Master I. Rice.
- PART II.
1. Violin Solo—"Solo du Concert." Sainton
Mr. Simon Hassler.
 2. Song with Violoncello Obligato—"The Alpine Horn." Proch
Mad. Bertha Johannsen and Mr. Charles Schmitz.
 3. Piano Solo—"Wellenspiel." Spindler
Master I. Rice.
 4. Song—"Bird Song." Satter
Mad. Bertha Johannsen.
 5. Piano Solo—"Fantasie de Concert, La Traviata." Wolfsohn
Mr. Carl Wolfsohn.
 6. Duo—"La ci darem la mano—Don Giovanni." Mozart
Mad. Bertha Johannsen and Mr. Adolph Birgfeld.

Young Rice is a pupil and protégé of CARL WOLFSOHN. He played with confidence, precision and good taste. The proficiency he has already acquired gives promise of future excellence.

Schnitz played with feeling and wonderful neatness of execution. Wolfsohn played in his usual fine style. They were both rapturously applauded.

The success that attended young Rice's debut must have been encouraging to the teacher, as well as to the pupil, and pleasing to the artists who so kindly assisted the debutant. CHANTERELLE.

ST. LOUIS, JAN. 25th, 1861.—Our Philharmonic Society, gave their fourth Concert, of this season, on Thursday evening, to a crowded house as usual. Queerly enough, notwithstanding the universal and too earnest cry of hard times, and entire want of money, it appears as though places of amusement were never better patronized than they are this winter. It can only be accounted for, by presuming that men in business are so harassed and annoyed during the day, that they find more need of amusement, to drive care away and make them forget for a time that they are creatures subject to trials and troubles. Be it as it may, our concerts are literally jammed, several hundred being refused admittance last evening. One noticeable feature which attracts the attention of strangers, one which you quiet people in Athens are entirely unaccustomed to, is the pains which the ladies take to dress in such a manner as to make known their Union or "Secesh" principles, and at the same time to be fashionably attired. Red skirts white waists and red bonnets, white trimmings, white handkerchiefs, red borders, red and white rosettes, &c.

But I am wandering from the concert, which had this fine programme:

- PART I.
1. Overture—"Der Wasserträger," (the Water-Carrier) Cherubini
 2. Vintage Chorus—from "Dinorah." Meyerbeer
 3. Cavatina—"O Madre del Cielo," from I Lombardi. Verdi
 4. Scherzo—from "First Symphony." Beethoven
 5. Sextetto—"Words of Sacrilege," from Il Poluto. Doezetti
- PART II.
1. Overture—"Melusina." F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy
 2. Chorus—"Crucifixus." Lotti
 3. Violin Solo—"Homage to Rubini." J. Arto
 4. Finale—from "Second Symphony." Mozart
 5. March and Chorus—from "Tannhaeuser." R. Wagner

The best thing here is the *Melusina* Overture from Mendelssohn. I confess to a great weakness for all of his music, above all other writers for orchestra—so beautifully does he work up his themes, here and there passages continually coming in which always startle and delight, never expected, yet always welcome—such exquisite modulations, so smooth and

flowing, wandering from one key to another till the hearer, entangled in the labyrinth and maze of harmony, loses himself and only wonders how he will return, when—by some ingenious combination, presto, here you are again preparing for still another flight into the before unexplored realms of harmony. He makes wonderful effect; unequalled in the use of the wind instruments. His instrumentation in the "Walgurgis Night," recently performed here, could hardly be excelled. In all of his compositions, he displays a depth of thought, a genius, research and study, with a complete understanding of the effects producible by the various instruments, surpassed by none.

The soloists on this occasion were Miss TOURNEY, who did herself great credit by her rendering of the Cavatina, not a selection to my taste in every respect however, nor one calculated to display her abilities to the best advantage, and Mr. EMIL KARST, who executed his violin solo in an admirable manner. Could Mr. Karst infuse a little more vigor and power into his performance, he would produce a better effect; it only lacks that, as his intonation and execution are perfect. The instrumentation to this solo is beautifully worked up.

The Society gave a grand ball Thursday evening, Feb. 6th, for the benefit of their excellent Librarian, Mr. KUHE.

This gentleman devotes his whole time to the interests of the Society, as you can conceive when I state that for the second concert he copied 2000 pages of music, for the third 1200, and 700 for the last with a prospect of 1600 for the next. This is rendered necessary, as there is a chorus of about 100, and 30 in the Orchestra. To transcribe the whole of one act of *Don Giovanni* for so many is a job to make even the ablest copyist stand aghast.

We have been treated to numerous minor concerts, well attended; and ROBERT HELLER has been delighting large audiences nightly with his excellent performances on the piano as well as by his extraordinary feats of legerdemain. PRESTO.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 8, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Commencement of Handel's "Messiah."

Concerts.

MENDELSSOHN'S "HYMN OF PRAISE" was given on Thursday evening of last week, in the Old South Church, by a combination of choirs, under the direction of Mr. B. J. LANG, the accomplished organist of the church. The venerable old place, full of Revolutionary memories—which better than any other church in our city answers to the countryman's idea of "Boston meeting-house," looked really gay and cheery that night, what with clean paint, abundance of light, and multitudes of music-loving people—all invited guests—who filled pews and aisles and double tier of galleries. Of course the "Hymn of Praise" without an orchestra loses much; especially the introductory Symphony, a long instrumental work of several movements, which was represented by a four-hand arrangement for the organ, in playing which Mr. LANG was assisted by Mr. J. C. D. PARKER. It was played well, but for want of other instruments, violins especially, proved tame and tedious. The choruses were all remarkably well sung by the small but effective choir of four voices on a part, and the accompaniments were very skillfully suggested—to say the least—by Mr. Lang's combinations of the organ stops, and such treatment in whole and in detail as showed thorough study of the music. There was some excellent solo singing too; especially in the favorite soprano duet (with chorus): "I waited for the Lord," and the tenor passage preceding the

glorious chorus: "The night is departing." The soloists stepped from the ranks of the choir as needed, and were not named upon the programme.

Before the "Hymn" a short miscellaneous First Part was given, consisting of a Festival Fantasia for Organ on Haydn's "The heaven's are telling," by Kochler, finely played by Mr. Lang, but not very interesting in itself; of a sacred bass song, given with good voice and dignity of style by Mr. J. Q. WETHERBEE, with a harmonized chant for a conclusion; and finally the Andante from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony upon the organ. This last was a mistake; however ingeniously done, the organ makes this noble piece sound trivial; accent of course is wanting, and the organ caricatures staccato effects unpleasantly, to use the mildest term. But as a whole, it was a very pleasant occasion; and the efforts of the organist and his co-operators have no doubt the hearty thanks of all who were present.

SECOND PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—The storm seemed to keep back only the "country members" of Mr. ZERRAHN'S audience, last Saturday night. Beethoven's C minor Symphony is music, hearing which the soul feels its power to ride triumphantly above story and conflict. Its wonderful magnetic power was felt again that evening, although the orchestra was reduced to a war footing and not so nearly perfect as in some past years. It was played with spirit and clearness, especially the two first movements. Preponderance of brass tone, too loud and coarse in quality, is the chief thing to be avoided. Can it not be subdued, by not taking the *ff* marks too literally at their word? It was done in the old "Germania" orchestra, and quite successfully; their proportion of strings was even smaller than we now have, yet their trombones and trumpets blended in musically with the rest. In the other two orchestral selections we do not think that Mr. Zerrahn was very happy. Wagner's "Faust" overture, *quoad* music, seems to us full of uncouthnesses; commencing with a monstrous grotesque sort of opifield tone, more suited to a Carnival than a concert room; fragmentary and spasmodic to a degree that breaks up all artistic continuity and defeats the hope of progress; full of spurts and ejaculations, that are like "sound and fury signifying nothing," and interesting chiefly for certain bold and novel effects of instrumentation. *Quoad* poetry, it is a very coarse interpretation of the "Faust" of Goethe, affecting the mind somewhat like a certain muscular American tragedian's Hamlet. We doubt whether "Faust" be available for musical translation at all; and if so, whether Wagner is the man for it. The orchestra certainly displayed some collective virtuosity in executing it.—Schindelmeisser's "Uriel Acosta" overture likewise is disfigured by the "ram's horn" motive, in allusion to the Jewish synagogue, which is so unmusically prominent at the beginning and towards the end. Otherwise it is a fluent, rich and stirring overture, properly suggesting comparison with works of Marschner or Lindpainter, but not by any means, as some have hinted, with a work of genius like the *Freyschutz*.

The young pianist, Miss MARY FAY, showed remarkable execution, clear, brilliant, tasteful, in the performance of her two pieces. The Mendelssohn Capriccio in B, which is almost a Concerto, with orchestra, was finely played, as it was finely chosen. Some of the left hand passages, however, were not quite telling enough. Thalberg's variations on the Barcarole from *L'Elisir d'Amore* were indeed splendidly executed. But it was senseless glitter, quite unworthy of a Philharmonic concert, that little piece with which the young lady responded to the encore.

Mr. EICHBERG is one of the best, perhaps the best, violinist that has ever resided among us, as well as a sound musician and a clever composer. His Concerto, of one movement only, was musician-like, sweet, flowing, popular in character, with some orig-

inal effects, and afforded an excellent chance to show his mastery of his instrument, as well as of the orchestral resources. It won him much applause.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The second Afternoon Concert, on Wednesday, drew a crowded hall. The Symphony was one of Mozart's in D; the Overture, Auber's to "*Le Serment*." The Duet from "Tell" (arranged); a Flute Fantasia, by Mr. GOERING; a Horn solo (same as last week) by Mr. HAMANN, a Strauss Waltz and a Lumbye *Galop* filled out the entertainment.

Music in Prospect.

Another ORGAN CONCERT will be given by Mr. JOHN K. PAINE this evening at the Tremont Temple. This is welcome news to all who were present when he played before, and to many who were not. It will be purely an *Organ Concert*, trusting to its own unique attraction, and appealing to just those who wish to hear and know great organ music. Sebastian Bach will form the substance of the programme, of whose works Mr. P. will play, for the first time, a Prelude and Fugue in G; first movement of a Trio Sonata in G; a Variation on the Choral: "By the waters of Babylon," and the Fantasia and Fugue in G minor; and he will repeat, by request, the Choral Variation and the *Toccata*, which he played before. For his own compositions the young organist reserves only a little margin at the end, when by his Concert Variations on "Old Hundred" and on the "Star-Spangled Banner," he will show us how well he has learned the art of polyphonic writing from his great model.

Mr. ZERRAHN in his next concert will be assisted by Miss ABBY FAY, the singer, her first appearance here since her return from Europe. The orchestral pieces will be Beethoven's 7th Symphony, the Overtures to "Freyschütz" and to "Tell," and Beethoven's "Turkish March" from his music to the "Ruins of Athens," which, when it shall have been once heard, will be demanded always.

The Handel and Haydn Society are rehearsing Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," as well as the "Dettingen Te Deum." There is victory in both—which is what is chiefly wanted in these times.

GOTTSCHALK, the pianist, one of the most remarkable living, no doubt, in the free fantasia style, and whose own peculiar vein of fancy is very taking to many ears, has returned, after a long absence, to this country, and will commence a series of concerts at Niblo's saloon in New York next Tuesday evening. In the course of the month following he will probably revisit Boston, and his coming will no doubt be welcomed.

Paintings.

The ARTISTS' EXHIBITION, in the Studio Building, is in every way worthy of attention. The room itself is most attractive, constructed as it is expressly to show pictures, and giving them the best light. Boston may really be proud that her artists, few in number, can out of their own resources furnish so select and beautiful a feast for eye and soul. The collection is small, but few large collections, herabouts, have contained so much that is good. Mr. WILLIAM HUNT alone is a host, contributing some dozen of his finest works—portraits, that may stand beside the great old masters, and bits of nature lifted to the ideal by imaginative treatment, depth and transparency of color and of shadow, pervading atmosphere, and a poetic feeling which cannot stray away from truth. AMES and YOUNG send excellent portraits. A couple of landscapes by INNES are lovely as Nature's self; and GAR gives us one of his exquisitely quiet, sincere beach views—a tranquil scene reflected in a tranquil spirit. HEADE has remarkably rich seashore, meadow, sunset views; GERRY, a grand picture of the gorge by which the

Rhone pours itself into the lake of Geneva; CHAMPNEY, fresh and tender recollections of North Conway meadows; ORDWAY, GRIGGS, FROST, &c., very pleasing little landscapes. HAMILTON WILD's "*La Belle Dame sans merci*," market scene in Seville, &c., are rich in color and full of character. Beautiful children's heads in crayon by ROWSE, by the lamented CHENEY, and by his niece, Miss CHENEY, are not among the least attractions. But we have not space even to mention all that is worthy of mention, and will only add that Dr. RIMMER's statue of the "Dying Gladiator," so wonderfully true anatomically, so all alive in every point, where death is not supposed to have set in, stands in the middle of the room.

The "Jarves Collection" of works of the Old Masters, at Williams & Everett's, is also an opportunity not to be omitted without loss. It seems truly like a piece of one of the old European galleries cut out and brought here; one steps in and forgets that he is in Boston.

Musical Intelligence.

Operatic reports came in from various quarters; but in every case it is the same short story: *Traviata*, *Trovatore*, *Martha*, *Il Barbiere*, one or more of them, sung by Misses Kellogg and Hinkley, Brignoli, Susini, and the rest of manager Grau's troupe. In the last two weeks they have performed in Philadelphia, New York, Brooklyn, &c., and they have an eye again on Boston.

In Providence, R. I. they have had a short "season" from another company of which a correspondent writes us:

"The troupe was an entirely new one, and embraced the following artists: Signorina (!) EMILIA BOUGHTON, *Prima Donna*, Signor (!) E. C. BOUGHTON, *Primo Tenore*, Signor VINCENZO MORRINA, *Baritone*, and Herr WILHELM MUELLER, *Basso*. It also called to the aid of the above, an efficient chorus and a very fine orchestra, led by Senor NINO, and having EDWARD HOFFMANN for pianist. The initial performance took place on Wednesday evening, Jan. 22; the opera chosen for this occasion was *La Traviata*, Signorina Boughton sustaining her part in a manner wholly creditable to herself and completely satisfactory to the audience. The other parts were sustained equally well by the respective artists. On Friday evening *La Traviata* was repeated and was a complete success.

"On Monday evening we were favored with the standard opera *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Miss Boughton sustaining the part of Lucy Ashton in a style inferior to none we have ever seen in that difficult rôle. (!) Signor Boughton acted Edgardo in a very pleasing manner, his voice being well adapted to this part."

NEW YORK.—The Philharmonic Concert, at Irving Hall, last Saturday night, was crowded in spite of the snow-storm. The programme was this:

PART I.
Symphony, No. 4, in E minor (op. 120). R. Schumann
Introduction, Allegro. Romance, Scherzo and Finale.
Aria from the Oratorio of Elijah "It is Enough," Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

Signor Ridolfi.
Concerto No. 3, in C minor (op. 37), for Piano and Orchestra, (first movement). Beethoven
Mr. Ernst Hartmann.

PART II.
Serenade, No. 2, in A (op. 16, first time). J. Brahms
1. Allegro moderato, 3. Adagio,
2. Scherzo. Vivace, 4. Quasi Minuetto.
5. Rondo, Allegro.

Aria from *I Puritani*, "Ah per sempre." Bellini
Signor Ridolfi.

Polonaise in E, for Piano, (first time). F. Liszt
Mr. Ernst Hartmann.

"La Solitude," Nocturne for the French horn (first time). Theo. Eisford
Composed for and performed by Mr. Henry Schmitz.

Overture, "Ruler of the Spirits" in D. C. M. von Weber
The first of Messrs. MILLS and MOLLENHAUER's
Classical Soirées was given Monday, at Dodworth's Saloon. Quartet—Beethoven; Solo piano—Chopin,

(Mills); Sonata—Gade; Solo Violoncello,—Romberg; Grand Quintet—Schumann.

Mozart's birthday was celebrated on Monday by the Mozart Männer-chor, assisted by delegations from twenty-six other German musical societies. Overture to *Don Juan*, addresses, songs, part-songs, ladies' grand ball, &c., &c.

The third Soirée of Messrs. MASON and THOMAS had for programme the following:

1. Quintet for Piano, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn and Bassoon, in E flat. Messrs. Mason, Oblemann, Goeppel, Gewalt and Ellz.
Mozart—2. Sonata for Piano and Violoncello, in A major, opus 69. William Mason and F. Berger.
Beethoven—3. Fantasia for Piano and violin in C major, opus 159. William Mason and Theodore Thomas.
Schubert—4. Quartet, in C minor, No. 4, opus 18. Messrs. Thomas, Mosenthal Matzka, and Berger.—Beethoven.

MAX MARETZKE, and Mine. D' ANGRI, the contralto, have arrived from Mexico, and are expected to co-operate with Mr. Grau's company.

BROOKLYN.—Der Freyschütz was given before a crowded house at the Academy of Music—a German performance we presume—Mr. CARL PROX being conductor.—Mr. JEROME HOPKINS is giving concerts.

PHILADELPHIA.—Seuz's Germania Orchestra had this for their last afternoon programme:

1. Overture—Lestocq. Auber
2. Song of the Ninth Regiment. Lortzing
3. Waltz—Magic Sounds. Wittman
4. March Funebre (1st time). Chopin
5. Overture—Le Carnaval Romain. Berlioz
6. Vivace non troppo, 2d part of Scottish Symphony. Mendelssohn
7. Grand Finale—Attila. Verdi
8. Galop—Tourbillon. Lanner

Music Abroad.

VIENNA.—The third Philharmonic concert offered a new symphony, in C major, by Johann Herbeck, Schumann's "Manfred" overture, and Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony. The *Deutsche Musik-Zeitung* makes some significant remarks about Herbeck's Symphony:

"Since Beethoven, the essentially symphonic quality, the interpenetration and individualization of all the voices by means of the leading themes, has more and more degenerated. Schubert, already, in his charming work in C major, instead of pyramidal development and culmination, presents broad spreading surfaces, yet full of poesy and grace, which saves it. Mendelssohn overstepped in various ways upon the lyrical domain, but his deep feeling and the earnestness of his artistic conception saved him from triviality and empty dealing with mere form. Schumann, too, departed in many ways from the fundamental conditions of the symphonic style, but made up for it by rich fancy, by verve and significant harmonic life. Of Berlioz, &c., we will be silent; this line degenerated into programme music. Now Herbeck seems to want to hold the middle course between "music of the future" and the productions of our lyricists. He belongs not to the composers of the Future in so far as he scorns to supply by a "programme" what his music does not achieve for itself. But he stands with one foot already on that fatal threshold, in so far as he neglects those conditions, which have been recognized by the classicists, and even by the lyricists, as essential for the Symphony; the steadily consequent development, the pregnancy of leading thoughts, the fullness of musical contents, all derived and shaped from the themes in the course of the movement. In his themes he "starts nothing," so to speak; he "makes nothing of them;" it all resembles rather a mosaic work. And how does he atone for this still more striking defection? By poesy, soul, charming fancy, new material, fresh, live pulsations of tone-life? No! a hundred times no! Those, who talk of compensation here, are compensated by effect, effect, effect! Tone-colors, roar of brass, startling *coups*—such plainly is the end, and such the means, by which Herbeck hopes to interest and to conquer. To this end the orchestra is reinforced with the un-symphonic harp, with the piccolo and the contra-fagotto; to this tend all his calculations and arrangements; to this he sacrifices all that belongs to the symphony as its unalienable and vital

condition, which Mendelssohn, Schubert and Schumann still respect. Of interesting carrying through of a leading thought, of dramatic plan, which stakes the culminating point of a movement upon the single trump: *the theme*, there is no trace.

"Hence the themes themselves, in the majority of instances, are not at all symphonic, although they often have a good orchestral sound, and often are not without expression. Such decidedly is the theme of the second, the slow movement, for which we might envy the composer, if it occurred anywhere else than in a Symphony, or if the art of the composer had improved it in a true symphonic manner. So too the theme, a bit coquettish, of the third, scherzo-like movement. Both would be capital in an opera, in a melodramatic work, in a music to x, y, or z. As symphony themes they are not well applied, either technically, or as regards expression; what follows stands in no relation to them, and is itself incapable of operating independently as counter theme. Herbeck loses himself in the vague, as soon as he has played out his theme; he shows himself from that time forward only eager to heap effect upon effect kaleidoscopically: but the *whole* has no effect, because expression and artistic means are utterly split up.

"As to the artistic means themselves, Schubert, Mendelssohn and Schumann appear to have contributed some material to this symphony, but still more R. Wagner and Berlioz; the former in certain harmonic turns and unnaturally impassioned, fondly repeated melodic phrases; the latter in the over-ingenious instrumentation, and the screwed up, constrained polyphony," and so on.—Have we not heard orchestral novelties here in Boston, (not written here, thank God!), to which the above criticism would apply?

At the 5th Quartet concert of Hellmesberger and party the interesting feature was the performance of Schubert's Octet for stringed instruments with clarinet, fagotto and horn. Herr Dachs played Beethoven's B♭ Trio, and the concert ended with Mozart's Quintet in E♭.

During the same week Beethoven's "Mount of Olives" and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," were performed at an "academy" of the singing society; and Dreyshock gave his second concert in which he played Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto and Weber's *Concert-Stück*—those classical parade pieces of every pianist.

MAYENCE.—At a concert of the Liedertafel on the 18th of December, Gluck's *Alceste* was performed.

LEIPZIG.—At the tenth Gewandhaus concert Mme. Clara Schumann played Mozart's C minor Concerto. The principal novelties were Reinecke's *Salvum fac regem* for male chorus and a concert overture by Jadassohn.—At the fourth Chamber Concert Mme. Schumann played a new work by Brahms: 25 variations, with a fugue, on a theme from Handel.—Sebastian Bach's motet: "The spirit helpeth our infirmities" was sung in the Thomaskirche on the 14th.

A concert for the benefit of the orchestral pension fund consisted of the F minor Symphony (No. 3) of Emanuel Bach; an aria from *Catarina Cornaro*, sung by Frl. Reiss; a Concerto in C for three pianos by J. S. Bach, played by Clara Schumann and Professors Moscheles and Reinecke; a new overture to "Michael Angelo," by Gade; a Rossini cavatina sung by Frl. Reiss; several piano pieces by Schumann and Chopin, played by Mme. Schumann; finally, for the first time, a festival overture upon the "Rheine-wine song" by Schumann. Of the novelties Gade's overture seems to have won the most applause.

WEIMAR.—The senseless example of Gounod's "Meditation" on a prelude of Bach has found an imitator! A certain J. B. Kamm has been shameless enough to publish under the title of "Memorial

to Beethoven," his *Marcia funebre sul morte d'un eroe* with "added independent accessory melodies." "And Germany," says the Vienna *Musik-Zeitung*, "does not shrink from printing such things!"

PRAGUE.—A new opera: "The Love Ring," by Johann Skraup, has been brought out here.

BRUNSWICK.—The first Symphony concert was very successful. Weber's *Oberon* overture, Beethoven's 7th Symphony, Spohr's A major Concerto, played by Herr Blumenstiengel, Mozart's Concert aria; *O sogno, o desto*, and several songs of Beethoven and Schubert formed the programme.

AIX-LA CHAPELLE.—Three concerts in aid of the orchestra fund have been given under the direction of Herr Wüllner. In the first Beethoven's Fest Overture in C was given; Ferdinand Hiller played Mozart's B♭ Concerto; and then followed Hiller's *Lorely* and variations, and Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony. In the second were performed Schumann's "Overture, Scherzo and Finale," Goltermann's violoncello Concerto; Mendelssohn's Soprano Hymn; and Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. The third consisted of Handel's "Israel in Egypt."

MUNICH.—For about six months no concerts of any importance were given here, and now they are following each other with unusual rapidity. On the 11th inst., the Musikalische Academie began their Subscription Concerts, in the Royal Odeon, with Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, performed in a manner worthy of the reputation already achieved by the members of the orchestra. Of the other pieces in the programme Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, played by Herr Walther, was the most applauded. He was called forward three times. The vocal selection consisted of the grand scene from *Otello*, sung by Mles. Stehle, Eichheim, and Herr Heinrich; Herr Tombh undertaking the harp accompaniment. There were about 2000 persons present, the King, Queen, and Prince Luitpold being among the number. A few days subsequently Faubel gave a Soirée at the Museum, when the principal feature was Hummel's Quintet in E flat major; M. Mortier de Fontaine attempting the pianoforte part from memory. Shortly afterwards, the Philharmonic Association gave their second Matinée in the Royal Odeon. The most important piece in the programme was Mozart's Piano-forte Quartet in G minor. If report speaks truth, the members of the Musikalische Academie intend giving—in addition to their four Subscription Concerts—a Grand Concert, at which they will perform Herr Franz Lachner's *Sturmesmythe*, which was so successful at the Vocal Festival in Nuremberg. M. Gounod's *Faust* is to be produced on the 28th inst. in honor of the birthday of his Majesty Maximilian II.

CASSEL.—Some few weeks ago a new Gesangverein was established consisting of ladies and gentlemen, and called after its founder, Herr Heinrich Weidt, formerly music director at court, the Weidt'scher Gesangverein. It has already given a most successful and most numerously attended concert, and, although the admission was gratuitous, a very respectable amount was collected in voluntary contributions at the doors, and handed over to the poor. In addition to Mozart's *Davidde Penitente*, the programme included two quartets by the lamented Dr. Spohr, and several solo pieces. The choruses went with great precision and pureness of intonation, and it was evident they had been rehearsed with extreme care.

MEININGEN.—On the 13th ult. the Salzunger Kirchenchor, which is under the especial patronage of the heir apparent, gave a concert in the church. The programme comprised compositions by Bach, Allegri, Palestrina, Orlando di Lasso, Prätorius, Jomelli, Mendelssohn and Hauptmann, the whole under the direction of the Cantor, Herr Müller. Mad. Förster sang an air by Handel, and a "Sanctus" by Cherubini.

DARMSTADT.—Schindelmeisser's new opera, *Melusine*, is in rehearsal. The members of the Grand Ducal Chapel have commenced their annual series of Subscription Concerts. At the opening concert, Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony and Weber's *Jubilee* Overture were performed with the precision and spirit for which the Grand Ducal Chapel is celebrated. A young pianist, Herr Martin Wallenstein, from Frankfort, made a favorable impression.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Tears of anguish. A. Reichardt. 25

Another capital new Song by the author of "Thou art so near and yet so far."

The friends of our early days. Ballad. W. O. Emerson. 25

An effective Song for Tenor or Soprano voice.

A sympathizing heart. From Howard Glover's "Ruy Blas." 25

One of the encore Songs in this new and highly successful Opera. It is a charming Parlor ballad, for a medium voice.

We are true sons of freedom. Chorus. Pike and Scott. 25

A soldiers' chorus, the melody by Marshall S. Pike, which is a great favorite among the soldiers of the 22d Massachusetts.

Instrumental Music.

Forest Rose (Waldröschen). Nocturne. Th. Oesten. 35

A very pleasing, melodious piece in the Tremolo style, which, like the "Alpinebells" of the same composer, lately issued, will find a large circle of admirers.

Juanita Waltz. Four hands. C. D'Albert. 25

A late popular Waltz, founded on the air of the popular Spanish Ballad "Juanita," in a plain, effective arrangement for two players.

Nita Schottisch. J. R. Sweeney. 25

Pleasing and instructive.

Nathalie Waltz. (Simplified). Labitzky. 25

One of the prettiest of German Waltzes arranged in an easy key, and without Octaves. It makes a very good piece for scholars in the second or third quarters.

Annie Laurie. Transcription. A. Baumbach. 35

Well adapted for the general player. The name of the arranger is a sufficient guarantee for the effectiveness and brilliancy of the arrangement.

Louise Waltz. J. E. Howard. 25

A trifle, but well-written, and full of melody.

Royal Arch Galop. J. P. Clarke, Mus. Bac. 35

A well marked, dashing piece of Dance-Music.

Books.

ARMY DRUM AND FIFE BOOK. 50

This work contains complete instructions for full Camp Duty; the Reveille, the Tattoo, Calls and Beats used in the U. S. Service, with Engravings, Illustrating the use of the Drum; and a choice collection of National, Patriotic and other Music, all the Bugler's Call for Infantry and Skirmishers. It is edited by Keach, Burnitt and Cassidy, and recommended by the late Edward Kendall as the most thorough work of the kind. It is already adopted throughout the country and is universally recommended to all desiring either Instructions or Music for the Drum and Fife. As a correct book for Camp Service it cannot be excelled, if, indeed, equalled, and its use invariably leads to the greatest proficiency in the use of these instruments.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 515.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 15, 1862.

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Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 353).

Rome, March 15, 1831.

The letters of introduction from R — have not served me here at all. L —, at whose house Buusen also presented me, has not taken the least notice of me, and looks as much away as possible when he meets me. I almost suspect, the man is an aristocrat. Albani received me, and I had the honor of chatting half an hour with a Cardinal. After he had read the letter of introduction, he asked, if I then was a *pensionnaire* of the King of Hanover? No! said I. But of course I had already seen St. Peter's? Yes! said I. As I knew Meyerbeer, he declared he could not endure his music; it was too learned for him; it was all so artificial, so without melody, that one instantly perceived he was a German, and the German, *mon ami*, do not even know what melody is! Yes! said I. In my scores, he went on to say, all sings. Not only must the human voices sing; but also the first violin, and the second violin, and the oboe sings, and so on to the horns, and finally in fact the double bass must sing. Of course I was most respectfully desirous to see something of that; but he was modest and would show me nothing; but said meanwhile that he wished to make my stay as agreeable as possible, and if I wanted to visit his villa, I might go there with as many of my friends as I pleased,—it was all one. I thanked him very much, and set out immediately to make free use of the permission thus obtained; it turned out, however, that this villa was open to the public, and that anybody could go in. Since then I have heard nothing further from him; and since this and some other experiences, which I have had here, have inspired me with a respect, mingled with aversion, for Roman high society, I preferred not to deliver the letter to Gabrielli, and contented myself with having all the Buonaparte family pointed out to me upon the promenade, where I met them daily.

Miskiewicz I find *ennuyant*. He has that sort of indifference, with which one wearies others and himself, and which the ladies like to take for melancholy and abstraction; but that helps me little. If he sees St. Peter's, he mourns over the times of the heirarchy; if there is a beautiful blue sky, he wishes it were cloudy; if it is cloudy, he is freezing-cold;—if he sees the Coliseum, he wishes he were back in those times. I wonder how he would have acted in the days of Titus.

You ask after Horace Vernet, and that is really a pleasant theme. I think I may say, that I have learned something from him, and that every one perhaps can learn from him. In production he is ease and unrestrainedness itself. As he sees a form, which expresses something to him, so he represents it, and while the rest of us are reflecting whether it is to be called beautiful, whether to praise it or find fault with it, he has

already long since finished something new, and upsets entirely our æsthetic measure. If this productiveness is not to be acquired, yet the principle is a splendid one; and the cheerfulness arising from it, the eternal freshness at one's work is something of which nothing can supply the place.

In the alleys of evergreen trees, where just now in the blossoming time it smells really too sweet, in the midst of the thicket of the garden of the Villa Medici, stands a little house, in which any noise is heard at a distance: screaming or wrangling, or a piece blown on the trumpet, or the bellowing of a hound:—this is the atelier. The loveliest disorder reigns on all sides. Muskets, a hunting horn, a monkey, palletes, a pair of hares just shot, or a dead rabbit; on the walls everywhere half finished, or finished pictures. The putting on the national cockade (an absurd picture, which does not please me at all); portraits commenced of Thorwaldsen, Eynard, Latour-Maubourg, some horses, the sketch of Judith with studies for it; the portrait of the Pope, a pair of Moorish heads, *pifferari*, papal soldiers, my own littleness, Cain and Abel, in fine the atelier itself hang in the atelier. Lately he had his hands full of portrfit orders; then he sees on the street one of the peasants of the Campagna, who ride about in Rome now, armed by the government. The adventurous costume amuses him; on the following day a picture is begun, which represents such a campagnard, as he stops still in the Campagna in bad weather on his horse and grasps his musket to bring down something;—in the distance a little troop of soldiers, and the dreary plain. The little details of the weapons, where still the peasant always peeps through; the bad horse with his shabby harness; the uncomfortableness in it all, and the Italian phlegm in the bearded fellow make a charming little picture, and when one sees with what delight he paints at it, goes to walk upon the canvass,—presently puts in a little brook, then a couple of soldiers, then puts a button on the saddle, and lines the fellow's overcoat with green—one might actually envy him. Evreybody comes too, to look on; at my first sitting there were at least twenty persons there one after another; the Countess E — had begged permission to be present at the very laying out of the picture; when he pounced upon it, like a hungry man upon his dinner, she could not recover from her astonishment. The rest of the family too, as I have said, are not bad, and when the old Charles tells of his father Joseph, one feels a respect for the people, and I maintain that they are noble.

But farewell, it has grown late and this must away to the post.

FELIX.

Rome, March 29, 1831.

In the middle of the Holy Week. To-morrow for the first time I shall hear the *Miserere*; and while you on Sunday were performing Bach's *Passion*, here the Cardinals and all the priests

got beautiful wreathed palm and olive branches; the *Stabat Mater* of Palestrina was sung; there was a grand procession. It goes badly with my work for a few days past; the spring is in its bloom; a warm blue sky out there, such as at the most one only dreams of with us, and all the thoughts full of the journey to Naples; one has not the quiet necessary for writing. C —, who otherwise is all pomatum, has written me an intoxicated letter from Naples; the driest men become poetic, when they speak of it. From the 15th of April to the 15th of May is the most beautiful season of the year in Italy—who can blame me, that I cannot transport myself back to the Scotch misty mood. I have been obliged therefore to lay the Symphony aside for the time being, and I only wish I may be able to write out the "Walpurgis Night" here. That may be done, if I have good days to-day and to-morrow, and, if possible, bad weather, for the fine weather is altogether too seductive. So soon as the work refuses to go forward for a moment, one hopes it will all come to him out there, goes out, but, when he gets there, thinks of everything else except his work, and idles round, and suddenly the church bells ring, and it is time for *Ave Maria*. But all I want now is a piece of introduction; if that occurs to me, the thing is whole, and I can write it out in a couple of days. Then I leave here all the notes, and the empty note paper for it, travel to Naples, and do, God willing, nothing at all.

The two Frenchmen have enticed me also to "*flaner*" (lounge) in these days. When you see the two together, it is either a comedy or a tragedy,—as you please. * * * distorts himself, without a spark of talent; groping about in the dark, he deems himself the creator of a new world,—then he writes the most hideous things, and dreams and thinks of nothing but Beethoven, Schiller and Goethe; at the same time full of unbounded vanity, and looking condescendingly down upon Mozart and Haydn, so that all his enthusiasm is very questionable to me; and * * *, who for three months has been working at a little Rondo on a Portuguese theme, putting it together all so neat and brilliant and according to rule, wants after that to set about the composition of six waltzes, and would fain die with satisfaction, if I would only play him a lot of Vienes waltzes,—he has a great regard for Beethoven, but for Rossini also, and for Bellini quite as well, and certainly for Auber, and so for all of them. Me also with the rest,—me, who would like to bite * * * to death, until suddenly he raves again about Gluck, when I am forced to acquiesce;—yet I like to go to walk with them both, because they are the only musicians here, and very pleasant, amiable people—all that makes the most comical contrast. You say, dear mother, that after all * * * must attempt something in Art; there I am not at all of your opinion; I believe, he wants to marry, and is really worse than the rest, because he is more affected. Once for all I cannot endure

this inside-out enthusiasm, this despair presented to the ladies, this genius in black letter, black on white; and if he were not a Frenchman, (with them one always can live agreeably, and they always know how to say something and to interest you), it would be intolerable.

A week from to-day, then, I shall probably write my last letter from Rome, and after that from Naples. It is still very uncertain whether I go to Sicily; I doubt about it, since in no case would I go there unless in the steamboat, and it is not yet settled whether that is to go.

In haste your FELIX.

Rome, April 4, 1831.

The Holy Week is over, my passport is procured for Naples, my room begins to look empty, and the winter in Rome belongs to the recollections. In a few days I expect to set out, and my next letter, God willing, will be from Naples. Bright and inspiring as the winter has been, it has closed with a week never to be forgotten; for what I have seen and heard, has far surpassed my expectations, and since it was the end, I will attempt, in my last letter from Rome, to give you a description of it.

The ceremonies of Holy Week have been much praised, and much found fault with, and people have, as it so often happens, always forgotten to say the main thing, namely, that it is a whole. And that is the only thing, that prompts me to tell of it. Other descriptions might remind father again of Mme. de R., who after all only did the same that most do, who write about music and Art, when she undertook at the table, with a hoarse, prosaic voice, to give us an idea of the clear, beautiful choir in the Pope's chapel. Many others again have isolated the mere music, and are disappointed with it, because it needs the external show, to produce effect. They may be right; but so long as this necessary externality is there, and in its complete perfection, so long it has effect; and as positively convinced as I am, that place, time, order, the great human multitude, who await in greatest silence the moment of beginning, all contribute their share to the impression, so positively hateful is it to me purposely to separate things which belong together, in order to depreciate a part. He must be an unfortunate man, on whom the devotion and reverence of a great assembly would not make a devout and reverent impression, even if they were worshipping the golden calf; for he alone may dash it to pieces, who can put something better in its stead. Now whether one repeats it after another,—whether the great celebrity once acquired does it; whether it lies merely in the imagination, it is all one; enough, that you have a perfect whole, which has exerted a mighty impression for centuries, and still exerts it every time; and before that I feel reverence, as I do before every actual perfection. The sphere of judging I am willing to leave to the theologians; for whatever one may say about it cannot go deep. Mere ceremony is not the whole account of it; enough for me, as I have said, that something in any sphere be executed with fidelity and conscientiousness, according to one's powers, to make me feel respect for it and take delight in it.

So do not expect of me a measured criticism on the singing,—whether the intonation was pure or false—whether they flattered or not,—

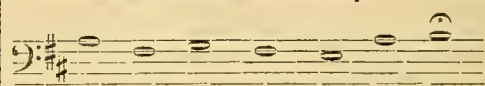
and whether the compositions are fine,—I will rather try to relate to you, how the whole must make a great impression,—how all parts work together to that end; and as little as I have during the past week separated music, ceremonies, forms, &c., just so little will I do it in these lines; of the technical part, to which I naturally was very attentive, I will report specially to Zelter.

The first ceremony is on Palm Sunday. So great was the concourse of people, that I could not quite penetrate into the midst of it to the prelates' bench so called, where my usual seat was, but had to stand back amongst the guard of honor, where I saw the solemnities quite well, but could not clearly follow the singing, since they uttered the words indistinctly, and that day I had no book. So it happened, that on this first day the various Antiphonies, gospel and psalm melodies, the sort of singing reading, which all comes before you there in its primitive form, made the most confused and singular impression on me. I had no clear idea by what rule the strange inflexions and closing cadences were governed. But I took pains gradually to seek out this rule for myself, and I succeeded so well, that by the end of Holy Week I could have sung with them. By that means I escaped the tedium, generally complained of, during the incessant Psalms before the *Miserere*: for while I paid attention to the difference in the monotony, and instantly wrote down a cadence which I heard with certainty, I by degrees got out of it eight psalm tunes, (correctly, as it proved), noted down the Antiphonies, and so forth, and was continually occupied, and on the strain. But on the first Sunday, as I have said, I could not get into all that, and only know that they also sang the chorus: *Hosanna in excelsis*, and intoned several hymns, while the beautifully braided palms were handed to the Pope, which he distributed among the Cardinals. These are long wands decked with many ornaments, buttons, crosses, and crowns, but altogether made of dry palm-leaves, and that gives them an appearance as if they were of gold. The Cardinals, who sit round the interior of the chapel in a parallelogram, with the Abbés at their feet, now come singly and receive their palm wands with which they return to their places; then come the bishops, monks, abbots, all the other priests, the papal singers, the chevaliers of honor, and what not, and receive an olive branch tied up with palm leaves. That makes a long procession, during which the choir keeps on singing. The Abbés hold the long palms of their Cardinals, as the squire holds his master's lance, and then they stretch them all upon the floor before themselves, and at that moment there is a splendor of color in the chapel, the like of which I never saw in any ceremony. The Cardinals in their gold wrought garments, with their little red caps, before them the violet Abbés with the golden palms in their hands, farther off the motley servants of the Pope, the Greek priests, the Patriarchs in most splendid costume; the Capuchins with long white beards; all the other monks; then too the Swiss with their parrot uniforms, all with green olive branches in their hands; and then the singing—verily one scarcely can make out what they sing, and enjoys only the sound.

Then the Pope's throne is brought to him, upon which he is borne in all processions, and upon which I on the day of my arrival in Rome had

seen Pius VIII. enthroned (*vide* Raphael's Heliodorus, where he is depicted); the Cardinals, two and two, with their palms begin the march; the folding doors of the chapel are opened, and so they move slowly out. The singing, which thus far continually surrounds one like an element, grows gradually fainter, for the singers go too, and finally you hear it in the distance from without, but very softly. Then suddenly a choir in the chapel inquires very strongly, and the other answers from a great distance, and so it goes on a while, until the procession approaches again, and the two choirs unite. Here too they may sing what and as they will, it makes a glorious effect; and even if it be true that they are very monotonous, nay formless hymns, *all' unisono*, without true connection, and *fortissimo* throughout, still I appeal to the impression, and that it must make upon everybody.

After the procession comes the Gospel, delivered in the strangest tone, and then the Mass. Here I must mention my favorite moment, namely, the *Credo*. The priest places himself for the first time in the middle before the altar, and intones, after a short pause, with his hoarse, old voice the Seb. Bach *Credo*. As soon as he has done, all the priests stand up, the Cardinals leave their seats, step into the middle of the chapel, form a circle, and all speak aloud the continuation: *patrem omnipotentem*, &c. At the same time the choir falls in and sings the same words. When I heard for the first time my well known

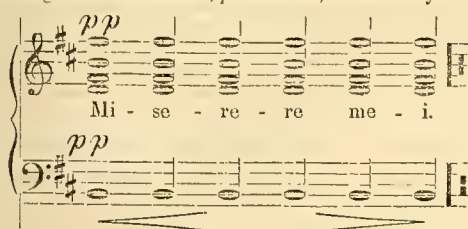


Cre - do in u - num De - um.

and all the earnest monks about me began to speak so zealously and loudly, I was regularly frightened, and yet it is always my favorite moment. After the ceremony Santini presented me with his olive branch, and I promenaded all day with it in my hand, for it was lovely weather. The *Stabat mater*, which they interpolated after the *Credo*, made the least impression; they sang it uncertain and false, and they abbreviated it; the Sing-Akademie sing it incomparably better.

On Monday and Tuesday there is nothing, and on Wednesday at half past four the *Noctes* begin. The psalms are sung verse by verse by two choirs, but always by one class of voices, basses or tenors. And so for an hour and a half you hear the most monotonous music; only once are the psalms interrupted by the *Lamentations*, and that is the first time for a long while that you hear a perfect chord. This chord sets in very softly, and generally the whole piece is sung *pianissimo*, whereas the psalms must be shouted out as loud as possible, and indeed always upon one tone, upon which the words are uttered with great rapidity, and to which a cadence is attached at the end of every verse, which forms the dividing line between the different melodies. It is no wonder again, if the mere soft sound (G major) of the first Lamentation affects one tenderly. Now it goes on monotonously again. At each verse of the psalm a candle is extinguished, so that in an hour and a half the fifteen burning about the altar are all out. There still remain six great ones burning high above the entrance; the whole choir with altos, sopranos, &c., intones a new psalm melody *fortissimo et unisono*: the canticle of Zachariah in D minor, and sings it very solemnly and slowly into the deep twilight;

then the last candles go out; the Pope leaves his throne, drops on his knees before the altar, and all the others with him; they say a so-called *Pater noster sub silentio*; i. e. there is a pause, during which one knows that every Catholic prays the *Pater noster*; and instantly after it begins the *Miserere*, *pianissimo*, in this way:



That is for me just the finest moment of the whole. What follows you can easily imagine for yourselves, but probably not this beginning. The progress of the *Miserere* of Allegri is a simple sequence of chords, upon which either tradition, or what seems to me more probable, a skilful *maestro* has based embellishments for some beautiful voices, and especially for a very high soprano, whom he had. These embellishments return with the same chords in like manner, and, as they are well contrived, and very beautifully adapted for the voice, one always enjoys hearing them again. The incomprehensible, the super-earthly I have not been able to find in it; it is quite enough for me, if it is beautiful in an intelligible and earthly way. I refer you again, dearest Fanny, to Zelter's letter. They sang on the first day the *Miserere* of Baini.

On Thursday morning, at nine, the service began again, and lasted until one. It was high Mass, and afterwards procession. The Pope gave the blessing from the Loggia of the Quirinal, and then washed the feet of thirteen priests, who were supposed to represent the pilgrims, and sat in a row, in white clothes, with white caps, after which they were feasted. The crowd of English ladies was immense; the whole thing displeased me. In the afternoon the psalms began again, and this time it lasted until half past seven. Some pieces of the *Miserere* were by Baini, but the most by Allegri. It was already quite dark in the chapel when the *Miserere* began; I climbed upon a great ladder, which stood there accidentally, and now had the whole chapel full of people, and the kneeling Pope with his Cardinals, and the music under me. That was splendid. On Friday forenoon the chapel was divested of all ornament,—the Pope and Cardinals in mourning. The Passion history, according to the gospel of St. John, composed by Vittoria, is sung. Then come the *Impropria* of Palestrina, during which the Pope and all the others, with their shoes pulled off, walk to the cross and worship it.

In the evening came the *Miserere* of Baini, which they sang the best. On Saturday morning, in the Lateran, Heathens, Jews and Muhametans, all represented by a little crying child, were baptized in the Baptistery, and then the first consecration was given to young priests. On Sunday the Pope himself held Mass in the Quirinal, gave the benediction to the people, and so it was over. And so it has become Saturday the 9th of April, and to-morrow with the earliest dawn I sit in the carriage, and drive off to Naples; there a new world of beauty rises for me. You will see by the end of the letter, that I am hurried.

It is the last day, and so much still to see to; therefore I do not finish the letter to Zelter, but will send it from Naples; the description must be intelligent, and the approaching journey distracts me altogether. So then for Naples! The weather is clearing up, the sun shines again for the first time for several days; the passport is here—the carriage ordered, and so I go to meet the Spring months. Farewell. FELIX.

(To be continued.)

Twenty-six Letters of Joseph Haydn.

(Continued from page 355.)

14.—Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.

Estoras, June 20, 1790.

* * * * *

I make bold to send your Grace a quite new pianoforte Sonata with accompaniment for a flute or violin, not as anything extraordinary, but rather too insignificant except in some moment when time hangs excessively heavy. I desire only that you will have it copied as soon as possible and sent back to me. Day before yesterday I handed the bespoken new Sonata to my lady, Mademoiselle Nanette. I had hoped that she would express a desire to have me play the Sonata, but thus far I have received no order to this effect—nor do I know whether your Grace will receive the Sonata by to-day's post or not. This Sonata is in the key of E flat, entirely new, and was always intended for your Grace; therefore strange indeed it is that the last movement of this Sonata contains that particular Minuet and Trio which your Grace desired of me in the last letter. I intended this Sonata for your Grace a year ago already; the the-Adagio only have I recently composed—a piece which I commend most highly to your Grace—it has a great deal of meaning, which I will explain to your Grace when I have opportunity; it is rather difficult, but has great depth of feeling—pity only that your Grace has not one of Schantz's pianofortes, for in that case your Grace would produce double the effect with it.

N. B.—Mademoiselle Nanette must know nothing of the fact that this Sonata was already half finished, for in that case she might become prejudiced against me to my future injury. I have to be exceedingly careful in order to retain her favor. I think myself happy however that she can find me of use, more especially in this matter, because the gift is intended for my dearest Frau von Geuzinger. Ah, how I wish I could play over this Sonata a few times to you; after which how gladly would I content myself again for a time in my solitude! I should have so much to say to your Grace, and so much to confess, for which your Grace could alone grant me absolution—but what cannot be now, will, I hope to God, be next winter. Half the time is already past. Meantime I make patience my resource and content myself with having the invaluable happiness of being able to call myself your Grace's most obedient, &c., &c.

My most dutiful regards to your Herr Spouse and all belonging to you, your Grace I kiss 1000 times—the hands.

15.—Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.

Estoras, June 27, 1790.

* * * * *

Your Grace must certainly by this time have

the new pianoforte Sonata; if not you will perhaps receive it with this letter. Three days ago I was called upon to play this Sonata in Mademoiselle Nanette's room in the presence of my most gracious prince. Owing to its difficulty, I had at first doubts of gaining any credit by it, but was convinced to the contrary, on receiving from her own hand the gift of a golden tobacco box for it; and now I only wish your Grace may find it to your satisfaction, so that I by means of it may raise myself in the esteem of my patroness: and, just for this reason. I pray your Grace, either yourself or through your Herr Spouse to let her know that I have been too much rejoiced at her generosity to keep it to myself—and all the more because I am so well convinced that your Grace shares with me my pleasure at all kindness shown me. Pity only that your Grace has not one of Schantz's pianofortes, as they are capable of so much greater expression. It seems to me that your Grace ought to transfer your present pianoforte, good as it is, to fräulein Peperl and procure a new one for yourself. Your beautiful hands and their well-cultivated elasticity merit it and still more. I know I ought to have composed this Sonata with your pianoforte in view, but this was impossible, as its peculiarities had quite escaped my memory.

Now it happens again that I must remain at home. What I lose thereby your Grace can easily imagine. It is indeed sad always to remain as a slave; however, providence wills it. I am a poor creature; ever plagued with overmuch labor and very few hours of recreation. Friends? what do I say—a real friend? There are no longer any real friends. A female friend? Oh yes, one indeed may exist. She is, though, far from me. So now I amuse myself by thinking of her. God bless you, and cause you not to forget me. Meantime I kiss your Grace's hand 1000 times and am unchangeably

Your Grace's, &c., &c.

My most dutiful regards to your Herr Spouse and all belonging to you, I beseech your forgiveness for the bad hand to-day, I am somewhat troubled with pains in my eyes.

16.—Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.

Estoras, July, 4, 1790.

* * * * *

I have at this moment received your letter, and at this moment also the post leaves. It rejoices me heartily that my prince is going to make your Grace a present of a new pianoforte, and all the more, because I am in some degree the cause, having so long persisted in urging Mademoiselle Nanette to persuade your husband to buy one for your Grace. Now however the purchase is left entirely to your Grace, and nothing remains but for your Grace to hunt one up suited to your touch and taste. It is true that my friend Herr Walther is at present greatly in vogue and that I receive much politeness from him every year; but between us, and to be perfectly honest, there is but now an then one, say, out of every ten of his instruments, which may truly be called good, and moreover he is excessively dear. I know Herr von Nickl's pianoforte—it is excellent, but too heavy for your Grace's hand—one cannot

* The death of old Esterhazy Sept. 23, three months and one day after the date of this letter, ended Haydn's slavery.

always play upon it with due delicacy; therefore I desire your Grace to try one of Herr Schantz's. His pianofortes have a very peculiar lightness of touch and an agreeable action. My Sonatas will win doubly thereby.

Meantime I kiss your grace's hands for what you have done for me with Mlle. Nanette, as described in your letter. Pity that the little gold snuffbox, which she gave me, and which she used to carry, is so full of spots; perhaps I can have it put in order in Vienna.

I have not yet received any order to purchase the pianoforte, — I am afraid one will be sent home to you beautiful outside but stubborn within. Your husband must of course use my name as authority for considering at present Herr Schantz the best manufacturer in this line — the rest I will myself attend to.

In greatest haste I am,

Your Grace's, &c., &c.

(To be continued.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music

Sixteen Polish Songs by Frederic Chopin.

Fontana, Chopin's personal friend, under whose supervision this posthumous collection of songs was issued, three years ago, says, in his preface:

"Chopin, in his 'Sixteen Polish Songs,' identified himself so well with the Polish national character, that three or four of the oldest, which he copied out, at the time of their composition, for a few friends, became immensely popular, and, without publication, rang from one end to the other of his native land, equal favorites in palace and cottage.

"Only when deeply moved by the beauty of national poetry, did he yield to the inspired desire of re-echoing those poems in tones, sometimes simple and gay, more often serious and melancholy. In this, way he composed a great number of songs, during the finest epoch of his life, from 1832 to 1844; but, unfortunately, the greater part of them is lost. For it was his custom to seat himself at the piano, with the book of poems open before him, and to compose during the enthusiasm of the moment. In spite of incessant entreaties, he continually put off writing them down for us. Sickness and death overcame him, and only these few artistic gems remain, an insufficient, but yet a valuable memorial.

"It is a remarkable thing, that Frédéric Chopin, gifted with such exhaustless richness of melody, and new and original ideas, did not compose an opera. For is not all his music a complete expression of that national character, which he drew in with his mother's milk, and breathed out in tones from earliest youth upwards? An expression that ennobled itself as his genius developed, until it reached the highest point of artistic identity? A character so strong, that, although he lived so many years in France, and understood every turn of the language as perfectly as any cultivated Parisian, it is impossible to couple the French tongue with his musical thoughts. For that language requires its own peculiar order of ideas, and an expression of style and character, to which he was not willing to bow. He never made the slightest attempt to write to any other than Polish words. He often regretted, with his friends, that the condition of the Polish stage, at that time, did not offer a fitting field for a trial of his powers. But the songs, which are here presented to the musical public, will give connoisseurs an idea of what Chopin might have accomplished in the popular and dramatic style, had circumstances been more favorable to him."

The value of these songs,—their individual value, so to speak,—as the only known collection of vocal melodies by Chopin, cannot for a moment be disputed; those who study his works rarely content themselves with the title of admirers,—they become

Chopin-lovers; and their circle is a large one, one that is daily increasing. His exotic, or ethereal Mazurkas, many of which seem to have been conceived in dreams; the Polonaises, to whose melancholy, noble measures knights and dames alone should tread, among the ruins of ancestral castles; the elegant waltzes, whose aristocratic dancers should be duchesses at least,—these poetic, romantic creations charm, not the initiated alone, but a large proportion of the uninitiated. Chopin is not merely the tone-poet of musicians, he is also the poet of the people. For he drank inspiration at the pure spring of national song music. And as all national lyrics are born of true feeling, in the heart of some man, and since man's heart, be it Pole, Irish, Arab, of what race you will, is much the same at the bottom, all over the world, the composer who most closely unites his own to the genuine national voice, will always find sympathizers in a wide and understanding class.

These songs are then most interesting; not merely from a purely musical point of view, but as lyric blossoms of national tone poetry, stamped throughout with Chopin's peculiar individuality. Several are written in the graceful rhythm of the Mazurka; they are all eminently singable; it is as though Chopin had turned his ear towards Italy while writing some of them; his well known friendly relations with Bellini were not without an artistic influence on him; but we breathe the air of Poland, and hear the voice of Chopin, in them all.

Perhaps among the finest are No. 1, simple, graceful, somewhat Styrian in character; No. 9, an expressive and noble recitative-like melody; No. 11, a quick, mournful ballad; No. 12, a brilliant, passionate love-song, presenting uncommon chromatic effects; No. 14, of a tender, elegant, plaintive monotony, of which one never wearies; and No. 16, the persuasive, charming Lithuanian song. The words are doubtless fine, in the original Polish, many having been written by Stephen Witwickiego, whom George Sand praises as the equal of our Byron, and by Mickiewicz, the reading of whose poems excited Chopin to the composition of some of his finest piano-forte works; as much has been done for them in this edition, as was possible, since they passed through a German baptism, before donning their English dress.

These melodious songs are eminently worthy of popularity; they possess an ideal simplicity that cannot fail to charm. The greatest fault of the collection is, that it is too small. But, as Murillo would have been honored as a great painter, had he never put another face on canvass than that wondrous one of the "Spanish flower girl," and as a single genuine poem will stamp a poet, these few songs sufficiently bear witness to what more Chopin could have done as a song writer. Intelligent singers, who understand the difficulty of selecting, even from the most valuable treasures, songs that are at once singable, simple, excellent, and pleasing, will find these to possess all those qualities, and, it need scarcely be added, poetry and originality besides. F. M. R.

The Virtuoso.

Translated from the German.

The artists, devoted to the art of music, are divided into two classes, *creating*, and *performing* artists; the first are the composers, the latter the virtuosos, that is, those musicians who perform the composed pieces of music, and for that purpose acquire a great and prominent proficiency on some instrument, or in singing. This explains the name *virtuoso*: for the Italian *virtu*, or the Latin *virtus*, from which it takes its origin, in art means perfection, merit, distinction. It is very necessary that part of the followers of the art should devote their talents and energies, especially, or at least to a great extent, to practical proficiency, for if all were merely composers, we should have very little benefit from the art of music. As the poet who has written a drama, wants the theatre and the actors to bring it fully before your mind, so the com-

poser wants the virtuoso, for that is the peculiar disadvantage of this art, as compared to all others, that its works, to be actually started into life, want a particular performance—a representation.

The perfect execution of a musical composition, or, in one word, the art of the virtuoso, requires generally a peculiar turn of the artist's talent, so much so that the creative genius seldom combines with it in equal energy; and moreover, it requires so much and so persevering practice, that but little time is left for the study of composition. We must not, however, be understood to say, that the art of the virtuoso presupposes a less avocation for the art or a less deep genius in the artist. Only, if he takes his object to be merely the surmounting of technical difficulties, he descends below the art, and becomes a mere mechanical laborer. The virtuoso is not merely to bring the notes before the minds of his hearers, but the whole spirit slumbering in the composition. This comprises, of course, first of all, that he should be able to execute all the notes with ease, though they present the most difficult combinations. If you wish to recite a poem properly, you must first of all be sure to read readily; so the performing artist must be a virtuoso, up to the most capricious passages, nay, he must have a greater proficiency than is necessary merely to bring out the piece, in order to be enabled to direct his whole attention to the inner spirit of it, and not to be diverted by externals. But to make the brilliancy of technical execution the highest aim of the virtuoso, shows a very deficient insight into his art. We are perfectly well aware, that this tendency is prevalent in modern times, and the brilliancy of our instrumental music, especially, is sought in a vast number of mechanically acquired performances of difficulties. The fault may, in part, be attributed to the composers, for as poetry and the dramatic art stand in a near, though not indispensably necessary connection, and have a mutual influence upon each other, and as the greater or less depth of the poetic productions, which give color to their times, has the greatest influence on the theatrical excellence of that time, so this same relation takes place between the composer and the virtuoso.

We cannot deny that the chief distinction of the musical productions of our times, consists in multiplying the application of external means. Passages which have been pronounced altogether impracticable by the greatest virtuosos of the past century, are now easily executed almost by beginners. On the other hand, we must confess, of many, even among the most celebrated masters, that they seldom rise to real productions of genuine art, but that all the merit of their performances consists mainly in a greater mastery over mechanical difficulties. It is true, that compositions, which served half a century ago to develop most brilliantly the art of the most celebrated virtuosos, are now performed by beginners with tolerable fluency, yet it would be a sad mistake to draw the conclusion from this circumstance, that our beginners had progressed so far in the art as those masters. Nay, we doubt, that many of our present most renowned virtuosos would venture to come out in public, with one of those simple compositions, immediately after one of the old masters; for their chief aim was the most beautiful performance of apparently simple and unpretending music, and, for that purpose, to reach a high degree of perfection in this, the highest cultivation, they practised with an indefatigable perseverance, which is now spent merely on mechanical tricks. What else is the reason that so few of our present virtuosos, for instance, can execute one of Beethoven's works well?—they require something more than mere mechanical proficiency. Is it probable, that their persevering study would not have carried a Clementi or Viotti further than our present beginners, who commence with their compositions?—By no means! but the whole tendency of the virtuosos has taken another turn, and the older masters would be surprised, disagreeably surprised, if they could see what has been made of their noble, beautiful art.

We cannot deny, on the other hand, that this greater mechanical cultivation has made it possible, also, to gain new effects, and to bring more shades into the performances. Thus, this greater proficiency of the virtuoso's has had also its effect on composition, and it has gained in richness and variety, by having more means of expression at hand. Generally, this abundance of means in composition, however, has only served to cover the want of invention; in the brilliancy of execution we are often dazzled by mechanical proficiency, and the effect of astonishment and surprise is placed in the stead of enjoyment of pure beauty. There are, however, noble exceptions, and where both these qualifications, both these effects combine, we must acknowledge a progress of the art.

Mlle. Adelina Patti at Berlin.

To the Editor of the London Musical World.

SIR,—The most recent "great event" in the Prussian capital has been the first appearance of Mlle. Adelina Patti before a Berlin public. I may as well, without more ado, inform your readers that her success has been unequivocal, and that she promises to become as great a favorite here as elsewhere, wherever she has sung. Your own opinion of Mlle. Patti is sufficiently well known; but the readers of the *Musical World* may, perhaps, be pleased to learn what the Brandenburgian critics here say of *La pequeña señorita*. I, therefore, append translations of a few extracts from the leading papers. The *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung* speaks as follows:

"The reputation which preceded the fair young singer fully explains a certain amount of curiosity on the part of the public, but although various reports from the English and American journals, dealing especially with her capabilities, were pretty generally known, the public, on the whole, appeared as though undecided what to think. With regard to Mlle. Patti's reception here, it may be described as particularly favorable, and if the enthusiasm did not reach that convulsive height which we have seen it attain lately, on various occasions, the audience were most excellently inclined towards the *débütante*, a fact which was proved by their applauding and calling her on before the curtain. Adelina Patti has been singing from the time she was eight years old, and, between then and now, has brought the facility of execution, with which nature had so richly endowed her, to a pitch of perfection which is something absolutely wonderful. Two years ago she made her first appearance on the stage as Lucia, as she has done here. The writer of this notice was present on the occasion, and astonished at her soft and gentle method of taking the note, and the ease with which she executed the *cantilena*, as well as the 'virtuosity' with which she achieved the difficult passages in *fioritura*. Since the evening in question, Mlle. Patti has become a celebrated singer. She has received homage both in the New and Old World, and now appears here as a great artist, crowned with fame and decked with laurels. That Adelina Patti is a phenomenon is a fact we may set down as indisputable. She overcomes material difficulties with a boldness, rare even among Italian vocalists. Even admitting that her ornamentation is, here and there, not quite perfect, we still find plenty in her that is wonderfully beautiful and estimable in an equal degree. Mlle. Patti is, in short, a first class artist, who need scarcely fear a rival. Her voice is soft and agreeable in the upper notes, and if her middle register has lost a portion of its former sonority, the reason is to be sought in the great exertion and restless activity to which she, although so young, has had to submit, since she went upon the stage. Her mechanism, however, is invariably marked by artistic certainty. To speak more especially of her Lucia, the great point of that performance is the grand air in the last act. This includes the graceful *cabaletta*, in which she displays her wonderful facility of execution in every possible respect. In her future characters we have no doubt she will succeed in raising the good opinion of the public to a pitch of enthusiasm, especially when she sings the part of Norina or Adina, when we shall have an opportunity of having her in her proper element. Like all true artists, Mlle. Patti has characters especially adapted to her means, and among them we must class those in the lighter class of Italian operas."

Before proceeding to give any further extracts from the Berlin press, concerning Mlle. Patti's performances, it is as well to premise that in Lucia, owing to the want of an Italian tenor, Herr Theodore Formes, the national tenor of Berlin, was compelled to undertake the part of Edgardo. This made the task of our little *prima donna* doubly arduous.

Another journal, speaking of Mlle. Patti in the *Sonnambula*, expresses itself in these terms:

"Although it must be admitted that, as a rule, the enthusiasm of the public for Italian opera has cooled down, every artist of extraordinary talent is sure to attract. Mlle. Adelina Patti must indubitably be classed in this category, and thus it could not astonish any one, especially after her first success in Lucia, that when she was announced for Amina the Opera House was crammed to the ceiling. The character of the *sonnambulist* is peculiarly adapted to the childish, affectionate nature of the young artist, which is evident in her appearance as well as in her singing and acting. The very first scenes were sufficient to excite among the audience a feeling of the liveliest interest, mingled with the most sincere admiration of her surprising vocal fluency. Her voice, thanks to its clear and bright tone, penetrates everywhere, and completely fills the large space of the

Opera House. Mlle. Patti understands admirably how to husband her resources, and her execution is so unfailing, that even in the most difficult passages no fear is entertained for her success. We can recollect no instance of *staccato* singing exhibiting the same amount of perfection, while the 'shake' for purity and ease, has rarely been equalled. Each separate air was of itself a treat, while the concluding *rondo*, 'Ah! non giunge,' provoked a storm of enthusiastic applause. Mlle. Patti's performance bore throughout the stamp of a natural no less than an intellectual conception, and, in a word, combined the qualities most requisite to make her a genuine public favorite."

A third journal contains the subjoined:—

"Mlle. Adelina Patti gained a second triumph in the *Sonnambula*. The house was crammed, and the applause, especially at the end of the opera was tumultuous. The celebrated *finale* was the pinnacle of success. Mlle. Patti's naturally delicate voice here appeared to grow stronger and stronger. It mounted upon the boldest wings of tone, through a succession of the most difficult runs, to an extraordinary height, as though no difficulties existed for it in such dizzy spheres. Chromatic scales, on account of the *virtuoso*-like certainty with which each note, together with the half-tones, succeeded the other, struck the musical auditor with astonishment. As a brilliant instance of this, we may mention her masterly shake, which is executed in the *presto* with magic rapidity, without a single tone being slurred over. With this mastery over the most difficult vocal difficulties, Signorina Patti combines the high advantage of a vocal tone as clear as a bell; her voice attacks the words and notes at once, with a perfect absence of anything like hesitation. Not the slightest suspicion of *tremolo* obscures the purity and beauty of her intonation. There can be no doubt of her being one of the very first lyric vocalists, and all lovers of art in Berlin must feel grateful to Herr von Hülsen for having afforded them an opportunity, before the inhabitants of any other continental city, of hearing so original, and, in her way, so unique an artist."

When the *Trovatore* was performed there was not a single vacant seat in the house, so great was the desire to hear Mlle. Patti as Leonora. The public, therefore, shared with me the belief that this performance would be one of the most brilliant of the Italian season. The ticket-sellers reaped a rich harvest; as much as five thalers were offered for a parquet ticket, about the price for which a good stall may be obtained at the Italian Opera in London. The frequent and hearty applause was in keeping with the crowded state of the theatre, and showed that the public expectation had not been disappointed. In short, the entire performance exhibited a degree of excellence such as, probably, no previous representation of Verdi's *Trovatore* ever reached in Berlin, and such as could with difficulty be surpassed in any other European capital. Mlle. Patti embellished the music of Leonora in her own florid style, and, to quote the exuberant language of a Berlin critic—"crowned it with artistic and variegated tone-flowers, which like sonorous arabesques, produced apparently without an effort, bloomed on the delicate stalk of her voice, and twined upwards to the greatest heights." This is flowery language—more flowery, mayhap, than that in which a sober English critic would indulge; but I give it as it is, to show you how successful the "bijou *prima donna*" has been here. In fact, to sum the matter up in a word, Mlle. Adelina Patti has been a decided "hit" in the musical capital of Prussia.

Berlin, Jan. 2, 1862.

A. A.

Musical Intelligence.

JAMAICA PLAIN.—A concert given in a private house on Friday of last week in aid of our soldiers, and in which the performers were all amateurs, is worthy of notice here for the good taste and musical culture shown in the following choice programme:

PART I.

- 1 March. From Athalia, (Two Pianos, 8 hands)..... Mendelssohn
2. Vocal Duets, { a Autumn Song, Mendelssohn
 b O! wert thou in the }
 could blast.
3. Trio for Flute and Piano, "Euryanthe"..... Weber
4. Song. The Two Grenadiers..... Schumann
5. Polonaise. (Piano, 4 hands)..... Saran

PART II.

1. Adieu et Revoir, Violoncello and Piano..... Schubert
2. Aria. From Elijah..... Mendelssohn
3. Hommage à Handel (Two Pianos, 4 hands)..... Moscheles
4. Songs. { a Gute nacht, R. Franz
 b Er ist gekommen.
5. Invitation à la Valse, (Two Pianos, 8 hands)..... Weber

PHILADELPHIA.—The *Evening Bulletin* of Feb. 5 says:

The Classical Soirée of Messrs. Wolfsohn and Thomas, given last evening, in the Foyer of the Academy of Music, was well attended. A fine trio by Beethoven (Opus 70); a noble duo by Schubert (Opus 159), and one of Mozart's most graceful quartets, (C Major, No 6), were the principal concerted pieces, and they were all extremely well played. The grace, purity and finish of Thomas's violin-playing are all that can be desired in such music as this, and he never appeared to more advantage than he did last evening. He was well supported by Mr. Charles Schmitz, Mr. Simon Hassler and Mr. Kammerer. In his performance of a solo by Molique, Mr. Thomas also distinguished himself. Mr. Wolfsohn's part in the Beethoven trio and the Schubert duo was admirably well done, and he also played a very difficult *Scherzo* by Chopin. Mme. Johannsen sang Spohr's lovely song "The Rose," and a charming "Frühlingslied" by Mendelssohn, extremely well. The soirée was a complete success, and was greatly enjoyed by the appreciative audience present.

NEW YORK.—The Philharmonic Society still flourishes and gives good Symphony concerts. We copied its last programme last week, but we did not give our readers the benefit, as we now do, of the astounding discovery of a critic of one of the leading dailies: to-wit, that Symphonies and Oratorios are not Italian operas. Verily upon this man hath fallen the mantle of him who declared that "he could write a Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony any morning before breakfast;"—or is it the very man himself *redivivus*? Who else could explode Symphony and Oratorio in this fashion:

Symphony-writing, where of course the composer is not restrained by words, the breath of the singer, or the necessities of producing at every turn excellent popular effects—otherwise the opera treasury-box would be empty—but being pure free sound, and comparatively so easy in its production by the yard, whereas opera composing is beset with troubles at every step—symphony writing, which can deal in time and eternity if you choose, and reverie, and independence, ought not to be so unattractive as it generally is. There ought to be more well-defined, accented dramatic melody, ten to one than there is; and then the public would esteem symphonies at a higher rate, and, moreover, the symphonies would deserve to be so held.

In the air from "Elijah," Mr. Ridolfi made an excellent effect, and was cited before the judges again for his cleverness. The aria is about as near a logical melody as oratorio writers can or will come; the theory of oratorio-composition being first—to take prose for words, though lyrical music demands measured poetry as much as a fish does water; and next, if a well-defined melody occurs to the composer, to knock it in the head immediately. It is remarkable that the piano-forte illustrators, such as Thalberg, Liszt, and others, avoid oratorios generally, for themes, as they would snakes. But the fountain of the grand piano-forte school, Thalberg's arrangement of airs from "Moses," finds its ecstasy in the "Prayer," because Rossini had the brains to put a distinct melody in this invocation—in an opera—also given oratorio-wise. Composers who can only sermonize, that is, write oratorios, might take a hint from the illustrious maestro, and give us square melodies—of eight bar divisions. If the time of these can be altered, and they be twisted into quadrilles, so much the better for the quadrilles.

Of the Italian Opera at the Academy during the past week the *Atlas* of the 9th reports:

The week has given us three operatic performances, "Traviata" on Monday evening, "Un Ballo in Maschera" on Wednesday evening, and "Linda di Chamouni" on Friday evening. Though not overflowing, we believe the houses have been remunerative, and certainly the artistic attractions offered have been thoroughly pleasing. Of "Traviata" and "Un Ballo" there is nothing new to be said, the operas having been lately given with the same casts. As Linda, on Friday evening, Miss Kallogg appeared in a role in which we have not before heard her, and quite sustained our very best impressions. In the great duet with Brignoli, in the first act, as well as in the solo which precedes it, (in which she won a double encore) the Yankee girl rises to the dignity of a thorough artist, and establishes one more security for a brilliant future. Madame Strakosch makes a charming Pieretto—the very best laughing, round-faced (and round-limbed) young Savoyard we have ever seen upon the stage, and the music does not go

beyond her compass and fits her to a charm. Susini, as the *Prelect*, wins his full share of the honors of this opera, and we have never heard his fine organ to better advantage than in some passages of the first act. Mancusi was something better than usual, as *Antonio*, hoarsed less, and played with fine feeling. Brignoli, as *Carlo*, sang well, and was perhaps a shade more arrogant than last week. The choruses in this opera were peculiarly excellent—one more triumph of the close training of Max Maretzek. With Monday evening we are to have the positive close of the opera season, with "Sonnambula," Miss Kellogg in the new rôle of *Amina*, Brignoli once more in the *Elvino* jacket and buttons, and Susini as *Rodolpho*.

The same paper says of the first classical Soirée of Messrs. MILLS and MOLLENHAUER, (Jan. 3):

The quartet of Beethoven was performed superbly, each instrument perfect in itself, yet all blending into a harmonious whole, while a delicacy of sentiment and finish pervaded its execution, leaving nothing to be desired. Indeed, we have never heard a quartet better played. A piano solo by Mills rendered charmingly, a duet by Ed. Mollenhauer and Mills, a violoncello solo by Henry Mollenhauer, and a magnificent quintet by Schumann, played in a truly artistic vein, concluded an entertainment the like of which is seldom given in this city.

GOTTSCALK gave his first two concerts this week on Tuesday and Wednesday, assisted by Miss Hinkley, Brignoli, Mancusi and Susini, of the Italian Opera, by Richard Hoffmann, the pianist, and Herr Mollenhauer, violoncellist. The pieces which he selected for his own performance were: Overture to "Tell" arranged by himself for two pianos; Quartet from *Rigoletto*, transcription by himself; "Murmures Aeoliennes"; "Pastorale e Cavaliero Fableau"; The "Banjo" (by request); fragment of "Apotheose," marche solennelle; "Ojos Criolos," (two pianos); bravura fantasia from *La Favorita*:—all of his own composition. Spanish subjects seem to possess his fancy very much.

MUSICAL APPOINTMENTS.—Mr. Carl Fentz, the distinguished leader of the Germania Orchestra, has been recently appointed teacher and director of instrumental music in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind, and will in future conduct the Wednesday exhibitions. And Mr. A. R. Taylor, the fine bass singer and teacher, has been appointed teacher of vocal music and the piano in the same institution. This arrangement will greatly improve the musical advantages of the pupils and add much to the musical reputation which the Institution already enjoys. Some of Handel's grand oratorio choruses have recently been introduced, including "Unto us a Child is Born," and others from the *Messiah*.

Musical Correspondence.

BUFFALO, N. Y. FEB. 8.—We have but two firmly organized musical associations, the *Liedertafel* and the *Saengerbund*. Both of these societies have existed for a number of years, and to this day have flourished most successfully, reflecting great credit and musical renown upon our city. The *Liedertafel*, under the classical instruction and admirable direction of Prof. CARL ADAM, have reached an eminent degree of cultivation and accomplishment. The society numbers some one hundred active members, comprising a large number of very fine voices. The same praise can be awarded to the *Saengerbund*. The social, as well as musical qualities of both are well known to the "Orpheus" society of your city, who gave them a visit here some two years since, on occasion of the great Saenger-fest.

There is still another organization of musical souls existing among us, styled the *Meddlesomes*, of which the writer will not speak, for fear of offending with plain truths.

Music in our churches is very good indeed, many of our choirs comparing well with the best in Eastern cities. Perhaps some of our choirs fall into the error of introducing too much of the modern elaborate music. This surely is objectionable. We must not forget old friends, while we welcome the new.

With Opera we are not often favored. This fact is easily accounted for by the false impressions entertained of us by operatic artists, who seek other cities for their patronage and renown. In December last

however, we were blest with a visit from the Italian Opera Troupe under the management of Mr. Grau, comprising Mad. Strakosch, Miss Kellogg, Miss Hinkley, Brignoli, Susini, Mancusi and others, who honored us with a successful though brief season of delight.

Our private soirées and home musicals have been more frequent and interesting the present season than ever before, giving evidence of advancement and zeal in the study and practice of the musical art. A few evenings since we were treated to a very pleasing entertainment at the Piano Rooms of Messrs. Blodgett & Bradford, the credit of which belongs entirely to the accomplished musician and genial gentleman Mr. J. R. BLODGETT. The occasion was enlivened by the presence of some two hundred guests, who partook of a rich musical feast happily served by a select number of our most gifted professional and amateur ladies and gentlemen. The following is the programme as arranged by Mr. Blodgett, which will give you an idea of the nature and tone of the feast to which we were invited:

1. Overture. William Tell. Two pianos, four performers.
2. Romance. "Flow on, silver Rhine." Lurline.
3. Piano-forte Solo. Lombardi. Jaell
4. Song. "Thou art so near and yet so far."
5. Trio. "L'usato ardir." Semiramide.
6. Grand Duo. Norma. Two pianos. Thalberg
7. Song. "Hope's glad echo round me swell." Wallace
8. Solo. Piano-forte. Ernani. Liszt
9. Aria. "Ah! forse e lai." Traviata.
10. Duet. "Still o'er the water." Hodges
11. Solo. Piano-forte. La Gazelle. Hoffman
12. Trio. "Te sol quest anima." Attila. Verdi
13. Grand Duo. Belisario. Two pianos. Gosia
14. Bolero. "Merci dilette amiche." Les Vespers Siciliennes.
15. Ballad. "Why do I weep for thee" Wallace
16. Duet. "Qual voce! come! tu donna." Trovatore.

VIOLA.

CUMBERLAND, MD., FEB. 4.—This town, so romantically and picturesquely situated, is now the centre of great military activity. Its streets, where once scarce anything but the footfall of its peaceful citizens was to be heard, are now resonant with the clang of weapons and the clatter of horses. From morn till midnight the music of bands may be heard; now a dirge for some poor fellow who has fought his last battle, now a jubilant parade march, now a soft-toned serenade which some love-crazed hero (in embryo) brings to the window of his lady-love.

But music is not dispensed solely by Uncle Sam's men. In the dwellings a most refined musical taste may be found, owing chiefly, 'tis to be presumed, to the most excellent musician and gentleman who has taught this art here for the past twenty years. The people here have the commendable custom of giving musical soirées, where music is the dominant feature of the entertainment, but where also the dance and refreshments are not forgotten. Music of the highest order is here performed in such a style as would call forth encomiums even from our most fastidious Boston audiences. Here may be heard the sweetest and sublimest strains of Mozart, Beethoven, Fesca, Gottschalk, Satter, Schubert and others. The performance of one of Satter's pieces by a young lady was truly elegant. While one young gentleman, Mr. Henry Wiesel,—whose modesty may be offended by this publication of his name, but who should certainly not hide his light under a bushel,—if he does not possess the brilliancy of a Thalberg, in passion and feeling can not be far inferior to Gottschalk or Liszt. He is yet very young and will make a shining peak in our country's musical history. His father is an elegant violinist.

It is pleasant to see that no despondency has hold of these people, while we are striving to quench the unholy fires of this detestable rebellion. Gayety and happiness, though dimmed, still exist, and when the music of our bullets shall have brought back peace, the embers of joy will be fanned to a renewed and more brilliant lustre than ever they wore.

MILITES.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 15, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Handel's "Messiah."

Concert Review.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The Chamber Concert of last week (fifth of the series) was largely attended and gave much satisfaction. The programme was as follows:

1. Quartet in B flat, No. 78. Haydn
Allegro, Adagio, Minuetto, Allegro non troppo.
2. "Benediction de Dieu Dans La Solitude," from the
"Harmonies poetiques et Religieuses," for Piano. F. Liszt
B. J. Lang.
3. "Salterella," Solo for Violin. Alard
William Schultze.
4. Scherzo in B flat minor, op. 31. Chopin
B. J. Lang.
5. Quintet in C, op. 163, with two Cellos. Franz Schubert
Allegro, Adagio, Minuetto, Finale, Allegro.

The chief point of interest was of course the Quintet by Schubert. Where Beethoven is not present, who could be more interesting than he? No composer has evinced a more kindred genius with the greatest instrumental master. No brain after him has so teemed with new and wonderful musical ideas. Cut off at the early age of thirty-two, he did not attain to a full mastery of form in their expression, except in his 600 songs, a sphere in which he stood unrivalled. He is too often, in his instrumental works, with all their originality and beauty, their unmistakably imaginative quality, prolix, not knowing where to end, wont to keep on reiterating a theme, as if in love with the discovery and loath to leave it, helplessly carrying about with him the miraculous armful of flowers, not clear and decided how he shall dispose of them. Yet he is true to the classical Sonata form and structure; he does not wander in the vague and resolve all into free fantasia. It is only uncomfortable length, want of rounded brevity and compactness, that one complains of in his superb Symphony in C, and in so many of his works. But there are instances in which he is more happy, says just what he has to say, easily masters his idea and is not ridden by it. And this Quintet is one of them. It was first produced by the Club three years ago, and made a deep impression, which was only deepened on this occasion. The two middle movements especially, the Adagio, and the Minuetto, at least the Trio part of it, appealed with the full force of Schubert's individuality and genius. The unusual combination of the instruments, two 'cellos instead of two tenors, gives great breadth and richness to the harmony. It was excellently well played, Mr. BURNS, an amateur, sustaining the extra 'cello.—The Haydn Quartet went smoothly and gracefully, and nobody is better for the beginning of a feast, to put the company in good tune and humor, than father Haydn, who is like the genial and kindly host that welcomes all.

The piece from Liszt's "Poetic and religious harmonies" for the piano, in which he seeks to give musical expression to the relieved and blissful sense of peace from God, after doubts and trials, taking for text certain verses by Lamartine, affected us as most of Liszt's own compositions have done: we were charmed with rare and beautiful promise in the beginning, felt that a beautiful thought was started, but the charm vanished as it went on, and sense of vagueness and of emptiness succeeded. Liszt seems to have

inspirations, which tempt him onward and desert him. And so here we felt, long before he was through, that the thing was dissolving into passage work, that the fingers were running away, impatient of the control of thought, and rioting in their old tricks of facile, flowery arabesque,—the brain, their rider, falling asleep the meanwhile. But the sentiment, the color of the piece is in keeping with the subject, and it was beautifully rendered by Mr. LANG. These were the words upon the programme :

D'où me vient, ô mon Dieu, cette paix qui m'inonde ?
D'où me vient cette foi dont mon cœur surabonde,
A moi qui tout à l'heure, incertain, agité,
Et sur les flots du doute à tout vent ballotté,
Cherchais le bien, le vrai, dans les rêves des sages,
Et la paix dans des cœurs retentissant d'orages ?
A peine sur mon front quelques jours ont glissé,
Il me semble qu'un siècle et qu'un monde ont passé,
Et que, séparé d'eux par un abîme immense,
Un nouveau homme en moi renaît et recommence.

(Free Translation.)

Whence comes there, O my God, this flood of peace to me ?
Whence comes this faith that fills my soul so plenteously ?
Me, who, alas ! perplexed, uneasy, and a prey
Upon the waves of doubt to each wind, yesterday,
Seeking the good, the true, to wise men's reveries went,
And seeking peace, to hearts with storms reverberant.
Scarcely a few brief hours have touched my brow and gone,
Yet do I feel as if an age, a world had flown,
And that, from these removed, by gulf without a span,
A new man in me springs, is born, begins again.

Chopin's fiery, fantastic, impatient, tender feeling "Scherzo" was also very finely rendered and gave great pleasure. Mr. SCHULTZE's violin solo was given with fine and delicate accent, and had the real spirit of the Saltarella.

ORGAN CONCERT.—Mr. JOHN K. PAINE had another very respectable audience of four or five hundred persons at the Tremont Temple, on Saturday evening, to listen to his thoroughly competent interpretation of the great organ compositions of Sebastian Bach. That even this number of people should manifest the desire to hear music for which the taste has been so little cultivated, and even the ear so little formed in our country, is a sign of progress in a high direction; still more, that they should sit deeply impressed and delighted, as nearly all appeared to, to the end of such a programme as the following :

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|---|--------|
| 1. Prelude and Fugue in G. | } Bach |
| 2. Trio Sonata in G, 1st movement. | |
| 3. Choral Variation, (by request). | |
| 4. Toccata in F, (by request). | |
| 5. Choral Variation, "By the Waters of Babylon." .. | |
| 6. Fantasia and Fugue in G minor. | |
| 7. Concert Variations on "Old Hundred." .. | |
| 8. "Star Spangled Banner." .. | |

The Prelude and Fugue in G, with its long and curious theme, was received in wondering silence, as was the Fugue with which Mr. Paine opened his former concert. Naturally those, who could best appreciate its art and feel its beauty, were not of the class much disposed to clap their hands whenever they enjoy. The performance was admirably clear, connected, firm; the several voices taking up the subject, whether by manual or pedals, being kept distinctly individual, while crowding and swelling on like waves to a grand cumulative whole; for therein is the very charm and secret of the fugue, therein is it the type of all artistic development, of all organic creations, that it presents the ceaseless blending of variety in unity, of the finite in the infinite. The most striking and appreciable pieces (of this larger kind) to the audience were the brilliant *Toccata*, repeated by request, and the *Fantasia and Fugue* in G minor, during which all faces brightened as with a sense of something glorious.

But probably the gentler pieces, in which a tune or melody is treated and illustrated, not in strict fugue form, but not less contrapuntally in spirit, sank the most deeply into the hearts of the listeners. The graceful and poetic movement from the Trio Sonata (two manuals and pedal) was warmly applauded. The Choral variations (played before) in quartet form, with beautiful blending of stops, and the melody with its blissful trill sung on a reed solo stop, lost none of its warm, comforting, religious charm by repetition. The similar variations on the Choral: *Am Wasserflüssen Babylons*, was found only less beautiful.

In the space reserved for the organist's own Concert Variations, the Organ played him a bad trick, a pedal valve now and then "ciphering," or refusing to close, so that one of the bigger tone spirits refused to be laid, and hummed on like a big factory wheel distressingly. This broke up the continuity of the thing somewhat. Still he managed to play through his variations to the general satisfaction, pleasing musicians by the tasteful invention and contrapuntal skill which he displayed, especially in treating so refractory a theme as the "Star-spangled banner," working it up with great power at the end.

We trust there will be more organ concerts—more of this unique character, appealing not to the various tastes of the greatest number, but to their own proper audience, which will surely grow with opportunity. Others have perfect right to do other things, to make the organ imitate an orchestra, and what not, and they have their reward; but let him who can and will, do *this* thing.

On the same evening Miss MARY FAY had a good audience at Chickering's, and a pleased one, for her third soirée, with the following programme :

1. Trio, (A, No. 7). Haydn
Allegro moderato, Andante, Allegro.
Miss Fay, Mr. F. Suck and Mr. W. Fries.
2. Duo Concertante, for two violins, (Op. 39). Adagio and Finale. Spohr
Messrs. F. and H. Suck.
3. Sonate, (op. 105, A minor). Robert Schumann
Miss Fay and Mr. H. Suck.
4. Polonaise, (op. 53, Ab). Chopin
Miss Fay.
5. Adagio and Fuga. Seb. Bach
Mr. F. Suck.
6. Trio, (op. 100, Eb). Schubert
Allegro, Andante con moto, Scherzo, Allegro moderato.
Miss Fay, Mr. F. Suck and Mr. W. Fries.

BOSTON MOZART CLUB.—We have to regret that we could not be present at the second Orchestral Entertainment of the season, on Monday evening last. The programme appears well chosen for amateurs :

- PART I.
Grand Symphony in D major, No. 7. Haydn
Adagio; Allegro, Andante—Minuetto and Trio—
Finale, Allegro vivace.

- PART II.
1. Overture, "Don Giovanni." Mozart
2. Transcription for select Orchestra, Serenade. Schubert
3. Andante Cantabile from Symphony No. 2, in Eb. Kalliwoda
4. Concert Polka, "Papageno," on Themes from Mozart's Zauberflöte. (Magic Flute). Stasny
5. Overture, "La Dame Blanche." Boildieu

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The Afternoon Concert this week an uncommonly good one, and delighted an audience that completely filled the Music Hall. Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony" was very nicely executed, and many listened with closed eyes and a smile of inward pleasure, as if the strains made summer in their souls. The Overture to *Semiramide*, too, one of Rossini's best, was made quite effective, albeit with but two horns. The Strauss waltz: "*Gedanken Flug*" (flight of thought) sounded truly luscious; and the well known Romanza from Halévy's *L'Eclair*, was so sweetly discoursed by the English

Horn of Mr. RIBAS, with the flute of Mr. SCHLIMPER playing about it, that it had to be repeated. A Strauss Polka, and the Finale from *Tannhäuser* completed the programme.

Music at Hand.

Mr ZERRAİN offers a rich and unexceptionable programme for his Philharmonic Concert to-night; all the pieces, with one exception, being well-tried old favorites, each of the best of its kind, and the charm of which does not wear out. Beethoven's 7th Symphony is one of the two or three grandest of all symphonies; "Freyschütz" and "Tell" among the best of overtures. The only novelty, Beethoven's "Turkish March," from the "Ruins of Athens," is indeed a rare bit to tickle the fancy withal, and after it is heard once it will be wanted many times. Wherever we heard it in the concert rooms in Germany it was sure to make the public happy. The three pieces selected by Miss ABBY FAY to sing, are among the best standard pieces from Italian opera, viz. "Come per me sereno," from the *Sonnambula*; "Regnava nel silenzio" from *Lucia*; and "Son vergine vezzosa," the Polacca from *I Puritani*.

The ORCHESTRAL UNION announce that they will play Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony" at their next Wednesday afternoon Concert. Those who have been reading the Italian letters of the young Felix in this Journal, will listen with new interest to the Symphony.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, offer for their next Wednesday evening's Concert :

1. Grand Sextet. (First time). Spohr
2. Aria from "Figaro." Voi che sapete.
Miss Washburn.
3. Andante and Variations, from Quartet, op. 81. Mendelssohn
4. Ave Maria, on Bach's Prelude in C. Gounod
5. 10th Quartet, in E flat. Beethoven

That very enterprising and successful firm of Piano-forte Manufacturers, Messrs. HALLETT & DAVIS, who are constantly making improvements in their instruments, now salute their customers from very elegant new ware-rooms at No. 272 Washington street, where excellent pianos, Grand, Parlor Grand and Square, will be found in large supply, and at reasonable prices.

Music Abroad.

VIENNA.—From a private letter (to our "Diarist") of Dr. Chysander—the author of that noble work, the first German biography of Handel, of which only the new two volumes have yet appeared,—we translate the following :

"The third volume of Handel will come out towards the end of 1862. * * * * * Before this third volume of Handel, that is about Easter, I shall publish "*Jahrbücher musikalischer Wissenschaft*," Vol. I. Among the contents I shall have 1. Pinetor's "*Definitorium*," (printed in 1840) in Latin with a German translation edited by Beller-mann; 2. Two short essays by Hauptmann; then an article by myself upon three German Folk's Songs of the 14th Century; 4. History of the Musical Chapel and Opera at Brunswick from 1580 to 1760 (Praetorius, Schütz, Grann). 5. Handel's Organ accompaniment to his Oratorio *Saul*, and a criticism of Rimbault's edition of the same; 6. Origin of "God Save the King," (a long article);—and close with criticism of the most important new works upon music."

Then follows something in relation to another proposed article in which, he adds, "I promise myself that these *Jahrbücher* (year books) will have many a good influence upon Art. For myself they offer no other advantage than this, for I receive not a penny of pay for my labor—all is gratis. However what is necessary must be, and can by God's help be accomplished."

If we only had more Chysanders!—sighs the "Diarist."

BERLIN.—Spontini's *Vestalin* was given with the following cast: Mad. Köster, Julia; Mlle. de Ahna, the High Priestess; Herr Carl Formes, Licinius; Herr Krause, Cinna; and Herr Fricke, the High Priest. The house was very full, and the applause hearty and spontaneous. La Señorilla Adelina Patti still pursues her triumphant career, gathering fresh laurels and picking up more and more bouquets every evening she appears. She will make her farewell curtsy, for the present, as Zerlina, in *Don Giovanni*, but it is to be devoutly hoped she will speedily favor us with another visit.—Herr Lorini's Italian Operatic Company are to open their season very shortly at the Victoria Theatre.

A report has just been published by the management of the theatres royal, containing an account of the pieces produced at the Royal Opera House during the ten years, commencing on the 1st July, 1851, and ending on the 1st July, 1861. During this period, the management brought out 28 new operas, 17 of which were by German composers. There were 155 performances of works by Mozart; 109 of works by Weber; 108 of works by Meyerbeer; 62 of works by Gluck—and not Gluck, as English writers, who do not know the difference between the German "u" and "ü," will persist in miscalling him,—and 47 of works by Beethoven. 17 operas were revived with new scenery, dresses and appointments, and 15 with the old ones. There were 24 novelties by Taglioni, and other Terpsichorean authors, in the way of ballets. In addition to this, 16 ballets were produced with a new *mise-en-scene*, and 15 with the old one. These figures speak trumpet-tongued in favor of the activity displayed by the Intendant-General Herr von Hülsen.—*Corr. London Musical World.*

CASSEL.—Great activity has been exhibited at the theatre since the opening of the present season, as will be seen by the subjoined list of operas represented: *Don Juan* (twice); *Figaro's Hochzeit*, and *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* (revivals, twice); *Fidelio* (revived); *Der Freischütz* (twice); *Nachtlager in Granada*, *Czar und Zimmermann*, *Undine*, *Martha*, *Siradella*, *Robert le Diable*, *Les Huguenots* (twice); *La Part du Diable* (revival); *Wilhelm Tell*, *Il Barbiere*, *Nachwandlerim*, *La Juive* (twice), *La Fille du Régiment*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Joseph in Aegypten*, *Tannhauser* (three times), *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, *Otto, der Schütz* (new, three times), *Orpheus in der Unterwelt* (new, four times). To these will shortly be added *Aloise*, by Maurer, *Templer und Jüdin*, and *Jessonda*. The new *prima donna*, Mad. Kapp-Young, has already become a great favorite. She had made a most favorable impression as *Fidelio*, *Valentine*, *Donna Anna* and *Elizabeth*.—*Ibid.*

ROME.—Liszt has been here for the last month, engaged upon an oratorio entitled: *Die heilige Elisabeth*. A German correspondent of the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung* speaks in the following terms of music and musicians in the Eternal City: "The fine arts are, as a matter of course, at present, as always, and here as everywhere else, subject to the influence of the atmosphere surrounding them. Creative art requires movement, strife, a yearning for some distant and, often, even a scarcely known goal, independence and freedom, in order that it may flourish. Reproductive art, on the contrary, thrives best under the protection of a quiet, tranquil, easy state of things, based upon contentment with regard to the present, and absence of care for the future. This may be asserted of music, and, especially, vocal music. In contradistinction to the Germans, the Italians possess a lively perception of melody, while they appear to have no sense of harmony. You often meet people here, who, after hearing an opera two or three times, seat themselves at the piano, and repeat most of the motives, without knowing the notes. There are an immense number of natural singers, many of them endowed with magnificent voices. What, it may be asked, are not such men, endowed with such voices, as well as with a musical ear and a love of the art, capable of receiving a musical education? It is a well known fact that, in Rome, all instruments—with the exception of the organ—women and boys are excluded from the choirs in the churches. The *soprano* parts are sung neither by women nor boys. It is true that the barbarous production of such voices is not systematically pursued, as was formerly the case; indeed, it is forbidden by law. But when a voice of this description is 'accidentally' found to exist, it is winked at and put to account. These unnatural voices produced upon myself a repulsive effect in the Sixtine Chapel, and the basilica of St. Peter. The tenors, also, are somewhat nasal; the basses alone are fine and vigorous. The execution is correct and delicate; the compositions, modern and insignificant. In the other churches, music is at

a very low ebb. The *soprano* parts are sung by actual men. Of course, anything like light and shade is entirely out of the question, and every one seems as though he was endeavoring to scream louder than every one else. The compositions performed are worthless, and the organists scarcely fit to be placed on an equality with our country teachers. Such is the state of music in the capital of Christendom! At the 'Nobil Teatro di Apollo' four operas and a half were produced in the course of the season. The *prima donna*, De Giulio Brosi, has completely sung herself out. The tenor, Sarti, possesses a powerful voice, and sings *à la Freschini*. The baritone, Starti, belongs to a legion of insignificant, stereotype tyrants of Italian *opera seria*. I was better pleased with the second baritone, Dantoni, who got through *Figaro* very respectably. The acting and singing of the *Almaviva*, a weakly *tenorino*, were lamentable. Bartolo and Basilio were not offensive, and did not indulge in the extravagances usual among ourselves. The Rosina of Signora de Marini was far from perfect, with regard to *floriture* and acting, but this lady's shortcomings found, to some degree, a compensation in the freshness and youth of her voice, and her pleasing personal appearance. The smaller parts were respectably filled, while the chorus and orchestra were satisfactory. Between the first and second acts of the opera, there was a grand ballet."

ITALY.—The following is the list of the nineteen new operas given in Italy in 1861:

Name of Opera.	Composer	Where prod'd.
La Penna del Diavolo.	Quilici.	Florence.
La Sajojarda.	Ponchielli.	Cremona.
Adello.	Mercuri.	S. Angelo.
L'Espiazione.	Peri.	Milan.
Shakespeare.	Benvenuti.	Parma.
Eleonora di Toledo.	Zabban.	Ancona.
La Guardia Nazionale.		Naples.
Aurora di Nevora.	Sinillio.	Trieste.
Guerra in Quattro.	Pedrotti.	Milan.
Il Mulattiere di Toledo.	Pacini.	Rome.
Desiderio Duca d'Istria.	Sternich.	Zara.
Caterina di Guisa.	Rossi.	Lecco.
Virginia.	Petrolla.	Naples.
Menestrello (rinnovata).	De Ferrari.	Genoa.
La Mendicante.	Sangiorgi.	Rome.
La Locandiera.	Usgili.	Turin.
La Valle d'Andora (rinn.).	Cagnoni.	Genoa.
Belfegor.	Pacini.	Florence.
Mazepa.	Pedrotti.	Bologna.

Of these operas, five are in the buffo and fourteen in the serious style. The operas for 1862 include "Mormile," by Braga, at Milan; "Leone Isauro," by Cianchi, at Turin; "Marion Delorme," by Bottesini, at Palermo, and an opera, name unknown, by Moscuza, at Naples.—*Eze. Post.*

PARIS.—At the concert given on the 22d of December for the benefit of the subscription opened for the erection of a monument to his memory in Florence, the programme included, among other selections from Cherubini's works, the overture to "Anacreon," the chorus called "Blanche de Provence," and the introduction to "Eliza." The only one of Cherubini's operas which keeps its place on the stage is that called "Les Deux Journées," which is yet popular in Vienna.

Alexander Boucher, an old French violinist, has just died in Paris, aged eighty-four years. He first appeared in public as a violinist when six years old, and gave his last concert about two years ago, when eighty-two years old. He was the director of music to Charles IV. of Spain, and used to play at the celebrated concerts given by Madame Catalani. When Napoleon kept Charles IV. a prisoner at Fontainebleau, Boucher used to frequently visit the exile. One day Napoleon, passing before the windows of the prison, heard some one playing inside the romance from Gluck's "Orpheus," "*J'ai perdu mon Eurydice*." The piece was so beautifully played that the Emperor sent for the musician, and thenceforth Boucher was a *protégé* of Napoleon. Once, in travelling to England, the Custom House officials at Dover seized his violin as dutiable. Unable to explain the facts of the case in English, he took his violin and played "God Save the Queen" with variations, which so affected the Custom House men that they gave back his instrument. Boucher has given concerts in Russia, Germany and Poland, and was well known in the musical circles of Europe.

At the first concert this month of the Society of the Concerts of the Paris Conservatoire, Beethoven's oratorio "Mount of Olives" and Mozart's "David Penitent" were produced.

Ulysse Donzelli, son of the famous tenor, has come to Paris to give concerts.

At St. Petersburg the censor has prohibited "William Tell"; and at Rome, as "Lucrezia Borgia" is tabooed, the music has been arranged to another libretto, called "Elvira Wolton."—*Eve. Post.*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Maiden's wish. Fred. Chopin. 25
What a young girl loves. " 25

These are the first of a series of sixteen Polish Songs, the only Songs ever penned by this great composer, collected and edited after his death by Jules Fantana, to whom this task had been assigned by the author in his last sickness. As they stand now they are mostly written for a low voice. They are both as peculiar and charming as those incomparable Mazurkas of his, which more than any other of his works bear the stamp of his Polish nationality. Only they are much easier to perform. It has required no small command of language to find adequate terms for the original idiom, which is full of strange metaphors, and oddly phrased. Yet both the English and German translations—the former by Miss Raymond—are fluent and singable. Both of the above songs are playful, joyous. They might be called vocal Mazurkas.

Tears of anguish. A. Reichardt. 25

Another capital new Song by the author of "Thou art so near and yet so far."

A sympathizing heart. From Howard Glover's "Ruy Blas." 25

One of the encore Songs in this new and highly successful Opera. It is a charming Parlor ballad, for a medium voice.

Instrumental Music.

What are the wild waves saying? Transcription. Brinley Richards. 50

An elegant arrangement, written carefully and tastefully, and brilliant without being out of the reach of the majority of amateur pianists, in the present advanced state of musical acquirements.

Forest Rose (Waldröschen). Nocturne. Th. Oesten. 35

A very pleasing, melodious piece in the Tremolo style, which, like the "Alpine bells" of the same composer, lately issued, will find a large circle of admirers.

Juanita Waltz. Four hands. C. D'Albert. 25

A late popular Waltz, founded on the air of the popular Spanish Ballad "Juanita," in a plain, effective arrangement for two players.

Nathalie Waltz. (Simplified). Labitzky. 25

One of the prettiest of German Waltzes arranged in an easy key, and without Octaves. It makes a very good piece for scholars in the second or third quarters.

Books.

ARMY DRUM AND FIFE BOOK. 50

This work contains complete instructions for full Camp Duty; the Reveille, the Tattoo, Calls and Beats used in the U. S. Service, with Engravings, illustrating the use of the Drum; and a choice collection of National, Patriotic and other Music, all the Bugler's Call for Infantry and Skirmishers. It is edited by Keach, Burnitt and Cassidy, and recommended by the late Edward Kendall as the most thorough work of the kind. It is already adopted throughout the country and is universally recommended to all desiring either Instructions or Music for the Drum and Fife. As a correct book for Camp Service it cannot be excelled, if, indeed, equalled, and its use invariably leads to the greatest proficiency in the use of these instruments.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 516.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 22, 1862.

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Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 363).

NAPLES, April 13, 1831.

Dear Rebecca!

This represents the birthday letter; may it wear a holiday face to you!—It comes a day after the fair, but it means none the less well; for myself, I have spent the festival day strangely this time, but most beautifully;—only I could not write, for I had neither table nor ink. I stuck deep in the Pontine marshes. May a happy year lie before you, and may we meet somewhere; if you thought of me that day, our thoughts must have met somewhere on the Brenner, or in Innspruck, for I thought continually of you. Even if you do not look at the date of the letter, you must remark by the tone of it, that I am in Naples. I have not yet been able to come to any serious, tranquil thought; it is altogether too gay around me here; it invites one to do nothing and to think nothing, and already the example of so many thousand people urges one irresistibly that way. I mean, indeed, that it shall soon be otherwise; but it will have to go on in this way during the first days, that I see. I stand now for hours long on my balcony, and gaze upon Vesuvius and the gulf.

But I must now attempt once more my old style of description; else the material accumulates too much, and I become confused, and you will not be able to follow me clearly. So much that is new storms in continually upon me, that I need only send a diary, for you to know how I live and am affected. And so I make a beginning, and confess, that the taking leave of Rome was very hard to me. I had lived there so calmly and yet so excited, had made so many dear friendly acquaintances and became so much at home, that the last days with their disquietudes and runnings about seemed doubly disagreeable. The last evening I went to Vernet, to thank him for my quite finished portrait, and to take leave. There we made some music, talked politics, played chess, and so at a late hour I went down the Monte Pincio to my house, packed my things, and started off on the next morning with my travelling companions.

I sat in the cabriolet, looked at the scenery, and could dream to my heart's content. Arrived at quarters in the evening, we all went to walk; the couple of days were more like a pleasure trip than a journey. The way from Rome to Naples is the richest thing I know, and the whole mode of travelling very pleasant. You fly away across the plain; for a little drink-money the postilions drive like mad, which is quite to the purpose in the marshes. If you wish to see the country, you have only to refuse the drink-money, and instantly you go slower. From Albano over Ariccia and Gonzano to Velletri the road leads always between hills, which are deeply shaded with all sorts of trees, up hill and down hill, through

alleys of elms, past cloisters and images of saints. On one side the Campagna with its heath bloom and its motley colors remains still in sight;—over yonder comes the sea, which gleamed beautifully in the sunshine, and then the clearest sky, for since Sunday it has become splendid weather. So we drove into Velletri, our first night's lodging place; there we found a great church festival. The handsome women, with their splendidly original faces, went in troupes up and down the alleys; the men in their mantles stood grouped on the streets,—the church was hung with garlands of green leaves; we heard the sound of a bass-viol and some fiddles inside as we passed; on the square there were preparations for fireworks; then the sun went down clear and tranquil, and the Pontine plain, with its thousand colors, and the rocks, jutting out singly against the horizon, showed us the way which we were to travel the next day.

After supper I felt like walking on a little, and discovered a kind of illumination; it was all alive upon the streets, and when at last I came into the spot where the church was, and turned round the corner, the whole street on both sides was set with burning torches, and the people walked to and fro in the middle, crowding one another, and delighted that they could see each other so distinctly in the night. How prettily it looked, I cannot tell. The crowd was greatest just before the church; I pressed in with the rest: the little building was filled with kneeling people, worshipping the elevated host; no one spoke a word: nor was there any music; this stillness, the illuminated church, the many kneeling women with their white kerchiefs on their heads, and their white dresses, were something really solemn! A wonderfully handsome, clever Italian youth explained to me out there the whole festival, and assured me that it would be still much finer, were it not for the commotions that had broken out; these had cost them the horse races, the tar barrels, &c., and therefore it was a pity that the Austrians had not come earlier.

The next day at six o'clock we went on into the Pontine marshes. It is a sort of mountain road; you drive through a perfectly straight alley of trees on a plain; on one side of the alley stands a continuous chain of mountains, on the other spread the marshes. But these are overgrown with countless flowers, and smell very sweetly; only in the long run it grows cloying, and I felt very clearly the oppressive air, in spite of the bright weather. Along the chaussée flows a canal, which Pius VI. had made to drain the marshes. In it sat a lot of buffaloes, who only stuck their heads out of the water, and felt very comfortable there. The straightness of the road produces a singular effect; for precisely as you see the end of the mountain chain, looking along the alley of trees, at the first station, just so it is at the second and the third also; only always so many miles nearer and bigger;—Terracina, which lies right at the end of the alley, you do not see until you are close before it. Then you

turn suddenly to the left around a rocky corner, and have the whole sea before you; citron gardens, palms, and all the Southern vegetation on the declivity before the city; the towers looking out over the bushes, and the haven stretching out into the sea. The sea is still to me the most beautiful thing in nature. I love it almost more than I do the sky. Of all Naples the sea has given me the most delightful impression; I always feel well, when I see the bare wide watery surface before me. From Terracina begins properly the South. There you are in another land, and every plant, every shrub reminds you of it. I was particularly pleased with two mighty mountain ridges, between which the road runs; they were without trees or shade, but overgrown from top to bottom with wall-flowers, so that they looked entirely yellow, and the scent was almost too strong. There is great lack of large trees and grass. The nests Fondi and Itri look quite robber-like and grim. The houses cling to the rocky walls; great mediæval towers in the midst of them; many sentries and posts visible on the mountain peaks; but we came through without an adventure.

We spent the evening in Mola di Gaeta. There is the famous balcony, where, looking out over lemon and orange gardens, you have the blue sea before you, with Vesuvius and the islands in the distance. That was on the 11th of April; now as I had celebrated the whole day by myself in silence, I could not help informing my companions in the evening, that it was your birthday; and so your health was drunk; indeed an old Englishman, who was present, drank it with us and wished me "a happy return to my sister." I drained the glass to your prosperity, and thought of you. Be unchanged when we meet again! With such thoughts I walked up and down during the rest of the evening in the lemon garden or the seashore, and heard how the waves from such a distance pushed one another in to land, and now and then plashed very gently. It was a heavenly night! Among a thousand things, which passed through my head, the Grillparzer example occurred to me, which it is really impossible to set to music, and for which very reason Fanny has composed it wondrous well; seriously though, I sang the song over to myself a long while, for I was standing just then in the scene of which it speaks. The sea had followed, given up its burthen and was very tranquil. That was the first song. Now came on the following day the second; for the sea, to look upon it, was half meadow, half ether and the fine ladies nodded, as well as the olive tree and cypress; but they were all brown, and I did not come out of the prose of it!—What gleams through the foliage, sparkling like gold? Mere cartridge boxes and sabres; for the king was holding a review in St. Agatha, and soldiers defiled upon both sides of the way; they seemed doubly good to me, because they resembled the Prussian, and because for a long time I had seen only the Pope's soldiers. Some bore dark lanterns on their muskets, since

they had marched by night; it all looked very smart and gay. Now we come into a short rocky pass, and at the end of it descend into the Campan valley. It is the most charming valley that I ever saw; like an immeasurable garden; far and wide planted and overgrown; on the one side the blue line of the sea, on the other the soft mountain ranges, still overlooked by snow peaks; in the distance Vesuvius and the islands, looming above the plain in the blue vapor; the road was straight toward them. Alleys of large trees intersect the wide field; plants burst out under every stone. Grotesque aloes, cactuses on all sides; a fragrance and a vegetation, like mad; it is incredibly agreeable. What in England is enjoyable through men, is so here through nature; and as there there is no spot of which somebody has not taken possession, and cultivated and adorned it, so here there is none where nature does not take possession, and bring forth flowers and herbs and everything beautiful. The Campan valley is fertility itself. Over the whole boundless surface, bordered in the distance by the blue mountains and the blue sea, there is nothing but green to be seen. And so we come to Capua. I cannot blame Hannibal for stopping too long there.

From Capua to Naples you go incessantly through trees, which are hung with grape vines, until at the end of the alleys Mt. Vesuvius, and the sea with Capri, and the mass of houses lie before you. I live here in St. Lucia as in heaven; for in the first place I have Vesuvius, the mountains to Castellamare, and the gulf before me; and in the second place it is three stories high. Unfortunately the rogue of a Vesuvius never smokes at all, and looks like any other beautiful mountain. To compensate for that, they go back and forth evenings in the gulf with lights in little boats, to catch swordfish. That is a fine sight too. Farewell you dear ones! **FELIX.**

NAPLES, April 20 1831.

One must get so used to finding all things turn out differently from what he expects or calculates, that you will not wonder if, instead of a diary, you receive only a short letter, to announce that I am well, and not much more. As for the scenery, I cannot describe it, and if you have formed no idea of it from all those who have spoken and written about it, I shall scarcely be able to give you any. For it is indescribably beautiful for just that reason, that one cannot describe it. What else I might report of now, would be my life here: but that has been so simple, that in two words I am done. I have not wished to make acquaintances, because I shall remain fixed here only a few weeks at the most, and then shall make tours in the surrounding country, and because I only want to become well acquainted with nature hereabouts. So I have been to bed at nine in the evening, risen at five in the morning, to refresh myself in the morning light by looking down from my balcony upon Vesuvius, the sea, and the coast of Sorrento; then I have taken long and very lonely walks, sought out my own favorite points of view, in which I had the pleasure of knowing my finest point was one almost entirely unknown to the Neapolitans. In these walks I selected some house on the hill, to which I toiled my way up, or followed only my idea, allowed the night with moonlight to surprise me, then made acquaintance with the vintagers, to find

my way back again, so that I came at last quite weary, about nine, through the Villa Reale home. How the moon-lit sea, with charming Capri, looks then from the Villa, how the blossoming acacias almost intoxicate you with their fragrance, how strangely the fruit trees look all sprinkled over with rose blossoms, as if they had rosy foliage—that again is indescribable. And since I have lived mostly in and with nature, I cannot write so much as formerly; perhaps we shall come back to it orally some day; then the little pictures in our sitting room will furnish matter and points of connection for narrations. This one thing though; that I agree with you, dear Fanny, in what you once said years ago, that your favorite was the isle of Nisida: perhaps you have already forgotten it, but I have not. It lies before one, as if it were made only for a pleasure place. Coming out from the woods of Bagnuolo, one is almost frightened, because it rises so near and large and green out of the sea, while the other islands, Procida, Ischia and Capri, lie there in the distance, undefined, with their blue shadows. Brutus hid himself upon the island after the murder of Cæsar, and Cicero visited him there; then the sea lay between, just as it does now, and the rocks hung arching over into the sea, and the green grew upon them, just so. Those are antiquities that please me, and give me something to think about, more than a few fragments of old crumbling walls!

I never could imagine such thorough-going superstition and love of deception as I find here in the people. Nature has frequently disgusted me, for the Swiss, about whom father was so vexed, are really innocent children of nature in comparison. My landlord gives me regularly too little change for a piastre; then I tell him so, and then he quietly brings out the rest. The only acquaintance I mean to make here, shall be musical, so as to leave nothing incomplete; for instance the Fodor, who does not sing in public, Donizetti, Coccia, and so forth.

Now a few words to you, dear father. You have written me, that you would not like to have me go to Sicily, and I accordingly have given up that plan, although I cannot deny that it will be rather hard for me; for really it was more than a "whim" of mine. There are no dangers at all to be feared; indeed, to make my heart right heavy, there is a steamboat to sail upon the 4th of May, which will make the whole tour, and many Germans, probably also our ambassador here, will go in it; and I should have liked to see a fire-vomiting mountain, since the bad Vesuvius does not even smoke. Nevertheless your prescriptions have always so far so harmonized with my own wishes, that I will not let the first opportunity go by, of being obedient to you against my momentary wish; and so I have struck Sicily out from my travelling route. Perhaps we shall see each other again so much the sooner.

And now farewell; to-day I will take a walk to Capo di Monte. Your **FELIX.**

(To be continued.)

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of Dr. HEINRICH VON KREISSELE.

(Continued from page 355.)

Whoever gave Schubert a subject for musical treatment, could do so in the conviction that, if the subject smited him, the composition would be

ready in the shortest time. Thus the well known song, "The Wanderer," by Schmidt of Lübek, was composed in an incredibly short time; the same was the case with the "Erl-king," which, after he had read the ballad through repeatedly in great excitement, he at once set to music just as fast as it was possible to write down the notes. But especially the following fact testifies alike to the lightning-like rapidity of his conception, and to the obligingness with which he sought to meet the wishes of others.

Fraülein Anna Fröhlich, teacher of singing at the Conservatorium, and distinguished by her musical knowledge, at whose suggestion Schubert had already composed some very beautiful female choruses, proposed to celebrate the birthday (Aug. 11, 1827) of her pupil, Fraülein Louise Gosnar (afterwards Frau von Sonnleithner), who was then passing the summer with her parents in Unterdöbling, by arranging a serenade in the garden of the country house. To this end Grillparzer had composed the poem: "Softly lingering in the stilly twilight," and she gave it to Schubert with the request that he would set it to music for her sister Josephine (mezzo soprano) and a female chorus, as a serenade. Schubert took the poem in hand, went into a window recess, read it attentively through a couple of times, and then said smiling: "I have it already, it is done, and it will be right good." After a day or two he brought the charming composition. But through a misunderstanding the piece was composed for alto solo and male chorus; now when Frä. Fröhlich called his attention to this mistake, he good-humoredly took the manuscript back again and brought it the next day re-wrought in the way that had been desired.*

Although Schubert, especially in his later years, when his works enjoyed a constantly increasing recognition, was fully conscious of his worth, and could not of course help being so, yet he remained always to the end of his life extremely modest. While still a boy, he asked a friend, who had been listening to some little songs he had composed to poems by Klopstock, whether he believed that anything would ever come of him; the friend replied, that he was already something clever, and Schubert said: "Sometimes I think so myself in secret. But who can do anything after Beethoven?" For him he cherished even in his early years the highest reverence; and repeatedly, while he was at the Convict, he would tell of a performance, for which the orchestra had been summoned to Schönbrunn, a few months before he entered there, at which Beethoven and Täuber, the music master of the Archduke Rudolph, were present. Afterwards he frequently saw Beethoven, without any more intimate relation springing up between them; which is not to be wondered at, considering Beethoven's inaccessibility. The great master seems to have first become more nearly acquainted with Schubert's compositions in the last period of his life; and as Jean Paul, who felt himself attracted in a high degree by Schubert's genius, found consolation in his songs after he had become blind in his last years, and only a few hours before his death desired to hear the "Erl-king," so Beethoven in the last days of his life got interested in the songs of Schubert, which until then had remained almost entirely unknown to him. A. Schindler,

* This composition even now is given with the best effect by men's voices.

the well-known faithful friend and biographer of Beethoven, relates the following concerning it:

"As the sickness, to which Beethoven yielded after four months suffering, rendered his usual mental activity impossible from the beginning, we had to think of some diversion for him, such as corresponded to his taste and inclination. And so it came about, that I laid before him a collection of Schubert's songs, about 60 in number, and among them many which were still in manuscript. This was done not only with the view of affording him an agreeable entertainment, but also to give him an opportunity to become acquainted with Schubert in his essential character, so that he might acquire a more favorable opinion of his talent, which had been rendered suspicious to him by the cheap enthusiasts, who very likely thought the same of others of his contemporaries. The great master, who before this did not know five songs of Schubert, was astonished at the number of them, and was quite unwilling to believe, that Schubert up to that time (February 1827) had already written more than 500 songs. But if he was astonished at the number, he was seized with the highest admiration when he came to know their contents. Through several successive days he could not separate himself from them, and he lingered for hours at a time daily over "Iphigenia's monologue," the "Limits of Humanity," "Omnipotence," "The young Nun," "Viola," the "Miller Songs," and others. With joyful inspiration he cried out repeatedly: "Truly, in that Schubert dwells a divine spark!"—"If I had had this poem, I too would have set it to music!" And so with most of the poems, whose subject matter, meaning and original treatment on the part of Schubert he could not praise sufficiently. So too he could not comprehend how Schubert had time "to set about such long poems, many of which contain ten others," as he expressed it. He meant to say, poems which are as long as ten others put together; of such songs in the grand style alone Schubert has produced about a hundred, which are by no means merely of a lyrical character, but contain the most long-spun ballads and scenes in dialogue, so dramatically treated, that they would be in place in the opera itself, and would not fail of their effect even there. What would the great master have said probably, if he had got sight of the Ossian songs, "*Die Bürgschaft*," "Elysium," "The Diver," and other great ones, which have recently appeared for the first time?—In short, the respect, which Beethoven acquired for Schubert's talent, was so great, that he now wanted to see also his operas and piano works; but his sickness was already gaining upon him to such a degree, that he could not gratify this wish. Yet he continued to speak often of Schubert and prophesied: that "this man will yet make much noise in the world," as well as lamented that he had not become acquainted with him earlier."

If Beethoven knew only a small part of Schubert's musical achievements, the latter was so much the more familiar with the works of Beethoven. Sympathetic chords with the great master are found in many of his more important compositions, and he too drew, like so many others, upon the treasures of the mighty one.

This affinity is particularly prominent in the piano-forte and other instrumental works of Schubert, but without the least loss to his own

originality. Tenderness, richness of fancy, glowing enthusiasm, the charm of melodies and the expression of blooming life form properly the element, in which Schubert moved; and in the ascendancy of these peculiarities lies the reason why we sometimes miss that strict proportion, that grand earnestness and artistic understanding, that thrilling power and energy of expression, and that compressed force, by which Beethoven looms so gigantic over all.

"Schubert," writes his glowing admirer, Robert Schumann, speaking of the last piano Sonatas (dedicated to him), "Schubert will always be the favorite of youth; he shows youth what it wants, an over-flowing heart, bold thoughts, swift action; tells it, what it most loves, of romantic stories, maidens and adventures, and even mingles wit and humor in it; but not so much as thereby to disturb the tenderer ground feeling. Moreover he adds wings to the player's own fancy, as no other composer besides Beethoven has done. Allusions to him are found on all sides; but even without him Schubert would have been no other; his individuality perhaps would only have forced its way through later. Compared to Beethoven, Schubert is a maiden character, by far more talkative, softer and broader; compared to him, a child carelessly playing among giants. True, he also brings forward his strong passages, he also summons up masses; but it is always the relation of woman to man, who commands, where she entreats and persuades; but all this only as compared to Beethoven; compared to others, he is man enough, the boldest and most generous of the more modern musicians."

(To be continued.)

(From Novello's Musical Times.)

Life and Labors of Vincent Novello.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

(Continued from page 356.)

Vincent Novello's unaffected sympathy with pupils and musical aspirants—both professional and amateur—was a marked feature in his character throughout his own musical life. He was lavish in imparting knowledge; patient in conveying instruction, cordial in manner, hearty in communication, benevolent in encouragement. His most eminent pupil was Edward Holmes, the author of "A ramble among the musicians in Germany," and of "Mozart's Life." In order to facilitate the more assiduous study of the young man, Mr. Novello received Edward Holmes as an inmate of his own house; so that at all hours left free by other avocations, he could superintend the progress of his pupil in theory and practice. Mr. Holmes became thoroughly versed in harmony, and was, for many years, organist of Poplar Church, and at Holloway Chapel. He was not only a sound musician, but his taste for letters gave him that polished vigor of style which distinguishes his writings upon the Art. From his schoolfellowship with John Keats and Charles Cowden Clarke, Edward Holmes had early acquired a strong predilection for literature; and his becoming a resident under Vincent Novello's roof confirmed the bent. Books were chief sources of recreation to the master; and the pupil naturally fell into a liking that chimed with his own original preference. Reading had so great a charm for Vincent Novello, that he indulged it at every moment which did not interfere with his Art-pursuit. He would read at night; he would read as he went along the streets to his lesson-giving; and many a time have friends smiled to see him pass them by unnoticed, absorbed in his volume, making his way through the crowded thoroughfare, indifferent to the jostle of hurrying passengers. The subjects that most interested him were fiction, travel and natural science. The romances of Walter Scott, the novels of Miss Burney and Lady Morgan, the tales of Miss Edgeworth, were main favorites of his; while works on chemistry, astronomy, and mechanics, engaged his attention, together with voyages and tours. As a youth, he had a fondness for two pastimes that fascinated him powerfully, billiard-playing

and skating; but when he found that their pursuit was in danger of becoming too engrossing, and of trenching upon the time demanded by his self-dedication to Music, he resolutely abstained from either, and gave them both up for evermore. When a very young man, also, he had a taste and talent for acting. There still exists a certain playbill of a private performance of Shakespeare's first part of Henry IV., wherein figures the part of Sir John Falstaff as played by "Mr. Howard;" which was the name assumed by young Vincent Novello on that occasion. This partiality for theatricals abided by him in the shape of interest in our best actors, and frequent going to the theatre. John Kemble, Elliston, Bannister, Munden, and Liston, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Davenport, and Miss Kelly, were idols of his; while his admiration for Mrs. Jordan amounted to a young man's enamored fancy. He would often afterwards expatiate on the enchantment of "her laugh, her exquisite laugh," and of "her arch roguish smile," with a gusto that betrayed the bewitchment he had once felt.

It was pleasant to mark—and still more pleasant to recall, for the emulation of his survivors—how Vincent Novello's inclinations were ever held subservient to his principles. Not only did he give up favorite sports, when they threatened to impede study; but he made his attraction for the theatre a means of cultivation and improvement for his children. As a refining influence, the highest Drama, and the best acting, are valuable in the hands of a judicious parent; and, allowed as a rare treat, they produce an impression no less good than delightful. Some of these theatre-treats remain still as bright points in "the dark backward and abysm of time" to the remembrance of Vincent Novello's children.—Once, riding home on his shoulder, tired and sleepy, after the glory of going "to see the play;" so young was then the rememberer, so kind was the good father. Once, a wondrous night of finely cast comedy, when Munden played Old Dornton; Elliston, young Dornton; Terry, Sully; Knight, Silky; Mrs. Harlowe and Miss Kelly the Widow and the Spinster, in "The Road to Ruin;" and when the farce was "The Turnpike Gate," with Munden as Crack, the Cobbler. Once, a night of joyful surprise, when the father, coming home tired with a long day's school-teaching, bade his little girl get Shakespeare's play of "Much ado about nothing," and read him the opening scenes while he ate his dinner (which she had prepared, laying the cloth for Papa, as Mamma was up stairs with the new baby); and then, as a reward for his daughter's good housewifery, telling her to put on her bonnet and he would take her to Covent Garden Theatre, to see Charles Kemble play Benedick.

Vincent Novello's economy of time, and his indefatigable industry, were the reason of his achieving so much. That which has been printed and given to the world is scarcely a third of the manuscripts he made. His editing generally implied re-writing the whole work; voice-parts as well as separate accompaniment, which he himself added. His speed in copying was really wonderful; while the neatness and distinctness of the writing equalled its rapidity. An anecdote will serve to exemplify his power in this respect. At the Musical Festival in 1828, in York Minster, he obtained permission to have a copy taken of Purcell's four anthems, and the evening Service in G minor, which were unique in the Minster library. The copyist to whom Mr. Novello applied, said he should require three weeks to transcribe them; and next morning, on consideration, said they would more probably take five weeks to write out. Mr. Novello smiled, and replied that he himself had already made a copy of the whole series during the previous day; for that, having begun to look them over, he had set to at once, and never left his task till it was completed. The original manuscripts were destroyed in the fire at York Minster not long after, and Vincent Novello was enabled to give back a transcript of that music to the Minster library, which, but for his assiduity, would have been lost to the world.

Of the music which he gained leave to transcribe from the library in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, Mr. Novello selected and copied material for ten volumes beyond the five he published under the title of "The Fitzwilliam Music."

The extreme correctness of his works arose from his habit of keeping a pocket-book in four columns (for the page, the staff, the bar, the note), wherein errors were carefully noted at the time of discovery, when playing or reading the works after publication, and which errors he pertinaciously required should be corrected in the plates, with a proof sent to him; thereby causing much impatience to his engraver, but securing the continued improvement of his editions. His particularity and exactitude in the matter of proof-sheets and revises were remarkable. Rarely

did he allow the proofs of the day to remain uncorrected; so that he was unburdened by arrears. At some period of the twenty-four hours he was sure to find some odd moment in which to fulfill the task of correction; and often the roll of proofs from the coat-pocket, and the scrap of red pencil from the waistcoat-pocket, were drawn forth during the few minutes of waiting for a meal, or while preparing to go out. No man better understood and put in practice the philosophy of the French proverb, *Sauvez vos quarts-d'heures*. Not only had he this wisdom of saving valuable stray quarters of hours; but he possessed that faculty of "making time," with which very diligent and very persevering people are endowed. Frequently, after returning from the theatre, or after an evening's brilliant conversation and gay supper with some friends, Vincent Novello would sit down to a batch of proofs with as wakeful and active a spirit of energy as though it were noon-day instead of long past midnight. His order and method equalled his industry and perseverance. He was not orderly according to some persons' ideas of neatness; his books and papers lay in heaps that looked disorderly; but he had his own notions of "classing" them, as he called it; and had the same repugnance to their being arranged or dusted by other hands than his own, which that zealous antiquary, Jonathan Oldbuck felt, when protesting against the officiousness of his "womankind." Vincent Novello was methodical after his own peculiar fashion; and though it might not be an ordinary fashion, yet it had extraordinarily advantageous results. His account books had not the conventional appearance of ledgers, and were not kept on the system pursued by clerical personages; but they presented a minute and accurate statement of each transaction, and gave faithful record of every receipt and payment. His note-books were plain and simple; but they contained details both luminous and voluminous, such as few gilt-edged or richly bound memorandum-books can boast. In examining musical libraries, he made very ample notes: not only lists of compositions by the various authors; but thematic catalogues, so as to be able to collate or compare with the contents of other manuscript sources.

Punctuality was a prominent characteristic of Vincent Novello. Not only in professional engagements was he scrupulously exact, but he observed the same precision with regard to pleasure appointments. He liked to be earlier than the time specified: and at a coach office or railway station, a playhouse or a picture gallery, he always arrived a few minutes beforehand; saying that he preferred waiting on the spot, to the chance of being there too late. In his professional avocations, he was so punctual in attendance, that during the seven-and-twenty years that he taught in one school (in Brunswick Square), he never missed a single day in the bi-weekly lesson-giving there; and during the six-and-twenty years that he played the organ at the Portuguese Embassy's Chapel in South Street, Grosvenor Square, he never missed the performance of a single Sunday's service, with the exception of one, which occurred at a period when a private grief (the recent loss of a favorite child) had rendered this exertion in public impossible to him.

Vincent Novello's attachment to this favorite child, his boy Sydney, had something of an exclusive fondness about it, that rendered it different from his affection towards his other children. The little fellow was singularly handsome—what is known in common parlance as "the flower of the flock." Symmetry of form and limb, bloom of complexion, regularity of feature, grace and freedom of action, curly gold-brown hair, eyes of a deep violet blue, thick long eyelashes, and a certain brightness, brilliancy, and dash in all he said and did, made this boy a family darling. Some of his scape-grace ways—such as once upon a time mounting on a stool to reach the candle, that he might try and burn off at its flame some of the auburn brushes on his eyelids, which he chose to consider a troublesome appendage, from their frequently attracting notice and admiration under the guise of laughing at them—made him only the more an idol among his brothers and sisters; while the parents shared the idolatry even in reproofing the prank. As for the father, he hardly cared to veil his idolizing by affected reproof; he openly spoiled Sydney, and the spoiling seemed universally admitted as the most natural thing in the world. He would seat the boy on his knee while writing; break off his work to attend to or play with him; give up talking to answer his prattle and questions; and sit down to the pianoforte, after giving lessons on it for hours, to play the dance tunes which the boy asked for, one after another. Many an antiquated country dance air of "The Tank," "The Triumph," or "Sir Roger de Coverly," are associated with Sydney's childish demand for "More, Papa, more!" while an

old French tune, known as *Toulez vous danser Mademoiselle?* was established by him as the one he meant to ask for when he despotically said—"Now play the Fatty-forty, Mr. Vincent."

The anguish felt on the death of this boy-treasure was the foundation of the first of those long and severe fits of illness, which beset Vincent Novello at intervals during certain periods of his life. They were not so much illness, as malady of the spirits; not so much physical ailment as utter depression, dejection, and prostration of the faculty for enjoyment. While the digestive organs assuredly suffered to a certain amount, the nervous temperament was disordered to a pitiable degree. So long as this sombre visitation lasted, a deep melancholy settled upon the patient's mind, and deprived it of all powers of taking pleasure in life, family, friends, or pursuits. Even his beloved Art, his adored Music, ceased to have interest for him; and it was only mechanically, and as a mere matter of principle, that he fulfilled his professional duties. He attended to his pupils, he superintended his various publications as usual, so far as intellectual exertion was concerned; but the elastic delight, the joyful alacrity with which he labored in his musical avocation when blessed with full health, entirely vanished while under the dominion of these periodical fits of disordered liver, or spleen. Obstruction of bile, from over sedentary habits, was the cause frequently assigned by medical men as the one which occasioned these visitations of gloom; and it is probable that, in a great measure, devotion to Art-toil, with carelessness in the matter of regular meal times, helped to originate those fits of illness, one of the earliest of which attacked him on the loss of Sydney. Not long before this boy's death, the family had removed from 240, Oxford Street to 8, Percy Street, Bedford Square: and here for a few years (from about 1820 to 1823) they resided. It was during this period that Mr. Novello obtained from Prince Esterhazy the permission to publish some more of Haydn's Masses; and the energy with which he entered into this new production aided to revive his suspended spirit of musical interest.

The next removal of the Novello's was to Shack-lwell Green; as Vincent had an idea that country walks, with cessation from the late hours and social gatherings of town existence, would conduce to entirely restore his health.

The experiment proved partially successful; but after two or three years' trial, was abandoned, from the parents' conviction that their children's advancement in the world would suffer from protracted seclusion in a suburban village. Now that their boys and girls were reaching an age to require placing in such positions as would enable them advantageously to commence their several appointed careers, Mr. and Mrs. Novello returned to the Metropolis, and went to live at 22 Bedford Street, Covent Garden as being a central situation; although they soon left this house for another no less so—No. 66, Gt. Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn.

Her marriage with a man of letters, when she had just attained her nineteenth year, confirmed their eldest daughter's early ambition to make literature her profession; while their eldest son's decided bent for chemistry and mechanics, which seemed to mark him out by preference for an engineer or a man of practical science, had been merged, on prudent considerations, in a sedulous cultivation and acquirement of such knowledge as should best fit him for becoming a music publisher, and promulgator of his father's musical productions. The second daughter's sweet voice and predilection for the stage, induced her parents to place her under the tuition of Mrs. Blaine Hunt, formerly Miss Merry, a fellow-pupil with Miss Stephens of Thomas Welsh; and the second son's marked talent for painting—amounting to genius, in its youthful strength of ability and development—led his father and mother to send Edward as a student to Mr. Sass, the first master for young artists, in skillful preparation as draughtsmen before they become colorists. The third daughter, Emma, subsequently evinced a similar inclination for an artist's career; and was also a pupil in Mr. Sass's studio

(To be continued.)

Daniel Steibelt.

Steibelt was born at Berlin, in 1775. His father was a well-known manufacturer of pianos. Steibelt's musical talents were developed at an early age, and good fortune introduced him to the notice of William the Third of Prussia, under whose patronage he was enabled to pursue his studies in playing and composition. He afterwards travelled abroad, and resided during fifteen years alternately in London and Paris. During Steibelt's residence in Paris, it is said that he gave considerable offence to his fellow-artists, by assuming an air of *hauteur* incompatible

with the modesty of a professor. He affected to despise his mother tongue, and preferred speaking bad French to good German. In 1799, he returned to Germany, and afterwards went to Russia, where he had the honor of being nominated, by the Emperor Alexander, to the office of chapel-master. He died at St. Petersburg, the 20th of September, 1823, after a painful and protracted illness. Due respect was shown to his memory by the united efforts of his brother artists, assisted by a great number of amateurs, who performed a solemn dirge to his honor.

Steibelt was not less esteemed as an admirable player than as a pleasing composer. His strength as a pianist lay chiefly in works of the *bravura* kind, which he executed with precision, power and effect, united to a singular grace and delicacy of manner. His compositions for the pianoforte, particularly those of the middle part of his life, had numerous admirers both in Germany and England; but, still more, particularly in France. This may easily be accounted for from the character of his music, which is full of gaiety and animation, and spirit, easy to understand and generally not very difficult to play. Among those pieces of Steibelt which are less ephemeral, less the offspring of the immediate fashion of the day, and more remarkable for richness and originality of invention, are his *Studies* (in two books), his two *Concertos* for pianoforte and orchestra, in E and E flat (generally known as *The Storm* and *La Chasse*, from the peculiar character of their last movements), his sonatas for pianoforte and violin, of which the one in E minor is the best, and some of his sonatas for the pianoforte alone, particularly that dedicated to Madame Bonaparte, and another grand sonata in the same key (Op. 60, dedicated to the Duchess of Courland—a favorite pupil of Dussek's, which will be admired so long as the pianoforte music of his age shall be esteemed.

Steibelt produced some operas, which appear never to have been circulated beyond the cities for which they were composed. The last of his compositions of this kind was *The Judgment of Midas*, which he left to his son in an unfinished state, and which, unfortunately, was the only thing he had to leave, for Steibelt, like many other men of genius, was apt to pay but little regard to economy and the mere conventional things of this world. His embarrassed circumstances had no small effect upon the vigor and elasticity of his mind. In consideration of the father, however, Count Milioradovitch, of St. Petersburg, projected a grand concert for the benefit of his successor, which realized a considerable sum. Steibelt occupied the latter days of his life in reconsidering his opera of *Romeo and Juliet*, the score of which he, on his dying bed, dedicated to the then King of Prussia, out of a feeling of gratitude for the patronage and favors he had received from the father of that monarch. His *Cinderella* and *Judgment of Midas* were written for the Imperial French Theatre of St. Petersburg, where they were performed with considerable applause. These works are little known. But that Steibelt considered *Romeo and Juliet* his master-piece, may be fairly inferred from the circumstance of his devoting so much time to re-modelling it.

Of Steibelt it may be truly said, that if he neither opened any new paths in science, nor widened its boundaries, at least he did much for the cultivation and improvement of that which was already known. He helped largely to advance the interests of music, by increasing the number of amateurs through the medium of his instructions, and also through that of his compositions, many of which still continue deservedly among the most esteemed pianoforte works that have outlived the age of their production. It is to Steibelt that the Parisians were indebted for their first introduction to Haydn's oratorio of the *Creation*. The critics of the period were of opinion that the work abounded with excellent points, but upon the whole was "heavy and tedious." Have the Parisians materially changed since then? Do they know much more, of *The Creation* now? We apprehend not.—*London Musical World*.

Joachim's Concerto.

The Berlin *National Zeitung* thus notices the performance of the "Hungarian Concerto," so-called, of the gifted violinist, whom Mendelssohn introduced to the world while a boy, and who is himself a Hungarian by birth. The work appears to have been as warmly accepted in Berlin, as it was a year ago in Leipzig. We use the *London Musical World's* translation.

At Radecke's second concert, the performance began with a *suite* of movements by J. S. Bach, for stringed instruments and flutes. The execution

struck us as being the result of great care and love of the task to be fulfilled. Somewhat less power in the stringed instruments, the weight of which bore down the flute, that, by the way, soared a little too high in its pitch, would have been desirable in a work belonging, we think, more to the class of chamber than of orchestral music. The *suite* was followed by Joachim's Violin Concerto (D minor), in the Hungarian style. Many years ago, we came across an overture of the composer of *Henry IV.*, which, by the contrast in it between the creative and reproductive artist, surprised us in anything but a pleasing manner. In the Violin Concerto there is nothing of this chasm to be perceived. The work belongs, by the poetry of its sentiment, the ripe and earnest feeling of its expression, as well as by the purity, steadiness, and symmetry of its forms, to the most important instrumental creations of modern times. The composer set about his task with symphonic veneration. Every idea of displaying anything like virtuosity was quite foreign to his intention; he flew to his violin, on the contrary, as his most faithful companion, to clothe in outward form what resounded and vibrated in his soul, combining with the violin, however, the orchestra, on at least a footing of perfect equality. In this way, he completed a concerto, which in a purely mechanical sense, is of the most unthankful description, but which, on the other hand, contains, from beginning to end, a perfect treasure of true and noble music. At the first hearing, what most strikes the audience is the finale, with its sharply marked themes, bursting forth into free, wide space, and breathing somewhat of Schubert's genius. The second movement is steeped in the profoundest ecstasy. In the first *allegro*, also,—extended far beyond the usual limits, but treated with the greatest certainty—there is an individuality which generally flees from the wild turmoil of life into the most secret resources of the heart. The work, as far as we can judge, is one of the most difficult in the whole range of violin literature.—Since its object, just like that of Schumann's piano-forte compositions, is, in no instance, a merely technical display of the instrument, but the exhibition of the tenderest and most secret flights of the soul; a full confession, as it were, out of the fullness of the heart, it requires an executant who refuses his violin nothing. Such a one it has found in Ferdinand Laub. The most elevated tone, the warmest feeling, and the most wonderful energy in grasping the intellectual portion of the task ran through his performance from the first bar to the last. The hearer, completely carried away by the overpowering richness of the expression, had no time or capability left to pay attention to the boundless excellence of all the merely manual details. May we soon meet in one or other of our concert-rooms an artist equally gifted. The second part of the concert was taken up by Perfall's *Undine*, a legend for soloists, chorus and orchestra,—a smooth, easy work, which, by the quality, so common now-a-days, and, as a rule, euphoniously designated pleasing popularity, may obtain many admirers. We, however, could see no charm in it. The composer has conjured up the deities of the springs and streams, to pour two or three extra pails of water into the romantic music-lakes which, luckily, in our time, are beginning to dry up. We were not able to discover the slightest significant true form. Mad. Cash, who was engaged at the Royal Opera last year, sang the part of *Undine* in an agreeable manner. Herr Seyffart's voice was heard to advantage only in the more tender passages of the tenor solos.

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, FEB. 8, 1862.—I deem the debut of a new Musical Society in this city an occurrence of sufficient importance to be chronicled in your columns. The "Anacreontic," so called, made its first appearance at the *foyer* of the Academy of Music on Thursday evening last. The entertainment was gratuitously given to an audience of invited guests and friends of the interested parties, though, who these interested ones are, remains as great a mystery, as the reason of giving such a name to this association. I made inquiries of three of the gentlemen whose names were on the circular of invitation as a committee of arrangements, concerning the history and prospects of this Society, but nothing could I learn save that one of the trio thus interrogated has loaned the parties a piano for the occasion. The vocal talent exhibited was by no means of a superior

description; the voices were of that familiar school, that we find gracing the singing galleries of the up-country churches; but are, for some reason or other, sadly out of place, and as often out of tune in the concert saloons of cities. So that the new Society must needs do better when they commence to give concerts in earnest. The instrumental part of the entertainment is entitled to more praise. One of our best professional violinists, Mr. SIMON HASSLER, played the *Rondo Russe* of DeBeriot in his very best style; and our rising young 'celloist, Mr. CHARLES SCHMITZ, who, though numbering scarce twenty years, already ranks among the first at his instrument in this country, rendered Romberg's variations on the "He was despised" of Handel, in a masterly and artistic manner. With these two exceptions the concert was a great "bore," and the patience of the audience was additionally taxed by being compelled to listen to a very prosy and pointless effort at a speech by a self-glorifying editor of a city paper.

You may not have heard that Mr. Simon Hassler's concert, given some three weeks since, was a perfect success, both musically and pecuniarily. As an energetic musician Mr. Hassler deserves all the success that has hitherto followed him in life. Our people have become strongly attached to him and could not now well spare him.

Last week a concert was given by Master REIS, an intelligent little fellow of but eleven years of age, and pupil of Mr. CARL WOLFSOHN upon the piano-forte. He was assisted by Madame JOHANSEN and Messrs. Wolfssohn, Hassler and Schmitz. The youthful pianist made a very favorable impression, and gave evidence of talent that will make him, in time to come, an artist of no ordinary ability.

The few nights of opera that we have recently been favored with, were perhaps more satisfactory to the management than to the audiences. The operas were but shabbily rendered, the orchestra being sufficiently feeble to damage every representation. If we are never to do better than this, we had better drop the opera forever. We have been so accustomed to the wretched apologies for operatic representations, that, were we once to see a familiar opera put upon the stage with proper care, and sufficient rehearsal, with an orchestra before the footlights worthy of the name, I question if half the *habitués* of an opera house could recognize the work in the transformation.

MERCUTIO.

MILWAUKEE, FEB. 10.—On Thursday evening last, our Musical Society favored the music-loving people of this city with a decidedly agreeable entertainment, in the shape of an extra concert, not included in the regular course of concerts for members. Owing to a more judicious course taken in regard to advertising, a full house greeted the performance. Part I. opened with the overture to the ever-welcome "Barber of Seville," and the orchestra, under the efficient leadership of Mr. ABEL, did ample justice to Rossini. The overture was followed by the 2d act from the opera itself. The character of *Rosina* was represented by Miss BRENDCKE, who made her first appearance in opera, on the stage. Her voice is quite passable, though rendered somewhat faint at times by the nervousness incident to "first appearances." Her acting was better than was expected, she being almost too young and inexperienced to successfully represent such characters. Mr. JACOBS, the tenor, charmed the audience by his fine singing and faithful rendering of the difficult part of *Count Almaviva*. His natural and easy appearance on the stage cannot but make him a favorite with the public. *Bosilio* was represented to perfection by Mr. ROSENTHAL, the President of the Society. I hope Milwaukee will long retain him. *Figaro*, the mirth-loving barber, was represented by Mr. GEISBERG, who has long been missed from our musical entertainments as a "soloist." Mr. BIERSEACH took

the part of *Dr. Bartolo*, the miser. Mendelssohn's "Nocturne to Shakspeare's 'Midsummer Nights' Dream," for orchestra," formed the conclusion of first part. Part II. consisted of

Schiller's Lay of the Bell.

Grand Cantata for Solos, Choruses and Orchestra. Music by Romberg, accompanied by the following.

Tableaux Vivants!

Arranged by Professor Voegtlin.

1. Foundry, master and men melting metal.
2. Parting from home.
3. Going to war.
4. After the conflagration.
5. Harvest Festival.
6. Prayer before casting the bell.
7. Revolution.
8. Resurrection of the bell.

The performance of this portion was not quite so satisfactory. The *tableaux* suffered much from the want of proper light. The choruses were well sung, indeed. Most of the solo parts were also sung in a creditable manner. I was particularly delighted to hear Mrs. GEISBERG again, who has been silent several years, so far as singing in public is concerned. I hope she, and her husband, too, will give our people a chance to listen to their magnificent voices.

TENOR.

ALBANY, N. Y., FEB. 12.—We have had our share of the good things which Mr. Manager Grau condescends to deal out to the benighted heathens of the country towns. He has taught us to laugh in our sleeves at the charming *prima donna* Hinkley, who is not as great as the bill printer would try to have us believe she is. We have cut our wisdom teeth lately and can tell the difference between a Strasbourg pie and a penny turnover. We have had a lion's share of Hinkley and now look for something a little better, which Mr. Grau has promised us in the shape of Miss Kellogg. Brignoli, fair, fat and lazy, was really charming the last time he was with us, and positively sang in the concerted music. Brignoli, when he tries to act, is abominable; when he makes believe sing, villainous; when he does sing, charming.

Susini, Mancusi, Barili, and Mollenhauer, the violoncellist, have been with us to entice away our half dollars to Mr. Grau's strong box. We have seen the elephant, and have paid liberally for the view. We have had a little good music, and an unknown quantity of bad. We pray for more of the first, and weep lest we have more of the last.

We have had among us lately a young Albanian, whose artistic proclivities were well-known among our home musicians some years since, before he started for Leipzig to study the violin and composition. I refer to Mr. OSCAR WEILS, who, in conjunction with Madame JOHANSEN, Mr. L. B. MILL, and Mr. H. W. A. BEALE, gave a concert, at Weddle Hall on the evening of Jan 21st, when the following programme was rendered:

PART I.

1. Caprice De Concert, "Le Pardon de Ploermel," composed and performed by Mr. S. B. Mills.
2. Concerto.....De Beriot
Oscar Weil.
3. Aria from William Tell.....Rossini
Mad. Johansen.
4. { a. Song without Words.....Stephen Heller
{ b. Prayer After Storm.....H. W. Ernst
Messrs. Mills and Weil.

PART II.

1. Fantasia, "Rigoletto".....Liszt
Mr. S. B. Mills.
2. { a. Brightest Eyes.....Stigelli
{ b. Maiden Mine.....Kücken
Mad. Johansen.
3. Introduction and variations on a German Air...David
Oscar Weil.
4. Bolero—from the Sicilian Vespers.....Verdi
Mad. Johansen.

Mr. Mills as an interpreter of the technicalities of modern piano-forte music has few rivals. He plays as if he had devoted a week to each measure of the music he is rendering. He may be brim-full and running over with what artists call "soul," but I have yet to discover that it gives him that dreamy warmth which the music of Chopin requires. He is as precise as a machine, and as correct.

Of Madame Johanssen's singing on this occasion the less said the better. Mr. Beale, who accompanied the solos of Mr. Weil, is an English organist who has resided in this country a short time. He has charge of St. Joseph's choir, and when he gets Simmons and Willcox's big organ fixed I anticipate great times sitting "under the droppings of the sanctuary."

I do not think that Mr. Weil is destined to make a great violinist. He has not sufficient self-command,—being, under the least excitement, as helpless as an infant. If he ever makes his mark in the musical world it will be with his pen rather than his violin, for he is full of genius, and writes, so musicians tell me, in a thoroughly artistic manner, with a nice ear for melody, and great contrapuntal knowledge. I have been told that he has a Sonata in course of publication at Berlin.

The concert was very fine, and the audience remarkably thin. I do not think it paid expenses. Perhaps you may hear again from QUIVIS.

BROOKLYN, FEB. 18.—The third Philharmonic Concert of Jan. 25, was decidedly the best I have yet heard. The orchestra was fully sixty strong, and the rehearsal had been unusually satisfactory. BERGMANN is indeed a most thorough conductor and has a genuine enthusiasm, which lends inspiration to all under his *bâton*. Programme.

Symphony—in C Major.....F. Schubert
Bolero from Sicilian Vespers.....Verdi
Miss Kellogg.
"Mein,"—"Mine," Chorus for Male Voices.....A. Hartel
German Liederkranz
Overture,—*Iphigenia in Aulis*.....Gluck
Andante and Allegro de *Sonnambula*.....Bellini
Miss Kellogg
"Nachtheile,"—Chorus for Male Voices, with Orchestra
F. Schubert
German Liederkranz.
Overture,—*Rienzi*,—[First time].....Wagner

Although the weather was extremely unpleasant, the attendance was very large. If I had time (or the ability) I would gladly particularize, especially of Schubert's superb C Symphony, which still haunts me, a vision of musical loveliness never to be forgotten. Tomorrow the second rehearsal for the fourth concert takes place, when we shall again hear

Symphony No. 6, Pastoral.....Beethoven
Overture—"Athalie," [first time].....Mendelssohn
Overture—"Le Carnaval Romain," [first time].....H. Berlioz

What a blessing to Brooklyn is its "Philharmonic!" Every other Wednesday afternoon, all through the season, these delightful rehearsals offer to the student and music lover the rarest examples and a degree of solid comfort which I hope (but do not believe) is fully appreciated by every subscriber. Then the Concerts are as nearly perfect as careful drilling, good taste and liberal appointments can make them. It is something to live in a city, which boasts an established "Philharmonic." It is a musical centre, a criterion, a stand-point of taste, in the highest degree, useful to every devotee to the divine art. (Baggs is eloquent and out of adjectives).

We have had another short season of Italian Opera, with Grau's Company; MAX MARETZKE musical conductor. There is a snap about the veritable Max, which really makes orchestra do better and inspires confidence in singers to a wonderful degree. The effect very apparent, all glory to Max. As nothing new has been added to the repertory, and as your readers are all familiar with the various abilities of Kellogg, Hinckley, Patti, Strakosch, Brignoli and Susini, I will only say that the new baritone, Ipolite, is a great improvement on Mancusi, and pass on to GOTTSCHALK! who is decidedly the musical Lion of the present. There is something in Gottschalk which pleases me beyond all the pianists I have yet heard. He has all the technical execution to absolute perfection and more besides, which is just Gottschalk and nothing else. In his inspired moments he sends an electricity through his hearers, indescribable to such as myself who cannot write half I feel or think, but which is irresistible to all;

but why attempt what I cannot do, for I am not able to write of him as I could wish or as he deserves.

JEM BAGGS.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 22, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Handel's "Messiah."

Concert Review.

THIRD PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—The public appetite increases. Music we must have even in the days of our national affliction, to keep us strong and healthy. But now the voice of the comforter comes sweetened by the sense of victory and new hope in the speedy triumph of the right. Partly to this we must ascribe the almost overflowing of the Music Hall on several of the last musical occasions. Partly also to the intrinsic attractiveness and excellence of the feasts that have been prepared for us. The music is good, and the public in the right temper to enjoy it. Certainly we can say this sincerely of the concert of last Saturday evening, and it is a pleasure to say it, as it was then to feel it. Nearly every seat of the great Music Hall had its interested and pleased occupant (and this was before our *greatest* good news came). The programme was all made up of sterling pieces, familiar, but the best of their kind:—a far safer experiment than that tried before, of stimulating an interest in a new direction by too copious use of strange and puzzling novelties, Wagner overtures, &c., which may gratify curiosity a while, and doubtless have their interesting sides, may appeal to one in certain moods and circumstances, but with an inconstant charm, that vanishes perhaps on the next hearing, and does not deepen with acquaintance, year after year, like that of the truly inspired creations of the great tone-masters. Many new pieces of music affect one in the same manner as new persons; you are introduced to So and So, who half fascinates you to-day, so frank and breezy does he seem, so full of vivacity, so boldly natural, or quaintly unnatural, and with a certain dash of originality about him; yet all the while somehow it is not satisfying; you are not quite happy in the acquaintance; there still lurks in the bottom of the cup, you know not why, a certain sediment of most uncomfortable mistrust; meeting him often, or analyzing the impression left you when he is out of sight, this feeling grows more positive and the first charm begins to vanish; the specious person has not won you after all; you turn from him with a profound relief to your old friends and heroes, who have kept their hold upon you through all accidents and under all points of view. You did him no more than justice in first meeting him half way and trusting that he was all he appeared, in conversing with him as with your own over-generous idea of the man; but you cannot consent to be bound by any "bug bear of consistency" to stay imprisoned all your life in that illusion.

Precisely analogous with this very common experience of persons has been the experience of many a music-lover, and even of some great musicians, with regard to much of this new music which has been (perhaps by no fault of its authors) nicknamed "Music of the Future." Wagner, Liszt, Berlioz, have talent and great genial

qualities: have boldly struck at new effects; have produced things interesting in certain points of view—more interesting technically to musicians (in the way of study, of instrumentation especially), than æsthetically, in the way of heart-felt edification and enjoyment, to music-lovers, who are only concerned in the poetry and beauty of the thing, in its soul-quickenning influence. We are thankful to Mr. ZERRAHN, or anybody, for giving us sometimes an opportunity of hearing them, since we have heard the question of their merits so much mooted. At least, one's knowledge is increased by hearing them. Perhaps they interest us not a little once, or twice; they suggest something perhaps which they are not; but some time afterwards, years afterwards perhaps, we meet them again, and find them wanting,—miss the first charm entirely, which probably had some one point of contact with our sympathies, whereupon we too hastily gave it credit for all the rest, not stopping to make certain that it touched all round—just as one sometimes looks the picture into the picture, and finds a portrait true, which is so in a few points, these sufficing to enlist the beholder's imagination in behalf of the whole, so that he sees it as he would have it and not as it is; but after repeated viewings, the thing passes for just what it is; our own imagination, or enthusiasm, in spite of us, refuse all aid to it. In short, the questionable things in Art, however specious, however interesting in certain points of view, however winning at first, do not wear well; you seek the charm again, and are surprised to find it not there. Such has been our experience, in common with many others, in regard to many works of formidable pretention by the composers above named;—that "Faust" overture by Wagner, for instance, whose expression of "discontent," on that last hearing a few weeks since, quite overshot the mark with us and made us feel more *discontented* than any music can do and be music. The audience generally—at least a large part of it—appeared to receive the same impression of it. As we felt, we wrote; and we have since been reminded (we confess, to our surprise and amusement) of the much warmer and more interested manner in which we spoke of the same work when Mr. Zerrahn first presented it to us five years ago. Then—through its subject chiefly, its expression of unrest and struggle—it suggested to us some analogy, in tone and spirit, with the Allegro of the C minor Symphony, the *Coriolanus* overture, &c.; but at the same time the doubt lurked at the bottom of the cup; for we find we did not even "venture to suggest, that Wagner's 'Faust' could bear comparison in point of *true imaginativus genius*" with those works. Five years pass, and the little cloud of doubt, "no bigger than a man's hand," has overshadowed the whole work. In this we only share the experience with regard to Wagner's music, which far more competent critics and musicians than any of us here, indeed which some of the very highest musical authorities at this day in Europe, confess to having undergone. Therefore, while we would still be understood as thanking Mr. Zerrahn for the desire to give us opportunities occasionally of hearing and judging for ourselves of new works so notorious, we were obliged to speak of the introduction of the Wagner and the Schindeldeisser overtures into one of his four Philharmonic programmes—occupying so large a space in it and the mind's impress-

ion of it—as “not very happy.” And could we compare the impression on the audience of that concert and the last one, we should find a contrast amply confirmatory of that comment.

This last time, happily, there was nothing to complain of in the way of programme. Some might have desired some things which they have not so often heard; but there can be no denying that every piece was good, nay first-rate of its kind. As to the orchestral selections, there could not be a question. As to the vocal, some cannot get over a feeling of incongruity at the introduction of Bellini and Donizetti right after a Beethoven Symphony; but we have heard such things even in Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig; a little singing, if it be tasteful and artistic, is a relief, especially to that large class who can appreciate Italian *cantilena* and *bravura* better than they can a Symphony, and will listen with more earnest good will to the latter if they can also be indulged in the former. Besides, the best-trained, the Italian-trained singers are most at home in their own music; even the great singer of the North, the Lind, has not despised it; and there is a beauty of its own, a lasting charm, in melody so genuine, so heartfelt, as Bellini and Donizetti give us in their fresh moments. The three selections this time were of that sort, and not half so disturbing (to our mind), as a “Faust” overture would have been, to the proportions and congruity of the following programme:

1. Symphony, No. 7, (A major).....Beethoven
2. “Come per me sereno,” from *Sonnambula*....Bellini
Miss Abby Fay.
3. Overture, “Der Freischütz”.....Weber
4. “Regnava nel silenzio,” from “Lucia di Lammermoor”.....Donizetti
Miss Abby Fay.
5. Turkish March, from “The Ruins of Athens”.....Beethoven
6. Polacca, from “I Puritani”.....Bellini
Miss Abby Fay.
7. Overture, “Tell,”.....Rossini

So much for the programme. The performance too was highly satisfactory. The orchestra, throughout the evening, sounded better than in the preceding concerts; a better blended and euphonious ensemble. The coarse quality in some of the brass sounds had in a great measure disappeared, showing the virtue of more care. Indeed one could but wonder to hear that Symphony, those overtures tell so effectively with an orchestra of about forty musicians (6 first violins, 6 second, 4 violas, 3 'cellos and 3 double basses). We have spoken of the orchestra as “reduced to a war footing,” not meaning to intimate that it is smaller or on the whole less select than it has been for several years past, during the musical “hard times” in which Mr. Zerrahn has stood in the gap and given us the best perhaps that Boston could afford,—but to suggest a reason why we should not expect just now to come up to the old standard of our best years, say 1859, when our orchestra numbered 50 instruments (30 strings), or 1855, when the number rose to 54 (8 first violins, 8 second, 6 each of violas, 'cellos and double basses).

Of the symphonies and overtures it is enough to say that they were well rendered, and that the old glorious effect of each seemed fully revived in the audience. The “Turkish March” made a delicious *entremêt*. It shows how objectively imaginative even the inward brooding Beethoven could be; how he could enter into the humor of a thing, a subject wholly foreign to his own life. In spite of its monotonous reiteration of the little motive, how vividly the interest is kept up! How suggestive is the oriental rhythm. You seem to

see turbans and scimitars move with droll automaton precision before you. We were mistaken in supposing that it had never before been played here; it was given once, we are told, at the Afternoon Concerts last winter. The audience received it more impassively, than we should have expected after the effect we have seen it repeatedly produce in Germany. There is a wonderful chorus of Dervishes in that “Ruins of Athens” music, which we should much like to hear in some of our concerts.

Miss ABBY FAY gave very convincing proof of the excellent and thorough schooling, which her voice and natural facility of florid execution have received during these past years in Italy. Her execution is delicately finished, graceful and refined, to an eminent degree. Without great power, or much magnetic quality, her voice made a beautiful appeal, to which her audience responded with spontaneous fervor. Her singing has now the charm of finished Art.

To return to the matter of programmes—let us not be understood, in what we have said above, to advocate the exclusion of new overtures in favor always of the few most familiar sterling works in that form. *Freyschütz* and *Tell* are always good: but where are the overtures of Mendelssohn (the “Hebrides,” the “Melusina,” &c.)? Where are Cherubini’s overtures to “Anacreon,” to the “Wasserträger,” to “Medea”?—works which have been scarcely heard here of late years. To be sure, there remains but one more concert to complete the four; but then we live in the hope of more.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—Another overflowing audience on Wednesday afternoon. Another victory! The attendance upon afternoon “rehearsal” concerts, with us, is a pretty good barometer to show whether the people feel well. Now it is like the old Germania times again; one must go early to the Music Hall to be sure of a seat at all. Let us hope that the good programme also had something to do with it.

1. Overture, “Der Freischütz”.....Weber
2. Fantasia for Clarinetto.....T. Ryan
Thomas Ryan.
3. 4th Symphony, (Italian).....Mendelssohn
4. Waltz, “Dream on the Ocean”.....Gungl
5. Patriotic Song, “Vive L’America”.....
6. Overture, “Zanetta”.....Auber

The placing of the symphony in the middle, instead of at the beginning of the programme, was certainly an improvement, considering the usual dinner hour, and also the fact that the audiences get settled into a more quiet listening mood, and instruments into better tune, after a piece or two have been played. The “Italian Symphony,” composed by the young Felix, as we have seen, when he was in Italy and only 21 years old, the composition going on at the same time with that of his Scotch Symphony, is full of that exhilaration and heavenly buoyant sense of the Italian sunshine, air and life, which he expresses in the “Letters”—i. e. in the first and third movements; while the second seems to conduct you musing and sentimental among old churches, ruins, and the like. The last, the *Saltarella*, he expressly tells us he reserved the writing of until he got to Naples. We are sure, in every part it was a great treat to the audience. *Freyschütz*, for a grand overture at the opening,—*Zanetta*, for a light one at the close (and no one has given us more sparkling light overtures than Auber, if we except Rossini), were as good as could be desired. Mr. RYAN displayed his mastery upon the most expressive of the wind instruments in a Fantasia made up of pleasing sentimental melody and sparkling variations, better than the common run of such things.

A Sacred Concert will be given in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, upon Harrison Avenue, to-morrow evening, by the choir of the Church, under the direction of the organist, Mr. WILLCOX. The solos by Miss WASHBURN (soprano), Mrs. SHATTUCK (contralto), and Mr. LANGMAID (tenor). Some choice pieces of Catholic music will be sung;

such as: Motets by Haydn and Mozart, a *Benedictus* by Hummel, a *Gloria* by Hauptmann, Gaglielmi’s *Gratias agimus*, and selections from masses by Mozart, Weber, &c.

VICTORY!—All who love their country and good music will rejoice to know, that the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY will celebrate our recent Union victories by a grand Concert in the Music Hall next Saturday evening, March 1st. It was their strong desire to do so this very evening, coupling the anniversary of Washington’s birthday with our new thanks and rejoicings; but it was too late to secure the Hall, already engaged for other patriotic festal demonstrations. On next Saturday, therefore, they will perform (for the first time) Handel’s “Dettingen Te Deum” and Mendelssohn’s “Hymn of Praise,”—two nobly appropriate works. Into the performance they will put all their own vocal resources, with the aid of the best solo singers and the entire orchestra of Carl Zerrahn’s Philharmonic Concerts. Evidently one will have to look out early to make sure of tickets.

Mr. ZERRAHN has waived the use of the Music Hall that evening for his fourth Concert, which is postponed to the following Saturday. Would not the “Heroic Symphony” be *apropos*? Or shall we even say the Ninth, with the great “Hymn to Joy”?

Music Abroad.

PARIS.—At the 13th Popular Concert of Classical music, in the Cirque Napoleon, under the direction of M. Pasdeloup, the works performed were: Overture to *Medea*, Cherubini; Symphony in D, Beethoven; fragments of the Symphony in Eb, Schumann; largo and minuet from 52nd Symphony, Haydn; Festival Overture, Ries. The last concert presented only three works: Beethoven’s Symphony in C major (No. 1); a violin Concerto by Rudolphe Kreutzer, played by M. Willaume; and fragments from Mendelssohn’s “Midsummer Night’s Dream” music.

COLOGNE.—The fifth Gesellschafts Concert excited more than ordinary interest from the fact that Robert Schumann’s “Music to Scenes from *Faust*,” his most comprehensive and most important vocal work was performed at it, in *all its entirety*, for the first time. Every place in the body of the hall (the *Gurzenich*) and in the gallery was full. The expectations of the public were more than realised, and the warmest thanks are due to every one who took part in the performance, beginning with the talented conductor, Herr Ferdinand Hiller. An immense number of musicians and musical amateurs came long distances on purpose to hear the performance. For instance, one gentleman, Herr Kirchner, accompanied by a couple of friends, came all the way from Winterthur, in Switzerland, where he is Musical Director. A great sensation was produced by the presence of Mad. Clara Schumann. On the 21st inst., this lady herself gave an exceedingly well attended *soirée* in the Hotel Disch. On the same evening, Herr G. Koch gave his annual concert in the middle hall of the *Gurzenich*. This concert, also, was exceedingly well attended, the various airs and concerted pieces, by Mozart, Spohr, Beethoven, Staupmann, Hiller, Rosini, Reissiger, Handel, Righini, and C. M. von Weber being warmly applauded. The executants were all pupils of Herr Koch.—*London Mus. World*, February 1.

MILAN.—Music is at low ebb in Italy. There is, in fact, none to be heard, except at the theatres, where Verdi and his imitators reign supreme. Here, in Milan, the only performances of any importance are those given at the Scala and the Carcano. It is the same in every town throughout “the land of song” at the present day; the theatres seem to enjoy an almost exclusive musical monopoly. There are no oratorios, no concerts, except those of a few wandering instrumentalists—no amateur societies indicating the cultivation of the art among the community. Classical music is ignored,—nothing being relished by the public but operas, and those of the most ephemeral description. The arrangements for the present season of the Scala, one of the largest theatres in Europe, go a long way to prove the actual condition of music in the country once so celebrated for the culture and encouragement of the art. The

company brought together, consisting almost entirely of foreign artists, implies a remarkable scarcity of available native talent. It includes the names of Mad. Csillag (Hungarian), Mad. Colson (French), Mlle. Talvo (French), Signora Guarini (Italian), Mlle. Acs (Hungarian), Signor Graziani (brother of the well-known baritone), Signor Negrini, M. Morelli Ponti, M. Atry, M. Chapuis, and Signor Beneventano. Art and artists are universal, it is true; but surely, it might be reasonably expected, at the first Opera House in Italy, to find a greater number of Italian singers engaged. The carnival season commenced on December 26th. Hitherto the operas given have been one by Petrella called *Ione*, and Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*. The first mentioned is a work of pretension, but of very ordinary merit, and not likely to extend the composer's reputation beyond the limited sphere in which he is known. It has been performed frequently in Italy. In the present instance the cast includes almost all the French members of the company, a fact which caused no little displeasure to many of the patriotic *habitués* of the theatre. Negrini and Beneventano were the only Italians concerned,—the latter, for obvious reasons, having resigned his engagement, after the first night, and being replaced by a French baritone. Negrini was left alone to share his laurels with the foreigners. *Ione* and a ballet entitled *Vedi Napoli e poi mori*, by Paul Taglioni, were played a fortnight; and the *Ballo in Maschera* produced on January 8th, for the first time in Milan. The performance of the opera was looked forward to by the Milanese as an event of public interest. Every seat in the vast theatre was secured, long before the date of representation was definitively fixed.

The first night at the Scala is the most severe ordeal either singer or composer can undergo. The audience assembled on such an occasion have no consideration for nervousness, or any circumstances which may interfere with the performance they come to criticize. They pride themselves upon judging all they see and hear strictly according to its true merits. Their applause is tumultuous, and their different modes of expressing discontent the most discordant it is possible to imagine. They disregard all the rules and regulations which are posted at the doors of the theatre forbidding any interruption of the performance—if an unfortunate singer happens to displease them, they completely drown his voice in a storm of hisses, or uproarious laughter.

Verdi's *Aroldo* has been given during the past week for the first time in Milan—a feeble attempt on the part of the Carcano manager to imitate the doings of his rival at the Scala. *Aroldo* is an emasculated version of the *Trovatore*, with much noisy music in place of the most pleasing melodies of the latter opera.

The prima donna is not remarkable except it be for a shrill voice, and very long arms, of which she avails herself most freely. The tenor, a *tenore robusto* at the beginning of the opera, becomes so weak and exhausted by shouting and exertion as to be anything but *robusto* during the last acts. A heavy bass, who apparently has seen better days, and has come to the Carcano as a last resource, affords evidence of artistic skill and sentiment—an agreeable contrast to the rest of the company. His singing, however, is not appreciated by the refined auditory, who prefer quantity to quality, in music as well as every other commodity for which they have to pay. The band and chorus are respectable, and certainly in one respect the arrangements at the Carcano are superior to those at the Scala,—there is no ballet to interrupt the opera.

Perhaps the most interesting collection of modern musical MSS. is that in the possession of Ricordi, the well-known music publisher. The original scores of the most popular works of Rossini, Bellini, Paganini, Donizetti, Verdi, and other celebrities, handsomely bound, form the library which decorates his bureau. Ricordi rules with despotic sway in musical matters throughout Italy, from the fact of the operas of Verdi being his sole property. The managers of the different theatres have to acquire from him the right of representing any one of them. He has amassed a large fortune from his prosperous monopoly, and welcomes with princely hospitality all those connected with the art who visit Milan.—*London Musical World*.

LONDON.—Of the last "Monday Popular Concert" the *Times* (Jan. 21.) says:

Last night's concert, devoted to the works of "various masters," demands a brief record, not merely on account of the general excellence of the performance,—with M. Sainton, as first violin, in one of Haydn's least known quartets (first time), and Mr. Lazarus as clarinet, in Weber's grand duet in E flat, for pianoforte and clarinet,—but also on

account of the unexpected appearance of our excellent English pianist, Mr. Lindsay Sloper. Mr. Sloper, as all our musical readers are aware, is one of the most finished executants of the day, besides being thoroughly familiar with the "classical" repertory; but the distinction he earned on the present occasion was all the more honorable from the very short notice afforded him that his services would be in request. Owing to the sudden indisposition of the pianist who had been advertised for the sonata with Mr. Lazarus, itself a composition of no ordinary difficulty, and for the far more difficult solo-sonata in C major (terminating with the famous *presto*, known as the *moto perpetuo*), it was indispensable either to change the programme, postpone the concert, or supply a deputy. It is hardly too much to say that not one player out of a hundred, foreign or English, would have undertaken without preparation to perform these two sonatas before a vast and well-instructed audience: and it speaks volumes both for the advanced cultivation of our native professors generally, and for the artistic acquirements of Mr. Sloper in particular, that such a task should not merely have been readily accepted, but triumphantly accomplished. At the conclusion of the solo-sonata Mr. Sloper—as he well deserved to be—was unanimously recalled. The vocalists were Miss Banks, who was encored in "Ah, why do we love?" (from Macfarren's *Don Quixote*), and Mr. De la Haye. The last piece in the programme was Mozart's beautiful quintet (in A), for clarinet and wind instruments, which has become an established favorite at St. James's Hall. At the next concert we are promised Beethoven's so-called Moonlight Sonata, by Mr. Hallé—and, for the first time, Hummel's justly renowned septet, for pianoforte, with wind and stringed instruments.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. Hallé's grand concerts in Free Trade Hall, proceed as brilliantly as ever. At the last there was the symphony in A major ("Italian") by Mendelssohn, the *Scherzo* from Beethoven's Ninth Symphony (first time), the overtures to *Anacreon* (Cherubini), *Siège de Corinthe* (Rossini), and *Bayadere* (Auber), and the ballet-pieces from Meyerbeer's *Prophète*—an unusually rich and varied orchestral selection. In addition to all this, there was Mendelssohn's *Serenade* and *Rondo Gioioso* (first time), for pianoforte and orchestra, Mozart's ottet for wind instruments in C minor (first time), which is also known as a quintet, and for piano solos some short pieces by J. S. Bach and Scarlatti. Mr. Sims Reeves was the singer, and to him was allotted the tenor *scena* from *Der Freischütz*, a song by Kücken, and Molique's serenade. Such a concert was well worth a journey to Manchester.

BIRMINGHAM.—The musical public have had a busy time of it this week. On Wednesday evening a grand concert was given in the Town Hall, at which Mad. Lind Goldschmidt made her first appearance since her return to artistic life, and, although there were not the same crush and the same excitement as in the days of the Jenny Lind furor, some ten years ago, the great songstress was received with distinguished marks of favor by a brilliant and fashionable audience. Mad. Goldschmidt's share of the programme comprised the Cavatina "Tho' clouds by tempests" from *Der Freischütz*; *Scena and aria* from *Sonnambula*, "Care compagne;" Mozart's rondo for voice and violin *obligato*, from "Il re pastore;" Taubert's "Bird-Song;" Norwegian "Echo Song;" and with Mr. Sims Reeves the duet from *Lucia*, "Sulla tomba." If the reception awarded to the artist did not recall the boisterous demonstrations of bye-gone times, critics, at all events, saw very little difference between the "Nightingale" of 1852 and the "Nightingale" of 1862. Mozart's song was her crowning effort, and indeed this was a supreme vocal achievement. Mr. Sims Reeves shared liberally in the honor bestowed on the performance. He was tumultuously applauded in the grand scene, "Oh! I can bear my fate no longer" from *Der Freischütz*, and compelled (absolutely compelled) to repeat Molique's beautiful serenade, "When the moon is brightly shining." Signor Belletti gave Rossini's "Tarantella" with such effect as to command an encore, and added the grand florid air "Sorgete," from *L'Assedio di Corinto*, in which, since Tamburini, no other barytone has been able to succeed. Mr. Henry Blagrove played Ernst's fantasia on *Otello*, Sig. Piatti his own *Barcarole*, and the Festival Choir, under the direction of Mr. Stockley, sang several part-songs. Herr Otto Goldschmidt conducted. Among the most interesting things of the evening, by the way, was a selection from Hummel's Septet, in which, besides Herr Goldschmidt (piano), and Mr. Blagrove (violin), M. Barret (oboe), C. Harper (horn), Mr. Pratten (flute), Sig. Piatti (violincello), and Mr. Howell (double bass) took part.—*London Musical World*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The flower she loves. "Ruy Blas." 25

A very pretty ballad from the new and much praised Opera by Howard Glover, just brought out in London.

Ole Massa on his trabbels gone. Quartet. S. K. Whiting 15

"Song of the Negro Boatmen" which first appeared in the February number of the Atlantic, and has now been read in every nook and corner of the loyal North, set as an easy Quartet.

Song of the Negro boatmen. Song and Chorus. L. O. Emerson 25

Words the same as those of the above quartet. It will doubtless become very popular.

Excelsior Song. John Blockley 30

It is not surprising that a poem, so striking and so well adapted to musical illustration as the "Excelsior" by H. W. Longfellow, should have found so many composers. Each version excels in some particular and will make friends. So will this one, by the composer of many a good English song, old and new.

Tears of anguish. A. Reichardt. 25

Another capital new Song by the author of "Thou art so near and yet so far."

Instrumental Music.

Garibaldi Grand March. Florian Agosty. 30

A very fine dashing March, full of life and spirit. The Trio introduces the National Italian hymn: Viva Italia! with great effect. A picture of the hero, on horseback, adorns the titlepage.

What are the wild waves saying? Transcription. Brinley Richards. 50

An elegant arrangement, written carefully and tastefully, and brilliant without being out of the reach of the majority of amateur pianists, in the present advanced state of musical acquirements.

Juanita Waltz. Four hands. C. D'Albert. 25

A late popular Waltz, founded on the air of the popular Spanish Ballad "Juanita," in a plain, effective arrangement for two players.

Forest Rose (Waldröschchen). Nocturne. Th. Oesten. 35

A very pleasing, melodious piece in the Tremolo style, which, like the "Alpine bells" of the same composer, lately issued, will find a large circle of admirers.

Books.

ARMY DRUM AND FIFE BOOK. 50

This work contains complete instructions for full Camp Duty; the Reveille, the Tattoo, Calls and Beats used in the U. S. Service, with Engravings, illustrating the use of the Drum; and a choice collection of National, Patriotic and other Music, all the Bugler's Call for Infantry and Skirmishers. It is edited by Keach, Burnitt and Cassidy, and recommended by the late Edward Kendall as the most thorough work of the kind. It is already adopted throughout the country and is universally recommended to all desiring either Instructions or Music for the Drum and Fife. As a correct book for Camp Service it cannot be excelled, if, indeed, equalled, and its use invariably leads to the greatest proficiency in the use of these instruments.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 517.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1862.

VOL. XX. No. 22.

Mountain Pictures.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I.

FRANCONIA FROM THE PEMIGEWASSET.

Once more, O Mountains of the North, unveil
Your brows, and lay your cloudy mantles by!
And once more, ere the eyes that seek ye fail,
Uplift against the blue walls of the sky
Your mighty shapes, and let the sunshine weave
Its golden net-work in your belting woods,
Smile down in rainbows from your falling floods,
And on your kingly brows at morn and eve
Set crowns of fire! So shall my soul receive
Haply the secret of your calm and strength,
Your unforgotten beauty interfuse
My common life, your glorious shapes and hues
And sun-dropped splendors at my bidding come,
Loom vast through dreams, and stretch in billow
length

From the sea-level of my lowland home!

They rise before me! Last night's thunder-gust
Roared not in vain: for, where its lightnings thrust
Their tongues of fire, the great peaks seem so near,
Burned clean of mist, so starkly bold and clear,
I almost pause the wind in the pines to hear,
The loose rock's fall, the steps of browsing deer.
The clouds that shattered on yon slide-worn walls
And splintered on the rocks their spears of rain
Have set in play a thousand waterfalls,
Making the dusk and silence of the woods
Glad with the laughter of the chasing floods
And luminous with blown spray and silver gleams,
While, in the vales below, the dry-lipped streams
Sing to the freshened meadow-lands again.

So, let me hope, the battle-storm that beats
The land with hail and fire may pass away
With its spent thunders at the break of day,
Like last night's clouds' and leave, as it retreats,
A greener earth and fairer sky behind,
Blown crystal-clear by Freedom's Northern wind!

Atlantic Monthly (March).

Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 370).

NAPLES, April 27, 1831.

For nearly a fortnight I have had no letter from you; I hope nothing serious has occurred, and I look forward to every mail day for news. I shall not accomplish much in Naples in the way of writing. One sticks too deep in it, to be able to transplant himself at once and tell about it. Add to which, that I have used the bad weather, which we have had for some days, for work, and have applied myself with zeal to the "Walpurgis night." The thing has continued to interest me more and more, so that I now avail myself of every free minute, to work upon it. In a few days it will be finished, I think, and it may grow to a right lively piece. If I keep in the same train as at present, I shall also finish the Italian Symphony in Italy; then I shall have a very fair stock of plunder to bring home with me from this winter. Then there is something new seen every day; I commonly form a party with the

Schadwos. Yesterday we were in Pompeii. It is half like the site of a conflagration, half like a just deserted dwelling. For me, to whom both have always something touching, the impression was the mournfullest, that I have yet had in Italy. It is as if the inhabitants had just gone out; but on the other hand nearly everything tells of another religion, another life, in short of 1700 years ago: and then again Frenchmen and English women gaily climb about in it; make drawings of it perhaps,—it is the old tragedy of Past and Present over again, beyond which I shall never get in my life.

Gay Naples, to be sure, looks right well after it; but the exceeding multitude of miserable beggars, who persecute one go where he will, and blockade the carriage as soon as it stops; especially the white haired old people, whom you see among them, make me sad, for such a mass of misery is inconceivable. If you go to walk by the seaside, look over towards the islands, and then back upon the land, and stand in the midst of cripples, who coquet with their infirmities, or find yourself surrounded, as I lately did, by 30 or 40 children, all chanting their "*muoio di fame*" (I am dying of hunger), and at the same time rapping on their jaws, to show that they have nothing to bite—it makes a repulsive contrast. And yet it is still more hateful to me, that one must entirely forego the pleasure of seeing a contented face: for after you have given richly, whether it be to keepers, laborers, attendants, in short to whom you will, the standing answer is: "*niente di più?*" (nothing more?). Then you can be sure, that it is too much. If it is the right price, they give it back with the greatest indignation, and then come back and beg for it again. These are little things, but they show the lamentable condition of the people. On one occasion I went so far as to fret about the ever smiling cheerfulness of nature, when beggars met me everywhere in out-of-the-way walks, and some of them went on with me a quarter of an hour or more. Only when I sit calmly in my chamber, look at the gulf, and at Vesuvius beyond it, and am all alone with it, do I grow really well and cheerful.

To-day we shall ascend to the Camaldoline cloister, and to-morrow, if the weather holds out, we go to Procida and Ischia. This evening I am to be at Mme. Fodor's, with Donizetti, Benedict and others. She is very friendly and obliging to me; by her singing she has already given me great satisfaction, for she has an incredible facility, and makes her embellishments with such taste, that one sees how much the Sontag has borrowed from her; especially the *mezza voce*, which the Fodor, whose voice is no longer quite fresh and full, knows how in a very politic manner to employ in many passages. As she does not sing in the theatre, I am doubly glad to have made her personal acquaintance. The theatre is closed now for several weeks, because the blood of St. Januarius is soon about to flow. What I before heard there, was not worth going for. The

orchestra, as in Rome, is worse than any German one,—not a single tolerable female singer, and only Tamburini with his fresh bass voice gave some life to the whole. To hear Italian opera, one must now go to Paris or London. I pray God that it may not get to be so with German music also!

But I must back to my Witches; forgive me, if I leave off to-day. The whole letter floats in uncertainty; or rather I float in it, being in doubt whether I shall use the great drum there, or not: "*Zakena, Gabeln, und wilde Klapperstöcke*" urge me properly to use the great drum, but moderation dissuades me. I am certainly the only one, who has composed the Blocksberg without the octave flute; but I should be sorry about the big drum, and before Fanny's advice comes, the "Walpurgis Night" will be done and packed up,—then off I go again through the country, and God knows, what I shall then have to talk about. I am persuaded, Fanny said "Yes," but still I am undecided. At any rate a great noise must be made. O Rebecca, can you not procure and send me some song texts? I am much in the mood for that, and you must have something new to sing. If you can send me pretty verses, old or new, merry or sour, or sour-sweet, I will shove them into your voice. For other orders I am at your service. I beg you, give me something to work upon, for the journey, in the hotels. But now fare ye all well, and so completely well, as I would like to be—and think of me FELIX.

NAPLES, May 17, 1831.

On Saturday the 14th of May, at two o'clock, I told the driver to turn round;—we stopped before the temple of Ceres in Paestum, and that was the Southernmost point of my youthful journey. The carriage turned about to the North, and since then I draw nearer to you, whenever I go on. It was about a year that I was on the journey with father to Dessau and Leipzig, and so it agrees in time too; it was the half. I have improved the year for myself,—am very much richer in impressions and experiences; have been industrious too in Rome and here; but outwardly nothing has come to pass, and at the beginning of the next year, so long as I remain in Italy, it will be still the same perhaps. Yet the time is not less dear to me, than other times, in which I have gone forward outwardly and in the opinion of people; for the two things always hang together. If I have lived any true thing, it will work its way outward, and I will certainly allow no opportunity for it to pass by. I trust such will occur once or twice before the end of this journey; therefore, during the months that yet remain for me in Italy, I can go on enjoying nature and the blue sky, without thinking of anything else. There only is the Art of Italy to-day,—there, and in monuments; but there too it remains forever, and there will such as we find something to learn and to admire, as long as Vesuvius stands, and as long as the mild air, and the sea, and the trees pass not away.

In spite of that, I am stock musician enough, to have a hearty longing once more for an orchestra, or a full chorus. There is at least sound in that, and such is not found here; that has now become our business, and when one has had to go so long entirely without this element, he feels a great deal wanting. There are orchestra and chorus here, as in some subordinate middling town with us, only still coarser and more uncertain. The first violinist, through the whole opera, strikes the four quarters of the measure on a brass candlestick, so that you hear it sometimes more than you do the voices (it sounds something like *obbligato* castanets, only stronger), and in spite of this the orchestra and voices are never together. In every little instrumental solo, old fashioned ornaments and especially a bad tone are prominent. The whole is without the least spirit, without fire and zest. The singers are the worst Italian ones I ever yet heard anywhere, Italy excepted; for if one would have an idea of Italian singing, he must go to London or Paris. Even the Dresden company, which I heard last year in Leipzig, is better than any one here. It is indeed very natural: in the boundless misery, which one sees here everywhere, where shall one find a basis for maintaining a theatre, which now requires great means? And the time when every Italian was a born musician, if it ever did exist, is long since past. They treat it, as they do any article of fashion, coldly, indifferently, scarcely with the interest of outward decency: and it is not to be wondered at, if every single talent, as it springs up, goes immediately abroad, where it is better appreciated, better placed in its true position, and where it finds an opportunity to hear and to learn something regular and heart-strengthening. Tamburini alone here is really good. But he has long ago been heard in Vienna, in Paris, and I believe also in London, and now, when he begins to feel his decline, he comes back to Italy. That the Italians too should alone possess the art of singing, is what I cannot comprehend; for whatever I have heard that is artistic from Italian singers, male and female, that the Sontag can do also, and in a still higher degree; to be sure, she has learned it mostly, as she says, from the Fodor, but why should not another German lady be able to learn it from Sontag? And the Malibran is a Spaniard. This glory of being "the land of music" Italy cannot keep: in fact she has already lost it, and will soon do so in the popular opinion, although that is accidental. I was lately in a party of musicians, where some one spoke of a new opera by a Neapolitan, Coccia, and wanted to know if it was good. Probably it is good, said one of the musicians, for Coccia was long in England, has studied there, and some of his things have pleased there. To me that was striking,—for in England they would have spoken just so of Italy. But *quo me rapis*? To you, dear sisters, I say nothing today, but in a few days I shall send a little personal document which is inscribed to you. Don't be alarmed! I don't write poetry; the thing is simply "a diary of an excursion to the islands in May."

FELIX.

NAPLES, May 28, 1831.

Dear Sisters!

Since the diary has become too thin and poor, I must at least send you an *abrégé* of my history. Know then, that on Friday the 20th of May we

breakfasted *in corpore* in Naples, namely on fruits and so forth; and *in corpore* means, the traveling party to the islands, which consisted of Ed. Bendemann, T. Hildebrandt, Carl Sohn and Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

My bundle was not very heavy, and contained little besides Goethe's poems and three shirts. So we packed ourselves into a hired carriage and drove through the grotto of Posilippo to Pozzuoli. The road leads along the sea, and is the gayest sight that can be seen. So much the more is one pained by the hideous mass of blindmen, cripples, beggars, galley slaves, in short miserable creatures of all sorts, who receive one there in the midst of that holiday nature. I sat down quietly towards the harbor, and sketched, while the others must needs torment themselves with the temples of Serapis, the theatres, the hot springs and burnt-out craters, which I had already seen three times, and to satiety. Then, like young patriarchs or nomads, we took all our goods and chattels, cloaks, bundles, books, maps, upon asses, seated ourselves on top of all, and made the tour around the bay of Baiæ, to lake Avernus, where one has to buy fish for his dinner; over the mountain to Cumæ (compare Goethe's "Wanderer") and so came down to Baiæ, where we ate and rested. Then ruined temples, ancient baths, and the like, were visited, and so it became evening before we got to the ferry. At half past nine we arrived in the little town of Ischia, and in the only tavern everything was occupied, so that we resolved to go on as far as Don Tommaso, two hours distance, which we did however in one hour and a quarter;—it was luxuriously cool; in all the grape vines and fig trees and bushes sat innumerable glowworms and suffered themselves to be caught; and when at last, somewhat fatigued, we entered Don at about eleven, we found all the people still up, the neatest chambers, fresh fruits, a friendly deacon for butler, and sat up comfortably till midnight, opposite a load of cherries.

But the next morning it was bad weather and rained considerably. So we could not ascend the Epomeo, and as we could not carry on much of a conversation with one another (some how or other, God knows why, it would not go for once), it would have grown tedious, if Don Tommaso had not had the nicest poultry-yard that can be in all Europe. In front of the door stands a large shady orange tree with plenty of ripe fruit, under whose branches the steps lead up to the dwelling. Each of the white stone steps has a large flower pot on it, and the floor above consists of a wide open hall, whence from an arch you can overlook the whole yard with orange trees, stairs, straw roofs, wine-casks and pitchers, asses and peacocks. That it may not want foreground there stands under the walled arch an Indian fig tree, so luxuriant, that they have had to bind it to the wall with cords. Finally the vineyards with the pleasure houses, and the promontories of Epomeo form the background. Under the arch we were protected from the rain; there we all four sat, and sketched the yard the whole sweet day long, as nicely as could be. It was not irksome to me at all, but I drew all the time with them, and believe that I profited somewhat by it. In the night there was a fearful storm, and I observed in bed, that the thunder rolls terribly long on Epomeo, somewhat as on the Lake of the Four Cantons, or still longer.

The next morning, Sunday, it seemed to be

clear. We went to Foria, saw the people in their motley costumes go into the cathedral; the women had their famous folded muslin kerchiefs on their heads, the men stood before the church square, and talked over affairs in their bright red Sunday caps, and so we wound our way through the festal villages gradually up the mountain. It is a huge rent volcano, full of clefts, hollows, slopes and steep chasms. The hollows they have used for wine cellars and crammed them full of great casks; on the slopes everywhere are vineyards with fig or mulberry trees; on the steep masses of rock corn grows, and yields several crops in the year; the ravines are covered with ivy, innumerable variegated flowers and herbs; and wherever else a place remains, young chestnut trees shoot up and give the finest shade. Thus the last village, Fontana, lies in the midst of the green, and among plants. But then the sky became overcast; it grew dark, and when we got up higher, at the uppermost peaks of rock, it had become entirely clouded; the vapors danced around, and although the jagged rocks, the telegraph, and the cross appeared strangely distinct among the clouds, yet we could not see the least part of the prospect. At the same time it began to rain; one cannot remain up there and wait, as on the Rigi, and so we had to leave the Epomeo again, without having made its acquaintance, and run down in the rain; one sprang over the other; I do not believe we were an hour.

The next day we went to Capri. The thing has something Oriental in it, with the glowing heat, reflected from the white rock walls, with the palms, and the round cupolas of the churches, which look like mosques. The *scirocco* was burning, and unfitted me for true enjoyment; for to climb up 537 steps and down again, to Anacapri, in such a heat, is labor for a horse. But it is true that the sea looks wonderfully beautiful, seen from the bald rocks above, and between the savage jags and peaks.

But before all I must tell of the blue grotto; for not everyone knows that, since one can only enter it in still weather, or swimming. Where the rocks sink perpendicularly into the sea, perhaps as far below the water as they rise above it, a huge cavern has formed itself, but in such a manner, that in the whole circumference of the hollow the rocks rest with their broad surface on the sea, or rather hang directly into it, and from there begin to rise, up to the vaulting of the cave; thus the sea fills the whole floor of the cave, and this has its opening beneath the water; only a little piece of the opening reaches above the water, and through this little piece you pass with a small canoe, stretching yourself flat upon its bottom. Once inside, the whole vast cavern with its vaulting lies above you, and you can row about there freely, as if under a dome. Now the sunlight falls in through the opening below the water, is broken and subdued by the green sea water, and hence come the magical appearances. The whole mass of high rocks is sky-blue, and greenish in the twilight, somewhat as by moonlight; yet you see distinctly all the corners and depressions; but the sea is brightened and illumined through and through by sunlight, so that the black boat floats upon a clear shining surface; the color is the most dazzling blue I ever saw, without shadows, without obscurities, like a pane of the clearest milk glass; and as the sun

shines through, you see distinctly everything that passes under the water, and the whole sea with its creatures is revealed. There you see the corals and polypuses sitting on the rocks; deep down, fishes of all sorts meet and swim by one another; the rocks grow darker and darker toward the water, and finally, where they hang close over it, they are black and you see still farther on beneath them the bright water, with crabs, worms and fishes in it. Moreover there is a very strange echo in the grotto from each stroke of the oar, and as you paddle round by the walls, new forms come into view. I wish that you could see it, for it is singularly magical. When you turn round toward the opening, by which you came in, the daylight shines through of a reddish yellow, but does not penetrate more than a couple of steps, and so you are quite alone upon the sea under the rocks, with your own peculiar sunlight; it is as if one could live a while under the water for once.

Then we were set over to Procida, where the women dress in the Greek fashion, but look none the handsomer for it; curious faces peeped from every window; a pair of Jesuits, with their black clothes and dark faces, sat in a bright bower of grape vines, took it comfortably, and made a nice picture. Then over the sea to Pozzuoli, and so through the grotto of Posilippo again home.

I cannot write to Paul about his change of residence and his entrance into the great wide world of London, because he only tells me in two words, that he shall probably set out in three weeks, and so my letter could no longer reach him in Berlin; in a week I will risk it and address my brother in London. It may be yet, that that smoky nest will prove my favorite abode. My heart rises, as soon as I think of it; and when I depict to myself my return there, how I shall go over from Paris, and find Paul there independent, alone, changed in the dear old surroundings; how he will introduce to me his new friends, and I to him my old ones; how we shall then reside and live together, I grow impatient to arrive there soon. From some newspapers which acquaintances have handed me, I see that my name too is not forgotten; and so I can hope, when I return there, to be able to pursue my work again, as I could not then, because I had to come to Italy. If there is difficulty about the opera in Munich, or if they do not give me the text, which I desire, then I will make an opera for London, for I know that I should receive a commission for it there, as soon as I might please. I shall also bring some new things with me for the Philharmonic, and so I shall make a good use of my time.

As I have my evenings free here, I read a little French and English. I have been particularly interested by the *Barricades* and *Les états de Blois*, because one sees himself transported back with horror to a period, which he must often hear praised as a strong one and too soon past away. Although the books seem to me to have many faults, yet the description of the two opposing heads, one of which always shows itself weaker, more irresolute, more hypocritical and more pitiful than the other, is certainly but too true, and one thanks God, that this lauded Middle Age is gone and never can return. Show this to no Hegelian, but it is so, and the more I read and think about it, the more clearly I feel

it. Sterne has become a great favorite with me. It occurred to me that Goethe one day spoke of the "Sentimental Journey" and said, it would be absolutely impossible to express better, what a froward and pusillanimous thing the human heart is. I found the book here accidentally, and thought that I would make acquaintance with it, and I have been much delighted to find how finely and beautifully everything is conceived and set forth in it.

Of German there is little here to read. So I am limited to Goethe's poems, and Heaven knows there is enough in them to think about;—they are always new. Especially have I been interested here by the poems which he evidently wrote in or about Naples, as for example "Alexis and Dora;" for I see almost daily from my window, how the wonderful poem originated. Indeed, as is the case with all masterworks, I think of it so often of myself and suddenly, that it seems as if it must have occurred to me too in like circumstances, and as if he had only accidentally expressed it. I actually maintain, that I have found the locality of the poem: "*Gott segne dich junge Frau*," and dined with the *Frau*; but now of course she must be quite old, and her suckling boy must have become a sturdy vine-dresser. Between Pozzuoli and Baiæ lies her house of "a temple's ruins," as it is three good miles to Cumæ. Here you can imagine, how the poems became new to one, and how differently and freshly one feels them again, and learns to know them. Of Mignon's song I will not speak at this late day. It is absurd though, that Goethe and Thorwaldsen live, that Beethoven has been dead only two years, and that H—— maintains, that German Art is as dead as a mouse. *Quod non*. Bad enough for him, if he feels so; but if one reflects a moment on that *raisonnement*, it does seem very silly. *Apropos!*—Schadow, who goes back in a few days to Düsseldorf, promises to get me some new songs out of Immermann, at which I rejoice very much. The man is a poet though; that appears in his letters, as in all he does. Count Platen is a little, shriveled up, gold-spectacled, hoarse greybeard of five and thirty years; I felt afraid of him. The Greeks look differently! He abuses the Germans terribly, but forgets that he does it in German. But I run too much into gossip; so farewell for to-day. FELIX.

Rome, June 6, 1831.

Dear Parents!

It is high time that I should write you again a regular reasonable letter; for I believe that none of those I wrote from Naples were good for much. It seems as though the air there would not allow one to reflect; at least it was only very seldom that I could collect myself. Now I have scarcely been back here a couple of hours, and the old Roman comfort and the cheerful earnestness, of which I wrote you in my first letters from Rome, have already diffused themselves again entirely through me. I cannot say, how incomparably more I love Rome, than Naples. People say Rome is monotonous, all of one color, mournful and lonely; it is true also that Naples is more like a great European city, more lively, more various, more cosmopolitan. But I tell you in confidence that I gradually acquire an especial hatred for what is cosmopolitan; I dislike it, just as I dislike many-sidedness, or rather I do not believe in it. Whatever would be peculiar, and beautiful, and great,

must be one-sided; if this one side is only cultivated to the greatest perfection,—and no man can deny that of Rome. To be properly a great city, Naples seems to me too small. The whole life and stir is limited to two great streets: the Toledo, and the coast from the harbor to Chiaja. Naples does not give me the idea of a focus for a great people, which makes London so wonderfully fine, and that because the people are wanting; for I cannot call the fishermen and lazzaroni people. They are more like savages, and their focus is not Naples, but the sea. The middle classes, the citizens engaged in trade or labor, who form the foundation in other great cities, are here entirely subordinate; one might say they are wanting altogether. That is what has made my stay in Naples often irksome, much as I love and have enjoyed the environs; and as that always came before my eyes anew, I think at last that I have found the reason of it in myself.

I cannot say that I was unwell exactly in the continuous *sirocco* weather; but it was more unpleasant than an indisposition which is gone in a couple of days. I felt languid, with no zest for anything serious, in short inactive. As I sauntered all day up and down the street with surly face, and would have chiefly liked to lie down on the ground, without thinking, or willing or doing anything,—it suddenly occurred to me, that the principal classes in Naples actually did live so, and that the reason of my discontent did not, as I feared, lie in myself, but in the whole,—the air, the climate, &c. The climate is calculated for a great lord, who gets up late, never needs to go on foot, thinks of nothing (because that is heating), sleeps his two hours of an afternoon upon the sofa, then eats his ice, and at night drives to the theatre, where he again finds nothing to think of, but can make, or receive visits there. On the other hand again, the climate is equally well suited to a fellow in a shirt, with bare legs and arms, who also does not need to move himself,—begs a few coppers, if he has not anything to live upon,—in the afternoon takes his nap on the ground, by the harbor, or on the curbstone (the foot-passers step over him or push him out of the way, if he lies right in the middle of the sidewalk), who then fetches his *frutti di mare* right out of the sea for himself, then sleeps wherever he happens to be in the evening,—in short who does at every moment just what he inclines to, like an animal. Such are the two principal classes in Naples.

By far the greater part of the population of the Toledo consists of finely dressed gentlemen and ladies, or handsome carriages in which man and wife go out to trive, or of those brown *sans-culottes*, who sometimes carry fish to sell, making a hideous howling, or carry luggage when they are out of money. But of people with any continued occupation—who follow any business with industry and perseverance,—who love work for work's sake, there are, as I believe, but few.—Goethe says that is the misery of the North, that there one always wants to do something, always is striving after something, and he thinks the Italian right, who advises him not to think so much, it only gives the headache. But this must be his joke; at least he has not acted in that way, but precisely like a Northerner. But if he means to say by it, that different characters are founded in nature, and depend on nature, he is right of course. I can see how that must be so, and

why the wolves howl; but one need not therefore howl with them; the proverb ought to be reversed. Now the people, who work according to their position, and so have to think and be active, treat the thing as a necessary evil, which procures them money, and when they have it, they live like the great or the naked lords. Hence there is not a shop where one is not cheated. Natives, who are *au fait* there for many years, have to deal, and be on their guard, like strangers, and one of my acquaintances, who bought out of the same shop for fifteen years, told me that for fifteen years there was always the same battle about a couple of scudi, and he found no help for it. Hence there is so little industry and competition; hence Donizetti has an opera ready in ten days; it is hissed off, but that is no matter, since he gets paid for it, and can go his way. But should his reputation be at last attacked, he would again have too much to do, and that would be inconvenient. Therefore for once he writes an opera in three weeks, takes pains with a couple of little pieces in it, so that they may please, and can then take his ease a while and write badly. So their painters paint incredibly bad pictures, far inferior to the music. So the architects build the absurdest buildings (among others an imitation in little of St. Peter's, in the Chinese taste). But that is all the same; the pictures are variegated, the music makes a noise, the buildings give shade—more than that the Neapolitan grandee does not require. Now as I felt bodily in the same mood with them, as everything prompted me to idleness, to walking and sleeping, and as I always was obliged to say to myself inwardly, that is wrong, and tried to occupy myself, to work, and still it went no better than before, the uncomfortable feeling arose, in which I wrote you several letters, and I was only able to escape it by rushing round among the mountains, where it is really too divinely beautiful, and where every mortal must feel cheerful and grateful in his soul.

For the rest, I have not delayed to make acquaintance with the musicians there; we have also made music together, but I could not enjoy their great eulogiums. So far the Fodor is the only artist I have met in Italy; anywhere else I might perhaps have found plenty of fault with her singing, but I overlooked it all, because it is really music, as she sings, and that does one so much good after a long pause.

But now I am in old Rome again; here it is another life; every day there are processions, since last week was *corpus domini*,—and as I left the city in the after-festival of holy week, so now I find it again in the after-festival of *corpus Christi* day. It made a strange impression on me, that everything in the streets had grown so summer-like in the meantime; everywhere booths with lemons and ice-water; all the people in light clothes; the windows open and the *jalousies* closed; before the cafés people sitting on the sidewalk eating *gelati*; the Corse swarms with equipages, for now there is very little going on foot, and although I miss no friend in particular and no persons who stood near to me, yet I was much affected when I saw the Piazza di Spragna again, and the old well-known names upon the corners of the streets. I remain here a week or so, and then go northward. On Thursday is to be the *infiorata*; but it is not yet certain whether it will take place, since they are afraid of revolutions; I hope so though. I should like an opportunity to see the mountains once more, and then be off. So wish me again a happy journey, for now I am under way again. A year ago to-day I came to Munich, heard *Fidelio*, and wrote you; since then we have not seen each other; God willing, it shall not be so long again. FELIX.

(To be continued.)

Prologue

To the Performances of the Belmont Theatrical Company, at Chickering's Hall, in aid of the Volunteers, February 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th, 1862.

A twelvemonth since, the lengthened nights to cheer,
Our actors raised their mimic pageant here,
And, while fair Peace in listless leisure smiled,
Their masquerade the lingering hours beguiled.
But now, when festal lights are few and dim,
And drum and trumpet swell the battle hymn,
Now that the sullen war cloud, dark and dun,
Hangs o'er the birthplace of our Washington,
And mad rebellion pours its angry wave
Hard by the hallowed precincts of his grave;
When our beleagured Capital is set
With hedge of battery and of bayonet,
The thoughtful or the stern perchance may ask,
Why, at such season, try our trivial task?
A question pertinent and just, 'tis true,
But still the subject has another view.
The bleakest climate has its summer hours,
When autumn's fruits are heralded by flowers;
At epochs when long faces are in vogue
Austerity oft cloaks the clever rogue,
But breathing-space for laughter ever finds
Apology in philosophic minds;
And even when driven by Misfortune's goad,
Courage and Pluck will whistle on the road.
Who is there, that reads history, who blames
That warring Greece still kept her Isthmian Games?
And earlier still, no doubt the sombre ark
Heard in its cabin many a jocund lark;
And very like the cousins there together
Got up charades on deck in pleasant weather.
Indeed, all history shows there's no affinity
'Twixt Wisdom's emblems and its fair divinity;
For Chaucer never chronicled the owl,—
Minerva's favorite,—as a cheerful fowl.
But there's no need of argument—you know
The proverb of the always-bended bow;
And though our hearts are at the Tournament
For whose fierce lists our gallant beaux are bent,
We want some little merriment—like froth—
To show the yeast is working at the North.
The gay Germania's strains resound no more
Where twinkling footsteps circle round the floor;
We've no more jolly rides in sleigh or cutter;
Papanti, too, has lost his "Bread and Butter;
Logan and Dalton show their ebony faces
No longer 'mid the crowd of ball-room Graces;
And our Champagne—domestic make or foreign—
Pops only for the prisoners at Fort Warren.
At whatsoever door the patriot knocks,
He finds his sister patriot knitting socks,
While, on the floor, the scientific kittens
Study cat-hop-trios with one-fingered mittens.
All right—for if the brave are making breaches
It is but fair the fair should take some stitches;
But it is right, too, we put bound and measure
As well to knitting stockings as to pleasure,
And that some festive interlude should vary
The weightier labors of the sanitary,
Lest we, like misers in their quest of wealth—
Fall victims to an over-zeal for health.
Why, even in the cold Crimean trenches,
The soldiers had their stage and critics' benches,
And, writers tell us, each heroic lad
Fought better for the jollity he had.
Indeed, in wit or war, those gallant Zouaves
Disdained the doing anything by halves.
As there, the elastic tread and spirit light
Were good for honest work and honest fight,
So our young heroes show that merry dancers
Work none the worse for their Quadrille and "Lancers."

For we well know that Burnside, Banks and Sherman,
Recruited their best soldiers from "The German."

But my Muse hurries me too far and fast;
I'm but the oyster of to-night's repast;
And in your eyes—the stars of our astrology—
I read a dispensation from apology.
Though Shakspeare says the world's a stage, or
stages,
We trust that our seven acts may not seem ages;
And that you'll hold our pastime no abuse,
But see its healthful and its serious use.
However stocks and manufactures are,
'Twill serve to keep our spirits up at par;
And your rich bounty goes to swell the store
That cheers the exile on Potomac's shore.
There, while the watch-fires flicker on his tent,
Through this long winter of his banishment,
Your thoughtful deeds and offices of love
Shall nestle in his bosom like the dove;
And while he lingers far from social charms
His heart shall bless his fair allies in arms,
Each of whom, here, in loyal measure, shares
His daily toil, his bravery and his cares;
Whose prayers make musical the silent night,
That Heaven guard him that guards his Country's
right;
Who, when in God's good time, the day shall come
Which turns his footsteps toward his Northern home,
When Freedom's final battle has been fought,
For which, like his, her heart and hands have
wrought,
When, 'neath Heaven's rainbow for triumphal arch,
Her listening ear shall catch his homeward march,
Shall stand like beckoning angel at the door
To which his longing feet return once more,
Adorn with festal pomp her halls and bowers,
And welcome back her Knight with smiles and
flowers.

(From Novello's Musical Times.)

Life and Labors of Vincent Novello.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

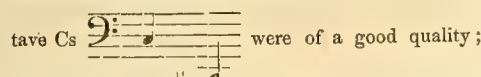
(Continued from page 372.)

Having thus promoted their elder children's establishment in suitable channels for happily, honorably and independently earning future livelihood, Mr. and Mrs. Novello, in the year 1829, took a pleasant journey together to Germany, for the fulfilment of a no less pleasant purpose. This was the presentation of a sum of money to Mozart's sister, Madame Sonnenberg; which sum had been subscribed by some musical admirers of the great composer, who had heard with deep sympathy and concern that she was then in poor health and poorer means. These gentlemen intrusted their friend and brother-subscriber (indeed, he was the original proposer of the subscription), Vincent Novello, with the execution of what they knew would be a most welcome commission to him,—the conveyance of this contribution to Mozart's sister; and in the summer season husband and wife set out for Salzburg. An extract from Vincent Novello's own diary, kept during the memorable journey, will best describe the circumstances of an event interesting to all lovers of Mozart: "*Monday, July 15th.*—A still more delightful day, if possible, than yesterday—Mozart's son came to me at about 11 to conduct us to his aunt Sonnenberg—after a little chat we accompanied him to her house, which was within a few yards of where we resided. It seems that she had passed a very restless and sleepless night for fear we should not come to see her, and had repeatedly expressed her regret that we had not been admitted when we first called. On entering the room, the sister of Mozart was reclining placidly in bed—but blind, feeble, and nearly speechless. Her nephew kindly explained to her who we were, and she seemed to derive much gratification from the intelligence we conveyed to her. During the whole time, I held her poor thin hand in mine, and pressed it with the sincere partiality of an old friend of her brother. She appeared particularly pleased that the little present we had brought her should have arrived just before her own Saint's day (St. Ann, the 26th of the month). Her own birthday is on the 30th, on which day she will have completed her 78th year. Her voice is nearly extinct, and she appears to be fast approaching 'that bourn from whence no traveller returns.' Her face, though much changed by illness and drawn by age, still bears a strong resemblance to the portraits that

have been engraved of her, but it was difficult to believe that the helpless and languid figure which was extended before us was formerly the little girl represented as standing by the side of her brother, and singing to his accompaniment. Near the bed was the original painting of which Madame Nissen has a small copy, and which has been engraved in the Biography, representing Mozart and his sister playing a duet on the piano, the likeness of Mozart's mother in a frame, and the father leaning on the piano with a violin in his hand. In the adjoining apartment, over the sofa, was the print which his son told me was generally considered the best likeness after that in Madame Nissen's possession (in which opinion he himself coincided).^{*} Around the room was hung a very numerous collection of portraits of the greatest painters, among whom I particularly noticed those of Vandyck and Rembrandt. In another part of the room was a miniature of herself; another of her son (who had some resemblance to Leigh Hunt); and another likeness in miniature of Mozart. In the middle of the room stood the instrument on which she had often played duets with her brother. It was a kind of clavichord—with black keys for the naturals and white ones for the sharps, like our old English organs—the compass was



been constructed before the additional keys were invented. The tone was soft, and some of the bass notes, especially those of the lowest oc-



at the time it was made, it was doubtless considered an excellent instrument. You may be sure that I touched the keys which had been pressed by Mozart's fingers, with great interest. Mozart's son also played a few chords upon it with evident pleasure; the key he chose was that of C minor; and what he did, though short, was quite sufficient to show the accomplished musician. On the desk were two pieces of music, the last which Mozart's sister had ever played, before she took to her bed, six months ago. They were the "O cara Armonia" from her brother's opera of the *Zauberflöte*, and the Minuet in his *Don Giovanni*;—this, to me, was a most touching proof of her continued sisterly attachment to him to the last, and of her tasteful partiality for his inimitable productions. About two days before we arrived she had desired to be carried from her bed, and placed at the instrument. On trying to play she found that although she could still execute a few passages with her right hand, yet with her left hand she could no longer press down the keys, and it was but too evident that her powers on that side were entirely gone.

"On leaving this estimable and interesting lady, both Mary and myself could not refrain from kissing her weak and emaciated hand with tender respect, convinced as we were that we should never again behold her. I fear that she cannot continue much longer in her present exhausted state; but whenever that hour arrives which no one living can ultimately avoid, I can only hope that it will not be attended with the least suffering, and that she will calmly cease to breathe as if she were merely sinking into a tranquil sleep. I was particularly charmed by the respectful and kind cordiality with which Mozart's son behaved to her; calling her repeatedly "Meine liebe Tante," and exerting himself to the utmost to ascertain and fulfil all her wishes."

Another extract, undated, but evidently later on, is subjoined, as showing the writer's enthusiastic interest in the woman beloved as a wife by Mozart—Vincent Novello's favorite composer. He seems to have met her, on the evening he refers to, at a friend's house; for he writes thus:—"After supper I had the gratification of seeing Mozart's widow and her sister safe home. They had brought their servant with them, to save my doing so, and would fain have persuaded me that there was not the least necessity for my accompanying them home; but (as I told her) it was not every evening that I could enjoy the society of so rare a companion as one who had been the companion of Mozart, and she politely gave up the little friendly contest, and at once took my arm as cordially as if I had been her own brother. There was a beautiful moon shining on the distant mountains, and illuminating both the old Gothic church of the Convent and the ancient fortresses above. The

interesting conversation which took place, and the enchanting beauty of the surrounding scenery, rendered this one of the most romantic and delightful walks I ever enjoyed. On our arrival at the house I was at last obliged to take my leave; when Madame Mozart* once more shook hands with me most cordially, and assured me (after renewing her promise to write to me) that our visit altogether at Salzburg has been one of the most gratifying compliments which had been paid for several years both to herself and to the memory of 'her Mozart.' I need not say what a crowd of interesting associations, curious thoughts and singular reflections passed through my mind in the course of my solitary walk back to my Inn."

* Vincent Novello involuntarily calls her so; though she was then Madame Nissen, having married a second time.

(To be continued.)

Musical Journals in Italy.

Musical and theatrical journals swarm in Italy to an extent almost unknown in any other country. They abound in the principal towns, and are to be met with in every village that can boast of a theatre as a place of public resort. They are as rank in their profusion as weeds in a neglected garden. Their means of ensuring a circulation is perhaps peculiar to themselves. They are distributed far and wide, and, to the uninitiated, as it were, gratuitously; a notice, however, generally in type small enough to be overlooked, impresses recipients that, "*Chi non respinge i primi due numeri che gli vengano spediti si terrà come associato*;" according to which, whosoever does not return the first two numbers of the paper sent him, is sure to be called upon for a subscription.

It is to members of the musical and theatrical professions that these "Journals" are thus supplied, and by neglecting the notice, either from ignorance of its existence, or forgetfulness, they become too often the victims of a system of extortion. *Débutants* are more especially the objects of solicitous attention. A new tenor, no matter whether *primo* or *secondo*, after his first appearance, receives a volley of the paper missiles, a *prima donna* is overwhelmed, and a *contralto* surprised, and, at first, perhaps flattered to find herself addressed from all quarters by their energetic editors. The manner in which art and artists are treated in many of these prints is singularly familiar. The following literal translation of the "Notices to Correspondents" in a recent number of the *Croce di Savoia*, a Florentine publication, affords a striking example of the style in vogue:—

Correspondence of the *Croce di Savoia*, Jan. 3.

"We wish Signori Giuseppe Bionzi and Carlo Biondi a happy new year, and hope they will not forget the 10 Francs they owe us."

"NAPLES.—Signor Settimio Malvezzi. You are requested to send us the amount of your subscription which you owe, and for which we have so frequently applied to you."

"MESSINA.—Signora Antonietta Montenegro. We beg to remind you, since your progress in the art! (sic) of the debt of 50 francs due to us."

"ANCONA.—Signor Ermanno Clinti, baritone, and Signor G. C., basso. We are tired of waiting, and request you will no longer lead us by the nose according to your custom!!!"

"PARIS.—Signor Mauro Masina, theatrical agent. We await the payment of subscriptions due according to account rendered. It's quite time you paid!!!"

In the same paper, under the heading *Miscellanea*, Mad. Tedesco is thus mentioned:—

"La Tedesco, who is celebrated for not paying her subscriptions, is about to undertake a professional tour. It is to be hoped that fortune will smile upon her, and that she will be able to pay the 200 francs she owes us."

The *Cross of Savoy* is not the only paper that so addresses its subscribers to remind them of their subscriptions being overdue, although perhaps singular in the barefaced effrontery of its applications. Another journal, known as *Il Buon Gusto*, also published in Florence, commenced the year by "An interesting notice to its dilatory constituents," in which it threatened, certainly in politer terms than its contemporary, to take proceeding against those who refused to pay, and to publish the names of the defaulters. The *Buon Gusto* moreover belied its title by inserting an editorial notice to a certain Signor C. R. G., to the effect, that if he did not liquidate his debt to the printer of the journal, his bad behaviour should be made public in the ensuing number.

It will be easily understood that artists who decline to "subscribe"—in other words, to submit to the black-mail imposed upon them—are not in favor with the disinterested proprietors. Those who are bold enough to make a stand against the system are generally handled with severity, while its willing and timid supporters are caressed and flattered whenever an opportunity presents itself for their names being brought into notice.

An anecdote is related of a young tenor with a fine voice but an empty purse, who being about to

make his first appearance, and desirous of securing the good-will and protection of one of the journals in question, called upon the editor, to assure him of his intention of subscribing to the paper whenever his resources allowed him to do so.

He was cordially received at first, but the manner of the literary tyrant changed perceptibly as soon as the true state of the visitor's finances became known. The singer was earnest in his appeal, and promised faithfully that the subscription should be paid out of the first instalment due upon his engagement. After a somewhat protracted interview, assurances of mutual support were interchanged. The *début* took place, and was most successful. It was noticed by the wily editor in the following cautious terms:—"Signor — is an artist who promises a great deal. Before recording a decided opinion as to his merits, we shall wait and see whether he fulfils our expectations."

There are, however, some honorable exceptions to the prevalent character of Italian theatrical journalism—exceptions the more distinguished for the worthlessness by which they are surrounded. *Il Trovatore*, a Milanese journal, is remarkable for its wit and the able criticisms from the pen of its manager, Signor Marcello. The caricatures of musical celebrities which it contains are amusing and well drawn. The *Gazzetta Musicale*, published in Milan, and edited by Dr. Filippi, an accomplished musician and elegant writer, is also worthy of every commendation for the justness and impartiality of its remarks. These and the occasional art *feuilletons* of the political journals afford an agreeable contrast to the petty prints which, like swarms of locusts, prey upon the musical and theatrical professions at the present day in Italy.—*London Musical World*.

Prince Albert as a Musician.

As it may be gratifying to have some record of the musical achievements and acquisitions of the late lamented Prince Consort, we have collected some few memorials which will show that the Prince was something more than a *dilettante* in music and a patron of the professors of the art. Prince Albert's compositions comprise a variety of cantatas, chorales, songs, marches, &c., published at different times in this country.

During his student life at Bonn the Prince published an essay on music, and also an elegant volume of lyrics, for the benefit of the poor. In the composition of several songs he had thus early in life shown himself a good musician. Proofs of these qualities have now become familiar enough. We know that the Prince solaced the cares of state by resorting to music as his choicest recreation. With all our great institutions, with all our national celebrations, have the names of Victoria and Albert become entwined; but in our national music—more especially our sacred music—the interest of Prince Albert was strong, practical and almost professional.

It will be remembered that an inscription commemorative of the virtues of the Queen was written by our poet-laureate, Alfred Tennyson, but it may not be so generally known that the Prince devoted his mind to the setting this splendid ode to music. Tennyson's words bore explicit reference to the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851, the second verse running thus:—

She brought a vast design to pass,
When Europe and the scattered ends
Of our fierce world were mix'd as friends
And brethren in her halls of glass.

Recently a second edition of "Songs by Prince Albert" has been issued by Mr. Bohn, publisher, of Yorkstreet. *Apropos* of the first Crystal Palace, we may remind our readers that the Prince Consort personally superintended the grand musical arrangements connected with that eventful inauguration. The two German chorales sung at the recent funeral were also set to music by the illustrious deceased, at whose obsequies they were destined to be chanted; and these sacred songs it was a satisfaction to the Prince, when living, to hear sung or to accompany in the privacy of life. The above hymns were printed for private circulation, and published at Windsor, as recorded on the title page of the book, "by permission."

The Prince's admiration of the composer, Mendelssohn, was manifested in a remarkable manner on the composer's visit to this country both in 1844 and 1847, the years of the respective triumphs achieved by Mendelssohn as a composer of sacred music and the oratorio of "Elijah." On the above occasions Mendelssohn was invited to Windsor Castle, and received by the Prince more on the footing of an illustrious guest than of a professional artist. Mendelssohn often afterwards spoke of the pride and gratification he felt in the liberal and kind patronage of the Prince Consort.

* This, in its simple brown frame, was afterwards presented by Mozart's son to Vincent Novello.

It was to hear the oratorio of "Elijah" that her Majesty and the Prince paid their first and only visit to Exeter-hall, April 23, 1847. The following day the Prince sent his own marked book, in which he had followed the performance, to Mendelssohn. The book contains the following highly complimentary dedication to Mendelssohn, in the handwriting of Prince Albert:—"To the great master, who, through the whole maze of his creation, from the soft whispering to the mighty raging of the elements, makes us conscious of the unity of his conceptions, in grateful remembrance." Mendelssohn, of course, prized this brochure as of inestimable value, the more so because the great German composer of the modern era of the musical art knew how to appreciate the words of one whose musical abilities he respected. Mendelssohn was well aware of Prince Albert's perfect conversancy with music. He knew that in his student years at Bonn the Prince had written his "Essay on Music," a work Mendelssohn himself admired, and had critically pronounced of no superficial character. Prince Albert was a munificent patron of the leading societies of musicians. It was at the rooms of the Philharmonic Society that he cultivated the acquaintance of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, and other composers of note. The old royal box of the Hanover-square Rooms, in which have sat so many sovereigns, from the Handel-loving George to her present Majesty, was often occupied by the late Prince Consort.—*Court Journal*.

Tate and Brady.

[The following sketch of Tate and Brady is from an article on Metrical Psalmody in the *St. James's Magazine*.]

The lives of Mr. Tate and Dr. Brady do not furnish over ample materials for the pen of the biographer. If their fame is not really great, there are at least few people whose eyes have not often rested on their names; and it may not, therefore, be uninteresting briefly to answer the question which many must have asked, without perhaps the ready means to furnish a reply, "Who were Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady?"

They were both Irishmen—the sons of Irishmen. Nahum Tate was born in Dublin, in 1652. The particulars of his life are very scanty; he adopted no profession, but seems to have lived on his patrons. One of these, Lord Dorset, obtained for him, at Shadwell's death, in 1690, the post of Poet Laureate. Besides miscellaneous poems, Tate was the author of nine plays, one of which, an adaptation of Shakespeare's "King Lear," was very popular, and held the stage for several years. These are all, however forgotten, and his reputation has to rest upon a somewhat unsubstantial foundation—his share in the versification of the Psalms of David. He was ever in debt, and died in the precincts of the Royal Mint,* whither he had taken sanctuary to avoid his creditors.

The name of Dr. Nicholas Brady claims a larger share of respect at our hands. His father was an officer in the King's army, whom he served in the rebellion of 1641. Nicholas, born at Bandon on the 28th of October, 1659, was sent to Westminster School at twelve years old, where he was chosen King's Scholar, and whence he was afterwards elected a Student of Christ Church. After remaining at Oxford four years he removed to Dublin, where his father resided, and from whose University he obtained successively the degrees of B. A., M. A., and D. D. Soon after his ordination he was appointed a Prebend of Cork and obtained other Irish preferment. In 1690, troubles having broken out in Ireland, Dr. Brady thrice, by his intervention with the Royalist General MacCarthy, saved his native town, Bandon, from destruction—the King having thrice ordered it to be razed to the ground. The same year he was deputed by the people of Bandon to go over to England to petition Parliament for a redress of Irish grievances, which in those days were more than imaginary. He settled in England, and during the whole of his life was held in the highest esteem as a man and a minister.

The custom of an Annual Ode and an Annual Sermon on St. Cecilia's Day had not yet grown into desuetude. In 1692 Dr. Brady wrote the successful ode: it was beautifully set to music by Henry Purcell, and twice performed with universal applause. Its author had also the honor, a few years after, of preaching the Annual Sermon on Sacred Poetry in St. Bride's Church: it was afterwards printed under the title of "Christian Music Vindicated." He became a noted preacher in London, and was chosen by the parishioners Minister of St. Catherine Cree, and Lecturer at St. Michael's Wood street. He afterwards became Rector of Richmond, where he

* The privileges attached to the Mint were abolished a few years after.

kept a first-class school and performed the work of versifying; and was finally presented to the wealthy living of Clapham. He also had for some time the spiritual charge of Stratford-upon-Avon. He filled the distinguished post of Chaplain successively to the Duke of Ormond, William and Mary, and Queen Anne. Dr. Brady died, in London, on the 20th of May, 1726, in his 67th year, beloved and respected by all who knew him. We prefer to remember him as the saviour of his native town, and the faithful and ardent minister of religion—but his sermons and patriotism are forgotten, and he is only known in this nineteenth century as the author, in conjunction with Mr. Tate, of the New Version of Psalms. The first portion of this work, entitled, "An Essay of a New Version of the Psalms of David," consisting of the first twenty by N. Brady and N. Tate, was published in London in 1695: it was followed in 1698 by the New Version complete, fitted to the tunes used in churches, and the "Supplement" of Church Hymns appeared in 1700.

A Musical Gymnast.

I remember, not long since, being much bored by a pianist in the same court where my studio is, a man who played (literally played, not worked,) from morning till night. From the vigor and facility which he displayed he evidently understood the resources of his instrument. But judging from his style, his brains all ran into his finger tips. For the greater part of the day he regaled the court with rare specimens of musical gymnastics. He was never at rest. He never even *walked*—what the Italians call *andante*—still less descended so low as the *adagio*. He was one of your fast pianists. Without knowing it, he was a harlequin. He ran, he tumbled, he leaped, he hurried up stairs and down stairs, like the renowned Goosey Gander. He mounted by scales and ladders to the chimney-top, fluttered down to the pavement in a gaudy parachute of intricate cadenzas, and alighted with a conventional ballet attitude, as much as to say, "How beautiful I am!" He danced, waltzed, polked, redowa'd mazourked, gambolled, sprawled, rolled over and over, and, in fine, sputtered and flashed and thundered in the most unaccountable and bewildering pyrotechnics—and all with those little fingers of his on a row of keys not much over a yard in length.

Not that I dislike rapid and remarkable execution. This music of the finger-tips has its place. I think I could listen enraptured to a Liszt or a Thalberg; for these men could put a soul into all they did. Theirs was not a mere embellishment, but a theme embellished. It was like a beautiful woman in a beautiful ball-dress. This man hung out nothing but jewelry and silks and laces and feathers, which caught your eye for a moment by their gay colors and delicate texture, but fluttered soon, like ghosts, in the wind. His performance was all kaleidoscope, not painting. Not a morsel of the great tone-masters did he treat us to. He did nothing but improvise on the most threadbare phrases of the most modern and most soulless of the musical rope-dancers. Only let him give us something strong as well as rapid—an *étude* of Stephen Heller's, for instance, or one of Thalberg's piano translations. As for Beethoven, Mozart and those inspired ones. I wondered if he knew anything of them beside their names. One would have expected something of Chopin, or at least some theme from the best Italian opera. Not even this. Our ground-and-lofty tumbler preferred his own improvisations, which were as tame as they were ambitious.

I can foreknow this individual's character, and cast his horoscope, solely from a knowledge of his music. A fellow who, but for those ten astonishing digits of his, would doubtless be idiotic. I should know him if I met him. I can imagine him small, sallow, black haired and black bearded, with vacant black eyes, impotently nervous, which stare at you with the most conceited expression. I have no doubt he promenades the *Champs Elysées* on a sunshiny afternoon, showily dressed; and stops to look at all the fine liveried carriages, and passes his evenings talking city gossip and playing dominos at the *café*. Sometimes a brother musician, of the same calibre, used to join him at the piano—a baritone. And then such melodious bellowings resounded through the court, such ponderous *rechautfes* of Verdi and Meyerbeer, as would go to a bull-frog's very heart.

But Paris contains plenty of earnest artists, in the musical as in all other departments. Indeed, there is no city of Europe where there are more workers, as much from love of art itself as from incessant stimulus of competition. And the people, too, show a regard for art which it will take some years for us Americans, as a people, to approach. When, if ever, we get things straight again in our distracted and dissevered country, how long will it be before our

government at Washington will show the tenth part of the interest in encouraging art that exists in the cities of the Old World?—*Paris Correspondent of the N. Y. Evening Post*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 1, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Handel's "Messiah."

Concert Review.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The sixth chamber concert of the season took place on Wednesday evening of last week. Chickering's beautiful hall was full. The programme was of more than average interest.

1. Sextet, op. 140, for two violins, two violas and two cellos. L. Spohr
Allegro Moderato, Larghetto, Scherzo and Finale
Attacca.
2. Aria, "Voi che sapete," from Figaro. Mozart
Miss Washburn.
3. Andante and Scherzo from the Posthumous Quartet op. 81, in E. Mendelssohn
4. "Ave Maria" on Bach's Preludio in C. Gounod
Miss Washburn.
5. Tenth Quartet in E flat, op. 74. Beethoven
Introduction and Allegro, Adagio, Scherzo, and Finale,
Tema con Variazioni.

The Sextet by Spohr is an interesting specimen of that composer, and in his peculiar vein; although there is something to our ear not entirely euphonious and a little *outré* in the first movement; in the wide interval, for instance, at which the first violin, on entering, is set off against the other instruments, as if it were about to play a solo. The Larghetto seemed to sit better on the strings, and flowed on in a rich, satisfying stream of harmony. The Scherzo leads without break into the Finale, and both are full of life and piquancy. In the performance the Club were again aided by the violoncello of Mr. BYRNES (whose name was misspelt in our former notice, confounding it with that of the Scotch poet).—The Sextet was well played, after the instruments had once felt their way, by mutual approaches, into more perfect tune.

The two movements from Mendelssohn's "posthumous" Quartet were highly enjoyable; and of course Beethoven's Quartet in Eb, No. 10, was one of the richest treats imaginable in this kind of music, being scarcely separated in style and feeling from the so-called posthumous Quartets, of which the club have already given us a specimen this season. This No. 10 has only been played once or twice here before, if we remember rightly. We cannot speak of the performance in detail, for, sooth to say, an "exposition of sleep" came upon us about that time (partly owing to the close air of the room), which quite forbids an after-exposition of the music, although we did enjoy its glorious harmonies as in a dream, and feel that it was enjoyed by others. Now if there be one form of torture more refined and subtle than another, you may know it in the struggle to keep awake when you have something good to read or listen to, and that perhaps the only opportunity!

Miss WASHBURN (whom we, unlike many of our readers, heard for the first time) has a large, rich, powerful soprano voice, whose proper field would seem to be in a large hall or church, and in oratorio or great church music. It was a little over-powerful and sometimes a little harsh, in the small room, though generally musical and pleasing. In style and execution she certainly stands high among our native singers, and is free from false taste and affectation of expression. Better

suitcd, one would think, to something simple, large and noble, than to such fineness of expression, between play and sentiment, as Cherubino's charming air requires; and yet it was by no means badly sung. As to the *Ave Maria*—while we can compliment the singer—we prefer Bach without the help of Gounod.

ROMAN CATHOLIC MUSIC.—The Church of the Immaculate Conception had not a seat upon its vast floor unfilled last Sunday evening; and certainly the concert, arranged by Mr. WILLCOX, the organist and conductor there, out of rich materials which he has been cultivating with great skill and enterprise, afforded unusual attractions for Boston. It is something to hear some of this rich Mass and Motet music, rendered by adequate forces, and in a corresponding place. The noble architectural proportions of the church itself, by far the largest in the city, and purely Roman in its style, though wanting color, helped out the impression of the music, while doubtless they inspired the singers; what we saw, and seeing felt, was in keeping with what we heard. Then again the acoustic properties of the building are extraordinary; no deadening or swallowing up of tone whatever; but the opposite extreme, amounting almost to a fault. It was as if every sound came magnified to several times its natural power and volume through a system of ear lenses. The single voice sounded gigantic; full choir and organ, in strong passages, grew overpowering; we never heard in any place, from such organs, human or artificial, sounds so large and loud. But it is the excess of a good thing; it is unaccompanied by disturbing reverberation; the effect is often purely good and probably some slight modification might subdue a quality so rare and desirable to just the perfect medium. What say the professors of "Acoustic Architecture?"

The programme was not drawn from the severe old Catholic church masters, such as Palestrina or Orlando Lasso, such as would most interest the student but from more modern and attractive sources for the many; from some of the best writers from Haydn and Mozart down, whose music really is religious, mingled with some of those secular and sensuous compositions to sacred texts, which one hears everywhere in Roman churches, and which constitute no small part of their allurements. Really a rich programme though:

1. Organ Introduction.....Mr. J. Willcox
2. Motet. Deus tibi laus.....Mozart
3. Quartet. Salve Regina.....Hauptmann
4. Duet. Quis est Homo.....Rossini
Miss Washburn and Mrs. Shattuck.
5. Song. O Lord, have mercy.....Pergolesi
Mr. P. H. Powers.
6. Quartet. Recordare, from the "Requiem".....Mozart
7. Chorus and Quartet. Sanctus and Benedictus.....Weber
8. Quartet and Chorus. Benedictus, from the "Requiem".....Mozart
9. Motet. In sanæ et vanæ curæ.....Haydn
10. Song. Gratias agimus tibi.....Guglielmi
Miss Washburn
11. Chorus. Benedictus.....Hummel
12. Quartet. Sancta Mater.....Rossini
12. Chorus. Gloria in excelsis Deo.....Hauptmann

The two motets, especially that of Haydn, which has chord progressions in it that remind one of the "Rain" chorus in *Elijah*, are noble compositions, and were finely sung by a choir of about twenty fresh and open voices, which sing out with a will and give evidence of good training. The selections from Mozart's *Requiem* too gave much satisfaction; although the *Recordare*, a piece as difficult as it is beautiful, went not quite smoothly in some parts. Miss WASHBURN, Mrs. SHATTUCK, Mr. LANGMAID and Mr. POWER form an uncommonly effective quartet of voices; the chief fault being an occasional harshness in the soprano, otherwise remarkably pure, rich and telling. The selections from Hauptmann made one desirous of more acquaintance with the works of the Leipzig Cantor of to-day. Hummel's *Benedictus* is from a Mass which holds its place among the chief favorites in the Catholic service;

and Weber's *Sanctus*, &c., breathes much of the same peculiar imaginative seriousness with the sweeter passages in *Freyschütz*. The bass solo, by Pergolesi, a composition of much dignity, was also sung with dignity and true style by Mr. POWERS (his tones magnified to the ear, too, by the cause described above). Guglielmi's *Gratias agimus*, a showy concert piece without meaning, displayed a good power of florid execution in Miss WASHBURN, while the usual clarinet or flute *obligato* was tastefully supplied on the organ by Mr. WILLCOX, whose accompaniments throughout the evening were skillfully and sympathetically adapted to the various music sung. The Duet and Quartet from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, were highly creditable performances, if they suffered somewhat from the recollection of the great singers we have heard in them through many successive years; for the *Stabat Mater* has had a fair chance to grow hacknied, being the only "sacred" work on which the Italian opera singers ever care to venture. The gentleman who sang the tenor in the *Sancta Mater*, was noticeable for the sweetness and the fervor of his voice.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—Another great crowd in the Music Hall on Wednesday Afternoon. Hope is not wanting in the country, when between two and three thousand people listen so eagerly to Symphonies and Overtures. The programme contained several choice things:

1. Symphony No. 2, in G minor.....Mozart
1. Allegro.....2. Larghetto.....
3. Minuetto.....4. Allegretto.....
2. Concert Waltz, "Grafenberger".....Gungl
3. Overture, "Fidelio".....Beethoven
4. Grand Scene, from "Huguenots".....Meyerbeer
5. Samiel Polka.....Stasny
6. Turkish March, from the "Ruins of Athens".....Beethoven
7. Finale, "A Summer Night in Denmark".....Lumbye

The G minor Symphony, a perfect model in its kind, was a good deal disturbed by the unsettled condition of the audience, doors on all sides continually opening to admit belated eager people, some of whom walked a long way and bustled about a long time before any apparent reverence for Mozart, or regard for listeners, overtook them; therefore we cannot but still think that the Symphony would be better placed in the middle of the programme, as in the preceding concert. Or does your darling waltz, dear girls, demand the same attentive silence? Certainly the orchestra sounded better in the succeeding pieces—and in the last half of the Symphony—although the whole seemed to be quite well played. The *Fidelio* overture was comforting and strengthening in one's deeper parts, after the gay and pretty waltz; the horns sang very sweetly. The re-hash of the "Huguenots" suggested of some Meyerbeer's most dramatic traits quite effectively; and the Polka showed the ball room under a strange, wierd light, being based upon Caspar's drinking song and other dark *diablerie* of the *Freyschütz* music. The "Turkish March" was just the thing for an afternoon. The concerts are quite enjoyable, and we are glad to report them in the full tide of success.

What Next.

This evening happy will be who has secured a seat in the Music Hall, to listen to the glorious music prepared by the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, by way of celebration of the recent national victories! After some national airs played by the Philharmonic Orchestra, which will coöperate in full force, Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum" will be sung for the first time in Boston—a famous work, written to signalize a victory, but never sung before for victories so significant as ours. This will be followed by Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," which utters thanks in every key from the most trumpet-toned to the most sweet and tender. The solo singers will be Miss WASHBURN, Miss GRANGER, Miss FITCH, Mr. SIMPSON and Mr. WHITNEY. Chorus and orchestra will be effective; ZERRAHN will conduct; LANG will be organist, and the occasion will be full of "Glory Hallelujah"!

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB will give us next Wednesday the earlier Quintet of Beethoven, the Quartet in C of Mozart, a Concerto for Clarinet (not hitherto played here) by Mozart; and two vocal pieces, to be sung by Miss ADAMS.

Mr. ZERRAHN's fourth and last Philharmonic Concert will come next Saturday evening. The pieces thus far decided on are Beethoven's 8th Symphony, the happy, sunshiny one, and the overtures to "Oberon" and "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 25th 1862.—A large audience attended Gottschalk's concert, last evening.

Programme.

- 1—Aria, "Jerusalem".....Verdi
Signor Susini.
- 2—Cavatina, of "Petya".....Donizetti
Miss Isabella Hinkley.
- 3—Duetto, "Belisario".....Donizetti
Signor Brignoli and Signor Susini.
- 4—Overture of "William Tell," arranged for two Pianos, by.....L. M. Gottschalk
Performed by Mr. Henry Sanderson and the Author.
- 5—Quartet from "Don Pasquale".....Donizetti
Miss Hinkley, Sign. Brignoli, Manesi and Susini.
- 6—Transcription di Bravura of the Quartet of Rigoletto Composed and Performed by Gottschalk.
- 7—Romanza, from "Don Pasquale".....Donizetti
Signor Manesi.
- 8—English Song, "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town," Miss Hinkley.
- 9—(A) "Murmures Aeoliens." (B) "Pastorella e Cavalieri," fabliau.
Composed and performed by Gottschalk.
- 10—Romanza, from "Lombardi".....Verdi
Signor Brignoli.
- 11—Trio, from "Lucretia Borgia".....Donizetti
Miss Hinkley, Sign. Brignoli and Susini.
- 12—The Banjo, (by general request).....
Composed and Performed by Gottschalk.

Gottschalk's playing is more beautiful than when he was last here. The improvement in that which before was so admirable shows that he has true artistic ambition. He seems to possess all the requisites of the *bravura* style and is, perhaps, the best exponent we have yet had of the Schulhoff—Gottschalk school. His manner, a happy combination of ease and grace, always prepossesses the audience in his favor and awakens expectations that are fully met by his performance.

He always plays his own compositions in public. As these are peculiar, it is difficult closely to compare his style with that of other eminent performers. One characteristic of his solos is the contrast between their very difficult right-hand and comparatively easy left-hand passages. Because he chooses to write in that way, some of our critics jump at the conclusion that he neglected to cultivate his left hand while employed in making a marvel of the other. Though the circumstance gives room for the hypothesis, it does not prove it.

No artist ever had warmer friends than G. and, in their good will, they shower upon him praise less discriminating than hearty. When, some years ago, they pronounced his "Bananier," "Marche de Nuit," &c., "perfect," they little foresaw that they might hear much better piano playing from the very man for whom they then claimed superiority over the greatest pianists of Europe. If the friendly critics then spoke truly, the event has proved the possibility of improving upon perfection.

Mr. Sanderson, an ardent admirer and disciple of Gottschalk, accompanied him in the arrangement (Fantasia, I think it should be called) of the William Tell overture. Mr. S. plays very well, but was barely a satisfactory substitute for Mr. Wolfsohn, who was first announced.

The vocalists went through the selection of threadbare Italians Cavatinas, Duos and Romanzas with most contemptuous carelessness. For some unexplained reason, the trio from "Lucretia" was passed over, neither conductor nor manager deigning to ask the audience to excuse the omission.

CHANTERELLE.

Since writing the above, I learn that the other singers were ready to do their parts in the trio, but that Brignoli positively refused to sing. The *Bulletin* gives the culprits a sound exhortation to-day. C.

Music Abroad.

VIENNA.—From an interesting report of two "historical concerts," recently given by the "Society of Friends of Music," we translate the following:

"Twenty pieces by 17 composers were performed, representing the 16th and 18th centuries; chamber music alternating with purely vocal choruses.

"The first artistically culminating school of the 16th century, the Roman, may be regarded as the point of departure of the programme. It was represented by a mixed chorus of Palestrina, a short male chorus of his kindred spirit, Lodevico da Vittoria,—wide resounding, sweet and yet lofty, like harmonies woven out of rays of light! From Rome we turn next to Germany, where, about contemporaneously with Palestrina, a national tone-art got a foothold through the Reformation." "Innsbruck, I must leave thee," by Heinrich Isaac (1539) leads us into the midst of the first joyfully believing times of the evangelical church song, when the demand for melodies for all the spiritual hymns led to the rich spring of the secular people's song. As from this secular "Innsbruck" arose, by slight changes of text, the choral: "O world, I must leave thee," so generally the finest melodies of Protestant chorals are taken from the old *Volkslieder*, often of a very worldly character. The further development of German religious music was represented in the programme by a heart-felt double chorus by Melchior Franck, and—jumping such important intermediate links as Leo Hassler and Eccard—by an equally beautiful chorus, on a higher plane of Art, by Heinrich Schütz. This genial composer, who may be regarded as the artistic starting point of Bach and Handel, gave a powerful turn to German music, too long governed by the Choral, in that he consciously transplanted to us the sensuous beauty of a more advanced art, the Italian. Besides these specimens of the two contrasted musical directions, the Roman school and the Protestant German, three more isolated choruses reminded us of other important periods and men; namely: an interesting madrigal of the Venetian Lotti ("Festival song on the Bucentaur"), the poetry far more brilliant than the music; a delicious comic chorus "*Die Martinsgans*" (Martin's goose) by the Netherlander Roland de Lattre (Orlando Lasso); and a chorus with soprano solo from "Castor and Pollux" by the Frenchman Rameau—one of the most natural and graceful things which that dry, stiff dramatist ever wrote. This was the only operatic piece in the programme; if it was in place, why not also find place for a specimen of his predecessor and rival, Lully? The father of French opera might at least have appeared in some dance piece or overture, since his ballet music was the most famous of its day.

"The chamber music of the last 160 years was nobly represented. The precedence belongs to Corelli, who is important not merely as "founder of the high style of violin playing," but also as one of the earliest cultivators of chamber music, and as the creator of the first regular orchestra in Rome. That Corelli should be represented by two of his larger compositions in one evening, seems rather disproportionate; in themselves his "Concerto for stringed instruments" and his Violin Sonata (of the year 1700) offered much that was interesting. In constrained but never awkward forms the musical thought strives here, as it were, after independent instrumental substance and expression. But the emancipation of instrumental music had then only begun to assert itself. In the 16th century, and a long way into the 17th, music was synonymous with singing. Instrumental music was only an echo of song.... Upon the great Italian violinists followed soon the first noteworthy manifestations in the domain of piano composition and virtuosity. Of its

representatives upon our programme François Couperin is the oldest. Sebastian Bach's predecessor, he was prized by him, and not without influence on his smaller piano-forte things. Couperin's piano compositions sound to us thin and sprawling; to hear a series of them, one would nearly die of monotony. These "*Pièces de Clavecin*" (the Imperial library contains four "books" of them in two great folio volumes) are put together in "*ordres*," thus outwardly they are a sort of *Suites* in the broadest sense, but without any definite number and order in the single pieces. "*J'aime beaucoup mieux, ce qui me touche, que ce qui me surprend*," says the composer in his preface; but his music says the opposite; it runs altogether into external ingenuity and glitter, and exhausts itself in petty tone-painting. The supercriptions of the little pieces, such as "*Le petit diable, ou les 3 veuves*," "*Les barricades mystérieuses*," &c. are often odd enough.

"Incomparably higher stood the piano compositions of Domenico Scarlatti; especially the first piece, played by Herr Dachs, breathed a sensuous freshness and grace rare in the piano pieces of that time. Sebastian Bach was represented by two violin Sonatas, masterworks of contrapuntal depth, dignity and grace. Of Bach's sons the three most important figured in the programme: the intellectual, finely cultivated Emanuel in a piano Sonata; the genial but very unequal Friedmann in a Sonata for two pianos; finally John Christian, the "Milan Bach," in a piano Sonata. Boccherini, the meritorious predecessor of Haydn, formed the well chosen close with a gracefully flowing string Quartet.

"The extremely favorable impression of the concerts, to which Messrs. Herbeck, Dessoff, Dachs, Hellmesberger and Epstein contributed, might very well guaranty the continuance of historical concerts in coming years."

The Philharmonic Concert of Jan. 26, had for programme: Mendelssohn's overture "*Meerestille und Glückliche Fahrt*," Serenade for wind instruments, by Mozart; Bass aria from Handel's *Israel*; and the 7th Symphony of Beethoven.—The Opera was chiefly occupied during the last week in January with *Le Prophète*. Ander in the principal rôle electrified the crowded house. Frau Ellinger as Fides, and Frau Krauss as Bertha were much applauded. The *Pardon de Ploemel* was impatiently expected, but as yet a Dinorah was wanting.

LEIPZIG.—A new theatre is to be built here (sadly needed!) at a cost of about \$200,000.—At the 13th Gewandhaus Concert several vocal compositions were performed for the first time, namely: Motets for female choir, by Mendelssohn; "The Queen of the Elves," also for female chorus and solo, by Stiehl; "Song of the Dwarfs," female chorus, by Reinicke.

BRUSSELS.—The principal feature of the second concert of the Conservatoire was the performance of a Symphony in E♭ by the elder Fétis, which created much enthusiasm; it is claimed for it in French journals that it "marks an epoch of transformation in the Symphony." Fétis has also written a Symphony in G minor. Other pieces in the concert were: Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, and a violin concerto, composed and played by J. de Monasterio, former pupil of DeBeriot and professor in the Conservatoire at Madrid.—Morelli's opera company has been made doubly popular through the aid of Adelina Patti, who has excited great enthusiasm by her singing and acting in the *Sonnambula*, *Lucia*, *Il Barbiere*, *Marta*, &c.—The French troupe at the Théâtre de la Monnaie have represented *La Pagoda*, an opera by Fauconnier, which generally pleased. Mme. Boulard, Jourdan and Bonnefoi were applauded in it. Mme. Carvalho took her leave of the Brussels public in the *Barber* and *Les Noces de Jeannette*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Home of my youth. "Ruy Blas." 25
Could life's dark scene. " " 15

Howard Glover's Opera of "Ruy Blas" has been the great novelty on the boards of the Pyne and Harrison English Opera house in London this season. The Opera, like all English Operas, contains some pieces written in the ballad style, and as well if not better suited to the parlor as to the stage. Among them are the above two, which have proved uncommonly taking.

Home Visions. Quartet. S. K. Whiting. 15

A simple, plaintive Quartet. Glee Clubs of little practice will find it very attractive.

Battle Hymn of the Republic. Mrs. Howe. 25

Written by Mrs. Howe to the air of "Glory Hallelujah" for the "Atlantic Monthly" and taken therefrom by special permission of the publishers. The words are truly grand and beautiful. A better "Battle hymn" could not be written nor a better tune for it found.

The flower she loves. "Ruy Blas." 25

A very pretty ballad from the new and much praised Opera by Howard Glover, just brought out in London.

Instrumental Music.

The dawn of Freedom. Grand March. Handel Pond. 25

A pretty March, not difficult.

An evening on the water. J. Pychowski. 60

Two dreamy pieces, suggestive of a dark Italian sky sparkling with stars, over a quiet sea. They are somewhat difficult of execution; but will amply repay study.

Agnes Sorel Quadrille. Four hands. A. Leduc. 50

A set of popular Quadrilles arranged for two performers in a very effective style.

Sunnyside Polka. E. Moore. 25

An easy trifle.

Garibaldi Grand March. Florian Agosty. 30

A very fine dashing March, full of life and spirit. The Trio introduces the National Italian hymn: Viva Italia! with great effect. A picture of the hero, on horseback, adorns the titlepage.

Books.

THALBERG'S L'ART DU CHANT. (The Art of Singing applied to the piano.) Handsomely bound in cloth. 3,00

The piano cannot render that which is most perfect in the beautiful art of singing, namely, the faculty of prolonging sounds, but the player may overcome this imperfection with address and skill. How this may be done, the great Player has shown in twelve Transcriptions of melodies from the masterworks of great composers. The melody is engraved in large notes, so as to stand out and be recognized easily. They are all figured, and are as invaluable to the accomplished pianist as to the student, who would get at the root of the marvellous effects which Thalberg produces in his playing.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 518.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1862.

VOL. XX. No. 23.

The Origin of Language.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

AIR—Let Schoolmasters puzzle their brains.

'Tis not very easy to tell

How language had first a beginning,

When Adam had just left the shell,

And Eve hadn't taken to spinning;

Or if, in some other queer way,

Men rose to be lords of creation,

What power brought their tongues into play,

Or prompted their speechification?

Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Some think they were ready inspired

With lexicon, syntax and grammar,

And never like children required

At lessons to lisp and to stammer.

As Pallas by Jove was begot

In armor all brilliantly burnished,

So Man with his Liddell and Scott

And Butman or Blomfield was furnished.

Todroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Some say that the primitive tongue

Expressed but the simplest affections,

And swear that the words said or sung

Were nothing but mere Interjections.

O! O! was the signal of pain:

Ha! Ha! was the symptom of laughter:

Pooh! Pooh! was the sign of disdain,

And others came following after.

Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Some, taking a different view,

Maintain the old language was fitted

To mark out the objects we knew,

By mimicking sounds they emitted.

Bow, wow was the name for a dog:

Quack, quack was the word for a duckling:

Hunc, hunc would designate a hog,

And wee wee a pig and a suckling.

Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

If asked these hard things to explain,

I own I am wholly unable;

And hold the attempt the more vain,

When I think of the Building of Babel.

The primitive world to lay bare,

Philologists try, but I doubt it:

As none of them chanced to be there,

It's clear they know nothing about it.

Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

What Adam in Eden might speak,

Could not be the tongue of his mother;

It may have been Gaelic or Greek;

It must have been something or other.

It may have been Sanscrit or Zend,

Chaldaic, Assyrian, Arabic:

It may have had joints without end,

Or it may have been monosyllabic.

Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

But why should we puzzle our brains

With Etymological folly?

The prize wouldn't prove worth the pains,

Or help us a bit to be jolly.

For if we in twenty strange tongues

Could call for a beef-steak and bottle,

By dint of mere learning and lungs,

They wouldn't be nearer our throttle.

Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

I've ranged, without drinking a drop,

The realms of the dry Mithridates:

I've studied Grimm, Burnouf, and Bopp,

Till patience cried "*Ohe jam satis.*"

Max Müller completed my plan,

And, leave of the subject now taking,

As wise as when first I began,

I end with a head that is aching.

Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

The speech of Old England for me,

Which serves us on every occasion!

Henceforth, like our soil, let it be

Exempted from foreign invasion.

It answers for friendship and love,

And all sorts of feeling and thinking;

And, lastly, all doubt to remove—

It answers for singing and drinking.

Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

—Blackwood's Magazine.

Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 380.)

TO PROFESSOR ZELTER.

Rome, June 16, 1831.

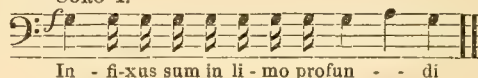
Dear Professor!

I have long wanted to write to you, and render you a report upon the music of the Holy Week. But my journey to Naples interfered; there I roved about most of the time in the open air on the mountains, or occupied myself with the sea, and could not find a quiet time for writing; hence the delay, which I must beg you to excuse. Since then I have not heard a tone worth notice (in Naples nothing but the most ordinary), and so there really is nothing in the last months for me to write to you about, except the Holy Week; I think I have forgotten nothing, and it is not likely that I ever shall! Of the impression of the whole I have already written to my parents, and they have probably communicated it to you. It was fine, that I resolved to listen to the thing in a perfectly cool, observing spirit, and nevertheless before the beginning in the chapel I grew serious and devout. Such a state of feeling is, as I believe, essential to the right apprehension of any thing new, and nothing of the effect of the whole has escaped me, although I compelled myself to watch all the particulars.

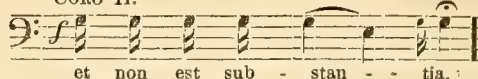
On Wednesday, at half past four o'clock, the solemnity began with the antiphony: *Zelus domus tue*. The little book, which contains the ritual of the week, explains the signification of the whole solemnity: "In each *nocturno* there are three psalms sung, because Christ died for virgins, wives and widows; and also on account of the three laws, the natural, the written and the evangelical; the *Domine labia mea*, and the *Deus in adiutorium* are not sung, because the ungodly have robbed us of our head and beginning; the 15 candles signify the twelve apostles and three Maries," &c. (The little book contains the most remarkable things of this sort, and therefore I shall bring it with me.) The psalms are sung for-

tissimo by all the men's voices in two choirs. Each verse of the psalm is divided into two parts, like question and answer, or rather like *a* and *b*; the first choir sings *a*, and the second answers with *b*. All the words, except the last, are sung with great rapidity upon one tone, and upon the last they make a short *melisma*, which is different in the first and second verse. To this melody, or *tono*, as they call it, the whole psalm is sung with all its verses, and I have written down for myself seven different *toni*, which they employed alternately in the three days. You cannot think how tiresome and monotonous this seems, and how roughly and mechanically they sing off their psalms. The first *tonus* which they sang, was for example:

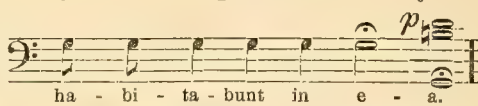
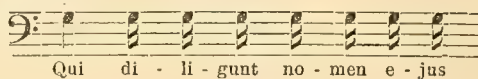
CORO I.



CORO II.



So the whole psalm of 42 verses goes on continually, one half of the verse ending on *g a g*, and the other on *g e g*.—They sing it precisely with the expression, and it sounds, as if many men were earnestly and angrily disputing, each obstinately retorting to the other always the same thing. In the last verse of every psalm they sing the words, with which it closes, more slowly and impressively, and, instead of the *melismas*, make a long trichord *piano*; for example, in the first:



By way of introduction at the beginning of each psalm there are one or more antiphonies; these are commonly sung by a couple of alto voices very roughly and hardly in *canto fermo*; so likewise the first half of the first verse of every psalm, and with the second the above described responses of the choirs of men start off. The single antiphonies, &c., which I have written down, I shall keep to show to you, so that you may compare them with the little book. On Wednesday evening the 68th psalm is first sung, and then the 69th and 70th. (By the way, this division of the verses of the psalms, between choir and counter-choir, is one of the arrangements which Bunsen has made for the evangelical church here; and he too introduces every choral by an antiphony. These are composed by George, a musician here, after the manner of the *canti fermi*, and are first sung by a few voices, then the choral falls in, *Ein' feste Burg*, for instance.) After the 70th psalm comes a *pater noster sub silentio*; i. e. all stand up, and there is a short, silent pause. Then, very soft and low, begins the

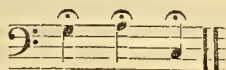
first Lamentation of Jeremiah, in G major. It is a beautiful and earnest composition by Palestrina, and when it follows upon the wild cry of the psalms, without basses, merely for high solo voices and tenor, with the gentlest *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, sometimes floating away almost inaudibly, and slowly drawing itself along from one tone and chord to another, the effect is altogether heavenly. It is bad, to be sure, that the passages, which they sing most touchingly and devotionally, and which evidently have been composed too with partiality, must needs be the superscriptions of the single chapters or verses: *Aleph, Beth, Gimmel*, &c.; and that the beautiful beginning, which sounds as if it came down from heaven, is precisely on the words; *Incipit Lamentatio Jeremie Prophetæ, lectio I.* A Protestant heart must revolt at this, and if there should be a purpose of introducing these songs into our churches, the impossibility of it appears to me clearly enough shown in this; for if somebody sings: "first chapter," you cannot be very devotional, however beautiful it may be. My little book says, to be sure: "*Vedendo profetizzato il crocifiggimento con gran pietà si cantano eziandio molto lamentevolmente 'Aleph' e le altre simile parole, che sono le lettere dell' alfabeto Ebreo, perché erano in costume di porsi in ogni canzone in luogo di lamento, come è questa. Ciascuna lettera ha in se tutto il sentimento di quel versetto, che la segue, ed è come un argomento di esso.*" But that does not help the matter.—After this, psalms 71, 72 and 73 are sung in the same manner as above, with the antiphonies. These are quite arbitrarily distributed to the different voices, so that in one the sopranos begin: *In monte Oliveti*; whereupon the basses fall in *forte* with *oravit ad patrem: pater*, &c. Then follow the *lectiones* from St. Augustine's tractate on the psalms. The singular manner, in which these are sung, struck me unutterably on Palm Sunday, when I heard it for the first time, and without knowing what it was. They are delivered by a single voice, reciting on one tone, not as in the psalms, but slowly, impressively, letting the tone sound fully out. There are different cadences for the different punctuation marks, for comma, question, period, &c. Perhaps they are already known to you; but, being new to me, they seemed very strange. The first, for example, was delivered by a fine bass voice on G; when a comma occurs he makes upon the last word:



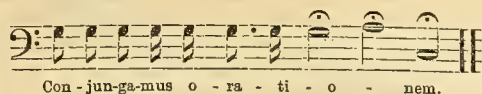
at a note of interrogation:



but at a period, this:



For example:



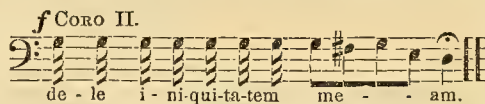
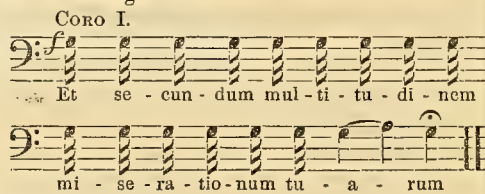
Con-jun-ga-mus o-ra-ti-o-nem.

I cannot describe how strangely the fall from A to C sounds; especially when after the bass a soprano begins with D and makes the same fall with E and G: then an alto in its key, and so on; for they sang three different *lectiones*,

always alternating with *canto fermo*. The *canto fermo* was delivered with entire disregard to words and sense; for instance: "It were better for him, that he had never been born," which was sung in this way, quite *fortissimo* and with one tone:



Then come psalms 74, 75, 76. Then again three *lectiones*. Then the *Miserere*, but sung in the same way as all the preceding psalms, with the following *tonus*:



One must rub his ears well, before he will get anything better! Then follow psalms 8, 62, 66, the *Canticum Moysi* in its own tone, and psalms 148, 149, 150. Now come some antiphonies; meanwhile all the candles at the altar are put out, except one, which is concealed beneath the altar; high above the entrance still burn six tapers; all else is in twilight, and now the whole choir begins *unisono*, with all its might, the Cantic of Zachariah, while the last lights go out. The great *forte* in the twilight, and the earnest sound that streams forth from all the voices, has a wonderfully fine effect. The melody in D minor too is very beautiful. This being ended, it is now all dark; an antiphony comes upon the words: "And the betrayer had given them a sign," &c., to: "he is the one, him seize." Then all fall on their knees, and a voice sings *piano*: "*Christus factus est pro nobis obediens usque ad mortem.*" On the second day it adds further: "*mortem autem crucis*"; and on Good Friday: "*propter quod et Deus exaltavit illum, et dedit illi Nomen; quod est super omne Nomen.*" Now comes a pause again, during which everyone says to himself the *Pater noster*. A deathlike silence reigns throughout the chapel during this *Pater noster*; then begins the *Miserere* with a soft accord of voices, and expands itself to both choirs. This beginning, and the very first sound of all, have made the most impression on me. For an hour and a half you have heard nothing but singing in one part, and almost without alternation: and now after the silence comes a beautifully placed chord; it is splendid, and one feels the power of music in his inmost soul; for that it is, that makes the great effect. They spare the best voices for the *Miserere*, sing it with the greatest alternation, with *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, from the softest *piano* to the full power of the voice; no wonder that that takes hold of every one. Add to this, that they do not forget their contrasts; letting every other verse be sung by all the men's voices, monotonously, loudly, and roughly, and then at the beginning of the next

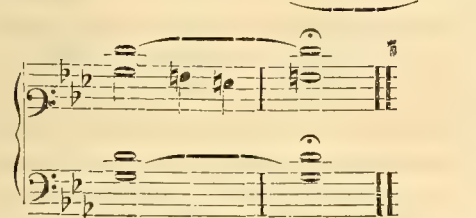
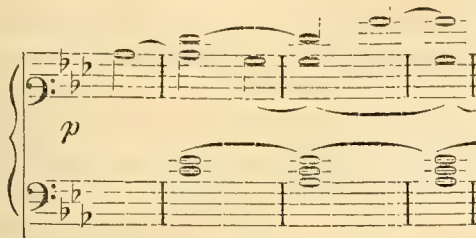
verse enters again the beautiful, soft, full harmony, which never lasts more than a short time, and is then interrupted by the male chorus. During the monotonous verse you know already how beautifully the choir will come in, and then it comes again, and is again too short, and before you can reflect it is all over. Thus for example on the first day, when they gave the *Miserere* of Bains, as the principal key is B minor, they sing: *Miserere mei Deus* as far as *misericordiam tuam* according to the notes with solo voices, two choirs and all possible expenditure of all their vocal means; then all the basses fall in *tutti forte* with F sharp, and recite upon this one tone: *et secundum multitudinem* as far as *iniquitatem meam*, whereupon instantly again the soft B minor chord follows; and so on to the last verse, which they always sing with all their might. Then follows again a silent, short prayer, and then all the Cardinals shuffle as loudly as they can with their feet; that is the end of the ceremony. My little book says: "The noise signifies, how the Jews took Christ prisoner with great tumult." That may be; but it sounds exactly like the drumming in the pit, when the play does not begin, or does not please. Then the one taper is brought out again from under the altar, and by its light they all disperse in silence; and here I must mention, that the effect is wonderfully fine when you step out from the chapel into the great entrance hall, where a huge chandelier is lighted, and where the Cardinals with their clergy pass through the lighted Quirinal between the rows of Swiss.

The *Miserere*, which they sang the first day, was by Bains; a composition, like all of those by him, without a trace of life or power. Still there were chords and music, and that made the impression. On the second day they gave some pieces by Allegri, the rest by Bai, and on Good Friday all by Bai. Since Allegri has composed only verse, to which they are all sung, I have thus heard each of the three compositions which they give there. But in fact it is pretty much the same thing what they sing, for they make the same *embellimenti* in one piece as in another; for each different chord a special one; so that you do not notice much of the composition itself. How these *embellimenti* have crept in, they will not say,—or they maintain, it is tradition. But that I do not at all believe; musical tradition is a poor affair at any rate, and then I do not know how a five-part setting is to be handed down by hearsay; it does not sound like that. They have evidently been added by a later hand; and it seems to me, the director had some good, high voices, that he wanted to produce them on occasion of the Holy Week, and therefore he wrote them ornaments to the simple chords, in which they could let out and display their voices to advantage. For *old* they certainly are not, but made with much taste and skill; they work admirably. There is one especially, which frequently occurs, and makes the greatest effect, so that there is a slight sensation among the crowd, whenever it begins; indeed, when you hear so much said of the peculiar style of delivery, and when people tell you that the voices did not sound like human, but like angel voices from above, and that it was such a sound as one will never hear anywhere else, they always mean this one embellishment. For instance, in the *Miserere*, whether by Bai or Allegri (for they make precisely the same *embellimenti* in both), wherever this succes-

sion of chords occurs :



they sing this instead of it :



Now the way that the Soprano takes the high C, very pure and soft, and lets it sound out a long time, and then slides slowly down, while the Alto steadily holds on its C, so that I was actually deceived at first and thought that the high C was held out all this time,—and the way the harmony gradually disentangle itself, is really something quite superb. The other ornaments are adapted in the same way to the chord progressions; but this one is by far the finest.

Of a peculiar manner of delivery I know nothing more to say. Also what I have read, about the sound being propagated by a peculiar acoustic arrangement, is mere fable; also the idea that it is all sung traditionally, without measure one following the other; for I clearly saw the shadow of Bains's long arm going up and down sometimes indeed he strikes very audibly upon the desk. There certainly is no lack of dust thrown in your eyes by the people, and even by the singers themselves. For instance, they never say beforehand what *Miserere* they mean to sing; that is decided at the moment itself, &c. Moreover the key, in which they sing it, depends on the purity of the voices. The first day it was B minor; the second and third days it was E minor, but it closed all three times in B minor. The principal Soprano, Mariano, had come to Rome expressly from the hill country, to sing with them, and to him I owe it that I have heard the *embellimenti* with their high tones. But however much pains they on this occasion, still the negligence and the bad habits of all the rest of the year avenge themselves, and you often get some terrible cacophonies.

(Remainder of this letter next week.)

Translated for this Journal.

Twenty-six Letters of Joseph Haydn.

(Continued from page 364.)

17.—*Mad. Genzinger to Haydn.*

Vienna, July 11, 1790.

Most respected Herr von Haydn!

I received your letter of July 4th in due course

and trust myself entirely in your hands in the matter of obtaining an excellent pianoforte, for as soon as Mademoiselle Nanette goes down (to Esterhaz) she will give you a commission in the name of the prince to purchase one for me. It will be perfectly agreeable to me if you (since you consider them the best) take one of Herr Schantz, but I should be glad to have you give it a trial before I receive it, for I consider my knowledge in these matters so small as very likely to be misled in trying to choose for myself. The Sonata pleases me throughout well; only in a single point I could wish it altered, if possible, (if such alteration should not take anything from the beauty of the piece) namely, the passage in the 2d part of the Adagio, which has to be played with hands crossed. As I am not accustomed to this, it is very difficult for me; I pray you therefore to let me know in what manner I can change this.

In a few days I will send back the other Sonata. It is also very beautiful. One thing more I must beseech of you, namely, that the Symphony promised me—which you have declared shall be composed for me, singly and alone, the very thought of which rejoices me infinitely—may not be considered by you as replaced by the Sonatas. I know I ought not to plague you again so soon after the pains you have had with the Sonatas; but the very particular pleasure, which I take in your so delightful compositions, will not allow me to do otherwise.

I hope you find yourself well; as to myself, I am not yet quite recovered from my catarrh, and am at present trying a remedy of milk and Selzer water, I began day before yesterday and which, with God's help, I hope soon to perceive the good effects. I close and remain with much veneration.

Your most sincere friend, &c., &c.

18.—*Haydn to Mad. Genzinger.*

Estoras, Aug. 15, 1790.

It was my duty a week ago to answer the letter received from your Grace, but as this day* has long been lying near my heart—and yet I have been unable all this long time (and I have taken all possible pains) to make out how and what all I should wish your Grace—so these eight days have passed by, and now when my good wishes should be presented, my feeble intellect is at a stand still, and (thoroughly ashamed) I know not at all what to say.—Wherefore? Therefore!—because I have been utterly unable to fulfil those musical hopes, which your Grace has cherished for to-day and with reason!—Oh if you knew and if you, my best beloved gracious patroness, could only look into my afflicted heart on this point, you would certainly feel pity and indulgence for me: that unlucky Symphony promised you, ever since your mention of it, has floated before my fancy, but (alas!) certain unavoidable circumstances have not allowed this Symphony to come into the world. However, the hopes of gracious forbearance on your part for this procrastination, and the good time of fulfilment being at last near, will at length bring about the accomplishment of that wish, which, among so many hundred of yesterday and to-day, may perhaps be but an insignificant companion to them; perhaps, I say, for it would be too bold in me to suppose that your Grace should not desire anything of more importance. You see therefore, most excellent gracious lady, that I can wish you nothing

*Aug. 15, the Saint's day whose name Mad. Genzinger bore and celebrated instead of her birthday, she being a Roman Catholic. This letter is so confused, it is hardly possible to know what Haydn in some passages wishes to say.

for your name-day, because my wishes are too weak and consequently can produce no fruit. I—I must wish in my own behalf, namely, for your gracious indulgence, for the continuance to me of your so delightful friendship and favor. This is my warmest wish! Should, however, another wish of mine find acceptance with you, it shall be that this wish of mine be transformed into yours; then I shall feel certain that nothing else remains to be wished, than that I wish myself forever to have the right of calling myself
Your Grace's, &c., &c.

My most dutiful respects to your Herr Spouse and entire family.

I expect an answer about the pianoforte day after to-morrow. Your Grace will also at that time receive the alterations in the Adagio.

[The translator wishes the reader joy upon the foregoing letter and hopes he will make something out of it. He (the Tr.) cannot.]

19.—*Haydn to Mad. Genzinger.*

Calais, Dec. 31, 1790.

The change to bad weather with uninterrupted rain is the cause, that I (at the moment when I write this) have but just, this evening, reached Calais; and early to-morrow morning, at 7 o'clock, I shall leave by sea for London. I promised your Grace to write you from Brussels, but was unable to stop there over an hour. I am well, thanks to the Highest, although, owing to fatigue, the want of regular sleep, and the changes in food and drink, I have become somewhat thinner.

In a few days I will write your Grace more particularly about my journey, but to-day I pray you to excuse me. I hope to God that your Grace and your Herr Spouse, and all the family find yourselves well.

Until then I am, &c., &c.

20.—*Haydn to Mad. Genzinger.*

London, January 8, 1791.

I hope your Grace has already received my last letter from Calais. I ought to have sent you some news immediately upon my arrival in London as I promised, but I thought best to wait a few days, so as to embrace more topics in my communication.

So now I report, that upon the 1st inst., that is on New Year's day, after attending the holy Mass, I went on board ship at half past 7 in the morning, and at 5 P. M., thanks to the Highest! I reached Dover sound and in good condition. At first, for four hours long, we had hardly any wind, and the ship moved so slowly that during these four hours we made no more than a single English mile, of which there are from Calais to Dover 24. Our ship's captain said very crossly, that if the wind did not change, we should have to spend the whole night at sea. Luckily however, the wind rose about half-past eleven, and so favorably, that by 4 P. M. we had left 22 miles behind us. But as we, on account of its being just then ebb-tide, could not come to the wharf with our great ship, there came two smaller vessels from a distance to meet us, in which we placed ourselves and our baggage and at last, notwithstanding a rather stormy wind, came happily to land. The great ship remained five hours longer at sea, until the rising tide enabled it to enter the harbor. Some of the passengers being afraid to go on board the smaller vessel remained on the larger, but I joined the majority. During the entire passage I remained above on the vessel [on deck], that I might have enough of looking at that monstrous animal—the sea. So long as the calm continued I had no fear; but at last, as the wind grew stronger and I saw the huge boisterous waves rushing upon us, a slight anxiety fell upon me, and with it some degree of sickness. However I conquered all this and, saving your pres-

ence, without vomiting, happily reached the shore. The greater part were sick and looked like ghosts. After reaching London, only, did I really feel the hardships of the journey. It took two days for me to recover myself. Now, however, I am perfectly fresh and jolly, and engaged in seeing the boundlessly great city, London, which, for its various beauties and wonderful things, fairly astounds one. I immediately made the necessary visits—such as to the Neapolitan and our own Ambassador—received in two days return visits from them both, and four days ago dined with the former, but, *nota bene*, at six o'clock in the evening—that is the fashion here.

My arrival caused a great sensation all through the city. For those days I was tossed about in all the newspapers. Every one is curious to make my acquaintance. I have already had to dine out six times, and if I would I might have invitations for every day, but I must, firstly, have some regard to my health and, secondly, for my work. Excepting from the Milords, I allow no visits until two o'clock in the afternoon, and at four I dine at home with Mr. Salomon. I have a neat and comfortable lodging, but dear. My landlord is an Italian and a cook, who serves up for me four excellent dishes. We pay each—wine and beer extra—1 florin 30 kreutzers a day—but everything is dreadfully dear.

Yesterday I was invited to a grand amateur concert. I arrived rather late, and when I presented my ticket, I was not allowed to enter, but shown into a side room, where I had to wait until the piece then performing was finished. Then the door was at once opened and I was taken, leaning upon the arm of the director, and amid a general clapping of hands, through the middle of the hall to the front of the orchestra, and there stared at and bepraised with quantities of English compliments. I was assured that these honors had not been paid any one for 50 years. After the music, I was taken to another beautiful hall adjoining, where a table had been already spread with 200 covers for the entire company of amateurs and a very great number of dishes, and a place left for me at the head. But as I had already the same day dined out and eaten more than usual, so I excused myself from this honor, on the ground that I did not find myself quite well. However, in spite of this, I had to drink a harmonious toast to all present in Burgundy wine, which they returned and then sent me home in a carriage. All this, my gracious lady, was very flattering to me; but still I wish I could for a time fly away to Vienna, to obtain more quiet for labor, for the noise in the streets made by all sorts of folks with things to sell is insupportable. I am indeed at work at present upon Symphonies, because the text for the opera is not yet determined upon; but in order to obtain more quiet I shall have to hire a room quite out of town. I should like very much to go on writing, but I fear missing the opportunity.* Meantime with polite compliments to your Herr Spouse and fräulein Pepi and all the rest, I am with special respects, &c., &c.

And now a request to your Grace. I do not know whether the Symphony in E \flat , which your Grace returned to me, was forgotten by me in my quarters at home, or whether it has been stolen from me on the way. But, as I missed it yesterday and now have great need of it, I pray you earnestly to procure the same from the kind Herr von Kees, have it copied in your house on small post paper and sent to me through the mail as soon as possible. Should Herr von Kees have any hesitation about it, which I do not expect, then your Grace may send him this letter as authority. My address is the following.

A. M.

Mon. Haydn,
No. 18 Great Pultuey Street.

[A letter from Haydn, dated July 3, which he speaks of as "the Second" has been lost, very unfortunately, as it no doubt contained matters of especial interest to English and American readers.]

(To be continued.)

* i. e., of sending the letter by private hand.

The Great Orchestra of the Crystal Palace.

The directors of the Crystal Palace have at length come to the conviction that the construction of the Great Handel Orchestra is unfit for special musical purposes, and that the gravest alterations are imperatively called for, before applying it to further uses—at least such uses as performances on a gigantic scale. For the last three years circumscription and limitation around the open space of the orchestra has been mooted and sifted frequently and zealously. Last season great expectations were entertained about the felt awning, which, nevertheless had little or no effect. Now, however, it would appear that the authorities are in downright earnest, since it is officially announced that "the Great Orchestra of the Crystal Palace will be *completely roofed in*, and other alterations and additions made to the Centre Transept, with a view to the improvement of its acoustic qualities, which will render it no less thoroughly adapted for the performance of music, than it will be unrivalled for the convenient accommodation of numbers." This looks like business, or, more properly, a determination to do something. No doubt the directors are now eager to act, the surest proof of this consists in their acknowledgement of past sins. At the last festival, they own to finding out that too much space overhead caused the sound to travel irregularly, so that complex passages in the choral pieces occasionally became confused. A similar result, it seems, was observed at St. Paul's Cathedral, when the *Messiah* was performed, this time twelvemonth, under the dome. In allusion to the performance at the Cathedral, we are told: "Although in a few situations the music was effective, in the greater portion it was so uncertain, from the tone wandering about the lofty dome and being reverberated below, that great difficulty was experienced in keeping the orchestra together, the experience of the performers being, that they had rarely felt so much difficulty in falling in with the 'swing' of the orchestra." This is as true with regard to the Central Transept of the Crystal Palace as St. Paul's Cathedral. The remedy is this:—The sides of the orchestra will be about sixty feet high, or nearly as high as the Birmingham Town Hall. The central part of the orchestra will be forty feet higher, or one hundred feet, the undersides will be filled in with bracings, lined with well-secured match-boarding, bound closely together "by ingenious appliances, until the whole surface becomes as hard and as resonant as a drum-head." Very good, indeed, and perspicuous, and momentous to the well-being of future Handel Festivals. The directors, nevertheless, taught perhaps by Blondin, must not jump at the conclusion, that "it is unquestionable that this addition to the Great Orchestra will render it as unrivalled for its resonance as it will be unequalled for its capacity, and thus make the Centre Transept of the Crystal Palace unapproachable as a locale for a great choral festival." Let us consider the question in all its bearings, and see how far the directors are justified in arriving at this conclusion.

No doubt the closing in of the orchestra, especially at the sides, will be an immense improvement, and will tend greatly to economize the sound. Will it, however, effect *all* that is required? Will it distribute the sound equally throughout the Centre Transept, and prevent it from diverging into the aisles? We think not. Let us suppose, for example, that Exeter Hall were walled-in as far as the limits of the orchestra only, and that the rest of the structure was open to the surrounding streets on three sides. It is not difficult to conjecture that, in that condition, for all purposes of hearing, the hall would be comparatively useless. Would not this—with a difference, it must be allowed—be a parallel case with the Great Handel Orchestra of the Crystal Palace, as newly modified and arranged? As far as the orchestra is concerned, the acoustic principles are thoroughly carried out. If the boarding be air-tight, not a tone escapes, and the whole volume of sound from band and singers is propelled into the audience part of the build-

ing without loss. But directly it issues from the orchestra, no care appears to have been taken to restrict the sound within certain limitations. It is left to roam at large through the vast abysses of the Palace, to wander unheeded through the aisles and interminable galleries, and soar into the vitreous heights without chance of return. This is exactly what must take place. The roofing and side walls of the orchestra will necessarily increase the volume of sound, and send it with greater force into the body of the building, thereby enabling many more persons to be placed within its focus. But, as before, the sound will reach those who are not well placed feebly and indistinctly, and little or no effect be produced. The four thousand performers to be brought together in June next, will fail to produce on many an effect like that of the seven hundred in Exeter Hall, and once again the directors will have to turn their attention to further improvements. The remedy, we conceive, is simple enough. Let a space, of which the orchestra may be supposed to form the base, be enclosed on all sides, and roofed over, similar to the orchestra. Two hundred and sixteen feet would then constitute the breadth of the new hall, and the length might be carried to the extreme south front. Surely this would leave an area vast enough for any crowd that may assemble on any occasion. No doubt the expense would be enormous; but, sooner or later, we prognosticate, the directors will be compelled to have recourse to this arrangement—that is, if they are desirous that the performances should keep pace with the requirements of the public, and with expectations held out by the continued enlargement of band and choir.—*London Musical World*.

Mendelssohn and his Letters.

(From the Edinburgh Review.)

This book, though it is merely in one sense a fragment—at best an episode belonging to a life which was a complete poem—is in every point of view remarkable, as the unconscious utterance of young genius full of hope and enjoyment, in which the form bears a most harmonious proportion to the matter. By no musician, it may be said without fear of correction, has any record been left comparable to these memorials of travel, sent by an artist, to gladden the happiest home from which artist ever went forth, to gather, to observe, and to enjoy.—Among the histories of hope deferred, of powers wasted, of faculties half developed, of passions and appetites forced into preternatural activity, which the biography of musicians includes, the virtuous, brilliant and successful career of Felix Mendelssohn stands alone and apart. "The boy," as Goethe well said, "came into the world on a lucky day." He was born into a family of easy fortune;—a family, too, having ambitions and traditions belonging to other lives than those of the merchant and the trader. Philosophy and scholarship were connected with the name of Mendelssohn. It had a place and an honor of its own, even in that cold, cynical capital, the city of Berlin. His father was a man as earnest as liberal. His mother was superior in every sense of the word;—not merely in ordering her own household life, but in looking beyond it to every influence and enjoyment from without, which taste and art and literature could furnish;—a serene, cordial woman, as unpretending as she was gentle, who will live in the recollections of all who have known her, by that tone of distinction in manner, in thought, and in acquirements, which help at once to freshen and to warm the atmosphere in which genius is born and nurtured.

Rarely, if ever, has culture been more wisely and liberally bestowed, than in the case of this fortunate boy. Rarely, if ever, have affection and intelligence reaped a richer harvest. He was as gracious as he was gifted—evil seemed to glance aside from him—temptation to get no hold on him. He was singularly exact without pedantry. Every thing that he acquired was ranged according to its value in the chambers of a memory which nothing seemed to encumber. He learned with extreme ease and rapidity,—yet retained that which was solid and serious, with a steadfastness rare in men of so mercurial a temperament. Though he was full of vivacity and humor, endowed with a keenness of observation not to be surpassed, there was not a grain of mockery in his composition. He delighted to admire and to venerate;—from the first to the last he had an unaffected relish and enjoyment in the society of those

older than himself, while he retained the merriment of a child, and his sympathy with childhood. In the practice of that art which he exercised as naturally as other men exercise the common gift of speech, in the regulation of his life, in his public responsibilities, and his domestic duties and affections, the whole career of Felix Mendelssohn bore the stamp of a moral beauty and elevation, not common among the sons of men. Nothing vulgar, affected, or unclean could approach him; no ungenerous thought ever touched him; he combined the wit and readiness of a man of the world with the affectionate simplicity of boyhood. One more universal in appreciation, more shrewdly discriminating, yet withal in his own personality intensely national, has rarely been born. His tastes and aptitude seemed hardly to have a limit. He had a painter's eye and a poet's heart. Everything that was good and beautiful in Art or in Nature—no matter what the world, no matter what the climate, no matter what the period,—was not so much seen and studied, as possessed by him. He was a ready and exquisite linguist, endowed with that instinct for subtlety in language, of which many less perfectly educated persons never dream. One of his last earthly exercises, we have been told, was the examination of a friend's son in Greek. He was a keen lover of literature. Lastly, having exceeding personal beauty, a face of such nobility, brilliancy, and sweetness of expression, as defied the portrait-painter's art, the absence of personal vanity or frivolity was as rare as it was real. It is difficult, indeed, by the aid of the most minute magnifying powers, to recall a flaw, or an inconsistency of character or talent. "Complete" might have been the one word written on his tombstone, could it be applied to any human being.

Complete, too, was his career in all that makes existence radiant and prosperous. It became obvious, at an early period of his boyhood, that the gift of musical genius dropped in his cradle was the central one, round which many other tastes and talents grouped themselves. The practical part of his art he took up like a sport, in rivalry with his sister Fanny,—one of the most remarkable female musicians of her time. There were excellent masters of the science in Berlin; and the genial and profound Zelter, a man brimful of intellect and idea, who could hold his own with even such a correspondent as Goethe,—was the friend and counsellor to whom, probably, Mendelssohn was the most largely indebted for instruction, and to whose influence may be in part ascribed the tone and cast which characterize his music. This, again, might possibly, in part, arise from the peculiar plight of his art in Berlin, during the period when the boy's mind was moulded. The appointment of Spontini to a place of trust and emolument, and his reputation as a man insincere and intriguing as he was courtly, sharpened to opposition an anti-Italian spirit, and contributed to turn an imagination, in which fantasy was singularly balanced by a spirit of order, towards the antique and rich, but obsolete, writings of the patriarchs of music.—Be this as it may, it becomes presently apparent that Mendelssohn's musical tendencies did not chime in with those of Berlin. It was his father's dream that he should become one of the ornaments of his birth-place; but the youth never took kindly to the town as a residence, nor the town to him as a composer, till its captious inhabitants were compelled, for very shame, to follow in the wake of European fashion. How it fell out, that our England—as much decried abroad as if this country had not nourished Handel's mighty genius, and suggested to Haydn the crowning inspiration of his life, and welcomed the prodigious talent of little Mozart, and soothed the last hours of Beethoven, soured with Austrian neglect—furnished Mendelssohn with the arena in which his genius surprised all Europe, is a matter of history too well known to need restatement here, though it has been too largely forgotten in the wholesale contempt with which musical Germany is pleased to regard musical England. He was wont to refer with exquisite delight to his first visit to London, and to his after journey to Scotland and Wales, during which life-friendships were made, never to fail him. But there was something still wanting to his education,—the influence of that spell of beauty and association which belongs to Italy as to no other country under the sun or moon. This volume is largely devoted to his impressions of the South, showered forth for the beloved home-circle. Taken as letters, in themselves, their literary value can hardly be overrated; nothing more perfect has ever fallen from the pen even of those whose pen is their only instrument, and it is long indeed since Germany has given us any production of equal interest and merit.

SPOHR AND BOUCHER.—In our last number we announced the death of the celebrated violinist, Alex-

ander Boucher. He was a most eccentric man, and though, in reality, a great artist, did not despise having recourse to all the tricks of a "charlatan" to produce effect. Spohr, in his autobiography, relates some amusing anecdotes about Boucher, whom, in 1820, he met, on one of his artistic travels. Bearing a striking resemblance to the great Napoleon, he used to imitate the emperor, not merely in looks and gestures, but also in dress and manner, by which means he endeavored to excite the curiosity of the people. At Lille, for instance, he announced his concert in the following manner:—"Une malheureuse ressemblance me force de m'expatrier, je donnerai donc, avant de quitter ma belle patrie, un concert d'adieu. Je jouerai ce fameux concerto de Viotti, dont l'exécution à Paris, m'a gagné le surnom de 'l'Alexandre des Violons.'" Spohr met Boucher in Brussels, and, while blaming him for his quackery, could not withhold admiration for his talent. Boucher was equally delighted with the performances of the great German, and gave him a letter of introduction to some friend in Lille, wherein the following phrase occurs: "Enfin, si je suis comme on le prétend, le Napoléon des Violons, M. Spohr est bien le Mureau."—*London paper, Feb. 1.*

Berlin Court Singers.

The Berlin correspondent of the *London Musical World* writes:

It may interest you to learn that the list of the Royal Establishment, as at present constituted, comprises the names of seven fair chamber-singers, as they are entitled here—to wit, Mads. Sophia Löwe, Henrietta Carl, Laura Assandri, Leopoldine Herrenburg-Tuczek, Louisa Köster, Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, and Johanna Jachmann-Wagner. Only two of these ladies are still in the service of the muse of Tone—namely, Mad. Köster, who is engaged at the Royal Opera House, and Mad. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt. Mad. Jachmann-Wagner and Herrenburg-Tuczek though they may sing now and then no longer pursue their profession regularly. Henrietta Carl, once such a favorite, especially among the Magyars, has completely disappeared. It is said that she died in poverty, after having lost nearly all she possessed, in consequence of speculating in an Italian Opera troupe, which she accompanied to Constantinople and Wallachia. Laura Assandri, also, long since gave up her artistic career, the most brilliant triumphs of which she achieved in Berlin, whence she proceeded to Moscow, and played with an Italian company there. She afterwards "starred" some time with Sig. Salvi—now manager of the Imperial Opera House at Vienna—in Breslau, but without producing any sensation, either before or subsequently to her Berlin engagement. After playing for some time at various second-rate theatres in Italy, she at last retired on the money she had wisely saved out of her earnings. The most brilliant social position enjoyed by any of the above ladies is that of Sophie Löwe—as she is still named in the Prussian official list,—who, since the 10th September, 1848, has been the wife of Prince Friedrich Lichtenstein, Austrian Lieutenant Field-Marshal, and, at the present moment Governor of the Banah. According to the most trustworthy reports, this once popular singer now plays the part of the great lady in society with as much ease and witching grace as she formerly did that of the Princess of Navarre on the stage.

Musical Correspondence.

PITTSFIELD, MASS. MARCH 3.—The existence of a school for young ladies, in which the pupils have superior advantages in music, is a matter of interest to you and your readers, and much more so to those parents who wish this branch of education particularly attended to. Having heard the performance at Maplewood last Tuesday evening. I can assure you that it is not often that young ladies, who are occupied so much of their time with other studies, can show such appreciation and advancement in the art. The vocal performances showed that the pupils understood the management of the voice, the registers, breathing, phrasing, style and effect. The piano was played with a regard to the nature of the instrument, so that the various pieces were rendered with good expression. The three teachers of music are Messrs. Ensign, Feder and Hardik;—Mr. E. having resided in New York for many years;—Mr.

F., a German, who spent some time in London; and Mr. H., a German of the Germans, whose execution on the piano is not often excelled. With these words I give you the programme, the selection having been made more for popular effect, than as a specimen of the usual studies.

Chorus. Full School. "Arrayed in Clouds"..... Shaw
Grand March from Tannhäuser. Four Pianos..... Wagner
Lied—The Beggar Child.....Gumbert
Overture—Jean de Paris. Four Pianos.....Boidieu
Aria—"By the tales of war enchanted," from Jessonda Spohr

Mr. Feder.
Solo and Chorus—Rondeau, from Les Huguenots. Meyerbeer.
Duet—"Che ti sorprendo," from Un anno ed un giorno. Benedict
Fantasia for two Pianos. Norma.....Wels
Theme Varié. Vocal.....Gottschalk
Overture—Jubel. Four Pianos.....Von Weber
Mr. Ensign and Pupils.
Air and Chorus—"En vain j'espère." Robert le Diable. Meyerbeer
Solo. {a Last Hope.....Gottschalk
 {b Home.....Thalberg
Mr. Hardik.
Quartet, from Martha. "Quick now fetch the spinning wheel".....Flotow
Chorus—Full School. The Waking of the Birds. Rossini

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 3.—Mozart's Twelfth Mass was produced by the choir of St. Augustine's Church on Fourth street on Sunday morning last. The vocal parts were filled by the regular members of the choir, led by the basso, Mr. A. R. Taylor, whose rich and powerfully sonorous voice, unequalled so far as I know by any other in the country, had much to do with the success that attended the representation of this immortal work. Mr. Thunder presided at the organ and played the accompaniment in that judiciously correct manner which characterizes all of his performances. He was assisted by a small orchestra. Mr. T. has scarcely a rival among the organists of this city, and I can say this with the more safety, since Mr. Michael H. Cross (*nomen praeclarum et illustre* among Philadelphia musicians), who at one time, while organist at St. John's Church in Thirteenth street, was considered by many to be the first in the city, now directs the choir of another church, where the field for display of his abilities is not by any means extended; so that it has escaped the minds of many how fine a performer this gentleman is. I do not desire to institute any comparison between the performances of these two gentlemen. They are both very fine musicians, in the most enlarged sense of that word, and professionally and socially, are fit models for imitation. Their respective styles are so different, withal possessing each its many features of excellence, that any comparison would indeed be "odorous." In this connection it is proper to state that on Wednesday next at the Cathedral Chapel in Logan Square, a Mass of Mr. Cross's composition will be produced. I have not had the good fortune to hear it, but judging from reliable report, it is a work of more than mediocre excellence.

Gottschalk gave two concerts here last week, in which he was assisted by the pianoforte artists of the Italian Opera Troupe, who all sang very carelessly, and introduced inferior substitutes upon the programme to a reckless degree. Some of our critics have gone into ecstatic raptures over Gottschalk, proclaiming him the greatest living pianist; he is certainly a very brilliant player and has composed a number of charming *morceaux*, which possess great merit for their exquisite and original beauties; but he is not the master of the instrument, nor the developer of its capabilities that Thalberg is; and the critic betrays a lack of discrimination who presumes to compare one with the other.

The Germania Rehearsals have not been as numerously attended this winter as formerly, in consequence of a steady and pertinacious succession of inclement Saturdays. The last Rehearsal was the first of this season that was blessed with a clear sky, and as a consequence a well-filled hall greeted the eyes of Mr. Sentz and his associates at the regular hour.—

The programme was the following:—

1. Overture. "La Gazza Ladra"..... Rossini
2. Solo. Flute. Mr. Droughmann..... Fährbach
3. Invitation to the Dance..... Weber
4. Adagio. Symphony No. 1..... Kalliwoda
5. Overture: "In the Hebrides"..... Mendelssohn
6. Aria. Indra..... Flotow
7. Finale: "Ariel, Daughter of the Air"..... Bach
8. Galop. "Villa Colonna"..... Speer

I confess to a renewed sensation of delight every time I hear the charming little *La Gazza Ladra* overture "ever fresh and ever young" like all its composer's works; who writes overtures like Rossini? Mr. Droughmann's flute solo was performed with great facility of execution, though a flute is hardly of sufficient power, to excite much interest in a large concert hall, after the performance of a noisy overture. A clarinet solo by Mr. Stoll, who "officials" at that instrument so ably, would have been more acceptable. The Adagio from the Kalliwoda Symphony is a gem of marvellous beauty;—this movement is the only one with which Philadelphia audiences are familiar, and judging from it, the Symphony must be a work of classical excellence. It is marked by that exquisite grace, and the total absence of all trivialities which are the especial qualities of all that this composer has produced. Numbers were astonished to find anything approaching melody in any thing with the name of "Bach" upon it. The finale to the Opera of "Ariel," (by the Italian Bach, I believe), contains bold and vigorous instrumentation which it is a real pleasure to listen to.

Messrs. Wolfsohn and Thomas's last Soirée, on Saturday evening last, was very well attended, and the performance was satisfactory. MERCUTIO.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 8, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Handel's "Messiah."

Commemoration of Victory.

The concert given by the **HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY**, last Saturday evening, was a fit musical expression of our joy and gratitude for the series of victories which have at last turned back the tide of insolent rebellion and inspired the sacred cause of Union, Western civilization and free institutions with new hope, new life and energy. Never have the walls of the Music Hall rung with the music of so live an occasion; and never has each inspiring sound there found such thrilling, heartfelt response in audience so large and representative of the best life and culture of this patriotic and progressive people. Every seat was filled; every face glowed with sympathetic fervor; the singers and the members of the orchestra looked as if their hearts were in their work, as if what they were about to do were no task, but a spontaneous irrepressible enthusiasm; the simple decorations of the stage, too, consisting of flags culminating in a wreath encircling the motto "Te Deum," the whole forming a fine background to the noble statue of Beethoven, who is certainly in place where Victory means Freedom, were tastefully suggestive. (The decorations were by Mr. Roethe).

To make all perfect and to bring the theme directly home to us, it chanced that Col. LEE and other brave officers of the 20th, had arrived home only the evening before from their captivity in Richmond since the black affair of Ball's Bluff. Their entrance with the Governor and his staff, amid patriotic strains from the orchestra, and the repeated cheers of the whole house, made an enlivening episode to begin with;

which the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner"—the solo of each verse given out with fervor by Miss WASHBURN, and the whole choir joining in the refrain, with orchestra,—carried up to a fine climax.

Then commenced the "Dettingen Te Deum" by Handel. It was composed in 1743 (two years later than the "Messiah") to commemorate a victory gained by the English and Austrian arms over the French, and has ever since been cherished as the traditional voice of national thanksgiving in times of victory among the English. It is in many respects a noble work, has the large characteristic traits of Handel, is massive and grand in the general style of its choruses, and not wanting in solos, trios, &c., which if not peculiarly taking to more modern ears, will reward a closer attention by considerable intrinsic beauty and expressive rendering of their texts. Yet it can by no means be counted among Handel's greatest works; its importance is more historical and accidental, than intrinsically artistic; and the best effects which occur in the course of it, the grander moments, are all recognized at once as echoes out of his "Israel," "Messiah" and other best known works; there is but little in it that is original and distinctive as compared with them. But it is the same old Handel, massive, glorious and strong, voicing the swelling emotions of a whole people. He is never amiss where all Humanity would speak; never far short of the full height of a great occasion. In such hours we unfurl his fugual folds of harmony upon the breeze as naturally as we do the glorious Stars and Stripes. If we had not his greatest work, we had at any rate his style, his voice, his "large utterance," and all appropriate and inspired by victory. The ritual character of the text, however, may have been some restraint upon that inspiration. The words of the "Te Deum," are in fact the English Church version of the Catholic Mass, furnishing many admirable texts of praise, confession of faith, prayer, but ending in rather an anticlimax for the musician, in the prayer: "Let me never be confounded."

A stirring trumpet call introduces, and is worked into the whole accompaniment of the first chorus: *We praise Thee, O Lord*, which, like all the choruses, is in five parts (two soprani), in the martial key of D major, opening in full plain chords; and then the Altos lead off in a florid theme, which is clinched by the "we praise thee"s of the whole by way of Amen, and then answered and worked up briefly in fugue form. Very solemn and grand is the coming in of the whole mass in B major at *We acknowledge Thee*, and again, after a pause filled with pulsing instrumental chords, in F major; and it comes round again to whence it started in the closing symphony with the trumpet calls. The next chorus: *All the earth doth worship Thee*, has the same orchestral figure with the war duet in "Israel," and responds sonorously to the exhortation of a sentence of Alto solo.

Next a semi-chorus (soprano, tenor and bass) utters the words: *To thee all angels cry aloud*, with a degree of touching pathos, which secures at least by contrast the full splendor of the most inspiring number in the whole work, the chorus: *To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry*; which consists of the perpetual reiteration of the phrase "continually" (the very cadence to which one could scarcely help speaking

the word, if he only read it from a dictionary), against the solid level background, in one or the other of the parts, of the words *Holy, holy*. This too is in D; and the winding up, after the last of three pauses of a full bar, on the words:—*Heaven and earth are full*, in B minor, modulating back to D, swells the full tide yet higher. Certainly a vast deal of grandeur and of splendor got out of such very simple means! And yet we are far from feeling it to be one of Handel's greatest choruses, or from agreeing with the author of "Handel Studies," that it is the greatest *Sanctus* existing in musical art. Of the following choruses, the most impressive are: *When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of Death* (very slow, minor, with rich modulation) followed instantly by a brilliant Allegro: *Thou didst open the kingdom, &c.*, full of roulade fragments, tossed about among the different voices, like sun gleams on the laughing waters; and, better still, with trumpet introduction and accompaniment: *Day by day we magnify thee*. The final chorus is by no means the strongest, although its last utterance of the prayer: *Let me never be confounded*, grave and solemn, after a long pause, is one of those sublime closing cadences which you might hear in any of his oratorios, but which never dulls by repetition, and is like the great seal of Handel, chancellor in the realm of harmony, affixed to the work.

The choruses were in the main well sung, and with spirit, although sometimes in some portion of the vocal forces betraying a failure of unanimous attendance in rehearsals. The solo passages were very acceptably rendered by fresh and satisfactory voices, all taken from the ranks and new to the audience, with the exception of Mr. SIMPSON, the tenor from New York. Mr. WHITNEY has a remarkably round, sonorous, musical bass voice, with which, though slightly husky that evening, he gave good effect to the trumpet air: *Thou art the King of Glor.*, and the expressive but not striking melody: *When thou tookest upon thee to deliver*. His intonation is true, his manner chaste and natural; but there is need of schooling, and some slips in time had to be covered up by the quick providence of conductor and orchestra. The Trio: *Thou sittest at the right hand*, is really beautiful and marked by some original traits. The Alto part was delivered tastefully, in a warm, sweet voice, by Miss FITCH, with which the tenor (Mr. Simpson) and the bass (Mr. Whitney) blended richly and harmoniously. Miss GRANGER's fresh and clear Soprano was limited to bits of solo in a Quartet and choruses, and always told with excellent effect.

The *Te Deum* was not too long to be enjoyable, and left the audience in anything but a sleepy condition, as the lively social buzz and aspect of the hall testified during the intermission. But if anything was wanting in the first part, it was more than made good in the second, the inspiring, glorious "Hymn of Praise" by Mendelssohn. Here the orchestra, the full Philharmonic orchestra of CARL ZERRAHN, conductor of the whole, had full play at last, in that long introductory Symphony and those graphic accompaniments to the entire Cantata, which are among the finest triumphs of modern instrumentation. We need not enter into any description of the work, it has been so often discussed in these columns when it has been produced before. It touches every key of praise and thankfulness, from the most trum-

pet-tongued to the most tender, sweet and trustful, like the exquisite second movement of the Symphony, which we never heard our orchestra play better, and the Duet and Chorus: *I waited for the Lord*, which Miss Granger and Miss Washburn rendered to a charm, the choral waves rolling in richly and smoothly, so that it was imperatively encored. Mr. Simpson has cultivated his sweet, sympathetic tenor to a really artistic style, since we first heard him in our Handel Festival, and he rendered the dramatic scene of *Watchman, will the night soon pass?* with much expression. The answering Soprano: *The night is departing*, brightening into the major, and leading in the magnificent and dazzling chorus, was hardly powerful enough; but the impression on the whole was grand. Chorus and orchestra throughout did their work admirably well and with a will, so that the interest of the thing waxed more and more exciting as it went on.—And so ended one of the most memorable of our Music Hall occasions. Is it too much to hope that these two works may soon be heard again?

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The instruments have never sounded better, in Quintet or Quartet, than on Wednesday evening, and seldom has the Chickering hall been better filled, or audience looked better pleased.

1. Quintet in E flat, op. 4.....Beethoven
Allegro. Andante, Scherzo, Finale.
2. Grand Scene and Air from *Der Freischütz*.....Weber
Miss Louise Adams.
3. Concerto for Clarinet in A, op. 107, first movement.
(First time).....Mozart
Thomas Ryan.
4. Ballad—"The way to Paradise".....J. Blumenthal
Miss Louise Adams.
5. Sixth Quartet in C.....Mozart
Introduction and Allegro, Adagio, Minuetto, Finale
Allegro.

Beethoven's early Quintet, so happy and so healthful in its first movement, and so artistically perfect in the clear working of its theme through all the parts; so profoundly full of feeling in the Andante; so playful, like a kitten in the sunshine, in the first Trio of the Minuetto; rushing like a swift bright river in the finale—was rendered with remarkable clearness and spirit; the instruments were in excellent tune; and SCHULTZE, in the first violin part, played most beautifully, alike in the pathetic Andante and in the even, rapid figures of the finale.

The Clarinet Concerto brought quite a little orchestra in play—besides the Quartet, an extra cello, a flute and a pair of horns. It is thoroughly Mozartish, not peculiarly original for him, but spontaneous, brilliant and enjoyable, and taxing both the higher and lower registers of the most voice-like of wind instruments, with florid passages, to which Mr. RYAN showed himself fully and easily equal. The Quartet by Mozart, one of the finest of the dozen, was very happy in the rendering.

MISS LOUISE ADAMS has a voice of great sweetness in the middle range, a little forced and thick in the highest tones, and a well connected *legato* style, which told very expressively in the prayer portion of the *Freischütz* scene, which she sang in Italian. Her intonation is true, and her execution good and tasteful. Her enunciation of words, both Italian and English, is remarkably clear and just. The somewhat sentimental ballad by Blumenthal, very French in its conception as well as subject, is hardly worth the repetition which was so eagerly demanded; but it was a highly creditable specimen of ballad singing. One regrets to feel that the Chamber Concerts are drawing to an end for this year; the eighth and last will be given on Wednesday, the 19th.

AFTERNOON CONCERTS.—The Orchestral Union had a bright day and another crowded Hall on Wednesday. This was the programme.

1. Overture—"Ruy Blas".....Mendelssohn
2. Symphony No. 6, (Surprise).....Haydn
3. Concert Waltz—"Frühlings Fantasien".....Gung'l
4. Bridal Procession—From "Lohengrin".....Wagner
5. Grand Finale—From the Opera "Maritana".....W. V. Wallace

6. Overture—"Fra Diavolo".....Auber

The "Ruy Blas" overture pleases us more and more with every repetition; it is so dramatic, so consistent and concise, saying just what it means to and no more, and so thoroughly musical, that, different as it is from all the other overtures of Mendelssohn, we can enjoy it quite as much. It was nicely rendered. So was the "Surprise" Symphony,

which, however hacknied and anything but a surprise to ears familiar, charms a fresh audience by its simplicity and elegance of statement, in short by being so like father Haydn and nobody else.

Do not forget the fourth and last of the Philharmonic Concerts, which takes place this evening. For soloists Mr. ZERRAHN announces WILLIAM MASON, the distinguished pianist, who will perform a Fantasia by Schubert (arranged for piano and orchestra by Liszt), and a couple of his own sparkling compositions; and Mr. W. SCHULTZE, who will play a Violin Concerto ("Militaire") by Alard. The orchestra will continue the series of Beethoven Symphonies where they left off, by giving us the No. 8, and will open and close the Concert with the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and the "Oberon" overtures.

The next Wednesday Afternoon Concert offers Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, Spohr's overture to "Jessonda" (shall we not some time have his "Faust"?), and a new concert Waltz by Strauss, called "Spirals"—it ought to be a Fugue, to justify the title.

TORONTO, C. W.—One of the local papers has the following notice of the death of a well-known music-dealer.

We announce with genuine regret the death of Mr. ABRAHAM NORDHEIMER, which took place at Bamberg, in Bavaria, on the 18th of January. Though Mr. Nordheimer has been long ill, and his decease is not an unexpected event, the close of his career will be a source of sorrow to many of our most estimable citizens. The deceased was born in Memelsdorf, Bavaria, in 1817. He received a complete musical education, and excelled both as a violinist and a vocalist. In 1839 he paid a visit to his brother, Dr. J. Nordheimer, Professor of Oriental languages, attached to the University of New York, and in 1842 came to Kingston and established himself in the music and musical instrument business. In 1844, after the removal of the seat of Government from Kingston, Mr. Nordheimer first saw that Toronto would offer him a larger field, and removed here. He opened his first shop on King street, nearly opposite the present place of business, and with his younger brother, Mr. Samuel Nordheimer, as his partner, the trade of the firm grew with unexampled rapidity. The business of the firm soon extended beyond Toronto, and from time to time, branches were opened in Hamilton, London, and more lately, Montreal. Money accumulated rapidly in their hands, and unlike many residents of Canada of foreign extraction, Messrs. Nordheimer had no thought of investing it at a distance from the source where it was drawn. The Masonic Buildings on Toronto street, with the fine Masonic Lodge rooms, testify to the spirit and liberality of the firm, as displayed in this city, and Nordheimer's Music Hall in Montreal is probably the finest public room in the Province. In June, 1859, Mr. Abraham Nordheimer became afflicted with asthma, complicated by affection of the lungs, and in the spring of 1860 went to Europe for native air and the best medical advice, accompanied by his estimable wife, sister of Messrs. Rossin, and one of his four children. He visited many of the German baths, but with little beneficial effect, and on the 18th ult. death closed the scene. In addition to many excellent qualities in business and family relations, Mr. Nordheimer was a sincere friend to human liberty and progress.

MESSRS. MASON & HAMLIN have opened a new sales-room for their excellent Melodeons, Harmoniums &c., at No. 274 Washington Street, directly over the Pianoforte rooms of Messrs. Hallett & Davis.

Music Abroad.

BERLIN.—Gluck's *Armida* has again become a stock-piece at the Royal Opera House, and the last representation of it proved, beyond a doubt, that the love for sterling music is not yet extinct in Berlin. The house was crowded, and among the audience was Meyerbeer, who followed every note with the most unflinching attention, and applauded Mad. Köster, as *Armida*, to the echo. Indeed, Mad. Köster fully merited all the applause thus lavished on her by the celebrated *maestro*, and was enthusiastically called on at the conclusion of the opera. Mad. Harriers-Wippem was Lucinda, and Mlle. de Ahna, the Fury, Hate. Both were good, though they might have been better, especially Mlle. de Ahna, who, at times, was somewhat unsteady. The male characters were satisfactorily represented by Herren Krause, Krüger, Betz, Salomon, and Fister. The orchestra went splendidly, under the direction of Herr Taubert. Another very good performance was that of *Robert le Diable*, which drew, as it always does, an excellent house. Mlle. Lucca appeared as Alice, and Mad. Harriers-Wippem as Isabella, both producing a highly favorable impression. Among the other works played at the Royal Opera House during the past fortnight have been *Lohengrin*, *Nurmahal*, and, in remembrance of poor Marschner, *Templer und Jüdin*.

Herr Emil Naumann's opera *Die Mühlenhexe*, has proved a success at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theatre, despite the *libretto*, which is somewhat spun out, and therefore wearisome. Meyerbeer was present at the fourth performance, and spoke of the work in very flattering terms. Another novelty, also suc-

cessful at the same theatre, is a little operetta entitled *Der Musikfreund*, music and words by Richard Genée, who has already made himself a name here by several important works. The music is fresh, spirited, and free from anything forced or far fetched. It possesses moreover, the great, and now-a-days, rather unusual charm of originality. Each separate number contains beauties which keep the attention of the audience constantly on the *qui vive*. The artists exerted themselves to the utmost, and the curtain fell amid loud applause.

In the way of concerts, one of the most important lately, was the second *Soirée* for chamber music, given by Herren Oertling and Lange. A great fault of the programme was, however, the fact of its containing too much that was new, and too little that was old. It is impossible for even the best musicians to digest so many novelties in the course of the same evening, and consequently it is almost superfluous to add that the general public are totally unable to do so. As a natural result, they become tired and listless. Among the pieces played was Raff's Duet Sonata, which, though a fine work in its first movement, degenerates, at last, into hollow bathos and mere caricature. Lühr's quartet in A is a still more uninteresting production. The third novelty, a Serenade for Violin, by Damrosch, is equally unsatisfactory. The only pieces which appeared to afford the audience any pleasure were Schubert's "Ave Maria," and Waltz in A minor; arranged by Liszt. They were admirably played by Herr Lange. The vocal portion of the entertainment was entrusted to a young beginner, Mlle. Hanschreck, who possesses an agreeable voice, and with a due amount of study and proper instruction, may one day occupy a high position.—*Corr. London Musical World.*

London.

HISTORICAL PIANOFORTE CONCERTS.—The *Times* gives the following account of the first of a series of Concerts given at Willis's Rooms by Herr ERNST PAUER, with a view to illustrate by example the history and progress of pianoforte music from the earliest period to the present day, as well as to exemplify the decadence of Art.

The age in which we live, according to Herr Pauer, is one "of decadence;" and he intends as he proceeds to "show the dangerous point at which we have arrived, and teach us how to guard against the elements of decay"—which elements are somewhat vaguely defined as "want of character in composition and the too frequent use of *arpeggio* effects combined with the unceasing use of the pedal." To this subordinate feature of his design, it may be presumed, we are indebted for the admission into the programme of certain works of rather questionable merit—as, for instance, the *fantasia* in C major of Schubert (Op. 15), a composition by no means worthy of that undoubted musical genius. A more rambling and incoherent piece has seldom perplexed the fingers of a "virtuoso" or tormented the ears of an audience. The introduction of a part of Schubert's own song of "The Wanderer" in the midst of it, for the sake of some ineffective variations, less mends the matter than conjures up a vision of "The Wanderer" in a wilderness. What Herr Pauer, in his well got up analysis, says of the finale in this *fantasia*—viz., that it is "weak and poor in invention," applies with equal force to the entire work, which is quite as thankless as it is difficult to execute. If it had been the intention of the talented pianist to prove that Schubert, though a genius, was at times a bad composer, he would have succeeded triumphantly. The other representatives of the "fourth period" ("from 1820 to the present time"), in Saturday's programme, were MM. Thalberg and Henselt, both of whom are still living. The specimen of M. Thalberg was his *Barcarole*, Op. 60; that of M. Henselt his variations on Dulcamara's song in the *Elisir d'Amore*, Op. 1—the first of which Herr Pauer entitles "a perfect gem," the second "a glorious first work." Henselt, nevertheless, is at the most an humble disciple of Thalberg, and we are at a loss to understand what he has had to do with the "progress" of the art of pianoforte composition. Indeed but for the eulogistic paragraph allotted to himself in general and his "variations" in particular, we should have been justified in concluding that Herr Pauer intended to adduce this composer and his work as further signs of the "decadence" which he laments. On the other hand, no composer that ever existed has made such an exaggerated use of "*arpeggio* effects" as M. Thalberg; and though the *Barcarole* is as favorable a specimen of his manner as the variations on Dulcamara's air are an unfavorable specimen of the manner of M. Henselt, it still has hardly intrinsic worth enough to figure in a programme the

avored end of which is "instruction."

To all intents and purposes, these illustrations of the "fourth period" were the least suggestive of any. They may be said to have read a lesson, however, whether intended or not intended. Performed, as they were, on a magnificent "concert-grand," with all the modern appliances, a hint was gently conveyed that the probable authors of the "decadence" in question are, indirectly, no other than the pianoforte manufacturers. These industrious inventors, by the mechanical perfection to which they have brought their instruments, have enabled a vast number of players and writers to make an imposing display, who, on the old harpsichord, or even on the earlier pianos, would have scarcely succeeded in emerging from the depths of insignificance—besides holding out temptations to more sterling professors of the art to consider the means rather than the end, the manner rather than the matter, and to look to the exhibition of mechanical dexterity and the complex multiplication of mechanical "effects" as the worthy objects of ambition. Herein unquestionably consists the Baal-worship which, in the majority of instances, has brought the art of pianoforte composition to so comparatively low an ebb. Happily a reaction is taking place, and it is but just to add that Herr Pauer has been among its most active promoters—"Schumannism" notwithstanding. Happily, too (a consolation to the Broadwoods, Collards, Erards of the period), the music of the great masters gains much and loses nothing by the recent improvements in "tone and mechanism." It was, therefore, somewhat inconsiderate in Herr Pauer to play the works of Sebastian Bach and his pupils on the old harpsichord of Tschudi (predecessor of the now eminent firm of Broadwood and Sons, by whom the harpsichord, as well as the three pianofortes used by the concert-giver, were furnished)—a harpsichord which, though in a remarkable state of preservation (having been manufactured in 1771), was—to say nothing of its being a whole tone lower in pitch—necessarily a mere "tinkler" compared with the modern instruments. And yet—as if to show that *the music* was the thing "for a' that"—the sonata in E flat by Bach (one of a set of three) for "clavichord and *flauto traverso*," played to perfection by Herr Pauer and Mr. R. S. Pratten, was really the most interesting feature of the concert—worth the three specimens of the "fourth period" "rolled into one." This was the first example of the "second period" (from 1720 to 1780), the other two being a fugue in F major, by Krebs, and a gavotte and *fugato* by Kirnberger—both pupils of Bach, who used to say with reference to the former, "*In meinem Bach habe ich nur einen Krebs gefunden*" ("In my brook I have found but one crab"). Krebs—the second of no less than six musicians of that name of whom history makes mention—was Bach's favorite pupil; and yet it can be hardly denied that the *fugato* of Kirnberger—one of Germany's chief musical theorists—is a far more masterly contrivance than the fugue of Krebs, or, in short, that Kirnberger approaches his great model more closely than Krebs, while imitating his "sequences" and turns of harmony and melody much less slavishly. Krebs and Kirnberger alike found a genial exponent in Herr Pauer, who entered into the spirit of their music, as thoroughly as if he had it himself.

The "third period" (from 1780 to 1820) was represented by Mozart, Müller, and Hummel. The contribution of Mozart, the *fantasia* in C minor dedicated to his wife (Constance Weber)—a piece as orderly as that of Schubert is disorderly—was by many degrees the best of the three; and so, indeed, Herr Pauer, by the pains he bestowed on its performance, seemed to feel. This, in its way, was quite as delightful as Bach's sonata. Hummel was by no means favorably represented by his "sonata-fantasia" in F sharp minor, and the less so, inasmuch as the first and best movement was omitted, Herr Pauer confining himself to the *largo* and *finale*. Müller's Sixth Caprice (in G flat) is little better than smooth tawdrie; and this, in spite of the "most amiable and winning qualities" with which Herr Pauer accredits him. A man may be a good father of a family and yet write a very poor symphony. To speak last of what came first—the earliest period (from 1620 to 1720) was illustrated by a *MS toccata* ("Tutta de Salti") of Kerl, another *toccata* by Froberger, and a sonata in B flat by Kuhnau. The last of these belongs to the "*Bible Stories, with Interpretation, in Six Sonatas*"—according to Herr Pauer the "earliest compositions known" under the name of "sonata," although a set of Seven Sonatas, under the title of *Fruits of the Clavichord*, appeared in 1699, a year before the *Bible Stories*. The early studies of Bach were greatly influenced by Kerl, Froberger, and Kuhnau, many of whose works he copied out with his own hand, to practice in secret, in defiance of his eldest brother, Johann Christoph, who did not

wish him to become a musician. They were, therefore, very appropriately introduced at the beginning of Herr Pauer's first "chronological" concert, and, by the way, caused Bach's own sonata to sound all the more agreeable when its turn arrived.

It will have been noticed that all the composers who contributed to Saturday's programme were Germans, from which we may presume that Herr Pauer intends separating the German school systematically from the Italian and the French. Whether this arrangement can be rendered invariably amenable to historical precision, bearing in mind that Scarlatti and Clementi, among the Italians (the last especially), exercised a marked influence on the progress of the art in Germany—we are not prepared to say; but, no matter under what synoptical distribution, the Chronological Concerts will hardly fail to attract the attention of amateurs of the pianoforte, as an experiment combining novelty with uncommon attraction. We may add that, in connection with these performances, Herr Pauer has published and circulated a sort of chronological map (or "tree") of pianoforte composers.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—After a lapse of rather more than seven years Handel's *Deborah* has been again presented to the public, and with a success which will warrant its occasional repetition. Second in order of his oratorios (having succeeded *Esther* in 1733), *Deborah* has many points of excellence, some of the choruses being worthy of Handel "at his best." Nothing can be more impressive than the double chorus "Immortal Lord of earth and skies," with which the earth opens, or than the series depicting the Israelites' departure to battle, "O blast with thy tremendous brow;" "Let thy deeds be glorious;" "Despair all around them," or than the "Hallelujah" which respectively conclude the first and second parts. These are all stamped with that broadly massive character which is so peculiarly the attribute of the great Saxon musician. Again, in the second part, "See the proud chief;" "O Baal;" "Plead Thy just cause;" and "The Great King of Kings," are equally individual and effective, the second named producing such an impression as to call forth a most genuine encore. Scarcely less remarkable are the opening and concluding choruses of the third part. Despite an occasional unsteadiness, the choruses were on the whole well sung; but the sopranos, whether from timidity or excess of energy on that of the tenors and basses, appeared weaker than usual. Miss Parepa's clear voice and forcible delivery were heard to advantage in the soprano music throughout; while to Madame Sainton-Dolby must be given the most unqualified praise for her perfectly artistic rendering of the arduous part of Barak, the airs "How lovely," the vigorous and dramatic "All danger disdaining," and "In the battle fame pursuing" (with its organ accompaniment), in particular eliciting that hearty applause to which the Sacred Harmonic Society appears at length to have become reconciled, if we may judge by the omission of the customary edict from the programme. In the part of Sisera, the rich-contralto voice of Madame Laura Baxter told with unmistakable effect; and so thoroughly was the air "At my feet extended low" appreciated, that nothing short of its repetition would satisfy the audience, who paid a similar (and well merited) compliment to Mr. Thomas in the pathetic air "Tears such as tender fathers shed." The subordinate parts were filled by Mr. Temple, Messrs. Evans and Smythson. The "additional accompaniments" were by Mr. Costa, who directed the performance with his accustomed vigor.—*Musical World* Feb. 8.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The instrumental portion of last Monday concert was devoted to the works of Beethoven. It opened with the very fine quartet for bowed instruments, in C major, No. 9, played by Messrs. Sainton, L. Ries, H. Webb, and Paque, and rarely indeed have we heard this great work, decidedly the best known and most popular of Beethoven's later quartets, so worthily rendered. In music of this description M. Sainton has no superior, and his performance, on the present occasion, of the above-mentioned masterpiece, no less than of the beautiful quartet in D major, op. 18, with which the concert terminated, and the equally delightful sonata in E flat, op. 12, for piano and violin, served to sustain his well-won reputation at its highest point. In the sonata he enjoyed the coöperation of the queen of pianists, Miss Arabella Goddard, who gave every note entrusted to her as Beethoven himself might have done. But still this was not the lady's greatest achievement on Monday night, for a much more arduous duty devolved upon her, viz. the execution of the incomparable master's prodigious "Sonata Appassionata."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Our Nations flag. T. Comer 25

A new and stirring patriotic Song sung nightly at the Howard Athenæum of this city.

I am too young to marry. Song. W. H. Bourne 25

A humorous Song for a Soprano voice with a rather taking air.

The Negro boatman's Song. E. Wiebi 25

Another musical setting of Whittier's fine poem, with a chorus ad libitum.

The little ring. Song. F. Chopin 25

Two lovers. " 25

Two more of those inimitable Songs of the great Polish composer. Those, who have seen the two issued previously will need no urging to secure copies of these and all the others, as fast as they come out.

Home Visions. Quartet. S. K. Whiting. 15

A simple, plaintive Quartet. Glee Clubs of little practice will find it very attractive.

Instrumental Music.

Gen. Burnside's Victory March. 25

A splendid military March with a portrait of the gallant General on the titlepage, which, as a likeness is unsurpassed.

The Storming and Capture of Fort Donelson. A military Divertimento. J. C. Viereck 35

This is not a Battle piece, but rather a brilliant March, suggested by the great victory of the Union arms on the Cumberland. Its pompous themes are full of joy and jubilee. Its intrinsic merit will secure for it a large sale.

The dawn of Freedom. Grand March. Handel Pond. 25

A pretty March, not difficult.

An evening on the water. J. Pychowski. 60

Two dreamy pieces, suggestive of a dark Italian sky sparkling with stars, over a quiet sea. They are somewhat difficult of execution; but will amply repay study.

Sunnyside Polka. E. Moore. 25

An easy trifle.

Books.

THALBERG'S L'ART DU CHANT. (The Art of Singing applied to the piano.) Handsomely bound in cloth. 3,00

The piano cannot render that which is most perfect in the beautiful art of singing, namely, the faculty of prolonging sounds, but the player may overcome this imperfection with address and skill. How this may be done, the great Player has shown in twelve Transcriptions of melodies from the masterworks of great composers. The melody is engraved in large notes, so as to stand out and be recognized easily. They are all figured, and are as invaluable to the accomplished pianist as to the student, who would get at the root of the marvellous effects which Thalberg produces in his playing.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 519.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1862.

VOL. XX. No. 24.

Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 387.)

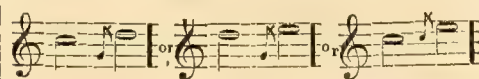
MUSIC OF HOLY WEEK IN ROME.

(Conclusion of the letter to ZELTER.)

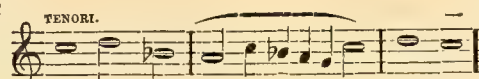
[CORRECTION.—In the last two musical extracts in the portion of this letter printed last week, the *Clef* of the upper part should have been the *C* clef placed upon the lowest line. Our music printer was not provided with these old clefs, now so little used, and in the attempt to correct one error made it no better by using the bass or *F* clef on the second line! To avoid such danger this time, we have transposed all into the ordinary *G* clef.—Ed.]

I must still tell you, that on Thursday, when the *Miserere* was to begin, I climbed up a ladder, which leaned against the wall, until I got close under the ceiling of the chapel, so that I had the music, the priests and all the listeners in the darkness far below me. As I sat there all alone, no tedious strangers near me, it made the most impression on me. And now further!—You will have enough of *Miserere* in this sheet and a half, and I have still some particulars to give you orally and in writing. On Thursday, at half past ten o'clock, was solemn Mass. They sang an eight-part one by Fazzini, which contained nothing remarkable. I reserve several *canti fermi* and antiphonies, which I wrote down there; the order of the service, and the reasons for it, you will find in the little book. At the *Gloria in excelsis* all the bells in Rome are rung, and then not again until after Good Friday. The hours are indicated from the churches by rattling pieces of wood together. It was fine, that the words of the *Gloria*, which give the signal for the frantic noise, were sung from the altar, with a weak, trembling voice, by the old Cardinal Pacca, whereupon all the bells and the choir fell in.

After the *Credo* they introduced the *Fratres ego enim* of Palestrina, but sang it altogether carelessly, and very coarsely. The washing of the feet of the pilgrims, which then follows, with the procession, in which the singers also walk, while Baini beats time from a great book borne before him, winking now to one and now to another,—the singers crowding round the notes, pausing as they move on, coming in again—the Pope borne upon his throne of state, &c., I have already described to my parents. In the evening the psalms, Lamentations, lessons, and the *Miserere*, were sung again, as on the day before, with little difference. One lesson was delivered by a single Soprano, to a peculiar melody, which I will bring to you. It is *Adagio*, in long notes, and lasts certainly more than a quarter of an hour; the voice never makes the slightest pause, and the tune lies very high; yet it was all executed with the clearest, purest, firmest intonation; the singer never fell a comma; but swelled out and diminished the last tones as equally and roundly, as those at the beginning; it was a masterpiece. I was struck with the way in which they use the word *Appogiatura*. If for example the melody goes from *c* to *d*, or from *c* to *e*, they sing:



And this fore-note they call an *appogiatura*; but call it by what name you will, the effect is disagreeable, and one must get very much accustomed to it, not to be altogether disturbed by this singular way, which reminds me very much of our old women at church. For the rest, as I have said, the order was the same. But I had foreseen in the little book, that the *Tenebræ* was to come; and as I thought it would interest you to learn how they sing it in the papal chapel, I sat on the look-out with sharpened pencil, until I got it down, and I here write you the principal passages. They sang it very fast, *forte* throughout, without the least exception. The beginning was:



Te - ne - bræ fac - - - - - ta sunt.

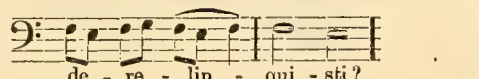


dum cruci - fi - xis - sent Je - sum Judæ - i

Then further on:



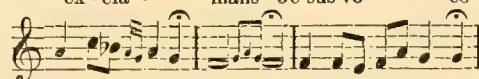
De - us me - us, ut quid me



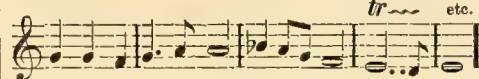
de - re - lin - qui - sti?



ex - cla - - mans Je - sus vo - - - - - ce



mag - na - a - it: Pa - ter in ma - nus tu - as



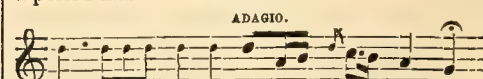
commendo spi - ri - tum me - - - - - um.

I cannot help it, it revolts me, when I have to hear the holiest and most beautiful words sung off to such unmeaning humdrum tones. They say it is *Canto Fermo*, it is Gregorian—but that is all one. If they did not at that time feel it differently, or could not do it differently, we can now, and certainly there is nothing of this monotonous handicraft in the Bible words; there all is fresh and true, all as well and naturally expressed as possible; why then should it sound like a mere formula? Really there is nothing else in such a song! The little twirl on *Pater*, the trill on *meum*, the *ut quid me*—is that church song? Verily there is no false expression in it, for there is no expression at all; but is not that a real profanation of the words? I was furious a hundred times during the ceremony;

and when the people came, all beside themselves, and said how splendid it was, I could not help fancying it a poor joke, and yet they were in earnest!

At Mass on Friday morning, the whole chapel is without decoration; the altar stripped; Pope and Cardinals in mourning. Now the Passion according to St. John is sung, composed by Vittoria. But only the words of the people in the chorus are by him; the rest is sung off according to pattern, of which hereafter. It seemed to me at times too small and uniform; I felt very unpleasantly, and in fact the whole thing displeased me. For there must be one of two things: either the Passion must be presented in a calm narrative manner by the priest, just as John narrates it; then no chorus need fall in with *Crucifige eum*, and no Alto voice need represent Pilate. Or it must be realized to me, as if I were present and saw it all. In that case Pilate must sing, as he may have spoken; the chorus must cry: *Crucifige*, and that not in the church tone. But then it immediately becomes church music by its deep internal truth, and by the object which it represents. Then I need no accessory thoughts in music; then music is to me not a "means of elevating to devotion," as they would have it here, but it is a language, which speaks to me, and the meaning is only expressed through the words,—only contained in them. Such is Sebastian Bach's *Passion*; but as they sing it here, it is only a half-way affair, neither simple narrative, nor grand, dramatic, earnest truth. The chorus sings "*Barabam*" in just as sacred chords, as "*et in terrâ pax*;" Pilate speaks in no different manner from the Evangelists; and if Jesus always comes in *piano*, and if the chorus lets out without stint with its church chords, one is at a loss to know what it all means.

Pardon these remarks; I will now report again historically. The Evangelist is a tenor, and the manner of reciting is the same as with the Lessons: peculiar cadences for comma, question and period. The Evangelist recites upon *d*, and at a period makes this cadence:



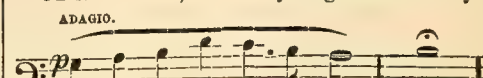
At a comma this:



and at the end, when another person enters, this:



Christ is a bass, and always begins in this way:



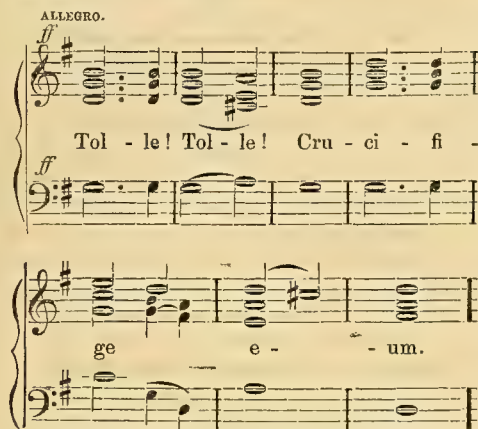
E - - - - - go.

I have not been able to get hold of the scheme, although I have written down several passages,

which I can show you; among others the words at the cross. All the other persons: Pilate, Peter, the maid, and the high priest, are an Alto upon G with this tone:

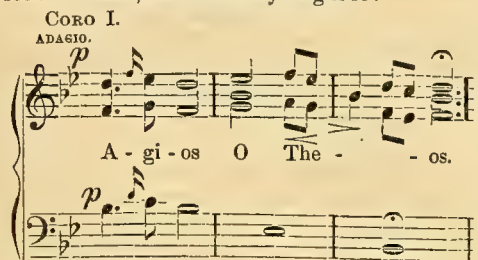


The words of the people are sung by the chorus from above, while all the rest is sung at the altar. The *Crucifige* is so remarkable, that I must bring it in here for you, as I wrote it down:



The "*Barrabam*" too is remarkable; they are only tame Jews.—But the letter is already too long; so I will say no more of this.—Now come the prayers for all peoples and institutions, each being separately named. In the prayer for the Jews, though, there is no kneeling, as in the others, nor do they say Amen; they pray *pro perfidis Judeis*, and the little book knows how to find an explanation for this too.

Now comes the adoration of the cross. A little crucifix is set up in the middle of the chapel, and all go with bare feet (i. e. without shoes), fall down before it and kiss it; during which the *Improperia* are sung. It seems to me, after a single hearing, that this is one of the most beautiful of Palestrina's compositions, and they sing it with an especial predilection. There is a wonderful tenderness and mutual accord in the delivery of the chorus; they know how to put each little feature in the right light, and make it prominent, without being obtrusive; one chord melts softly into another. Moreover the ceremony is very dignified and serious; the deepest silence in the chapel; and they sing the ever recurring Greek "*Holy*" with extraordinary beauty,—every time with the same softness, and the same expression. But you will wonder to see it written; for what they sing is so:



Such things as the beginning, where all the voices together make one and the same ornament, occur very often, and one gets accustomed to them. But the whole has really a superb effect; I wish you could hear how the tenor of the first choir takes the high A upon *Theos*; they draw the tone out there so penetratingly, and yet so very softly, that it sounds very touching. This is repeated over and over, until all that are in the chapel have adored the cross; and as the crowd this time was not very great, I did not hear it as many times as I could have wished. But I could understand why the *Improperia* made the greatest impression upon Goethe; it is in fact about the most complete thing, since music, and ceremony, and all are in the greatest unison.

There follows now again a procession for the bringing of the Host, which on the evening before had been exhibited and worshipped in another chapel of the Quirinal, by the light of many hundred tapers. Then the forenoon service closed at half past one o'clock (with a hymn in *Canto fermo*). At half past three in the afternoon began the first *Nocturnum* with the psalms, lessons, &c.; I revised some things, which I had written down, heard the *Miserere* of Bai, and towards seven o'clock we passed through the lighted entrance hall, behind the Cardinals, on the way home;—and so that too was lived through and gone.

I have wished to give you an accurate description of the Holy Week, dear Professor, because those were beautiful days to me, when I encountered every hour something that had been long anticipated, and became acquainted with it,—because it particularly delighted me that, in spite of eager expectation, in spite of so much that had been said about it, both for and against, the whole made just as fresh and lively an impression on me, as if I had come to it entirely independent and unbiassed; and because I again saw it confirmed, how perfectly the perfect works, even if it be in the strangest sphere. May you read the long letter with half as much pleasure, as I have had in recalling the time of the Holy Week in Rome.

Your faithful

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

Florence, June 25, 1831.

My dear Sister!

On such a day as to-day one must think much of the paternal house, and of those nearest and dearest. It is curious with me in this regard. If I find myself anywhere not well, if I find it tedious, or if I am annoyed, then I have no particular longing for home and friends. But when the fine days come, when every hour is unforgettable, and every moment brings with it fresh, glad impressions, then I wish myself with you, or you with me—so earnestly, and then no minute passes, that one of you does not occur to me, to whom I have got something to say. I have spent my whole forenoon, from ten till three, in the gallery; it was heavenly. Besides all the beautiful things that I have seen, and all the new things that one always learns there, I have wandered about so gloriously among the pictures, and established such friendly, entertaining relations with them! The happy fortune of a great collection of first-class works of Art has stepped right before my eyes; one could go so from one to another, here sit an dream an hour, then away again!

It was a festival day here yesterday, and so to-day the Palazzo degli Uffizii was full of people, who had come to the city to see the horse-racing, and now wished also to see the famous gallery; for the most part peasants, male and female, in their country costume. All the rooms were open, and I, who was viewing them for the last time, could slip round so silently through all the people, and be quite alone, since certainly I had no acquaintance among them. At the entrance, at the top of the stairs, they have placed the busts of the princes, who have founded and embellished the collection. I do not know whether I was peculiarly susceptible to-day; but the faces of the Medici delighted me uncommonly; they looked so noble, and so fine, and proudly happy. I remained a long time among them, and impressed their world historical faces upon me. Then I went to the Tribune. The room is so precious small; with fifteen steps you go through it, and yet there is too infinitely much in it. I sought out again my favorite arm-chair, which stands under the statue of the knife-whetter (*l'Arrotino*), sat myself down, and enjoyed myself for a couple of hours. You have there at one look the *Madonna del Cardellino* (Madonna with the goldfinch), Pope Julius II., a portrait of a lady by Raphael; over these a beautiful Perugino, a picture of saints; close by you (you can reach it with your arm) the *Venus de Medici*; over that Titian's Venus; on the other side, the Apollino and the two wrestlers; in front of the Raphaels the merry Grecian Faun, who has a clownish delight in hideous music, for the fellow has just struck the cymbals together, listens to the sound, and also steps with his foot upon a sort of cuckoo whistle for accompaniment; that's a jolly rogue! The intermediate spaces are filled by other pictures of Raphael, a portrait by Titian, and Domenichino, and the like; and all that in a little half circle, like one of your chambers. One feels himself particularly small there, and becomes modest!

I went up and down too through the other rooms, where a great picture by Leonardo da Vinci, only just begun, with the under colors laid on, and so with all the wild touches remaining, gives one much to think of. But I enjoyed especially the monk Fra Bartolemeo, who was a very pious, tender and earnest spirit. There is a little picture there by him; I discovered it for myself. It is about as large as this paper, in two divisions, and represents the adoration and the presentation in the temple. The little figures are about two finger joints in length, but painted with the utmost nicety and fineness, with the most variegated colors, the brightest ornaments, and in friendly sunshine. You see by the picture with what a zest the devout gentleman painted at it, and executed the minutest details; as if in order to give it away and make some one happy with it. It seems as if the painter belonged to the picture, and must still come and sit before it, having only just gone out. And so I felt to-day before many pictures, especially before the Madonna with the goldfinch, which Raphael painted for a wedding present to his friend, to take him by surprise; and so thinking of all those men, how long they have been gone, and yet how clearly their whole inner life still stands before us and all comers, I came by chance into the room where hung the portraits of the great painters. I had formerly regarded it more as a

precious rarity; for there are more than three hundred portraits, mostly made by the painters themselves, so that you see at once the man and his work before you; but to-day I felt a peculiar sense of it. How each one looks like what he has created, and how each one, in painting himself, has given himself completely as he must have been! There one learns to know them personally, and finds much explained to him.

Some day I will tell you fully of them orally; but this I must say, that the portrait of Raphael is about the most touching picture I have seen by him. In the middle of the large wall, richly hung to the very top with portraits, hangs one smaller than the rest, alone, with no further distinction, but the eyes must perforce instantly direct themselves to it; that is Raphael,—young, very sick and pale, and with a yearning for something beyond, with such longing and languishing in the mouth and eyes, that you seem to see into his very soul. How he cannot once express all that he sees and feels, and how he is impelled still to go on and on, and how he must die so early,—all this stands in that sad, suffering, fiery face, and when you notice the black eyes looking out from the inmost depths, and the painfully distorted mouth, you almost shudder. And now you should see how malignly and how rudely a hateful, savagely strong, marrowy, gnarled, healthy fellow, Michael Angelo, looks out there above him; and on the other side a wise, earnest man, like a lion, Leonardo da Vinci; but you cannot see it, and I will not write it to you, but will tell it. Believe me though, it is superb! And then I went to the Niobe, which makes on me the greatest impression of all the statues; and then again to my painters, and again to the Tribune, and through the corridors, where the Roman emperors stare at one with their distinguished villain faces; and then I took leave of the Medici,—it was indeed a morning never to be forgotten!

The 26th. But do not believe that we live so every day. One must knock round violently among the rabble that live to-day, before he can come to the Noblesse, who have long been dead; and he who has not a good fist, arrives black and blue. Such a journey as mine has been from Rome to Perugia, and here, is really no joke. It says in the *Flegeljahre*: The presence of an openly hating creature, is painful and oppressive; such a creature is the Roman *vetturino*. He allows you no sleep, lets you hunger and thirst; in the evening, when he is expected to give you your *pranzo* (dinner), he knows how to plan it so, that you arrive about midnight, when the people are already all asleep, and you are glad if you even find a bed. In the morning at a quarter before four he drives on, and rests his five hours at midday, but it is sure to be in a lonely inn, where there is nothing to be had. Every day he makes some six German miles (30 English), and goes *piano*, while the sun burns *fortissimo*. I was indeed badly off, for my travelling companions were ill suited to me, three Jesuits inside, and in the *cabriolet*, where I particularly wished to sit, a disagreeable Venetian woman. If I wanted to escape her and go inside, I had to listen to the praise of Charles the Tenth, and how Ariosto ought to be burned, as a seducer and corrupter of morals. Outside it was still worse, and there was no bettering the situation. On the first day, after riding four hours,

the axle broke, and we had to stay nine hours just where we were, in a house on the Campagna, and finally in fact spend the night there. Then if there came a church again, which one could visit, the most beautiful and pious forms of Perugino, or Giotto and Cimabue stood before you, and you fell from rage into rapture, and then again into rage; that is a miserable state of things! It amused me little, and had not Nature got up some moonlight on the lake of Trasimene, and had not the country been so wonderfully beautiful, and had there not been a splendid church in every larger town, and a larger town in every day's journey, and had not,—but you see, I am discontented.

Yet the journey was beautiful, and now I will describe my arrival in Florence; it contains the whole Italian life of the preceding days. In Incisa, a half day's journey from Florence, the *vetturino* went altogether too far with his coarseness and vulgarities; I saw myself compelled to pack up my things and tell him, he might go to the devil, which he seemed unwilling to do. But now it was St. John's day, and in the evening the famous festival in Florence, and I would have given my life to be there;—Italians take advantage of a thing like that, and the landlady in Incisa immediately offered me a conveyance for four times the usual price. When I refused, she said I might go and seek one. And so I actually did, but heard that there was no hired carriage to be had there, nothing but the post. I inquired about the post, and learned to my chagrin, that it was just then at my landlady's house, and that she had wanted to give me the post horses at the exorbitant price. So I went back and demanded the post. She said, if I did not want her horses at her price, I would get no post. I asked to see the regulations, which they are obliged to have; she said she did not need to show them, and turned her back upon me. The state of the police, which plays great parts here, soon appeared; for I took hold of her and pushed her into the room (it was under the door), while I ran down the street, to go for the Podesta; but there was none in the place, he resides four miles off. The affair grew more and more unpleasant, and my train of street boys increased at every step. Fortunately there came along rather a stately man, before whom the rabble showed some respect; to him I went, and explained the case; he took me to a vine-dresser, who owned a little coach. The whole population drew up before the house; many pressed inside the door and screamed out that I was mad; but the little coach came, a couple of pence were given to an old beggar, whereupon all cried out that I was a *bravo Signore* and *buon viaggio*.—The moderate price, which the man demanded, first showed me the monstrous extortion of the landlady; the vehicle was very light and fast, and now away we went over the hills to Florence.

In half an hour we overtook the lazy *vetturino*; the umbrella was open against the sun, and seldom have I travelled so contentedly and pleasantly, as in those two hours; all annoyances behind me, and a fine festival in prospect. Very soon the Duomo and the thousand country houses were visible through the valleys; the ornamented walls with the trees over them appeared again; the valley of the Arno was lovelier than ever, and so I reached here in gay spirits, dined,

and already during my dinner heard a noise,—looked out of the window, and there saw everybody, young and old, in holiday attire, trooping over the bridges; I too soon followed, and to the *corso* of carriages; then to the horse races; then into the lighted Pergola,—finally to a masked ball in the theatre Goldoni. It was now one hour after midnight, and I went home, supposing it was now all over. But there was the whole Arno covered with gondolas, lit with many-colored lights, and crossing each other in all directions; under the bridge came a great galley with green lanterns; the water was sparkling and bright, and over the whole shone the still brighter moon. Then I thought over to myself such a whole day, and all that passes through one's mind during it, and I proposed to myself to write it to you. After all, it is more a reminiscence for myself, for you will not be able to form an idea of it; but it shall serve me the purpose of a point to which some day I may attach one story or another of this many-colored Italy.

FELIX.

(To be continued.)

Twenty-six Letters of Joseph Haydn.

(Continued from page 388.)

21.—Haydn to Mad. Genzinger.

London, Sept. 17, 1791.

* * * * *

As I have, down to this date, received no answer to my letter, No. 2, of July 3d, which I forwarded through Herr Diettenhofer, a composer of this city, together with a little Adagio in pianoforte arrangement from one of my new symphonies, nor have received the symphony in Eb, for which I sent, I can no longer defer inquiring how your Grace and your husband with the rest of your dear family find yourselves. Must then that abominable proverb: "Out of sight, out of mind" be true everywhere? Oh no, either your numerous avocations, or the loss of my letter as well as of that symphony must be the cause. That, you were willing to undertake sending me the Symphony I know, for Herr von Kees assured me of it in his letter. However, as both of us have reason to regret the loss, we must leave the matter to providence. I flatter myself that I shall receive a short answer to this letter. Now, my dear, good and gracious Lady, how is it with the pianoforte? Is some Haydnish idea occasionally renewed by your beautiful hand? Does my good Fraulein Pepi now and then sing the sorrowing Ariadne? O yes, I can hear her even at this distance. Especially during the last two months—for I have spent them in the country, in a most beautiful region, at the house of a banker, whose heart and the hearts of all his family are like those of the Genzingers, where I live as in a hermitage. I am thereby, God be forever thanked! excepting for my old rheumatic trouble in perfect health, work laborously and, every morning early, when I go walking in the woods with my English grammar, all alone, think of my Creator, my family and all the friends left behind, of whom I value you and yours the highest. I did hope much sooner to be enjoying your society, but my circumstances—in short, fate will have it that I remain some 8 or 10 months longer in London. Oh my dear gracious lady, how sweet indeed is a certain degree of freedom! I had certainly an excellent prince, but was at times dependent upon low-minded people. I often sighed for deliverance—now I have it to some extent. I feel the benefits of it, notwithstanding my mind is burdened with increased labor. The consciousness that I am no longer bound to a master pays me for all. Still, dear as is this freedom, equally strong is my wish upon my return to be again in the service of the Esterhazys, but merely for the sake of my poor family. But I very much doubt the gratification of

this wish, for my prince has complained in a letter to me of my long absence and demanded my immediate return, which however cannot be, because of a new contract which I have just made. So I now, alas! expect my dismissal,—hope at the same time that God will grant me the ability to make up this loss in some measure by my diligence. Meantime I comfort myself with the idea of soon receiving something from your Grace. Your Grace will receive the new Symphony promised you in about two months. But in order to have good ideas for it, I pray your Grace to write—and indeed to write much to him who will ever be Your Grace's most obedient &c., &c.

My most dutiful respects to Herr von Genzinger and all the family. I pray your indulgence for having taken the liberty of enclosing a note to Herr von Kees. I did not know his address.

Note.—The prince from whom Haydn feared dismissal, namely Anton Esterhazy, confined his rebuke to these words: "Haydn, you might have saved me 40,000 gulden."—Tr.

22.—Haydn to Mad. Genzinger.

London, Oct. 13, 1791.

* * * * *

I take the liberty of urgently beseeching you to advance 150 florins for a short time to my wife, but upon this condition, that your Grace does not think that since my departure I have become a bad economist. No, my good, gracious lady; God blesses me. But there are three reasons for this request. First; since I left home I have paid my Prince the 450 fl., which he lent me for the journey; secondly, I cannot draw the interest upon my bank shares, because the certificates are in the box, which is in your Grace's hands, and I remember neither the numbers nor the names and consequently cannot write a receipt; thirdly, I cannot draw upon the 5883 fl. which I have just invested—1000 with my Prince and the rest with Count von Fries—more especially because it is in English money. And so your Grace sees that I am still a good economist. This gives me faith that your Grace will not refuse my present request to lend my wife the 150 fl. This letter shall serve your Grace instead of a draft, and shall be binding in any court of justice. After my return I will repay it with the interest, with a thousand thanks. Meantime I am with particular esteem, with most dutiful respects to your Herr Spouse, fraulein Pepi and the rest,

Your Grace's
most obedient servant

Jos. Haydn, m. p.

Being unable to recall the first short, Adagio at the beginning of the symphony in E flat, I take the liberty of noting the Allegro which immediately follows:



Shall I have the good luck to receive this Symphony by the end of January, 1792? O yes, I flatter myself with the idea.

But how strangely many a thing comes about! I have no doubt that your Grace received my letter on the very day when I had to read the horrible charge that Haydn is one who can forget his friend and benefactress. Oh how often I wish I could spend a quarter of an hour with your Grace at the pianoforte, and then eat a good German soup! However, one cannot have everything in this world. God grant me but my health! thus far I have had it, and I hope, through the Almighty, to preserve it in the future by my regular habits. That your Grace is well is the pleasantest news I can receive. May Providence long preserve you! I hope to see your Grace within a period of six months. I shall have much to relate. Adieu! Good night it is time to go to bed. In German, *Gute Nacht, es ist Zeit zu Bette zu gehen*. It is half past eleven o'clock.

But, another matter still.

For the sake of safety in that money affair, Herr Hamberger, a very good friend of mine, a very tall man, in whose house my wife lodges, will present this letter in person, to whom your Grace also can with all safety entrust the money. Still, I beg you to take a receipt, from him and also from my wife.

Herr v. Kees writes me, among other things, that he would much like to know what my circumstances here in London are, as people tell very different stories in Vienna about me. I have always been exposed to envy from my youth up, and do not wonder therefore, if people undertake now to crush my small talents: however, the Highest is my support. My wife wrote me,—but I cannot believe it,—that Mozart is said to greatly disparage me. I forgive him for it. That I have many enemies in London is most certain, and I know nearly all of them. They are mostly Italians. Still, they can do me no injury, as my credit with the people was firmly established years ago. Your Grace may be assured that had I not received my due I should long since have returned to Vienna. I am valued and liked by everybody except the professional musicians. As to my earnings, Mozart may go to Count von Fries and there make inquiry—with whom (Fries) I have deposited £500,—with my prince 1000 fl.—together nearly 6000 fl.

I thank my Creator daily for this favor and flatter myself that I shall bring home a few thousands besides, notwithstanding my great expenses here and the costliness of the journey. But I will trouble your Grace no longer. This is written in a wretched hand.

How goes it with the Pater—my compliments to him.

Note.—It is curious that Haydn in this correspondence never uses any other term when referring to his wife than "die Meinige," "the Mine." That the money, which was borrowed, was for her, is however perfectly clear from the grammatical construction in the original German. It is hardly necessary to say that the story of Mozart having spoken disparagingly of Haydn is nonsense. Haydn however never saw his friend again—as Mozart died the next December. Tr.

23.—Haydn to Mad. Genzinger.

London, Nov. 17, 1791.

* * * * *

In the greatest haste I pray you to send the accompanying package, addressed to you, over to Herr v. Kees, as it contains the two new symphonies promised him. I have been waiting long for a good opportunity to send them, could not however hear of one, and was therefore compelled to send the same per postam. I would most respectfully pray H. v. Kees to have a rehearsal for both of these symphonies, they being very delicate, especially the last movement in D, in which I recommend the lightest possible pianissimo and a very rapid tempo. In a few days I will write your Grace farther on this matter. *Nota bene*; I was forced to send the two symphonies to your Grace's address, as I do not know the lodging of Hr. v. Kees. I kiss your Grace's hands and am with polite compliments to your Herr Spouse and family

Yours &c. &c.

I have just returned today from the country. I was with a Mylord 14 days, 100 miles from London.

Note. The Herr v. Kees, so often mentioned in this correspondence, was Vice President of one of the higher courts of justice in Vienna, and his saloon was one of those in which in those days orchestral concerts were given, instead of halls. These concerts were so numerous in the mansions of the nobility, great bankers, &c., as to form a marked feature in the history of Vienna music at the close of the last century—and one which has never yet been depicted at all adequately. Von Kees died in 1795. Tr.

24.—Haydn to Mad. Genzinger.

London, Dec. 20, 1791.

* * * * *

I very much wonder that you did not receive the letter at the same time with the two Symphonies, since I put them both into the post-office here myself

and called particular attention to them. But the fault was altogether mine, in not having enclosed the letter in the package. So it goes generally, Gracious Frau, with those who have too much head work. By this time, I hope you will have received the letter; if not, I must here declare that both Symphonies were intended for Herr v. Kees, and yet with this purpose, viz., that when they have been copied by the order of Herr v. Kees, the scores shall be handed over to your Grace, that your Grace may make a pianoforte arrangement of them if you wish to do so. The Symphony, specially intended for your Grace, I shall forward at the latest by the beginning of February. I am only sorry that I had to address this thick package to your Grace, because the lodgings of Herr von Kees were unknown to me. However, Herr v. Kees will repay your Grace the costs of postage, and, as I hope, hand you also a *parte 7* Ducats. And now I most humbly pray your Grace to send me as soon as possible for this money, the Symphony in E minor copied upon small post paper—the one for which I have so many times written and of which I lately sent the theme—per postam, for it may be half a year before a courier leaves Vienna, and I have the greatest need of the Symphony. Besides this, I make bold to trouble your Grace anew, namely to send me in like manner a certain, in fact, the last pianoforte Sonata in A flat, that is, in 4 6., with accompaniment for a violin and violoncello; and still another piece, the Fantasia in C without accompaniment, I wish you to purchase at Artaria's and immediately have it copied, also on small post paper, and sent per postam, because these pieces have not been printed in London. But your Grace must have the goodness to say not a word on the matter to Herr Artaria, or he will get ahead of me in the sale. The expenses your Grace must take out of the 7 Ducats. To come to the two Symphonies above mentioned, I must tell your Grace, that I sent the Andante of the one in C minor, arranged for Pianoforte, to you by Herr Diettenhofer. But since Herr Diettenhofer, as it is thought, has died on his way, or has met with some other misfortune, you can now arrange both pieces according to your own taste. The contents of the letter, which I entrusted to Herr Diettenhofer, related for the most part to the conferring the doctor's degree upon me at Oxford and to all the honors, which were there shown me.

By this opportunity I must inform your Grace, that three weeks ago I was invited by the Prince of Wales to visit his brother the Duke of York at his country seat. The Prince introduced me to the Duchess, daughter of the King of Prussia, who received me very graciously and with many flattering words. She is the most amiable person in the world, has much understanding, plays the pianoforte and sings with much skill. I had to remain there two days, because she, being unwell upon the first day, could not be present at the music. On the second, however, she remained at my side from 10 o'clock in the evening, when the music began, until the 2d hour after midnight. Nothing but Haydn's music was played. I directed the Symphonies at the pianoforte. The dear little creature sat close by me at my left hand and hummed all the pieces from memory, having heard them so often in Berlin. The Prince of Wales sat on my right and played the violoncello passably well. I had to sing also. The Prince of Wales is now having my portrait painted, which is to be hung in his gallery. Prince of Wales is the most beautiful man, in person, on the face of God's earth, loves music uncommonly, has a great deal of feeling, but not much money. *Nota bene* between us. His goodness, however, gives me more pleasure than would mere interest. The Duke of York sent me on the third day two posts in his own carriage, as I was unable to obtain post horses.

And now, gracious Lady, I should like to quarrel a

little with you for believing that I prefer the city of London to Vienna, and that a residence here is pleasanter to me than one in my fatherland. I do not dislike London, but to pass all my days here, this I could not do, even if I knew that I could earn millions. The reason of this I will explain orally to your Grace. I have the delight of a child at the thought of home and of embracing my good friends. Only I mourn that I can no more embrace the great Mozart, if it is so, as I hope it is not, that he is dead. The world will not in a hundred years have such a talent again!

I am heartily rejoiced that your Grace and all belonging to you are well. I have been, thank God, thus far in health, had, however, eight days ago an attack of English rheumatism, which was so severe as to cause me at times to fairly shriek. But I hope soon to be free from this, since I have—as is the custom here—enveloped myself from head to foot in flannel. To-day I really must ask forgiveness for such bad writing. In the hope of being soon comforted by a letter from you, I am with all imaginable respect, together with my most dutiful regards to your Herr Spouse and Fräulein Pepi and all the rest,

Your Grace's
most obedient, &c.

I pray you give my respects to
Herr von Kreybich.

NOTE. This Kreybich, Kreibitz, or Greibitz, was one of Emperor Joseph's chamber musicians. He has a name in musical history as one of Mozart's enemies.—Joseph Diettenhofer was again in London in 1799 and advertised an "Introduction to Musical Composition." He was a Viennese by birth.

Mendelssohn a Musician.

(Second extract from the Edinburgh Review.)

The place of Mendelssohn among musicians was in every respect singular. He asserted it from the outset among the great Germans, with a decision which sets at variance every theory of development in art as implying revolution. He had no mission (as the jargon runs), no party, nor partisanship;—simply that necessity of pouring out his own conceptions in his own speech, which marks the distance betwixt talent and genius. But his speech was wonderfully mature for one so young. If he did not command a well-spring of melody as deep as that born to the Mozarts and Rossinis, and won in conquest by Beethoven,—from the first he showed a buoyancy of fancy, in conjunction with an extent of scientific acquirement, which has no parallel in our later times; times when so many combinations have been exhausted, so many effects forced into extravagance, so many counterfeits palmed off as real treasures. There was sedateness as well as fantasy in Mendelssohn's very first essays. Though nothing more Shaksperian can be conceived in music than his fairy overture, with "Cobweb, Pease Blossom, Moth, and Mustard-seed," and the bray of the "translated" Bottom; though no wilder picture of beetling promontory, and restless, rocking waves, can be conveyed in sound, than in his overture "The Isles of Fingal," the strictness of musical structure in both these romantic pieces is as noteworthy as their color. The boy who had nurtured himself on the music of Bach (strong meat for a boy so vivacious, had he not been also so vigorous), is no less clearly to be discerned in these musical poems, than the boy who had dreamed in the Athenian wood, and who, among other pilgrimages of his artistic apprenticeship, had touched, as a shrine, "the wind-swept Oracles." There was thus something of retrogression, as well as of advance, in his music; contradicting the theories of the new school of destructives, whose strange proceedings have for a while threatened to make such havoc in his world of art.

The excellent and modest spirit of self-correction which Mendelssohn brought to every task entered on, is attested by the increased freedom and courage of his works as he grew in years. A thematic catalogue, carefully prepared by himself, announces the existence of a mass of music unpublished because being thought by him inferior, or else laid aside for reconsideration. The "Walpurgis Night," begun in Italy, was kept by him for years, and underwent large alterations. The "Reformation Symphony," an orchestral work on a large scale, was never given to the world for like reasons. He was resolute in trying and trying again when he failed to satisfy himself. One of the projects which he could not

bring to pass was a concert-Sonata for violin and pianoforte—of such a composition he must have left at least a dozen beginnings. But "Elijah" is the most remarkable monument of his determination to do his utmost in whatever he set himself to do.—Those who were present at the production of the Oratorio in the Town Hall at Birmingham, will never forget the scene as one of the most brilliant triumphs recorded in music. Though the singers, with the exception of Herr Staudigl, were unequal to the duties allotted to them, and though the time had not admitted of such ripe and deliberate preparation as is essential to the complete execution of a new work of importance, the march of success was uninterrupted from the first note to the last. Ovation followed ovation;—*encore* succeeded *encore*. The story of that morning matches the tale of Mozart's "Figaro," performed twice by the same company on the same day. If ever success was unquestioned, that of "Elijah" was so. But whereas a meaner man would have been intoxicated with the praise and the plaudits, into a willingness to conceive that he had done a really great thing, and have complacently sat down to enjoy his fame,—in the very hour of immediate triumph Mendelssohn was strong and modest enough to detect in the new work weak places which he could strengthen, to conceive effects which he had overlooked,—he altered several portions, took away some, and exchanged others. The unaccompanied trio for female voices was one of these after-thoughts. Thus, probably aware that the flow of melody in his vocal pieces was somewhat restrained and liable to the charge of monotony, it was excellent to observe how, year by year, he became at once more sedulous and simple in selecting the phrases on which he wrought, how without ceasing he was looking round him to increase and vary his resources. The same cause led him to postpone his design of writing a great work for the stage. In early life he had promised an opera to the Theatre at Munich; he contemplated an adaptation of the "Tempest" of Shakespeare, a theme apparently well suited to his genius: he consulted his friend Immermann, whom he thought capable of constructing the literary part of the piece. But he was still in a course of experiment and scrutiny as to his power of gaining success in this, the only field of musical composition that he had never conquered, when his strength gave way under the strain of a life in which respite and repose had been made almost impossible by the universal popularity which had attached itself to him. With these latter years, or, to be more correct, with the few last months of pain, distress, and sudden exhaustion, we have happily not to deal. The letters here collected break off in the early noon of enjoyment and success. They have taken us back thirty years to that delightful hour of existence when the light of youthful genius and the glory of the world reflect each other; and we trust these letters may afford to some of our readers the same exquisite pleasure we have ourselves derived from them. More volumes are to come, we hope; being assured that none to come can tarnish the reputation which belongs to Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, as a complete, successful, and thoroughly happy man and artist, who died in early manhood, but in the meridian of his fame.

Heinrich Marschner.

(From the London Musical World.)

HEINRICH MARSCHNER, whose recent demise has been announced, and whose name in this country is much better known than his works, wrote more successfully for the stage in his own country than any one else, except the author of *Der Freischütz*, whom he sometimes imitated, though without ever equaling. He was born on the 16th August, 1795, at Zittau, in Upper Lusatia. As is the case with nearly all children destined to become celebrated musicians, his vocation soon manifested itself. When he was six years old, he was placed under the care of a master, to be taught the piano; but, at the end of six months, the master was surpassed by the pupil. Two other masters shared the same fate. The fact is, Marschner's father did not possess the means to pay the best that could be got, and which was, no doubt, the dearest. The boy's lessons were, consequently, discontinued for a year.

Young Marschner entered the boy's choir at the Gymnasium, to sing the solos, because he was a good reader, and possessed a pleasing soprano. The then director of the choir was Friedrich Schneider, who had obtained celebrity as a writer of oratorios. Actuated by a desire to learn harmony, Marschner left Zittau and went to Bautzen, the organist of which place had offered him a situation in the choir at the church, with the promise that he should study singing and composition simultaneously. Disappointed in his expectations, the poor boy returned to Zittau;

but he had lost his voice, and did not know to whom he should apply to improve himself in that art which was the sole object of his ambition. Thrown upon his own resources, he composed incessantly, and tried his hand on every possible style. A troop of dancers having paid a visit to his native town, he undertook to write them the music for a ballet. The circumstances attending the first rehearsal of his work were something similar to those of the famous J. J. Rousseau, in the house of M. de Treytorens, at Lausanne. Marschner had hidden himself in a corner, to judge of the effect produced by the instrumentation; but he had no idea of the compass of the various instruments. Suddenly the horns were stopped by notes which it was impossible for them to play. It was at first supposed that the copyist had made the faults; but on examination, it was found that they emanated from the author, whose emotion was so great, that he fell ill, and never heard his score performed.

Instructed by his very faults, Marschner subsequently received some good advice from competent persons. At Prague he met Weber, who then directed the Opera, but was completely absorbed in his duties. His relations with Thomascheck proved more useful to him. As his father wished him to study law, he proceeded to Leipsic and it was there, that Schicht's advice proved of great service in forwarding his education as an artist. Yielding to the vocation which attracted him towards the theatre, he began by setting to music a translation of Metastasio's *Titus*. In 1816 he composed a short opera, *Der Kiffhauser Berg*, which was played successfully at several theatres in Austria. The following year, he produced at Dresden *Henri IV.* and *D'Aubigny*, an opera in three acts, quickly followed by *Saidir*, which also was in three acts, and played at Presburg. In 1821, he returned to Dresden, where he took up his permanent abode. He wrote the introduction and interludes of *The Prince of Homburg*, a drama by Tieck, as well as *The beautiful Ella* and *Ali Baba*. The last two works were not well received; far from being cast down, however, Marschner felt only more resolved and energetic. He wrote *The Wood-Stealer*, which he intended for amateurs, but which, thanks to several excellent pieces, made its way from theatre to theatre, and from town to town.

Since 1825, Marschner had been musical-director of the German and Italian Opera, conjointly with Weber and Morlacchi. In 1826, he married Mlle. Marianne Wohlbruck, a celebrated singer, whose brother was afterwards his *collaborateur*, and wrote for him the *libretto* of *The Vampire*, one of his three best works.

Weber died in June 1826, and, not being able to get appointed his successor, as first musical director at the Dresden Opera-house, Marschner threw up his post, and set out, with his wife, on a lengthened tour. From Berlin, where an attempt was made to keep him, the two proceeded to visit Breslau, Posen, Königsberg, Dantzic, Magdeburg and Brunswick. Madame Marschner having accepted an engagement at the Leipsic Theatre, *The Vampire* was played there on the 28th March, 1828. "This work," says M. Fetis, "was crowned with gratifying success. Called on, at the conclusion of the performance, the composer and singers were enthusiastically received. The fame of the opera spread rapidly; such, we are informed, was the eagerness exhibited by the managers of the German theatres to produce it, that the copyists were unable to supply the demands for copies for the score. Many pieces from *The Vampire* became popular." Last season, M. Pasdeloup had the overture played at one of the concerts of the Société des Jeunes Artistes du Conservatoire, in Paris, when the audience were struck by the analogy it presented in its structure to Weber's *chefs-d'œuvre* in the same style. *The Templar* and *The Jewess* continued what *The Vampire* had begun so well. Another work, *Falconer's Bride*, was performed at Leipsic 1832.

Marschner was summoned to Hanover as Kapellmeister to the King, and it was there he was destined to terminate his career. Having received in that city the *libretto* of *Hans Heiling*, sent him by Ed. Devrient, he wrote as follows:—"Were it possible to compose an opera right off, I should have done so—so much was I surprised by this work, which I conceived instantaneously." *Hans Heiling* was represented on the 24th of May, 1833, under the direction of the composer. Two other operas, written subsequently, of which one was entitled *The Château at the Foot of Mount Etna*, were less successful.

When Marschner was forty-four years old, to quote M. Fetis once more, the progress of his talent appears to have stopped. "We cannot," says the learned biographer, "deny him the merit of being one of those successors of Weber who have displayed the greatest amount of dramatic feeling in their works. It is not in serious drama alone that he is

successful; we may even assert that he is one among the small number of German composers who do not fall into triviality, when engaged on a comic subject. His melodies are expressive, but his manner is slovenly, and he frequently employs transitions to excess. Despite this criticism, the author of *The Vampire*, *The Templar*, and *Hans Heiling*, will leave no common name in the history of art. Marschner was also known in Germany as a composer of instrumental music by a considerable number of works for the piano. He died at Hanover, on the night of the 14th-15th December, 1861, a year more than usually fatal to public men.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 15, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Handel's "Messiah."

Concerts of the Week.

FOURTH PHILHARMONIC.—The conclusion of Mr. CARL ZERRAHN'S series of orchestral concerts, last Saturday evening, was particularly gratifying, both from the excellence of the concert, and from the assurance it brought with it that another and a longer series of such concerts is to follow. Certainly, and strange to say in these times, our purveyors and performers of good music have every cause to feel encouraged. The national struggle, while it makes men serious, has not quenched, but rather increased the thirst for music. That general support, which had so notably fallen off from the higher kinds of musical entertainments during the last three or four years of peace and prosperity, until the first surprise of the Rebellion, paralyzing all minds for the time being, left no mind free for any thought or interest but one—stern patriotism before pleasure—Muses and amusements postponed, until the crisis of the storm should pass, until the drifting nation should regain her rudder—that support already, now that we see the beginning of the end, and feel that morally at least the country is saved, rallies with an unanimity not seen before for several years to Philharmonic Symphony Concerts, Afternoon Rehearsals, Chamber music, and to all good things of this sort. The truth is, the period of disquieting presentiments (*before the rebellion*), and of demoralizing doubt and bewilderment (after the first shock) have passed; the nation's thought and energies are set now clearly in the right direction; life goes on again; high purpose brings back hope; and with it come the Muses, all the heavenly comforters and allies, all the good angels of Harmony and Art, to quicken and refresh the weary soul, and keep life genial and wholesome; they come because we need them, and because we have so far passed the fever crisis, that we can bear their friendly ministrations, nay relish them and get the good of them far more than it was possible before the crisis came.

It is a good sight, then, to see the Music Hall crowded, as it has been during the Philharmonic Concerts, and especially last Saturday night; it shows a healthy tone of mind in the people, and it shows the intrinsic and undying need of music in the mind that has once truly known its influence. That this returning public appetite has been, on the whole, about as well met, as our present means allow,—although there always must be difference of opinion about programmes, and programme-making is to too great an extent perhaps experimental—can hardly be denied. We certainly may congratulate ourselves that we can have such good music, can get

our Symphonies and Overtures so well presented, at a time when an orchestra of forty instruments about exhausts the available musical material of our city. We have excellent first violins, and various other parts to match; and all seem disposed to do their best. What we yet want, and what time with greater means will bring us, is a greater mass of middle strings, giving richness to the whole, supplying background to the salient wind tones, and blending all the parts together, like the neutral tints in painting. This of course can only come with a large orchestra, or what in programme phraseology is termed the "Grand" Orchestra. But if we continue to do so well with the small, or outline, orchestra; if it makes the most of itself, justifies itself all along by cherishing a high æsthetic and artistic tone, and if we (the public) lend willing ears to it, and are always nearest when its efforts are worthiest, the grand orchestra will come in good time. As it is, we get much comfort out of our orchestra of forty; it brings Beethoven and Mendelssohn so near to us that we cannot reasonably complain; and the performance, the working together of the instruments—rather say the voices (*Stimmen*) as the Germans do—has gone on from better to better during the four concerts, having reached a point at which we may well rejoice that they are not all at once about to leave off, and have to begin anew from the beginning a year hence. These short runs, discontinuances, and re-beginnings at a whole year's interval, have hitherto been the fatality preventing progress in our orchestras, as well as in our public taste and appreciation. Happily, the plant, which flowered last Saturday, did not exhaust itself with that, but is to keep on growing and bear new flowers and fruits also. This time the programme was the best, as a whole, that we have heard so far:

1. Overture—Midsummer Night's Dream.... Mendelssohn
2. Grand Fantasia, in C. (op. 15)..... F. Schubert
(Arranged for Pianoforte and Orchestra by F. Liszt.)
Mr. William Mason.
1. Allegro con fuoco ma non troppo. 2. Adagio.
3. Presto. 4. Allegro. (First time.)
3. Concerto—Militaire, for the Violin, (first time).... Alard
Mr. W. Schultze.
4. Symphony—No. 8. (In F.)..... Beethoven
1. Allegro. 2. Allegretto scherzando. 3. Menuetto.
4. Allegro molto.
- 5 a "Spring-Dawn,"—Mazurka Caprice. } W. Mason
- b "Silverspring," Impromptu. (by request) }
Mr. Wm. Mason.
6. Overture—Oberon..... Weber

Thus we were welcomed and dismissed with Faëry music, in two widely different veins, of different genius, but alike poetic, exquisite, imaginative. Which shall one like the best? We care not how often the question is practically put to us; the judge is too much fascinated with both pleaders and in no hurry to decide between them—let them only go on! Both Overtures are too familiar to our music-lovers to require comparison. Suffice it here to say, that the performance of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" was the most clean and delicately shaded specimen of their power of rendering a masterwork, which the orchestra has yet given us. That was a *pianissimo*! If the "Oberon" was not quite as nicely breathed upon the canvass, it was the difference between delicate requirements for reeds and flutes and for violins. Yet it was played finely, the wild outburst and splendor of the Allegro especially; only the startling crash, which precedes it, scattering the whole faëry fabric, was so overdone as to break the spell of the music, and take the listener wholly outside of it.—Of all Symphonies, too, Beethoven's sunshiny and happy No. 8, comes best into conjunction with

those two overtures. If Beethoven had any faëry side to his imagination, here he shows it; but with him it is no special faëry mythology; he is innocent of all that; with him it is the finest and intensest joy and sympathy in all the delicate, fine, tricky forms and arabesque of nature, and with all the myriad happy moods and impulses and fancies, all the mysterious little loves and longings, which answer to their beautiful and infinitely varied language. Joy, joy in fulness of life, of quick vital sympathy with all creation, natural and spiritual, is the pervading theme of all his music, to which it struggles out as into God's perfect sunshine. And here in a happy hour among his dark days, in a light and easy form as compared with his greater Symphonies, in a spirit as sunny and childlike and Haydn-ish as his first Symphony, but at the full height of his artistic power, and teeming with exquisite imaginations, he has expressed it in his happiest way. The Symphony is less formidable, but not less wonderful than others of the nine; and perfectly beautiful it is from first to last. It was well rendered, and the *Allegretto scherzando* elicited the usual encore.

And now for the novelties of the evening. Mr. WILLIAM MASON was very warmly greeted, as he always is on his artistic visits to his native city. We heartily thank him for giving us a hearing, and so satisfactory a one, of a very interesting work. Schubert's early Fantasia in C, in which the melody of his "Wanderer" song is introduced, London criticism to the contrary notwithstanding (see notice of Herr Pauer's concert copied in our last), is full of fine musical ideas and a certain glorious fermentation of young genius, which compensates for any lack of strictly organic form; and when Liszt adds to it such wealth of orchestral accompaniment, neither adding to nor taking from the original piano work, leaving it in its integrity, and at the same time so surrounding it that it seems one instrument in a concerted piece, the effect is truly noble. In the combining and the contrasting of the instruments, in the placing of the chords, in certain singularly characteristic and expressive uses of the horns, the trumpets, &c.; in the sympathetic way in which the original Fantasia is adopted as it were into harmonious company, whereby it becomes still more itself. Liszt has shown a certain faculty peculiar to himself, and which is sympathetically, if not creatively imaginative. We think the whole audience enjoyed it, while for the musician it was full of interest. The only difficulty was that, though the pianoforte part was admirably played, the ear did not get quite so much of it, or sieze it so distinctly and conspicuously among the brilliant mass of orchestration, as one could have desired. Evidently Liszt has rather overloaded it; there could be no doubt that the piano rendering was masterly. In the sparkling and graceful little solos in the second part Mr. Mason showed all that exquisite fine touch and clear, even execution of his in a higher degree, if possible, than ever before; and the liquid, musical, warm tones of the Steinway instrument, which he brought with him, seemed to be in complete conspiracy with his fingers and intentions. Such finished elegance of performance, with such discriminating distribution of the just degree of force to every note, even in passages the most rapid or most complicated, is found in very few pianists. Mr. SCHULTZE surpasses himself this season; the beauty and purity of his tone is remarkable, and due to the artist as well as to the fine instrument he uses. His execution of the military Concerto (although we cannot care much for the composition) was capital, and delighted the audience.

So ended one successful series of concerts. But the best of it was the announcement on the programme, that Mr. ZERRAHN is so much encouraged by the way in which this enterprise has been met by the musical public, that he is prepared to go on and give a series of six more concerts to commence next Saturday evening, March 22d. The better the attendance, we may be assured, the better will the concerts be.

ORCHESTRAL UNION. The concert Wednesday Afternoon was as gaily crowded as ever and had the following programme:

1. Overture—"Jessonda.".....Spohr
2. Concert Waltz, (first time)—"Spiralen,".....Strauss
3. Symphony No. 4, "Jupiter,".....Mozart
4. Romanza—From "L'Eclair,".....Halevy
5. Pot Pourri—from "Les Huguenots,".....Mendelssohn
6. Wedding March.....Mendelssohn

Spohr's overture, with his peculiarly sweet and cloying harmonies (*short* and sweet in this case), and its merry Gypsy jingle, is pretty and graphic, and was very well played. The new Strauss waltz seemed no more "spiral" than all waltzes, catching up one couple after another into their whirling motion, and not quite so fascinating as some of the old ones, but yet full of sounds curiously and piquantly mingled, and much enjoyed by the young people.—The great Symphony of Mozart, so richly complicated as it is in all its parts, especially in the fugued Finale with four interwoven subjects, so deep and earnest as it is in the feeling of the Adagio, has actually grown popular with our large audiences, and the small orchestra succeeds in making its intentions clear.

Next week the "Union" will perform Beethoven's first Symphony (worth while to compare that with the 8th, which we have so lately heard); Spohr's, Overture to his "Faust" opera—one of his best works; a concert waltz by Lanner, and other acceptable varieties.

CARL ZERRAHN, who is now in New York engaging solo talent for his new course of Philharmonic Concerts, intends to give us in the first of them (next Saturday) the fourth Symphony (in Bb) of Beethoven: the Overture "*Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt*" (Sea becalmed and prosperous voyage), by Mendelssohn; and Liszt's "*Les Preludes*," one of his much mooted "*Symphonische Dichtungen*" (Symphonic Poems), which was performed here a few years since. An interesting bill of fare, whether one can share another's enthusiasm for the Lisztian "great works" or not.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB will finish their eighth Chamber Concert next Wednesday evening. For programme see advertisement.

The non-performing members of the ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB will be pleased to learn that the Club will hold a social musical soiree at Chickering's next Friday evening. Schubert's eight-part chorus to Goethe's "Song of Spirits over the Water" (for the first time), double choruses from Mendelssohn's *Antigone* and *Edipus*, &c., will be sung.

Musical Correspondence.

ST. LOUIS, FEB. 25.—The fifth concert of our Philharmonic Society took place as announced and was attended with their usual success. The programme was decidedly the finest they have yet offered, and it contained not only this merit, but also that of being the most carefully attended to, and consequently the best performed.

PART I.

1. Overture. "Jean de Paris,".....Boieldieu
2. Solo and Chorus. "I praise thee, O Lord,"—from St. Paul.....F. M. Bartholdy
3. Violin Solo. "Fantasia, from Lucia,".....Vieuxtemps
4. Sextet and Finale (First act) from "Don Giovanni,".....Mozart

PART II.

1. Overture. "Fingal's Cave,".....Bartholdy
2. Quintet. "E scherzo od é folia, from Un Ballo in Maschera,".....Verdi
3. Allegretto, from "Eighth Symphony,".....Beethoven
4. Quartet for male voices. "The Chapel,".....Kreutzer
5. March and Chorus. "Vestalin,".....Spontini

The indefatigable conductor is very strict in his rehearsals, and allows no blemishes to pass unnoticed. The improvement exhibited, not only by the members individually, but by the Society as a whole, affords the best comments on his ability. Then we have much talent in the orchestra above mediocrity, most of the musicians being soloists on their respective instruments. Each of the first violins has played solos at the concerts, while Carr and Tomlinson—flutist, Robyn on the violoncello, Schmidt and Weber, double bass, are all excellent musicians. I must not omit mentioning, in that category, Brown of the drums, who occasionally extemporizes an unexpected but effective Solo on his favorite instrument! Though we are in the West, and far from where you expect to hear any music, we contend that a better Society, of the same number of performers does not exist.

The *Jean de Paris* overture of Boieldieu is graceful, pretty, sparkling and immensely effective; the opening bars of the Allegro, where the viola and violoncellos are given a brilliant passage in unison, is very pleasing; and the ingenious manner in which the same theme is constantly worked in throughout the remainder of the work, elicits our warmest admiration. It was finely played throughout. What a difficult thing it is to get an orchestra to play *piano*! One great fault, and a glaring one here too, is the lack of that delicate shading, the very light, *pianissimo* playing wherein, contrasted with sudden *forte* passages, consist the finest and most startling effects. Nearly all of the solos thus far, with orchestra accompaniment, have been ruined by the loud playing. We cry mercy, Mr. Sobolewski; one lady cannot drown trombones, drums, violins, flutes and all; but they can render her part meaningless, uninteresting and without credit to her.

The violin Solo was rendered by Mr. Anton, in a style which surprised and pleased us—so modest has he been in his situation in the orchestra, and so unobtrusive, that even those who were placed near him were hardly aware of his abilities and his complete mastery over his instrument. We hope to hear more of him in future.

That magnificent "masked Trio" in the Finale from *Don Giovanni* was exquisitely rendered by Mrs. H. S. Tomlinson, Miss Tourny and Mr. Fell.

The Quintet from the "Masked Ball" of Verdi is one of his happiest efforts, and one of the most, if not the most effective of his many excellent concert-d pieces. The gem of the evening was the Allegretto from Beethoven's Eighth Symphony. Perfect justice was done to it by the orchestra, who exhibited all of its many fine points in a manner which left little to be desired.

A concert was given on Friday evening for the poor, which drew a crowded house. Miss Hunt made a promising debut, and Miss Tilman increased her well merited reputation by her performances on the harp. A pupil of Aptommas, she has many of his peculiarities and excellencies of style. Mr. T. M. Brown also played Thalberg's *Masaniello*, with Mason's charming *Danse Rustique* for an encore. Next week we are to have several fine concerts of which more anon. PRESTO.

DORCHESTER, MASS. FEB. 10.—You will bear testimony that the readers of your Musical Journal have not often been troubled with communications from this place. Dorchester has been called "*a one horse town*." Whether this be correct in regard to points not belonging to this periodical, is not my purpose to decide; but I can assure you that it does not deserve this epithet so far as Music is concerned. There is not a concert taking place in Boston in which our town is not represented by some listeners. Although our School Committee has not enough musical ear and heart to follow the example of Boston and introduce singing into our public schools, yet some teachers supply this want on their own responsibility. We can count the number of instructors in music by the dozen, that of pupils by scores, and that of ejaculations on the piano by the thousand. Our principal churches have cast off the old-fashioned way of furnishing the singing by voluntary choirs. They sing now the Redeemer's praise—not by every tongue,—but by proxy, and are delighted with their "*Quartets*." By paying a higher parish tax, the Christian worshipper gets all the delight, finds all the fault he pleases, and puts the burden of responsibility and work upon the Music Committee, the organist and the singers. We have many musical families in town, and have had within a year several clubs for the practice of vocal, piano or brass music.

Last fall, Mr. Ansorge, the organist and leader at the church on Meeting House Hill, gave a free sacred concert, which attracted over a thousand listen-

ers. He gave a second one on the 14th of December under unfavorable circumstances; and after a splendid third performance of classical solos and choruses on Christmas Eve, the choir of 25 singers was broken up. Free concerts are an excellent thing to the listener, but not always profitable to him who gives them.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club has since given a series of three fine concerts to crowded houses. In Neponset village, a part of this town, are at present not less than four churches. They find it hard work to fill them with "*towns-people*," so they hire some Boston musicians to help them "*draw*." Two concerts recently given at Trinity chapel by Boston singers gave much satisfaction to many.

I have in my possession a letter recently written by a young country organist who had to spend a few weeks in this vicinity, and who visited on Sundays a number of Boston churches to hear the music. If the asked-for permission of the author should be given, I will send you the letter for publication.

This communication may be closed with an incident, which will serve as an anecdote and prove that pearls should not be cast before—unappreciating people. The singers at one of our churches had taken some pains to prepare and sing "*Adeste fideles*," arranged by V. Novello; and used for this purpose the words of Montgomery's hymn: "The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know." The congregation, for many years accustomed to hear this hymn sung to the tune "*Portuguese Hymn*," was taken by surprise to hear the words sung first as Treble solo, then as Duet by male voices, then as Trio by the lower three parts with the melody in the Tenor, and finally by the whole Quartet. After service, quite a number of worshippers assembled in the porch and were wondering "*what was the trouble with the first hymn?*" After some discussion they arrived at the conclusion that the Treble singer started the tune too high and broke down; that the leader had to change the tune and start it in a lower key; that the third stanza was changed again; and that only at the fourth trial a tune was found which all four could sing together.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

Recent numbers of the *Gazette Musicale* remark upon two new operas: One is an obscure work by Donizetti, produced for the first time on the 2nd of last February at the Theatre Italien, called "*Il Furioso all' Isola San Domingo*." It was composed for Rome in 1833, after its author had already produced more than 30 operas of various merit since his debut in 1818. The *Gazette* pronounces it "a rich and facile music, satisfying all the conditions of the craft, but offering nothing salient, nothing original, and not always in accordance with the dramatic situation." "The music (with a few exceptions) has but the flavor of those wines of secondary quality, of which time has weakened the strength and extinguished the bouquet." The principal rôles were sustained by Mlle. Marie Battu, Brini (tenor), Delle Sedie (baritone), and Zucchini.

The other novelty, "*Le Joailler de Saint-James*," a comic opera in three acts, words by MM. de St. Georges and de Leuven, music by M. Grisar, was produced at the Opera Comique, Feb. 17. It turns out to be new only in name, and to be essentially the same thing with an opera called *Lady Melvil*, which was produced at the theatre of the Renaissance in 1838. "M. Grisar has added, however, a tenor part, and various graceful pieces, which however contain no beauties of the first order, no flashes of genius. Much had been said in advance of the marvellous finales of the first and second act: they make much noise, stun the hearer, but do not touch him, and we find there more of trombones than ideas"—Of the singers the report is as follows: Mlle. Monrose, who sang the part of the heroine (Marchioness of Richmond,) and who had to execute variations on *Nel cor piu*, has a charming head voice, with medium tones somewhat nasal; but her vocalization not as facile and as brilliant as that of Mme. Anna Thillon, who sang the part (called Lady Melvil then) in 1838. M. Montranby, as the amorous Jeweller, has a bad habit of forcing his tones, and thus injures a really charming voice; but shows a decided superiority in the impassioned passages. M. Sainte-Foy plays the part of Tom Crick, jeweller's journeyman, equally well in

the comic and the passionate situations. M. Condore is the most amusing Gascon imaginable; knows how to maintain his rank, to be ridiculous without becoming trivial, &c.

GUSTAVE SATTER, the pianist, has turned up in Paris and given several concerts. He seems quite suited to that meridian, and his "Belles of New York," were found particularly enchanting. At his second concert he played some pieces of Chopin, Schubert's *Ave Maria*, a melody from Rossini's *Suivres Musicales*, his own paraphrase upon *Le Prophete*, and two original compositions: *Galop de Concert* and *Marche de Solferino*, one of which pleased but the other not. The *Gazette* thinks Satter's "inspirations more distinguished by elegance, by *brio* and by fineness of details, than by originality of motives," but admits that they were "executed with perfect grace, and with rare ease, energy and agility."

London.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—Mr. Benedict's new opera, "The Lily of Killarney," had been given six times during the first half of February, and was regarded as a great success. The *Musical World* calls it "a veritable masterpiece, the work alike of a profound artist and an original thinker." The *Times* chronicles the brilliant first reception and gives the following account of the manner in which Mr. Bourcicault's extremely popular drama of the *Colleen Bawn* has been recast in the shape of a musical libretto for Benedict's work:

The first act of the opera begins with a scene not found in the original drama. A large party is assembled in the hall of Tora Cregan, to celebrate the approaching marriage of Hardress Cregan with Anne Chute, the introduction mainly consisting of a jovial chorus (interspersed with recitatives and solos), in which the health of the bride-groom is proposed, and the latter responds with a song. The guests shortly disperse to witness a steeple-chase by moonlight between two of their number, who, in the course of the introduction, have nearly quarrelled about the respective merits of their horses. Mrs. Cregan, now left alone, is visited by Corrigan, who informs her (in dialogue) of the attachment of her son, Hardress, to an unknown beauty residing on the opposite side of the lake. During their conversation Danny Mann is heard, behind the scenes, singing a song—"The moon has raised her lamp;" upon which they conceal themselves, in order to watch proceedings. The song being intended as a signal by Danny, the second verse is taken up by Hardress, who enters the room, and, by means of a lighted candle, makes signals to Eily across the lake. The situation gives rise to a concerted piece—sung, on the one hand, by Hardress and Danny, prior to their departure in the boat,—and on the other by Mrs. Cregan and Corrigan, who have observed all that has taken place. In the next scene the original drama is closely followed. Corrigan, meeting with Myles-na-Coppoleen, extracts from him (in a short dialogue) the secret respecting Eily O'Connor; and Myles, when left to himself, indulges in a characteristically quaint and half-comic ditty ("It's a charming girl I love"), a revelation of his hopeless passion for the Colleen Bawn. Next follows the well-known scene of the "Cottage-interior." Here Eily expresses her love for Hardress, through a plaintive romance ("In my wild mountain valley"), and takes part in the "Cruiskeen Lawn," which is given in orthodox fashion by Myles, Father Tom, Sheelah, and herself—the original words, as well as the original melody, being retained. A brief concerted piece takes the revellers off the stage just as a snatch from Hardress's song, already mentioned, announces his approach. The no longer ardent lover has come to demand Eily's marriage certificate, and this prepares the finale, in which Hardress, Eily, Myles, and Father Tom are engaged, and which terminates with a concerted piece for the four characters, where the priest compels the kneeling girl to swear that she will never part with the certificate but with life. The first scene of the second act takes place in the hunting grounds of Tora Cregan. A chorus is vociferated by a party of huntsmen, who are presently joined by Anne Chute—now seen for the first time. When alone with Hardress, Anna reproaches him for his coldness in an air, ultimately resolving itself into a duet, in which Hardress earnestly vindicates his constancy. The next piece is a trio for Mrs. Cregan, Hardress, and Corrigan; the son, indignantly oppos-

ing the upstart lawyer's addresses to his mother, while the lawyer exults in the equivocal position of his adversary, of the secret of which he is possessed. The situation in which Danny Mann obtains the glove of Mrs. Cregan is elaborately worked out—first in a duet, and afterwards in a grand "scena" for Danny, who gives alternate expression to his determination and his remorse, to compassion for his intended victim and unscrupulous devotion to his master. A new scene is here introduced, in which Eily sings a song, "I'm alone, I'm alone," indicative of her forlorn condition, and receives a visit from Myles, who, in the course of a duet, warns her against Danny Mann. The finale of the second act is devoted to the business of the water-cave, in which the Adelphi precedent is exactly followed, while a chorus is supplied by a party of Killarney boatmen, who, in the far distance, chant unseen the praises of the mythic King O'Donohue. The third act, which is much shorter than either of the preceding, opens in front of Myles's cottage. Myles sings a serenade to the concealed Eily, and the consignment of the Colleen Bawn to the care of Father Tom forms the subject of a trio. The scene changing to the interior of Castle Chute, where the guests are assembled to witness the union of Anna and Hardress, a bridal chorus is introduced; but the bridegroom soon enters alone, in melancholy mood, and in a song ("Eily Mavourneen") gives utterance to his grief and unabated love for the lost "Colleen." The entrance of Corrigan with the soldiers, followed by the arrest of Hardress for murder, is the subject of a somewhat complicated concerted piece; after which the appearance of Myles, accompanied by Eily herself, restoring the general happiness, is expressed in a short finale, including (as a matter of course) a brilliant vocal display for the heroine.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the "scenario" has been effectively laid out for the composer, and with as few important deviations as possible from the original, inasmuch as, though the words of the songs, duets, and concerted pieces are from another hand, the construction of the drama and the whole of the dialogue are Mr. Bourcicault's own. Of Mr. Benedict's music we must be content to say that it is not only dramatic and beautiful throughout, but invariably and in an eminent degree the work of a master—worthy, indeed, of a pupil who when under the guidance of Weber was, although so young, regarded by the author of *Der Freischütz* (as his published correspondence has shown) as much in the light of a friend as of a disciple. That it is also instinct with the more popular elements of attraction was plainly demonstrated on Monday night by the enthusiasm of the audience, which was carried to such a height that no fewer than eight pieces were encored, six of which were repeated, to the satisfaction of all present. These last were the overture; the serenade and duet for Danny Mann and Hardress ("The moon has raised her lamp above"); Myles-na-Coppoleen's ballad, "It's a charming girl I love;" the "Cruiskeen Lawn" (quartet for Eily, Myles, Sheelah, and Father Tom); Eily's song, "I'm alone I'm alone;" and Hardress's ballad, "Eily Mavourneen." The two pieces encored, but not repeated (thanks to the well-timed discretion of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Santley), were Eily's romance, "In my wild mountain valley," and the slow movement of Danny Mann's scena ("The Colleen Bawn, the Colleen Bawn"), which, nevertheless, would have been heard again with at least as much pleasure as any of those that were actually given twice. The performance was generally too excellent to be dismissed in a sentence. The principal singers—Miss Louisa Pyne (Eily), Miss Susan Pyne (Mrs. Cregan), Miss McLean (Anne Chute), Mr. Harrison (Myles), Mr. Haigh (Hardress), and Mr. Santley (Danny Mann), all did their very best. They were supported with commendable zeal by Messrs. Dussek (Corrigan), Patey (Father Tom), and Lyall (O'Moore), every one, even to the representatives of comparatively insignificant characters like Hyland and Sheelah (Mr. Wallworth and Miss Topham), being "word and note" perfect. The chorus was all that could be wished, the band irreproachable, and Mr. Alfred Mellon, the conductor—as usual on these important occasions—vigilant, active, and intelligent. No pains have been spared on the *mise en scène*, which, both as regards scenery and costumes, is appropriate and beautiful. In short, *The Lily of Killarney* fairly earned the unequivocal success it obtained. That the principal singers should be repeatedly summoned forward was a matter of course; and that the same compliment should be paid to Mr. Benedict at the end of the first and last acts, and to Mr. Alfred Mellon at the conclusion, was no more than just. Seldom, however, has a well-merited tribute been rendered with more genuine heartiness by a theatrical audience. The house was crowded to the ceiling.

Special Notices.

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Companion to the universally popular "Maiden's Prayer" of the same author. Is written in the same style, and, if we mention that in a very short time this piece passed through twenty editions in London, a similar popularity here would appear more than probable.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 520.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1862.

VOL. XX. No. 25.

Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 395).

FROM A LETTER TO MADAME VON PEREIRA
IN VIENNA.

Genoa, July, 1831.

At first I did not wish to answer, until I had fulfilled your commission, and had composed "The Midnight Review;" and now I have to begin again, to ask pardon for not having done it; but the case is peculiar.

I like to take it very seriously with music, and I hold it inadmissible to compose anything, unless I feel it through and through. It is as if I told a lie, for the notes have just as definite a meaning as the words—perhaps even more definite.—Now it seems to me altogether impossible to compose a descriptive poem. The mass of compositions of that sort give proof not against, but for me; for I do not know of one successful one among them. You stand in the middle between a dramatic conception, or a merely narrative manner: one gives you, in the "Erl-king," the rustling of the willows, the shrieking of the child, the galloping of the horses:—another imagines himself a ballad singer, who delivers the tale of terror with perfect calmness, as one tells a ghost story. That is the truest way, (Reichardt has almost always used it); still it does not suit me; the music stands in my way; I feel it more imaginatively, when I read such a poem to myself in silence, letting my own mind supply the rest, than I do when it is depicted or related to me.

Now it will not do to treat the "Midnight Review" narratively, for there is no definite person speaking; and the poem has not the ballad tone at all; it comes before me rather as an intellectual idea, than as a poem; it seems to me as if the poet had not believed in his shadowy forms himself. I might, to be sure, have composed it in a descriptive manner, as Neukomm and Fischhof in Vienna have done;—I might have brought in an original rolling of drums in the bass, and trumpet blasts in the discant, and all sorts of hobgoblin business besides,—but then again I like my earnest tones too well for that; such a thing always seems to me like a joke, something like the pictures in children's horn-books, where they daub the roofs bright red, so that the children may perceive that it is intended to be a roof. As for writing off and sending to you any half-way thing, anything that did not please myself, that, towards you, to whom I would always give the best, would have answered still less. . . . &c., &c.

FELIX.

Milan, July 14, 1831.

This, God willing, may be my last letter from an Italian city. Perhaps there will come one more from the Borromean islands, to which I go in a few days; but do not count upon it. The week here has been! one of the pleasantest, most satisfactory, that I have spent in Italy; and how

this happened, in this wholly strange Milan, I will relate to you.

In the first place I took at once a square piano, and went at the everlasting "Walpurgis Night" *con rabbia*, determined to bring the thing to an end. Tomorrow morning it will be all done, i. e. except the Overture, as to which I do not yet know, whether I shall make a grand Symphony, or a short Spring introduction. On this point I should like to hear a learned person. But the end has turned out better, that I had myself expected. The goblin, and the bearded Druid with his trombones, which stand and toot behind him, give me royal fun, and so I have passed a couple of mornings very happily. Tasso, too, has contributed to my pleasure, whom I am reading through regularly for the first time, and without pains. It is a splendid poem; it was well for me that I knew Goethe's Tasso; in the principal passages I was constantly reminded of that, for his verses are just so dreamily sweet and tender, as the poet in the play; their euphony is really refreshing; your favorite passage, dear father, *era la notte allor*, has occurred to me again. But especially I love the whole canto, where Clorinda is killed; it is wonderfully beautiful and imaginative. Only I am not reconciled to the end of it. Tancred's lamentations seem to me more finely made, than true; they contain so many ingenious thoughts and antitheses; and the words of the hermit, soothing him, sound more like a satire on the hermit himself; I would have killed him, had he spoken so to me. But lately, when I read the episode of Armida in the coach, surrounded by an Italian theatre company, who sang incessantly Rossini's "*Ma tremate, tremate*," suddenly there came before my soul again Gluck's "*vous m'allez quitter*," and the falling asleep of Rinaldo, and the passage through the air, and I felt almost like weeping. That is music,—so have men spoken and felt, and so it is forever. From my heart I hate the dissipations of these times. Do not take it ill of me; you know your own saying: Without hate no love; and I felt so strangely, when Gluck occurred to me there with his grand forms.

Evenings I have been always in society, thanks to a mad trick of mine, which has again proved very successful. I believe I am the inventor of this sort of eccentricity and can take out a patent for it, since I have always made the most agreeable acquaintances *ex abrupto*, without letters, recommendations, or anything of the kind. I inquired accidentally, when I arrived, the name of the Governor of the city, and amongst several generals the servant mentioned also General Ertmann. At once occurred to me the A major Sonata of Beethoven with its dedication; and as I had always heard the best account from everybody of the lady, how friendly she was, and how much she had spoiled Beethoven, and how admirably she played, I put on a black coat about visiting time the next morning, asked the way to the government palace, concocted on the way a fine speech to the General's lady, and

went bravely up. Now I cannot deny, that it was a little awkward to me to learn, that the General lived in the first story front, and when I got into the splendid vaulted vestibule, I actually felt fear, and wanted to turn about. But then it seemed to me altogether too provincial, to be afraid of a vaulted antechamber; so I walked straight up to a troop of soldiers, who stood there, and asked an old man in a short nankin jacket, whether General Ertmann lived there, and then desired to be announced to his lady. But unfortunately the man replied: "I am he; how can I serve you?" That was very disagreeable, and I had to trot out my whole speech; the man however did not seem to be particularly edified by it, and wished to know, with whom he had the honor? That too was not pleasant; but luckily he knew my name, and became very courteous his lady was not at home, I would find her at two, if I should have time, or at some other hour. I was glad that it had turned out so, went in the meantime over to the Brera, took a look at the *Sposalizio* of Raphael, and at two o'clock I made the acquaintance of the "Baroness Dorothea von Ertmann." She received me in a very friendly manner, and was also very obliging; played to me at once the C sharp minor Sonata of Beethoven, and then the one in D minor.

The old General, who appeared now in his grey, stately gubernatorial coat, with many orders, was perfectly happy, and wept for joy, so long was it since he had heard his wife play; there was nobody in Milan who would listen to any thing of the kind. She spoke of the B flat major Trio, which she could not remember. I played it, and sang the other parts; that delighted the old couple greatly, and so the acquaintance was established.

Since then they have shown a friendliness to me, that shames me. The old General shows me the notabilities of Milan. In the afternoon she takes me out to drive upon the Corso in her carriage; in the evening until one o'clock we make music; yesterday morning they took me out into the suburbs; at noon I had to dine with them; in the evening they had company; and moreover they are the most agreeable, most cultivated people one can imagine, as much in love with one another, as if they were a bridal pair, and yet they have been married four and thirty years. He spoke yesterday among other things of his profession, of the soldier's life, personal courage, and the like, with such clearness, such fine free views, as I have hardly ever heard, except from father. He has been an officer for six and forty years, and you should see him ride full gallop in the park, by the side of his wife's carriage—how brisk and noble the old gentleman bears himself! She plays the Beethoven things very beautifully; although she has not studied for a long time; frequently she overdoes it a little in the matter of expression, holding back so much, and then hastening on again; then again she plays single pieces splendidly, and I think I have learned something from her. Sometimes,

when she cannot squeeze out any more tone, and begins to sing at the same time, with a voice that comes right up from the inmost depths, she reminds me of you, O Fanny, although you are indeed far superior to her. As I came toward the end of the Adagio of the B flat Trio, she exclaimed: "One cannot play that, it is so full of expression;" and that is really true of this passage. The following day, when I was there for the second time, and played to them the C minor Symphony, she persisted in wanting me to pull off my coat, it was so hot. In the intervals he tells the most capital stories of Beethoven, how one evening, while she was playing to him, he used the snuffers for a toothpick, &c. She told how she had lost her last child, and then Beethoven was no longer able to come to the house; finally he invited her to him, and when she came, he sat down at the piano, and merely said: "Now we will talk together in tones," and so played on for over an hour, and, as she expressed it: "He told me all, and in the end gave me consolation." In short, I have felt so well again, and so comfortable, and I have so little need to garnish anything, or to keep silent,—we understood each other so splendidly in all things! Yesterday she played the Sonata with violin dedicated to Kreutzer; but when the accompanist, an Austrian dragoon officer, made a long embellishment *à la Paganini* in the beginning of the Adagio, the old General made such a horrible grimace at him, that I came near falling from my chair with laughter.

I have called upon Teschner, as you commanded me, dear mother; it is as uncheering as an East wind to see such a musician; Mme. Ertmann has more heart in her little finger, than the whole of the fellow with his horrible mustachios, behind which he lurks. At present there is no public music here. They still speak with rapture of last winter, when Pasta and Rubini sang here; only, the subordinate rôles, orchestra and chorus appear to have been bad. Now I have heard Pasta six years ago in Paris, and can do so every year, with good orchestra, good choruses and much more to boot; so it is natural that I, to hear Italian music, must travel to France or England. But the Germans take it ill, if one says that to them. They want to sing and play and get thoughts here perforce, and say, it is the land of inspiration, whereas I maintain, that there is absolutely no land of inspiration, but this flies about in the air.

Day before yesterday I was in the day theatre, where I was much edified. There is more of the life of the people to be seen there, than anywhere else in Italy. A great playhouse with boxes,—the parterre covered with wooden benches, on which you find a seat, if you come early; the stage like any other; only there is wanting over the entire parterre and boxes the roof, so that the dear sun shines into the theatre, and into the eyes of the players. Besides, they gave a piece in the Milanese dialect. It was just as if you looked at all these complicated and comical situations, and might perhaps in case of necessity mingle in them; so that the most familiar comedy situations become new and interesting. And so the whole public took the liveliest part in it. And now good night; I wanted in fact to chat with you a bit before going to bed; and it has become a letter.

FELIX.

(To be continued.)

Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of DR. HEINRICH VON KREISSE.

(Continued from page 370.)

Schubert's head was never turned by the admiration of his friends, nor by the steadily increasing favor of the general public, which has intoxicated so many and made them over-estimate themselves. The honorable recognition he received from many persons distinguished for their rank, their intellect, or their own artistic eminence, never tempted him to overstep a severely modest sense of his own merit. Among the musical artists, who took a lively interest in Schubert, we find C. M. von Weber, Hummel, and the singer Lablache, to whom Schubert dedicated three Italian songs. With Theodore Körner, who spent the years 1811–13 in Vienna, he became acquainted just at the time when he felt the impulse to devote himself exclusively to Art; and Körner did not fail to strengthen him in his resolution.

Schubert was frequently drawn into musical circles, where it sometimes happened that the singer got all the praise, while no one thought of the little man who sat at the piano, accompanying his own songs with so much soul and expression. The unpretending artist could well afford to disregard the neglect, since the applause, with which his compositions were received, belonged in the end to him. In such circles, especially in the more elegant ones, which he only entered to oblige others by accompanying his songs, Schubert was shy and sparing of words. While he sat at the piano he wore the most serious face, and he withdrew into a side room the moment he had finished. Unconcerned about praise and applause, he evaded compliments, and was contented if his friends testified their approbation.

It was otherwise, when he saw himself unfettered by conventionality; then his tongue was loosed in lively talkativeness; he had no lack of wit and quaint suggestions; and when he was silent himself, he partook in the merriment of others. But pure gayety was foreign to his nature, and his laugh consisted only in a sort of hoarse, suppressed titter. Although he did not dance himself, he sometimes attended family balls among his intimate friends, always ready to seat himself at the piano, where for hours long he improvised most beautiful dance music. Pieces which pleased him he repeated, so as to hold them in his memory and write them down.

He seldom visited the theatre. Evenings, on which he was not invited out, he used to spend with his friends, the smallest part of whom were musicians, in the tavern, where now and then, no doubt, the *hora legalis* was overstepped, and possibly a glass too much was drunk. What has been said of Schubert's passion for drink, is, if not a pure invention, certainly exaggerated in the highest degree. Probably, as in many other stories of that kind, the passion for drink, upon investigation, would resolve itself into a few excesses, which any good fellow might commit. Schindler meets the charge, that Schubert led an irregular life, by a reference to the prodigious number of works which he has left behind him. No man, who did not make a good use of his time, could possibly have produced them. Schubert loved good wine, and often took a glass

more than he needed; then he grew noisy and unpleasant to the company.

Hand in hand with his modesty went the respect he cherished for the musical accomplishments of others, even in the song department, where he reigned as no one has before or after him. In his early years he was particularly fond of Zumsteg's songs, whose "*Kohnal*," "*Maria Stuart*," "*Expectation*" and "*The silent Toggenburg*" inspired him with a lively interest. Also in Kreutzer's "*Wanderlieder*" he found so much pleasure, that he declared to some flatterers, who undertook to run them down, that he liked them greatly and he wished that he had composed them.

He lived in the most brilliant period of the Italian Opera; but its melodious strains, so destitute of any deeper feeling, could exercise but small attractive power over him. Yet he was an admirer of Lablache; and Rossini's "*Barber of Seville*," which never yet displeased any one, pleased also him; some pieces too in *Otello* interested him.

It is known, that Schubert throughout the greater part of his life was in by no means comfortable, and not seldom in depressed outward circumstances. Inexperienced in the acquisitive pursuits of life, and not at all disposed to estimate his productions even approximately at the price, which their intrinsic excellence deserved, he did not, like so many others, derive even a moderate subsistence from the remuneration of his labor. And yet friends stood ever ready at his side to support him both in counsel and in deed. It was they, who were moved by the thrilling effect of the "*Erl King*," to have the song engraved at their own expense; and as the first edition was soon taken up, Schubert had the satisfaction of deriving a considerable profit from the composition. * * * * *

Franz Schubert, who tried his hand in nearly every kind of music, has achieved the highest perfection in the Song; in that he has been excelled by no one to this day. Among the great number of song composers, who have flooded the world with their intellectual productions since him, Mendelssohn and Schumann are the only ones to be named, who, being musical masters of the first rank, have also made an epoch in this field, and have indicated new paths for the song, after it was supposed to have already reached its full development. The time is still recent when the former, by the smooth and rounded form peculiar to his compositions, by the delicate aroma that pervaded his ethereal tone-pictures, and by the introduction of popular elements into the work of Art, transported the musical world to ecstasy, and maintained an undisputed single sovereignty in song, until in these latter days the sceptre was wrested from his hand by Robert Schumann, who, although leaning here and there towards Mendelssohn, then again gathering himself up to the fullest self-reliance, and creating from his inmost soul, opened a new world in song, and, deeper and more rich in fancy than his predecessor, did not deny a certain spiritual relationship with Schubert.

If the achievements of these two men in the department of songs are great and of unquestionable value; if we owe them new forms and modes of expression; and if their works in this branch of music also always bear the stamp of that high culture, which was thoroughly their

own; still we cannot hesitate a moment to award the palm in song to Schubert as the one, who, with the deepest feeling, the most powerful imagination and wonderful musical apprehension of the thought, had at his command a wealth of melodies such as no other man had.

In an enumeration of his songs, which took place in the year 1820, there were found already more than 500 of them; to which in the following eight years at least 100 more were added. A great number of German, and several foreign poets contributed their larger or smaller contingent of poems for these; and among them Goethe stands out as the one, whose songs, apart from their intrinsic worth, in number also take the first place among those set to music by Schubert. Like Beethoven before him, like Mendelssohn and Schumann after him, Schubert was particularly partial to the composition of Goethe's* poems; he has set more than half a hundred of them to music.

The "Erl King" was the foundation of his fame in wider circles, and paved the way for the works that followed; but the songs from *Wilhelm Meister*, and those from the *Westöstliche Divan*, "Ganymed," *An Schwager Kronos*," "Trostlose Liebe" (inconsolable love), "Welcome and Parting," "Limits of Humanity," &c., count among the finest that Schubert has produced in song.—To these may be added the songs: "*Heidenröslein*" (little heath rose), "Nearness of the loved one," "First loss," "The Fisher," "Hunter's Evening Song," "*Meeresstille*," "Wanderer's night song," "*Geheimes*," "Shepherd's Lament," "Son of the Muses," "On the Lake," "Spirit Greeting," "*Wonne der Wehmuth*" (bliss of sadness), "Table song," "Consolation in Tears," Clara's song in "Egmont," "*Sehnsucht*," "*Versunken*," "Prometheus," "Who buys love-gods?" "The Jeweller's journeyman," "To the Moon," "*Nachtgesang*," "*Die Liebende schreibt*," "*Bundeslied*," "*An die Entfernte*," "Mahomet's song," the scenes from "Faust," and the ballads: "The Minstrel," "The rat-catcher," "*Die Spinnerin*," "The King in Thule," "The God and the Bayadere," also the quartet for men's voices: "*Im gegenwärtigen Vergangenes*" (the Past in the Present).

Schiller, too, is represented in some twenty and odd poems; among them the long ballads: "*Die Bürgschaft*," "The Diver," and "Ritter Toggenburg," the composition of which, as well as of "Elysium," "Emma," and some other poems, belongs to an earlier period. "Hector's Parting," the "Maiden's Lament," "Group from Tartarus," "Thekla a spirit voice," "Dithyramb," and "The Conflict," well known songs and often sung, connect themselves worthily with those already mentioned.

(To be continued.)

* In 1819 Schubert sent to Goethe a MS. volume of his compositions to Goethe's poems, with a respectful note, to which no answer ever came. The old master understood but little about music, and received so many letters of this sort, that it is no wonder he took no notice of a man personally quite unknown to him.

Music as Art, as Language, and as Prophecy.

From an Address before the Harvard Musical Association in 1841. By J. S. Dwight.

I have already spoken several times incidentally of music as Art, as Language, and as Prophecy. A few words now on each of these heads.

1. Not every musician is an artist. Skill, tact, science, fall short of this high distinction. Yet we confound the eternal work of Art and the merest superficiality, composed by rule or memory, under

one term, music. Let it be understood that, in all our high claims for music thus far, we have had reference, not to the mere medium of expression, to the agreeable combinations and successions of sound, which we call music, but to the music from the soul, expressing itself through that medium, through those melodies and harmonies;—not to the mere verbal and rhythmical dress of the poem, but to the poetry of it. Amongst all the numberless varieties of things which may be played and sung, there is much which claims to be music for a greater reason than that it is capable of being played and sung; for the reason, namely, that it is full of soul and meaning, and comes from an equal inspiration with the highest works of art, in painting, sculpture, or poetry. A true work of music stands for as much life, and is as much the word of a great soul, as is an *Iliad*, or a *Paradise Lost*. But poetry, which is no poetry, we can call rhyme; eloquence, which is uninspired, we can call speech; music we must call music, whether it be a jig, or a Messiah; and there is no term to distinguish among mere melodies and harmonies conformed to rule, and those which also contain meaning, originality, and the spirit of true Art. A great many compositions bear the same relation to the high Art-standard of music which the rhymed commonplaces in the corner of a newspaper bear to poetry, or which mere speech bears to eloquence.

What is Art? is not easily answered. Yet the word is understood, where its presence has been felt, by any one who has felt the difference between an Apollo Belvidere and a tolerably skillful statue from some clever hand. In each of its departments there are several stages or approximations to pure Art. Thus, among writers, there is first the one who has merely mastered the language, and who lets the language or the current literature do his thinking for him. Then there is the one who writes skillfully to some purpose, who knows how to adapt means to an end, to prove, to persuade, to please; such is the popular speaker, lecturer, essayist, satirist, or didactic poet. Then there is the artist who creates, who produces a poem or a thought for its own sake, because he is full of it and must give it utterance; it is his own genius which he writes out, and he moulds the language to his use; it is to serve no special end; his work is an end in itself; it has not merely a relative, but an absolute existence; you do not ask why it is, but only what it is. The first is acquirement; the second, talent; the third, genius. So the painter or sculptor, who succeeds in getting a faithful likeness of a head, is no artist, but only one who has acquired the use of the tools of art. Above him is the skillful designer, who gives you representations or illustrations of historical scenes, or natural objects, or his own fancies. He has talent, yet he is not the artist. The artist, the man of genius, creates.

He borrows both his materials and his subject, to be sure; but they are the least part of his picture or his group. He finds a subject in the worship of Apollo, the story of Laocoon, the landscape before him; but that is only the web into which he must put the woof. Talent uses paint and marble to represent a storm.

Genius first translates the storm into a painting, and then uses them both to represent its own ideal,—makes both serve its master thought. The works of talent surprise us, and make us think chiefly of the power and skill displayed in their execution. The works of genius overpower us, transport us, fill us with their own spirit, haunt us wherever we go, suggest to us infinitely more than we see, and come over us like the whole heavens, showing us not one thing, but the harmony of all things. The reason for their being lies not in the subject, or passage of history, which they illustrate; we do not have to go out of themselves for it. All traces of the old mythology might be lost; and the Apollo, without a name or clue to its story, would mean as much as it now means. So in Music. With those who work in tones, as with those who work in stone, or brass, or colors, there are all grades of excellence, from manufacture up to art. Do not confound the mechanical composer or maker-up with the creator or artist, whose music is the exponent and beautiful revelation of his life. Believe, too, that in music itself there is something greater than any thing which it undertakes to illustrate or adorn; that art is greater than its subjects or occasions; that music has something more to do than to clothe a given thought, or imitate a given scene or story. Its nobler mission is to publish its own secret; to give you, not storms, moonlight, battles, hymns, tragedies, recollections; for those you have, (in the original, which is better than the copy,) but to give you music, something which concerns you intimately, and which is not published in any other way. A great deal is said about imitations of nature, or stories of human life, running through music; and there is great joy among the disciples when some such hint, by way of explanation of his meaning in

some piece, admired we know not why, can be got from the great master. Not content with enjoying it as music, we ask to have it repeated to us as thought; which is like asking to have the condition of the blessed in another world made visible to eye and ear in this world. To hear music truly, you enter the realm of music, and feel as if all the world was music, and nothing but music; you forget your former state; histories, persons, scenes, thoughts, words, are foreign here; it is not their element; the most you can do will be to say, like Paul, "I know not whether I was in the body or out of the body." Return to the matter-of-fact life of the senses, and ask the composer what he meant, and either he will give no answer, or one that will sadly disappoint you. Importuned for an answer of some sort, he will tell you of any fly of circumstance that chanced to light upon his paper while he wrote, of any stray thoughts, or momentary consciousness of things in the outward world, which chequered the pure sky of his rhapsody at his piano.

Ask the clear running stream its meaning; you will recognize the chance reflections of objects flitting over it, objects beautiful, fanciful, grotesque or low; but they are not the running stream. So in Art; you may see all things, but not itself. Imitative music is sometimes wonderful, but it is not the highest. Music is essentially subjective, and mere musical imitations of objects are a prostitution of the art. They are not art, any more than the Daguerreotype is art.

Curiosity is excited to hear the *Battle of Prague*, or Neukomm's *Fantasia*, on the organ, representing a concert on a lake interrupted by a storm. Such things can hardly entertain the lover of true music twice. Even Haydn's "*Creation*," by its literal imitations, sacrifices too much to effect. Schindler, the biographer of Beethoven, gives us an explanation, from the master himself, of one of his sonatas, and traces minutely through, from phrase to phrase, two answering parts, one pleading, the other angrily refusing, as if it were a quarrel between two lovers, or between husband and wife. But from the lips of Beethoven himself, I would not accept so low an explanation. He told what he could, perhaps, but left the most untold, or never thought how much he meant. Could the story affect us like the music?

Of no vulgar nature must the conflict be, which could be carried up into the pure realm of art and made immortal;—a conflict of ideal spirits, or of principles, or say, of the individual soul with Destiny, the music, the meanwhile, harmonizing all their wild, impatient outbreaks, that they may not go beyond the law of beauty, and thus predicting the sure and happy reconciliation. On another occasion, being asked the key to a sonata, he replied, "Read Shakspeare's *Tempest*." But he did not say, "It is a musical translation of the *Tempest*." In vain will you endeavor to trace the story through it, save as you trace a vague and fanciful connection between the accidental figures in the veins of mahogany or marble. You cannot say, this represents the storm; this, the scolding of the boatswain; this, the uplifting of the magician's wand; this, the pleading sympathy of Miranda; and this, the sudden flight and apparition of the tricky Ariel. All that, done ever so well, would have been but a musical curiosity. Our artist worked for no such end in this sonata. It was his own wild and glorious mood which he would utter and preserve in the immortal form of art. Would you know what wrought him up to such a pitch of feeling? "Read Shakspeare's *Tempest*." These strains are but the audible vibrations of his soul under the spell of that wild tale of elemental discord, wonder, love, and all-subduing justice; his rapturous response to the tones of another master mind. While you listen, your fancy will roam at large and recognize, *ad libitum*, full many a well known face,—Ariels, and beautiful, or grotesque spirits without number, "music i' the air," Calibans and growling thunder, the whole isle shaking, waves roaring, clouds blackening, flames flickering on the tops of masts, soft sighs of love and compassion, and deep tones of fatherly wisdom,—but all indefinite, all the vague, evanescent intermings and successions of a dream. No regular synopsis could be given. Such is the difference between Art and skill. And thus is Music, as an art, no parasite, living upon other arts, but endowed with an independent being, and entrusted with its own peculiar mission.

2. After what has now been said, it will be safe to speak of music as Language. It is a language. It is so independently of words. Indeed, all progress in musical taste brings with it a growing preference for instrumental music over vocal. It compromises something of its own peculiar eloquence to even the most judicious union with poetry. I call it the language of natural religion, and class it among the evidences of our religious nature. It is the natural language of emotions and aspirations, which imply the existence of more than is seen, which press to-

wards the heart of all things, and cannot bear to believe that nature is lifeless. There is most music, where there is most of this spontaneous spirituality; where men are most conscious of the unseen world;—not where men have most strictness of faith or observance, but where they live practically above what is narrowly called the Practical, and seem to know that they have souls to satisfy as well as bodies. It is the most intimate of languages. Two Germans, meeting after a long separation, would hardly feel that they had conversed, until they had made music together; it would seem a cold meeting to them without that. And there is a certain rude *Æolian*-harp music running through Speech, which gives us our most intimate knowledge of one another. We learn more of a person from the tones in which he says a thing, than from the thing he says. His words convey a special meaning; but the tones and modulations, the rhythm and quality of his voice, convey the whole spirit and character of the man to us. His words tell us what he means now; his tones, what he means always,—not merely the meaning of what he is now stating, but the meaning of *him*. You need only catch the tones of a speaker in another room, where you can neither see him nor distinguish his words, to know just how refined, how calm, how generous he is, and whether he is a hopeful child and a believer, or a skeptical and politic man of tact.

3. And now for the Prophetic character of Music. I have called it the language of our presentiments. The communion which we enjoy through it is an intimation of the higher life into which this progressive organization of ours will unfold itself. Nay, it is itself, for the time being, the "substance of things hoped for." It warns us of that essential harmony of things which our artificial ways disturb, and sings to us, for our comfort, that the broken fragments of the kingdom of heaven, as they lie about us here in the chaos of sin and strife, shall one day rise together in a fair, harmonious whole. In other words, music predicts the final reconciliation of the sacred and the secular in all things, the doing away of that distinction by the return of all things to their primitive and holy uses. And wherever true music is, that reconciliation *has*, for the time being, taken place.—

For music hallows even trivial occasions. It ennobles all it touches. It idealizes even the dance, and exalts it to the dignity of the dance of Miriam on the shore of the Red Sea. Pleasure is less dangerous, less sensual, less trivial, when music intellectualizes it. The believer in depravity, the strictest ascetic, will allow that "to the pure all things are pure," *were we only pure*. Now it is conceivable that the week might be as holy as the Sabbath; that man might glorify God with the labor of his hands, as well as in the sanctuary; that his talk with his brother might be communion; and that gaiety and dancing might be, not a perversion and a wicked waste of life, but the innocent and truthful joy of grateful children beneath a Father's smile. So far as the legitimate influence of music goes, this thing is realized. The theatre is a better place when music from the heart is heard there. The dance becomes the poetry of motion when the music is not a mere tickler of the sense, but a graceful and exquisite work of art, speaking to the soul, like some of the happiest waltzes of Strauss or Laennier. A tender melancholy, as of moonlight and the flow of waters, comes over one sometimes in the mere music of the waltz. Does it not show how all things must be lifted up, and restored at last to their original sacredness? how this whole life, without losing any of its naturalness, must become a temple and act of worship? And if musicians, the inspired masters of that guild, do degrade their genius to low subjects, give trivial names to their sublimest pieces, and herd with the profane, it proves only a false state of things, and that there ought not to be any profane. In *their* world, in their mysterious realm of music, which is their atmosphere, their life, and in which they are glorious, there is no secular, no sacred; all is soul and beauty; all is liberal, disinterested, pure; no doubt, no dogmatism can enter there; no selfishness, no grossness. Those are narrow, private faults, and music is a universal language. Those belong to men as they are; music belongs to humanity in its original. And he, who has most deeply felt the power of music, is most humbled by the thought of the lost brightness of his own original, and most yearns to realize the promised reconciliation of which I have spoken. A true lover of music must be in some sense a "perfectionist."

Yes! in music, if true to itself there is nothing profane. It comes from above. It is a stray, reflected light from heaven, glancing about, here and there, over all the surface and the walls of this our early life, entering without fear each dull and vulgar haunt,—a sort of revelation to the vulgar, that there

is a capacity in him for something more. When shall we move as freely and beneficently among our brethren, high or low, pure or tainted, and in all places, whether consecrated or not, as this heavenly benefactress moves among us? Does she not teach us that this divorce of secular from sacred, of nature from religion, is all wrong? Wherever a holy spirit comes, whether it comes in the shape of a good man, or of hallowed associations which hang around a church, or of a true strain of careless, wandering music, such as sometimes falls, like that stray sunbeam, into wholes where vice frequents, there, so long as it lingers, is the place made holy. All things may be exalted in this way. Have you not observed the effect of moonlight, how, with magic wand, she transforms the old white house into a marble palace, hides all the obtrusive and discordant features of the scene, and, with vague and delicate shading, brings out all its ideal beauty, turning the dirty village into a romantic fairy spot? Music, too, is such a charmer. The profane thought forgets itself, when she approaches. Through the coarse, worldly features of the sensualist glows the expression of the future angel; he looks the nobler nature which he should be, while he harkens, spell-bound, to her melodies.

What matter, then, if Handel's "Messiah," that sublime work of musical art, was written for the theatre? Does it smell of the theatre now? Does it suggest tinsel and spangles, and rouge for the face, and the smoke of foot-lamps? Is it not all pregnant with celestial meaning? Does it not acquaint us with the deepest humility, the purest exaltation which the human soul has ever known? Each successive performance of that oratorio fills the hearer with new wonder. One familiar at all with the processes and difficulties of musical art, cannot but feel, as he hears it, as if an impossibility had been achieved, something greater than a mere mortal could feel it in his limited nature to do. The music seems to have come from the same inspiration with the words which it embalms. Whatever the intellect may demand, the heart asks no better interpreter of those words than this music. Indeed, it seems as if every note were set by the same necessity of an all-wise will which set the stars; as if there were no room for choice, this being the music pre-ordained for this theme, so there could be no other. One who has heard it often, and has it all by heart, finds those old Hebrew sentences and the melodies of the modern artist growing inseparable in his mind, as if they belonged together from the first by right, and had come to us separately by some mistake. Had I devoted this discourse exclusively to an attempt to do justice to the Oratorio of the Messiah, I might have succeeded better in unfolding the wealth, spirituality and dignity of the musical art by that single illustration, than by all the remarks which I have scattered over so much ground. The same I might do, were there any art of congealing the fluid spirit of music into words, with some one of the great triumphs of pure, or instrumental music, some symphony of Mozart or Beethoven. But time fails.

(From Novello's Musical Times.)

Life and Labors of Vincent Novello.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

(Continued from page 381.)

It was at Paris, on their return from their tour in Germany and visit to Mozart's family, that Mr. and Mrs. Novello brought to maturity their project for placing their daughter Clara at Mons. Choron's establishment for vocal pupils in the French Academy of Singing for Church Music. The child had given tokens of possessing a voice and musical abilities rare in their order; and though so young, hopes were given by Monsr. Fétis and other influential persons, that the little girl might possibly obtain admission there, were she to compete with the other young-lady candidates about to try for a nomination. On learning this chance, Mrs. Novello, with her usual energy of decision, set out immediately to fetch the little Clara in time for the approaching trial in Paris. So young was the childish candidate, that she had (rather against the grain of her little ladyship's dignity!) to be placed on a stool when the first public performance of the pupils took place after Clara had gained her election; yet so potent was the youthful voice, so assured was the musical execution, that her umpires at once decided in her favor. That stool was the first step of her steady ascension to the throne of vocal supremacy. The father had reason to congratulate himself on the firm basis he had given to his little girl's education in grounding her thoroughly in the elements of her art; for she acquitted herself with a self-possession and certainty that won her immediate success. Her judges were almost as much amused as pleased with the business-like, quiet, un-

fluttered manner of the child, in the delivery of her competitive exercise and piece. She sang these as though she had been accustomed to face an audience for years, instead of having seen but a few summers since her cradle. As an indication of the full tone and unwavering style which characterized Clara's singing even at the early age,—one of her judges chancing to hear the little girl sing in an adjoining room on the eve of the trial day, thought it was a girl of sixteen, and could hardly believe his eyes when he beheld the blue-eyed English child in a white frock who had just been performing Arne's "Soldier tired" with that confident brilliancy and rich roundness of voice. The weight and wealth of tone, with purity and precision in Clara's high notes, were as remarkable then as they have been ever since,—silvery, bell-like, clear and ringing.

Before that year came to a close, Vincent Novello had to pay the final tribute of respect to Mozart's sister. Not many months after he had been to Salzburg to take the subscribed sum to Madame Sonnenburg, news of her death reached England; and Mr. Novello, in commemoration, and as a homage to her illustrious brother, got up a performance of Mozart's *Requiem*, with a small orchestra and organ, in South Street Chapel. A few choice instruments,—Mori's violin, Mariotti's trombone, Anfossi's double-bass, and some other professional friends' assistance, sustained the organist in his refined execution of the great musician's masterpiece. Eye as well as ear was gratified upon that occasion (the last wherein South Street Chapel shone with its former glory; for, soon after, it was dismantled, and the Embassy's service no longer performed there) in the expression of Vincent Novello's countenance, while the reflection of the light from the tapers fell full upon it, beaming with the intellectual rapture and enthusiasm for the great master he was illustrating, as well as for the art in which he himself so excelled. His admirably-shaped head, in harmonious relief against the crimson drapery surrounding the organ-loft, formed a picture that might have been a study for Titian.

Here may be a fitting place to mention that Vincent's elder brother, Mr. Francis Novello, had been the principal bass-singer at the Portuguese Chapel, in South Street, during the whole period of the former's organistship there; and on the occasion in question, it was that beautiful voice, mellow yet sonorous, which gave full effect to the noble "Tuba mirum," "Recordare," and "Benedictus." The quality of Mr. Francis Novello's voice, and the earnestness of feeling which his enthusiastic admiration of music enabled him to throw into the compositions wherein he took part, will not be readily forgotten by those who remember the choir at South Street.

It was in the following year that the family removed to 67, Frith Street; and it was here that Vincent Novello's eldest son, Alfred, first commenced business. A very modest beginning, in appearance, —a couple of parlor windows and a glass-door, with a few title-pages bearing composers' names of sterling merit, and Vincent Novello's as editor; but conscientious faith in promoting the diffusion of the best music on the part of him who edited,—industry, punctuality and zeal on the part of the young publisher,—with practical counsel, moral encouragement and untiring sympathy on the part of her who aided husband and son in their public endeavors as in their private hopes and aims,—made that original simple parlor-shop the germ of the mart for supplying England—nay, the world—with highest-class music. It was at 67, Frith street, and subsequently at 69, Dean street, (to which later place he removed in 1834) that Vincent Novello had the gratification of seeing his sons and daughters around him in the exercise of those talents which nature had given, and which himself and wife had fostered. Judicious indulgence, affection and care, and wise cherishing brought their happy fruits; and the art-loving father had the joy of possessing, in his own offspring, individuals all more or less gifted with the musical capacity which he particularly prized. Among his daughters he had an ample supply of soprano voices, and one alto; his sons Alfred and Edward had each a bass voice, while his son-in-law, Charles, sang tenor; thus, at any time, the musician could have performed in his own family those more refined compositions which were his especial favorites. The delight he took in hearing such vocal gems as Mozart's "Ave verum," Leonardo Leo's "Kyrie eleison," Wilbye's "Flora gave me," or Lindley's "Let me carelessly," suggested to him the writing out of four green-bound part-music books, filled with the choicest unaccompanied concerted pieces, amounting to more than two hundred; and thus, when he and his young people spent a day in the fields, took a journey, or were otherwise beyond the reach of an instrument, they could enjoy the pastime of music as a crowning pleasure. He entitled these volumes "Music for the Open Air,"

and they always accompanied the family in their holiday excursions. One of the first pieces is the Canon 4 in 2, which appeared in the 121st number of the *Musical Times*, and which for years was daily sung for him by Vincent Novello's family as an after-dinner Grace. The charming quartet which will be given in the April number, was written by its composer, Charles Stokes, for his friend Vincent Novello's family-choir at this happy period of their lives; and has its place in the green-bound volumes. To the just-mentioned Canon (which he entitled "A thanksgiving after enjoyment") its composer appended the following note: "The above Canon was written in commemoration of a most delightful musical evening, which the composer had passed in company with Malibran, De Beriot, Willman, Mendelssohn, and other rare musicians. As soon as he awoke the next morning, he wrote the above little composition, in acknowledgment of the great pleasure he enjoyed.—V. N."

Those "musical evenings," were indeed memorable epochs; perhaps the most memorable was the one in question. It was soon after Malibran's marriage with De Beriot; and they both came to this party at the Novellos' house. De Beriot played in a string quartet of Haydn's, with that perfect tone and style which distinguished him. Then his wife gave in generously lavish succession Mozart's "Non più di fiori," with Willman's obbligato accompaniment on the Corno di bassetto, a "Saneta Maria" of her host's composition (which she sang at sight with consummate effect and expression), a gracefully tender air, "Ah, rien n'est doux comme la voix qui dit je t'aime," and lastly a spirited mariner's song, with a sailorly burden chiming as it were with their rope-hauling. In these two latter she accompanied herself; and when she had concluded among a rave of admiring plaudits from all present, she ran up to one of the heartiest among the applauding guests—Felix Mendelssohn—and said in her own winning playfully imperious manner (which a touch of foreign speech and accent made only the more fascinating), "Now, Mr. Mendelssohn, I never do nothing for nothing; you must play for me, now I have sung for you." He, "nothing loath," let her lead him to the pianoforte; where he dashed into a wonderfully impulsive extempore—masterly, musician-like, full of gusto. In this marvellous improvisation he introduced the several pieces Malibran had just sung, working them with admirable skill one after the other; and finally, in combination, the four subjects blended together in elaborate counterpoint. No wonder the delight experienced by the musical soul of the master of the house took the shape which it did "next morning."

It is not, perhaps, too much to say that the musical evenings at Vincent Novello's house gave one great original incitement to the performance of high-class music in domestic circles which has now so generally obtained in England. The professor's musical socialities in London excited emulation, and produced similar assemblages in private circles of the metropolis; these spread; and, thus, the pleasant practice of performing sterling classical music among family and friendly re-unions has now become universal in town and country. Bacon pronounces a garden to be "the purest of human pleasures;" we might call domestic music "the purest of urbane pleasures;" were it not that, though capital in itself, its delight is not confined to the capital; but is equally felt and enjoyed in the provinces. Vincent Novello was also the prime mover of another branch of social musical performance; a performance partaking of a public and a private character. He was one of the founders of the "Classical Harmonists' Society;" which consisted of some twenty to thirty gentlemen and lady members who met monthly to get up good vocal and instrumental music. And he likewise promoted the institution of the "Choral Harmonists' Society," which numbered a still larger body of subscribers. These London musical societies gave rise to provincial ones on the same plan, and were another source of promoting that diffusion of fine music, its taste, its culture, its practical knowledge and performance, which Vincent Novello ever had so much at heart.

During this elate period of Vincent Novello's life, the Musical Festival in Westminster Abbey took place in 1834. He himself presided at the organ; and his daughter Clara was one of the soprano vocalists in the sacred oratorios performed on the occasion. Many can remember the young angelic voice so appropriately heard in "How beautiful are the feet," and other Handelian strains. The reader will be pleased to see a sportive note of Charles Lamb's, written to Vincent Novello's son-in-law at this time; a note still carefully preserved, despite its pencilled characters and worn edges. It is directed outside, "Charles Cowden Clarke, Esq.," but begins and ends without address or signature. "We heard the music

in the Abbey of Winchmore Hill! and the notes were incomparably softened by the distance. Novello's chromatics were distinctly audible. Clara was faulty in B flat. Otherwise she sang like an angel. The trombone, and Beethoven's waltzes were the best. Who played the oboe?" In the same spirit (most consistent with that which pervades the whimsical, witty "Chapter on Ears") are some lines which Charles Lamb wrote in his friend Vincent Novello's album; and which he entitled

FREE THOUGHTS ON SOME EMINENT COMPOSERS.

Some cry up Haydn, some Mozart,
Just as the whim bites. For my part,
I do not care one farthing candle
For either of them, nor for Handel.
Cannot a man live free and easy
Without admiring Pergolesi?
Or through the world with comfort go
That never heard of Doctor Blow?
So help me God, I hardly have;
And yet I eat, and drink, and shave,
Like other people, if you watch it,
And know no more of stave and crotchet,
Than did the primitive Peruvians,
Or those old ante-queer-Deluvians,
That lived in the unwashed world with Tubal,
Before that dirty blacksmith, Jubal,
By strokes on anvil, or by summ'at
Found out, to his great surprise, the Gamut.
I care no more for Cimarosa
Than he did for Salvator Rosa,
Being no painter: and bad luck
Be mine, if I can bear that Gluck.
Old Tycho Brahe, and modern Herschel
Had something in 'em; but who's Purcell?
The Devil with his foot so cloven,
For aught I care, may take Beethoven;
And, if the bargain does not suit,
I'll throw him Weber in to boot.
There's not the splitting of a splinter
To choose 'twixt him last named, and Winter.
Of Doctor Pepsich old Queen Dido
Knows just as much, God knows, as I do.
I would not go four miles to visit
Sebastian Bach—or *Bach*—which is it?
No more I would for Bononcini.
As for Novello, and Rossini,
I shall not say a word to grieve 'em,
Because they're living. So I leave 'em.

C. LAMB.

Beneath, on the same page, Miss Lamb subjoined the following:—

The reason why my brother's so severe,
Vincentio, is—my brother has no ear;
And Caradori her mellifluous throat
Might stretch in vain to make him learn a note.
Of common tunes he knows not anything,
Nor "Rule Britannia" from "God save the King."
He rail at Handel! He the gamut quiz!
I'd lay my life he knows not what it is.
His spite at music is a pretty whim—
He loves not it, because it loves not him.

M. LAMB.

After a few years, the Novellos left London for Bayswater; and resided for some time, successively, in two of the pretty cottages on Craven Hill, when that place still retained its primitive simplicity, and consisted of small detached dwellings with gardens, instead of the grand houses which now rise there in lofty rows. For a large portion of this time, Vincent Novello remained in England, superintending his various musical works; while his wife accompanied their daughter Clara abroad on a lengthened professional tour in Germany and Russia, and during a period when it was resolved that she should study in Italy, with a view to the lyric stage. Be it here noted, that Mrs. Novello's absence from home, far from preventing her fulfilment of home-duties, only afforded scope for her manifesting how exalted a woman can accomplish apparently incompatible tasks. Even while personally devoting exclusive attention to one child, by her presence and vigilant care, Mrs. Novello no less influenced and guided those remaining under the paternal roof by constant and minutely-detailed letters, filled with accounts of what she herself beheld abroad that might tend to the instruction and entertainment of those she wrote to, or with advice, sympathy, and the liveliest interest in all they were thinking, saying and doing at home. Not only did she cheer and support her husband, by these frequent and loving epistles, (models of letter-composition!) but she continued the good work of stimulating and encouraging their children to conduct that should redound to their own and their parent's honor and happiness. So felicitously did she blend counsel with affectionate encouragement, that her opinion, her encomium, were ever the incentive to fresh exertion; and they no less strove to satisfy the mother, than to gratify the tender friend. With a vivacity of

participation in everything that occupied their hopes or their wishes, she made herself almost more a comrade than a parent to her adoring children; and even while she was away from them, they felt her with them in spirit. By a paradox wrought to a truth through the might of such a nature as hers,—those who most missed her, best bore separation from her. The talent which distinguished yet another of Vincent Novello's daughters, for singing and for languages, prolonged this separation; the mother's namesake, Mary Sabilla, finding similar maternal devotion to that which Clara had found.

At the close of the year 1848, it became evident that Mrs. Novello's health required residence in a warmer climate; and she wintered in Rome, near to her daughter Clara, who was by that time married to an Italian nobleman, Count Gigliucci. In 1849, Vincent Novello joined his wife at Nice, where they took a pleasant house, for themselves and their youngest surviving daughter, Sabilla, to dwell in henceforth; as the latter's delicacy of throat, and susceptibility to cold and damp, rendered a southern atmosphere equally needful for her. Here, visited every autumn by their other children, Vincent Novello and his wife lived for some years in quiet retirement, after the life of active exertion they had hitherto led with such prosperous effect; and it was with complacent feeling, that they found themselves settled, during the evening of existence, in that beautiful land which had given birth to the immediate progenitor of Vincent Novello.

It remains but to speak more particularly of his several productions; those musical labors which so worthily and so happily had occupied the active portion of his life.

(To be continued.)

Music Abroad.

LEIPZIG.—The 14th Gewandhaus Concert (Jan. 24) was made up as follows: Overture to the *Wasserträger*, by Cherubini; Aria from Spohr's *Jessonda*; Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto for piano; "Night-song," by Marschner, and "May Song" by Meyerbeer; Concert Overture by Julius Rietz; Symphony No. 3 (in E flat), in five movements, by Robert Schumann. The singer was Mme. Caggiati-Tettelbach, of the royal opera in Hanover, said to be not fresh in voice, while her selections were trivial. The Mendelssohn Concerto was played by a pupil of the Conservatorium, Miss Madeline Schiller, from London, a young lady of decided talent for her instrument, who won great applause, echoed by the critics, but with cautions.

At the usual Friday evening Musical Entertainment of the pupils and professors of the Conservatorium, in the dingy little room in the old Gewandhaus, (Jan. 24), these pieces were performed: String Quartet, in A, by Mozart; *Nocturne* and *Etude* by Chopin; Manuscript Sonata for piano, in Eb, by E. F. Richter; third Concerto for piano, in C sharp minor, first movement, by Ferdinand Ries; sixth Concerto (*fantastique*), by Moscheles.—The programme of the preceding week was yet more interesting: Sonata for piano and violin, by J. S. Bach, in B minor, played by Reinecke and David; Variations on a theme from Bach, composed and played by Reinecke; Quartet in B flat, by Haydn; Franz Schubert's Octet for two violins, viola, 'cello, double bass, horn, bassoon and clarinet (op. 166).

An interesting performance of church music, old German, old Italian, and modern, was given in the Thomas Church by Riedel's Vocal Society. Heinrich Schütz, Michael Praetorius, John Eccard, Palestrina and Marcello were represented; also Cherubini, and among living composers, Ferdinand Gluck, Chr. Fink, Gustav Flügel, and Robert Franz (the last named by a Psalm (op. 19) for two choirs *a capella*, "a hymn here and there of Bach-like majesty and splendor").

The seventh concert of the Euterpe Society took place Jan. 21. The first part was directed by Dr. Langer, the second by Herr von Bronsart. It opened with Schumann's "Manfred" overture. Mme. Krebs-Michalesi sang an aria from Wagner's *Rienzi*,

an air from Bach's Christmas Oratorio, Schubert's "Wanderer," and "Mein Hochland" by C. Krebs. Herr Bronsart played Schubert's Fantasia in C and Hungarian Rhapsody No. 13, as arranged by Liszt. Beethoven's 8th Symphony formed the second part.

The sixth Soirée for Chamber Music took place in the Gewandhaus concert hall Jan. 13. Kapellmeister Reinecke and Concert-master David played together the piano and violin Sonata in B minor by J. S. Bach; Haydn's Quartet in B flat was played by Messrs. David, Röntgen, Hermann and Davidoff—it would be hard to find four better; Reinecke's variations on a theme of Bach followed, and the evening closed with Schubert's Octet mentioned above.

BERLIN.—The *Singademie*, for its third subscription concert, performed the oratorio "Abraham," composed by Martin Blumner, its second director. This work is highly esteemed in Berlin, and has been produced three times during the last two years; whereas, some of the critics complain, Reinthal's "Jeptha" and Rubinstein's "Paradise Lost" have not been heard there at all.

A great concert of the *Männergesangverein* clubs of Berlin—58 clubs, with 1500 voices—was given in the Royal Opera house, in the presence of the king and queen, in aid of the Prussian fleet. Capellmeister Taubert directed, and wrote a sailor song for the occasion, which was performed with orchestral accompaniment and created much enthusiasm. Part-songs by Mendelssohn, Marschner and others were sung, some with orchestra, some with an accompaniment of a large number of French horns, and some unaccompanied. People were surprised by the fresh power and fullness of the voices, and the precision and purity of their execution.

Weber's *Euryanthe* was given in the last of January in the Royal Opera house. Frau Harriers-Wipern sang the part of *Euryanthe*, and Frau Köster that of *Eglantine*. Herr Formes (tenor) is well known as one of the best representatives of *Adolar*, and Herr Krause of *Lysiart*. Other operas given since Christmas time are: Spontini's *Vestalin*, Wagner's *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* (nowhere presented with such splendid completeness as in Berlin; Frl. de Ahna has succeeded to Johanna Wagner in the part of Ortrud, which was one of the great dramatic triumphs of the latter), *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Nurmal*, *Lac des Fées*, &c. The Italian Opera came to a close in February. It seems not to have excited that enthusiastic interest it did last year, although the Berliners have had their favorite Trebelli, the contralto, again, and in spite too of the decided impression made by Adelina Patti.

Hans von Bülow, son-in-law of Liszt, and court pianist, continues to give concerts in the Singakademie, himself the sole performer, and playing everything from Bach to Liszt and Raff, without any notes before him. Here is his programme of Jan. 3d: *Chaconne* in F by Handel; *Sarabande* and *Passepied* in E minor, by J. S. Bach; A major Sonata (op. 101), Beethoven; *Fantasia* in three parts (op. 17), Robt. Schumann; two concert *Etudes*: "Feux follets," *Eroica* and bravura waltze on motives from Gounod's *Faust*, Liszt; *Prelude and Fugue* in A flat, op. 53, by Rubinstein, and *Ballade*, op. 11, C sharp minor, by the concert-giver.

HANOVER.—M. Gounod's *Faust* has been placed on the stage at the Theatre Royal, with more than ordinary splendor. In the last act alone there are five new scenes, painted by Herr Martin. As a mark of his approbation of her performance of Gretchen, the King has forwarded Mlle. Ulrich a magnificent bracelet, accompanied by a most flattering letter. A concert has already been given in aid of the funds for the Marschner Monument.

There were eighty operatic performances at the Theatre Royal during the last year. Two of the operas performed—*Das Glöckchen des Eremiten* and M. Gounod's *Faust*—were novelties. There were twelve revivals. In stock operas, the various composers were represented as follows; Auber, one per-

formance; Bellini, 1; Boieldieu, 2; Donizetti, 3; Fiorentini, 1; Flotow, 3; Glässer, 1; Gounod, 2; Halévy, 1; Kreutzer, 1; Lortzing, 4; Maillart, 3; Marschner, 4; Méhul, 2; Meyerbeer, 9; Mozart, 3; Nicolai, 1; Offenbach, 1; Rossini, 3; Spohr, 1; Verdi, 3; Wagner, 4; and Weber, 1.

HAMBERG.—The Musikverein, consisting of more than 200 members, lately gave a highly successful performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.

WIESBADEN.—Ferdinand Hiller's new opera, *Die Katakomben*, libretto by Herr Moritz Hartmann, is in active rehearsal, and will be produced on the 2nd February.

REGENSBURG.—The numerous admirers of Joseph Haydn will be glad to learn that an account of the old master's life and productions will shortly be published. It is from the pen of Dr. Dominicus Mattenleiter, and will form four volumes. The author has spent twenty years in collecting his materials, with what trouble and sacrifices may easily be imagined.

MUNICH.—M. Gounod's *Faust* has been given here, before a crowded house. The subscription-list was entirely suspended. Not only were the singers, but the scene painter and the machinist repeatedly called on. The King and Queen, as well as the Princes Adalbert and Theodore were present. At a concert lately given by Herr Peter Marolt, Mad. Sophia Schröder, an old lady eighty-two years old, and a pensioned member of the Theatre Royal, recited an ode by Klopstock, with all the energy and spirit of a young woman. She was loudly applauded.—At the second subscription concert given by Herr Ortner, Court-organist, the great features in the programme were a Symphony in E flat, by Haydn; and Mendelssohn's "Capriccio brillante," in B minor, for pianoforte and orchestra; the latter played by Professor Schönnchen.—During the past year there were, at the Theatre Royal, altogether, 314 representations; 140 representations of operas, and 32 of ballets. Three operas were entirely new; and five, revivals. The three novelties were: *Der Hans ist da*, comic opera, by Förzy; *Orpheus und Eurydice*, by Gluck, and *Dom Sebastian*, by Donizetti. The revivals were *Doctor und Apotheker*, by Dittersdorf; *Le Chaperon Rouge*, by Boieldieu; *Marie*, by Hérold; *Le Maçon*, by Auber; and *Le Nozze di Figaro*, by Mozart. Meyerbeer was represented twelve times; Weber nine; Gluck and Boieldieu, eight each; Conradi, Donizetti and Flotow, seven each; Mozart six; and Wagner, five.

GOTHA.—The Duke of Saxe Meiningen has bestowed the medal and decoration affiliated to the Ernestian House Order, on Herr Alfred Jaell, the pianist. Herr Jaell has been making a professional tour, through Hanover, Cassel, Meyance and Meiningen, and will shortly visit Hamburg, Leipsic and Bremen.

BRESLAU.—The first subscription concert of the Breslau Orchestral Union, went off with great *éclat*. About 1100 tickets were sold, and the audience were loud in their applause. The orchestra, consisting of seventy Musicians, was under the direction of Dr. Damrosch. The principal orchestral works, comprised in the programme, were the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, Gade's *Michael Angelo* overture, and Beethoven's Symphony in C minor. Herr Jean Becker played Mendelssohn's violin concerto, and Paganini's variations.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 22, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of Handel's "Messiah."

Concerts.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The first cycle, so to speak, of eight Afternoon Concerts was completed on Wednesday, with a splendid audience and an uncommonly fine programme. What less could be said of a programme for the thousands of an afternoon, when it contained the whole C minor Symphony,—the most widely appreciated here of all large orchestral works (the *Freyschütz* and *Tell* overtures perhaps excepted), and the delicious overture to "Oberon." The magical

wonder-horn of the last opened the concert; and a Lanner waltz was interposed as a convenient "buffer" between it and the Symphony. For a small orchestra, the grand old Symphony was well played and vastly enjoyed; only one longs sometimes for a "grand" orchestra, especially when the three double-basses try to scramble through the work of six or eight in the great passage in the Scherzo—no disparagement, however, to the skill and energy with which the three were handled; a little ship may get us over a stormy sea sometimes more safely than a Great Eastern. We thought the "Oberon" remarkably well played,—perhaps even with more delicacy, and warm blending of the wind tones, than in the evening concert; but we must still protest that so loud a crash (*tutti fortissimi*) before the Allegro leaps forth like a lion, sounds rather extra-orchestral, as if it came from outside the house, instead from inside the music. However the Allegro is so strong and glorious, that it soon brings the hearer back into the musical frame.

Of the following pieces the most interesting was the Duet from "William Tell" (orchestral arrangement), one of the best things in their stock of such arrangements. A *romanza* from Donizetti's *Don Sebastian*, a new Newport Polka, and a Sleigh Ride Gallop, completed the delight of the young people.

Next Wednesday will commence another cycle—another eight-bar rhythmical period—when the orchestra will perform Beethoven's *First* Symphony, Spohr's *Faust* overture, a Strauss waltz, and a *Romanza* for the oboe and violin from the "Huguenots." We cannot wish the "Union" greater success than it has had, for greater we have no hall to hold.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—Another "season" of these valuable chamber Concerts—the *thirteenth* season—has closed. It matters not whether Adagio, Allegro, or Prestissimo: equally fast, when you look back on it, the time has fled! The Chickering hall had scarcely standing room for all who came on Wednesday evening to the eighth and last concert of the season. The Club had Mr. B. J. LANG's assistance again as pianist. The selections were interesting, somewhat novel, and the pieces all well played.

1. Quartet in F, No. 1, op. 18. Beethoven
Allegro and Adagio.
2. Sonata in D, for Piano and Violoncello. Mendelssohn
Allegro and Scherzo.
Messrs. Lang and Fries.
3. Sextet in C, op. 140, for two violins, two violas and two cellos. L. Spohr
Allegro Moderato, Larghetto, Scherzo and Finale
Attacca.
4. Tarantella for violin. F. Schubert
Carl Meisel.
5. Piano Quintet in G minor, op. 7. Graedener
Allegro molto, Andante, Scherzo, Finale, Allegro vivace.
(First time.)

The last two movements from Beethoven sounded as fresh and welcome as they were familiar. His earliest Quartet, what a masterpiece it is, how full of most poetic and original ideas! The Allegro clear, limpid, wholesome, fascinating in its very intricacy, and leading you along all the more surely and intelligently by it, opening glimpses sometimes, by its dark and wondrous modulations, into the deeper mysteries of the deep-souled, but yet young and happy poet. The Adagio, one of the most heavenly, melodious strains, floating on the richest harmonies, and

charged with deepest, tenderest feeling and yearning aspiration, to be found in any of his works, except perhaps some of those much abused "post-humous" ones so-called. And what a mysterious under-current rises and rushes through the middle parts in sixteenth notes!—The pieces from the Mendelssohn Sonata were highly enjoyable, especially the Scherzo, which was delightfully played, the soft *staccato* portions with great delicacy and nice accent.—Spohr's Sextet improves upon acquaintance, with the exception still however of the first movement, which sounds to our ear more bold and fantastic than agreeable. Mr. MEISEL executed the violin Tarantella with fire, precision, and well kept up force, and won great applause; the composition would hardly pass for a specimen of Schubert's best power, and it is difficult for us to believe that the commonplace and sentimental introduction is by Schubert; many a concert virtuoso might have written it.

Grädener is a new name in our concerts; but, judging from the Quintet played on this occasion, we should be glad to hear more of him. C. P. Grädener, as we learn from German journals, resides in Hamburg, and is one of the earliest and foremost of the new composers who have followed in the wake of Schumann. In that connection his name is often coupled with Bargiel. Yet he has credit for not a little originality, a certain fiery impetus, and traits resembling Schubert. He first published little piano-forte pieces, in a fantastic Schumann vein, called *Fliegeude Blätter* (flying leaves). A serious and intelligent critic in the Vienna *Musik-Zeitung*, in analyzing a couple of piano Trios of his, in which various themes and thoughts of a very Schumannish stamp are cited, says of him: "Grädener's inner nature seems, from these compositions, to be rather hotspur-ish; the temperature of his blood very high, inclined to violence and extravagances. There is no lack of depth, and certainly none of tenderness of feeling. But he allows himself to be swept away by his stormy and impatient nature, and does not seem to know closely enough the limits which an Art-work must observe, to be really edifying and enduring." All this was certainly to a great degree made good in the hearing of Wednesday. The Quintet is fiery enough; it starts off with a wild, almost alarming energy, in an Allegro motive that reminds one of Schubert's "Erl-king" accompaniment; bold and interesting contrasts follow; the thoughts, at all events the temper of the thing, get a strong grasp on you; you listen eagerly, and, for once at least (how many repetitions it will bear we know not), feel repaid. There is rich, strong euphony in the blending of the instruments, a suggestion often of orchestral proportions. The Andante, beginning with piano solo, is beautifully pure, serene and tender, but suddenly gives way to a quaint, quicker subject, somewhat romance-like, which is in the strongest contrast, but seems not unnaturally begotten. Indeed when the Scherzo comes, which has a decided individuality, it seems as if it sprang right from the brain of the Andante. This speaks for the consistency, musical and poetical, of the work as a whole. Nor were we conscious of any falling off in the Finale. But we hope we may have an opportunity to hear this work again, when we may note its character more closely. Mr. LANG seemed to enter quite into the spirit of it, and did not allow the piano-

forte part to suffer in the rendering; nor did the other gentlemen.

It may be worth while to look back over the season so successfully past, and see what the Mendelssohn Quintette Club have done for us in these eight concerts. Of BEETHOVEN they have given us for the first time, and twice, the great Quartet in B flat, op. 130; also the 10th Quartet, in E flat; the No. 3 of op. 18, (in D); No. 1 of op. 18; the first Quintet, in E flat, op. 4; and the Quintet arranged from the Piano Trio.—Of MOZART: the first Quintet, in C minor; and the 6th Quartet, in C.—Of HAYDN: the Quartet, in Bb, No. 78, only.—Of MENDELSSOHN; the C minor Piano Trio; Quartet in E flat, op. 44; Variations for piano and 'cello, op. 17: Andante and Scherzo from posthumous Quartet in E; Sonata, piano and 'cello, in D.—Of SCHUBERT: the Quintet in C with two 'cellos.—Of GADE: Quintet in E minor, op. 8.—Of WEBER: Quintet with clarinet, op. 24.—Of HUMMEL: Piano Trio in E, op. 83.—Of ONSLOW: 14th Quintet in F, (with contra-basso).—Of SPOHR: Sextet in C (twice).—Of SCHUMANN—not a note (English critics, who judge our Club by its name, can consider him as "paired off" with so many more works of Mendelssohn that might have been performed). On the whole, a pretty good winter's work, and something to have lived to hear.

Death of Levi P. Homer.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Homer, who, for several years has been the Instructor in Music in Harvard College at Cambridge. The wisdom of his selection by the Corporation to introduce this new branch of study into the academical course, has been proved by the success that has attended his faithful labors, attested especially by the general interest of the under-graduates in various departments of music, by the much higher standard of excellence to be noticed in the performances of the musical clubs of the college, compared to that of former years, and by the general excellence of the performances of the choir of the College Chapel, which have been entirely under his direction. While Mr. Homer's instructions have been confined to vocal music alone, he has exerted a useful influence upon the advancement of music in every way, by his counsels and instructions. His teachings were made pleasant to his pupils and his enthusiasm for his vocation did not fail to kindle a flame in those who attended his lessons, while his personal intercourse with his pupils was so friendly and agreeable that it never failed to result in a warm personal attachment. It is a misfortune to the cause of music in the College that he should have been cut off, just as he had brought his plans into effective operation and was beginning to reap the advantage of having carried his classes through a course of instruction that lasted through their college life. His labors were considerable and indefatigable, while his position was a humble one in academical rank and its compensation inadequate. We sincerely hope that the Corporation of the College may be so fortunate as to select for his successor a person as well fitted as Mr. Homer was for his place, and that the opportunity will be taken to make the place a *professorship* in academical rank, and in compensation, such as should make it an object of ambition to a college graduate to fill the post. There are such graduates who have chosen to devote their lives to the musical profession, to whom such a place would be the worthy reward of an honorable ambition. Can it not now be done?

Mr. Homer's funeral was attended by a large number of his friends and pupils, on Thursday of last week, in the Chapel where he had for years conducted the daily musical services of the College. He has left a young wife and child to mourn his irreparable loss. H. W.

CARL ZERRAÏN begins his new series of six Philharmonic Concerts at the Music Hall to-night. For Symphony he still draws from the richest of all sources, Beethoven, and gives us the warm and glowing No. 4. in B flat. Mendelssohn's Overture "*Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt*," which describes first the lifeless state of being becalmed at sea, and then the wind rising and the happy voyage and coming into port, — has not been heard here since the days of the Germania Society, and will be sure to interest. Instead of the *Symphonische Dichtung* of Liszt, at first contemplated, he has concluded to give us Weber's Jubilee Overture, and throws in also for a choice bit the "Turkish March" of Beethoven. For solo talent, he announces Mme. D'ANGRI, the famous contralto, who was here with Thalberg four years since, and who will sing "*Ah, mon fils!*" "*Non piu mesta*," and a vocal waltz.—We learn that Mr. MOLLENHAUER will play Beethoven's violin Concerto in the second concert.

The ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB have postponed their social musical entertainment to Monday evening, at Allston Hall.

We are happy to be able to state that Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis-Night," is to be performed here for the first time on Walpurgis night, i. e. the night before the 1st of May, before which time we hope to give our readers some account of the subject, the poem, &c. It will be given in the Music Hall, with full orchestra, and a picked chorus of 100 voices, under the direction of Mr. B. J. LANG. The same work is also now in course of study in a private club of amateurs, conducted by Mr. J. C. D. PARKER.

Miss LIZZIE CHAPMAN, one of our most promising Boston vocalists, arrived home last Wednesday in the Anglo-Saxon. She comes direct from Florence, where she has been studying earnestly under the best masters for two or three years past. We had the pleasure of hearing her last spring in Florence, and were certainly surprised by the degree of artistic skill she had attained. It is understood that she will sing in one of our Philharmonic concerts.

The *Transcript* learns that California is jubilant over our late Union victories:

In San Francisco, a commemorative service was held in Rev. T. S. King's church, which was attended by a throng limited only by the capacity of the house. The musical performances of the occasion were under the direction of Mr. JOSEPH TRECKLE, and consisted of selections from the most noted compositions adapted to such an occasion. The extracts from Handel's *Judas Maccabeus* were given with great effect. Dr. Holmes's Army Hymn was sung by the immense Assembly with a zeal and power never before witnessed on the western shore of our republic.

ERFURT.—The last concert of Soller's Musical Union was given in celebration of the 150th anniversary of Frederick the Great's birthday. A bust of the warlike monarch was set up, entwined with flowers, in the most conspicuous part of the concert-room. The concert began with the grand "Parademarsch" composed by Frederick himself, followed by Meyerbeer's overture to *Das Feldlager in Schlesien*, and a number of less important pieces, vocal and instrumental.

FARMINGTON, CONN.—Miss Porter's Young Ladies' School in this place still enjoys the distinction of receiving visitations of choice classical music several times during the year, and it is much to the credit of the institution that such angel visits are appreciated. Last winter OTTO DRESEL went and played to them on one of these occasions; last week Messrs. MASON and THOMAS, from New York, gave them two Soirées, with the following programmes:

THURSDAY, MARCH 13TH.

1. Ballad in A flat. Op. 47. Chopin
Wm. Mason.
2. Fantasia for Piano and Violin in C major. Op. 159. Schubert
Wm. Mason and Theo. Thomas.
3. Concerto for the Violin in E minor. Op. 64 Mendelssohn
1. Allegro molto appassionato. 2. Andante. Allegro molto vivace.
Theo. Thomas.
4. Phantasie-Stücke, for Piano. Op. 12. Schumann
2. Aufschwung. 3. Warum? 4. Grillen.
Wm. Mason.
5. Grand Sonata, for Piano and Violin, in A. Op. 47. Beethoven
1. Adagio sostenuto—Presto. 2. Andante con Variazioni. 3. Finale—Presto.
Wm. Mason and Theo. Thomas.

FRIDAY, MARCH 14TH.

1. Grand Sonata in D minor. Op. 121. For Piano-forte and Violin. Schumann
1. Ziemlich langsam.—Lebhaft. 2. Sehr lebhaft
3. Leise, einfach. 4. Bewegt.
Wm. Mason and Theo. Thomas.
2. Scherzo, B flat minor. Op. 31. Chopin
Wm. Mason.
3. Chaconne in D minor, for Violin. Bach
Theo. Thomas.
4. Sonata for the Piano, in A. Op. 101. Beethoven
1. Allegretto ma non troppo. 2. Vivace alla Marcia
3. Adagio ma non troppo, con affetto—Allegro.
Wm. Mason.

NEW YORK.—Last Sunday evening CARL BERGMANN gave a "Grand Sacred Concert" at Irving Hall, assisted by Mills, the pianist, Schreiber, on the cornet, the Arion society, and an orchestra of forty performers. The programme, which we give below, is curiously compounded, and, we suppose, is "Sacred" in the sense of placing its affections quite beyond this present world and in the "Future," with those holy, inspired prophets, Liszt and Wagner. Or was it in those tender "effusions of the heart" upon the cornet, that the audience were expected to experience religion? But how came such heathens as Beethoven and Weber in the saintly company?

- Overture "Leonore," in C, No. 3. L. von Beethoven
Reiterlied. Fr. Liszt
Arion.
- Effusions du Coeur. Morceau de Salon, for Cornet à Piston
L. Schreiber.
- Concert for Piano-forte, in A minor. R. Schumann
Mr. S. B. Mills.
- Orpheus, Poème Symphonique, first time. Fr. Liszt
Sounds from the Alps. Solo for Violoncello.
Carl Bergmann.
- Grand Scene for Solo and Chorus, from the Opera "Rienzi,"
(first time). R. Wagner
Arion Society.
- Fantasia, "Lucretia Borgia," L. de Meyer
Mr. S. B. Mills.
- Overture, "Euryanthe" C. M. von Weber

There is Italian Opera again at the Academy this week, under Mr. Grau's management. Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*, and Auber's *Masaniello* were the pieces for Wednesday and Thursday, with Senorita Cubas, the danseuse, in the part of Fenella.

GOTTSCALK has returned here and announces concerts under a new name, "*Matinées d'Instruction*," at Irving Hall. The instrument is placed in the middle of the room, and the pianist stops to explain, answer questions, &c.—The Glee and Madrigal Society gave a soirée on Wednesday at the Chickering rooms.

The fourth Philharmonic Concert took place at Irving Hall last Saturday evening, preceded as usual by public rehearsal (for the subscribers) in the morning. The orchestral pieces were Beethoven's "Heroic Symphony"; Overture to the "Vampire," by Marschner; and two *Morceaux Symphoniques* for orchestra and piano, by Robt. Goldbeck. Mr. Eisfeld conducted. The solo performers were Miss Ludcus (soprano), and P. Eltz, bassoonist.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The Philharmonic Concerts rival those of New York in attraction. Indeed the orchestra is composed mainly of the same materials, with the same excellent conductor, BERGMANN. In the fourth concert the orchestra played Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, the Allegretto from his No. 8, Mendelssohn's *Athalie* overture, and the overture "*Le Carnaval Romain*" (first time) by Berlioz. Miss Carlotta Patti and Signor Mancusi sang, from Donizetti and Verdi; and Herr Schmitz played a *Nocturne* for the French Horn, composed by Eisfeld.—For the next time are announced Spohr's Symphony

"The Seasons," Liszt's "Tasso" (one of his "Symphonic Poems"), and Mendelssohn's overture, "*Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt*."

Schumann's beautiful Cantata, "Paradise and the Peri," one of his most important works, was to be performed this week at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, at a Charity Concert, by the German Liederkranz of New York.

PHILADELPHIA.—GOTTSCALK has given four concerts, and the newspapers rave about him only less extravagantly than those in New York—extragantly, we mean, even supposing the highest merit reasonably conceivable. Beethoven and Mozart never were so bepraised. The pieces in his third concert were: his overture "The chase of King Henry," (4 hands), his transcription of the Verdi *Miserere*, his "*Murmures Aeoliennes*," and a fantasia on National airs. Brignoli and Susini assisted him. Finally Manager Grau announced a "Grand Gottschalk Gala Night," at the Academy, when besides Gottschalk's playing, the opera *Betty* was performed.—A new Cantata, "Ruth," by Mr. Frank Darley, is in rehearsal by the Harmonic Musical Society.—Senz's "Germania Rehearsals" still flourish weekly.

The third Classical Soirée of Messrs. WOLFSOHN and THOMAS (March 1,) had for programme: Sonata in C, op. 53, Beethoven's; Aria: "Parto," from Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito*; Andante from Schubert's D minor Quartet; Songs without Words, by Mendelssohn; Weber's *Schlummer-lied* (Liszt's transcription); Andante and Tarantelle by Vieuxtemps; Song, by Curschmann; Quartet in Eb, op. 47, Schumann.

WORCESTER, MASS.—The "Hauptmann Quartet" is the name of a vocal club, recently formed in this old town in the heart of the Commonwealth, and gives fresh evidence, we are told, of the spirit with which good music is cultivated there. The gentlemen composing it are: Messrs. Whitney, Richards, Hammond and Lawrence. They gave a soirée last week at the Oread Institute, in the presence of a select company invited by Rev. Dr. Pattison, the principal of that well-known Seminary for Young Ladies, in which the study of music receives especial attention. This was the programme:

- PART I.
1. Psalm. The Lord is my Shepherd. Schubert
 2. Cavatina. In Terra, Solo. Donizetti
 3. Part Song. Student's Song. Mendelssohn
 4. Duet. Children, pray this love to cherish. Spohr
 5. Quartet. Early Morning Song. Kreutzer
- PART II.
1. Quartet. O how lovely the face of the deep. Slicke
 2. Cavatina. Oh, cruel fortune. Ernani
 3. Chorus. Pilgrim Chorus. Wagner's Tanhäuser
 4. Franz's Songs—a. Good Night, b. The Church Yard, c. Parting. R. Franz
 5. Part Song. Written for the Germans at Lyons. Mendelssohn

Our informant assures us that the Quartet "executed their parts with simplicity and truth of expression, commending the music, so appropriately selected, to the good taste of every hearer."

SPRINGFIELD, MASS. The following is the programme of a concert recently given by Senor LOUIS CASSERES:

- PART I.
1. "Early Spring." Full Chorus. Mendelssohn
 2. "In Questo Semplice." Donizetti
Miss Crossett.
 3. Duo, "Ai Nostri Monti." Verdi
Miss Sterns and Mr. R. Chase.
 4. "Thou art so near and yet so far." Reichart
Miss Mann.
 5. "Fac ut Portem," Stabat Mater. Rossini
Mrs. Tiffany.
 6. "Farewell." Mendelssohn
Messrs. Ladd, Raymond, Chase, Brinsmade, and Chapin.
- PART II.
1. Sonata, op. 24; 1. Adagio; 2. Rondo Finale Carl Maria von Weber
Senor Casseres.
 2. "Ave Maria." Cherubini
Miss Goodenow.
 3. Duo, Barcarole. Kucken
Misses Burt and Weeman.
 4. Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith." Casseres
Mr. C. O. Chapin.
 5. Quartetto "Ave Verum." Mozart
Mrs. Tiffany, Miss. Crossett, Messrs. Devereaux and Chase.
 6. Hunting Song. Full Chorus. Mendelssohn

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC.
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

What they do at the Springs. Song Hutchinsons 25

A humorous dissertation on the follies of the fashionable world at popular watering places. It has proved one of the most taking things on the well varied and pleasing programmes of the Hutchinson Family.

All hail to the day. Patriotic Song. W. Williams 25
Columbia calls. Patriotic song and chorus.
W. O. Perkins 25

Well written and not difficult.

We wait beneath the furnace blast. W. O. Perkins 25

Words by Whittier. The music is flowing and will prove highly acceptable to the many admirers of the muse of our New England poet.

Rock me to sleep, mother. Song. W. Martin 25

By the author of "Come this way my father," a little simple song, which has had a large sale among those young pupils who can master none but the plainest accompaniments, while their attention is engaged by the words and air. This new Song, upon a strikingly pretty poem, by Florence Percy, has, like the other, the great merit of simplicity. The air will prove very attractive to young singers—none indeed more so. Teachers had better make a note of this Song.

Dear mother I'll come home again, With Guitar accompaniment. Whitman 25

A popular song and chorus.

Instrumental Music.

The Battle of Roanoke Island. Colored.
Vignette. Chas. Grobe 60

This is a musical portrayal of the first brilliant success with which the Burnside Expedition was initiated. A summary of the incidents down to the surrender of the land forces runs along with the music as a commentary. The music is varied and lively and as skillfully put together as might be expected from such an expert as Chas. Grobe is. Musical persons should buy a copy if only as a memento of the times to be enjoyed in after years.

Victoria Quickstep. Dr. F. Haase 25
A fine, stirring Quickstep composed in commemoration of the Fort Donelson Victory.

Pastorella e Cavagliere. Caprice. L. M. Gottschalk 60

This is a charming rural scene, full of those delicate traits for which all of this author's compositions are distinguished. Among the new compositions which Gottschalk has brought out at his recent Soirées in New York, this one had the largest share of applause. If our amateurs need any encouragement to get a copy of this piece they may find it in the assurance that it is only moderately difficult.

Books.

THALBERG'S L'ART DU CHANT. (The Art of Singing applied to the piano.) Handsomely bound in cloth. 3,00

The piano cannot render that which is most perfect in the beautiful art of singing, namely, the faculty of prolonging sounds, but the player may overcome this imperfection with address and skill. How this may be done, the great Player has shown in twelve Transcriptions of melodies from the masterworks of great composers. The melody is engraved in large notes, so as to stand out and be recognized easily. They are all figured, and are as invaluable to the accomplished pianist as to the student, who would get at the root of the marvellous effects which Thalberg produces in his playing.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 521.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1862.

VOL. XX. No. 26.

Song of Spirits Over the Water.

FROM GOETHE.

The soul of man is
Like the water :
From heaven it cometh,
To heaven it mounteth,
And thence at once
'T must back to earth,
Forever changing.

Swift, from the lofty
Rock, down darteth
The flashing rill ;
Then softly sprinkleth
With dewy kisses
The smooth cold stone,
And, fast collected,
Veiled in a mist, rolls,
Low murmuring,
Adown the channel.

If jutting cliffs
His course obstruct, down
Foams he angrily,
Leap after leap,
To the bottom.

In smooth green bed he
Glideth along through the meadow,
And on the glassy lake
Bask the bright stars all
Sweetly reflected.

Wind is the water's
Amorous wooer ;
Wind from its depths up-
Heaves the wild waves.

Soul of a mortal,
How like thou to water !
Fate of a mortal,
How like to the wind !

—J. S. D.

Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 402).

FROM TWO LETTERS TO EDWARD DEVRIENT.
Milan, July 15, 1831.

You reproach me that I am 22 years old, and not yet famous. I can only answer: had God willed I should be famous at the age of 22, I probably should have become so. I cannot help it; for I write just as little for fame, as I do to get a place as *kapellmeister*. It were a fine thing to have both come upon one; but so long as I am in no danger of starving, so long is it my duty to write just what I have at heart, and leave the consequence to Him, who has the care of more and greater. Only I make it more and more my honest effort, to compose just as I feel, with less and less regard to outward considerations; and when I have made a piece, as it flowed from my heart, I have done my duty in the matter; whether it afterwards brings in fame, honor, decorations, gold snuff-boxes, and the like, I cannot concern myself. But if you mean, that I have been negligent or backward as to anything

in the improvement of my compositions, or of myself, then tell me clearly and precisely *what* it is, and wherein it consists. That were indeed a sore reproach.

You want me to write only Operas, and think it wrong that I have not done this long ago. I answer: put a good libretto in my hands, and it shall be composed in a couple of months; for I feel a new longing every day to write an Opera; I know that it might be something fresh and merry, if I could find the right thing now; but just the words are wanting. And I cannot think of composing to a text, which does not set me thoroughly on fire. If you know a man, who is competent to write the poem for an opera, name him to me for God's sake; I seek nothing else. But until I have a text, would you have me do nothing (even if I could)? And the fact that I have just now written several pieces of religious music, has been an inward necessity with me, just as one often feels an impulse to read a certain book—the Bible, or something else—and can be satisfied with only that. If this has any similarity to Sebastian Bach, again I cannot help it, for I have written it as I felt it, and if the words have ever put me in the same mood, as they did the old Bach, the more glad am I. For you will not think that I copy his forms, with nothing in it; that would give me such a feeling of repugnance and emptiness, that I could not get through with a single piece. I have also since composed another grand piece, which perhaps may have some *outward* success (the "first Walpurgis Night" of Goethe). I began it, merely because it pleased me, and it warmed me up, and I have not thought of the performance. But now that it lies before me finished, I see that it is very well adapted for a grand concert piece, and in my first subscription concert in Berlin you must sing the bearded heathen priest. I have written it for you,* with your leave, so you must sing it; and as it has been my experience until now, that the pieces, which I have made with the least regard to people, have pleased people best, so I believe it will be with this piece. I write this simply that you may see, that I think also of the *practical*. Always afterwards, to be sure; but who the deuce can write music, which is the most impractical thing in the world (the very reason why I love it), and while he is about it think of the practical! It were as if one should put his confession of love into rhyme and verse, and say it off by heart to his beloved.

I go now to Munich, where they have offered me an opera, to see if there is a man there for a poet; for I should be satisfied only with a man, who had some glow and talent; he need not be a giant; if I find no one there, then I shall perhaps make Immermann's acquaintance simply for this purpose; and if he is not the man, I shall try it in London. It seems as if the right chap were always wanting; but what shall I do to find him out? He does not live in the hotel

* Literally: "into your throat, so you must sing it out again."—Tr.

Reichmann, nor at the next door, and where then? Write me about it someday. Although I believe that the good God sends us everything, even opera texts, as soon as we need them, yet we must do our duty in the matter, and look about us, and I wish the text were found! Meanwhile I write as good things as I possibly can: I hope also to make progress, and that for the rest I am not, as I have said, responsible; we agreed on this in my room that time.—But enough of this dry tone; I really have become almost ill-humored and impatient, and I had promised myself I never would be so again.

Lucerne, Aug. 27, 1831.

I feel clearly, that an opera, which I should write now, would not be nearly so good as a second one, which I should afterwards compose. I must first tread in the new way, which I contemplate, and try one piece in it, in order to know whether and how quickly it will lead me where I want to go; whereas in instrumental music I already begin to know what I am about; I am much clearer and more self-possessed at that work, because I have worked more in it,—in short I am carried along. Besides, I have become very humble in these days through an accident, which I cannot get out of my mind. In the Engelberger-Thal I found Schiller's "William Tell," and as I read it here again, I was perfectly in raptures and happy over such a heavenly work of Art, at all the glow and inspiration and the fire in it. Then suddenly there occurred to me a word of Goethe, who said to me one day in a long conversation about Schiller: "Schiller could have turned out two great tragedies a year, not reckoning other poems." This business-like expression, "turn out," struck me at once when I read the fresh, warm piece; and such activity appeared to me so immensely grand, that I felt as if I never had produced a right thing in my life. Everything stands there still so very isolated: it is as if I too must *turn out* something. Do not find this wanting in modesty, I pray you but believe me, I say it because I know what *should be* and what *is not*. But where I shall find the opportunity for it—only to make a beginning—is beyond my comprehension so far. But if it is my calling, I shall find the opportunity,—that I firmly believe; and if I do not find it, then it must be reserved for another; but then I should wonder why I feel so prompted to it.

If you reach the point of conceiving and representing, not singers, decorations and situations, but men, nature and life, then I am convinced that you will write the best opera texts that we have; for when one knows the stage as well as you, he can write nothing undramatic, and I don't know what else you could want of your verses. If there is an inward feeling for nature and for music, then the verses are musical, however much they may limp in the libretto; write then *prose*, so far as I am concerned—we'll manage to compose it. But if form is to be poured into form; if the verses are musically made, and

not musically conceived; if one tries to bring into beautiful words what inwardly lacks beautiful life,—there you are right—that is a dilemma, out of which no man can extricate himself. For as certainly as pure metre, good thoughts, beautiful diction make no beautiful poem, without a certain flash of poesy that goes through the whole, so certainly can an opera become perfectly musical, and in fact perfectly dramatic, only through the feeling of life in all the characters. There is a passage about this in Beaumarchais, of whom they complain, that his characters utter too few beautiful thoughts as such, and that he puts too little of the poetical into their mouths. He answers, that that is not his fault; he must confess that, during the writing he is always engaged in the liveliest conversation with his characters over his writing table; that he calls out: *Figaro, prends garde, le comte sait tout—Ah, Comtesse, quelle imprudence!—Vite, sauve toi, petit page*—and that he wrote down simply what they answered—nothing else. That seems to me very fine and true.

I already knew the plan of an opera with the Italian Carnival and the Swiss ending, but I did not know that it was by you. Be so good though, as to make the Swiss element strong, and exceedingly fresh. If you are thinking of such a tender Switzerland, with the *yodling* and the home-sickness, such as I had to see here yesterday at the theatre in "The Swiss Family," and if the mountains and the Alpine horns grow sentimental, then I'll bring my mind to it and review you savagely in *Spener*. I pray you, make it merry, and let me hear more about it.

FELIX M. B.

(To be continued.)

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Twenty-six Letters of Joseph Haydn.

(Concluded from page 397.)

25.—Haydn to Mad. Genzinger.

London, Jan. 17, 1792.

* * * * *

I pray your Grace's forgiveness a thousand times. I know and confess, that I ought not so long to delay the fulfillment of my promise, but could your Grace see how I am plagued here in London to make my appearance in all the private concerts, by which I lose too much of my time, and the amount of labor which is imposed upon me, you would, Gracious Lady, have the deepest sympathy with and for me. I never in my life wrote so much in one year as in this which has just passed, am however now almost completely exhausted, and it will be of great advantage to me to be able upon reaching home to rest myself a little. Just at present I am at work for Salomon's Concerts, and am compelled to take all possible pains, because our opponents of the Professional concerts have called my pupil Pleyel hither from Strasburg to direct in their performances. There will therefore be a bloody harmonic war between Master and Scholar. All the newspapers have taken the matter up, but it seems to me, that before long an alliance will be brought about, because my reputation is too firmly fixed. Pleyel showed himself so modest upon his arrival, that he won my love anew. We are very often together, and that does him honor; he knows how to value his father [in music.] We shall divide our fame equally, and each go home contented.

On the 14th of this month the Professional Concert met with a great misfortune, in that the new theatre called the Pantheon, built only last year, took fire at 2 o'clock P.M., and was entirely destroyed. It was an incendiary fire. They reckon the loss at more than a hundred 1000 Pds. Sterling. There is therefore at present no Italian Theatre in London.

Now, my English, gracious Lady, I should like to quarrel a little with you. How often have I repeated my request for you to send me hither, *per postam*, the symphony in E minor, copied on small post paper, of which I once sent you the theme. I have sighed for it long, and if I do not receive it before the end of next month, I shall lose 20 guinees (sic). The copy which Herr von Kees caused to be made for me, will very likely not reach London under three months or three years, because no courier will leave sooner. I pray also in the enclosed letter to H. v. Kees, that he will take some pains in the matter; if not, I venture to give your Grace this commission anew, because I flatter myself that my urgent request will be met through your care. I besought H. v. Kees to pay into your hands the money, which I had paid out on his account, to meet the necessary expenses. Best, most excellent Frau von Genzinger, take charge of this matter. I beseech you again. You will be doing me the greatest work of mercy. I will upon my return explain the reasons for this, and at the same time kiss your beautiful hands a thousand times with reverence, and repay the obligation with thanks. What you wrote about the celebration of my small talents has touched me to the heart. But I am not perfectly satisfied, since, it appears to me, your Grace was not fully so. Perhaps I shall be able to make up for any imperfection in another symphony, which I shall very soon send your Grace; I say perhaps, for I— or my mind is really weary. Only the aid of Heaven can make up for what my own powers lack. I pray daily for such aid, for without it I am a poor creature. Now my only, my gracious Lady, I think and hope to obtain some consideration—O yes, I have your picture now full before my fancy—I hear you say: "Now, for this time, you abominable Haydn, I will forgive you—but—",—no, no, I shall look out for the future and not fail in my duty. For today enough. I must close saying that I, as ever, am and shall be with all imaginable respect,

My most gracious Frau v. Genzinger's
most obedient &c.

My most dutiful respects to
your Herr Spouse and all the rest.
I pray your forgiveness that I still
continue to take the liberty of enclosing
letters to H. v. Kees. I do not know
his lodgings.

Note The epithet "English" applied to Mad. G. in this letter, is to be understood but as a sort of intensive of the word 'excellent.' This use of the word was not uncommon in Germany in those days. Tr.

26.—Haydn to Mad. Genzinger.

London, Feb. 2, 1792.

* * * * *

Your kind letters accompanying the Fantasia and the Sonata à tre I have today, February 1, safely received. I was a little disappointed upon opening the package, as I thought and hoped to find in it the Symphony in E minor, which I have so long and so often written for! Gracious Lady;

I pray you most urgently, to send me the same without delay, on small post paper,—as quickly as possible. I will most gladly pay all the expenses; for God knows when the Symphony will get here from Brussels. I cannot without great loss do without it. Forgive me, most excellent gracious Lady, that I so often plague you with it. I shall however certainly prove myself most thankful.

I am overwhelmed with work to such a degree, that for the present I cannot write to Hr. v. Kees, therefore pray you to ask the said Symphony of him with my most dutiful respects.

Am in the meantime with all due
regard Your Grace's, &c.

To your Herr Spouse, dear children,
and v. Kreibitz my respects.
Of the needles your Grace
shall receive a good portion.

27.—Haydn to Mad. Genzinger.

London, Mar. 2, 1792.

* * * * *

I received your valued letter together with the desired Symphony last evening, and kiss your Grace's hands most dutifully for the so speedy and careful transmission of the same. I had in fact received it *via* Brussels from Herr v. Kees six days before; but the score was all the more gratifying to me, because I must change so much in it for the English. I am only sorry that I am forced so often to impose my commissions upon your Grace, and so much the more because I am at present not in a position to be able to prove my gratitude. Now I confess to and assure your Grace, that I am in great perplexity upon your account and spend many a day in deep despondency, particularly because for the present I am unable to send your Grace the new Symphony dedicated to you; and for the following reasons. First, because I have a mind to change the last movement and improve it, since, as it now stands, it is too weak in comparison with the first. I am convinced of this fact both by my own judgment and by the public, having produced the same last Friday, Feb. 29, for the first time. Spite of this, it made the deepest impression upon the audience. The second reason is, that in fact I am afraid of its falling into strange hands. I was not a little startled as I read the unpleasant news about the Sonata. By Heavens, I had rather have lost 25 ducats, than to have suffered this theft; and of this no person could possibly have been guilty except my own copyist. However, I hope to God to be able to make up the loss, and indeed through the hand of Mad. Tost—for certainly I do not wish to expose myself to any upbraiding from her. Your Grace must therefore grant me forbearance until I shall be able, about the end of July, to have the pleasure of sending you in person both the symphony and sonata—*Nota bene*—the symphony with my own, the sonata by Mad. Tost's hands. I am also at present unable to serve Herr v. Kees with the promised symphonies, because of the great want here of trustworthy copyists. If I had time I would write them out myself, but there is no day, no, not a single day, when I am free from work, and I shall thank the good God when I am at length able to leave London, the sooner the better. My labors are made heavier by the arrival of my pupil Pleyel, whom the gentlemen of the Professional concerts have called hither. He came with a mass of new

compositions, which he had long before finished for the purpose. Hence he was able to promise a new work at each concert. Now when I saw this, and had no difficulty in perceiving that all the professional mob was against me, I had it published that I would also produce twelve new works. So for the sake of keeping my word and of supporting poor Salomon, I must sacrifice myself and work constantly. In fact I feel the effects already. My eyes suffer most, and I have many sleepless nights. With God's help I shall conquer all difficulties. The Professionals undertook to put a pair of spectacles upon my nose because I would not go over to them; but the public is just. I received great applause last year, but still more this. They criticize Pleyel's boldness severely. Meantime I love him still, am at each of his concerts, and am the first to applaud him.

I am heartily rejoiced that your Grace and all belonging to you continue well. I pray you to give my dutiful respects to all. The time is drawing near for me to have my trunk repaired. O how rejoiced I shall be to see your Grace again and to prove in person, with what deep respect I was in my absence, and ever shall be, Gracious Lady, your most obedient servant &c.

I venture upon the freedom of praying your Grace, since my occupations allow me no time for it, to say to H. v. Kees, with my most dutiful respects, that for the reasons alone given I am unable to send the new symphonies. But I will do myself the honor to direct them, at his house, during the next course of his christmas concerts.

28.—Haydn to Mad. Genzinger.

London, April 24, 1792.

* * * * *

Last evening I received, and with great pleasure, your last letter, of April 5, with the enclosed newspaper slip, containing what has been published to the Vieneses about my small talents. I must say that through this bit of a chorus,* my first attempt in the English language, I have gained much credit among the English in vocal music. Only, pity, that I have not been able during my sojourn here to compose more pieces of the kind; and this was because on the days of our performances we can obtain no singing boys, on account of their being engaged already a year ago for other concerts, of which there are a great many. Notwithstanding a strenuous opposition, and musical enemies have been against me and, especially this winter, together with my pupil Pleyel have taken all pains to overthrow me. I held (praise God) the upper hand. I must however confess, that I am, with so much work, thoroughly tired out and exhausted and look forward with burning desire to a period of rest, which will then soon set me up again. I kiss your Grace's hands for your kind anxieties about my welfare. I have come to the determination, advised by your Grace, not to go now to Paris—there are also other reasons for this, which I will communicate orally to your Grace. I am now waiting orders from my prince, to whom I recently wrote, whither I shall betake myself. It is possible that he may call me to Frankfort; if not, I shall (between us) go via Holland to Berlin to the King of Prussia; thence to Leipzig, Dresden, Prague, and finally to Vienna to embrace all my friends.

Meantime I am, &c., &c., &c.

*"The Storm," for orchestra and chorus.

My most dutiful respects to your Herr Spouse, Fräulein Pepi and all the rest; no less to H. v. Kreubich; "it pl— it pl—it it pleases" me much that he has the happiness to possess your friendship.

Nota bene, by the end of July I hope to kiss your Grace's hands. I pray your forgiveness that I omit an envelope to-day—I have not time.

NORG. Haydn's plan to return to Vienna via Berlin, &c., was not carried out. He journeyed home by way of the Rhine, stopping at Bonn.—Tr.

This correspondence, so far as preserved and now published by Karajan, closes with two short notes from Haydn, which, though not particularly interesting, give us two points of time, when he was in Vienna after his return. They are written "*von Hause*"—"from home"—his lodgings being, Karajan thinks, at that time in a house which stood where now one belonging to Count Maurice Sandor, built in 1805, stands, viz., No. 992 Wasserkunst Bastei.

It was not until after Haydn's return from his second visit to England, that he purchased the small house and garden in that part of Vienna, known as Gumpendorf, in which he died. To any acquainted with Vienna, the so common expression of English writers, "Haydn's Villa at Gumpendorf" is about as green as would be the expression "Handel's country seat in Brook street." Handel did not live in the "city" of London, nor did Haydn in the "Stadt," Vienna. Gumpendorf is however just as much a part of Vienna, and in the same way, that Hoxton, Smithfield, Brompton, Camdentown, &c., are parts of London. But—the two notes.

29. Gracious Lady!

As Herr. v. Kees has invited me to-day to dinner, I shall have opportunity to give his Frau Spouse the promised needles. Should therefore your Grace be disposed to send me a part of them. I shall be able to keep my promise, for which I shall kiss your hand and am with all respect,

Your most obedient servant,

Joseph Haydn, m. p.

At home, Aug. 4, 1792.

30. Gracious Frau!

Besides wishing you good morning, I pray your Grace to hand the bearer of this the last grand air in F minor from my opera, which I must have copied for my Princess. I will bring it back myself, at the latest, in two days. I take the liberty of inviting myself to dine with you to-day, when I shall have the opportunity of kissing your hands for the favor. Meantime I am, as ever,

Your Grace's

Most serviceable servant,

Joseph Haydn, m. p.

At Home,

November 13, 1792.

Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of Dr. HEINRICH VON KREISSLE.

(Continued from page 402.)

Schubert's extraordinary gift for striking the right key for every subject offered to him, and hitting instantly the very heart of the matter, is most brilliantly shown in the composition of Mayrhofer's poems. These, being of a more reflective character, required a different treat-

ment, different musical expression, from what had up to that time been employed in poems mainly lyrical. The former, as well the Ossian songs, may be called songs in the higher style, which they in fact are; and if here again it was Beethoven, who, by some of his songs, especially by the *Liederkreis*, "*An die entfernte Geliebte*," gave the first hint of a loftier conception and expression of this form of music, yet it was reserved for his younger contemporary, Schubert, to carry out these thoughts still further, to create a new Art-form, and to lift by his genius suddenly to a significance not dreamed of before, that which had kept itself unpretentiously in the background. The songs: "Memnon," "Antigone and Oedipus," "The enraged Diana," "Night-piece," "From Heliopolis," "Iphigenia," "Orestes at Tauris," "Philoctetes," "*Der entsühnte Orest*," "*Freiwilliges Versinken*," and "Song of a traveller to the Dioscuri," belong to this loftier class, and would of themselves alone suffice to insure to their creator a place among the foremost of his Art.

Schubert has also used from time to time a dozen poems of his friend, Schober, for compositions; among which the *Pax vobiscum* in the religious songs, then the "Hunter's love song," "Pilgrim strains," "Funeral music," "Treasure-digger's Desire," the Terzet "*Der Hochzeitsbraut*" and the Quintet "Moonlight," for men's voices, are some of the finest and best known.

Many of Schubert's songs—perhaps scarcely the sixth part of all that he composed, have gradually become known to the larger public; select circles too have grown partial to some of the least accessible ones; but with a few vanishing exceptions, these have not penetrated among the people, nor could it well be otherwise with songs which stand more or less upon the height of works of Art. The greatest popularity among Schubert's songs, perhaps, is enjoyed by the cycle of songs known as "*Die schöne Müllerin*" (The fair miller's wife), after poems by Wilhelm Müller. This wreath of songs embraces under the title "*Die schöne Müllerin*" (to be read in winter), counting the first, "The poet as prologue," and the last, "The poet as epilogue," twenty-five songs, of which Schubert has set twenty to music. . . . Each of the songs is complete in itself, but forms at the same time a part of a whole and owes its true significance to that. Beethoven had given the first impulse to this mode of representing musically a successively developed series of feelings, through his "*Liederkreis*." Apart from the difference in their subjects and their length, the contrast between the two lies in the fact, that Beethoven's is kept in the direct, purely classical style, whereas the miller songs have all the charms of genuine romance. "*Die schöne Müllerin*" belongs in fact among the most splendid inspirations of Schubert; and the germinating and gradual swelling of a passion from the first stirring of presentiment to the violent outburst, from sweet fond enthusiasm to racking pain and anguish, the impatience of the lover, the intoxicating sense of happiness, jealousy, pride and defiance, were perhaps never reproduced in tones with such heart-thrilling power. At the same time such a unique idyllic mood pervades the whole, that one can only listen with wonder and with perfect rapture to this . . .

Müller also . . .

der the general title "*Reiseliieder*" (songs of travel); to wit:

Reiseliieder I. "The grand tour," containing the travelling songs of a Rhenish mechanic apprentice, with the titles: 1. "Marching out;" 2. "On the highway;" 3. "Solitude;" 4. "Brotherhood;" 5. "Evening service;" 6. "Morning;" 7. "Spring greeting;" 8. "Excuse;" 9. "Here and there;" then: "Postilion's morning song at the mountain inn," "The street musician of Prague," "Another," "The Prague musician's bride," "Sailor's parting," and "Ship and Bird."

Reiseliieder II. "*Die Winterreise*" (the winter journey), containing the well known 24 songs, and

Reiseliieder III. (*Wanderlieder*), consisting of the poems: "The wandering Jew," "The moon-struck," "The Apple-trees," "The trees," "Return home," and "The traveller in Italy."

The ruling mood in these three wreaths of song is essentially different, while they all have for their common theme the restless wandering about in the world, and the yearning after a beloved object. For while "*The Grand Tour*," and the songs belonging to it, as well as the *Wanderlieder*, express a cheerfulness but seldom darkens by a passing breath of sadness, through the dark strains of the *Winterreise* runs a vein of deep and inconsolable depression; the star of life seems paled, gloomy shadows pass over, a cold, mournful winter stares us in the face.

The *Winterreise* was composed in the years 1826 and 1827. The correction of the second edition still occupied Schubert in the last years of his life. To say anything about the worth of those peculiar songs, would seem superfluous.—They are much known and often sung; the musical world has long since passed its judgment on them, and counts them among the most important creations of Schubert.

His songs from "*Ossian*" claim peculiar interest. Here the problem was, to breathe life and warmth into the mists and frost of inhospitable Caledonia, to bring vividly and palpably before the hearer's imagination the roaring of the wood stream, the dreariness of the heaths and moors, the vanishing will-o'-the-wisps and airy phantoms, and the stormy shouts of the chase; and partly too, as in the songs: "Night" and "Loda's Ghost," to reproduce in music long, essentially descriptive poems, without becoming monotonous. The masterly solution of this problem by the young man of nineteen bears especial testimony to his gift for characteristic rendering; and his handling of the recitative, which predominates in them, is a proof of his intimate acquaintance with prosody and musical declamation.

It is scarcely possible to award the palm to one or another of these songs above the rest; they are all blossoms of one and the same glorious spirit, and the short song "Kolhna's Lament" claims the hearer's interest quite as well as the large tone-pictures "Night" and "Loda's Ghost."

As the *Ossian* songs transport us, with the first chords, into the midst of the mournful cloud land and the battle tumult surging there, so it is the atmosphere of romance and mediæval chivalry, that breathes to us from the songs from Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," "Pirate" and "Richard Cœur-de-Lion."

He was never at a loss for adequate expression for the strangest objects and situations; and the

art of rhythm and of harmonic sequences enabled him to strike the key of Walter Scott's poems as accurately, as he makes us feel the languid warmth and fragrance of the sunny East in the two *Suleikas*.

Among the best known and most charming of Schubert's songs we must also count those, which appeared in the latest period of his life, fourteen in number, to which the publishers gave the title of "Swan Song," and among which is found Schubert's last composition, "The Carrier Pigeon" (*Die Taubenpost*). Who does not know "*Die Liebesbotschaft*" (the message of love), "*Krieger's Ahnung*" (warrior's foreboding), "*Aufenthalt*," the "Serenade," "Parting," "Atlas," "*Ihr Bild*" (her image), "*Die Stadt*" (the city), "By the Sea," the "Fishermaiden," "*Frühlingssehnsucht*" (Spring longing), "*In der Ferne*" (in the distance), and "*Der Doppelgänger* (the double)?"

And now there are still the religious songs and a hundred others to be thought of, as they welled forth from the inexhaustible spring, which, if they are not equal in value, and sometimes indeed are insignificant, still always excite the attention and delight of the friends of Art.

(To be continued.)

Mozart and the Chimes at Potsdam.

From the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*.—Translated for the *London Musical World*.

In reply to my appeal, in No. 49 of this paper, for information from those persons who were able to furnish me with it, I have received numerous communications, for which I beg to return the writers my most sincere thanks.

The question at issue is this: *When, and by what or whose means came the melody of the song, "Ueb' immer Treu und Redlichkeit?"* which, as every one knows, is the same as Papageno's song in *Die Zauberflöte*, to be chosen for the chimes of the Court and Garrison Church at Potsdam. The official documents contain nothing on the subject, and even the oldest inhabitants can only say, "It was always so." The selection of this song, both as a Freemason's song and an operatic composition, for the chimes of a Royal and Evangelical Prussian Church appears very remarkable, and worthy of thorough investigation.

First on the list of my correspondents comes Major the Baron von Ledebur, who is now retired from active service, and well known as a most competent musical critic and historian. He has been kind enough to send me a letter, from which I extract the following passage, bearing more especially upon the matter in question.

"In Hoffmann von Fallersleben's interesting work, *Unsere Volksthümlichen Lieder*, second edition, Engelmann, Leipzig, 1859, a work which is certainly sometimes erroneous, at page 129, the author says:

"'Ueb' immer Treu und Redlichkeit,' 1775, author, Ludwig Hölz, born at Mariensee, near Hanover, Dec. 21, 1748, died at Hanover, Dec. 21, 1776. First published in the *Vossisches Museummanach*, 1779, pp. 117—120. Melody from Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, 1791, to the words, 'Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen.' This melody, with words by Hölz, was first published in the *Freimaurer Lieder mit Melodien* (Freemason's Songs with Melodies), Böheim, one thaler, second edition, Berlin, 1795, No. 1. It was exceeding popular in the lodges and elsewhere, and was even employed for the purposes of the Church."

Major von Ledebur does not, it is true, possess a copy of the second edition which he mentions above, but he has one of the third edition of these *Freemasons' Songs*, published 1798, by Herr Böheim, who was an actor and singer at the Royal National Theatre, Berlin. "The song is there to be found at page 5, and Mozart is named as the composer. It is, therefore, probable, that Mozart's music was simply applied to Hölz's words."

Such is the information furnished by Major von Ledebur.

Furthermore, I received from the editor of the *Hamburg Altonaer Theater-Zeitung*, Herr F. Fritsch, as well as from Herr G. Meyerbeer, Royal Music Director-General, No. 49 of the above *Theater-Zeitung*, which, in answer to my appeal, contains the following account, that certainly appears conclusive:

"The song: 'Ueb' immer Treu und Redlichkeit,'

is a genuine masonic song; by whom it was originally written I am unable to say; as it is now sung in all lodges (including those of France and Belgium), the German words are arranged by the well-known Viennese poet, Aloys Blumauer, and set to music by Mozart, expressly for the St. Joseph's Lodge, in Vienna, of which lodge both the Emperor Francis I. and Joseph II. were members. It was composed, moreover, for the reception of Leopold Mozart into the lodge. This reception took place, at the instigation of his renowned son, on the occasion of Leopold's last visit to Vienna in 1785-86. Mozart, sen., did not live out the year 1787, the year in which Mozart celebrated his greatest triumph, *Don Giovanni*, in Prague. In 1790, that is, two years later, Joseph II. died, and one of the first acts of his successor, Leopold II., was an order that all the lodges of Austria should be closed until further notice; it was not until the reign of Francis II. that the institution was actually abolished in Austria. But the Austrian Freemasons, up to the present day, pay no attention to this. They consider their lodges as simply closed, that is to say, wherever there are five masons in one and the same place, there exists an invisible lodge, though no masonic work is ever done. The libretto of *Die Zauberflöte* is, as every one knows, nothing more than a glorification of Freemasonry. Emanuel Schickaneder suggested the idea. A young man, then engaged as a chorister in Schickaneder's theatre, and also a mason—he played in the lodge, the viol in the quartet, with pianoforte accompaniments—carried out the idea, and Mozart set the words to music. But Schickaneder thought the music much too learned, and, as he himself told the late Julius Miller, the tenor, cut out half the score. With regard, more especially, to the pieces in which Papageno has to sing, Mozart could do nothing which met with Schickaneder's approbation. The duet: 'Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen,' he was compelled to set no less than four times; Papageno's first song, 'Der Vogelfänger bin ich ja' had to be written three times, while lastly, Schickaneder was so exacting with the song, 'Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen,' that Mozart angrily exclaimed: 'I suppose you would like me to compose it after the model of 'Ueb' immer Treu und Redlichkeit!' Schickaneder replied with delight: 'Yes; that's it. The song is popular, only you must substitute something for the second part.' This was done, and, as I have been informed by my esteemed friend, Adalbert Gyrowitz, on the night of the first representation of *Die Zauberflöte*, in the then Theatre an der Wien (on the Wiedn, in the Stahrenbergisches Freihaus, near the Naschmarkt), it was this very song, which with the overture, and the Priest's March in F major, proved the greatest success in the opera. In the month of March 1848, preparations were being made to re-open the St. Joseph's Lodge. Weigl, Gyrowitz and Lewy (sen.) were already dead, and thus the arrangement of the musical library belonging to the lodge was confided to me. Being well acquainted with Mozart's handwriting, I soon discovered the song in question, which, composed at first in E flat major, is marked: *Andante con moto, ma non molto*. My late friend, Fuchs, also, to whom I showed the manuscript, immediately recognized Mozart's handwriting. The book bore the date of 1786, and contained, moreover, autographs of Martini, Wenzl Müller, and other composers, then living at Vienna. Mozart's song-number was 203, and Fuchs directly took a true copy, which, with many other documents relating to Mozart, must be among his papers."* J. P. LYSER.

"Altona Dec. 11, 1861."

According to this valuable communication, the belief prevalent at Potsdam, that the song was played on the chimes as far back as the time of Frederick the Great, is, at any rate, erroneous, if, indeed, it cannot be proved that Mozart pursued the same course with some song already existing, which Blumenauer pursued with the masonic song sung in the lodges to Hölz's words. The supposition that Blumenauer adapted the words, would, in the first place, be reconcilable with Hölz's undoubted authorship. Just as Blumenauer used Hölz's verses, which had been in existence for ten years, Mozart may have profited by an already existing composition of the same! Herr Lyser's account would, at least, incline us to believe something of the sort.

Despite all that has been said, however, the question still remains, how and when was the melody set on the chimes? In Berlin, *Die Zauberflöte* was not known till 1794, the first performance having taken place on the 12th May. After having been sung on the stage by a comic personage, would

* In many German lodges, after the melody of the trio of the three boys: "Seid uns zum zweiten Mal willkommen!" a reception-song, also, is sung, the first words being: "Sei, neuer Bruder, uns willkommen." How frequently the Priests' Choruses and the song: "In diesen heiligen Hallen" is heard in the lodges, all masons know.

this melody have been chosen for an hourly recurring admonition from the tower of a church? If we refer it to the period of 1786-1794, the supposition is contradicted by Wöllner's well-known tendencies in church matters, which would scarcely have permitted the adoption for the chimes of a song known to belong exclusively to Freemasonry. King Friedrich Wilhelm also sought, more especially in the more severe observance of all religious and ecclesiastical matters, to establish a contrast to the state of things during the reign of his great predecessor. In the official documents, however, we find only a notice, that on the occasion of some repairs, in 1797, Herr Roescher, the organist, recomposed all the tunes! 1797 is the year of the accession of Friedrich Wilhelm III., who was neither a Freemason, nor at that period a patron of the stage or of music.

Thus, despite all the accounts we have received, and quite apart from the fact that they do not perfectly agree with each other, the subject is still shrouded in doubt, and consequently I am the more justified in wishing that it may be yet more thoroughly investigated.

That W. A. Mozart used other composers' melodies, is a fact of which I am able to adduce a proof, hitherto, as far as I am aware, little known in Germany. The last time I saw Beaumarchais' *Marriage de Figaro*, at the Théâtre Français, Paris, in 1846, it struck me that in the third act the supernumeraries were made to march to Mozart's music in the opera of the same name. The next day, I mentioned the subject to M. Regnier, who has studied deeply and conscientiously the history of the Théâtre Français. He assured me that the march had been played at the very first representation of Beaumarchais' comedy, that is to say, in 1775, and came originally from Spain, whence Beaumarchais brought it with him in France. He said, moreover, that the original score of the Spanish march is still preserved in the archives of the Théâtre Français. We know that Mozart was in Paris at the time the comedy was first performed there. Perhaps he remembered Molière's apophthegm:

"Je prends mon bien où je le trouve."

This fact, also, is, I think, worthy of further investigation. L. SCHNEIDER.
Potsdam, January 2.

REMINISCENCES OF MENDELSSOHN.—An "old play-goer," who contributes sketches from his portfolio to the Boston *Sunday Herald*, and is careful to confess "he does not know a note of music," relates among other things:

When Mendelssohn last visited London, I was invited by Mr. H. F. Chorley, the musical critic of the *Athenæum*, to accompany him to Exeter Hall, where the illustrious composer was to give a private organ extemporization before a select audience. Select, however, as it was, the great hall was full, almost every person present being a connoisseur in music.

Accompanied by Sterndale Bennett, Corfe, the organist of Westminster Abbey, and one of the Baron Rothschilds, Mendelssohn stepped lightly on the platform. His welcome was most enthusiastic. I think I never beheld a face in which physical and intellectual beauty were so strikingly blended. The countenance was of the Jewish type unmistakably, but it was the very ultra-refinement of the Hebrew physiognomy. The large hooked nasal organ—the sensual under lip—the large watery eye were not to be discerned, but in lieu thereof, a pure aquiline nose—a delicately chiselled mouth, and full, dark, gazelle-like eyes. Not believing in the specialties of that so-called science, phrenology, I can say nothing as to the developments of the organs of Time and Tune; but I can assert that a nobler forehead than the one which rose above the finely arched eyebrows has seldom been seen—short, dark, curly hair covered the finely-balanced head—a head which was set Apollo-like on a graceful neck, and not broad shoulders. The expression of the face was very fascinating—one couldn't help being charmed with it; when lit up with a smile it seemed almost angelic. Mendelssohn's figure was slight, and he looked in delicate health—indeed at the very time the sword was wearing out the scabbard—and not long afterwards

"The fiery spirit working out its way,
Fretted the puny body to decay,
And o'er-informed its tenement of clay."

Of Mendelssohn's organ playing (extemporaneous) it would be idle for me to attempt a description. Indeed a celebrated musical authority who was present described it to be indescribable. During its continuance, I felt, I fancied, like one of old, who said, "whether in the body or out of the body I could not tell"—and when the last note died away,

the long drawn suspiration of the audience indicated that all present had been similarly spell-bound.

* * * * *
I again saw Mendelssohn in the great Musical Hall, at Birmingham, where he conducted his own glorious oratorio of "Elijah." Magnificent as was the music, the great composer himself was the chief attraction, albeit he seemed utterly unconscious of the interest he excited. Never was the modesty of genius more happily illustrated than in his mien and bearing. To him might fitly be applied the lines which Mr. Planche wrote after the death of Carl Maria Von Weber:

"Oh! all who knew him, loved him;
For with his mighty mind
His heart it was so gentle,
His spirit was so kind.
The warbling mountain melodies,
The streams that round them roll,
Were types of the simplicity,
And grandeur of his soul."

I believe Mendelssohn is the hero of Miss D'Israeli's novel of Charles Auchester.

Mr. Benedict's "Lily of Killarney."

(From the London Athenæum).

"The Colleen Bawn" has outdone the popularity of "The Green Bushes,"—having come to the honors of burlesque, of equestrian spectacle, and now of opera;—there remains but *ballet* to crown its glory. Confessing some surprise and more regret at the want of invention implied in proceedings like these, it must be admitted that their justification lies in success; such, for instance, as when, from a *ballet* long since perished, such a capital opera book as that of "La Sonnambula" can be extracted. How far the present will prove an analogous case remains to be seen. A remark or two may be made in the mean time. The tale seems to us fitter for a play with ballads or songs, than for a work which is to be entirely conducted in music. The great situation is hardly to be treated, save in the most melo-dramatic form by carpentry and gymnastic work. The broken bridge in M. Meyerbeer's "Pardon" (with the real goat), at the moment when the curtain falls, has always seemed to us to go to the very verge of hazard, though that catastrophe rests only for a moment. The "header," which has made the fortune of the Adelphi drama, is more perilous still. Are we next to have the quarry scene from "The Peep o' Day" done into music? Decay, exhaustion, false and forced effects are involved in the choice of subjects like these. Then "The Colleen Bawn," or "The Lily of Killarney," offers another difficulty, that of providing local color to so long a story of passion. It required the vigor and transmuting power of Signor Rossini to maintain the Swiss tone in "Guillaume Tell," in which the moments of emotion are few and far between. The Irish character is more difficult to maintain than the Alpine one, because the music is more lawless and irregular, lending itself less easily to harmonic treatment; except, as in the case of "The Last Rose of Summer," the original character be discharged from it. Even M. Meyerbeer would be puzzled how to manage such melodies as "Nora Creina," or "Paddy O'Rafferty," or "Yellow Wat and the Fox." The brogue (to be familiar without meaning disrespect) is awkward to manage in music. The old tunes of England, Scotland, or the Emerald Isle, are not adaptable to modern uses; and we maintain this, with a distinct reference to the very ingenious Fair scene in Mr. Macfarren's "Robin Hood," which though treated with considerable musical construction and skill, is essentially uncouth, owing to its choice of themes. And the difficulty of the task is proved in that very opera—ay, and in that very scene, during the course of which the writer (instance the march of the Quintain) glides away into such music as a Mercadante or a Meyerbeer might write for Naples or for Nuremberg, but which has nothing to do with the old Sherwood pastimes of "Blindman's Buff" or "Kiss in the Ring."

The book of "The Colleen Bawn," when examined, justifies to the fullest what has been said as regards the difficulties which attend such a subject for music. The novelties it contains are not happy. To instance, the opening chorus is a carouse in honor of the hero, *Hardress Cregan* (Mr. Haigh). In this is presented the no-novelty of social life, the gentleman "unaccustomed to public speaking" (Mr. Lyall), who proposes toasts to the bucks at table,—while the feminine half of the chorus, required for musical effect, sit back to back with the gentlemen, in broken semicircle facing the audience, without so much as a cup of tea to cheer them, and with but one solitary candle among so many, this merely placed on their empty table because it is to do duty as a signal in a later scene. This strange combination passed unproved by a much enduring English audience.

We will not go on step by step,—pausing further on the well-known scene in the water-cave, which proves awkward and straggling when laid out for music at Covent Garden Theatre, less effective than at the Adelphi, and to be deprecated as calling upon a singer, *Myles-na-Coppaleen* (Mr. Harrison), for acrobatic feats beyond the usual compass of a tenor singer's accomplishments. The third act is weak; and that the interest dwindles has been felt, we think, by the composer. Throughout, his coolness and ingenuity must have been taxed by the words he has had to set. The prosaic homeliness of these it would be hard to exceed. In some of the great scenes, the verse is as lyrical as the prose of *Mr. Bucket* the Detective, in "Bleak House," when he desired the culprit, whom he was about to take up, "to sit down on that sofa."

Let us pass to the music. In this there is much to admire; and those portions of it which are less admirable are precisely those where the necessity of the composer to turn a deaf ear to his collaborators has compelled him to fill up any amount of allotted space, and to illustrate the unmusical situation by mere furniture-work. But the opera is evenly and carefully written, and displays skill and ingenuity in places where Fancy could no more be expected to thrive than were she called on to adorn and make tuneful the pence-table. In only one part of his task, where the composer can have had his own way, has Mr. Benedict failed. This is in his overture (*encored*), which is not equal to three or four other graceful and effective compositions by himself; to name but two: his overtures to the "Minnie-Singer" and "Undine."

Let us specify some of the musical pieces, beginning with the apocryphal introductory carouse, which scene is got rid of adroitly. No. 2, of the published music (Chapell & Co.), the duet (*encored*) betwixt *Danny Man* (Mr. Santley), behind the scenes, and *Hardress*, on the stage, is charming; though in the style of the Italian *barcarolle*, not the Irish style. No. 4, the first song for *Myles* (*encored*), has more of the "emerald" color; so has the *Romance*, No. 5, which opens the part of *Eily* (Miss L. Pyne). The phrase in the major key into which the tune passes, by way of close to the verse, is thoroughly happy. The treatment of "Cruiskeen Lawn," No. 6, is ineffective; a comment on the resistance of genuine Irish melodies from the yoke of the skilled musician. In No. 7, the first *Finale*, there is no longer thought of shamrock, rose or thistle, but there is much to praise. The opening is well knit together; the *allegro con brio* of the duet betwixt *Hardress* and *Eily* has life and melody, and is clearly scored; and the closing *Andante con moto* (though without a chorus) is a pompous and effective concerted piece à la Verdi, better sustained, however, as those who examine the published music (pp. 107 to 110) will find, than most of Signor Verdi's efforts to "pile up the agony."

Not much is to be said for the Hunting Chorus opening the second act, with its *Tally ho!* for *Aune Chute* (Miss Jessie M'Lean). The musician has here got over his ground, that is all. The opening of the following duet betwixt her and *Hardress* is better. Next comes another hard bargain in the duet betwixt *Danny Man* and *Mrs. Cregan* (Miss Susan Pyne); and succeeding this, No. 12, the scene and air for the former personage (who is here, by the way, transformed into a sort of Irish "Crooked-back Dick"). Here there is a ballad, "My Colleen Bawn," which has been an object of tender care both to composer and singer; yet the effect is faded. Who could be inspired by words like these?—

Although her cheek is blanch'd with care,
Her smile diffuses joy—
Heav'n formed in her a jewel rare,
Shall I that gem destroy?

"Sir, were you 'prentice to a lapidary?" says *Lady Blanche* in Sheridan Knowles's "Old Maids." The end of this scene is the regulation raving, given to wicked haritones in operas, from Weber's "Euryanthe" downwards. As compensation, in No. 13, "I'm alone" (*encored*), a song for the heroine, we have simply one of the most delicious songs given to the stage in our time; the delicacy and melody of which, including a touch of wildness, cannot be overpraised. This is a song to live, however the fashions of the hour may sweep one favorite ballad after another to that limbo from which there is no return. For the rest of the act we care little, save for the opening bars allotted to *Danny Man* in the scene in the water-cave.

The third act, as we have said, is the weakest.—No. 17, "Lullaby," for *Myles*, is entirely out of character, though in itself elegant. No. 18, the *Trio*, is well combined. In No. 19, the *Wedding Chorus* with *soli*, Mr. Benedict has obviously tried at the Irish humor of a quick tune in 9-8 rhythm, much in request among our neighbors, but the result is little beyond a tame attempt to bustle about. No. 20, "Eily Mavourneen" (Mr. Haigh's ballad, *encored*) is

clearly one of those tunes to be laid "on the counter" which run counter to every principle of true Art. Among the "Mavourneen" family "Cathleen," the original "Mavourneen" is the one to be liked best, because she is the oldest.

After this, we come to more filling-up music, and, lastly, to the inevitable "trot for the avenue,"—a *rondo* in the waltz style for the heroine, which closes the opera. In regard to the folly of this receipt-work, too much could not be said, and especially in a case such as that of this new opera, which is the music of a thoroughly trained composer—a man, too, of poetical imagination. Mr. Benedict could, we are persuaded, write a far better opera than this;—albeit this is his best opera, and (for musicians) far the best of the three new works industriously produced, in fulfilment of promise, by the English lessees of the Royal Italian Opera House.

Musical Intelligence.

WORCESTER, MASS.—"Stella" tells us in the *Paladium*, March 24:

"The concert in aid of the 'contrabands,' generously given by Mr. B. D. Allen and his associates, took place on Friday evening at Washburn Hall. The unpropitious weather made the attendance less than it would have been; still there was a large and attentive audience, and the performances were heard with interest and satisfaction. The Beethoven Trio Club played Haydn's Trio, No. 10, E minor; a fresh, suggestive composition with many of those exquisite modulations peculiar to Haydn. It was well played by Messrs. Allen, Burt and Stearns, whose instruments, under skillful fingers, blended most harmoniously. The variations from the Kreutzer Sonata, brilliant enough for the lightest fancy, yet carrying an undertone of meaning that showed their origin, were finely played by Messrs. Allen and Catlin.—Worcester has a valuable accession to her musical talent in Mr. Catlin, whose violin playing is characterized by rare skill and no small amount of poetic feeling. Mr. Allen also played the Chopin *Fantasia*, op. 49, surmounting its difficulties with artistic ease, and showing clearly, as Franz says, Chopin's boldness, which always justifies itself; a richness even to exuberance, which does not exclude clearness; an embellishment which begets no blur; a luxury of ornament which does not smother the beauty of the main lines. Miss Whiting sang the *Erl-King* with much dramatic intensity of expression; also sang, with Miss Eaton, in a Mendelssohn two-part song, and with Mr. Stocking, in "Happy We" from "*Acis and Galatea*." The musical performances ended with a fine trio by Hummel—one in F—played by Messrs. Allen, Catlin and Stearns. The *Allegro* was replete with sparkling beauty; the *Andante* enriched by a charming duet between the violin and violoncello, and the whole well chosen and well played.—The concert was amusingly varied by Mr. William Arnold Green's reading of Lowell's "Yankee Idyll." Altogether it was a most agreeable entertainment, creditable alike to the talent and the generosity of those who gave it.

PHILADELPHIA.—Mr. F. T. S. Darley's Cantata of *Ruth* was given at the Musical Fund Hall, last night, in connection with a miscellaneous programme, the entire entertainment constituting the second musical soiree of the Harmonia Society for the present season. *Ruth* was performed, several years ago, at Concert Hall, its accompaniments and general effect enhanced by the powerful and varied resources of the noble organ, which has since been removed, and is now said to be ingloriously stowed away in a dusty warehouse—a chaotic and inharmonious mass of reed and metal. Nevertheless, if the performance of last night lacked its important co-operation, there were the compensating advantages of a better drilled, though smaller chorus, and in some respects, of more efficient soloists. At the time of the first performance of Mr. Darley's work, the *Bulletin* reviewed it at some length, commenting upon its singular mixture of merit and demerit. In that article, there were cited individual passages, such as evinced much talent and careful study, and which might have been ascribed to genius, but for too palpable imitation of Italian *maestros*, whose styles, of all others, should have been eschewed in the treatment of a sacred subject. We see no good reason for altering the then expressed opinions now. Wedded to a secular operetta, the music of *Ruth* could not fail of general applause. Mr. Darley's knowledge of harmony is very commendable, his veins of melody are tasteful and pleasing, and barring a want of elaboration in his accompaniments, the general effects of his music are sufficiently satisfactory to warrant the warmest

encouragement of his friends and the public for continued perseverance. In the closing *Fughetta*, he evinced a juster appreciation of subject; and we might well inquire why many other passages were not conceived in the same spirit of aptitude to their sacred import.—*Eve. Bulletin.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 29, 1862.

The Title-Page and Index for the past year (Volumes XIX and XX) take the place to-day of the usual four music pages.

END OF THE VOLUME.—With the present number our JOURNAL OF MUSIC completes its twentieth Volume, and the tenth year of its existence. Many of our readers have stood by us through all this period. How many of us will keep together through another decade!—All we know is that we embark upon it with a cheerful faith, and that the eleventh year (a good time to subscribe) commences with next Saturday.

Concerts.

PHILHARMONIC.—Mr. ZERRAHN'S new series of six Philharmonic Concerts opened under very flattering auspices last Saturday evening. The Music Hall could have held some hundreds more perhaps, but, for a second series, the audience was much larger than one would have expected. How much of this attraction was due to the "Philharmonic," i. e. the Symphonic, character *per se* of the concert, and how much to the singer, Mme. D'ANGRI, we will not undertake to decide. Certain it is, however, that the audience, in insisting on an *encore* after every one of her three pieces, seemed disposed to turn it mainly into a vocal concert, and make her the central figure, instead of Beethoven or Mendelssohn. It is a way which audiences have sometimes; they become as children and like to pick the plums out from the pudding. However—we believe this overstates it, and that the Symphony also was heartily enjoyed; perhaps if it had been a person, and that person a beautiful woman, it also would have been encored; for the enthusiasms of an audience are generally personal, and the singer has the advantage over the composers for the time being, but not in the long run. And just so with the symphonies, &c. of an orchestral concert, which are substantially the concert, as compared with the lighter solo attractions, importations of celebrated singers, &c., which are the trimmings; the latter occupy the most attention for the moment, as a gay dress will strike the eye before a plain one, while the former sink with a more deep and lasting influence into our musical and spiritual being. The grand and real influences and satisfactions are the slow and quiet ones, and none the less because human nature must have also playthings.

Mr. Zerrahn's programme had much of the sterling quality in it, and was of varied interest.

1. Symphony, No. 4. (B flat). Beethoven
1. Adagio and Allegro molto. 2. Adagio.
3. Scherzo. 4. Allegro ma non troppo.
2. Ah, mon Fils! Aria from the "Prophet" . . . Meyerbeer
3. Overture, "Calm Sea and happy Voyage" . . . Mendelssohn
4. Non Piu Mesta, Rondo from "Cenerentola" . . . Rossini
5. Turkish March, from the "Ruins of Athens" . . . Beethoven
6. Elena Valse, (written expressly for Madame D'Angri) . . . Madame D'Angri
7. Jubilee Overture, Introducing the National Air "America" Weber

The Symphony, which has more of the ten-

der passion in it, more of the blissful reverie of love, as well as of fiery, restless longing, than the others,—and which seems to belong to the same inspiration with the "Moonlight Sonata," the Sonata: *Les Adieux*, &c., and the *Adelaide* song,—was uncommonly well played. Indeed in point of delicacy, clearness and expression we have had no better Symphony performance for a long time. Perhaps the beautiful Adagio was taken just a bit too slow; and the drum, when it takes that heart-beat phrase of accompaniment all alone at the end, was tuned a little too high. These slight deductions are all that we could make from a very satisfactory rendering. It was evidently enjoyed.—The English title "Calm sea and happy voyage" does not fairly describe Mendelssohn's very graphic and impressive overture. It is not a happy voyage over a calm (smooth) sea; but it expresses first the languid, listless, restless feeling of being *becalmed* at sea; and then the first intimations of the breeze, the uncertain flapping of the sails, the onward exulting course of the brave ship, and the coming into port. If not as perfect a work as his "*Hebrides*," it is a very interesting one, a fresh, true tone-picture, painting by feelings rather than by images, and deserves to be heard more often in our concerts. The "Turkish March" is always relished as a bright bit of variety. We did not hear the Jubilee Overture, which is a glorious thing, and too well known to require comment. But what, pray, is the National Air "America?" When did we adopt the English national Anthem? Why go to a Yankee psalm-book to find a new title for "God save the Queen?"

Mme D'Angri has the same lusciously rich, large contralto tones—coarse and heavy when she descends into the *lowest* depths, while the voice grows hard and common when it trenches on the high soprano register—which charmed so much when she last sang year, four years since, in Thalberg's concerts. Her middle voice is still one of the richest and most evenly developed in the world; and her fluent, rapid, even execution in *Non più mesta*, and the waltz written as a show piece for her, has hardly been excelled. In *Ah, mon fils!*, while she makes it very dramatic and intense, one is disturbed by certain gasping, choking sounds of passion, which really are not musical, and make the passion seem not very deep or real. Mme. D'Angri was encored in every piece, and sang, besides what was set down to her, the *Brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and the "Star-Spangled Banner."

ORPHEUS MUSICAL SOCIETY. The active members of our excellent *Liederkrantz*—who are much more sparing of their appearance before the world of late, than one could wish—treated their passive members and friends to a delightful Soirée on Monday evening, in Allston Hall. Such invitations do not go a begging. The programme was very choice and appetizing, containing several pieces of the highest interest; as follows:

- PART I.
1. Doppel-Chorus "Antigone" Mendelssohn
 2. Arie No. 3, from Bass Arias, arranged by R. Franz. Bach
 3. Chor: "Voyage" Mendelssohn
 4. Solo: Piano
 5. Dichterliebe; (A Cyclic of Songs) Schumann
 6. Schottischer Burden chor. Silber
 7. Doppel-chor from "Edipus in Colonus" . . . Mendelssohn
- PART II.
1. "Gesang der Geister über dem Wasser," (Eight-part-Chorus, Words by Goethe) Schubert
 2. Song: "Die beiden Grenadiere" Schumann
 3. Adagio and Scherzo from the Sonata in C minor, for Piano and Violin Beethoven
 4. Song: "Blümlein auf der Heide" Krebs
 5. Chor: "Ich Liebe was fein ist" Marschner
 6. Arie from "Die Entführung" Mozart
 7. Grosses-deutschnationpatriotischesquodlibet . . . Kunze

The greatest curiosity was naturally directed towards the eight-part chorus by Schubert, both because it is reputed among the best works of that great song-writing genius (genius in all departments of music), and because of the rich poetic subject which in this case he had chosen to illustrate, and the broad scale on which he has executed it; also because it never had been heard before in this country. Goethe's "Song of Spirits over the Water," one of those unrhymed poems of his, in style not unlike the choruses in the old Greek tragedies, (we give a translation of it on the first page of this number) certainly offers such poetical material as only musical genius of a kindred depth and grandeur could undertake to reproduce in tones. The full eight-part harmony of male voices, enriched by an accompaniment of violins, violas and double basses, which Schubert has adopted, seems admirably suited to the grand suggestions of the subject—the correspondence of the soul of man with water, and of the destiny of man with wind. How cool, rich, deep and grand it opens with its low harmonies, and the double-bass so telling! Majesty and dignity are the prevailing characteristic of the composition, however, rather than great variety and contrast. There seemed hardly so much contrast in the music, as the poem would suggest; all its grandeur hardly saves it from a certain monotony, which is by no means characteristic of Schubert. And here perhaps we feel the limitation under which he labors in the exclusion of female voices. These fluid, restless, wandering elements which the poet describes, the soul and its liquid type, would seem to require the whole range of octaves and all the contrasted color of mixed voices for their illustration. But while it raises this question, who could help feeling that it was a magnificent composition, and hoping for another opportunity to know it better? Probably a larger mass of voices, a grand chorus on the oratorio scale, would make it still more effective; but it was finely rendered by the thirty or more voices of the Orpheus, whom we have never heard blend better, or sing with more expression, light and shade, &c., than they did that evening. Mr. KREISSMANN, by patient drilling, has shaped his material to excellent results.

Next in importance among the choral performances were the noble double choruses from *Antigone* and *Edipas*, which were admirably sung. Mendelssohn's whole music to these Greek tragedies is among the most sterling stuff which he accomplished. The chorus by Marschner is amusing; but the "Grand German-National-Patriotic-Quodlibet" was exceedingly funny, and most cleverly contrived and executed. It is a medley of well-known themes from the Italian operas, beginning with the incantation in *Robert le Diable*, and continuing with some of the most sentimental solos, sung with ludicrously serious expression by single voices, while the others imitate the see-saw violin figures to the suggestive syllables: *toodle-teedle*, &c., changing to *teedle-toodle* with a change of key.

The Bass Aria by Bach: "Depart, ye vain cares," a difficult task indeed, was very creditably achieved by Mr. LANGERFELDT, Mr. LEONHARD playing the very rich and subtle piano accompaniment with his usual skill and taste. Such noble songs are worthy of the ambition and the life-long study of the greatest singers; and

those who give us a chance to hear them do us a real service. The "*Dichterliebe*" (Poet's love) by Schumann, a cycle of several songs in one, after the manner of Beethoven's *Liederkreis*, is full of poetry and feeling, which was delicately and truly brought out by Mr. KREISSMANN's voice. Schumann's "Two Grenadiers," too, in a very different vein, a bass song, was happily rendered by an amateur; and Mr. SCHRAUBESTDTER baritone, so charmed the audience in the little song by Krebs, which he sang with so much unction and sweetness, that he was compelled to repeat it.

For instrumental pieces, the movements from the Beethoven Sonata were beautifully played by Messrs. LEONHARD AND SUCK; and Mr. OTTO DRESEL contributed a very exquisite Fantasia by Liszt on Weber's *Schlummerlied*, delighting everybody, so that he had to return and delight them again with the "Spring Song" by Mendelssohn. Altogether the Soirée was one of the purest musical enjoyments of the season. Long live the Orpheus!

ORCHESTRAL UNION. — Wednesday afternoon, March 26. A crowd, as a matter of course; when we see any room to spare in the Music Hall, we will give notice. Programme as follows:—

1. Overture—"Faust," Spohr
2. Concert Waltz—"Controversen," Strauss
3. Symphony No. 1 Beethoven
4. Two Part Song Mendelssohn
5. Romanza—From "Les Huguenots," for Oboe and Viola, Messrs. De Ribas and F. Zohler Meyerbeer
6. Finale—From "Lohengrin," Wagner

Spohr in his *Faust* opera, a work full of his freshest and best music, did not essay the height of Goethe's great argument, but took a low and melodramatic form of the *Faust* story for his libretto. Of course the Overture does not attempt so much as Wagner's, and was more sure of its mark. It is a musician-like, appropriate, effective work, which will always give pleasure, although it is by no means a great work. It was very fairly rendered, as was Beethoven's earliest Symphony, so Haydn-like, and yet with so much more than Haydn in it. The other selections were not badly chosen.

OTTO DRESEL.—At the request of an audience already formed in private, this gentleman has commenced a series of Piano Forte Soirées in the charming little exhibition room of the Studio Building. But said audience so outgrew the limits, that it was found necessary to divide it into two, and have each concert repeated. With such select party of listeners, eighty or so each evening, surrounding the Piano, and the inspirations of our painters on the walls surrounding them, and with such music, and so played, as we need not say it was, these are "Noctes" which it really seems too cruel in us to mention to the world outside. Our artist is always happy in the making-up of his programmes (which in these Soirées he plays all himself), and here is the first one, given twice last week:—

1. Fantaisie, (C minor), J. S. Bach
2. Sonata, op. 110, Beethoven
3. Impromptu, Ferd. Hiller
4. Etude, Taubert
5. Impromptu, Chopin
6. Gavotte from Orchestra Suite in D, J. S. Bach
7. Larghetto from 2d Symphony, Beethoven
8. Polonaise, (F sharp minor), Chopin
9. Weber's *Schlummerlied* mit Arabesken, Liszt
10. Valse, op. 34, Chopin

BOSTON MOZART CLUB.—This earnest little band of amateurs gave its third Social Orchestral Entertainment on Monday evening,—which we should have been glad to attend, could we have resisted the "Orpheus." Here is the programme:—

- PART I.
- Grand Symphony in E♭ major Mozart
- Adagio; Allegro—Andante—Minuetto and Trio—Finale, Allegro vivace.
- PART II.
1. Concert Overture Kalliwoda
 2. Andante, from "Surprise Symphony," Haydn
 3. "Turkish March," from the "Ruins of Athens," Beethoven
 4. Transcription of a German Song (for select orchestra,) Schubert
 5. Overture. Zaubergeflöte, (Magic flute), Mozart

The only public concerts now announced are two: 1. The second of the new PHILHARMONIC series TO-NIGHT, for which Mr. ZERRAHN offers a varied and interesting programme. Instead of a regular Symphony, he begins with "*Les Preludes*:" a Symphonic Poem by Liszt, which was heard here with

interest a few years ago. For overtures, two very noble ones: Beethoven's to the "*Leonora*," No. 3, and Schumann's to Byron's "*Manfred*." The orchestra will also play an arrangement of Chopin's Funeral March. Beethoven's Violin Concerto, too, should be a great attraction; it will be played by EDWARD MOLLENHAUER, of New York. Nor is vocal music wanting, Miss WASHBURN being set down to sing *Di tanti palpiti*, and *O mio Fernando*.

2. The next Wednesday Afternoon Concert offers a Symphony by Mozart (No. 2), a Strauss waltz (*Die Flöten*), and the Overture (Kreutzer's?) to "*A Night in Granada*."

There is also talk of Italian Opera next week, with D'Angri, Brignoli, &c., in the "*Barber*," and Misses Kellogg, Hineckley, &c., in some of their rôles.

We are happy to state that Mr. JOHN K. PAINE, the organist, has been appointed teacher of music at Harvard University, in the place of the late Mr. Homer, and has already entered upon his new duties.

Our Cincinnati correspondent, below, takes us so courteously to task in the matter of Wagner, that we are bound to reply to him so soon as we have room and leisure.

Musical Correspondence.

CINCINNATI, MARCH 24.—I herewith send you the programme of the fifth concert of this season of our Cælia Society:

1. "Chorus" "Kyrie," from the Mass in C major Beethoven
2. Fantasia on "Moses," for Piano, Thalberg
3. Extracts from "the first Walpurgis Night," Mendelssohn

1. Aria for Tenor, a Druid and Chorus of Druids and People.
"Now May again breaks winter's chain."
2. Solo for Alto and Chorus of women.
"Know ye not a deed so daring?
Dooms us all to die despairing?"
3. Solo for Baritone, the Priest and the Chorus of Druids!
"The woods are free!
Disbranch the tree
"And pile the stems together."
4. Chorus:
"Disperse, disperse, ye gallant men!
Secure the passes round the glen."
4. Polonaise in E flat for Piano, Chopin
5. Aria for Soprano from "La fille du Regiment" Donizetti
"Salut à la France."
6. Solo for Baritone, the Priest, and Chorus from "Walpurgis Night," Mendelssohn
"The flame aspires! The smoke retires:
Thus clear our faith from errors:
Our customs quell'd, our rights withheld,
Thy light shall shine forever."
Scenes from the Opera, "Tannhäuser," Rich. Wagner
1. Tannhäuser. A young Shepherd. Pilgrims [coming from the Wartburg on their way to Rome].
2. Wolfram von Eschenbach, four other Minne-Singers and the Landgraf [on the chase, where they meet Tannhäuser].
3. Elizabeth, [in the Singer's Hall at the Wartburg]
4. Elizabeth, Wolfram, Pilgrims [returning from Rome.]
Recitativo: Pilgrims' Chorus; Prayer; Recitativo and Romanza.
5. Chorus of the Knights and noble Ladies, [at the opening of the Singers' contest at the Wartburg].

Mendelssohn's "first Walpurgis Night," which is being brought out in this city for the first time, is enjoyed very much and, no doubt, will be so more and more, the better it is known and understood.

Particular stress was laid in this concert upon the selections from Rich. Wagner's "Tannhäuser," and such as these, which are the most melodious ones in the opera, I venture to say, would be received with enthusiasm everywhere where there is no prejudice against Wagner's music, even at Paris and—Boston.

You, Mr. Editor, are so liberal in your views, that I incline to think, you will permit an old reader of your Journal, to say in this connection, that he does not think your criticisms on Wagner always fair, however fair he thinks you to be towards most old and modern composers. I do not mean to advocate giving praise to Wagner's many eccentric innovations, but I think, that there would be more merit in pointing out to your readers the many great beauties in Wagner's music,—(in a similar way, as you do with Rob. Franz and Chopin, who with all their charms certainly are not free from eccentricities),—than repeatedly to dwell on his failings and to draw unprofitable comparisons with Beethoven, Mozart and others.

Wagner is a genius, there can be no doubt, and the world at large does not see and understand his genius yet. Now, would it not be a laudable purpose for an editor, to enlighten the public regarding the characteristics and peculiarities of such a man?

Will you please to excuse this frank and, may be, assuming criticism of your criticisms? X.

London.

The *Musical World* says of the coming season:

It is now the first of March, and the Musical season as yet shows no sign of movement or vitality. there is not a pen stirring nor a tongue wagging to indicate the delight and excitement so confidently predicted for the year 1862—the year of the Second Great International Exhibition, when all the world, *cum multis aliis*, are expected in London.

To commence with the Italian Operas. But a few weeks since, three Italian Operas were counted upon. It is now doubtful if Her Majesty's Theatre will open at all, and Drury Lane is advertised "to let." Of the Royal Italian Opera not a syllable is breathed, and the name of Mr. Frederick Gye is as if it never had been. We are not, however, therefore to infer that the shrewd and diligent *impresario* of the Covent Garden Italian Opera is resting on his oars, or even on one scull. No doubt we shall hear shortly how zealous and indefatigable he has been in his endeavors to procure a successor to Mad. Grisi—no easy matter, as our readers will readily understand. To one whose ears are ever open to musical rumors all over the world, the names of Mlle. Trebelli and Mlle. Lucca cannot be strange. Both these ladies have recently earned high honors, one in the Austrian, the other in the Prussian Capital. Whether either is equal to represent the Pasta and Grisi line of character we cannot say, judging from the reports of the German papers. We may feel assured, however, that Mr. Gye has heard both ladies, and that he will be enabled to decide as to their especial capabilities. Mr. Lumley, too, is said to have entered into an engagement with a young *prima donna* of the highest talents, Mad. or Mlle. Galetti, as her admirers assert, the very *beau ideal* of a grand lyric artist. We shall be delighted to hear all three ladies at one or other of the London Italian Operas, when we shall be able to pronounce which is most likely to make us forget the Norma of the last twenty years.

A lustre or so since, and at this time of the year the prospectuses for both Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera had been some days before the public. The second week in March, indeed, was the customary period for commencing operations. Some thirty years ago, the Italian Opera was in full swing in March, having opened in February, and what was called the anti-Easter season was often the most attractive of the year. About the year 1830, 1831, 1832, or 1833,—“we like to be particular in dates,”—we remember seeing perform together, in the *Donna del Lago* of Rossini, in the last week of February, Sontag, Pisaroni, Rubini, Donzelli, and Zuchelli, or Lablache. The season is growing later and later every year, just like the fashionable dinner hour, until one may suppose that, in its gradual process of retardation at the beginning, and elongation at the end, it will come round to the winter, and so we may again expect Italian Opera to make its annual appearance with the Epiphany, as in the days of Camporese, Fodor and Colbran.

The directors of the Crystal Palace alone have spoken out and with most particular organ. They have issued their *pronunciamento* for the forthcoming season, which is copious, explanatory, and full of promise. No preliminary statement, indeed, could be clearer, more concise, and satisfactory than that contained in the little book which has been sent free of charge all over London—a novel and sure mode of advertising, planned, no doubt, in the fertile brain of Mr. R. K. Bowley, the active and intelligent manager. In this little book is set forth all that may be expected from the forthcoming Handel Festival, and assuredly a more brilliant programme could hardly be conceived.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—Mr. Benedict's opera, *The Lily of Killarney*, has been now performed seventeen times in succession, and the verdict of the first night has been more than confirmed. So decided, indeed, is the success of the new work, that it has been determined to run it to the end of the season uninterruptedly. Mr. Wallace's opera, however, is not to be shelved. We hear that the directors of the Royal English Opera have taken Drury Lane for the summer, and that Mr. Wallace's new work will inaugurate the “appendix”-season. Miss Louisa Pyne had two nights' repose on Monday and Wednesday last, when Miss Thirlwall sustained the part of Eily O'Connor in a manner highly creditable to her talents. Miss Pyne has, however, resumed her original part.—*Musical World*.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Last night the *Lobgesang* (Mendelssohn), and the *Stabat Mater* (Rossini) were given for the first time this season—the principal singers, Mlle. Titiens (Tietjens), Miss Fanny Rowland, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Sig. Belletti. Every place was taken.

On Friday next, the same programme will be given to accommodate those who were unable to obtain admission yesterday. Mlle. Titiens (Tietjens), however, being engaged for a month at Barcelona, Mlle. Parepa will replace her in the soprano music.—*Ibid*.

MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.—The last Gentlemen's Concert (so-called) in the Concert Hall, conducted by Mr. Charles Hallé, was rendered doubly interesting by the first appearance of the celebrated composer and pianist, M. Stephen Heller, before a Manchester audience. The following account of the performance is taken from the *Manchester Examiner*:

“At the concert last evening the pianist and composer, Stephen Heller, was introduced to a Manchester audience, when, besides some of his own pleasant compositions, he joined Mr. Hallé in a duet for two pianofortes, selecting Mozart's ‘Concerto in E flat,’ and adding to it a couple of his own cadenzas ‘composed expressly for this occasion.’ We believe this sort of intrusion is considered ‘amiable’ and ‘legitimate’ by those who profess to have judgment in these matters. We know there is precedent for it,—plenty of precedent, Moscheles among the rest,—but that does not set aside the principle which demands respect for the creations of genius, and that would cry out against our modern laureate, with all his acknowledged poetic feeling, introducing one of his ‘cadenzas’ into the works of Shakspeare or Milton. We desire to say this with every respect for M. Heller, who has shown to the musical world, with his dreamy imagination and fancy, how well he understands the poetry of his art. The ‘cadenzas’ were talented pieces of workmanship; but they were far from adding to the enjoyment of the charming concerto, interfering, as they did, with the natural flow of Mozart's interesting theme. There was nothing particularly remarkable in the performance of the other pieces alluded to, which were ‘Laudler,’ *Prelude in D flat*, *Nuits blanches* (No. 17.) and *Tarentelle in A flat*, the last winning an encore; but they are all original, imaginative, and full of character; whilst it could not be otherwise than interesting to hear these pieces played by the gifted composer. Mad. Guerrabella and Mr. Wilbye Cooper were the vocalists. The latter has recently returned from a study in Italy, and in certain qualities, such as delicacy of expression, seems to have gained by his visit to the sunny South. He sang a graceful melody from Leslie's *Hollywood* with skill, as well as in good taste. Mad. Guerrabella added to her Manchester reputation by the singing of Beethoven's ‘Per pietà’ and Costa's ‘Dall' asilo della pace;’ in the former showing fine declamatory power, with much intelligent expression, and in the second a richness of ornament brilliantly executed. She also pleased many who remember the beauty of Sir Henry Bishop's early productions, by introducing the song of the ‘Mocking bird,’ with which Miss Stephens used to delight her audiences some forty years ago. The song is as fresh as ever, and we were glad to find a young vocalist like Mad. Guerrabella having an appreciation of our English composer.”

The mistake about the cadenzas was not likely to escape Mr. Hallé's observation, and accordingly the subjoined letter appeared next day in the same journal:—

“To the Editor of the *Examiner and Times*.”

“SIR,—The remarks of your musical critic on yesterday's concert must lead your readers to believe that the introduction of cadenzas into Mozart's concertos is optional with the performer. I feel sure you will allow me to remove such an impression, and to inform the writer of the paragraph, as well as your readers, that, in all concertos by Mozart, in five out of the six written by Beethoven, and in almost every other instance (Mendelssohn excepted)—cadenzas, the place for which is distinctly marked and prepared for in a peculiar manner known to all musicians, cannot be dispensed with without destroying the symmetry of the work or involving its mutilation. It is hardly necessary to explain that the object of these cadenzas is to recapitulate the principal ideas contained in the movement at the conclusion of which they are introduced, to condense them, present them in a new form, and, in short, to give a *résumé* of the whole work; that this has, perhaps, in no instance on record been done in a more masterly manner than by Mr. Heller yesterday, all musicians present at the concert will readily acknowledge. Far from being an ‘intrusion,’ or a violation of ‘the principle which demands respect for the creations of genius,’ the composition of cadenzas is in strict accordance with the intentions of our greatest composers, and has always been regarded as one of the severest tests of the musician's faculties. Thanking you for the space you have kindly allowed me, I remain, yours very obediently,

CHARLES HALLE.

“*Greenheys, Feb. 13, 1862.*”

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Instrumental Music.

Ericsson Galop. V. Tinans 25

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Chant du Berger (Shepherd's lay). Jos. Funke 25

By the author of that very pleasing and popular Nocturne “Econtez-moi.” It was as well received abroad, as the latter.

Camomile Galop. Chas. Grobe 25
Forget me not. Rondino. “ “ 25
Bell-flower Waltz. “ “ 25

Easy Pieces for young beginners. They are none the less instructive for being very pleasing to the young ear.

Pastorella e Cavagliere. Caprice. L. M. Gottschalk 60

This is a charming rural scene, full of those delicate traits for which all of this author's compositions are distinguished. Among the new compositions which Gottschalk has brought out at his recent Soirées in New York, this one had the largest share of applause. If our amateurs need any encouragement to get a copy of this piece they may find it in the assurance that it is only moderately difficult.

Books.

THALBERG'S L'ART DU CHANT. (The Art of Singing applied to the piano.) Handsomely bound in cloth. 3,00

The piano cannot render that which is most perfect in the beautiful art of singing, namely, the faculty of prolonging sounds, but the player may overcome this imperfection with address and skill. How this may be done, the great Player has shown in twelve Transcriptions of melodies from the masterworks of great composers. The melody is engraved in large notes, so as to stand out and be recognized easily. They are all figured, and are as invaluable to the accomplished pianist as to the student, who would get at the root of the marvellous effects which Thalberg produces in his playing.

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